

Gundam Seiyuu

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/33733102) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33733102>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	M/M , F/M
Fandom:	Gundam Wing
Relationships:	Duo Maxwell/Heero Yuy , Trowa Barton/Quatre Raberba Winner , Chang Wufei/Zechs Merquise
Characters:	Heero Yuy , Duo Maxwell , Chang Wufei , Zechs Merquise , Quatre Raberba Winner , Trowa Barton
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe , Alternate Universe - Modern Setting
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-07 Words: 22,725 Chapters: 13/13

Gundam Seiyuu

by [snowtigma](#)

Summary

Imported fic from ffn, this was originally written back in 2001. I also did no real research on voice actors and just made it up from what I'd heard.

The adventures of Duo Maxwell as he lands a voice job for the show Gundam Wing and accidentally fall for his fellow actor Heero Yuy. Duo's POV.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Hilde glanced up from her manga as I bound through the front door grinning from ear to ear. She raised an eyebrow in confusion as I dropped into the couch across from her, still grinning all the way.

"You better have a damn good reason for interrupting my manga reading time," she muttered in what was supposed to be a threatening voice. I only snickered.

"You read manga all the time," I returned back and stuck out my tongue for good measure.

With a sigh my cousin set down her manga and crossed her arms, giving me her full attention. I glanced around the room, stalling just a small amount to bug her some more then finally reached into my backpack which I carried with me everywhere. I pulled out a large pile of white papers and flipped to the front page. Clearing my throat I began to read.

"Gundam Wing, the story of five teenage pilots as they use their mobile suits, called gundams, to defeat the evil association known as the Emerald Empire (1)." I stopped just long enough to glance at her across the room and I had to force myself not to roll on the floor laughing. If I hadn't had her attention before I certainly had it now! Her eyes were wide and she was watching me with her jaw dropped.

"You... you got the part?" she finally managed to stutter out.

"Let's see..." I flipped a few more pages into the script until I found the spot I wanted. "Solo Reaper. Pilot of gundam 02, known as Gundam Deathscythe-"

Suddenly the script was gone from my hands. I blinked and realized that my cousin had jumped out of her chair and snatched it from my hands. Rather then wrestle it away from her, which I knew I wouldn't be able to do, I let her read it. Meanwhile I leaned back on the couch and laced my hands behind my head, still grinning. I couldn't help it, I just couldn't stop grinning. I hadn't thought I'd get this part but in her hands was the script for the very first episode, and my name was now permanently in the credits. I was on the cast of seiyuu for the newest anime series about to sweep the world. Me, Duo Maxwell. This was my big break and on my first seiyuu job? Who would have guessed I'd have this much luck? But the part was mine!

"Solo Reaper... the comic relief of the cast he always has a joke to add in, even when it is not needed. Yet his jester-like exterior hides the mind of a merciless warrior when he receives his missions, known only to his enemies as Shinigami, the God of Death." Hilde glanced over at me. "You fit the part perfectly, cuz . You act just like him, you both smile and joke way too much."

"Hey!" I made a swipe for the script playfully but she wouldn't have that. Instead she looked back down at it and continued to read.

"Who else is on the cast? Let's see... Trowa Barton, Quatre Winner, Heero Yuy? The singer?! Wow! And..." I watched her eyes widen even farther and she seemed to swoon right in front of me. "Oh, Duo you have to let me come to work with you tomorrow!"

"Nani? How come?" She used my real name, I knew that meant trouble. Hilde always referred to me as 'cuz' which had become a strange kind of nick name between us since we'd moved in together as roommates. It may seem strange to live with one's cousin, especially when we were opposite genders, but the move in was the best thing we'd ever done. We'd become best friends, almost like brother and sister the majority of the time. But sister or cousin I couldn't let her into the recording studio, the producers of OZ Studios would have a fit! I opened my mouth to tell her this but she cut me off with an answer to my previous question.

"Because its Millardo Peacecraft! You're only working with the hottest bishonen on the face of the earth! He's been in almost every anime out there and he has the best voice of all-"

I snickered. "Funny cuz, I thought you only went for guys who were animated." That earned me a pillow in the face and a dirty look, I couldn't help it, I laughed. "Anyway I can't let you come to work with me. My manager is a real tight-ass about stuff like that. Bringing family to the recording studio is one thing, bringing a full fledged Otaku with connections to the far corners of the universe is a complete 'nother matter. Besides, you'd leak out the plot."

Hilde looked at me in shock as if I'd slapped her. "How dare you suggest that I would release such vital information about only the newest show coming out. The one everyone is dying to learn about!" She smiled sweetly, attempting to look innocent.

"Nice try cuz, but who do you think taught you that innocent smile?" I stood up and snatched the script from her hands. "You'll just have to wait for the episodes like everyone else."

"But Duo! That's not fair!"

I ignored her pleas and walked into the kitchen, rummaging around in the fridge for something to drink. I finally decided on orange juice but didn't waste the energy to grab a cup. I finished off what little was left in the carton.

"What are the others like?"

I raised an eyebrow at her and tossed the now empty carton in the trash. "Why are you asking me? You're the Otaku, don't you know the voice actors bios and stuff?"

"Well of course, silly! But I've never met them in person."

I shrugged. "Neither have I. I was only just hired today to play the part. I'll tell you about the other actors when I get back from work tomorrow."

She huffed in disappointment. "You had better."

I only grinned at her. "You left your poor manga all alone on the couch," I mock scolded her.

Hilde turned and headed back to the living room and in record time she had forgotten all about me and my new job in favor of some wandering samurai who had made a vow to never kill anyone ever again (2). Oh well, better for me. I knew she'd pester me with questions tomorrow after work and the less question today the better. I was her dream come true, in a very strange sense. Here I was, her own cousin, rubbing elbows with the main parts behind her favorite obsession. I was the insider and I had no doubt she'd try and get every bit of information about the show out of me every day after work.

Heading up for my room I made a mental note to myself to make sure she didn't go a hold of any of the scripts. That was of course assuming I was able to bring them home after this, which wasn't likely. But I didn't really care. I had the job! And I couldn't be any happier!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I arrived at work the next day real early. I don't know why, maybe some crazy idea of giving the other seiyuu a good impression, or maybe it was just that I didn't want to get on my manager's bad side. What I had told Hilde before was no lie, Relena Darlian was a real tight ass and I had no desire to get between her and whatever she wanted to get done at the studio. In any case I arrived at OZ studios before the rest of the cast and was forced to spend the extra time on a couch near the sound room looking over the script, there was no one to talk to.

The problem of being alone in a new studio didn't last long though. About ten minutes after I arrived the place began to fill up with various people. Two in particular caught my attention: a short blond female and a slightly taller brown haired man. The female was petite, as females go, short and had a very cute face. Her misty blue eyes sparkled with laughter which echoed from her mouth as she smiled at the boy beside her. She wore a fitted purple summer dress with a layer of pink flowers along the bottom edge. Her blond hair was cropped short in a very boyish style but it only served to add to her cuteness. Too bad I don't go for overly cute blonds, or I would have been all over her. And of course there was also the small detail of the silver band around her one finger, she was engaged, and I'd wager that the boy next to her was the 'lucky man' so to speak.

The boy next to her seemed almost like a mix between a ghost and a cat. He moved in a long graceful stride, like a spirit and yet with the quickness of a cat. As he entered the room his emerald eyes scanned it, out of what seemed like habit, and settled on me. He raised an eyebrow in question but otherwise didn't seem to care about me that much. The entire time he was smiling softly at his companion's glee. The two seemed to perfectly mirror each other.

The girl spotted me a few minutes later and let go of the boy's arm to race over to meet me, a very cute smile crossing her face. "You must be Duo."

I grinned. "The one and only."

"I'm Quatre Winner and this," she grabbed the boy's arm and yanked him closer with a laugh, "is my new fiancée Trowa Barton." She positively beamed with happiness about the new fiancée part.

"Well, congratulations." I sighed. "And it seems that once again another cute one has slipped out of my grasp." I grinned over at Trowa. "Pretty good, you caught her before I even got a chance to meet her." I shook his hand and received a very soft smile from the joke, meanwhile Quatre blushed at the obvious flirt.

"I need to speak with Darlian-san, I'll be back." Trowa placed a light kiss on Quatre's cheek then headed out of the room and down the hall toward the boss' office. Apparently he trusted me completely, even after the joke about stealing away his soon-to-be wife. Either that or he

knew that she was far too happy to even consider straying. I was betting for the latter, which was fine by me since, as I said before, she wasn't really my type.

"So, who's part did you get?" Quatre asked excitedly, taking a seat next to me on the couch. She peered over my shoulder at the script which lay open in my lap.

"Solo Reaper," I declared proudly. I'd read through the entire script for the first episode and already I liked the guy, even though he didn't have that many lines, yet.

"Oh! I was wondering who they would get for that role. I heard they offered it to Fred Luo (1) but- well that's great!"

"So which one are you?"

She smiled. "I get to do Miki Karou."

I raised an eyebrow at that. Flipping through the script I turned to the cast list to confirm my suspicions and I was right. "But, I thought Miki was a guy, uh no offense." I added quickly. I couldn't help it but my eyes drifted to her chest to make sure that my initial impression was correct, basically to check and make sure this was really a girl I was speaking to. So sue me! Anyway, I was right, Quatre Winner was definitely a girl (2).

She giggled. "None taken. I almost always get guy's parts, mostly because Darlian-sama likes to use female voices for young boys on her shows. I don't mind, it's actually kind of a running joke and the reason behind this." She ran a hand through her short blond hair and smiled. I got it, the male hair cut was an inside joke for the studio. Cute, real cute.

I opened my mouth to ask her a few more questions when another boy entered the room. This one was attractive, even by my standards and I usually don't look at men. Honest I don't! But, well... He has stunningly beautiful blue eyes, but they were a glimmering bright blue, not the misty blue of Quatre's eyes. His brown hair was short and unruly, laying haphazardly around his face yet at the same time looking like it was put that way on purpose. He wore a simple pair of well-fitted jeans and a green tank top, a jean jacket slung over his shoulder in one hand. Like I said, he was attractive, I hoped he was on the cast

"Ohiyo Heero!" Quatre called out happily waving toward him. Heero glanced toward us and gave a small grunt of acknowledgement then headed toward the sound room.

"Not much of a talker, is he?" I asked after he was out of earshot.

"Naw, he always acts you that. You'd be surprised what he's like around friends, or on stage (3)."

I raised an eyebrow. "On stage?" That gloomy teen was a jpop artist? Surely you jest! There was no way, I just couldn't picture someone like him up on stage singing.

Quatre nodded quickly and leaned forward, whispering conspicuously. "Yeah, he's a singer, but it's kinda a secret. I mean he uses another name when he sings it's-"

"Quatre."

Quatre stopped immediately and laughed nervously as Heero stepped around the corner to glare at us. Obviously he didn't want his other name spread around. I wondered how Quatre had found out, then immediately hit myself. Of course Quatre knows while the majority of the other world doesn't. The majority of the other world didn't see Heero at his acting job, therefore didn't know about it. Stupid me.

Heero walked toward us, his hand free hand in his pocket while the other still held his jean jacket. He aimed a glare at me, silently asking who I was. But it wasn't asking, his expression was pretty much demanding who this stranger in front of him was. I stood up and reached out a hand, to shake his.

"Duo Maxwell." I gave him my best grin, the one that looked innocent and scheming at the same time. He merely glared back and ignored my hand, nodding a greeting.

"Heero Yuy," he responded dryly then turned away from us, though he shot a warning glare at Quatre. As soon as he had left the room again Quatre let out a sigh of relief.

"I restate my case," I said, dropping back onto the couch. "Whatever you say, I still can't see him dancing or singing on stage, 'specially with that 'I hate the world and everyone on it' glare crossing his face."

Quatre snickered and shook her head.

We talked for a while longer about unimportant things as the other members of the cast and crew arrived. Most of them were techies that would be handling the equipment or playing the 'cannon-fodder' parts behind the main characters. Of the other main voice actors there was Wufei Chang and Milliardo Peacecraft who arrived. With their quick entrance and exit I was beginning to see why girls like my cousin oohed and ahed over seiyuu for the different anime series, was there any of them that weren't attractive in some way or another? I mean, you'd think that since they did the voices of animated characters and didn't have to worry about anyone seeing their real faces that they would be ugly, or at least normal looking. But no, of course not. If Hilde had been here she would have melted into a puddle on the floor long ago.

Wufei entered into the room with a more severe version of the 'Heero-Yuy-I-hate-the-world' glare and didn't even acknowledge our presence as he made his way for the main sound room. Yet, despite his very angry looking manner he was attractive in an exotic way, long straight black hair pulled back into a tight pony-tail which fell down over a traditional white Chinese suit.

Milliardo Peacecraft, on the other hand, was exactly how my cousin had described him millions of times. He entered the room wearing a tasteful gray and white suit with a light red tie. His long white-blond hair was certainly long and had I approached him from the back I would have been surprised to find out he was male thanks to his thin figure and the way he moved around the room with such grace. If I'd paid attention to my cousin's ranting correctly he was the completely embodiment of a bishonen. I couldn't help but laugh as he entered the room and gave a small flip of his hair, causing it to sparkle lightly in the bright lights. He winked at me and then headed after Wufei to the sound room. I got the impression that he

flirted with everything, still I didn't mind it. This job would certainly prove to be very interesting.

Trowa crossed the room to the sound room and Quatre stood up to follow. "C'mon! It's almost time to start."

I grabbed my script and followed her into the room. I took my place at the empty microphone facing the screen and grinned at Heero, who stood next to me. Quatre leaned over from the other side and poked Heero in the side.

"You ready for your really complicated lines, He-chan?"

Heero shot her an evil glare and she giggled, leaning toward Trowa as if to hide behind her love. I filed that one away for future knowledge, so Heero didn't like being called He-chan? I grinned, this was going to be fun.

The lights flashed on in the room next to the screen and Relena Darlian took her seat. Holding up her hand she counted down with her fingers. This was it, the first take. I took a deep breath and watched her count down. Here goes! Four. Three. Two. One. The screen in front of us flipped on and showed the ending of what looked like the opening to the show. Then the show started, showing the first scene. I grinned as I watched the animation and listened to the others doing their parts. Hilde was going to die over this series, and I made a mental note to make sure I was in the room when she watched the first episode.

Everyone in the sound room was quiet the majority of the time. Except during certain time when their seemed to be small inside jokes that passed between the other cast members, I caught onto a few of them but most went straight over my head. I did however join Quatre in silent laughter each time Heero repeated the line 'Nimue Ryoukai' which I swear he did five times in one episode. Between Quatre's barely contained laughter, Heero and Wufei's glares and Milliardo's flirtations with the entire I cast I found it incredibly hard to stay silent, it was a real challenge, especially when you wanted to make cracks about some of the obviously cheesy dialogue and strange references. But I managed.

All in all the day was one of the most fun I'd had in a long time and I felt like I was back in school with a group of very close friends. So, naturally, when Quatre invited the entire cast to celebrate the engagement and the recording of the first episode who was I to decline? I went and partied with the rest of them. Though it was disappointing that Heero declined the invitation.

Chapter End Notes

(1) Fred Luo, from the cast of Outlaw Star, was also voiced by the same seiyuu as Duo Maxwell, I couldn't resist!

(2)Yes, you read that right. In this story Quatre is female, because his voice actor actually is and I thought it would add a fun twist. :P

(3)At the time I was convinced that Heero's voice actor also sang the song "Knights of Fire" and couldn't be convinced otherwise. So I made him a singer too.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Hey! Is that you Duo?"

About a week later I glanced up from a large batch of flowers to see Quatre smiling happily at the door to the flower shop. Grinning I waved to her through the large group of girls which were already filling the store. I snickered as she attempted to make her way over politely, without elbowing anyone, which was nearly impossible. Finally she made it and leaned against the wall behind me, letting out a sigh of relief.

"I thought it was you I saw through the window, what's with all the people? I've never seen a flower shop so full!"

Without setting down my scissors I pointed across the room to where a large amount of the crowd were surrounding another table. "It's 'cuz of those guys. Every time they are here the place fills up like crazy." I shrugged. "Heck, I shouldn't complain since it's good for the business, but on days like this it gets to be a little much."

I watched Quatre glanced across the room to the tall guys at the other table. Aya and Youji (1), the two best looking guys in town, at least according to the female high school population of the city. I swear they swarmed to this place everyday just to see those two guys, and when all five of us were working at one time? World watch out! Those were the times when there were so many girls the store probably broke the fire code five times over. But, like I'd told Quatre, it was good for business.

"So what are you doing here?" It was Saturday, our day off, and Quatre was shopping. I could have answered my own question easily but I was trying to be nice. Then again, talking above all the squeals and gossip was a hopeless task.

Quatre flashed the engagement ring in front of my face again, as if that explained everything. And it probably did, but I was also trying to arrange a set of flowers and my mind doesn't like guessing games. "I need to order flowers for the wedding. I know it's way in advance but I was looking around for different choices."

I raised an eyebrow and set down the scissors. "Let me get you a price sheet." Ducking through the crowd, with Quatre following closely behind, I made my way to the cashier table and ducked down, rummaging around for the price sheet. Meanwhile Quatre's eyes scanned the room.

"Duo, you mean you actually work here? Why? Why two jobs with as much as we're getting paid?"

I shrugged, immediately regretting it as my shoulder hit an inside edge of the counter. "Itai!" I rubbed my shoulder and stood up, handing her the sheet. "I get bored on the weekend and I

enjoy it. Besides, seiyuu jobs aren't always guaranteed, this is my back up plan."

Quatre nodded and glanced down at the sheet of paper, her eyes widened. "That's it? Wow! Your prices are really cheap here."

I grinned. Another customer hooked and reeled in! It didn't matter that she was a co-worker, it still counted. To be honest I was really the only one counting but working with four guys who seemed to be the talk of the town, and they sold lots of flowers because of it, you tend to get a little jealous. So in a way it was a running joke for me to see how many of their customers I could steal. So far I was getting pretty close to catching up to Omri... I had no hope of catching up to Aya's record but a guy's got to have a goal right? Not to mention that if Quatre was ordering for the entire wedding... yoshi!

"So you recorded it right?"

"Nani?" I turned my full attention to Quatre with a confused look. "Recorded what?"

"The first episode of-"

"Oi! Duo!"

The yell echoed through the store and I winced. Hilde was at the door, and she quickly shoved her way through the crowd until she joined us. "Guess what I got!" she demanded happily.

I could only imagine. "What-"

She didn't even let me finish answering. Instead she opened up her jacket to show off a bright red shirt with an anime character posing on the front. He had long brown hair and wore a priest's outfit, while his one hand was extended in the peace sign and he was winking. I groaned loudly.

"Watashi no Solo Reaper!" She proclaimed happily.

I groaned louder as she echoed the pose on the shirt. My own cousin? I should never have let her move in with me! I should never have taken this job! She was never going to let me live it down! If she had her way the entire apartment would be plastered with Gundam Wing merchandise before I could even blink. No way! It dawned on me that that was what Quatre had been asking about. Today had been the premiere of the series on local television. Well, that would explain my cousin's overly excited nature and the back of goodies she held in her other hand. No doubt it was FULL of stuff from the show. When a show came out she bought everything, I still can't figure out where she gets the money.

Besides me Quatre clapped happily. "A Solo Reaper shirt? Do they have one for all the pilots?"

I groaned again. "Oh Quatre, not you too. Don't encourage her!"

But they both ignored me as Hilde proudly spread out what she'd bought on the counter, I gave up trying to do my job and just sighed. The counter top was soon covered with various

small posters, a deck of cards, a CD soundtrack and two action figures. I bet you can guess who one of the action figures was, the other was for Odin Lowe, Heero's character.

"Was there any stuff for Miki at the store?"

Hilde nodded quickly. "Lots, but I didn't pick any up yet. I mean his character only had two lines and then left the screen, I'll buy more as soon as I know more about the character."

Quatre smiled. "I could tell you," she offered happily as she flipped through the card deck.

"Quatre, we're not supposed to share that stuff, Relena'll get pissed."

Hilde glanced between us and her eyes widened. "You're Quatre?! You mean you're the voice of Miki Karou?"

Quatre nodded.

"YES! I knew it! I knew the voice of Miki was female! Hah! Now Catherine owes me!"

Quatre giggled and I just shook my head. Leave it to my cousin to make a bet about the voice actor for a show. Oh man what had I gotten myself into?!

"So what store was this stuff at?"

"I'll show you, come on." Hilde shoved it all in her bag once more and started heading toward the door. Quatre glanced at me then followed, I shrugged. Oh why not? It wasn't like I was going to get any work done while the entire female population of the city was here anyway. I grabbed my coat and headed for the door.

"Oi! Aya! I'm taking off!" I waved good bye then raced down the street after Hilde and Quatre. Maybe I could talk my cousin into only decorating one side of the apartment. Or at least convince her to buy stuff for the other characters and not turn the place into a Solo Reaper shrine. Not likely but I was going to try.

Besides, I had to admit I was curious what kind of stuff they had out there for my character.

Chapter End Notes

(1) Wiess Kreuz... the story of four guys who solve mysteries by night and work at a flowershop by day. It's a pretty pointless show save for the eye candy... but not too bad. Gomen but I just had to poke fun at it just for my friend Mara *grins*

Chapter 4

The screen in front of us went blank and Relena flipped off her microphone, the scene was over for the day and we were done recording. We all stepped away from the microphones and headed for the door, Quatre and I walking out side by side, grinning. Relena took up her position at the door and immediately caught Heero as he exited the room.

"Heero! You were wonderful today; I simply loved the emotion you put in your lines. Beautiful job as always."

Heero grunted a reply and pulled his arm away, muttering something about needing to get home right after work. Quatre and I couldn't help but snicker. Relena seemed to let it pass and turned her attention to Quatre.

"Quatre, you were great today as well. But I have a favor to ask." Relena clapped her hands together. "Miki Karou is the same age as the others and I need him to sound more mature. You know...more like a girl and less like..." she faltered and trailed off.

"And less like a girl?" she asked innocently, her misty blue eyes shining brightly with good humor.

Relena sighed in defeat. "Yes, less like a girl."

Trowa walked up to us and gave his own very small smile. Leaning down he kissed Quatre's cheek softly.

"No problem, Relena-san," Quatre said. Then we left the room, leaving Relena to sigh helplessly to herself.

I had to struggle to keep from laughing at that. So I quickly followed them out of the room. Weeks carried on pretty uneventful after that. Everything seemed to drop into it's own little pattern and I got pretty used to it all. In fact, everything I'd considered abnormal at the start became completely normal.

The day would start out with me waking up, obviously. I would get ready for work and grab breakfast quickly, while Hilde always sat at the table reading a manga or fanzine or something while eating her cereal. I would get to work in time to look over the script and joke around with Quatre before the main recording started.

And for those who suspect me, no I wasn't flirting with her. It turns out that we got along really well and Trowa was usually off talking to management and the writers of the show about certain things and all. It turned out that Quatre was a total otaku, much more so than my cousin, and that is saying a lot. Quatre has a collection at her apartment of almost every piece of merchandise having to do with each character she'd done a voice for. And believe me, that is a lot of characters! She even had a closet full of cosplay costumes for each of her former seiyuu roles and she took pride in showing off her collection of stuff whenever she could.

Anyway, back to what I was saying. The recording would start and we'd all do our lines, trying not to laugh about the cheesy lines and the inside jokes while recording. During breaks I'd taken to pestering Heero, after discovering that he was the most fun to get a reaction out of. I did tease Wufei at first but he just seemed depressed all of the time and was no fun at all. The only one who was able to get a reaction out of him in his grumpy state was Milliardo, who took every chance he could to flirt and pester Wufei, so I left those two alone. I set my sights on driving Heero up the wall instead.

After the recording sessions Relena would give Heero compliments and attempt to get a reaction out of him other than a grunt or nod and then would comment to the rest of us. It didn't take a brilliantly insane scientist to figure out that she'd fallen head over heels for Heero a long time ago and wanted to go out with him. However, Heero didn't seem interested one bit, which always seemed odd to me.

Well that was my day at work, pretty uneventful to say the least. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it though. What kept it really interesting was that OZ Studios and the writers of the script kept the storyline pretty well under wraps. We only got to see the scripts on the day we were recording them and even then they refused to tell us what was going to happen in the future of the show. So it was like watching a really good series on TV for the first time... even the people voicing it didn't know what was going to happen. And when the surprises came? Well that made it all the more interesting.

There is something worth mentioning in very good detail though, that happened about a month after the series was premiered on TV. And in a way you could say it started this entire mess of things to come.

I arrived home from work at the normal time to find Hilde wasn't anywhere near the front door. Usually she was in the living room reading manga when I got home but today she wasn't. Instead I heard jpop coming loudly from the computer room. Dropping off my stuff on the couch I went in to see what was up. I found my cousin and roommate sitting at her computer, eyes glued to a screen full of text.

"What'cha reading?"

Hilde jumped in her seat, obviously startled. I leaned over her shoulder and scanned a line on the screen, my eyes going wide as I read.

:: Odin and Solo locked eyes, the room dropping into silence. Neither were sure what to do, neither was sure what the other would do. Then, all of a sudden, Odin reached forward and wrapped his arms around Solo's waist, yanking the longhaired American against him. Before Solo could protest Odin kissed him. Solo's eyes went wide in surprise but he quickly gave in and pushed his own body against Odin's, surprised to find the Japanese pilot was just as aroused as he was....::

I coughed and stopped reading, I could just feel my cheeks turning red. Hilde spun around in the chair to face me and laughed.

"Welcome to the wonderful world of yaoi, cuz," she chuckled.

I blinked and stared at her in disbelief. "Did... did I just read what I thought I red?"

She nodded. "It's called yaoi, and you should be pleased to know that currently the most popular couple is Odin and Solo from Gundam Wing."

"Odin and Solo..." Me and Heero?! No way! "And you read this? Hilde... that is just wrong in so many ways! You're my cousin!"

She laughed and leaned back in the chair. "Don't take it so personally, cuz, after all it's not like these stories are about Duo Maxwell. They are about two animated boys-"

"Who are having sex together?! In a..." I glanced at the screen and felt the blood drain from my face in shock. Did I read that right? Oh man I did! "They are having sex in the cockpit of a gundam?!"

I must have looked pretty silly standing there with my mouth hanging open at that last revelation because Hilde nearly fell out of her chair laughing. "Best idea I've ever come up with, ne?"

I glanced back at the screen and discovered she was right. It was a text document. Not only was she reading it, she was writing it! I could take it anymore.

Don't get me wrong, I had nothing against people and homosexual relationships but... there was just something wrong with it when the characters doing it were people I knew. Well, the ones I knew were only the voices of the characters but... but still! You get what I mean! And in a cockpit of a gundam? Were the cockpits even that big? How could two people do something like that on the pilot's chair without-

I cut off that thought before it went anywhere. Though, I do have to admit (in spite of myself) it was an intriguing mental picture. Meanwhile my cousin was having a merry time trying to keep from dying of laughter.

"It's not that big of a deal," she finally protested. "In fact, you should take it as a compliment. The fact that they slashed your character with Odin Lowe means that your character is one of the most popular from the show. See... it's arranged in numbers. Odin Lowe is 1. Solo Reaper is 2. Triton Bloom is 3. Miki Karou is 4. Li Honour is 5. And Zechs Marquise is 6."

I frowned, this wasn't making me think any better of this. "You mean they pair all of us?"

Hilde smirked. "In every single pairing you can think of. There are some really gifted writers out there, you should take it as a compliment."

I shrugged and gave a sigh of defeat. "Yeah, whatever, I'm gonna go get something to eat." I walked to the door and paused long enough to lean back in. "I still can't believe my own cousin writes it."

She stuck her tongue out at me and I left.

Grabbing a sandwich and shutting myself into my room I dropped onto the bed to think. Yaoi? All over the world people were writing fanfic about a character I did the voice for. And

they were pairing Solo with the other characters. I had to admit that after seeing the show the possibility of a relationship between my character and Heero's was there, but very well hidden. But some of the other pairings just didn't make sense at all. Solo and Li? Pairing my character with Wufei's? I shuddered. Not even if I had a death wish!

I rolled over in bed and finished my sandwich. Grabbing the remote control I flicked on the TV and started to channel surf, just for lack of something to do. Beyond the door I heard Hilde rushing around the house and yelling.

"Bye cuz! I'm going out with Catherine!"

I flicked off the TV as I heard the door slam. I must be insane! As soon as I was sure she wasn't coming back in the apartment I snuck into her room and sat down at her computer. It didn't take me long to find the 1x2x1 folder which held the yaoi fanfic. And... despite all the surprise and disgust I'd shown earlier I read them. I read all of them.

And you know what? She was right, they were really good.

Chapter 5

"No."

I entered the studio the next morning to find Relena facing the rest of the cast with a bright pleading face. Wufei stood with his arms crossed, glaring at her dangerously while Heero came very close to echoing his expression. I paused in the doorway and listened, they were arguing about something and I knew Relena too well to get involved just yet.

"Absolutely not." Wufei agreed with Heero's original protest.

"Please! This is a great chance for publicity for the show, and it will increase our sales enough for another season. It's just one con, you don't even have to stay the whole time."

Wufei glared at Relena. "Forget it. I will not do such a stupid thing just to pacify a group of lunatic fangirls."

Relena looked about ready to cry at that comment. Jeez! What in the world were they arguing about? I couldn't stand there silently any longer. I stepped into the room and walked up to the trio just as Milliardo came in behind me and joined us. He took quick note of their angry looks and smirked.

"Something seems to be amiss," he stated smoothly.

Relena turned to him and sighed with relief. "We have been invited as guests to a convention at the end of the week. It's very short notice but-

"She wants us to dress up." Wufei cut her off. He was obviously against the entire idea.

"Dress up?" I asked. Dress up as what?

Relena fidgeted visibly. "Well, the invitation requires that you all show up in cosplay... as your characters."

Wufei shook his head. "I will do no such thing."

Milliardo's eyes seemed to gleam with interest. "They requested we dress up as the Gundam Wing characters? How intriguing." He glanced toward me, apparently expecting me to agree.

I grinned. He was right; it did sound like fun. "Come on He-chan, I bet you would look so cute in spandex shorts and a green tank top." I snickered as Heero threw me a glare of death. "I'm in, it does sound like fun!"

Heero sighed softly and gave a short nod, indicating he was agreeing as well. Then he turned and walked away, not being one to stay after he wasn't part of the conversation any more. We all turned our attention to Wufei, the only one who hadn't agreed yet. He shook his head once more.

"The con can do without Li Honour, hire someone else." With those words he turned away and walked off as well. I watched Milliardo's face light up with the hint of a challenge. His blue eyes gleamed with delight and he winked at Relena.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of him. Accept the invitation, we'll all be there." And he took off after Wufei. In the short time that I'd come to know Milliardo Peacecraft the guy really started to impress me. Most of the time he didn't seem completely human, instead it was like he was a faerie who was in our midst only to enjoy himself. He repeatedly taunted and flirted with all of us, trying to get any reaction whatsoever. His favorite target seemed to be Wufei and his goal seemed to be to get the usually gloomy Chinese boy to smile. So far he hadn't succeeded. It's strange, but when I think about the way he acts toward Wufei it reminds me of how much I make fun of Heero. Maybe it's just coincidence... or maybe the job of being a voice actor just attracts quiet people like Heero and Wufei and people like Milliardo and myself who love to get reactions out of people. In any case people weren't made to be quiet. We're group creatures, we're not supposed to hide in corners away from each other. And dang it, I was not about to let Heero sulk in his own corner by himself.

After Milliardo chased after Wufei Relena seemed very happy with herself. She turned to me and gave me a measured smile, a rare occurrence in it self. "Well, being that the invitation has been accepted you should probably try on your outfit. There's a dressing room down the hall, Quatre and Trowa are already there with the outfits."

I grinned and mock saluted. "Hai!" Then I turned and ran down the hall toward the room. I arrived at the room and gave a couple loud knocks. I wasn't about to walk in for a few reasons. One: privacy's sake. I don't care what gender the person is but if they walked in on me getting dressed I'd probably be ticked. Two? Well Quatre and Trowa were engaged and there was the possibility that they weren't just dressing in that room...

"Come in!" I heard Quatre's voice call back happily. I opened the door and stepped in, closing the door behind me I froze and my jaw dropped. The person standing in front of me definitely did not look like Quatre! Instead of the brightly colored summer dresses she usually wore Quatre stood in a loose pair of light brown pants and a light pink button down shirt. She also wore a plain purple vest and had her bangs combed forward so they fell across her eyes. Upon seeing me she smiled brightly and spread her arms, showing off the outfit.

"Quatre?! You... you look... like a guy!"

She burst into giggled and nodded happily. I decided it had to be the vest that hid her... umm... feminine features so well. Had I met her on the street in those clothes I would have thought she was a guy, and not just a guy. She looked exactly like Miki Karou, she was a walking, talking live-action version of the Arabian gundam pilot. I told her so and she nodded again.

"It's just a stroke of luck that our characters look very close to us. For once my short hair isn't just a inside joke." She smiled happily. "You should see Trowa."
I raised an eyebrow. "Where is he?"

"Over here." Trowa grumbled slightly from in the corner. I turned around and my eyes went wide. I couldn't help it, I burst out in laughter. Trowa frowned.

Trowa was dressed as a clown. You see his character, Triton Bloom, worked at a circus as his cover and thus was dressed as a clown when he first appeared in the series. Apparently Relena had decided that Triton's other wardrobe of tight turtlenecks and jeans wasn't nearly as impressive as bright green baggy pants, a half mask and suspenders that showed off Trowa's muscular body and made him look like a strange hybrid between a strong man and a clown. I caught his frown and attempted to stop laughing almost as quickly as I had started. I succeeded... kind of.

"She expects me to wear this?" Trowa looked down at the outfit with a large frown.

Quatre clapped her hands together. "It looks great, you look just like Tri-chan! And anyway... if you wore his other clothes everyone would just think you were an otaku, not a seiyuu in cosplay."

Trowa gave a very small sigh of defeat. "I guess you have a point."

There was a knock on the door and I pulled it open since I was still within arms length of the door handle. Heero entered the room and was followed by Milliardo who was dragging Wufei behind him. Quatre's eyes lit up at their appearance and she grabbed a pile of black cloth, shoving it into Heero's arms.

"Come on, we should all try them on before the con! Here's yours Heero."

Milliardo let go of Wufei long enough to pick up a pile of white clothes and place them in his reluctant arms, then he took a pile that included a silver helmet. Quatre handed me a different pile.

"There's curtains over there."

I shrugged, oh what the heck. I'd never worn a priest's outfit before, now was as good a time as any. With a grin I walked behind one of the numerous curtains and set the clothes on the floor. Stripping of my jeans and red polo shirt I put on the costume. Surprisingly the clothes fit perfectly, as if they were tailored for me specifically. As I slipped on the black top I remembered Relena asking us for our clothing sizes earlier that week for some information for the company. I laughed, she'd known about this invitation a while ago, she'd just decided to spring it on us late so we couldn't refuse. Tricky little devil she was!

I added the final touch of a small golden cross and expertly braided my long brown hair. Then added the black hat. Turning I looked at myself in the small mirror and couldn't help but grin. It did look good on me. Despite the fact that the outfit had looked stuffy and uncomfortable it was actually very comfortable and had the effect of making me look like an innocent kid. I flipped the bill of the hat and grinned at my reflection. I could definitely get used to a wardrobe like this. Hilde was going to go nuts! I looked almost exactly like Solo Reaper! I stepped out of the dressing room to see the others.

"Sugoi!" Quatre cried out as I stepped out. I grinned at her and struck the signature pose of Solo Reaper from Hilde's shirt. Quatre clapped. "Perfect!"

"Heh, I could really get into this. This outfit isn't half bad." I admitted and it was the truth.

We waited patiently for the others. Milliardo emerged first wearing an ornate military uniform of the Emerald Empire. He'd pulled his long blond out of it's usual pony tail to add to the effect and even wore the silver helmet, which glinted brightly in the florescent light of the room. Knee high black boots and tight black pants showed off his perfect figure. I had thought Hilde was going to go nuts seeing me as Solo Reaper, she'd die to see Milliardo Peacecraft dressed up as Zechs Marquise. He looked every bit the elegant and intelligent evil mastermind.

Wufei came out next, grumbling the entire time. His outfit was pretty normal, it consisted of a blue tank top with a golden dragon curling from neck to waist and spitting fire over a shoulder to the back. He wore loose white pants while a polished scimitar hung from his belt, looking every bit as threatening as his patented "I-hate-the-world" glare. He stepped out from behind the curtain and crossed his arms, glaring at all of us.

"Your costume looks perfect, Fei-chan." I grinned.

"Don't call me that, Maxwell!" He hissed.

Milliardo nodded and removed his helmet. "He speaks the truth, but there is one thing the outfit needs."

Wufei raised an eyebrow carefully in question.

Milliardo only smiled softly and produced a hair tie. Then, before Wufei could protest, he pulled Wufei's long black hair into a tight ponytail. Wufei's eyes narrowed even more. "There," Milliardo declared and held up a hand mirror for Wufei to see.

Wufei muttered a few choice words, but didn't pull out the ponytail.

Heero was the last one to emerge from behind the curtain and when he did the entire room went silent. I had been wrong, Relena apparently had decided against the green tank top and spandex shorts. Instead Heero Yuy was dressed in a skin tight black and red highlighted flight suit. And as for that flight suit there is only one thing I can say.

Damn he looked good in it!

After that things quieted down and we all returned to our normal clothes to do the recording for that day. But I couldn't stop thinking about Heero in that flight suit. And no matter how much I tried not to think about it every time I saw him for the rest of the day all I could think about was that flight suit. That flight suit... and the fanfic that Hilde had written before.

Chapter 6

Speaking of fanfics I couldn't help but sneak on to the computer that night after I got back from work. I would have run straight to my room to avoid Hilde dragging the information about the cosplay and the convention out of me but it turned out she wasn't home. That was certainly a first. So instead of running and hiding from her constant questions I went straight to her room and was delighted to find her computer already on and connected to the internet.

Before sitting down at the computer I made sure she wasn't coming back anytime soon. As it turns out I found a note on the kitchen table explaining that she'd gone over to Catherine's house with Dorothy to put together costumes for an anime convention. I couldn't help smiling at that one; she was already going to the convention! And that meant I'd see her there... I was also willing to bet that the seiyuu cast of Gundam Wing was not listed as one of the guests for the convention, being that it was such short notice and Hilde hadn't been bouncing off the walls with the information. Well she was certainly in for a surprise this weekend. But in the mean time...

I opened up her internet browser and flipped through the bookmarks looking for any fanfic, hopefully something good. Guilty pleasures strike I guess. I won't say I was completely stuck on the whole yaoi genre (especially since a large amount of it involved my character) but I was curious. I'd only really seen Hilde's stories and hers had little to no plot and lots of sex. I couldn't help but wonder if that's what all the fanfic out there was like. I figured I'd give it one more chance before I completely gave up and was disgusted with the genre.

It didn't take long but I finally came to a webpage maintained by some person who called himself 'Knight of Fire'. Cute name, even though it had nothing to do with the series. Just on a whim I opened up a fanfic called "Sweet Surrender".

I have to say I was amazed. Like Hilde's fanfic there was little to no plot but instead of it being just sex the fanfic went deep into Odin Lowe's thoughts about Solo Reaper. Over the course of ten pages the fanfic beautifully described how they'd first met and how Odin's feelings evolved for his fellow pilot. I found my eyes completely glued to the screen for the entire story, completely unaware of the apartment around me. If Hilde had walked in she would have caught me red-handed... and I wouldn't have cared. Yes, the fanfic was that good! What got me the most was the end. I reached the end and it just stopped. The last thing it said was that Odin cared for Solo deeply, but in the end he was forced to remain silent and walk away. He just walked away in his own misery.

Against all better logic I clicked on the bottom of the screen to send an e-mail. Before I even realized exactly what I'd typed I just sent it. I sent a review to the author, explaining how I loved the story, which I honestly did, and single handedly 'Knight of Fire' had gotten me hooked on the genre. It didn't take a genius to figure out that from that point on I'd be sneaking on to Hilde's computer almost every chance I got to go back to his site, his fanfics were just too good.

Just as I sent the e-mail I heard Hilde's key slide into the lock. Closing the internet browser I raced across the hall silently and into my room, disappearing from sight just as I heard her and her friends enter. By the sounds of it Catherine and Dorothy had accompanied her back home. Great, just great. Now, instead of being grilled by just my cousin, I'd be grilled by her and her two friends. I was not looking forward to this. I frowned as Dorothy's face peeked around the corner into my room.

"Hey famous, you going to tell us about your job today?" She sneered. Inwardly I cringed but I was careful not to show that to her. Dorothy Catolonia prided herself on the fact that she could get any piece of information out of any of Hilde's friends just by making a general annoyance of herself. And she could do it too! I knew all too well. If Dorothy had her way they would all know about the cosplay at the convention in a matter of moments. But this time I wasn't going to spill it, not a chance.

I frowned and crossed my arms, shaking my head. One of her double eyebrows lifted delicately and she stepped completely into the doorway, silently accepting the challenge. Catherine appeared next to her and I could just barely see my cousin's short figure behind the other two girls.

Catherine smiled. "What no new news?"

I shrugged.

Dorothy smirked. "It appears he doesn't want to tell us."

I shook my head and attempted to look relaxed. "Oh, no, it's not that. It's just that nothing really happened at work today besides the normal. You know, we all made fun of Heero's lines and Milliardo flirted with Wufei. Nothing I haven't told you all before."

Catherine frowned and even though I couldn't see Hilde's face I knew she was mock-pouting. I'd got both of them, but apparently Dorothy wasn't fooled.
K'so!

"I don't believe you."

I shrugged. "Believe me or not, it's your choice. But I can't give you information I don't have."

Dorothy frowned and studied my face for a moment. I could just see the wheels turning in her brain as she tried to decide whether or not to believe me. Did I mention that that girl gave me the creeps? I can't see how my cuz can stand to be around her so often.

"Dorothy, come on. It's time for the show, we're going to miss Gundam!"

I silently sighed with relief as the three retreated to Hilde's room to watch the current episode of Gundam Wing. The door shut behind them and I had to resist cheering for myself. I'd stood up to Dorothy and she didn't get a single bit of information out of me, yes! I heard the theme music start and decided to get myself a small snack then find something to do.

It's an eerie thing walking back from the kitchen and hearing your own voice echoing from your cousin's room. It's like you expect to find a clone in the room or you're having some strange out of body experience. I don't care what people say about recording devices transforming your voice so it sounds different Solo Reaper's voice was mine and it was just creepy hearing it coming from her room. I still stand by the thought that singers must never listen to their own music outside of the studio, it had to be too creepy.

As I passed Hilde's door to get to my room I heard them mute the show for commercials and I stopped to listen.

"Hey, guys, come look at this for a moment." Hilde's voice was followed by the clicking of her mouse; she was on her computer. For a moment I panicked, did she find out I'd been on her computer? Oh jeez! If Dorothy or Hilde found out I was reading yaoi fanfic they'd never let me live it down! I stayed completely still and had to remind myself not to hold my breath as I listened.

Catherine was speaking this time. Reading something? "Many thanks for the review, it is rare to hear from someone who is not a fangirl... Shinigami? Hilde did you get a new screen name?"

"No," Hilde said quietly. "Shimatta!" She exclaimed. "You guys look! It's from Knight of Fire! He wrote me an e-mail!"

Dorothy gave a small laugh. "I don't think it counts, Hilde, he meant to send it to someone who uses the screen name Shinigami. And that's not you."

"Killjoy." Hilde muttered.

"He must have just gotten the e-mail wrong and you got it by accident. Oh, the show's back on!"

I heard the TV show flip back on and the three girls fell silent. As I continued walking toward my room I couldn't help but smile. I'd signed my e-mail Shinigami, figuring it would be a fitting screen name since I was the seiyuu for Solo Reaper who constantly referred to himself as 'The God of Death' or Shinigami. Knight of Fire had written back to me that quickly? Interesting. The only thing that upset me was the fact that Hilde would delete the e-mail before I could get a chance to read it. And since I didn't know how to use the computer beyond the normal functions I wouldn't be able to salvage the message. Oh well, if anything the fics had been good. And even if I didn't know what his e-mail said, it was kind of nice to know he'd written back.

I returned to my room smiling. And I found myself idling wondering what Heero's reaction would be to some of the fanfic I'd read.

Chapter 7

I stepped out dressed in the priest's outfit to join the others, standing near the booth advertising loads and loads of Gundam Wing merchandise. Quatre was already leaning over the table drooling, trying to figure out how much of the stuff she could buy.

"So... umm how exactly does this work?" I asked her.

Quatre looked up and smiled. "We're just supposed to mingle with everyone at the con... though we need to stay near this display so the stuff gets sold as well."

I frowned. "Quatre, you do realize we are going to get tackled as soon as those crazy fangirls come through the doors."

Quatre nodded. "Which is why we can mingle or we can stay behind the table. If we're behind the table we might be safer."

Milliardo strolled over dressed in the Emerald Empire uniform. "Come on you two, we will ruin all their fun if we don't walk among them. Besides, an actor has a duty to know his fans."

I frowned again, thinking of the people who wrote some of the strange fanfic I'd run across. Nope, I didn't agree with Milliardo, I didn't need to know the fans that well.

I glanced over to the large glass doors of the hotel. Already I could see the large lines of people dressed in costumes for various anime characters and in shirts advertising numerous shows. This place was going to be packed as soon as the doors opened and let people in. And if what was going on was any indication... Currently the other booths were putting up their finishing touches, setting out things to be sold and shown off. A lot of the other people who worked at the con were glancing at us in the costumes, they knew that we were the seiyuu cast of Gundam Wing, you could tell in the way they looked at us. If they were any indication then as soon as those doors opened we would all be tackled and suffocated by crazy fangirls. I quickly stepped behind the table and took a place next to Heero and Wufei.

Wufei glanced out to where Milliardo strolled the currently empty convention floor. "That man has a death wish," he snorted.

I grinned. "You should join him, Fei-chan. He said it'd be fun."

Wufei glared sideways at me. "I don't see you out there Maxwell. I have no desire to be attacked by that horde of onnas." He jerked his head toward the growing crowd outside the doors; I had to force myself not to cringe as I saw all the people dressed up as our characters from the show. I groaned loudly.

"Tell me again why I agreed to this?"

Heero raised an eyebrow at me, was he amused? But he didn't say anything else.

Trowa and Quatre joined us behind the table just as the doors were opened. We watched from behind our feeble barricade of Gundam Wing models and artbooks. The majority of the table was empty in the center to allow for pictures and signing, so there was really nothing between us and them. If they wanted to ambush us they could so easily. Wait a minute? Anyone else notice that I keep describing this scene as if it were a war or something? That thought also gave me the creeps. Because if it was the infamous Gundam Pilots against their adoring public...?

We didn't stand a chance!

That last thought sent me into a small fit of giggles as I watched the hordes of people filtering through the doors and pausing at various booths. Almost immediately Milliardo was surrounded by crazy girls squealing and crying out. They pushed books and pens toward him to sign things, camera snapped and you could see them literally swoon each time he even blinked his eye. He was enjoying every second of it, showing off and catering to his fans' wishes by striking poses from the show for their pictures and signing large amounts of merchandise from the show. He was truly in his element and didn't look a single bit out of place.

Me on the other hand, I grew considerably more nervous by the second. Our table was already being surrounded by people and they were ecstatic as they found out we were the actual seiyuu and not just people paid to dress up. People kept asking me to sign their artbooks and manga magazines, not to mention show posters and whatever else ink would stick to.

As I was signing one of the artbooks with the name "Solo Reaper, Duo Maxwell" Quatre appeared beside me and yanked on my arm. I finished signing and stood up quickly as Quatre pulled me to the other end of the table where a group of girls held a camera. I grinned and struck the patented pose from Hilde's shirt while Quatre gave an innocent yet determined look that Miki Karou always wore on the show. The girls squealed and snapped several shots.

"Now one with Solo and Odin!" One of the girls cried pulling out her own camera.

I glanced to my side and found Heero was already standing up from his chair to join us. Quatre politely bowed out of the way as more pictures were snapped in excitement. If this kept up I was going to blind in an hour from all of the camera flashes. I barely made it back to my seat when an action figure was set down carefully in front of me with a permanent marker.

"Come on cuz, please sign it."

I glanced up, surprised to find Hilde, Catherine and Dorothy. I'd completely forgotten they were coming to the con. With a soft chuckle I picked up the permanent marker and signed the action figure.

"You know, you could have just asked me to do this at home." I joked as I handed the figurine box back to her. Hilde's eyes widened as if I'd just suggested she jump into the beam gun of a gundam.

"And miss you out of your element? At home you're Duo, my cuz. Here you're Solo Reaper," she smirked. "No matter how much you deny it."

I struggled to keep my grin in place as I realized exactly what she meant. She was referring to me being the Solo Reaper from the show and the Solo Reaper mentioned in countless fanfictions around the internet. The one who was in love with Odin Lowe... that thought was a creepy one but I had to admit she was right. I had agreed, for one day, to become Solo Reaper, and now I couldn't help but wonder if that had been such a good idea.

"Anou... can I ask you a favor please? Odin-san?"

I looked up to see a young girl clutching a fancy new digital camera in her hands. She was watching Heero with shacking hands, obviously very nervous. Heero nodded slowly and she glanced warily at me then leaned over the counter toward him. Heero raised an eyebrow and leaned forward so she could whisper in his ear.

I couldn't hear what she was saying and that bugged me. What the heck was she asking Heero to do? Why had all the other girls around the table suddenly gone quiet with their cameras at ready? I had this nagging feeling I should run but that was just silly! Why would I need to run, after all what could they all do?

The girls stopped whispering in Heero's ear and leaned back, waiting silently for his response. I watched him as he seemed to mull over whatever she'd said then finally gave a short nod.

"Nimue Ryokai." He said shortly and the silence and tension in the air seemed to grow. Now they were definitely all ready with their camera. Heero stood up from his chair and walked over to me, yanking lightly on the end of my long braid.

"Hey!" I cried out in surprise.

"Come on, baka. They want a picture." He pulled me toward the end of the table which had been reserved for picture taking by now and I followed quickly so his grip on my braid wouldn't cause me more pain. I stopped where we usually stood for the pictures and glanced at Heero.

"Are we supposed to pose?" I muttered.

"Just stand like you are, baka." Was that a smirk I saw on his face?!

The girl stood in front of us, her camera poised and ready. Heero and I were standing next to each other and the girl lowered her camera slowly. "Anou... Solo-san, could you... could you put your arms around Odin's shoulders?"

I shrugged and did so, grinning the whole time as Solo would have, but inside I knew there was something wrong with all of this. What were they planning and why the hell was Heero Yuy smirking?! The girl raised her camera once again and nodded slowly. Just before she clicked the picture I felt something warm and soft on the side of my face and I froze, my eyes going wide with surprise. That's when the flash snapped. It seemed like

thousands of other pictures were taken also at that exact same moment and all I could do was stand there in shock. Heero was... Heero was...

HEERO WAS KISSING ME!

The pictures died down and Heero stepped away from me, gracefully ducking out from under my arm which was still draped over his shoulder. I staggered and grabbed the table to catch my balance as the girls surrounding us giggled. The young girl who had asked looked like the happiest person on earth.

Heero smiled at her then grabbed his jacket and walked away from the booth into the back hallway. All I could do was stand there, staring after him.

He'd kissed me?! What the hell? I regained my mental footing and took off after him, completely ignoring the cheers as I disappeared down the hallway.

"Yeah! Go after him Solo!" some of the girls yelled.

"I'll go after him, all right," I muttered. But to be honest I had no idea what I was going to do when I caught up to him. Hmm... Maybe ask him to punch me or something so I would know whether or not this was all a dream? I stopped in the empty hallway and leaned against the wall, catching my breath.

Stupid, stupid me! Why did it matter if this was a dream or not? If Heero found out I'd chased after him he might actually think I like him or something. And I certainly didn't! I mean we were two guys and stuff like that just didn't happen in real life. Not to mention that it was obvious Relena liked him and if I was chasing after my boss' boyfriend... I could kiss my job goodbye. Besides, I liked girls... didn't I?

I sighed heavily. "Get a grip on yourself Maxwell, you've been reading WAY too much fanfiction." I shook my head and tried to pass away the thoughts. But I found myself lightly touching the cheek where he'd kissed me. No, I was just being stupid. The girl had asked him to kiss me for a picture for her website, that's all it was. It couldn't be anything else. There was no way it could be.

Sighing again I turned down the hall and headed for the lunchroom. I found it completely empty save for Quatre, sitting by herself. I stopped in the doorway, half-shocked to see her there and half-relieved to find out she hadn't seen the scene from a few minutes ago.

"Quatre? What are you doing here?"

Quatre looked up in surprise and sweat-dropped slightly. "I needed a break from all the people. Do you know how many of them are up there? Don't tell ok?"

I walked over and pulled up a chair, straddling it backward. I nodded. "Secret's safe, no worries." It may have been rude to just sit down but I needed something to occupy my mind from Heero, just something to talk about, anything mindless would help.

Quatre smiled in relief and relaxed. She glanced down at the cup of tea in her hands. "So... how is it out there?"

I groaned and shook my head. "They are crazy, completely crazy. Do you know what they just did to me and Heero? They asked for a picture and then didn't warn me that the girl had asked Heero to kiss me for the picture!"

Quatre's eyes went wide. "Did he do it?"

I nodded.

"Honto? I would never have pegged Heero to have a mischievous streak... but then again you haven't seen him on stage..." Quatre trailed off.

"On stage?" I asked. I remembered Quatre mentioning something about that a long time ago but I couldn't remember her giving me any more details about it. So I had to ask.

Quatre glanced toward the door of the empty lunchroom, most likely to make sure Heero wouldn't walk by at the wrong time and strangle her for giving out information. When she seemed convinced he wouldn't walk in she nodded to herself. "Heero's one of the most popular jpop singers in Japan right now. People just don't realize he's the same person. It's hard to explain, you really have to see one of his concerts to see how different he acts. Wait, I have an idea!"

Quatre stood up and pulled two pieces of thick paper from her pocket, she dropped one in front of me and I picked it up. A ticket? "Is this a ticket?"

Quatre nodded happily. "I got them for Trowa and myself but it turns out that Trowa just got hired on to do another voice along with this one. So he has to work the night of the concert. You want to come with instead?"

I grinned. "You sure you can actually invite me? Wouldn't that be a date or something?"

Quatre giggled. "Silly, I know it's not a date. It's just us as co-workers. Besides, the fact that I got tickets is amazing. Heero usually likes to keep it real quiet that he's a jpop artist." Quatre leaned across the table as if we were in a room of people and she was going to pass me some super-secret information. "Besides, there is supposed to be a extra-special guest who will perform with him on this night. We can't miss it! Please Duo, say you'll use the other ticket. It'd be no fun to go by myself."

I grinned. After all, who was I to say no to a cute face? Even if she was engaged. Besides, seeing Heero in concert? Seeing Heero be anything besides silent and brooding over stuff? It sounded interesting. (Though hopefully it wouldn't be as strange as that... kiss.)

"All right, I'll go." I glanced at the ticket. "Tomorrow night?"

"Yo kata! Yeah, tomorrow night!" Quatre stood up and put her ticket back in the pocket of her outfit. "Now we better get upstairs. We're getting paid for these people to see us, if we're not up there when Relena stops by she's going to have a fit."

I nodded and hurried with Quatre back to the table. It occurred to me to bug Heero if I saw him there but I didn't get a chance to talk to him for the rest of the day. Besides, there was no

way I was going to join him and Milliardo as they 'mingled' with the fans.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Due to this part being very songfic like and including all the lyrics from Knights of Fire, and AO3 not allowing that, I've removed the song lyrics. I would recommend hunting down the song on youtube.

I sat down in the thick cushioned seat next to Quatre and peered around the stadium theater. All around us people were yelling to each other, selling shirts and merchandise, fangirls were squealing and people were rushing to their seats. Our seats were only a few rows back from the front and I knew I was going to have a perfect view of something I just couldn't believe.

I'd agreed to go with Quatre to the concert and I still couldn't believe this was real. Quatre sat next to me in a Heero Yuy tee shirt, with what looked like an album logo on the front and a list of songs and concert locations on the back. And in front of me sat the stage, shrouded in a thick black concert. I still couldn't believe that Heero was going to be the one on that stage dancing and singing. He was so...quiet at the recording sessions for the show; I just couldn't see him singing on stage, much less dancing. Tonight was certainly going to be an experience.

I glanced down at my watch, and as if on cue, the lights started to fade out. The theater quieted quickly and people took their seats, ready to watch. I glanced at Quatre and found she was nearly shaking with excitement, I couldn't help but grin. I settled into my seat comfortably and waited as the large room faded into complete darkness.

"Who do you think the special guest will be?" I asked Quatre quietly.

Quatre gave a small laugh and I knew she was smiling even though I could barely see her in the darkness. "I'm sure we'll find out soon."

Music started from the stage and I squinted... I could just barely make out that the curtain was raising, it was still too dark to see anything. Lights flashed with the music from a synthesizer, perfectly in beat. As the tune picked up speed to open the song the stage exploded with light and Heero stood as the only one on the stage. But... that couldn't have been Heero!

My mouth dropped open and I just stared. The man standing on stage looked nothing like the guy who stood next to me during recording sessions. He was dressed head to toe in a skin tight leather outfit. It didn't resemble the flight suit; instead it was just plain shiny leather with small straps wrapped around his arms and ankles. The sight was amazing, and completely unbelievable. His hair was even more unruly than normal, but this time it was styled that way on purpose and even though we were sitting a ways back from the stage I

could make out his bright blue eyes which contrasted against his pale skin. I just sat there, mouth agape in wonder. THAT was Heero Yuy?!

His voice echoed across the stadium as the music and the audience erupted. Now that all the lights were on and the show had completely started another curtain opened to reveal a band behind him, dressed in equally body-curve-emphasizing outfits. They began a kind of cheer behind him as he grinned happily at the audience.

The music picked up and Heero began to move where he stood on the stage, but he was dancing yet. Behind him another figure rushed out on to stage and the crowd cheered even louder, many jumping out of their seats. This apparently was the special guest. Beside me Quatre shot up from her seat and cheered as the new person took his place next to Heero.

"Who?" My voice was lost in the sheer cheering and I stood up just so I could see over the people in front of me. That's when I saw who it was and once again sent into shock, but not as much this time.

It was Milliardo Peacecraft! His blond hair cascaded down his shoulders onto a skintight white shirt which hugged his chest tightly. The shirt led down to skin tight snake skin patterned pants that glimmered in the bright light from the stage. It was a strange effect seeing him dressed completely in white next to Heero in complete black but it fit perfectly and as the song official started their voices fit together so perfectly it was almost as if only one person was singing.

The two moved back toward the band and moved among them as they played a short solo.

Lights flashed all around and the two met back at the front of stage, this time dancing together. The crowd erupted even louder as they danced this time, making suggestive moves toward each other.

It suddenly occurred to me that there was definitely a double meaning for this song. Night of fire? Naw, it was completely innocent. I couldn't help but laugh and was amazed when I discovered that for the longest time I had been cheering with the crowd and not even realizing it.

The song ended with the lights fading out as the music and voices followed suit. Once again we were all bathed in darkness, but this time there was no silence. The entire place was screaming and cheering. I yelled with them as the music and voices from stage echoed around in the air. My ears rang almost painfully but it was worth the pain. I'd never been to such a loud and charged concert. And if the first song was any indication I knew I was going to have one of the best times of my life tonight.

The curtains raised again and Heero and Milliardo raced out for the next song. Apparently they were going to perform together for the rest of the concert, which was fine by me. As I watched them move through the rest of the songs I found my eyes locked. The simple sight of seeing Heero on stage acting completely different from the Heero I knew was enough to keep me watching but him dressed in that leather and the lights and the sweat that began to bead on his face... and he smiled! He actually smiled during the songs, seeming genuinely enjoying himself.

I felt my face grow red with slight embarrassment. Was I really watching Heero in the way I thought I was? Yep, my eyes were locked right on that skintight outfit and there was no denying it. The strangest thing had happened and I couldn't brush it to the side this time by saying I'd read too much fanfiction. It had happened. The impossible had happened.

I actually had to admit to myself that I was in love with Heero Yuy.

Chapter 9

I came into work the next morning to hear Quatre give out a strangled cry. She rushed forward and yanked me into an office before I could protest. Her eyes were wide and she had a pleading look.

"Duo! You can't wear that today! Heero'll kill me!"

I raised an eyebrow and looked down at my shirt. I'd bought one at the concert on the spur of the moment. It's wasn't like the one Quatre had worn, instead it had Heero standing on the front, one hand raised to cover his eyes and he was wearing the black leather outfit from the concert (the shirt was black) and his songs were listed down the back.

"It's just a shirt."

Quatre shook her head. "If he sees you in that he'll know I took you to the concert. I wasn't supposed to tell anyone and..." Quatre moaned. "He's going to kill me."

"Calm down Quatre, aren't you being a little over dramatic? I mean you know how crazy my cousin is, who's to say she didn't bring the shirt back to me and I wore it just to get a reaction out of Heero?" Well, there was no point in hiding it. I admit I bought the shirt as a kind of guilt pleasure... I loved that outfit on Heero. But the other part was true, I did wear it to get a reaction out of him. Maybe, just maybe I could get him to smile at work the way he'd smiled at the concert. It was worth a shot, and besides, the worst he could do was glare at me and walk away, so I had nothing to lose, right?

"There's no way he's going to believe that." Quatre dropped into a chair, shaking her head in despair. I just watched her; it was just a shirt, right?

"He's not going to kill you Quatre, don't be so melodramatic."

From outside the door came yelling and I walked toward the window in the door. It sounded like Heero was yelling. Opening the door I leaned out and looked down the hall to Relena's office. Yep, that was Heero, and he sounded angry. You couldn't really call it yelling actually, but real angry words just didn't fit either. Quatre walked up behind me with wide curious eyes.

"He sounds like he's going to kill someone," she muttered.

I nodded and stepped out of the office, heading toward Relena's door. We both reached it just in time to see Heero walk out of the room in a huff and Relena hurrying after him. Quatre and I froze as the two stopped in front of us. Heero leveled a glare at Relena.

"If you're so sure this will work why don't you tell the rest of the cast? Or is that why you've kept the scripts locked away from us until the day of recording?"

Relena frowned and looked about ready to cry. "When OZ Studios received the script that was part of the contract. I swear I didn't know about this until just this week. I would have told you sooner but..." she bit her lip and glanced away. "You're all signed onto the show by contract, I didn't want to ruin the show."

Heero's glare intensified. "I'd say this was a horrible way of doing it."

"What's going on?" Quatre asked quietly.

Heero looked slightly amused and looked to Relena. "Go on, kaitou, tell them."

Relena took a deep breath and clutched the new script copy in her hands, wrinkling the paper. "In the episode we have to record today... Odin Lowe dies."

"NANI!?" What?! Heero's character dies! How? Why? How could they do that? "What? Why?" I just couldn't believe it. How could they do such a thing?

"You can't can Heero!" Quatre protested. "He's... he's one of the most popular ones on the show! You know how much people will protest!"

Relena nodded in defeat, her eyes still watering slightly. "I know I know. But there's nothing I can do. We all signed the contract to make the show and I just found out and this is how it happens..."

I snorted. "Talk about killing your audience. The fans are going to murder us. You realize that by killing Odin you're going to send this entire show down the toilet?"

Relena leaned back against the wall and her bangs covered her eyes. I almost felt sorry for her but my anger was too strong. How could they kill off Heero's character? How could she allow this? And why now?

The thought of not working with Heero after what I realized at the concert last night was just horrid. It wouldn't be any fun! And even if I never told him about my feelings it would have been fine if I worked with him almost every day. But now he was going to be kicked off the show just for the sake of a plot point that was going to send us all down the toilet. I could just imagine the reactions on the webpages, how the different fanfiction authors would react. The anger and just how upset they would be... and Hilde? Oh man! She'd murder me for not telling her!

I looked between the two, noting the obvious anger in Heero's eyes and the shame that Relena hid behind. Trowa walked up behind us and over to Quatre.

"You heard?" Quatre asked quietly and he nodded, hugging her.

The absurdity of the situation hit me and I almost forced out a laugh. It was an animated show, for Shinigami's sake! But no, it was more than that. It's hard to explain but when you become the voice for a character in a show you start to really like that character, as if it were another part of you. I loved being Solo, even if I only was his voice. I loved joking with Odin

and Miki and Triton and Li even if they didn't exist in real life. The show was like a separate world where it was still a part of me.

To hear that that world was going to go up in flames because some author had decided to kill the most popular character was a huge shock. I was angry, no check that, I was pissed! I wasn't just the voice actor of Solo Reaper I was stuck in the show. And they were killing off Odin. And I wasn't going to be working with Heero anymore and...

I glanced up into Heero's eyes and saw his anger melting away. When he spoke his voice was soft, but determined. The voice of someone who'd accepted his fate, someone who'd accepted that there was no point in fighting.

"We had better get this over with."

I wanted to punch him! I wanted to do something, anything to get that anger back. How could he just accept it? How could he just let this happen? My eyes narrowed as he turned and headed toward the recording room and I stepped after him, but Trowa's hand settled on my shoulder and lightly held me back. I glanced at him and he shook his head.

"It's just a show, and we're just the voices. Things like this happen."

I clenched my fists. "But..."

"What are you going to do? Order them to redraw the entire series? We signed a contract Duo. The show always ends, no matter how much we want it to continue it never does."

I sighed and forced my anger down. He was right. I had to accept that it was just a show and nothing more. I looked down the hall after the disappearing form of Heero. Maybe... maybe it would be a good thing for the show to end. I had no idea how I was going to deal with my new found 'crush'. Maybe... Maybe Heero leaving would be a good thing. And as much as I hated to admit it that made sense.

God life sucks sometimes!

Chapter 10

I dropped down on the bed and let out a huge sigh, closing my eyes. I'd just gotten back from work and... and I was depressed. It was a week after Heero had done his last line for the series Gundam Wing. Odin Lowe was dead and the characters on the show had taken a very big blow. Not to mention that the effect of the revelation of Odin's death hadn't quite worn off on the cast yet. I couldn't help it. I still walked into work every day hoping to find out I had just dreamed it all and Heero was still a part of the cast. I still hoped I'd see him in the recording room, script in hand and microphone ready... But his microphone space had been empty for a week and it hurt more every day.

Oh sure, I'd seen him in the last week. He was still a seiyuu and he still showed up at the studio to background voices for the other shows they were recording from time to time but when I saw him there wasn't even a wave or a smile. He would always lock eyes with me for a moment and nod a welcome. I always stood there in shock, surprised to see him, and didn't get any time to respond before he turned and walked away down the hall. I never did chase after him... after all what would I have said?

Hey, Heero, by the way I love you.

I forced out a laugh at that thought. I could just see the look of surprise and disbelief on his face. And then he'd probably glare at me, thinking I was still joking around as I always did. No, that situation could only end in embarrassment and disaster.

I sighed again and rolled over in the bed, staring across the room at the silent TV set. It was four o'clock. Gundam Wing would be starting soon. How fitting that today was the day that the rest of the world would find out the fate of Odin Lowe. Today was the day that the fans would go into an uproar and riot on the studio. Ok, so maybe it wouldn't be that extreme but I knew they were going to be mad.

Hesitantly I grabbed the remote and switched on the set. Just in time to see the end of the opening, lucky me. I watched in a vegetable state, just watching everything happen on the screen and the voices of my friends echoing out of the TV set. We really did sound like real people... because when Odin died we were all really upset... so that made it sound even more real.

**

On the screen Odin moved his gundam toward Zechs' base and frowned. The display screen in his gundam flipped on and Solo's face appeared.

"Odin? What are you doing you baka!"

Odin didn't respond, he only reached over and shut off the display screen, cutting off the connection. Then he clutched the control stick of his gundam tightly and walked straight into the base and the rain of fire coming from the enemy. The new weapons of the Emerald Empire were strong enough to rip right through the gundanium of his suit and it showed.

Each time a shot hit him he shuddered and was pushed back slightly, but he didn't stop. He had to make it to the base. It was his mission.

Miki appeared on screen, looking worried. "What is he doing?! Odin you're going to get yourself killed!"

Triton's blank face appeared on his view screen. "He's finishing his mission." The brown haired boy replied in a flat voice.

"He'll be killed, I have to help him."

"No!"

Miki froze, surprised by the sudden burst of emotion from the normally emotionless pilot of 03. "But..."

"We can't stop him now. There is no point getting yourself killed. He's going to self destruct in the center of the base."

Solo's face appeared next to Triton's on the view screen. "He can't do that! We can't let him!"

The point of view switched to Li who sat silently in his gundam cockpit, his arms crossed and his eyes shadowed. "There is no other way to destroy the base, we don't have enough explosives to destroy it. This is the only way. We should respect him for his sacrifice."

"No!" Miki and Solo chorused.

Li moved his gundam to block them both from reaching the base. He aimed his beam cannon at both of them, emphasizing how serious he was.

Behind Li Odin had finally reached the center of the base. He stopped his gundam and surveyed the area. Checking conditions he did a few quick calculations.

"An explosion from directly in the center should wipe out everything." He confirmed to himself. Odin nodded his resolve and leaned back in the pilots seat. Then, closing his eyes, he reached for the self-destruct button.

"Nimue kando... mission completed."

He hit the button.

On the screen Wing Zero began to glow and then exploded into hundreds of flaming pieces which scattered everywhere. The base went up seconds later, scattering debris everywhere. Soldiers and mobile suits tried to flee but were caught in the blast and damaged quite beyond repair. The only one who were safely away from the blast were the other four gundams... but they still felt the ground shake.

Miki shuttered in his cockpit, clutching at his heart as he felt the emotions wash over him. Pain, anger, despair and resolve. The air all around him echoed loudly with the sound of

Odin's heart beating. And then it grew fainter and slower... until it finally stopped. Miki's eyes shot open and he stared at the aftermath, tears growing in his eyes.

Solo's scream echoed across the area.

"NO!"

**

My own scream echoing in my ears hit home and I felt a lump grow in my throat. Damn it was eerie hearing that again while watching the show. And it kinda hurt. The episode ended on that 'happy' note and the credits rolled. I closed my eyes and rubbed them with my hands, I could just imagine the up roar all around the country right now. Odin Lowe was dead.

I flipped off the TV just in time to hear the phone ring. I walked numbly to the machine but didn't pick it up. Three guesses who it was, and the first two don't count. I stood by the answering machine and just listened, not willing to pick it up. Sure enough Hilde's voice soon came on.

"Duo! How could you?! How could you not tell us they killed off Heero?! He was one of my favorites! He's not dead right! He can't really be dead! You have to tell us what happened to him! It was only a dream right-"

Catherine's voice interrupted her. "Hilde, you're on an answering machine. He's not there."

"Duo! Pick up! I know you're off from work! You owe us an explanation!"

And then there was a beep and the message stopped. I just stood there, staring at the now blinking light. "And what exactly am I supposed to say to you?" I muttered quietly. "There was nothing I could do."

I turned and walked away from the machine and into Hilde's room. I sat down at her computer and turned it on, heading straight for the book marks to the various Gundam Wing yaoi sights. I paused as the first sight I opened had large blinking red letters across the top, protesting Odin's death.

Wow, I didn't expect to see the webpages updated so quickly. I sighed softly and closed the internet. It would just be too depressing to try and find a fic now. So instead I opened a word document and stared at the blank screen.

A thought appeared in my mind and I began to type. I wasn't even really thinking as I began to type. All I knew was that I felt like I owed them. I owed all the fans a kind of apology and at the same time I wanted to write about my feelings for Heero.

So... so I started writing my first fanfiction.

Chapter 11

****written by Duo****

Your Smile and Mine

By Shinigami

Glancing up at the sky I'm surprised to find myself standing here, all alone. All around me the sakura petals are drifting down from the sky like snowflakes.

It's a warm day and you can see the clouds inching across the sky. Birds flying peacefully, far above, and all around me there is just silence. Everything seems happy save for that last part. There shouldn't be silence. On a warm summer day like this on earth with the birds and the trees and the bright sun... there shouldn't be silence.

But then again I'm standing in the middle of a graveyard and perhaps that is the exception. Graveyards are always silent. I know that for a fact. Graveyards are always silent because the permanent residents don't speak and the guests are afraid of shattering the peacefulness around them. So the graveyards of earth seem like a whole 'nother world on themselves, one that can only be found on earth.

My mind wanders and I think about the colonies. There aren't graveyards on the colonies; they can't afford to waste the space. So instead the bodies are recycled and used for other purposes, whether the living like it or not. The only way to avoid that is if you have enough money to ship the body to earth, or if you're some big hotshot military person.

It kinda makes me glad you died on earth, Odin. I mean, don't get me wrong I never wanted you to die, honest! You know I wouldn't wish that on anyone. But since you did die I'm glad you died on earth and now you have a gravestone. True, it's unmarked so that the Emerald Empire can't sleep soundly at night.

They still think you could be alive. And for once... for once I wish they were right.

I bet you never would have guessed what was going to happen in the future when we first met. When I first appeared and shot at you, thinking you were trying to hurt her or something. Heh, and I guess you were. Damn, I shouldn't have stopped you, she was so annoying! But how was I supposed to know? So I shot at you without even asking your name or trying to get the truth of the situation. I guess sometimes we all make mistakes, even a Perfect Soldier like you.

You know what's funny? I've always had feeling for you; but then again you knew that by the end. How ironic that the day after you confess your love and we actually grasp happiness into our childlike hands... how ironic that you are forced to self destruct the next day. No, that's not ironic... it's shitty. I swear if I ever meet Fate I'm going to give her one good one for you, how could she do such a thing?

What did you think when you shut me off your view screen? Were you crying like me? Did your heart twist in two? Did you feel your world stop spinning and freeze in horror when you

realized that self-destructing was the only way to end this war? Did you even stop to think of yourself... or were you only thinking of me?

I don't claim to be selfish enough to think that you self-destructed just for my sake, just to ensure that I would live through the war even if you couldn't. I'm not that selfish to think I'm that important. But then again... maybe to you I was. I know I would have done the same for you. If it had been me and I'd been forced to choose between your life and my own I would have self-destructed in an instant. But...

But that doesn't mean you had any right!

How could you Odin?! How could you leave me here alone?

Well, look at me now. I'm crying. I hate it when I cry. I've only cried once since the church was burnt down, when my Deathscythe was destroyed. But you know what? Since I saw your gundam burst into pieces it seems I haven't been able to stop crying. I really hate to cry but I suppose that just this once it's ok.

I mean I'm in a graveyard... and no ones here to see me cry. Except you.

And yes! These tears are your fault! Dammit Odin why did you have to be so... perfect? You were the perfect soldier, dedicated to your mission until the end.

Even if in the end that mission had nothing to do with the Emerald Empire. Did you make it your mission to protect me? You must have, otherwise you never would have done what you did. You must have... but why do you always have to accomplish your mission? Even if it means death? Just this once... just this once I wish you had failed.

I don't care about the war! I would rather have seen the war continue for years to come then to see you explode with your gundam. I know how stupid and irrational and selfish that sounds but it's the truth. I wouldn't have minded the war because I would have been fighting next to you. And when it finally did end I would be able to celebrate with everyone, but most of all with you.

I... I never even got to see you smile.

That part hurts the most. Yeah, you smirked a few times but I'm talking about a real, honest to god smile, a smile full of happiness without a glare lurking behind it or a suspicious look. You used to hate how I pestered you so much, but all I wanted was to see you smile. You knew that, and yet I still think you enjoyed watching me act like a fool so you purposely resisted smiling. You baka. After I acted like an idiot and then left the room in a huff that's when you smiled isn't it? You probably did smile, when I wasn't there to see it. I know the way you think. You thought that 'as long as Solo never sees me smile he won't give up. As long as I don't smile he'll keep pestering me and won't go away'. Yeah well, you were right. But... but I wish you would have smiled. All I wanted was one and now you can't.

That hurts.

That hurts a lot.

Listen to me, I'm accusing you of things that are in the past and things I can't fix. You must be really bored with me right now, ne? Gomen koi, but I miss you so much. Do you miss me as much? Or have you been following me since the day it happened? It is a comforting thought to imagine you standing just behind me, a guardian angel to protect me until I can join you. A guardian angel with beautiful silver wings.

And no, for your information I'm not that stupid. I have no intention of rushing off to the nearest tree with a noose in hand, nor do I plan to stick the nozzle of a gun in my mouth and paint the wall with my brains. I know you wouldn't want me to do that. So I won't. I know I'll join you eventually, but I'm not in a hurry to join you. Don't get me wrong, I miss you so much! But, as cliché as it sounds, I'm alive for a reason. I still have things to do. We all do. We all still have to live on, if nothing else but to make sure that this never happens again. So that people like you never have to die again and people like me don't have to suffer anymore.

I guess... that's what I came here to tell you. We won Odin. The war is over. And we won.

My thoughts are interrupted as I hear someone yell my name. I turn my head and see Miki and the others standing at the gate of the graveyard. They're all waiting patiently for me to finish. I stand up but don't turn to face them yet. I still have one more very important thing to say.

"Ai shiteru Odin. Ai shiteru forever. See you later old pal."

As I turn away from your grave I could swear it's like this huge weight is lifted off my shoulders. Out of the corner of my eye I swear I saw something move near his gravestone. I swear it looked like a person but I'm afraid to turn, afraid to find out it was just a trick of the light. For now the pleasant wish that it was you is enough. I turn completely away from your grave and rush off to join the others, grinning.

After all, you said yourself that you love my smile. And even though I never saw yours, it doesn't mean mine has to disappear. My smile will never disappear Odin. Because whenever I smile I always think of you.

**

I stopped typing and just sat there for a moment staring at the screen. Spilling all of that onto a computer screen, spilling all of that out actually felt good.

True, in reality I wasn't really Solo and Heero wasn't really Odin but writing out my feelings in the guise of a fanfiction sure made me feel a lot better. Before I lost my nerve I spell-checked the document and pasted it in an e-mail. I didn't even bother to reread it, know that if I did I would lose my nerve and end up deleting the story and just forgetting I ever wrote it.

Snooping through the sites Hilde had book-marked I finally found Knight of Fire's page again and sent him the e-mail. It seemed stupid but it was the only thing I could think of. At the bottom of the e-mail I signed it Shinigami and placed one more message.

"Please post this as you see fit."

I had no idea where else to send the story to. And this way, if it really did suck, then he could just delete it and it would never be spoken of again. But, if by some miracle it didn't then Knight of Fire would know where to get it posted so others could see it. I had originally intended the fanfic to be some kind of apology but I knew it wasn't. Instead most people would probably just think it was another fanfiction where Odin died and Solo confessed his love a little too late. I knew there were a bunch of those out there, heck I'd read a good amount of them.

Who was I to assume mine would be any more then theirs? But it didn't matter. The simple act of typing up the fanfic and sending it out made me feel a lot better and that was all that really mattered.

I made sure there was no evidence of the fic left on Hilde's computer then shut it off and wandered to the kitchen to rummage around for something to eat. Grabbing a bag of chips and a can of pop I dropped in front of the living room TV and began flipping through channels. If you asked I couldn't even tell you what I watched. Instead I ended up lying down on the couch and just letting the television take away all coherent thought. I drifted to sleep long before I was able to open the can of pop or the chips.

**

I woke up much later to the sound of Hilde attempting to enter the apartment silently, she failed miserably. I sat up and groaned loudly as the door hit against the back wall and she stumbled in, accidentally dropping her stuff on the floor.

"Cuz?" I groaned in question.

"Duo? What are you doing sleeping on the couch?"

I blinked away what sleep I could and glanced at the clock on the wall. Three in the morning? "Must have dozed off," I murmured sitting up and pushing my hair out of my face. I hate how my braid comes undone when I sleep. I swear the thing has a life of it's own. "What are you doing home so late? Were you at Dorothy's the whole time?"

Hilde nodded as she gathered her stuff from the floor and dropped it down again in a semi-neat pile by the closet. "Yeah," she yawned. "And now I'm going to go get some sleep, oyasumi."

I raised an eyebrow. "Don't you mean, ohiyo?"

She offered a small smirk at the joke but nothing more. I can understand, she was probably more tired then me and I could barely think straight. Switching off the TV I left the unopened pop and chips forgotten near the couch and stumbled back to my room to sleep in a real bed.

As I drifted off again I heard Hilde working furiously on her computer. What the hell was she doing? I thought she said she was tired?

It didn't matter too much. No matter how curious I was my urge to sleep was stronger then my urge to go and bug her about it. So I finally submitted and drifted back to sleep. I can't

say it was a good sleep though because I kept having the same dream.

Heero was the one in the gundam... and my scream echoed as he exploded along OZ Studios.

Chapter 12

The next day at work moved so slow it was like someone had pressed the pause button, and left it on all day. What I mean is that everything seemed to crawl and I felt like I was made of concrete. I felt stupid for sending out the fic and was dreading someone would trace it back to me. At the recording session my grin was firmly in place but I knew it looked fake, and I could tell that just from the expression on Quatre's face. I kept tripping over my lines and the words until finally Relena called a break and told me to take a break for half an hour. Murmuring an agreement I walked numbly to the lunchroom and sat down at a table, my back to the door.

Wufei entered the room after me and grabbed a bottle of something from the fridge and two cups. Sitting down across from me he filled the two glasses. He pushed one toward me.

"Is this what I think it is?" It sure looked like something alcoholic to me.

"It helps."

I shook my head. "No thanks. I don't drink."

Wufei raised an eyebrow at that and watched me for a moment as if he were trying to figure if I was telling the truth. I shrugged at him and he stopped scrutinizing me. Leaning back in his chair he took a drink from his own cup and his expression lightened. I watched him quietly.

"What's up?" I asked finally.

"It's obvious someone is bothering you."

I shook my head. "Nothing's wrong, I'm fine."

At that he smirked quietly. "Oh come off it Maxwell. I said some ONE not some thing. It is obvious someone is on your mind and you can't stop thinking about them."

I frowned at him before I even realized what I was doing. What right did he have to be so nosey into my life? My eyes narrowed slightly. "You don't know what you're talking about and I am not in the mood." As soon as the words came out I realized how harsh they were. I sounded grumpy and ready to pounce and kill, but then I guess a week of nightmare tortured sleep and lack of Heero Yuy will do that to you.

Wufei completely surprised me by letting out a short laugh and actually smiling. I almost couldn't believe it, Wufei was smiling? Mr. I-hate-the-world-and-all-life-on-it was actually laughing and smiling? Maybe only for a second but it was still a shocker. He took another drink and smirked at me. "I know exactly what's going on because I went through the same thing."

His face grew more serious and he leaned slightly forward on the table. With a thoughtful look he studied what was left in his glass. "About a week before I started this job I was married. But we kept disagreeing about things. Well anyway, she dumped me on the same day I started this job." He paused and finished off what was in his glass silently.

I stared at him. Was Wufei actually opening up to someone? The idea was actually kind of scary, why was he speaking with me anyway? I scratched my head and sighed softly.

"Ok fine, let's say you are right. What am I suppose to do about it?"

At that Wufei smirked. "Well that's up to you," he said standing up. He placed the bottle back in the fridge and retrieved the glasses. After placing them in the sink he headed for the door. "Admitting the truth to yourself is a good start." And then he was gone.

I blinked at the empty doorway and had the sudden urge to pinch myself. "Is it just me or did he just hand out some good advice?" I swallowed and hiccuped with surprise when I realized I'd said that out loud. Luckily no one had heard. Taking a deep breath I stood up and left the lunchroom, heading back for the recording room. I felt slightly better, I could give him that much credit, but otherwise not much had changed. No matter what anyone said it wouldn't change the fact that I wasn't working with Heero anymore and that's the part that hurt.

As I crossed the hall from the lunchroom and headed for the recording room someone yelled behind me. I turned and started as I saw who it was.

"Hilde?!" Yep, you can tell how surprised I was, I didn't even use her nickname.

She waved happily, grinning from ear to ear. I opened my mouth to ask her what she was doing at Oz Studios but I froze as I saw who was standing next to her. Heero. I swallowed as I realized he was holding a pile of printed out paper. I had the sudden urge to run and hide, it was the fanfiction!

A second later I felt like hitting myself. It couldn't be the fanfiction I'd written, how would he have gotten a hold of it anyway? It was probably just a script for that new show he was working on. I am becoming such a paranoid idiot.

"What are you doing here, cuz?" I asked as they came closer.

Hilde smiled but gained a serious expression. She pointed down at her shirt which was a picture of Wing Zero exploding and large red X through it. "I'm here on some official business. I need to speak to Mrs. Peacecraft and Mr. Kushrenada."

"Mr. Kushrenada... the writer of Gundam Wing?"

Hilde nodded. "He's in the studio today. Don't worry, they know I'm here. But anyhow I'm off to their office I have to speak with them about a few things." She happily waved a pile of papers in front of my face. I took them from her.

My jaw dropped as soon as I realized what they were. In my hand was a shit-load of signatures. Pardon my language but how else would you describe it? I am not kidding that

this pile was huge! And just on the first page alone there had to be 30 signatures. I could only imagine how many were in this stack. My eyes wandered to the top of the paper but before I could read what the signatures were for she snatched the papers back.

"Well, I got a job to do. See you later cuz." Smiling she left down the hall toward Relena's office in a happy walk. My cuz, about to face the hungry lion with a smile. Yep, we were definitely related. I turned back to find Heero still standing there, watching me quietly.

"Hey, He-chan, what's up?" I said with a grin. He scowled quietly at the name and nodded toward an empty office beside us.

"I need to speak with you."

I raised an eyebrow then shrugged. Sure, why not. He was probably just going to threaten me and tell me never to call me He-chan again. Either that or he was going to chastise me for letting my cousin walk around the studio with a pile full of signatures. Either way I didn't really care. Besides, my half-hour break wasn't up yet.

I entered the office and Heero followed, shutting the door behind us. After shutting it he fixed me with a very serious stare and I met it with a happy grin. This time it wasn't fake though, apparently Wufei's strange moment of human caring had put me in a much better mood.

"Duo, did you write this."

The grin snapped off my face and I felt my heart jump into my throat. As soon as those words escaped his mouth the floor seemed to drop out from under me and I had to force myself to keep breathing. No, he couldn't be asking what I was thinking... that was a script in his hands, right? It had to be.

"N-nani?" I choked out.

"Did you write this?" He asked in the same flat tone, but this time he held out the pile of papers.

My mouth went dry and I numbly reached forward to take the papers. I knew my hands were shaking as I grasped them and if they weren't before I touched the papers they certainly were when I caught a glimpse of the title on the top of the page.

My Smile and Yours.

I choked on my own air and glanced up at Heero, too shocked to hide the fear in my eyes. He knew? But how had he found out? How did he found out I was the one who write the fanfiction.

His expressionless eyes watched me quietly as I set the printed out fanfiction on the table next to me, my hand remaining there for support. I dropped my eyes to the floor and concentrated on my feet, my eyes shadowed by my long bangs. I took a deep breath.

"Yes." I admitted quietly.

Chapter 13

Yes. Even to me that word sounded meek and small. How in the world had he discovered the truth? How did he find out about the fanfic? I had no idea and I certainly didn't have the nerve to ask him. He knew I was guilty and that was bad enough. In many cases the guilty wish to know how they were discovered but I saw no point. I mean what would it do? Knowing how he found out would just make me feel like more of a fool. So I just stood there with my head hung, concentrating on the floor. I felt like such an idiot!

Gathering up my courage I clutched my hands into fists but I refused to look up at him. So I wrote a fanfic, so what? Maybe I could just get away with saying that" what it was? Yeah, sure, right Duo, like Heero would ever believe that. Well heck, it was worth a shot.

"It... it's not what you think." I choked out pathetically. Ok, even I wouldn't have believed such a feeble protest.

Heero responded with a small snort and crossed his arms across his chest, I knew he was staring at me intensely now. "Oh really?" He asked quietly. I swear it was in a taunting voice, as if he were daring me to accuse him of being that stupid. Oh sure, be smart me, let's dig ourselves an even bigger hole.

I took a deep breath. Well, it wasn't as if I could drop any lower in his eyes. I opened my mouth and let it all spill. Maybe I could get a shocked look from him, and that's about all I could hope for just before he hit me with complete and total disgust and hatred.

I spilled about the first time I saw him and I spilled about the fanfiction I found my cousin reading. I admitted to reading it myself and loving it. I admitted to slowly discovering that I liked yaoi and how it was all written. I admitted to the concert. I admitted to all the reasons I bought the shirt. Hell, I even admitted to how I felt about the time he'd kissed me at the convention, and I hadn't even admitted I'd enjoyed that to myself yet! And finally I admitted to writing the fanfic out of pure depression and hopelessness. I explained that in the end it was just a story to vent everything I felt and if he hated it for me fine!

"That's it, that's all of it. And if you hate me then fine, go ahead. But at least have the decency to tell me!" With all of that said I turned away from him to hide my face, which was red with a small amount of anger and a large amount of embarrassment, and to hide my watering eyes. I sniffled slightly to break the silence; I just couldn't stand it. I wanted to scream at him to make him respond, to make him answer in some way, any way. But I couldn't turn back to look at him. So I just stood there, the silence slowly killing me.

From behind myself I heard movement and tensed up. I didn't dare move or turn, afraid what would come next. Would he punch me? Would he turn around and leave the room with a disgusted look? Would he force me to turn around and be even more embarrassed? No, he didn't do any of those things. Instead, as I stood there worrying, two long arms snaked around my shoulders and wrapped around me, hugging me tightly. I felt his chin rest softly at the

place where my shoulder and neck met. I froze, afraid to move and break the moment, afraid of what would come next.

"Baka," he whispered softly. His breath drifted over my skin and I had to force myself not to shiver. Suddenly I didn't care what he said; I just wanted to feel his breath across my skin. "Baka," he repeated. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

That got a reaction out of me! I stiffened considerably and jerked slightly in his soft hold, but didn't break out of it. Did he just... That wasn't disgust in his voice, or hatred or pity. What was it? What in the world was going on? If I didn't know better I could have sworn he actually was admitting he felt the same way, but no, that couldn't be right! Could it...?

He laid his cheek against my shoulder and chuckled softly. Then I felt his lips brush against the sensitive skin of my neck in the softest of kisses. As the kiss ended he unlocked his arms from around me and took a step back, separating us. I did the first thing that came to my mind and spun around, staring at him with my mouth hanging open. I must have looked like a completely and total fool because he chuckled again and actually smiled. Heero Yuy actually smiled!

And at me no less!

"You...?" I couldn't even get the words out. Mostly because I wasn't even sure what I was going to say, but I think he got the point anyway because he nodded slowly. His smile melted into the ghost of a smirk and I raised an eyebrow, regaining my mental footing. Was this really happening? Could this actually all be true? Did... did Heero Yuy feel the same way? It wasn't like him to joke about something this serious so it had to be true. That single thought was almost enough to make my world rock off its orbit.

"You... how did you find out?" I asked quietly, swallowing. I nodded toward the fanfiction lying almost forgotten on the table to indicate what I was talking about.

In response he simply shrugged. "You sent it to me."

My eyes widened. "I sent it to you?" Oh gee look at my brainpower; let's just repeat everything he says now. Look, Duo Maxwell the walking talking parrot. But as I repeated what he'd said it occurred to me, the impossible. "You're Knight of Fire?" As soon as I said that out loud it made so much sense. Heck, the song from the night of the concert should have given it away so quickly! After all, only a few people actually knew that the Heero Yuy who was a jpop artist also did the voice of Odin Lowe, it made so much sense I should have figured it out a long time ago.

He nodded. "As soon as I received the fic I sent a response back and someone else answered, your cousin. Apparently someone had used her computer to write a fanfic and send it to me. And there were only two people who had access to her computer. Her and..."

"Me." I finished for him. He nodded. I sighed and shook my head, a grin growing across my face. "I feel like such an idiot."

Heero quirked an eyebrow and smirked once again. "Before he died Odin always said to follow your emotions. I'd say that's pretty good advice."

And you know what? I had to admit he was right.

**

After that things steady began to go uphill without any sign of stopping. Heero and I admitted how we felt to each other and spent the next hour in the dark office well... you know. We just kissed I swear! But anyhow when I finally did get back to the recording studio I was in a much better mood and no one seemed to complain that I was over an hour late. But then the look on Relena's face was quite interesting, as if she were practically bursting with some beautiful news she wanted to tell all of us. But when we asked her about it she shook her head and smiled.

"Tomorrow. At the wedding."

I had completely forgotten! Quatre and Trowa were getting married tomorrow!

The wedding was pretty normal as far as weddings go; but then again how normal can a wedding really be when you are surrounded by people like us? Once I got over the stuffy suit and tight tie I had to wear it became pretty interesting. Quatre talked me into wearing a normal looking black suit with white button down shirt and a red tie. She said it looked good on me but I honestly felt like a penguin, oh well. Can't win all the time.

Heero showed up in a powder blue suit that made his eyes stand out and sparkle like twin ice stars. As soon as he saw me he flashed me a smile and I felt like a schoolgirl about to melt. So sue me! There is nothing wrong with me feeling light headed over that smile, trust me if you saw it you'd come close to melting too.

As for Quatre and Trowa, well they were certainly the happiest couple I'd ever seen get married. In fact it was really cute because when the priest said 'you may kiss the bride' Quatre reached forward and tugged on Trowa's tie. The bride kissed the groom and the momentary look of surprise on Trowa's face was enough to make the entire place erupt into cheers and laughter. Even Heero laughed.

The cake was passed out and after grabbing a plate I quickly wove through the crowd toward where Milliardo and sat pestering Wufei. As usual the grumpy looking Chinese boy was sitting at a pastel colored table slowly drinking something which undoubtedly held alcohol. Meanwhile the attractive blond seiyuu sat next to him, pestering him in a soft voice. Both glanced up at me as I sat down across from them, I grinned.

Milliardo raised one of his eyebrows. "You seem to be in a much better mood, Maxwell."

I nodded happily. "Yep, and it's all thanks to Wufei."

Wufei scowled at me and I saw his hand tighten on his glass. "I don't know what you are talking about," he muttered quietly.

At that Milliardo let out a good-natured laugh. "You said something to him didn't you? Something that was deep and personal I bet." The blond voice-actor moved his eyebrows suggestively and Wufei only glared at him.

"Do you have to make everything sound so... sexual?!" Wufei demanded in an exasperated voice.

"Of course, Fei-chan, it's my nature."

I snickered and Wufei scowled at both of us. Knowing him he was probably plotting our deaths. I opened my mouth to thank him again when Heero came up behind me and addressed all of us.

"Relena has an announcement to make. You all might want to listen."

We all turned our heads toward the front of the banquet hall where Relena stood in an ornate midnight blue dress next to the wedding cake and the newly wed couple. She had a telltale smirk across her face and her eyes were locked with Hilde's, who was also at the wedding standing happily in the corner. I saw Hilde give her a short nod and turned to look at the entire group.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news, everyone. I have just recently spoke with Treize Kushrenada, the writer of Gundam Wing. He has informed me that, to date, there will only be five more episodes of the series."

A collective 'awwww' sounded from the crowd and everyone seemed disappointed. Except Relena. She continued to stand up there with a quiet smirk on her face. I didn't say anything, and my grin didn't wilt one bit. If I knew our producer that smirk meant she still had something up her sleeve, and it also meant that something was a good something.

"However," she said loudly, interrupting the soft complaints. The room drifted back into silence so she could continue. "However thanks to the quick actions of one Hilde Maxwell and Heero Yuy I am pleased to announce that next week we will start production of the Gundam Wing OAV." Relena gestured toward Hilde and took a step back, indicating we should all listen to her.

All heads turned to my cousin and she grinned broadly. Happily she waved a pile of papers over her head and looked ready to burst with excitement. "Thanks to the signatures of the fans all over the internet Treize has agreed to give us the rights to create Gundam Wing, the OAV. Which is an alternate story of how the war would have ended if Odin Lowe had survived the attack on base 5461!"

My jaw dropped and the crowd of people cheered. I heard Quatre let out a high cheer and she jumped up happily into Trowa's arms. I turned and looked at Heero in surprise, only to find a sly smirk on his face.

"You did this?" I choked out in surprise.

Heero nodded. "Hilde was the one who suggested it. I got an e-mail right after the episode aired. Within an hour the petition was up on every anime mailing list on the internet."

"So that's why she was at Dorothy's all night long..." I mused out loud. I turned to face Hilde who was weaving her way through the crowd toward us. I smirked at her and attempted to

give her a serious glare, failing miserably. "Why didn't you tell em what you were up to?"

Hilde smiled sweetly. "Because, I didn't know if it would work. I wanted to convince Treize before I got anyone's hopes up."

I rolled my eyes. "Knowing you, cuz, you knew it would work. What were you planning to do if he'd said no? Twist his arm?"

Hilde smirked. "Naw, nothing like that. Lets just say that if he'd said no I would have had to send in some other persuasion to Oz Studios." Hilde raised an eyebrow and glanced at Heero. I turned and Heero's face grew completely serious.

"Nimue ryokai," he said in Odin's voice and mocked pressing a detonation switch. Then he broke into a grin as we all laughed.

"Hey everyone!"

We all turned to see Quatre standing in front of the ground with a bouquet of roses, waving it in the air to get our attention. "Ready for the throw?!"

I leaned back in my chair as all the women moved to the front of the crowd in preparation to catch the flowers. I leaned over to say something to Heero but was surprised to find him gone. Hilde simply stood there snickering.

"Oh no, he didn't!" I stood up quickly so I could see to the front of the crowd, but he wasn't anywhere in sight. I watched as Quatre turned her back to the crowd and tossed the flowers up into the air. Hands reached up, ready to catch the flowers and the women cried out as if their voices would help the bouquet fly in their direction. Then, just before the flowers drifted into their hands another shape raced out and caught them. The crowd went silent when they saw who it was.

Heero Yuy had caught the bouquet.

Without missing a beat the crowd parted and he headed straight for me. Smirking mischievously he shoved the bouquet into my shocked hands. As I tried to recover from the shock and disbelief of the situation he reached forward and pulled me toward him. Our lips met and I gave in immediately.

Somewhere in the background I heard Hilde cheer but I didn't care. Instead the entire world seemed to drop away and I only cared about the one who was kissing me. Crushing the bouquet between us I embraced him tightly and returned the kiss with full force until he had to lean against the table to keep standing. We kissed until the need for air forced us to let go and then we were left there gasping quietly for air.

I suddenly gained a hold of myself and was aware of all the smiling faces around me. I felt my cheeks heat up with a blush but I didn't really care. I didn't care because among those smiling faces was Heero.

And he was smiling at me.

the end.

End Notes

- (1) Emerald Empire... anyone else seen the Wizard of Oz? Ok I know it's a bad pun but it sounds threatening right?
- (2) Heh, ever seen Ruroni Kenshin? Take a guess what Hilde's reading.

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