

The Donut Chronicles

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Pure humor written by my older sister and me back in 2003 or something. Light hints of shounen ai. Heero needs his donuts and coffee. But what happens when he can't get them?

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1 - Donut Chronicles: 1

Heero sat down at the table, contently drinking his morning coffee, eating a chocolate-frosted donut, and reading the morning paper.

“Hn,” said Heero as he read an article on novelty mailboxes. Apparently you could get your mailbox shaped like a Gundam. Whatever.

“Hn,” Heero grunted as he saw an article that the house two blocks down the street had exploded. Whatever.

He finished his donut, and reached into the box to get another one. “Hn,” he growled as his eyes narrowed. The box... was empty.

The unsuspecting Trowa walked into the room.

“Hn,” Heero said, an evil glare on his face

Duo bounded into the room at that exact specific moment. “Heero just said,” he grinned, translating the Hn, “ ‘Buy me a donut or omae o korosu!’ “ He glared for effect

Trowa glanced strangely at Duo. He picked up his car keys, and drove quickly to the nearest donut shop. Yup, even Trowa fears Heero’s donut deprivation moods.

He returned quickly with a donut in hand, which he presented to the Hn-speaking soldier.

Heero took the offered donut, glanced at it, and took a bite. He dropped the donut to the table in shock. “Hn,” he said.

Duo, being ever helpful, told Trowa, “Heero just said that you got him the wrong kind of donut and he is now going to rip your body apart in a horribly gruesome way.”

Trowa blinked. Once. Twice. Since when had Heero hated double chocolate? Seeing the look on his face, Duo added, “Heero stopped liking double chocolate when he learned it was Relena’s favorite type of donut.”

“Oh,” said Trowa. He glanced one way, then the other. He had to find an escape. However, all escape was blocked off as Quatre and Wufei were continentally blocking the two doors to the room as they entered said room.

“Better go get him the right donut,” said Duo.

“What’s going on? Who needs a donut?” asked Quatre, obviously confuzzled by the scene before him.

“Heero needs a chocolate frosted donut, and Trowa got him a double chocolate donut,” explained Duo.

“Hn,” agreed Heero emphatically. Duo chewed thoughtfully on the now not-of-interest donut, mouth wide open, and crumbs everywhere. He could see why double chocolate was Relena’s favorite. Except - they weren’t pink. He shrugged, then asked Quatre, “Is there a such thing as pink chocolate?”

“If you have the money,” replied Quatre while Duo ate the donut.

So poor Trowa got into his car, drove to the donut shop, and bought a chocolate covered donut. He gave it to Heero, who grunted a ‘hn’ in thanks. There was to be no killing today. Yet.

That’s when Heero went back to reading his morning paper contentedly. The others began getting their breakfasts. Heero brought his coffee cup up to his mouth to take a sip.

A few drops fell on his tongue, and that was it.

Heero glanced up.

“hn,” he said, eyes narrowing once more.

He was out of coffee.

2 - Donut Chronicles: 2

He was out of coffee.

Duo sweat dropped as he translated Heero's hn: "Heero says that, um, if he doesn't get decent coffee in like, five minutes, he'll self destruct!"

Wufei groaned. "Not AGAIN!"

Heero's eyes narrowed again. "Hn."

"Watch out Wuffie, Heero just said he'll take you with him!"

Quatre sighed. Looks like it was his turn to maintain the peace. "I'll get him coffee," he volunteered. "What kind should I get?"

"Starbucks, duh," replied Duo. "I'll ask him what he wants exactly." Duo turned to Heero, and after cleverly conceiving the right words to say, Duo said, "Hn."

Heero raised an eyebrow and replied, "Hn."

Duo giggled madly, and then turned to face the questioning looks he was getting from his friends. "I can speak hn-speak. I get it from hanging around Heero too much. The way he speaks it, anyone can learn it in a week!"

"Hn," agreed Heero. And then, "Hn."

Quickly translating, Duo said, "Heero agrees with me, and second he says he's not kidding; we have four minutes."

Quatre sweat dropped.

"Hn," said Duo.

"Hn," replied.

This went on for about two minutes, and then Duo turned around again, smiling happily. "Heero says he wants a triple strength cappuccino mocha latte with raspberry, cherry, and blueberry flavoring, whipped cream, chocolate flakes and a cherry on top."

"Sounds like an ice cream sundae," comment Trowa, being unusually talkative for the silent clown he usually was.

"Hn," replied Heero.

“Two minutes, says Heero,” said Duo.

Quatre quickly got into his car, a bright, shiny, pretty, black, limo. After about 26 different tries, he finally found a Starbucks (since they seemed to have disappeared amazingly since he needed them the most. Typical) and got Heero’s unusual combination for coffee. The people working there looked at him most strongly indeed.

“Ya know,” said a blonde worker, who was mixing up the drink, “The, like, only other dude who, like, orders that is, like, that, like, dude with the, like, spiky-type-like hair who, like, says ‘hn’, like, a lot, ya know?” She paused for emphasis. “Like, ya know?”

Quatre took several seconds to comprehend the incredibly hard-to-comprehend valley-girl speak. He simply smiled and nodded. “It’s for him,” he replied.

“Oh, like, I, DUDE, should have, like, realized, like, that, like, I didn’t, like, think that, like, anyone else, like, would order that, like, drink.” The girl took a breath and added, “Like, ya know?”

Quatre smiled, nodded, grabbed the drink and ran out before he went crazy.

Back to the kitchen, Heero was now enjoying his cup of coffee. Suddenly, he began counting down in ‘hn-speak’, with Duo translating.

“Hn.”

”Ten.”

”Hn.”

”Nine.”

”Hn.”

”Eight.”

“Hn.”

Suddenly Duo realized what Heero was counting down for and said, “Dude! You already HAVE your coffee.”

3 - Donut Chronicles: 3

That night, the pilots sat in relative silence, eating their dinner. Well, at least Quatre and Trowa and Wufei were. Heero was eating a donut, chocolate frosted, of course, with a cup of coffee, of course, and Duo was getting some ice cream for himself.

“Hey look at that!” said one of the pilots randomly. While Heero looked up, Duo looked off to the side, and the scoop of ice cream he had had in his spoon fell off and landed on Heero’s donut.

Heero, not noticing this, of course, took a bite of his donut, and then dropped it in surprise (although his amazing soldier reflexes allowed him to catch the chocolate covered pastry a centimeter from the ground).

He chewed the bit of the donut tentatively. “Hn.”

Duo translated, “Heero just said ‘Hmmm.’”

The other pilots had to wonder why Heero couldn’t have just changed what he normally said by one letter. Whatever.

Heero chewed thoughtfully for a minute, and then swallowed and grinned. He ate another bite, and another and another. And one last bite. “Hn.”

Duo grinned. “Heero said that coffee ice cream tastes good on donuts - wait, I didn’t know that was Heero’s coffee ice cream. Eh heh...” He sweat dropped largely, and luckily, Heero was too busy eating his donut ala mode.

And then it was gone.

He took another donut out of the nearby donut box and proceeded to scoop the remaining ice cream on it. Just then, the doorbell sounded. *Knock knock!* Duo had gotten the doorbell since it was so ‘amusing’. Go figure.

The pilots went to answer the door. Yup, all five of them. You never know when it could be OZ. They opened the door. There was no one there. But there *was* that tell tale pink limo in the driveway, next to Quatre’s black limo, Trowa’s green BMW, Wufei’s gray jaguar, Heero’s blue corvette and Duo’s bright red bug with a psychedelic interior.

They sighed and closed the door. So Relena was somewhere around. Oh well; she couldn’t DO anything.

They went back into the kitchen, and that was when Heero noticed two things.

One, the kitchen door to the backyard was open.

Two, his donut.....was gone.

4 - Donut Chronicles: 4

The pilots watched Heero in apprehension. What would the stoic Japanese teen do now that his precious coffee-ice-cream-chocolate-donut was gone?

Heero sighed, and shrugged. "Hn," he said. Duo said that that meant that Heero didn't mind TOO much, because Relena only took ONE donut, and that wasn't too bad.

The others sighed in relief.

"Hey Quatre," asked Duo, "Why do you think Relena even bothered stealing the donut in the first place? It obviously isn't pink."

"Well, I think she wants Heero to chase her."

"Ack! Heero, that's not true, right? Right?" Duo looked expectantly at Heero.

"Hn."

"Whew! I was worried there for a minute!" Heero had obviously said 'yes, that's not true,' the other pilots knew without having to ask.

Heero reached into the freezer, grabbing the carton of coffee flavored ice cream. He opened it up and to his horror; there was no ice cream in the carton.

"Hn!" He said, and everyone flinched. Heero Yuy had ACTUALLY used EMOTION. It HAD to be bad.

Duo largely sweat dropped, "Erm, Heero says, "I'M GOING TO KILL THAT PACIFIST PRINCESS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO IN MY LIFE, I SWEAR!" As if to prove the point, Heero nodded.

The others gasped, and feared - not for the life of Relena, of course - she was just peon. They feared for what Heero would do to everyone in his coffee-deprivation mode.

Quatre glanced at his watch. "It's 10:00... .. the shops are closed now."

"We'll, um, make some ice cream," Duo said, grinning goofily.

Wufei groaned. "Making ice cream is for onna's!" He wailed, sounding remarkably like one.

"It's either that or Heero kills us all." Duo said, calmly.

Wufei got ready to make ice cream.

Within minutes, Trowa and Quatre had gotten together the ingredients for the ice cream, including, but not limited to, 3 gallons of coffee, 10 pounds of sugar, ice, and cream.

“So, how does one go about making ice cream?” asked Duo, and everyone shrugged. So they basically threw all the ingredients together into the blender for the first time.

They came up with coffee-ice mush.

Try two left the group with cold coffee with clumps of sugar.

Try three was getting there, as it actually was semi-creamy, instead of runny. But there was that faint aftertaste of powdered sugar that really didn't work.

Try four, they used too little coffee, and came up with slightly brown ice chunks.

“THIS ISN'T WORKING!” Cried out Duo.

“No DUH,” replied Wufei.

Quatre looked at the kitchen clock. Wait. 8:00? He glanced at his watch. 10:00. “Um, guys.....?”

Ten minutes later, apologizing profusely, Quatre brought Heero his ice cream. Heero 'hned' in delight, pacifist princess forgotten.

For now.

“All that trouble for some ice cream,” muttered Wufei.

“Ahem!” said Duo, and Heero hned. Duo laughed loudly and then translated, “Heero says ‘Look who's talking, Mr.-I-Can't-Sleep-Without-My-Big-Pink-Fluffy-Teddy-Bear-Named-Mr.-Snuggles.’ “

“Hey! Don't insult Mr. Snuggles!”

5 - Donut Chronicles: 5

Later that night, we'll say about midnight, we go into the pilots house to see them finally getting ready for a good nights sleep.

"Hey Quatre," said Trowa, "What time is it?"

"My watch says 10:00," Quatre replied doubtfully."

"Well OF COURSE it says 10," replied Duo, "It ALWAYS says 10; we just figured that out a bit ago. What time is it really?"

Heero glanced at his watch. "Hn."

Duo grinned. "Thanks Heero!"

"What did he say?" grumbled Wufei.

"It's midnight," said Duo cheerfully.

"Which means it's past my bedtime and I gotta go to bed now!" said Wufei, chibifying into a chibi of himself with the cutest red pajama's, and fuzzy bunny slippers.

"Right, then," said Duo, "I've never seen that happen before." And then he, too, chibified into his 'I'm The God Of Death' nightshirt. Heero sighed, and went into his room, as did Quatre and Trowa.

"Night all!" Duo called out.

"Night," replied Quatre.

"Hn," replied Heero.

"Oyasumi to you too Heero!" Duo said happily, and shut the door to his room to get his beauty sleep.

Which didn't really work, considering that five seconds later, there was a loud loud loud, and potentially ear-piercing shriek rang out.

The pilots congregated in the hall. Wufei (unchibified now) was sobbing, and no one could understand why.

Finally, Duo managed to get, "She stole my Mr. Snuggles!!!"

As one the pilots turned to each other and muttered, "Relena."

Except for Heero of course, he said 'hn.'

"Relena touched my teddy bear! It'll have cooties!" yelled Wufei angrily, "That stupid onna!"

"Hn."

"Heero suggests you kill her."

"Leave it to Heero to think of that."

"Well, I for one, happen to think that that is a good idea. She's just an annoying pacifist princess after all."

"Still..."

"I want Mr. Snuggles back!"

Still in their nightclothes, the five boys made their way to Relena's scary pink mansion. Inside, there was a lot of pink. And Heero. And there was pink ivy climbing up the walls outside.

"What a kleptomaniac!" Duo groaned. "A pink kleptomaniac at that," he added. Not even Quatre could bear the blinding pink assault that was Relena's house.

Quietly, they made their way up the pink stairs, past the pink doors, down a pink hall to Relena's pink room. Relena herself was lying in her bed, with Mr. Snuggled, and did I mention that her room was even MORE pink than the rest of the house?

"ACK! My eyes!" Cried Duo, trying to scratch said eyes out of their sockets.

"Whoa," Trowa's one visible emerald eye widened, "Is that a PINK bubble-gum statue of HEERO?"

The others turned, looked, gasped, and wished they were gone. Not only was it a perfect clone; there were animal sacrifices of pink mice in front of it.

"This is just SO wrong," groaned Duo, as they made their way towards Relena's pink bed.

"Oh Heero," sighed Relena in her sleep and she held Mr. Snuggles even tighter. "You're so perfect! And I love your new pink hair!"

The actual Heero gasped and turned a faint shade of white. "Hn," he remarked.

"Heero says the day he has pink hair is the day I decide I don't like black," said Duo.

"And your new pink spandex is soooo cute," muttered Relena, still asleep.

"Hn."

"And the day he wears pink spandex is the day he gives up coffee and donuts."

"Oh! You're wearing pink make up -- it's so cute!" Relena continued to speak in her sleep. The pilots were deathly pale. Not to mention Heero, who actually looked like he might faint.

"Hn," he said emphatically, but weakly nonetheless.

Duo's eyes widened and he translated, "Heero says the day he wears make up, PINK make up, is the day Wufei proposes to me!"

Wufei paled further, and Quatre and Trowa smiled faintly, though they also looked deathly ill.

"Just take the bear and lets go!" finally Trowa said, impatiently.

"I agree," agreed Quatre.

"Hn."

"One more minute in here," translated Duo, quickly, "and I'd die a PINK, FUZZY, DEATH." Heero and Duo shuddered simultaneously.

After drawing straws (Pink; as those were the only ones they could find) Quatre went to the incredibly pink sleeping princess of peace and plucked the perfectly pink bear from her pink painted fingernails. (How's that for alliteration? =p)

Now having his precious bear back, Wufei re-chibified and hugged it tightly. He yawned, and fell asleep on the fuzzy pink carpet.

Duo would have left him there, but Quatre took pity, and dragged the sleeping boy home.

"The first thing I do when I get home," Duo swore softly, "Is to find a way to permanently blind myself from the color pink."

"Amen!" chorused the other pilots.

6 - Donut Chronicles: 6

All was quiet in the large building that was the pilots house. It was morning time again, Heero had his coffee, donuts and morning paper, Relena was nowhere to be seen, and Mr. Snuggles was safely tucked away in Wufei's bed. The perfect picture of peace.

"KISAMA! Leave Mr. Snuggles ALONE!" Wufei growled angrily at who other than Duo, who held the bear in question tightly.

"Hehehehehe, he's mine now!" giggled Duo.

"Give him BACK!" said Wufei, and fell to his knees crying, just like Sailor Moon in Sailor Moon R, the movie..... erm, um, well, he didn't fall to his knees, rather he leaped to strangle Duo.

Duo just moved three centimeters to avoid that, jumped out of the way, and grinned. "Missed me!"

"I won't next time," promised Wufei, and jumped after Duo.

Heero sighed, and ate a donut. Quatre and Trowa came in to the kitchen, looking disinterestedly at the two fighting in the living room.

"Think we should help them?" asked Quatre, a bit boredly.

"Eh, when it gets serious," decided Trowa.

That being agreed on, they sat down to eat.

Duo soon came bounding in the kitchen, having gotten bored with Mr. Snuggles and dropping him out the window. Wufei came in five minutes later, carrying a grass-stained Mr. Snuggles and scowling.

Duo went to pick up his cup of milk, which was placed two centimeters away from Heero's coffee cup, so of course he ended up picking up the coffee and drinking it. Had to hand it to him, though, he didn't notice it was coffee.

I mean, seriously, what's the difference between coffee and milk?

Within four minutes, however, the coffee made itself known in the form that Duo began becoming VERY VERY VERY hyper.

"Eminentlythiswassomegoodmilk,yupyupyup," grinned Duo blissfully unaware of wrong word usage.

“Guys,” said Quatre, “Duo is scaring me more than usual,” he said.

“Hn,” said Heero.

“Heero just said that I should calm down because I am WAY too hyper.”

Wufei blinked. “I need someone to translate HIM.”

”I think he said that Heero said that he’s too hyper.”

‘That would make sense.’

“Hn,” said Heero, discovering his missing coffee.

“No I didn’t take your coffee Heero!” replied Duo.

“Hn.”

”Did not!”

”Hn.”

”I took my milk like a good boy, honest I did!”

“Hn.”

“Did too did too did too!” pouted Duo.

It was rather amusing to see Heero calmly Hn, and Duo become even more and more flustered.

Finally, annoyed, and, well, really annoyed, Wufei calmly took Mr. Snuggles and -bam-smacked Duo solidly over the head. Duo collapsed unconscious.

“Hn.”

With no one to translate, no one would ever know that Heero actually was saying, “I wanted to do that!”

7 - Donut Chronicles: 7

Later that day, Duo was moping around (still) and pouting. "You know, Wufei," he grumbled, "At least ASK next time before doing that." He rubbed his head. "That hurt!"

"Sucks to be you, Maxwell."

Duo pouted further, but did not do anything else; his head hurt too much.

Which was why, when he was so busy complaining, no one heard the vehicle pull up into the oh-so-large driveway, and no one heard the girl bound up to the house.

They did, however, hear the doorbell being repeatedly pressed.

Knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock

Upon this, Duo moaned and clutched his head, and Heero growled. "Hn."

Irregardless of his headache, Duo translated for Heero nonetheless, "Heero says it must be the psychotic pacifist princess, since only she would press the doorbell that many times."

Heero nodded. "Hn."

" 'If she dares take my donut, she'll be dead meat' . " Duo nodded in agreement, and Heero clutched his donut protectively to his chest as he opened the door to the annoying pink person that was Relena.

"Hi Heero!" cooed Relena, "How are you?"

"Hn."

"Heero says," Duo called helpfully from the living room, "that you'd best go away cos he's not in the mood for visitors!"

"Shut UP Duo," replied Relena loudly, and then immediately went back to trying to be coy and flirtatious. "C'mon Heero, let's go out!"

"Hn."

"Heero says," called Duo again, "He's not kidding!"

"Duo Maxwell, SHUT UP," Screeched Relena, and then turned once more to Heero. "So,

what do you say Heero? Pwease?" She said, trying to bat her eyelashes and looking more like she had a twitch.

"Hn."

"Heero says," Duo continued to translate, "That he is perfectly happy with his donut and so you'd better leave him alone, or omae o korosu!"

"Whatever, SHUT UP!" Relena stuck her tongue out in Duo's general direction, and turned back to Heero one more time.

"So Heero, you decided?" She giggled, and sounded much like three dying cats in a blender with an elephant and a squeaky toy.

"Hn."

Heero pushed her out of the way, and shut the door. Relena looked stunned, and the last thing she heard as she ran away sobbing was Duo calling out, "I told you so!"

8 - Donut Chronicles: 8

It was now lunchtime, and the pilots decided to go out.

“So where do we want to go?” questioned Duo.

“Anyplace that is not weak,” muttered Wufei.

“As long as they don’t have too much spicy foods,” added Quatre, “I hate spicy foods!”

“Hn,” said Heero.

Duo translated, “Heero suggests McDonalds! That’s where we’re go!”

So to McDonalds, they went, piling into Quatre’s limo. There was a bit of confusion when they got there; there was no way that the limo could go through the drive-through. It just COULDN’T make the turns.

”Looks like we go in,” stated Trowa.

After a bit of trouble on parking the limo, the gang finally managed to get inside the McDonalds.

“So what do you guys want?” asked Quatre, getting ready to order for all of them.

Duo said, “Two cheeseburgers, hold the onions, of course.” And then he promptly burst out laughing at the thought of the people ACTAULLY holding the onions.

“Whatever,” said Wufei, “I’ll have.....tofu!”

”They don’t sell it here, stupid,” replied Duo.

“Fine, fine,” grumbled Wufei, “I’ll have a salad. Tofu salad, no less.”

”Dude! They don’t sell tofu here! It’s too HEALTHY for a fast food restaurant! They’d have to deep-fat fry it several times over to get the desired results!”

”Fine!” said Wufei loudly, “I’ll have a GARDEN SALAD, hold the dressing!!!”

And Duo burst out laughing again, this time imagining the people actually ‘holding’ the dressing, minus the packaging.

Quatre, already knowing what he wanted, asked Trowa what he wanted.

"Ummm," said Trowa, "I'll have.....a diet pepsi."

"That's it?"

"Yup."

Quatre shook his head, and turned to Heero.

"Hn."

"Heero wants a donut. And coffee."

"Well, they have coffee here," said Quatre, "But I'm not sure about the donuts....."

"Hn."

"Heero wants a donut or omae o koruso!"

They were drawing quite the crowd now.

"Hmmp!" said an old lady in blue to her husband, "Kids these days!"

The line behind them grew and grew. Finally, Quatre went up and ordered. "I'd like 3 cheeseburgers, hold the onions,-" (Here Duo started giggling madly) "-and a sprite, a coke, a water, a diet pepsi, a coffee, a garden salad --no dressing please-- and a donut."

"Dude!" said the cashier, who just happened to be the same person who worked at Starbucks. Quatre groaned. "Like, we don't, like, ya know, sell, like, donuts, like, HERE."

Quatre sighed. He did NOT want to go through having Heero have donut withdrawal. He got an idea, and pull a 100 dollar bill out of his pocket (just some change) and said to the girl, "Get us a chocolate frosted donut, and this is all yours."

"So that's the way it is," she said, in her haste to get a donut, she ACTUALLY didn't say 'like' even once. She ran across the street to the nearby Dunkin Donuts, got a chocolate frosted donut, and ran back. "Here you, like, go." A pause.

"Would you, like, want, like, fries with, like that?"

"No thanks," said Quatre.

Within a few minutes, everyone was sitting down and happily eating their food (if you could call that pile of grease 'food').

"And then she said, 'cheeseball!' " Duo finished the joke he was telling with a flourish and everyone blinked. Once. Twice.

And then, out of all the people, Wufei started laughing, until the drink he was drinking failed to go down properly and he sprayed it over the poor patrons at McDonalds.

Needless to say, they never went back.

9 - Donut Chronicles: 9

It was late at night, almost midnight, and the Gundam pilots were at Zechs house for a sleepover. This was a convenient night for a sleepover as Relena was off at a sleepover with Dorothy and would not be able to bug Heero at all!

“What movie should we watch?” asked Zechs excitedly, like a little kid.

“An action film!” Wufei said.

“Let’s see romance,” countered Quatre.

“Hn.”

”Heero says that we should watch,” here Duo giggle briefly, and then was glared at by Heero, so he continued, “Heero says we should watch Sailor Moon Strikes Back.”

Wufei immediately protested. “That’s such a girly movie.”

Heero glared evilly at Wufei. “Hn.”

Wufei didn’t need Duo translating to know that that meant ‘We watch Sailor Moon or omae o korosu.’ Wufei put the movie in the VCR.

While the credits rolled, Heero stole everyone’s donuts and all the coffee. He also went to the freezer to get coffee ice cream to put on the donuts. Well, gee, looks like someone’s going to be staying up all night tonight.

“Does he ALWAYS do that?” Zechs questioned, incredulously.

Everyone nodded simultaneously, except for Heero, who was eating his donuts contently.

The credits finished and Sailor Moon came on to the screen. “Hey! I’m going to introduce you to my friends!”

First a picture of Amy was shown. “I’m Sailor Mercury!”

Tuxedo Mask appeared and said, “And I’m Tuxedo Mask!”

Then there was a picture of Rei. “I’m Sailor Mars!”

Tuxedo Mask appeared again, “And I’m Tuxedo Mask!”

Continuing this, for all of the scouts, including Sailor Saturn (The cool one, from Sailor

Moon s), Sailor Moon finally appeared onscreen again.

“And I’m Sailor Moon!”

Tuxedo Mask popped up once more, “And I’m Tuxedo Mask! And in the name of the moon I will punish you!”

Sailor Moon chimed in and the two of them finished off, “Cuz that’s what we do! Duh!” With a lilt to the end, sounding like perky valley girls.

They both started giggling insanely.

Zechs looked at the screen in horror, “Now that’s just SCREWED UP!”

”Hn!” came the disapproving voice of Heero.

“Heero says that you’re screwed up!” Duo said, ever helpful.

And so, they watched the movie with minor casualties (excluding the fact that Wufei got knocked out when he complained that it was a boring movie).

“So what should we do now?” questioned Zechs. It was 1 am in the morning, and everyone was starting to get sleepy, except Heero, who was contently sipping his coffee.

“Hn,” he said, and Duo sweat dropped.

“What did he say this time?” questioned Zechs.

“Oh, he said that he wants to quote the movie!” Duo replied, and Zechs sweat dropped as well.

“Hn! Hn!” Heero said perkily, scaring the crap out of everyone.

Duo’s eyes widened and he translated, “Heero, um, just quoted the movie. You know, ‘I’m Sailor moon! And I’m Tuxedo Mask! And in the name of the moon, I shall punish you.’ Even right down to the ‘Cuz that’s what we do! Duh!”

Wufei, who had just regained consciousness, fainted again.

Needless to say, he got the most sleep out of all of them that night.

“Hn hn hn!” sang Heero, on a sugar high.

“Well, I didn’t think it possible, but Heero’s actually on a sugar high,” Duo said in awe.

“Hn!” He said to Heero. “I said I was proud of him,” he told the others.

They just smiled, and nodded, and hoped for morning.

10 - Donut Chronicles: 10

Now, as time came to pass, Relena, the pacifist princess, realized that Heero's hn's were not simply grunts but actual words in a different language. Now, not being the brightest bulb in the box, she figured she was a genius and could learn how to speak it - in two days. She would go to Heero and impress him by speaking in the same language as him; wouldn't that be great?

And that is how this story begins.

The pilots were in the living room. Duo was watching TV with a reluctant Wufei (Oh, but even though he wouldn't admit it, he loves Sailor Moon), Quatre and Trowa were reading, and Heero was deep in thought, coffee in one hand, donut in the other.

In other words, it was very peaceful (Which must make it a national holiday or something, as it is NEVER peaceful for long in there.....)

Indeed, as if on cue, Relena burst into the room, screeching, "Heero, Heero, I've managed to learn 'hn'-speak and now I'm going to make you mine by flirting with you in it!"

Duo turned around at Relena's voice and slowly started giggling to himself. "Relena thinks she can speak 'hn' speak??? Heck, I even had trouble learning it!" Duo paused, a devious plan in mind, "Hey guys come over here, and lets watch. Plus, I'll translate what she and he say."

Wufei grumbled and turned around, but Quatre and Trowa came over rather eagerly (disregard the fact that Quatre seems so innocent - he really wants to see blood! No, not really, but pretend for the sake of the fic =p)

"hn," Said Relena.

"Well, she's off to a good start," Duo said sarcastically, "She just said 'I hate you.' "

The pilots began laughing.

"Hn," replied Heero to Relena.

"Heero says 'Get out with your life Relena.'

"Hn," said Relena.

"Relena must have thought that meant 'I love you Relena' because she just said 'I knew you cared about me!'

“Hn,” Heero said, rolling his eyes.

“Heero told Relena to get a life.”

”Hn.”

”Relena told Heero to go jump in a bucket, but I think she was trying to say ‘You say the cutest things, Heero.’”

Wufei was trying to hold back his laughter now, Trowa was shaking with silent laughter, and Duo and Quatre didn’t try to stop their laughter.

But it didn’t occur to Relena that they were laughing at HER; she thought they were laughing at Heero because she was professing her love to him. “Hn,” she said, trying to sound soothing.

Duo could barely translate through his laughter, “I’m sure Relena meant something along the lines of ‘Ignore Duo and his friends, I still love you,’ but she came up with,” Duo gasped for breath through his laughter, “She told him to go screw a cow!”

“Hn.” Replied Heero calmly.

“Heero says ‘Don’t take this as an insult, Relena, but I’d rather screw a cow than you.’ ”

However, the insult was lost as Relena mistranslated and replied, “Hn.”

”Relena says she’s honored he thinks so lowly of him.” Now even Wufei was laughing. It wasn’t hard to see that Relena MEANT to say ‘highly’ instead of ‘lowly.’

“Shouldn’t we help Heero now?” asked Quatre, though he was still shaking with laughter.

Duo paused, “In a minute or so. This is entertaining, no?” A bowl of popcorn came out of nowhere and the pilots began munching happily.

“hn!” said Relena, and “hn,” said Heero.

“Relena said, ‘Isn’t Professor J HOT?’ and Heero told her ‘You are SO screwed up.’ “

“Hn,” replied Relena.

“Relena said thank you.”

“Hn,”

”Heero said, ‘Will you please just leave with what’s LEFT of your pride?!?’”

“Hn!”

”Relena said, ‘Ok, It’s a date!’”

Relena flounced out of the door happily, and the four pilots began laughing even harder.

“Hn.”

Duo turned pale. “Ummm, heh, heh, Heero.....you wouldn’t want to kill me, right? Right? Cuz you love me? Ack - Heero, put that gun down! I mean it! Heero!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

11 - Donut Chronicles: 11

“Now, what are we doing?” asked Wufei, glancing around the room, lit only by candles and with only pillows on the floor. The other pilots, as well as Zechs and Lady Une, sat around on the pillow.

“Like, DUH!” Said Lady Une, “We’re having a séance to contact the dead and lost spirit of the great and amazing, not to mention incredibly wonderful and hot, Treize-sama!”

”Hn?”

Duo sweat dropped. “Heero says ‘He died?’ “ Everyone else sweat dropped as well.

Zechs sighed, and lit a few more candles, “Anyhow, it’s almost midnight, and then we can try to contact the spirit of Trieze.”

”The wonderful, magnificent, and all-around amazing Treize, you mean.” Lady Une replied. Zechs nodded.

“Talk about obsessed,” Whispered Duo.

Trowa whispered back, “At least they don’t say Dr. J is hot!”

Quatre added: “But Lady Une is almost as bad as Relena anyway.”

”Silence,” said Lady Une and Zechs in unison, “Do not insult the great, wonderful, amazing, totally cool, hot and sexy Treize.”

”Hn.”

”I agree Heero, that was more than disturbing.”

~~~

The room was dark, save for the candles now, and it was close to midnight.

“Ok, everyone,” ordered Zechs, “Time to hold hands!” He paused.

Everyone (Even Wufei, though he was very reluctant) held hands. Quatre, who was sitting next to Heero, whispered loudly, “Heero, you have to put down your donut for a little bit!” And wiped the chocolate off of his hand.

“Hn.”

"Heero says sorry," Duo translated, while Heero finished his donut and Zechs and Lady Une grew teary-eyed at the thought of seeing Treize soon.

"He's so magnificent."

"And wonderful."

"And amusing."

"And helpful."

"And-"

Duo cut them off, "I'm going to be SICK if you guys don't shut UP! For crying out loud, he's DEAD!"

"That's why we're having this séance!" grumbled Zechs, and everyone held hands again.

The clock chimed midnight.

"Close your eyes, everyone," Commanded Zechs, and he and Lady Une began speaking, once again, in unison.

"Oh great and magnificent Trieze," (They paused here, running out of compliments) "We love you so much and hope that you can hear our pleas tonight and come back to talk to us, because you are almighty and we are not worthy but we want to see you anyway."

"And THAT was almighty cheesiness," whispered Duo. Zechs shot him a Look. Of course, Duo couldn't see this Look, because his eyes were closed, but hey, that's ok, because Zechs really couldn't send a Look as his eyes were closed, too.

"And so, dear powerful Treize, please grace us with your almighty presence!"

"Hn."

"Heero says that we'll give you a donut!" called out Duo.

"I'll pretend I didn't kill you if you come!" added Wufei.

Zechs opened his eyes and glared. "You just ruined it! How can we contact the great Treize if you keep doing that?"

Suddenly, a blue-greeny-purplish light appeared in the middle of the circle, and a glowing figure stepped out of it.

"Hullo," said it, "I believe I heard my name called." There was a pause. "Several million times."

Here, Lady Une fainted with excitement, and the Zechs questioned, "Is that really you Treize?" ((Don't they always say that? So cliché!!!! -\_-))

"Yes, yes, it is me, the great and powerful Treize."

"Hey, I can still kick your butt," exclaimed Wufei.

"What\*EVER\*," said Treize.

"Oh Treize, you say the greatest things, your almighty cheesine- erm, almighty grape -- no, great -- person-type, um, person."

The glowy light figure that was Treize sweat dropped.

Zechs glanced around; Duo was already asleep, Heero was about to fall asleep, and even Trowa and Quatre were looking tired. (What about Wufei, you ask? Oh, he's already asleep too).

About an hour later, Treize left. "I'll pop by later!" he said, as he stepped back into the blue-greeny-purplish light and disappeared.

About five minutes later, Lady Une woke up. "Did I miss anything?"

Zechs sweat dropped.

"NO, how could I have possibly missed the great, wonderful, awesome -- " (she went on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on until -- this fic ended!)

## 12 - Donut Chronicles: 12

Duo grinned excitedly, saying as he bounced off the walls, quite literally, "I'm SO excited!" He jumped around some more.

Wufei glared at him, "Gee, as if you couldn't tell."

Pointedly ignoring the sarcasm brought forth by Wufei, Duo grinned even wider and said, "Today Heero and me set up our Hn-speak school!"

"Hn," agreed Heero.

"And if you went to it," Duo said, "You would learn that he just said 'yup' "

Wufei looked around for a nice, solid brick wall to bash his head in on. Meanwhile, Quatre and Trowa came into the room, wondering what all the noise was from.

"Actually, Duo," Quatre said, hearing a bit of the conversation, "It's Heero and I, not Heero and me."

"Huh what now?" Duo said, pausing mid-bounce to glance quizzically at Quatre before he fell (gracefully of course) on his butt. "Ouch!"

"Oh, nothing," Quatre said, smiling a little.

"Hn," said Heero.

"Heero's right, we're going to be late if we don't hurry to our school! I should hate to keep the students waiting for too long because then they might not want to learn the wonderful language that is Hn-speak," Duo said this all extremely fast and when he was done, he nearly passed out from lack of oxygen.

Luckily, (at least, in his own view. Wufei would differ), Duo did NOT faint. (Wufei groaned).

"Let's go Heero," Duo grinned, waving goodbye to the others. As the three of them watched Duo drag Heero to the car, they heard Duo add, "Can I drive?"

"Hn."

"But Heeeeeero, I've only had ten accidents in the last week, and that was went I had two cups of sugar, and today I've only one and ten eights!!!"

"Hn."

"But I swear, that last one was the OTHER guys fault, and plus, what do you mean, ten eights isn't a real fraction?"

Quatre, Trowa, and Wufei all sweat dropped simultaneously, as Duo and Heero continued to argue while getting into the car and driving down the road to a school that Quatre had never known existed before, and getting out.

"You know," Trowa said, "We could have walked there faster."

The other pilots just nodded.

~~~

"Look it this place," Duo said happily, as he bounced around the classroom, "This is going to be so AMAZING!" He grinned for like the fifth time in five seconds. "Isn't it Heero, isn't it?" He asked over and over again.

"Hn."

"Of course you agree!"

After a minute, Duo suddenly stopped, mid-bounce again, and didn't even bother to fall gracefully. He just fell. When he stood back up, and Heero looked at him quizzically, Duo asked, in a voice suggesting it might be the end of the world, "Heero . . . which one of us gets to be the teacher, and who's going to be the assistant?"

Heero blinked rapidly. To himself he thought, 'hn' and to Duo he said, "Hn."

"Oh, I get it," said Duo, calming down. "Since you can only Hn, we'll both be teachers! Yeah! That rocks! You're so smart!" He hugged Heero tightly before going back to jumping off the walls, and hanging off the ceiling fan.

Heero massaged his almost broken ribs.

Someone came to the classroom (the first student) and turned on the ceiling fan unintentionally.

A few seconds later, Duo went flying out the window, and landing two blocks down the street, conveniently on Wufei's prize rose bed. Where Mr. Snuggles just HAPPENED to be taking a nap.

"Oopsies," Duo said, trying to fluff back up Mr. Snuggles, who was quite flat. That proved useless, so he turned his attention to the flowers, which were all broken at the stem. He grinned and pulled out a tube of superglue. "Superglue fixes everything!"

He paused, and looked at the back of the tube. "Instructions. Apply liberally to areas

needed superglue. Warning. Washes out with WATER.” Duo paused. “What else could it wash out in? I’ll have to do an experiment later. I wonder if fruit juice – the blue kind – makes it wash out.”

A few minutes later, the flowers looked as good as new! Duo ran back to the school, where the students had now all assembled; all nine of them.

“Great! So you are all here to learn the joys and wonders that is Hn Speak!” He said, out of breath from sprinting so fast.

“hn,” said Heero.

“Why am I covered in thorns and superglue and teddy bear stuffing?” Duo repeated after Heero, “Ummmm,” He paused, “I really didn’t go flying into Wufei’s flower bed and squash Mr. Snuggles, and I didn’t break all of the flowers, and I really didn’t try to put them right with superglue. Really.” He congratulated himself on his brilliance.

Heero sighed, and hned.

“Right you are Heero! Let’s start class!” Duo turned to the students, and grinned brightly. “My name is Duo, and I’ll be one of your teachers! My name, technically, therefore, would be Mr. Maxwell, but that’s SO last year, so you can all call me the god of death.”

The students looked at each other, worried.

“Hn,” added Heero.

The students looked completely worried.

“Umm,” said a student, “What did he say?”

Duo grinned, “Well, if you knew hn speak, you would know that that means ‘Hello, my name is Heero Yuy, you may call me Mr. Yuy or omae o korosu!’ “

The students looked at each other, even more worried.

Duo outlined the class quickly, and then added, “Right then, let’s talk for a minute about earning extra credit and then we can introduce ourselves!” He pulled out a piece of chalk and started writing on the board.

“See,” he said, as he wrote, “To get extra credit, it’s very simple. For five points, bring Heero a chocolate frosted donut. For ten points, add a cup of well blended coffee, and for fifteen points, add a bucket of coffee ice cream. At least a pint.”

The class blinked.

”And for fifty points extra credit, give me ten boxes of pocky.”

The class blinked yet again.

"All clear? Good!" Duo smiled, and added, "Now, let's introduce ourselves! You already know me as the god of death and him as Mr. Yuy. But let's get to know everyone! First, say your name, and then go ahead and try to say something in Hn speak. Ok, then? You there, go first!"

The girl stood up, and removed her hat and sunglasses. It was, of course, RELENA!

"RUN FOR IT! IT'S RELENA!" Cried out Duo, and then paused. "Wait, sorry. I can't do that if you're a student. Darn."

Relena should have been insulted by that, but she was too busy staring at Heero. "My name is Relena Peacecraft!" she said bouncily, "Hn!" she added, which was SUPPOSED to mean 'I love you Heero-sama!'

Duo groaned, "Relena, you just said, 'ohmygod, my butt is big!' "

"WHAT?" screeched Relena, "I did not! You're so mean!"

Duo rolled his eyes and the next student stood up.

"My name is Fuu," said the girl, "Hn!" she added.

"Good, you'll be ok," Duo said, "Providing you did mean to say 'This is going to be a great class and I am so happy to be here and I can't wait to learn how to speak hn and I am sure I will have the best time here ever and I just know I will, won't I?' "

Fuu nodded, and grinned, "Yup!"

The next student stood up. Lo and behold, it was Zechs! "My name is Zechs, but you already knew that and if you didn't I'm terribly annoyed." He flashed a smile, and said, "Hn."

"A bit of work there," Duo told him. "I think you meant, 'All the ladies will love me,' but it came out as 'all the guys will love me.' "

Zechs gave him a Look. "Of course I meant what I meant!"

Duo sweat dropped.

The next student stood up, and suddenly Duo realized that besides himself, Heero and Zechs, the entire classroom was filled with girls.

"My name is Nanaki-chan," said the next girl, "HN!!!!!!!!!"

"Ummmm, right then. I take it you like puppies?"

"HN!!!!!" Nanaki replied.

The next girl stood up. "Watashi wa Mysty-chan!" she said dramatically.

"But you can call her Mysty no baka," added Nanaki, and then said to Mysty, "English, please."

"My name is Mysty," replied Mystrana. "Hn."

Duo sweat dropped again, and said, "Please keep all comments pg-13."

"Oh, sorry," said Mystrana.

Duo grinned, "Mind you, not that I wouldn't MIND doing that but, anyway!"

The next student stood up, and said, "My name is Sith," she said, "Hn."

"Right then," said Duo. "I like strawberries too."

"Baka," replied Sith, "I said I like anime!"

"Oh."

The next student to stand up said, "My name is Jenny. Hn."

"Three cats, eh? That's a lot." Duo replied.

There were only two more students to get introduced. "I'm Momo," said the first girl, "Hn," and the second girl said, "I'm Sae. Hn."

Duo nodded to both of them. "Yu-gi-oh fan, eh?" he said to the first girl, and to the next one, "I'm sure you'll find this class more interesting than watching cockroaches – no, wait, you meant clocks, right?"

Having all been introduced, the class started.

Back at the house, Quatre, Trowa and Wufei sat around looking bored.

"Let's do something."

"Yeah."

"Any suggestions?"

"No."

There was a pause.

“It’s really boring without Duo here,” Wufei finally said, “But DON’T tell him I said that!”

~~~~

Back to the school.

It was pure insanity for 5 hours, and then everyone left.

“Well, Heero, we done good.”

”Hn.”

”I don’t CARE if it’s we did good; we DONE good sounds better!”

”Hn.”

”Whatever to you too!”

They walked home, conveniently forgetting they had a car parked not more than five feet in front of them.

Just as they got in, it started to rain.

“Oh no,” Wufei said, “I have to go get Mr. Snuggles from his afternoon nap or he will get wet!” He ran out.

Trowa and Quatre entered the room.

”Um, Heero, pray tell why Duo is running upstairs and locking himself in the bathroom?”

Heero grinned and shrugged, and waited for the angry yell of Wufei’s that was sure to follow.

“MAXWELL!”

## 13 - Donut Chronicles: 13

Duo was stuck in his room for ten days, without food or a bathroom (he drank water from the gutter that somehow managed to leak though the otherwise completely locked and closed window), with Wufei standing guard the entire time.

"Mr. Snuggles is ruined!" Wufei kept crying out dramatically, "And I'm not leaving from this spot until I get him back!"

"Hn," Heero said evenly.

Duo 'oohed' from his room and called out, "Heero just said that Mr. Snuggles can't come back because he's flat and wet and RUINED!" Duo paused. "And he's smelly too!" Another pause. "But Heero didn't say the last part. I did."

Wufei growled angrily. "MAXWELL! I won't kill you for that comment on one condition, and only one condition of which I am about to tell you, but only on one condition and that is that you listen to my one condition or so help me . . ." Wufei paused in his rant, to catch his breath, and Quatre walked by.

"You know, that is actually TWO conditions," Quatre said softly.

Had he been a bit more calm, Wufei probably wouldn't have punched the wall in anger and there probably wouldn't have been that huge hole, but what can one do when Wufei is on a rampage and needs Duo to listen to his one – no, wait, sorry, two – condition(s).

"Meep!" Quatre said as he looked at the hole that Wufei had put into the wall. He left the hallway quickly, in fear of becoming Wufei's next target.

"That's it Maxwell, listen up and listen good!" Wufei finally said.

"What IS it, Mister Stick Up My –" Duo paused, realizing Wufei was too busy punching the wall again to listen, so he simply said, "Ok, what is the condition?"

Wufei smirked. "If you want me to be nice to you, (at least partially), you must . . . go to the Toy Store and buy me a new Mr. Snuggles." Wufei gave a dramatic pause, and then continued, "And it must be pink, and fluffy, and made out of pure silk and polyester and also, the buttons in his eyes must be 100% china, and 2 cm exactly in diameter, and a dark brown – NOT BLACK! – and he has to be stuffed with a polyester-nylon cotton blend –"

About this time, Duo quit paying attention to Wufei's ramblings, and ran out of his room, grabbing Heero by the collar of his jacket and yelling as he sprinted out of the house, "See ya in a bit, Wu-man!"

Wufei scowled, but forced himself to calm down before the wall gained a third new hole.

~~~

They got to store in record time, and just before they went in, Heero stopped Duo and said, “Hn.”

”What do you mean, why did I drag you along? You’re the one who got me into this mess, so you are . . .um, OBLIGED, to help me get out! Yeah, that’s the word, isn’t it? Of course it is! So let’s go!”

Heero sweatdropped slightly and they went into the Teddy-bears’R’Us.

The instant entered said store, a high pitched squeaky sound that could only be known as Relena’s voice, cut through the air, “Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeroo-sama! I didn’t know you came here for the Teddy Bear Friends Meetings too!” She smiled and held up her bright pink teddy bear.

Heero sweatdropped again, and Duo glared at Relena. “HN!” Duo exclaimed angrily.

Relena sniffed pompously, “I don’t know what you said Duo Maxwell, but I’m sure whatever you said isn’t true and that you’re just making it up to try to make me look bad and – “ She paused, “Heero? Why are you laughing?”

Heero stifled his quiet laughter, that sounded like soft ‘hn hn hn hn’s’.

Duo grabbed Heero’s arm and dragged him off to look for a Mr. Snuggles substitute.

”We should name him Mr. Selgguns,” Duo mused as they looked at the aisle of pink teddy bears that were fluffly, and made out of pure silk and polyester and also had 2 cm diameter 100% china eyes that were dark brown and – ahem. Anyway.

”Hn?” Heero questioned.

”It’s Snuggles backwards,” Duo explained, pulling down a teddy bear and trying to pull the ear off.

Another highly annoying voice cut though the shop. It was, dun dun dun! Dorothy!

”Duo Maxwell? What are YOU doing in a teddy bear shop?” Dorothy asked.

Duo sweatdropped. “Actually, I think you should be asking why Heero is here. I mean, don’t I seem like the kind of guy that would go into a teddy bear shop, you know?” He groaned, “That doesn’t right, but oh well.”

Dorothy laughed, in her annoying giggly laugh, “ Oh Duo! Teddy bears are beautiful, like

war! War is beautiful, because there is blood. Blood is beautiful because it is red. Red is beautiful because it is the color of roses! And roses are beautiful because they are Treize's symbol and Treize is beautiful because he talks about war!" Dorothy paused, and then added in a mutter, "And he has split eyebrows, like me."

Heero and Duo just kind of smiled, nodded, grabbed the teddy bear, and ran far, far, FAR, the hell away. Oh, and they didn't bother to pay for it, so the alarm went off, but they ran faster than the cops anyway. (Or it could have been the fact that Heero said 'Hn' which roughly translated to 'Come one step closer and I'll bean you with the teddy bear!')

~~~

"Well?" Wufei demanded the minute Duo set foot into the house, "Where is he? Where is Mr. Snuggles the Second?"

Duo pressed the teddy bear into Wufei's hands. "Ahem! His name is Mr. Selgguns!"

"What?" Wufei asked coldly.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing at all! Whee!" Duo ran off before Wufei could ask why there was a tag that said '100% not fake silk and polyester blend. Really.'

~~~

That night, Wufei went to bed happily (chibified and in green silk pajama's, of course. Awww) with Mr. Snuggles (aka Mr. Selgguns), and he whispered, 'Wo ai ni,' the bear before snuggling up to it and falling asleep.

But that, of course, was went the tag that said '100% not fake silk and polyester blend fell off, revealing the actual tag that said '100% recycled plastic. And cotton.'

"MAXWELL!"

14 - Donut Chronicles: 14

It took a month, but Wufei finally (sorta) forgave Duo about the whole Snuggles. . . selgunns. . . thing and was fairly civil to him. Sometimes.

Today Duo was happily listening to music on Quatre's state-of-the-art-and-then-some sound system, with extra surround sound. Obviously, it was VERY loud, but he seemed oblivious to the excess noise as he danced around and wrote some random stuff while listening.

Of course, after awhile, Wufei passed through.

"MAXWELL?"

Duo innocently turned to face Wufei.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING LISTENING TO MUSIC THIS LOUD?"

Duo blinked innocently. He couldn't hear a word Wufei was saying.

"A CURSE APON YOU IF YOU DON'T TURN THE MUSIC DOWN!" Wufei yelled angrily.

Duo blinked again innocently. "I'm sorry," he said, "I can't hear you; the music is too loud."

Wufei blinked, and then heaved a huge sigh before leaving (after cursing loudly about Duo and his music).

Duo went back to listening to his music.

Quatre came to the door next. "Ummm, Duo?" He asked.

Duo turned to face Quatre.

"Could you please turn the music down? I'm trying to pay the bills and stuff, and I can't really concentrate," Quatre explained.

Duo shrugged. "Sorry, Quat, but I can't hear a thing you're saying; I think the music is too loud."

Quatre blinked, and then shrugged, leaving. What could he do? I mean, this is DUO we're talking about here. Yup.

Next Trowa came by. He stared at Duo unblinkingly, until Duo felt Trowa's omnipresent presence and looked up at Trowa. Trowa continued to stare at Duo, somehow conveying the message 'Your music is a tad too loud. Can you please turn it down? I can't even argue with myself right now.'

Duo shrugged, and thought back, 'Sorry, but I can't hear myself think either.'

Trowa facefaulted and left, as Duo thought to him, 'The music is too loud.'

No one bothered Duo for the longest time after that, but after awhile, Heero came into the room and 'hned' loudly.

Duo blinked. He shrugged. "Heero, why did you have to tell me that you weren't wearing underwear?"

"HN!" Heero practically shouted.

"Oh, sorry, I heard wrong. The music is too loud, you see." Duo said apologetically. "And in response to your first 'hn', yes, I've almost finished my poem!" He smiled proudly.

"Hn," Heero replied.

"Right you are Heero, as always," Duo said, "My music IS indeed too loud."

"Hn."

"Now why would I turn it down? That makes too much sense!"

Heero sweatdropped and sat down.

A bit later, Quatre came back, looking for Heero.

"Heero!" Quatre said, "Relena just called and wants to know if you want to go out with her *now* so I figured I'd ask you and see if you had an excuse or if I should just make one." He paused. "Heero? Heero?"

Heero did not look up at Quatre, and continued to sip his coffee.

"Hn," He muttered, after glancing up and seeing Quatre. Quatre turned to Duo, who was still dancing to his music. Idly, Quatre wondered how Heero could stand to be in the room; the music was already giving him a headache and he had only been in there for a few minutes.

"Oh, Heero said he can't hear you. He has donuts in his ears."

15 - Donut Chronicles: 15 (Last Chapter)

It took awhile, but Heero eventually managed to clean the excess chocolate out of his ears after the whole Dounut-In-The-Ears-Music-Incident. Yeah. He also had to eat said chocolate, but we won't go into ear waxy detail.

Currently, it was Trowa's birthday and the gang had decided to celebrate by going out to a somewhat fancy buffet, called the Chinese Buffet. Where they served Japanese food at a buffet.

"I wanna try some of that, and that, and that, and this, and oooh – THAT!" Duo said, racing around happily, his braid following, and knocking food off of random plates.

"Do TRY and calm down," Wufei said, rolling his eyes in the general direction of Duo, which was slightly hard considering Duo seemed to be in twenty places at once.

"Come and get some food," Quatre told Trowa as they put their coats at the table.

". . ." Trowa replied, and Quatre smiled. The two of them went to the buffet.

"And you thought it was bad that I could understand Heero's 'hn' speak," Duo remarked. Quatre turned to him and flashed a victory sign before getting a plate for his food.

Eventually, everyone was seated at the table and eating their food happily.

During a lull in the conversation (which was one-sided and provided by Duo), Heero spoke up for the first time, with a well meaning, "hn."

Duo tilted his head to the side, "Come again Heero?" He said, and then grinned. "I'm just joking!" He stood up dramatically. "Heero just said that he wants a donut or omae o korosu."

Trowa groaned. ". . ."

Quatre smiled. "Trowa just, erm, said?" Quatre paused a moment, wondering if that was the best way to describe it, and then shrugged. "Trowa just said that that seems vaguely familiar."

"That it does," Duo replied, remembering the first chapter of these stories. "You know what this means," He added dramatically.

There was a hush at the table, and finally Wufei rolled his eyes and said, "What does it mean, Maxwell?"

Duo paused for dramatic effect and then whispered even more dramatically, "Heero's going to kill someone if we don't get him a donut."

Everyone facefaulted, and fell over.

When he finally got back up, Wufei glared. "Even I could have told you that!" He said, groaning.

"Yeah, but I did, didn't I?" Duo replied.

Before Wufei could retort, Heero spoke up again. "Hn!"

Duo sweatdropped. "Heero is very very pissed."

Trowa stood up silently and plodded off to get the donut. Quatre followed close behind, in case Trowa needed to speak.

"So when did Trowa become mute, anyway?" Duo asked cheerfully, getting up to get some dessert.

"I dunno," Wufei said, thoughtfully. "I guess somewhere between last chapter and now."

"Yeah, I guess so," Duo replied. He left to get dessert, and shortly after, Wufei got up as well, presumably to get a drink, leaving Heero quite alone at the table.

Heero was about to put a piece of chicken in his mouth, when a loud and shrill voice said loudly and shrilly in his ears, "HI HEEEEERO!" Heero grimaced. "Hn," he said, but without Duo to tell Relena that that meant 'go away or omae o korosu,' Relena figured it just mean, 'Hi Relena, it is so good to see you right now.'

"Hn to you too," Relena replied.

Heero grimaced. He was pretty sure that Relena didn't realize she had just said, 'I like to watch Yu-gi-oh naked.' Heero grimaced for the third time, having run out of other expressions that suited his mood.

"Did you just eat a lemon or something," Relena giggled. "Come on, Heero, I think they have some Sprite!"

Heero shrugged. Why would he want sprite when he could have COFFEE?? Nonetheless, he got up and followed Relena to the drinks section, in hopes of finding some coffee to drink. He had a feeling it would come in handy later when Duo was on a sugar high.

Meanwhile, Quatre and Trowa had managed to located a donut somehow (ok, so we omit the entire scene where Quatre holds everyone at gunpoint until someone makes him a donut, but you get the picture, right?) and brought it back to the table, where Heero wasn't. However, in a moment, Heero was, and he was pissed still.

"Hn!" he practically growled. Relena was nowhere to be seen. Later, they would find her body cramped up underneath the drinks bar, but for now, everyone assumed she had gotten into her pink limo and left.

Duo showed up, just in time to say, "Heero says that they don't serve coffee either, and omae o korosu if you don't have his donut."

"He's rather violent today," Quatre sighed, handing over the donut. Heero graciously accepted it, and then Quatre decided it was time to give Trowa his presents!

First, Wufei gave Trowa a long flat box. Trowa opened it up. ". . ." he said.

Quatre smiled. "Trowa says thanks for your six year old katana." Wufei smiled, and nodded.

Next, Quatre gave Trowa homemade cookies. Trowa smiled. And then Heero gave Trowa a box of donuts and an automatic coffee maker.

Duo blinked. "Heero," he said, "If you had donuts and a coffee machine with you this entire time, why did you get so uptight about the lack of donuts and coffee?"

Heero shrugged and 'hned' softly.

Duo shook his head before handing a box to Trowa.

Trowa opened it. "." he said.

Quatre blinked. "Trowa thanks you for the book of '101 Ways To Style Hair Besides an Obnoxious Forward Bang Flip.'" Quatre paused. "And the plastic dog crap, too."

Duo grinned and then it was his turn to flash Quatre a victory sign.

All in all, it was a pretty successful birthday, at least until they decided to go out for a movie.

"Bob?" Duo said.

"hn," Heero replied.

"What?" Duo said. He 'hned' loudly at Heero.

Heero replied, "Hn."

And then Duo said, "Oh, you want to see The Pianist, not *my* penis?"

Everyone fell down, very anime style.

“Hey, hey, this IS an anime for one thing, and it was a simple misunderstanding!” Duo said as they all went off to see The Pianist.