

Foot Therapy

Anime: Gudam

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Pairing: Duo X Heeroo

Contains: Foot massage, shounen Ai

"Foot Therapy

"HEEEEEEEERO!"

"Hn!"

"Come on, it'll be good for you!"

There was a blur of immaculate blonde hair chasing messy brown. Quatre charged after the so-called 'Perfect Soldier', while he ran for the safety of the music room.

Or so he thought.

Heero plonked himself down on the piano stool and assessed the situation. Quatre was trying to make him do something he definitely did not want to do! No sooner had he got his thought together, when the blonde in question burst into the room with Trowa in tow.

"Look Heero, we're only doing this because you need a rest!"

"I do not need a rest, I am functioning perfectly."

"That's what we mean man! You've gotta lighten up! Drop the soldier mode for just a while, and take a break." Quatre advanced on the sitting boy, only to stop almost immediately.

Click

"I am not doing this. It isn't... isn't... Hn!" Heero said as he pulled out his gun and trained it on Quatre to emphasize the point. What he had failed to notice was Trowa sneaking up behind him with some handcuffs.

By the time he had realised he had been tricked, it was too late. He was lying on his back staring at the ceiling with his hands cuffed behind him. The gun had mysteriously disappeared, and Quatre was trying to subdue a giggle using Trowa's shoulder.

"Trowa! Quatre! OMAE O KOROSU!" He backed the statement up with what would have been a very threatening glare, had he not been so helpless at the time.

Trowa's one eye showed his amusement as he and Quatre bundled Heero into the car.

The journey was filled with death threats and promises of much pain to the couple driving. But with Heero still helpless, they made it to the health centre without a scratch.

The trio entered the health centre and made their way to the front desk.

"Hello, we're here for the foot therapy. Heero Yuy." Quatre offered the receptionist.

The man with the ponytail dragged his gaze away from the sword he was carefully attending to, and glared with a force that could rival Heero as if to say 'We were having a private moment and you had to go and ruin it didn't you.' But still, he put the information into the computer and sorted out the fee with Quatre.

"This way please, Mr. Yuy." He said, walking through a bead curtain.

Heero and his handcuffs were pushed after the receptionist (whose badge pronounced him to be called Wufei) by Trowa.

"Hn."

"Please take a seat Mr. Yuy, the therapist will be here shortly. When Heero sat down, Wufei looked at Trowa and Quatre to suggest that they should leave.

"We have to stay with him until the therapist gets here. I'm afraid our 'Mr. Yuy' is planning to escape as soon as we leave the room!"

"That earned a disdainful look from Wufei, but he asked no questions and merely returned to polishing his sword.

Several minutes later, a loud voice could be heard entering the building. "Sorry I'm late Wu-man!"

"Mr. Yuy's here already?"

"He's handcuffed!"

"His friends think he'll try and escape!"

"Okay, okay, I'll get in there right away."

Quatre exchange a look of amusement with his boyfriend and stood to meet the therapist.

The bead curtain was brushed aside by a man with a chestnut braid that snaked around his upper body. His violet eyes took in the sight that lay in his treatment room. A blonde haired boy, who was tucked under another boy with emerald green eyes and a uni-bang, held out a small set of silver keys.

Confusion was apparent in the therapist's eyes, and so Quatre offered an explanation. "They're for his" nodding at Heero, "handcuffs. When you're ready to begin, you can let them off. Just be careful!"

And with that the pair left a bewildered therapist and a glaring patient in the room.

"Riiiiiiight..."

Heero narrowed his eyes at the door, which his 'friends' had just left through.

"So you must be Heero Yuy! My name is Dr. Maxwell, but you can call me Duo." He pushed his long bangs out of his eyes. "First off, I need to ask you a few questions. You don't mind too much do you? Before that though, I'm gonna get these handcuffs off you okay?"

"Hn."

"Ah! We have ourselves a man of many words here!" Heero considered the statement, and began wondering whom the braided baka could be going on about. There was only two of the in the room, so there was no reason to say 'we'. It was illogical!

"Whoa! Stop thinking so hard! You look like your brain's gonna overheat or something!" He was about to correct Duo and state that his brain could not overheat, since he was not a piece of electrical equipment, when the therapist began with the questions.

"Okay, so. Name: Heero Yuy. Correct so far?" Heero nodded. "Good. Address and telephone number?"

After a short pause, Heero recited the address and number to Quatre's mansion that he was staying at.

"Uh huh. Now, have you got any medical conditions?"

"No."

"On any forms of medication?"

"No."

"Have you had any serious injuries in the past?"

"Yes."

"Could you elaborate please?"

"Broken right forearm, broken left forearm and wrist, fractured right shoulder, broken and sprained right ankle, broken..."

"Okay, okay! So basically everywhere then."

"No."

"You know what I mean."

"No." Heero smirked; he would make this therapist kick him out if he had to.

"Fine." Duo scowled at his patient. "Do you have anything wrong with you at the moment?"

"No."

"So why are you here?"

"Quatre and Trowa said I needed to loosen up a bit."

"Were those the two that handcuffed you and dragged you in here?"

"Yes."

"Ah. Well let's get to work!" What! Heero thought this man would have given up by now! Hmm... what else might work...?

"Sit on the bed please Mr. Yuy."

"Heero."

"Sorry. Heero. That's it, take your shoes and socks off and lie down with your feet hanging off the end of this pillow."

Heero's eyes grew wide. Take his shoes and socks off? That would decrease his options to get out of here!

"Come on Heero, shoes and socks off!"

Reluctantly, he followed the instructions and lay down with his bare feet hanging off the end of the bed.

"Thanks. For a minute there I thought I'd have to do it for you!" Well that earned the braided therapist a glare and a half!

"Just relax, let me do everything. You may feel a little sleepy, your stomach may rumble and you may feel slight tingling sensations. If you feel cold and tingly at any time, tell me and we'll rest a minute okay?"

"Hn." Heero was actually feeling nervous, but he refused to let the braided baka see that.

Duo got out some form of oil and squeezed some onto the palm of his hands. He rubbed them together to warm it up, and positioned himself on a seat at the end of the bed.

Just as he placed his hands on Heero's feet, there was a yelping noise followed by the sound of clicking metal. Duo looked up at his patient only to find himself staring down the barrel of Heero's gun.

Trying to look as calm as one can when they had a gun pointed right between their eyes, Duo questioned Heero. "What's the matter? Did I hurt you?"

"No."

"Then why the whole gun thing then?"

"I'm... I have... My feet are..."

"Yes?"

Heero muttered something under his breath that Duo only just caught.

"You're TICKLISH! Is that it?" Duo started laughing. Heero composed his face and then smirked, still keeping the gun locked onto Duo.

"Don't laugh."

Duo forced his laughter to subside and then began again. "Okay. I promise to try not to tickle you, if you promise not to hold a gun to my head. Deal?"

"Deal." Heero grudgingly put away his weapon.

After the little 'incident', Duo was very careful not to tickle Heero, and soon Heero found his eyes getting heavy as the muscles he didn't know he was tensing relaxed. He could here the soft sounds of Duo talking but couldn't make out quite what he was saying. He suddenly felt very relaxed and safe, and gave in to the treatment.

All too soon, the session was over and Duo nudged Heero to full awareness. Trying not to show the disappointment on his face, Heero replaced his shoes and socks.

"Feel any different?" Duo asked.

"Yes. I feel... refreshed. Thank you."

"Hey, it's nothing... all part of the job ya know!"

"Hn." Heero flashed a grin at the therapist.

"So, are you going to book another appointment?"

"Yes!" He said a little too quickly. "I mean... When are you next available?"

"How about next Tuesday? Same time same place?"

"Okay, that should be fine."

With all the arrangements settled, Heero made his way out to the car, where Quatre and Trowa were waiting for him.

"So Heero, how was it?"

"Hn."

"That good eh?"

Heero turned to face the blonde. "I've booked another appointment for next Tuesday." And with that, he retreated back to his quiet contemplation in the back of the car, leaving Quatre and Trowa stunned.

-Next Tuesday-

"HEEEEEEEERO!"

"Hn!"

The familiar blonde blur chased the equally familiar brown blur around the house.

"YOU made this appointment! You're bloody well going to it!"

"I changed my mind."

"Not an option my friend."

And once again, Heero found himself lying on his back staring at the ceiling with his hands cuffed behind him, complete with Quatre giggling into Trowa's shoulder as they bundled him into the car...