

DREAMING OF A GREEN CHRISTMAS

18+

TEENAGE MUTANT
NINJA TURTLES
"TURTLECEST"
FANBOOK

CHRISTMAS 2008



Dreaming of a Green Christmas

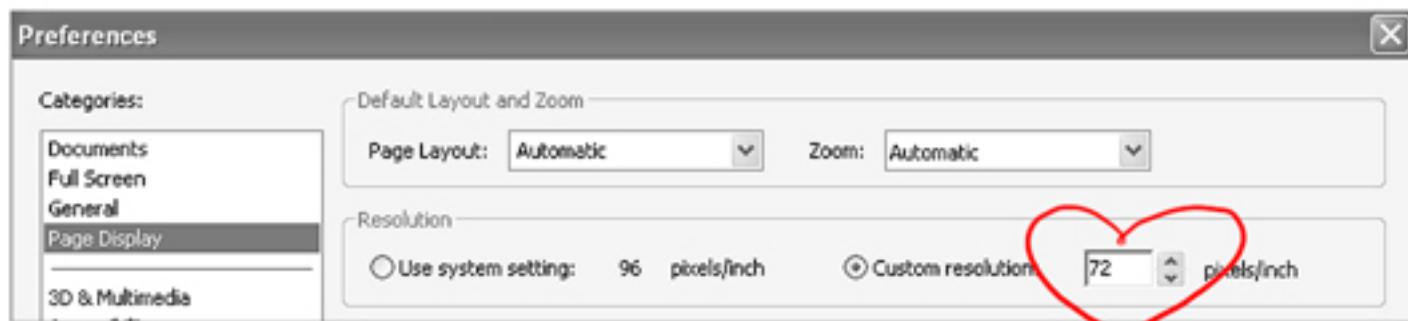
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	Turtle involved		Pinup
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Enjoy

EVIL SANTARAPH SAYS



MOLEST
A BRO
FOR
NEW YEARS!
MERRY
CHRISTMAS!
from Spacefiller



A Starless Sky and Cigarettes

Raphael inhaled the rich smoke deeply, letting it leave his body in a long exhale.

Great Kami, how he missed this.

He brought the cigarette back to his mouth as he gazed down at the city below, lit up with Christmas lights and glowing Santas. It looked rather nice, at first glance. But if you looked for too long, the tackiness of it all literally jumped you, strangling the awe right out of you.

Somethings never change, no matter how far into the future you are.

"You know those will kill you." A voice said from behind him, and he didn't bother hiding his groan of annoyance.

"Leave me alone, Leo." he grumbled, taking a sweet drag, his gaze never leaving the futuristic version of New York.

Instead of doing what the younger wanted, Leo came closer, and sat down next to him, his feet dangling off the edge of the roof along with his brother's.

"So."

Raph threw him a small glare.

"Why are you up here, all alone in the cold, smoking?" he cocked his head to the side.

"I thought those were banned 50 years ago."

"You'd be surprised what you can find in illegal markets."

Leo bristled, but didn't comment on the topic again. Which truthfully surprised Raph – he'd've thought Leo'd be more than happy to have a fit about him smoking illegal goods on the rooftop of their newest home.

Or maybe the Christmas cheer got to him. Poor dude, he never stood a chance.

He chuckled at his internal joke, Leo raising an eyeridge at him, but remained silent. At least for a while.

"So, why are you here?"

Raph sighed, and took another drag, golden eyes once again on the city. "Just thinkin'."

"About?"

"Cigarettes."

"...what?"

Raphael's eyes were starting to sting from the blare of brightness down below, so he looked up, at the starless sky. Cody had tried to explain about why the stars weren't seen nowadays, something about ozone and a protective shield, but he didn't remember.

A dark sky without stars wasn't a sky at all.

"This is the only thing that's left." he mumbled, lifting the cigarette. "The only thing from our time that hadn't been fucked up here. Now."

Leo was silent, simply watching his brother. His chest tightened at the forlorn expression on the other's face.

"I mean, yeah sure, it's great that we can go out during the day and no one points at us or screams or runs from us. That's great... But even the sky is empty. Nothing else remains."

"Those were banned because they kill people."

"Yeah, but New York is supposed to be harmful. The city that never sleeps, that never rests, that's always filled with bad guys who wanna make it big, with kids ditching school to have some fun, with people screaming at each other. It's angry people, curses, junk food, beer, cigarettes. It's like a poison that makes life fun."

Leo bit his lip, looking down. The city shone, unaware it was now depressing two beings.

"There's nothing here. No one's starting fights over whatever stupid reason, no one's stealing anything, no one's cursing the economy or the police or whatever. It's peaceful – dull and lifeless."

"So... you want the world to be in constant war?"

"Course not. But if there aren't any bad things, how can these people realise how great life is? If they don't smoke cancer sticks, how can they enjoy a breath of fresh air? If no one's stealing stuff from them, how can they appreciate what they have? If no one's causing brawls, how can they enjoy a moment of peace?" he snuffed, and took a drag.

"If they look at the sky and see nothing, how can they understand how beautiful stars are?"

He scoffed and looked at his knees. "And if I don't stop talking right now, I'm gonna make an even bigger fool of myself."

Leo looked at him with a saddened expression, then reached out, laying his hand on his brother's nape and pulling him closer into a one-armed hug. "I miss home too, Raph. Nothing wrong with that. Nothing wrong with hating something you don't like." He paused. "Nothing wrong with hating a world that's empty to you." He looked up. "Nothing wrong with hating this sky."

Raph sniffled again, pressing closer to the older male's warm chest. He dropped the still lit cigarette, and returned the embrace, wrapping both arms around his brother's frame.

Leo smiled softly at him, and pressed a gentle kiss to the top of the other's head. "But I'm still here, Raphie. So is Donny and Mikey and Master Splinter. And we *are* going to get back home. I promise you, we will." He pressed another kiss to the emerald skin, and another to soft lips when Raph lifted his head towards him.

"You'll see." He had a sudden thought, and urged the younger male to sit up, cupping his face between his hands. "You know, if we never got here and saw this bleak world, how would we be able to enjoy that 'fun poison' you mentioned?"

Raphael blinked at him, then grinned, chuckling softly. "You're right." He leaned his forehead on Leo's, warm golden eyes fixed on brown ones. "Thanks."

"You're welcome." Another kiss and the oldest got up, pulling the other to his feet also.

"Now come back in, and we'll try to keep Mikey away from the presents."

"Or we could find some mistletoe."

"Or that."

Fin

MERRY CHRISTMAS



MISTLETOE
DONATELLO LEONARDO



The Holiday Spirit (or, a Dickens of a Tale)

Raphael hated Christmas.

Oh, the run-up to Christmas wasn't bad! The streets were thick with shoppers, and that meant that the numbers of scum-bags who preyed on them and therefore needed to be beaten went up, too. That was awesome. And the cold and ice made them clumsy, which was... well, it was a whole new layer of funny, if you wanted the truth. Sometimes Raph laughed out loud, watching them slip and slide and fall in their haste to get away from him. And if Casey managed to slip and fall, too, when he went off in pursuit of the fleeing scum-bags – that was the best.

But Christmas Day itself, in Raphael's opinion, sucked. Casey was stuck at home, April would expect them for dinner – and he was grateful not to have to eat Mikey's cooking, true, but the added burden of having to hear "mind your manners, boys!" several times sorta outweighed that pleasure – and worst of all: Mike would *sing Christmas carols*. At the top of his lungs. Badly. And for the entire day.

Sometimes Raphael wished he could go deaf and spare himself the aggravation.

He trudged home on Christmas Eve in a worse mood than usual – Casey had been summoned home for last-minute shopping, and somehow all the fun of cracking skulls dried up when Raph had to do it alone. He hesitated outside the door, steeling himself against what he might find inside. Would Mike be singing already? Would Don have cut the power in a misguided attempt to outdo himself with the lights on the tree? Would Leo be in the kitchen, goading Mike into baking yet another batch of cookies? Would Splinter actively encourage all of them to gather around the TV to watch a holiday special? None of it sounded like fun. In fact, every bit of it made his heart sink, just a little bit.

When he finally opened the door, however, he was met with silence. Not just the silence of brothers practicing meditation, or a family that had dispersed to their bedrooms for time alone, but the profound silence of an empty house.

Raphael perked up a bit when he saw the note on the kitchen table. Written in Leo's tight, firm handwriting, it told him: "*Splinter's at April's place for the evening, helping her finish up the last-minute preparations for tomorrow. Mike and I will be in and out running errands, and Don said he had some work to do. So you're on your own for dinner. See you in the morning.*" Proving that he was lying about "on your own for dinner", Leo had also helpfully left a list of the leftovers that could be reheated. Raphael ignored this, crumpled the note up, and pitched it into the trash, feeling strangely adrift. Where were the cookies Mike had made that morning? Where was Don's obsessive last-minute tweaking of the fragile, overworked, second-hand lights for the tree?

He poked around the rooms on the lower level for a while. Don's computers were all password-locked – he sort of remembered an argument about Mike using the main server for gaming – so there was no fun to be had there. The TVs only showed him the

usual holiday crap.

With a sigh, he went upstairs to his room. *Might as well rest up for what's coming tomorrow*, he thought gloomily.

Raphael had always been able to drop off easily, once he got into bed. Insomnia wasn't one of his burdens, usually. So he wasn't exactly surprised to find himself waking up from a light sleep, an hour or so later. What did surprise him, though, was the sound that had pulled him out of sleep. He popped his head up, listening intently. "Chains?" he said out loud.

Sure enough, he heard the sound of chains being dragged across the bare floor of the landing outside his room. And layered over the top of it was the sound of a voice calling, "Oooh, Raphael! I've come to warn you of the error of your ways! Oohhooowwww!"

Now, Raphael's scorn for holiday television programs was borne from years of being forced to watch the damn things with his family. And while he didn't hold himself to be any kind of genius, he knew a setup – even a *literary* setup – when he saw it. In his head, it went something like this: "Empty house + chains + Mikey doing a bad ghost impression + I hate Christmas = a fucking *Christmas Carol* remake, right in my own bedroom."

He shot out of his bed and took up a post beside his closed door. He tightened his grip on the hilt of a sai, and listened to the sound of the chains. *Those aren't the big chains Donnie uses for hoisting the Shell Sub or the Battle Shell's engine, he thought. Wherever Mikey got those, they're lighter. Not decorative, but not heavy-duty, either.* He smothered a grin as the idea bloomed in his mind. He glanced down at the sai again, then swiveled his head up just as he sensed a hand pressed against the other side of his closed door.

"Ooowooooh!" Mikey wailed theatrically as he pushed the door open. "Raphael Scrooge, listen to – urk!"

Raphael grinned tightly as he yanked one loop of the medium-weight chain up and across his brother's neck, then used the leverage to toss him to the floor. "Hello, Marley, ya old fraud," he snarked, throwing himself onto Mike's rolling form.

The excessive length of chain coiled around Mike's body and made him vulnerable, and Raphael took full advantage of it. He yanked the slack metal around, ignoring Mike's whooping laughter and protests. "Hold... still... ya little... monkey!"

"Why Raph, there's no need to be insulting!" Mikey giggled. "Hey, what're you doing?" He struggled feebly against Raphael's rough handling, but it was mostly for form's sake. He didn't really work to get himself free, as he was maneuvered into a kneeling position on the floor, knees spread, arms pulled back and pinned behind him with a length of the chain. Another loop of the chain across his throat forced his head back, since it was snarled with the chain around his arms and anchored to it with the long central shaft of Raphael's sai.

Raphael slid his hands along his brother's shoulders, pretending to check the slack in the chain, and stepped back to admire his handiwork. "There! That's how to treat a pesky ghost!" he said in mock-satisfaction.

Mikey perked up, reminded of his role. "Ooohhh, Scrooge, I've come to – ack!" he came up short against the chain across his throat. The extra links dripped down from his hands and clanked against the bare cement floor at the movement.

"Yeah, yeah, to warn me to change my ways, enjoy Christmas, give freely to everyone, blah blah blah," Raph waved this off. "I got bored with this story the millionth time ya made me watch it, Mikey. Especially the version with the puppets," he shuddered.

"Muppets," Mikey croaked. He grinned from his awkward position, his eyes roaming the ceiling.

"Whatever," Raphael walked carefully, slowly, around his brother's kneeling form. He admired the view. "I really hate that story, no matter who's in it."

"But it's..." Mike panted, "a classic... good for you!"

"Keep your head back, bro," Raphael advised. He ran his hand lightly down the length of his brother's neck. "You got enough slack in it to breathe, 'f ya don't fight it." Mike said nothing else, but tilted his head further back. Already the chain was leaving an impression on his skin. Raphael traced the flushed marks left when the chain shifted, and grinned. *That really looks... nice.* He dropped down to his knees next to Mike for a closer look. The slight ridge left behind by the chain felt so nice under his thumb! Without thinking about it, he leaned in and licked it.

Mike moaned.

Raph smiled again, and moved his mouth along the chain. "How'd you end up being Jacob Marley anyway?" he said quietly, enjoying the way Mike shivered at the rush of breath against his skin. "I'd'a figured Leo for the one to come and lecture me about changing my ways."

"We drew straws," Mike said in a whispery voice. "I mighta... cheated a little bit... really wanted to... be the first ghost!"

Raphael chuckled, which drew another breathless moan from his brother. Encouraged, he drew even closer, pressing against Mike's side. He felt the tiny quivers of strain in the corded muscles of the thigh as Mike fought to keep his balance and sit upright in spite of the chain. "Mmm... didn't Marley have some kinda special message? You got any special messages for me, little ghost?"

Mike blinked rapidly. "Um. Gotta warn you... change your ways..."

"Yeah? And what ways would those be?" He slid one hand slowly down his brother's plastron. "This what you want me to change?"

"Nuh-uh," Mike aimed a lopsided smile at the ceiling. "You can't just... change right away... anyway. Gotta wait... mmmm... wait for the other ghosts to visit, too..."

"Oh, so you want me to keep doin' what I do?" Not that he was planning to stop, no matter what the answer had been, but – *shell*, it was nice to see the way the muscles in Mike's arms bunched and shifted as he pulled against the chains.

"Oh, yeah," Mike husked. His knees spread wider.

Raphael slid his hand down under his brother's straining body, and let his fingers brush along the trembling tail. Mike shivered, and released himself at the touch. Raphael grinned again – had he ever stopped grinning, really, since getting the chain around Mike's neck? – and touched the tip of the erection lightly. "Gettin' ahead of yourself, aren't'cha?"

"Raphie, please!" Mike begged.

"Nuh-uh," Raphael shifted his weight back onto his heels and stood up to circle his brother one more time. "I gotcha right where I want you. And I am gonna enjoy the view for a while." And oh, what a view it was! Mike trembled against his chains – the slack loops chimed against the floor at the tiny movements – and gasped for air. His face was flushed and damp. His arms and legs quivered. And best of all: his dick stood up proud and dark and so *needy* – !

Mike strained to make eye contact. "Raphie!"

"Don't call me 'Raphie,'" he said absently, running a hand along the tightly-stretched neck muscles. He tilted his head and looked at the way the chain dug into Mike's forearms, and felt the jolt of surprised lust in his groin. "What am I gonna do with you?"

Mike tried to lean into the touch. "Fuck me?" he suggested brightly – or as brightly as anyone could while panting for air.

"Maybe," Raphael picked a small bottle up off the floor near his hammock and finished his slow circuit to fetch up in front of his captive again. He knelt down slowly, loving the fact that Mike was about to strain his own eyeballs right out of his head, trying to get a glimpse of him at that impossible angle. "If I feel like it..." he reached slowly between Mike's legs to fondle first the quivering tail, and then to finally wrap his fingers around the straining dick. He bent down to flick his tongue across the tip of it, just to hear Mike moan again. He popped the cap on the little bottle and applied some lube to his brother's hard flesh. Mike moaned at that, too – Raph pumped him, slowly, grinning at the way Mike's head fell backwards as he finally gave up trying to look at Raph.

The chains shifted and clanked...

Raphael stood up one more time. Mike groaned at the loss of the hand on his needy dick, and lifted his head up as much as he could. "Raphie...!"

"Mikey, I'm warnin' you," Raphael growled. He ran his slick fingers along his own erection – when had he let that go? He couldn't remember – and narrowed his eyes at his brother. "Don't call me 'Raphie'." He could tell the exact second that Mike stopped listening to him, because the pupils of his watery eyes went wide and dark as he caught a glimpse of Raphael pleasuring himself.

He smiled at the expression, and turned back to his task. "You got any... warnings... to give me now?" he panted in his turn.

"Ng!" Mike twisted, trying to get a better look.

"Careful, bro – wouldn't want ya to pass out or anything," Raph's hand sped up. His eyes roamed over the chains, liking the way they pressed into Mike's skin; his ears strained for the chime and rattle of the links, loving what that told him of the way Mike's body

vibrated with want; he felt his own skin heat up, telling him about his own need – he felt his own peak coming closer, and reached for it...

There was a grunt and a flash of movement at the edge of his vision – Mike threw himself backwards onto his shell. Metal screeched against the cement floor. Raph had just enough time to realize his brother's frantic backwards lunge had knocked the restraining sai free from his chain. And then Mike was on him, pushing him to the floor.

"Heh – dontcha have to warn me or something?" Raphael grappled with him, pulling him closer.

"Shut up," Mike nipped at his throat. "Consider yourself warned."

"Ooh, scary – ah!" Raphael's head fell back, even as his legs fell open to Mike's frantically groping hand. And then they were moving together, Mike holding both their dicks in one hot, tight, sweet grip as they strained toward orgasm together. Raphael clamped his own hands down on the groves and lines left by the chains, felt the texture of his brother's desire in the swollen flesh of his arms more than anywhere else, and let go, coming with a strangled cry. Mike's hand tightened and sped up, and he followed his brother, straining against him with a wordless noise of need and release.

They both panted, then. They sprawled on the floor without making any effort at all to get up. Raph blinked up at the ceiling. His fingers went on tracing the marks left on Mike's arms. It took him a long time to get himself together enough to get the words out: "Ya okay?" he tightened his grip on his brother's arm to make it clear what he meant.

"Hm?" Mike stirred, and turned over just enough to get a look at his own skin. "Oh. Yeah, dude, I'm okay – 'm tougher 'n that." He laughed then, around his gasps for air. "I sure hope... you saved something... for the ghosts of... Christmas Past and Christmas Future!"

Raphael did a quick check against the memory of the story. "Hey! Don't I get a Christmas Present?!"

Mike twinkled at him. "Dude, I think we're all your Christmas present!"

"Oh man, I deserved that," Raphael groaned at the realization of how easily he'd been maneuvered into that one. Then he ran his thumb over the marks the chain had left on Mikey's throat, and smiled. *If this is what being grumpy about it gets me for Christmas, I can't wait to see what they do for my birthday!*

Fin

A special Christmas present!

by Deviata



The End

WANNA LICK MY SUGAR CANE?

NO.

TOUCH MY REINDEER'S RED NOSE?

NO.

WANT TO PLAY WITH MY TOYS?

NO.

WANNA GO TO MY NORTH POLE?
OR... SOUTH POLE, IN THIS CASE-

NO.

CAN I GO DOWN YOUR CHIMNEY?

NO.

CAN I STUFF YOUR TURKEY?

NO.

JINGLE YOUR BELLS?

NO.

DECK YOUR HALLS?

...IF YOU TAKE OFF THE BEARD.

NO.





Reindeer Game

"He won't go for it dude." There was a strain in Mike's voice as Don's hands dipped low to tease his slit. His eyes slid closed on a moan as he struggled fruitlessly against the ties binding his wrists to the bed.

"Which is why I'm asking you to talk him into it. You have a knack for such negotiations," Don smiled smugly when Mike turned his hands to grip the cord rather than fight against it. *He's taking to this light bondage quite well. Hopefully, he'll do the same with the more extreme methods I'd like to try.* Though those are for another time. His hand trailed lightly over Mike's neck in a gentle back and forth movement while the other continued teasing Mike's slit. "Well?"

"I'll try okay?" Mike was gasping for breath, those touches were so light, teasing...he wanted *more*. He wanted to let himself free, he really did, but Don had said he couldn't without permission tonight and *shell, why'd I ever agree to this?* Don shifted to move between Mike's legs, drawing his teeth over the inside of one thigh. *Oh yeah. That's why...* "I'll try really, really hard."

Don chuckled. "Alright Mikey. Drop down." He made it an order, pleased when Mike obeyed promptly. Chastely, he placed one kiss on the hot cock, smirking at Mike's whimper and unconscious hip thrusting, before taking the flesh into his mouth. His tongue teased the sensitive skin as his hands massaged Mike's thighs and Mike moaned and churred above him. It didn't take much more teasing for Mike to climax, long and hard into his mouth. He waited just long enough for Mike to finish before moving up and kissing his brother, letting Mike taste the mix of the two of them. "Mmm...good boy..."

-----*****-----

Raph eyed that smug little grin on Mike's face. That's never a good thing...if he goes off about the Battle Nexus again... "Whad'ya want Mike?"

"Ra-aph. Play a game with me," Mike tried to make his smile innocent, though he figured that was too late. Didn't really matter to him. Just because Raph was on guard didn't mean Raph was harder to trick. Just the opposite, really.

"Ferget it." Raph leaned back against his weight bench to resume his lifting. He knew Mike wouldn't drop the matter so easily, but he wasn't going to waste perfectly good work out time arguing. 'Sides, Mike tended to cut back on the pranks if he got to watch Raph lift weights. Raph certainly wasn't adverse to anything that got Mike to lay off that particular hobby!

Mike leaned against the opposite wall to watch. Who could resist a Raph all nice and displayed, showing off those muscles that he'd honed to perfection? It would certainly take a stronger turtle than Mike! "Come on Raph....it can be my Christmas present!"

Raph raised an eyebrow at that. *Mike'll give up potential new comics and video games for this? That can't be good news. What's he planning anyway?* "That big huh? What's the catch?"

"Now why would there be a catch? I just want to play. It'd be you and me and Donnie... surely you wouldn't resist my challenge?"

"Mike...that was too obvious bro." Raph's eyes narrowed as his breath huffed out. Well, he had an idea of what Mike wanted. If Don was involved, sex would be. "Now, what kink do you two wanna try now?"

Okay, so maybe he should've tried for a more sneaky approach, but...Raph was just there, legs spread slightly and sweat beading on that emerald skin and...well, there was more than one way to talk Raph into something. "I told you, I want you to play a game with me." Mike smiled as he pushed away from the wall. "Just a little game, some fun for the three of us...you'll like it Raph."

"Ain't ya a little old for games, Mike?" Raph kept an eye on his brother. Mike was notorious for striking when you least expected it. And tonight was no different.

Raph brought the barbell down towards himself and blinked as Mike pressed his own weight against it, straddling Raph's chest quickly. Raph's arms trembled at the added pressure, his rhythm thrown off by Mike's actions. He was, rather effectively, pinned.

"Dang it Mike. Get off," Raph snarled, trying to get some leverage.

"Nuh-uh," Mike laughed, trailing a hand over Raph's arm, "Now...about my game..." A devilish light gleamed in Mike's eyes as his hand slid lower.

-----****-----

"Can't believe I let ya talk me into this..." Raph muttered as he followed behind Mike and Don. He knew where they were heading at least. Don had found a small, protected room that he'd modified for the express purpose of his and Mike's sexual activities. Raph still wasn't quite sure how or why he'd been dragged in to join them, but they didn't try including Leo (Raph had the distinct impression Leo didn't approve of these activities anyway) and...well, it was hard to say no. Especially when Mike was giving you a rather good hand job on your workout bench. *Okay, so maybe I can believe I let him talk me into this...*

Mike paused in his steps to allow Raph to catch up, throwing an arm around his brother's shoulders with a grin. "Aw, come on Raph. Lighten up. You know it'll be fun."

Raph eyed the bag Don carried. "Sure. Fun. I swear, if one word of this gets out..."

"Raph, I wouldn't. I mean, normally, yeah, but... we all agreed this is between us."

"And Mike's not about to risk the agreed upon punishment," Don called over his shoulder. Mike quickly agreed to that and went back to trying to soothe Raph's nerves. Don left the task to him, grateful when they reached their little hideaway. The three turtles slipped inside quickly and Don locked the door behind them. To Raph, it sounded rather final. Opening his bag, Don pulled out three costumes and had to hide a grin at Raph's quick glance away. "Let's get dressed guys."

Mike took the green material Don handed him happily. "Dudes this so clashes with my skin tone."

Handing Raph the brown material, Don looked towards Mike, "It was the best I could do. You could sit this out..."

"No way!"

Two smirks met Mike's response and the brothers all put on their costumes. When they finished, Don was wearing a red coat and pants with a Santa hat while Mike wore a green hat, green shoes and a matching green outfit. They'd all taken off their usual gear and Don had to admit that his brothers looked good in their costumes. *Even if Raph does look more ticked than anything. Kinda sexy on him...* The brown antlers sat on Raph's head nicely, the headband keeping them on for now at least, while the strips of brown cloth wrapped around his arms and legs emphasized the muscles Raph took such care to hone. The costumes were more to celebrate the season and show clearly who was in charge for this session, namely "Santa" Don, than for any other effect but that didn't mean Raph had to like his own costume. Its meaning that Mike and Don were both "over" him didn't help matters. A quick glance to Mike was all it took.

Mike wrapped an arm around Raph's shoulders, nuzzling his brother's neck. "Cheer up Raphie. It looks good on you."

"Shaddup."

Don chuckled, moving to join his brothers. "Mike's right Raph. It does look good on you." He leaned up, brushing a kiss over Raph's lips and teasing until Raph reluctantly returned the kiss. Mike wasn't one to be left out, sliding his hands over his brothers while he switched between them, nuzzling, licking and nipping their necks and shoulders. The combined attention brought a moan from Raph as he forgot exactly what he was wearing in favor of the sensations he was being flooded with. Three pairs of hands started explorations as kisses were freely exchanged. The feel of cloth blocking fingers from skin was foreign enough to heighten the experience for all three.

Though Don wasn't surprised when Raph tugged Mike's pants off to get at the sensitive skin the material covered. "Impatient?" he purred, capturing Mike's lips as the other turtle whimpered.

"Like the feel of you guys better," Raph responded, kneeling to nip at the newly exposed skin. Mike trembled, clinging to Don for support. Don couldn't say he minded too much, but he had a definite plan for tonight.

"Lay down on the mattress Mike." Don gave the command to be met with moans of discontent from his brothers. "Now. Let him go Raph." It was a rush to watch as Raph did indeed release Mike to allow the other turtle to lay down as ordered. *And they wonder why I like being in control.* Don churred as he considered things. "Go ahead now Raph. Make him hard."

Raph refused to think about why he didn't mind listening to what Don wanted like he did with Leo. His mind just took the commands as suggestions because what Don wanted was so often mindblowing. Moving to lay on top of Mike, Raph bent his head to nip at the sensitive skin of his brother's neck, hands gliding over skin freely. Well, where the elf costume didn't block Raph's hands. A low growl came from him, annoyed at the

material. He wanted more.

Mike gasped and squirmed under his brother, loving the growl. *Shell, Raph is hot...* His fingers slid down to play with Raph's thigh, teasing the skin around one of the brown straps. It didn't help any that he could feel Don watching as Raph continued seducing him. Those eyes on them, so intent, so focused...Mike moaned as his cock slid free. "Good job Raph," Don spoke from beside the bed. "Now, turn around." He guided his brother around so that Raph's head was between Mike's legs while Raph's legs rested on either side of Mike's head. It didn't even take a command for Raph to cover Mike's cock with his mouth. Leaning close to Mike's ear while Raph worked, Don whispered, "Come on Mike. You gonna let Raph have all the fun? Make him come out and play..."

Mike made a sound stuck between a moan, a groan and a churr and lifted his head, tongue flicking over Raph's slit while Don whispered soft, encouraging words. Carefully, he slipped his tongue just inside that slit, moaning when Raph's cock followed his tongue out. He was only too happy to enjoy his treat.

In his own opinion, Don figured he had the best seat in the house. Watching his brothers doing simultaneous blowjobs had just become one of his favorite activities. Pulling out their bottle of lube, he grinned. If this worked, he'd be a very happy turtle...

Lubing up one finger, he slid onto the bed just above Mike's head. He pressed a finger to Raph's opening, earning a growl from his hotheaded brother. Raph never really liked being taken. At least, not until he already was. Don figured it was his bad boy attitude fighting against submitting. For tonight, Raph would just have to deal. Don carefully eased his finger into Raph, noticing Mike's eyes glued to the action. It didn't take all that long to prepare Raph before Don was lubing up his cock and pushing it in as well. Moans of pleasure filled the room. Don churred happily, knowing something his brothers would soon discover. Still carefully, he eased himself almost out, enjoying the sound of Raph's desperate whimper that would never be mentioned, before pushing in, harder this time. The pressure moved Raph's cock deeper into Mike's mouth at the same time as Raph was rocked slightly over Mike's cock. It didn't take much to realise that Don had complete control of their actions.

Raph trembled at the idea, at knowing he had no control over what was happening and that he didn't mind one bit. Not when Don was so good, filling him, finding that one spot inside that made everything so much more intense. Not when his own cock was plunging into Mike's mouth, finally putting that mouth to good use and Mike was sucking, and licking him and- He cried out around Mike's cock as his body hit its peak, too soon, but he couldn't do anything about it. Couldn't stop himself from climaxing, from seeing black spots in his vision. *Shell...*

Mike and Don hit their own releases right after, Mike from the sudden surge of Raph's seed flooding his mouth, filling his tastebuds with that glorious flavor, all while he watched Don pound into Raph's body, while Don came from the intense pleasure of having Raph close around him, tighten around him, milking him.

It was a very sloppy pile of brothers who slowly came back to themselves, shifting on the mattress to lay cuddled together, each touching the other two. None of them spoke for long moments before Raph muttered, sleepily, "This was so your Christmas present Mike..."

Don smirked to himself. After all, if this was Mike's gift...Raph still owed him one. *By next Christmas, they might both be mine. I like that idea...*





Christmas Night

Today is Christmas Eve. Well, maybe it's Christmas Day already, it's rather hard to see the clock with a blindfold on.

But this was what his mate had wanted. This was what he requested as a present, and he had agreed. It wasn't that he hadn't had a choice. He simply wanted to make his mate happy.

~

The first one had been Mikey. He hadn't been too comfortable with that, having the youngest (and to this moment the most innocent in his mind) see him like this. But the other hadn't laughed at him, like he had feared. There hadn't been any mocking, any teasing, any humiliation.

There had been fun though.

Mikey had used the fact he was tied down to the bed to tickle him relentlessly. They were both laughing in mirth when the younger male was done. He had tears in his eyes, his sides hurt and it was difficult to draw in a breath. But it had been fun.

And even the act itself wasn't that different. Mikey had been careful not to hurt him (despite the fact his mate had prepared him thoroughly for this), easing himself inside with small slow thrusts. And before he started moving he had started tickling him again. At one point he had wished his arms weren't attached to the headboard so that he could initiate a pillow fight. He was sure Mikey wouldn't mind at all.

It had been more like simple spending time with his younger brother than actual sex. Afterwards, his brother had just kissed his cheek, patted his hand, and wished him a merry Christmas.

He wished it back, and listened as Mikey exited the room.

~

The second one had been Leo. Truth be told, despite getting off, it hadn't been all that enjoyable.

It seemed that Leonardo, the Fearless Leader, the Perfect Son and Trainee, just wasn't cut out to be a good lover.

Reason? The stick wouldn't leave his ass no matter what.

The oldest male had come in and he could almost smell the smugness in his brother. At having him tied, legs forced to bend and spread, right for him to take and use.

He kept talking, all throughout their fucking. Cause that was what it had been – not sex, but fucking. Pressing him down even further onto the bed, ramming himself deep and rough, spearing him over and over as the older verbally repeated his power over him, his position as the leader in this, his needs met and satisfied.

Who knew Mr. Prissy Shell would get off on domination? He had suspected, but not known.

He had almost felt embarrassed by the other's words. Almost. But the fact he had been grunting in semi-pleasure sure as Shell didn't give Leo any power over him. Nor did his harsh words.

Truth was, if he hadn't been tied down, if he hadn't promised to do this, Leo would have nothing to hold over him. He would be the one feeling small, unable to get his (un)willing partner to succumb to his orders. He would be the one uncertain what to do.

That thought had him smirking long after Leo had finished and gone.

~

He shifted, as much as he could, trying to get the wince off his face before the next contestant came. But he had been tied more or less immobile for a few hours now and he had bottomed to two males. He was tired, thirsty, sore and all his muscles were stiff from the inactivity.

He heard the door open, and he quickly schooled his features to hide his discomfort.

Last but not least, right?

He had expected the other to come over, climb onto him or at least say something. But instead he got what he wanted most at the time.

A glass with blessfully cool water was placed at his lips, the liquid easily filling his mouth. He moaned at that, letting his head fall back onto the pillow when it was emptied.

Hands were on his legs, loosening the bindings. First his knees were drawn together, then urged to rotate to the sides to get the stiffness out of them. One of his knees was gently straightened, his ankle massaged before the same treatment was delivered to the other limb.

Both his arms were freed. His wrists rolled, his elbow bent, his shoulders shifted. Blood flowed freely in them again, and he mewled happily. Not to mention the gentling of his body into relaxation was doing wonders to soothe his mind, his worries.

The were unfounded – he had obviously pleased his mate.

Lastly, the blindfold was slipped off, and he smiled when his mate's warm brown eyes met his own.

Yup. Donny was real happy with him right now.

He gave a soft mewl when his mate pressed a gentle kiss to his lips, nibbling on the skin with gentle pressure.

He smiled into the contact, forcing his still weakened arms to wrap around the other's neck, pulling him closer. Donny obediently climbed onto the bed, urging him to turn onto his side and enfolding him in a firm hug.

He broke the kiss, nuzzling his mate's face, the small smile still on his face.

"I'm so proud of you, Raphie." Donny whispered, hugging him tightly. "Thank you."

His smile widened into a grin, his chest swelling at the praise. He was more than ready to spread his legs willingly yet again, but Donny wasn't churring, wasn't urging him into a hard-on, didn't have one inch of arousal in his scent. Just his warm eyes watching him proudly, his gentle hands petting his body.

And though his body was more than sore, he felt a little disappointed.

"Merry Christmas." he murmured, pressing a lingering kiss to the corner of his mate's mouth, settling down onto the bed with a soft sigh.

Donny watched him, then nuzzled his temple. "We'll take a nap now, and then I'll give you your present." he whispered into his ear huskily.

A dab of pheromones hit his nose and he grinned, more than happy to agree to the proposition.

And when they wake up, he'll tie Donny to the bed for a change.

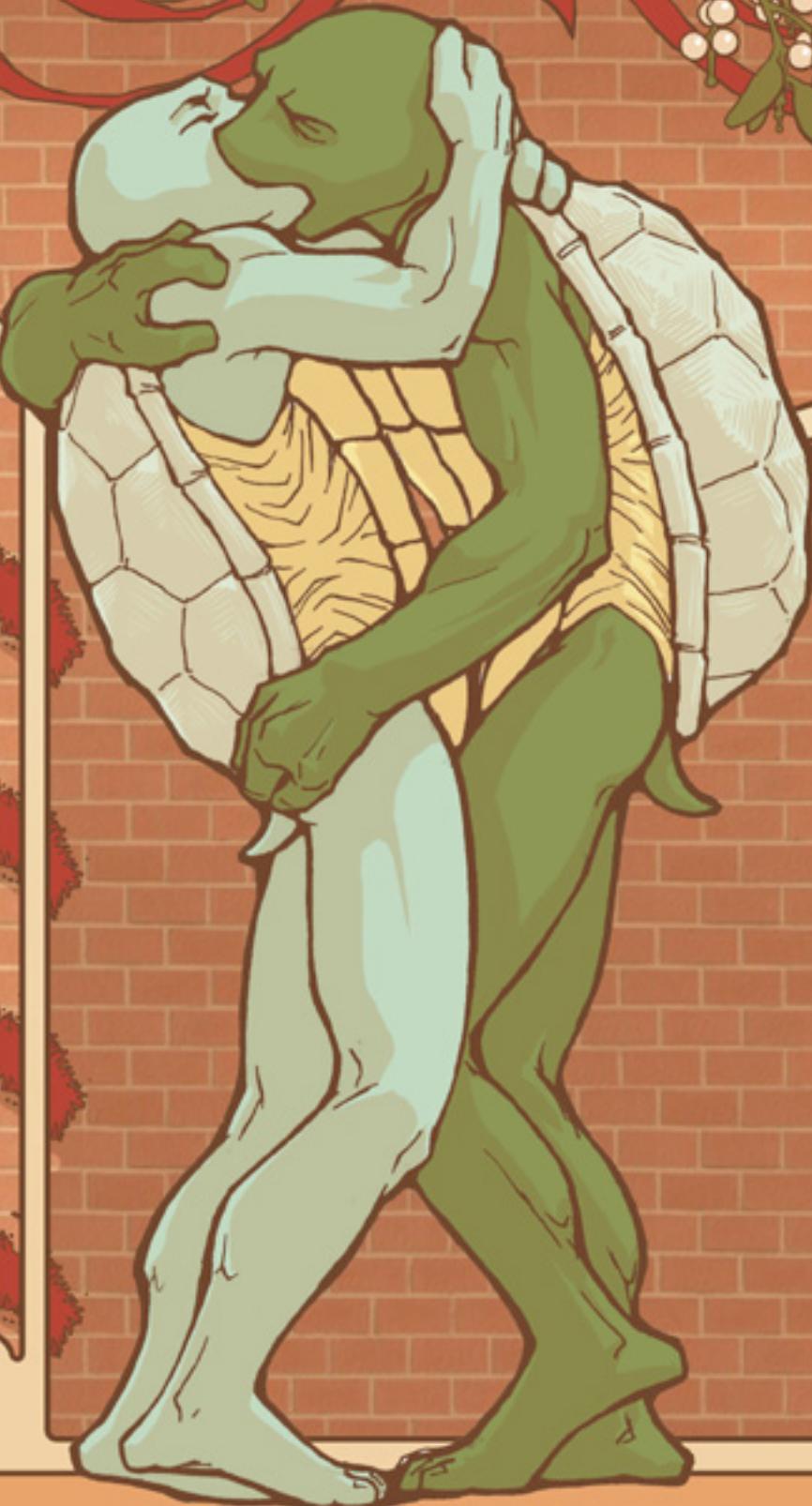
Fin

SOMEONE WANTS
TO OPEN HIS
CHRISTMAS **GIFT**?

OH MY F....
YEEEAH!

Devivo

MERRY CHRISTMAS



MISTLETOE

MICHELANGELO RAPHAEL



Miracle

Precious seconds wasted as they gathered up their spare weapons, and Leonardo struggled not to pace as they waited for Donatello to grab another bag of tricks. He watched Raphael stalk back and forth around the open door, but he held silent. Raphael hadn't run off on his own.

A small miracle when Michelangelo was missing.

Finally Donatello came running, another duffel bag slung over his shoulder, and without a word they all ran out of the lair and into the tunnels. Without Splinter, the lair felt too quiet and still. Without Michelangelo, it felt like a tomb.

At the first manhole cover, they came out onto the street, not caring if anyone saw. Recklessly crossing under streetlamps and heading up old metal fire escapes, they moved as if they were all alone in the world. Leaping over alleys, vaulting over wide streets, they moved not with the confidence of years of training but with the desperation of no time left.

In the back of his mind, Leonardo wondered at the lack of cold he felt. He barely noticed the falling snow, and when he ran over patches of ice, he didn't feel the chill. His breath didn't seem to fog and the wind—there had to be wind, he could see it pushing the snow—didn't touch him.

The cars below were silent. Lights occasionally flickered, but he heard nothing of the city's pulse. The carols on the radio, the horns, the voices, the birds, dogs, cats, humans, all of it mixing together into a cacophony—none of it reached him. He felt as if he was underwater, and every sound was muted.

They reached the bridge faster than they should have. Leonardo didn't understand how they moved so quickly. The city blocks blurred and then they were at the twisted wreck of cables and pavement that used to be the middle of the Manhattan bridge.

Part of it still stood, but as they passed the abandoned cars and the people who strangely didn't scream as they ran by, they saw that much of it was held together only by a few cables and strong supports that were already beginning to buckle. The old construction was solid, but it had never been designed to withstand alien armaments.

They were in luck. They'd arrived before any ambulances or police cars. Stepping over foot ninja that had been blasted to pieces, they picked their way through the broken rubble made slick by blood and ice. As they reached the center of the blast, the bridge sharply dropped. Both levels of the bridge had been destroyed. Long slabs of concrete and rebar slanted and disappeared in the water, surrounded by floating debris and chunks of steel as big as islands.

"There," Raphael said, but he didn't have to say anything.

Michelangelo stood out like a flame in the darkness, drawing their look. Sitting sprawled on one of the floes of concrete, he stared at the mass of twisted steel without moving. Snow covered most of his body, making him blend into the ice.

Raphael called out, but Michelangelo didn't turn. He took a step towards the edge, about to leap down towards him, but Leonardo touched his arm. Raphael stilled and glanced down at him.

"You're too heavy," Leonardo said softly, examining the lay of the water. "Too much weight could make all of that shift."

There was no argument. Over the past few years, Raphael had enjoyed a few more growth spurts, more than the rest of them. Leonardo had not. When it became clear that the eldest would end up being the smallest, any teasing had stopped. It wasn't something they even talked much about. Strange that Leonardo felt nothing as he said it.

Donatello tied the rope around his waist and gave the other end to Raphael. Both held tight as Leonardo made his way down, sliding over the wet concrete and splashing the icy water swamping one of the slabs. It tilted slightly underfoot, and he waited until it steadied again before moving.

Stretching out on his stomach, he spread his weight as evenly as he could and crept to the next slab, using the jutting rebar as a handle to draw closer to his brother. He called out again, but Michelangelo didn't move. He felt no fear that his brother was dead. He simply felt a need to reach him, to touch him.

When he reached the end of the next debris, he slipped into the water and swam a few feet to the last bit of concrete between him and Michelangelo. He felt a touch of confusion as to why he didn't feel the cold leeching his strength, but he reached his brother easily and climbed up onto the slab with him. It tilted, but not enough to send him back into the water.

"Please," Michelangelo whispered. He showed no signs of noticing Leonardo. "Please bring them back. Please, please, please. I need them. Please. Please. Please—"

"Mike?"

He touched his brother's shoulder, and the world snapped back into place.

The rush of sound and feeling overwhelmed him. He pressed his hands over his ears and bent over, pressing against the pavement. The river flowing around him, the sirens coming closer, the winter water soaking him to the bone—he shivered and found himself caught in warm arms.

"You're alive," Michelangelo whispered, clinging to him so tight it hurt. "Thank you, thank you, thank you..."

A moment passed before Leonardo heard Raphael's distant voice calling back from the bridge. He looked up in surprise. It hadn't seemed that far when he came down. There was a sharp tug on the rope around his waist, and then Michelangelo kept a strong grip on him as they both went into the water.

The cold stole Leonardo's breath. How had he managed before? He struggled to pull his own weight, keeping his head out of the water until they could climb up onto the next bit of debris. The way back still looked insurmountably long, and he closed his eyes so he didn't have to see as they moved.

Long minutes passed. He didn't feel the snow landing on him anymore. He was sure that he couldn't feel the river and the bridge beneath him, that his legs had stopped working, but he only realized that he was being pulled up with Michelangelo when they hit the edge. Rough concrete scraped his skin and he winced, but at last they were safe.

Someone picked him up. Their hands felt like fire and he winced in pain. Their touch hurt worse than the water below. He forced his eyes to open and spotted Raphael hefting their little brother. Michelangelo looked battered and tired, but Raphael was smiling.

Between them, over Raphael's shoulder, Leonardo spotted something. He narrowed his eyes, and as Donatello stood up, for a brief moment Leonardo saw it clearly.

The hilt of his sword jammed between two slabs of concrete. Something red fluttered near it, the ends of a bandana disappearing under tons of steel.

He stared at Raphael again to make sure his brother was there. A second later they were running again, heading back home out of the cold. He heard Raphael breathing, saw the breath fogging out of his mouth. Donatello slipped a few times on ice, nearly sending them tumbling, but the pavement underfoot was rough and saved them from falling.

Silent, cautious, they clung to the shadows and disappeared back into the underground through a storm drain, staying out of the water when they could. As dark as the tunnels were, the air stayed warmer and kept out most of the ice. Home took a long time to reach, but by the time they did, Leonardo could walk as long as Donatello kept an arm around him.

The strange feeling of disconnect, of hearing things like a blur, faded completely. Michelangelo beside him on the couch, Donatello kneeling in front of them to towel them dry, Raphael coming back with a heavy blanket that he dropped on top of them...all of it felt real. Painfully real, as he felt his legs warming up and aching.

"Dumbass," Raphael muttered, rubbing his arms and legs. "Yeah, you weigh less. Didn't you think that'd turn against you in the water?"

"Didn't feel it at first," Leonardo whispered. His voice scraped his throat.

"And you," Raphael said as he turned toward Michelangelo. Now that his little brother was all right, he felt like hitting him. "Why'd you stay put? You should've come home. We had time to come here and back."

They all paused. Michelangelo looked up at him, his eyes hollow and tired. In the silence, they had the luxury of taking time to think about the night's events. One by one, they each frowned and looked at each other hoping to see some kind of understanding in their eyes. Unease settled in their stomachs.

"Guys," Donatello whispered. "I don't remember coming home the first time."

Michelangelo reached forward and grabbed his brother's hands, holding them not for comfort or warmth but to reassure himself that Donatello was there.

"I saw you disappear under the water," Michelangelo mumbled. The weather had made his voice razor thin. "Your staff floated for a couple seconds, and then it disappeared."

"I...didn't touch the water tonight," Donatello argued. "I was dry when we got back to the bridge."

"Mike," Leonardo said. "I saw my sword in the bridge. Next to Raph's mask."

"The bridge collapsed," Michelangelo said simply. He closed his eyes and lowered his head. "When I looked up, I was alone."

Silence. Donatello climbed up onto the couch next to him and pulled the blanket tight around them. Raphael didn't fit with them, but he took his usual seat on the floor and leaned in his lap, not saying anything. The lair felt quiet and still, fragile. The slightest noise could tip it precariously into darkness. The whole world felt frozen, and only this little spot of warmth felt alive.

"Mike..."

Leonardo's whisper felt like a shout. Michelangelo barely looked out of the corner of his eye at him.

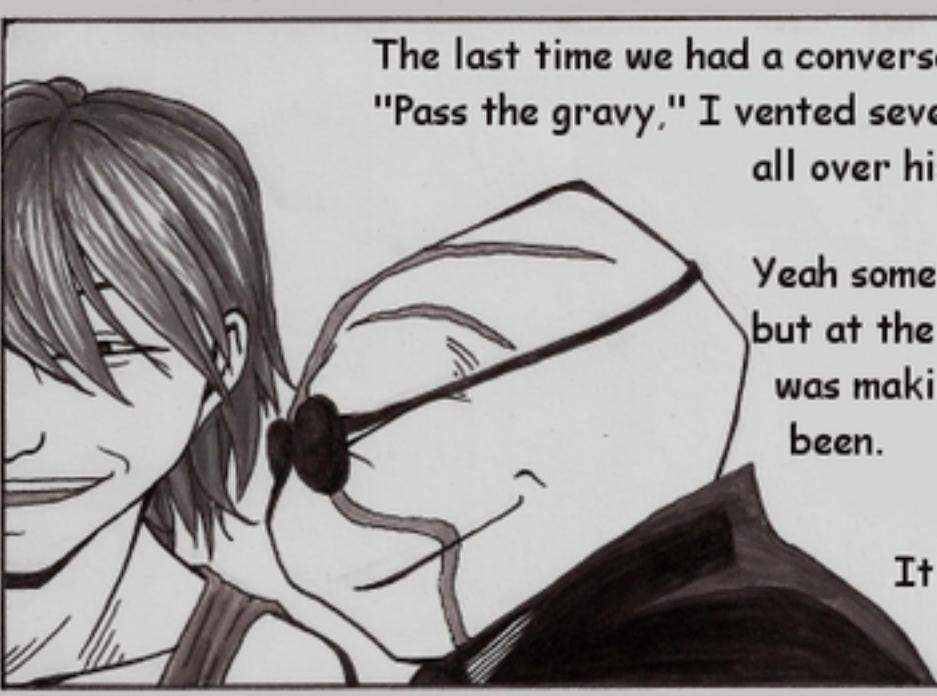
"Mike, when I reached you, I heard you praying."

A nod, almost imperceptible. Michelangelo might have been shivering for all he moved.

"Who were you praying to?"

Michelangelo's eyes widened as he realized what Leonardo meant.

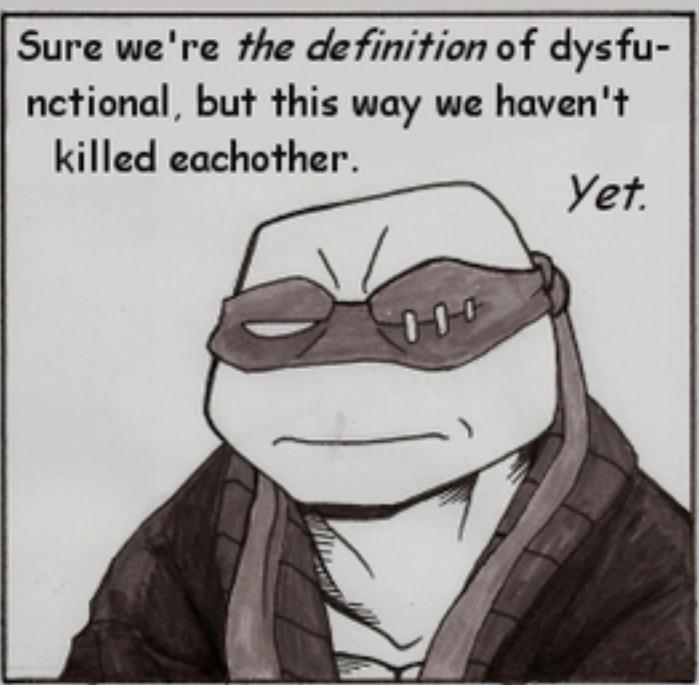
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The last time we had a conversation more complicated than "Pass the gravy," I vented seven years worth of my spleen all over him.

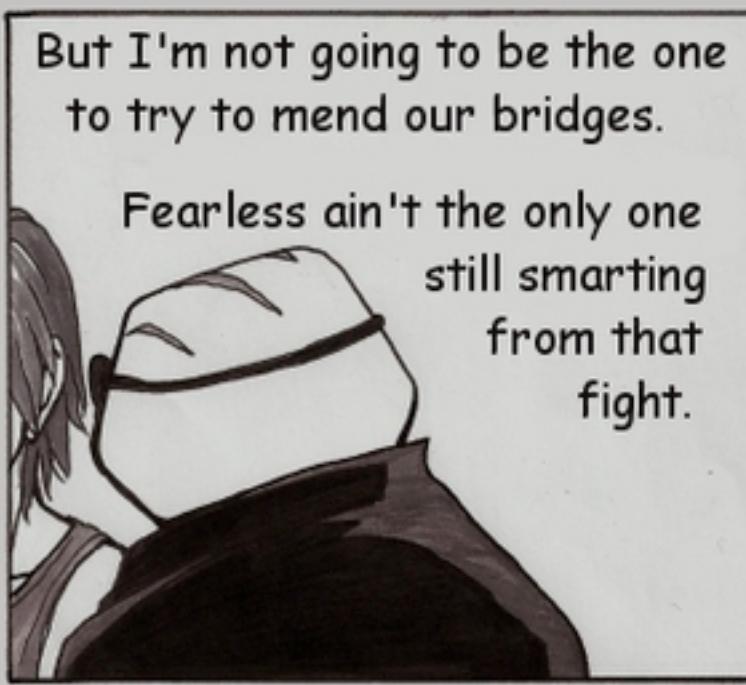
Yeah some of the stuff I said was evil, but at the time all I could think about was making him hurt as much as I had been.

It's been five years since our little "falling out."



Sure we're the definition of dysfunctional, but this way we haven't killed each other.

Yet.



But I'm not going to be the one to try to mend our bridges.

Fearless ain't the only one still smarting from that fight.



If Don were here, we'd've made up by now. But he's not. And that's what started this downward spiral into the crapper.



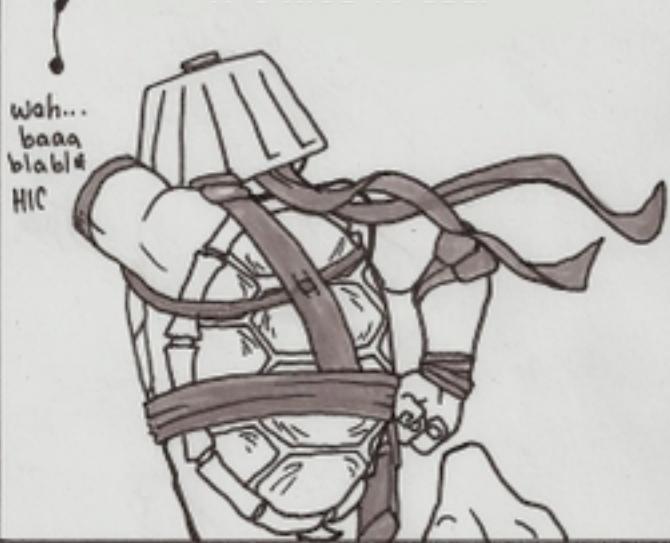
I'm not holding my breath. Don's not comming back. I don't think Don's alive. No matter what Master Splinter said.



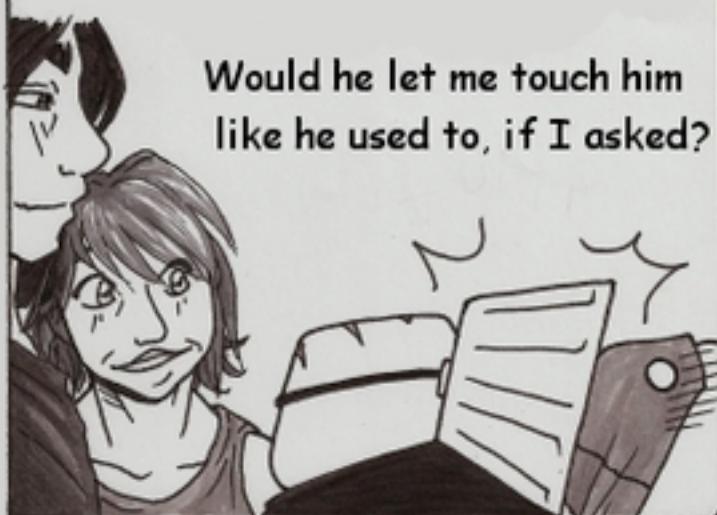
So instead of enjoy the only day of the year we spend any time near each other anymore, I'm on the other side of the room drowning my resentment and wounded pride in beer and eggnog.



Even if it's only alcohol-induced, it's nice to see.



I wonder what he would do if I went up to him just to say something.



Would he let me touch him like he used to, if I asked?

I haven't thought of him like that since our little "falling out".

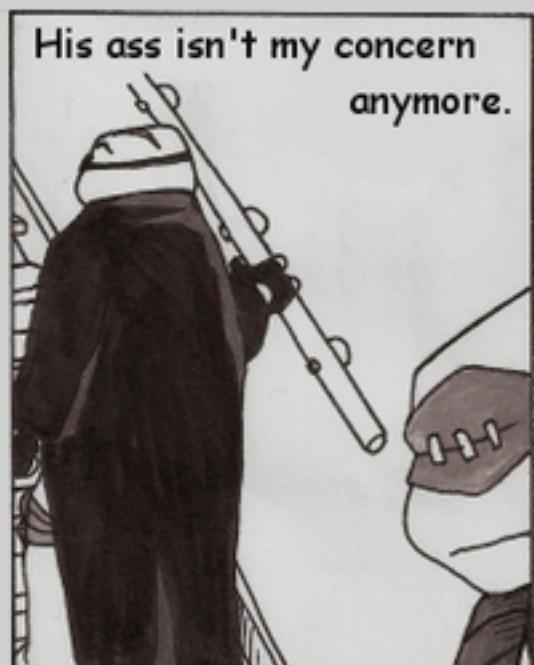
He let me know his REAL opinion of my.... attentions.



But, whatever. It's not like I give a crap anymore. If he wants to keep that stick up his ass, it's fine by me.

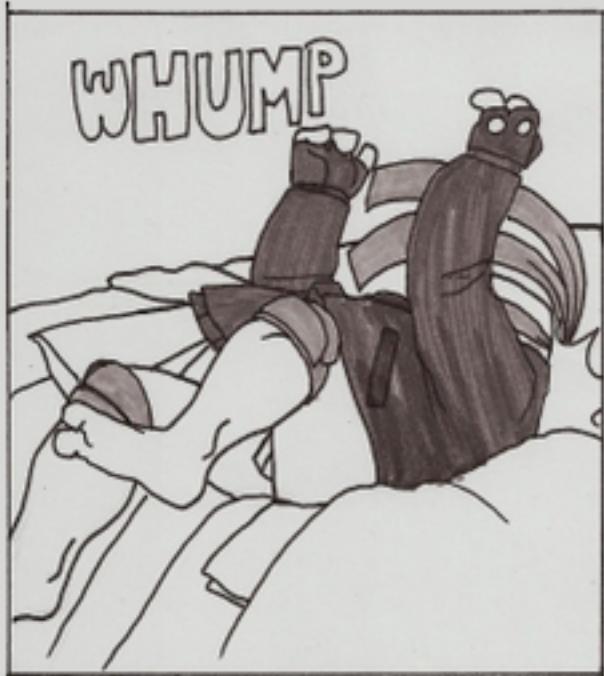


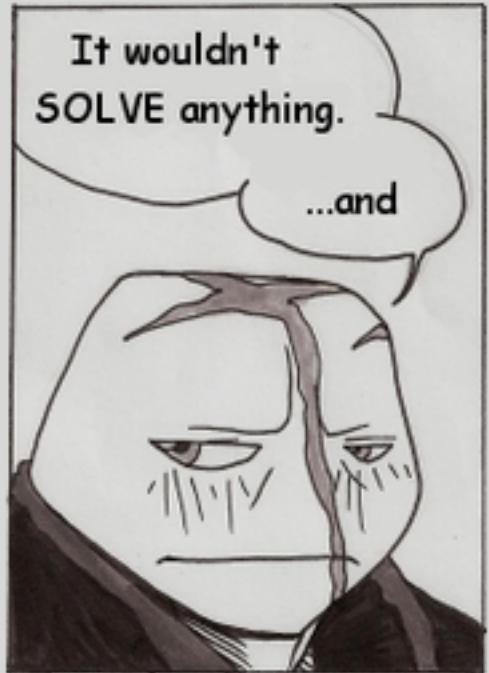
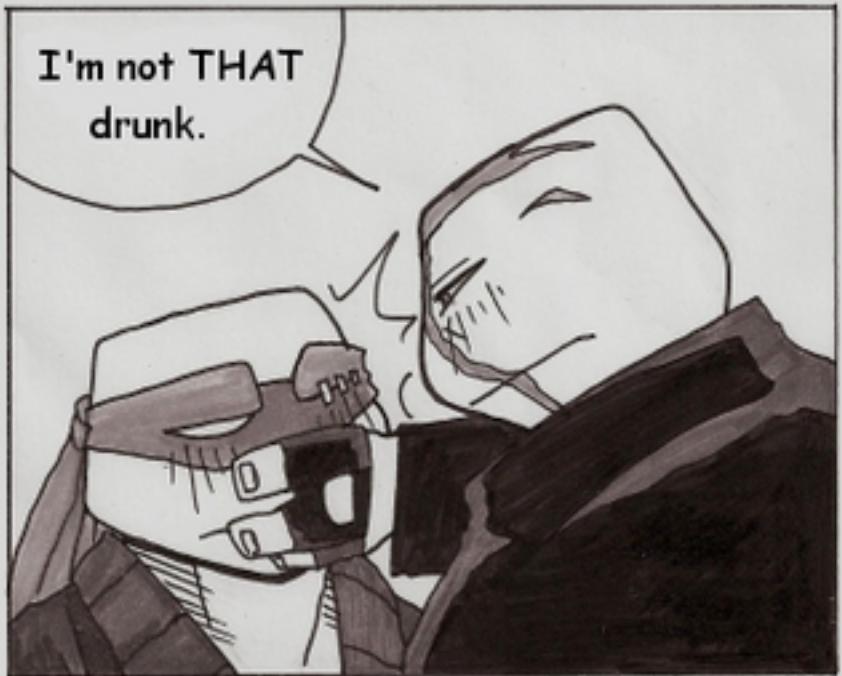
His ass isn't my concern anymore.











*It's never just
a kiss with you.*

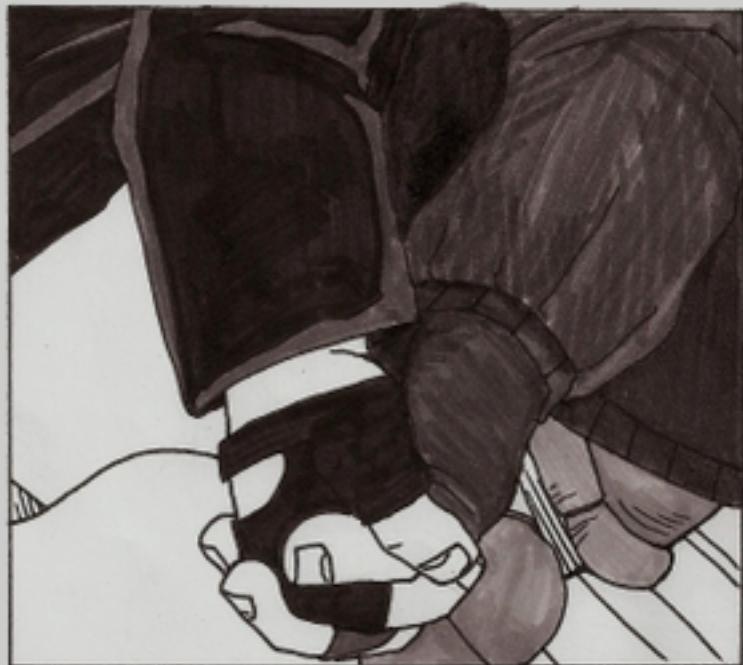
hothead.

top

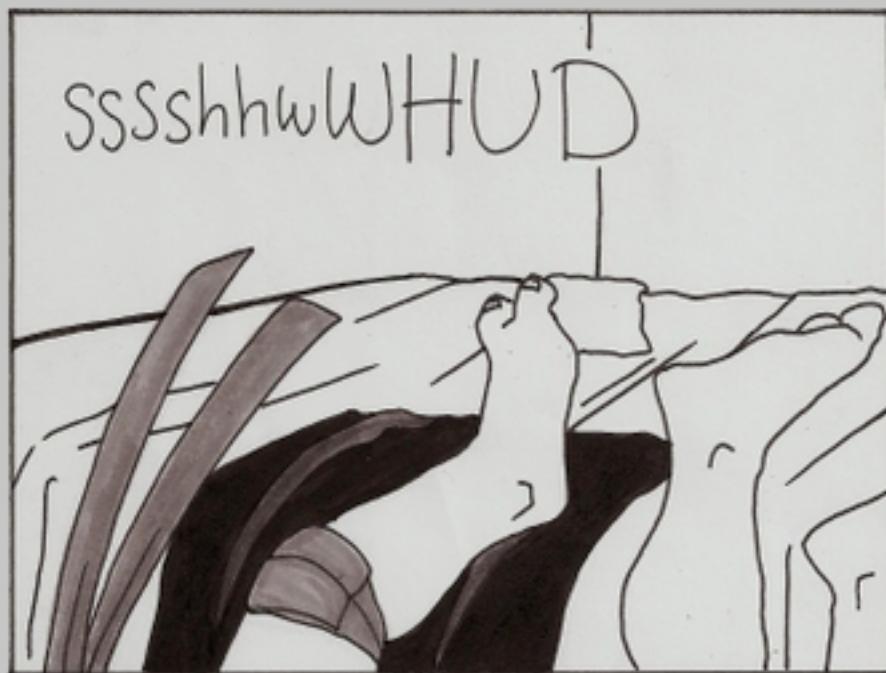
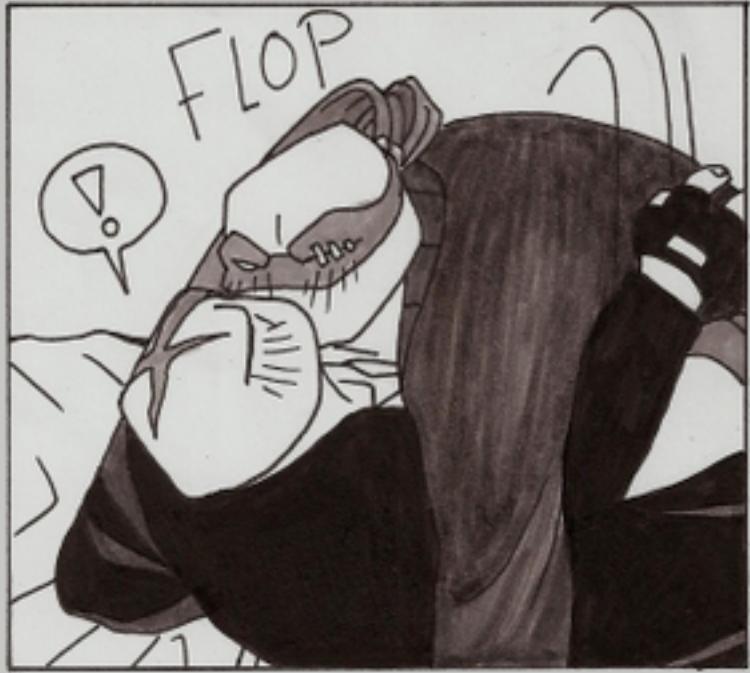


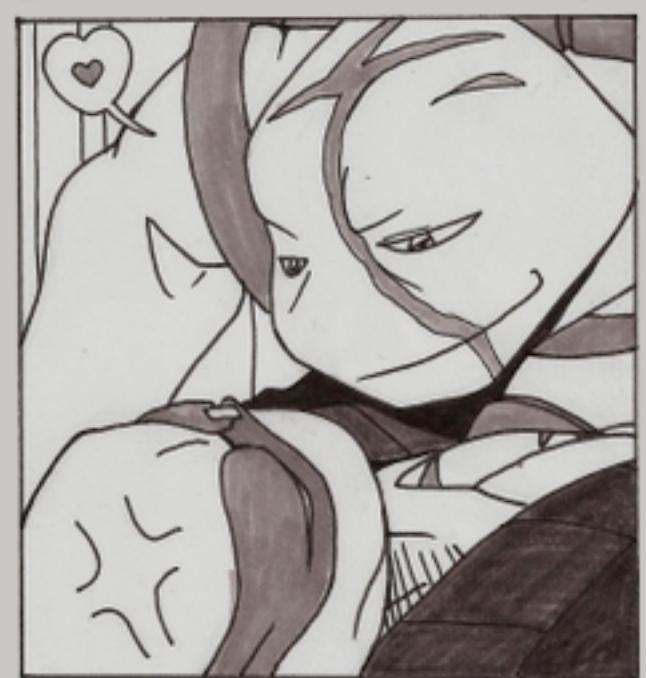
Leo...

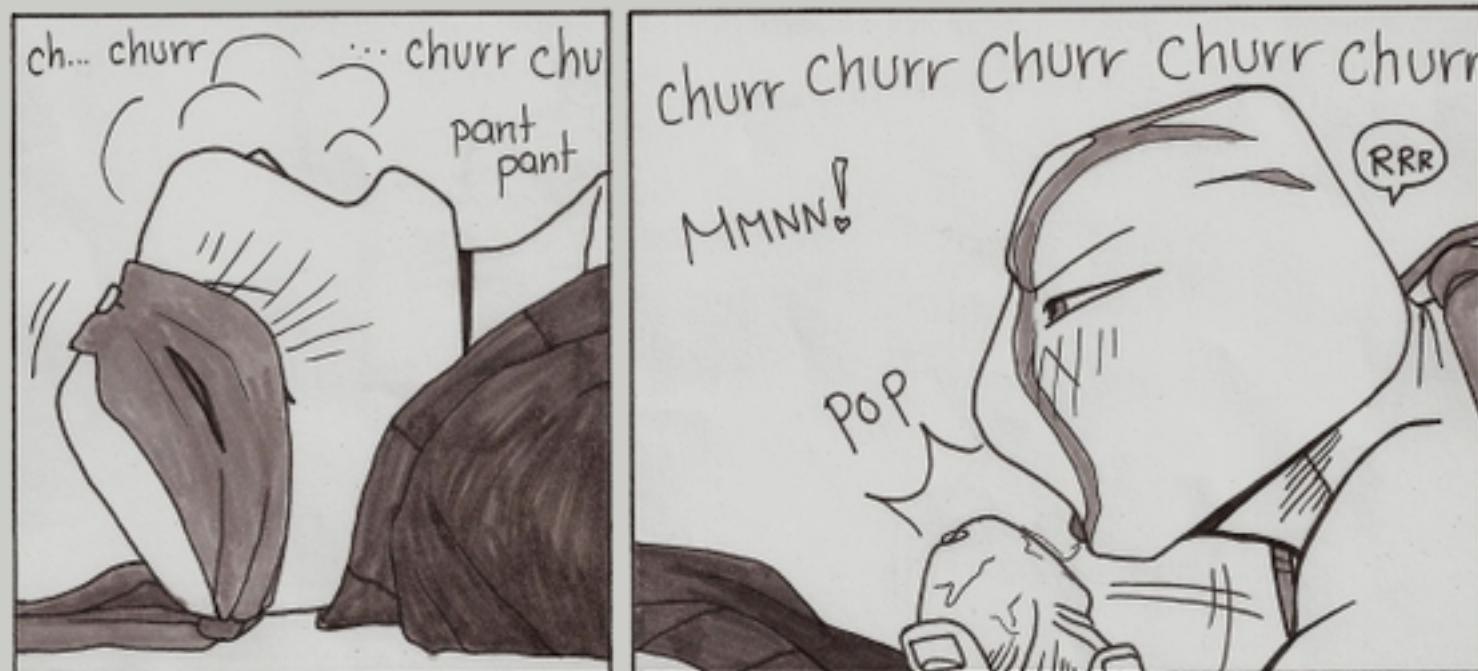
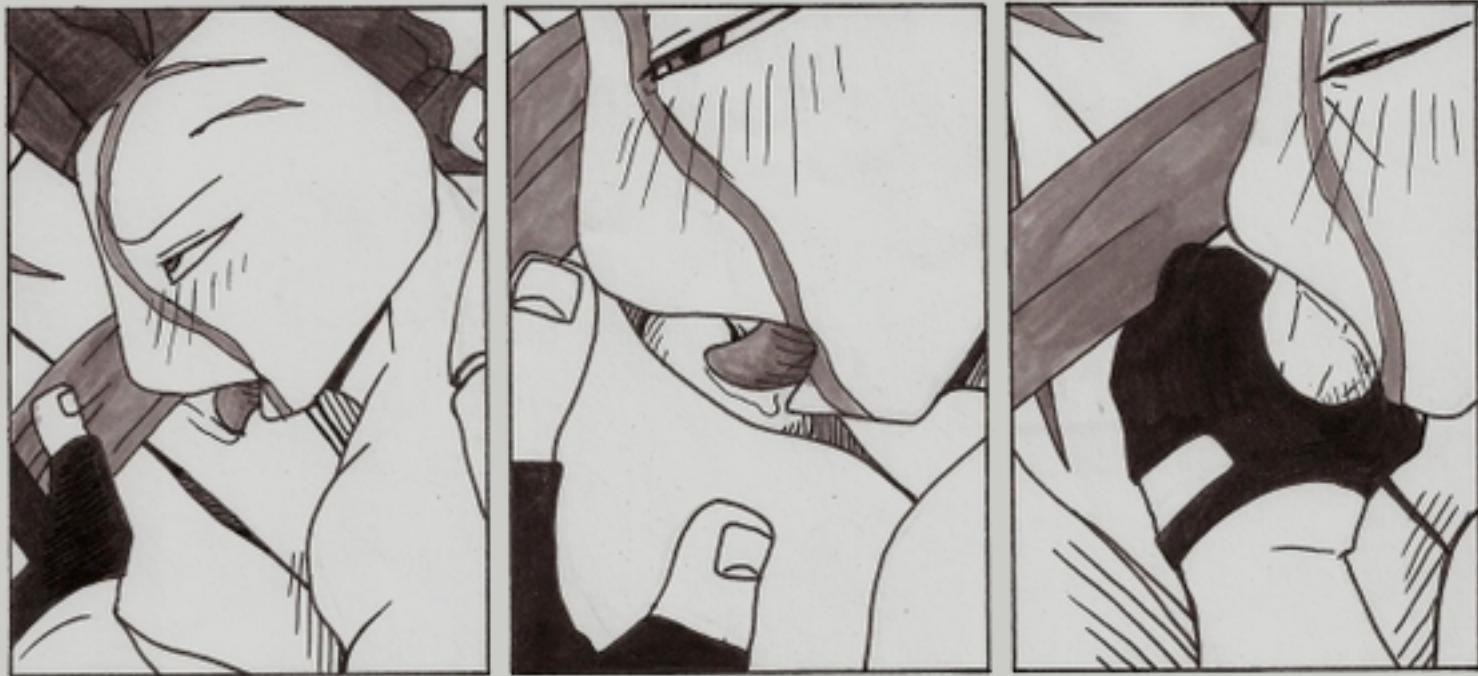
*That's the
POINT.*











You're churring like a motor.
Either shut up or I gag you.

Stupped?
WHY?!

ch....

Wh-
huh?

**HO-LY
SHIIIT!**

bite?

Are you listening
now?

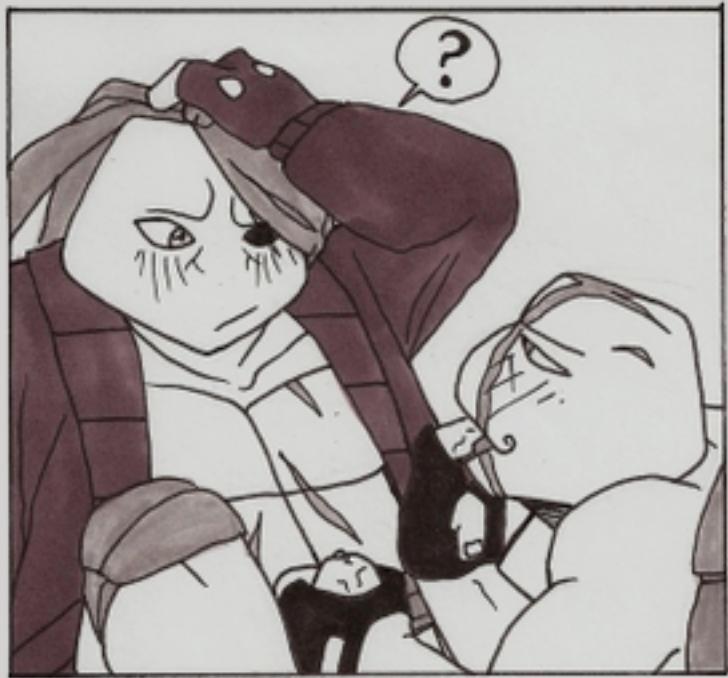
Good.

You may have
started this,
but I'll end it.

You make a single noise to
alert anyone to our
presence and I go ghost.

Rrrrrr

Fine.

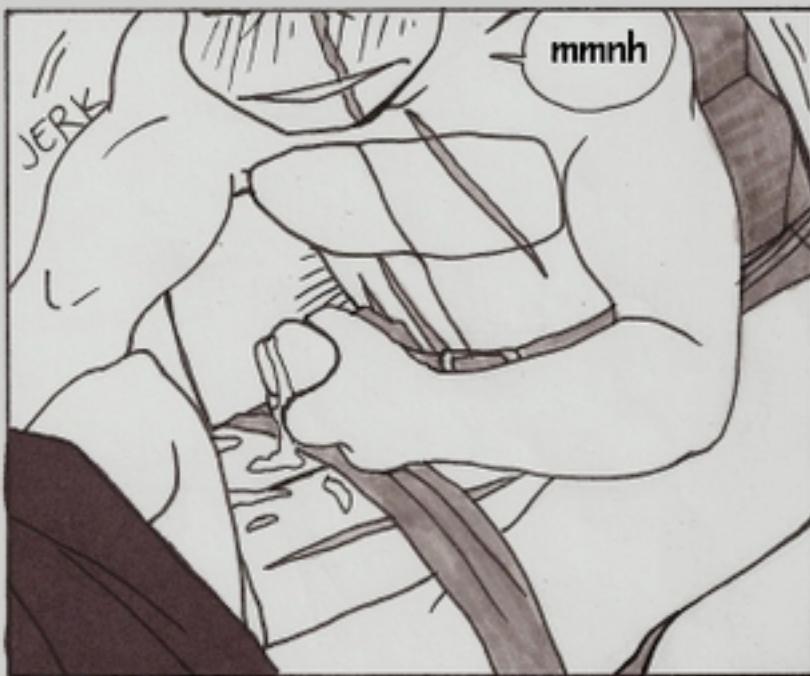
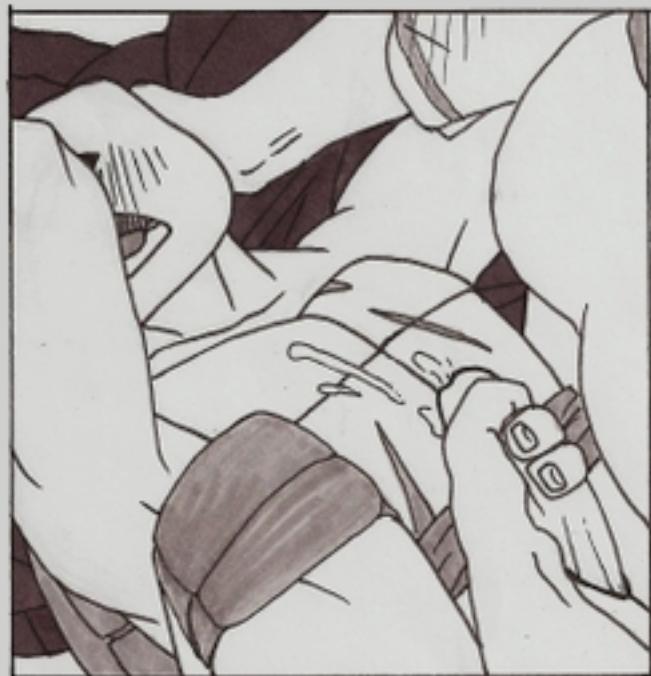




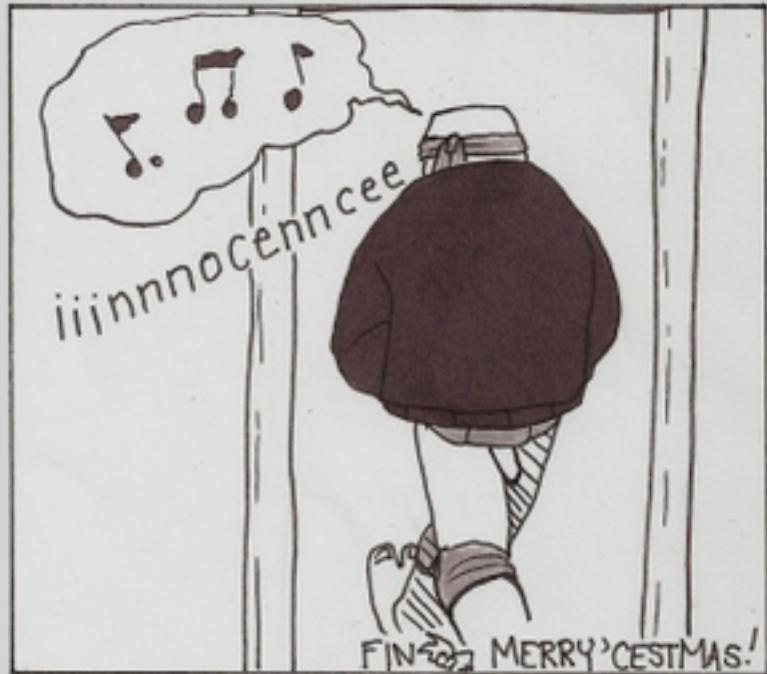
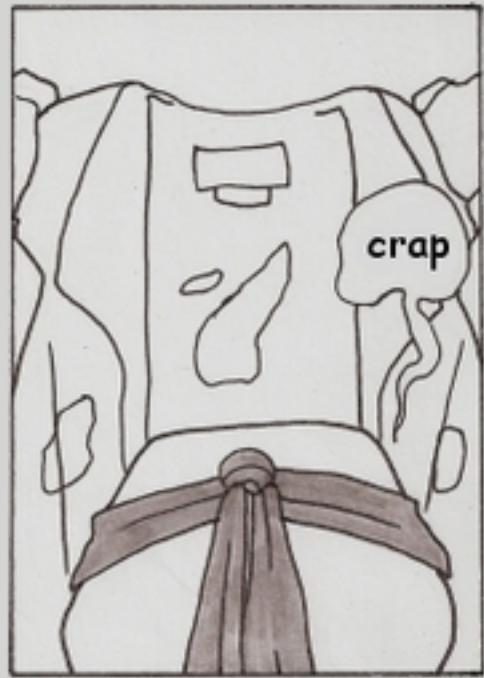
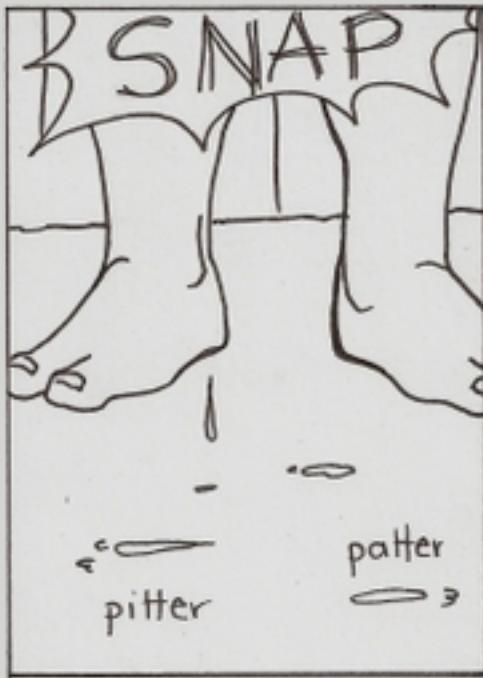
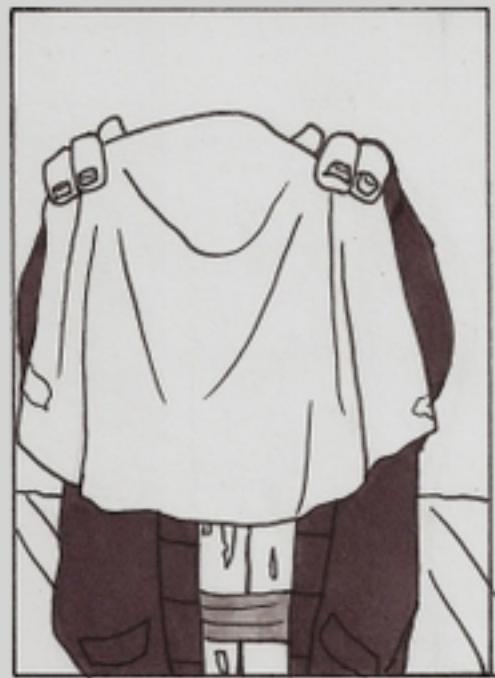
PENETRATION











GAK!



YAY!

SANTA =
AWESOME!





All I want for Christmas is...

It still don't feel right, Leo being home now. You think it would, you know? Like a missing piece falling into place. Except it's not. While Leo was gone I could pretend, you know? Pretend I didn't want him, didn't need him around, and that we were just fine without him. I'd work myself until I was bone tired and I couldn't keep my eyes open, just so I wouldn't dream.

'Cause when I dream, it's always about him.

~~

Mikey was really excited about Christmas this year, it being the first Christmas that we've all been together as a family in two years. We opted to have a small thing this year, just us and April and Casey, but then it turned out it was gonna be just us since April and Casey were gonna spend the holiday with his family. Mikey was going all out, though. Lights were strung up all over the lair, along with ropes of sparkly shit and wreaths and bits of holly. I made myself busy, helping with the decorations and planning the menu, anything to avoid being alone with Leo, who seemed dead set on getting me alone. It was so awkward when we were together, the strained silence between us as we both tried to pretend everything really was okay after the roof, after all the bullshit with Winters, after he *abandoned us for two God damned years* and fuck if I didn't still care about him, still *love him* even after that, because he's *Leo*, and I'm a pathetic bastard who can't help himself.

My relationship with Leo was strained and awkward and an almost tentative truce between us after years of fighting, and I didn't want to fuck that up. So I did what any good ninja would do: I avoided him. And meal times. And I spent most of my free time with Casey, busting skulls and listening to him get sappy about April and how he asked her to marry him and she said yes and blah blah blah. Like she would say no. April ain't stupid.

They're lucky, that they can be together openly, and not have people say it's wrong, or whatever. Leo and I, though.... when I was younger, I used to think about what it would be like if we were lovers... but if the others found out about it, or Master Splinter...

It's nothing but a dream, anyway, and it would be better for everyone if it stayed that way.

~~

It was only a few more days until Christmas and I hadn't even bought Leo a present. Everyone else was taken care of except for him and I felt like I was floundering. Like the present I gave him this year would *mean* something, be a fucking *symbol*. A lot was riding on this present, it felt like, and I couldn't screw it up or I'd damage any semblance of a relationship I *did* have with Leo beyond all repair.

I slammed my fist into the wall and headed out of my room to the dojo, where I could work out and get my head clear, but Leo was already in there, practicing his katas. He hadn't noticed me yet, so I stood in the doorway and watched.

It was like I was thirteen again, watching Leo go through his katas like I was seeing him for the first time: the slope of his shell, the line of his shoulders, the way he moved so damn gracefully while I always tripped over myself because my feet felt like they weren't where they should have been; and I had always run away before he caught me looking.

And here I was, watching him move and wanting so badly just to reach out and touch-
Leo turned then, catching me standing there with my hand half reached out to him looking like some kind of idiot, and he had the nerve to smile at me, all soft and warm and-

"Hey, Raph. Did you need something?"

"I – um – uh," I stuttered as my mind screamed at me to get out of there and oh hell.
"Nothin'." I snapped, harsher than I meant to, and turned to leave. "S'not important."

"Raph, wait-!"

Keep walking, I said to myself, Keep walking and don't turn around. I stopped in the doorway, "...Yeah?"

"This is the first time we've been alone together since..." He trailed off, "I just want to talk to you."

I turned to face him, frowning, "What about?"

"How you've been? I... I feel like I haven't seen you at all outside of practice," Leo looked down at his hands, almost sheepish. "I miss you."

"Geez, Leo, I'm right here," I said, hoping my laugh wasn't as strained as it felt.

"Yeah... you are, aren't you...?" He murmured, more to himself than anything, I guess, because he wasn't looking at me, and then suddenly he was, his face set and determined.

"Leo...?"

"Why have you been avoiding me?"

"I haven't been avoiding you, Leo."

"Alright then, why have you been avoiding everyone except Casey?" Leo's hand flung out, "I mean, when you're not out with him you're holed up in your room! I – We don't even see you at meal times!"

"I've been busy, Leo!" My hackles were up as I crossed my arms over my chest, defensive. "Do I need to report everything I do to you?!"

"I would like to know what's so important that you can't spend time with your family! With *me*—" He cut himself off, as if he had said too much or something. I ignored it.

"It's none of your business, Leo!" It was like I was running on autopilot, falling back into an old routine that was safe. Familiar. Not me having wet dreams about my brother at night and hiding at Casey's place so I wouldn't have to see him and feel awkward and clumsy and—

Leo opened his mouth, like he wanted to say something, but he stopped, slumping almost like he was defeated. "I guess it's not. ...Will you at least come to din-?"

"No." I snarled and stalked out of the dojo and out of the lair before breaking into a blind panicked run to Casey's apartment.

~~

Casey pointed at me with the hand that held his beer, "You're seriously telling me that you've been repressing feelings for Leo since you were thirteen?"

"Oh shut up, Casey," I grumbled around the mouth of my own bottle of beer, "I knew I shouldn't have said anything."

"Nah, nah, Raphie, it's cool. I'm just trying to figure out why you never said anything to him."

"Uh, other than the fact that he doesn't feel the same, and it would destroy the entire family? I dunno, Casey, why do you think I haven't said anything?" I snapped at him.

"'Cause - Oh COME ON! That asshole totally high stucked him! Fucking blind ref...."

"...Hey, Case?"

"God damn son of a- huh? Yeah, Raph?"

"....well, what were you gonna say?!" I snapped at him. Fuckin' bonehead.

"Oh. Well, I was gonna say it's because you built up this huge thing of how everyone would react, you know? I mean, you told me, and did I react the way you thought I would?"

I thought about it. "...no, actually. You're pretty chill with me being in love with my brother."

Casey shrugged, "It's not like you got that many options, Raphie. I mean, I'd totally bang you, except for how I'm straight and gonna marry April."

I stared at him, "...are you drunk already?"

"What? No! Look, I'm just saying that you were bound to start thinkin' about it, you know?" He shrugged. "Seriously, Raph, I think you should go for it."

I shook my head, "Things are just so *weird* now. I was able to deal with it before he left, and while he was gone, but now that Leo's back it's gotten ten times more intense."

I keep having these dreams about him, and-well, yeah. And he keeps wanting to talk to me alone, which means he probably wants to talk about what happened on the roof, which I *don't* want to talk about and-

"Hey, have you gotten him a gift for Christmas yet?"

Well fuck.

I knew I forgot something.

~~

It was two in the morning when I finally figured out what I should get Leo; it should have been obvious, and I felt stupid for not even thinking of it before since when I first saw the damn this I thought 'Hey, Leo would like that'; and ran to April's. She had gotten this Chinese tea set in at the shop, a little pot with only two cups, painted a deep blue with white cranes and green bamboo. I crawled into her apartment through the unlocked window in her kitchen. I made a mental note to yell at her about that when suddenly the light went on and nearly blinded me. "Ah fuck!"

"*Raph,*" She seemed relieved as she lowered the bat she held. "You scared the *crap* out of me! What's up?"

"I, uh, thought of what I wanted to get for Leo." I felt really stupid saying it out loud. *Gee April, I'm breaking into your apartment in the middle of the night so I can get Leo a gift...*

"....And you couldn't just tell me what you wanted so I could wrap it for you in the morning?"

I hunched my shoulders, "I... didn't wanna wait." Make that really *really* fucking stupid.

April sighed and tucked her hair behind her ear, "Come on, let's go get your gift for Leo."

"...you're not mad?"

"What? No, I'm not mad at you." She tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. "...Casey told me you were having a rough time dealing with Leo being home again."

Trust Casey not to be able to keep his fucking trap shut. "What did he tell you?" I glared at her.

"Exactly what I just said, that you've been having a rough time."

...Okay, maybe the big lug can keep his trap shut, "...sort of."

"Come on. What did you want for him?"

"That blue tea set..."

"Lucky you I haven't sold it yet," She grinned as we walked down to the store.

-

"....could I ask you to get something for me? As part of my gift, I mean..." I asked her as she packed up the tea set, wrapping it in newspaper so it wouldn't break on the way back.

"What do you need?"

"Um, one of those tea strainer things and loose jasmine tea..."

"Should the strainer fit in the pot?"

I looked up at her, "That would be awesome."

"No problem. I thought Leo liked green tea, though?"

"Nah. Splinter does, so Leo drinks it 'cause we only have the one pot, so I was thinking, if I got him his own..." I snapped my jaw shut and glared at her, "Don't you *dare* tell anyone about this, April."

"I wouldn't dream of it, Raph," She said patiently as she finished wrapping the set and putting it in a box. "...you know if you need to talk, you can come to me, too, right?"

I blinked at her, and she was giving me that sincere look she gets when she's concerned about something, and I shook my head. "I know, but... it's complicated."

"Isn't it always?" She smiled and gave me a hug, "Still. My window's always open."

"Yeah, about that, keep 'em locked, will ya'? I don't need to lose any more sleep because I'm worried some jackass is gonna break into your place."

She rolled her eyes but nodded, "Okay, Raphie."

"Good." I looked down at the box on the counter before I dug into the pouch in my belt and pulled out crumpled bills, all that was left of the money I'd been collecting all year, "Um, for the set and the strainer and tea..." I put it in her hand.

April blinked, "Raph, why are you-?"

"This is a legitimate transaction, Ape," I scowled at her, "I wasn't gonna *steal* the damn thing after all."

"...I'll make sure you get change."

"Nah, keep it. Get yourself something pretty," I grinned at her, "If there's enough left, anyway..."

She rolled her eyes again, "Now you sound like my uncle when he would send me out to get him smokes... Hang on, I'm not sending you back out in this weather without at least a scarf. Honestly, Raph, what were you *thinking*?"

"I wasn't," I shrugged, "You know how it is when you get the need to do something *right now*."

"Yeah. C'mere," She wrapped a scarf around my neck and tugged a hat on my head.

"Be careful going home, okay? It's cold out there."

"...I'll get these back to you tomorrow.thanks again, April."

"Anytime, Raph." She grinned and let me out the back door and I vanished down into the sewers, the box clutched in my hands like it was the last thing in the world that would keep me sane.

Maybe it was.

~~

Leo's gift was complete and wrapped the morning of Christmas Eve, and we still hadn't spoken since the - fight? Sort of? - in the dojo a few days ago. Well, I haven't spoken to him, he's tried to talk to me, to get me alone, and I've avoided him in a manly and macho fashion.

... okay, so I ran away. Shut the fuck up.

The tree was trimmed and the Lair even more decorated, and whatever Mikey was doing in the kitchen smelled fantastic. Leo and Donnie had gone out to deliver presents to people we weren't gonna see, and I was helping Sensei put the presents under the tree and running interference between Klunk and the ornaments. I managed to save four of the five she went after, though once she broke one of the glass baubles we had collected over the years, she kept away from the tree out of fear.

I can see now how true the saying is about how pets and owners resemble each other after a while. She's as much of a ditz as Mikey is, the poor thing.

"We're home!" Leo called as he and Donnie walked in, shaking the snow out of their hats. "It's really coming down out there. It'd be pretty if I didn't think my shell would fall off from the cold."

"Awww, what's the matter, Leo? Too cold up North for you now that you've been to Central America?" Donatello teased.

"You make me sound like an old man, Donnie," Leo grumbled, hanging up his coat.

"Guys, Sensei, dinner!"

I watched Leo and Donnie bicker into the kitchen, and Sensei set a clawed hand on my arm, "You will be eating with us tonight, Raphael." Sensei tilted his head to peer at me, and I knew it wasn't a question, it was an order.

"Yeah. ...Sorry I've been such a flake, Sensei." I murmured, "I've just... had a lot on my mind."

"Concerning Leonardo, yes?"

How does he do that? "Yeah..."

Sensei nodded, "I understand my son. Should you need to, you know I am always here for you to talk to."

"...I think I need to figure this one out on my own, Sensei.."

He smiled at me, "Do it soon.... I miss my son."

I watched as Sensei headed into the kitchen.

Great. Way to help with the issue, Dad.

~~

Sensei was in bed, and Donnie and Mikey were passed out on the couch together, the TV and the lights strung about on the tree the only glow in the room. I moved about as silently as I could with a giant trash bag, cleaning up the mess we had left of ribbon and paper and popcorn when a hand on my shoulder made me jump.

"Ga-!" I cut my cry off and glanced at Mikey and Donnie. Still asleep. "Geez, Leo," I whispered, "Way to give me a heart attack." I went back to cleaning up, ignoring how Leo watched me even as he tucked blankets up over Mike and Don and followed me into the kitchen.

"Hey, Raph?" He murmured, his voice a low, sexy rumble, and my heart did a little flip flop. *He doesn't mean to sound like that, I hissed at myself, He just doesn't want to wake up anyone.*

"Y-yeah?" I didn't look at him as I put dishes and mugs in the sink, even started to wash them, which was supposed to be Donnie's job tonight, just to have an excuse not to look at Leo.

"...can we talk?"

"Again with the talking, Leo?" I tried to sound flippant and hoped Leo didn't notice my hands shaking as I set aside mugs to dry.

"...Right then. No talking." Leo grabbed my chin and turned my head to face him before pressing his beak to mine, kissing me. I froze, the mug I was washing slipping from my fingers into the sudsy water. I couldn't move, couldn't even *breathe*, because there was no way this was happening. I just had too much spiked eggnog and was dreaming, or something, because Leo was certainly not kissing me. He stroked his tongue along my mouth, his eyes half lidded and dark and watching *me* as he pulled away only the barest of distances and I could feel his breath puff against my mouth.

"...Leo?" This wasn't happening. It wasn't. Leo *wasn't* supposed to- *he wasn't supposed to find out, damn it!*

"...this is what I've been trying to tell you, Raph," He murmured against my mouth. "This whole time, since I've come home... no, before that, even... I've wanted this, wanted *you*."

My chest was tight, I couldn't breathe. I felt like my head was spinning and I was gonna pass out like some kind of girl in those stupid romance movies Mikey watches. I looked away, jerking my chin out of Leo's hand to stare into the sink. "...are you serious?"

"Why would I joke about this, Raph?" He sounded hurt. I didn't say anything as I shut off the water. "...Look, if you don't feel the same just *tell me* and we can pretend this never happened and –" I kissed him, my eyes squeezed shut just in case I was dreaming and none of this was real.

Leo kissed me back – *Leo kissed me back* – pulling me close to him with a low, pleased noise. I broke the kiss, breathing hard as I looked at him, "Does that answer your question?"

"Yeah," Leo ran a hand down my side and I jumped a little, shivering. "...Raph?"

"Yeah?" My voice cracked, and I cringed. Oh how uncool...

"...I really liked the tea set you got me," He nuzzled me, lips brushing against my cheek as he spoke. "And you remembered that I like jasmine tea..."

"Yeah, well, you remembered about Jurassic Park, so..." I shrugged, not looking at him, "...can you let me go now?"

Leo chuckled and kissed me again, pressing me back against the counter with a low, rumbling noise like the one I make when I jerk off. He tasted like eggnog and cloves and Leo and one of us made a hungry, needy noise as we clutched at each other.

I think it might have been me.

Leo broke the kiss with a groan, as if the very action pained him, and looked at me, eyes dark. "Come to my room with me?"

"Don't you think that's going a bit fast-?!" I cut myself off as panic made my voice shrill. I cleared my throat, disguising it as a chuckle, "I mean, at least take me to dinner and a movie first..."

Leo looked at me, his face serious, "I really do need to talk to you. Like, actually *talk*, not talk as in kiss you brainless. Though we can do that after, if you'd like."

I wasn't blushing when he grinned at me. *I wasn't*. "...Fine, fine."

I wasn't blushing when Leo took my hand to lead me to his room, either.

-

We were sitting on his bed, and Leo was looking down at his hands. "...I was twelve when I realized how I felt for you. That's not to say I haven't always cared about you, I just... it was like I was really *seeing* you then, but I couldn't bring myself to tell you, I was so worried I wouldn't be able to separate my feelings for you from my role as leader of the team. Then we started fighting and... I figured it was one sided anyway. When I was in Central America, all I could think of, dream of, was you. About what if I told you how I felt? What I wanted? I decided I would do it when I got back, tell you how I felt and see where it led."

"....then why did you stay away so long...?" I hated how sad that had come out, how broken and wanting I sounded.

"It wasn't until April came that I finally managed to make up my mind... I can't even

begin to tell you how sorry I am I cut contact with you, Raph...." He took my hands in his, and I couldn't meet his eyes.

"It's over, Leo, forget about it."

Leo sighed, "And then I came back, and there was that nonsense with Winters, and that fight we had... I hated every moment of that fight, where every word I said was only half truths and not what I wanted to say at all, but I was so scared, so angry with you, and then you nearly-"

"I know what I nearly did, Leo," I didn't want to talk about it, didn't want to remember what my rage had almost cost me.

"I should have grabbed you then, held you close and kissed you before you could run away from me... and once everything was over, it was like before I left all over again, only instead of us fighting, you were avoiding me... I hated it, decided to do something about, but every time I tried to talk to you you ran away... but.. well, here we are." We sat there, looking at each other before I broke eye contact, looking down at our hands.

"Feel better?" I asked sarcastically and cringed. That wasn't how I wanted it to come out, even though Leo was chuckling.

"Yeah, actually." He leaned in and kissed me before he moved to take off my knee pads and wrist guards.

"Leo?" I didn't squeak when I said his name. *I didn't, damn it!* "What are you doing?"

"You're not going to sleep in your gear, are you?" He gave me an amused look. I wanted to punch him in the face.

"Who said I'm sleeping in here tonight?!"

"....will you?" He asked me softly, even as he untied my belt and set my sais aside.

"Didn't I say dinner and a movie before we-?!"

Leo looked up at me, eyes wide and he blushed, "No! No no no, not for that! I mean, not that I wouldn't like to but, um, I just- You're gonna laugh and say it sounds stupid, but it's true and I can't help it if I just want to be near you!"

I blinked at him. "Say what now?"

"I just.... want to hold you. That's all."

I sighed and took off my mask, setting it on the neat pile Leo had made of my gear on his nightstand. "You're so weird, Fearless," I muttered, taking off his knee pads as he removed his swords and his belt.

Leo chuckled, "I don't think it's weird, wanting to hold your most precious person."

"Oh for the- *Don't call me that!*" I bristled at him. It sounded really fucking stupid when he said it like that, never mind that I still wasn't convinced this wasn't just some bizarre dream.

He laughed, and slid off his mask before kissing me again, knocking me onto my shell as he did so. "I can't help it if you're so cute."

I glared up at him as he knelt over me, "I'm not *cute*, Leo."

"Yes you are. *Especially* when you blush like you're doing right now."

"I will *punch you in the face* and *leave*, Leo." I growled at him. Okay, so I wouldn't leave, but if it got him to *shut up*... This couldn't be a dream, Leo was too annoying for it to be a dream.

He just laughed, shutting off his light and curled up against my side. He tugged the blankets up over us before he slid his arm possessively around my middle. "Mmm. Go to sleep, Raph."

I lay there in the dark, staring up at his ceiling before my fear got the better of me, "Leo?"

"Mm?"

"...you'll still be here when I wake up, right?"

"Of course." He kissed me. "...will you?"

"Don't be stupid."

"Heh. Right then. Good night, Raphael."

"...G'night Leo."

~~

"MOMMY! DADDY! WAKE UP! IT'S CHRISTMAS~!"

I jolted awake, flailing around to get whatever the hell attacked me off, while at the same time trying to not fall out of my hammock.

....wait. I wasn't *in* my hammock.

"DAMN IT, MIKEY!" I got to my feet, untangling myself out of the blankets as I tore after Michaelangelo, who was laughing maniacally as he fled. I jumped from the railing to tackle him to the floor and sent us rolling as I grabbed him in a headlock, "You little shitface, what the hell was that for?!"

"But you and Leo looked so cute together Raphie~" Mikey gasped out between fits of laughter. "Ack, help!" Oh *shit*. He saw us. And Donnie and Sensei were right there, weren't they? Shit. *Shit!* They knew. Leo met my eyes from the second floor, smiling. He didn't seem too worried about it.... "Hey, Raph, can you stop making moony eyes at Leo and let me go?" I tightened my grip on Michaelangelo's head, making him squeak and flail more.

"Is it safe to assume the awkwardness is gone now? It's been almost painful watching you two dance around each other," Donnie grumbled.

I froze, staring at Donatello. "....wait, you all knew?"

"You're not exactly the master of subtlety, Raphie boy," Mikey said, slipping out of my grip. "It was kind of obvious."

"I would have thought you would have hidden it better, Leonardo," Splinter said, shaking his head, "But you were just as obvious as Raphael was."

Leo ducked his head, "Sorry, Sensei.... but you knew how I felt about Raph already though!"

"That's because you asked me for his hand in marriage when you were six, my son," Sensei said gently, smiling. "I am glad that you have finally worked out your differences, though."

"Waitaminute, are you saying *everyone* knew about Leo and me.... except for Leo and me?"

Donatello, Michaelangelo and Sensei all looked at each other before nodding. "Yeah. That about sums it up," Donnie said, looking amused.

"Yeah. Now go get cleaned up. I'm making pancakes for breakfast!" Mikey vanished into the kitchen, "Whoa, who did the dishes? Did the Christmas Fairy come and right all wrongs, or something?"

"Shut up Mikey..."

The bicker from the kitchen faded as I made my way upstairs to where Leo was waiting. I looked down at my feet and rubbed the back of my neck, "...I feel kind of stupid now..."

Leo chuckled, "Yeah, you and me both.... Hey Raph?"

I looked up, "Yeah Leo?"

"...Mistletoe." Leo grabbed my chin and kissed me softly, though he squeaked when I took control of it and pulled him into a dip. Stupid and sappy, yeah, but I couldn't let him have all the fun.

Michaelangelo made gagging noises from downstairs, but we ignored him as Leo wrapped his arms around my shoulders with a pleased noise.

Oh yeah. *Best Christmas. Ever.*

Fin



S



Christmas shopping

Fifteen minutes into this run and things are already falling apart. He'd wanted to do it alone. A quick in and out job, less than an hour. But there were guards and cameras and locks and alarms, and in the end Raphael had given in to necessity and brought Donatello along with him.

And oh, how he wishes he hadn't.

"I- I never thought I'd actually get to see one up close," breaths Don, stepping further into the gloom towards the hulking mass crouched dead centre in the garage with them. "You don't find them just anywhere. . . "

His hands are outstretched, his eyes are wide, and he's got that glowing look of joy on his face. That look of fascination, of soul-deep *love* he always gets for gadgets new and amazing, and oh shell this is bad news. Raph has *got* to stop this before things get out of hand.

"Don," he tries. "Don, c'mon. We gotta focus. The crazys'll find us here in a couple 'a minutes. We can't waste time playin' with other people's toys."

Dark eyes wide with surprise and something just a smidgen too mild to be called outrage: an incredulous look Don throws back over his shoulder at Raph. "But, Raph. It's a *Zamboni*."

~

The weeks are dribbling down towards Christmas. The race is on to get presents, special treats and little gifts for friends and family. It's always a challenge for them, to scrounge something precious out of the trash or steal from the unwary. Hard to find something worth giving to a beloved brother, an honoured father. Even harder to find something a human would accept, bound as they are by laws and privilege and prosperity. They've always managed, but this year Raph finds himself at a loss for Casey. He kicks around a few ideas. Booze, or motorcycle parts, maybe. But one night they're hanging out together in Central Park, cooling down after a pretty little fight a few blocks away, and Casey talks about how the hockey arena near his place is shuffling around some of the old displays. Taking down jerseys from past players and putting up the ones for new rookies.

Casey cracks his neck. Rubs his wrists and sighs and sits down heavily next to Raph on the park bench. "S' a real shame. I mean, I know they gotta let the new guys shine, but some 'a those jerseys were for real good players, you know? Maybe not insane-o amazin', but they had some nice moves, and they were real stand up guys. There was one player – Jackie Laurence. Number sixty-seven. He was my old man's favourite. He used ta go to his games when he was a kid, and he had a few cassettes he showed me... and whenever we went to a match we always used ta stop in front of his jersey.

Pops would tell me stories before the game started up. . . “

And just like that it becomes so obvious what he can give Casey.

Getting it is a little less so, though. Re-con the following nights tells Raphael that he can probably do it on his own, but that things will be easier to deal with if Don comes along for the ride. So he asks. Don brings the van, parks it nearby for getaway, and it's goes smooth at first. They slip into the old community arena, creep across the faded carpets and past the graffitied walls. The neon flickers tiredly above them, murky glow fading in and out of equally washed-out shadows, and it's cake to move through it unseen.

Raph goes on ahead, past the security office door, and makes just enough noise near an old vending machine that the one guard left sitting in the office pokes his head out to look. Walks out, hand on his nightstick and eyes weary, and Don ghosts in to work his magic on the cameras.

Of course, that's when things go wrong. Turtle luck, and all that.

The fire alarm goes off. The guard freezes, and Raph swears viciously in the silence of his mind as the human's walky-talky crackles to life.

“Rhoddy?!” it snarls. The sound is terrible, volume over quality. “Rhoddy!”

“Yeah, Paulo?” Rhoddy answers. His hand is still on his nightstick and his gaze darts about suspiciously. Raph eases further back into the shadows behind the vending machine.

“We got crazies! ‘Bout fifteen of ‘em, I guess. Some weird dudes in t-shirts and they-OW, FUCK. Get offa-” the voice dissolves into static, and Rhoddy starts cussing.

“Jing, d’you catch that?” he spits into his radio, and a woman’s voice answers almost instantly.

“You betcha, Rhoddy. We split at the concession stands. I’m on my way back now ta give him a hand.”

“Copy. I’ll cover you over the cameras, phone the cops. . . ” he’s already turning away, back to the office and striding inside before Raph can do anything, and there’s an agonizing moment of silence. Utter, complete silence. And Raph knows, he just *knows*, that good ol’ Rhoddy’s see Don.

Fu~~~ck

“*WHAT IN THE NAME OF SWEET JOSEPHEEN->*”

“Raph!” Don’s yell is short, sharp and desperate, and Raphael is moving before the last syllable dies. Staggers to a halt in the doorway when he’s forced to duck a trash bin, and bits of paper and used Kleenex rains down around him as he takes in the desperate battle between Don and one pissed-off security guard.

“Get the hell outta my office you shell-backed alien *freak*,” Rhoddy bellows, and he swings his nightstick at Don’s head.

Don, who can't use his bo in such tight quarters and is forced to use hand-to-hand. He throws up his left arm to block, the nightstick cracking down on his forearm, and his left comes under and up, fist smashing into the man's diaphragm and knocking the wind out of him explosively. Rhoddy staggers backwards, choking and retching and trips over Don's duffel bag, crashing into the monitoring station, still flailing his stick. The bank of computer screens behind him highlights his every move, chops up the motion of his nightstick as it hits the desktop in a shower of plastic splinters, bounces off the edge of the desk, as it knocks over a mug of coffee even as Don is lunging forward to stop it . . .

. . . it spills. Thick, soupy sludge of two day old java. All over the security control.

For a moment, Donatello stands frozen, mouth open in horror. Three heartbeats, and Don's not even looking when Rhoddy takes another swing at his head but that's ok because Raph is there. Raph's got his hand wrapped around that damned stick, yanks it away. One good, solid punch breaks the human's jaw, and Rhoddy goes down, out cold. "You ok, Don?"

Don's voice is low when he answers, and his eyes are a bit wild. "I'm fine. But, ah, the monitoring station really *isn't*."

And that's when the damned thing explodes in their faces. Of course.

It's nothing much more than sparks and smoke, but it spreads across the monitoring station in a cascade of sullen flares. Words flicker bright yellow, then red on the screens. A second alarm joins the first, their two wails in eerie dissonance.

"That's the security alarm," Don moans. "They've got their system set to automatically alert the police if the it's shut down without proper procedure. And considering how close the station is and the fact that the fire alarm is already going, we've probably got something like six minutes before the this place is crawling with officers!"

~

"It's even authentic, a real Zamboni instead of one of the imitation ice resurfacers. And it's an antique, too! This is an old HD model. They built these way back in 1964, and it's the first model that wasn't built on a Jeep chassis. It was also given a new vertical auger system, and a quick-dumping snow tank!"

"Yeah, that's *great*, Donnie, except we got a mob of grade A *wackbags* out there just waiting to turn our shells into soup tureens, ok? So how 'bout you back away from the pretty tech and come help me figure out how ta get us outta this fuckin' mess!"

"But-"

"Don, no, ok? No, you can't play with the shiny ice machine. Now can you please focus?"

"I- right. Ok. Sorry." He turns back to Raph, but his hand lingers rests on the machine's sleek metal siding and no. Aw *no*.

Mikey once said it best. That there are kicked puppies, and there are kittens abandoned in the rain, but that nothing is quite as gut-wrenchingly sad as Donatello being denied a toy.

It's the eyes. The big, dark eyes that were glowing with hope just moments before, their light suddenly snuffed out by 'no.' And the shoulders drooping, and the way his mouth sort of turns down at the corners but not *quite*, and his head ducks and his fingers twitch and- and-

ARGH.

What's worse is that he's so damned *sincere*. Never does it to manipulate. And he almost never asks for anything, so when he does and you say no you feel so *guilty*, especially since he just kinda rolls over and takes it, disappointed but not protesting. You feel like such an *asshole*. Scrambling to try and erase that look, to reason with him, cheer him up. Which is what Raph tries, of course. Desperate not to make a bad situation worse with *this*, of all things.

"C'mon, Donnie, don't gimme the Look. We got more important stuff to deal with right now. Besides, those things are slow as tar, you know that. No way we could outrun the loony patrol, the cops, the firemen, the two security goons and shell knows *what else* is out there now with that thing dragging us down! And- and how would you even get it home, anyways?"

Wrong move, Raph realizes instantly as Don's head snaps up, eyes blazing with sudden inspiration. Should have just kept saying no.

"We could tow it!"

~

The arena has become a little slice of hell.

Six minutes, *six minutes*, Don had estimated, and the count drops steadily in Raph's head second by second as he bolts down the hall. His plans tangle in his brain and red licks at the corners of his vision. His temper slowly rising to a boil.

The alarms are still howling and he has to below to be heard: "It's down this hall and around a bend. The displays are just before you go into the rink. They haven't taken down the one we want yet, so we just smash the glass, grab the jersey and book."

"Back the way we came?" Don hollers back, keeping pace despite the heavy weight of his bag swinging at his side as he runs.

"Naw! They got a couple 'a windows big enough for us. We'll pass 'em on the way there. They don't open, so we'll have to break 'em, but it'll be faster'n coming all the way back here."

Do they have four minutes left, maybe five? Hard to tell, hard to know, and Raph snarls and uses his rage to push himself to go faster. They come up to the bend in the hall and-

"Raph! There's fighting up ahead!"

Shell. *Shell*. Of course there is. Crazies, the guy had said over the radio, but there's no way to dodge 'em now 'cuz they're around the bend and face to face with a mob full off angry, snarling humans, clustered around two frazzled looking security guards.

Shouting, jeering, waving pamphlets and makeshift weapons.

They've all got the same T-shirt with four ugly block letters printed on them: H.A.T.E.

"It's the wackbags from the woods!" Raph moans, just a beat out of synch with Don's:

"It's those lunatics who had the nuke!"

Not quite, maybe. Since these guys are pretty motley looking, a weedy collection of geek clichés in all shapes and sizes and no idea how to fight, no idea if they really want to fight, which is why the guards are still standing. But there's around fifteen of 'em, and at least a few of 'em have seen Raph and Don.

Pointing. Shouting. Impossible to tell with all the noise now, but Raph can guess the trash they're screaming. Doesn't have to when one greasy looking teen sees them and shrills: "There they are! The alien that mugged me, and it's clone! They really *have* come for our hockey!" And Raph recognizes the lying little punk. Remembers, and curses himself for a wasted good deed.

"Turn back?" Don yells. They are a four metres away.

Raph grits his teeth. Answers, "No way! This is our best chance to get what we came for. Trash like this ain't gonna stop us. You go over, I'll go through."

And there is deep, vicious pleasure in the next following moments, as Raphael ploughs through the flailing mass of humanity like a train through sheep. His sai are out and hungry, and he takes brutal pleasure in clearing some air for the guards. He feels ribs crack and jaws shatter under his strikes and sees Don sail above the crowd, vaulting over them with his bo. But it's really momentum and surprise that carry them past, and they are hardly clear when the mob wakes, and realizes. Roars with frustration, and gives chase.

"Uh, Raph-"

"I know. Fuck. Gimme a minu- turn here! Yeah, there's the display!" One of his sai come up and sail ahead, smashing into the glass to stick point first and quivering into the jersey. The hole isn't big enough, so his other sai joins it, sending the last of the display case's window tinkling to the floor, and he skids to a halt to yank his weapons free and get the damned jersey.

More howls from the mob. "They're robbing us of historical artefacts! The scum have gone *too far!*"

One of the yahoos behind him decides it's a great time to throw shit at him. They're maybe not the armed wakos the group in the woods had been, just stupid conspiracy nutters and basement mould, but they've got baseball bats and golf clubs and shell knows what else. A pipe goes sailing through the air, wobbly but on target. Don bats it out of the air with his bo. Glares. A fierce protector watching Raph's back for the heart-beat it takes to get everything and *go*.

"Take a left at the T branch, Donnie," he yells past the alarms. "We might be able to lose 'em if we duck through the locker rooms real quick."

~

Why is it that Leo never backs off and shuts up and keeps his self-righteous little speeches to himself?

"A *Zamboni*, Raph? You let him have a *Zamboni*?!"

"Oh, like you're one to talk! You let him have a damned *train car*."

"I- That was different! It was filled with Bishop's weird tech that Don could actually use for something!"

"And he can use the *Zamboni*, too!"

"For *what*? Polishing to *dojo floor*?" Oh, and now Leo's crossing his arms. Got that smug-bitter look to him, eyes narrowed and mouth twisting cuz he thinks just so *right*.

"How the hell should I know? Do I look like a *techogeek genius*?!"

"You don't look like any kind of *ninja* from where I'm standing, let alone a *genius*! You let one those crazies see you when you were out on recon for your little bit of Christmas shopping? How careless do you have to *be* to-"

"Oh, that's *it*. Screw you, Leo, for not being there and having no idea what the shell you're talkin' about. One of those numbnuts was bein' *mugged* the other night. It ain't my fault he was an ungrateful little bastard!"

"Dude!" Mikey's voice slices through the argument, a welcome-unwelcome interruption before Raphael has the chance to smear Leonardo across the floor. "Did you see what Don's doing to the *Zamboni*? He's, like, pimping it out! He's painted it this sweet shade of purple, and he's gonna give it *racing stripes*."

Raph can feel the muscles of his face shifting as he registers what Mikey just said. Tries to figure out exactly what expression he should be wearing over that kind of news, and from the looks of things it seems Leo's got the same problem. Like his brain has jammed, gears locked.

"I think he wants to give it chrome detailing, too."

". . . why?!" is all Leo manages to say, and Raph can feel a smile start despite himself.

Donnie loved that *Zamboni* at first sight, and ridiculous or not it seemed as though they're going to be stuck with it. "At least he's makin' it look decent," he says. And shell, if it makes Leo twitch that way, it's *gotta* be something special.

Besides. Don had made getting it totally worth it.

~

The tires screech as the Battleshell turns a corner, the sound of police sirens fading far behind. The *Zamboni* rattles along, towed with its makeshift hitch. And Don is grinning, fierce and bright as he drives them through the maze of back allies back toward home.

"I can't believe it! My own Zamboni!"

"Yeah, I can't believe it either," Raph groans.

Don shoots him a glance. "I think you'd be happier about it. It's what got us out of there." Well. The door in the Zamboni garage to the alley behind the arena did, anyways. The Zamboni had just. . . come along for the ride. "We're just lucky they hadn't locked the doors so we could get out of the dressing rooms to the rink, and then into that garage in the first place."

Raph grunts sourly and glares out the window. He will never, ever hear the end of this. Leo's gonna be all over him for it, and Splinter'll probably go in on him about it, too, and Casey had better damn well appreciate his present or Raph'll -

"Raph."

He looks over. Donatello is smiling, still, but now it's soft and warm, and his eyes are glowing.

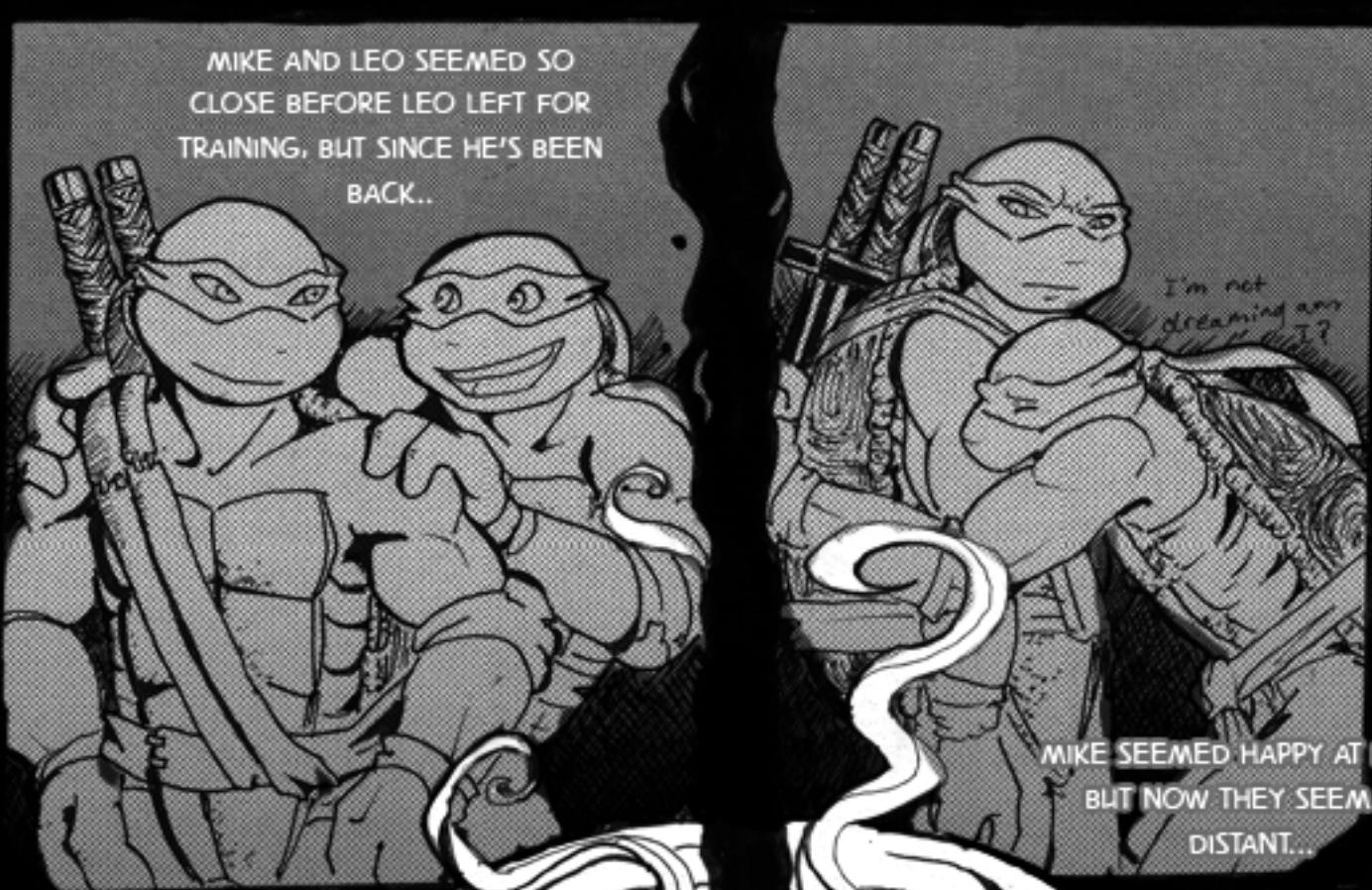
"Thanks, Raph." And he leans sideways, and his mouth is hot and wet when he kisses Raphael, lips lingering and soft and just about perfect-

The Battleshell smashes into a pair of garbage cans, refuse going flying as the bins sail up and over to land with a crash and Don jerks away to pull at the wheel and save them from hitting something else like parked cars or the lamppost barely half a foot away. The Battleshell goes swerving, Raph feels his stomach lurch, and he's pretty sure he's in for a fight tonight with Leonardo 'cuz he has no idea how to explain this.

But that's ok. At this point, he really doesn't give a damn.

Fin

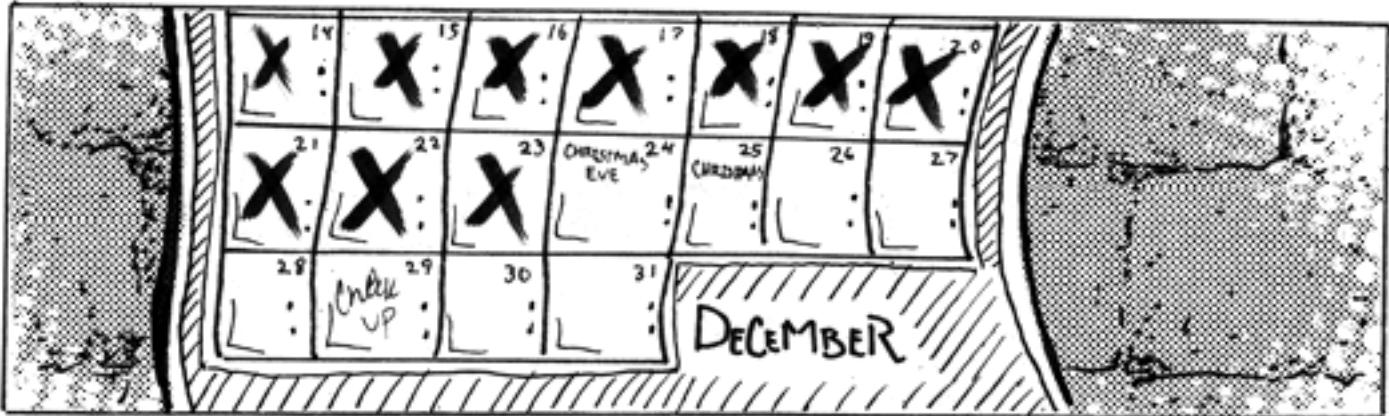
MIKE AND LEO SEEMED SO CLOSE BEFORE LEO LEFT FOR TRAINING, BUT SINCE HE'S BEEN BACK...



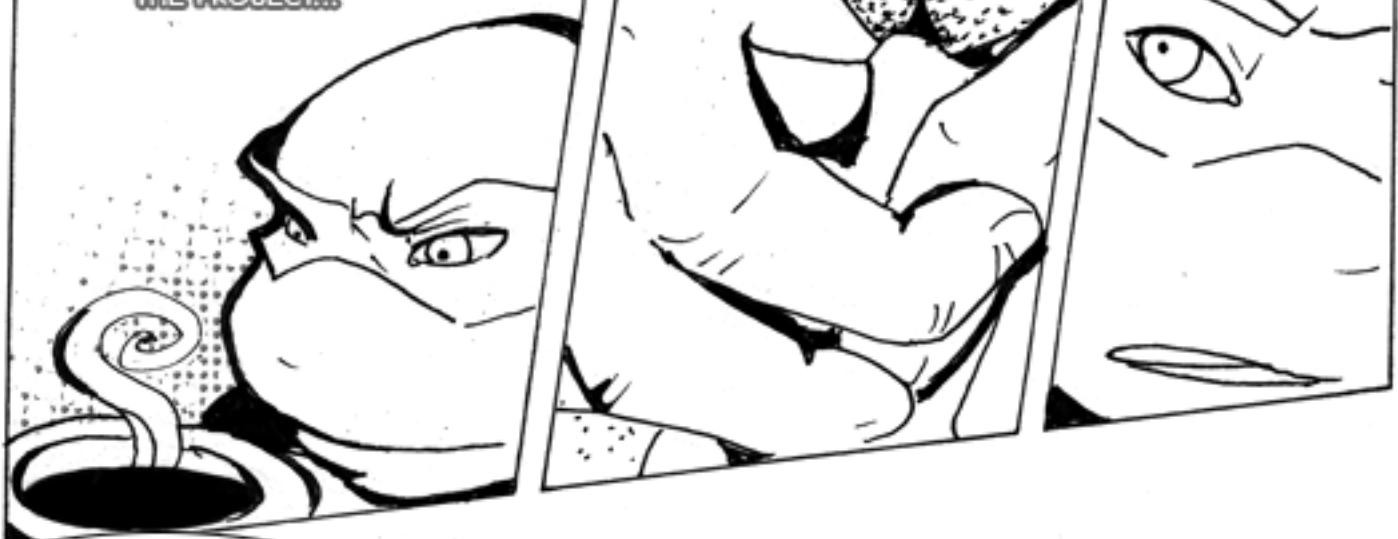
MIKE SEEMED HAPPY AT FIRST...
BUT NOW THEY SEEM SO DISTANT...

I WONDER WHAT'S UP WITH THEM..





DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME
LEFT TO FINISH
THE PROJECT...



IT'S ABOUT TIME YA CAME OUTTA
THAT LAB. YOU'VE BEEN LOCKED IN
THERE ALL WEEK. WHAT
ARE YOU UP TO?

IT'S A
SURPRISE.



WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE
SURPRISE I HAVE FOR YOU
TONIGHT.

AH... IS IT A...

REPLACEMENT FOR THE C.G JET
REMOTE YOU BROKE LAST WEEK?



SORRY RAPH. I'D REALLY
LIKE TO FINISH THIS
PROJECT SOON.

SOON? I THOUGHT
WE ALL AGREED TO--

I KNOW, I KNOW. NOT BOTHER
WITH GETTING CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR
EVERYONE THIS YEAR. BUT I'M NOT
GETTING ANY GIFTS.

DONNIE-

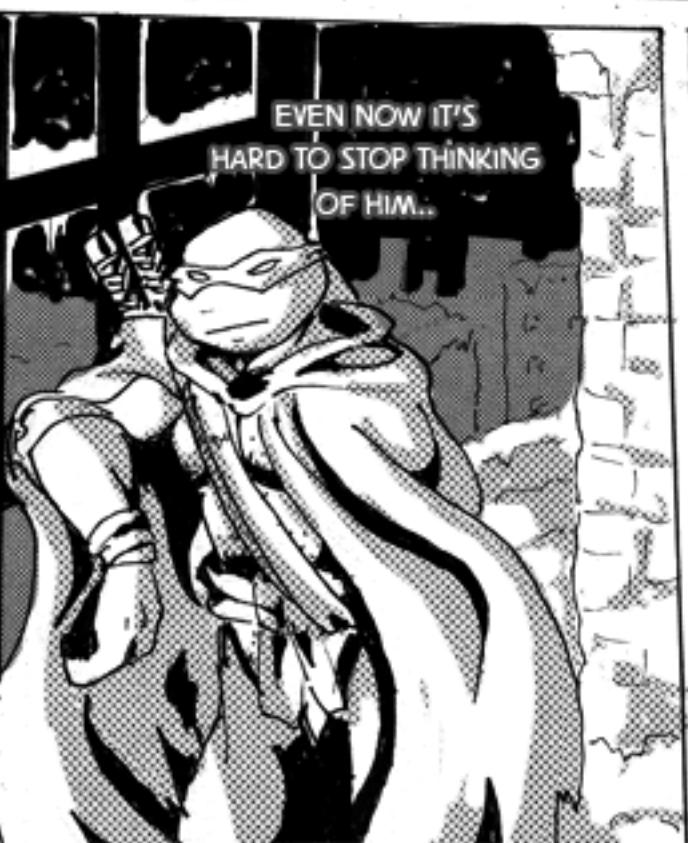
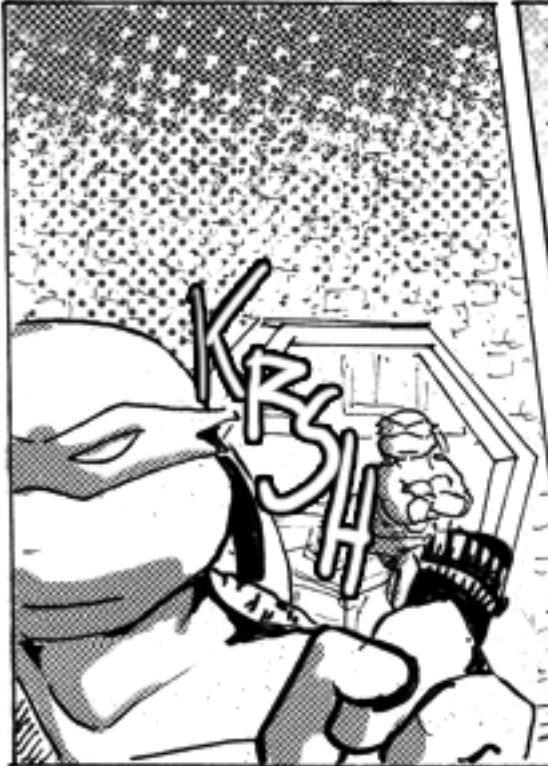
I'LL BE DONE SOON
I PROMISE.



IT BETTER
BE A GOOD SURPRISE..

?





I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU STILL KEEP
THAT THING TO WEAR.

SOMTHIN'
ON YOUR
MIND?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING
OUT HERE ANYWAYS?

JUST THE
RAIN FOREST.

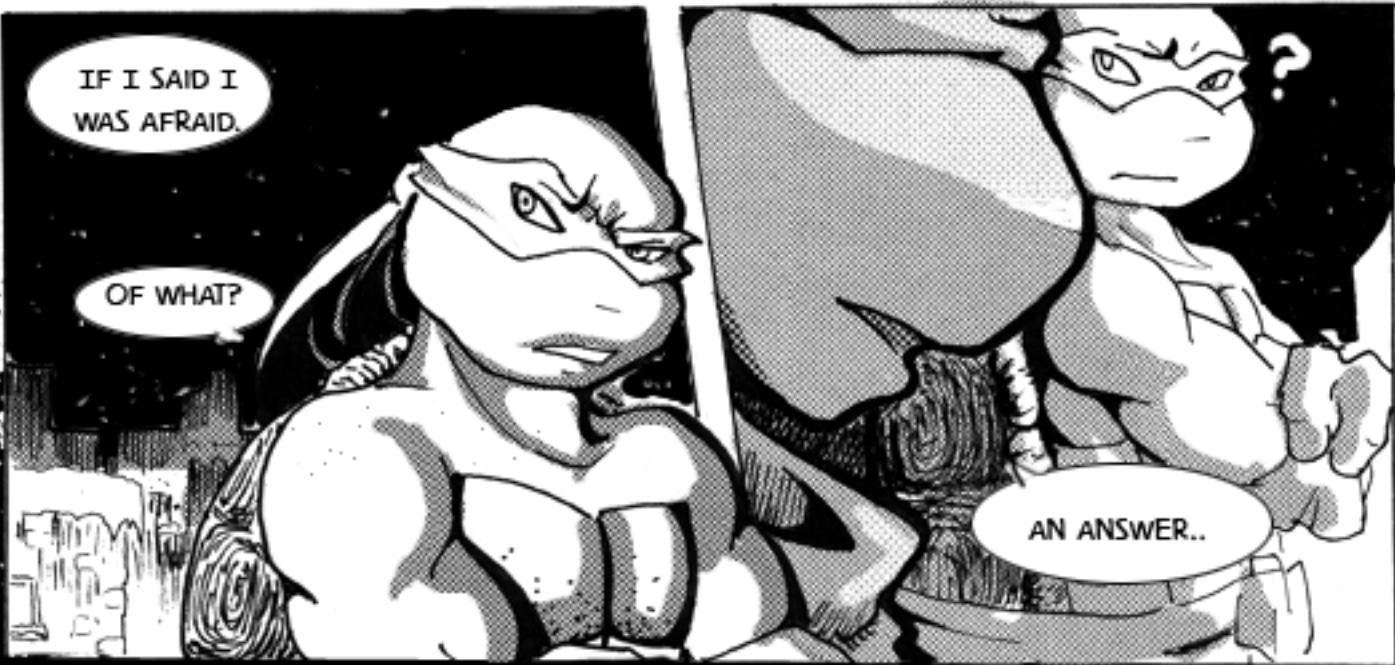
AGAIN?
WHAT'S SO GREAT
ABOUT THAT PLACE THAT
KEPT YOU THERE FOR SO
LONG? AND DON'T GIVE ME
THAT YOU WERE TRAININ'
TO BE A BETTER LEADER
CRAP CAUSE I DON'T
BUY IT.

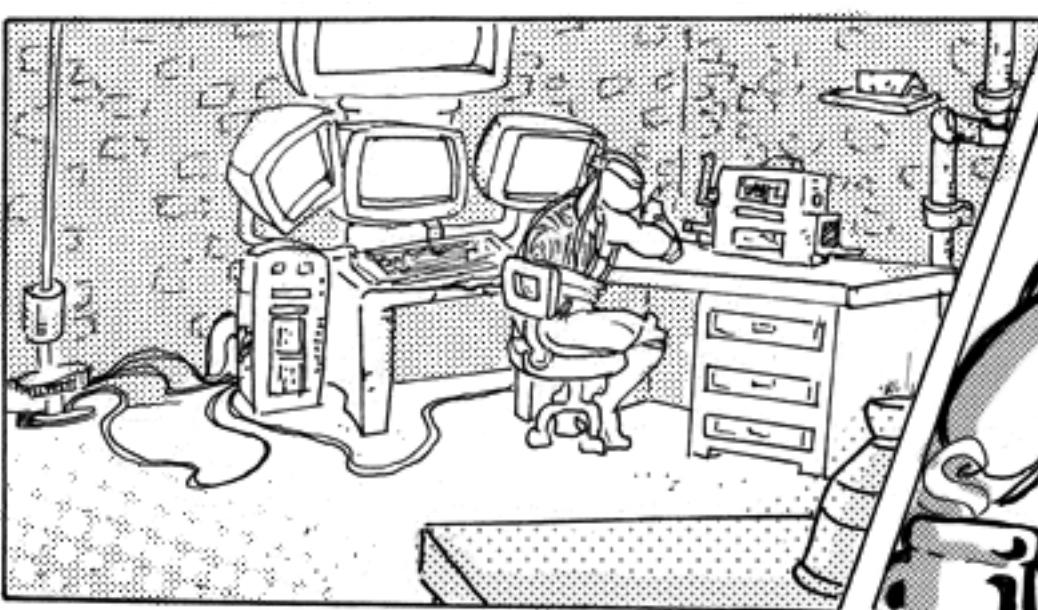
THE
PEOPLE?

THAT TOO. YOU KNOW
THERE'S MANY PEOPLE IN THE
WORLD THAT NEED HELP SO THAT
DOESN'T COUNT.

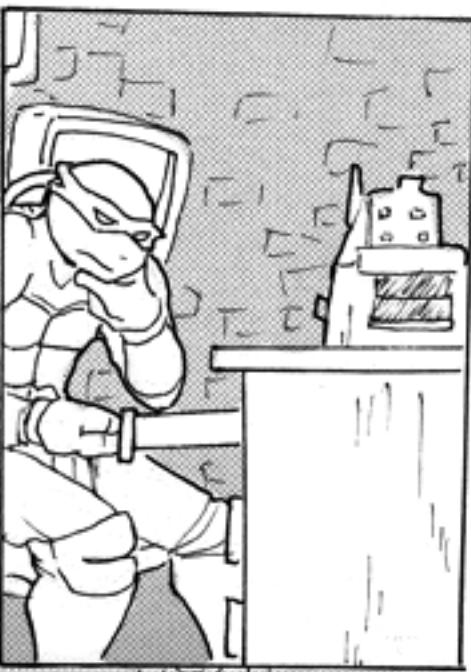
...WELL
RAPH..

WHAT WOULD
YOU SAY..



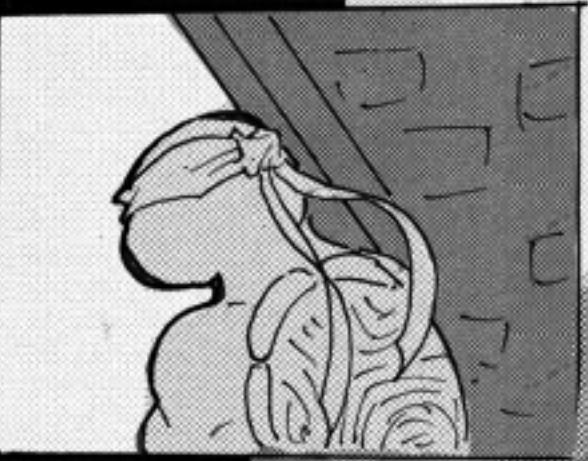


NOW WHERE'D
I PUT THOSE SCHEMATICS?









SINCE MIKEY STOPPED ASKING
I FORGOT TO GIVE HIM THE LETTER
WHEN ONE DID COME..

I'M SO LATE
ON GIVING THIS
OUT..

HEY
MIKEY.

HEY BRO,
WHAT'S UP?

NOTHING, REALLY. I JUST
HAVE SOME MAIL FOR THAT I
THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE
A LOOK AT.

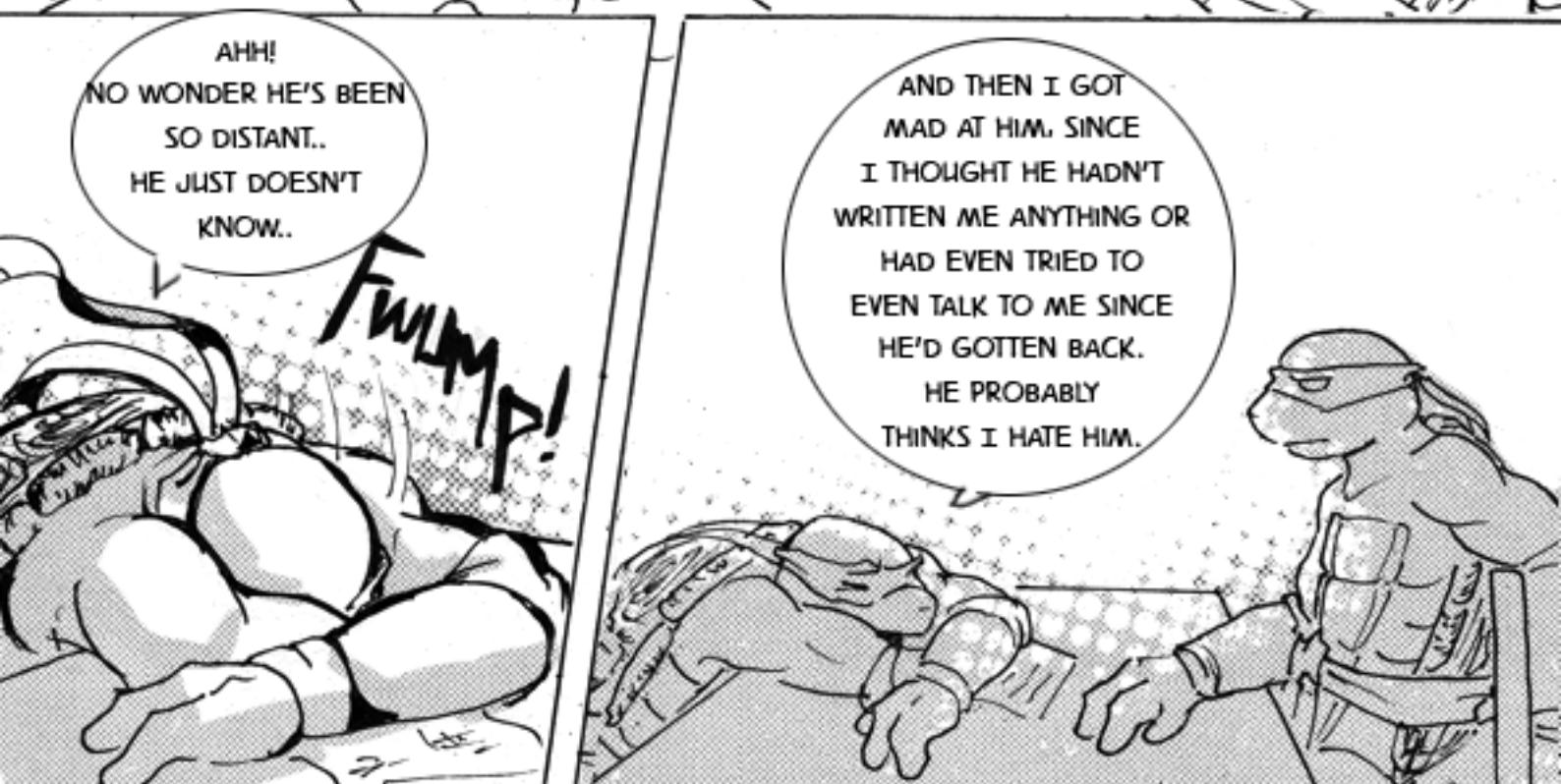
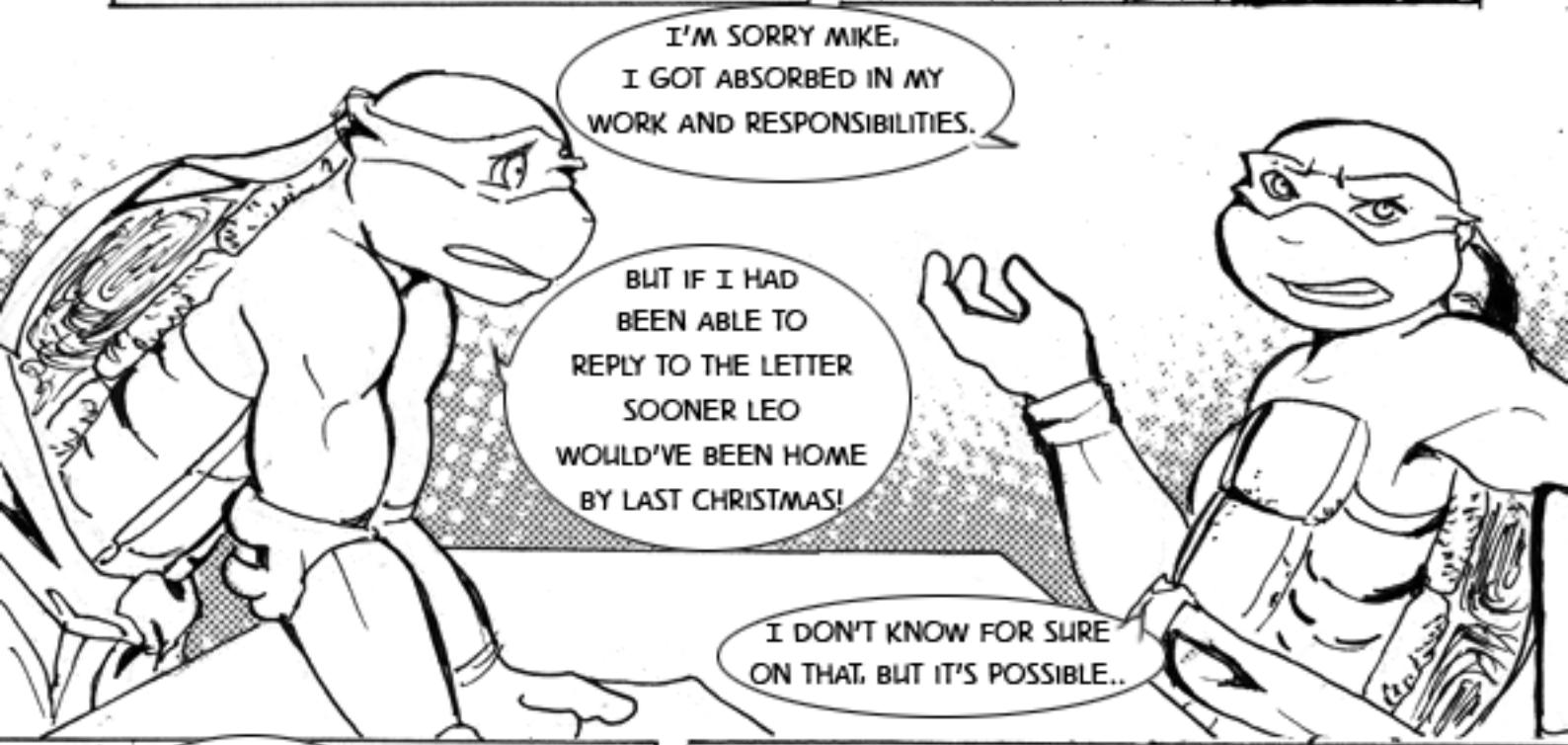
IF IT'S FOR
COWABLUNGA CARL
DUDE IT CAN TOTALLY
WAIT BRO.

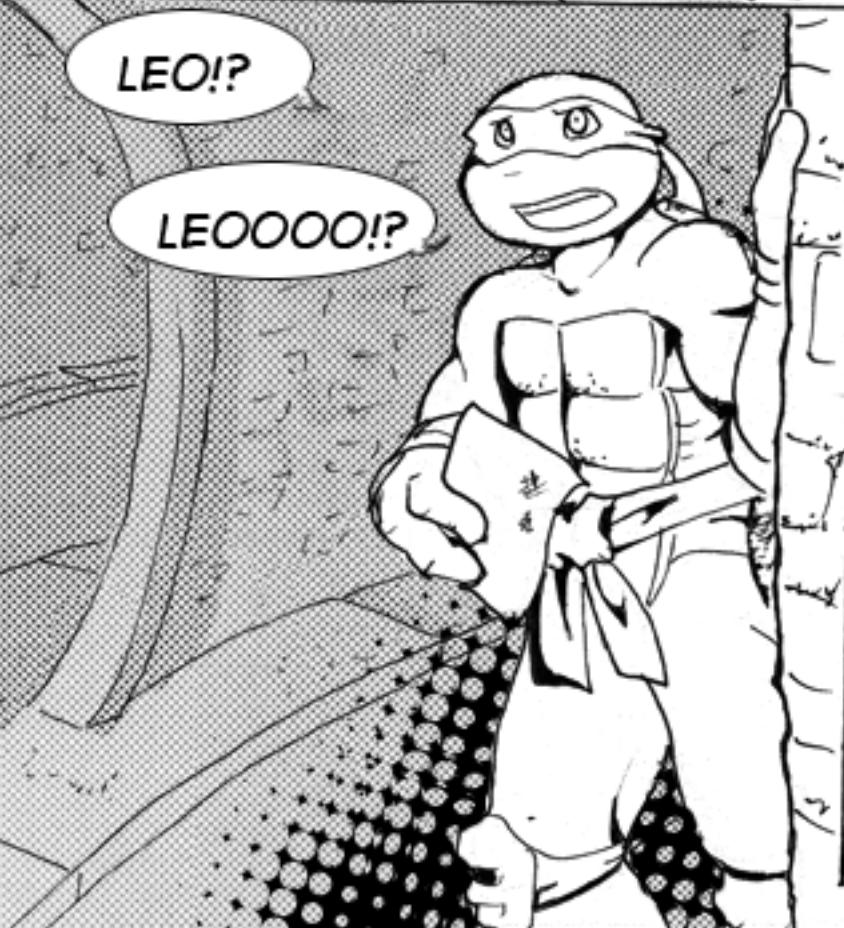
ACTUALLY..
IT'S NOT FROM COWABLUNGA
CARL IT'S FROM LEO..

LEO?

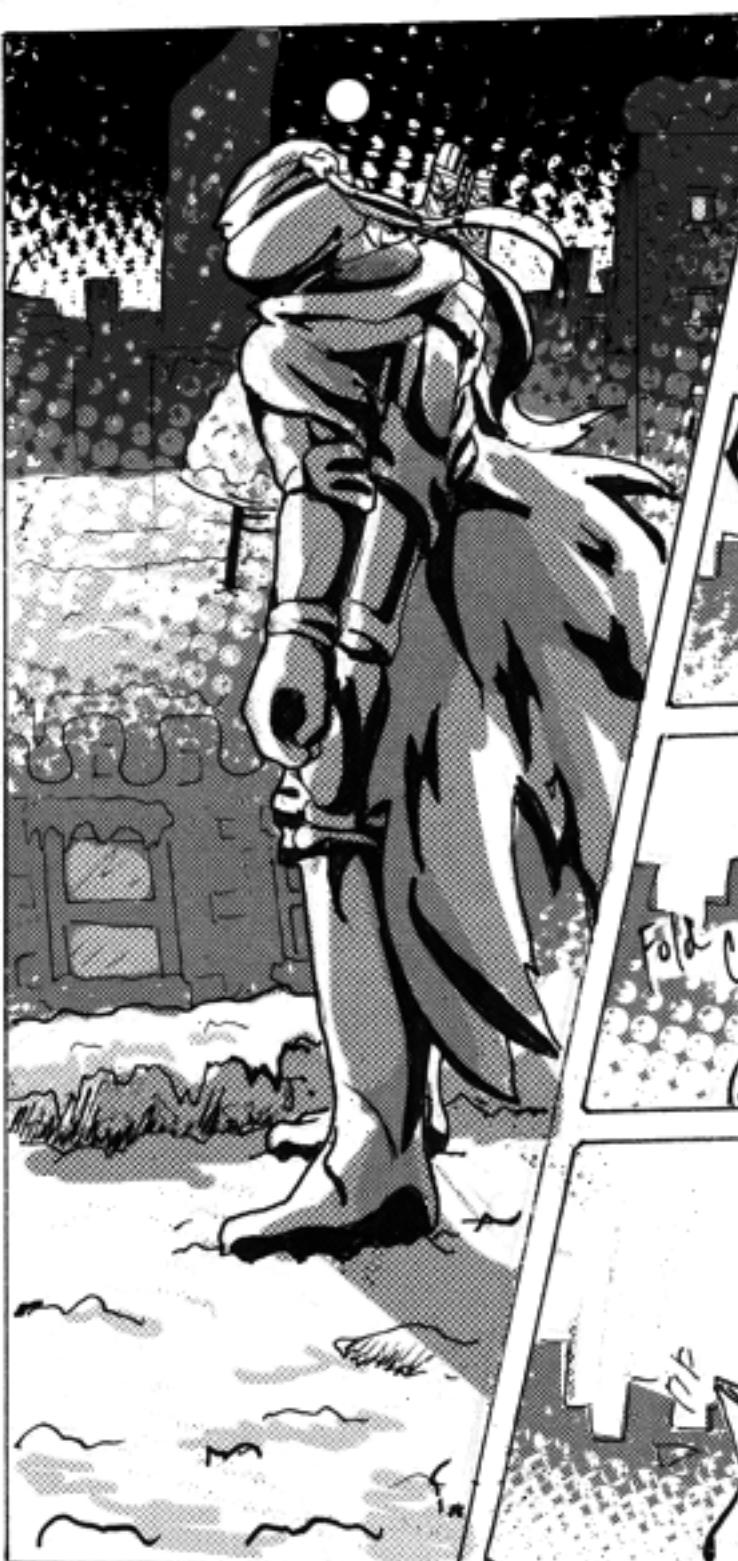
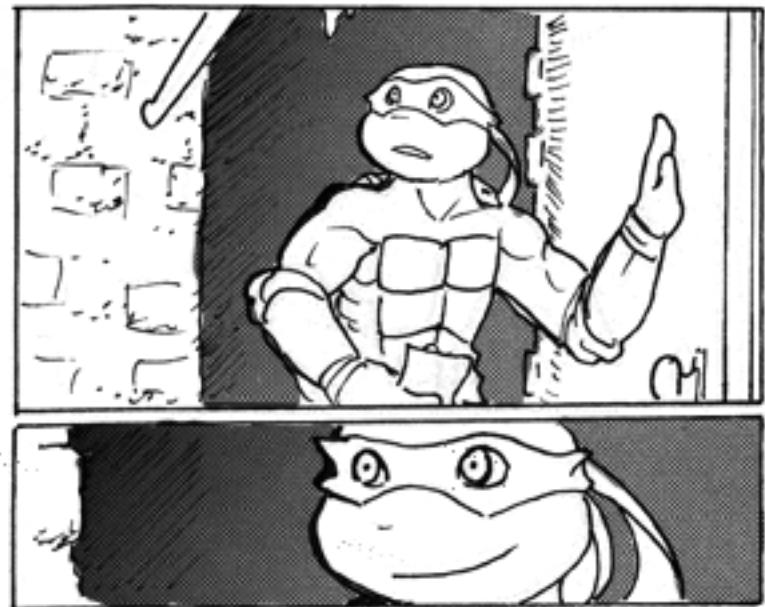
YEAH..
IT'S ABOUT
A YEAR
LATE.

CRASH!













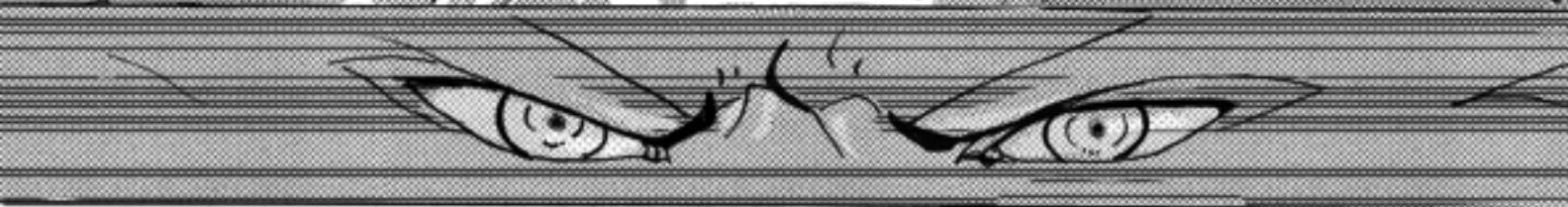
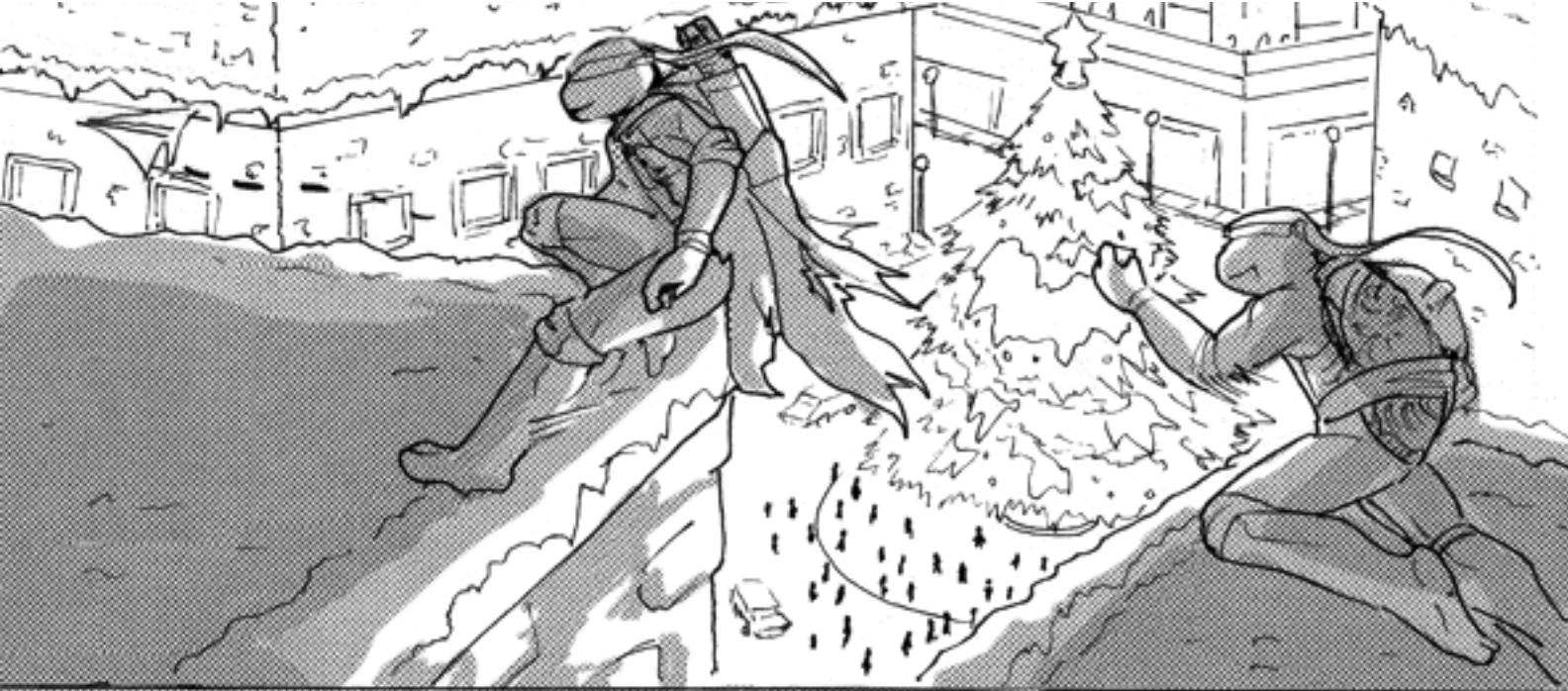
LEO!
WAIT UP
DUDE!

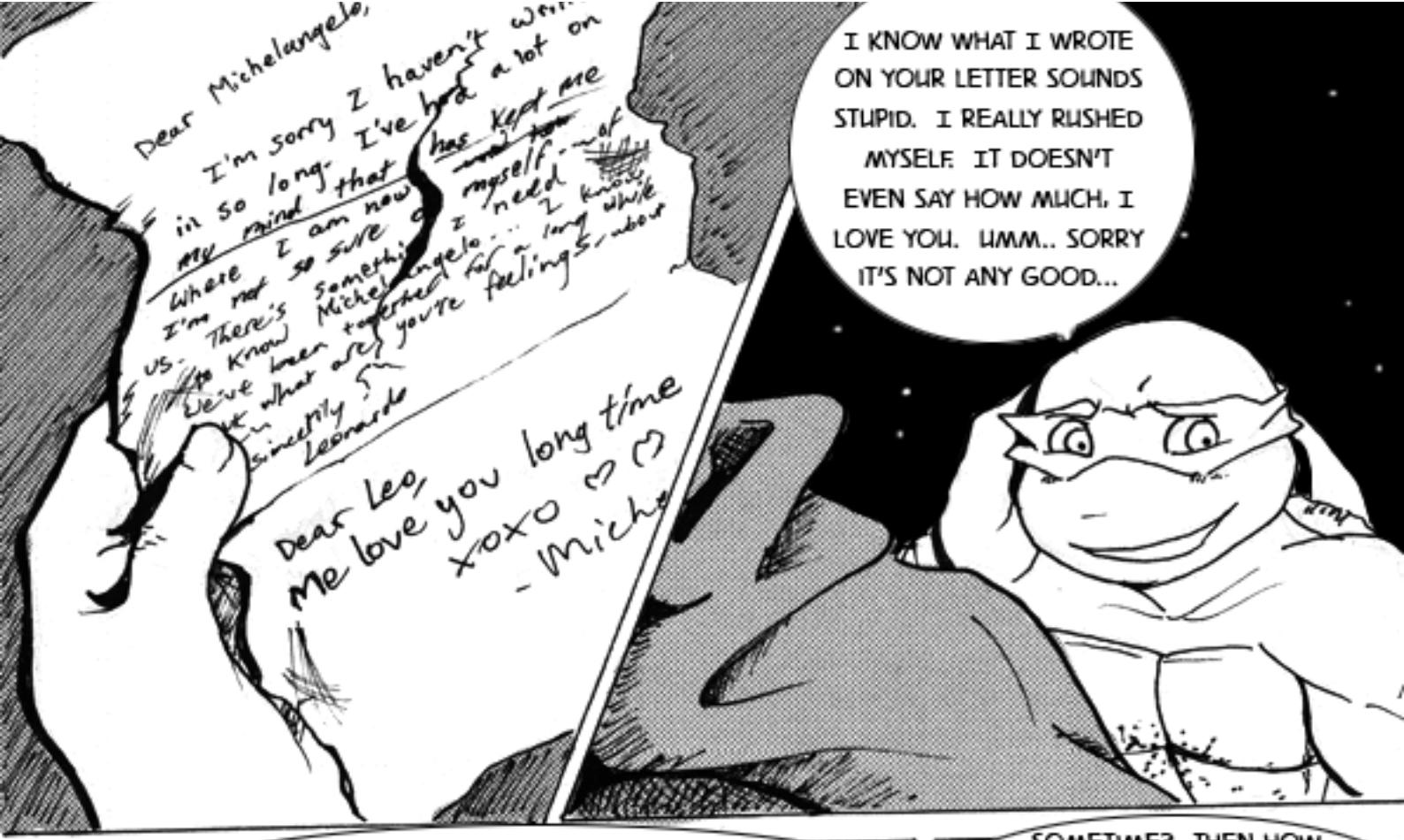
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO GET THE
LETTER!

LEO- ??

AH!

I HAVEN'T SEEN
LEO SMILE LIKE
THAT IN AGES!





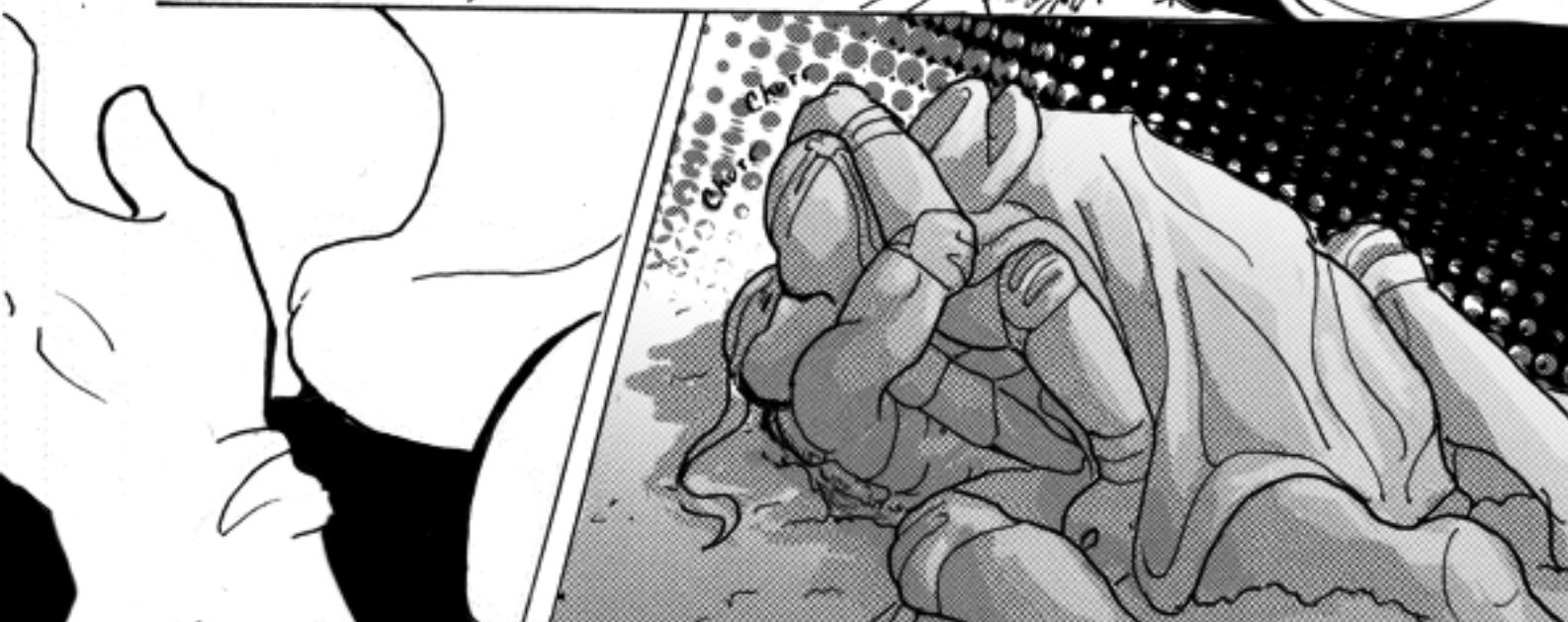
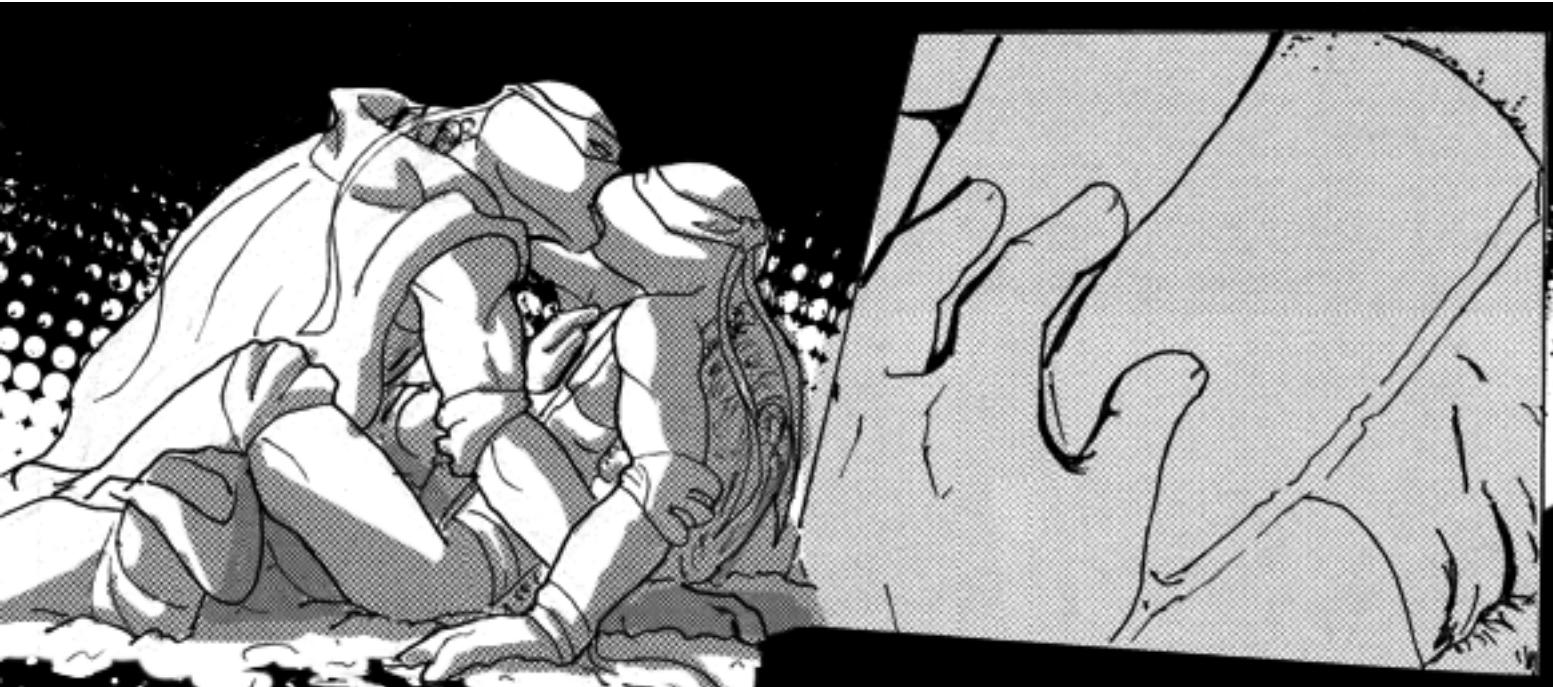
IT'S JUST WHAT I NEEDED TO KNOW MIKE.
MAYBE YOU COULD SHOW ME HOW MUCH SOMETIME.

SOMETIME? THEN HOW
ABOUT YOU SHOW ME HOW MUCH
YOU LOVE ME RIGHT NOW?



YOU KNOW MIKEY
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A
GOOD IDEA.







Hah Hah

Hah
Hah
Hah



DUDE..

WE MAKE
A HORRIBLE SNOW
ANGEL TOGETHER.

SNOW ANGEL, HUH? I
DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE
TRYING TO MAKE ONE

READY TO
GO BACK?

NO... I
LIKE LOOKING AT THE
CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.
AND YOU'RE WARM.

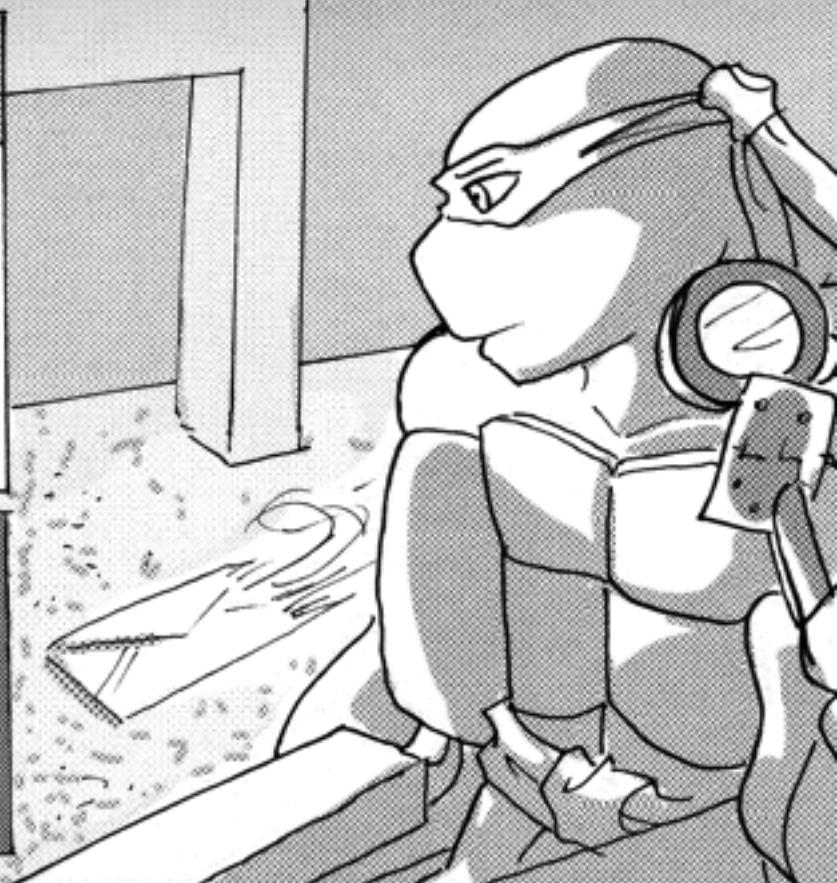
IT'D BE NICE FOR
RAPH AND DON TO HAVE
THE LAIR TO THEMSELVES WHILE
SPLINTER IS GONE OFF
WATCHING ONE OF HIS
STORIES MARATHONS AT
APRILS.

AND...

I'D RATHER BE
HERE WITH YOU.

KNOCK
KNOCK

CAN'T COME TO
THE DOOR RIGHT NOW
I HAVE MY HANDS
BUSY.





A decorative banner with the words "MERRY CHRISTMAS" written in a gold, cursive script font. The banner is bordered by a sprig of holly with white berries and green leaves. The background features a red brick pattern.



NESTLE FINE RAPHAEL DONATELLO



Why a Foot Soldier's Christmas Sucks

There were times when even a ninja turtle went over the deep end. Though it mostly involved not sleeping for a few days, getting sick with the cold, and then being pumped full of medicine that didn't seem to be working, only to be given over two pints of hard liquor to see if the alcohol would burn away the virus in his system. This did however prove that a ninja turtle could, indeed, go crazy in the most bizarre way.

"Don," Leo held onto the bottle of vodka like a class A lush, staggering around just trying to stand up straight. His words were hard to hold together after a few moments of trying to figure out how to think about how a word could come out of his mouth to make understandable sounds. "Donnie!"

"God, Leo, you need to get to bed," Donatello pulled the goggles up to rest on his brow, his project on hold once more.

"Donnie, we—" he teetered, bringing his mate to his side with a pull at the elbow. He leaned in, whispering as if it was a conspiracy, "We can't let the Foot get away with the things they do."

"The things they *do*?" Don raised a brow and made a face at the inability for Leo to actually sound like the intelligent turtle he fell in love with. "Leo, listen to yourself. You've had enough liquor and you need to go to bed before you start puking or something worse."

"But Do~nnie~"

"No Leo, go to bed." Donatello pulled his arm free from the leader's grip. He then took Leo by the shoulders and lead him over to their room where he had to pry the bottle of vodka from Leo's grasp. Once the turtle was tucked in, Don quietly exited the room to go back to his projects.

Little did he know that in about an hour he would be pulled out of a welding project by a frantic Mikey shouting out, "Don! DON! Leo's lost it!!"

Within seconds the welder was off and out into the main living area. His welding mask up, apron and gloves still donned as he took in the ridiculous sight before him. Leonardo had his skin painted blue and red with a greenish wig on his head. His feet in red boots were keeping him perched on the back of the couch as he flexed his muscles making the matching red gloves look all the more ridiculous. He was currently shouting something that Donatello couldn't hear over the frantic shouts and pleas from Splinter and Raphael who were trying to get him down. If it wasn't so damn stupid looking it'd be funny. Then all of the sudden Leo launched himself into the air with a graceful flip, only to land on his knees and smack his face against Donatello's plastron. Not even fazed he got back up and grabbed Donatello. Smushing the mechanic's face into the red paint on his shoulders Leo suddenly shouted, "HEART! With your powers combined

I am CAPTAIN PLANET!!!!"

"Oh god no." was the only thing that came out of Donatello's mouth before Leonardo suddenly darted off screaming out "Captain Planet" leaving the lair with the echo of Jingle Bell Rock playing over the radio, a banner of Christmas decorations falling down as everyone gaped.

"What... the hell just happened?" Leave it to Raph to voice what was on everyone's minds.

The streets of New York were littered with discolored slush, snow, and as many Christmas decorations as individuals could pack into their windows. The glow of holiday lights seemed dim compared to the over sized turtle that was announcing his position by shouting out that he was Captain Planet. The only time he stopped was when he threw his foot into the jaw of a man that threw his empty soda can into the garbage and not in the recycle bin as he should have. As the man groaned on the ground, holding his swelling jaw, Leonardo shook his fist at the man getting out a quickly, "CaptainPlanet" before rushing off like the quickly growing lunatic that he was.

Karai was currently holding a sort of Christmas party for her faithful Foot Soldiers. The Santa hat on her head was a stark contrast to the ugly dress and gloves she seemed to wear for every occasion that didn't deal with trying to kill the turtles. Right at the moment she wanted nothing else to do than to talk to the Foot that served her more blindly than a dead man and drink the spiked eggnog. The fully suited Foot Soldier that stood with her by the wide display window cracked a joke about the fake antlers fixed onto his head making her snort in her laughter. Suddenly something caught her eye. Looking out the window she found a strange figure coming closer from the distance of a far off roof top.

"Is that... Leonardo?"

The Foot Soldier looked over and squinted through the bug eyes of his uniform, "Yeah I think it is. What the hell is he doing?"

"I don't know, he's on one of those zip lines."

"Oh yeah, is that what they're called?"

"Yeah, zip lines."

All of a sudden Leonardo's badly colored boots broke through the window, his feet smashing into the Foot Soldier. Quickly standing in a rather heroic pose he shouted out, "Captain Planet!"

Karai held her hands over her face, "Ah! You got glass in my eyes!"
Raph wouldn't pound on him anymore).

Leo cranked back his foot, "And my foot in your balls!" then proceeded to kick her between her legs as hard as he could. Though there were no external genitals to crush

he caused a sufficient amount of pain for her to buckle her knees together. He then grabbed her by the front of her dress, whipping her out the window.

Her gloved hands grabbed at his knuckles as she kicked her feet as if that alone could save her, "W-what do you want Leonardo?!"

Leo then pulled out a legal looking document and a pen from the back of his painted leather belt, "Just sign this pledge to not do the things you do and I'll let you go!"

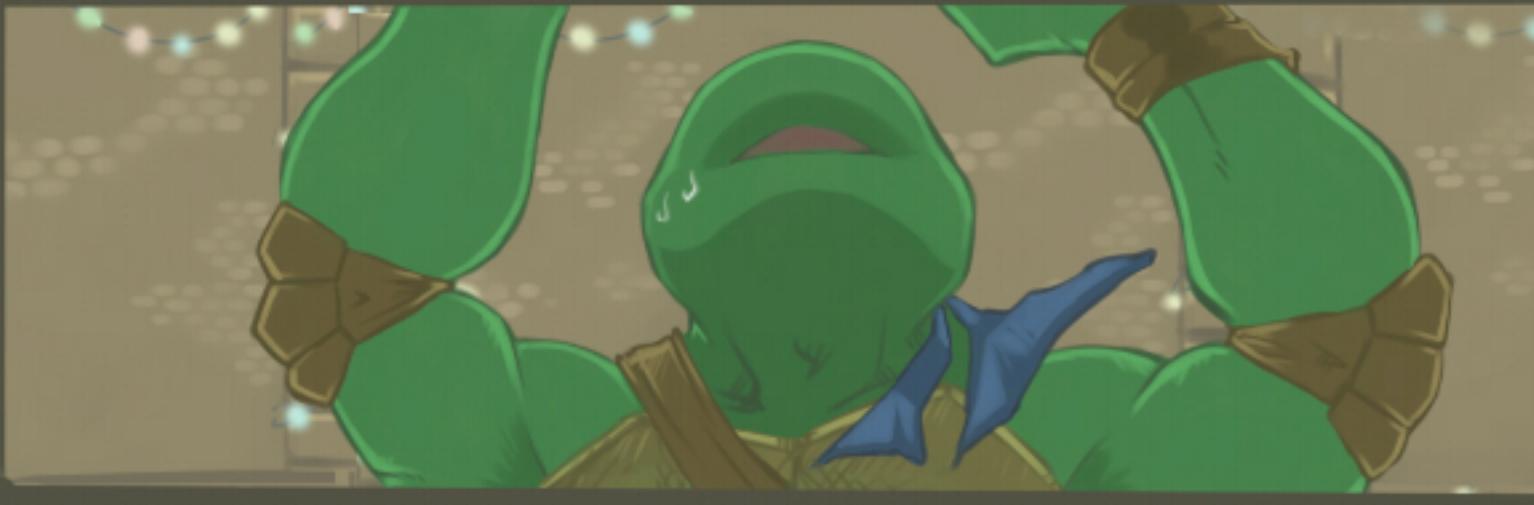
"The things we do? What?!"

He shook her causing her to scream and quickly agree with a quick, "Okay! Okay!" She grabbed the pen and signed her name at the bottom.

Leo pulled the paper up to his face and let his eyes glide over it, "This seems to be in order." Then he released his grip letting Karai fall screaming into the streets below. Her body smashing into a trash bin (since it'd be wrong to have her recycled). He then turned to the other Foot members in the room, pointing and announcing, "Protect the environment or I'll fucking kill you!" Then he proceeded to back flip out of the broken window, using a grappling hook to smash into some random window catching on some companies over sized Christmas tree that got caught in the window structure allowing him to swing away like Spiderman.

One Foot Soldier spoke up, "And this is why I hate Christmas."

Fin

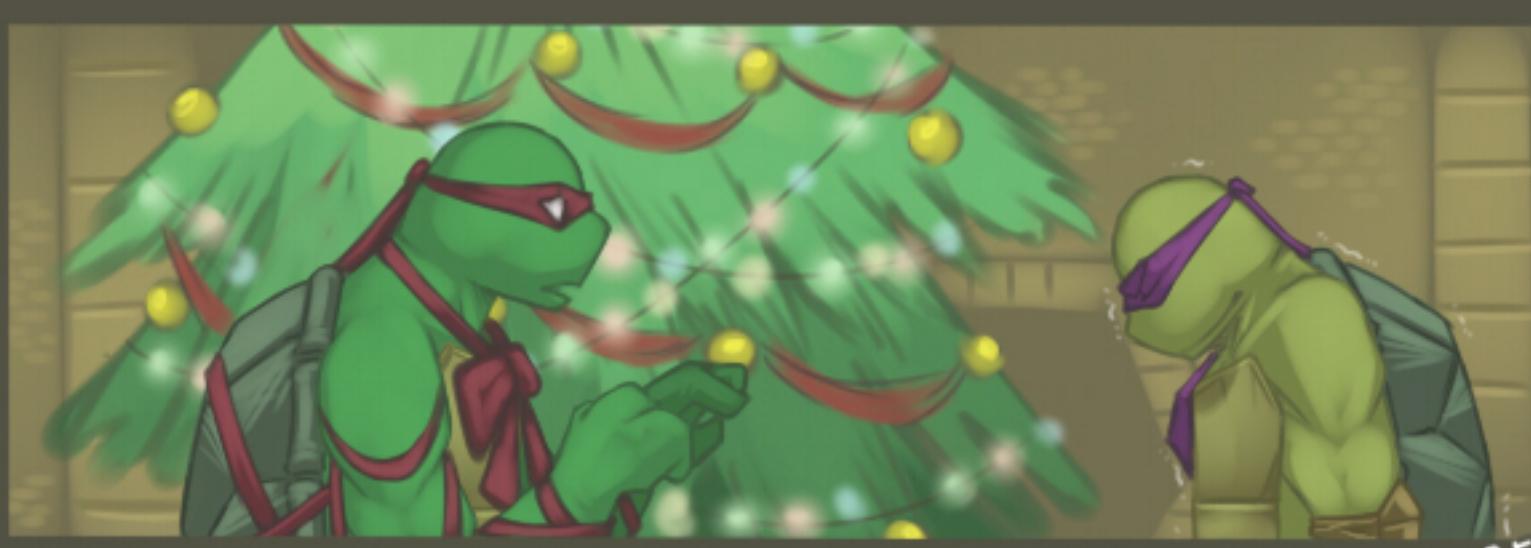
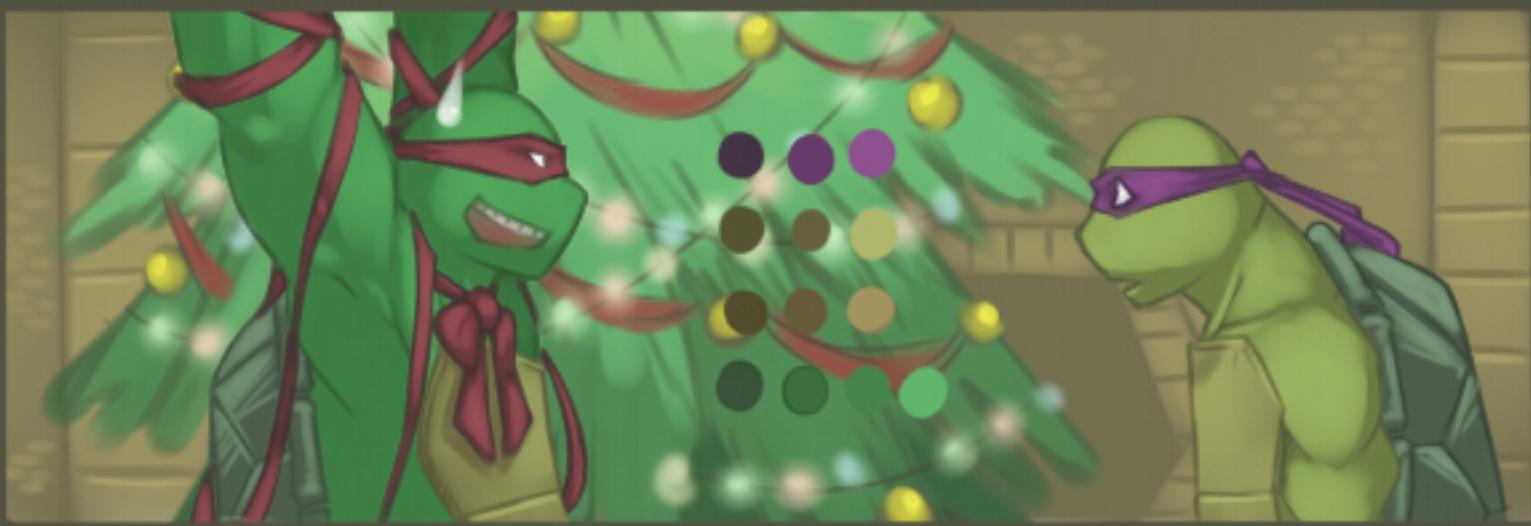


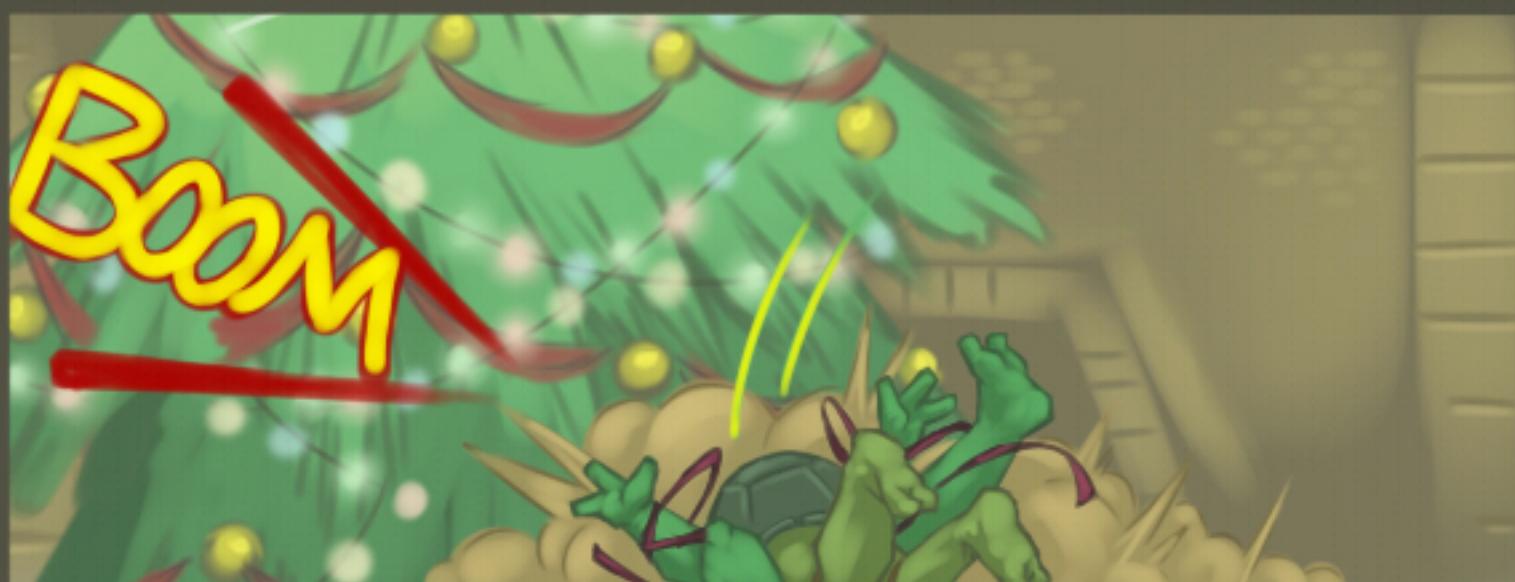
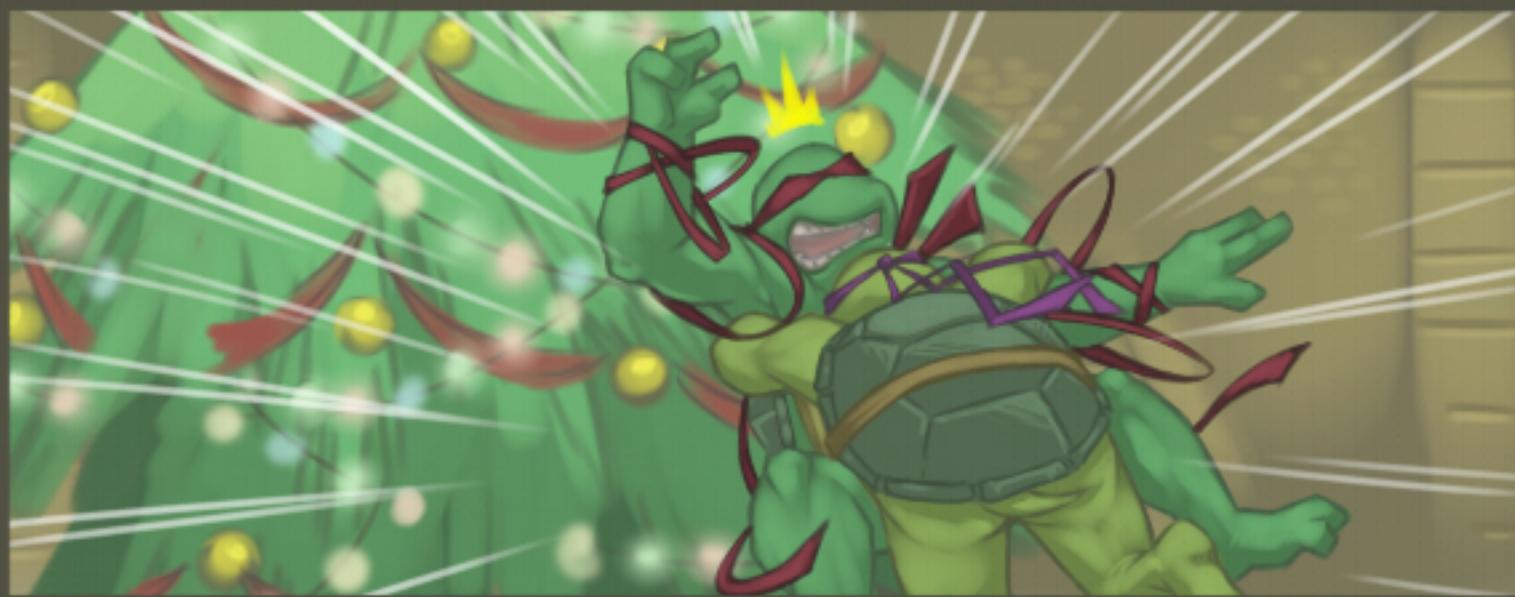


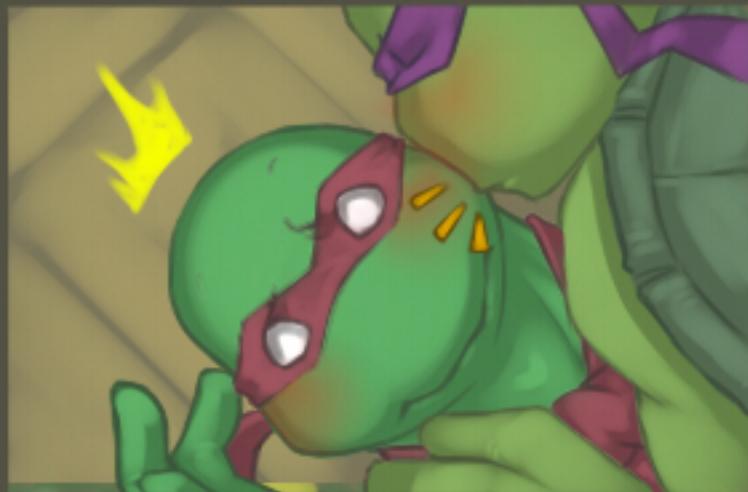


SURPRISE!











All I Want for Christmas

Mikey stared with trepidation at the package lying innocently on his bed, chewing on the inside of his lip as he finally got up and went to open it. Then he sat back down, fidgeting in his chair as he thought about all the ways this could go really, really wrong. Raph could freak out at him and stomp off.

Now *that* would kill the mood.

Mikey sighed, plopping his cheek into his hand as he stared at the package. Okay, if Raph freaked out, he'd play it off like a joke. No big deal. He brightened at the thought.

Operation: Get Mikey Laid was well underway. Now he just had to make sure nobody found that box before Christmas.

The Lair looked gorgeous, Raph thought, looking around at all the lights and garland strung along the railings, but that was mostly because Leo was a freak about getting everything perfect. He rolled his eyes and reached for the remote, turning the volume on the TV down a little bit as he listened to Mikey rustling around in the kitchen. A stupid grin formed on his face before he could stop it. Mikey. Probably making some nasty-ass snack with peanut butter and mustard. He ate like a pregnant chick.

Raph kind of liked that. He liked a lot of things about Mikey, though. Like the way his ass swayed when he walked in front of Raph after practice, or the way his voice cracked when he got scared and clung to Raph's arm when they were watching monster movies.

Oh yeah, there were a lot of good things about his baby brother that Raph was just starting to appreciate since they started their...thing a few weeks ago. Not a relationship. Raph didn't wanna call it that. Relationships were what Casey had with April, a whole lotta doing shit you never wanted to do just so you didn't get your ass tossed out on the couch for the night. Not that he thought Mikey was like that, but still.

The refrigerator door shut, and Raph listened absently as Mikey shuffled out of the kitchen, shooting him a sweet smile as he passed. "Want a sandwich, Raphie?"

"Nah," grunted Raph, indicating his bag of chips.

Mikey nodded, giving him another smile and heading off to his room. Raph stared at his ass as he walked, wondering what Mikey's tail tasted like.

Fuck. If they didn't do it soon, he was gonna die.

"Bye!" called Mikey, waving. "Merry Christmas, kids! Don't let Casey drop the food!"

Casey grumbled good naturedly, and April just grinned at him as they waved and headed out the door of the Lair.

"Well," said Leo, clapping his hands together in a businesslike manner, "I think that went very well."

"It's Christmas Eve, bro, not some training mission," Raph said, frowning at their oldest brother.

"Still," Leo began, and Mikey rushed in before there were any hurt feelings. It was Christmas, after all. Nobody should be fighting, and anyway, he had plans for Raph.

"Hey Leo, why don't you and me go finish the dishes? That way we won't have to do it tomorrow?" *Take the bait, Leo. Walk away...*

Leo nodded. "Okay, Mikey. That's...actually a smart idea."

Mikey pouted. "You sound so surprised," he mumbled, grinning and rolling his eyes at Raph, who smirked. No doubt he was bursting with gratitude that Mikey had saved him from a Leo lecture.

Yeah, right.

Mikey wandered into the kitchen after Leo, determined to do his penance for opening his big mouth about the dishes. He just hoped Raph wouldn't doze off or anything before he was finished. Leo turned on the faucet then, and Mikey resigned himself to the inevitable.

Once the inevitable was over, he bolted out of the kitchen and glued himself to the TV with Raph. Splinter was already in the bathroom getting ready for bed, and Leo would follow soon enough. Don would be up for hours, playing in his lab with his present from April, but he'd be too busy to pay attention to them.

And, hopefully, to the great sex they'd be having.

"A Christmas Story" broke for commercials just as Splinter shuffled past them with a smile and a "Merry Christmas, my sons" on his way to bed.

Mikey grinned and waved. "Night, Sensei!"

"Merry Christmas," said Raph quietly. Mikey glanced at him as Sensei vanished into his room, and blinked. Raph had a calm, contented look on his face as he looked after the old rat, which changed into a warm smile as he looked at Mikey. Mikey felt himself melt a little, and he snuggled happily against Raph's side.

"Leo's going to bed soon," he said with what he hoped was a convincingly casual shrug.

Raph stilled next to him, and Mikey kicked himself. Okay, maybe not so casual.

"Yeah?" said Raph, in a really bad attempt at nonchalance.

"Yeah," said Mikey, looking at the screen as the Old Man proudly displayed the leg lamp to his neighbors. One of these Christmases, Mikey was going to order that thing online and set it up when Leo wasn't looking.

"So I guess that means we're gonna be alone," said Raph, and Mikey bit his lip and tried to focus. The Mission was at hand! He could not fail now!

He peeked up at Raph. "Yeah, I guess so," he said, feeling an exhilarating rush of nervousness and excitement. Now or never. "Wanna go to my room?"

Raph jumped up and was on his feet before Mikey even finished his sentence. He tensed, clearly ready to storm off to Mikey's room, and then he stopped and looked at Mikey. "Uh...." He cracked his neck casually, shifting a little and trying to look cool and collected.

Epic fail there. Mikey grinned. "Maybe we should wait til Leo's in bed, yeah?"

Raph looked furious with himself. "Yeah, okay," he huffed, throwing himself back down on the couch and hunching his shoulders protectively.

Mikey bit his lip, glancing around to make sure Leo was still in the bathroom before sliding over to Raph, leaning carefully against his side and laying his cheek on his shoulder. "I have a surprise for you," he said quietly, giving Raph his best puppy eyes.

Raph blinked, curiosity making him forget his bad mood. "Huh?" He looked down, then caught his breath when he realized how close they were to each other.

Mikey grinned, a slow, predatory look. "Oh yeah. You're gonna freak when you see it." In a good way. He hoped.

Raphael's eyes darkened, and he leaned a little closer to Mikey, whose heart gave a girly flutter before the sound of the bathroom door opening made them both jump and scoot back to a respectable distance from each other as Leo made his way to his room.

Mikey bit his lip, holding his breath and then letting it out in a rush as he heard the latch close on Leo's door. He and Raph exchanged a glance, and then both of them were on their feet.

The race for Mikey's room was a blur. One minute they were still on the couch, then the next, the door to his room was closing and he was pressed against it, Raph's hands roaming over his body and making him moan.

"Raphie..." he whispered, only to be cut off by Raph's insistent mouth. Okay, he was eager. *That* was a good sign. Mikey wondered if he should just forget the whole crazy idea as Raph's tongue plundered his mouth, taking advantage of all sorts of sensitive spots Mikey didn't even know he'd had until the first time Raph kissed him.

But no. No way. He spent all his spare money on that thing, and he was gonna do this. "Raph," he gasped, shivering as Raphael ducked his head and nipped at Mikey's neck, churring, "Raphie, wait, I have-ooh, I have a surprise for you..."

"Yeah?" asked Raph, nuzzling Mikey's throat. "What kinda surprise?" He licked a long, slow line across Mikey's pulse, making it quicken.

"Y-you gotta go sit down, Raphie," he breathed, shivering at the feel of Raph's breath ghosting over his skin. "On the bed."

Raph paused, frowning at him. "Why?" he demanded, clearly not happy about letting go of Mikey.

That made Mikey feel kind of fuzzy inside, but he bit his lip. Saying mushy stuff like that to Raph would kill the mood. He wiggled a little, squirming out of Raph's arms, and shuffled over to the bed, where his oh so innocent package was still wrapped up. "Just... sit down. I'll be out in two seconds!"

When Raph went to sit, grumbling, on the bed, Mikey darted back behind a particularly tall stack of boxes and comic books he'd placed specifically to hide him from Raph's view. He flipped the top off the package with his toe and pulled out the slinky red lingerie. He'd had to order the little Santa chemise in the biggest size they offered just so it fit over his shell, and had only tried it on once. It made him feel...pretty. Sexy, daring. Like he could actually go through with this plan to seduce Raph and make their first time something really special.

He slipped the chemise over his head, closing his eyes and enjoying the way the sheer material caressed his sides, already sensitized from Raph's burning touches. The hem brushed his upper thighs, obscenely short even on him, and he wiggled briefly, watching the white fuzzy trim swing. "I thought maybe you might like a little show, Raphie," he said, surprised at how husky his voice sounded, the way his low churring affected the consonants.

"A show?" Raph's voice sounded slightly breathless from the other side of the room.

Mikey shivered at the lust he heard in it, and nodded, even though he knew Raph couldn't see him. "Yeah," he said softly, trying to keep himself from dropping down. Not yet. He still wasn't sure he wasn't gonna scare Raph off in this getup. "Are you ready?"

"Get yer ass out here, Mikey," growled Raph impatiently.

Okay. Guess it was now or never. Mikey took a deep breath as he slowly stepped out from behind his makeshift screen, keeping his back to Raph. He heard Raph's sharp intake of breath, and the slight squeaking of his mattress as Raphael shifted on it a little, but his brother didn't say anything.

Mikey swallowed loudly, and then forced himself to relax. "...I don't want a lot for Christmas," he started to croon, in a soft voice. He wasn't sure Raph could even hear him. "There's just one thing I need."

Silence from Raph. Mikey swallowed again and raised his voice slightly. "I don't care about the presents underneath the Christmas tree," he continued, wiggling his butt slightly and grinning now at the feel of the fuzzy trim swinging.

"I just want you for my own, more than you could ever know. Make my wish come truuue," he sang, hamming it up on the last notes just because he knew it would make Raph roll his eyes (and would make it easier to laugh it off if it backfired, which it still might), and turning around with a flourish. "All I want for Christmas is you!"

Raph was gaping at him. His jaw was literally hanging open. Mikey felt his grin freeze

on his face, and he wondered if he should drop the pose yet, or start laughing, or what. Raph was usually not that hard to read, but this...

And then Raph lunged for him. Mikey eeped as they went down, but Raph's hands were all over him, sliding over the silky material and making Mikey squirm. His shell scraped against the floor, sounding really loud in his ears, just like Raph's harsh, uneven breathing as he reached up under the chemise and cupped his hand over the bulging slit where Mikey's cock was still tucked.

"Drop down, Mike," growled Raph, a clear order. Not that Mikey wasn't already doing just that, churring loudly as his cock slid out into Raph's waiting hand.

Raph made a pleased sound, biting at the junction of Mikey's neck and shoulder with a little more force than was really necessary. Mikey loved it, arching under his brother and whimpering as Raph began to stroke him, rough and fast. "Raphie..." he whined, not sure what he was pleading for.

"You got lube in here?" asked Raph roughly against his ear slit, swiping his wide tongue over it and making Mikey squirm again.

"Yeah," panted Mikey, raising a hand to point. He was totally planning on telling Raph exactly where he'd stashed it, but then Raph's hand reached back and squeezed his tail, and he squeaked helplessly and spread his legs wide, whimpering again as the fuzzy trim of the chemise tickled his cock. "R-Raphie...come on!"

Raph chuckled breathlessly, his gravelly voice sending shivers down Mikey's spine. "Yeah, Mikey, I know..."

"Um, then why are you still over he-nh!" Mikey clapped his hands over his mouth as Raph pinched his tail. "Raphie!" he squeaked, voice muffled by his hands.

"Fuck, Mikey, when the hell did you get that thing?" demanded Raph, voice deep and throaty as he finally, *finally*, went to go get the lube out of Mikey's drawer. Mikey really wished he would move a little faster, but Raph seemed to be having a hard time pulling his eyes away from Mikey.

Mikey guessed he could forgive him for that.

"Y-you like it?" he panted, slipping his hands around the backs of his knees and pulling his legs apart.

"Oh fuck," muttered Raph, digging in Mikey's drawer without looking as his eyes raked over Mikey's body.

Mikey smiled sweetly at him, shivering as his cock rubbed against the trim of his chemise. "Come back, Raphie...I'm pretty sure empires rose and fell since you started looking for that stuff. It's right in the front."

Raph's annoyance vanished as he pulled the lube out of the drawer and stalked back to Mikey. "Don't be a smartass," he muttered, kneeling between Mikey's spread legs and looking at him hungrily.

Mikey whined softly. "Come on, Raph...I'm really horny here."

"You an' me both, little brother," said Raph with a grin that Mikey could only describe as savage. Normally if he saw Raph looking at him like that it would freak him out. But now...

"Fuck me." It came out a whisper, but Mikey was surprised at how needy he sounded. He distinctly saw Raph shudder, and then his brother was fighting with the cap to the lube.

"Oh Mikey," he said, a churr rumbling out of his chest, "I'm gonna."

Mikey had time to be glad the battle with the lube was a short one, and then Raph's thick finger was pushing into him, urgently, and he hissed, tensing up because Raph was way too excited to be gentle, and then his brother's weight was on him again, pressing him down, that gorgeous mouth licking along his and distracting him from the pain in his ass.

Well, Raph had always been a pain in the ass. Mikey had to stop himself from laughing. Now really wasn't the time.

Before too long Mikey was starting to get used to the feeling. Actually, there was a certain spot-he tipped his hips as Raph pushed in again...there!-that felt really good when Raph touched it. Mikey figured this meant it was time as a quiet moan escaped his throat.

Raph apparently thought so too, because he pulled his finger out. Mikey closed his eyes, trying to relax as something hotter and thicker than Raph's finger bumped against his entrance.

"Yess," he whispered, spreading his knees wider as Raph pushed forward. And then he yelled almost at the same time Raph did. He wasn't sure what Raph's excuse was, but that *hurt*. "Raphie...a little slower, yeah?"

"Tryin'," gasped Raph, pressing his cheek against Mikey's. "You're fuckin' *tight*..."

Mikey's breath hitched, and he churred loudly, making Raph shiver and chuckle against his skin. He decided Raph's sexy little chuckle right there was enough to make up for the ass burn. And that was really not a sexy term at all, so he wasn't going to think it again.

"I love you, Raphie," he whispered, because it really was true, and because Raph's breath caught in his throat every time he said it. Which made Mikey ridiculously happy. So when Raph moved again, Mikey moved with him, awkwardly, since he'd never done this before, but he knew Raph, knew him better than anyone, and he knew how Raph moved. Rough, fast, always with that edge of restraint when they were alone together, and Mikey shuddered when Raph hit that spot in him again, probably by accident.

"You like that?" Raph purred, moving a little faster.

Mikey bit his lip as Raph's thrusts started to go deeper. Guess they were pretending that whole 'hitting just the right spot' thing wasn't an accident. He smiled to himself as he and Raph finally found their rhythm, rocking together until Raph was panting and churring against his ear slit.

"Raphie..." he whined softly, squirming under his brother and knowing it would drive Raph crazy. "Touch me..."

Raph's whole body jerked a little, sending Mikey's shell scraping along the floor a few inches. "Fuck," he panted, the constant churring making him hard to understand. But he did inch his hand down Mikey's side toward his cock, hard and leaking with anticipation.

Mikey had to shove his fist in his mouth to keep quiet when Raph touched him. Talk about overload-he felt like he was gonna scream if this got any better. Which would really be bad, since he kind of doubted Leo and Sensei would be very understanding if they caught him in this position.

But, *oh God*, it would almost be worth it. Raph's hand wasn't gentle on his cock; it was rough, pumping him hard as Raph panted and churred into his neck. Mikey bit down harder on his hand, soft whimpers and needy churrs coming nonstop from his throat. Raph groaned against his skin and rubbed his thumb over the tip of Mikey's cock, right *there*, and that was good, he was nodding enthusiastically to show Raph just how good, because he could feel the pressure building in his gut, and if Raph did that again, he was gonna-

Raph did it again, smearing precum across the tip as he did, and Mikey lost it. He squealed against his own hand and bucked, jerking under Raph as he came.

Dimly, he was aware of Raph's orgasm. His brother's cursing and churring stopping completely for a second, and then he let out a very soft sound and slumped, cuddling against Mikey's plastron. Mikey's arms wove around Raph's neck and he held on, enjoying the light, humming sensation that washed over him.

"I love you too, Mikey," whispered Raph, so softly Mikey could barely hear him.

Mikey smiled, nuzzling his beak against his brother's. "Yeah, I know, Raphie."

"An' I like yer nightgown."

"It's a *chemise*," said Mikey automatically, and then yawned. "Bed, yeah?"

Raph grunted.

"Oh, come on, Raph. It's gonna get cold if we stay here..." He would whine if he had to. He hated the cold.

Of course, so did Raph., who huffed and slid off him with a grin. "Alright, babe. Let's go."

Mikey grinned and took the offered hand, smoothing his chemise as he stood.

Raph was eyeing him. "I can't believe you actually put that thing on," he said, shaking his head in amazement.

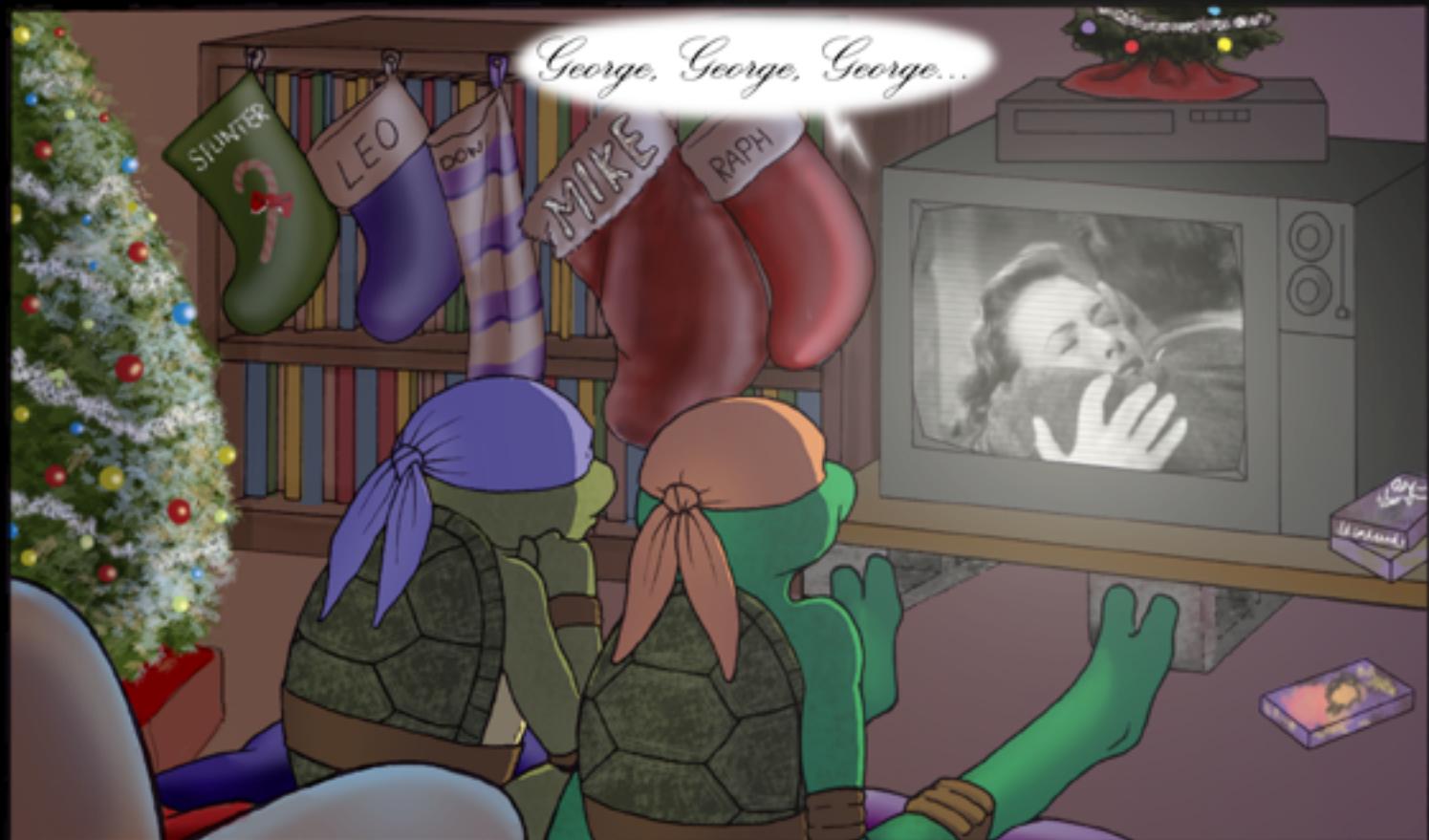
Mikey just grinned as he shimmied into bed, pulling Raph with him and piling the blanket on top of them. "Well, it's like the song says, Raph. 'Don we now our gay apparel,' or something like that."

"If the guy who wrote that song found out about you, he'd cry," said Raph flatly.

Mikey laughed. "Whatever, bro." He leaned over to kiss Raph softly, smiling as his brother tucked him against his plastron. "Merry Christmas."

Fin









Christmas in June

Raph arched his neck and let his gaze lash over the pipe-work, but was too overwhelmed to really see more than shadow and dark glints of metal. He could only feel, and hear the scrape of his shell against the concrete and the rushing of water from a nearby storm drain, head spinning and pounding. He'd long since forgotten that this had started as a struggle. He could barely remember to breath.

He thought it might be strange, to look down and face the fact that he was doing all of this with his straight-laced, butt munch big brother. But when he finally dared a downward glance, he only managed to impale his gold-spun gaze on the sight of him. The truth was that in that surreal, spinning moment... he looked nothing Leo. Barely even registered in his brain as Leo. This creature was slender and smooth, and alternately pressing nervous kisses onto the plates of his plastron and casting hungry glances down at his cock. This creature was... it was... okay. He didn't really know what it was. But it was something else.

No. In all twenty-one of the fucked up, isolated years of his existence, Raph could swear that he had never laid eyes on a creature like quite this.

The blue mask had been tugged down and hung around his neck like a ribbon, the long ends dangling between them. He seemed to grow irritated with it and paused to toss them out of his way and over one shoulder before going back to the business of pumping Raphael's cock with precision and urgency. Leo would distract himself sometimes by going back to kissing and mouthing at his chest plates, but was inevitably lured back to the thick, shiny, indigo-black skin of Raph's phallus, and the sight of his fist sliding over it.

When he finally did look up, his gaze filled with a rare and lovely shyness. Though he continued to jerk him off steadily, Raph still felt it – or maybe smelled it – when his lover went stiff with alarm. Leo's eyes found Raph's and locked on them. His fist slowed, almost forgetting the hand job entirely in favor of studying his face. His eyes were bright with equal parts lust and terror, dancing over his face as if desperately searching for something, and not sure if he was seeing it.

Raph had every reason to grow cold with suspicion. God knows we been through it often enough before... Leo would leap up now and start stammering about how they probably shouldn't do this. He would want to stop, start to apologize and freak them both out, or be furious that he had been the one to initiate it – again. He would talk endlessly about risk, go on about how hard this was for him, to still want what he knew he couldn't have, and... yeah. Game over.

Or... not? It startled him, when Leo reached for his cock again. He went right back to jerking him off – even picked up the pace as if to distract them both from the fact that he'd gone completely weird for a second there.

Raph was confused now, so confused, but it felt really good. He started to wonder if

maybe he'd been wrong after all. The weirdness wasn't what it seemed to be. It didn't mean what he'd thought it meant. He was forgetting to breath again, his chest filling up with new hope.

There was something telling in the way that Leo's burning gaze kept flashing down, and in the way his lips were pursed. It was the look he wore when he was trying to talk himself into a decision. He was only just starting to guess the truth when Leo spoke up to confirm it.

"Raph." His face curved away. He spoke like he could barely get the words out. "Can I..."

Raphael opened his mouth to find that he, too, had suddenly lost the ability to speak. First it was purely surprise, and then when he finally did gather his wits enough to try, all that came out was a familiar groan: that taboo sound they hardly ever discussed but all knew intimately. Once it started, it became as involuntary as a bad case of hiccoughs. It was a damned nuisance, historically... but on some instinctual level, Raph could only welcome it, knowing it was natural and always their first step towards bliss. So he accepted it. He pushed it down, out of his sinuses where it would hum out from his chest instead, sending a subtle ripples of pleasure through him.

He figured his approval must be obvious by all of this, but just to be sure they understood each other, he went ahead and gave Leo a quick and adamant nod. Oh yes. You can, his eyes said. You SO can, yes yes yes...

His adamant affirmation helped to relight some spark in Leo's eyes. He breathed the rest of his question like it was suddenly easier now. "Can I go down on you?" The words were whispered on the cusp of his indrawn breath, which came heavier now. "I want to. Let me suck you off, okay?"

"Nnnh... nnyeah," Raph managed to growl. He reached for Leo, cupping the back of his skull in both hands and trying to tug him closer. "Hhhh...p-please..."

Leo went rigid and then shook out of his grasp. "Whoa, wait. Hold on." He kept a hold of his cock and gave Raph's chest a small shove with the other hand. "No, I'm sorry. You don't get to do that."

Raph's only response was to make a small creak in the back of his throat and stare at him with pure confusion. Huh?

Leo could see at once that his bewilderment was genuine and his eyes dropped quickly. When he looked up again, he spoke in a voice that had retracted all of its earlier sharpness, for all that he remained unyielding. "No hands. You have to let me do this. I'm not about to let you..." A frown flashed over his face, unwilling to voice the only words that he could think of to describe exactly what Raph wasn't allowed to do. "It's degrading, and... disrespectful to me," he stalled, still searching his vocabulary for some adequate description that wouldn't violate his oath. "You can't just..."

"F-fuck yer face...?" Raph suggested, happy to help him out with this. He broke into a huge grin.

Leo's mouth twitched with distaste. He gave a soft 'hmph' from the back of his throat before slinking closer and starting to tug on Raph's cock again. "No hands. That's not going to be a problem for you, is it?"

"Shh... sure. Nnneh! Nnh... I mean, n-naw! S'like...hey, whatever!" He was trying not to laugh now – both at his pathetic struggle to articulate, and at Leo for being such a fussy schizophrenic. "I mean it.. Whh...w-whatever y'want, Leo. Rrrh. Sounds... sounds great. J-jus'... nnhh, god, jus'.. jus' do it..."

Leo looked at him like he didn't know to say for a moment, his shyness quickly returning now that it was game on again. The jerking motion ceased and he just held it in a gentle squeeze. Drawing nearer, close enough to click their upper plates together, he started sucking at Raph's throat in that slow and sensual way of his. Probably his substitute kissing, he thought with irony, but didn't call him out on it. Secretly he really liked it. He nuzzled at Leo to encourage him and began to churr louder.

"Shhhh... okay. That's fine. I will, then..." Maybe misreading his approval as urgency, Leo said these words as if it was Raph he was trying to sooth and assure. However Raph had the sneaking suspicion that Leo was talking more to himself. After all, RAPH wasn't the one doing all of the blushing and freaking out. He decided to blame the stupid effects of the mating season for his lack of annoyance. Instead the whole thing struck him as kind of... adorable, really. He looked down, watching Leo shush him and whisper assurances under his breath as he began a trail of hungry kisses down the final length of his plastron. "I will, okay.? I'll do it..."

There was one last spooked glance, a look that made Raph's heart squeeze. Leo had looked so terrified... For a mad moment, he even considered breaking the 'no hands' rule, just to grab him in a hug. He clamped his throat down instead, trying to wrest back some control over his voice box. Leo, you don't gotta do this. We can wait... But before he could get out anything coherent, Leo tucked his head down and slid his mouth over the tip.

Apparently that was all he needed to forget his every hesitation. Raphael watched, spellbound, as Leo began to lick and suckle with abandon. He tried teasing the soft purple nubs with experimental little flicks and swirling them against the flat of his tongue. He reached between Raph's legs with his free hand to take hold of his tail and pull it closer. The other slid down to close his fist right at the place where his cock emerged from the swollen, hyper-sensitive folds of his aroused cloaca. He slowly pumped it at the base to coax Raph's length to its fullest, and then readjusted his grip to guide it deeper into his mouth.

Hands still pressed to the wall obediently, Raph could only stare down at him, unable to silence the call to mate that was now tossing his diaphragm against his gut and tearing up from his chest, past his lips, to echo off the curving sewer walls. It was such a compelling and impossible sight, watching Leo suck on his penis like it was a strange and intriguing new plaything – blowing him like he loved the look, the feel, the taste... everything about it.

Raphael could not even bring himself to feel smug about this revelation. He had to admit, he was loving this too.

He began to lose sense of things shortly after that. It was too much, too good... Already higher thought was beginning to elude him. His knees buckled and he had to catch himself, splaying his palms on the gritty tunnel wall behind him and shifting to set his shell more securely against it, so the grooves of his caught on chinks in the uneven brickwork. Then he could think of nothing, and later would remember nothing but ecstasy of Leo's hot, hungry mouth swallowing him. He bucked and swore and howled and

and begged for it not to stop.

~

This was Leonardo's favorite part. Raphael probably did not realize the things he was capable of saying, the crazy broken pleas that would fly out of his mouth during these peaking moments. Every filthy encouragement, every surreal promise and impossible scrap of praise that fell from his mouth in the gasps between churring had a deep and stirring effect on Leo, like the sweet and deadly music of a Siren. Leonardo shuddered and threw more passion into his efforts, greedily drinking in every drop of those words that continued to spill from Raph's lips and wash him with a feeling of rare and forbidden ecstasy.

He could always tell when Raph was going to come, and knew when he would go all the way with it. His vocalizations would always shift, going high-pitched and somehow alien, a sound that he could never in a million years associate with his rough and tumble brother. In the back of his mind where he had locked away the worst of his self-loathing insecurities, Leonardo was deeply ashamed of the sound. He could not help his lurch of queasy mortification at the thought that more than likely he, too, made such cries every time Raph brought him to orgasm.

There wasn't time to dwell on it, because already he had been given the next indication of just how close Raph was. His bucking ceased and he was no longer rocking, bunching his muscular legs, scraping at the walls, or pushing into the floor in an attempt to desperately thrust towards Leo. The rhythm of traditional human copulation was broken as suddenly he wanted nothing more than to press and hold fast, moved instinctively to push and push and somehow sheath himself fully and securely in the tight pocket of heat encasing him.

But in this case, that place happened to be Leo's mouth. The nubs were hard and protruding now, and he could even feel Raph's swollen member pulsing under the sensitive skin of where his tongue cupped it. Pre-cum and blood, he thought dazedly. More blood was rushing into his cock, and now the soft, fleshy nubs –harmless only moments ago, and oh so much fun to lick and play with – soon they would be sharp and fully extended. He knew it was just moments now until he had to pull away from him and finish him off with his hands. Some part of him – some irreparably bent and twisted slut that lived inside him – didn't really want to.

Prongs were such a cruel trick of evolution, designed with the archaic intent of locking them into place and holding fast to the sheath of even a wildly resisting lover. God damn, if there wasn't something incredibly sexy about that thought... But even so, Leo knew those prongs were never meant to encounter the soft and fragile flesh lining the insides of his mouth. Time's up, he thought with vague stab of regret.

Ignoring the unfriendly spikes digging into his cheeks, Leonardo gave him one last pull of long and lovely suction and intense pressure. He was rewarded with the first exotic taste of someone else's semen splashing into his mouth before he finally jerked away, releasing him with a wet gasp.

Raphael's howl strangled with loss at their forceful separation, but moments later it didn't seem to matter anymore as he fell back into his usual shameless keening. Leo continued to grip Raph's cock, pumping it gently – not to excite him, but just to help postpone the inevitable effect that exposure to the chill spring air always had on the

length and intensity of their orgasms. His other arm and shoulder were bracing him now, keeping a safe distance between them. On the off-chance that Raph would frenzy and try to overpower him, he would be prepared to throw him off.

By the time the last waves of his orgasm had ebbed, Raphael had fallen to his knees and dragged Leo down with him. He wrapped Leo in a fierce embrace, panting and shaking, face buried into his shoulder, letting Leo slowly rock him and press kisses onto the top of his head. Feeling their wet, sticky plastrons pressed together was incredibly sexy... The realization of this was a little unsettling, so he distracted himself with the amusing thought of how his caution had been wholly unnecessary this time. Right now, Raph was about as ferocious as a shivering kitten in his arms.

Just when he'd thought that the moment could not possibly get any more wonderful, he glanced down in surprise, hearing Raph's stifled, half-coherent mumbling "God. Can't believe that ya... I mean, ya actually... Jesus, Leo."

"You liked that, huh...?" Leo murmured, toying with the knot of Raph's bandanna. He was secretly very glad that Raph's head was turned away and pillowied on his shoulder now. It meant no one could see him blush.

He could feel Raph's body relaxing quickly. Already it seemed that he was draped on Leo more than clinging to him. "Liked it? Liked? Are ya serious? That ain't the word. That – I mean, that was. It was, like. I can't even compare it. Cause. I don't know. You could try to, and whatever it is – it could be the best thing ever, right? Best thing in the world. I would still be like, fuck you. Your shit is lame. I got somethin'... mmm." He nuzzled at Leo's neck, "S' way better..."

"Yeah?" Leo found these glowing, drowsy-voiced descriptions quite adorable. He gave Raph's shoulder a playful poke and prompted, "No sleeping. Feel free to keep going, actually."

"Heh. So... okay, f'one thing it was just – out of no where, you know? Christ. I barely had time to go, 'Whoa. WHOA, you mean –he's gonna—? And next thing I know, it's like – 'Holy shit!' It's like... like it's Christmas. Like it fucking came early. And you're, I mean – you're down there, with your tongue. And it's like... it's doin' stuff, and..."

"Wait, wait, wait." Leo unwound his arms from Raph and sat up straighter, peering down at him dubiously. "Did I—" The corner of his mouth pulled wryly. "Did I hear you right just now? Because I could have sworn you just said that the mind-blowing oral sex we just had was like Christmas."

"Nah. You heard me! But you can –" He paused here to turn his head slightly and give a huge yawn before settling in again and continuing, "—y'know... call me out, r'whatever. Gimme' some lip about bein' a total sap. Don't even care. That shit was like Christmas, damn it. Christmas in June..."

Leo pulled away to look at him head, his lips pulling in amused disbelief. "Are you kidding me? I'm not saying any of this because you're being sappy, Raph! It's just... come on! Christmas? Coming from you, that should be an insult!"

"Huh?" Raph lifted his head to look at him. "Whaddya mean?"

"Raph! Are you kidding me? You HATE Christmas! Every single year, the holidays come

and you're stomping around, tearing down decorations, complaining about how superficial and stupid everything is. Snarling at everyone who seems to be enjoying themselves... You're the biggest Scrooge I ever met! Remember?"

Raph's offended look melted into a puzzled frown. He glanced down, then sat back on his heels to give Leo with a sheepish grin. "Oh yeah."

Leo stared for a moment, then bowed his head and let his shoulders shake with helpless laughter. "I mean, lord forbid Don or Mikey tries to play any music that is even slightly festive. And I'm pretty sure nobody ELSE has forgotten the great honey roasted ham fiasco of 2004... Or when you stormed into Mike's room, grabbed his TV, and tossed it over the upper level balcony?"

"Whatever," Raph grumped, rolling his eyes. "Don fixed it, didn't he?"

"That's not the point. You nearly gave everyone sitting down in the common room a heart attack. And all for what? Because he was watching some Christmas program in there and had the volume turned up too loud!"

"It's – he – okay, it wasn't just ANY Christmas program. It was the Grinch Who Stole Christmas!" Raph spluttered.

"So?" Leo laughed.

"He's already seen like a bazillion times! And there's all this – this singing in it, like, really RETARDED singing! And he's in there singing it too, and it's blaring through the walls, and—"

"Do you even hear yourself?" Leo chuckled, shaking his head at him slowly. "Do you hear how completely psycho that sounds?"

"WHOVILLE CAN SUCK MY ASS!" Raph boomed, shaking a dramatic fist in the air. He deflated, feigning an irritable sulk and muttering to himself. "Yahoo Do Ray, Da Hoo Do Ray... What the FUCK is that supposed to be, huh? Don't mean nothing!"

"Yyeah. Right. Okay, so the POINT I'd like to make here is... all that crazy stuff you just ranted? That Christmas? I'm sorry, Raph. But my blowjobs are way better than that."

"ALRIGHT ALREADY!" Raph roared, "I apologize!. I give up! I take it ALL BACK, okay? Pshh, Christmas.... What the fuck was I thinking? From now on, your blowjobs are... fuck, I don't know. New Years? Nah. Buncha tourist dipshits standin' around in the cold to watch a disco ball, that's fucking retarded. So that leaves... hey, is it Friday? Cause' if it is, well... damn. That would be a pretty Good Friday."

"Not Friday, sorry," Leo smirked. "Not even close."

"FINE! NO HOLIDAY FOR YOU!" Raph leapt forward and tackled him to the ground. Leo went down laughing, putting up very little resistance as Raph straddled him and pinned his wrists down on either side of his face. "I give up! Anyway, who needs em? They all pretty much suck anyway, and— NO! Wait!" He broke into a grin. "FUCKING HALLOWEEN! YES! How did I forget that one, geez! Okay, it's settled. Your blowjob was like Halloween. There, y'happy?"

"Uh, sure." Leo managed, still shaking with laughter. "It'll do, I guess."

"Damn right, it'll do!" Raph leaned forward, bringing his face closer to Leo's and baring his teeth, playfully menacing. He released one of Leo's hands to stab a finger in his face. "You're blowjobs are Halloween and that's final."

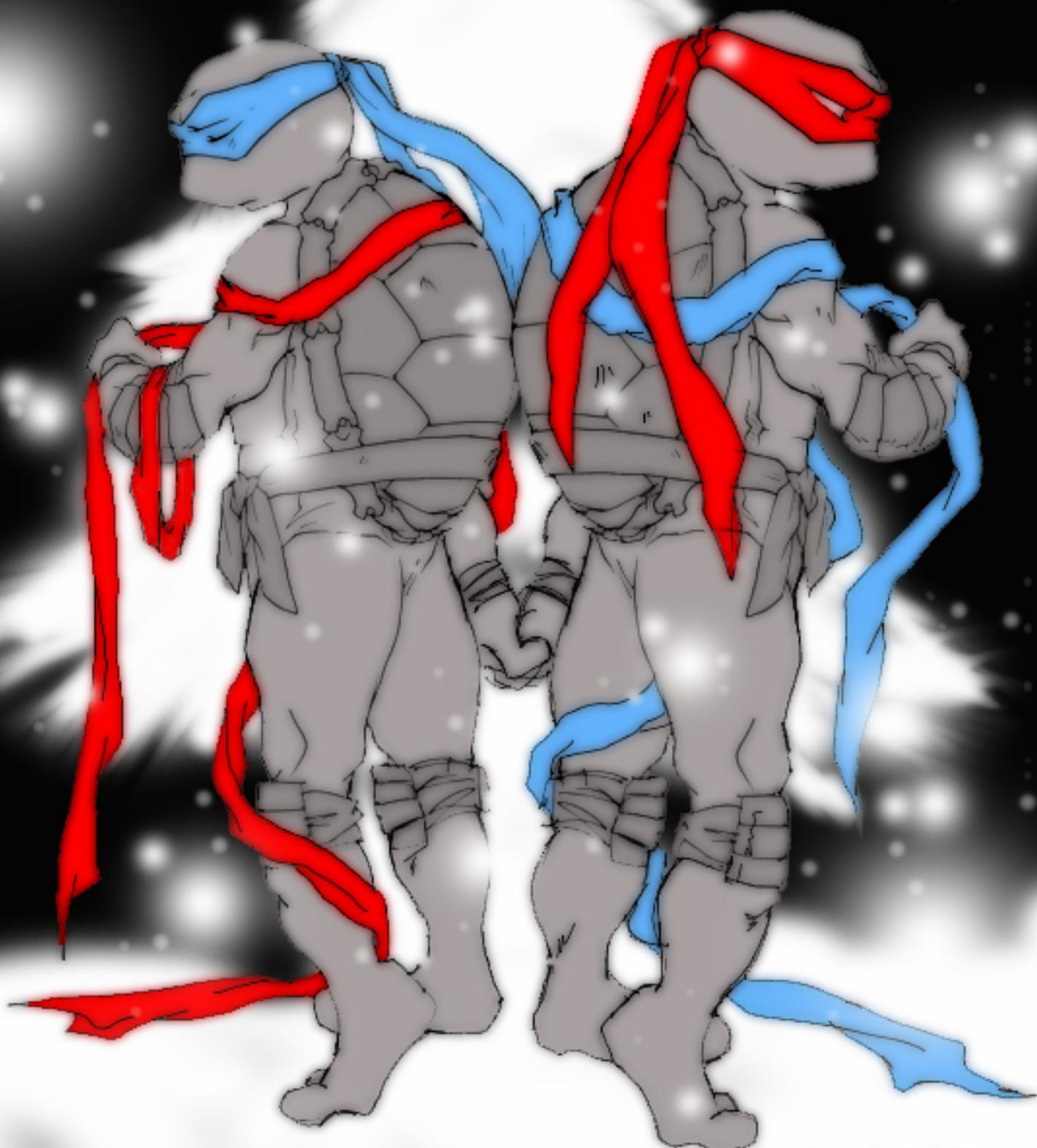
"Heh." Leo saw his opening and took it, locking one ankle around one of Raph's and executing a throw with such swift efficiency and ease that it looked entirely casual. As Raph gave a squawk of protest and started to squirm, Leo redistributed his weight and pressed more of his body down onto him. "So if that was Halloween... it's not over already, is it?"

Raph's breathing had picked up and he went very still. "Uh... why?" he wondered in a smaller voice, looking up into the pipes above and starting to grin. "Ya want s'more candy?"

"Mmm," Leonardo tilted closer to brush his beak against the underside of his jaw, purring, "trick or treat..."

Fin

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles
AUTUMN CHRISTMAS



by SaintCosevent

The Sewer

CHRISTMAS
CAKE!

Mikey...
just
DON'T lose
the cake,
OK?

Mikey's so happy~

DON!



GET THESE

FUCKIN' CHRISTMAS LAMPS

OFF ME!



USELESS

BROTHERS

!

I AM BORED

JUST

WATCHING
THEM!

DONNY

hiss!



Leo?
Where
are you
going?



I'm going out
to the patrol

I wanna go too



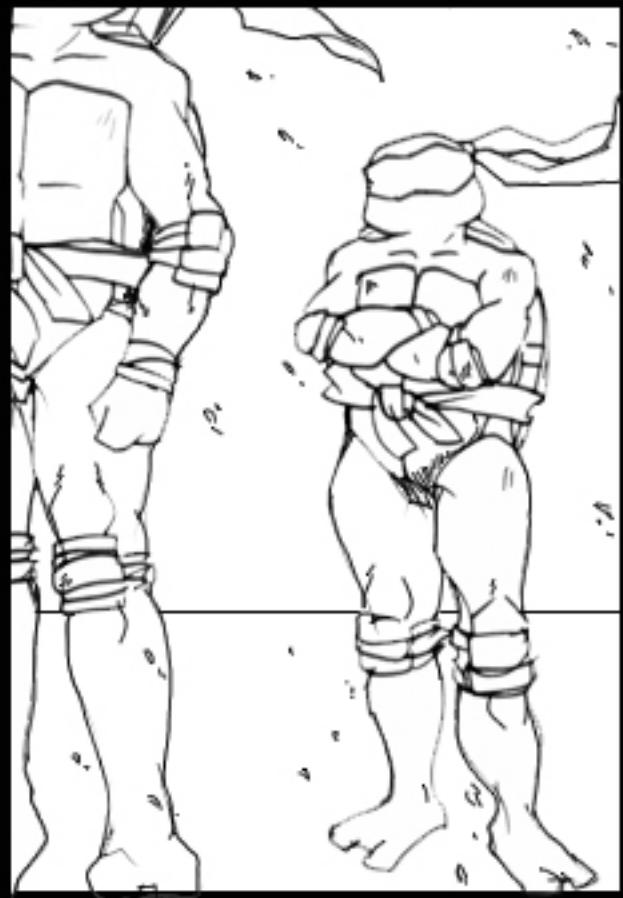
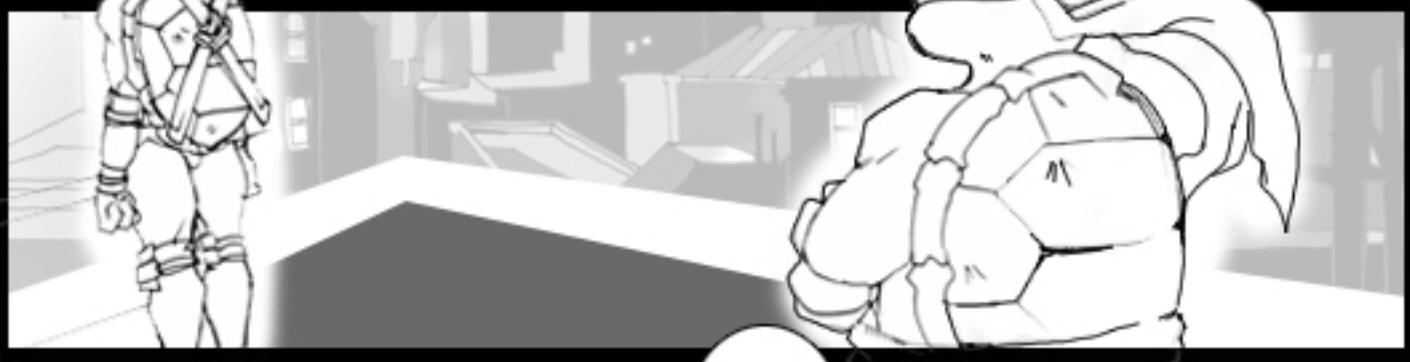
alright, Mikey...

Don't be too late, we're going
to have a christmas party...

pls

pls







who said non-sense anyway?/SC







Raph...

pants

I think we
should get
back to the
lair now...

OF COURSE
NOT!!

Don't think
you would
get away
so easily
drools

I'm
READY!

King of the world

#x@#\$%^#\$\$&

OMG!

Good Bye, Raph...
I'm Glad to talk to you
I'm too young to die because of
having sex...with you...

How dare you!?

That's what
I proud of

hiss



B-But I
have to go
back to
prepare the
christmas
party

Don and Mikey
can deal with it

A-And...
Master
Splinter
will...

No, he
won't

I-It Casey
and
April...

LEO

You don't really
care about me, Do you?
YOU'RE MEANIE

So, tell me
**YOU WILL
OR NOT!?**

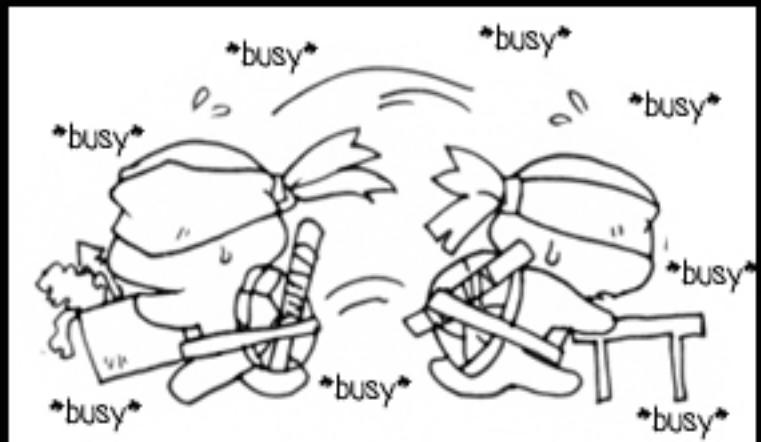


I DIDN'T
SAY ANYTHING
LIKE THAT

O-OK
I will,
WHAT?

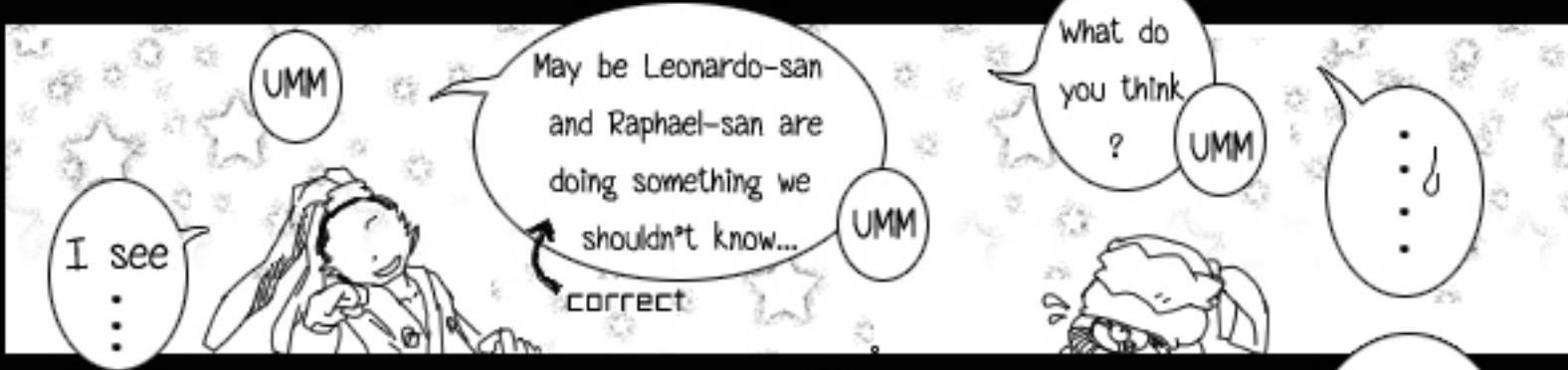


J-Just
promise me
you'd spare
my life





I'm sure
they will be
here in time.
:
Don't worry
at all





Is that
Leo and
Raph? Open the
speaker! I wanna
talk to them





UMM...
uh...
I WANNA STAY HERE, IN THIS MOMENT...
....FOREVER....

..EVEN....
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU FEEL....

A-Ah

BUT....

LEO

R-
pant*

COH.



pant about...
the question
You've
asked me
...I DON'T CARE ANYMORE...

AAH.

UGH.

GH.

...NO MATTER YOU LOVE ME OR NOT...

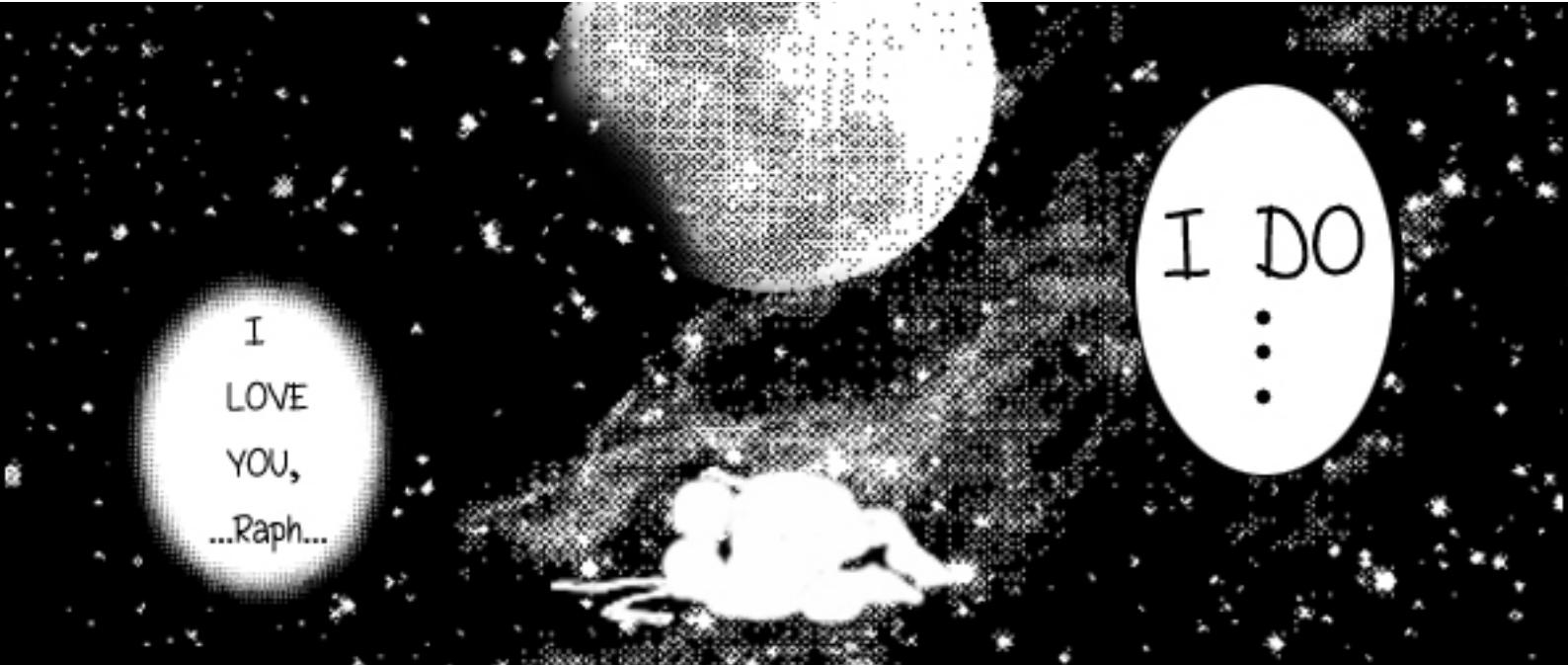
I
ALREADY
HAVE AN
ANSWER

Ah...ah,
aaaaaa-
aaah...

...LOVE YOU...

I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, RAPH...





I
LOVE
YOU,
...Raph...

I DO

: .



TO....
WHOEVER
READ
THIS STORY

NO MATTER

WHO

YOU ARE

: .



We live together, we train together, we fight together,
we stand for good together,



MERRY CHRISTMAS

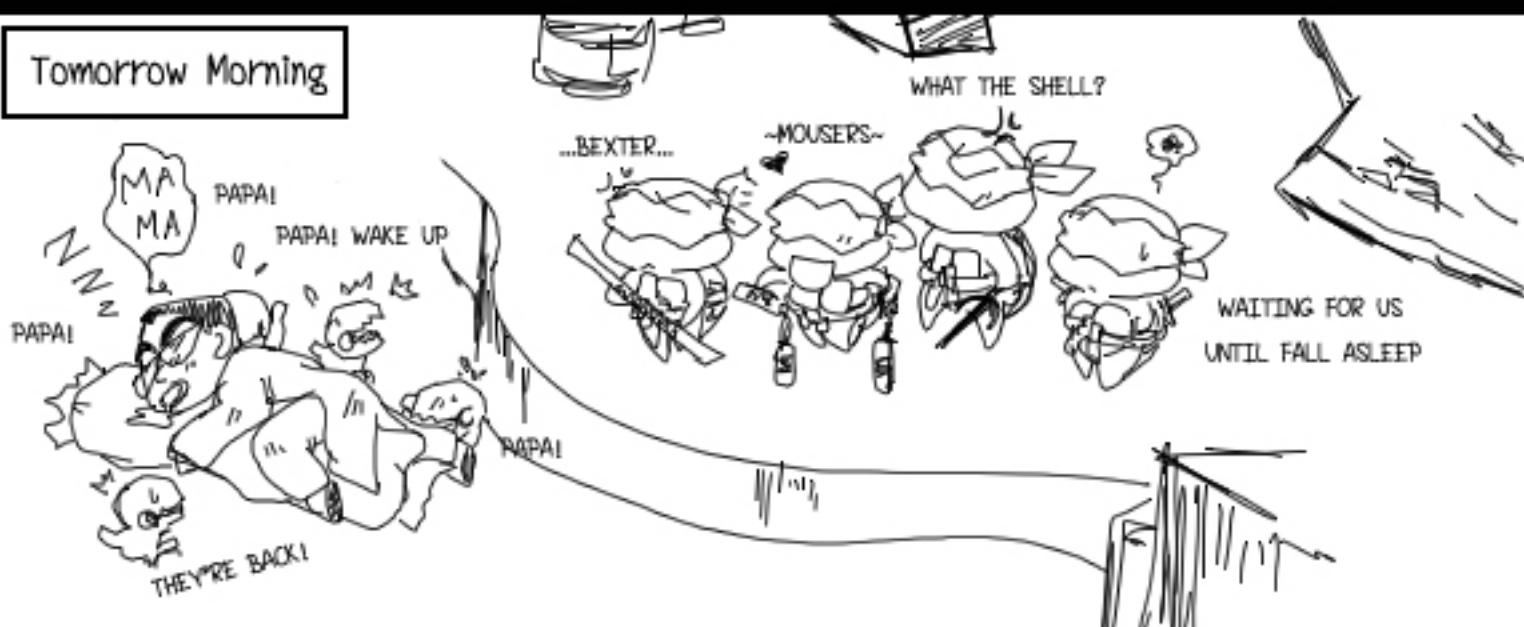
...we are Ninjas...

WISHING YOU HAVE A VERRY HAPPY CHRISTMAS

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

AND SPLINTER
AND APRIL
AND CASEY
AND USAGI
AND DAIMYO
AND SILVER CENTRY
...AND SAINTCOSEVENT...

Tomorrow Morning



BY SAINTCOSEVENT

MERRY CHRISTMAS

MISTLETOE
LEONARDO RAPHAEL



Santa Baby

His outfit was red this time. Which was fitting, since Christmas was the next day. Don had said he wanted his gift early, but Raph hadn't known (hadn't let himself know) what that meant. He should've known (he had known, in some corner of his mind) exactly what Don was planning when the brainiac had insisted on handling everything for his own gift. But Raph had just stared, a bit dumbly, at the familiar red and white cloth Don handed to him.

It worried him more than a little that it was so easy to slip into the skirt and jacket. So what, this time I'm playing a girl playing an old woman? Mrs. Claus...geez... But the look in Don's eyes when he'd asked for this was enough to make him forget the whole problem, as always. Memories of the last few times they'd done this roleplay ran through his head, making him hard and pressing against his shell for release already. "So Santa, ready for yer gift?"

Donatello finally turned around and his breath caught in his chest. Raphael looked wonderful, gorgeous and hot in that little red number. He licked his lips and tugged on his own red coat and tilted his Santa hat atop his head. He licked his lips again and inched forward, looking Raphael over in awe and love. A smile stretched across his face and he churred loudly, slinking over to him. "Mmmm, I must say, I'm enjoying the view." Donatello chuckled, inching closer to him and reaching out to finger the red material.

Raph trembled. Trembled this early in the game. "So, what'dya want first then?" He sounded so corny! And he could feel the slight blush on his cheeks that wouldn't go away no matter how he tried to force it to.

Tilting his head, Donatello leaned in close, a hand moving down and very carefully sliding just his fingertips up the length of his thigh and his face moving closer. "How about a kiss, Mrs. Claus, Daddy has had a long night and needs a bit of tender loving care."

Even as he felt his blush deepen, Raph leaned forward to close the gap between them. He was only too willing to get past these awkward feelings to the point where he would be too wrapped up in Don to notice them. Eager, he opened his mouth, forcing himself to remember this was Don's show tonight, not his.

Don captured Raph's lips and kissed him slow but deep. His lips moved against Raph's, his fingers dipped along his leg to reach around behind him to rub at his ass, and tongue tickled across his lips and then across his tongue, gently probing, rubbing and tasting him. Though he dominated Raphael and urged him to submit, his kiss was careful and thorough, leaving no taste untouched and no emotion undredged from the depths of Raphael's belly.

Raph moaned and pressed closer to Don's body, silently begging for more. It had been days since he'd been able to be alone with Don like this and his body wanted to soak up all of Donnie that he could. His hands slid over Don and the red Santa suit as his legs

shifted to allow Don's hands better access.

Churring loudly and pressing close, Donatello took the opportunity to slip his knee between Raphael's legs and he pressed his knee up, rubbing between those legs and coaxing Raph deeper into the kiss with a little murmur and a quick stroke of his finger across his tail. He loved this. He was getting lost in Raphael's scent and taste. He was so delicious and eager - he could just feel Raph's eagerness and that in turn heightened his own and he churred louder in his chest as the pressure inside of his shell grew heavy and hot.

Moving a finger down, Don brushed it across Raph's opening simply to tease him, hinting at what would be to come later. Breaking the kiss, Donatello dipped his head and kissed at his neck, panting and nuzzling against his jaw. "Now then, what sort of present should a naughty girl like you want? Surely you can convince me to give you something more than coal this year." A smile tugged at his lips before he trailed his tongue up Raph's collarbone.

Dropping down already was an embarrassment, really. Raph couldn't help it though. Not when Don's finger brushed so close, moving the fabric of that stupid skirt and just barely touching him. "I...I want whatever you want." Was that my voice? How does Donnie do that to me? Makin' me sound...desperate. Easy. Aw, who am I kiddin'? That's what he makes me!

Feeling Raph drop, a moan rushed from Don as well. He shivered and nuzzled him and then backed him up, searching for anything - whether table, chair, or bed, to press Raphael up against and force his legs open so he could fully slip between them and rub against his hips. Donnie panted, licking at his neck and then lifted his head, his lips hovering over Raph's. "You sure? I'm in a rather frisky mood."

"Yes..." Raph hissed, forcing himself not to steal the kiss that was so close to him. His hands moved of their own accord, teasing the material of Don's pants over those legs. "Anything..."

"Good." He leans in the last few inches and kisses him hard. He reaches down, tugging his pants open and then down. Donatello rubbed his hand across his thigh and hip, panting in excitement. Pushing the skirt up, he pulled back just as quickly to look at him, wanting to see the erection nestled between the layers of the red skirt.

Raph couldn't stop the protesting sound from escaping his lips when Don pulled away. He forgot about it as he watched Don stare. His erection grew harder under the scrutiny, wanting to be touched by Don's clever fingers as thoroughly as Don's eyes explored him. There was no way he'd admit he whimpered.

A churr rumbled out of Donnie's chest and he trembled in turn. He loved this... this submission, this undeniable need in Raphael's eyes - the knowledge that Raph only wanted him. He ducked his head after finishing his study of the lovely piece of flesh jutting up from between Raph's legs and he kissed his neck, suckling on his flesh as he eased Raphael up atop the edge of the table, quietly asking him to scoot back as he moved to climb up after him. "Raphi-a...." He whispered and moaned, lapping at his flesh and rubbing between his legs as his own erection began to peek out in his eagerness.

Shuddering as that name reminded him of his role here, Raph let his head fall back, letting Don do as he would. "M...Mr. Hamato..." It still felt weird to call his brother

that. "More..." He shifted, trying to touch more, to have more of Don's body touch him. "Need you."

He hovered over him, pulling his legs around his hips and rubbing at his thighs. "You want me, hmm? How do you want it? Do you want a hard sleigh ride, or a leisurely midnight caress by the fire." He kisses across his neck and inches closer, his erection slipping out a bit further and rubbing and massaging his opening.

"Dun care..." Raph squirmed, hating himself for it. Don felt so good, and always knew how to tease him and make his body burn. His hands roamed over Don's sides, searching out the sensitve spots the Santa suit tried to hide. "Jus' want you."

Lifting his head and biting lightly at his lips. He reached out across the table at his side and rummaged about for something, and once he found it, Don reached between their bodies to spread lubricant across his erection and then push himself into Raphael's body. He moaned into his neck, churring loudly and pushed slowly into him, melting as he was surrounded by his body.

Raph's hips tilted, taking in more of his brother as he tried to increase the speed. It felt like years since he'd last been with Don like this. Swear he puts something on these clothes to make me more horny. It was easier for Raph to believe that than to consider that his wanton behavior was actually a part of him. Then Don's erection hit that little bundle of nerves and his mind blanked while he cried out in pleasure.

Donatello whimpered and shuddered, arching against him and holding his position for a moment before he pulled back then slammed forward once more. He gripped at Raph, tugging on the skirt and short jacket, churring loudly to him and kissing at his face. "You smell so good... you feel so good... Gah... yer so tight..." He cooed and thrust into him, aiming for that bundle of nerves once more as a hand slid across Raph's chest and belly.

"Moooorrree..." At that moment, Don could drape him in pink and he wouldn't care. Not as long as Don kept moving...touching. And definitely kept kissing. "Love you, want you, need you...only you...make me feel...shell!" He shuddered violently as everything exploded inside him, as he was filled with Don. It seemed he never could keep from cumming long when Don wanted to play like this.

Groaning, Donatello's lips fluttered across his face, kissing and loving him, whimpering and churring loudly; but his hand dipped down and he grasped his erection with a bit of the skirt caught in his fingers, he rubbed and stroked, trailing his thumb down his length then over the head of his member. He thrust into him, moaning louder and quivering in excitement. "Love you... love you too... ah! Raph!" He gasped and bucked against him, sliding into his heat and adoring every inch and milimeter that consumed him.

Raph tensed his inner muscles, trying to cling as Don moved in and out. It was like being in a storm, caught up in the winds with no real control as emotions and sensations swirled inside him. Don was everywhere, all over him and claiming him. Perfect... absolutely perfect.

He squealed - sure he wasn't proud of it given that he was supposed to be all dominate - but feeling Raphael's muscles clutch at him, denying him leave and stroking every single millimeter of his skin and claiming him just as he claimed him back by another

"Thanks a lot."

A grin crawled up his face and a blush colored his cheeks. "Yeah?" Don moved back over him and snuggled into him, then dared to kiss his lips - a sweet and quick peck - and he nodded. "I'm glad."

Raph grunted, not sure whether Donnie was adorable or sexy looking all flushed but pleased with himself. "Yeah..." He said, looking at his gift, very much excited about having received it, but with a sigh and a raised brow, Raphael looked Donatello straight in the eyes and wrapped his arms about his shell. "So; can I get undressed now? It's kinda itchy."

Fin



"spirit"

by Applejack

STUPID HAT...

I THINK IT
SUITS YOU.

BAH...

I KEEP THINKIN'
SOME KID'S GONNA
ASK ME FOR A
XBOX OR SOMETHIN'





MAYBE I GOT
ENOUGH HOLIDAY
SPIRIT TO GRANT
ONE WISH

AND I GUESS YA
HAVE BEEN PRETTY
GOOD THIS YEAR



Merry Christmas-

HMM, ONLY
"PRETTY GOOD?"

-The End



Coming Back Home

The icy wind was blowing into his face, cutting through the fabric of his coat. First, it had been pain to stand the cold breeze, but slowly, his entire body started feeling numb- like his mind.

Two weeks ago, Donatello had left the place he was used to call his home- the dark sewer tunnels of New York, where him and his family had found a place to be, years ago. In this place, the genius of the little family could do all those things he liked to do- the young mutant turtle was all interested in anything related to science and electronics. Of course he had to take part in the daily ninjitsu training, and he had to help in the household- like his three brothers. But besides those little "interruptions", there were no bigger duties for him to follow. The lair down in the sewers was a place where he used to feel save and always welcome- a place where he felt loved....

But now, he didn't dare to go back. Of course he missed his family, and he would give a lot to see them. He always missed his family when they weren't around, but it was even worse now. After all, it was Christmas time....

Not that Donatello cared about that human ceremony too much. Unlike his youngest brother Michelangelo, he wasn't very keen on all those presents, he also didn't like that huge Christmas tree that their human friends April and Casey always managed to bring down into the sewers every year, and that looked all trashy after it was decorated with glittering stuff- looking as trashy as those Christmas trees in the TV commercials. And Donatello surely didn't like singing Jingle Bells....

But what he cared about was that he had special memories about the Christmas time of two years ago. Because this time had changed a lot in the young mutant's life. From this day on, Christmas was something special for the smart, young man with the pretty amber colored eyes.

Two years ago, he had decided to give a special gift to one of his brothers. And it had taken all his courage to give it to him. In the beginning, it wasn't easy for the youth- when he started to develop that he had romantic feelings for someone he was used to call "brother". And he was all insecure about what to do, because even after months, these feelings didn't go away again....

And even when he decided to admit his secret emotions, the confusion remained. And it grew to regrets- regrets that he had opened himself to someone who was as hot tempered and unsensitive as- Raphael. Of course the lout of the family had been upset- Donatello never expected anything else.

The young turtle's memories drifted away from the present, back into the past, when all these things happened...

~~~~~

"You know, first, I didn't want to tell you this, because I'm not sure what you'll think about it. But...I think more than anything else, we all need to be honest to each other. And I also hope that you'll at least accept what I wanna tell you-"

"Donnie! Get a grip, okay? What is it that ya wanna tell me. I ain't got that much time, so please try to end this conversation within the next hour, 'kay? Just say whatcha got ta say."

"Okay....erm...Raph, I don't expect you to think the same....it's just that....I love you, Raph...."

"Donnie, what the....aaaah, 'kay, I get it. Mikey, that little bastard. For a moment, I was about to buy it. Nice try, braniac, but you can't play such stupid tricks on me. And now go and tell Mikey, that he should better spend his time with other things. Amazing that he brought you to play the decoy this time."

"Raph....you don't understand. That's not a joke. And Mikey doesn't have anything to do with it....I **love** you."

"Ya...**love** me?"

"Yes....I...**love** you...."

"What are ya talkin' there, Donnie? Dammit, what are ya, a fucking pervert!? All your experiments with those chemical substances probably burned some holes inta yer brain! Get the hell out of my way, I'm not goin' ta waste my time with such a rubbish!"

After this time, Donatello hadn't expected to ever live something like a "peaceful" life in the lair. He expected to be cut dead by Raphael whenever they met, and he tried to ignore the itching statements Raphael gave when they both had to train together...

"Ya better try ta control yer hands or otherwise, I'd have ta hurt ya, Donnie-boy...."

Still now, Donatello was shivering in fear as he reminded himself of those words that Raphael once hissed into his face during their daily training excercises. From this day on, he even sealed himself off of his family more than he had already done in the past.

For a while, he succeeded in isolating himself from the daily business down in the lair. He even managed to find new excuses for not going on patrol in the sewer tunnels- whenever he had to go with Raphael.

But this wasn't a solution for the problem- it was a torture. Even worse was the fact that Donatello still couldn't get rid of those intense feelings for Raphael, even not after all those mean and nasty things that the red masked turtle had said to him.

And when all this pain and weakness grew too big inside him, he had to let that tension go....

Leo was the one who had found him first. Shivering violently, his eyes red and swollen from the salty tears, Don had tried to hide himself under the blanket of his bed. He had simply been too weak to stand up, after he had cried the whole night through.

He also didn't know what to do in the moment Leo took him into his arms and whispered low words of comfort into his ears.

*"Donnie, what happened? Why are you crying like this?"*

Donatello had been aware of the moment Leo would ask him that question. But what Donatello did not know was how to answer it. He surely couldn't tell Leonardo the truth- that he had fallen in love with Raphael.

Unfortunately, the rest of the family soon noticed that Leo didn't come back into the dojo with Don by his side, like they expected it to happen. After all, Master Splinter had sent the oldest brother to look for his sibling, after this one hadn't shown up, neither for breakfast nor the training.

Mikey arrived first, calling a worried "Duuuuude!", then taking place on Don's bed, next to his still crying brother. Next one was Master Splinter, who found three of his sons, all locked up in a tight embrace, the young mutant in the middle snivelling like a little child that got lost in the dark woods.

~~~~~

*"What tha hell's goin' on here! Are y'all comin' back or what?
Otherwise, I'll take a shower now!"*

~~~~~

Surprising enough for Don, Raph didn't make any more snide remarks after he had entered his brother's bedroom. He just stood in the doorway and watched the rest of his family, heard Leo speaking to Don in a low voice, saw Mikey stroking and patting their smart brother's head and neck- before Master Splinter took Don's head in his hands and started to massage his temples softly. He continued the acupressure along the forehead, then took Don's left hand to stimulate another soothing pressure point. Bit by bit, the young mutant relaxed.

And then, two pairs of eyes met, for the first time since weeks...

The events of that day caused some changes- in Raphael's mind. After Don's breakdown in his bedroom, Raphael stopped acting aggressive and spiteful towards him. He also stopped hurting Don during the training. Not that he had ever seriously injured the olive tainted turtle- anyways, for a while, Don wore more bruises on his skin than usually. Every bruise to remind him that Raphael didn't share his deep feelings...

~~~~~

"Hey Donnie, how're ya doin'?"

~~~~~

The first words Donatello got to hear from Raphael after what had felt like a lifetime.

Words that were dedicated to him.

~~~~~

"m okay..."

"Well, fine. If there's anything I can do for ya, lemme know."

~~~~~

A pleasureable warmth, crawling up Don's spine. Words that sounded like music in his ears...

And Raphael kept his promise- when Don finally found the courage to go and ask his brother for help. And while they spent a whole afternoon in the garage, to repair April's car, Donatello actually felt halfways comfortable in his own skin.

~~~~~

"Donnie, I...uhm, y'know, I thought some things through, and... well...I'm sorry, bro. For what I said to you. I mean, yer not to blame for yer feelings."

"It's okay, Raph. Let's just not talk about it anymore."

~~~~~

No, talking was not what Raph had in mind. The red masked ninja had never been someone for words. He was someone for the action...

Donatello winced under the sudden sensation of fingers stroking his right side. Tender touches, sending waves of tickling excitement through his body.

~~~~~

"Raph, stop that, you're tickli-"

~~~~~

Donatello swallowed the rest of words- when suddenly, the hand that had touched him tenderly rested on his hip, turning him around slowly. Was that still Raph who looked at him with such a... devouring expression in his eyes?

~~~~~

"Whatever you're thinking now, Raph- you shouldn't

do anything if you don't really want it. I told you I'm okay with the situation between us, and I will find a way to get over my feelings for yo-"

~~~~~

His shaky legs, the dizziness in his head and how he had tried to get a hold onto something- that was Donatello's memory of the first kiss Raph had given him. So unexpected, so suddenly- but welcome anyways. Awkwardly stumbling into this first intimacy, but the fact that Raph didn't push him away again, even deepened the kiss after a few seconds let Don feel more and more comfortable- until he gave in to the seduction completely. Lying on the back seat of April's car, they both forgot that they were raised as brothers once...

Of course they both had been afraid that one of the other family members would find out about their little „secret“. What if one of them had unexpectedly come into Don's room one night, while he was lying in his bed- with Raph on top of him, kissing and touching like only lovers do?

Of course the others did find out what was going on between the two brothers. And the reactions had been everything but positive first. It had taken a long time before everyone could finally accept the things for what they were...

But whenever Raph had been with him like this, Don didn't want to think anything negative. He had suffered a lot to get this attention from the one he loved so much, and so nothing or noone should destroy these moments. Moments in which the olive tainted turtle's genius mind melted away like ice cream in the sun.Until...

~~~~~

"Raph, stop!"

"What- did I hurt ya? Sorry, I'll be more careful, okay?"

"That's not what I mean. I just want you to stop."

"But....dontcha like it? I mean, you and me, we're-"

"Yes, sure, and that's not the problem...it's just...I'm not ready for such a big step yet. Please try to understand that."

~~~~~

That night had ended in a long discussion between Raph and Don- and a lot of frustration for the older turtle. Raph simply hadn't been able to understand why Don didn't trust him enough- and why he never wanted to have sex.

~~~~~

"Raph, we're not only different to humans, but you and me are also of the same gender. And two guys aren't made to have sexual intercourse with each other."

*"Seriously, as the big braniac you are, you should know that there are more ways to have fun- y'know, the **back door...**"*

"Of course I know that. But I also know that this kind of...practice is not without any risks. Anal intercourse requires a lot more care and preparation than the heterosexual intercourse does."

*"So that means ya don't trust me, yeah? Ya think I might hurt ya? I thought you'd have a **bit** more trust in me, Donnie."*

"That's not what I mean, Raph! When will you finally learn to really **listen** to what people tell you?! It's not that I don't trust you...I just think that we both should take a little bit more time."

~~~~~

Donatello took a little red ribbon out of his coat pocket and twirled it around his fingers. This little ribbon-some kind of symbol for their love. Still now, Don could remember his brother's look, the nervousness they both felt, in that one special night- Christmas night...

~~~~~

"So, Donnie, what's the matter? Ya said ya wanted ta see me..."

No reply....not in words....just that shy look on Don's face, telling Raph that there was something special about this situation...was it about the Christmas present Don wanted to give to Raph?

In the living room, under the Christmas tree, Raph found a new biking helmet that Don had made for him- including all those functions like antiglare technology and radar system. But what was most irritating for Raphael was the little card in the helmet, saying:

The other present will be given to you later- in my room.

"Other" present? What did that mean? It was hard for Raph to stay patient until the evening hours...and when he was finally there, in Don's room, he was about to explode with curiosity.

"Merry Christmas, Raph...."

Don's voice met his brother's ears, so seductively soft and low. And then, the world around the emerald colored turtle disappeared in a rush of joy and excitement. While Donatello still sat on the bed, he slowly spread his legs, wider and wider, until Raph saw his present- around Don's tail, that covered the most intimate area of his body, there was a red ribbon, with a little card. When Raph was finally able to move again, he stepped closer to the bed, to read what was written on the little card... about to jump the couch when both Leonardo and Raphael grabbed the little monkey-turtle around the waist and yanked him back down onto the couch.

For Raph...

"So....ya really want ta...ya think yer ready for..."

Even in the faint light, Raph could see how his brother was blushing.

"Don't you want to come and unpack your present....?"

Yes, that was exactly what Raph wanted. So he laid down next to Don, his right hand gliding between the younger one's legs, fumbling for the red ribbon, opening it- before the smart, young mutant turtle exposed his tight opening to his lover, to finally give him what he desired since months now...

Of course they had already made some experiences together. Kissing, petting, giving each other hand jobs. Anyways, it felt so new when the older one prepared his mate's entrance with lubricant and started fingering him- a sensual foreplay for both of them.

To Donatello's little surprise, his usually so hotheaded brother was all gentle, and so the receptive turtle bit back the slight pain he felt when Raphael finally laid on top of him, his manhood filling the virginal entrance- soon, the pain changed into pleasure, arousal, passion...

Gasping and groaning, the two young lovers dived deeper into the sensation of their physical uniting. And when neither of them was able to hold back, they let it all go- coming to a long orgasm, that made them clinging even closer to each other than they had already done before. Enclosing one another with arms and legs, a sweaty cluster surrounded by the smell of lust. Falling asleep as the two happiest living beings under the sky....

~~~~~

Donatello winced. This memory was the strongest, most intense one about their relationship- maybe even the most intense memory he had at all. This night was the high of a wonderful time he shared with his brother.

But if things were so wonderfully right then, when they both were totally happy, then why did everything have to change? Why couldn't things last like this forever? And why was he standing alone now, outside a dark old house that could never be his home? Why wasn't he with his family now, and in the arms of the one he still loved so deeply?

It had been a game first. Dirty talk while having breath taking sex. Telling each other how hot they both were. Turning each other on by giving nasty names and telling their most naughty thoughts. Yes, Donatello had enjoyed to say all these bad words he never said when anyone else was around. He had enjoyed to beg Raph for a hard fuck. And he always had gotten what he begged for...

But while in the beginning, Raph had always acted soft and gentle afterwards, he then had started to neglect this sensual afterplay after a while. More and more, the attention he gave Donnie reduced to the pure act. And it grew rougher, colder, less careful. First, the introverted genius tried to ignore this change, believing that it was nothing than one of Raph's „phases“ in which he had to show his dominance.

And so, he had also tried to accept that new „nickname“ Raphael had given him after a

And so, he had also tried to accept that new „nickname“ Raphael had given him after a while. He had tried to see it as some kind of...compliment...

~~~~~  
"Bitch!"

~~~~~

In that moment, the young mutant couldn't hold back all these emotions any longer. His right hand grabbed the railing of the veranda, he buried his head in the sleeve of his coat, ignoring the pain of ice digging into the skin of his palm, making a frozen connection between the steel and his olive colored skin. How one single word could cause so much pain to him....

Soon, their whole relationship had been reduced to such dirty talk- and violence. More and more, Raphael had forgotten that after all, him and Donatello were lovers. This wasn't war, not enmity- it was love....

As if to remind him of this painful time, the wound on Don's tail began to stitch suddenly. A wound caused by Raph's teeth. A wound that the elder turtle had caused his younger mate in the night before this one had left the lair in a hurry.

After his homecoming from a visit at Casey's, Raph had been drunk once more. With tears in his eyes, Don remembered how Raph had grabbed him by his waist, in the middle of the night- to drag him along and throw him onto the floor. He had ignored Don's objections, his words of protest, and the screams. Forcefully entering his helpless mate, taking his sexual aggression out on him, Raph hadn't even noticed that this time, Don's reactions weren't meant as some kind of roleplay. They had been real, and they had been statements of pain. And on and on, Raph had said this ugly word....

~~~~~

"Bitch!"

~~~~~

His cellphone rang. Once more. Donatello had stopped counting how much this little thing had started ringing during the last weeks. But this time, it was not the usual ring tone. It was a ring tone he only had heard three times after he had left home.

"Hey Leo- yes, I'm okay.- I don't know. I think I need a bit more time.-Yes, I know it's Christmas time.- Leo, please. Don't push me, okay?"

Those calls were always hard for Donatello, because they told him that he was all alone now. Noone else around him...only the empty trees, the cold mountains, the crows... and the full moon at night.

"Is- is that him. Donnie??? DONNIE!!!! Gimme the phone, Leo!- Donnie!!! Lemme talk to him! I need to- Donnie!!!! Where are ya?? Dammit, come back home, let's talk it through, just gimme a damned cha-"

Off. Donatello noticed the light cracking sounds when he held the phone, closing his

hand so tight around it that the knuckles began to turn white. Once more, he wasn't able to stand the sound of Raphael's voice. So he ended the call, cutting off all contacts to the one he was missing so much.

~~~~~

"I love ya, Donnie. Maybe I can't always show ya as much as I'd like to, but....I love ya. Forever."

~~~~~

This was what Raphael had once told Donatello- in that Christmas night, two years ago...

The phone rang once more. But it wasn't Leo again. Don didn't want to answer the call. At least his mind told him to ignore the ringing. But somehow, his body didn't want to do what his mind said. His finger just pressed the answering button, and his arm moved upwards, to hold the phone against his ear....

"Ya- ya don't need ta say anything, Donnie...and I understand if you never want to talk to me again... it's just that....everyone's missin' ya here- especially me. Maybe ya don't believe me, but it's true. It's hard to not have ya here. After all, it's....Christmas time...y'know- there's nothin' I wouldn't do ta have ya here with me...please come back home."

Donatello gasped for air. The world around him began to blurr. He had been holding his breath during all the time Raph talked to him. And though his heart beat was hammering up into his head, he could hear that, at the other end of the line, Raph was breathing hard as well- as if he tried to suppress his tears. The tears that Donatello wasn't able to hold back any longer...

He ended the call. But this time, it wasn't because he didn't want to talk anymore. It was because he simply found no words that would explain his feelings. And maybe it was because of Raphael's voice that sounded all broken. He had never heard his elder brother speak with such a voice before. At least he couldn't remember a situation. So he put the cell phone back into the pocket of his coat, while the tears on his face began to freeze.

It would take him three to fours hours to go back to New York. And it would take him half an hour to get his stuff together. That would be five hours at most. So if he started packing his bags immediately, he would arrive home before the daylight came up again.

Ten minutes later, Donatello found himself inside the house, packing the little bit of stuff together that he had brought to that lonely place. Maybe secretly, he had only been waiting for such a moment- that he would finally be able to return to New York.

And when he sat inside the car, he heaved a sigh of relief, before he lowly mumbled into the dark night,

"I'm coming back home."

# WHEN MIKE STOPS PLAYING

(...At the worst time)



PRESENTS!... CAN  
WE OPEN THEM ALREADY?  
CAN WE, CAN WE, CAN WE?  
PLEEEASE!!!

DUMBASS...  
OPEN IT AND  
FUCK OFF

MUACK!!

IT'LL SURELY BE  
THAT SUPER HEROS  
COMICS I WANTED  
AND...!!!!

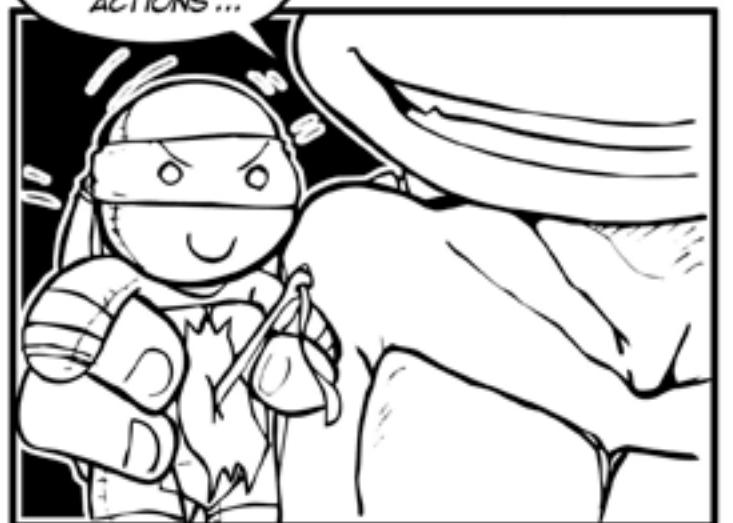
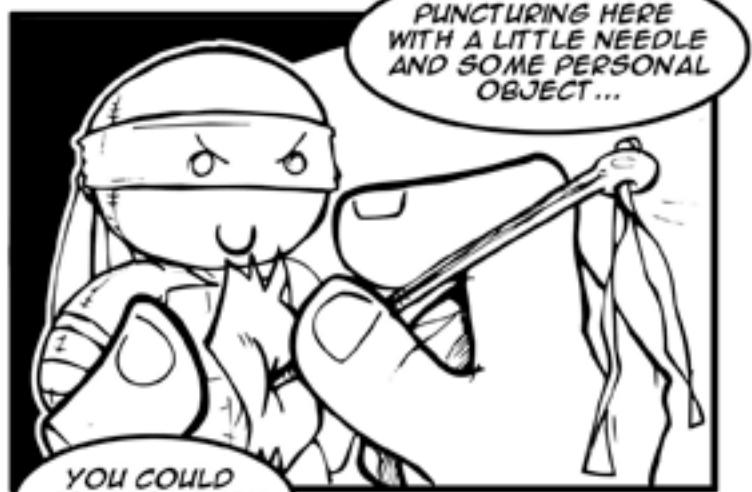
AND...

DOLLS!

APRIL'S GONE NUTS?  
WHY DID SHE GIVE US  
ACTION FIGURES OF  
OURSELVES?

I DUNNO  
WHAT  
WE CAN  
DO WITH  
THEM...







SO LET'S  
GET THIS GAME  
STARTED...

WAIT LEO,  
YOU'RE ACTIN'  
FUNNY AND...

FIRST MOVE...

EH EH EH!!!!  
SLOW DOWN  
DUDE...

SECOND ONE

THERE'S NO TIME,  
CAN'T SLOW DOWN,  
REMEMBER THAT THERE'S  
A LESSON TO LEARN...

NOW,  
IS TIME TO LEARN  
THE LESSON...  
LIKE THIS AN THIS

...

WELL, ENOUGH  
FOR TODAY, LET'S  
PREPARE THE TABLE, IT'S  
A NIGHT OF CELEBRATION  
AFTER ALL...

WAIT! RAPH,

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED!

SO MANY LESSONS,  
SO MANY WORDS AND YOU  
CAN'T EVEN FINISH WHAT  
YOU STARTED...

RAPH!!!  
... WAIT!

FUCK  
YOU!



PACHER



Jatavo  
Sept 04/08



## Christmas Ornament

"Mmmmm," Donatello murmured and returned the kiss, wrapping his arms tighter around Raphael's neck.

Raphael wasn't sure what was better, the heated desperation right before sex was engaged, or the afterglow. Both were so wonderful in their own way. Though, for now, he was very much enjoying the afterglow. His fingers mapping out Donatello's sides, his lips touching and kissing across his lips and skin, and their bodies still connected and intertwined. Donnie always tasted so good, and he always looked so lovely afterwards. His fluttering eyelids, the flush upon his cheeks, then lazy manner his hands dragged across his body, and even the way his legs rubbed at him, touching his sides. Don was gorgeous like this.

But through the afterglow of peaceful bliss, that nagging question that had been tugging at his brain since last February finally whispered in his ear for him to ask Don now. "So... what have you been doing in here every night before dinner?" Raphael dared to ask, nuzzling at his neck and inhaling his scent slowly.

Raph could practically smell the fear that instantly overcame Donnie at that question.

"W...What? Oh, nothing really..." Don stuttered and stiffened under him.

Frowning and lifting himself up to stare down at his lover, Raphael tilted his head faintly, "Yeah? You've been locked away in here for the past ten months. I was just wonderin' if ya were workin' on a new project."

Averting his eyes and fidgeting under him, Donnie smiled weakly and waved a hand nervously at his side. "Um... sorta.... It's a secret though. I need to perfect it before I show it to you." Donatello peeked at him then darted his eyes away once again.

Pursing his lips, Raphael gave a shrug and a grunt – he so didn't believe him, and now his suspicion was nagging at him again. "Okay, whatever." He shifted and moved from between Don's legs to lay down next to him. Frowning and crossing his arms atop the pillow, he rested his chin upon his arms and stared at the headboard of Donnie's bed. He knew it was stupid, but ten months of secrecy! Just what was he doing in here? He locked his door whenever he was working on it!

Donatello shifted next to him and propped himself up on his elbow, staring down at him. He could feel the worry landing on his neck, and he suddenly felt guilty. It wasn't Donnie's fault. He was always secretive about his projects. Shell, they hadn't known he had been working on a helicopter till Donnie pushed the button and revealed it to them in a secret lab with hydraulics and a rising platform! How long had he been working on that one and none of them had noticed it till he showed them? Maybe he was just paranoid – or maybe he was just finally taking an interest in what Donnie did for a living.

An arm slid over his shell and a soft nuzzle and then a gentle kiss landed upon his cheek and Raphael sighed, relaxing immediately. They remained that way for a few minutes, curled together and drawing reassurances that everything was alright between them. Raphael inhaled deeply and rolled over abruptly dragging Donnie with him and tugging him atop him while hugging him to his chest. "Hey, what do you want for Christmas?" he asked, grinning up at him and taking a small delight in the surprise upon Donnie's face.

Don smiled warmly and released a happy sigh from his lungs. Raph loved seeing him like this; head tilted as he propped himself up on his chest , looking like a lounging cat atop him while those skillful fingers lightly traces his collar bones. Donatello looked so relaxed and pleased – he truly enjoyed seeing that warm glow within his dark eyes. It always left his stomach jumping and his pulse racing.

"I don't know. I haven't really thought about it." Don answered and smiled wider down to him.

"Awe, come on Donnie, ya gotta have some wish. I mean, knowin' you, I wouldn't be able ta get it, but I at least wanna know." He grinned, rubbing his palms across his shell.

Sighing heavily and gazing down at Raph with a raised brow and a smirk on his face, Donatello finally tapped his beak and leaned forward, "Fine. I.... would like a whole day of peace and quiet."

Raising a brow and smirking back at him, Raphael snorted and the two fell into a joint snickering session. "I probably can't do that, Donnie-boy."

Chuckling and leaned down and gently touching his lips to Raph's, Donatello shrugged and slid his arms under his neck, "I'll just be happy to have you around on Christmas morning." He whispered against his lips and dragged a few kisses from his lover.

Raphael melted and a soft churring began to drift from his chest. He believed him. He knew Donatello would be perfectly content in whatever he gave him, but he wanted to try and find him something, anything, for Christmas – even if that meant honest to goodness silence!

~~~~~ \* ~~~~

December was just as chilly and wonderful as they had always remembered. As kids – and not being allowed up top – the turtle-tots had found a sewer grate far outside of the city center that allowed snow to settle into the sewer below, but still hide them from view. In their desperation to try the things the humans did on those televisions, Splinter would often take them there and sit quietly as he watched his bundled up sons tossing snowballs and laughing and making 'ninja-angels' in the snow. It was one of the few happy memories the boys had of snow as children.

Christmas was always a small and very humble occasion. Michelangelo of course was the one who approached it one day, asking if Santa wouldn't forget about them this year, and Splinter had managed to scrounge gifts from the dump and place them under a very sad Charlie Brown Christmas tree.

Michelangelo had refused to believe Santa wasn't real clear up till he was sixteen (and even then his brothers suspected he believed otherwise, he was just saying that so

Raph wouldn't pound on him anymore).

Now, as they aged into adulthood, they had the pleasure and permission to wander the world above. Mikey had never fully outgrown the love of simple pleasures – and if that meant pelting his brothers with snowballs scooped up from rooftops, then that was the day's ultimate joy for him.

They loved winter – even though it did make them more tired and caused their reptile-side to want to curl up in bed and just sleep the winter away. Donatello mused it was the mutagen that gave them the ability to fight that hibernation instinct and the ability to generate their own body heat through the winter – otherwise, they technically should have died long ago.

But out here, in the winter flurry of snow flakes and watching Donnie smiling down at the lights and sounds of the Christmas city landscape, and watching Michelangelo laugh and stand gape-mouthed as he tried to catch snowflakes on his tongue, and even watching Leonardo smile and soak in the unusual warmth this time of year seemed to generate amidst the biting wind and icy flakes of snow, Raphael decided this was his favorite time of year; and he was going to do it. He was going to give Donnie the impossible. This was what Christmas was all about right? Managing the impossible and bringing warmth and love to those they cared for the most. Raphael was going to give him a day of peace and quiet. He loved him too much not to at least try.

~~~~~ \* ~~~~

It was easy enough to get Leonardo and Splinter to go in on this extra tricky gift giving idea, but Michelangelo was another thing all together. It was one thing just for Mikey to grin and say he would be extra quiet, but it was going to be a whole other ballpark to get the goofball to actually comply.

"I swear Mikey, if ya make one peep, I'll gut ya and hang yer entrails as décor for the lair!" Raphael hissed into his brother's face, a sai poised over his belly and a hand to his neck.

"I get it! I get it! Shell Raph! I got it already!" Mikey shouted, eyes wide and struggling against Raph's grasp.

"That ain't bein' quiet!"

Whining and gazing up at him with wide, blue eyes that were quickly filling with tears, Michelangelo batted his lashes and sniffled, "I promise, bro! I'll be good!"

"Those eyes won't work on me, bro." Raphael growled – though he was lying. He eased up then, letting his baby bro go and pushing his sai back into his obi. "Just... it's fer Donnie; 'kay? He deserves this, ya know?"

A little bit of understanding and brotherly love washed over Mikey and Raphael could see the true light of sympathy really take root deep within Mikey's pea-sized brain.

"Yeah, I got it. It's just one day, right? I think I can manage that for the Donster." A grin spread over his face as he quickly threw an arm over his brother's shoulders and hooked his arm in his elbow. "Bu~t that does mean I'll need some compensation. Ya know, some insurance to make sure my mouth stays shut and I fulfill my part of the

bargain."

Groaning, Raphael shoved Mike's arm off from his shoulders and glared at him. "Yeah? And what'll that be?"

"A new Game Guy game. You know, nothing big... just the bestest game of the whole year!" Mikey shouted, throwing his arms in the air. "Panther Guy: Strikes Again!"

"Panther Guy? What the-" Raphael scowled, but his brother's hand slapped over his mouth to silence him before he could say anything further.

Glaring at him, Mikey hissed, his voice low and even more frightening than when Leo really did go Fearless Leader on them. "Do not diss the Panther Guy."

Raphael nodded and lifted his hands as he pulled away. "Fine, Panther Guy, got it. Just keep yer trap shut."

Grinning with the most angelic and innocent of looks, Michelangelo lifted his hand and placed the other over his heart. "Turtle Titan's honor!"

Rolling his eyes and turning, Raphael groaned, "Ya lamebrain." And he marched off, leaving his brother celebrating his victory at getting his game.

At least he got him to understand just how important this request was. It wasn't like he was borrowing money or asking them to cover for a murder; it was just one day – the one day off they were guaranteed to get from Master Splinter every year: Christmas. Just one, quiet Christmas for Donnie's sake.

Raphael couldn't help but smile and walk a bit taller as he made his way to the kitchen to get breakfast – three more days till Christmas and he couldn't wait!

~~~~~ \* ~~~~

Raphael frowned, staring at the locked door and raising a brow as he heard faint grunts coming from behind Donatello's door. For the last two days he hadn't been allowed inside – at all! What the shell was Don doing in there?

An unbidden image of Donnie having actually made that sex-bot Mikey once begged him to make made his blood run hot and cold. The idea that Don was 'getting it' somewhere else was infuriating; but then the idea he was getting it from a machine made his stomach flip and his cheeks flush in embarrassment. Pounding on the door, Raphael snarled through the door. "Come on Donnie! It's been an hour already! You said I could come back in an hour! Open up already!"

Shuffling and rummaging about wildly was heard within and Raphael once again felt his cheeks warm as the idea of Donnie straddling some hunk of metal and just... bouncing....

The door flew open a full minute later and a flushed and out of breath Donatello smiled up at him shyly. "H-hey... Raphie... Does Splinter want one of those family meetings to explain how we get Christmas off even though as Ninja we shouldn't always expect a day of rest?"

Raphael frowned, crossing his arms over his chest. He knew he was jumping to conclusions. Who knew, maybe whatever project he was working on was just really difficult this time. But it still made him feel like less of a man for some reason. "Yeah, so come on."

Donatello nodded quickly and wiped his brow. Turning, he firmly shut the door behind him, quietly moved to follow him – but he was stopped by a rather serious looking Raphael.

Gazing directly at him and slowly stepping forward and forcing Don to back up against the wall, Raph pressed a hand against the wall and leaned in closer to him, staring him straight into those haunting dark eyes.

"R-Raphie?" Donnie asked, trembling visibly with widening eyes.

"You know I love ya, right?" Raphael whispered and placed his other hand upon Donnie's hip.

Blinking in confusion, Donatello nodded, his lips parting and his hands ceasing in his trembling. "Y-yeah, I know. I love you too." He whispered.

Watching a flush spread across that olive face, Raphael nodded, his thumb rubbing gently at his hip. "'Cause... I do, really. I'd do anythin' for ya."

A soft smile lit Donnie's face and he reached for him, wrapping his arms slowly around Raphael's waist. "I know; and I really reciprocate that sentiment. I'd do anything for you." He leaned into him, forcing Raphael to either kiss him or stand up straight.

He hesitated – and that caught Donatello off guard, but Raphael finally bowed his head and his lips pressed to Donnie's, gently coaxing his lips to part so he could taste him and claim him all in the most gentle of caresses.

Churring softly in the kiss, Donnie sighed happily and attempted to break the kiss, but Raphael wasn't ready – he needed to know Donatello was all his; that Donnie was truly satisfied with him....

Raphael's hands became insistent and his kisses deeper. He drew him out, lifting him higher as his hands mapped across his body and leaving no sensitive area untouched. Raph knew every button and every patch of skin that brought delicious gasps to rush into Don's lungs and he exploited that knowledge to its fullest. Moving down and massaging those legs and urging them to spread, Raphael easily slipped a thigh between them and he ducked his head, claiming his neck and suckling at his skin without leaving a mark – yet.

Quivering and gripping tightly at Raphael's shoulders, Donatello whimpered and lifted a hand, covering his mouth to keep himself from moaning in the open spaces of the lair – they were so exposed! "Raph, please..."

He grabbed his ass, he grabbed him and coaxed his tail upwards before he massaged and pushed at his opening.

Donatello moaned, arching against him – and then he reached for him, grabbing his wrist and pushing his hand away. "R-Ra-Raph... n-not here..." Donnie whimpered, though

he couldn't stop himself from pressing against his thigh and nuzzling at his neck.

Raphael nodded and immediately stopped all his ministrations while he clung to his lover. He held him tight, not wanting to lose the moment, but also not to show the fear and confusion as to what he had just felt.

Donnie was stretched and loose...

Churring and rubbing his shoulders and neck, Donatello forced his eyes open and he peeked at Raphael's face that was still pressed against his neck. Touching his cheek and sighing, Donnie gently eased him up so he could get some personal space. "We'll be late if we don't get to Splinter's study right now."

Raphael nodded, schooling his features so as to not stare accusingly at him.

Leaning up and kissing his lips several times – obviously not wanting to put this on pause either – Don managed to grin and take his hand, tugging on him so they at least were on the move towards Splinter's chambers. "Maybe we can have a Christmas Eve celebration later tonight?"

Smiling weakly and nodded, Raph followed after him, his stomach finally dropping and he felt heavy. Was Don seriously...? "Yeah, sure."

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Christmas morning, the one day a year they were all allowed to sleep in, and the one day a year they were never able to because Michelangelo awoke them before dawn. It didn't matter how old he got, the idea of presents from his brothers was still the most exciting thing to the juvenile turtle in the whole world.

He burst into Raphael's room, Santa hat askew on his head, arms raised and eyes sparkling bright like the glitter on their fake tree. "Raph! Get up! It's Present time! Merry Christmas!" He laughed, making the 'ho ho ho' sounds that Santa was infamous for.

Groaning, Raphael rolled out of his hammock and leaned atop it – over the years, he had learned it was just better to get up then and there than fight it. Mikey was annoyingly persistent.

Giving a crack jaw yawn, Raphael rubbed his face and moaned – this was too early! Why couldn't Mikey at least enjoy the sleeping in part of Christmas? Why did he have to have a brother that insisted on keeping his child-like innocence in this way? Couldn't he just reminisce like everyone else?

Flopping down on the couch next to a just as tired looking Leo, Raphael managed to squint his eyes open just enough to gaze around and identify only the three of them.

"Hey – where's Donnie and Splinta?" He slurred, glancing towards the brainiac's room then back to Mike.

Lifting his hands defensively, Mikey quickly took on the stance of a man accused of murder. "Hey, you wanted Don to have a nice and peaceful and quiet day; so I figured that meant not waking him up – but," there it was; that sly twinkle in his eyes as he spied a loophole, "if you really don't mind..." Michelangelo was already grinning and

about to jump the couch when both Leonardo and Raphael grabbed the little monkey-turtle around the waist and yanked him back down onto the couch.

"Don'cha think of it!" Raph hissed. True, he was more than impressed that Michelangelo had had enough brain cells left to be courteous enough to allow at least Donatello to sleep in, but he did sorta miss the sleepy head bobs Donnie always displayed during the Christmas morning present exchange.

Then again, they were growing up. Things did change.

Bouncing up and down on the couch and giggling wildly, Mikey looked first to Raphael and then to Leonardo whom he quickly draped himself over and purred, nuzzling at his cheek, "What did you get Daddy for Christmas, hmm? What sort of toys did you get me?" he giggled and practically crawled atop Leo before his lover scowled and pushed him off, forcing him to sit in one spot as he reached for his gift.

"I got you this." He said and folded his arms.

Ripping the paper open with abandon, Michelangelo cackled and giggled – then blinked down at the book in his hands. "How to Win Friends and Influence People?" Mike asked, lifting his eyes slowly to stare up at his lover.

"It's a very interesting book. It talks about the importance of being a leader–"

"Just give me a blowjob later and I'll be happy, 'kay? Next!" Mikey shouted, tossing the book onto the couch next to him with a huge grin and trembling limps. He practically vibrated where he sat.

Leo rolled his eyes and sighed – but the unmistakable hint of amusement and even admiration shone within Leo's eyes. Raphael never could quiet figure out how those two fit together; but they did. Mike had a way of loosening Leonardo up and keeping him from winding himself up too tight – and when Leo did manage to do it, Mike was always right there the first in line to put his ass back on track without listening to a word of his excuses. Leonardo really didn't do much to keep Mike in line – Raph's only guess was that for Mikey, having that security that someone would be there for him in a special way no matter what, was what allowed him to fit so well against Leo.

It was still weird though.

Forking over his newspaper wrapped gift to Mikey's grabbing hands, Raphael raised his brow and waited. Curious as to what he was going to get.

Ripping the paper away to reveal not his Game Guy video game, but the action figure associated with the video game. A momentary and fleeting look of disappointment flashed across Michelangelo's face but then the realization of what Raphael had just given him hit him set in and hit him like a sack full of Foot Ninjas and he screamed, literally jumping up from his seat to dance upon the table and pointing.

"How did you get this? How! Who did you kill! This is amazing!" Michelangelo squealed and shouted then launched himself at his brother.

Raphael tried to get away, he really, really, did, but Mikey was like a leech! Once he latched on the only way to remove him was to wait till he was done sucking your blood.

"Damnit... Mikey! Get the shell off of me!" He shouted, struggling against him and pushing at his brother's face – who's smooching lips threatened to suck his face off.

"You are the best! You are my favorite brother! I will never do anything bad to you for a... week!" He cooed and nuzzled against Raphael's face, giggling and petting him.

Eventually Mikey rolled off of Raph and hugged his newest edition to his action figurine collection. "Oh, this is so totally awesome! You know, they only made 500 of these world wide! How did you get it!"

"I knifed some old lady in the park; how else do you think I got it? I broke in, left some money and snatched it!"

Tears of joy began to stream down his face. "That's the most beautiful sentiment of love I've ever seen shown towards myself in all my years of life." Sniffled and rubbing at his face and nose, Mikey finished his dramatics and whooped as he rushed off to add Panther Guy to his shelf – right behind his Justice Force collection set.

Flopping over and groaning, Raphael looked to Leonardo and groaned. "I totally forgot about that dumb hero-guy he wanted. I owe you big time."

"So it would seem. I expect you bright and early tomorrow for that extra work out. I need a new challenge in the mornings." Leonardo chuckled, sitting next to Raph and enjoying the momentary silence and non-movement. But, all good things had to come to an end and he could just feel Michelangelo's energy on the move again and expected him to jump the railing above their heads at any moment. Leonardo stood, tossing a gift in Raph's lap. "Merry Christmas."

Snorting and waving his brother off, Raph managed to toss Leo's gift onto the cushion so Leo could get his gift before they completely wandered off for the day. The gift landed like a brick on the cushion and Leonardo smirked, bending over to pick it up – and as it turned out, his gift was a brick... it was a whet stone block. One of the more useful gifts Raphael had given him in a long time. Grinning to him, Leo lifted the whet stone and nodded in approval before heading off to make sure Mikey didn't tear their room apart.

Chuckling and cracking his own gift open, Raph pushed the paper aside to see a large kit of new weapon cleaning supplies. Raphael couldn't help but chuckle and shake his head. Leo – always the practical one.

Lounging on the couch and smiling as Michelangelo cranked up his stereo to play the Christmas music on the radio, Raphael couldn't help but think today was going to be a good day.

"Mmmm, did Mikey already start?" Donnie asked, crawling over the back of the couch and curling up next to Raphael, using his thigh as a pillow and once again slipping off to dreamland right there on the couch.

"Yeah." Raph gazed at him, smiling warmly at the peaceful expression on Don's face.

Maybe he could live with a piece of metal. So long as Don stayed with him, he could put up with his quirks. He was worth it.

"Deck the Halls with Boughs of HOLLY!" Mikey began to sing, starting up his self made tradition of Christmas pancakes and waffles for breakfast.

"Mikey!" Leo and Raph shouted.

"Sorry! Staying quiet!" Michelangelo shouted back and banged his pans around in preparation for breakfast – he was currently wearing a 'Kiss the Cook' apron, and a self made wire halo around his head with mistletoe dangling from the wire above it atop his head.

Leo so didn't have a chance today. Raphael chuckled as Mikey managed to sneak another kiss and pointed up at his headgear as to the reason it happened.

Looking back to Donnie and rubbing his arm to keep him warm, Raphael sighed and leaned back to close his eyes, smiling a little smile as the music drifted through the lair. Even with all the noise Mike was making, he wouldn't have this day any other way.

"Oh! Raph! You're present is under the table. I didn't have time to wrap it. It's motor oil. Hope you enjoy it!" Mike grinned and popped back into the kitchen.

Chuckling and slapping a hand atop his face, Raph groaned. Nope, he wouldn't have it any other way.

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Once Donatello had woken up from his leisurely morning nap when the scent of baked goods fluttered to his nose, he had shyly handed out his gifts.

Donnie's gifts were always so much more meaningful on some level. For Mikey, he had build a brand new engine for his sewer board and promised to install it early the next morning. Raphael had seen the protest rising on Mikey's face as the excitement of his new and improved toy filled his being, but with a quick cough on his part and a glare, Michelangelo quickly clammed up and managed to keep his promise for a relaxing day for Donnie. Handing over Leonardo's gift next, his elder brother unwrapped a relatively unmarred hard cover book that Don had found in the dump about a famous Samurai named Miyamoto Musashi. Leonardo had been awed and even touched. Leo had read, slept, breathed, and dreamed about the Book of Five Rings, and Musashi was the author of that book. To say Leo was awed at finally getting a biography of his idol was an understatement. Raph snorted and had an image of Mikey having to fight a book for Leonardo's affection for the next few nights. He grinned wickedly. The thought was amusing after all. Then came his own gift. Raphael was a little startled – he had actually told Don not to worry about him; but opening his gift he was even a little stumped as to why he had given him a cd.

"Mixed music?" he asked, raising a brow skeptically.

A warm, happy smile fluttered across Don's face and he nodded. "I thought we could enjoy it together."

Raph glared – but just as quickly as his annoyance rose, understanding clicked into place and he suddenly wondered just what was on that disk that would make Donnie raise his brow like that and smirk just right to make his belly twist and his desire to begin flickering.

Thanking him quietly even as he eyed him, the family soon got back to breakfast with Master Splinter soon joining them, looking very much famished and eager for his meal – only to suddenly have gifts heaped upon him and laughing warmly at his sons' generosity.

Breakfast was wonderful, lunch was just as good, and the peaceful day lingered, soothing everyone's soul. But Raphael noticed the shy fidgets Donatello occasionally gave even as he worked on that brand new circuit board Mikey had scrounged up for him as his gift.

Moving up behind him, Raph touched one shoulder then bent down, gazing at him inquisitively, "Hey, Brainiac, what's wrong?"

Jumping slightly upon his touch but calming instantly, Donnie laughed shyly and shook his head, "Nothing. I'm just... thinking too hard really."

The calm that had lasted so long inside of Raph finally waned and he felt his belly twist in anxiety. He couldn't stop himself from asking... it was like it was physically impossible. "Does it have anything to do with that project in your room that you've been workin' on for the last year?"

Blushing, Donatello peeked at Raphael from the corner of his eyes before staring straight back down at the circuit board and hunching his shoulders a bit. "...Maybe." He whispered, shifting nervously.

Sighing and rubbing his arm, Raphael nodded, feeling a sense of finality. "Right." He said, pushing away from the table to get back to watching the traditional Christmas afternoon sports.

"Um, Raph?" Donatello called, turning sharply in his chair and staring up at him wide eyed and fearful.

Gazing right back at him, Raphael waited, once again feeling those damn butterflies in his belly.

Looking down at the chair back and squirming, Donnie licked his lips then peeked at him once again. "I was hoping I could show you what I've been working on tonight... It... it's kinda your real Christmas Present...." He mumbled, shyly looking away to stare at the T.V.

Raphael soon felt his heart in his throat and his spirits lifting. "Uh, yeah! I definitely want to see it."

Smiling timidly, Donatello lifted his eyes to lock with his lover's and Raphael's knees suddenly were weak and trembling. It was wonderful.

"Um, can you stop by my lab after everyone is asleep?" He asked sheepishly.

Hey, whatever floated Donnie's boat! At this point, he'd give anything to know what Donnie's secret project had been for all these months! He knew he'd been over reacting! What if what he'd been doing all along was working on a new shell cycle? Or maybe something like his Nightwatcher suit, but for himself! He had confided in him once that he wished they could have gone out together back when Leo was gone. Deep down he

was hoping it was something like that. He loved sharing his passions with Don, just as much as Donnie loved doting on them all by creating new things or fixing everything to make their lives easier.

"Sure thing." Raph grinned, sitting a little closer to him on the couch now from where he had been previously.

A grin crawled up Don's face and he nodded, looking oh so happy.

Raphael's soul warmed and his pride surged. He loved seeing that smile on Donnie's face. And he loved being the cause of that lovely smile. Donatello should always have a smile on his face.

Now he just couldn't wait for the day to get over with! He wanted in Don's room, now!

"Oh, and Raph? Can you bring that cd?"

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To say he had been patient while waiting for the day to end would be a complete and utter lie. Raphael had nearly stooped so low as to goad Michelangelo into breaking his promise just so he could annoy him the rest of the day and take up valuable breathing hours and be that much closer to saying goodnight to his family and slipping into Donatello's room.

But the time finally came and Raph bolted, rushing into Donnie's room and firmly closing the door behind himself and locking the two of them in.

Looking about Donatello's room wildly, Raphael was immediately relieved to see there wasn't an iron man laying on a table or a funny shaped chair with various... holes.

Donatello stood in the middle of the room, smiling at him and fidgeting with his fingers. He looked so small and nervous, not at all the Donatello he had fallen for – always so sure, always knowing just what he was going to do even if that meant trekking out to the kitchen to get coffee or executing an attack against foot ninja. There were times Raph figured Donnie more of a perfectionist than Leo. But apprehension showed on Don's face and his own fear washed over himself and Raphael watched Donnie shyly look down and fidget with his bo staff. What was wrong?

"Don?" Raph asked, approaching him cautiously.

"Um, you brought that cd, right?" Donnie asked quickly. His movements became stiff – a sign he was nervous.

Frowning and nodding, Raphael reached into his obi and pulled the disk free, handing it over to Donatello who immediately took it and fumbled the case open and shakily pushed it into the cd player in his computers and pressed pause. He stood still, staring at the screen of his computer for a very long time.

Raphael touched his shoulder, his own set of fears beginning to set in. "Donnie? What's wrong?"

Don immediately gripped at his hand. "Just nervous." He laughed, blushing fiercely.

"I'm not normally an exhibitionist after all... not like this... not specifically for someone so you do nothing but stare... I just don't want to mess up."

Raising a brow, Raphael turned Donnie towards him more fully and bowed his head, "What are you talking about?"

A warm smile fell over Don's face and he reached up, taking his wrists in his hands and gently removing them so he could guide his lover to a chair. "Sit down. I'll show you in a second."

Doing as he was told but readying himself to jump from his seat at any moment, Raph watched Donatello move about the room, seemingly to get things in order. He stuck his bo staff into the floor – and Raphael was mildly curious as to why there was a hole in the floor that seemed fitted to the size of the weapon – and Don then moved about the room, turning off lights or turning on what appeared to be specially designed ones that shone down directly onto his bo staff.

Donnie sighed loudly and dragged Raph's attention back to him. He was so nervous. Raphael could just see every muscle from his toes to his cheeks tense up and his breathing increase as he tried to calm himself with a quick breathing exercise. With another loud sigh, Donatello finally turned and reached out to his computer, pressing the play button on the keyboard, and with a simple click set the changing colors of the screen saver flying and dancing that matched the beats of the song. Donnie faced him, looking calm and collected all of the sudden, and if there had been any hint of nervousness just seconds ago, it was completely gone. He was no longer Donnie, he was Donatello, the seducer of men. The look in his eyes had Raphael's toes curling, his pulse racing, and his groin jumping in anxiousness.

Inhaling sharply and tightening his grip on his chair, Raph gazed at Donnie in hunger and awe. Was this seriously the same turtle? His movements were so graceful, so collected. Don's entire body seemed to slink with each step towards him. He was like a panther on the move....

Oh great, now a picture of 'Panther Guy' popped unbidden into his head.

A soft churring interrupted his momentary loss of focus – and it was easy to say Raphael didn't once think of anything else other than Donnie from there on out.

Dark eyes flickered like smoke and water with glowing playfulness that outshone his computer console that cast a dim, cool light across his skin and shell. It enveloped him in a cloak of shadows and haunting luminosity; kissing his skin and caressing the line of his jaw and Raphael remembered why he had kissed Don late one night in this very room years ago. He became an ethereal being that drew him to his lips to beg for a kiss.

Dipping his head and nudging his beak against his, Raphael leaned into his touch, uncertain if he wanted Donnie to press his lips to his, or urge his fingers along his cheek, touching him and exploring him in that overly scientific and curious way that was solely Donnie.

Smiling shyly and churring in approval, Donatello dipped his head and kissed him, long and slow, dragging him across the plains of fascination and into the steaming jungles of lust and deeper still as he urged him with a simple lick of his tongue against his lips. He was asking Raphael to give him his full attention – and Raph was more than willing

to give that to him.

He reached for him, meaning to touch his hips and gently pull him to his lap but Raphael suddenly had a hand to his chest and the kiss was broken and he stared up to Donatello, who smiled nervously once again and took a few steps back, swaying to the music that drifted throughout the room.

Darkness hugged his frame, hiding his details within their inky depths, and yet, it accentuated his figure, it drew Raphael's eyes across his body. Then Donnie's arms moved, his hips swaying and his eyes closing the moment he lost himself to some unknown world that the music created and built into a cocoon that the two of them found themselves standing in.

The air thickened and Raphael couldn't breathe. He had never felt a mood like this – it was so... serene and quiet, but something threatened to happen any moment. The atmosphere was thick and electric, and Raph swallowed hard against the lump in his throat.

Turning his back to Raphael, Donatello's fingers busied themselves as he smoothly untied his obi and it slid down along his shell till it fell slack to the floor at his feet. Raphael had to bite his lip and shift in his seat as he watched to keep silent. Donnie's weapon belt and wrist bands soon followed, slithering to the floor and pooling around his ankles, taunting and drawing Raphael's eyes once more downward to drink in those lovely calves and thighs that touched and rubbed together in a faintly feminine-like way with the dull, thrumming music that seemed to simulate a heartbeat.

And what had he just put around his neck?

Raphael leaned forward, watching Donnie's fingers work a strap through its buckle... and Raph's belly flipped – did he just...? Donatello peeked over his shoulder and caught his gaze. A blush crawled up his cheeks and Raphael's lips parted and his jaw nearly fell the moment Donnie turned around and he gazed at that pale collar around his neck. He did.

Amber eyes lifted to his and Raphael was caught once more by Don's smoldering dark gaze that devoured him whole. It tickled him from the inside out and stoked his desire higher like an instinctive beast, feral and wild for him. He wanted nothing more than to leap from the chair and consume his lover, but something held him in place and promised many great and wondrous things if he were to just sit still.

The faintest of smiles touched Donnie's lips, his eyes hooded with promises held deep within their ebony souls as he took a step backwards and grasped his bo staff coyly with his cheek pressed against the smooth and polished wood. "Merry Christmas, Raphael." He purred, pointed his toes in front of him and moved in front of his bo. Reaching above his head, Donnie churched and began slowly sliding down the length of his bo.

Raphael's heart hammered in his chest. Was Donnie really...

Closing his eyes and purring, Donatello's free hand touched his jaw, tickling himself as his fingers slid down along his body with legs spread wide the farther down he moved. Touching himself and trailing down the length of his plastron, Don ran one finger along his own slit between his legs before he moved his palms across the length of his thigh as the music shifted and haunting lyrics began to breathe through the

room. He shivered from his own stroke, his breath hitching and his lips parting. Donnie paused, caressing his knee, and as if hitting a switch, his legs closed and he twisted to the side on his toes and began to rise, his head thrown back and his hands grasping the newly transformed bo with all the vigor of a true pole dancer. Dipping and rising again, Donatello trailed his hips along the length of the bo, opening heavy eyes to stare directly at Raph.

Raphael quivered, he physically quivered... this was so hot.

Just as smoothly as standing up, Donatello took one step to the side and then lifted himself up, curling and twisting about the pole, hooking his ankles around it and he spun as he ascended up the pole like it was as easy as breathing. The mood trembled with his sigh and Donnie slid his calves across the wood, moving into position. He locked his ankles and fell backwards, spinning upon the pole with it between his thighs.

He twisted and contorted himself, using the pole like his own personal act of temptation. He ran his fingers along his body, twisting upwards and hanging from it like an ornament, and then pulling himself up a bit with his hands and spreading his legs wide only to climb higher up once again and gracefully slide back down it, head thrown back and a look of bliss and peace upon his face and swaying by one hand.

Raphael had never seen that look on Donnie's face in the middle of such rigorous work. He was beautiful, he was absolutely gorgeous up there, spinning and rotating, suspended by one leg while still looking so artistically gorgeous. He spun in a circuit to the haunting music that swelled and thumped, and through his veins Raphael's blood rushed through his body, alive and quivering by the acrobatic flips and stretches performed upon the thin rod of wood.

Donnie's dark eyes gazed at him, so sultry and warm, asking him to watch him; no, begging him to watch him. And he did, Raphael leaned forward, drinking him in as Donatello spun and moved around and along the pole. Cooing, Don's face softened and his lips circled as though promising a kiss just before his body contorted around the pole, thighs hugging the staff and with a smile, he freed his hands and twirled atop the pole like an angel amongst the stars. The computer's lights caressed his features, nipped at his skin and highlighted the wiggling tail just under his shell. With his hands free, Donatello churred and leaned his head back, running his hand across his body and down a thigh before the lovely spin slowed and he reached above him, holding tight and he unwound himself from the pole with a strong but graceful flick of his wrist.

Sliding down an inch or so with a sigh that brought about a sudden appearance of Raphael's weeping erection out from hiding Donatello shifted himself into another spin, arching backwards and facing the ground with his feet nearly touching his head, his hand clinging tight to the bo. Another graceful movement and Donatello no longer faced the ground but the ceiling, his hips swayed and bobbing to the music, creating a grinding motion against the pole as he dropped to his knees. The music intensified and Donnie moaned, leaning back so far the crown of his head brushed across the floor with his toes touching his waist and his hips bobbing.

Gasping loudly, Raphael dared to shift, his body only intensifying the longer he witnessed Donatello's performance. In his heated state, his erection began peeking out and sliding free of its prison, hungry for what was right in front of it. Raphael's eyes dilated all the more, showing only a faint ring of amber surrounding the pool of lusting ebony. And with a start, Raphael realized that the faint tinkling of bells was not coming

from the music, but from Donatello himself. Leaning forward slightly, Raphael stared at the collar encircling Donnie's neck and he groaned, falling back in his chair and grabbing his fully released cock to keep himself from cumming right then and there.

He was his... Donatello's collar stated he belonged to him, to Raphael.

Smiling up at him, purple mask tails splayed around him like hair. Donatello trailed his hand down along his plastron, shivering the moment his fingers reached between his legs and tickled the slit that hid his own hardening cock. He moaned, moving again and arching his back. Raising a leg high over his head, Donnie rolled to the side and arched his back, raising his ass in the air and rising along the length of the bo staff before he stood straight once again. He held the pole and walked about it once, eyes staring at Raphael and stopping, pointedly rubbing his thigh against the pole overdramatically and dancing, whispering to the lyrics that began to rise in tempo, demanding more from Donatello.

He watched Don move faster, dipping and twisting about the staff, spinning and twirling on it like a pro and all to the beat that was pounding harder in Donnie's room. The song sent his pulse racing faster, his erection twitching, and his breath coming faster to him as his patience grew thin. This was the best moment of his life.

Churring overtook the music for a moment and Donnie stared upside down at his lover, his legs spread, an arm held out for balance and his mask dangling under him. Another twist just slightly on the bo and he was easily contorting his upside body towards his lover so that he could see what his wiggling tail was just now revealing beneath it.

Raph sucked in a breath and bit his cheek, staring directly at the red plastic butt plug already hugged tightly within that snug hole between the delectable cheeks of his ass. He groaned – he couldn't hold himself back anymore.

Flushing darkly, Donatello moaned and shivered where he held himself upside down, his wiggling tail thumping now and then against his body eagerly. It wagged and quivered behind him, hungry for Raphael to pull the damn plastic out and pushing something of greater significance in to take its place. To say that performing for Raphael didn't turn him on, that would be a lie. Donatello never thought in all the months of practicing that he would feel so incredibly lusted after and powerful in the knowledge that Raphael was completely captivated by him. His own erection was already pushing to get out and he moaned a second time, desperate to stay in place.... but the longer he stared right back at Raphael, the more he knew he was not going to finish his routine.

Smiling happily and deciding to end sooner than later, Don purred and unwound himself from the pole once more, dipping and twirling around the wood, dancing to the last dying beats of the music as it began to swell and threatened to explode. One last great climb and powerful spinning motion, Donatello twisted himself so greatly around the pole, his arms were free, one ankle was hooked to the bo and his other leg stretched out away from his body and he twisted and spun, looking like a trinket a king would pay to have displayed in his quarters.

Donatello was perfection, he was beautiful, and he was hanging upon the bo by one locked ankle. Raphael was both amazed and desperate. He wanted him now...

Sighing and churring loudly, Donnie reached above him with one hand, holding on tight to the pole and easily unwound himself till he slide down the length of the staff, his

brow pressed to it and his chest heaving against the wood. The music exploded and the lyrics filled the room, pounding into their bodies and rattling their souls. Donatello twisted and rose, completing a final spin upon the bo, intending to do one last dip and at the end and then give himself over to Raphael, but a large crack and the sudden lack of stability concerning his pole caused the turtle to shout out in shock as he prepared to fall. But he never hit the ground. Strong arms scooped him up, pressing him to a broad chest and forcing a gasp of surprise to escape him as hands began caressing his body. The broken half of his bo staff was tossed from his fingers and to the floor completely ignored now that Raph had him in his arms.

Raphael held Donatello close and tight to his body. He stumbled backwards and collapsed once more in the first chair that became available and he gazed up at his Donnie, the two of them panting and running their hands across the other.

As silently as it all had begun, it was just as instantly decided that they could not wait a single moment longer. Donnie shifted upon his lap, easily changing positions so he could slide onto Raphael's lap with spread legs and hungry lips that eagerly tangled with his lover's. He was swept into a sea of desperately churring turtle with hands hot and grasping at his skin like strikes of lightning. The electricity slid down his slick arms and to his legs where Raph clung to him and inched him closer, pressing their plastrons together.

Raphael pulled Donnie's thighs up along his sides and hissed in delight at feeling his skin rubbing against his own. He huffed and nuzzled his neck, lapping at his skin and rumbling in delight the moment Don's sticky erection dropped down and his hips began to undulate atop his. Mewling and squirming upon his lap, Donatello struggled against him, the bell from the collar jangling loudly, his head falling back and his hips thrusting upwards into his hand as he wrapped his fist around the two of them. His eyes closed tight and a moan tumbled from his lips. A smile played upon his face before opening up into pleasure once more with gasping, silent cries of bliss.

Fingers groped at his ass. Taking the hint, Donatello shifted, picking himself up and turning around so Raph could pull the butt plug out and it was quickly tossed across the room as those hands rubbed and fingers explored the already stretched sphincter.

Whimpering and moaning, Donnie stood absolutely still, allowing Raphael to enjoy him, his Christmas present, however he wanted him – even on violently shaking legs, Don waited for Raphael's next move with impatience. It came in a snarl and a sharp tug of his hips down onto Raphael's lap and against his chest. Raph grabbed his thighs, spreading them wide, draping them over his own as his hips jerked upwards, pushing against his ass insistently but his cock slid forward and between Don's legs and up along the underside of his erection, missing its target.

Crying out, Donatello sobbed and arched his back, his hips wiggling and grinding down on the wonderful pleasure that rubbed along the bottom of his cock. Raphael shifted again and his dick dripped and slobbered a path along Donnie's thigh as his erection rubbed and bobbed wildly between Don's open thighs. Peeking down at it past his own, Don watched through hooded eyes as their dicks darkened in color the longer they teased each other. Reaching down to stroke the wet cock, Donatello instead found his wrists being seized and raised above his head before he could touch either of them. He moaned, arching against him, wrapping his arms about Raphael's neck and mewling pleadingly to him. He needed him! He wanted him so badly!

With his lover in place, Raphael reached around Donnie and positioned his erection against the lovely opening that was still loose and gasping under Don's wiggling tail. He pushed in sharply, both churring loudly the moment Raph's hips jerked against him, shoving them both upwards and his cock being forced deeper inside and swallowed alive by the gaping hole gobbling his dick in. The heat attacked Raphael, driving into him even as he pulled out only to thrust back in. Raphael's eyes rolled and he threw his head back, breathing loudly with his hard rod thrusting in and out of Donnie's tight, hot body.

Squirming on his lap and whimpering in delight, Donatello tugged on his lover's neck, groaning every time Raph moved in fast and hard. He writhed and moaned, pushing at the ground a few times till he finally found some leverage and he pulled himself up then dropped down, shouting in joy and crying the moment Raphael's teeth sank into his shoulder.

Biting him and jerking his hips back down, Raphael snarled and groaned, bouncing his lover harder and faster upon his lap, a rhythm that carried them both higher.

The chair groaned and whined from the abuse; swiveling now and then and pushing them faster into their wild thrust and drop mating.

Squealing and writhing upon Raphael's lap, Donatello lost his tentative footing and fell backwards against Raphael. He moaned and kicked his leg out, hooking his foot upon the tabletop next to him and the other drew up sharply to his chest where Raphael quickly grabbed hold of it, pinching his thigh and butt as he adjusted and moved faster under him, moving rapidly and hitting just the right spot inside of him that brought another squeal of pure pleasure from the turtle above him.

Shaking his head and grasping at his lover's plastron that was pressing painfully into his wrists, Donatello sobbed and trembled as he was filled over and over, being stabbed continuously by that flaming spear that licked and dribbled inside of him, flooding his hole with its juices and marking him just as surely as the teeth traveling across his neck and shoulders. He wanted that heat and he rocked against him, arching his back and falling back against him – he didn't even care his own erection was sobbing and dripping down to aid the thrusting cock to enter him. He just wanted more.

"Raphie! Ra-Ra~ph! More!" He shook and jerked his hips up and down, trying to reach that high but failing every time till he sobbed, shaking his head in remorse.

Raphael suddenly shoved Donatello forward, pushing him off his lap and to the ground. Donatello cried out, shouting a brief "No!" the instant Rapheal's cock slipped out of him and he landed on his hands and knees hard. He moaned in loss, clawing at the ground and raising his ass in the air, "Raphie, please!" he mewled, and just like that his brother was atop him again in an instant and thrusting inside before he could even complete a true thought.

Eyes rolling back in his head, Donnie's mouth hung open and his eyes fluttered; Raphael's thrusts were hard, fast and deep, scraping across every inch of him as the positions of the cock changed with every thrust. The flaming erection inside of him insisted on claiming him and strong fingers bruised his hips, jerking his body against his while snarls and growls rained down upon him.

Then his prostate was hit and Donnie screamed, clawing at the ground and throwing his

Then his prostate was hit and Donnie screamed, clawing at the ground and throwing his hips back against him repeatedly, begging for more. He reached for himself this time and squeezed his cock, squealing and squirming against his own palm as he pumped himself, his fist flying across his hot flesh and pre-cum drooled down from the head and soaked his hand, trailing along his thighs and across his knuckles as it splattered and dripped the faster he went, mewling and churring loudly.

Wrenching at his leg, Raphael forced one of Donnie's thighs up, propping it atop the swivel chair and he planted a foot on the floor, giving himself more leverage as his cock disappeared over and over again into his more than thoroughly soaked and sweltering hole. He jabbed repeatedly at his lover's prostate and he drowned in the velvety heat that sucked and dragged him back inside till he roared and exploded, thrusting hard and fast, stabbing fiercely at the little nub of pleasure as he released within his lover. He reached down, enveloping Donatello's hand in his and squeezed, and that sparked his love's orgasm and sent the olive turtle screaming under him as well. Don clawed at the ground and milked his erection as it exploded, pumping load after load of cum across his chest and face while he felt Raphael pump load after load inside his body, filling him over and over again.

He couldn't stop, not yet, this was pure heaven! Raphael again let out a roar of triumph and continued to move fast and hard inside the heated hole. He let his head fall forward and he panted, shuddering and gasping for breath till he finally was empty, no more seed to deposit and a waning erection caused him to wane, pushing in slower till with a moan and a squishy 'pop', Raphael pulled himself out and promptly fell to the side. Catching himself at the last minute only so he could jerk Donatello after him, Raphael finally collapsed on the floor with Don at his side and a wildly twirling chair off to the side.

"Oh God..." Donatello whispered and shuddered, mewling loudly from the floor as his churrs grew louder in his post orgasmic bliss. He loved the fingers rubbing up his side and teasing over his wet ass. He especially loved it when Raph's fingers dipped inside him to play for a moment before pulling back out, smearing the cum on his fingers across his butt cheeks and thighs.

Moaning and closing his eyes Donnie smiled sweetly, suddenly blushing and hiding his face against Raphael's chest.

Grinning back and gasping for breath, Raphael chuckled and pulled him closer, cradling his head close to him. "B-best Chr-Christmas present... ever." He churred that deep, dominant, and rumbling churr that always brought an answering one out of Donnie. He loved the way they sounded together.

"G-Good. I-I'm glad you liked th-the show." Donnie whispered, hugging him closer. Thinking that over on a well sexed laden brain, Raphael finally grunted in agreement.

"Ya bet, and ya gotta do that again sometime." He purred and moaned just at the idea – if he wasn't so exhausted, he knew he could get hard just from the thought of a future show like this.

Blushing furiously and hiding his face all the tighter against Raphael's chest, Donnie shrugged sheepishly – but he dragged his thigh up along his lover's leg and then up to his waist where he curled his leg and held him tightly.

Raphael grinned and drank in the wonderful feeling and taste of a shy Donatello promising to perform another pole dance for him. Oh hell yes. He could so get used to this.

"Mmm, and thank you for my present too." Donnie whispered, his eyes drifting shut. "I liked being able to sleep in." A smile broke out across his face and he nuzzled Raphael's neck affectionately.

His face warmed and Raph couldn't help himself from grunting shyly – though he was glad, he had hoped Don would enjoy his day of silence. "I uh... glad you liked it. Wasn't as great as your gift." He mumbled.

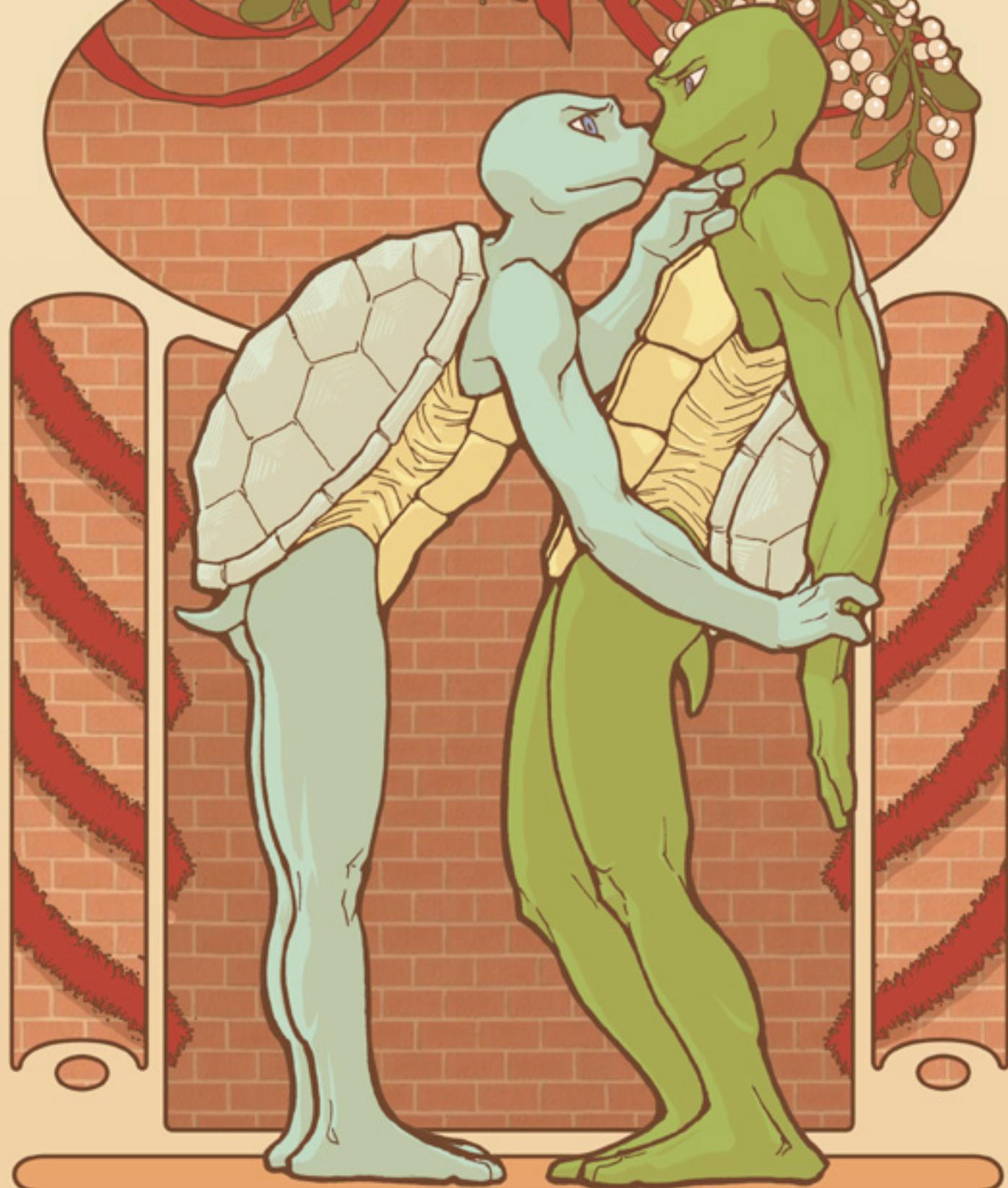
Pressing his face against his lover's shoulder, Donatello tried to hide from the embarrassment even as he planted a kiss to his shoulder and hummed happily. "It was the best gift I've ever gotten for Christmas. Thank you."

"Love you too." Raph whispered.

Smiling softly and rubbing his palms across his shell, Raphael sighed and enjoyed the love pouring between them. He hated admitting it out loud, but moments like these were most definitely his favorite. And now that Donatello possessed a lovely new skill, he was now determined to find a way to convince Donnie to install a real pole – he really didn't want to explain to Splinter why he and Don kept breaking his bo staff.

**Fin**

MERRY CHRISTMAS



MISTLETOE  
MICHELANGELO LEONARDO



## The Naughty Santa

Raph stretched as he made his way to his room. Nothing like a warm shower to get the soreness from training out of his muscles. His skin was still slightly moist and felt relaxed, wrapping around his body instead of clenching in tiredness.

All in all, he was in a good mood.

He opened the door to his room, and walked in. Or attempted to. Instead he stopped in the doorway with one leg raised, staring with wide-open eyes at the sight within. There was a Santa sitting in a chair in his room.

A Santa with ocean-green hands and a familiar toothy grin.

"Mikey?"

"That's Santa! Mikey, dearest Raphael." his younger brother gave a very loud 'Ho Ho Ho!', then patted his thighs invitingly. "Come sit on Santa's lap."

Raph raised an eye-ridge, crossing his arms.

Mikey just continued grinning. "Come sit and tell Santa all about what you'd like to get for Christmas."

Raph was this close to laughing in his brother's face and mocking him for the rest of his life. But then again this just could be a new way of getting what he wanted out of him. Each year his family tried everything they could think of to get him to tell them, to make a wish or anything, so they'd know what to look for.

But this just took the cake. Took it, smuggled it out and sold it to the Pope.

Damn.

He chuckled, shaking his head as he stepped into the room, kicking the door shut behind him. He came closer to his brother and stood before him, staring in amusement. He might as well play along.

"I think I'm a little too big to sit in anyone's lap, *Santa*."

"Nonsense, ho ho ho!" Mikey grabbed the pillow under his shirt, shaking it so it seemed his belly jiggled. Raph snorted. "No one is too big to sit on Santa's lap! Especially if they've been a good boy!"

The older terrapin laughed softly, then obediently climbed on – legs on either side of Mikey's thighs, straddling his brother. "Well, Santa. Sorry to break it to you, but I've not been a 'good boy'!"

The older terrapin laughed softly, then obediently climbed on – legs on either side of Mikey's thighs, straddling his brother. "Well, Santa. Sorry to break it to you, but I've not been a 'good boy'."

Mikey widened his eyes in mock-horror. "You haven't?"

"Nope. Can't say I have." he leaned closer, rubbing the tips of their beaks together. "In fact, I've been very naughty." He nearly grimaced at the cheesiness, but Mikey's eyes lit up at that.

"Good to know!" he chirped, one of his hands moving to Raph's bottom, just resting against the flesh. "In that case, you get to hear what Santa's getting for Christmas."

Raph cocked his head to the side. "What?"

"A stuffed Raphie!" came the gleeful response.

"Stuffed with what?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

Mikey grinned evilly, his hand giving a tight squeeze. "Guess!"

He was right.

Raphael stared at his brother, contemplating the situation. He should have seen this coming. The younger terrapin had been on his best behaviour for the past couple of weeks, not pulling one prank on him, barely teasing him or anything. He had been suspicious, but he had chalked it up to the upcoming celebrations. It seemed this had been the plan.

Oh well. Not like he could top Mikey forever. Might as well give in.

He smiled softly, and gave his permission with a nod.

Mikey grinned and reached into his pocket with his free hand. "Awesome! Here's your reward." He took out a candy cane and popped it into the other's mouth.

Raph blinked in surprise, his lips wrapping around the treat. Then Mikey grabbed his buttocks with both hands, kneading them firmly and his eyes slipped closed, a 'mmm' of approval escaping him.

Mikey grinned, and released one globe, reaching for the cane and grasping the end lightly, thrusting it to and fro against his brother's lips.

Raph raised an eye-ridge and opened his mouth slightly, curling his tongue around the candy as it slid out, scraping his teeth over the surface as it slid back in.

Mikey licked his lips, eyes fixed on the sight, the devilish glint in his eyes growing. He stopped the motion and leaned closer, pressing their lips together and slipping his tongue inside, tangling with the other one around the cane.

Raph chuckled low in his throat, and allowed his younger brother to have control over the kiss. It was difficult enough with the candy stuck in his mouth to get into a proper liplock, and he wasn't going to break the damn thing. It seemed Mikey had something

else planned for it.

He was proven right a few moments later, when the ocean-green terrapin removed the cane, careful not to break it, and brought it behind his brother, slowly tracing it across the cleft between his buttocks.

Raph gave a small shiver at the odd sensation tracing against the sensitive flesh over there. His breath hitched slightly when the cane located his entrance, catching slightly against it and pressing against it gently. He tried to move his head back, but Mikey suddenly captured his tongue with his own, curling around the slippery flesh tightly as he pushed the cane inside the older male.

Raph body tightened in surprise, but he quickly forced himself to relax, fearing the cane would break. Then the candy stick started to move, thrusting slowly in and out of him.

He broke the kiss, panting slightly and glaring at his smug little brother.

Mikey was dead. So so dead.

It seemed the younger male noticed the threat in the golden eyes, because he gave the other his best puppy-dog eyes, and cheered inwardly in victory when Raph's glare lessened, his obvious resolve of causing bodily harm weakening.

To deepen the effect, Mikey cocked his head to the side, looking pleadingly at his brother. "Won't you play with me?"

Raph sighed. "Fine. But this better be good."

A grin. "Then turn around, please."

The older terrapin frowned in confusion, but nonetheless did as told, moving slowly back onto his feet and turning around, mindful of the object still inside him.

His brother grasped his hips, urging him to lean forward. He did so, resting his hands on his knees and trying to look over his carapace at what the other was doing. But then the other moved his head closer to him and he forgot to be curious.

Mikey took a moment to simply stare at the cane protruding from the older male's puckered opening, then parted his lips. His tongue wrapped around the cane, pulling it into a single thrust, then pressed against the flesh it was imbedded in. He lapped at the soft flesh, twirling his muscle around the cane, dipping briefly in beside it. Raph moaned, whole body quivering as he dropped down and Mikey grinned. He fastened his lips to the sensitive skin, sucking briefly then kissing it in apology. Then he dropped the niceties, and plundged his tongue into his brother, twisting it around the cane, tasting the warm walls surrounding him.

Raph churred loudly, his knees nearly giving in at the sudden action, his hips bucking into that agile tongue. Mikey smirked and hummed, the vibrations travelling across his appendage and into his brother, and the older terrapin cried out softly.

Mikey continued his ministrations, but let go with one hand, reaching into his pocket for the jar of lube he had prepared earlier. He popped it open, and dipped his fingers inside, coating them in the clear substance. He then set the jar aside, for later, and wrapped

his tongue around the candy cane, pulling it out and replacing it with his finger.

Raph arched his spine, mewling it the added thickness. He churred when it started moving, twisting to the sides and curling against his inner walls as it stretched him. His knees trembled, and he carefully lowered himself to the floor (Mikey following after him), rolling his hips enticingly, churring as he clenched around the digit. This position was definitely easier to maneuver in, and he pushed his hips back then forward, fucking himself on the intrusion.

Mikey's jaw tightened, a strangled sound escaping him. Raph could be such a tease sometimes.

He let the candy cane fall from his mouth, and leaned closer in, capturing one buttocks between his teeth and biting slightly, halting the movements. When he was certain he had his brother's attention, he pushed a second digit into him.

Raph tensed briefly, gasping, then once again relaxed his lower half, staying perfectly still as he waited for the slight burn to pass. He really should do this more, then it probably wouldn't be so uncomfortable at the beginning. Then again, he had the distinctive feeling the younger terrapin was going to be strutting around like a proud macho peacock tomorrow, grinning at his achievement, and that was enough to reconsider bottoming more often.

Maybe in private, when he was alone.

Mikey crooked his fingers suddenly, and somehow managed to get him spot on on the prostate.

Oh yeah. He was definitely doing this in private.

His spine arched and he cried out, thrusting his hips back and ignoring the sting the action caused.

Behind him, Mikey grinned, and scissored his fingers, licking soothingly over the stretched entrance. He flicked it teasingly, as if about to push it inside, but drew back after a moment, kissing the spot gently.

Raph gave another mewl, and moved, drawing his body off of those fingers suddenly and turning around, attacking the other's lips with his own, tangling their tongues possessively. Mikey yelped in surprise, but returned the contact, pulling Raph's body closer to him, dragging him up as he got back onto the chair.

Raph didn't need any prompting as he once again settled himself across *Santa*'s lap, wrapping his legs tightly around his younger brother, thanks to the difference in height **easily** towering over him as he kissed the other deeply, taking full control over the situation.

Mikey seemed more than happy to give it up, wrapping his arms around his brother's neck, pulling him even closer, wanting more, demanding more.

This is why he loved his brother as a mate. The way he kissed him when in the heights of pleasure never failed to make him feel owned, feel possessed. Feel wanted.

Good God, he needed it so bad right now.

He hands released their hold and scrambled to unzip his pants (why had he thought a full body costume was a good idea?), throwing the pillow-belly carelessly to the side. He took himself out roughly and smeared the excess of lube onto his aching flesh, shivering as he did so. He was about to grab Raph's hips again when an emerald hand appeared, wrapping itself tightly around his erection and *pumping*.

In moments of touching just the right places, Mikey was nearly sobbing into the kiss, his hips bucking wildly against the onslaught. He was nearing his end, white spots dancing in his vision when the hand retreated, the kiss losing its intensity before breaking off completely.

Raph drew back, regarding his flushed and panting brother for a few moments with a smug smirk.

"Payback." he murmured, pressing a gentle kiss to the corner of the soft mouth.

Mikey stared at him, his heart rate slowing slightly. "You're evil."

Raphael raised an eye-ridge.

"I mean more than me."

The older terrapin chuckled, nuzzling their beaks together. "Someone has to show yah who's boss."

Mikey groaned in exasperation, then threw a small impatient glare at him. "Can we now, please?"

Raph grinned and nodded, lifting his hips as Mikey positioned himself under his entrance.

Slowly, ever so slowly, making extra sure his inner walls nearly scrapped over the throbbing rod with their tightness, Raph lowered himself onto his brother's flesh, shifting himself to make the penetration easier for himself. Mikey, on the other hand, was trembling heavily, face tight as his brother once again tortured him (the sadist). Seriously doubting he wouldn't come before this even started, he thrust up suddenly, burying himself to the root in one go.

Raph chocked on his saliva, falling against the younger male's plastron as he tried to get his mind to work again from the sudden movement. He felt arms wrapping around his carapace, holding him steady as he panted, and he closed his eyes, regaining control of himself.

Then he churred, long and loud.

Mikey smirked and did it again, jabbing himself into the other roughly, tightening his hold as Raph shuddered. Then Raph clenched around him, squeezing the life out of his turtlehood and suddenly he was the one needing someone to hold him up.

"Don't mess with *me*, kid." Raph whispered into his ear, and he groaned, nodding frantically. The pressure lessened, and the two sat still, catching their breaths after the short

battle.

Raph was the first to regain his composure, watching silently as his brother panted. Then he smirked and tightened his inside slightly, rolling his hips at the same time. Mikey churred, his shoulders shivering as he stopped himself from thrusting.

Raph grinned. Lesson learned.

He leaned closer, breathing against his brother's ear. "You can move now."

The younger terrapin nodded, circling his arms around him as he thrust up gently. Raph aided him, pushing his hips down and rolling them again.

Mikey slowly quickened the tempo, accepting each hint it was okay from his older brother, thrusting up into that heavenly heat with his full concentration.

Raph churred again, biting his lower lip as the thick rod brushed against his sweet spot. He closed his eyes, leaning his head back and let his brother set the pace, surrendering himself to the sensations coursing through him.

Mikey seemed to be waiting for this, slamming up firmly. Raph churred in approval and the younger terrapin grinned, setting a quick rhythm for them both.

The older brother moved fluidly against him, pressing his hips down when Mikey thrust up, lifting them when the other retreated. They rocked together, swimming in their combined pleasure, panting against each other as they were slowly consumed.

Mikey came first, slamming himself roughly back in before he erupted. Raph wrapped his arm around his shoulder as he cried out his release, pressing the younger male's head against his shoulder, shushing him as he sobbed out his pleasure.

He brought his hand down, and pumped roughly on his own neglected flesh, pulling at the straining erection. He brought himself off quickly this way, his body tightening with a groan as the white flooded out of him, Mikey churring at the sensation.

Slowly, the older terrapin slid up and off the other, settling himself on the floor as the shivers passed completely.

"Damn." he panted, shifting his hips at the feel of the sticky mess leaking out of him.  
"Now I need another shower."

"Santa can help." It was a wonder Mikey had enough energy to grin.

"I doubt Santa can stand."

Mikey pursed his lips in determination and stood up, proving his brother wrong. Then he promptly had to sit back down 'cause his legs were still like jelly.

Dammit. He needed more practice.

"That's what I thought." Raph chuckled in amusement, then turned his head towards the door. "Hey, Donny!"

A few moment later, the door cracked open, the purple-clad head peeking in. "You bel-lowed?"

"Wanna help me wash my ass up?"

The genius of the Clan shrugged. "Sure." His gaze landed on Mikey. "Do I want to know?"

"Didn't yah know? It's the time for **festive** kinks." the youngest terrapin grinned.

"...uh-huh."

**Fin**







OH OH! HOW ABOUT  
THIS ONE?

NO WAIT!

THIS ONE  
LOOKS BETTER!

YOU'VE BEEN SAYING  
THAT ABOUT EVERY SINGLE TREE  
WE'VE SEEN SO FAR.

YEAH BUT DUDE,  
THIS ONE IS AWESOME.

IT'S TOO BIG,  
MIKEY.

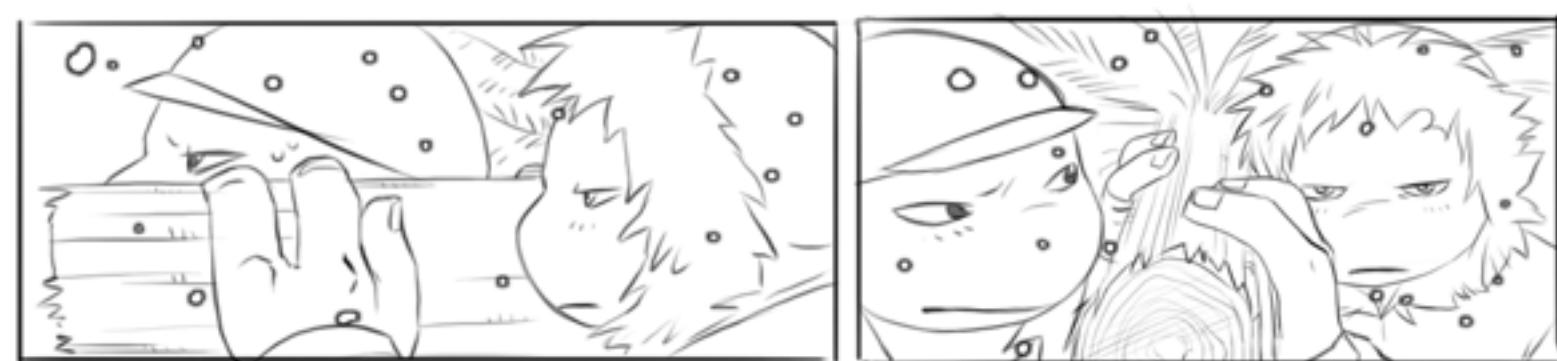
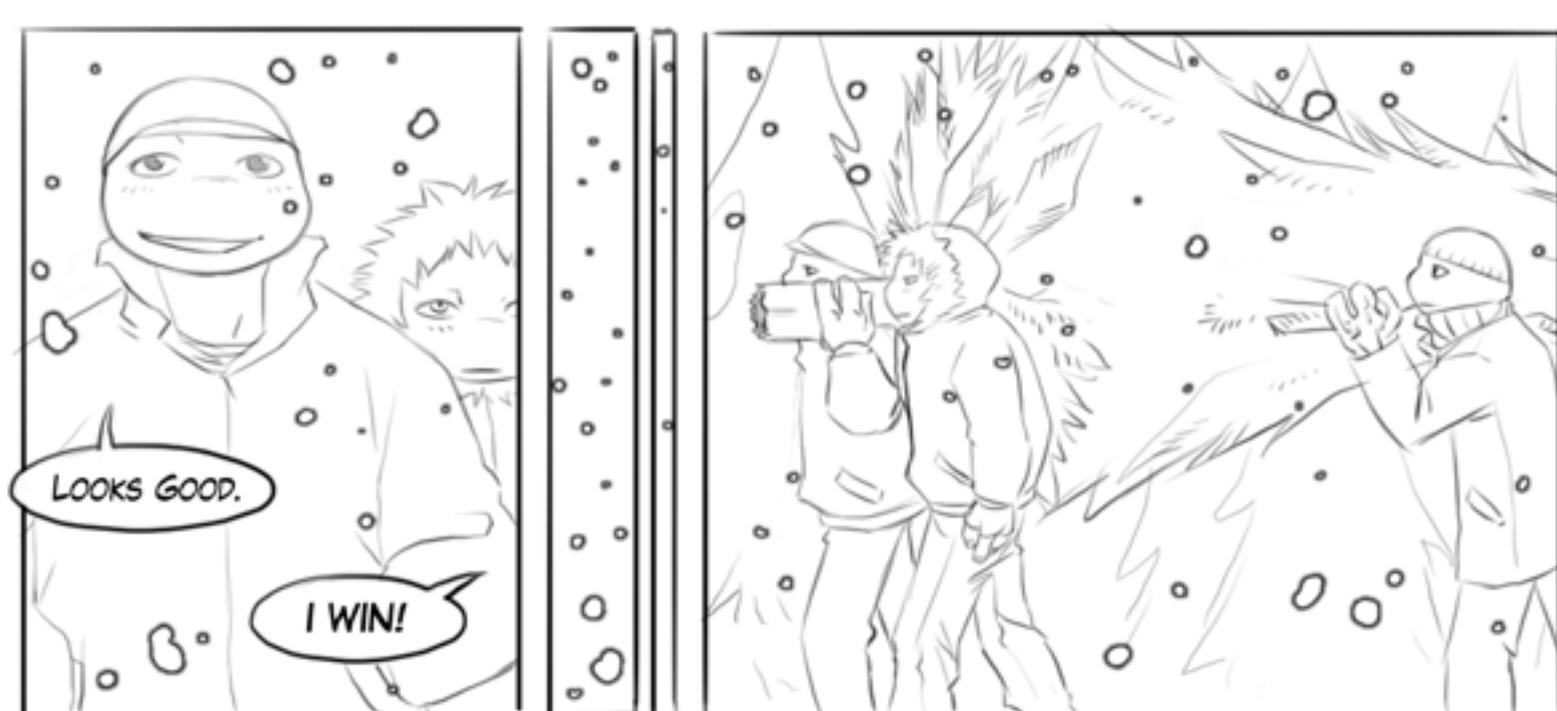
SO?

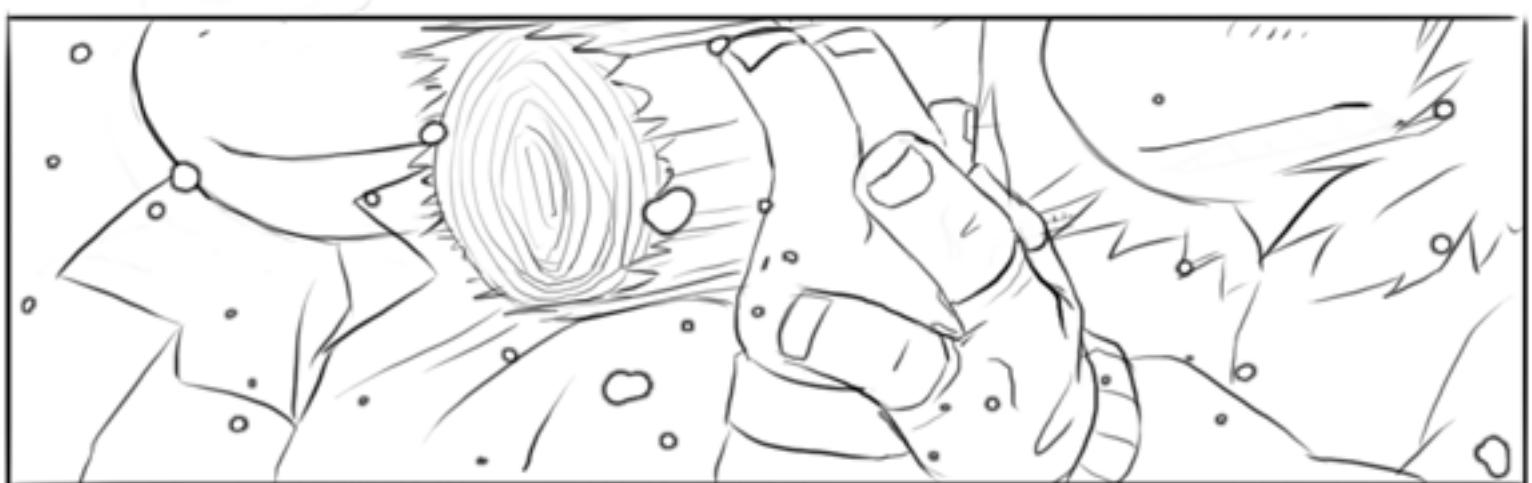
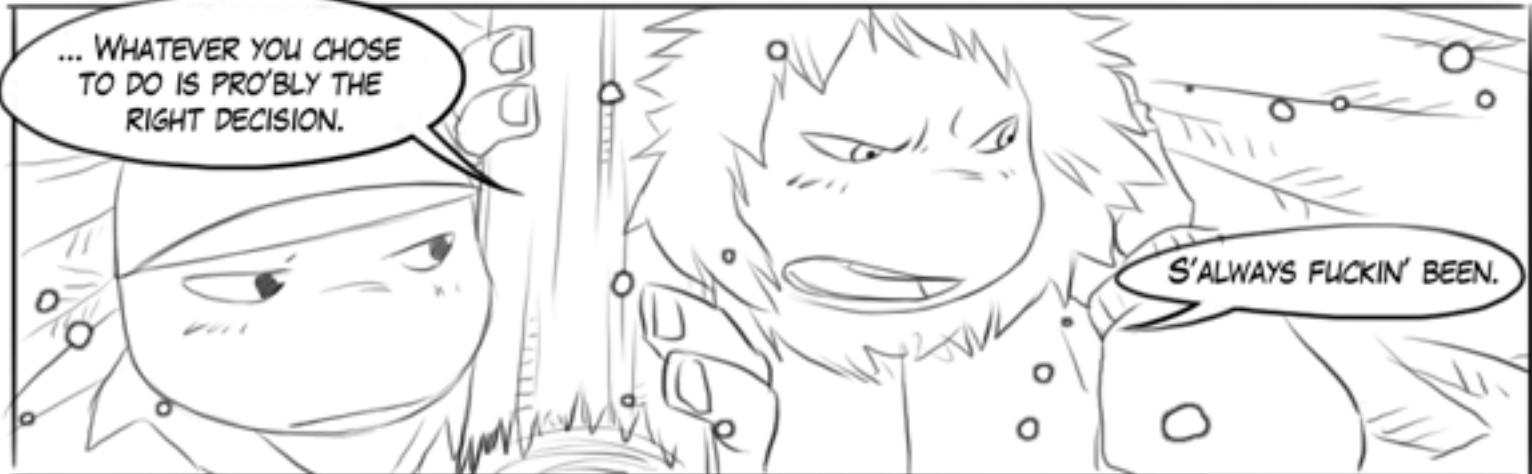
SO IF YOU REALLY  
WANT IT YOU'RE CARRYIN'  
IT ON YOUR OWN.

HOW ABOUT  
THIS ONE! ❤

LEO..?

SMALLER TREE THEN!











NO!

DECORATING TOGETHER  
IS TRADITION.

WHAM

WHATEVER YOU ARE BOTH  
UP TO CAN WAIT!

... JEEZ, NO NEED TO  
GET YOUR PANTIES IN A BLUNCH.

UH OH, TEMPER TANTRUM.

JUST GET TO WORK!

GET ME THE KNIVES.  
SORTA FEEL LIKE TRIMMIN'  
THE TREE NOW.

RIGHT-O!





FER ONCE I WASN'T GETTIN'  
INTO TROUBLE SO LEAVE ME  
THE FUCK ALONE!

FINE, RAPH.

I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.

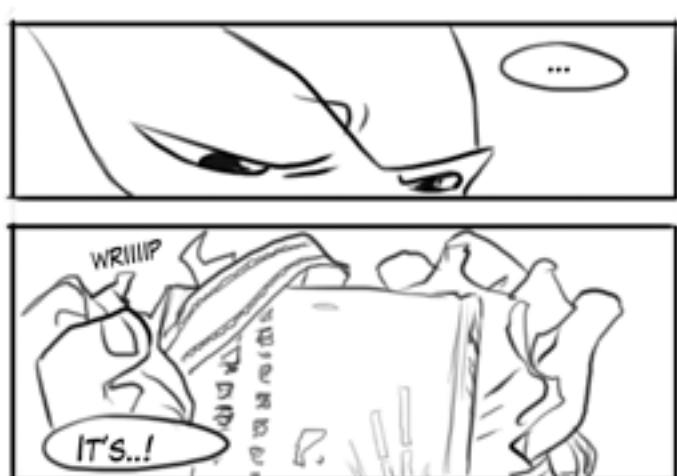
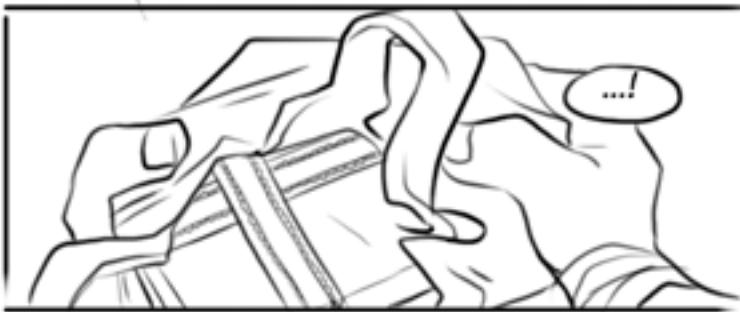
NEXT TIME JUST  
HAVE SOME GUTS AND SAY  
IT TO MY FACE IF YOU'RE  
SICK OF ME INSTEAD  
OF JUST AVOIDING ME.

THE HELL  
ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?!

JUST GO BACK TO  
FUCKING DONNIE AND SEE  
IF I GIVE A CRAP.

FRSHH

MERRY FUCKIN'  
CHRISTMAS,  
ASSHOLE!





I LOVE IT.  
THANKS...

OH!  
ALMOST  
FORGOT.

GOT MY GIFT A LITTLE  
EARLY, IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT  
YOU GET YOURS.

HEH.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO  
YOU TOO, RAPH.

THANKS...

I HAD MIKEY HELP ME WITH  
IT. ... AND YET YOU DIDN'T SEE  
ME CLINGING TO HIM EVERY  
TWO SECONDS.

HA.

WELL, GOOD FOR YOU.  
I DON'T DO SUBTLE, LEO.

I NOTICED.

WOAH... SWEET.

CUSTOM MADE, OF COURSE.

THEY'RE THE BEST  
AROUND.

THAT MODEL WAS  
DEVELOPED WITH INPUT  
FROM PROFESSIONAL  
RACERS, SO I  
THOUGHT...

...I THOUGHT...

...THOUGHT 'BOUT MOVING  
TO THE MATTRESS FOR SOME  
REAL MAKING-UP?

...SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

AAH..

AH

LEOOOH...

HNN...

AH

AAAHH



READY?

...I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES.

JUST DO IT...!

UHN...!

AAH-OW!... SHIT!...

SHHHH...

DON'T YA 'SHH' ME!

I'LL... B-BE AS LOUD AS I FUCKIN' WANT-

AAH~!

HNN...

GOD, RAPH... I MISSED YOU...

HFF...

HAN

AH...

HNN...

LE- LEO....!

M...MISSED YA T-TOO...

AH...FUCK!... RIGHT THERE...

HUFF

HNNF

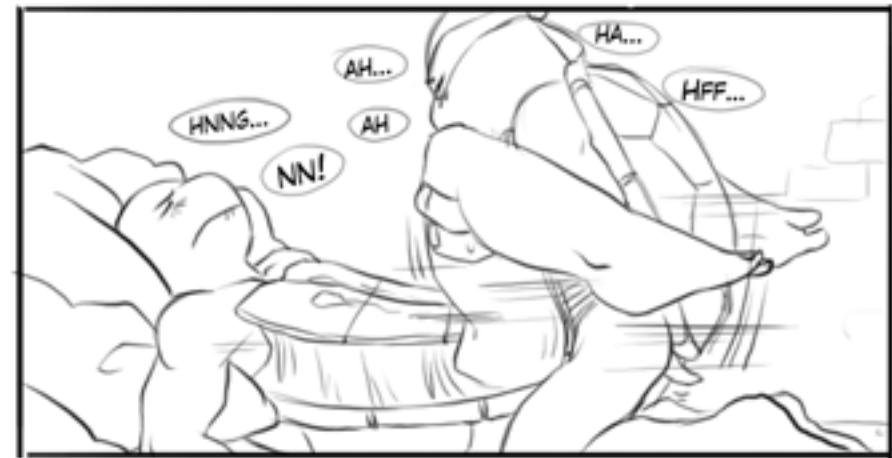
HUFF

HNN

L-LET ME...

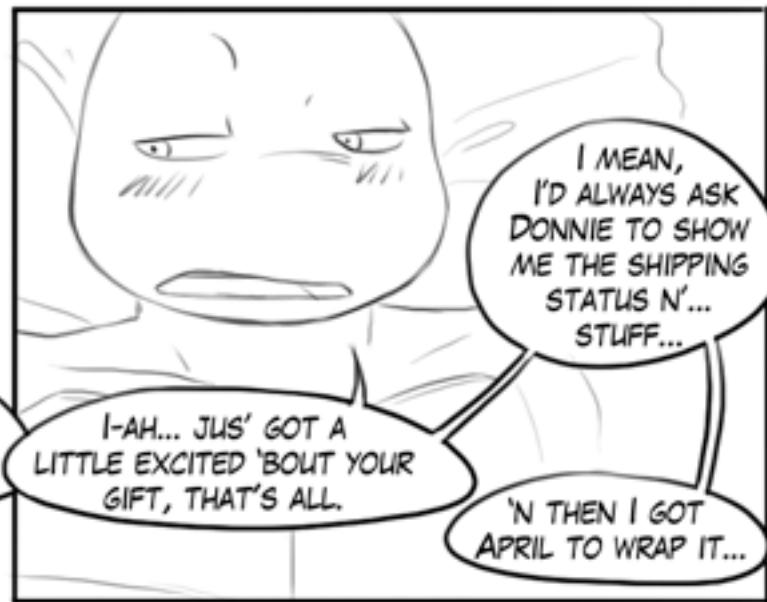
NHH... I'M GONNA...

UHN...!



HAAN...

WWW...



AND I'M SORRY THAT  
I WAS A JEALOUS JERK...

JUST... STOP TALKING, LEO...

HNN...

RAPH...

YOU KNOW I HATE  
BEING BLINDFOLDED...

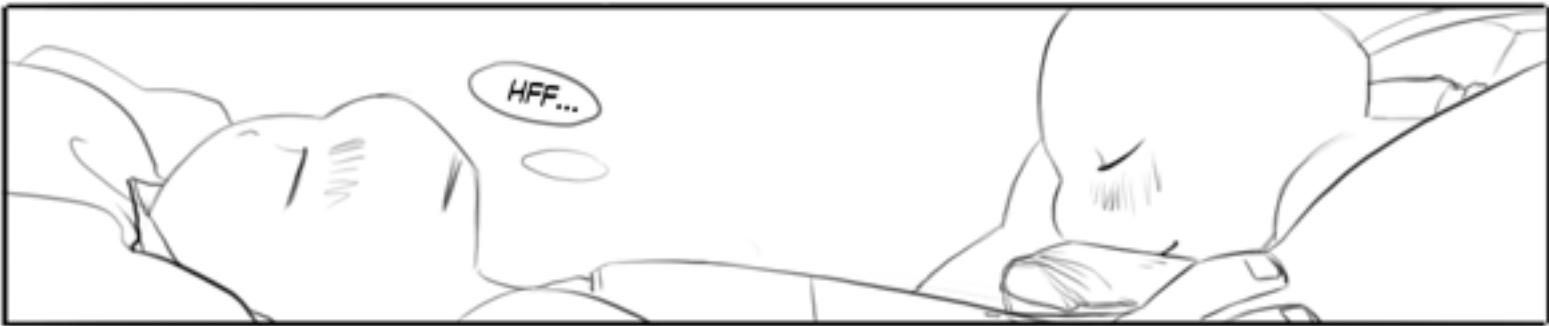
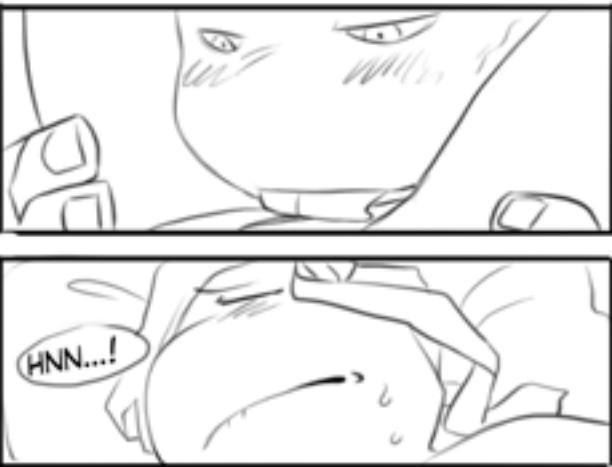
YA NEED A LESSON  
'BOUT 'TRUST',  
FEARLESS.

AAH... RAPH!

AH..!  
AH...

UH!

W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING!





N-NOW... WHERE  
WAS I ?

HNN...

OH YEAH...!

HUFF...

DO YOU-HNN...

D'YOU TRUST ME,  
LEO?

Y.... YES.

WHAT WAS  
THAT?

YES!

PLEASE JUST...  
MOVE.

I-... I TRUST YOU,  
ALRIGHT?!

WILL YA STOP GETTIN'  
JEALOUS EVERY TIME I  
SPEND TIME WITH  
SOMEONE ELSE?

ANHH...

GOOD.

ANH  
NNG...

AH!  
HNZ



YEAH YEAH, JUST GO.

GOOD NIGHT RAPH.

'NIGHT.

YES!

PART II OF THE SUPER  
AWESOME JUSTICE FORCE  
"GRONTOR'S REVENGE"  
TRILOGY!

CURSES, NOW I'LL HAVE  
TO FIND THE FIRST PART  
SOMEHOW.

BUT THANKS DONNIE!

BEER ANYONE?  
MASTER SPLINTER?

NO, NO, THANK YOU.  
I AM QUITE SATISFIED  
WITH MY TEA.



YER WELCOME MIKEY.

OHOHOH.  
ONLY GONNA HAVE TO  
BUY THE THIRD PART,  
NOT TOO BAD...



OH LEO, HOW'D  
YOU KNOW!  
PART THREE, YAY!



WAITAMINUTE.

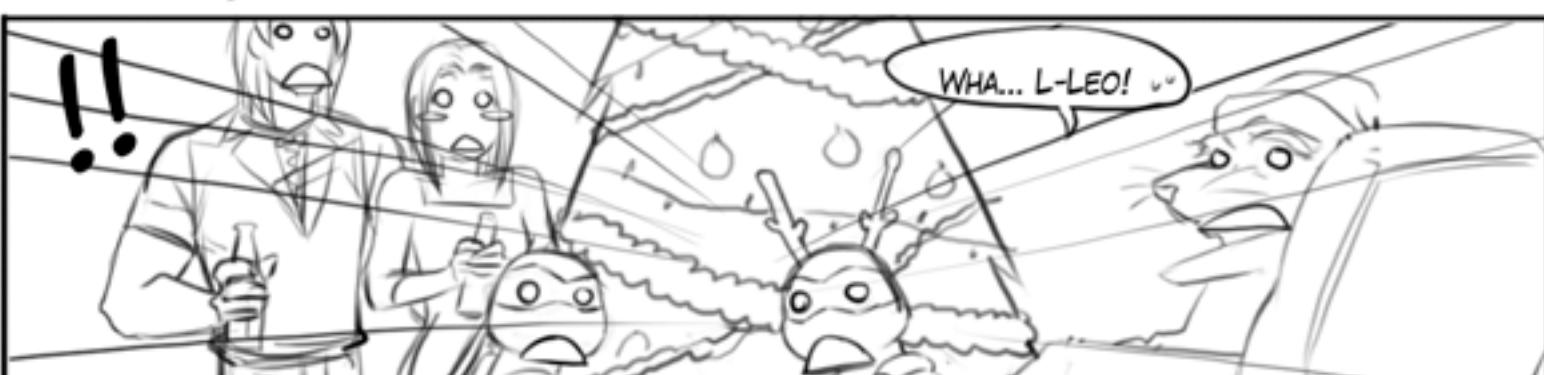


OH... ACTUALLY, LEO GAVE IT  
TO ME LAST NIGHT.

IT WAS PRETTY COOL...

HEHE, I GAVE IT TO  
YOU ALRIGHT.

IT... IT'S NOT  
WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING--!!

YOU WANTED THEM TO KNOW, DIDN'T YOU?

WELL YEAH.

I-I THOUGHT  
YOU DIDN'T!

CHANGED  
MY MIND.

BUT YOU--A  
SIMPLE "WE'RE TOGETHER"  
WOULDA BEEN FINE!

THIS- LEO, IT'S  
EMBARASSING...

BRACE YOURSELF, IT'LL  
GET EVER MORE EMBARRASSING...

...

... I MIGHT TAKE YOU UP  
ON THAT BEER OFFER NOW,  
MR. JONES.

WHY DO I FEEL LIKE WE  
SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS COMING,  
AND YET DIDN'T?

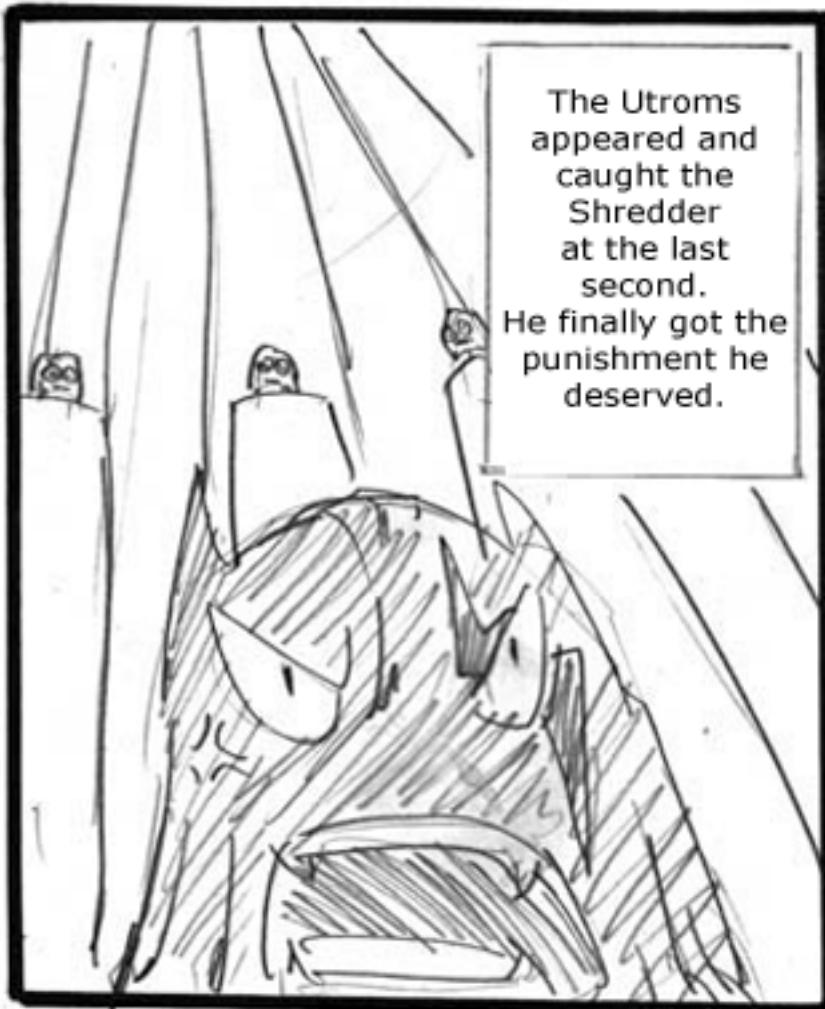
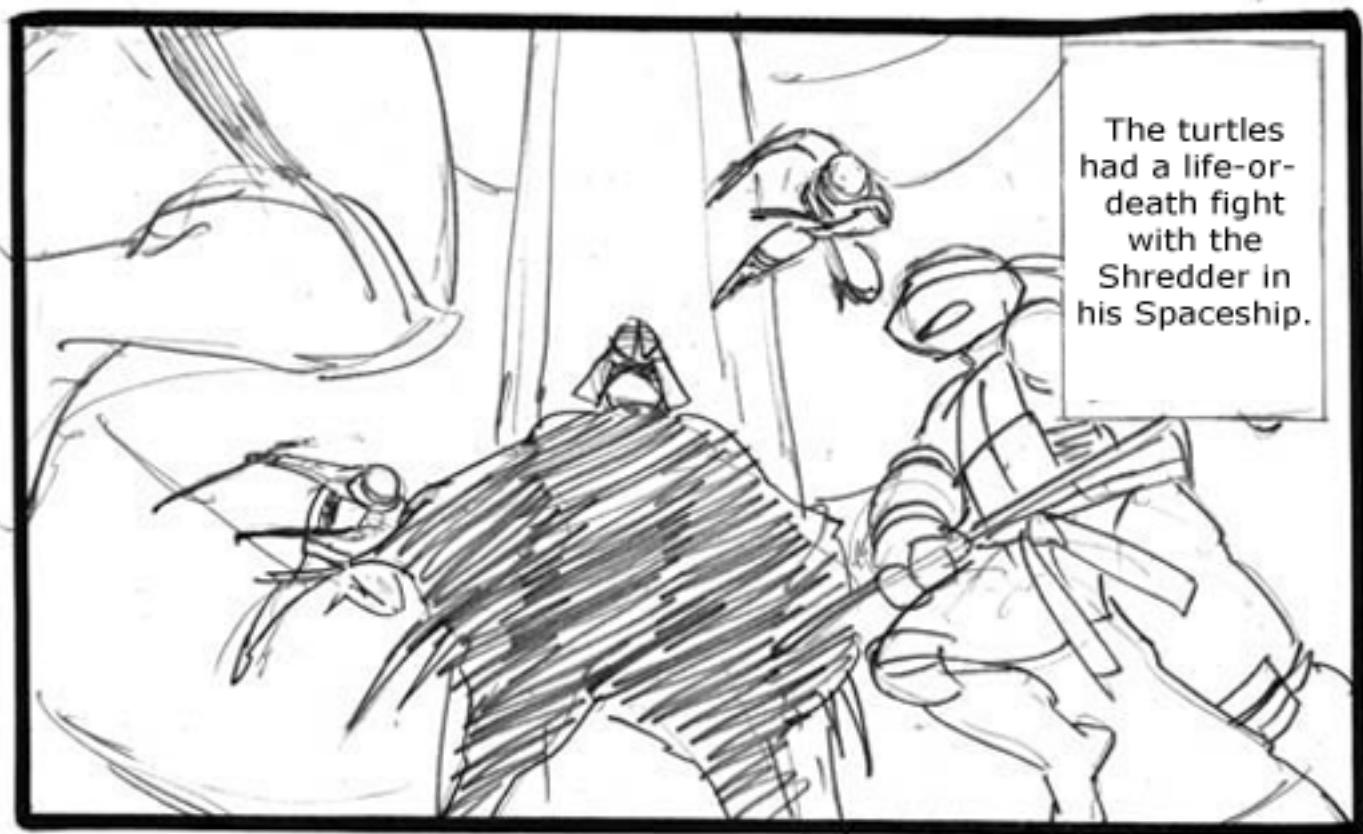
DOES THIS MEAN WE  
HAVE TO MAKE OUT TOO?

WHAT?!

NO!

...WHY NOT?

END



Back to the peace it  
used to be.

How's your  
condition  
now?  
Better than  
last week?





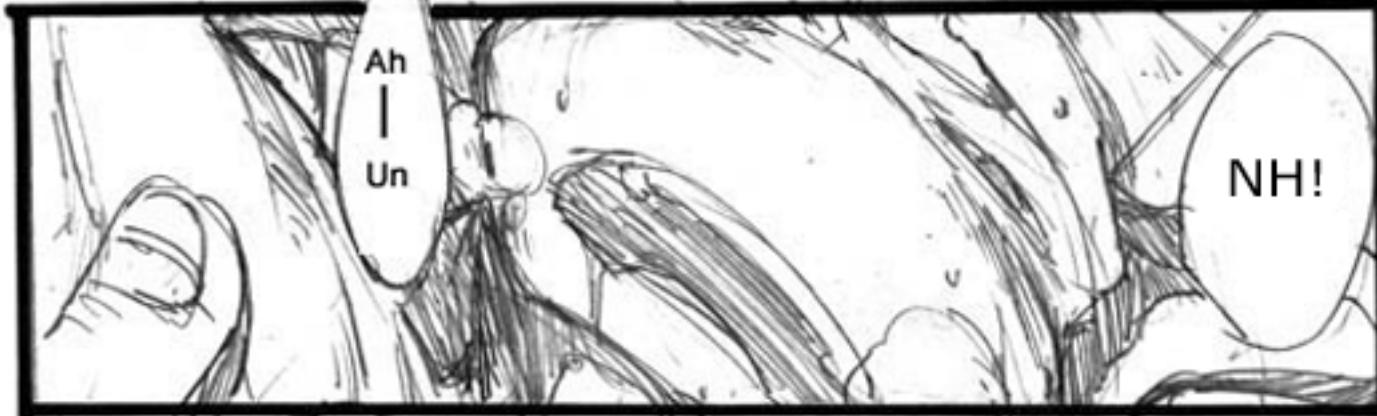
I can't give him an excuse to avoid this; it'll be even harder to make him follow my lead in the future.





Hey!  
Why are  
you in  
such a  
hurry?



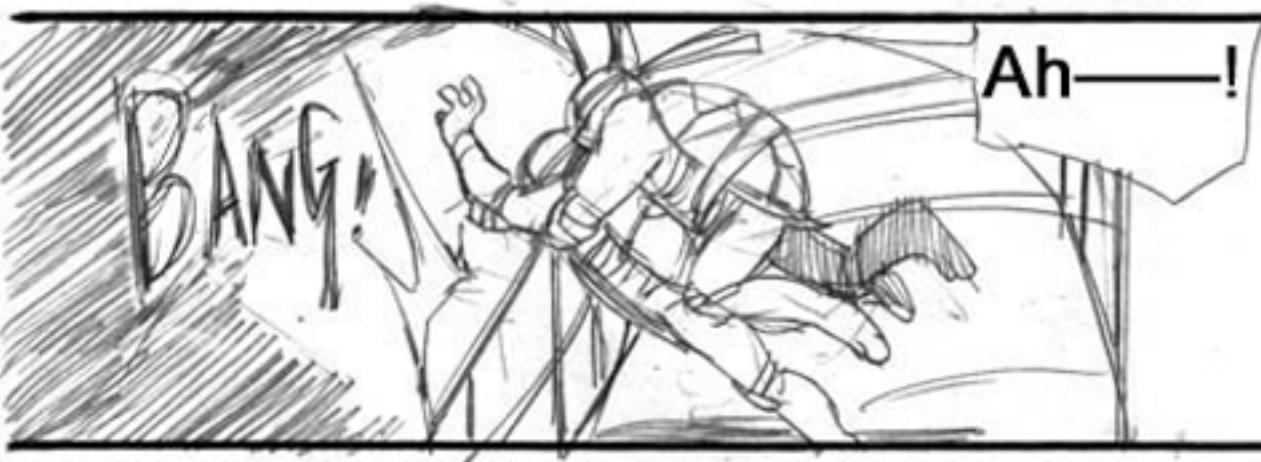
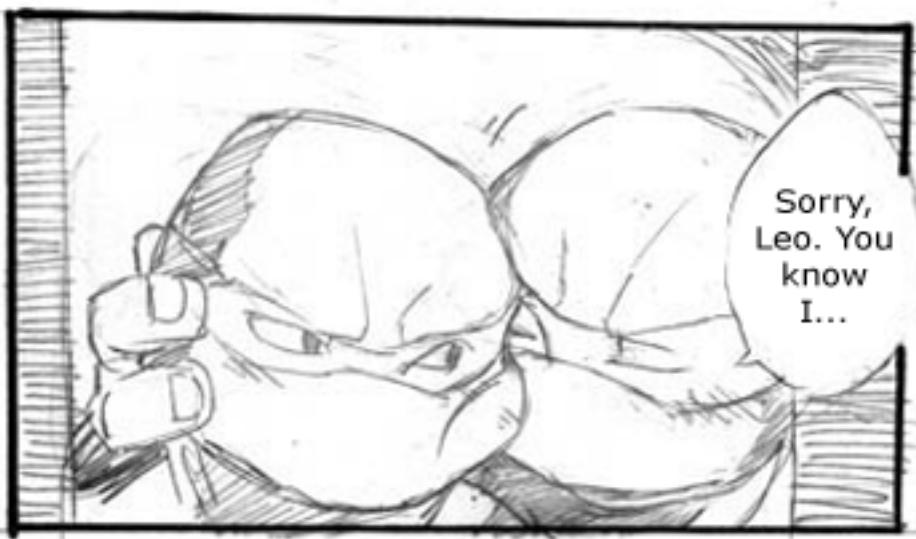






H...how dare you kick my...





Ahh —  
Raph...

No, not  
here...  
Un!

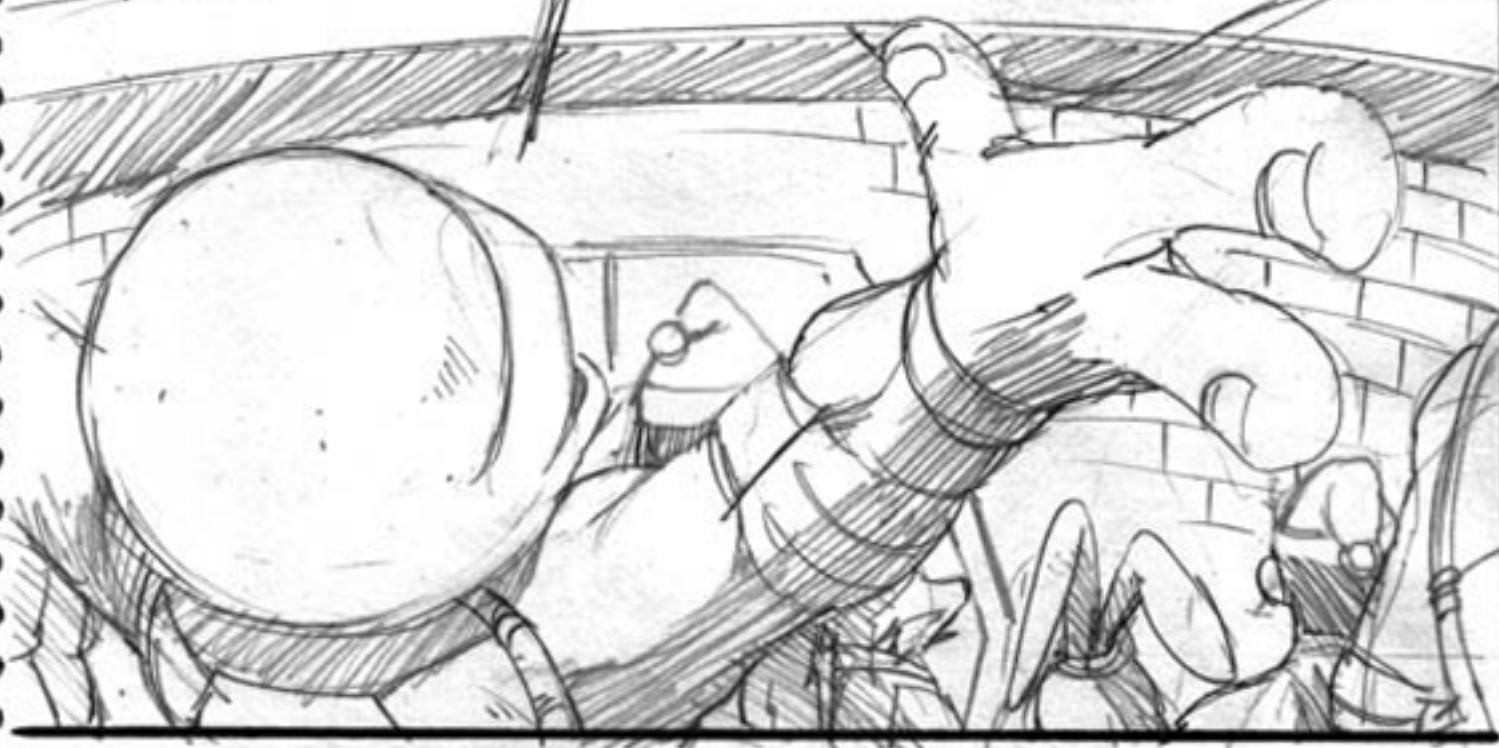
Don't worry, everyone's  
in bed already...

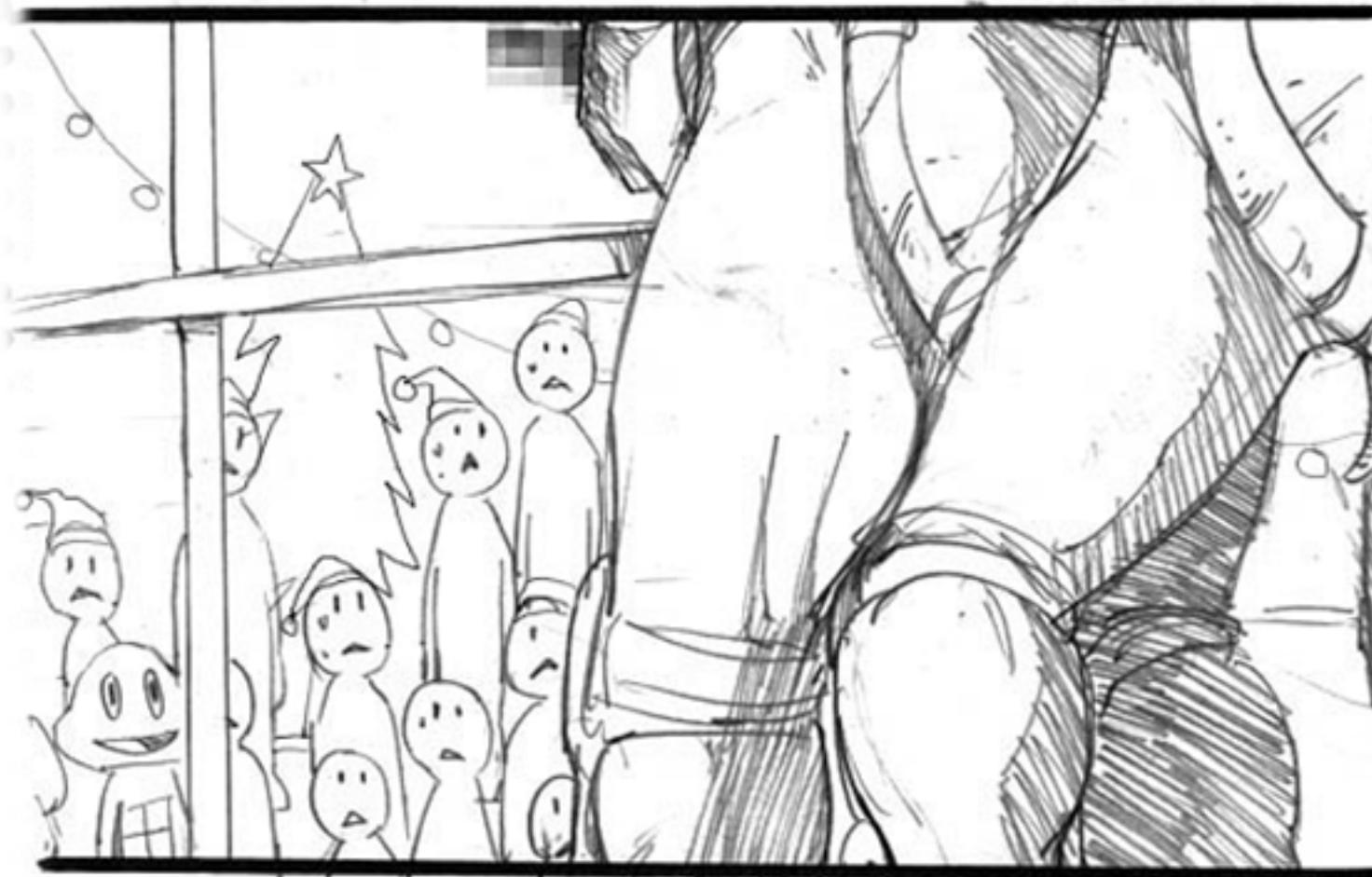
to celebrate a  
Victory, and  
Christmas —

Cowabunga Carl  
Party Services  
brings to you —

Ladies and  
Gentlemen!

Surprise  
Party !!!



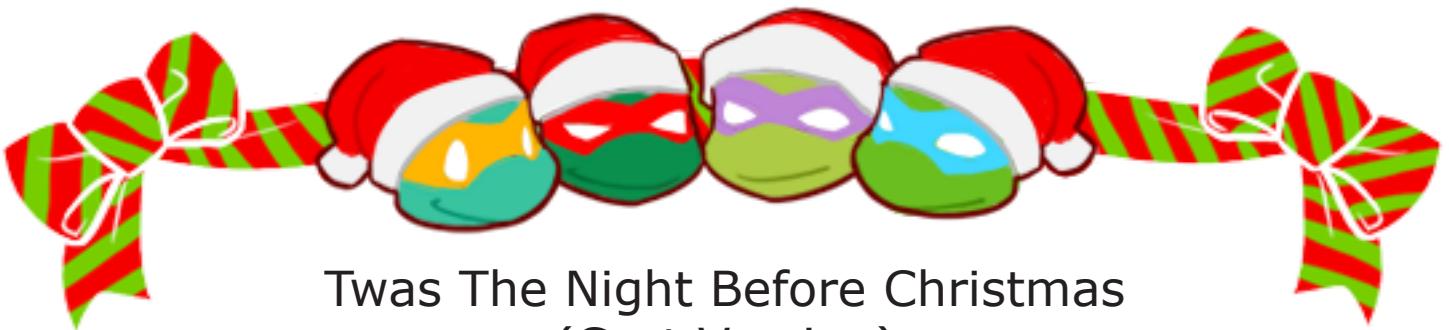


**FND**



To: Donnie  
From: Santa

To: Raphael  
From: Santa



## Twas The Night Before Christmas (Cest Version)

Twas the night before Christmas and deep in their lair  
Four ninja brothers were divided in pairs.  
Tonight, for once, no trouble appeared,  
None of the calamities so often feared.  
(Though just in case, Don had set the alarms)  
They rested safely in each other's arms.  
In one room Leo and Raph spoke in voices so low  
With darkness surrounding them and touches so slow  
They left behind the anger and desire to lead  
Choosing instead their soft sides to feed.  
They both understood moments like this were rare  
And silently agreed to handle this one with care.  
Even as thier touches gained in heat  
They made sure to caress everywhere, from hands to feet.  
The soft cry from Leo as Raph took him so high  
Was better than any free time out under the sky  
And while they relaxed in that warm afterglow together  
Their brothers were in their own room, sharing touches light as a feather  
Donnie loved how Mikey melted beneath him  
As he nipped and licked over every limb.  
Churring softly as their lips met for a kiss  
He knew this was a time he would never miss.  
Prepping Mike quickly and then easing himself in  
Was like finding a glory that would be missed by men.  
Shuddering in pleasure as he climaxed out loud  
Hearing Mike's own cry made him so proud  
And he heard Mike whisper as he pulled free  
"Merry Christmas to us, shell I'm glad I'm me!"

**Fin**

Good night, Father!  
Merry Christmas!

Good night,  
my sons!

...AND IT IS  
STILL SNOWING  
OUTSIDE SO...

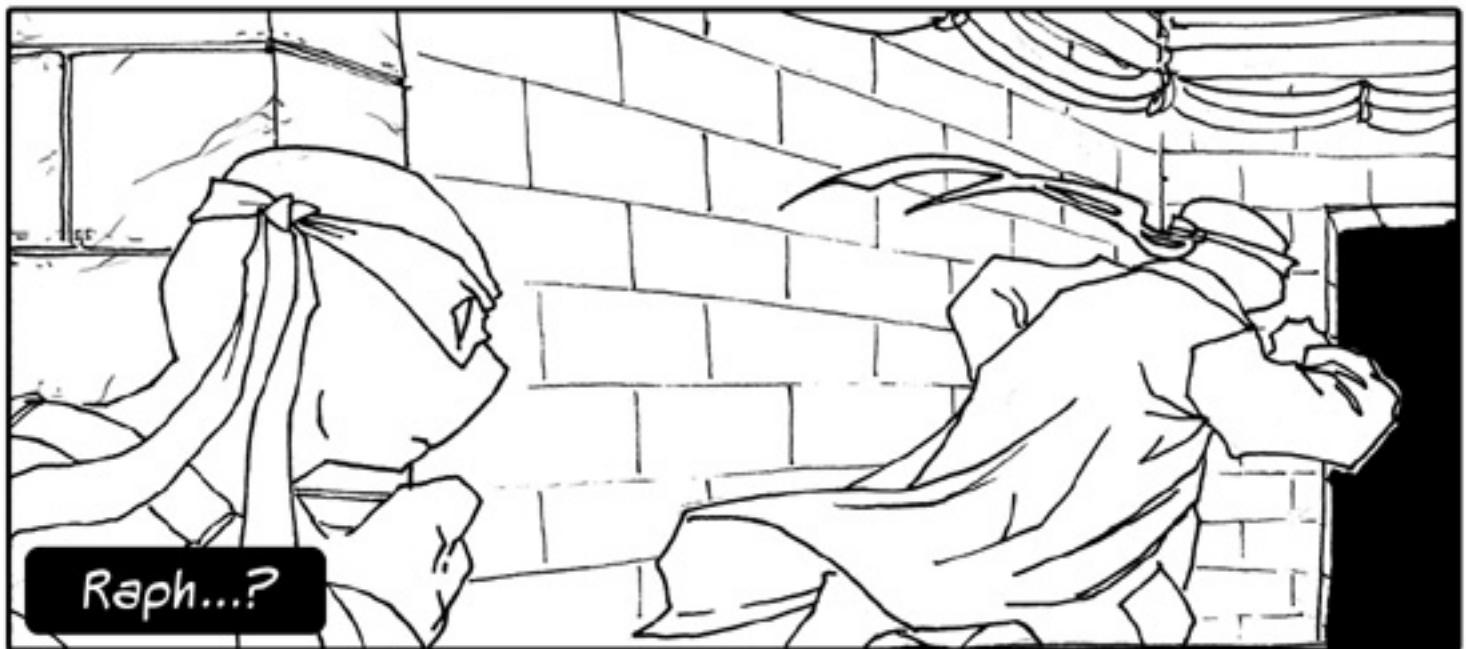
Whatever...

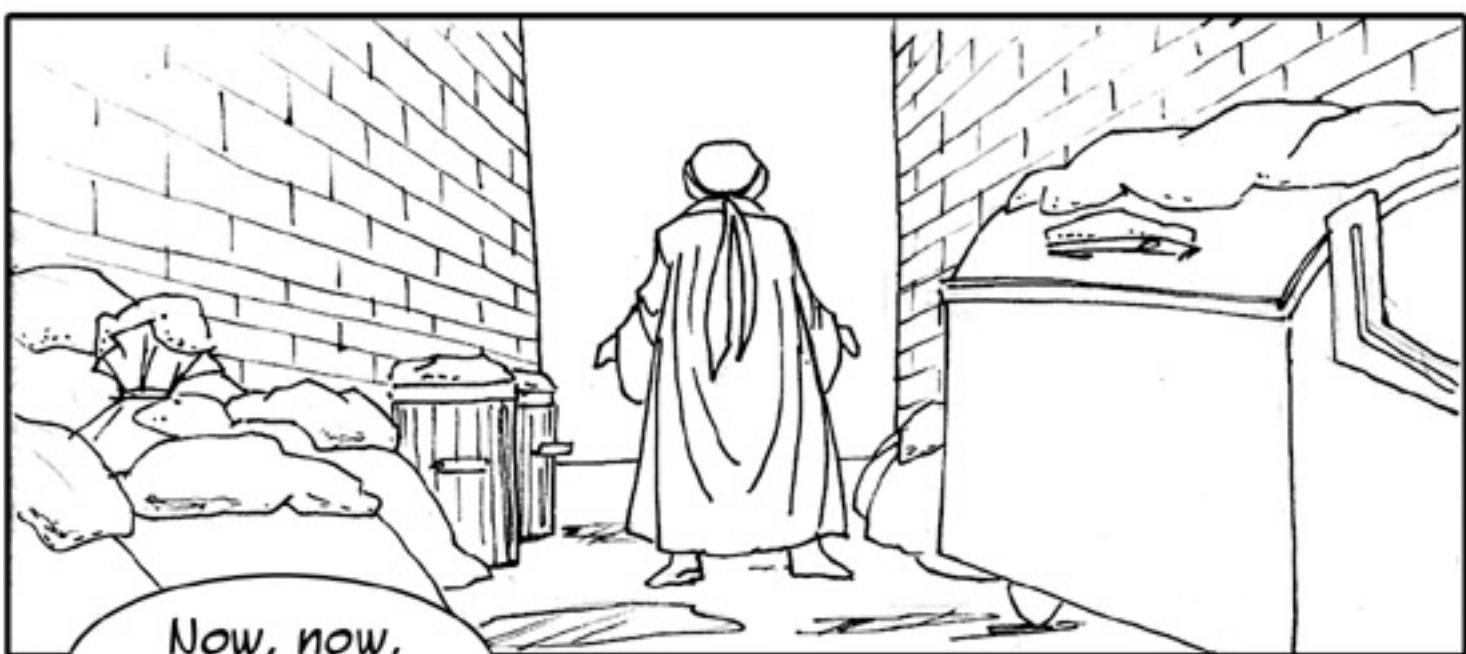
Hmm..how about some  
extra cookies?

Yeah, that  
sounds good!

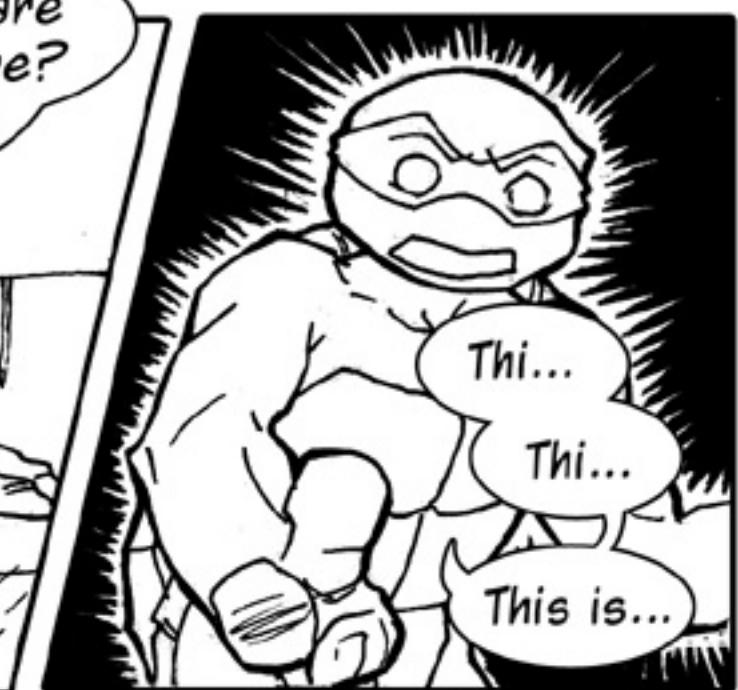
COOL!

Tapp  
Tapp





So? Why are  
you up here?



...SNOW!!!

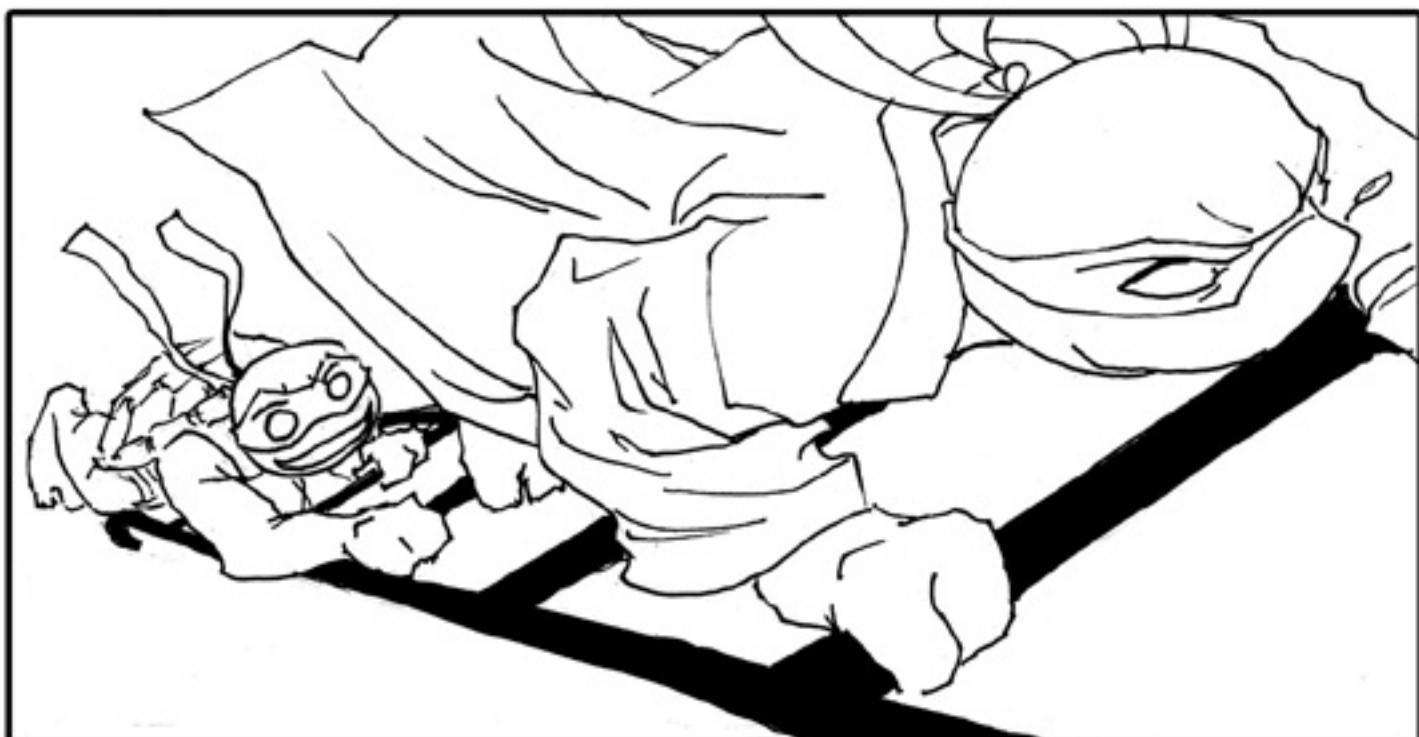


OMG! OMG!  
First snow I've  
ever seen!



Did you came  
topside for  
the... snow?

How about we  
have some fun on  
the rooftops?









Brrr...

Coming topside  
without any winter  
cloths? Smart  
one, Mikey.

Why should I,  
your coat is  
too big for  
one, anyway.

It's snowing!  
AWESOME!!!

Hey!

Let's go home  
already, Frozen  
turtle-pop.



MERRY CHRISTMAS



MISTLETOE

DONATELLO MICHELANGELO





## A Gay Nightmare Before Christmas

When his ShellCell hummed, Leo sighed. "Okay, so much for trying to meditate. Not that I get to it a lot these days." the local fearless leader mumbled to himself and rolled his eyes while swiping a hand over his face. He grabbed the cell and looked at the message he just received.

LEO, WE GOTTA TALK. I MESSED UP - BIG I GUESS. MEET ME AT OUR SPOT. ALONE! R

The blue clad turtle felt his heart drop several levels deeper with that news. "Oh great... What did you do this time, Raph?" he asked the empty dojo in which he was sitting moments ago, but now was quickly paced through the lair to face whatever his secret lover might've screwed up this time.

Mikey was more or less sprawled over the couch, playing some video game he wanted to finish before he fairly certain got Fallout 3 for Christmas in two days, so he didn't even notice Leo going, or the haunted face he made while he rushed out of the lair. However, what he did notice several minutes later, was someone rushing into the lair and then his lab, a door slam of scary proportions, followed by what clearly was a bit down cry of frustration.

"Ooookay, just a little bit creepy..." Mikey muttered to himself while walking over to the door which would lead to his genius brothers sanctuary, if it wasn't closed, and knocked softly. "Donnie? What's up with you slamming doors? That's not like you at all - Are you alright in there?" he asked concerned only to receive a muffled "I'm okay, just go away please..." as an answer.

"Dude, you can talk to me if there's something up, you know? And - I won't tell anyone either..."

"I know, Mikey... I just need some time okay?" he got cut off by Donnie. "We'll talk later." he assured. "Promise?" Mikey wanted to confirm. "Yeah - promised."

"I'll make coffee - you'd better be there before it's cold, bro." Mikey concluded to make clear that he wouldn't wait too long to being updated on what was up with his brother, and left for the kitchen.

Raphael was pacing when Leonardo arrived at their secret meeting spot they rigged up a while ago when they started to get more intimate then they'd like to share with the rest of the family. It was an old locker room sewer personnel used in the old days, now long deserted and forgotten.

Raphael and Leonardo had made a quite comfy place out of it with a large bed and storage room for stuff they didn't want to be found by anyone in the lair. Well comfy was a past adjective, as Raph had thrown over one of the closets and trashed a cupboard in which remains he now paced up and down, pale like Leo had seldom seen him and

mumbling incomprehensible stuff.

When he noticed Leo he stopped, looked at him with a pained expression and what Leo identified as tears on his face, then he sank to the bed with a sigh.

"I screwe'd 'im up, Leo!" he muttered, his head in his hands. "I screw'd up our bro and now all's goin' ta hell..."

"Raph, please calm down," Leo uttered as he rushed to his red clad lover and kneeled before him, grabbing his shoulders. "... what are you talking about?

"Donnie... you can't keep staring at your mug all night you know? Would you please just tell me what happened?" Mikey told the broken heap of a former turtle that sat small and hunched at the kitchen table and stared with teary eyes at his coffee. "Come oooon, we're all alone. Leo and Raph are out and you know Master Splinter won't be back from his trip before tomorrow night. - You scare me, Don. I've never seen you like this." the family's youngster pressed on.

"I'm so stupid..." was the bitter response. "Why didn't I notice anything earlier? I should have seen the signs!" he muttered to himself, trying to make any sense out of what was going on.

"But the chances were nonexistent at best. - Unless?!" his mind was reeling, then rewarded him with a plausibility.

"MIKEY! I have to ask you something!" he blurted out. "Huh? - Uhm, if that means you're talking to me too, okay... I guess." Mikey answered a little more than confused on Dons sudden change from all miserable to evil scientist mode. "It's quite personal but I need you to be honest with me, Mikey." a stern look bore into Mikey which made him feel more like a lab rat then a counsel turtle.

"Mikey, could it be that, by any chance, you - are more - you know, into guys?" Don asked, pretty much blushing while phrasing the question. His brother blinked once, twice, went pale and stuttered "Whu- Pa... Pardon me?".

"You did WHAT?" Leo jumped up took a few steps back into the rubble Raph left on the floor. "How in the world did THAT happen?" He asked more out of utter disbelief in the fact than jealousy.

"W... Well D- Donnie an' me wer' out inna Junk- Junkyard to gather some stuff for 'im to repair our generator. Friggin' cold I tell ya. Ah found some spare part he looked fo' and h'was so happy. Then he look'd at me so strange. Like how you look't me som'times when we're togeth'r.

Next thin' Ah know is him kissin' me... An', an' I ... it felt so good somehow, so Ah kiss'd him back and we made out right ther' in tha junkyard, IN THE SNOW! Can ya believe it? But then I realized I had to stop it 'cause I knew it was wrong cause I'm with you Leo. But he looked at me and told me he's having a frigg'n CRUSH on me, always had and never expected me to be g... into guys, let alone kiss him but had to try at least. - Leo he was so happy, I never ever saw him this happy before. But I had to tell him about us... And so I did... It'was like kicking a li'l puppy.

Ah bet I FUCKING HEARD his heart break to pieces. He stumbl'd back with this crazed

face and then ran off into the night... God Leo, I'm such an idiot... I should've never kissed 'im back. I betrayed him ... I betrayed YOU! I'm SUCH A FUCKUP!" he shouted the last part and ripped another shelf off the wall, effectively cutting his hands open on the sharp edges where it broke.

"Ah'm so sorry Leo... You deserve better than me ... all of you." the self blaming turtle whispered while looking at his shivering bloody palms.

"Mikey, are you gay?" was the confirming question Donatello gave his little brother just in case he didn't get it the first time. Mikey meanwhile started to pant heavier, thinking how he could get out of THIS one.

He got up from his kitchen chair and stumbled backwards until his shell hit the counter which knocked his brains back online again. He slumped his shoulders and head in defeat, then looked up to his brother. "Am I really THAT obvious? - I kinda thought I'm hiding it pretty well..." He asked sheepishly, as if he was just caught doing drugs.

Then he stocked "Hey, wait a minute... what does that have to do with anything anyways?" he asked while scrunching questioning folds in his forehead.

"Everything, Mikey!" Donatello exclaimed relieved. "Because it confirms my theory!" Mikey tilted his head a little, looking as puzzled as his face could muster and slowly walked back to the table to lean on his chair's back rest.

Then he closed his eyes and shook his head in confusion. "Donnie, seriously you creep me out to no end right now. One minute you're a miserable heap of woe, then you get that creepy glint in your eyes, figure out I'm a fag and are actually HAPPY about that? - I'm sorry but that kinda screams 'WEIRD SHIT' at me. So would you please be a sport and enlighten me as to why my... gayness... wipes away your tears?" he was beginning to get frustrated.

All he wanted was to console his broken down brother, not get his own private secrets dragged into broad daylight. This Christmas was screwed. Damn his LIFE was screwed! How could he ever look at Donnie again, let alone SPAR with him now that Don knew he was a pillow biter?

"Because..." Donatello exclaimed with a sad smile. "... because we're ALL gay, Mikey! Must've been something with the ooze that mutated us back then..." The orange loving turtle blinked a few times processing the input, then turned the chair he was leaning on and sat down, back rest up front.

"Oh, I'm sorry Mikey, I must be confusing you to no end, huh?" Don realized he was only making sense to himself but not really to his now deeply confused brother.

"Dude, 'confusing' isn't even beginning to describe THIS to me!" Mikey made a big waving gesture around himself. "Okay," Donnie flinched apologetic, trying to find a good starting point. "...you know, I've been secluding myself a lot in my lab lately. That wasn't entirely because of me being the local geek. I was mainly hiding, Mikey." Don started to explain his situation getting more and more solemn again. "Hiding?" Mikey croaked "...from what?" he asked concerned.

"I figured out I was gay a few years ago and I didn't know how you guys, especially dad, would ever get along with that. And to make things worse I kinda always had a

thing for Raph!" Don looked down ashamed while Mikey's eyes grew wider. "The thought alone freaked me out but I couldn't fight it. We're family, it's wrong ... at least that's what the whole world was telling me. The internet has proven itself as a rich spring of information regarding homosexuality and incestuous feelings. And most of what I discovered was hate, dissent and disgust.

I felt like a creep, being turned on by my own brother. And it got even worse as over time I had a crush not only on Raph, but you and Leo, too." Don took a deep sip from his mug.

"Ohh, I get it, bro. So you hid away in your lab to keep temptation to a minimum, huh? - Hey I used big words!" Mikey concluded with a toothy grin.

"Exactly, Mikey. I didn't want anyone to notice and even more so, I didn't want to get the chance to do something I might have regretted later. After all, I thought it was only me who was - different. - Anyways my crush on Raph grew and I got more and more desperate until today." He took another sip from his mug, his pained expression from before resurfacing on the both sweet and yet horrible memories.

"Donnie... you didn't make a move on Raph, did you? - I mean that'd be like ... suicide. The guy is the master example of hetero...ness." Mikey paused a second. "Waiiit a minute... you just said something about we're ALL gay? What gives? You guys didn't have an orgy or something without me, did you?" he asked about to get pretend-jealous. Donnie blurted out with a laugh, "NO Mikey, we didn't have an ORGY... Just - let me explain, ok?" and calmed down again.

"Okay, shoot." Was the quick answer. "As you put it so pointedly, yes I made a move on Raph today. A pretty silly one I must admit. You know, we were out at the junk yard collecting parts I wanted to use to get the generator more efficient for Christmas. Heating and decoration lights are a big strain for the worn out thing. Anyways Raph found exactly the coil array I was looking for and I wanted to thank him properly ... but instead I ended up in kissing him." Don frowned a bit.

"I just realized I screwed up big time when he hugged me and kissed me back, which was too much for me to cope with. We made out, Mikey! Heavily! At the junk yard! IN THE SNOW! It was the hottest thing EVER! I NEVER even slightly saw any chance in me getting it on with Raph so I got carried away and told him I have had a crush on him for ages.

Mikey, seriously, at that moment I was the happiest turtle to walk the earth. But..." his eyes started to get watery again and he sighed deeply. Mikey quickly stood up and moved his chair next to Don, sat down again and put an arm around Donnie's shoulders. "There's always a 'but', huh? Genius?"

Leo quickly rushed over to his bleeding brother, took off his bandana and ripped it in two. "Don't say such things, Raph. I'm sure Donnie will calm down eventually and I promise I won't be mad either. Not so close before Christmas. Now show me your hands, will you?" When Raph didn't react, Leo carefully took the injured hands in his and examined them before makeshift wrapping his bandana around as a bandage. He earned a pained hiss as thanks. But the apologetic look Raph gave him was just as good for him.

After all he did realize he was doing something wrong and came clear out with it. So

Leo really didn't want to be jealous. "Come on up, we better get home." He tucked at Raph's arm to get him to stand up, which he did reluctantly. "We all should talk about this over a hot cup of tea ... or a cold bottle of beer in your case I guess." he smirked, knowing this would get him some attention.

Raph looked up at him, pulled a face and blushed a little. "I... I thought you don't like it when I'm drinkin'?" he croaked sheepishly. "Well, today I actually think you could use a drink. A. Singular!... No getting drunk like with Casey on Thanksgiving, got it?" Leo semi commanded, but with a smiley face.

"Yeah, yeah, I got'cha. Now let's get movin' K?" was the solemn response. "Okay come, I want this talk over with as soon as possible. Especially before Splinter is back!" with which they both staggered into the sewers heading to the lair.

"You got it... there's always a but." Donnie mumbled. "Mikey? Are you around here?" Leo's voice called from the entrance of the lair. Don, who wanted to continue his explanation stopped dead and pulled a frown, clenching his mug a bit harder.

Mikey looked in the general direction of where Leo's voice seemed to come from, then looked back to Donnie, stood up, put a reassuring hand on Don's shoulder and said "I'll take care of him, so he doesn't bother you. We... We'll talk on later, ok bro?" He gave his brother a small peck on the head and left the kitchen. "I'm coming Leo, don't sweat it."

Thousands of unordered thoughts ran through Donatello's head. Love, being hurt, jealousy, scientific excitement regarding their newly discovered "similarities", some sort of relief to finally get to talk and some strange, warm, fuzzy feeling after that innocent gesture his brother showed him while leaving. He took a last sip from his mug and sighed "Darnit, my head's insides look like a bigger chaos than Mikey's room."

Mikey emerged from the kitchen all smiley in order to draw Leo's attention to him but that smile fell quickly when he saw Leo bandana-less - with a bleeding Raph at his side, who looked... almost ashamed of something. "Wha-?" he started to ask but was rudely interrupted by Leo. "Can it Mikey, I need your help with patching Raph up. Get me some warm water to the infirmary! - And NO I don't want you to get Don. Just go!" that having said, Leo and Raph went directly to the infirmary that bordered to Don's lab and disappeared in there.

Mikey still stood in the main area open mouthed, gulped and then went back to the kitchen to get some warm water as he was told to do.

Don looked up to him with a risen brow, when he returned. "What's up Mikey?" he asked concerned on the weird look on Mikey's face. Mikey's mind reeled while he filled a bowl with warm water and fetched some towels. He was missing valuable information to make any sense of this. There were so many explanations as to how an injured Raph fit into this whole mess now and none of them made him feel any better.

"You just stay here in the kitchen, okay? I need to help Leo with something." Then he left again, leaving a slightly bedazzled Don behind.

"Sit down over there." Leo motioned Raph to take a seat at the table. "Mike will need to take a closer look at those cuts. You'll probably need stitches." he sighed while collecting medical supplies he deemed necessary.

"Great way to steal yourself out of Christmas decoration duty this year, pal." he patted Raph's shell when he came to the table as well, spreading out the things he gathered. Raph only grunted. "Yeah, sure..."

"Aw, come on Raph! I'm sure it isn't as bad as you think it is. Donnie will be fine. I'm su-"

"And what if he's NOT? HUH, Leo? What if he ran away and got captured or whatnot?" Raph started to argue. Severely concerned about where Donatello headed off to after their - intermezzo.

"He didn't, Raph! Don isn't stupid, you know?" Mikey stated dryly out of the infirmary's entrance.

He walked in, a bowl of water in his hands, closed the door with his right foot and walked to the table.

"He's in the kitchen being weird. - More than normal I might add. Get Leo's bandana off of you and put your hands in here. We'll need to clean the wounds first." he told Raph in an almost cold, bored manner. Mikey was actually the second best talented medic of them after Donatello. Even Leo was surprised as to how calm and precise his quirky brother could be when he had to fix one of them up, which was mostly Donnie cause otherwise he'd be the one doing the fixing.

He started cleansing the wounds, getting splinters and grime out of it. "So would anyone care to tell good ol' Doc Mikey, what's the matter?" Mikey asked a little annoyed. He dried the wound and poured iodine over it, earning a suppressed hiss and a "s'n of a bitch!" through gritted teeth.

"Man Mikey! OW! 'tis non of yer business! 'k?" Raph grunted after the pain eased out a bit.

Now Mikey was getting pissed off. "Oh, well I beg to differ. If you want stitches you better start telling me what the fuck you did to Don!" Mikey could be even more sarcastic and mean than Raph when he was agitated. "Hey! Mike!" Leo interrupted harshly and grabbing his hand with the iodine, effectively stopping it from pouring more. "It's not what you think! He got those by himself, after Don was long gone and now shut it and do your job! We'll all talk about it later. There seems to be a lot of explaining to be done, but right now I'd rather see those wounds sewn shut. Got it?" Leo glared at Mikey only to get the glare returned.

"Since when are you so protective of him when he screws up? Huh?" Mikey tried to get his arm free but Leo hardened his grip. "I asked, IF. YOU. GOT. IT!?" Leo's steel glare started to tear holes in Mikey's resolve. Then suddenly Raph quietly spoke up. "Leave 'im Leo. He's right. I screw'd up an' acted without thinkin'... as usual. I'm -- sorry Mikey. Let my hands be. Let's get Don and I'll explain everythin', 'k?" he asked with the low, solemn voice of defeat.

That made Mikey's anger dissipate like steam out an open bathroom door. If Raph didn't fight back, something was seriously wrong. He looked at Leo, then back to Raph and sighed. "Nonsense, Raph. You need this stitched now. We'll talk later. Leo? Get me some of those ... an... aneth ... something -tic stuff for the pain. - please!?" he asked almost sheepishly for not getting the right word. "Anesthetic, Mikey." Leo smiled at him

as an offer of truce and went to the shelves to get what he was asked for.

About half an hour later the three turtles stood in the living room, feeling hugely awkward.

"Okay Raph, now just tell me what's going on. And don't start making something up, Donnie spilled half the beans already to me. You know? Junkyard? Snow? I won't say anything further in front of Leo. It's only fair you get to break out the news." Mikey demanded of his red banded brother while he sat down on the comfy armchair, Raph and Leo on the couch.

"I think we should get Donnie, too for this, Mikey." Leo stated almost about to stand up and head to the kitchen, but was interrupted by Mikey. "No, Leo. Actually I want to know Raph's story before him and Don start getting hairy. I want to gain a neutral opinion. Man I sound like you Leo." he creased a brow in a mixture of surprise and disgust."Besides, I'm not sure Donnie would be okay being near Raph already."

Leo paused, gave it a thought and fell back in the couch sighing an "Aaallright, off you go Raph." Raphael, who sat more or less slumped and motionless until now, ran a hand over his face , straightened a bit and looked Mikey into the eyes - for the first time this evening and started. "Leo already knows what happened. An' I think you only got it spilled to the point where Donnie and I ... made out, huh?" he averted his eyes back to the floor who at least didn't make him feel even more guilty by staring back.

"Well... the thing is, Mikey. It's true, I guess I like guys... An' ..." he gulped and breathed, searching for the right words while his right hand started sliding over to search for Leo's on the couch. When Leo felt the reluctant touch, he looked down at Raph's pleading hand more surprised at first, but then smiled and looked up to Raph's face who ever so slowly looked at him now too. The formerly blue banded turtle took Raph's hand in his and gave it a slight squeeze - enough to reassure him but not too much to hurt his wound. Then he slid up next to him, looked up to Mikey and finished his lovers sentence. "Raph and I are together, Mikey. Have been for a while now... Yes, you got it right. Your fearless leader is gay too and loves his most rebellious brother." he looked back at Raphael whose clamped mouth twitched in a mixture of relieve, guilt, happiness and pride, gave him a quick kiss on his forehead and whispered "More than he might imagine sometimes!"

Mikey's jaw dropped and if he was made of gum, it would've hit the ground by now. His left eye twitched a little as his brain was beginning to set the puzzle parts to the right places and realization kicked in like Hun would in his best days.

"Oooohhhh... cruuuud! So you-"

"Yeah!"

"And then-"

"Yeah!"

"Oooooohhhh... cruuuhuuuud!"

"I think that was the most pinpoint statement ya made in a while, Mikey." Raph sheepishly grinned at his devastated little brother who stood up and went towards the kitchen

with a hushed "I'm gonna get Donnie real quick..."

---

"Could one of you fags down there keep the ladder still please? I'd rather not break a leg on Christmas Eve, you know?" Mikey complained from high above, setting up lights and decoration.

"Shut it Mike, any idea how hard it is to hold a ladder you're on with yer swinging tush? Man you present yerself like a bitch in heat, bro!" Raph barked back while trying to keep the ladder steady as best as he could with his bandaged hands.

"Besides, who're ya calling a fag, huh? I'm doing the bangin'!" he kept on.

"So basically you're calling me a fag then, might that be right, oh beloved brother?" Leo churred at Raph while passing by with a huge box.

"Uhrm... no ... I mean ..." the addressed turtle stuttered blushing.

"You're SO going to be bottom tonight, Raph!" Leo stated, moving on with a wide grin on his face and Raph knew he was right with that.

"Naaanaaa, buusteed!" was the fitting remark from ceiling level.

"Ya better not mess with the guy keepin' ya alive by holdin' yer ladder, bro." Raph growled.

Don emerged from his lab, closing his shell cell shut. "Hey guys," everyone turned around to look at him. "Bad news I guess. That was Master Splinter. He said the train, he was going to take, got cancelled due to the snow. So he won't be here before tomorrow evening." he said clearly disappointed.

"Awww, Bummer to the power of three!" Mikey gnarled from his ladder. Leo and Raph looked pretty bummed too. "But HEY! Guys, that means we can have our private little gay Christmas Eve. We could watch queer eye for the straight guy and totally make out underneath the Christmas Tree!" the young turtle chimed regaining his glee.

Raph looked at Leo with a smirk. "Mikey, yer far too comfortable with bein' openly gay fer my taste... But actually, I kinda like the makin' out part. How 'bout you Leo?"

"You're such a pig, Raph..." Leo answered shaking his head. "I - like that ..." he added with a suggestive smirk and left the room with a distinct swish of his hip that got Raph to greedily stare at is lovers behind until it disappeared.

Don looked at them, sighed and rolled his eyes. As fine as he was with all this, after last night's long talk with everyone, he kinda didn't want THIS shoved in his face either. So he grabbed his duffle bag from the floor and headed for the lair's exit. "I'm out, see you later guys."

Raph looked after him, creased a questioning brow and then cursed himself as he realized how that must've looked for Don.

"Hey Donnie? - Uhm, wait a sec. Where're ya goin' anyways?" he asked quickly rushing

after his brainy brother.

"Getting us a Christmas Tree..." was the solemn answer as Donnie stopped and looked back at Raph.

"And you were about to get that thing all alone? Yeah, sure. - I'm comin' with ya. A pair of gloves, an' the bandages will be fine." Raph chimed and patted on Donnie's back.  
"Deal? Donnie?"

Donatello looked down, took a breath and looked back up with a sheepish smile. "Yeah deal, Raph. Let's get us a nice tree."

"Hey guys, we're out gettin' the tree. You keep decoratin'! Bye!" Raph barked back into the lair which was only answered by a shocked Mikey.

"If Raph's gone... who's holding my ladder right now? Oooh ... crud. - Leoooooo? I need a hand... NOW!"

"What about that one over there, Don? Looks nice don't'cha think?" Raph asked and pointed at a really beautiful, straight, bushy tree.

They drove out of the city a couple of miles to find something suitable, but didn't talk that much. Raph had no idea what to say and Donnie wasn't really in a talking mood either - up until now.

"Yes Raph, good catch. That one is perfect. I'm sure the others will love it too." Donatello answered quite happy and started walking towards the tree, leaving Raph behind a few yards.

"Y know, Donnie..." Raph suddenly started sounding a little sad looking down at the snow.

"Huh?" Don turned around.

"Ya know, ya looked so happy yesterday in that junkyard... I haven't seen ya that happy in - I never saw you that happy... An' ... An' I took that away from you. I'm - sorry Donnie. I'd do anything to see you that happy again." Raph hoarsely spoke at the snowy ground in front of him without looking up.

Before he could continue he was wrapped in a bear hug from Donnie.

"You never took anything from me, Raph. I was just surprised and overwhelmed by this whole situation. It's okay now." he whispered soothingly in Raph's ear.

Raph slowly raised his arms to return the hug. "But I saw ya, earlier when I was jokin' with Leo. The look on yer face was so - pained. I - I can't bear knowin' I'm the one causin' ya so much pain." he stated calmly with a strained voice.

"Raph, I love you... that's something you can't do anything about. It's not your fault or responsibility. If it's anyone's, it's mine not yours. Yes, it's going to be hard for me for a while but I'll be fine, trust me. And about me being happy... you know what'd really make me happy, Raph?" Don whispered on and then slowly loosened the hug to look

into Raph's face who frowned and averted Dons eyes.

"Bein' together with me, I guess!?" he croaked.

Don chuckled a bit. "Well, yes that too. But what's more important to me than being with you, is knowing you're happy. With Leo, if that's how it's going to be. That's all I care for. You being happy." he said while raising Raph's chin with his right hand so that he'd really look him in the eye.

Then he grinned wide. "But don't you think you can come to me, in the middle of the night having your bike trashed again, because of that. Got it?" Raph blinked and blurred out with a laugh in which Donnie joined into. "Yeah right, Donnie-boy. I'm comin' to you with that anyways and ya know it." Raph smiled at his giggling brother.

"Damn, well it could've worked, you know?" Don retorted.

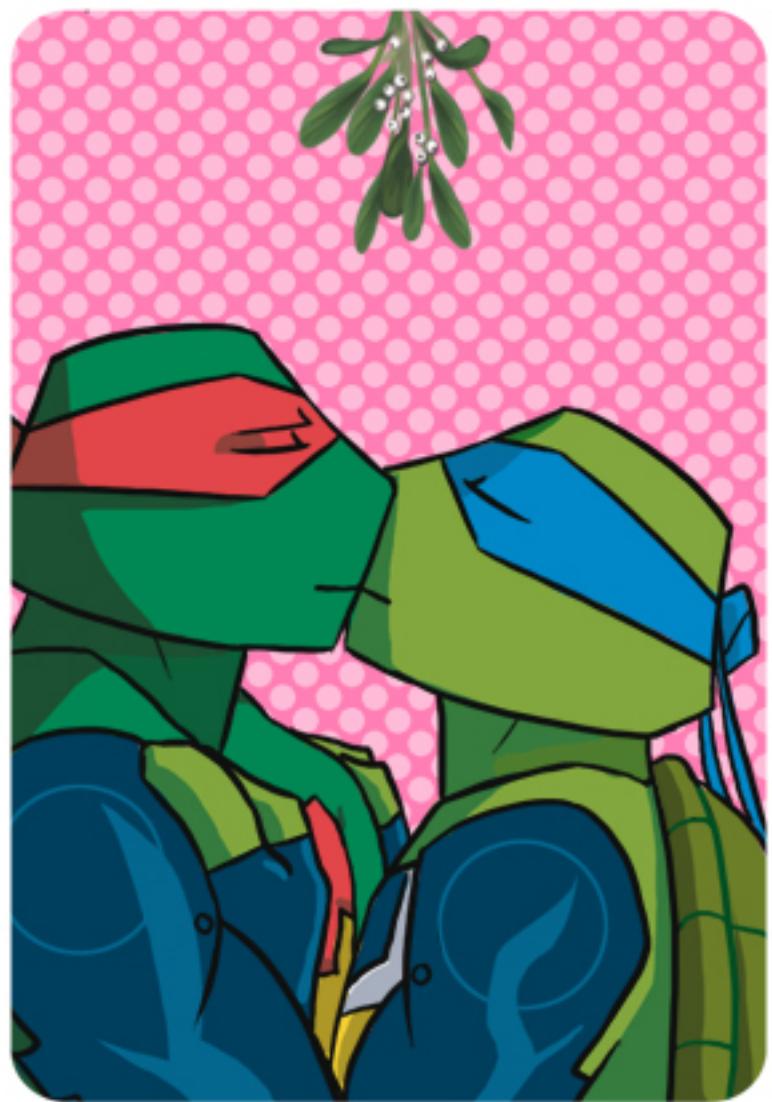
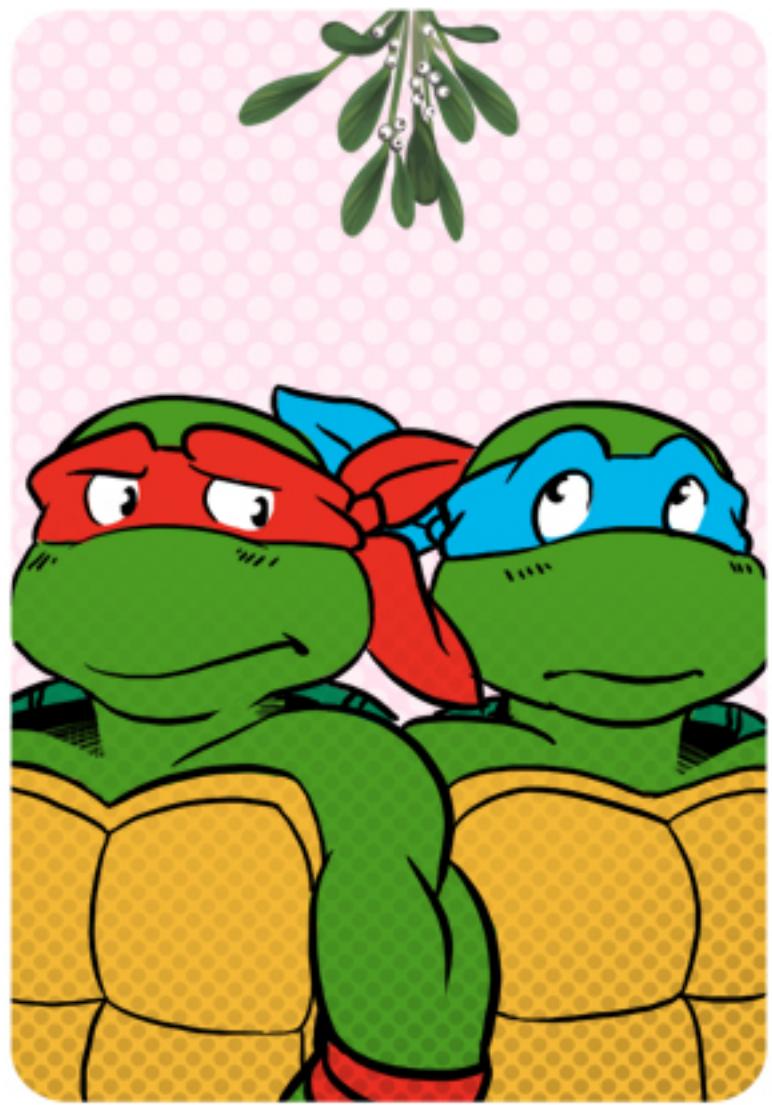
"Heh, I'm not Mikey. I'm not THAT retarded. - Now let's chop that tree, ok?" Raph shot and patted Don's cheek while moving towards the death sentenced tree.

"You know what, Don? I love ya!"

"I love you too, Raph! Thus sadly not as frequently as Leo seems to." Donnie laughed and grinned toothy as Raph turned around with an amusingly shocked face that morphed into a dirty grin as well.

Yep it was going to be a sweet Christmas after all. If Mikey hasn't set the lair on fire or broke a bone or something.

**Fin**







Where you're out on the field there is no time to think of trivial things. When the two sides of battle clash together to make the deadly bustle of war you can't look past and into the future. "What if's" can't be pondered, "I would like's" disappear and all that is in front of you beyond your arms is the enemy. Decisions never made because if you stop to wonder if you should strike from the left or from below will get you killed; basic instinct of the trained body the only thing keeping you alive. This fact alone lies under who had the better master, who was the better student of war.

In the end... the field is empty, filled with ghosts and deeds that may never be undone. In that moment everything comes flooding back, the "what if's" and the "I would like's". What if I wasn't here and I was home? I'd like that. To be away from this, to be separated from everything that was... this. No more fighting, no more living on the edge of a blade. Hell, I'd even welcome the arguments that I know would happen back at home. The shouting and screaming, at least now I know it's meant out of the kindness of heart... though it may have been a little too late for me to realize this. But reflecting back as I load myself into the carrier everything seems to be so much softer, so much more welcoming than the cold stone planet that's blue and black with ash that drifts from the skies like snow.

I lean back against the hull of the ship as the engine revs. The wear and tear of these years showing itself as the pilot has to climb out of the cockpit. He comes back to where we are and hits my shoulder guard, steps over our comrade in arms who's too injured to be anywhere else than on the floor, at our feet. I sigh and follow him out. A few people come out with us and station themselves to keep an eye out while we dig through metal and wiring trying to find the problem. I pull out a fist full of wires and mildly entertain myself with the thought that two years ago I would have no idea what I was doing. But now... if Donnie could see me and what I do... I wonder if he'd be proud or just sorry. Sorry that I had to become a soldier in order to learn something that he found so basic.

I clean a few burnt exposed wires with the knife that I keep strapped to my thigh. A few twists to connect them and suddenly sparks start to fly. The pilot smacks his hand down on the glass dome of a windshield for the co-pilot to start the engine, to give it a try. It revs again, no luck. We set back to work. The pilot pulls out a chunk of bent metal that seemed to have stuck in some such gear, I still don't know what these things are called; I only know how to repair them. I wonder if Don started off like this; you attach the doohicky to the whatsamagit and then wire that to the other thing over there and you've got power to the whole room. Of course whenever I think of Don I think of the others too. But the engine sparked, metal grinding together until it came back to life. We gave each other a thumbs up, the inner COM links in our helmets relaying the O.K. for all to get back into the carrier.

Sitting down once more I can start to feel the ache of my old wounds. Back home it wasn't like this, fighting Purple Dragons, the Foot; it all seemed so easy compared to

the days I've had to live out here. I never truly got hurt when fighting those low rank punks. Here though, here it was different. Complications came easily, solutions were hard to get. Our base was already crumbling and we all try to keep our chins up thinking that command would one day indeed come through with their promise to bring in supplies and a repair team. But was it was we all had to make due and we found ourselves lucky if we could raid an enemy base when food got scarce. God knew that there were no animals to live on this hideous planet, only raw resources that everyone seemed to want, half of the stuff I couldn't even start to pronounce.

I close my eyes and take a slow, deep breath, leaning back against the hull. Everyone was asleep now, all too battle worn to keep their eyes open. I don't blame them, we had just been on the field for a week straight. None of us had slept, always keeping a look out. If we were lucky we'd get to sleep for the next few days as the other platoons kept watch over the base. Though, that would only happen after commanding officers gave a report, medical attention has been given and maybe, if we were lucky enough, we'd get to eat. I don't know what the situation was back at base, but where we just were... we had run out of food a day ago. I sighed once more, willing my body to relax. I'd have to worry about those things after we got back, for now, it would be best to try and get a little rest.

"Hey, hey wake up."

*I grunted and swatted at the hand that was currently messing with my face. Though I was asleep I could tell the one bothering me had a large grin on his face. A grin that annoyed the hell out of me even though I hadn't seen it yet.*

"Come on, wake up."

*I growled into my pillow, "Why?"*

*"It'll be Christmas soon. Don't you want to stay up and see Santa with the rest of us?"*

*"What I want is sleep Mikey. And Santa ain't real."*

*"Sure he is, and he'll be here tonight."*

*"There ain't no such thing as Santa! Now let me sleep or you're gonna get hit."*

The carrier jerked to a stop waking me from a dream of memory. Hardly anyone else moved, a few moaned in discomfort their wounds showing a protest from the sudden movement. The pilots quietly exited as I roused the troops. The feel that jolted through my bones when my metal clad feet hit the cement ground reminded me of home. I keep telling myself that someday I'll be granted that little wish to be amongst family. I've always been big on family, always caring for them in my own way. But the sound of our stomping feet and dragging toes grounds me in this reality and away from all wishes. There are things I must do before I may be able to think with those wistful thoughts once more.

A gurney comes by holding the soldier that could not walk. I follow rounding three people up to take count of what weapons and ammunition. I managed to pass three more and get them to survey the damage on the carrier and the suites of metal and polymerized cloth that kept us alive outside of the base. The cloth was made out of a type of spider web, woven, compacted and worked on until it reached the level we

needed. At first it made my skin crawl to know that knowledge, but in the end it only helped with my odd discomfort with insects; after all my life had been saved countless times thanks to that weird cloth. Unfortunately if the cloth tore or was damaged we don't have a way to replace it beyond scavenging pieces and parts from the suites of our fallen kindred.

It's a short sprint to the infirmary. We don't need to go far considering half of the base has already collapsed, five bodies still pinned under the rubble. Things are moving fast again as I unlatch my helmet listening to the other medics as we gather around. There's no time to think, this is just another battle. Words are being flung around, half of them I don't know but can associate an action to. Metal clasps are cold and hard to unlatch without getting the pads of my skin stuck, small layers coming off here and there but nothing too severe. The suit was surprisingly hard to open, the patient's eyes were rolling back and with the last yank, the final pull... we all found out why. The member of my troop drew his last breath choking on the soup that was once his insides... his suit... the life giving apparatus the only thing that had been keeping him alive.

Everyone was quiet until I threw some of the medical supplies across the room; things that wouldn't break but would make a satisfyingly loud sound. I didn't wait for anyone to say anything as I stormed out of the infirmary. Another brother gone, another soldier that had been under my command slain all because the damn carrier broke down three days ago. We were supposed to be here, safe but because of all the pieces of junk we have to work with another life had been forfeited and for what? A stupid war over resources, resources that'd probably never be used. I hate this world, I hate this war... and a part of me hates the one who sent me there in the first place. I never wanted this responsibility, never wanted this leadership... Leo was the leader, not me. I was good at being a lone wolf, not... not part of a team. Back at home I couldn't follow orders, here... I realized my orders kill.

I was standing in the hall, helmet tucked under my arm, hand rubbing at my brow when reports were handed to me by Zebarxies. His towering Triceraton body nothing that I wasn't used to considering I had spent time with the Triceratons back in the days that I now consider my youth. Zebarxies was probably my only link to sanity considering he dealt with communications. He was the one that I learned wiring and mechanics from, first aid was taught to me by a man who was like an oversized squat toad that had died in a fox hole while tending to someone.

"How are you holding up?" His voice almost reminded me of that actor back at home, Morgan Freeman, his dark brown scales somewhat of a comfort since there were few darkly colored beings, myself included.

"Been better," my gaze is locked on the papers, barely taking in the information. It was another stupid promise that command will give us relief of duties. I flip through the others, glad that my men were good enough to go to Zebarxies to tell him the tally of damage and what little ammunition we have left. It was a dangerously low amount. I know we can hold our position in the next fight we get into but after that... I may be able to do some damage with my knife but not enough to save over 15 individuals.

"I have heard of Jericho's death. I am sorry."

"Sorry won't bring him back to life," I sigh out. All my anger and animosity has long since passed. Being angry won't help, it'll only get people killed. I let my hand drop, papers out of sight and hardly out of mind. "I need to put in my report." I pick up my

feet and start down the hall, waving my hand full of paper over my head as I called back, "You can brief me on what's been going on in the mess hall afterwards."

There's no verbal reply because he'll do it. He's my best friend on this rock, not to mention my second in command. Other platoons won't assign a communications officer with such a duty, they want theirs to be right on the battle field with them. I on the other hand want to make sure my men have the chance to have a second leader, to not be waiting for an order that won't come. That's how I got my rank, the first and second in command of the platoon I was assigned to were slaughtered about a year ago. No one knew what to do, so I flanked all of them. Guided them to safety, established a plan and went from there. So here I am, in a position that I will always regret giving guff too. The frustrations, the responsibilities...

I enter a room that's filled with makeshift tables that are covered with a variety of objects. Maps of the region that had to be drawn by hand, objects portraying enemy and ally positions, stacks of reports that command insists that we fill out and write. Only half of the computers work in the room only thanks to the tech heads like Zebarxies. Most of them broke down over time, at least the supplied parts. And the only good these reports are is to keep in mind who had died, who needed to be remembered, and I know for a fact that when the heating goes these will be the first to be burned for warmth. Most of it is useless text that drives me to the brink of frustration induced insanity. It doesn't help that everything I write I have to re-write in about two other languages and the Triceraton language is not that easy to write in pen.

Finding a spot to work is always a little hard, due to not being the only one who needs space. This room is never empty there, are at least two people within these walls at a time. I find a small structure made out of rock and slate. Pushing a stack of empty armament cases, I get the metal boxes up to where I need them and use them as a seat. I set to work writing down what needed to be recorded, playing over and over again the hours of the week that had came and went. There were less enemies, which was good, but that didn't mean that our guard could be let down. It's times like these that I think of Leo. If I ever saw him again I'd have to tell him that I'm sorry for being a prick all these years. My disorderly conduct back then couldn't have been a pleasure to try to tame. Always thinking I don't need nobody, running off on my own to cause as much damage as possible. *Leo must have the patience of a saint*, I muse as I continue to work. I miss him, then again I miss all of them, though I'm still not sure if I miss Klunk.

In my musings I find the words to come out easier and yet my writing is becoming more sloppy. Eventually my vision blurs, my eyelids too heavy to stay open beyond small slivers that slowly close. Soon the droll whispers of the others in the room is nothing more than a comforting sound far off like rain on a tin roof.

*"Don't you turn your back on me, hey!" Leo's hand is grabbing my shoulder, turning me around. "What the shell is your problem?! You could have gotten us killed back there!"*

*"But I didn't!" I jerked free from his grasp the realization of what had just happened starting to sink in. I'm angry, with myself, driving myself mad with the idea that I could have ended the lives that center my world.*

*"But you did hurt him," Leo's teeth showed in a snarl. His name didn't need to be spoken, we both know who he meant and I wanted to charge head first into a brick wall for it.*

*"And what do you want me to do about it?!"*

*"Learn to take orders, because if this happens again then-"*

I snap out of slumber raising my head up quickly to take a survey of my surroundings. Zebarxies and Megarl -a creature that looked almost like that cartoon character Invader Zim- are there.

"Sorry, I must have dozed off," I sit up bringing the back of my hand up to my mouth where I could feel some still wet drool. The metal of my armor does little to help but at least it was something.

"No need to be sorry," Zebarxies folds his arms across his chest and gives me a knowing smile. I try to hide my fatigue as best as I can but he always seemed to be able to see right through me.

"Nah, I think he should be," Megarl scratched his chin with one of the spider legs that comes in and out of the shell on his back. The organic tendril-like spike retreated when he snorted out, "You know better than to sleep on the job."

I would have rolled my eyes if I wasn't so tired. Megarl was another platoon officer, an alien that was the same rank as me. Luckily enough he had been trained for his position, trained by a very good superior since he's the only original commander left. The green skinned, red eyed bug of a man has dry humor but he's a good person. He taught me much about leadership, though I keep making mistakes. Sometimes I wonder if he ever made the same ones, but it's nothing worth pondering about.

"Come, the report is as finished as it ever will be," the Triceraton nudged my shoulder while passing by.

"He's right, your drool made the rest of it illegible, though your penmanship was never something to boast about. Command will never know the difference."

I push myself up off of the make shift seat and walk among my companions. I always kind of felt a bit odd walking next to a Triceraton only coming up to about their waist, then again Megarl only came up to mine. It was a wonder how something so small could be so deadly with tactics and precision.

We ended up in the mess hall, the new shift for cooks just taking place meaning we'd have to wait about an hour before consumable food could be given. The hour was spent with less than pleasurable talk. We spent all of our time going over what happened, what to do next, and how to try and strengthen our defenses. It wasn't until after we got our food that we started to unwind. Surprisingly it was Zebarxies who struck up the conversation of personal life. He's never talked about such things before, never saying more than he had to when it came to things close to home.

"Do you have someone to go home too?"

Both of us looked at him, our food still in our mouths as we were blindsided by the question. I swallowed first and looked at him weirdly, "What's with you all of the sudden?"

He just looked at me as if he had been always the home grown kinda guy, which also meant he was expecting an answer. I never... really thought about it but... "Well..." I

began while pushing my food around with my utensil, "There is someone but... I don't know if..."

"If she'll wait for you?"

I shrugged, "You could say that. I mean, I was enlisted before I could give word back home. The next thing I know we've been stranded here for over two stellar cycles with no word. Besides... 'she' would... best be havin' settled with someone else back at home."

"It's been over three stellar cycles actually," Megarl was pushing a fork like utensil between his sharp tipped fingers mindlessly chewing.

"Thanks, that's a real comfort." I shoot back just as dryly, "What about you?"

"My people don't procreate with worm babies. Establishing a useless relationship other than a brother in arms is a liability."

"Aw," Zebarxies quipped with a little mock cooing sound.

"Ain't you precious," I tried not to smirk at the joke. "What about you big guy?"

The Triceraton only smiled a little, "No one..." The gleam in his eye was sad and I didn't need to be a mind reader to know something had happened to the one he cared most about. So I decided to change the subject.

"What about favorite events?"

"Nothing on my end," Megarl squinted down one large red eye at his food as if it suddenly moved.

"I had enjoyed The Games when they were no longer death matches," Zebarxies pushed his cleaned tray away. "As well as the celebration of the birth of the new republic. How about you?"

"Nothing... well... one holiday, but that's about it."

"Holiday? What is this word?" Megarl looked at me funny. I forgot we don't share the same definitions nor the same words.

"It uh... a... day designated to celebrate an occasion. Usually people get it off and spend time with their family or friends." I waved my hand in the air at his confused look, "Never mind." I got up leaving my tray behind, "I'm gonna go sleep. Later."

"Why sleep later when you should sleep now?"

This time I managed to roll my eyes at Megarl since he knew very well what I meant. I waved them goodbye and made my way to the barracks, if you could call them that. They were simply poorly constructed cots lined up in rows in the largest room. Before entering I had to go back to the report room where I had put down my helmet. I never slept without it next to me, after all a turtle needed to make sure he could breathe in emergencies.

I find a place to lie down, the rickety cot feels like the softest bed to me at the moment. The only thing that kept me awake now was habit. Such a simple little thing where I would unclasp my chest plate and reach in the cloth to pull out the last bit of property I owned. I always kept it by my heart, a stupid thing to do really. It's not like the simple Christmas card with Santa Claus smoking his pipe could stop a bullet. But it was... my treasure. Inside the folded piece of paper was a photo, a badly done one that came from a string of frames with poorly done borders. But the thing is... the person in this photo was- is the one I want to go home to. A part of me hopes he'd found someone else, that the printed words of "I'll wait" isn't something that he's clung onto as much as I have. Then again, I know the rest of me would be one the edge of being devastated. After fighting this stupid war only to come home to find out that he'd moved on and I had so little to hold in my arms and know that everything would be okay from then on...

I ghost my fingers over the little photo, drinking in the vibrant blue eyes the smile that told me he missed me. It's not long before I tuck the picture back into the card, fold it back up and stuff it back next to my heart where it belonged. A few snaps and my chest plate was back on duty of protecting my delicate insides. I rest down, taking in a deep and long breath willing my aching body to relax.

One, two, three breaths, then the fourth I was fast asleep.

"Raph, Raph wake up," I feel my shoulder being shaken.

"What?" I barely managed to crack open one eye.

"Raph... um, maybe you should sleep in your hammock tonight," Donnie looked down at me. "The weight bench can't be all that comfortable."

"I'll live," I grunted and closed my eyes. I waited to hear him move away but no sound came. I growled a little, wanting nothing more than to go back to sleep so I can wake up and be faced with my problems once more. But if Don wasn't going to go then that meant he wanted something, "What?"

"Huh?"

"What do you want Don?"

He was quiet for a little longer before asking, "Are... you okay Raph?"

I frowned, "Don, if you seriously just woke me up in the middle of the night just so you can ask if I'm feeling like the world is filled with puppy dogs and balloons then I'm gonna peg you hard."

"Raph, I'm serious."

"So am I." Don smacked my legs hard enough to get me to pull them in closer creating a clearing for him to sit. "I really want to know what's wrong."

"Nothin'."

"Master Splinter and Leo may by that and chalk it up to just you running amuck but not me. Seriously Raph, you've been acting strange ever since Winters 'died' and you have to stay home with everyone. Something's wrong and you're acting out." When I just

*looked at him with a scowl he bristled a little. Probably angry that I wasn't reciprocating. "You've been waking up sore because you won't go to bed like any normal turtle. You've started eating your meals when no one else is in the kitchen, shell you don't even look up when you're in the same room as everyone. Not to mention your anger has been deplorable. I mean, Mikey got hurt because you-"*

*"I know! Okay! I know because I messed up Mikey got hurt but good! Does everyone have to rub it in?!"*

*"He's laid up Raph, it kind of is... and with how you've been acting I'm worried that..."*

*"That I'll screw up and get your precious leader hurt? Because that's one of the reasons he ain't let me go on any of your 'patrols' lately. Ol' Fearless thinks I'll mess up and attempt to kill someone more directly next time."*

*Donnie gave me that condescending look that he's managed to perfect when Leo was out playing George of the Jungle. What I hate the most about it is that he only gave it to me. No one else ever got it, no one else ever got stabbed with his animosity. Frankly it pisses me off to no end. Maybe that was why I suddenly swung at him. All because I was tired of seeing those eyes regard to me as some sort of second rate, no good piece of street trash and him and Leo get to be whatever the hell they wanted to be. I was angry at other stuff and maybe that look was just the last straw. So when Don's head snapped to the side from the punch, it was oddly satisfying but very deep thing started to mess with me at that moment. Because he didn't hit back, not then, just reached up and wiped at the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand and got up. He looked down at me as if judging, what I would do, what I could do, all of that. Then he said as if he was suddenly realizing something, "You're staying away from Mikey."*

*My world broke, split across and fractured like a lightning strike. I was on him and he was fighting back. It was nothing but a full out brawl. Everything was red hot, everything dissemingly jumbled and mixed and there was no clear thought. It wasn't until we made enough noise that Leo and Splinter managed to get us apart from each other. I was shouting threats and Don was telling me that I was nothing but a low grade thug.*

*Splinter had Leo take Donatello out of the room. The leader was fussing over his turtle-dove mate and I was quickly sent to kneel. Splinter tucked his hands into the sleeves of his robe as he paced before me. My heart was still hammering and I couldn't get the shock, nor the anger out of my system that Don told me I couldn't see Mikey again. It was like... like...*

*"Raphael."*

*I looked up, my pulse running wild now for a different reason.*

*"Why were you in a fight with your brother?"*

*"He," I looked down to the floor my eyes skittering from one place to another as if trying to catch words to say, "He said that I couldn't... see Mikey."*

*"Did you attack him for this?"*

*My muscles tightened, "But he can't just go and-"*

"Raphael!"

I quickly hold my tongue.

*He was piecing it together. I had attacked Donnie because he wouldn't let me see Mikey. Splinter gave a heavy sigh, "My son... Your anger has become a force that is unpredictable. Perhaps Donatello is worried that your behavior will somehow further your brothers condition."*

*"It doesn't give him the right to take Mikey away from me!" I yelled at him, I couldn't help it. They don't get it. Mikey... Mikey was, is my brother too. And I had to see him, but it wasn't like I could just say why. Hell, Leo and Don have to keep their little togetherness a secret. If friends or Splinter found out then it'll all be over and, and... what was I supposed to do when Mikey said he loved me? Jump for joy and give everyone cigars? We just... I couldn't... Even if we couldn't be like that, it wasn't their right to tell me if I could be next to him or not!*

*Splinter folded back his ears when I shouted, his eyes narrowed down on me as if he was trying to screw me into my proper place and I just growled back. He took breath through his nose, calming his anger before saying, "Raphael, as your brother before you had left this home for training so will you."*

"What?" That was left field.

*"In time I shall tell you where you will be going. I hope that upon your return you will have learned the lessons you seem to have forgotten."*

When I woke up I slowly opened my eyes, wishing silently that I wouldn't have to. Waking up was getting more and more tiresome these days, and if it wasn't for my dreams I would want to sleep forever. But no matter what I seem to have the pleasure of being plagued with the past. I made mistakes back at home, things I could never fix...

I sat up, throwing my legs over the side of the cot and rubbed at my face trying to wake my worn body up. I couldn't help but continue to remember even outside of my dreams... Splinter had had enough of me and sent me away. We still had contacts with the Utroms and Triceraton Republic. He had found out about this; intergalactic kind of Army Boot Camp that he arranged for me to be sent too. There I had grueling hours of nothing but training and when I stepped out of line I was punished beyond anything that my family would have thought of. Reflecting back, it did remind me of how good I had it and how much I took advantage of it. It made me home sick. But what else it made me was a warrior of a kind I had never been before. Before I was a part of a team that was pieced together and forged into being creatures of the night. There was one person we listened to and he never had more experience than ourselves. I had never felt like I owed him respect because of that, now... now I was a part of a unit and a large one. Back in the "academy" we had no idea what was in store for us. When the training was over we didn't expect to be assigned to a platoon and shipped out to war, but apparently in every cadet's fine print this was a no-brainer. If you get sent to the Boot Camp you're officially signed up as a soldier for the next wave shipped out. I doubt Splinter knew of this, he never liked the idea of us becoming anything more than just his personal ninja. But I guess I'll never truly know, not unless I go home. All contact to family was cut off soon as I landed on this rock, not that any of them besides Mikey cared to send me anything.

I sighed as I dipped down, grabbing my helmet and fixing it over my head. My thoughts started to muse over Mikey now as I got up and decided to use my waking hours looking at the carrier. He would have had such a field day with joking about our "uniforms", an odd mix between Nightwatcher and Halo's Master Chief. Just seeing this stuff would have caused him to go into the ultimate height of geek-dom. It would have been a sanity anchor actually, to have someone who could uplift your spirits like he could.

When I got to the loading docks there was no one else there and the carrier looked like it was only held together by one bolt. I pushed Mikey and the image of those blue eyes I missed so much out of my mind as I grabbed a tool box. I passed by a box that I grabbed and towed over to the bulky vehicle. With a press of a button it folded itself out of the metallic case and became a bright spotlight. It would have been a useful mobile device if it didn't have to be plugged into a wall with a thick cord. I simply moved it to where I needed and got down onto my back, sliding underneath with the tool box to see if there was anything underneath that needed to be worked on first. When I first got under I briefly wondered if Donatello had nightmares of this kinda thing, where all the wires were being slowly exposed as more plates of metal were scrapped off or blasted away.

I lost track of time, fiddling and fixing. I assume it was several hours later because the bulb of my light exploded due to the heat it was generating. I let out a string of inventive words climbing out from underneath to feel like something was wrong. Then I heard someone from outside the loading dock shout out, "Who blew out the power?!" I clenched the wrench like tool in my hand as tight as I could and started to beat it against the carrier. All the patients I had built up for this stupid war snapped.

"God damn mother\*&#\$er!! @#\$%ing planet! @##\$ing piece of %^^\$! I can't believe this @\$\$%#@%##\$! God damn it!" Why can't we ever get a break?! God, I just want this stupid war to be over so I can go home and be degraded like a normal turtle! I want to just sit on the roof tops and not care what the world is doing. I don't want to be stuck here on this lifeless rock someone claims is a planet! Hell, an army of immortal stone generals would be a welcomed sight for these sore eyes!!

I was so caught up in my anger that I didn't first hear the rickety clank of the bay doors trying to open with what little power reserve they had left. It was only until I tossed my wrench across the way that I heard the banging on the outside.

I didn't know anyone was out there.

Grudgingly I went over to the door and banged back, "Power's out, you're gonna have to wait!"

I leaned my weight against the door as me and whoever was out there waited for one of the overworked technicians to find the generator and get it halfway functional again. After all without that there was no way in, nor out. One of the fundamental flaws of this place, everything besides a socket wrench and hard furniture needed electrical-like juice to get it going.

"So, why are you out there?"

"Because the door stopped working."

Ask a stupid question get a stupid answer.

"And what business brought you out there?"

"Order from Command."

Okay that sounded funny. I stepped away from the door, the power flickering on before I could truly find a place to hide and wait to spring an ambush. My hands tighten into fists, bringing them up when the bay doors began to open. If someone was coming here for a fight, I'll give them one they soon would not forget.

When enough room given that's when things changed once more. The person before me wore the uniform of a higher ranked commander, his colors a blazing crimson the small lights that cut through the snowing ash and thick fog the color of a haunting blue. And all I could think was nothing. This was something I never expected. Command had given so many promises and never came through and now, they finally do? We finally can get some things repaired around here? We get supplies? Someone must be favoring old Raphael today.

But then it happened, his alto voice kicking in, breaking through. Every word like a bullet to the brain; "We're here to take you home. The war's over. We've won."

It was like everything stopped and began moving faster than we could ever imagine. The troops were loaded into the ship, everything we had done and filed away was gathered and packed into safety cargoes. And what seemed like hours were actually days. We went back to command, hands were shook, ceremonies and awards for the big heroes that held the front. Throughout all of this Megarl only smirked as if this was what he expected, Zebarxies was stoic and me... I... didn't know what to do. I went with the flow, only focused on the fact that soon I could go home. We were allowed to keep our "uniforms" and shipped home. Everyone I knew split off, waving goodbye and bidding farewells.

Then, like a dream I was home. Well, not home-home, but I was here, in New York City. My drop off point oddly enough was the ruins of Winter's tower. The dusty fallen bricks and cement of his once grand palace was still standing. It was there that I had to decide what to do. I was dressed in my uniform, helmet and all. I suppose where I had just been made me paranoid with being outside. The fluffy snowflakes of winter drifted down silently, resting upon me as I looked up at the large hole in which the cosmos had blasted a hole down into here so long ago. The clouds above held that orangeish red color from the city lights, the snow at my feet the color of dust.

Slowly, as if I wasn't sure this was really a dream or reality, I unclasped my helmet. Holding my breath I slowly slipped it off. The cold air rushing in to brush against my face as if welcoming me home. I took in a deep breath feeling the sting of winter's kiss coming down my lungs, mixing with my blood. I haven't felt this in so long; the dry sting of the snowflakes on my beak, being out in air that wouldn't threaten to take away my life. The wind picked up, racking against me, pushing at me, as if directing me to start moving. I don't easily concede. After all Leo, Don, even Master Splinter were so angry at me. They wouldn't write and knowing them they were holding a grudge. They may not look it but they can, so easily.

...What if... what if... because I couldn't contact them throughout this time their grudges grew into hatred? What if they figured I didn't care about our family anymore? I don't think I could live with that. Not after all this time... coming home just to hate me...

I shook my head. I needed to rethink this. Even if they hated me Mikey... I needed to see if Mikey had moved on. I needed to know if I had anything to go home to. If not then... well... I'd just have to figure things out when I got there... right?

Swallowing I steeled myself. Lifting up one foot I placed it in front of the other, and just like that I made my way back to where I could remember home being. After all, it had been so long that they could have moved.

As I made my way to the sewers I noticed the bright lights and twinkling decoration of Christmas. People had their trees displayed next to the windows to share the holiday cheer. A group of young adults were throwing snow balls at each other hiding behind cars and laughing. I could smell a variety of candied treats, cookies and pies being baked and I let myself smile a little. I wonder how long it would be until Christmas day. I still remember Mikey waking up so early that it was barely past midnight so that he could get us all up to open what little presents that we could muster up. Those were the days; when everything was simple and I didn't have to worry my stomach into a knot over if I had a family waiting at home for me or not.

I was passing my way through Central Park, a detour due to my mind coming up with more "what if's" when I suddenly heard a familiar voice. My body went ridged as I heard, "Raph!" I stepped around a tree looking up to the small snow hill that Michelangelo stood. His body covered in a warm sweater, the itchy scarf he'd never part with even though he complained and a dumb looking knitted hat. I smiled and my heart swelled as he continued to shout at the top of his lungs towards the stars, "Merry Christmas!"

Him saying that... how many times had he said that? What things has he shouted up to the heavens as if I could hear them? And before I could help it, words slipped out of my mouth, "You do that often?"

He froze. His ridged body slowly turning, eyes wide as a deer's, mouth a tiny line of surprise. He looked as if he had seen a ghost. I uncomfortably waved my hand at him, "Um... hi..." Nothing, he just stood there, mitten covered hands tightly holding onto each other. This was awkward. "I.. kinda just, got back..." Still nothing, just that weird look on his face. I shrank back, maybe... maybe going home right now wasn't such a good idea, maybe I should have called first... if I could remember our home phone number. Yeah, I could... crash some place and just call them and get arrange a get together. That sounded good. "Sorry, I should have called," I stared to back away. "I mean, I would have if I could have and I know it's been a long time and this is sudden and all and-" I didn't even have time to make a sound when Michelangelo's body impacted mine. His arms were around me, warm and welcoming as he just happily announced over and over again that I was back. I dropped my helmet, gripping him trying to calm his excitement. But he broke away, grabbing one of my hands.

"How long have you been here? Wait don't answer that, we gotta get home." He tugged and pulled barely allowing me enough time to grab my helmet. He ran the whole way at a neck breaking speed, never letting go of my hand as though if he let go I would disappear into a flurry of snowflakes like a winter mirage. He took me through the sewers, down the maintenance tunnels yammering on about how things have been, but most of it was too jumbled and mixed to really understand. He took me through ways I recognized back in my fondest memories. Soon we were at the row of four pipes which he grabbed one and yanked it down triggering the hidden door to slide open. But before it could fully open he yanked me through the sliding brick doors. He could

barely fit through himself, his clothing catching on the rough edges of the brick. If he could barely fit through there was no way I could. So my uniform got stuck, my face smashed into the still moving wall yanking him back. He whirled around and yanked on me hard when he didn't have to. The door had opened enough for me to fit through and so with his unpredicted pull we both went flying. We rolled in a ball down to the edge of the stairs that would lead to the main living room. The beeping sounds of old arcade games pierced through our groans. I pulled myself up to my feet and rubbed at my face trying to sooth away the pain. I didn't have time to recover long before I was close lined by Casey's arm hooking around my neck pulling me up and back against his chest as he brought his knuckles to my head and gave me a noogie.

"Raph! Man it's good to see you!"

"Hey, hey! Stop it!" I managed to get free, "It's good to see you too man."

The moment was interrupted with the sounds of ceramic shattering on the floor. Our attention pulled over to Donatello who had a look as if he had come upon a room filled with murdered people. His hands shot behind him as he scooted across the wall, the apron he wore swaying as he hurried a long shouting out, "Leo! LEO!"

"Don? What are you-"

"LEO!!!"

Mikey wrapped his arm around mine holding tight. He looked up at me with his wondrous blue eyes swallowing when Leonardo and Master Splinter came out of the dojo looking as if they could take on the world. Donnie pointed at me and Leo dropped his sword. Splinter... I couldn't place that look he had as he just stood there. I didn't understand, what was going on. I looked back to Mikey and he just hugged my arm tighter as Casey loosely laid his arm over my shoulders. He patted me and said with a swelling voice, "He's real, solid and everything."

What was that supposed to mean?

Leo seemed to stagger but pulled back to help Splinter, his age seeping through the walls that were breaking around his iron mask. They came up to me, Donatello shy shuffling behind Leonardo, his fear ebbing for curiosity. I felt so weird. I cleared my throat and looked around for an anchor for what I should do. Well, when in doubt... just be myself.

"Uh... hey, I'm... I'm home."

"Yeah," Leo's voice bounced with a small laugh probably remembering the awkward feeling we had when he had come home from the jungle. "Welcome home."

Donnie's brown eyes blinked behind Leo's shoulder, his olive hands pressing against his lover's shoulder, "How do you feel? I mean... after... everything."

"I'm doing okay. How, um, how about you Father?" I directed the conversation to the still stunned rat.

He looked at me and my strange uniform. His elderly hand reached out and gently touched the metal and cloth, giving small tugs here and there. All the while his dark

eyes were glittering more and more. Then his hand came to my face, touching, caressing the new scars as he studied me as if I was a new born. I raised a hand to place it over his and put a smile on my face, "Hey, what's up with the weirdo treatment dad?"

His lower lip started to quiver, his ears folded back when Leo whispered in such a strange detached voice, "We were told you were dead..."

"What?" That... that didn't sound right.

"Raphael," Splinter's voice cracked heavily. Then he pulled me down and against his warm shoulder. His hold was tight as he clutched to me and whispered out, "My son."

It was Leo who joined in the hug first, then one after the other everyone was encompassing me and I couldn't have felt more at home, couldn't have felt more safe and alive as I did that moment. I honestly didn't want it to end. But eventually it did and the room was filled with talk. We all gathered in the kitchen and I was so happy to drink some of Donatello's coffee even though it was so thick it would have a hard time squeezing out of a hole the size of a pencil. I didn't care, it was there, I was here, and everything was perfect. They filled me in about things that have happened, how Don and Leo were now out in the open about their relationship, and about how the news about my "death" had changed everyone. Don became reclusive, clinging onto Leo for all the support he could. Mikey had actually stopped talking unless he really felt the need to communicate. Leo was more strict than ever and over protective of the family, Casey was having troubles in his relationship with April, and Splinter... well he had taken it the hardest. He second guessed everything he did, everything he decided. He had sent me to the Boot Camp in hopes I would come back better, he was told nothing about a war. And he would apologize so much for it but I could only smile and tell him it was okay. I was home now, everything was okay.

Soon I grew very tired, my weary body requesting sleep after so much excitement. I yawned and Donatello pushed at Leonardo's shoulder, "We don't have a room for him," he said low. It would make sense. I was dead for who knows how long. They would need the extra space eventually.

"He can stay in my room," Mikey smiled that same smile that was in the picture I kept close to my heart all these years. He got up and pulled at my arm, "Come on."

Don got up from his seat, "I need to re-make dinner, when it's done do you want me to wake you?"

I gave a tired smile, "I would like that, a lot. Thanks Don."

He blushed shyly and looked away the odd timid nature something I would have to get used to I suppose. But it was kind of fun to see Leo roll his eyes. I waved to them all bidding them goodnight for at least a few hours as Mikey dragged me to his room. Once inside I was rather surprised that he was keeping up with his cleaning. Less things to trip over I suppose. I sat down on the bed and pulled up my feet so used to sleeping in my uniform. Mikey smacked my legs and frowned.

"Get that thing off."

I sighed and started to work it off, glad when Mike decided to help me out. Eventually he was doing all the work stripping metal and cloth off of me. His hands brushed over

the scars that traced down my chest, holes that healed into puckers of flesh on my legs and cuts on my arms. He touched a few of them, his fingers ghosting over as he kept his eyes fixed as if still making sure I was real. "These must hurt."

"Not really," I smiled softly as he pushed me onto my back.

He climbed over me, settling down before sitting up to grab the blankets and pulling it over the both of us. He wrapped his arms around me and gave me a kiss that was shy and lingered. It took a moment, two, I rolled onto my side on the third and didn't let the fourth pass without my lips sealing over his. My heart fluttered with glee. This was the perfect reward. When the kiss broke Mikey sniffled, a hand came up to his eyes and rubbed the moisture away.

"Hey, what's wrong?"

"Sorry," he sniffed again. "I know this is stupid girly but, yeah..."

"What's stupid girly?"

"Crying, and thinking this is the best Christmas present ever."

"The crying is, but the Christmas present? What do you mean?"

His pretty blue eyes blinked at me before closing tears spilling out as he grinned, "It's Christmas Day you moron."

**Fin**

Fin

# PARTICIPANTS

---

## Amaronith

christina.ilene@gmail.com

Author of "All I Want For Christmas is...", page 055

---

## AppleJack

<http://applejack.deviantart.com>

Artist of "Spirit", page 154

---

## Crabapplered

<http://crabapplered.livejournal.com/>

Author of "Christmas Shopping", page 067

---

## Melissa the Damgel aka g33kgirl

kreefihaven@cableone.net

Co-author of "Santa Baby", page 149

Author of "Christmas Ornament", page 174

---

## Dark Closure

dark.closure@gmail.com - <http://squirrellyturtleslut.deviantart.com>

Author of "Why a Foot Soldier's Christmas Sucks", page 102

Author of "Arms in War", page 268

---

## Deviata

ehidude@live.it - <http://deviata.deviantart.com>

Artist of "A Special Christmas Present", page 017

Artist of a RaphxLeo illustration, page 027

Artist of a RaphxLeo illustration, page 201

---

## Duke Igthorn

herzog.igzorn@googlemail.com

Author of "A Gay Nightmare Before Christmas", page 256

---

## Enolianslave

<http://enolianslave.deviantart.com>

Artist of a family-moment illustration, page 153

# PARTICIPANTS

---

## Heiros

<http://heiros.deviantart.com>

Artist of "Letters", page 074

---

## Icegaze

<http://iceicefangurl.deviantart.com/>

Artist of a family-moment illustration, page 023

Artist of "The Way It is", page 033

Artist of a MikexDon illustration, page 054

Artist of a RaphxDon illustration, page 242

Artist of a family-moment illustration, page 267

---

## KCAnathema

[kewriter0@yahoo.com](mailto:kewriter0@yahoo.com) - [-kc-anathema.livejournal.com](http://kc-anathema.livejournal.com)

Author of "Miracle", page 029

---

## Madwriter

[sumomo@wp.pl](mailto:sumomo@wp.pl)

Author of "A Starless Sky and Cigarettes", page 008

Author of "Christmas Night", page 024

Author of "The Naughty Santa", page 194

---

## Palmer

<http://lpspalmer.deviantart.com>

Artist of "When Mike Stops Playing", page 166

---

## PimpypantsMcGee

[pimpypants@gmail.com](mailto:pimpypants@gmail.com) - <http://pimpypants.deviantart.com/>

Artist of "Just Pretend", page 121

Artist of a RaphxLeo, MikexDon illustration, page 255

---

## Polaris

[ladypolaris2000@yahoo.com](mailto:ladypolaris2000@yahoo.com)

Author of "All I Want for Christmas", page 112

# PARTICIPANTS

---

## Raaset

<http://raaset.deviantart.com>

- Artist of a LeoxDon illustration, page 011
  - Artist of a RaphxMike illustration, page 028
  - Artist of a RaphxDon illustration, page 101
  - Artist of a RaphxLeo illustration, page 148
  - Artist of a LeoxMikey illustration, page 193
  - Artist of "First Snow", page 244
  - Artist of a DonxMike illustration, page 254
- 

## Raphsimzadhi

<http://raphsimzadhi.deviantart.com>

- Author of "Coming Back Home", page 157
- 

## RCaptain

<http://rcaptain.deviantart.com>

- Artist of the Cover illustration, page 001
  - Artist of "Surprise Party", page 229
- 

## Robina

[angel\\_of\\_stories@yahoo.com](mailto:angel_of_stories@yahoo.com)

- Author of "Reindeer Game", page 019
  - Co-author of "Santa Baby", page 149
  - Author of "Twas The Night Before Christmas", page 243
- 

## SaintCosevent

<http://saintcosevent.deviantart.com/>

- Artist of "Autumn Christmas", page 131
- 

## Sneefee

[sneefee@gmail.com](mailto:sneefee@gmail.com) - <http://www.sneefee.com/>

- Artist of a MikexDon illustration , page 018
- Artist of a RaphxLeo illustration , page 066
- Artist of a DonxRaph illustration , page 120
- Artist of "Merry Fuckin' Christmas" , page 202
- Artist of a RaphxLeo illustration , page 266

# PARTICIPANTS

---

## Spacefille

<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/spacefille/>  
Artist of a RaphxBrother illustration, page 007

---

## Takamo

<http://takamo.deviantart.com/>  
Artist of a DonxLeo illustration, page 173

---

## Tmask

<http://tmask.deviantart.com/>  
Artist of "Red Ribbon", page 105

---

## Winnychan

queenzenda@gmail.com - <http://www.terrapintarts.com>  
Author of "Christmas in June", page 124

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Thanks to everyone who read this, and  
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I hope you enjoyed it!

-Sneefee

