

Mary's Eyes

By EmptyFlames

Submitted: May 31, 2005

Updated: May 31, 2005

Pietro's just moved into the BoM house, he's unable to fall asleep... He follows a calming melody into one of his new teammates room. Rietro one shotsongfic! R&R

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1 - Mary's Eyes

Author: EmptyFlames

Rated: PG

Language: English

Genre: Romance/General

Song: Mary's eyes

Song by: Gaelic Storm

What I own: The plot

What I don't own: X-Men Evolution, Gaelic Storm, or Mary's eyes....

``This is Pietro talking quickly.``

`Song lyrics'

``The **BOLDS** are stressed.``

"Normal talking."

"Someone singing"

Mary's eyes

It was three in the morning, but try as he might, Pietro Maximoff could not get to sleep. He rolled over in a pitiful attempt to fall asleep, but he failed.

Letting out an frustrated sound, he moved to lay on his back and stare at the ceiling. He glared at the bare ceiling and averted his eyes to stare at the wall. He already hated this place!

Why did he come to live here again? Oh yeah, his father. Just great, he got to work for his father-who had abandoned him-, live with a bunch of losers, and go to a pathetic school, could his life

GET any worse?

Who was he kidding? Of course it could, not only COULD it, it most likely WOULD.

Pietro sat up, and swung his legs over the edge of the bed. His cerulean eyes scanned the room. The room was small, with little in it, other than the furniture and a few boxers, that he had yet to unpack.

He had met most of his teammates. But apparently, there was a girl on the team. Her name was Rogue, but Pietro didn't know anything about her or her mutation. Just that she was a loner, and didn't like to be around others... and that if he hurt her, his teammates would kill him....

Pietro lay back down and went back to staring at the ceiling blankly. He closed his eyes and took in a deep breath. Just as the clock struck 3:09 AM, a very calming melody drifted through the air. Pietro listened to it, part of him wanting to know where it came from, the other part of him hoping that it would put him to sleep.

Within a few moments, Pietro fell into a dreamless sleep, thanks to the calming music.

[BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM]

Pietro woke up early-like always- the next morning. He took a shower, got dressed and went to eat, the normal routine for the speed demon. Once he got to the kitchen, he froze in place.

A gothic looking girl stood at the stove, cooking something. From the smell of it, eggs and bacon. A glass of orange juice sat on the kitchen table next to a black book, and plate.

"Who are you?" Pietro asked, as he walked into the room. His blue eyes scanned up and down the girls body. She was probably about three inches shorter than he was... she had shoulder length auburn hair, with two unforgettable white streaks in the front, and pale skin. She wore a black leather skirt, a pair of grey leggings, a black tank-top with a long sleeved green transparent shirt on top, a pair of gloves and boots.

She jumped slightly when she heard his voice, before she turned to look at him, her emerald eyes seemingly boring into him, "Ah could ask you the same question." She replied, putting her left hand on her hip, and waving her other hand at him warningly, with a spatula. She glared at him, and waited for him to reply.

"Pietro Maximoff. I live here. Who ARE you!?" Pietro was shouting now. He was losing what little patience he had.

"Rogue. Ya must be the new border." 'Rogue' stated, turning back to the stove. Her attention going completely back to cooking.

Pietro stared at her for a few moments, before walking over to peek over her shoulder and look at what she was cooking. Apparently, his nose had been right, eggs and bacon. Yum.

"Can ya NOT stand ovah mah shoulder while ah'm trah ta concentrate?" Rogue snapped at him.

Pietro took a step back, and zip around the kitchen to get his own breakfast. He sat at the table to eat, just as Rogue put her eggs and bacon on a plate, and walked over to sit down next to him.

Pietro looked at her food. It had a mouth watering scent, and he really wanted to take it from her, but if he did that, he'd probably make an idiot of himself, besides, who stole someone elses breakfast, just because they were lazy and didn't want to cook?

[BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM][BoM]

Once again, it was three AM in the morning, and try as he might, Pietro was unable to sleep. Now this was going to start to get annoying. He didn't like the new school, he didn't like his `house mates', and the only one that had remotely interested him thought he was as annoying as could be.

This was truly his idea of hell. What was he supposed to do?! Once again, as the clock struck 3:09 AM, a calming melody washed over his room.

Pietro forced himself to stay awake, and got out of bed. He walked over and opened the door. The music came from the room across from his. That was Rogue's room, wasn't it?

"`Mary's eyes are startling blue,

And her hairs new castle gold,

And she walks the thin white line between,

The body and the soul,"` A very calming voice sang.

Pietro walked to the door, he knocked gently for a moment, but there was no response. He put his ear to the door, in an attempt to hear over the calming music.

``She's as faithful to her history,

As a novelist to his past,

For she is standing on the bones,

Of Ireland's past,"` The voice continued to sing.

Pietro leaned against the door for a moment. His eyes closing slowly on him.

``She is singing of the troubles,

And the fire in the lands,

Til I can almost feel the famine,

Slipping through my trembling hand," The voice was soft, and calming, almost like a mother singing her child to sleep.

He couldn't take it any more, he wanted to know what it was. He stood up and opened the door, strangely enough, the door was unlocked, which wasn't something he'd expect from the only girl in the house.

Rogue sat on her bed, writing furiously in a note book. She didn't look up at him or take any notice to him.

``And I wonder as I hear her,

That the spirit still shines through,

And she can reach across the ocean deep

And break my heart in two," Rogue sang along with her cd player. The cd player played the most of the music. Rogue didn't seem to notice him until he walked over to stand in front of her bed.

Rogue reached over and turned off the cd player, as she looked up at him. ``What do ya thahnk yer doin' in here?!" She asked, her eyes glaring daggers.

``I couldn't sleep. Your music put me to sleep last night-" Pietro started.

``You heard it?!" Rogue asked, in a panicky voice.

``Yeah... It's very calming. What is it?"

``Gaelic Storm..." Rogue said, her eyes looking at him uncertainly. She seemed unsure as to whether she could trust him or not. Then, her eyes traveled down to her outfit, which consisted of a baggy long sleeved yellow-gold t-shirt and a pair of white socks. She quickly grabbed a pair of gloves, she couldn't exactly get her pants on at the moment, so went with pulling her blankets up to cover her lower half.

``Gay-lick storm?" Pietro question, a little confused by the name of the band.

``Gaelic Storm, it's Ahrish. Mah mothah used ta sing this ta meh...'fore she dahed(died)..." Rogue said quietly. Her eyes filling with a deep sadness.

``What happened to her?" Pietro asked as he sat down on the bed. His own mother had died before he got to meet her. He was curious as to what had happened to Rogues, and maybe he could figure out something a little more about the goth... this would be the best way, right?

Rogue looked a little upset his sudden movement to sit on her bed, but he ignored it, as she

began to talk, ``Ah can't remembah. What happened.... Ah... Ah remember blood...an' screams... an' someone pickin' meh up, sayin' that everahthahn' would be okay..." Rogue said, as though she were in a daze. Her eyes were unfocused and she didn't seem to be in the same place as her body.

``Oh... Can I hear the rest of the song?" Pietro asked, he wanted to hear the end of the song, maybe it would make him tired?

``Sure..." Rogue turned the cd player back on. The room was once again filled with soft calming music. It really wasn't something you'd expect someone like Rogue to listen too....

``Mary is wise,

But she is foolish

She's as constant as the tide,' The music played.

Rogue slowly fell back into singing with it. ``*For it's a woman's heart that beats,*

Beneath that stubborn Irish pride," Her voice was soft, and calm, her accent disappearing as though it had never been.

Pietro felt his eyelids were growing heavy and it took a lot to keep them open.

``*We are saints and we are sinners,*

We are heros, we are thieves,

We are all of us, beginners,

On the road to galilee," Pietro's eyes were getting even heavier, everything was slowly starting to blur in together.

Rogue seemed to notice and turned off the cd. ``*Maybe ya should go ta bed, Pietro.*" She stated, staring at him steadily.

``No, I'm awake!" He protested, opening his eyes completely, to look at her. ``*I want to hear the rest, okay?!" He stated, in a sleepy, yet mad voice.*

Rogue nodded, and looked at him uncertainly. But she didn't mind that much. It was kind of nice having someone listen to her singing. And having someone taking the time to give her some company. But it was still unnerving that he was doing all that stuff... No one else took the time....why would someone who lives at a pace faster than anyone else's, do that? She decided not to question it, and go along with it. Count your blessings, right? She had few. She'd count this as one.... Rogue reached over, turned the cd player on, and continued to sing, "*She is singing of the troubles,*

And the fire in the land,

Til I can almost smell the famine,

Slipping through my trembling hand," Rogue watched as Pietro slipped off the bed, to sit on the floor. His breathing was slowing down so that his back was resting back against the bed. His head fell back, so that it used her comforter as though it were a pillow.

Rogue continued to sing, deciding that it wouldn't be so bad to let him sleep there for one night.
``And I wonder as I hear her,

That the spirit still shines through,

And she can reach across the ocean deep

And break my heart in two," Rogue stopped singing, she pulled a blanket out from under her bed, careful not to make any contact with Pietro's arms by accident. She covered him up, and then lay down, turned off her light, and pulled the blankets tightly around her body.

The cd player continued to play, its soft melody helping Rogue fall into the same deep sleep the Pietro was falling into.

So let us hoist a pint of silence,

To the east where Ireland lies,

And we will stare across the waters,

For a glimpse of Mary's eyes,'

Rogue stared down at Pietro. He seemed a lot more open than the others, and for some reason, she felt quite drawn to him... but being drawn to someone...wasn't a very good thing... This was something that Rogue had learned a while ago... Look at what it had done to Cody, for example.

Because she felt drawn to him, and gave into his request, he ended up in a coma, and inside her head.

We are ships without a harbor,

We are sailors on dry land,

And the song goes on forever,

Even though the record can't,'

Rogue remembered when she was little, hearing her mother play this cd-even though, then they

had on a cassette tape- for her. Her and her mother, would listen to it. They'd play through the whole thing, dancing to Irish songs, and singing along too.

And her mother knew all the words, and all the steps. And she always told Rogue, ``Never forget where you're from. It's part of you, and you are part of it." Rogue smiled at the remembered saying.

She is singing of the troubles

And the fire in the land,

Til I can almost feel the famine,

Slipping through my trembling hand,'

``And ah wonder as ah hear her... That the spirit still shines through.... And she can reach across the ocean deep.... and break mah heart in two.'" Rogue sang quietly as the song ended... a smile came onto her face, as she curled up. Reaching over, she turned the cd player off. And than, Rogue fell into a deep sleep.

-The End-

I hope you all liked it. My first pure Rietro one shot/songfic. I like the way it came out, but I guess it's up to all of you to decide, huh?

I know that Rogue may not be Irish, and that she lived in Mississippi. But not for that long really. Mystique did say that she had kept Rogue there `for the better part of five years', right? Well means that Rogue had been eleven when she moved to Mississippi... Right? But than again, she was adopted by Mystique, at the age of four.... so.... I may be wrong.

But I figured, no one ever really seems to go into Rogue's heritage... ever... even in Fanfiction. They do for other characters... Kurt's German, Jubilee's Chinese, Ororo's African America, Amara and Roberto are Brazilian, Pietro and Wanda are both Europeans, and Rahne's Scottish....

So why can't we look a little deeper into Rogue's past??? And can't you see her as a Irish woman? I know it's a little Stereo-typical.... but, she's hardheaded, hot-tempered, always ready for a fight, and has a real mind of her own....

I don't mean to offend anyone who's Irish, heck, I'm Irish.... So please don't get mad or anything....

Well, ummm...that's all I have to say..... sooo..... R&R

-EmptyFlames.