

Magic in Fall

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For X-Men lovers, so :P! Scott/Ro fic

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1. Chapter 1

Title: Magic in Fall

Author: Me :D a.k.a. Sarah

Disclaimer: I own X-Men, NO! Don't sue! :D I get paid in feedback :)

Timeline: Iunno, use imagination!

Universe: Any except Evolution :P

Romance: Can't thy guess?

Summary: Uh uh uh! Read! :P

Archiving: Want, ((Iunno WHY)) ask me, ((so I feels all giggly inside)) and have! ((Again, Iunno WHY))

Feedback: I might not write anymore if you don't. *Muffles laughter* XD My foot!

Rating: PG-13

Sequel: Already working on it ;)

Series: Part two of my series, Red, White, and Blue. ((I think you gots the red and white part, but possibly not the blue, which stands for tears ;)))

Dedication: To Patricia a.k.a. Trish, cause she yells at me when I'm being a dog ;) Much love! Gute Nacht!

~*:::*~

The night that Ororo and I discovered our love for each other was one to remember. I hadn't felt that way before with anyone. Jean was lust, not love, Ororo was love. And we both knew that.

I was sitting downstairs on a crisp fall evening. The whole institute had been abuzz with preparations for Halloween, one of the most loved holidays at the institute. But it had now quieted down, the students were all in bed, and most of the adults too. Ororo was lying beside me on the wide couch, her head resting on my chest, as we both read. I could hear, and feel her breath, as her chest heaved. I smiled slightly.

"Would you like to go for a walk?" Ororo asked looking up at me.

"Whatever you'd like to do." I answered kissing her. She smiled, and we stood putting our books down. Hand in hand, we walked outside. The leaves that were falling all around us and the crisp air created a beautiful atmosphere.

Ororo sighed happily. "I love the fall, such beauty." She said.

"Though none of it can measure you to your beauty." I said. Ororo smiled looking at me.

"It's true." I pointed out. I kissed her. "There's something I've been meaning to ask you."

"What?" Ororo asked intrigued.

"About you and me, I love you, and I know the feeling is mutual, so I've been wondering, would you like to move in?" I asked. A smile spread over Ororo's face.

"Yes." She said and kissed me. "I'd love that."

I was relieved that she'd said yes.

"Aww, that's so sweet, but Ororo is mine." Said a voice.

"Kaneon." Ororo seethed, then shrunk back a bit, memories flooding her. I stood in front of her.

"She's not going anywhere, but you'd better." I said.

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I had to admit, that I was frozen with fear. Who wouldn't have been? But Scott protected me from Kaneon, which was a relief; I didn't feel much like protecting myself right now.

Somehow, Kaneon knew what I was thinking. "You remember that night don't you?" He asked smirking. I shivered, and Scott lowered his hand, confused. "Amazing wasn't it?" He asked. I shook my head.

"No, no, that wasn't amazing, I hated it, I hate you!" Somehow Scott didn't seem to get it.

Scott turned around. "What is he talking about?"

"The night we made love, the night that we proclaimed how much we loved each other."

Scott whirled around. "WHAT?!" Kaneon was still smirking.

"Think about it!" He said, and with that he disappeared.

Scott turned around looking at me. "I don't BELIEVE this Ororo!" He said, voice risen, that usually contained so much control. He spun around and stormed towards the institute.

"Scott..." I started, but he cut me off, whirling around to face me. With his glasses, I could still sense the anger in his eyes.

"You made LOVE to him?!" He asked.

"I wouldn't call it that." I said softly looking down.

"Oh? What WOULD you call it?" He asked staring me down. When I didn't answer he turned going back to the institute.

I replied softly. "I'd call it rape."

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I turned around. Had she really just said that? I could tell that she had. Her head was down, and she was sobbing lightly. "Are you serious?" I asked concerned. Her head moved a fraction of an inch. "Oh, God ‘Ro, I didn't know, I'm sorry. Please forgive me." I begged. She looked up, tears still streaming down her face.

"I could never blame you for the mistakes of the past." She said softly, lovingly. I embraced her whispering into her ear.

"Don't worry, I'll never let him get to you. He can't hurt you anymore." I said softly. "You are moving in tonight." I could feel her head move a bit again.

Anger built up inside of me. I'd kill him! But I couldn't do anything now. The sun was set, and the moon was risen. I helped Ororo to the institute, and Logan helped to move her things into my room, with the exception of her bed. We were sharing one now. (No, not in that way, you perv :P I don't believe in pre-marital sex, sue me, no, wait, don't, I'm poor)

"What's wrong with her?" Logan asked gruffly, though care was in his voice. Ororo averted her eyes.

"I'd tell you, but I have to trust in secrecy." I said. Logan nodded and he left. I sat down next to her, and slipped my arm around her waist. "Try and sleep." I whispered softly into her ear. She nodded and we lay down. We fell asleep not too much later, I to the smell of her hair.

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When I woke the next morning, Ororo was already up, and freshly showered. She sat in the window sill, watching the sun rise. She was reading, or right, I couldn't tell which. By that time, she'd noticed that I was awake and smiled warmly at me. Before you could say ‘It's a secret.’ She put away what she was reading/writing.

"Morning." She said smiling.

"Good morning beautiful." I said as she blushed, even on her fair dark skin. "It's true." I said smiling at her. "Are you alright?" I asked referring to the night's events. She nodded.

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Okay, that's not entirely true, I feel like a slut, yes, a slut. Sleep with Kaneon, share a

bed with Scott. I sighed, then shook my head looking down as more memories flooded me.

|_| Flashback |_| ((This deals with some strong stuff))

"Kaneon, what are you doing?" I asked. "Kaneon, please! Stop it!" Kaneon walked towards me grinning, as he undid his belt buckle. I tried to get up, but his hands were strong, and his body weight held me down. He kissed me, biting at my lip. I pulled away. "Kaneon stop!" I pleaded. His fingers worked my belt buckle and sitting on top of me, he put on a condom. Then he worked the buttons on my shirt and the hooks on my bra. I was in tears, trying to beat him off of me, but he was so powerful. "Kaneon!" I said pleadingly.

"Be still, it’ll be fun, and over before you’ll know it, and you’ll be begging for more." He said sadistically. |_| End Flashback |_|

I opened my eyes, and through my tears, I could see Scott with a worried look on his face. Scott walked over and sat beside me. I laid my head on his shoulder crying, the tears soaked into his shirt. "Don’t go, please, don’t leave me." I buried my head in his chest, and he wrapped his arms around me. A thunderclap outside.

"Don’t worry ‘Ro, I’d NEVER leave you." He said feeling pain of his own. He put his head on top of mine, he hated when I cried.

"I hate him." I said. Scott nodded. "He broke my heart, and he hurt me, I hate him."

"’Ro, I just want you to know, I’d never hurt you, I love you." He said. "You deserve so much better than him. I will protect you, don’t worry, I swear on Jean’s grave, that I will protect you. That is why I have decided that we take a break, a vacation."

I smiled. "Where to?"

"It’s a secret." He said and kissed me.

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|_| Two weeks later |_|

Ororo and I walked off the plane. "Las Vegas!" She cried excitedly. Hopefully this would take her mind off of the events. I bought a rental car and we drove to the hotel we were staying at. A whole week off from the rigors of X-Men life. Ororo sat her things down beside mine, and walked over to the window, throwing the curtains open, though it was nighttime, the city was bright with lights. She walked over next to me and sat down. "I love you, thanks for this." She said. I shook my head.

"I’m the lucky one, for I have you." Ororo smiled at me. "Let’s get some sleep huh?" I said. She nodded.

"Give me about ten minutes for the bathroom." She said. I rolled my eyes. Women. She came out twenty minutes later instead of ten, but hey, who was counting?

Her scent reached her before I saw her, looking up I smiled, okay, gaped. ((Happy?)) It was like there was an aura around her, a continuous light. If not, there should have been. She was wearing a spaghetti strap, lace, and half knee length lingerie. "You look, gorgeous." I managed. Ororo blushed, and climbed into bed next to me. I’d already changed, into flannel pants. Her eyes followed the curve of my chest. I smiled. "I love you Scott." She said smiling at me.

"I couldn’t live without you." I answered. "Goodnight love." Ororo smiled, we lay back. I kissed the nape of her neck, and lay my head on her shoulder, my arms wrapped around her. She kissed me on the cheek. We fell asleep in each other’s arms.

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I woke in the morning, no longer tired. Today was the first OFFICAL day in Las Vegas. Scott was already up, and I heard the water from the shower. I sighed, laying my head on the pillow. I didn’t think that my life would become anymore perfect. I just sort of cat napped, drifting in and out of sleep, while waiting for the shower to be free. Scott came out of the bathroom with

only a towel on. I smirked. He threw the towel he had been using to dry his hair at me. It hit me in the face, while I was laughing. "Ororo, if you don't take a shower now, we'll NEVER get to see Las Vegas!" Scott said.

I rolled my eyes. "I'm going, see?" I got out of bed, watching Scott, even WITH his glasses, watch how my dress hiked up just right. I shook my head.

"Scott, take a picture, it lasts longer." I stood letting my dress fall back to its regular length, then walked over and kissed him. I took a hot shower that felt relaxing, FINALLY. I changed into a leather top, and a knee length leather skirt that had a slit up the side. Dress for success! I grabbed my leather purse that matched my outfit. "Ready?" I asked and smiled, Scott seemed at a loss for words once more. "Come on silly man." I said taking his hand as we grabbed a map and left the hotel.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked. He shrugged.

"I've never been to Las Vegas."

"Well, neither have I." We finally chose a museum; it didn't seem so bad inside. We learned a whole load of useless information, but we had fun. Then we went to get some Chinese food.

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"So, Ororo, what do you have?" I asked looking at the menu. She looked up at me like I was crazy.

"Duh, lobster." She said. I shook my head. The waiter came to take our orders and we sat patiently, just making small talk. When this little kid and his mother were seated behind us.

"Mommy, I want glasses like that." The little kid said loud enough for us to hear. I smiled, as did Ororo.

"No Davy, you don't, now hush, let's get another table." The mother grabbed her son's hand and drug him away. Ororo's smile faded. But when the little kid was walking past our table he smiled at us. Which made Ororo's smile reappear. She was beautiful when she smiled, okay, hell, she was beautiful whenever.

"If only all people felt like that, or at least some adults, kids really don't become aware of those things." She said looking up at me.

"I know, but I guess that's life, I don't think that we'll ever be accepted into the 'normal' people's way of life." I sighed. "But I'm just thankful I have you." Ororo blushed.

"And I'm glad that I have you."

We ate our food then, just talking, ignoring the dirty glances that were cast our way, and left, as if nothing was happening. We were 'normal' to ourselves. And that was all that mattered to us. We had each other.

Lastly we went to a casino, licking our wallets dry of any sign of cash. But on the last round of slots, Ororo won the jackpot. She is my lady luck. Instead of squandering our wealth, like I suggested, we went to an early dinner.

"Where would you like to eat?" I asked, though I had thoroughly decided where I was taking Ororo for dinner.

Ororo shrugged. "I don't know."

Just the reaction I'd wanted, I smiled to myself and we drove to a restaurant called 'Notti Fortunate' which meant Lucky Nights, in Italian. ((I looked it up, I THINK that's right, right?))

"Wow." Ororo breathed in, as we were seated to one of the many fancy tables, with candles sprouting out of each one. Soft music played in the background. As we sat and ordered our dinner I looked Ororo in the eyes.

"’Ro, there is something that I have been meaning to ask you." I said softly.

"What?" She asked looking up at me.

I got down on one knee and pulled out a velvet-covered box. "Ororo Munroe, will you make me the happiest man alive? Will you marry me?"

The End?