

Sweet Snow

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Snow is not often seen in Verona and if it is, special things happen. Can cold snow start the warmth of love? Mercutio/Benvolio One-Shot

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Summary: Snow is not often seen in Verona and if it is, special things happen. Can cold snow start the warmth of love? Mercutio/Benvolio One-Shot

AN: This site needs more Mercutio/Benvolio!!! And Tybalt/Mercutio too, but I'll come back on that later
XD So here I am to do something about it. Behold, my second Shakespeare fic! It's not so `poetic' like the other one but it's okay I think. I hope you'll like it!

Sweet Snow

Winter had reached Verona a month ago. Most people stayed inside where it was warm and cozy. Though there was one certain royal family member who didn't want to stay home. One morning Mercutio opened his window and in an instant a smile crossed his face. Verona was covered with a thick white blanket of snow and there were still some snowflakes falling from the sky. He turned around, almost forgetting to close the window, and ran out of his room.

Because Verona had high temperatures almost the whole year through, even winter wasn't *that* cold, and snow was very seldom seen. Mercutio had made through 18 winters and only 3 of them had brought snow. It wasn't so surprising then that Mercutio had run outside in a wave of joy, even not carrying to put some more warm clothing on.

He happily made his way to the house of the Montagues, convinced to make Romeo and Benvolio go with him outside. Mercutio knocked the door loudly and a servant of the Montagues opened.

“Good morning my friend, could you get me Romeo and Benvolio here?”

The servant nodded and opened the door more. “Of course sir. Do you want to come in sir?”

Mercutio shook his head. “I would rather like to stay here, you just get me Romeo and Benvolio.”

The servant nodded again and disappeared behind the door. Mercutio looked around and bend down, picking some snow of the ground. He rolled it around in his hands and formed it to a ball. At that moment he could hear footsteps inside the hall and Mercutio jumped back, standing in a good position to throw the snowball at whoever came in sight first.

Benvolio opened the door, saw a sneering Mercutio with a snowball in his hand and jumped behind the door again with a yelp. The snowball just missed Benvolio's head and made a soft sound as it hit the door. Benvolio's head appeared from behind the door.

"If this happens more then once again, you can be sure that I will not open this door for you anymore."

"Benvolio my boy, I did not even hit you, the only thing that has the right to be mad at me is the door." Mercutio nodded at the door. "I am truly sorry good door. Now, Benvolio, I asked for two persons but only see one, where is your cousin Romeo?"

'Romeo,' Benvolio thought. *'why does he not see Mercutio's love while it is so clear and honest?'* Benvolio had seen how Mercutio looked at Romeo sometimes, madly in love. How Mercutio had told Romeo more then once how stupid love was and how he told this with a look of hidden jealousy. Benvolio saw this, but Romeo did not.

Benvolio loved Mercutio, but Romeo did not.

Benvolio stepped from behind the door. "I am afraid that he made himself disappear again. I have not seen Romeo this morning."

Mercutio placed his hands on his hips and looked at the ground before him. "I tell you, his parents should get a leash for the boy so he does not run off the whole time."

"For which reason did you came here Mercutio?"

"Open your eyes Benvolio, what do you see and is normally not here to admire?"

"I do not like riddles."

"It is an easy one, truly. I am standing on it!"

"You mean the snow?"

"Exactly! You are more clever than you look like." Mercutio walked at Benvolio, pulled the smaller man outside and closed the door.

"Why did you close the door? Are you expecting me to go outside without a warm jacket or gloves?" Benvolio asked looking at the door.

Mercutio spread his arms and turned around. "I am not wearing a jacket nor gloves either."

"But could it not be that Tybalt and the other Capulets run in on us and start a fight?"

"Benvolio, if there is one thing I know about cats it is that they do not like snow because it is too cold at their paws and then they start to jump around like the devil is coming after them. That, and they smell too."

Benvolio smiled at this. "Fine by me in that case. But first..."

Mercutio raised an eyebrow. "But first?" He repeated.

Now Benvolio bend down and took some snow in his hands. "I can not stand people throwing snowballs at my door like that. So I will have to make you regret your doing!" He rolled the snow in his bare hands into a ball quickly and threw it at Mercutio who was able to dodge it just in time.

The cousin of the prince looked up with a grin on his face. "I will make you regret trying to make me regret!" Mercutio took some snow again and ran after Benvolio who was running before him.

The streets made echoes of their laughter as the two young men ran trough them and dodged snowballs from the other. They passed no one on their way for most people thought it was too cold and too early to go outside now. They arrived at Verona's square when Benvolio leaned against a wall of a house trying to get some breathe. Mercutio, on the other hand, was still full of energy and patted Benvolio on the shoulder playfully.

"Your endurance is like the one of an old woman with a wooden leg. How can you be tired already for we had just begun our game?"

"An old woman with a wooden leg would not even dare to come near you Mercutio. And I am not tired at all."

"No, you are just gasping for breathe against this wall for fun!" Mercutio said, making a rather excessively imitation of how Benvolio was standing next to him. "Someone hold his hand before he faints!" He then added sarcastically, holding his hand for his eyes in a dramatic way.

"Fool..." Benvolio muttered stepping away from the wall.

"What did you say there? Did you just call me a fool?" Mercutio said loosening himself from the wall too. "Say that again but in my face!"

Benvolio turned around with a smirk pasted on his face. "Mercutio, cousin of the prince and friend of Montague, you are a fool."

Mercutio jumped forward grinning and grabbed Benvolio's shoulder tightly, trying to push him on the ground. Benvolio pushed his feet deep into the snow to prevent himself from falling. They both laughed loudly, trying to get the other one falling when suddenly Mercutio slipped and sent both him and Benvolio to the ground. Mercutio's fall wasn't that hard till Benvolio fell on top of him and bounced their heads against each other. Benvolio moaned as he grabbed his head and pushed his face into Mercutio's neck who was softly cursing.

"It looks like no one wins this time." Mercutio said with his eyes closed.

"Indeed, it does." Benvolio responded not even trying to lift his head up. "And also you are indeed a fool for it's your fault we are lying here now."

Benvolio's warm breathing against Mercutio's cold neck made Mercutio open his eyes and realize how they were lying there. "But you are the one who is lying on the fool who's back is freezing."

Benvolio pushed himself away from Mercutio. "My apologies Mercutio, I should have thought of that at instant."

"It is nothing really." Mercutio pushed himself from the ground on his elbows slowly and stoop up. He tried to sweep the snow of his back but couldn't reach most parts and cursed again.

"All that cursing of you will send you to hell in a blink of God's eye." Benvolio snorted looking at Mercutio's hopeless attempt to get the snow of his back.

"God shouldn't have made your head so hard. Is it made of stone?" Mercutio responded, a bit of irritation sounding through his voice.

Benvolio sighed with a smile. Mercutio did have his name for a reason, that was obvious. "Wait, I will help you." Benvolio walked around Mercutio, who threw a glance behind his shoulder in surprise, and

started to sweep the rest of the snow from his back. Mercutio tried to sweep some snow away himself again. As they were both doing this, Mercutio's fingertips softly brushed over Benvolio's hand who stopped in an instant by the sudden touch.

Mercutio turned around towards Benvolio who was holding his hand like it just had got bitten. "What is wrong Benvolio?" He took Benvolio's hand and studied it. "Did I hurt you? Scratch you maybe? Though I see nothing, I apologize."

Benvolio blushed. "No you did not. It is just that all the snow is gone on your back."

"You pulled away as if I had did something wrong." Mercutio was still holding the hand but was looking at Benvolio now.

"You did not do anything wrong."

"Truly?"

"Truly!" Benvolio said quickly, hoping that Mercutio would not notice the blush on his face.

"Your hands are very cold." Mercutio took Benvolio's other hand also and looked at them again like he was searching for something. "Let us sit down for a while." He pulled Benvolio with him at a little fountain, which was frozen, and sat down on the edge.

Benvolio sat down and immediately bowed his head down, for the blush was still visible on his face.

"Where could Romeo be?" Mercutio asked more to himself than to Benvolio. He let his elbows lean on his knees and his head on his hands.

"I do not have an answer for that." Benvolio said throwing a look at Mercutio who was looking at the ground in thought. He patted his shoulder in an attempt to cheer him up. "It does not really matter, now does it?"

"No, it does not."

"No."

"Indeed, why bother then?"

"Because you love him."

Benvolio had said it before he noticed and quickly turned his back at Mercutio. Mercutio's expression showed surprise and shock as he looked at Benvolio's back.

"My apologies." Said Benvolio without looking at Mercutio. "What I said was completely unnecessary and pure nonsense."

Mercutio stood up and kneeled down in front of Benvolio, who quickly looked at his left but was stopped by Mercutio holding his chin and turning his face towards him again gently.

"You know?"

"I do."

Now Mercutio looked away. He let go of Benvolio, stood up and turned his back at him. "He does not

love me like I love him. He only feels friendship and nothing more.”

“I know.”

“You do?”

“Yes I do,” Answered Benvolio as now he stood up. He stood right behind Mercutio and gently let his head rest on the taller man's shoulder, wrapping his arms around Mercutio's waist. “And you do not love me like I love you. You only feel friendship and nothing more.”

Mercutio gently hold Benvolio's hands and then turned around slowly. “Confusion and sadness are both playing a game in your eyes.” Benvolio said looking in Mercutio's eyes.

Mercutio's hands covered Benvolio's blushing cheeks as he bend down and planted a sweet kiss on Benvolio's lips. Then the kiss stopped and their heads both leaned against each other.

“It is not fair that love is not always answered.” Mercutio said stroking Benvolio's cheek with his thumb. “Or maybe I am searching something at the wrong person.”

“Maybe.” Benvolio responded.

“Maybe I found the right person now.”

“I know I did.” Benvolio said looking up at Mercutio again.

Another kiss followed, this time longer and without hesitation.

Mwaha! Maybe a rather weird part to cut off the story, but I just felt like stopping here. Sorry, can't stop stopping myself **X**) Maybe I'll explain some things here, let's see.

...there were still some snowflakes falling from the sky.

I'm not sure if 'snowflakes' is the right word, so sorry if it is indeed wrong.

Mercutio had made trough 18 winters...

About the characters age, I'm only sure about Julia's who is 13. It's mostly said that Romeo is 16, so I guess Benvolio is 16 too. Mercutio and Tybalt are older I think so I made Mercutio 18. If someone is sure about a characters' age, be sure to tell me.

...the house of the Montagues...

I just let Benvolio live together with the rest of the Montagues so it was more easy to get the story started. But maybe Benvolio does indeed live there, who knows?

"I am truly sorry good door..."

Just Mercutio-nonsense **XD**

'Romeo, why does he not see Mercutio's love...'

One day I was reading a forum and I saw someone say "Hey, wouldn't it be fun if Mercutio was gay!?" My dear, Mercutio *is* gay. In the original story he *is* in love with Romeo. In the musical I saw they literally said "Mercutio is a bit in love with Romeo." So Mercutio is indeed gay (or bi, could be), but since I think Romeo is a little frack, I don't like pairing them up **XD**

"...if there is one thing I know about cats..."

Mercutio references at Tybalt here obviously **X**)

Mercutio did have his name for a reason...

The name Mercutio comes from the word 'Mercurius or Mercury' which means 'easily changing from the one mood to the other'.

Okay, I'll be silent now. I hope you liked it. See ya!