

Rains of Grace

By bermudamoon

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Just a one shot X-Men: Evo. fluff fic involving Pietro and my OC character, Laura. They're both a little older in this one.

If you want to know more about Laura see this link:

<http://www.deviantart.com/deviation/41568408/>

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/bermudamoon/40210/Rains-of-Grace>

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Rains of Grace

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A blinding rain fell ruthlessly upon the land as a young Caucasian girl—no older than her early twenties—ran boldly through its callous torrent. Her name was Laura Griglak, and while her brunette hair only fell just above her shoulders, it showed little mercy as it flailed defiantly around her lowered head. Her clothes seemed to possess this same sense of rebellion, and they clung to her soaked body as if suctioned in place.

There was no thunder; only rain, and a wind that drove it forward like a raging bull. At times the rain ran parallel to the ground itself; gaining speed and striking anything in its path. This hindrance didn't seem to detour Laura, however, and she continued to run as if her very life depended on it. Her arms swung back and forth with both speed and power, and her legs followed suit, never breaking their steady pace. The white tennis shoes adorning her feet had been stained brown from the sucking mud, and with every step she took, a new explosion of water was sent flying in all directions as the puddles reprimanded her for the disturbance.

Tall trees surrounded the girl on both sides, their presence casting an eerie gloom as the wind ripped and howled through their branches like a pack of ravenous wolves. Darkness also made its presence known, spreading a thick mantle of clouds across the mid-day sun and reducing its light to a dim glow. Even the trees were plagued by this darkness, their ranks fading into a black abyss that spared none but the front lines.

Laura seemed to notice none of this, however, and allowed the rain to collect on her body as if it were but dust in the wind. Her mind was on other things—things that caused her great sorrow and remorse.

It was these things that brought her to tears; tears that flowed freely from her eyes, only to be lost to the rain that saturated her entire being. Deep sobs seemed to overcome her, and her pace became increasingly sloppy and erratic as she continued to run blindly against the gale. It wasn't long before she lost her footing completely, and was sent flying forward, her body hitting the ground with a distinct splat.

For a moment she just laid there; her face planted snugly within the gripping mire and the warm smell of earth comforting her troubled mind. But lack of oxygen brought her to her senses, and she was forced to dislodge her head from the mud while beginning the painstaking process of freeing the remainder of her body.

A sudden voice cut her actions short, however, and she looked up in surprise as the familiar figure of a slim, white-haired young man looked down at her in concern. "Need any help?" he asked, kneeling down and extending a hand toward the fallen girl. His voice held a tone of uncertainty, and for a moment neither party said a word as Laura seemed to contemplate whether nor not to accept his offer.

Finally conceding, she took his hand in hers and allowed him to pull her to her feet with one powerful arm. She was no longer crying, but mud and grime had seized her entire front side, making her appear more like a swamp monster than a human being. "I must look ridiculous," she said with a weak laugh, evidence of her previous crying spell still present in her wavering voice.

"Just a little." Smiling back, there was a moment where they both felt a wave of peace rush between them. It was like a warm gust of air in the dead of winter, washing over them like a tide and filling them from the inside out. They seemed to lose themselves in each other, neither one noticing the now gentle rain that fell like tiny crystals from the heavens.

"Thank you Pietro," Laura said, her smile faltering as recent memories assaulted her mind once again. Fresh tears could be seen collecting within her deep brown eyes, and she cast her gaze downward in embarrassment.

"Hey...Everything's going to be alright." Lifting her chin with a gentle hand, Pietro smiled encouragingly at his friend as a rouge beam of sunlight broke free of its cloudy prison. Its light reflected the tears in her eyes, and he whipped them away with his free hand as more rays joined the first. Soon the entire area was lit by their grace, and Laura smiled once more, allowing Pietro to take her hands in his.

It all seemed like something out of a dream, and as they slowly drifted closer together, a brilliant rainbow burst forth above them. Its colors were unmatched by any painting, and its majesty was displayed to all as it cascaded across the golden sky. It was under this masterpiece that the couple finally connected, sharing a kiss that seemed to transcend time itself.