

## Downpour

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# **Downpour**

by [windfallswest](#)

## Summary

Scott and Kurt get caught in the rain.

## Notes

I am totally corrupting my childhood.

It was a grey, dreary afternoon in Bayville. The air was thick with the smell of rain, and people were draining off the streets under the threat of the dark clouds lowering overhead.

"Kurt! There you are. C'mon; I want to beat this storm home."

Kurt stopped on the sidewalk to give Scott a chance to catch up. He hadn't known Scott was in town; Kurt had 'ported out for a Gut-Bomb or three and to procrastinate doing his homework. Scott was dressed for running in school sweatpants and a distractingly sweaty grey tank top. Didn't he know this was their day off? "Then you're talking to the wrong mutant. Hey, watch it!"

Scott didn't even pause, hustling him into motion again with a hand in the middle of his back. Kurt narrowly avoided hitting Scott in the face with his elbow as he flailed to keep his balance without uncoiling his tail, which would have been almost as awkward as knocking Scott's sunglasses off.

"Sorry; but there's got to be someplace around here where you can 'port without anybody noticing."

"Yeah, I know, you hate when it rains on your glasses. Maybe you should wear a hat. Like Indiana Jones!"

Scott snorted; he'd stopped pushing, but he still hadn't taken his hand off Kurt's shoulder. "Yeah, like people don't think I look weird enough already."

"Oh, like you're one to talk."

"Point taken." Scott grimaced.

The first fat raindrops hit just as Kurt cried, "There! Up ahead!"

"C'mon!"

They made a break for the alley where Kurt had 'ported in, one he knew didn't have any windows looking out onto it. The sky opened up when they were still two blocks away. Scott's shirt, already clinging with sweat, was drenched instantly; and Kurt felt the damp soaking into his fur.

The two of them dashed across the street, stride for stride. Kurt was faster, but you stuck with your team. Besides, he always felt queerly off-balance when he couldn't use his tail.

They hit the alley, and it was Kurt's turn to reach out and grab hold of Scott. He yanked him roughly in and 'ported to the first place he could think of. Unfortunately, dampness did not do much for the smell of sulphur, although under most circumstances Kurt was so used to it he didn't even notice anymore.

"We're in your room?" Scott said.

"It was first place that came to mind."

The lights were off, but they were still touching from the 'port and Kurt didn't want to let go yet. Scott was peering around in the dimness in that way that meant he was having trouble seeing, though.

"Hang on; I think I have some towels somewhere."

Scott jumped when Kurt let go, like he hadn't realised they were still holding hands. Kurt flicked the lights on and started stripping off his sodden clothes while he rummaged through his laundry.

"Aha! What did I tell you, mein freund?" One of them was even clean, although the idea of Scott covered in blue fur was momentarily hilarious. Nobly, he threw Scott the other one; it hit him in the face. "Nice catch."

"Ha, ha. Very funny."

Kurt was already ditching his pants. *Definitely* not warm enough to be getting rained on; Scott was right. He deactivated his image inducer, made a face, and took it off entirely.

"I *hate* it when the band gets wet," he complained, stretching his tail and scratching under the fur on his wrist. "It makes my fur all kinky."

"You don't say," Scott needled him back.

"Ooh, careful."

"I'm shaking in my boots."

Kurt narrowed his eyes at Scott's smugness. "You are *asking* for it."

"Asking for—"

Kurt grinned and shook himself, shedding water and fur in every direction.

"Aw, man! Kurt!" Locating a clean bit of towel, Scott took off his sunglasses and polished them dry, eyes squeezed tight shut for more reasons than just his reflexive scowl. His face looked different without them. Younger.

And Kurt saw another reason for Scott to start wearing a hat. "Dude, you have a tan-line!"

Scott scrunched up his face, turning towards his voice. "Well, what do you expect? I never take them off."

True. It usually only happened by accident; for safety reasons, he slept with his visor on, as a few memorable midnight call-outs had proven. His surly expression was actually worse without the shades; Scott had never learned to hide his eyes.

He moved to put the glasses back on. Kurt reached out to stop his arm, gently, not wanting to startle him.

"Here, let me," he offered. "While you get out of that mess. You wouldn't want them to get wet again."

"Okay," Scott agreed after a long pause, although he let the glasses go only grudgingly.

"Relax, you'll get them back. They're not my colour."

"Well, I'd never be able to tell."

Ah, mutant humour. Always that bitter edge of truth. Scott's shirt actually flung out little lines of water droplets when he pulled it over his head; more dribbled down his neck and chest.

"You look like I caught you shampooing your hair," Kurt teased.

"You know, I've never asked; do you have to shampoo all of that, or what?" asked Scott, rubbing the towel over his head, worsening the effect.

"J-just when I get stuff in it. Which is every day around here. The circus was less messy!"

"Okay," Scott said, slinging the towel around his shoulders and turning anxiously in Kurt's direction.

"Here."

Ignoring the hand Scott stuck out for them, Kurt took another step in and carefully slid the shades back into place. Scott's hands flew up to double-check they were secure before he risked opening his eyes. They were standing very close, Scott's hands on Kurt's and Kurt's inhuman hands on Scott's face.

"You have a nice face," Kurt said inanely.

"So do you," Scott said and kissed him.

Kurt froze, anticipating a telepathic klaxon going off in his head, because his brain was currently shouting I'M KISSING SCOTT SUMMERS with all the subtlety of Scott's eye-blasts, and probably this was not a thing he was supposed to be doing. Then Scott started to let his hands fall, and Kurt took hold of his face and kissed him with everything he had. He lifted up onto the balls of his feet, tail curling, heart beating frantically.

Scott made a sound that might have been a laugh into the end of the kiss. "All right; I'm not going anywhere."

Kurt followed his glance down to where his tail was wrapped around Scott's leg. For once, he was glad for their mutations, because it meant Scott was doubly sure not to see him blushing.

"I-I still need to get my pants off."

Kurt's blushes might have been invisible, but Scott's weren't.

"Oh?"

"Not—I don't mean—not that I *don't* mean—"

"Relax, man." Not that that ever worked. Kurt kissed him instead, and that seemed to have even more of the reverse effect. Whatever this was that was happening right now, it was freaking intense. It had taken Scott by surprise, too, because Scott was about as emotionally decisive as a waffle if you gave him half a chance, and here he was doing his level best to curl every hair on Kurt's body.

"Scott," he breathed as Scott's hands drifted over his shoulders and down his bare back. Kurt had a moment of crawling self-consciousness; there was no way, Scott was absolutely feeling his fur. Scott knew; of course he knew, but—this *passion* in his kiss—Kurt had never expected to have anything like it.

"Kurt?" Scott asked and pulled back just far enough to speak; Kurt realised he was shaking.

He shook his head minutely. He needed—

Scott let himself be caught in another kiss. It didn't seem to bother him that Kurt had only the barest idea what he was doing any more than it bothered him to be macking on a furry blue side-show attraction—well, all right, he'd been part of the main event the last couple of years. But still.

When they broke again it was for air. Scott's lips drifted down until he was nuzzling—smelling—investigating a spot high on Kurt's neck, just below his jaw. Kurt's hands slipped from his face to his shoulders. There was no hiding the trembling now. *Nein, nein. Gott in himmel, please don't let me screw this up, too.*

But Scott was already stepping back. Not far; he was still holding onto Kurt, and Kurt didn't think *he* could let go if he wanted to. That all-too-familiar concerned frown was back, though.

"Kurt, are you okay?"

"I'm sorry," Kurt said, hiding his face in Scott's shoulder so he didn't have to pull away to avoid his gaze. "All my life—I kind of never—I mean, with the way I..."

"*Kurt...*" Scott sounded—not pitying; *fierce*.

He wrapped Kurt in the sort of hug you'd never expect from self-sufficient, emotionally locked-down, I'm-in-control Scott Summers. Kurt hung on like his life depended on it, until his breathing evened out and he felt a little steadier.

"Are you...*petting* me?" Kurt asked after a moment.

Scott's hand hesitated, then continued stroking down his back. "You feel good."

"Probably better if I weren't drenched."

"I like your fur," Scott insisted.

Which was ludicrous; Kurt knew from long and bitter experience that his wet fur felt, looked, and smelled funky. Why, oh why, if Kurt was going to actually get jumped by his handsome team leader, couldn't it at least have been on a *good* fur day? No, who was he kidding? Kurt was beside himself with elation and terror that this was happening at all.

"That's good, because after this you are going to be absolutely *covered*," Kurt told him. He was smiling again.

Scott snorted. "Is it okay, though? I can stop if you want me to."

"Don't you dare!" Kurt couldn't maintain his indignation either. He sighed contentedly, tail absently teasing at Scott's waistband. "It's a little like getting a scalp massage all over."

Other signs of enjoyment were manifesting, too. Scott's sweatpants were soaked, and now so was the front of Kurt's boxers. The wet cotton clung to him and offered almost nothing in the way of discretion. Kurt thought distantly that Scott's hands stroking his fur would have been enough to get him hard, but they had been pressed up against each other for a while now, and they were both teenage boys.

Scott sucked in his breath sharply when Kurt's tail snaked in-between his legs from behind and rubbed up alongside the erection they could both feel trapped in his sweats. Kurt smiled mischievously up at him with a surge of lunatic confidence.

"You're right, these are very damp. Weren't you going to take them off?"

"That'd be a little hard right now."

Scott turned beet red again the instant it left his mouth. Kurt found himself snickering uncontrollably into Scott's neck. It was a very nice neck, too; Kurt had possibly noticed a time or two in the past.

When it didn't seem likely he was going to be done anytime soon, Scott tilted his face up and stopped his mouth with a kiss. Kurt had left himself open for Scott to lick inside this time. He responded haltingly at first, only knowing it *felt* good.

This was all unexplored territory; the potential for awkward catastrophe was astronomical. Did he—what did he—*was* he supposed to ignore...? It was more difficult reining in his tail than his hips, even, although he wanted nothing more than to grind against Scott until they collapsed on his bedroom floor.

Scott made incredible noises into his mouth, into a kiss deeper than Kurt had ever had, leaning into him, gasping and off-balance. Kurt clutched him back, and—that was definitely hip action, there, but Kurt could only pour a painful moan down Scott's throat and hang on tighter.

His reflexes saved them when Scott's knee unexpectedly gave way. They staggered to the bed, where they could finish collapsing on top of each other. Kurt's heart was beating like a triphammer; this was all going so fast, but like hell was he going to let go of it while he had it. Who knew when he'd have another chance?

The skin of Scott's neck tasted like sweat and rain. Kurt had never given anyone a hickey before, and it looked like he wasn't going to now because he couldn't stop gasping. Scott was sort of on top, long fingers carding the wrong way through his wet fur, smoothing it down again. They were just barely rocking together, involuntary movement. Scott's hands drifted lower and lower, to the base of his tail, where his boxers rode low.

There was a light, ticklish touch on the fur there. His tail twitched, flexing against Scott's trapped cock and drawing a moan from them both.

"Go on," Kurt breathed, looking into the burning light behind Scott's red lenses.

Scott swallowed. "Okay."

A bolder touch, following the grain of the hair where it made a faint ridge down the back. Kurt kissed him for courage and daringly ran a rough, three-fingered hand up the naked expanse of his back. Scott didn't shy away. His hand curled around Kurt's tail at the base where it was thickest, stroking experimentally.

"Bitte, bitte," Kurt whined, suddenly unable to imagine anything but Scott holding his cock like that. "Bi— plea— fffmn," he growled in frustration, fumbling between languages.

"Kurt," Scott stuck with his name. That was simpler. Scott was *brilliant*. Kurt had to kiss him again.

Scott shoved their remaining clothes down around their knees; Kurt had to unwind his tail in order for him to get his pants off. Now, he snaked it around Scott's actual prick almost before he had time to think about it. Kurt's own dick wasn't furry, thank god, but the same dark blue flesh as the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet, almost as dark as the more normal blue-black hair it stood up from.

Scott gasped and shuddered at the drag of wet fur on his sensitive skin, and he was bucking *into* it, the same way he leaned into Kurt's hands, despite it all. Kurt was still stuck repeating pleas in German, like Scott was the one who could vanish at any moment.

The sensation when Scott touched his cock was nothing Kurt could describe, but he had to score every second of it in his memory. Beyond shyness into desperation, he dragged his hands greedily over every part of Scott he could reach.

Kurt kissed Scott's throat as he gasped Kurt's name. They were touching everywhere, moving in no kind of rhythm, and it was perfect, it was everything.

Despite his resolution to hold onto this moment forever if he could, Kurt found himself shaking again, shaking apart this time. But he was still in Scott's arms, so intimately entwined, somehow feeling everything even more than he had a moment ago. He took



shameless advantage, wrapping himself around Scott, hoarding the sensation of him, the helpless movements of his body, the sounds he made, the way he tasted, all of that smooth, bare skin.

"Kurt, oh my god, Kurt," Scott moaned, and Kurt watched with amazement as he came, right there in his arms.

It was impossible to tell whether Scott's eyes were open behind his glasses. Kurt closed his now. He still didn't want to let go.

The romantic thing to say would be that Kurt was drifting off in dreamy contentment, but the truth was that he was a bundle of nerves and blue fur when the knock came. Oh, god, it was the Professor, it was *Logan*, had Jean overheard them? He was going to end up a hearth-rug in the Professor's study, as a warning to other problem students.

"Hey, Kurt, you in there?"

It was Kitty. Kitty, who had a really, truly unforgivably bad habit of sticking her head through closed doors uninvited. Purely on reflex, Kurt 'ported them both off the bed.

They landed in a heap on Scott's floor. Scheisse, that thump wasn't inconspicuous either; Kurt had been too startled to adjust for relative altitude, or, even better, aim for Scott's bed.

Scott's hands flew reflexively to his shades. They stared in terror at each other for a long moment. Everyone was still naked and covered in drying spunk. Kitty was next door, and if Kurt didn't answer her, she'd probably come here next to ask Scott where he was. He had absolutely no idea what to do.

"I've got to go," Kurt babbled, and he was gone.

"—you want help with trig or what?" Kitty was asking.

"Give me a minute, all right?" Kurt said, digging frantically through his laundry pile. He wiped himself off with a random tee-shirt, but there was another problem with being furry. Kurt wrapped himself in his robe as soon as he'd excavated it and hurried over to the door. At least the smell of 'porting masked the smell of...Kurt blushed and tried to breath through a panic attack.

"Hi, Kitty," he said inanely, cracking the door.

"Did you just 'port out to avoid me?" Kitty squinted suspiciously at him. "Because that's low. I'm trying to help you, and no matter how you hide, the math will still be there."

"Sorry. Look, Kitty, give me ten minutes, okay? I got caught in the rain and I deeply need a warm shower. "

Kitty sighed melodramatically. "Okay. You have ten minutes, or you're going to have to wait until after Supernatural."



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