

Rain in Verona

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/10809678) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/10809678>.

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| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | Major Character Death |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Romeo And Juliet - Shakespeare |
| Relationship: | Mercutio/Benvolio Montague |
| Characters: | Mercutio , Benvolio Montague |
| Additional Tags: | Rain , because I love rain , I really do , one of these things I've been writing around midnight , my first published work in English though , I love Shakespeare , I also love Bencutio , and rain , Friends to Lovers , Kinda , and sad , but like , not too sad , Still sad though , Did I mention rain? |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2017-05-03 Words: 3,417 Chapters: 1/1 |

Rain in Verona

by [devils_first_angel](#)

Summary

There is rain in Verona's streets and two souls are falling along with it...

Notes

Heeeeyho!

My first work on ao3. Be kind.

Not because of that, just generally. Kindness is a good thing. So is honesty. Just mentioning.

No Native. But I've tried with the language.

I've been reading to much Shakespeare - for once I can blame school, though - aaand...it's raining a lot over here. So that explains that.

I like it and really hope you do, too.

Judges gonna judge. (Like, seriously, they will. It's their job, you know?)

Have fun!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Rain in Verona

There is rain in Verona's streets. It knocks on doors and windows and dances on rooftops. It fills the house with a peaceful sound and gives Benvolio something else to listen to but only his cousin's mumbling about the girl he is helplessly in love with - it's one of the most boring stories Benvolio has ever heard. Mainly because he's already heard it a thousand times for it's always the same emotional depth Romeo goes through. It doesn't matter. He closes his eyes, pretends to listen and lets his mind wander off to the sound of rain...

Suddenly, there is movement and noises and Ben opens his eyes to see that a cheerful and slightly wet Mercutio has burst into the room and greets them with a smirk and dumb joke on the lips.

Mercutio laughs, Romeo sighs - heartbroken as ever - and Benvolio smiles as Mercutio finds a place besides him.

"How cam'st thou here?" Benvolio asks friendly.

"Oh, I was out in the streets when it started raining and your family's mansion was closest and I seized the opportunity for I couldn't think it wrong to light some sunshine into rainy minds!" Mercutio chuckles and the sound is even more peace and happiness to Benvolio than the sounds of rain on wood and stone.

"I'm glad thou art here, to speak the whole truth. Romeo has been unbearable all day." Ben grins and Mercutio grins back as Romeo pouts and Mercutio turns around to his other friend to mock him on the topic.

Benvolio soon is to close his eyes again and now, he listens to Romeo's story once again but his mind is wandering off to the sounds of rain and - also and more importantly - Mercutio's jokes and laughs as he does not take Romeo seriously for a mere second. It is peace to Benvolio and a smile graces his face for he knows he is enjoying a rare moment of perfection.

There is rain in Verona's streets. Yet, rain is a mere underestimation. It's a thunderstorm breaking apart and leaking over the city's surface, hitting it with the force of a furious lion ready to kill the ever-provocative gladiator.

Flashlight strikes, thunder growls, big heavy drops cover the ground and Benvolio and Mercutio stand close to the wall under what can hardly be called a roof but rather a ruin and gives away just enough safety for them two not to end up soaking wet. They stand in silence, watching the world looking like it's right ready to end.

"Well" Mercutio is the first to raise his voice barely audible over the sound of thunder and rainfall and despite the humidity his breath is visible as light fog in the cool air. "I admit my loss and stop seeking flight from you herewith."

Benvolio growls. He is furious and if it wasn't for the rain to cool him down like it cools down the heat of this boiling summer day he would be in an unusual mood of anger and unexpectedly ready to yell at his friend for putting them in such a situation.

Instead, he frowns, huffs, audibly inhales the humid air.

"Thou would'st better be seeking for an apology in the depth of thy mind for my bemusement of this situation is strictly limited."

Mercutio chuckles. "Ever too serious."

Benvolio shoots him a dark glance and his loud-mouth friend keeps it together, actually silent for a moment.

Another thunder close enough to hurt in their ears and the water creeping around their feet will cause them both to catch a cold in the middle of summer - great.

Mercutio sighs, apparently not capable of not letting Ben know his thoughts for more than what is a minute.

"It's not like I asked you to follow me."

"No! You ran off leaving me worrying that you would get yourself in another fight, drink too much or just wander off and never come back, starving somewhere - or whatever, I don't know what you're capable of in your fury!"

Although, actually, he is.

Another sigh from Mercutio equals the force just as the melancholy of the falling drops of water.

"Thou would'st follow me everywhere." It's hardly a whisper presented as a fact and Benvolio pretends not to have heard it over the splashing of water to his feet knowing just how painfully true it is and what little of a clue Mercutio actually has but he is never quite capable of tricking his friend who is all too aware of Ben's ability to hear the quietest sounds from his mouth.

"But why would'st thou go as far as to even follow me through this rain?" A serious question. Like Mercutio just doesn't understand. And he doesn't.

"It's a thunderstorm, Mercutio." Ben looks at his friend with honesty. "I was worried."

"Why?"

Such questions. Mercutio can truly have his moods when rain falls.

"Because I care."

And if that isn't enough, nothing's ever going to be, he knows.

Mercutio snorts which leaves Benvolio's heart in pain but he ignores it - like a thousand times before. It doesn't matter.

"Thou could'st have died trying to follow me."

Benvolio is tired of this.

"Thou could'st have died just the same!"

His answer is sharp and enough to silence his friend for another few seconds. Then, his next words leave Benvolio speechless.

"Thou would'st be a much greater loss to the world than I."

A statement as simple as the last one - as any one - and if Benvolio wouldn't be so overwhelmed by words of such kindness, he would raise his voice in protest now but he just stares at his friend in disbelief and said one chuckles.

"Thou art too good for me, Benvolio. Ay, by my life, I don't deserve thee. Why would'st thou choose me to be the one thou would'st care about?"

Benvolio desperately seeks for an answer to that.

"Why, what dost thou think of me?" He rather goes by sarcasm than letting his mouth spill the words he actually longs to say. "Don't you think if Verona's streets gave anything better to go with, I'd be clever enough to take the offer? Who'd I be to go by? Romeo - forever in love. Your brother Valentine - always busy with his studies? Or shall I make peace with what is named my enemy - spend more valuable time with Tybalt? I bet that would'st not be to thy likings!"

Mercutio laughs and the sound fixes the situation despite all its frustration.

"Any of those would deserve thee better than me! And do thee better, too, as thou art one of such who need to care dearly over those they feel fond of and I only know to make use of such in the least honourable ways!"

"Not the least honourable."

He'd know about that. And sometimes he wishes for Mercutio's words and actions to be of a kind a little less honourable but time and space do not allow such and he is fine just by this.

"Yet, why me?"

Ben doesn't give an answer and so they stand, the question heavy in the air with the still downfalling rain and they stand like this until peace comes back to the world and silence is their strange companion on their way back through the wet streets.

There is rain in Verona's streets. It is light and yet it leads to silence and people hide in their houses, far away from the outside world. It is no miracle, it strikes Benvolio, that Mercutio, not the greatest to like people in particular, is to choose this time to go out. It is but early autumn and Benvolio shivers just a bit in his wet clothes as Mercutio's arm is around his shoulder and what could keep him any warmer?

"Thou art insane, that thou know'st it!" Benvolio claims jokingly but with a serious renounce.

"Is that so?" Mercutio lets go of his shoulder, eyes closed, facing the sky, arms spread, letting the water run down his face.

"We might both die out here. Yet, you choose this time to go out in the streets!"

Benvolio watches as Mercutio miraculously smiles and turns in the rain.

"It's the delectacy of freedom and peace, my friend! Would'st thou not know?"

Benvolio is unsure of what to say or think.

Then Mercutio's hands are on his shoulders and he is pulled closer and his breath hitches.

"Let's dance!" Mercutio demands and Benvolio is to chuckle helplessly and claim again that his friend is but insane but Mercutio doesn't listen to him - hardly ever does yet in a way always is aware of his thoughts and what does it matter? They dance in the rain. Mercutio leading the movements, his hands warm against the wet clothes sticking to Ben's skin. Merc raises a hand and gently pushes a wet curl away from Benvolio's forehead. Benvolio stares up into those beautiful eyes, always glinting with the light of a joke to follow. But right now there is none. Just their gentle dancing in the rain. And Benvolio breathes in the scent of Mercutio - stronger through the rain. So strong he feels like he can hardly breath at all.

"What dost thou think of Romeo's newest affection?" The sudden question comes as a bit of a surprise but Benvolio is glad for the communication knowing his staring at Mercutio might just be a slightly bit too obvious.

"It is another rather silly event in our lives." He sighs at the thought.

"Why, art thou not the one to encourage love?"

"Thou dost have a bad influence on me."

"The impact couldn't have been that bad now?"

"I do not know if I believe in love."

It is true. He doesn't. How to believe in a thing so ruthless and random to the ones it's affecting most. It doesn't appear truthful enough to believe in.

Mercutio's expression is one of surprise and concern.

"Why, but surely, thou dost feel love?"

They stop, suddenly. And again Benvolio is staring up at Mercutio. The Mercutio he could never lie to and who is now awaiting an answer to a question so dangerous.

And then the world around him vanishes and he only still feels the rain and smells it but yet doesn't, nothing being of importance because Mercutio has pulled him just the bit closer and his lips are on Ben's and Benvolio doesn't understand but there is nothing inside him that asks, he just returns the careful gesture from all his heart knowing Mercutio is not willing to let his question pass without an answer this time. He tastes sweet, cheverish, he tastes of rain and it's soft, and sudden, and unplanned, and perfect and Benvolio forgets how wet he is and

how cold it is and how they might both end up sick in early autumn because all that has ever counted is Mercutio's mouth on this, Mercutio's hands drawing him even closer and god, how was he ever to put a doubt in love.

There is rain in Verona's streets. Silently falling although it's warm and Benvolio looks out the window, staring at the peaceful streets with a sub-conscious smile across his face.

"I have changed my mind about something."

Benvolio turns around to Mercutio who is sitting on his bed, a book at hand but instead of studying the pages, apparently watching Benvolio as he himself watches the world in water.

"What, art thou Romeo now - never sticking to one feeling or fact but knowing yet another passion every minute?" Benvolio jokes and Mercutio smiles but there is also a slight frown beneath it.

"Thou tak'st me not seriously!"

Benvolio laughs and turns back to the window.

"Then, what hast thou changed thy mind about?"

There is a long break of silence and Benvolio gives Mercutio his time knowing his patient waiting will be redeemed.

"Thou art not just too good for me, the entire world doth not deserve thee."

Ben's eyebrows are immediately raised.

"Now that is a lot to say."

Mercutio is suddenly behind him, looking out the window over his shoulder.

"Why, but I mean it. Since mankind is to be, war hath been imminent and part of it. But thou art the person bearing peace within and if I was to speak my mind, I'd maintain thou art not human but too kind and no less good than an angel having come down from heaven with these raindrops!"

There are tears in the corners of Ben's eyes and he turns around, smiling in something close to disbelief.

"Why, thou art mad, Mercutio, thou art. For thou dost not believe in grace of any kind, in mankind or kindness and declare love but lust and yet thou talk'st of angels and peace!"

Mercutio chuckles and pecks his lips. "Nay, it's but an easy go when everyday life grants me a miracle of these two within you."

His voice falters as Benvolio takes his hands, kissing each and pulling him in for what is yet a kiss but soon to be more.

There is rain in Verona's streets. But it doesn't matter.

It runs down Benvolio's skin, floods his senses, has already soaked through all layers of clothes he is wearing and leaves him wet and cold. But it doesn't matter.

He feels none of it.

He is standing on the balcony.

A lonely figure in what is hardly to be called a storm but all the rain at the end of a hot day, unexpected - but who is thinking of this now?

Nobody is. Why would they be? Verona's streets are full of rain. But Verona does not care.

Verona has fallen silent in shock and pain - mourning in the grievance violence has once again brought over them all.

Benvolio stands in the rain and doesn't move.

He stands where he is and stares at his hands.

They have stopped shaking some hours ago. He couldn't say when that had been...

It will be night soon but the sky is covered in clouds anyway and who cares?

Ben just stands where he is and lets the cold cruel water wash the blood he can still feel off his skin.

Every here and then a piece of what all things are wrong reaches into his mind. He keeps pushing it away. But the longer he stands there, the harder it gets and it comes back and back and back however much he tries to concentrate on the rain alone but he does not feel --

His aunt is in a bad state. He knows she will not survive many nights. Her heart has taken too much - and now this. He knows he cannot help her. He also knows his uncle is trying to deny it still but knows, too, deep inside, that his wife has not much time left. It is a travesty.

His hands are white, cold and without feeling but he can still see traces of blood that haven't been washed off. He frowns. He doesn't like it. They should not be there - he's sure of it.

Romeo is on his way to Mantua, he assumes. Where else would he go? What an idiot, always taken away by his emotions and actions. Killing Tybalt - of course, if anyone deserves a death too early died, it might be Tybalt. Even Benvolio is aware of that and he would never wish death upon anybody! But Romeo should not have done this. No, he shouldn't. Just why did he....?

There is a numbness deep inside of him and he swallows because he knows that, actually, it's a pain but he doesn't want it - waits for the rain to wash it away alongside with the blood - his blood.

He chokes.

For just as second.

Raises his face towards the sky.

There is a silent scream in his throat - stuck there forever and he knows he will not let it out.

"O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead."

His hands start shaking again and suddenly, he feels the rain - every drop like a needle sinking into his skin.

There is rain in Verona's streets. Just the slightest bit. Hardly anything. But there is clouds and some bits of water come down from the sky. No reasonable person would call it rain.

Merely some drops, really.

It's the most unsatisfying of all weathers - and oh, how suitable, is all Benvolio can think.

He watches. Never comes closer. Just lets his eyes follow every act and movement. Hands buried in his coat. He doesn't cry. There are no tears left. Not right now.

The proceedings come to an end. People leave. Benvolio stays where he is.

A young man in a suit black as his own approaches him and he looks up.

"Thank you for letting me be here." It's all he knows to say.

Valentine gives him a sad smile. "It wasn't easy to convince them. But I know he would have wanted it."

There is a deep pain in Ben's chest and he knows Valentine can see it in his eyes - probably shares it.

It's all too terrible and much to take and suddenly and before Benvolio knows, although his mere existence at this funeral has been silent and rather hidden, they are hugging, holding on close to each other.

The few people still around shoot them glances of disapproval but it doesn't matter. They just hold on to each other, lover and brother, the two people having loved Mercutio most, seeking a reminder of what they've lost in the other.

The rain tastes of salt.

They part. After a while.

And turn staring back at the grave.

"They said you were with him when he died."

Benvolio nods. He can't return Valentine's look into his eyes. He just can't.

"I'm glad it was you."

Benvolio nods again. He's hardly been speaking ever since-

"He didn't deserve you."

Now his tears also mix with the rain and he tastes even more salt.

"He didn't deserve either of us, really. And he always knew. It's like he wanted to prove it once and for all. And however often we've tried to prove him wrong, this time we cannot even be angry with him."

Benvolio is crying and he feels that he will not ever stop to cry again.

He feels Valentine's hand on his shoulder for a second before his dead lover's brother turns around and leaves.

This little rain had never been this heavy.

There is rain in Verona's streets. Benvolio has waited for it for months. He has been waiting and now he is ready.

Water is dripping from his hat and his gloves are wet and he's been standing at Mercutio's grave for a very long time now - he couldn't say how long exactly but he has started wondering if he actually is as ready as he thinks.

But then, there it is - his voice. Not loud enough to reach anyone else than himself through the rain.

"Thou art a fool, dost thou know?"

For a moment, he laughs at himself but it's not the same - laughing alone - and he stops quite soon.

"For if I were an angel, I'd be up there by your side now."

It's barely a whisper and he cannot hear himself but he feels himself saying it and it's just about enough.

"And also, thou would'st be to deserve more than me for I could not hold the peace. Now it is here, yes, but its cost - if I had known, I'd never longed for it!"

The stone with his name on it is wet and darker in the rain. A thunder growls in the distance.

"One day, however"

He speaks over the noise of the rain now because he wants to be heard.

"I will join you up there. And if I am an angel, as thou had'st been to say, and thou shalt not be there, I may ask to fall to join thee in hell for any place is a place of sunshine only with thy laugh in it..."

He can't keep on. Falls silent for a moment. It's too much. The rain has grown stronger.

"But for now-"

He is whispering again.

"- I will know you by my side whenever it rains."

Benvolio closes his eyes. Let's the humidity flood his senses and consume him. He whispers, "I love you."

And for the span on a second he could swear that the rain echoing through Verona's streets is whispering it back.

End Notes

Congrats! You made it!
Fare ye well, kind stranger!

A pun for your effort:

"So, why is six afraid of seven?"

...

"Cause 7 8 9!"

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!