Wanting the rain (for my rainbow)

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Summary

Set post-movie. Mark wants one thing (well it's three but they're related so it counts as one okay?): he wants to kiss Eduardo in the rain. So he defies the forces of nature and makes it happen.

For this prompt at the tsn_kinkmeme: Something with rain!

Notes

**Warning/kinks:** Cracky. Kisses in the rain and reference to the other glorious kissing-n the rain fill by fairy_tale_echo. Yes. Ridiculously fluffy fix-it.

This all started with a conversation between slasher48 (my fandom crush!) and I about it being a fine day and how it's not raining where we are, respectively. Then I said MARK WISHES IT WAS (in caps as you do) and it started from there. I love this fandom so much. Writing is so fun.

Thank you to sandy9ice for the Chinese translation.

Mark really wishes that it would rain. He’s sitting by the window, not pining, no, he would never do that. He’s coding and he just happens to be glaring at the sun. It’s glaring back at him. He sighs loudly.

“What’s wrong?” Chris says, because he is a caring friend.

“Are you pining over Wardo?” Dustin says, because he has no tact.

“It’s not raining.” Mark says like it is the most tragic thing in the world that the sun is shining.

“Mark, you need to stop obsessing over Wardo the weather. It’s not healthy.”
Dustin pipes up, “You can still pine over him in the sun. It just doesn’t look as moody and dramatic. Why don’t you just fly over to see him? Singapore is not the end of the world.”

And that’s when Mark gets the Best Idea Ever Since Facebook.

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It’s not raining in Singapore either. It’s really, really sunny. It’s also really humid. Mark has to take his hoodie off because he forgot it’s the middle of summer halfway across the world.

Mark is in position, sitting outside the doors of Eduardo’s office in Singapore. He knows that Eduardo has to come out for a business meeting at noontime. He’s pretty sure since he may or may not have paid one of Eduardo’s business associates to set up a meeting and then paid him some more to sign a Non Disclosure Agreement. It’s a good thing he’s got a lot of money because that was probably the cheapest part of the plan.

He’s surfing the net on his laptop. He likes that whenever he’s looking at erotica online, he can pass it off as work. He could totally be mentally jerking off and no one would suspect a thing. Anytime he’s around a laptop, people assume he’s working and they leave him alone. Of course he works a lot, that’s true, but he likes porn just like any other guy. And there’s a lot of great porn on LiveJournal. He’s just finished commenting on a great Mark/Eduardo kissing-in-the-rain fill when he looks up.

Yep. Eduardo is coming down the stairs. He hasn’t seen Mark yet, which is good.

Mark makes sure everything important is saved. If everything goes to plan, he’s going to need a new laptop.

He signals just as Eduardo is opening the doors.

It starts raining.

(He’s a billionaire. He wants it to rain so why not rent a rain machine from Scott Rudin Productions, they kind of owe him for the movie after all, and set it up outside Eduardo’s building? Mark is a fucking genius.)

Eduardo is getting drenched. “What the…?”

He sees Mark who is wearing a t-shirt and jeans like it’s 2003.

“Mark! MARK!” Eduardo raises his voice over the sudden sound of the rain. Mark is suddenly glad he didn’t hire the thunder and lightning machine as well. Maybe he should signal them to get them to turn it down.

He does.

The rain gets stronger.

Oops.

“What are you doing, Mark?” Eduardo says as the rain pounds onto him (the rain is warm because Mark is thoughtful like that, he doesn’t want Wardo to get sick). There are a lot of people staring. Probably because it’s raining really heavily and it’s sunny. There’s a giant rainbow over them.

Mark can see that Eduardo is really wet. His clothes are sticking to him and Eduardo is even sexier like that. It’s mindblowingly hot and now that Eduardo is right in front of him, he’s not sure what to say. He racks his brain for all the lines that fictional Marks have used on fictional Wardos that worked for them. He’s not sure if he should try a I’m-not-sorry-but-I-kind-of-am or just skip to I-miss-you-and-did-I-mention-I-am-in-love-with-you?

Eduardo is leaning closer to him, cupping his hands around his mouth and speaking (which is stupid because it doesn’t exactly mean Mark can hear him better but the technicians must see that they’re having trouble talking so the rain eases up a little). “Can you explain to me why I’m taking an outdoor shower?”
“I am trying to create a romantic moment,” Mark blurts out.

“What?”

Eduardo’s hair is plastered to his forehead and his eyes are dark.

Mark decides to show him by stepping in front of him with squelching flip-flops, standing on his toes and kissing him chastely. Just a brush of lips. It still feels like magic. He wants to keep that moment forever. (He’s pretty sure he saw at least one flash so he knows he’ll be able to see it again.)

“I wanted to kiss you in the rain,” Mark says, breathlessly. “Also, I am in love with you.”

Eduardo blinks. The water is seriously getting in his eyes. He finds himself smiling anyway. “I’ve been waiting for you to figure it out.”

“Wardo, I’m-”

Eduardo cuts him off, pulling Mark against him and kissing him for real. Mark opens for Eduardo and Eduardo reciprocates and they are kissing, with tongue and hands in hair and it’s romantic movie perfect. Mark wants it to go on forever and ever. He knows he can still stay up for at least three days easy. He thinks there are people clapping somewhere in the background and maybe music but it’s not important. Not like Eduardo is. There’s a beep from Eduardo’s jacket and Mark can feel his phone going off in his pocket, it’s probably been vibrating for a while. Mark ignores it, lips locked with Eduardo’s still but Eduardo breaks it off gently, hands moving reluctantly from Mark’s hair, tracing down his sides to his waist. Mark chases Wardo’s lips with his mouth saying “Wardo” against the corner of his kiss-swollen lips and Eduardo indulges him again before pulling himself away.

“Mark,” he admonishes. The effect is ruined by the fact that Eduardo looks like he’s had a very heated make out session. That and his hands are still on Mark’s waist, actually one has migrated to Mark’s ass. He can recall Mark’s hand slipping between the buttons of his shirt. He’s blushing furiously now that he realizes that there is a rather substantial audience and they are standing on the steps in front of the building and it’s a raised platform. He makes sure all hands are in family friendly places. “Um. I actually had a meeting to go to,” Eduardo confesses.

“I know,” Mark says, unable to resist looking smug. “I set it up.” It’s still raining and Mark wants to stick his tongue out and drink it. So he does.

Eduardo laughs.

Mark has missed the sound. He also wants to kiss Eduardo again.

“Maybe you should check if it’s important?” Mark says when he can still feel the insistent vibration of his phone and Eduardo’s cell beeps again. He’s a little nervous about where they stand now. Figuratively speaking that is. He’s pretty sure he’s made it clear to Eduardo that he wants to stand under a rainbow with him and kiss him and have a happily ever after. Except maybe less G-rated.

“It’s not important,” Eduardo says genuinely, in the same way he said “I’m here for you.”

Mark loves him for it, he does but he raises an eyebrow like, really? Now who’s the romantic idiot?

“Okay, it could be important seeing as we’re blocking the doorway to this building and I think I see like three news crews here,” Eduardo admits. He removes his hands from Mark reluctantly.

Mark tries not to whimper at the loss of contact. Because he doesn’t need people to think he’s the whimpering sort of guy. He covers it with a very manly cough.

“Are you alright?” Eduardo asks, sounding concerned.

It’s so déjà vu. Except “I need you” doesn’t really fit because Erica was a long time ago and it took him this long to figure out that it was Eduardo that he wanted all along. That him thinking about Eduardo all the time was probably more along the lines of crazy Christy as opposed to oh-
and he was my best friend. He wants every part of Eduardo, he wants to taste him, he wants to give it all up to Eduardo. He wants Eduardo to be with him and, you know, to be with him. Like always and forever.

“Yep,” Mark says, wishing for something a little more eloquent. Eduardo’s cell is actually ringing.

They both end up fumbling with their phones.

(Mark makes the rain stop because water and electronics don’t go so well. The hand signals don’t work so he has to jump up and down on one leg. He almost loses a flip flop.)

Mark has call screening on because he knew that this might happen. He’s not unaware of people or manners. Seriously, it’s not computer science. Plus, he totally read up on it. So he’s glad he doesn’t have to answer any calls – awkward or not. There are a lot of texts from Dustin though.

I CAN SEE J00 ON CNN LIVE :D

NOW ALL WARDO HAS TO DO IS HANG UPSIDE DOWN AND WE CAN HAZ SPIDERMAN KISS

U GUISE R SO PRESHUS

KISSING UNDER A MASSIVE RAINBOW.

I KNEW ITTTTTTTTTTT. MARKKKK U R SO GAY. YOU MAKE WARDO GAY. EVERYONE IS GAY. WE R ALL HAPPY 4 U.

CHRIS IZ FREAKIN OUT

BEST KISS EV4R!!!!!!!!111 ENCORE!!!

Mark groans. Trust Dustin to accidentally cockblock him half-way across the world. Not that he was going to get some in public because then Chris would kill him if he didn't get arrested first. Still. He sneaks a glance at Eduardo.

Eduardo is mostly relieved to find it’s just Ben. He probably wants details. Lots of details. Eduardo rejects the call, bars all calls and goes to check his messages.

Eduardo groans. Trust Dustin to send him something about watching them in HD and Mark’s nipples. Fuck, he’s not going to be able to stop thinking about it. Mark is wearing an obscenely thin t-shirt and damn, you can see everything. He doesn’t want everyone to be able to see everything. Eduardo takes off his suit jacket and drapes it over Mark (he can hear a chorus of “awwwww”s).

Mark is busy trying to make a huge ASCII rude finger to send to Dustin. He sends it off, feeling proud of reclaiming his teenage trolling days.

They both turn their phones off as they see the press start to close in on them with microphones and cameras.

“Let’s get out of here,” Eduardo says, hand already going to the small of Mark’s back where his shirt is still wet.

“Yeah,” Mark says, grabbing his drenched hoodie and MacBook. His MacBook is so wrecked. His insurance company hates him. ‘Eduardo’ is apparently not a valid reason for an insurance claim. Fuck that shit. Just as well he’s a billionaire. A billionaire who now has a billionaire boyfriend. Yeah, he’s definitely made it this time.
From: Chris <chughes@facebook.com>
To: Mark <zuckonthissbitch@facebook.com>

I am really happy for you and Eduardo and I’m glad you guys have worked things out.

I would really appreciate it though if you would please let me know the next time you feel the need to stage a dramatic-as-fuck Hollywood kiss in the rain with a giant rainbow on top.

From: Dustin <du5t1n_z0mb13z@geeksrule.com>
To: Mark <zuckonthissbitch@facebook.com>
[Attached: Double Rainbow Kiss.]

CHECK IT OUT. THEY MADE THE KISS INTO A MUSIC VIDEO.

From: Mark <zuckonthissbitch@facebook.com>
To: Scott <scott@rudinproductions.com>

Thanks for lending me the rain machine. I am very satisfied with the results. Is it for sale? I would very much like to purchase it.

Works inspired by this one
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!