

## Title: After El Paso - Chapter 2

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**Rating: NC-17 !!!**

**Pairing: Logan and Cassie Lathrop**

**Summary: After Logan arrives at Cassie's home in Oregon, they continue their evening as they get to know each other better.**

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As they sat in silence for a moment, sipping their beers, Logan glanced around, taking a second look at the room. It was sparsely decorated and he noticed something odd... well, odd for most people - no photographs, no pictures of family or friends lining the walls or cluttering table tops, no pictures of any kind as a matter of fact. Logan figured she didn't like to be reminded of the past or the things that hide there... he could certainly understand that.

"No pictures?" He asked bluntly. Cassie looked over at Logan as he glanced around the room. "No photos?" He extrapolated, swinging the bottle he held toward the walls. Cassie glanced at the empty walls and smiled with a hint of sadness.

"Oh...umm...no. I took them down after Cole left. Only have the one of Dad on my nightstand." Logan looked at her with a furrowed brow.

"Who's Cole?" He asked, turning his head to look at her and a hint of jealousy in his tone which she didn't seem to notice, and watched her through narrowed eyes. An amused smile began to play across her lips as she gave the question some thought, then Cassie laughed bitterly.

"Who's Cole? Hmm," she considered the question. "Cole is my ex," she stated matter-of-factly, nodding as if it were the acceptable way of things.

"Right." Logan muttered, taking a swig from the bottle. He'd accept that answer, that's all he needed to know.

"It's okay. I have no problems with it," she told him with a smile. "He's just one of those experiences in life that you just have to get over. I mean, he got over **me** pretty quickly," she added wryly and Logan raised a brow at her. "He dumped me," she explained and Logan stared at her attentively. "I guess I didn't fit into his little 'plan'," Cassie offered with a shrug. "It's hard to live up to someone else's ideal of what's 'perfect', so..." She dismissed any further explanation with a wave of her hand, then added, "Of course, it could've been the fact that I'd been away from home for three straight weeks trailing you that kind of pissed him off."

She swirled the bottle again in her uneasy manner and Logan noticed a slight colour rise on her cheeks. "Anyway, when I got back from El Paso he'd already cleared out. So much for 'we'll be together forever'," she mentioned, mimicking what he supposed was a male's voice. Logan took it

to be her bitter impersonation of the absent Cole. "He was the one that finally made me accept the fact... that nothing is forever." She looked up, fixing him with a sombre stare, and there was a long silence between them before she added, "That's why I took them all down...too many memories."

As he continued to scan the room, Logan noticed a gun holster draped over the back of a chair, a badge and identification cards were thrown onto the chair's seat. He stared at it, as if hypnotized by the shiny badge gleaming in the blue light. Of course, the light buzz from the many beers he'd had today blended with his exhaustion making him feel peculiarly relaxed.

"Tell me about yer partner... Francis," he said robotically.

"I'd rather not," came the soft reply from Lathrop.

"Okay then." Logan nodded, accepting her decision without another word.

They sat in a companionable silence as they each nursed their beer and just enjoyed the quiet company - with no demands or expectations. Logan dropped into his own quiet thoughts and Cassie watched him from her seat, unnoticed in the flickering blue-black light. She considered his very presence here, the trip it took for him to get here. He was making an effort... in his own way, but it was still an effort. She decided, that if she was expecting him to open up to her, then she should expect to open up to him in return. After a long moment Cassie sighed.

"We'd gotten a call to assist," she began and Logan glanced up, startled from his thoughts by her sudden declaration. "... a shoot-out between rival gangs. Just routine stuff - crowd control, that kind of thing. The thing was... it wasn't routine." She stopped with the memory and swallowed hard. Logan could tell from the blank look on Cassie's face - the glazed look in her eyes - that she could see it all happening again, vividly in her mind's eye, like it'd happened just yesterday. He waited patiently for her to continue. "I'd only been partnered with Francis... Officer Lane... for about six weeks," she told him, smiling to herself as she spoke her lost partner's name. "God, I was so green. Heaven-knows how he managed to put up with me all that time." Her eyes flickered back and forth as Logan watched her relive the distant memories of those weeks.

"He was so good to me," she told him and Logan nodded in understanding. "He never let the other guys at the station razz me," she remembered with a smile, "at least not too badly anyway. Most of them I'd known all my life anyway, so they were like my adopted uncles by then and *always* teasing me. Stuff like that..." she laughed softly with the memory. "The best thing about Francis though, was his temperament. He never raised his voice or lost his temper, he was always so calm and considerate, even when the shit was hitting the fan. We could've been dealing with the worst brawl, or the biggest domestic, and he would just sail in, all calm and collected. Sometimes I'd just stand there and watch him... the way he took control of any situation." The smile drifted from Cassie's face and she was silent for a moment before she continued quietly. "You know, he bought me a coffee every morning... right from day one. He never missed," she said smiling. "By the time I'd get to the station in the morning he'd be there, leaning on the hood of the car with two cups in his hands. I tried many times to beat him to the punch, but I never managed to make it there before him, no matter how I'd try." Logan watched her, his feelings stirring for her again as he listened to a piece of her sorrow. "He was my mentor... and my friend. I suppose, thinking about it now, I might've even been a bit in love with him." She admitted and smiled softly with that thought. "We'd talk for hours in the car when we didn't have anything going down. He wasn't one of those guys who made you learn everything the hard way, well...at least not all the time. He'd put you straight without making you feel like an idiot and he did it in a way so that you'd never forget."

"So....what happened...that day?" Logan inquired, curiously. Cassie looked up, and fixed Logan with a distant stare, as her mind began to recall the events of that fateful day.

"Some rough area downtown... two gangs were going at it like there was no tomorrow. There were already three units on site when we arrived, all pinned down from cross-fire. Francis decided we should move in around the back to see if we could find a way into one of the buildings. I don't mind saying... I was crapping myself that day," she laughed derisively. "Anyway, we'd gotten down a back alley and around to a window on the lower floor. It was real quiet, no noise from inside, so Francis tried for the window. I was still pretty much a 'by-the-book' kind of girl at that point. I told him we should wait, but he thought we could get the drop on them, surprise them... just enough to get the guys in through the front. Don't get me wrong, he wasn't one of those "gung-ho-hero types" neither." She glanced up at Logan, her shoulders tense, expecting some kind of derogatory comment regarding her deceased partner's actions, but nothing of the sort was forthcoming and Cassie sank back into her chair. "He just saw a chance to stop them and went for it." She explained, trying to justify it more to herself than to Logan, but he nodded anyway.

"So... we got in and started to work our way through the rooms." She paused a moment, remembering. "I couldn't stop my hands from shaking," she told him, looking down at them and curling her fingers tight around the bottle she held. "It all happened so fast. I just heard this loud pop... like a kid's BB-gun going off, y' know? It was weird, 'cause it just didn't sound right, y' know?" She said and Logan nodded again. He knew, he knew all too well. "Francis was just in front of me... neither one of us saw the guy come through the door from the hallway." Cassie's eyes were fixed on her hands holding the bottle and Logan noticed the tremor in her fingers as she spoke. She was beginning to struggle with each word as she recounted the events, reliving each step up to that fatal moment.

"There was so much blood. I remember thinking that... 'so much'..." she choked out a sob, before catching herself and trying to hide the sound by clearing her throat. For a moment she just sat there, trying to maintain her composure. But the hardened exterior of 'Cassie Lathrop of the ATF' was beginning to crack right before Logan's eyes and he watched her intently.

"The bastard shot him... once in the neck and once in the thigh. He was dead before he hit the ground," she whispered bitterly through gritted teeth as large teardrops rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably and dropped onto her lap. "I didn't think... I just pulled the trigger. I don't remember much after that, woke up in the hospital with a bullet hole in my shoulder and one in my hip." She paused to sniff back the tears and wipe her face with her sleeve. "The chief told me I'd hit the guy twice in the head at close range. I only wish..." she turned her head toward Logan and looked at him through tear-filled eyes, "I wish I could've saved him," she whispered.

Logan couldn't take his eyes off her. He sat nearly mesmerized by her... by her strength, by her intensity, by her compassion. He felt drawn to her, like a moth to a flame. The urge to grab onto her and wrap himself around her and make her feel safe was nearly overwhelming. He tore his eyes away from hers, feeling as if he'd drown if he stared at them any longer, as she continued.

"I get these nightmares..." Cassie started, but stopped herself again, torn between the wish to stop this before she found herself lost in her own memories and the need to finally free herself of the pain by letting it out. He could take it, right? The Wolverine... she looked up at him and those striking blue eyes staring back at her made her crumble. "I tried to save him," she told Logan as if confessing her sins and seeking redemption. Logan clenched his jaw tight, his own emotions nearly coming forward in a tidal wave. He swallowed hard, but he couldn't take his eyes from her. "He's there, in my arms... and I try to save him, but I can't...I can't!" She nearly screamed in anger and sorrow, and a loud sob burst from her lips, as the years of tightly controlled pain finally ruptured.

Logan moved swiftly from his seat and was pulling her into his arms before she had the chance to take it all back. As his arms enfolded her, pulling her to his warm chest, Cassie didn't care to hide it anymore. He didn't run from her pain... not like she had. He hid from his own, she thought absently, running from it... but he was willing to face hers. He was willing to help her face her own and go beyond it. He was holding her... he was letting her mourn and grieve... and he was allowing her to feel tiny and vulnerable without making her feel weak or ashamed... god..... he made her feel safe.

Pulling her face away from where she had it buried against him, she moved her arms up and around his broad shoulders and wrapped them around his neck. She clung to him tightly and in turn Logan's hands held her firmly to him, as if he was trying to keep her together. Cassie pressed her cheek to his and felt him press back in reply and, before she could think it through, she turned into him catching his mouth against hers.

Immediately Logan reciprocated, returning the kiss with a desire so deep it surprised even him. He plundered her mouth, feeling her hands roaming across his shoulders, carressing his arms before she pulled away from him. Surprised by her own actions, Cassie stared at him in shock as she panted for air. Logan stared back with an intensity that made her a bit nervous, his chest heaving as he caught his breath. His eyes bore into her, his eyebrows knitting together in confusion as he stared back at her. Cassie lowered her gaze, nervous and frightened of her own desperate needs.

Logan knelt in front of her still, silently watching her, hoping she'd accept this desire she obviously felt. He needed her... he wanted to be close to her and he knew she needed him too, he felt it in her kiss. He watched her without saying a word as she cleared her throat and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. Nervously, she threw him a glance and an awkward smile.

"Well... where did that come from?" She asked, forcing a soft laugh. Logan reached for her slowly and her hand came down on his arm, stopping the action. "I think it's time for bed. It's been a long night... and you've made a long trip, you must be tired," she offered out as an excuse to end this right here. The scowl on Logan's face never faltered but she saw sadness in his eyes and it tugged at her heart. She had to look away from him or she knew he'd draw her in again and as Cassie shifted her gaze she heard a choked whisper.

"You want me..." he told her, his voice soft and broken. Her heart skipped a beat at the truth of his words and she held her breath as she moved her eyes to meet his gaze. Cassie swallowed, then smiled as she tried to distract his train of thought.

"I want you... to get some sleep." She smiled at him, but it was a fake smile and Logan wondered why she was fighting her feelings so hard. He knew she wanted him, every one of his senses confirmed that for him. She wanted him as much as he wanted her... he needed her, as much as she needed him.

Cassie stood up abruptly and stepped over his leg as he remained crouched in front of her. She threw him a look over her shoulder as Logan remained still, now staring at the empty spot on the couch in front of him; wondering how he lost the moment... wondering why she ran away from him. Cassie felt awful for denying her feelings for him, she'd wanted him since their first meeting, but his intensity frightened her more than she'd admit even to herself.

"You can sleep in the guest room... top of the stairs..." Her words ended abruptly as he slowly spun around on his toes to look at her. As his eyes came around to meet hers, Cassie turned her back on him, her heart pounding, she couldn't look into those sorrowful eyes knowing she was the one who put it there... this time.

She left the room and ascended the stairs leading up to the second floor, painfully aware that Logan was watching her from the landing below. She made it nearly all the way to the top before he took a step up to follow. She slowly turned left at the top as she headed for her room, wondering if he'd follow her or turn right as she'd hinted for him to do. By the time she'd reached her door, he'd made it to the top landing and she sensed him pause behind her... before turning right.

Cassie felt a surge of disappointment wash over her that nearly knocked her off her feet. She let go of the breath she'd been holding and spun around to call out to him, to explain, but she turned only in time to see his door closing and the tiny click the latch made was like a resounding boom in the empty hallway. She swallowed back her tears realizing she'd made a mistake but, instead of going to him, she stepped into her room and quietly closed the door behind her.

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An hour later, as Cassie lay in bed wide awake, she heard sounds coming from the room down the hall. She frowned and rolled onto her back to listen, staring at the ceiling. It was a voice. It was Logan's voice... and from the sound of it he was having an unpleasant dream. Now her mind told her to go to him; to comfort him, to let him know everything was alright... that everything was going to be alright. His nightmare was just the excuse she needed to find her way to his room, to pretend she was going to him because *he* needed *her* and not the other way around. Cassie didn't move though. As much as she wanted to, she couldn't find the courage - or maybe just the willingness - to drop that "cold cop" persona again... not twice in one night.

Taking a deep breath she rolled back onto her side and stared at the glow from the street lamp coming through her window. She listened to the groans coming out of the darkness and closed her eyes, wishing for them to stop. She begged him silently to stop... she couldn't bear the sounds of his tormented sleep.

*'Please, Logan.... please... ssshhhh.... be still now..... please.'* A few moments later, as if answering her pleas, the house became quiet again as Logan settled down in his sleep. She reached over and grabbed the extra pillow from the bed, hugging it to her chest, wishing it was him instead. All she'd have to do is get out of bed and walk down the hall.

So easy.

*'Then why is it so hard to do?'* She asked herself over and over as she lay there. Finally exhausted enough, both mentally and physically, she fell asleep..... alone again.

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Her dream started the same way it always did. Since the first time she'd laid eyes on him the same recurring dream seemed to haunt her sleep. Always starting with her lying in bed asleep and waking to the sound of her bedroom door opening. Her heart was pounding in both fear and anticipation. Fear of this 'wild man with claws' and yet the excitement and anticipation of an impending rendezvous with that same 'wild man'. Must be the adrenaline rush... the allure of the dangerous.

The dream always ended the same way... with his heavy naked form crawling up her body and feeling his breath against her ear as she lay there face down, vulnerable. That whole image was so primal and it was the shock of her own desire for that scenario that always woke her, but not before a short verbal exchange between them.



"Don't go?" he repeated quietly, unsure.

"Stay..." Cassie reiterated, tightening her grasp on his fingers.

"Ya' sure?" He asked, his voice low - an almost velvety baritone. Cassie nodded and the furrow in his brow softened a bit. Without another word, he shifted his weight and brought his knee down onto the bed, never taking his eyes off her. Cassie wrapped her small fingers around his hand guiding him closer to her and Logan followed her cue.

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Cassie couldn't remember the last time she'd been this nervous. She felt like a fumbling teen preparing to 'make-out' for the first time under the bleachers, or sneaking that cigarette behind the dugout. A shiver climbed up her spine, raising goose bumps on her skin as Logan leaned forward. Dropping onto all-fours, he moved slowly up her body with his hands and knees to either side of her legs.

She nearly held her breath as she watched him; prowling like an animal with the scent of prey in his nostrils. It felt as if time had stood still, seeming to take him forever to come closer although he moved steadily up to her. He stopped, his face just inches from hers; faint wisps of his breath fluttered over her collarbone and the warmth of his body pressing lightly against the sheet passed through the thin cotton as he leaned close.

She gazed into those soft blue eyes, not noticing until now, in the strip of light that shone through the curtains which highlighted his features and made his eyes glow, that they weren't one single colour of blue. They were shaded pools of different hues; spreading out from his black pupils in ringlets that ranged from sky blue to thunder-cloud grey, encircled by a thin, ink-black line around the edges. She felt herself shiver again as those two wolf-like eyes blinked at her in the darkness, seemingly studying her.

She could feel those eyes burrowing into her as if piercing her mind, her soul, feeling their way through her entire being. She tried to resist their intensity; to keep the barricades firmly in place. But he'd already removed those buttresses earlier in the evening and now all that remained were flimsy walls that were now crumbling around her. Cassie made a half-hearted attempt to pull the sheet up a little further as if to keep a barrier between them, but her mind told her there was no reason left to resist; she needed to let go... she *wanted* to let go.

Cassie watched as his eyes slowly swept over her body, reading every inch of flesh. She felt his weight shift, then he raised a hand slowly. Two fingers came to rest on one exposed collarbone and began to trace lightly across her neck. She closed her eyes and shivered at the delicate touch. The fingers halted at her shoulder, in the place where her arm and chest meet, and Cassie knew where they paused even before she opened her eyes. He was leaning slightly forward, silently examining the spot that lay beneath his fingertips.

"The wounds heal, but some pains never go away," he whispered almost to himself, his own scarless body deluding others of the painful injuries he had suffered himself. Cassie could see his eyes glaze over even in the dim light, as if he was reliving some of the memories of his own inner wounds.

Her heart pounded in her chest as Logan caressed the puckered flesh in her shoulder. No one had ever acknowledged its presence with such tenderness before. Cole had always avoided it, telling her she should get it seen to. But Cassie wore it as a badge of office, a reminder of the pain and hate that existed in the world, a reminder of the man who took a bullet for her. To be touched there now, so gently and with such understanding, finally destroyed the last of the walls that had kept her heartache locked away and she found herself moving toward him.

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In the semi-darkness, Logan felt her mouth graze his and reacted without conscious thought moving his mouth softly against hers as if carefully tasting a fine delicacy. Cassie immediately deepened the kiss drawing him in. His hand stilled on her shoulder as he explored her mouth, her obvious needs sending a spark through his body and his hand moved up to cradle the back of her head, pressing her to him.

They kissed for a long while, slow and deep, sharing themselves with each other quietly before he broke away slowly and Cassie took the opportunity to catch her breath, panting for air. It'd been so long since she'd felt such passion and it took her by surprise to not only find it in this particular man, but to feel it with such intensity. As he moved away from her mouth, letting his lips dance lightly along her jaw then softly down her neck to her shoulder, Cassie's breath hitched in her chest as she tried to hold back the tears welling up in her eyes as Logan began to move down her body.

She felt his lips gliding over her flesh and as Logan moved he pressed his forehead against her gently, guiding her to lie back into the pillows. As she lowered herself down to the mattress, the cotton sheets that were covering her trailed down her body. Cassie absently tried to pull them back up but it was snagged, to remain in place, by Logan's weight atop her. As her hand gave a brief tug of the fabric Logan placed a light kiss to the back of her hand, letting her know she had nothing to fear. She loosened her grip and let it pull away, exposing her to him as it slid effortlessly over the smooth mounds of her breasts, revealing peaked dark nipples. Logan dragged his face lightly down between her cleavage, his whiskers causing sensations that made Cassie draw a soft gasp as she wriggled slightly beneath him.

Logan drew the sheet down slowly with his fingers as he moved steadily across her body, exposing little bits of her flesh to his eager lips. Her skin was a lightly tanned colour and felt silky to the touch... the smoothness of it broken only by the occasional battle scar. Cassie panted softly as Logan worked his way over her body; down her ribs and around her belly button, across her abdomen to her hip. He pulled a little at the sheet, freeing it from across her right leg and there he paused.

Cassie shifted her gaze from the ceiling down to the top of Logan's shaggy head to watch him, as he was now lying on his belly between her legs. His head turned and his soft blue eyes came to rest on a spot on her thigh and she followed his gaze. He was staring at a second scar; its dark, jagged edges easily seen even in the low light. Cassie felt his fingers grace across it and she gasped at the sensation. He seemed totally fascinated by it, almost as if it was something he craved.

He was so gentle, so caring... and so careful, as if she was made of fine china. It was obvious that he had no intention of rushing this and Cassie's mind had trouble registering his behavior. Even Cole, who was supposed to have loved her, had never paid her attention like this. That's where her mind was... at the very moment Logan pressed his lips to the uneven mark and she gasped in surprise as the soft touch of his lips sent a jolt through her. Reflexively she reached down, running her fingers through his thick black mane as if asking him for something more.

Logan spent a long time kissing and caressing her thigh, and the mark of pain it still bore, and Cassie slowly relaxed as she got used to his touch. After a short while her mind drifted as she concentrated only on how he was making her feel. She became quite comfortable with what he was doing by the time he decided to move on. When his fingers pulled the sheets completely clear of her body, she barely had time to register the movement before she felt his face press gently between her legs. She arched from the bed with a light gasp and her knees drew up wider reflexively at the incredible sensations of pleasure he was giving her. Logan immediately took advantage of her new position, seeing it as an invitation he deepened his kiss on her, letting his mouth and tongue make gentle love to her.

Cassie breathed heavily, her fingers tangled in his hair gripping harder in reaction to the overwhelming jolt of sexual desire that raced through her body. She moaned aloud as she again drew her knees up further for him. The thought flittered through her mind, that she'd normally be a bit more reserved during a first encounter, but... he was really good at this and he really seemed to enjoy what he was doing... and she just couldn't help herself, but she wanted as much as he would give to her.

He spent some time there; tasting her, feeling her heat, listening to the sounds she made as she writhed under his attentions, her fingers pulling on his hair nearly demanding more. Logan felt himself getting aroused as his senses took her in, she was so hot and sweet and so responsive to his touch. She wanted him, she was enjoying him... and that was the biggest turn on of all.

Logan moved his face away from her heat as he raised up on his hands and knees and moved up her body. Moving forward he captured her mouth in a heated kiss as he pushed her back into the pillows, positioning himself comfortably beside her. Cassie returned his kiss with enthusiasm as her arms came up and draped over his shoulders, one hand caressing his face, feeling his stiff whiskers and tasting herself on his lips.

As Logan kissed her firmly, his hands moved to her breast, gently exploring her and letting her get used to his hands on her. As he kneaded her breasts, Cassie arched up into his hand, moaning with her desire for more. Logan released her lips and moved his mouth briskly down her throat to her chest, gliding his lips and tongue along her skin to pick up her flavor before nuzzling his face between her breasts, then taking a nipple into his mouth he suckled it hungrily. Cassie arched high into his mouth with a loud gasp, his warm wet mouth sending a delightful tingle to the pit of her stomach. He paid it firm attention for a moment before moving to the other.

"Aaaahhhh gahd...!" Cassie arched into him with a loud moan, her fingers pressing his face firmly against her. Logan moaned around her pert nipple as it hardened quickly against his suckling tongue. His roaming hands and tender mouth lit a fire deep inside her that shot past her belly and throbbed heavily between her legs. She clutched at his arm, her hand seeming small and fragile atop his heavy bicep and Logan suckled her more firmly now in reply to her wordless demands.

Logan shifted his weight slightly and let one large hand snake down her belly to disappear between her warm thighs, seeking her out, groping, touching, rubbing softly as he gave her what she wanted... what she needed.

Cassie panted softly, enjoying his touch and pressing herself up against him as his fingers explored her, delving demandingly into her heat as her responses triggered his own deep desire for her. His fingers searched and pressed but never hurt, just wanting to experience her, to feel her. Pressing into her, his fingers sank slowly into her depths, penetrating her slightly and Cassie gasped softly.

"Ooooh yesss..., " Cassie moaned at the tender ache throbbing under his hand. A heavy undeniable feeling of need grew deep within her and Cassie clutched at him with her hands, spreading her legs as the need for his touch grew stronger still. "Ohhh, Logannnn."

Logan moaned around a hardened nipple, her reactions to him were driving him crazy. He was so hard, his heart pounding against his ribcage, his blood pouring through his veins. She was overloading his senses, she was sexy and her active participation was so erotic. He shifted his weight, letting go of her breast and sat back on his knees to look at her as his hand continued to pet and explore. His eyes quickly drank in her naked writhing form and then he dropped forward again to latch onto her creamy soft breast, his hand still buried in her warmth, nudging her wider, his fingers never ceasing their movements.

Cassie slid one hand down between them. Gliding beneath the crumpled sheet, she reached down to cup him gently through the cool material between them. Logan groaned out low around her breast as he continued to suckle on her. Her hand massaged him tenderly, letting herself get acquainted with his body, even as her other hand moved to his head to hold him to her breast.

"Ohhh god...", she exclaimed softly. A flood of sensations and desires fogged her brain as Logan began to move against her touch, even as his own hand continued to massage her with tender pressure. As her fingers curled around him, stroking him firmly but not too hard, he gasped pressing his face against her as his mouth broke contact with her breast. An intense throbbing ache enveloped in her hand, making him lose his focus, and his hand stilled against her wet heat as she caressed his own physical needs and desires into full wakefulness.

"God, Logan... I'm soooo hot... so wet for you. Can you feel it?" Cassie murmured teasingly, nearly incoherently, as she writhed beneath him. Logan moaned in acknowledgement with a brief nod, barely hearing her as her hand slowly explored his hard cock. He pressed a thick finger inside her, hissing air through his teeth and groaning as he panted in his desire for her. Cassie caught her breath, pressing her body against him with a loud moan of pleasure as his thick finger entered her body.

Logan groaned as her body allowed him in, his own body now screaming to replace his hand. Twisting his wrist slightly he brought his thumb around to find her sensitive swollen button, feeling the hardness of the little bud he groaned and lifted his head to capture her mouth again in a deep, heated kiss only to moan into her mouth. With their mouths still touching, he broke away from their kiss just enough to whisper against her lips, "Nnnn... want you so bad... so much... unnggh... need you so much."

"Yessss," Cassie replied, rocking her hips against him, burying his thick digit inside her as her own hand stroked up his length then she released him briefly, just long enough to move the sheet from between them, searching, to feel him flesh-to-flesh. Whimpering softly, she ground her hips against him, losing her mind in her desire for him. "Take me... please... Ohhh... Logan...tonight, I'm yours." Logan, hearing her words, plundered her mouth with his as her small, warm hand finally made contact with his hot hard flesh. Feeling his cock jump in her hand as she closed around him, Cassie groaned as she imagined it deep inside her.

Logan pulled away then, sitting back on his knees. Removing his hand from her, he brought it to his mouth to suckle her juices from his fingers. His other hand reached down to fondle her breast as he looked down at her lying in the center of a patch of light streaming in from the window. Cassie looked up at him, strong and powerful, and groaned at the feel of his hardened body in her hand. She watched him as he slowly sucked the taste of her from his fingers and moaned in her throat at the erotic sight.

His tongue came out to run across his lips, to capture every drop of her flavor, then he gasped at the feel of her hand on him as she adjusted her grip. She continued touching him as she watched his eyes close, his head falling back slightly, totally focusing on her touch. She stroked his flesh with soft warm fingertips, loving the feel of him; hard and silky smooth. Letting her tongue run across her lips to moisten them, she groaned then nearly hissed, "I don't know which I want more... to wrap my lips... or my body... around you..."

A long soft moan was the only reply she got as he knelt above her, his head tilted back slightly as he floated in his own fog of intense pleasure. He could barely hear her voice through the blood pounding in his ears. She watched, and felt, his body relax beneath her touch. He settled down on the mattress in position on his knees and his head dropped back farther as a long, low moan escaped him.

Cassie watched him for a moment, then sat up in front of him to press her lips to his chest. Finding a nipple peeking out from the soft thick hair, she suckled it strongly as her hand continued to move on him. Logan gasped softly at the sensation as his body bowed out toward her eager mouth, his hips moving against her hand. Moving to his other nipple, she stroked back down his length slowly and continued on until she had his balls cupped in her warm palm. She moaned around his nipple as erotic thoughts and sensations overwhelmed her mind. Feeling her soft little hand cupping him, Logan sighed with the sense of warmth and love and safety that she made him feel. Her body vibrated with desire as she caressed his balls gently with her palm and fingertips.

"God I want you, Logan... everywhere... in every way." She whispered and moved her other hand down to gather her own wetness. She wrapped her slickened hand around the head of his cock, stroking downward with a firm grip. Logan gasped loudly and his head shot forward abruptly to stare at her with huge eyes. His mouth hung open in shock as he gaped at her for a moment. Then he moved over her, guiding her backward again to lay her down.

He kissed her with a hot wet mouth as she laid back to recline beneath him and one of her hands came up to the back of his head, drawing him down with her. As he followed her down she continued to fondle him with her other hand and her fingertips grazed beneath his sac, teasing the tender skin where it joined with his body underneath.

"MMM!!!!" He moaned sharply into her mouth as her fingers jolted an incredible sensation in that most sensitive hidden area. "God!!!" He exclaimed, breaking away from her mouth, gasping. Cassie loved what she was doing to him, she loved watching his reactions to her and she smiled seductively at him. He was so sensitive and so alive, unlike Cole who seemed to make love to her like a robot programmed for certain tasks.

"Mmmmm... god I want you, Logan," she whispered, her voice husky and inviting, still rolling his heavy sac purposely in her hand.

"Aah... ffffff... uunnhh..." He tried to reply but his thoughts were scattered and incoherent. His head dropped heavily to her shoulder, gasping for air as he focused on her touch.

Cassie concentrated on the wonderful feel of him filling her hands just as he was filling her heart. She stroked along that soft sensitive flesh from the base of his erection to the very back and forward again. She continued on, up his full length, to let her thumb play along the tip of him. Logan's forehead pressed against her shoulder, his hips moving slightly against her fondling hand and she whispered into his hair as her free hand stroked his disheveled mane softly.

"Yessss, I want to love you, Logan. Let me love you tonight," she told him straight out. She didn't feel a need to hide from this man. He hid nothing from her right now, in his passion he was focused on her and free from his cares. She wanted to be the same, she felt no need to keep any walls between them, not now. "Make love to me, Logan."

Logan regained his senses long enough to move down to suckle her nipples again. He mouthed her ribs roughly, growling here and there down to her soft belly, enjoying the scent of her, the feel of her, the taste of her.

As he moved downward, he slipped from her grip and Cassie gave him a last firm squeeze before he was out of reach, gathering a drop from his tip onto her thumb as he pulled away. Catching his gaze as he glanced up at her, she brought her thumb to her lips. Catching sight of her, Logan stopped his descent, watching her very closely. Cassie parted her lips and let her tongue slip out to taste his essence. She moaned deeply and took her thumb into her mouth, suckling it, teasing him and savoring his flavor.

Logan watched her with sharp eyes then raised his gaze to hers again. Cassie smiled at him around her thumb, her eyes filled with desire, her mind awl with the erotic sight of him as he straddled her body on all fours. He held his head low, his eyes dark and serious, his shaggy mane in disarray, his broad chest heaving and muscles tensed.

Suddenly he dropped down and burrowed his face into her heat. Her juices made his cheeks glisten, his tongue and lips enjoyed the feel of her warm swollen flesh, he felt alive with the taste of her. His lips found her hardened bud and clamped onto it, suckling it in a gentle rhythm, his hips unconsciously following the rhythm he set as he pushed himself against the mattress beneath him.

"Aaaaahhh!" Cassie yelled out at the sudden sensation of his tongue against her hot flesh. Her back arched high and Logan's large broad hands pushed her legs wide, keeping her open to him. Cassie grasped at the pillows beneath her head, drawing her legs up and spreading herself wider for him, opening herself to him fully. "Oooh, god...yesss."

He mouthed her for a while, then Logan released her. Dipping his head he rubbed his shaggy hair across her, changing the sensations and picking up her scent before moving back to mouth her tenderized flesh. Cassie gasped at the changing sensations and her belly clenched as her hips rose up to meet his hot eager mouth. Logan's hands grazed lightly up and down her legs, so lovingly spread for him, now and again holding their weight up for her.

"Mmmm..." he groaned, as Cassie rocked and shuddered against him. Gasping for air and moaning loudly, she grasped the headboard with one hand while the other moved to grip his hair. Logan laved his tongue over her like a scratchy cat tongue, broad and flat he licked her slowly before flicking the tip over her everywhere. He played at the edges of her opening and teased her button before his hungry mouth took it in again, suckling steadily.

"Aaaaahhhhyessss..." Cassie moaned, then whimpered, then moaned again loudly as he pushed her to her peak. He suckled her, moving one hand to tickle his fingers lightly around her entrance as the other continued to glide its way up her body to pull and tweak her nipples. Feeling her muscles tighten and pulse against his face and lips, he dropped his mouth lower to push her to release, wanting her to give him his fill.

Cassie rocked her hips uncontrollably against him as her belly tightened. Her back arched and she came hard, screaming his name. "Ohgod... Logaaan!" She shouted as she spasmed around him, one

hand tangling in his hair, the other clenched white-knuckled around the headboard. She was vaguely aware of the warm rush as he made her fly under the onslaught of his hot mouth.

Logan felt her spasm against his face and her fingers pulling on his hair nearly sent him primal. He grunted and growled as she bucked against his face. If he could make her do that all night, he would. Following her through to the end he pressed into her. His mouth and tongue pushed against her, suckling and scooping up her flow. He continued to eat her up hungrily as if in a near frenzy, as she yelled out her pleasure between ragged breaths.

"Mmm..." he moaned. She was driving him wild with her sounds, her movements, her taste and he swallowed and growled as her warmth filled his mouth, loving it all... loving her, wanting her.

Finally Cassie collapsed into the pillows, her muscles spent and trembling. Aftershocks rocked her, jolting her like electric shocks and Logan softened his mouth on her, but continued to glide his tongue lightly across her tenderized flesh. He could sustain himself like this for a long, long time, he thought dimly.

"Oooh god!" she exclaimed in total awe of the intensity of her orgasm. Logan loosened his grip on her and rubbed his cheek lightly against her soft, sensitive flesh. His stiff whiskers caused an incredible sensation and Cassie stiffened again, panting for air. Then she felt his tongue sliding against her and her body began to rally in response again. She whimpered softly, her mind focusing completely on him; the feel of his tongue and lips, the slight roughness of his beard, and her body undulated gently against him.

Logan moaned softly as he paid her soft attention, waiting for her to recover a bit. He made soft sounds of pleasure as his lips smacked and slurped gently against her. Cassie moaned out in response to him, still feeling her heart hammering in her chest, her lungs working hard for air.

"Oh my god, Logan... I want you so bad. Make love to me... please," she told him. Logan shifted his weight and began to move up her body again. His lips fluttered over her soft belly and heaving chest. As he ascended her quivering body, Cassie wrapped her arms around him, urging him upward. Her hands caressed the length of his back as he came into her reach, scratching lightly with her nails.

He gave a tiny kiss to each pert nipple as he passed over her to continue up her tender throat, scraping his teeth in a primal show. Cassie tipped her head back to give him access, which he accepted before moving on to gnaw lightly on her jaw. Open mouthed, he moved to take hers again in a heated kiss, positioning himself and rubbing against her in an attempt to relieve some of the urgency as he tasted her mouth again. Cassie let her tongue dance against his as she drew her legs up, giving him room to move and settle in.

Logan moaned, breathing heavily through his nose as his brain registered her movement. Rubbing himself against her moist heat, he adjusted his angle slightly as he pulled back, then pushed forward a bit against her, checking his position. As his cock pressed against her, Cassie's hands moved down his back to clutch at the muscles of his ass, moaning with anticipation of his entry. His position was a little off and as his cock slid across her, he followed through with the motion, letting his body massage her. Then he shifted one knee slightly and pulled back again. Nuzzling her neck he pushed forward again, slowly but steadily, and she opened to him letting the head sink into her depths. They both gasped in pleasant surprise, then she hummed a long, low tone of pleasure into his ear as he penetrated her folds.

"Aaaaaaaahhhhh yesssss...", Cassie moaned and panted as she felt him slowly fill her. Keeping steady pressure he waited for the rhythm of her body and as her muscles relaxed between contractive spasms her body pulled him in.

"Uuunnnhh...!" He grunted as he slid into her fully before she could clamp down on him again. Her muscles pulsed around him as he stopped, seated to the hilt, and he waited for her to adjust. Cassie pursed her lips, blowing out air as she willed herself to relax. She held him tightly to her, her hands kneading at the muscles of his butt. Logan nuzzled her neck as he waited, gnawing and licking and breathing into her ear, letting her hear the raspy tone of his breaths heavy against her.

"Oohhhyes, baby," she whispered into his ear as she began to rock against him, urging him to move. He responded and began to move slowly, picking up a pace that suited him. Cassie moved one hand up his back to stroke his hair and then his cheek and he pressed his face into her touch as he made love to her; setting a nice steady rhythm, not too slow but not hurried either.

Cassie began to move as she picked up his rhythm, rejoicing in the feel of his body joined with hers. Logan huffed and moaned deep in his throat as he moved over her, into her, the sounds rumbling in his chest and vibrating against her as their bodies touched. Cassie watched him with heavy-lidded eyes as he moved above her. He looked so powerful and strong, but he was so gentle and attentive with her.

He lowered his face to her, and she felt her breasts push against him, cushioning his broad chest as he nuzzled under her hair. He tasted her neck, her shoulder, her throat, gnawing lightly on her chin as he made his way to her luscious mouth. Cassie had raised her head, to press her lips to his hair as her fingers ran through the silky strands, and the next thing she knew his mouth was there, capturing hers as he moved deep inside her. She opened her mouth to him and their tongues twisted around each other in a dance of heated passions.

Cassie lifted her legs and wrapped them tightly around his hips, forcing him down and deeper against her most sensitive limits. Logan moaned deeply with a jolt of sensation, feeling his cock expand inside her and enhancing the sensations with a pulsating surge that he had to fight back. She was so tight... and she was suckling his tongue, which raised his level of arousal as he imagined her suckling other parts of his body with that sweet soft mouth.

"Nnnnnngod...", he panted heavily against her, his body thrusting into her rhythmically. Cassie moved with him, her body urging him on, gladly meeting his thrusts and begging for more. She clenched her muscles around him purposely as he slid in and out of her and his lungs pushed out a loud breath of air as his belly tightened, in reaction to the jolt she sent through him, and he almost folded up over her. Grunting, he locked his arms in a half bent position, holding himself over her, his muscles trembling slightly as he used his arms as leverage to propel his quickening pace.

Cassie wrapped one arm tight around his neck, pulling herself up a bit to kiss a line along his jaw to his ear, as her other hand gripped his ass, feeling the muscles there working as he thrust into her. He tilted his head toward her, enjoying the extra attention, and she moaned softly into his ear. "Take me... spill into me... I wanna feel your warmth flood me... filling me up..."

Logan lowered his head to her shoulder, his face buried against her neck, his hot heavy breaths steaming over her skin. Grunting loud into her ear as he pistoned into her, his sounds spurring her on with him, Cassie tensed around him. They fed each other, pushing each other toward release, their sounds and the mingling heat between them blanketed them in a lust-filled fog.

They drove each other toward a powerful climax, both of them grunting and moaning and Cassie calling out to him as they entered a fever pitch. Then Logan shouted out against her neck as he felt an intense inner spasm and exploded inside her. Shouting out, his head flew back and then his breath caught in his chest. His body froze as every muscle tensed and his eyes closed, rolling over white in ecstasy. With a spastic thrust he slammed into her as he came hard inside her.

"Aaaaaarrhhhhh!" He nearly roared above her as Cassie followed him over that edge, her body milking him hard as her muscles contracted around him. "GAHHHHHHHD!!!"

"Aaaahhhhhhhhyesssssss... Ohhh, Logaaaaan!! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!" She nearly screamed, her fingernails digging into his muscles as she experienced the most powerful orgasm she'd ever had. Logan's body thrust against her uncontrollably as his body spasmed, slamming him into her as he filled her up.

As her own orgasm slowed, Cassie shuddered as she stared up at him. His eyes were still closed, his neck stretched out as he gasped for air, his skin glistening with sweat, his hair a tangled mess, thanks in part to her roaming fingers... and as she studied the way he looked, the way he looked at the moment of orgasm, she realized she was falling hard for him.

"God..." Logan panted above her, his strong arms now shaking visibly as his muscles relaxed. She watched the movement of his throat as he swallowed, then his tongue slid out to lick his parched lips. "My god....." he panted above her and Cassie smiled, very pleased with herself. As he regained some control over his body, Logan lowered his head gently to her shoulder, still panting. "...aaahgod...ohmygod..." he repeated softly, still waiting for full control to return to him.

He trembled above her as his tired muscles tried to hold some of his weight off her and Cassie wrapped her arms around him, sliding her legs down from his hips to rest along his calves. She rubbed his back with slow, gentle strokes and hummed softly to him feeling a sense of happiness she'd thought she'd lost forever. She pressed soft kisses into his hair and nuzzled the soft thick locks.

Logan finally caught his breath enough to focus a bit. He felt her touching him and he moved shaky hands up to her head, trembling fingers trying to caress her soft hair. He loved the way she touched him, so soft and gentle, in a way he rarely experienced touch. His fingers curled against her scalp, feeling his body tighten as hidden and neglected emotions tried to race forward. He caught them, swallowing back a sob, and the resulting effect resembled a hiccup. Cassie felt the sudden lurch in his chest as he lay against her though, and she held him gently but firmly atop her, relishing the solid weight of his body pressed to hers, their bodies still joined.

She was surprised to see tears streaming down his cheek a moment later as he moved to take her mouth again, loving her so much for the way she loved him back. Cassie met his lips with hers as one hand moved to gently stroke his cheek, gathering the tears and acknowledging that she understood. She did understand... and she was sure that when it was her turn to express them, he'd hold her tight in return.

Logan pressed trembling lips to hers, finding it awkward to kiss and cry at the same time. He gave up the attempt with a soft laugh, but stayed close to her, feeling her breath on his face. Feeling slightly stupid, but totally amazed at how she effected him so deeply.

Cassie brushed her lips against his, as her fingers stroked his face and hair lovingly. She smiled softly at him, awed by the depth of his emotions and his passion. *'He hides them well,'* she thought,

'... *same as me.*' She guided his head back to her shoulder letting him rest his face in the crook of her neck, caressing his hair softly as her other hand moved along his back.

"I understand.... we're alike, you and I... in alot of ways, I think." She told him softly as they held each other close. Logan lifted his face to look at her as she continued her thought. "These feelings... the ones we hide from the world... they can be scary in their depths... and so wonderful when they're allowed to be shared. But that trust, that closeness, it doesn't come easy, does it?" Logan shook his head slightly as she paused, then she looked him in the eye and smiled softly again. "... and I wouldn't miss experiencing this with you for anything in the world." She wiped the dampness from his cheek with her thumb as he focused inward to consider a thought.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..." He started to apologize but Cassie shushed him quietly with a soft smile.

"It's okay to cry, Logan," she told him. He looked at her seriously, considering her words. "I do the same thing, you know ... takes me forever to get them started, but once they finally start coming, they just won't quit."

"No they dont sometimes..." he whispered. Cassie leaned up to kiss the tears from his eyes and Logan pulled her up to him in a tight embrace.

They spent some time holding each other, caressing and cuddling, still joined, until nature forced him out and he rolled off her, pulling her to him tight. She settled in beside him, basking in the warmth of his body and feeling safe and loved. She felt his breathing even out a few minutes later and knew that he'd fallen asleep. Before she drifted off, her last thought was in wonder of what the morning would bring. She smiled and drifted off snug in his arms.

TBC