

Liquid Solution

“Hey ol’ man, come on de day's too nice to be reading.”

“Damn it Gumbo, can’t a guy get some peace ‘n’ quiet just fer once.”

The pale streak that was Remy LeBeau shot past Logan’s head, making the wooden pier on which Logan lay shake with his passing. Silver spray sparkled in the afternoon sun as Remy launched himself off the end and into the cool clear blue waters of the lake. The irritated feral watched for a moment as stillness returned and the water settled back into its mirror-like smoothness only to be broken once again as the Cajun burst through the surface, bobbing gently in the water some distance away with a bright smile on his face.

Logan turned with a growl back to his book, trying to maintain his stoic exterior, but it was becoming more and more difficult; the boy had been driving him crazy for days. The team-mates had taken a well earned vacation to the professor's lakeside retreat and ever since they had arrived Remy had been like a kid, playing pranks and practical jokes and causing the general chaos that usually followed his misdemeanours. Logan just wanted some peace; a quiet time to relax and try to enjoy life, but the boy's incessant behaviour was starting to make the flesh between his knuckles itch. Sharing a room with him wasn’t making matters easier either and Logan had yet to have a comfortable night’s sleep.

“Come on chere, de water’s fine.” Remy yelled back to the prostrate Logan. Logan ignored him. As the sound of splashing grew closer Logan sighed in frustration. *“Here we go again.”*

Two delicate hands rose up from the water to grab the little ladder at the bottom of the pier. Fine white fingers wrapped themselves around the wooden rungs and a light grunt preceded the soft splash of water as Remy pulled himself from the lake. Rising up like a phoenix the slim young man climbed onto the wooden deck. The sun was behind him and, as he stood tall, he blocked the sunlight - casting a shadow along the pier and across Logan and his book. The feral let out a deep growl and looked up, drawing in a breath to berate the boy for disturbing him yet again, but the sight that greeted him stopped him before he’d even begun.

Remy paused at the end of the pier, turning slightly to let the sunshine dry him. The bright sunlight reflected off his porcelain skin as he raised his arms up to pull his fingers through his thatch of auburn hair; pushing the dripping bangs from his face. Water ran in rivulets over his athletic torso and down his thighs and calves, giving him a glossy appearance. But it was his complete nakedness that Logan was startled by and the sheer elegance of the boy’s physique. As Remy closed his eyes against the brightness of the sun, Logan realised that he looked for all the world like Michelangelo’s David; he felt drawn to reach out and touch the fine, wet marble that was the Cajun boy.

“Homme?” The soft French voice stunned him from his thoughts. He looked up to see two ebony and ruby eyes staring quizzically at him.

“Damn it Gumbo, yer blockin’ ma light.” Logan, finally regaining control of himself, slammed the book to the deck and nimbly launched himself to his feet, turning and stalking off down the pier and back to the cabin.

Remy stood for a moment, his head slightly tilted, watching the feral storm away. It wasn’t the first time this week he had managed to anger Logan and at first it seemed like good sport, but now it was starting to sting. He tried hard to understand why it was the ‘old man’ continued to push him away,

after all he **was trying** to behave himself. But that look Logan had given him when he'd turned, he had never seen that before, at least never in the feral's eyes. The playful smile that always seemed to hang on Remy's lips drifted away and 'David' was no-more.

Logan slipped the towel from around his waist and let it drop to the sand. He waded steadily into the cool water of the lake, holding his breath for a moment as his skin became accustomed to the sudden drop in temperature. Already it was soothing his aching mind. As the water reached his chest he lowered himself forward and under the water's surface. All the sounds of the night ceased and he could hear the beating of his heart in his ears and the dull rumble of air as bubbles rushed passed him. He broke the lake's surface gently without making a sound and swam, for a distance, away from the shore. As he stopped for a moment bobbing in the deep water he felt relaxed for the first time that week; his body was warm from the excursion and his spirit was cooled by the water. Turning he began to plough back towards the pier. As he reached up to pull himself out, a voice from above made him suddenly let go and slide back into the water.

"Nice night for a dip, mon ami."

Swimming a little around the end of the pier Logan found the young Cajun sitting with his back to one of the piles, staring out across the lake. Logan growled, his relaxed mood destroyed by the presence of the one person he didn't want to be anywhere near.

"Can't ya leave me alone fer just one minute Gumbo?" Logan snarled.

"T'ought dat y' could use some comp'ny chere."

"I don't need yer company Cajun, I want some peace and quiet, can't ya take a hint."

Remy was quiet for a moment, looking down at his hands resting in his lap. "We be needing ta talk, non?"

"We ain't got nuthin' ta talk about 'Orleans. Now get back in the cabin before ya say some'thin' ya shouldn't."

Remy turned, letting his long legs dangle over the side of the pier into the water, the cold sending a shiver up his back. Finally, he looked up and fixed the floating feral with shining black and red eyes. "It about de way y' bin feelin' lately, mon ami. Remy can feel it and it not gon' go away jus' cause y' takes a swim."

"I feel fine Cajun and I don't need yer help or advice." But he didn't feel fine, he felt irate and tense and it all stemmed from the Acadian. The kid was driving him crazy and Logan was saturated by it. He was plagued by strange and confusing sensations whenever the boy appeared and somehow the Cajun knew.

Remy did know. He knew exactly what Logan was feeling, and today on the pier told him everything. Remy had spent the last few days trying desperately to maintain his shields to block out the waves of emotion being given off by the big man. It was not like him to loose his grip but it had been happening more and more in the last few days. By night it was even harder and at times he had almost lost control, like tonight. The bindings around his internal defences had been loosened just enough by the feral's anxiety that he had let-slip a bolt of empathic energy driving Logan from his bed and down to the water. With some trepidation, he had followed, watching from a distance before taking up a spot on the pier to wait for the older mutant's return. "Non chere, we not fine."

Logan took the 'we' to be one of Remy's grammatical slips, but looking at the boy's face suddenly told him that he had said exactly what he meant; **neither** of them was fine. An uncomfortable silence hung across the water between them until Logan murmured. "No, I guess not."

As if cued by the feral's words Remy reached back with his arms and lowered himself slowly from the pier into the water. As he did so, for a brief moment Logan beheld the naked young Cajun once more and that uncomfortable twinge twisted in his chest again. Slowly the boy swam a little way towards him and then stopped. "Remy know y' bin feelin' strange homme, know what's on y' mind."

"Oh yeah, an' what's that 'Orleans?'" Logan growled.

"It took Remy a while to work out, but he did it chere." He swam a little closer, halving the gap between them, taking his time to approach the fuming Wolverine.

"Must a' been taxin' fer that Cajun brain o' yers." Logan retorted, trying to keep his temper.

"We got a connection, mon ami. Remy not see it at first but now it be all clear."

"The only thing I get from you, Gumbo, is a headache." Before Logan realised it Remy was right in front of him, his hands moving slowly in the water to keep him afloat only inches from his body. "Get out, before I do somethin' I might not regret." He added, but Remy kept his position.

"Logan." The sound of the boy's voice caught Logan off guard. It was soft and warm, almost charming. Logan couldn't recall whether he'd ever heard the young Acadian say his name before and it sounded...well, nice. "Chere?"

Logan was shaken from his reverie. His brow furrowed. "Whatever it is yer tryin' on me Cajun ya'd be wise ta quit it right now." But the anticipated smirk of amusement Remy usually sported in moments of mischief never came.

"Not tryin' nuttin chere." And the expression on the boy's face told Logan he was telling the truth. All was quiet for a moment, except for the gentle lapping of the water between their two bodies.

Logan felt acutely aware of the young man's gaze; those burrowing red on black eyes that seemed to find their way into his deepest thoughts. He suddenly felt like Remy could see into his mind and for a moment he felt panicked. His only means of escape - back to the pier - was blocked by the boy. "Get outta m' way kid." Logan suddenly growled, and reached forward to pull a stroke and swim around the floating obstacle.

"Non, chere, please." Remy reached out as the feral drew level with him and grasped his arm. Logan splashed in the water as his stroke was broken and he came to the surface in a shower of droplets.

"What the fuck you tryin' ta pull Gumbo. Let go!" he bellowed, thrashing his arms in the water to get the boy to release, but Remy held on. He could feel the waves of anger and aggression flowing from the big man, but they were tinged with bewilderment and fear, something that Remy had never felt from Logan before. The power in those emotions was so strong Remy felt his shields slipping under the pressure as he fought to hold on to the thrashing Wolverine. Remy's body sucked in Logan's anxiety and for a moment he thought he would pass out and slip under the water; drowned

by the emotions and the water entering his lungs. Logan suddenly ceased his struggle as if sensing Remy's distress and pulled the boy up out of the water by his arms. Remy struggled to breathe; coughing and spitting out the water he had somehow swallowed. "Ya awright kid?" Logan yelled.

"Oui..."COUGH, COUGH "...Oui."

"Jeeze kid, what's yer problem?" Logan asked as he let go of his arms, his tone softening slightly so as not to upset the kid any further. It was true the boy annoyed him, but he didn't want to see him drowned.

"Sorry mon ami, dat not what Remy mean to do." He tried one of his disarming smiles but the sentiment wasn't there. He coughed again.

"Look Cajun, whatever this is let's sort it out on dry land." Logan suggested, suddenly feeling he owed it to the boy to hear him out.

"Non," Remy blurted out. "Non, s'bien. Like it here, de water's cool." Remy added coughing out the last of the water and swilling his arms about himself to ripple the surface of the lake.

Logan swam round to face him, rolling his eyes in consternation. "So talk." he demanded. But as he locked eyes with the boy those strange sensations rolled over him again and he wanted to get away.

Remy, took a deep breath to settle himself as he floated gently in the water. "Y' feel it chere, don't y'?" He began in a sombre tone that Logan had never heard the boy use before. As he spoke Logan felt a rush in his head. Whatever 'it' was he was supposed to be feeling he didn't like it.

"Don't know what ya mean Gumbo." But Logan's voice had lost its strength, he **did** feel it; a strange, demanding hunger.

"It's why we don't see eye to eye, cause y' can't admit it to y'self. It's why y' always so grumpy when I'm around and it's why y' come down to de beach to swim in de night."

Logan's eyes narrowed at the boy's words but he didn't answer back, he knew in his heart the kid was right. These 'feelings', these 'emotions', they seemed to rise up from nowhere every time the Cajun was near, strange longings that disturbed him so much. He'd been denying them ever since the slim young Acadian had arrived at the mansion, preferring to steer clear of the pale young boy. But here, 'trapped' as he felt on this so-called vacation, Logan had nowhere to hide and he now felt overwhelmed and uncomfortable. He was struggling to control his inner urges and it truly frightened him.

"Know what y' t'ink of Remy, homme. Just a low-down t'ief, no good fer nuttin. But dat ain't so true. I got feelings too." The boy looked sad as he spoke the last few words and Logan felt overwhelmingly drawn to his side. He swam a little closer until they were almost touching. "When y' feel, I feel chere." Remy raised his hand slowly in the water and placed it on Logan's chest making the feral's heart miss a beat. "It come in waves off y', lappin' in my mind and I can't stop it and it reflect back ten times to y'. Dat why y' can't sleep....Remy sorry fer dat chere." The boy seemed to be on the verge of tears. Logan heard his words and felt too that the boy was extremely affected by the feelings and yet was unable to stop it from happening.

Logan felt a sudden sense of relief, but now what to do? He couldn't just acknowledge it and go back to the cabin, that wouldn't change anything. He needed to exorcise these demons driving him

crazy, he needed distance between him and the empathic Cajun. But the urges were manifesting, his inner animal forcing itself to the surface. The boy's hand was warm against his chest and it felt good, it felt really good. "No" he told himself, "*this ain't right.*" But Logan could no longer deny himself or his longings. As he looked at the narrow face of the Cajun; pale in the moonlight, shadow emphasising his high cheekbones, his red on black eyes reflecting the sparkle in the water, the dam burst inside Logan, his penned up anger turned to stampeding desire.

Remy gasped sharply as Logan pulled him into his body and wrapped his large hands around the young man's thighs. He hoisted him up and spread the boy's legs around his waist pulling them around his body as the water splashed and rippled around them. He felt the Cajun's body push the water from between them and suddenly they were skin to skin; warm, smooth skin. Logan angrily tried to push the thought from his mind. Even though the water resisted, Logan began to half walk, half swim purposefully toward the little sandy beach that ran around the edge of the lake, carrying the boy in his arms. Remy instinctively wrapped his hands behind the big man's neck and locked his fingers to keep him from falling backwards, a look of shock and surprise on his face, but he remained quiet in the Canadian's arms. He couldn't take his eyes off the feral's face; deep lines of concentration folded the older man's brow, his features set like stone, focused on his task. He could feel the big man's heart pounding in his chest and the heat of his skin from the exertion of wading through the water with the load in his arms. Logan did everything but look at the boy. He forced himself through the water feeling his way with his feet until the wetness gave way to grittiness and he strode onto the beach. A promontory of large rocks stuck out onto the beach and Logan made his way through them, finding a secluded alcove between two large boulders, where he lowered the boy down.

Logan stared down at him with a mixed look of bewilderment and aggression as Remy lay, arms a little outstretched, knees bent up and parted to accommodate Logan kneeling between them. The moonlight reflected off the wet, pale white skin of the boy giving him an almost blue tinge; he looked almost ghostly. Logan's outer expression belied the inner turmoil he was feeling. He was battered by a myriad of different emotions all telling him he 'needed' the boy. The powerful arousal Logan was experiencing seemed totally strange to him. He had never questioned his sexual preference; when he'd needed release he'd always sought the company of women. He had never lusted after another man, but here in the cold night with this glorious creature lying beneath him, his desire burned just as brightly as it ever had done. Logan's eyes trailed over the boy. Remy's body was deceptive; thin, almost waif-like yet deeply toned muscles lay underneath that soft skin and Logan had felt it pressed against his body as he'd carried him. The boy's stomach was flat and as he lay on his back, his narrow hip bones pushed up, hollowing out his belly further. His chest was bare except for a soft dark line of hair chasing from his belly button down his abdomen to join the dark fluff that encompassed his long and semi-hard manhood resting casually on his inner thigh.

Remy had always been comfortable with his sexuality; he loved the feel of body against body. Either man or woman, his empathic skills gave him the ability to mould himself to the desires of any partner. He had always relished the pleasure that came with each encounter, seeking that one touch, that closeness that would give him an inner warmth. But on the streets of New Orleans the last thing most of his clients had wanted was closeness, so he had learned to conceal his need and longing with that of eroticism and flirtation. But as he lay below the big feral he didn't feel either of those things. The barrage of sensations Logan was battering him with were knocking his shields in all directions. He fought to hold on, taking in only as much as he dared to feel Logan's needs; and Logan needed. Remy had felt him finally succumb in the lake and the back-draft of emotions had sucked at Remy's mind making him dizzy. Now he wanted Logan, more than anything in his life. He lay still and let the feral find his way.

Logan gingerly let his hands touch the boy's stomach, letting his fingers follow where his eyes had trailed. The sensation of still damp flesh under his fingers sent a shiver through his body. This wasn't just flesh, it wasn't like anything he had felt before. This was male flesh, soft yet firm, pliable yet thicker than that of a woman. His fingers entangled themselves in the trail of fur across Remy's abdomen and he heard the boy suck in a sharp breath and arch up under his touch. Slowly he let his hand investigate, moving up over a hip bone and rising across an inner thigh, this unknown territory fascinating him. The Cajun moaned and twisted a little, as Logan felt the urge to kneed and pinch at the thick muscle. The groan made him look across the boy's body. Remy's hands were gently pawing at the sand, his eyes closed and a serene expression on his young face. As he squeezed, the boy's eyelids fluttered and a smile spread over his face.

The inner beast in Logan finally broke through, heightening the erotic sensations now coursing through his body. His eyes alighted once more on the increasingly solid shaft between the boy's legs and Logan hungered for it. He hungered for it like he had never hungered for anything before and the feelings both excited and scared him. He wanted to touch, he wanted to feel, he wanted to taste it. As the boy lay in quiet satisfaction, Logan lowered himself onto his belly between the boy's legs. For a moment he just lay there, his eyes level with the boy's stomach, the long pale phallus resting gently against the equally pale thigh. He ran his fingers over the soft skin from the Cajun's knee, slowly tracing a path down his leg, desperate to get closer but fearful of what that one touch might release in him. In that moment of fear his finger suddenly caught the tip of that swelling shaft and the boy nearly lifted from the sand.

"Merde!" the Cajun exclaimed through gritted teeth. He had been unprepared for that first touch and the sensation sent a shock-wave through his slim body. Logan flinched; shocked by the reaction his touch had received. As Remy lowered himself back to the sand without making any remark to the feral, Logan took it as a sign to proceed. With a gentle finger he lightly touched the length of the boy, running his finger down to the base. Remy shuddered and moaned and Logan's abdomen tightened as his confidence grew. The skin was so velvety, so delicate, it felt incredible. Logan spread his fingers out over the mound of auburn fluff and let his fingers flow through it. The shaft twitched and Logan smiled at the wonderful reaction his touch yielded. He moved a little more, watching Remy's involuntary reaction like a kitten watches a moving length of string.

His body was aching from the sexual surge each time he elicited a reaction in the prostrate Cajun and it was all becoming too much. Lust, hunger, desire - all raged inside the feral and as Remy twitched again, it was all Logan could do to keep himself from going wild. He raised himself up and over the boy's parted legs and, closing his eyes, he opened his mouth. The hot, swollen tip of Remy's manhood slid like a ripened fruit into Logan's mouth inciting a chorus of expletives from Remy and moans from Logan as the two men connected. Remy's eyes opened wide as he tried to focus on the heaven wrapped around his member. Logan held the tip in his mouth and seeing the boy rise, looked up, catching his expression of sheer exhilaration. Remy too could not believe the look on Logan's face; the older man's eyes bright in the moonlight, full of lust and wanting with Remy's shaft buried deep into his mouth. The heat and wetness tightened Remy's abdomen and sent shivers surging through his body. He lowered himself back to the sand and let Logan take him.

For a moment Logan paused, the sensation of hardness and softness increasingly difficult to assimilate as he let the tip rest on his tongue. Then closing his lips around it he swallowed. Remy swore in his Cajun patois again and his body twisted. Logan spasmed with him, his inner beast writhing at the overwhelming sensations. The taste was beyond anything Logan had tasted before - a spiciness, salty male musk with a hint of sweetness. He let his mouth slide down, taking in more of Remy's perfection. The boy was flailing and gasping, and Logan hooked his arms around and over Remy's thighs, pressing his shoulders into Remy's bent legs, grasping his hips with his hands to stop the boy from breaking free. He slid down till the tip pushed against the back of his throat

and he tightened his grip on the boy's thrashing body. He pulled back, sucking tightly at the shaft like a lollypop, the sweetness running over Logan's tongue as he milked the first drops of pre-cum from the Cajun. Logan felt a hand grip his hair and pull as Remy sat up, driven insane by the carnal sensations Logan imbued him with; he pulled at the beast resting between his legs and drove him back down as he gasped for breath.

Logan nibbled and sucked at the long, hot pleasure, growling and moaning, his own hardness painfully driving into the sand under his belly as he took his fill. The animal inside him overwhelmed his senses and all he wanted was to drink this beautiful creature dry. Logan felt hot delicate hands run down his back and nails grate his skin, only to return to the pulling of his hair a moment later. After what seemed like forever he felt the boy push himself up and back, forcing more into Logan's mouth all the way down to the soft base. Logan released a hand and, moving it gently over Remy's skin, brought it round to cup his tightening scrotum, squeezing as he let his teeth close around the shaft. Remy screamed and drove against him. Logan was lost in the lust of it all; biting, sucking and squeezing till the yelps and gasps of the boy reached a crescendo.

"Oui...oui...oui.." was all the Cajun could muster as he rode the wave to his climax. As Logan squeezed again Remy exploded, his body going rigid with euphoria. Hot, salty juice filled Logan's mouth and slid over his lips as he pulled the long, hard jewel from his grip. With gentle hands he ran his fingers over Remy's thighs, hips and abdomen to soothe the stricken boy back to earth, letting the thick elixir trickle down his throat.

Remy lay still in the sand, his body still twitching and his delicate features set in a soft smile. Logan pulled himself up wiping the last of Remy from his mouth; the taste of that hot sweetness finally satisfying his animal spirit. He slid into the sand next to the boy, watching his expression as he lay with his eyes closed savouring the afterglow. Logan folded an arm over the Acadian and pulled him in close, feeling the warmth and sweat-soaked skin press against him. The cool night air blew between the rocks and Logan lay back as the boy wrapped his legs and arms around the big man.

Logan flinched as the sensation of being stroked roused him from his sleep. He opened his eyes. It was still dark and the moon was beginning to drop behind the tree line beyond the rocks, but there was still enough light to see by. He raised his head up onto his hand resting his elbow into the soft sand. Mid-way down his body sat the lanky Cajun, his legs swept up at his side like some pale mermaid sitting on a rock. His hair was tousled and flecks of sand caught the light as he moved. His hand rested on Logan's hip and he was making slow circles with his fingers across the bare skin.

"Didn't mean ta wake y' chere." He whispered. "Just wann'ed to feel dat skin 'gain." Logan pulled himself up till he was sitting on his knees in front of the boy. Remy met the feral's gaze with a bashful flutter of his ebony and ruby eyes. "Why y' look at Remy dat way chere?"

Logan was staring at the young man with such intensity it almost hurt Remy's head. "What did we just do Remy?" Logan murmured, questioning his own perception of event.

"We make out, mon ami."

"Was that some kinda head fuck ya layed on me Cajun?" Logan asked, a bit more forcefully than he had intended.

Remy blinked, the soft smile fading from his face. Why was Logan mad all of a sudden? Remy flinched, edging back a little away from the intensity of the big man. “Non,” he whispered, feeling a sudden tightening in his throat. “Non, Logan, dis no head fuck.” He lowered his gaze, feeling a pain in his chest. He hadn’t meant to make him angry. He thought he’d wanted it. Suddenly Remy felt like he was back on the streets of New Orleans, the stab of rejection suddenly thrust into his side.

“We did more than make out.” Remy looked up, Logan’s voice had softened and a look, first of confusion, then of a little surprise and finally a smile of satisfaction spread across Logan’s face. Remy’s heart pounded as the smile became a grin. “We definitely did more than make out Remy LeBeau.”

Remy had never heard the Wolverine say his name in full. It had always been derogatory nicknames or some abbreviation, but hearing his name spoken in the thick Canadian baritone made Remy almost melt. “Y’ not mad, hehn?” he asked shyly.

“Mad?” Logan questioned with a little laugh. “Why would I be mad after what we just did? Jeeze Rem, yer incredible.”

Remy could not believe what he was hearing; those two little words were all he had ever wanted to hear, ‘yer incredible’. He felt like crying, the tears welled up in his eyes as he stared at the big feral man sitting before him. “Y’ don’t know what dat mean ta me, chere. It like music ta mah ears.” A single tear rolled over his lashes and down his cheek, catching the last of the moonlight as it went.

“Hey kid.” Logan murmured as he watched the boy visibly sag. Without thinking he leaned across resting on all fours in front of the tearful Cajun. “What’s with the tears?” he asked softly.

“Nuttin...just happy s’all.” Remy tried to smile.

“Then don’t cry.” Logan said these last words so quietly Remy only just caught them. He had never known or seen the feral be so gentle and it surprised him. Before Remy had time to think Logan had moved closer. He was only an inch from his face and Remy could feel his breath on his cheek; it was hot and penetrated his skin. He sat perfectly still, closing his eyes to the feral’s presence. He sucked in a sudden breath as he felt Logan’s wet tongue on his cheek. The mighty Wolverine was licking the salty tears from Remy’s face in the most gentle of ways. When he reached the high cheekbone of the Acadian’s face, he pressed his lips to the soft skin. Remy held his breath, he had never been kissed so delicately in all his young life and he felt his heart would break if he pulled away. Another wave of tears cascaded from his eyes, coating Logan’s lips where they rested.

Logan’s body ached; it ached for this boy in a way he had never ached for another. As the tears rolled into his mouth he swallowed hard, sucking back the sudden overwhelming need to allow himself to weep in the arms of this pale young man. Moving lightly over Remy’s face as the boy let out a body-shaking sob, Logan found his soft lips and buried his mouth into him, muffling the Cajun’s joyous grief.

The sensation of kissing another man for the first time was one of complete surprise to Logan. Remy’s lips where not at all how he’d expected; not as full as a woman’s but non-the-less soft and hot. He let his tongue play over Remy’s mouth, the boy hungrily seeking out every touch with little whimpers, groans and the occasional sob. As the kiss became more animated Logan wrapped his hand around the back of Remy’s head and pulled him towards him, sitting back on his legs. Remy followed, not wishing to break the moment. As he did, he clambered into Logan’s lap, letting the

big man take his weight. Remy folded his arms around Logan's neck drawing his body in as close to the soft heat as he could. The kiss grew until both men were gasping for air as their mouths cross-crossed each others faces, hands running in all directions.

Finally Logan pulled away, panting. "Kid, yer insatiable." He smirked.

"Only return what y' give, amour." As he placed another kiss to Logan's lips, he slid his hand down past his thigh and between Logan's legs gently closing his hand around the feral's rapidly growing manhood. Logan gasped into Remy's mouth, bucking back and almost dislodging the young man from his seat. Remy giggled as he let Logan come up for air. "Give back what I receive, non?" he repeated as he slid from Logan's lap, his hand still connected to the feral.

Logan parted his legs as he knelt in the sand, giving Remy better access. Remy's eyes widened a little as Logan grew ever larger in his hand. He watched the feral lean back, taking the weight on his hands, his eyes closing as he soaked up the sensual stroking of Remy's fingers. The big man was utterly magnificent. Remy never noticed before just how 'meaty' the Canadian was; muscular arms, broad chest, thick tree-trunk thighs all swathed in this downy soft black hair that he loved to feel under his fingers. He was brought back from his musings by Logan's deep growl. Remy's small hand could barely contain the girth of Logan's erection, but the thought of giving himself to the feral beast made his abdomen tingle and his own manhood stand to attention.

Logan felt the swell of carnal urges and breathed in the scent of his own sex. The feel of that fine hand wrapped about him, rhythmically stroking him back and forth made him want to explode right then and there, but he tightened his muscles and held on letting the unadulterated pleasure flow over him. What this boy could do no other had ever done. He felt free, unfettered by the usual rules of engagement. No longer frightened by his feelings. He wanted him, he wanted him now.

Remy could sense Logan's growing desire. He knew the beast wouldn't stay in its cage for much longer, but he wanted this moment to be the most exquisite both of them would ever experience. Gently he let go and Logan's eyes snapped open; suddenly deprived of that perfect caress.

"No fear chere. Remy's here." The graceful smile on the young Cajun's face soothed Logan for the moment. "I'm gon' make love to y' now, amour. Y' don't worry 'bout nuttin." Remy raised his hand and stroked Logan's cheek. Logan growled and nuzzled the boy's hand. With that Remy turned around and took Logan's hands, placing them around his bare butt cheeks. Logan squeezed; the soft white flesh moulding in his palms. He watched the boy's back arch backward towards him and he leaned forward to place a kiss at the base of his neck. Slowly he slid one hand over the rounded rump, kneading as he went; the urge to discover the Cajun's erogenous zones bringing a lascivious smile to Logan's face. Remy leaned back into the feral letting his head loll back against his shoulder, giving him just enough room to turn his head and let the powerful man bury his mouth in his.

Logan locked an arm around the boy's waist drawing him in roughly as he drove his tongue into that sweet, waiting mouth. Gently Remy pulled away a little and seeking out the big man's free hand lifted it to his mouth. Logan enjoyed the pleasure of watching the boy steadily suckle at his fingers, coating them with hot saliva. Drawing the fingers slowly from his mouth, Remy guided the slightly shaking hand of the Wolverine between the perfect white mounds of his butt. The Cajun bucked and writhed in Logan's tightening grip, his yell muffled once more by hot searching lips as Remy guided Logan's thick moistened index finger deep into him. Logan held him there until the writhing stopped and the moans subsided.

“No Rem, I wanna make love to **you**.” Logan whispered into his ear making the boy shiver. Logan pulled back a little with his finger and pressed again. This time the boy lurched forward over his arm his knees driving into the sand as he pushed his ass back against Logan. Logan leaned in over the top of him and primed him again. The wild moan that issued from Remy’s lips made Logan swell with lust. The sight of this taut, lanky-looking boy, almost feminine in his movements, on all fours, writhing against Logan’s hand drove the Canadian to grasp himself, squeezing the juices to coat his own manhood. He kept trying to tell himself this wasn’t real, this wasn’t him, this was just his beast ravenous for pleasure. But with every thrust and moan from the boy he wanted more. He could feel the Cajun giving in to him; his body relaxing against his hand as he pressed deeper. He was ready too, it was now or never. Wrapping his arm under Remy’s waist he pulled the boy back up onto his knees.

“Do ya want me?” he asked softly, letting the boy’s body rest against his chest. Remy looked over his shoulder, fixing the feral with a demanding stare.

“Oh Oui chere, like nuttin else.”

Logan suddenly found it impossible to take the stare from the boy’s hungry eyes, “I ain’t never done this before Rem.”

Logan said it with such trepidation in his voice, Remy’s lecherous look turned instantly to tenderness. “Ain’t nuttin ta fear, Remy take care of y’.” He raised his hand reaching back to wrap it around Logan’s neck in comfort. The boy flashed him a gentle smile and shuffled back, spreading his legs until they was pressed up on either side of Logan’s thighs, his body hovering just above his lap. Logan felt Remy’s back brush against his cheek and closed his eyes sighing, a sense of peace and contentment passing over him. He didn’t know whether it was his own or a projection of Remy’s but it eased his fears and calmed his animal spirit.

Remy slowly lowered himself down, pushing steadily against the feral. For a moment his body resisted, Logan swelling with anticipation. Then with well-practised movements Remy wound himself down onto the transfixed feral. Logan moaned with the sheer tightness of it and the extraordinary release he suddenly felt. They seemed to fit perfectly together like a lock and key. Remy tensed his stomach muscles using his toned thighs and abdomen to control his decent onto the now shaking feral. Logan began to lose control of his emotions; his mind whirling with images and feelings till he thought he might pass out. The boy touched down, Logan unable to believe that he had taken in his immense length and girth. Remy was mumbling something in Cajun that Logan couldn’t understand. He felt him sway and squeeze his muscles then begin to rise and the tightness caused Logan to gasp. He felt like he was being drawn out; that the sex was being sucked out of him. He suddenly wanted to cum and yelled out his defiance as Remy drew almost to the point of releasing, then gently the weight of the Cajun descended once more.

To Remy the sensation was breathtaking; unlike any of his past encounters. Logan was rigid, smooth and glowing, like sliding onto warm steel Remy thought. The slow steady pace suited the Cajun; letting him savour every move, every delectable squeeze and thrust accompanied by all the juicy sounds of love-making. And the sounds the Canadian made were exquisite; low rumbles that vibrated Remy’s belly making him so hard, and deep growls of satisfaction that made him want to sink into the feral’s body. Slowly and steadily he rose and fell over the lap of the big man, his body soaking up every sensation. He felt Logan’s massive hands close in around his waist to hold him in place, so gentle and soft. He felt safe in his grip, he felt like nothing could ever hurt him again. He was sharing the thing he had so often given away for a handful of dollars and yet coveted almost to the point of jealousy; intimacy. The one thing he had craved for so long and here, surrounded by rocks and sand and water, naked to the world he had found that moment with the one man he never

in his wildest dreams would have considered could have given it to him. He heard Logan moan and began to quicken his tempo, the hands that held him tightened around his waist.

Logan's inner beast was riled once more. The tempest in his mind driving the animal to the point of insanity. He was harder than he had ever been and it was making him rage. He knew the boy was being careful with him; unaccustomed as he was to making love with another man, but Logan needed more, much more. He pushed himself up off his knees, taking the weight of the boy with his powerful arms, Remy moaned as Logan shifted his position, lowering Remy slowly onto all-fours in the sand. The roles were now reversed. Logan took control, no longer fearful of this incredible new experience. The boy was forced to hold himself steady as Logan made his presence known.

He leaned in over the pale frame of the boy, wrapping his big arms around his waist and driving him forward as he growled and snarled. Remy was more than surprised by the ferocity of the drive, yelling out French obscenities and demands, but somehow Logan knew they weren't words of hurt or fear but of aggressive want. Logan thrust again and again, slamming himself against the delicate porcelain flesh, hungry for every inch the boy would relinquish. He felt the heat in his tip as he found the boy's limit and the coldness of the air around his base as the night air caressed it between drives. He pulled himself up off the boy's back sliding his hands down to cup the prominent hip bones of the prostrate figure below him, allowing him control of his movements. His body convulsed with every move, the ache in his abdomen growing incessantly. Short and shallow he began to move, savouring the cock-teasing tightness of Remy's incredible body. The boy tried to thrash and twist against the jabs but Logan held him in place, only letting his hips rock back and forth.

Remy was near the breaking point. As hard as Logan drove, it would not satiate the desire to be filled from top to bottom by the animal now bearing down on him. He was past hunger, he was past desire. His body floated beyond all these feelings, 'need' was the only thing he could think of; he needed Logan, he needed to lose himself in this man, he needed to feel him buried inside him forever. As his hold on reality began to slip, the shields that protected him and the world from his immense empathic power began to crack. Great shards of emotions flashed through the fissures lighting up his mind in a blinding show of lights. He screamed out, his body wracked with the emotional bombardment. The mental shock-wave hit Logan and he howled with the pure savagery of it. Every muscle, every nerve-ending bristled with its power and Logan almost sank under the emotional weight. It coursed through his veins, flowing deep into his body. He slammed into Remy as the wave funnelled into his abdomen and flooded his manhood like a river of molten lava. Logan screamed as he exploded into Remy driving the boy forward and into the sand. Remy tried desperately to brace himself against the power of the feral, pushing back with every ounce of his strength. The tornado of Logan's power filled Remy's body with fire, the white heat merging and mixing with the lights of his emotions. The chain was complete; the emotional and carnal energies of the two men linking them with such ferocity neither could control. The lights flashed and then went out.

Remy stirred, the light was beginning to rise over the rocks. He lay on his side, spooned in the arms of the large feral, their bodies still coupled together. As Remy shuffled sleepily Logan moaned and opened his eyes. Without a word he felt Logan reach down and slowly and gently they pried themselves apart. Remy rolled over in the sand to face his lover. Logan smiled sleepily and pulled the boy into him.

“Think we passed out Cajun.” Logan said softly with a laugh, his lips pressed lightly to Remy’s forehead. “Fuck Rem, I thought I was gonna die.” Logan whispered. “Is it always like that?” he asked.

Remy giggled and kissed the man’s neck. For a moment he had forgotten that it was Logan’s first time, it felt to him like they had been ‘one’ forever. “Oh non, amour. Remy never felt dat before. Never lost control before. Y’ bring dat out in me, oui?”

“Well shit Rem, if that’s what happens the first time, ya better prep yerself real good when I know what I’m doin’.” Logan laughed out loud, a deep resonant laugh that Remy had never heard before. It was full of joy and happiness and a sense of mischief. The man was happy, totally and utterly happy and Remy could not find the word to describe how truly alive that made him feel.

He pulled away suddenly, sitting up at the side of the feral. “Y’ not teasing Remy, ol’ man? Y’ mean dere be a next time?”

Logan shifted himself up onto an elbow and raised a brow at the questioning expression on the boy’s face. “Gumbo, ya shown me a part o’ myself I never thought existed. I’m sorry if all this time I couldn’t see what was right in front o’ me. Ya have ta know I ain’t the easiest o’ fella’s ta get ta know, but you...” he sighed, “ya shown me that it ain’t all about what’s on the outside and the way we act around people, it’s about how we feel and what we do about them feelin’s. Ya found me Rem, ya found me and ya showed me what I been denyin’ myself. It ain’t about sex or all that stereotype bull-shit, it’s about intimacy and bein’ close with someone who really understands ya, and you understand me, I don’t know how but ya do. Will there be a ‘next time’?” Logan lifted his hand and cupped Remy’s chin. “Rem, ain’t an army o’ Sentinels could stop me from makin’ love ta you.”

Remy’s heart leapt in his chest. He had truly found what he had spent his whole life searching for, and it lay naked at his feet. Logan’s word’s filled him with love and hope.

“Now, what did ya call me?” Logan asked, a sly look on his face.

Remy frowned at Logan’s question then his face broke into a wide grin as he realised what he had said. “Ol’ man!”

“Who the hell you callin’ old-man Gumbo?” Logan hollered, that same deep belly-laugh shaking his body, as he threw himself forward at the Cajun. Remy shrieked and tried to scramble out of the way as Logan grabbed his legs and wrestled him onto the sand. As the sun peeked above the horizon, Logan and Remy wrapped themselves in each others arms, laughing and playing, kissing and touching until the need to rest finally overtook them.

Silver spray sparkled in the afternoon sun as Remy launched himself off the end of the pier and into the cool clear blue waters of the lake.

“Com’on Monsieur Wolverine, da waters fine.” Remy yelled back to the prostrate Logan, his eyes shielded from the sun by the book he was trying to read.

Logan ignored him. As the sound of splashing grew closer Logan sighed. “*Here we go again.*”

“Come on, de day’s too nice to be reading.” Remy hung by his arms from the edge of the pier to get a look at the big man, a broad grin on his delicate face.

“I told ya ‘Orleans leave me alone.” Logan growled, but for some reason it didn’t carry the venom his retorts usually did.

“Well ol’ man, if y’ too tired.” Remy whispered sarcastically, so as not to let anyone else hear.

“I told ya Cajun,” Logan rolled onto his stomach and fixed the boy with a dark stare. In seconds he was on his hunches. “Don’t call me old man!” he yelled, and sprinted for the end of the pier, launching himself over the top of Remy and into the water.

Remy laughed and dived under the water after the feral. As the two rose to the surface out of sight of the rest of the world, Logan folded the boy in a tight embrace as they hungrily sought out each others lips.