The Hideaway

by Gerec

Summary

A new collection of ficlets and snippets from Tumblr. Mostly Cherik & Xavierine
18. Charles/Apocalypse - The Vampire Chronicles AU, with Charles as Lestat and En Sabah Nur as Akasha
19. Charles/Steve - Beowulf au, with Steve as the hero and Charles as the monster.
20. Cherik - Arranged marriage au, where Erik develops rather inconvenient feelings for his Consort.
21. Cherik - There's a case of mistaken identity at the Xavier's annual Hallowe'en Bash. Erik is not a happy bunny (until he is)!
22. Cherik - Space AU, where Charles attempts to shake their enemies by flying into an asteroid field.
23. Charles/Steve - Avengers AU, where Steve is injured in a fight and Charles is unamused.
24. Xavierine - DOFP AU, where Logan worries that Charles might regret their time together.
25. Cherik - Erik travels across multiple universes to find Charles.
26. Cherik - Erik is bad at flirting.
27. Cherik - Charles and Erik are having an affair.
28. Xavierine - Logan has a hard time coping with the android that wears Charles Xavier's face.
29. *NEW* Cherik - DOFP AU, Erik is the one that travels back to 1973

Notes

I've decided to start a new collection of my ficlets from tumblr, since the first one has grown quite large! More to come soon!
Contents

2. Xavierine - Logan and Charles celebrate New Years in Logan's cabin in the woods.
3. Cherik, Xavierine - Mob AU, CIA!Charles goes to his ex lover mob boss!Erik for news of his presumed dead lover.
4. Xavierine - Cop AU! Logan and Charles play good cop/bad cop. Guess which is which?
5. Xavierine - Animal Lust - PWP inspired by Dwaroxxx's art.
6. Xavierine - Relax - PWP inspired by Dwaroxxx's art.
7. Xavierine - Merman!Charles, inspired by Dwaroxxx's art.
8. Xavierine - Logan risks his life to save Charles, inspired by Dwaroxxx's art.
9. Xavierine - More Merman!Charles with Sailor!Logan, inspired by Dwaroxxx's art.
10. Cherik, Xavierine - Charles is caught in the middle of an argument between his room mates Erik and Logan. University AU.
11. Xavierine - A mysterious woodcutter rescues Charles from a wolf attack. Red Riding Hood AU.
12. Cherik - Erik was always watching Charles.
13. Cherik - The Xavier-Lehnsherrs pick a theme for their Hallowe'en costumes.
14. Xavierine, Cherik - Logan finds a very drunk Charles in the arms of a handsome stranger.
15. Xavierine - Post XMA/Logan AU, where Logan becomes an unexpected parent to baby Laura.
16. Cherik - There's an unwelcome visitor in Erik's kitchen. Charles has to help remove it.
17. Xavierine - Charles tries to prove to Logan that he's old enough for anything.
18. Charles/Apocalypse - The Vampire Chronicles AU, with Charles as Lestat and En Sabah Nur as Akasha.
19. Charles/Steve - Beowulf au, with Steve as the hero and Charles as the monster.
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“I can’t believe we’re actually here,” Charles groans, stretching his arms over his head and breathing deep, taking in the crisp morning air with a sigh. They’ve been here at Logan’s cabin in the Rockies for the past two days, worlds apart from the hustle and bustle of the School leading up to the Christmas holidays. Tucked high enough to afford a breath-taking view, but far enough away from ski resorts and tourists it offers the perfect sanctuary for their impromptu getaway.

“And I can’t believe you didn’t sleep in, Chuck, considering how late we stayed up last night,” Logan says with a grin, stepping out onto the deck and draping another thick wool blanket over Charles. He waits patiently as Logan fusses, taking great pains to tuck it carefully around his legs and away from the wheels of his chair so as not to hamper his mobility. Charles finds it endlessly amusing – and heartwarming – to see this soft and pampering side to Logan, and wonders just what he’s done to deserve it.

Or how long it can possibly last.

“You’re thinking again,” Logan interrupts, cupping the back of Charles’ neck with warm and calloused hands, and tilting his head gently for a lingering kiss. “Stop thinking. You’re supposed to be on vacation remember? Nothing but eating and sleeping and enjoying the peace and quiet up here.”

“You know I can’t turn my brain off right?” he snarks, which makes Logan chuckle as he hands Charles one of the large mugs he brought out along with the blanket. Charles inhales the steam from the coffee with a grateful smile, and then tugs Logan down onto the wooden bench next to his chair. “And there must be something else we can do around here, besides eating and sleeping.”

Logan takes a sip of his own coffee and shakes his head. “Your innuendo needs work.”

“So you say, but they work just fine on you.” Charles retorts, slipping his free hand inside Logan’s jacket. Their voices are the only sounds in the early New Year’s morning, the powdery snow covering the cabin, the trail, and the entire mountainside in a blanket of white. “It’s so beautiful here, Logan. How long have you had this place?”

“A long time,” Logan answers, slinging an arm around the back of Charles’ chair. “Been slowly fixing it up and adding things over the years. It’s a nice place to be, when you want to be alone. It’s… it used to be, the only place that felt safe.”

Charles grins into his mug as he takes another sip. “Thank you,” he says, for much more than he can possibly express in words. “I’m glad that you...”
did.”
Blood and Lies - The Deal

Chapter Summary

Based on this prompt:

*It’s been two years since Charles Xavier lost his partner (and lover), on a botched mission that left Charles critically injured. Though Logan’s body was never found - and the CIA deemed him ‘killed in action’ - Charles still has lingering questions about what really happened that fateful night…*

…questions that might finally be answered, as someone matching Logan's description has recently surfaced, tied to a string of high profile assassinations that have Charles’ superiors up in arms. Determined to seek the truth to those rumors, Charles must turn to his ex-lover Erik Lehnsherr for answers.

*But what information does Erik have about Logan’s ‘death’ and his sudden reappearance? And just what will it cost Charles to secure the assistance of his vengeful ex? Someone with ties to some very, very bad people indeed…*

Chapter Notes

I posted this prompt ages ago as a [gif set on tumblr](https://example.com), and decided it was time to write a little ficlet to go with it! A belated birthday present for my darling Lachatblanche who happens to love all things Cherik + Xavierine too!

They stop him as soon as he steps off the elevator and into the marble entryway, the tall Russian with the scar across his cheek grinning sardonically as his model-handsome Latino partner pats him down for weapons.

He’s not packing of course; no way was Charles going to show up at the penthouse with his CIA-issued gun, and let these hired thugs take it from him while he’s meeting with their boss. Plus he doesn’t need it; he’s here for a ‘friendly’ visit and not to make any arrests, and Erik…

Well Erik’s not interested in killing him, or he’d already be dead.

“He’s clean,” one says, and the other just nods at Charles, giving him the green light to head further in. Ignoring their knowing looks he wanders down the hallway and into the living room, where the space opens up to reveal two stories, as well as floor-to-ceiling windows that cover almost the entirety of the first floor.

“Well? What do you think?”

Charles takes in all the shiny chrome and fancy leather; the millions of dollars of modern art hanging on the walls and the Steinway grand piano and scoffs. It’s bold and ostentatious, a showcase for the wealth and expensive tastes of the man who has it all. And it’s everything that Erik used to hate
about Sebastian Shaw, who never failed to lord his power and influence over everyone around him.

And yet his ex-lover is practically a carbon copy of their old boss now, standing next to a piano he doesn’t fucking know how to play, smirking at Charles with a glass of thousand dollar whiskey in hand. He would punch that smug look off Erik’s face without an iota of regret, if he wasn’t so desperate for news about Logan.

“It suits you,” Charles says, as Erik watches him cross the room to stand by the windows, staring out at the bright lights of the Mahattan skyline. “Pretentious and fake, all show and no substance.”

“Ouch,” Erik answers, a wry chuckle falling from his lips as he takes a slow sip from his drink. “I don’t think my interior designer is going to be happy to hear that.”

Charles turns to face him and crosses his arms. “Interior designer huh? New? Or did you take Shaw’s, like you took everything else that belonged to him?”

If he didn’t know Erik so well he would have missed it completely – just the slightest pinch of his lips at the well-aimed jab. Neither of them are bleeding quite so obviously now, over four years later, but the wounds they inflicted on one another had cut, and cut painfully deep.

“Still so hard to impress, Charles? Hardly surprising, growing up with all that Xavier money. Oh that reminds me, how is your lovely sister doing these days?”

Charles doesn’t quite snarl, but it’s a close thing. “Fuck you, Lehnsherr. I didn’t come here to catch up on old times. I want information, and I want to know what it’s going to cost me to get it.”

He knows Erik isn’t going to make this easy for him; can see that the man is more than a little pleased to have Charles here, all but begging him for help. It’s not a position Charles ever thought he would find himself in after they parted ways, but he’ll tolerate whatever abuse Erik flings his way, if it means finding Logan before it’s too late.

“Right to the point, as always. I’ve always liked that about you, Charles,” Erik offers, instead of answering the damn question. “And just what are you offering to give me, for news about a man newly risen from the dead?”

“What do you want?” he snaps, as Erik heads over the bar to refill his glass, pouring a second one for Charles. He hands it to him before sprawling back onto the white leather couch, unbuttoning his expensive Prada suit with a grin. “You want intel? You want me to make some evidence disappear? What?”

Erik shrugs. “Nothing quite so…pedestrian. You can give me what I want very easily, without breaking any laws or risking your job.”

He wants to throw the entire drink in Erik’s face, watch it dribble and soak that perfectly coordinated tie and navy blue suit. Instead, he tosses all of it back with a single gulp, wincing at the slow burn crawling down his throat. “Stop fucking around and wasting my time. Tell me what you want.”

“I want you,” Erik answers placidly, twirling the ice in his glass, his eyes keenly watching Charles for his reaction. “By my side again and back in my bed.”

Charles snorts. “You’ve got to be joking.”

“Now Charles, you know me better than that. I never joke about the things I want.”

“Fuck you,” he snarls and takes a step closer to the couch, his hands clenching into fists as Erik
continues to smirk at him. “I’m not going to— Fuck you, Erik Lehnsherr!”

“No, I intend to fuck you. At least to start. But it’s your choice really. How badly do you want news about your precious partner? Or should I say… lover?” Erik inquires, almost gleefully as he dangles Logan in front of Charles like so much bait. “Tsk, tsk, Charles. Haven’t you learned your lesson yet about mixing business with pleasure?”

He lunges forward and grabs Erik by the lapels and yanks him onto his feet. “I hate you. You hate me. Is this some kind of sick joke to you?”

Instead of shoving him away, Erik merely wraps his hands around Charles fists and sighs. “Give me what I want, and I’ll tell you where to find Howlett in the morning. You have my word.”

“Your word means nothing.”

“And yet you have no choice but to trust me,” Erik continues, leaning his body ever closer to slip his arms around Charles’ back, his touch warm and familiar. “Trust me,” he whispers, voice low and intimate, Erik’s soft breaths ghosting against his ear. “I’ve never lied to you.”

Against his will and better judgement his entire body stirs, responding to Erik the way it’s always been between them, sharp lust and the heady allure of danger, blinding and all consuming. It almost cost Charles his life once being with Erik, and it will undoubtedly cost him as much and more, if he gives in to Erik’s demand.

He thinks about Logan, and their last moments together the morning of their botched mission. Before the fiery explosion that left Charles critically injured and Logan presumed dead.

“Fine,” he snaps, pushing Erik away to strip out of his jacket, and tossing it carelessly on the floor. “We have a deal.”

Charles closes his eyes, half expecting Erik to take him right there, against the windows for all of New York to see. But Erik just kisses him, lips gentle and wet, slowly and patiently until Charles groans and arches against him.

“I need to make a call,” Erik murmurs, hands stroking gently at the nape of his neck before pulling away. “Will you play something, Charles, on the piano for me? I did buy the thing for you after all.”

“You bought it…for me?”

“Of course.” Erik casually tosses the words over his shoulder as he exits the room, taking his cell out of his suit jacket with a flourish. “I’ve always known that you’d come back to me. Eventually.”
He’s in the break room making a cup of dishwater-like coffee when Munroe walks in, sauntering over to the counter and propping herself next to Logan with a shit-eating grin.

“Hey Big Guy,” she says, barely able to conceal the laughter threatening to bubble to the surface. “Heard you and Charles finally caught Creed. Nice job; you’ve been working the case for a while now yeah?”

“Yeah,” he mutters, ‘cause he’s not gonna play her game. “Led us on a merry goose chase but we finally nabbed him in one of Shaw’s safe houses.”

She pretends to look around, not quite managing the innocent expression she’s going for as she asks, “Soooo…where’s Charles?”

Logan does not sigh; he doesn’t. “Interrogation room.”

“Huh,” Ororo says, and then, “sent you out to get coffee again, didn’t he?”

He doesn’t even pretend to deny it, because everyone in the precinct knows that Logan is a big ol’ softie when it comes to one Detective Charles Francis Xavier, and will do pretty much whatever his partner tells him. Which includes leaving him alone in the interrogation room with a suspect, even if makes Captain MacTaggart frown rather majestically every time it happens.

“Yeah.”

“How long do you think it’ll take this time?” Ororo ponders, before pulling her cell out of her jacket and making a show of looking something up on the screen. “Jean’s got Creed cracking in seven minutes; Alex in twelve. And Sean, he doesn’t think Charles will get a confession out of Creed at all.”

Logan snorts. “Kid’s new. What’d you expect?”

There’s a loud crash, and then a bloodcurdling scream emanates from the interrogation room half a precinct away. The ruckus is followed by an entire minute of absolute silence…and then the door
flies open and out pops Charles with a grin on his face and a file in his hand. The entire squad room erupts into chaos, a bored looking Frost holding court and settling bets amidst entirely too many shouts and loud curses.

Ororo smiles when Charles wanders into the break room and takes the proffered coffee out of Logan’s hand. “Five minutes, Xavier. New record.”

Charles arches a brow at her and takes a slow sip of his coffee. “How much money did you make off Cassidy?”

“He’ll think twice before betting against his betters again,” she answers, and then bumps Charles’ hip good naturedly on her way out. Logan just shakes his head at them both, smiling when Charles leans in to press their mouths together for a lingering kiss.

“Thought you were the ‘good cop’, did he?” Logan says with a chuckle.

Charles just shrugs. “What can I say? I’m very good at being bad.”

Logan groans.
The kid fucks like he’s in the middle of boxing match; like he’s got something to prove.

*I want it rough*, he says, and so Logan slams him up against the bedroom wall and pins him there, writhing and panting as he works him open with one, then two, then three long and calloused fingers.

*I want to feel it*, he says, and so Logan lifts him against the wall and pushes in, Charles’ legs spread wide and his body slick with sweat. The kid groans like he’s dying, like every cry is being forced out of him with a punch, which only serves to spur Logan on, making him drive harder and faster with long and measured strokes.

*Make me forget*, he says, and so Logan throws him face down on the bed and licks him open, eats him out with tongue and teeth like his ass is the most delicious dessert. He’s rough, leaving bruises as he grips those unblemished cheeks and pries them apart; makes him feel it when Logan sinks in and bottoms out, pistoning his hips as he starts fucking Charles right into the goddamn bed.

*Make me yours*, he says, yet he can feel the kid straining to hold back, still fighting him for every ounce of control. With a snarl he yanks Charles up by the hair and wraps a hand around his throat, squeezing just enough to make him arch back as he tries to catch his breath.

“You’re mine,” Logan growls, and he can feel Charles swallow a moan, clenching tight as he shudders and then comes in hot spurts all over the bed.

“I’m yours,” Charles whispers, and then it’s Logan’s turn, the words pushing him over the edge of the precipice, heart pounding and ears ringing as he comes, and comes, and comes.
“F**k you’re gorgeous,” Logan murmurs, wrapping his tags around Charles’ wrists and tugging them hard, tight enough to restrict but not enough to cut off the circulation. He rocks back onto his knees to enjoy the view, the splattering of freckles across the planes of Charles’ muscles; the round globes of his cheeks as he kneads all that soft, sculpted flesh.

"Like what you see?" Charles teases, flexing his biceps and his ass both, laughing at the spike of arousal he can feel shooting straight to Logan’s groin. It earns him a sharp slap that makes Charles groan into the sheets, even as Logan soothes the sting immediately with gentle strokes from his large and calloused hands.

“I love it”, he says out loud, but I love you is what Charles hears, as Logan sets to work, massaging the tense muscles in Charles’ back, down his arms and across his shoulder blades. He digs hard into the knots, just shy of painful, letting Charles’ blissful moans and the shared sensations guide his hands all over his lover’s body.

Logan, Charles whines, when his body is loose as putty and his fingers are curling and uncurling with impatience. Damn it, stop teasing me and get on with it.

So used to getting your way, Professor, he chides, unbuttoning his jeans slowly as Charles turns his head and tries to catch his eye. Remember our deal tonight, Chuck. I call the shots.

Charles laughs, pressing his face into the sheets and muffling the sound. I’m beginning to regret it, he says, and Logan can hear the pout accompanying the words. If all you’re going to do is put me to sleep.

Logan snorts. Don’t bother trying to egg me on, he replies, sliding backwards on the bed until he’s sprawled with his face practically buried in Charles’ ass. I’m going to take my time, and you’re going to shut up and let me.

He punctuates the last sentence by spreading Charles wide, and he can feel the flare of his own arousal mirrored as his lover watches intently through his eyes. For long moments Logan just strokes him gently with his fingers, tracing the rim, until Charles is all but arching back, almost shaking with the need for Logan to touch him.

Shh, he soothes, grabbing hold of Charles’ hips and easing him back down until he’s flush against the bed. He pries him open again with a breathless chuckle, and then licks a wet swath from the root of his cock to the tip of that pretty pink hole.

Relax, he orders, as Charles keens with pleasure, clenching and unclenching around Logan’s tongue as he sets to work. Let go and enjoy yourself, Logan says. You’re in good hands.
“Logan,” Wade whispers, eyeing the creature in his arms with what can only be categorized as curiosity mingled with fear. “Put the fish down, Logan. Put it down before it eats you.”

“Shut it Wilson,” he says, but there’s no heat in his words, his attention completely riveted to the… thing they found caught in the nets, mesmerizingly beautiful with skin and scales of unearthly blue. He had accidentally scratched its neck when he was extricating it from the tangled mesh, and now he can’t stop staring at the marks, the urge to lick that spot on its skin almost overwhelming.

*Put me in the water.*

Logan ignores the tug on his arm, and growls at Wade until the man backs away. He carries the creature to the edge of the boat and gently lowers him into the sea.

*Good. Now give me a kiss.*

He leans forward precariously, ignoring the voice behind him, and lets the creature plunder his mouth with a deep and possessive kiss. Webbed fingers grip his face before sliding slowly behind his neck, and then he’s toppling over board, sinking under the waves with a strangled shout.

When he opens his eyes, the creature is right in front of him, its long tail joining its hands to wrap around Logan’s body. What a strange way to die he thinks, as they sink lower and lower into the depths; at least Wade’ll have a good story for the boys back in port.

*You’re not dying Logan,* a voice says, slow and seductive as the creature winds itself tighter around his body. *But you are coming with me.*
Inspired by artwork by dwaroxxx - Logan risks his life to save Charles.

Someone is screaming his name – probably Hank – as chunks of metal and cement start raining down all around him, the creak and groan of the steel structure the only sound he can hear as he drags himself away from his mangled wheelchair. They’re afraid, and horrified, his friends and students that are gathered outside and out of reach, and he sends them all a wave of love and calm acceptance before he abruptly cuts off the connection.

If he’s going to die, he doesn’t want any of them to know when it happens.

He manages to drag himself up against the wall, coughing from the smoke and the crumbling dust, and pushes down the surge of panic that’s making his throat close up tight. There’s no one here that can help him; no one that can move metal or teleport him out, or shield him from the thousands of pounds of debris that will crush him in the next few seconds.

Looking up at the cracks in the ceiling, Charles laughs, and remembers getting pinned under a piece of stadium once upon a time, and the miracle then that it hadn’t killed him out right. He knows he’s not going to make it this time, that his luck has finally run out, and tries to make peace with the fact that he’s done all he can the past ten years to make a difference.

Charles tilts his head back as the rumbling gets louder, and closes his eyes.

The metal screams and the ceiling collapses and the entire world roars and goes white.

But then, everything stops falling and there’s a deafening silence, and when he opens his eyes…well somehow, he isn’t dead.

He isn’t dead, because Logan is hovering over him, his eyes almost feral with pain and fear, his body studded with shrapnel and rebar and covered in blood.

“Logan?” he whispers, and the man smiles at him through gritted teeth, blood dripping from his mouth and down his chin. Charles is too shocked to do anything but stare, half raising his arm to touch before Logan’s excruciating pain finally jolts him to his senses.

“Oh god,” Charles breathes and reaches with his telepathy to dull Logan’s agony, as his body starts healing itself around his injuries, pushing the jagged metal bits out of skin and flesh. “Why did you… are you completely mad?”

Logan just laughs at him, still breathless with pain, his voice full of warmth and affection as Charles flings his arms around his neck and tugs him close.

“I told you,” Logan says, as Charles clings to him, too relieved and terrified still to let go. “We’re in this together, Chuck. Nobody gets left behind.”
Fascinating

Chapter Summary

Inspired by more glorious mermian!Charles art by dwaroxxx!

They spin in a slow, languid circle - down, down, down into the midnight depths, the bottom of the boat growing smaller and smaller as the creature winds its body around Logan, sinuous tail around his legs, the press of warm skin against cold scales.

He can’t last much longer without struggling, lungs already burning with the strain of holding his breath, his body screaming to fight, and swim and breathe even if he knows logically that he can’t die from a simple drowning. But Logan can do nothing but stare into the creature’s eyes, two pinpricks of blue light in the embracing dark.

Relax. You won’t feel a thing.

It leans closer, close enough for Logan to make out the spiked tips of its ears and the rhythmic vibration of its gills. The creature is all sharp edges and smooth muscle, a beautiful nightmare, the herald of a thousand watery deaths for those unlucky enough to hear its call.

And Logan…well Logan wants to hear it sing.

He gasps, when hands wrap like a vice around his neck, and something like tentacles slithers around his mind, whisper-soft and amused and oh so seductive.

You can’t drown. Fascinating.

Lips - those soft, blood-red lips - plunder Logan’s mouth in a voracious kiss, stealing his last breath, and he closes his eyes, giving over to the impending pain. But then miraculously, he finds much needed air being pushed back into his lungs, loosening the tight stranglehold in his chest as the creature smiles.

I’m going to keep you, the voice says, as it grabs Logan by the arm, the lithe, muscular tail propelling them faster and faster into the vastness of the deep blue sea.

We are going to have so much fun.
The Missing Book

Chapter Summary

Logan accuses Erik of stealing his book. Erik calls Logan a slob. And Charles is caught in the middle of their argument.

Chapter Notes

From the first sentence meme on tumblr!

“Erik… are YOU the one who took Logan’s missing copy of The Tale of Genji?”

The question comes out much harsher than he intended, but Charles has been up all night studying for his Biochem test, and frankly way too tired to deal with this ongoing prank war between his idiotic roommates.

“Are you accusing me of stealing?” Erik snaps, banging the kitchen cupboards rather loudly as he grabs a bowl for his bran flakes. “And the answer is no, Charles. I did not take his stupid book because I have more important things to do with my life. Maybe if Logan wasn’t such a slob he wouldn’t lose his crap all the time in that garbage pit he calls a bedroom.”

Charles sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose as Erik slams the bowl on the kitchen table and then pointedly ignores him. Upstairs the noises are growing ever louder, drawers being slammed open and shut amidst rather spirited - and inventive - cursing for 7:30 in the morning.

“I’m not accusing you, Erik,” he tries to placate, because that’s always been Charles’ role, to mediate arguments and flareups between his two best friends, going all the way back to their days in kindergarten. “It’s just…his paper is due and he needs it rather desperately so if you have seen it perhaps–”

“What did you do with my book, Lehnsherr?” Logan snarls, stomping into the kitchen in nothing but a pair of boxer shorts and an angry frown on his face. “I’m not playing this game with you, alright? Stealing shit is completely crossing the line!”

And oh this is not good, not good at all because now Erik is really pissed, his eyes narrowing and his jaw set as he pushes himself up and into Logan’s personal space. “I. Did. Not. Take. It. Fuck. Off.”

Later, Charles will swear that the lack of sleep and the buckets of coffee he ingested in the past 24 hours led to his rather abrupt and inappropriate reaction; he starts laughing as his roommates square off in the middle of their kitchen, clutching his stomach as his giggles slowly morph into high pitched, hysterical laughter he can’t stop.

Logan and Erik both freeze mid scowl, heads turning in perfect sync to stare at him in shock. “What’s so funny there, Chuck?” Logan asks.
“You two,” he wheezes, almost gasping for breath. “Look at you, all up in each other’s faces, wearing next to nothing...all riled up like you’re a split second away from fucking each other on the kitchen counter. Which would be so hot but also ew, we eat in here.”

The fact that his friends immediately leap backwards to put some space between them sends Charles into another fit of giggles, while Logan and Erik stare uncomprehendingly at him like he’s grown a second head. And then, as they slowly take in their mutual attire - Logan with his boxers and Erik shirtless too with a very low slung pair of pajama bottoms barely clinging to his hips - the awkward sputtering starts, as they each scramble to object at the mere possibility of fornication.

“What? That is not what’s happening–”

“Mein Gott, Charles, we would never–”

“I don’t even find him attractive, he’s a giant pain in my–”

“Why would you even think that I would ever want to–”

“Oh I don’t know,” Charles interrupts them with a sly grin, “I’ve certainly thought about it. I mean you’re both bi, you’re both hot and single, and all that tension has got to be coming from somewhere right? Maybe if you fuck each other’s brains out you can finally stop all this pointless bickering and I can stop getting dragged into your dumb arguments.”

It’s not as though Charles really thinks that the two of them have been secretly pining for each other since around the time they hit fourth grade, but his digs have managed to shut them both up, so he’s happy to count it as a win.

Though there might be a teeny, tiny part of him that twinges a little at the thought of them getting together, with him the odd man out.

Erik and Logan share an indecipherable look, and then Erik starts shaking his head. “How can you be so bloody clueless, Charles? You’re a telepath!”

“All this time, we thought you knew and you were just pitting us against each other,” Logan adds. “And you really don’t know?”

Charles stares at them. “Know what?”

Erik rolls his eyes at him. “We’ve been fighting over you.”

“Me? Why?”

This time it’s Logan that looks exasperated, as he rubs the back of his neck with a sigh. “Because we both want to have sex with you, Chuck. Just how many hours have you been up anyway?”

“I don’t know, twenty?” And then, “Wait, wait, you two really...with me?”

And because life is full of poor choices and shitty timing, the alarm goes off on his cell before either Logan or Erik can answer him.

“Damn it, I’ve got to go, I have my test in an hour,” he says, already turning away from his friends and sprinting up to his room two steps at a time. Charles grabs his bag and his keys off his desk and stumbles back down the stairs, brushing past Erik and Logan as he heads for the front door.

“Charles, we need to talk–”
“Later,” he replies, grabbing his jacket out of the hall closet and shrugging it on. “After class, we’ll talk.” He gives Erik a kiss on the cheek, and does the same for Logan, and then he’s out the door, his mind already filling with equations and molecules and whatever nasty surprise Trask might have in store for them.

He laughs when the sound of their voices follow him down the steps, Logan’s rough rumble a perfect balance to Erik’s sharp retort.

“So where the hell did you stash my book, Lehnsherr? I’ve got a paper—”

“I told you already, I don’t have it! Maybe if you cleaned your room you’d—”

Charles grins like a fool the entire way to campus.
Red Riding Hood AU

Chapter Summary

A mysterious woodcutter named Logan rescues Charles from a wolf attack.

Chapter Notes

Based on this prompt: LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AU: CHARLES IS OUT IN THE WOODS PICKING HERBS FOR HIS SICK SISTER/MOTHER/FRIEND. HOWEVER HE QUICKLY GETS LOST AND IT STARTS TO SNOW/RAIN TERRIBLY. HE'S RESCUED BY A WOODCUTTER LIVING SECLUDEDLY IN THE WOODS. HOWEVER, THE WOODCUTTER, LOGAN, HAS A TERRIBLE SECRET. BY THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, HE BECOMES WOLF.

He wakes to the quiet crackle of a warm fire, his body lying prone on a soft bed under a pile of thick blankets. Outside a storm is raging, rain drumming heavily against the roof of what appears to be a small and rustic cottage. Moving his head turns out to be a bad idea, though the throbbing in his temple does start to ease with a few deep breathes, allowing brief flashes of memory to seep through the haze. There was…running? Yes, he’d been running through the woods, his boots slipping in the mud in the torrential downpour, and there had been something chasing him. Something large and menacing, teeth glinting in the moonlight; that growled at him, tackling and then pinning him and–

“You’re up,” a voice calls out from somewhere across the room, a bit gruff, but pitched low with obvious concern. Charles jerks in surprise and scrambles to sit up, grimacing when pain flares at the juncture between his neck and right shoulder; no doubt he would have flopped backwards in an ungainly heap if not for the strong arm that catches him and breaks his fall.

“You’re up,” the voice says, this time coming from the stranger beside him, easing him gently back onto the bed. The man’s expression is grim, though his brown eyes are kind as he looks down at Charles, doing much to soften the otherwise wild and possibly dangerous impression he exudes with all that rippling muscle and coarse body hair. “I bandaged your wound, but you don’t want to move around too much. You’ll break the skin again.”

“What happened? Where am I?”

The man grimaces, and scrubs the back of his neck. “You were injured so I brought you back here. You hit your head I think, and twisted an ankle, not to mention the bite on your neck–”

“A wolf!” Charles interrupts, trying to push up onto his elbows only for the stranger to nudge him back down again with a firm hand on his chest. “There was a wolf, it was chasing me and I think it attacked me. Bit me and I don’t…” He trails off and shakes his head. “I don’t remember what happened. Did you see it? When you found me?”

The stranger wanders across the room and throws another log into the fireplace, turning his back to Charles as he pokes at the fire impatiently with an iron rod. “No,” he replies gruffly. “Whatever
attacked you…no, there was no wolf.”

Charles lets out the breath he didn’t realize he was holding and sighs. “Perhaps it heard you coming and ran off. Regardless, I thank you for saving my life. My name is Charles Xavier.”

“Yes I know,” the man answers, making his way to the tiny counter doubling as the cottage’s kitchen, reaching for a tumbler and filling it with water from a pitcher. He sets the cup down on the only table in the one room cottage, and helps Charles into a sitting position, propping him up against the wooden headboard. “You’re the village healer. I’ve heard of you.”

“I’m sorry, and you are?”

“Logan,” is the abrupt reply, as his rescuer pushes the cup into his hands, and then turns and walks briskly back to the other side of the tiny room, as though he’s anxious to keep his distance from Charles. “I’m a wood cutter.”

“Oh,” Charles says, and takes a much needed drink of water, quenching his parched throat with a relieved sigh. “I haven’t seen you around before. Do you live here alone? Are we very far from the village? Only I’ve been in much of the woods around here and I’ve never come across your cottage? Are you—”

Logan cuts him off with a wave of his hand. “I don’t even know which question I’m supposed to answer first. Get some sleep, and we’ll talk in the morning. It’s still storming out, and you’re in no condition to travel, even if we were close to the village. Which we’re not. So yeah, get some rest.”

Charles smothers a yawn, and grins sheepishly when Logan arches an eyebrow at him. “Got it. Sleep now, talk later.”

He hands the cup back to Logan, and allows the man to settle him back against the pillow, gently so as not to jostle his injured neck or throbbing ankle. Charles reaches for Logan before he can move away, hoping to convey his thanks with a grateful smile and a squeeze of the man’s rather thick bicep.

“Thank you again, Logan. I don’t know what would have happened to me if you hadn’t come along.”

Logan stiffens, his eyes darting to look out the window before settling back on Charles’ face. “It’s nothing. Don’t mention it,” his new friend insists, expression softening as he crouches beside the bed, close enough for Charles to feel his presence, warm and solid. “Sleep. You’re safe here. Nothing…I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“Good…” is all Charles manages as the urge to sleep overtakes him, his thoughts drifting along to the sound of Logan’s steady breathing by his ear. The last thing he remembers, before exhaustion finally drags him under is the weight of the wolf on his back, pressing him down, knocking the breath from his lungs, sharp teeth and panted breaths…

…and the feel of a hand carding through his hair.
Charles knew that Erik was watching him, because Erik was always watching him.

It had been that way since the beginning, from the moment they’d been dragged out of the water on that balmy June night. Erik’s eyes tracked Charles from room to room and city to city, always with wariness and a sense of wonder, as though he couldn’t quite believe that someone like Charles actually existed.

That he wasn’t just a figment of Erik’s imagination - fellow mutant, only friend, cherished lover - conjured in his despair and anger to be the balm for a lonely soul.

It had been that way when they reunited years later, in the Pentagon, and on the plane, so much rage and pain and accusations and blame, Erik’s eyes burning a trail on his skin and a hole in his heart–

*I waited for you,* his eyes seemed to shout, while he railed about mutants, and the cause, and Charles’ failings. *You were supposed to trust me, believe in me, love me.*

*I waited for you and you never came.*

And it was the same way now, after the end of the world, as they worked tirelessly side by side, to rebuild the School and the tattered remnants of their shattered lives. Erik watched, with an intensity matched by his fathomless pain; with the breathless fear of someone who realized too late that he could have lost even this last, perfect thing - the *only* thing, still good, still alive.

*Still here.*

—-

It was always going to be this way, Erik knew, from the moment he laid eyes on the man who saved him, who jumped heedless into the pitch black ocean for a stranger in need, a brilliant light in the darkness that was his endless quest for revenge–

Erik would always love him, in this life and beyond. And Erik would inevitably break his heart.

He said ‘Good luck, Professor,’ and then walked away.

Erik knew that Charles was watching him, because Charles was always watching him.
Shark or Loon

Chapter Summary

The Xavier-Lehnsherrs pick a theme for their Hallowe'en costumes.

Chapter Notes

Written for the first sentence meme!

“I am *not* wearing that.”

Charles snorts, ignoring Erik’s scowl as he settles his tentacles - all seven of them - carefully around his wheelchair. “Yes you are. It was Lorna’s turn to pick the theme this year, and I *know* you don’t want to disappoint her.”

He glares hatefully at the gigantic, full body costume laid out on the bed - miles of grey felt with white dots and *fins* - and snarks, “Why do you get to be Hank? If anyone’s Hank in the family, it’s me.”

“Well you were out of town when we were doing the planning, so Wanda and Pietro picked your costume for you. She’s Marlin, Pietro’s Dory, and Lorna is Nemo. They considered dressing us up as Dory’s parents, but then Lorna said we needed to have a Hank, and the octopus costume works so well with the chair…” Charles pauses, and eyes Erik up and down with a smirk. “Also, if it wasn’t Destiny the whale shark, it would have been Becky the loon. It’s too bad really, you would have looked *great* in feathers.”

Erik groans, and flops back onto the bed. “I hate you. We’re sticking to super heros next year.”

Charles shrugs, not bothering to hide the grin on his smug, handsome face. “Fine by me. As long as you wear something with a lot of spandex.”
He's Not My Boyfriend

Chapter Summary

Logan finds a very drunk Charles in the arms of a handsome stranger.

Chapter Notes

For the first sentence meme!

Logan finally finds Charles after skimming through four pubs and he doesn’t like that tall handsome German talking to his drunk boyfriend.

He knows the man is German (or at least speaks the language fluently) because for some inexplicable reason he’s saying “Du bist betrunken” to a very obviously inebriated Charles, with something like fondness or bemusement written all over his face. A face that happens to be cut with sharp edges and a stern brow, and a body that is panther-like in its stillness.

If Logan had to guess, Charles is about three minutes away from getting murdered, or getting the living daylights fucked out of him.

“Hey Chuck,” he interrupts, as Charles in the midst of half draping himself on murderous German guy, and patting the man’s cheek with a lopsided smile. “Time to go home.”

“Logan!” Charles shouts, yanking himself out of the guy’s arms and falling forward against Logan’s chest with a happy grunt. “Logan, come meet Erik! He’s like us, darling! And he has the grooviest mutation! Erik, show him what you can do! Go on, it’s bloody brilliant!”

‘Erik’ does not look pleased to see Logan, frowning at the sudden lack of warm, drunk Charles in his arms. “You’re his boyfriend? Should you really let him get this drunk in a bar by himself? Picking up random guys? He could get hurt.”

Logan snorts. “He’s fine. Chuck can take care of himself.”

“Yes,” Charles agrees, “also, he’s not my boyfriend. I mean, we fuck, a lot, but no, not my boyfriend. Though he does live with me…does that count? No! We’re not in a ‘relationship’, because he doesn’t do ‘relationships’, and that’s fine by me really because then I don’t feel bad meeting handsome men with the grooviest mutations in a bar…” He trails off and looks up - confused if still grinning flirtatiously - at Logan, and then at Erik. “What was I saying?”

“That he’s not your boyfriend,” Erik replies, a rather smug smile spreading across his face. “Can I have your number then? To call you?”


And then he’s grabbing them each by the hand and yanking them towards the door, and Logan
hopes that the guy’s not an *actual* murderer, and that Charles at least had the good sense to read his intentions telepathically before getting quite so ridiculously hammered.

*I did, and I’m fine, Logan. You worry too much.*

Logan snorts. He’s still going to be up all night anyway, just in case.
What The Fuck Am I Supposed To Do With A Baby?

Chapter Summary

A post XMA/Logan AU, where Logan finds himself an unexpected parent to baby Laura.

What the fuck was he supposed to do with a baby?

That had been the first (and second, and third) question on Logan’s mind, ever since that woman - Gabriela something - had shown up unannounced at the School, and promptly dropped a baby on his lap. She had told them a frankly fantastical story about ‘Stryker’ and ‘sperm’ and a ‘surrogate mother’ that had apparently given birth to a mutant with claws and accelerated healing…a baby girl that was supposedly Logan’s daughter.

Seriously, what the fuck was he supposed to do with a baby?

“She’s not really a baby anymore, Logan. Gabriela said that Laura is fourteen months old; plus she’s already walking,” Charles says, making increasingly funny faces at the baby (toddler) perched on his lap. “Also we are going to take excellent care of her, and surround her with people who are going to absolutely adore her.”

“I don’t know a damn thing about kids, Chuck,” Logan replies, a little plaintively, but Charles just quirks an eyebrow at him before turning his attention back to Laura. “My head’s still barely on straight from what that fucker did to me…I can’t be anybody’s parent right now.”

“Logan.” Charles says his name with a sigh, and then turns the baby around so Logan has to look into their piercing gazes at the same time. “You’re Laura’s father, no matter the circumstances, and whether or not it’s the right time. I know this is overwhelming, and we’ll get help, I promise, but we can’t not look after her! She’s a unexpected blessing that’s come into our lives and I for one, couldn’t be happier.”

He punctuates the statement with a soft kiss on Laura’s head, nuzzling her hair as the baby grabs fistfuls of Charles’ sweater. She laughs when Charles tickles her belly, and burbles nonsense words that sound like ‘Cha, Cha’ when he pretends to eat her feet.

“You’re head over heels already, aren’t you?” he asks, as he reaches tentatively to brush her tiny cheek with his finger tips. Laura’s skin is petal soft, and her eyes are a few shades of blue darker than Charles’. “You… you just met her. And just like that, you’ve taken her into your home and into your heart. You love her.”

Charles smiles, and reaches for Logan’s hand. “What can I say? Like father, like daughter.”
An Unwelcome Visitor

Chapter Summary

There's an unwelcome visitor in Erik's kitchen. Charles has to help remove it.

Chapter Notes

Written for the lovely @ikeracity, who asked for Cherik fluffy goodness and spiders.

A loud bang, followed by Erik’s shout startles Charles two rooms away in his office, where he’s been busy grading mid terms all morning. It’s followed by more banging - like pots and pans are being tossed haphazardly against walls and onto the kitchen floor, accompanied by a rousing string of curses in German that has Charles both amused and mildly concerned.

*Something wrong, darling? Are we being attacked?* he asks, chuckling when he identifies the reason for the hollering, watching as the tiny cockroach scuttles across the floor and disappears behind the stainless steel garbage can through Erik’s terrified eyes.

*Yes! Scheisse! There’s a monster in the kitchen, Charles! It’s huge! It’s as big as a toaster!*

And now Charles does laugh out loud, at the image of the cool and always collected Erik Lehnsherr, up in arms over the presence of a little creature in their house. He rolls back and turns towards the door, intending to head to the kitchen to see the carnage for himself, but then reconsiders and parks himself back in front of the desk with a smirk.

*Would you like some help?* he sends, fond and gently teasing.

*Yes! Erik* answers, exasperated, but no less fond. *Please get this thing out of my kitchen!*

*Alright, no need to get your knickers in a twist,* he says, as he takes control of Erik’s powers. From the cupboard he lifts a metal canister as Erik moves across the room, until he’s standing gingerly next to the garbage can.

*Ready?*

*Just kill it!*

The garbage can floats upwards, slowly, to reveal the culprit nestled in the corner, and Charles quickly scoops it into the canister, screwing the lid on tight as Erik almost collapses with relief. He floats the metal prison out of the kitchen and down the hall, sending it - along with directions to a lounging Pietro and Wanda in the rec room - to dispose of it quickly and quietly, and definitely OUT OF ERIK’S SIGHT.

*Better now?* Charles asks, turning his attention back to Erik as he collects all the various pots and pans and loads them in the dishwasher, muttering under his breath. *Now that I’ve slayed the mighty beast?*
No, Erik snaps, as he pulls on a pair of rubber gloves and takes the cleaning supplies from the cupboard. *Because now I’ve got to clean every inch of this ridiculously large kitchen. Why do we have such a large kitchen again? In this old mansion of yours, which is bound to attract all manner of—*

*Let’s save that fight for another day, darling,* he replies, blowing Erik a kiss before settling back down to finish his marking.
You Didn't Say 'Not Ever'

Chapter Summary

Based on this pic and prompt by @traumschwinge: young charles trying very, very hard to impress onto Logan that he’s old enough for ANYTHING including but not limited to cigars

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

He’d been there for an hour, sitting at the end of the bar and nursing his beer, and pointedly not looking at the rowdy group celebrating at the corner table. It’s no business of Logan’s he thinks, if the kid wants to get stupid with his friends -no matter that he’s barely old enough to drink in a pub - and sure to get himself into trouble when he starts up with the outrageous flirting.

Yeah, Logan knows all about the flirting, on account of being on the business end of those damn blue eyes and those fucking red lips too many times to count.

They’re getting loud now, Charles and his friends; well even louder than they’ve been for the past hour. How they haven’t been booted out of there yet he doesn’t know…or maybe he does, and it has to do with the kid batting those eye lashes at the bartender, and dropping him a couple of hundred quid as a tip.

Spoiled brat.

Spoiled, tempting brat.

The kid’s looking up at him now with those same eyes and those same long fucking lashes, mouthing on the end of a fucking cigar like he’s sucking a dick. Logan has a flash of how that would look; those lips, ringed red and puffy around his own prick, and Charles looking up at him with a saucy, triumphant smile.

“Logan! When did you get here? Come join us, let me buy you a drink.” He lies like a fucking champ, that kid, completely unabashed as though he hadn’t been stripping Logan with his eyes from the moment he walked in.

“Come on, I’m taking you home,” he says, ignoring the others all groaning and bitching as he grabs Charles by the bicep. But the kid just lets himself be hauled away without a fuss, and follows dutifully out the door and down the street until they round the corner towards the parking lot –

He finds himself pushed against the wall then with a surprising amount of force, and Charles is kissing him, punch drunk and mouth greedy, making little moaning sounds that shoot straight to Logan’s crotch. Tempting as it is - and it’s very fucking tempting - he extricates himself from all that flushed skin and wandering hands and forces Charles to look at him with those big eyes.

“What? Why are we stopping?”

Logan sighs, “I told you - you’re too young. I’m not going to fuck you.”

Charles grins and throws his arms around Logan’s neck. ‘Not going to fuck me now? Or here?”
“Neither,” he answers, and laughs when the kid pouts at him. “Not now, and definitely not here.”

He lets Logan drag him to his old Mustang without objection, but then sighs contentedly when Logan reaches to buckle him in. Charles kisses him again, but this time just on his cheek, before leaning back against the seat and closing his eyes.

“‘Not now’, and ‘not here’,” he repeats, a small smile curling his lips, “but you didn’t say ‘not ever.’”

Logan doesn’t answer.

He’s never lied to Charles before, and he’s not about to start.
King of the Damned

Chapter Summary

The Progenitor of All Vampires has come to collect his Brat Prince. A Vampire Chronicles au with Charles as Lestat and En Sabah Nur as Akasha.

He returns to his bed with the imminent rising of the sun, falling back onto the luxurious bedding with a satisfied chuckle. The rhythmic beat of the music still reverberates in his ears; the ruckus cheers of the adoring crowd still pumping the stolen blood through his veins. Charles revels in the mindless adulation of the masses, once the exclusive domain of kings and gods; now they worship him with the same ceaseless passion and fervor, a vampire and a rock star, knowing nothing of the evil they embrace with open arms.

His limbs grow heavy, as thin strips of light begin to steal around the curtain’s edge; not enough to harm someone as old and as powerful as Charles Francis Xavier. He fears nothing here in his lavish mansion by the sea, living the life of the famous and the idle rich - the Brat Prince, who has died twice already and been reborn.

The Vampire Charles who drank from a god, and lived to tell the tale.

Idly, his thoughts drift to the others, wondering where they are; if perhaps they’d watched his glorious debut and heard his siren’s song. Raven, who loved him, but eschewed humans and vampires alike, preferring only the company of nature’s savage beauty…

…and Erik, his sweet, mournful Erik, who wanted death but yet lived on, wearing his guilt and self loathing for centuries like a suit of armor.

They are not here, a voice answers unexpectedly, like a gentle caress; warm and seductive and so achingly familiar. It’s a voice that beckons through four millenia of human history, a promise of wisdom and love and purpose…a voice he last heard two hundred years ago, when Charles woke a god from his endless slumber.

I heard your song, Charles...you woke me from my eternal sleep.

Why are you here? he asks, struggling vainly now to stay awake against the rising dawn. What do you want?

I come for you, my child, the voice says as the windows to his bedroom shatter inwards with the force of a storm, revealing the pink rays of light just starting to appear over the horizon. He finds himself lifted easily, if carefully off the bed, and then he’s soaring up into the sky and away from the sun, flying higher and higher towards the disappearing dark.

You will be mine, Charles, and you will be powerful. And together, we are going to remake the world.
The cave is eerily quiet.

Steven walks slowly through the ankle deep water, skirting the ink dark pools that connect the hidden lair directly to the windswept North Sea. The relic he carries glints dimly under the luminescent light, off a thousand tiny jewelled stones that glow softly from the walls, carving a clear path ever deeper into the monster’s hiding place.

The cave twists and curves until he rounds the final bend, where the tunnel opens into a vast and seemingly empty space. On closer inspection though, he notices the piles strewn across the cavern floor - gold and riches beyond counting, gifts and plunder amassed over centuries by a creature of great beauty and cunning.

Or so the tales say, he thinks grimly, for no man or woman he knows has ever seen it and lived.

*I see you’ve brought me treasure.*

He whirs in surprise, at the seductive voice that makes itself known suddenly and unexpectedly in his head. “Show yourself!”

A soft chuckle follows, one he hears first from the confines of his own mind before it gradually becomes an echo that reverberates across the large chamber. It originates from the pool at its center, the sound becoming increasingly clear and ominous as something - the monster - appears like an apparition, floating upwards out of deep dark until it stands impossibly on top of the water.

The creature appears in the guise of a boy on the cusp of manhood, clad in naught but the smooth paleness of its own flawless skin. And though he sports the softest brown curls on his head and the reddest of lips, it is the eyes that captivate him; the fathomless blue depths that harken to the sea’s irresistible call.

“What are you?” Steven breathes, clutching his sword and shield a little tighter in his hands.

*Sir Steven,* the boy says, as he slowly winds his way across the water’s surface, closer and closer with each deliberate step. *The Queen’s Shield. Such a strong man you are, with the strength of a king.*

“What do you know of me, demon?” he challenges, as the creature comes to a stop right in front of him, and something - a long, glimmering tail - slithers sinuously up his thigh to join the soft hands grazing his bare chest.

*A man like you could be hero to the greatest tale ever sung,* it replies. *With me, your story would live on, when everything now alive has turned to dust.*
He shakes his head, trying to clear the dreamlike haze enveloping them and permeating the air. “I care not for glory, monster, or to be king. I come only to kill you, to protect others from a terrible fate at your hands.”

The creature laughs, silky and amused, and steps even closer, leaving no more than a hair’s width between their bodies. *Oh my darling…your trinkets have no power over me.*

His sword disintegrates into mere ashes in his hands, destroyed by a simple touch to the blade’s sharpest edge; his magic shield too falls onto the ground with a clang, as though Steven himself had willed the doing. His arms wrap gently then around the boy’s waist of their own accord, and his gut warms abruptly at the slow smile that blooms across the boy’s upturned face.

His lips taste of honey and song, Steven thinks, when he leans eagerly into the offered kiss.

*Stay with me,* the voice says, in his head and all around him, a soft and quiet menace as the boy pulls him towards the yawning pool, step by swaying step. *Stay with me and love me, my brave Sir Steven. Will you stay?*

“Yes,” he answers, and lets the boy pull him, unresisting into the water.
A Marriage of Convenience

Chapter Summary

Based on this prompt from @ikeracity: 'could I please have Charles and Erik in an arranged marriage for political reasons, and at the beginning, they agree that they'll keep to themselves and do whatever they want (including take other lovers discreetly, if they wish), but as time goes on, they start to realize that they actually love each other and they get jealous? and then happy ending?'

Tags: Alpha/omega, miscommunication, arranged marriage, mutual pining

It takes Erik almost an hour in the bath to scrub away all the layers of filth caked onto his skin, months of accumulated sweat and grime from hard marching as they fought to push Shaw’s army back across the River Running. Their risky move to retake Riker’s Island had proved successful after months of painful losses - thanks in no small part to Charles’ brilliant tactics - and enough of Shaw’s men had been killed for the bastard to finally beat a hasty retreat back across the border. He’s grateful for the respite granted from this smallest of victories, though Erik himself would never count the war truly over until he’d ripped the black heart out of Sebastian Shaw’s body.

To his surprise, Charles is waiting in his rooms when Erik returns in fresh clothing, looking and feeling human again as he runs a hand absently through his wet hair. Sitting there, on Erik’s bed and wrapped in the only clean cloak from Erik’s travel chest, Charles looks every bit the role of dutiful Consort welcoming his mate home. A dull ache blooms in his chest at what he knows to be mere illusion; theirs is a marriage based on politics and necessary convenience, and Charles will never be Erik’s alone.

He didn’t even realize that he wanted it so, until he’d almost died on the battlefield; didn’t truly understand even after months of a vague but persistent ache that he was actually in love with the omega he married. An omega that married Erik solely to join their houses and their kingdoms in war, to pool resources and gain ground against a common enemy.

“You look better; I was beginning to worry,” Charles says, as Erik pours ale from a pitcher into two glasses, and offers one to his mate. But Charles refuses it, shaking his head, so Erik moves to sit on the other side of the bed and gulps down his own drink.

“That’s new. When have you ever worried about me?” The words are sharper and more bitter than warranted, but Erik is too tired for this dance tonight, and is in no mood for feigned niceties.

The expected retort doesn’t come, nor does Charles storm out of the room, his usual response to Erik’s black moods. Instead, he moves from his perch to shift across the bed, hands slipping deftly beneath Erik’s robes to map the rainbow of scars and bruises littering his chest.

“They told me you almost died,” Charles murmurs, “that if not for a lucky block by Jean, Shaw would have cleaved off your head. I did not think—” And here Charles stops to look up at him, eyes blue and wide with some unnamed emotion - “I’m so grateful you’ve come home to me, in one piece.”

Here now are the words that Erik’s been longing to hear; that Charles cares for his well being, and
yearns for him the same way Erik aches when he’s away from his mate. But so too had he thought their relationship different the last time he saw Charles, only to be greeted with the stink of an alpha lover all over his omega’s skin.

That reunion had been one filled with anger and resentment, with Erik’s jealousy over Frost brimming dangerously close to the surface. And he’d been too proud and too hurt to admit that he’d stopped taking others to bed; that the rules of their agreement had changed incontrovertibly for Erik, even if Charles continued conducting affairs of his own.

In the end, they had come together, harsh words that turned into a harsher coupling, right there on the floor of Erik’s war tent. And they’d left bruises on one another that Erik regretted immediately afterwards, though by then, Charles had already left the camp.

“I’m fine,” he answers, and stifles the surprise when Charles leans against him, laying his head on Erik’s shoulder. His arm moves instinctively to wrap around Charles and pull him closer, tucking him tightly against his side. “I intend to live at least long enough to kill Shaw, as I promised.”

Charles snorts, but his hands still against Erik’s chest. “Perhaps I can give you a better reason to stay alive, than merely your hatred for that mad man?”

“And what would that be, oh clever one?”

“Erik, I’m…I’ve been blessed with a child,” Charles stammers, clinging even tighter onto Erik, head still buried against his chest. “It was unexpected yes, and I know it’s not what we’ve talked about, only I want this so, so much and I think we should–”

“Whose is it?” Erik snaps, because he wants to be happy for Charles, though he’s not certain he has enough grace to keep pretending at their farce of a marriage with a baby thrown into the mix. “Emma’s? Logan’s? Or any of the other alphas you’ve been fucking while I’ve been away fighting our war?”

Surprisingly, Charles doesn’t pull away, though he does snort derisively, poking hard at one of Erik’s purpling bruises and making him curse. “You’re one to talk, about bedding others while we’ve been apart. Need I remind you of how many omegas you’ve fucked both here and in Genosha? Jean? Anne-Marie? That boy Sean? You have nary a leg to stand on, my dear.”

All the fight drains out of him in an instant then, and Erik sighs in defeat. “I haven’t. Been with anyone else, I mean, since well before the last time we were together, Charles.”

The bed shifts under him, as Charles clambers onto his lap, wrapping his arms around Erik’s neck with a huff. “I know, Raven told me–”

“Your sister should mind her own damn business,” he snarls.

“–that for all my supposed brilliance I’ve been completely missing the mark regarding my own marriage. She told me that I was in love with you, Erik Lehnsherr, and that you loved me in return.”

He swallows, taking a deep breath to calm the roiling emotions that have erupted from hearing those long hoped for words. “I did not know either,” Erik admits, looking up at Charles with a wry smile, “how much I truly loved you, until I almost lost you for good. And I certainly had no idea how you felt about me, not until this very moment.”

Charles laughs and then leans to kiss him. “We are a couple of fools indeed.”

“True,” he agrees, kissing Charles again, because Erik never wants to stop kissing and holding
him. “And the baby?”

“Ours,” Charles confirms and Erik lets out a whoop of unbridled joy, wincing against the strain on his muscles when he tries to get up, move, do something about the overwhelming gladness in his heart. Charles laughs again and shoves him back against the pillows. “Sit down, you complete dolt. You’re going to hurt yourself again.”

“I would gladly take another hundred wounds to know that you love me,” Erik says, grinning at Charles’ increasingly tender expression, the usual sharpness of his blue eyes softening around the edges. “Another thousand. I love you, Charles Xavier of Westchester. I am yours, heart, body and soul.”

“I know,” Charles replies, as he tugs Erik gently down onto the coverlet. “Now, take me to bed.”
Chapter Summary

Hallowe’en ficlet based on this prompt by @turtletotem:

Cherik - mistaken identity at a Halloween party

“This is a bad idea. I don’t know why I let you two drag me here.”

The ‘here’ was the Xavier Mansion in Westchester, and the ‘two’ happened to be his best friend and his roommate - Emma and Raven respectively - who decided that Erik just had to attend the Xaviers’ annual Hallowe’en bash and would not take no for an answer. He’d managed to get out of going for the past three years in a row, citing a work emergency, a sick parent he had to look after, and an ex he didn’t want to bump into at the party as very valid reasons to skip (though the last one would no longer work, since Emma cut Sebastian permanently from the guest list).

“Oh, well there’s trouble,” Emma chuckled, waving her flute at the small group that had congregated around the makeshift bar. “Seems like we found our lost friend.”

For a moment it was as though Charles really was here, and not all the way across the Atlantic at Oxford, still in the midst of getting his PhD. Here, instead of…not here, with Erik missing his presence every damn day like a lost limb. And the thought of that made him livid, because Raven had no business using Charles to rub it in – that Erik had missed his chance by not telling him
...that Erik had been in love with Charles for years, their one drunken night hadn’t been a mistake but a revelation, and that Erik wanted nothing more than to spend the rest of his life taking care of him.

He was going to murder Raven, and probably Emma too, because Erik had been dumb – and drunk and depressed - enough in those first weeks after Charles left to accidentally let them in on his secret.

“You!” he barked, and he was practically on top of her before he even realized he’d moved. Dimly, he noticed the others were backing away in hushed whispers, but he was too inexplicably angry to care what they thought or had to say. “I can’t believe you thought this was a good idea! Is this some kind of jo—”

“Erik! I’m so glad you made it! And look at you, you look gorgeous, darling! I’ve always loved you in that blue dress.”

It threw him for a loop, the way she looked and sounded so much like Charles, and could even deliver his terrible come-ons with the same level of charm and confidence that made him so fucking hard to resist. Sometimes Erik forgot just how accomplished Raven had become as a shapeshifter, though he was still too mad at the moment to pay her any such compliment.

“I thought you were my friend.” he hissed, drawing closer to her as their friends cleared the space around them, giving them some much needed privacy. “Why would you do this? You know how much I miss him, Raven. To show up out of the blue like this, and tell me you’re my ‘perfect match’…isn’t it bad enough that I’m in love with my best friend who lives an ocean away? And that he has no idea how I feel about him because I was too much of a coward to say anything before he left? Did you think it would be fun for me to see you looking like this – so fucking gorgeous it makes my heart ache and I—”

And then suddenly he was being kissed, passionately and unreservedly, strong arms pulling him close and clinging to him like an octopus. Erik didn’t know how it was possible that Raven even tasted like Charles, and made the same soft breathy sounds when he kissed, and oh it really was like kissing the real Charles except it wasn’t Charles and he should really stop because Raven--

Erik, the voice said – and he realized it was Charles’ voice in his head – I don’t know why you think I’m Raven but I’m not. I’m me. And I love you too, and I can’t believe I waited so long to tell you either.

He laughed, and pulled away so he could look into Charles’ eyes and really see him, mentally berating himself for ever confusing Raven with her brother. “I think your sister set me up. She didn’t tell me you were coming.”

Charles laughed too and shook his head. “I don’t suppose Emma told you either? She’s the one who picked me up from the airport.”

“Bastards,” he said, and then he pulled Charles into his arms again, and pressed a kiss to his forehead. “I’m going to have to buy them jewelry for this, aren’t I?”

“Later,” Charles replied. He took Erik’s hand and kissed it, mischievous smile curling his lips. “But right now, I’d like to see you out of that pretty blue dress.”
“An asteroid field? That’s your plan? You’re going to fly us right into the middle of that giant asteroid field? Are you bloody insane?”

A blast hit the rear deflector shield, nearly jarring Charles from the pilot’s seat as he banked the Blackbird a hard left. “You got a better idea here, Lehnsherr? Cause if you don’t, you really need to sit the hell down and shut the hell up!”

The alarm blared an angry warning on the next direct hit, and the lights on Charles’ dash all started to flash on and off - randomly and rather ominously. He cursed, and made a promise to himself, Raven, and all the powerful deities in the known galaxy that he was never, ever, going to get hammered again – alone, without his crew for backup – in some dive in the ass end of nowhere. And he was certainly not going to get suckered again into giving some pretty face a lift to the next system…

Especially not a pretty face with the entirety of Shaw’s armada chasing after him.

Erik scowled, but scrambled dutifully into the co-pilot’s seat and buckled in, just as Charles dove and then accelerated towards the mass of metal and rock – so wide that he couldn’t see where it ended on either side. He didn’t want to think about the likelihood that they’d make it through in one piece, and was infinitely glad Hank wasn’t around to give him the odds.

“I hope you know what you’re doing, Xavier,” Erik said as they rushed head long towards the closest moon-sized piece of floating rock. “This is not a good way to die.”

“Look, I’m about 85% sure this is gonna work,” Charles grunted, which garnered a rather disbelieving frown from his cranky guest. “Okay it’s more like 35% but I’m trying to be optimistic here.”

“Oh good,” Erik quipped, “I feel so much better.”

“Fuck you, Lehnsherr,” he snapped, and breathed a sigh of relief when one of the fighters on their tail exploded into a fiery maelstrom. It was just the one, and there were still another dozen plus the flag ship, but if he could just make it into the heart of the asteroid field without losing all of his shields….

“You get us out of this alive, and you can fuck me all you want,” Erik replied, with just enough sincerity edged with haughty disdain that it made Charles laugh. It was the last thing he should be thinking about – sex, when he should be focused on not getting shot, or smashed into smithereens – but it was just the incentive he needed to prove Lehnsherr wrong AND maybe get laid by the hottest asshole he’d ever met.
He banked again – and there was another explosion, not them, that was good – and then Charles turned to give Erik a maniacal grin.

“You got yourself a deal,” he said, just as the subspace comm crackled to life.
Rain Check

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Charles Xavier/Steve Rogers
Written for the tumblr prompt: “Stop pulling heroic shit when I’m not around to talk you out of it.”

It took Steve a few moments to remember what happened when he finally opened his eyes.

They’d been fighting, and things had gone downhill pretty fast; from ‘this is bad’ to ‘shit, this is really, really bad’. He remembered getting between a de-armored Stark and something big and glowy, excruciating pain, and then, nothing…

“Welcome back, Captain,” said a familiar voice to his left, and Steve hissed, biting back a curse when he turned instinctively towards the sound. Every inch of him hurt like a son of a bitch, which was probably good since it meant he wasn’t dead. At least not yet.

“Charles,” he said, sounding exactly as bruised and beat up as he was feeling from head to toe, “what…what are you…”

“Shh. Don’t move, and don’t try to talk. Her Highness would be very cross indeed if you went and undid all of her excellent work.”

The owner of the voice came into view a few seconds later, settling his wheelchair next to the bed. The Professor – Charles – looked as immaculately put together as ever, though his forehead was creased with worry, his lips pursed in a slight frown.

“You need to stop pulling heroic shit when I’m not around to talk you out of it, Rogers,” he said, which made him laugh – and ow – made Charles tut at him like one of his wayward students. “One of these days I’m not going to be around to save your collective asses.”

He smiled, which made Charles roll his eyes even as he leaned over and gently cradled Steve’s hand. “Well I’m glad it’s not that day yet, Prof,” he said, and then added, “the others…are they alright?”

“Everyone’s fine; you were the one most seriously injured,” Charles answered. “I hope you know I’m very cross with you…you were supposed to call for back up before you tried saving the world again, remember?”

Steve chuckled. “Sorry…I sent Hank a message but we couldn’t wait.”

“I know,” Charles said with grin and a shake of his head. “Doesn’t mean I’m happy about it. And now we have to wait ’til you recuperate before we can go on our date.”

“Rain check?”

“Rain check,” Charles agreed, and then bent over and kissed him.
No Regrets

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Xavierine
Written for the tumblr prompt: “I don’t want you to regret me.”

“Wait.”

He didn’t want to think too much on how they’d gotten here, their shirts already discarded on the floor as they fell in a tangled heap onto Charles’ bed. It mattered little to Logan that they were about to have sex; to him, this Charles was nothing like the Professor he’d known fifty years in the future. No, this man in his arms was entirely new and unexpectedly arousing, and it was easy to shut out whatever weirdness there’d been at the idea of fucking him; a man he’d previously loved only as a friend and mentor. It didn’t matter because his Charles would no longer exist no matter what happened tomorrow in Washington – either he and the others would be wiped out by the Sentinels, or Logan would succeed and that version of Xavier would still be gone forever.

But it mattered a hell of a lot to this Charles – here and now – what he did and why he was doing it.

“What’s wrong?”

Charles didn’t let go when he pulled back, though he did slacken the iron grip he had around Logan’s shoulders. He didn’t know how to say what he was thinking without botching it up, and half hoped that Charles would just pluck the words out of his head. But it seemed that he was either too polite or still a little rusty; he simply looked perplexed as he stared up at Logan, the expression on his face morphing quickly from lust to confusion before settling on irritation.

“Look, if you’ve changed your mind just say so; you’re not going to hurt my feelings, Logan. I realize this would be a bit easier if I was still on the serum but I--”

“I don’t want you to regret me.”

The statement stops them both in their tracks – Logan, because he’d just blurted it out like an idiot, sounding like some kind of love-sick teenager about to get laid for the first damn time. And Charles…

…well Charles just stared at him for long moments, forehead wrinkling as he tried to parse the meaning behind Logan’s words.

He felt it then, Charles’ telepathy as it wound itself around Logan’s conscious mind, picking through the conflicting thoughts and feelings bouncing around in his head. Yes, he definitely wanted to have sex with Charles; no, he didn’t care about his legs; yeah this was a little strange; no, Logan never wanted to hurt Charles, in any way.

The expression on Charles’ face softened, and he looked almost…fond when he withdrew his telepathy. He threw his arms around Logan’s shoulders again and pulled him down, pressing their lips together with a gentleness that hadn’t been there before.

“I regret a lot of things, Logan, as you already know,” Charles said with a soft, self-deprecating
chuckle. “But this won’t be one of them, I promise. I want this. You want this. Let’s just…give each other what we need, right here, right now. No worries about what the future may bring. And no regrets.”

“No regrets,” Logan agreed, and meant it.
Charles watched as the stranger slept on, his breathing haggard and face pale and wrinkled with age. He bore a face that Charles knew better than any other, and one he’d memorized long ago, hording every crease and every line like so much priceless treasure. It was a face he’d kissed with love and a face he’d punched in anger, belonging to someone who was both his boundless joy and his greatest sorrow.

It was also a face he hadn’t seen for long years, not until this…man had suddenly appeared through a glowing green portal, and then promptly collapsed on his front doorstep.

He didn’t know how, or why, but the stranger was most definitely Erik Lehnsherr, though perhaps forty years older than the version that existed here, in this dimension or universe. He was also dying, from old wounds and a molecular structure that was rapidly decaying, and there was nothing he or Hank or any of the other bright minds within the School could do to stop or even delay the process.

They could find no trace of the portal that had delivered him either, and so Charles couldn’t even try to send back to the time and place where he belonged for help.

The man stirred, groaning in discomfort and Charles reached instinctively to take his hand.

“Erik? Erik, can you hear me?”

“Yes, yes, I’m dying not deaf,” the man – Erik – muttered, sounding rather irritated until he opened his eyes. He inhaled a deep breath then, and his expression lit up with open wonder, his eyes quickly welling with tears as he cupped Charles’ cheek with a shaking hand.

“Charles,” he whispered, with all the love and longing and reverence of a lifetime, “Charles, it’s really you.”

He nodded, and smiled with relief as he turned to kiss Erik’s hand. “It’s really me. Or a version of me. But yes, I’m Charles. Charles Xavier.”

Erik laughed, which led to a terrible, hacking cough, and Charles was quick to offer him a drink of water before settling him back onto the bed. It was disconcerting to see him like this, sick and frail and so much older than the Erik he knew half a world away.

“I can’t believe it worked,” Erik said, musing softly to himself in a way that made Charles’ heart ache. “Finally…so many worlds…I finally found you. You’re alive. And so young…just like I remember you.”

He caught glimpses then of Erik travelling, from one universe to the next, slowly losing hope and strength as he struggled to find a world where Charles Xavier yet lived. And finally, with his last trip he’d landed here, and found the man he’d been searching for – a last wish granted and fulfilled.
“Why would you…” Charles shook his head. “You shouldn’t have done this, Erik. I have no way of treating you, or getting you home. And there are infinite universes that exist; you could have found yourself in a world where we didn’t…you didn’t…”

“It doesn’t matter how many universes there are, Charles. There will always be a version of me in every single one, standing by your side.”

It was a pretty sentiment - and one that Charles knew in his head wasn’t true - but his heart wanted so much to believe this Erik who had crossed time and space to find him. Truth would be no comfort now for either one of them, and so Charles simply asked, “What can I do, my darling? Tell me what I can do for you.”

Erik smiled. “Stay with me. That’s what I want….what I’ve always wanted.”

“I’ll stay,” he promised, and leaned down to press a lingering kiss on Erik’s lips. “I’ll stay with you. Always.”
“You’re joking.”

Erik glared at him over the rim of his reading glasses, and huffed in annoyance. “I don’t know why you’re so surprised, Charles. I’m always flirting with you. Do keep up.”

It was clear that the conversation was over from Erik’s point of view, as he promptly turned his attention back to the book he was reading, and to scrawling undecipherable notes in the margins. But Charles wasn’t ready to let it go without further prodding, still flabbergasted at the idea that Erik thought—

“You really think you’ve been flirting with me? You? All these years…that was flirting?”

His incredulity finally caught Erik’s full attention, and Charles put his own book down on the nightstand and waited for the indignant rant. It was going to be a good one, he could tell – Erik was taking his glasses off ever so slowly, and setting his book on his lap as he turned to look at a bemused Charles beside him on the bed.

“That first night, on the ship. I handed you a dry towel,” Erik said.

“Yes, you did. And?”

“And? There’s no ‘and’. That was flirting.”

Charles laughed. “Oh my god, really? What else?”

“The entire time we were on the road recruiting…I ordered your morning coffee for you every day. Exactly the way you like it.”

“That was very thoughtful of you,” Charles conceded, “but hardly what I would categorize as ‘flirting’.”

“I let you point a gun to my head to test my control—”

That made Charles lose his composure completely as he scoffed, “Oh yes, very sexy. I definitely wanted to jump your bones then, what with the thought that I might accidentally shoot your brains out. The threat of bodily harm…so hot.”

Any other time, Erik would have snapped back at him for his snide crack, and they would be off on another tangent, arguing over old hurts and new grievances under the guise of practiced banter. But Erik’s face morphed into a grin instead, wide and amused, and he took up Charles’ hand and kissed it, dragging his lips over the knuckles and then the fleshy palm.

“Don’t pretend you didn’t like it, Charles,” Erik chided, eyes narrowing as he gently massaged
Charles’ fingers. “You remember very well what happened after you punched me that time. When you came to break me out of the Pentagon.”

And Charles did remember it well; the punch led to a confrontation that led to a rather intense bout of reunion sex, which he guessed would qualify as rather a successful bit of flirting except—

“I punched you, not the other way around. So if anyone was flirting that day it was me, not you.”

Erik shrugged. “Either way, it got us both what we wanted.”

Charles smiled, and leaned over to press a kiss onto Erik’s cheek. “It did indeed.”
“This has to stop.”

He says it every time, a pretty lie that goes unanswered as he’s shoved roughly up against the wall, pinned breathless and immobile by the sheer weight of Erik’s intent. It’s madness, a drug that he can’t and doesn’t want to quit, even if he knows that this is wrong and he knows how it’s all going to end.

“I’m so glad you two are finally meeting in person! Charles…this is Erik Lehnsherr.”

They stumble, mouths wet and hands tangled in each other’s clothes as they grapple towards the bed, toppling over in a writhing mass of lust and burning flesh. Erik’s kisses devour him whole and set him alight, every touch of his lips - his tongue - demanding and all-encompassing. He is helpless against the onslaught of such desire overwhelming, an intensity that strips Charles bare of everything he was and everything that used to matter - integrity and loyalty to the people he loves.

“Don’t pretend you don’t want this, Charles, just as much as I do.”

“I don’t…we can’t.”

“Liar.”

It’s rough, teetering on the razor’s edge of desperation, and Erik clutches at him each time like it’s the very last time they’ll be together. Guilt fans their desires as much as an undeniable passion, a selfish need that carves a path straight through Charles’ meagre defenses. It would be easier, if Erik wanted simply to fuck Charles and use him for pleasure; it would be easier if Charles could simply pretend the same and then just walk away.

“I can’t do this to her. I love her.”

“If you love her, tell her the truth. Or let me tell her. Tell her you love me. That I love you.”

Erik is sprawled on top of him, caging Charles’ body as he moves, sliding in and slotting deep until they’re joined entirely as one. There is nothing in the world that compares to this feeling, to be split open and torn apart, body and soul wholly for the taking. He gasps, with every thrust and every
whisper, and groans with every kiss that Erik mouths against his skin like a prayer. It’s everything, and nothing, and Charles craves it like air, Erik’s cock driving into him, over and over…

“I’ll tell her. We’ll tell her.”

“When Charles?”

“Soon, I promise.”

“Charles, this is Raven, your sister – remember me? Why haven’t you returned any of my calls? What’s wrong? Is there something going on that you’re not telling me? Listen, whatever it is, you know you can tell me, right? And we’ll figure it out together, I promise. And hey, I can get Erik to help too…I know you guys don’t really get along but I hope that changes once you get to know each other better. I really like him, Charles…and yes, I know I’ve said this before but I really think it’s going to work out this time! He’s just so…well anyway, enough of that mushy stuff. I love you. Call me back!”

“Hello Raven.”

“Charles! Where have you been? I’ve been calling everywhere looking for you! Is everything alright?”

“Yes, I’m fine. I’m sorry for not calling you back sooner. There’s something I’ve been meaning to tell you, and I just…I don’t know how.”

“You can tell me anything, Charles. Just spit it out.”

*If I tell you the truth you might never forgive me.*

“Raven…I took the job at Oxford. I’m moving to England…and I don’t know when – or if – I’ll be back.”
Xavier 2.0

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Xavierine
Warning: Character Death (happens before story start)

Logan has a hard time coping with the android that wears Charles Xavier's face.

Chapter Notes

Based on prompts: androids, bodyguards, neighbors

“Do I make you uncomfortable, Mr. Howlett?”

It caught him off guard, both the question and the way it was delivered, the soft spoken lilt he’d become accustomed to over the long years spent at the Professor’s side. The voice – both the choice of words and the soothing, almost melodic accent – was painfully close to what he remembered; an imitation that was so uncanny it was hard to tell the difference between what was real and what wasn’t.

Hard, but certainly not impossible, for the handful of people closest to the late Charles Xavier.

“Logan,” he corrected, answering with as much delicacy as he could muster. “I’ve never been ‘Mr. Howlett’ to the Prof. Not even in the beginning.”

The man turned – or rather the robot? Android? Logan still didn’t know what he was except for McCoy’s mad experiment – and smiled, lips curled in a familiar, teasing grin. It should have been reassuring and would have been from the Prof.; instead Logan had to stifle a full body shudder at the way those bright blue eyes latched onto him and held his gaze, a steady sharpness that was utterly devoid of any warmth or empathy.

If there was anything that would give the game away – that the world renowned mutant rights leader hadn’t died in his arms during that horrific assassination attempt – it would be this –

“You look like him. You sound like him. Hell you even smell like him, and with my nose I ought to know. You talk the talk and walk the walk but you’re not…you don’t…”

Xavier (yeah he could call him that – just not ‘Prof’ or ‘Chuck’ because that was only for him) tilted his head to the side and gestured for him to continue. “Please don’t hold back, Logan. You aren’t going to hurt my feelings.”

“Cause you don’t have them,” he bit back, the bitterness pouring out of him without any awareness or intent. “Cause you’re not real. You’re a machine. A fake we built to make sure the world doesn’t go to war over the murder of a good man. You can fool the masses but you won’t fool the people who knew him. Who loved him.”
“People like you,” Xavier stated, because it wasn’t really a question to anyone who knew what the Prof was to Logan, and certainly not to the thing that currently held all of his memories within his cybernetic brain. “That’s why you’re here though, isn’t it? To help the good doctor and Ms. Darkholme – Raven – turn me into the real Xavier—”

“You’ll never be the Professor, because there was no one else like him and there never will be,” he snarled. It was hard to maintain his composure when he was still seeing the Prof’s blood every time he looked at his own hands. “You can spout all the man’s ideologies and smile at all the babies and old ladies but you don’t have his soul, Xavier. His capacity to love and to hope; his empathy for the suffering of others – that’s what made him special. Unless Hank can write an algorithm to grow you a fucking heart I don’t see how they’re ever going to pull this off. Especially once Lehnsherr catches wind of this little ‘experiment’.”

Xavier sighed, and that was disconcertingly similar to what Chuck would have done whenever he and Logan disagreed. It stoked a longing that bloomed sharp and ached deep within his gut, winding him as though he’d just returned from a blistering run. And he almost shot out of his seat and bolted when Xavier approached, his whole body coiled and tense as a hand reached out and patted him on the shoulder.

It was kind, meant to convey comfort and concern.

It made Logan want to extend his claws and stab the imposter in his chest; see if McCoy bothered to make sure the damn thing’s insides would bleed red.

“This is hardly my choice either, Logan, to assume the identity of a dead man, and exist with his memories in my head, instead of choosing the course of my own destiny. But I was created for a purpose, to continue the work of your Professor and so I do what I must, to the best of my abilities.” He smiled then, wry with humor and added, “Or should I say, to the best of Dr. McCoy’s abilities?”

He half laughed, half grunted in acknowledgement, at the craziness of the situation and the android’s own unlucky fate. “Yeah, I guess neither of us are here ‘cause we wanna be.”

Xavier eased himself onto the couch beside him, and gently, cautiously took his hand. “So you’ll stay?”

At least they hadn’t given Xavier the Prof’s old room…not that Logan wanted to go back there either, when his nerves were still fucking raw and everything hurt…

“I’ll stay. Hank gave me the room next to yours.”

“So we’ll be neighbours?” Xavier laughed.

“That and I’ll be your bodyguard,” Logan added. “This place is on full security lockdown for the foreseeable future, but you can’t be too careful when it comes to those bastards.”

“Indeed.” Xavier hummed, expression thoughtful as he squeezed Logan’s hand. “And while we’re waiting for my seal of approval, perhaps you can tell me more about your Professor. Teach me how to be the Charles Xavier the world needs.” He stopped, and turned those blue eyes (too close, McCoy got the eyes exactly right) on Logan again, pinning him with his unwavering gaze.

“Teach me how to be the Charles Xavier you need.”

He leaned closer.

Logan closed his eyes.
(Turns out McCoy got the lips exactly right too.)
The One Where Erik Goes Back

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Cherik
Warnings: None

DOFP AU - Erik is the one that travels back to 1973

Getting out of the Pentagon is easy as child’s play, this time around, considering he’s had fifty more years to hone his powers than the current version of Magneto he’s come to inhabit. Even back then, it had taken him only a few more years of trial and error and meditation, before he was able to break himself out of that concrete prison, and return to lead his people to war.

With his current mission the priority – necessitating both urgency and discretion – he keeps his exit relatively destruction free, with far less death and devastation than his first escape. It doesn’t take him long to travel from D.C. to Westchester, though he does make time to stop and secure a fresh set of clothes. He doesn’t think Charles would appreciate seeing him like this, still wearing his prison garments, covered in a layer of sweat and dust...

In fact, this Charles won’t appreciate seeing him at all.

Seeing the School in such disarray is a shock, even though he’s been warned of it in advance, and seen glimpses of it from Charles’ memories of that time. Regret twists in his gut even as he shakes his head in disbelief; Erik can scarcely remember that this version of Charles ever existed, so full of anger and doubt and self-loathing, having spent the last few years side by side with his own wise and self-possessed Professor X.

He doesn’t bother knocking, and lets himself in with no more than a simple twist of the lock. The air inside smells musty and stale, and Erik wrinkles his nose in disgust; to think that Charles and Hank lived like this for so many years and by choice, when their time could have been better spent doing literally anything else—

“What the hell are you doing here?”

It’s Hank of course, bounding down the stairs towards him, expression fierce and clearly ready for a fight, for all that he’s wearing his bumbling scientist persona even inside his own home. Erik doesn’t feel sorrow, not truly – he and Hank were never friends, even in the days before Cuba, and he’d died soon after Erik and Charles reconciled for the last time – but to see him alive, with so few of their brothers and sisters left, moves him in a way he hadn’t expected.

And then Hank grabs him and shoves him against the wall, and Erik is sorely tempted to return the favor.

“I’m here to see Charles, Hank. I suggest you get out of my way.”

Hank snarls, and the transformation from boy to Beast that happens before his eyes is wholly fascinating, though Erik has neither the time nor the patience to be interrogated when every second wasted could spell disaster for them all. It’s entirely for Charles’ sake that he reins in his temper
now, allowing the Beast to manhandle him without bringing the rafters down on his head.

“Charles doesn’t want to see you. You’re not welcome here. Get out.”

“I’m not here to fight, Hank. I need to speak to Charles. About Raven.”

“Raven? What about Raven? What did you—”

“I’m not going to ask you again—"

“Hank?” The familiar voice, slightly slurred, drifts down the winding staircase, causing them both to stop mid-sentence and for Hank to finally let go and take a step back. “Who’s that with you? And what’s with all the bloody yelling?”

He watches, pity mingled with growing unease, at the slow, unsteady steps of a Charles so young he’s barely recognizable, time and distance both clouding Erik’s recollection. The urge to grab the boy and embrace him is almost overwhelming, even though he knows it would be most unwelcome at this point in their history. Erik will have to rely on his words alone to get through to this Charles, and hope that the love buried under all that resentment will buy him enough time to explain things and win him over.

The next thing he knows Erik is on the ground, his jaw aching from a punch that he frankly should have seen coming. Charles winces, shaking his fist, as Hank rushes over to check on him, like a mother hen with her helpless chick. It infuriates Erik like nothing else has since he stepped inside this forsaken house, jolting him from the shock of it – finding Charles as planned only to get punched in the face - and picking himself up off the hardwood floor.

Charles shakes Hank off brusquely and rounds on him with a snarl. “Get. Out.”

Raising his arms in surrender he gives young Charles his most charming smile. “Not until you hear what I have to say.”

Charles scoffs. “I have nothing to say to you, Erik. Now get the fuck out of my house.”

“No,” he says mildly, ignoring the hard glint in Charles’ eye and the way Hank huffs in irritation. “And I know you can’t make me leave because you don’t have your powers right now, in 1973. I know Hank made you a serum that lets you walk again, but that you take too much of it because you can’t shut out the voices in your head.”

“How…how did you—”

“I know because you told me, Charles, fifty years from now, in the future. When you and I are together again, fighting a war that has torn the world apart. Our kind is losing, dying out, hunted by machines designed with Raven’s DNA to wipe us out. Our extinction is assured if we don’t stop her from setting things in motion. Help me, please Charles…the world, the future of mutant kind depends on it.”

He waits, letting his words sink in, expecting Charles to pepper him with questions about the war, about Raven’s role, and even of their own relationship in the future, given its current, rather sorry state. Instead, all Charles does is stare at him and then laugh, loudly and raucously, before falling back in a graceless heap onto the stair case.

“I told you? In the future? So what? You’re from the future then?”

Erik shakes his head. “Only my consciousness, yes. In my body from this current time.”
“Oh how very convenient,” Charles snorts, sharing a knowing look with a clearly skeptical Hank. “And I suppose we’re best friends again, in this future, Erik? Or perhaps I’ve lost my damn mind! That’s it, isn’t it? Why else would you think that I’d lift a finger to help you, hmm? Or believe these lies you’re feeding us about some apocalyptic future?”

“Because you love me, now, and in the future,” he answers, and Charles’ entire body stills, his eyes gleaming with emotion, piercing into Erik’s very soul. “And because I love you too.”

His declaration echos in the ensuing silence, dragging on and on as Hank shifts uncomfortably at his side. And when Charles finally gets to his feet he simply turns away, ignoring them both to slowly make his way back up the stairs.

“Get out of my house, Erik,” Charles calls when he gets to the top of the landing. “Get out, and don’t come back.”

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