

# Everything by Dianna

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## 1. [Chapter 1](#) by Dianna

## Chapter 1 by Dianna

I'll tell you everything, and you tell me everything, and maybe we can get through all the piss and shit and lies that kill other people.

--Claudia Gator, "Magnolia"

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### Partly Cloudy, 82% Chance of Rain

"Do you have something to tell me?"

"Sorry?"

"Something's bothering you. And it's big, I can tell."

"I'm fine, Jean."

"This is the most you've spoken to anyone since you've been back and it's only because I started the conversation."

"Jean?"

"Yes, Logan?"

"Why don't you mind your own fucking business?"

Her shoulders fell and her eyes clouded, making him feel even worse. He wanted to tell her the 'big something' but he was afraid of what she'd do, how she'd react. She could mind-fling his ass back to Canada if she wanted to. She could tell Scott, who would try his damndest to blow him in half with a well-aimed burst of energy. She could also tell the Professor—he would be stern and serious and give him a disapproving look that focused all of his telepathic anger and disappointment onto a little spot on Logan's forehead that would burn for hours.

He'd seen that look and felt that burn once before. Rogue (his girl) had timidly sat beside him at dinner one night. She made him nervous, with her smell that was mixed with his because she never managed to wash him off entirely and her hair that he knew felt so good when he could bury a hand in it and still hold her wrists above her head with the other. And with her way of leaning herself towards him without even realizing what she was doing. Her bare hand brushed his as he handed her a bowl of mashed potatoes. Fucking mashed potatoes ruined everything. He almost jumped out of his skin and had to leave the table because he just couldn't take being so close to her. It renewed his guilt. Before he left, though, the Professor just glared at him. *Why are you doing this to her?*

"Look, Jean..."

"Yeah, Logan," she said with tears in her voice.

"I'm sorry."

"I don't think I'm the one you need to be saying this to."

She left before he could say anything else. *Jean, I've been fucking Marie but I don't want it to be like that anymore because I really love her and I need to tell her but I can't because I'm a goddamned coward who should be sent to Hell right now, no questions asked. I'm a coward and I'm scared. I'm scared.*

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"I fucking hate calculus!"

"Jubes, calm down! You know how weird Dr. Summers is about swearing."

"You sound like someone's mom. And since when is Scott 'Dr. Summers'?"

"The man has, like, *four* PhD's. Why do you think he teaches so many subjects?"

"Can you have a PhD in 'tight-assedness'?"

Rogue couldn't help but laugh. Jubilee made the days a lot more fun than the nights. She had her gloves on today because there were bruises on her wrists, but she just told Kitty and Jubes that she was tired and might not be as careful as she should be. They accepted the excuse and the world of the day that was class and friends and gossip was right and happy. The world of the night was right in a different (bizarre) sort of way, but it hurt and it made her sad. Almost two years of the same thing: Logan, sex, and pain. Rogue liked to write and decided that "Logan, Sex, and Pain" was a great title for a short story or an epic poem, perhaps. One she could never show anyone.

"Who're you dreaming about?"

"What?"

"You heard me. I asked you a simple question and you're avoiding it."

"I *didn't* hear you, Kitty."

"Right. And Jubes can't wait for Monday's calc test."

"What about me?"

"Nothing, Jubilee," said Kitty and Rogue together.

"So?"

"So what?"

"Who. Were. You. Dreaming. About?"

"Someone who isn't real."

Logan was real enough, but the Logan who loved her and kissed her and let her touch him was a figment of her imagination.

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That night, as Logan was getting dressed, she sat up and watched. She'd never done that before and he noticed the change.

"Stay," she said as his hand neared the doorknob. He paused and his body shook.

"I can't," he replied, without looking at her. Then he left. She hadn't cried since that first night, but she did then. She cried herself to sleep.

He was partially down the hallway when he heard. Something inside him said to turn around, go to her, tell her, tell her, *tell her you love her!* Now. Before you lose her forever, which is what will happen. It's bound to happen eventually. But he couldn't. He'd made her bleed tonight and he'd imprinted his hands on her narrow hips again. Shame kept him away.

### **Light Showers, 99% Humidity, Winds SE 12 MPH**

She was twisted in her bed sheets when she woke up. They smelled like sex and blood. He'd never hurt her so badly before. Maybe he thought she could take it by now.

She braced herself against her bedside table and stood, wincing at the pain between her legs. In the bathroom, she drew a bath of hot water and slid into it, loving the way the water was gentle, making her want the way his hands could be gentle if he wanted them to be. *I love you* she said to the empty quiet. The words echoed too harshly, bringing tears again. *I'm tired of crying* she whispered to the lifeless floor tiles. *I'm tired of waiting* she said to the drips of water on the silver faucet of the bathtub. *What would he do if I was dead* she asked the air as her fingers trace watery paths on the curled edge of her porcelain coffin. *Nothing* suggested the nothingness, *find someone else to fuck. Fuck you* she replied.

The bath had made her feel better, strong enough to tear the sheets off the bed and put on new ones and make it up like nothing happened. In a sense, that was the truth.

She pulled on her robe and made a decision that broke her heart.

Rogue walked to his room, down the hallway that hadn't woken up yet. The door was unlocked and she entered to find him sitting on the edge of his bed, half-dressed in the dim light, the same way she'd found him that first time, looking so old. She moved closer and stopped when he looked up at her. His eyes were red and swollen and his face was marked by the tracks of tears. She almost lost her nerve.

"No more," she said quietly.

"I know."

She turned to go, but then he spoke to her. He had hardly spoken to her at all since he'd been back and he chose now.

"Stay."

She was desperate for the word.

"Why?"

"Because I want you to."

“That’s not enough,” she said as she shut the door behind her.

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She stayed in her room all day, reading, writing, finishing every possible homework assignment she had, studying for that fucking calculus test like the outcome determined her fate. Ororo brought her lunch and Scott brought her dinner. Jubes and Kitty came in with three bowls of ice cream and smiling, oblivious faces with mouths ready to chatter. They talked until the two left for a movie after giving up on trying to persuade her to go.

She spent the rest of the night alone.

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After the door shut behind her, he cried like a child, wrapping his arms around his pillows, wishing they were her. He didn’t move until he heard a knock on the door.

“Logan, please... Can I come in?”

No answer. Jean tried the doorknob and slowly opened the door.

“Are you ready to talk?”

Her voice made him angry because it was hers and not Marie’s.

“Go away, Jean. Just go away.”

“Fine, I will, Logan, but please, *please*...talk to someone. Soon.”

She left and returned later with a tray of food that was left untouched. He slipped in and out of consciousness all day, the nightmares of sleep alternating with the nightmares of being awake.

He watched the sun set and the moon rise through his window, thinking to himself that Marie was the rising and setting of his sun, she was his angel. He knew that if he let her go, regret would be his only nightmare.

### **Rain Clearing, Breezy Overnight**

There was no more work to do. There was no other reason to stay in her room. Except for the knock on the door.

“Who is it?”

“Marie, it’s me. Please... Can I come in?”

No one but Logan called her Marie. She was nervous as hell when she opened the door and stood back to let him pass. It was Sunday--he never came on Sundays.

“I want to talk to you, I want to talk.”

She nodded, hope and the pain of eminent rejection filling her up at once.

“Marie... goddammit... I'm terrified you're going to hate me soon. I'm going to tell you things about me, about my past, about my *fucking ugly, disgusting past* and you won't be able to look at me. You'll be amazed at yourself for ever letting me touch you. Unless you already are. Marie, are you?”

“No, Logan. And I don't hate you and I never could. I just couldn't, even if I tried, even if I wanted to so much--I couldn't do it, I couldn't do it.”

He shut the door and leaned against it, sinking heavily to the floor. Marie sat beside him and nearly burst into tears when he took her hand softly into his own.

“I've got to tell you things. Why I've been so angry, what I found...”

“Tell me...everything.”

“The people who took me, they took me from my home, from my family. They knew about my abilities and wanted to use me. And they did it, they *fucking did it!* I had a wife and two kids. She was pregnant and they took them all.”

His voice cracked and he squeezed her hand.

“Those bastards took us all and made sure no one would notice. They tested my children--the tests killed them because they weren't like me. My wife tried to run, to save the baby that was in her. She got shot in the back, in the *fucking back*... I saw her fall and I saw her bleed into the snow. I still see red in the snow, Marie...”

He sounded pitiful and lost to her. Slowly, she wrapped her free arm around him and pulled his head onto her shoulder. He let her do it. He admitted that he needed to.

“I couldn't save her, I couldn't save my kids, Marie,” he whispered into her neck.

“It wasn't your fault. You couldn't do anything.”

“I did do something, Marie.”

“What did you do?”

“I found every one of them and I killed them. There was enough information in the files I found. I searched out every one of those sons of bitches that I could find and I sliced them open from navel to neck. I found eight of them. They remembered me and I loved the look of terror on their faces. But none of them even tried to say they were sorry.”

She didn't say anything, only hugged him more tightly.

“Oh, God, Marie... Do you hate me? Please don't, please, God... I'm so sorry for hurting you and for being so angry. I'm so, so, so *fucking sorry*, please... I'm begging you to forgive me because I love you. I've loved you since whenever this shit began. Before that even. I love you. Only you... I'll love you forever. And if you can't forgive me, then I'm going to leave. I'll leave you alone and I won't come back.”

“Don't leave, Logan. I would never have come to you if I didn't love you. I do love you and I forgive you. Don't even ask anymore because I forgive you. And I love you. I love you.”

He pulled back and pressed his lips to hers. Fingers curled through hair, mouths tangled as they kissed and kissed. As his lips still teased hers, he said more.

“That felt good to do that, to do what I wanted to do—to kiss you.”

“I’m glad you did it.”

“I was scared to tell you I loved you because you might not love me back after all the other things about me. There’s a lot of shit that comes with me, Marie.”

“It’s okay... You don’t have to be scared. If you want to be with me, then just be with me. Don’t say you’re bad or ugly. You’re mine and you’re beautiful for me and I love you.”

He kissed her again and that’s all they did until they fell asleep, together, on the floor in front of the door, resting in each other’s arms.

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Monday was ignored because they stayed in her room and talked about anything and everything they wanted and needed to talk about. Jean smiled when she brought them food.

Marie told him about her nightmares and how she’d gained her strength, something he didn’t know she had. Logan told her about his nightmares and about how he thought about her on the road. He showed her the pictures of the wife and children he’d lost. It was okay because she wanted to know everything. She told him so.

“Let’s always tell each other everything. If we know everything about each other there won’t be any bad surprises, only good ones as we find out all of the good things we can be together. Let’s be everything to each other.”

In the earliest hours of the day, when the orange morning was spreading itself into the fading blue night, they made love, slowly and carefully, gently. Worshipping each other and forgetting everything else.

### **So Now Then**

“So you told her you were sorry?”

“I did, Jean.”

“And you feel better, don’t you?”

“I’ve never felt better, Red.”

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“Glad to hear it, Logan.”

“Hey Marie, I thought you said you were dreaming about someone who wasn’t real.”

“I did say that but I was wrong.”

“I see. I’m happy for you. You be happy, too, okay?”

“I will, Kitty.”

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They left the school. Logan and Marie each packed a bag and they went together, with the blessing of everyone who knew them. In a borrowed car, they drove on roads that led anywhere. Where they were going didn't matter, they just needed the time to figure things out. They would be back when that was done.

“Hey, Marie?”

“Yeah?”

“I'm glad it's you next to me.”

“Me, too.”

Suddenly, the roads didn't matter because the world didn't go beyond the doors of the car.

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You don't know how fucking stupid I am.

It's okay.

You don't know how crazy I am.

It's okay.

I got troubles, okay?

I'll take everything at face value. I'll be a good listener.

I started this didn't I, didn't I -- fuck!

Whatever it is, just say it, you'll see.

...You wanna kiss me?

Yes, I do.

--Jim and Claudia, “Magnolia”

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