

# *The Taming Of The Wolverine*

**By The Fanatic Fanboy**

Logan awoke to a splitting headache of such intensity that all other sensations, but pain, were obliterated from his consciousness. It was only the knowledge his adamantium infused bones were unbreakable that assured him his brain wasn't leaking out of his cranium. Such was the agony he endured. As he slowly adapted to the excruciating experience, his vision cleared and he could make out the patterned ceiling of his room.

His *room*? How did he end up in his room? The last thing he remembered...he was in the Danger Room blowing off some steam as he often did whenever things were quiet and there weren't any bad guys to work out his frustration on. And then...darkness engulfed him just as the Sentinel Alpha program began to load. He turned to the clock/radio on the end table to check the time and that was then he saw it.

Namely, the strap that held his right arm bound to the poster of his bed. Glancing to his left he realized that both his arms were indeed tied. A quick look downwards demonstrated that so too were his legs...as well as the fact that he wore nothing by way of underwear. His cock and balls nested in his ample pubic hair were fully exposed to the somewhat chilly air.

"Whaaa da...fu..." was all Logan could get out through his wooziness. He was tied to the bed and virtually immobilized. Furthermore, he was naked! Sure, he slept in the nude. But if he had an accident in the Danger Room and was brought to his room by his teammates to recuperate – why would they strip him naked?

The sound of soft male laughter jolted Logan out of his thoughts. He turned swiftly to the direction of the sound (regretting it as his head lanced) and saw in the far corner of the room a seated Scott Summers. His form was obscured by shadow but Logan was certain it was him. The ruby glow around the figure's head gave him away.

"Sure took you long enough to wake up, sleeping beauty," Scott said airily and dropped Logan's copy of Sun Tzu's *Art of War* which he had been reading. "Considering your healing factor and all."

Logan growled low in his throat. They'd been sparring and butting heads more and more of late. Ever since Xavier left for Muir Island to be with his son and foolishly (to Logan's way of thinking) left them both as co-heads of the institute. To make matters worse, since Jean's death there was no one in the mansion who had the guts or capability to mediate between the two men. Well...there *was* Ororo but she didn't have the desire to. Whatever one man ordered, be it in training or on the field, the other could be relied upon nine times out of ten to countermand it.

"Summers!" Logan all but shouted, sobered by the anger coursing through him. "What the hell is the meaning of this shit?!"

Scott slowly got to his feet and walked towards the bed in a leisurely pace. The smirk on his face did nothing to pacify Logan and served only to incense him further.

"When I get outta these I'm gonna tear you apart!" Logan swore, writhing in vain to escape the straps that bound him.

Scott actually laughed in mockery of the threat. "Don't bother struggling, Logan. Those straps are made of a new polymer that Hank's been working on. They look weak and flimsy but they will hold anyone short of Colossus and the Juggernaut."

Never one to just give up Logan merely intensified his struggles. A deep frown suddenly came over Scott's face. In stark contrast to the jovial tone he'd been using thus far, his voice became cold and hard. "I said stop struggling, you dumb fuck."

Logan immediately stilled. It was certainly not due to fear. The reason was twofold. The first was the tone Scott used. Any lesser man would have his blood curdled by it. The second was the fact that Summers *swore*. Something Logan NEVER heard him do before. Not even at the height of Scott's tantrums in the first few months after Jeannie had died.

"Good boy," Scott said with another smirk. He had switched back to the almost saccharine tone he'd been using before. "There might be hope for a dog like you yet."

Logan scowled. "Who the hell are you calling a dog?!"

Scott sat on the side of the bed. "Why fight the truth, Logan? Why pretend? You're an animal. The professor knows it, Stryker knew it, and most importantly of all *you* know it. A stubborn rebellious doggy."

Logan studied the amused expression on Scott's face. Something he'd never seen there before. Usually Scott wore a mask of steel, unreadable to all but a choice few. Since Jean's death that steel had been tempered to a hardness impenetrable to all save *maybe* Xavier.

"I've had just about enough of you second-guessing my authority at every turn, Logan," Scott said, bending over to look Logan in the face. "I've had enough of your constant insubordination."

*This must be some sort of punishment to Scott's way of thinking*, Logan thought. A growl escaped his throat as his brain mulled over the idea.

Scott merely smiled and continued his lecture. "It ends here and now."

Logan refused to just lie there and let a *boy* talk to him like that. “And what the fuck do you intend to do about it?” he demanded to know.

A truly evil grin graced Scott’s classically handsome features. “So glad you asked.” He got up from the bed and began to pace around the room as if he were expounding some great theory to a college class. “The ancient Greeks believed that there were three ways to turn someone around to your way of thinking – logos, ethos, and pathos.”

“More mumbo jumbo...” Logan muttered.

Scott ignored him and went on. “Logos, logic. Suffice it to say I tried that with you and failed. But then animals like you have very little capacity for higher thought processes.”

“Scott, look...” Logan trailed off, doing his best to reign in the bite in his voice. Something was very wrong here and it was enough to make Logan very concerned. The fact that Scott was resorting to frat boy antics was in itself very disconcerting given the way he usually punished Bobby and John for such behavior.

“Then there’s ethos - ethics,” Scott said, turning on his heels and pacing some more. “Your sense of right and wrong. Your moral compass.” Scott laughed again. “Which I think we can both agree is *seriously* flawed.”

“You wanna preach to me about morals when you -”

If Scott had heard him, he didn’t show any sign of it. “Finally there is pathos, emotion.” Scott sat once more on the bed. “Something you have *plenty* of, Logan. Alas, just not the right kind.”

“I guess I’m just untrainable then,” Logan said, sarcasm dripping from his words.

“No such thing,” Scott said, with a dismissive shake of his head. “I’ve been racking my brains for a while Logan and I think I came up with a way to convince someone of the error of their ways that the good Greeks were too *civilized* to try.”

“Oh? Please enlighten me.”

“An uncivilized beast like you needs a different approach,” Scott said darkly. “By the time I’m done with you, you’ll be my obedient dog. Sit, stay and roll over whenever the hell I tell you to.”

Logan couldn’t help the laugh that escaped him. The entire thing was absurd. This was a big joke. How could he possibly take such a threat from Scott seriously? Logan had personally seen the man folding his underwear into perfectly symmetrical stacks in the laundry room for God’s sake. There was just no way that Scott could be capable of...

“How long do you think you can keep me tied up here?” Logan asked with raised eyebrow.

“And why the fuck am I naked?”

“Patience is a virtue, Logan. Something you’re sorely lacking,” was Scott’s answer. “You’ll be learning a few of those virtues soon enough. Especially the virtue of *obedience*.”

Scott reached into his jacket and withdrew a small remote. He pointed it to the corner of room and an audible beep was heard. Logan turned to see a small red dot in the darkness. A video recorder!

“The hell...” Logan turned to face Scott again. “Okay. So you stripped me naked and humiliated me in front of a camera. You made your point. You’re gonna be showing everyone this –”

Scott chuckled. “It would be nothing they haven’t seen already in the showers. Besides, the camera wasn’t on until just now. It’s my insurance that you’ll keep yourself in line after today.”

Logan’s eyes widened at the sight of Scott adjusting his crotch. The imperceptible (to anyone but a feral like him) scent of male arousal assaulted his nostrils. Scott couldn’t be...turned on by this. Could he?

“Yargh!” Logan growled in discomfort as two thick fingers, barely moistened with saliva, were suddenly shoved into his angrily protesting hole. “Scott...Scott wait. This ain’t like you!” Scott merely pushed harder and succeeded into working in his index and middle finger deep into Logan’s rectum. Logan grimaced but bit back his groan of pain.

“You know I always wondered, Logan,” Scott said bemusedly, “if having a healing factor means each fuck is like your first. Care to comment?”

Logan by this time was doing his utmost to move his vulnerable ass away from Scott’s invading fingers. “Scott, stop this now and we can forget it ever happened. Something’s wrong with ya. You ain’t yourself.”

“Aren’t I?” Scott asked with a small smile. Did Logan (or any of them for that matter) think they knew the REAL Scott Summers? “Mmmmm, feels like a vise. Ever had anything up there, Logan?” he asked as he began working in his ring finger as well.

Logan squirmed at the intrusion and looked at Scott aghast. “Fuck no! Summers, stop this now and you’ll live to see forty.”

“Really? Never? In all your years you never experimented?” Scott asked, a little surprised. “Not once?”

Logan scowled but said nothing. That wasn't completely true. He'd played around with guys a few times. But he wasn't the one with something up his ass when it went down. And he was usually drunk when it had happened. And taking into consideration that his memory wasn't the best... He sure as hell wasn't going to admit to that. Not to Scott.

Scott looked pleased. "Looks like I get to teach an old dog new tricks," he said, suddenly hooking his fingers and digging into Logan's ass in an angle that sent a white hot jolt of pleasure up the man's spine.

"What the hell?!" Logan exclaimed, unconsciously arching his back and lifting his hips off the bed. Glancing down he saw that (to his horror and shame) his cock was fully erect. All eight inches of it pulsing and rearing to go. "What..."

Scott chuckled. "It's called the prostate, Logan." Without any warning Scott began working his fingers as if he were playing a guitar, sending wave after wave of ecstasy crashing through Logan's body. "Otherwise known as the P spot."

Logan scrunched up his eyes and tried to will his body to not respond to Scott's ministrations. Totally in vain as the precum leaking out of his pisser attested to. He'd always joked that Scott was a pansy. Apparently he was on to something. Did Jean know just what her man was into?

"Oh you're pre-cumming already," Scott crooned. "You're really gonna like what's coming up next." Having said that Scott withdrew his fingers from Logan's hair fringed hole with an audible 'plop'. Logan's eyes widened as he saw that Scott was unzipping and fishing around in his crotch. Seconds later his considerable cock was firmly in hand; all nine inches of the engorged, uncut monster. Scott slowly squeezed it from hairy base to flared helmet, forcing more blood into the appendage and making it, if it were possible, seem even bigger. After a good three pulls Scott's cock put Logan's to shame and looked unnatural in its scope.

“Have a good look Logan,” Scott said with a fiendish grin, “at one of the many reasons why Jean would never have left me for your hairy ass.”

Without warning Scott seized Logan’s achingly hard penis and held it against his own with one hand. Logan could not help the half-groan, half-moan that escaped him. Scott squeezed hard, mashing their cocks against each other, laying raw, tactile emphasis on just how superior he was to Logan in that department. When placed side to side with his own, Scott’s dick was a full inch and a half longer.

“Now you can appreciate that just because a man doesn’t go around boasting and playing the exhibitionist in the showers like you do doesn’t mean he’s not packing big time,” Scott said with superiority, squeezing again to garner Logan’s attention away from his cock and to his words. Small beads of dew were by then glistening at the tip of Scott and Logan’s penises. As Scott worked both their dicks the beads grew larger and larger. When they were on the verge of dripping Scott smeared the fluid generously onto the head of his cock with his thumb and forefinger.

Logan was leaking much more than Scott and presently the room began to smell overpoweringly of male sex. Scott’s hand became a slippery mess as he rubbed their cocks together to and fro, his practically hairless and gargantuan low hanging balls smooshed up against Logan’s slightly smaller and hairy nuts. Any lingering doubt Logan had about Scott’s sexuality was put to rest. This was not the action of a straight man. Logan’s keen nose didn’t detect a trace of alcohol or common illicit drugs on Scott (not that any of them used given their regular physicals which included a drug test).

What was more, the heady brew of pheromones Scott was releasing more than proved that this wasn’t just a power kick for the man, a means to assert his dominance and declare himself as Alpha Wolf. No he was getting off on this in a major way. Scott smelled almost as high as the pubertal teenagers in the mansion did, practically rancid with sex hormones. And it wasn’t from deprivation. When last he checked, Scott wasn’t locked away in the big house without a woman



for a year or more. If he went without sex since Jean's death it was by *choice*. Just as his actions now were by choice. What could have made someone turn out like this? Did Scott ever do this to someone before? If this wasn't the first time then when and where did it start? Logan knew that Scott had grown up in a boy's home. The reputations of those places were infamous. Could it be?

"Aaaah," the feral mutant moaned as Scott applied pressure with two hands now, interlocking his fingers around both their dicks and rhythmically pumping, his palms forming a vise of tight, warm flesh. "Scott...s-stop..." Logan managed to get out through gritted teeth. Scott was too good at this. No woman to date had ever worked him over this good short of actual fucking. His plea was in vain. Scott continued to grind their dicks mercilessly, squeezing, releasing, squeezing, releasing...until with one quick sliding motion he pulled his palms right off their cocks with a flourish.

"Aaaarrrrr," Logan growled like some fierce cat of the jungle. His hairy sack drew up to his abdomen and visibly pulsed, his prick firing off three, four, five, six massive shots of hot sperm a full foot into the air and onto his belly. Logan's vision grew blurry and then dark as the force of the orgasm ripped through his loins, draining his cum reservoirs of their manly essence. Breath ragged, he slowly opened his eyes, not quite sure when he had closed them, to see Scott arrogantly smirking above him.

"See, I told you you'd like it," Scott said, his voice thick and restrained. Scott stopped squeezing for a moment and seized his cock at the base. Like a sword he swung it against Logan's now semi-hard penis, knocking it aside with such force as to cause Logan to grimace. "Much more than you'd like to admit too I'd bet. I expected a man who boasts of his sexual conquests like you do to have lasted longer. Me, I'm still rearing to go."

Logan realized to his shame that while he'd cum all over his thighs, belly and chest...Scott's cock was still as hard and menacing as ever. The fact that he was uncut (and therefore more sensitive) yet had weathered the storm intact made the insult to Logan's virility all the more

lacerating. If this was any testament to what went down in Scott's bedroom then perhaps Jean didn't lack in that department after all.

“Oh Logan, why am I surprised? You never did have much self control did you?” Scott chuckled nastily. “Why should it be any different in the sack.”

Logan let out a long held breath as Scott finally released him from his grasp.

But Scott wasn't nearly done with him yet. “I know it's hard given your fucked up memory problems. But think back to when you used to pass by our room at those ungodly hours in the night. Ever remember hearing her scream for more? Well *this* is what was responsible. Feel the power in that dick, Logan?” Scott slapped Logan's cock with his own several more times with even greater savagery. He was angry now at not getting a vocal affirmation of his manhood and sexual prowess from Logan. Logan's dick, so sensitive from his cumming mere moments before, throbbed with pain at each whack.

“I...said...can...you...feel...it...huh?!” Scott demanded to know, punctuating each word with a swing of his dick, all but shouting, safe in the knowledge that the room was soundproofed. Logan merely regarded him with something close to abject horror, having never suspected Scott to be capable of perversion anywhere close to this. He always pegged Scott as a vanilla, missionary position, lights-off only sort of guy. Then again Scott was always wound too damn tight. Had he finally truly well snapped?

Mistaking utter shock for defiance, Scott's anger only grew at Logan's continued silence. “Oh you'll feel it soon enough...and you can bet your soon to be well fucked ass you'll learn to answer me from now on when I ask you a fucking question.” As he said this with one hand he scooped up Logan's still hot, thick ejaculate from his abdomen and applied it generously to his own dick, thoroughly coating it from base to tip. With the other he slapped Logan hard across the face, smearing the left side of his face with cum. “Pay attention!”

Logan let out another surprised gasp and cursed his helplessness to remove the strongly smelling substance from his face. So close to his nose it was overpowering all other scents. It was more than a minute before he could find his voice to speak. Not only was Scott's cock longer than his (although not quite as thick, but almost)...not only did Scott seemingly have the stamina of a raging bull...but the X-man leader fully intended to fuck him.

"You ain't got the balls," Logan growled out when he finally recovered his voice, his eyes glued to the throbbing, thickly veined organ in Scott's hand. It glistened with both their juices and seemed to be excellently lubricated judging by the ease with which Scott's hand slid back and forth over it.

"Don't need the balls, Logan. Just this," Scott said to the taunt, squeezing his pecker. "But I do have 'em. Just in case." He then dropped his pants and wriggled out of them, his cock swaying side to side as he did so, in perverse promise of what was to come. Logan rationalized that Scott's dick up his manhole was one of life's many inevitabilities and resolved to fight it to the bitter end, and not beg like a pathetic bitch. Because that was exactly what Scott wanted. To make him his bitch and catch it on film. No, Logan wouldn't debase himself that way. He'd fight Scott every step of the way. He'd bide his time and once he got loose, Scott would pay... Scott would pay dearly.

"Aren't you gonna wear a condom? Like you have us tell the boys in Sex Ed?" Logan asked him sarcastically.

Scott smiled, genuinely now. "When last I checked you couldn't get pregnant. Or is there something you neglected to tell us?"

"You sonuva..."

"Why bother with rubbers when your healing factor guarantees you're clean and you can't catch anything from anyone," Scott continued. "No, I wanna remember this fuck. It's going to be

special. I'm going to be the first man to breed your tight hairy pussy, Logan. You're gonna feel me still leaking out of you for days to come – pun intended. It's going to be a constant reminder not to piss me off.”

Logan could never resist the urge to taunt his enemies, especially when physically helpless. If he couldn't beat a man down with his fists, he did it with his words. “This the kinda pillow talk that Jeannie got treated to?” The sudden grip Scott applied to his balls arrested Logan's errant tongue immediately. He had to clamp down on it hard with his teeth to prevent giving Scott the satisfaction of a scream.

“You leave Jean out of this,” Scott warned him. “This is between me and you.”

“You...were the...one who...kept mentioning her,” Logan reminded him, his face inflamed from the pain.

Scott sneered. “Well she's *my* wife. I have the right. You don't.”

“Did your wife know she was married to a faggot?” Too late, the words escaped past Logan's lips.

Scott's wordless response to this was to launch himself onto the bed, grip and lift Logan's hips with both hands and force the entirety of his manhood through Logan's never before-been-breached anus. He was balls deep in Logan's steaming hot guts in one excruciatingly fluid motion. The skewered man didn't even have the time to try and avoid his anal assault or fight Scott off. The scream he let out was truly bloodcurdling and music to Scott's ears. Logan's mouth stayed open long after the sound stopped emanating from his throat. The sight of the chief thorn in his side reduced to a helpless little bitch drew a smile to Scott's face. As it always did.

“Congratulations,” Scott said, leaning down to whisper to the man beneath him. “You’re no longer an anal virgin.” His spirit soared when Logan could not meet his gaze and closed his eyes. As if that weren’t enough, Scott’s elation reached even greater heights when he saw that two trails of wet were quickly tracking their way down both sides of his newest bitch’s face, staining the pillow. “Crying, baby?” he asked with mock concern, slowly withdrawing from Logan’s hole...more than a little disappointed when he saw his dick hadn’t drew blood. “We’re only just beginning. Now either I’m really good, or you’re even more of an overcompensating wuss than I thought,” Scott continued in a savage whisper, “because I’ve never broken in a pussy with just one thrust before.”

Logan’s eyes opened and he turned swiftly to face his attacker. “YOU ARE DEAD, SUMMERS! DEAD!”

Scott threw his head back and laughed like a maniac. “Oh, there’s the Logan I know and love.”

Once more he pushed into Logan’s valiantly resisting hole, eliciting a grimace and a grunt. The tightness of the snatch was only increased due to Logan foolishly trying to keep him out by contracting his sphincters. It only served to increase the feral’s pain. Scott set up a punishing rhythm whereby he would pull all the way out, then push all the way in again. Getting the head in past the anal ring was the worst part and this way Logan would get to experience that exquisite torture again and again.

While doing his he was careful to avoid Logan’s prostate, the position of which he had ascertained earlier with his digital probing. All too soon however, Logan adapted to the agony and it grew old. The pain lines etched into Logan’s face smoothed and the man regarded him with insolence once more. The look on his face was, in a word, murderous.

“Well, now that you’re nice and loosened up,” Scott began, disguising the disappointment in his voice, “the fun can begin.”

A fleeting flash of worry appeared on Logan's face and was quickly replaced by forced calm. "The only one having fun here is you, Summers!" Logan said, making sure to name his attacker loud enough to be caught by the camera's microphone. Scott would no doubt edit the tape to remove anything incriminating. But that wasn't any reason to make things easy for him.

"Oh, I know," Scott replied airily, his fingers trailing up Logan's chest, raking through the jet black curls of his chest hair. Having always been smooth the sight and tactile sensation of a man's chest hair always did something special to Scott. And if he were completely honest with himself he would have to admit that he wished he had some of his own. After playing with Logan's for a minute with something close to a pre-pubertal boy's curious fascination, Scott's fingers landed on Logan's nipples.

"Sssss..." Logan hissed, caught off guard once more. His nipples were among the most sensitive regions of his body and as Scott traced his thumbs around the two sizeable pebbles in ever shrinking circles he noticeably squirmed...until the offending fingers were rubbing against the nubs themselves. "Aaaah!"

"So you enjoy having your titties played with, hmm?" Scott crooned, surprising the hell out of Logan when he leaned forward and brought their torsos together. His hot breath blowed against Logan's right nipple followed by several swipes of his tongue.

"Ahhh....ngggg...." Logan whimpered, then bit his lips as Scott began to suckle, pulling in the hard little nub into his mouth with unrelenting suction.

Logan looked down through semi-closed eyelids as Scott nursed like a newborn on his right nip while his thumb and index finger expertly teased and prodded his left. The sensations coursing through his body were like nothing he'd ever felt before. To his (admittedly faulty memory) no one, man or woman, had ever stirred such feelings in him before. It dawned upon Logan that were the circumstances different then his mind might possibly enjoy this as much as his body seemed to be doing. Despite his best efforts another moan escaped him.

“Ooh, almost forgot. You’re not meant to enjoy this part, Logan. This part’s your punishment,” Scott said, reluctantly releasing Logan from his mouth. “And punishments are supposed to hurt,” Scott continued, his voice muffled against Logan’s chest. Without any further warning Scott’s mouth was upon Logan’s sensitive nipple again. But not to suckle as before. Rather, he clamped down hard with his teeth, securing the little bud in a vise grip. Simultaneously he pinched Logan’s other nipple and wrung it as if he were turning a dial.

“Aaahhhhh fuck!” Logan screamed, rudely snapped out of his lust induced haze. He was completely unprepared for this latest assault after the almost tender treatment Scott had been subjecting him to. Scott merely bit harder and executed a chewing motion with his incisors, his left hand pinching, his hips pumping away with fresh fury. Logan bucked upwards, struggling to throw the other man off him but succeeded only in meeting Scott’s thrusts and impaling himself even deeper on Scott’s cock. “Cut that the hell out!”

Scott stilled for a moment, a look of curiosity on his face. He drew his body back up and exposed Logan’s (once again) hard dick to both their sights. It was as rock solid an erection as he’d had before. The clear fluid seeping out of Logan’s piss hole had completely drenched the lower part of Scott’s tee shirt and soaked through the absorbent fabric onto his skin.

“Oh yeah you like it rough. You went and got all soaking wet for me,” Scott said as he pulled off his jacket and cummy tee and tossed them to the floor. He glanced at his watch. It was almost two-thirty and he had a class to teach at three. He’d have to bring Logan’s session to a close. For now. Scott leaned back and expertly hawked a gob of saliva onto his rapidly pistoning prick. “I hope you were paying attention and learned your lesson, Logan.”

Words at this point, were pointless. So Logan said nothing. What could he say to salvage his pride and machismo? He was on his back, tied down like a helpless pig, with Scott’s cock lodged up his ass, his own cock hard and leaking like a faucet demanding it’s second cum in fifteen minutes. Despite the circumstances Scott had worked him up to a raw sexual frenzy,

bringing him right to the edge of yet another climax that promised to be as earth shattering as the first...and (goddamnit) the animal in him enjoyed/was enjoying it!

“I wish I could spend more time making sure you understood it all,” Scott went on, reaching for and caressing Logan’s nipples again. “But I have another lesson to teach in half an hour. Doubt it will be as fun though.” As he said this he stopped humping, withdrew partially from Logan’s hole, hooked his knee across Logan’s thigh and adjusted the position of his cock, taking aim as it were. “I’ll leave you with this. There are benefits to being obedient. Not least of which,” Scott said, with a wicked smirk, “is this!” With another graceful lunge he was sheathed inside Logan’s rectum once more.

The force with which Scott struck his prostate made Logan all but convulse as if having a seizure, his arms and legs flying upwards, tugging at the restraints. “Fuuuuckiiiiing hell!” he screamed before his speech degenerated into a sequence of convoluted gibberish-like swear words.

Scott too was close by this time and Logan’s newly spasming sphincters meant the end was near. As much as he tried to, Scott couldn’t maintain his rhythm any longer and it deteriorated into a series of desperate stabbing motions, each of which he took care to aim at Logan’s P spot. After the eighth such hit it happened.

“Aaahhh shiiiiiiiiiiiiit!” Logan swore as his balls drew up and contracted. The orgasm crashed through his central nervous system and wreaked havoc with his pleasure centers. Like an electric current, the waves of ecstasy travelled up his spine, fried his neural circuitry and reverberated back down to his pelvis. His cock, bouncing hither and thither from the sheer force of Scott’s fucking, began to fire off a series of shots for the second time that afternoon.

The first shot was of sufficient force to hit Scott’s upper chest and lips – he promptly licked it neatly off with a swipe his tongue and did not seem to realize this, as if it were instinctual. Logan saw this through semi-lidded eyes and was so fixated by the spectacle that the third shot



of hot sperm hitting him square in the face thoroughly shocked him back into semi-sobriety. His self-awareness didn't last. Scott, now at the edge himself, pounded him without pity, ravenously seeking his own release, and succeeded in forcing two more blasts of baby batter out of Logan's balls and onto his hairy chest. By this time Logan was near unconscious from the sensory overload (a gift and curse of his heightened feral sensitivity) and Scott's frenetic humping had turned positively crescendo.

"Here it cums, Logan! I'm gonna breed that tight little pussy of yours now, baby! As promised!" Scott finally shouted (frantically grabbing Logan's hips to prevent any attempt at escape) and drove his cock in as far as he could into Logan's innards, holding it in firmly in place for what was to come. His pubic hair now mashed up against Logan's ass, his cock began to shoot, pumping out six solid shots of Summers sperm into Logan's rectum. Logan's own anal muscles, with their newly acquired hunger for hard cock, milked Scott dry, forcing every drop out of him and into his new cum receptacle.

Momentarily drained, Scott collapsed upon Logan's torso, Logan's seed smearing both their muscular bodies, one smooth, one hirsute. For his part, Logan was still in a daze by the time Scott's dick shrank and slipped from his now raw ass, along with a minor torrent of cum. Glancing at the time on Logan's bedside clock Scott realized he was running late and quickly got off the hairy stud. "Here endeth the lesson," Scott said, bending over to briefly suck and clean Logan's nipple of semen (inwardly laughing when he saw Logan's face twist even in his barely conscious state). "Lesson one anyway."

Wasting no more time he took his clothing from the floor and threw it haphazardly on. It was two forty-five and he needed a bath before his class. But before he left he reached into his jacket and withdrew a syringe. Just as Logan was on the verge of recovery with a swear and threat (and cum) on his lips, he found himself fading into darkness once more as the drug took hold.

"Whaaaa you doooooiin," Logan drawled, his eyes and tongue as heavy as lead.

Scott wiped the beads of sweat off Logan's forehead almost lovingly. "Research shows that you integrate new information into long term memory much more effectively if you sleep on it. This is one experience I want you to remember always, Logan. I know I will. You have the rest of the day off. Healing factor or not that ass of yours is going to need it."

After removing the restraints, swiping his finger across the still warm semen on Logan's face as from a cake and licking it like a little kid would do to icing...Scott secured his video footage and left the room, taking care to lock it behind him. If any of the students he happened to walk past recognized the heavy scent of male passion that clung to him, they didn't dare say anything about it or react to it in any way. Scott smiled crudely as he savored the fact that his authority was once again unchallenged and undisputed. Yes, things were as they should be.

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**Disclaimer:** The characters in this story are owned by MARVEL but the plot is mine. I make no claims as to their true sexualities (although now that we have a gay Wolverine in *Xtreme X-men* I think it's fair to wonder about Cyclops!). This fan fiction is only meant for the enjoyment of myself and the readers and is not a concerted effort to profit financially from the intellectual property of MARVEL. ☺

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Thoughts, Ideas, Suggestions? Did Logan learn his less? >:) Or does he need a refresher course?

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