

First Trick of the Day by Victoria P

Summary: Logan visits Hooker!Rogue again.

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Author's Notes:

Thanks to Dot, Meg, Jen, and Pete. Dedicated to Jikei, who let me use her dream, and for everyone who wanted to know what happened next...

Text in *italics* indicate thoughts.

Logan sat in his truck and waited for the girl -- Marie -- to show up, like he'd done every night for the past week. He felt like laughing at himself. He spent fifty bucks every night for a blow job from a hooker who couldn't have been more than eighteen years old. A scarred hooker who wouldn't let him touch her. He was a sick fuck, for sure. But he couldn't stand the idea of having her after someone else had. Hell, he hated the idea of anyone else touching her at all. He couldn't explain why.

So, he waited every night for her to come out to the corner she worked, so he could be the first trick of the day.

There she was, the white stripes in her hair glowing faintly in the darkness of the winter evening. She had a smile on her face as she approached the truck. She knew him now, knew he wouldn't hurt her, he hoped.

"You're early tonight," he said as she got into the truck.

She shrugged. "Got bored -- can only watch so much television, ya know." He handed her twenty-five bucks and drove quickly to the lot she'd directed him to that first night. They didn't talk. Even though he liked to pretend it wasn't strictly business to her, he knew he was just another john.

Every morning he told himself he was leaving -- his work in New York was done, and he wanted to get back to Canada, get back to the world he was comfortable in, but he inevitably found himself at the corner of Forty-fourth and Tenth, every night.

He groaned as her warmth engulfed him through the rubber, her teeth dragging along the sensitive underside of his cock while her gloved hand gently squeezed his balls. "Yeah, baby, that's it," he murmured. "Oh, fuck, yeah, baby. Oh, Marie. God, Marie." He liked saying her name when he came. It made him feel like there was a connection between them. He had a feeling she wasn't lying when she'd told him her name -- he'd have smelled it on her, but all he ever smelled was the scent of vanilla and Marie. He knew she was wet for him, but he'd never asked for more than a blow job. He didn't think she was the kind of girl who got off on fucking strangers, but she wanted him as much as he wanted her. He tried to think of ways to ask her out, but then reality would hit him in the face; she was a hooker, he was a john. That was all.

When he was done, he gave her the rest of the money and started the engine. He felt like saying thanks, but that was stupid. He was paying her to suck him off. He said it anyway, and she gave him a half-grin. He turned the corner and saw the lights flashing as the cops loaded her fellow streetwalkers into a van.

"Shit," she muttered.

"You wanna go get something to eat?" he asked gruffly, pathetically grateful for the intervention of the NYPD.

She looked at him, shocked, raising an eyebrow. "You're kiddin' me, right?"

"Nah, kid. Look, there's a diner on Fifty-eighth and Ninth -- the Flame. We can go and I'll buy you dinner and we can talk." He'd eaten at the diner before -- his job had taken him to the neighborhood.

"Talk?"

"Yeah, you know, talk. Like, how was your day, and shit like that." *God, Logan, you sound pathetic.*

She laughed. A little giggle that reminded him of how young she was, even if she looked like she'd been through hell already. "You wanna know how my day was?"

"Yeah." He glanced at her, and saw the eyebrow was arched again. She looked skeptical. "What? Didn't anyone ever ask you how your day was?"

She sobered quickly. "Not for a long time," she whispered.

Fuck. "Ah, shit, kid. I'm sorry. How long you been on the street?" He found a spot on Fifty-eighth and pulled in.

She sighed. "Four months, eight days, fifteen hours and," she looked at her watch, "twenty-seven minutes. This time."

"There been other times?"

"I was on the road for eight months the first time. Got mixed up with some bad people. Met some better people, but I couldn't stay with them. So I left as soon as I could. Ended up on the street. Could be worse."

He wondered what had happened that hooking was a step up, but he didn't ask. She'd tell him when she was ready.

The host remembered him, led them to a booth near the back without batting an eye. There were things to be said for the city, he thought. Nobody looked at you twice. He could probably pop his claws in this place and they'd ask him if he wanted a job in the back as a chef.

The waitress came over with two glasses of water. He didn't need to look at a menu. He knew what he was having.

"You ready, kid?" he asked her.

She smiled and he felt his heart lurch. *Jesus, what was that?* "Yeah." He nodded, and she said, "Cheeseburger deluxe, medium-rare, extra pickles. And a vanilla shake."

"Same for me," he grunted, and the woman took the menus and walked away. "So, Marie, how was your day?"

She giggled again, and it transformed her face into a thing of beauty, even with the scars

that seemed to ooze angry red in the light of the diner. "Good. Quiet. Met a nice man who helped me avoid getting arrested and took me to dinner. How was yours?"

He couldn't help but smile back. "Nice. Met a girl. Saved her from the cops. Bought her dinner."

Their food arrived then, so quickly that even he was surprised. They were silent for a bit and he watched her scarf down the food as if she hadn't eaten in days. Which was possible, he thought. He didn't know if she was an independent or if she had to pay off a pimp or what, but she wasn't making near enough to live on, he'd bet that. Then he noticed she hadn't removed her gloves.

"Hey, aren't your gloves gonna get greasy?" he said softly.

She finished chewing what was in her mouth before she answered. "I, I -- it's okay," she stuttered, avoiding his eyes. And he knew, suddenly, that she was a mutant. She was like him. And he wondered how to let her know that it was okay.

A cell phone rang and Marie reached into her boot. Flipping it open, she said, "Hello?"

He heard the woman on the other end of the line saying, "Rogue? It's Chyna. Nellie came and bailed us out, but he's looking for you. He's not happy you went off with your john."

He quirked an eyebrow as she said, "I was supposed to get out of the car and get arrested with the rest of you?"

"I don't know, Rogue. I just know he's pissed and he's looking for you. Be careful."

"Thanks, Chyna." She flipped the phone shut and stowed it back inside her boot.

He wasn't sure what he wanted to say first. He decided that Nellie was more important. "Your pimp's name is Nellie?" he asked in disbelief.

"Nellie D. Short for Nelson Dominguez. He's a mean motherfucker." She slid out of the booth. "I better go. He knows your car, your plate numbers. He'll find us and that would be - - bad."

He put a hand on her wrist, shaking his head slowly. "He's not meaner than me, kid." He jerked his chin and said, "He do that to you?"

She put her hand, the one he wasn't holding, to the scars on her face. "No. No. That was before. Remember I said I met some bad people? One of them did this. He, he got off on the pain." Her voice broke.

"You know his name?"

She shrugged. "No."

He knew she was lying. "I can protect you, Marie. Let me help. I'll take care of you," he said, trying to be persuasive. He didn't want to use his usual method -- intimidation -- to get her to go along. He still wasn't sure why he was so attached to her. She was beautiful, yeah, but damaged. Like him. She was a freak. Like him. Hell, maybe that was the answer right there. He hadn't met many people he felt a kinship with, and this girl called to him, called to something in him he hadn't remembered existed -- she called to his soul.

"Promise?" she asked softly.

He smiled. "Promise."

She sat back down and they continued the meal in companionable silence.

When they were done, he threw some money on the table, paid the cashier, and followed Marie out into the night. He pulled a cigar out of his pocket and stuck it in his mouth, searching for matches.

"Here," she said, holding up a lighter. She lit the cigar for him and he thought, *I could get used to this -- used to her.*

"You need a ride home, kid?" he asked, trying to think of ways to get her to come home with him -- and not for the cash.

She shrugged and looked around nervously. "Okay."

They walked to the car, his mind racing to find things to say. He'd never been big on conversation, but then again, he'd never really been interested in just talking to a woman before. What was he supposed to say?

His head snapped up when he smelled someone whose cologne didn't go with his natural body odor.

"Nellie," the girl whispered.

Logan grinned. It was a fearsome sight. The large Latino man didn't look afraid. *Not too bright*, Logan thought. He was itching for a fight after seeing the scars on Marie's face, and he'd enjoy beating the shit out of this guy.

"Rogue, you stupid cunt. You think you can get away with my money?" Dominguez shouted. "I'll fucking put you and your friend in the ground, you hear me? You're goin' down, marricón."

"Get back, kid," Logan said, pushing her behind him as the pimp advanced on him, swinging.

Logan easily blocked the punch and threw a left into Nellie's stomach and a right at his jaw. Rogue climbed into the flatbed of Logan's pickup and watched carefully, wondering if she'd have to help out.

"Why you tryin' to steal one'a my girls?" Dominguez wheezed, throwing a wild punch and missing.

"Whoa, Nellie," Logan snickered.

Then Dominguez shouted, "Mierda!" as Logan landed another punch to his face. The pimp went down.

Logan turned to look at Marie. "You all right, kid?"

She nodded, watching as Dominguez reached to the back of his waistband. Marie knew he carried a Glock back there.

"Look out!" she screamed as Nellie raised the sleek nine-millimeter.

Logan turned, unsheathing his claws and slicing through the barrel of the gun. "Ay, dios mio," Dominguez breathed. "What the fuck kind of freak are you, man? Mira! She's all yours. Take the bitch. I got no fucking beef with you, man." With that, the pimp tore down Fifty-Eighth Street like he was being chased by the hounds of hell.

"Punkass pissed his pants," Logan muttered. "That was your badass motherfucker, Marie? You could have taken him." He realized he still had the claws out; he tensed and they retracted. *Shit, I hope she's not freaked out by that*, he thought, worried for the first time ever about what someone might think of him.

She was staring at his hands, a fascinated look on her face. "You okay, kid?" He was hesitant to get close to her until he was sure how she would react.

"When they come out, does it hurt?" she asked softly, jumping down off the flatbed and reaching out for his hand.

"Every time," he told her as she stroked the spaces between his knuckles.

"Could you--" She flicked her fingers out.

Snikt

She raised his hand, running her fingers carefully along the blades. They were warm, which she hadn't expected, though it made sense -- they came from inside his body. And she knew from experience how much heat he generated.

On top of her nervousness, he suddenly smelled her arousal. *That's new*, he thought. Usually women ran screaming the other way if they caught a glimpse of the claws, even when he tried to explain that he'd never impaled anyone during sex, and he never stuck around long enough to find out if it would happen in his sleep. His nightmares made him an uneasy bed-partner at best.

"We better get out of here, kid," he said, his voice husky as he felt his own desire rise again. "I don't think you should go back to wherever you live. It might not be safe." She nodded. "I can get you a hotel room, and you can call your friend for your stuff in the morning."

She looked at him, her brown eyes too big for her thin face. He felt like he was falling into them and drowning in their depths.

"Couldn't I stay with you?" she asked, a hint of a southern accent coming through.

His heart started to race, and he could feel the blood rush in his veins.

"Sure, kid. If you want."

"I wouldn't have asked if I didn't want to, Logan," she said, using his name for the first time.

"Let's go, Marie," he replied, putting an arm around her shoulders as they walked around to the passenger side of the truck to unlock the door. "Let's go home."

End

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