

Lesson

Erik/Charles | First Class

Von Lance

Lesson

Erik leaned on the doorframe to Charles' office, watching how the professor was sucked up in one of his books.

At this angle, he couldn't see how the blue eyes were straightly fixed on one line, he wasn't reading, the metal bender assumed.

'I know, that you are standing there, Erik.', all of a sudden came the voice in his head, it wasn't his own though, but his friend's.

Since their first meeting, they were communicating that way, more than any normal human beings.

It didn't even make Erik bat an eyelid.

"I can't remember us talking about any rooms that I'm not allowed to walk in." There also was no reason for him not to stand here and watched his friend reading.

A short, almost mock - laugh escaped the smaller one, he seemed not amused, Erik could feel it.

The delicate, invisible bond which bound them since their first meeting let him receive thoughts and feelings of the telepath without his friend being able to do something about it.

„What troubles you?“

Normally Erik wasn't interested in anyone, except if he could gain some information. If he wasn't the cause when somebody felt bad, than he wouldn't even waste a thought about it, but it was different with Charles.

He was his friend, if he could call it that, his last friend were about decades ago, before Shaw and the Nazis changed his life.

He was the first one who was just like him, he saved him, showed him that there existed more of his kind. He could help him to take down Shaw.

Slowly he made his way to Charles, who was sitting in his chair, he lowered his book, which he had been reading some moments ago.

Charles sighed, baby blues looking up to Erik.

"I found an old book of my father and I tried to read a little in there, but apparently the writer had to bring in German words without explaining what they mean..."

Charles was a professor and couldn't understand it, of course, it angered him, and Erik could not explain why, but he was enjoying the sight.

Charles Xavier, who normally could do anything people could imagine, could not do this, not with his super-brain, and certainly not with Cerebro. Almost with an amused tone, he stretched out his hand and said, "Give it to me." He leaned against the desk, which matched the chair on which Charles had taken place. Both of them understood that if one of them could speak German, it was definitely Mr. Erik Lensherr.

His gray eyes darted across the two pages before he discovered the word which didn't want to cooperate with Charles.

'You called him the German Wiesel.'

Erik would have sneered at this moment, but refrained from it, because he knew that Charles was angry when things didn't go as he would like them to.

Erik himself was seeking perfection, so he knew all the major languages that seemed to be important for him, Spanish, French, German and English, of course. That was probably something he had ahead of Charles, while his naive friend was trying to see everything through rose-colored glasses, and therefore such things just didn't fit into his world.

Languages he wasn't able to understand as well as cruel and unnecessary violence belonged in this group. "And what is there now?" Asked the professor of biology, his voice sounded impatient and pushy as it always did when not knowing something bothered him.

It was only a word, nothing more.

But probably his clever ways just didn't allow for things he could not comprehend.

"It says, 'Wiesel.'" Erik had spoken extra slowly, so the sound of his voice had changed. To a German, it would sound totally normal, no accent whatsoever traceable, which wasn't surprising considering his origin, he had grown up with this language, it was his mother tongue, yet he would always connect it with his past, which was why he had striven to master other languages perfectly, as to not betray his origin to others.

The baby-blue eyes of the professor were smaller for a moment, as his eyebrows pushed together, before he tried to speak, as he had just heard from Erik.

"Wesley?" A moment of complete silence before a dark deep laugh filled the office, which emanated from the metal bender.

Almost instantly Charles drew an indignant pout and crossed his arms over his chest and silently shrugged.

"You were mumbling, I did not understand."

This time, the eyebrows of the older had lowered unintentionally, the laughter had died down, while Charles looked at him directly, "I didn't mumble Charles." If anyone knew how much Erik strived to do everything better than right, then it was probably the telepath.

But the other lowered his lips even more, as if he did not agree with that answer.

"Wie-sel, Charles, like the animal. Weasel."

Then he would play the translator, with all other humans and mutants he would certainly have a problem explaining to them, they had only themselves to blame if they didn't understand.

But to mock the professor just a little, because he could not do something, the whole thing was just so amusing.

Meanwhile, Charles had snatched the book back from Erik's hands and closed it.

"Thanks", muttered the now smaller and had to admit defeat for better or worse.

But just at that moment he felt Erik's satisfaction and it was a perfect act of defiance, as he opened his mouth and could not control exactly what was now bubbling out of his mouth: "Teach me."

Erik blinked for a moment, was really surprised that Charles really wanted to be taught German.

"What?"

He surely had misheard.

"I want you to teach me the usual words, like this Wäsel."

"Weasel", Erik corrected him immediately.

The baby-blue eyes flashed angry when he had apparently made another error, something he was not used to and it bothered him immensely.

Erik leaned forward slightly, his head tilted slightly to the side, before he nodded.

"Well, what words do you want to know?"

Thus began a German lesson, which Erik had anything but planned, and Charles turned out to be extremely intelligent, though, as he had previously known it.

But words with 'ie' and the special characters 'ä, ö, ü' he clearly had his problems with.

But the sight as Charles tried to be as prepared as possible to be there, but he was not able to hold his mouth under control when it looked as if he would break his tongue.

"We should stop for now, Charles."

Otherwise he would explode with his dark red head. Erik pushed off the desk against which he had been leaning more and more, but became uncomfortable even for him, so he took advantage of this opportunity to stop this German lesson.

At the same moment, however, after Charles took his sleeve, at least he tried it and stopped at the end at Erik's wrist.

"Only two more things, please?"

Now in his blue eyes flashed a challenge this time, had he taken a liking to pronouncing words wrong?

But Erik gave in and stood still.

"Well ..."

He now wanted to know what Charles wanted to know from him.

"I like you."

Should Erik worry about that now?

No, during all these words like friend, marriage, children, women and men he surely just had been searching for pick – up lines, like Raven used to tell him.

An uneasy feeling spread out in his stomach, which he repressed quickly.

With things like that he could deal if he was alone, how he felt about a friend who did not belong in this class and yet he could probably put this into words, things that he did not dare to speak in English.

Their friendship was too important to him, Charles was too important to risk that he wanted to disturb him somehow and be rejected.

"Ich mag dich", he replied, and with an unusually warm voice.

For this was the truth, and Charles joined him so many things, including the first band since their first encounter. The content grin on the other's face should irritate him, as well as the fact that he did not repeat it as the previous times, with a distinct accent.

No, he went straight to the next word or phrase.

"I love you."

Involuntary, the dark blond stiffened a bit, he could feel that Charles tried to read his thoughts, to feel his feelings. Something that was very inconvenient at that moment, very bad for the metal bender.

"Ich liebe dich", his words were quiet, rough from his mouth while the lips of the telepaths had a satisfied smile again and his cheeks got a red tinge.

"I knew it!", the smaller proclaimed almost triumphantly and letread his fingers glide from Erik's wrist.

The questioning look on Erik's face caused him, so typical for him, to touch his temples, "I can hear you, Erik."

What exactly was meant by it was clear even for him.

He swallowed hard and at that moment he was just uncomfortable in his skin, but Charles gave him the next moment no reason for it, because he felt warmth, acceptance and, above all, love.

These sentiments were clearly prompted by Charles and Erik smiled before he raised his hand and ran through the long dark hair.

Fear he had felt at first was taken from him immediately, he had no reason to hide this, too, here in front of Charles.

He understood him, he would not let him down. With him he could not refuse and it felt incredibly good.

Easy tips of his fingers glided through the elongated dark hair, while his gray eyes looked into his friend's, no coldness and rejection was at this moment in this view, as he easily bent him down, touched their noses at first, then the warm breath brushed across his lips and touched just these, Erik felt only too clearly how the bond between them became completely merged and perfectly as one.

He felt the good feeling which was sent back and forth between them.

The harmony that filled every cell of his body with happiness and peace.

And who else but Eric Lehnsherr was more interested in everything being perfect?