The Red Queen Chronicles: The Prodigy

by MarvelMaster616

Summary

Sequel to "The New Red Queen." Years ago, Laura "X-23" Kinney worked as a teenage prostitute. One day, she crossed paths with Mary Jane Watson, one of the most high-end prostitutes in New York and agreed to help her deal with a daunting problem. Years later, Mary Jane seeks to return the favor.
AN: This story is based off my ongoing “The New Red Queen” series. Mary Jane Watson is still the Red Queen and acting manager of the Hellfire Club. Emma Frost is the White Queen, Jean Grey is the Black Queen, and Cyclops is the Black King. However, part of this story will take place before Mary Jane crossed paths with Spider-Man. It’ll explore some of the time she spent as a high-end prostitute. It also involves X-23, who spent time as a prostitute in the comics. As a result, the history of both characters will be different within the context of this story.

‘These mean character thoughts.’

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This fic contains graphic sexual content. If that offends you, please don’t read this story. As always, I encourage everyone to review this story. Send me your feedback via email at MarvelMaster616@hotmail.com or post a review on the website. Thank you and enjoy!

District X – Years Ago

‘I am a living weapon. I am human. I am Laura Kinney, daughter of Dr. Sarah Kinney. I am Weapon X-23, the 23rd and most successful attempt at recreating the original Weapon X. I am all these things. Yet, at times, I feel like none of these things. This is one of those times.’

The air was dark, muggy, and thick with a lurid stench. Between the rotting food in the dumpster and the dingy mold on the building, even those without enhanced senses would’ve gagged. Laura “X-23” Kinney didn’t have that luxury. It was hard enough filtering out all those disgusting scents. What she was doing, though – the very thing that led her to such an ugly, foul-smelling place – was every bit as revolting.

“Ooh yeah! Suck it! Suck that dick hard, little whore!” said a deep, dominating voice that had been slurred with alcohol.

His words were as crude as his body odor. Laura doubted the man had showered in at least a week. She had to filter all that out, though. She had to do what she’d been paid to do. It didn’t involve killing, infiltration, or training of any kind. She had just one purpose now and that was survival.

‘I am a whore…a teenage prostitute…a street walker with nothing to offer but her body. This is what I am now. This is what I must be. I have no mission…no innocence to protect…no loved ones to hurt. How I feel about it is irrelevant.’

It was because of that purpose, as well as a spirit that had become numb with burdens, that Laura found herself on her knees in a dingy ally giving the hulking man before her a blowjob. It didn’t help that it started to rain. Wearing only a mini-skirt, stiletto boots, and halter top – the attire she’d used to
identify herself as a teenage prostitute – the lousy weather only added to her discomfort.

However, the former living weapon didn’t dare let it show. She just held onto the man’s legs, keeping her eyes closed as she sucked him off and endured the stench emanating from his sweaty flesh. Unlike her previous life, it required no skill, no expert training, and no enhanced senses. She just had to suck a dick and act like she wanted to do it.

‘He’s a vile, disgusting man...one with a predilection for teenage girls in mini-skirts. His name is Conrad Chambers. He pretends to be a respectable sales consultant by day whose only crime is avoiding child support for his ex-wife. By night, he runs a side-business...the very deviant kind. Sadly, he is hardly the most revolving human being I’ve encountered.’

It was a harsh truth that Laura could not avoid. She’d escaped her creators/tormentors, killing them in the process in a sea of violent bloodshed. She destroyed any chance they had at creating an army of Weapon X clones to do their bidding. However, doing so came at a terrible price.

Just when it seemed she could escape the horrors of Weapon X, her creators tricked her into killing her own mother. Her dead face, along with her last loving words, still haunted her dreams. She tried to forge a new life with her aunt and cousin, but only ended up putting their lives at risk. In the end, she couldn’t build a life with anyone...not without putting them in the same danger that killed her mother. That left her alone with no family, support, or resources.

For a pretty teenage girl, the options were limited, but prostitution was the easiest and most pragmatic. It was simple, lucrative, and secretive. She could operate under the radar, in the shadows, and away from anyone who might try to turn her into the living weapon once more. It was a difficult way to survive, but it worked. Unfortunately, Laura still found herself in situations where she had to be the killer her creators wanted.

“Fuck, I’m close!” Conrad grunted as he squeezed the side of his head.

“Want me to swallow?” Laura asked in the tone of a semi-innocent teenage girl.

“Hell no!” he said with a lecherous sneer. “I want to blow my load inside you. I want to fill your tight little twat with my cum. For what I paid you, I’d say that’s fair!”

What he said and the way he said it was nothing short of predatory. Looking up at him, Laura saw the eyes of a man who loved looking down on others. He took a perverse pleasure in exploiting those weaker than him. She imagined many girls like her had seen that same look and trembled in horror.

She was beyond fear, though. She’d been conditioned to feel no fear. She’d been conditioned to feel little of anything. That, in addition to the generous money he’d paid her – twice her usual fee, no less – made what she had to do next a bit easier.

“Okay,” she said flatly. “You can fuck me, but no condom costs an extra fifty.”

“Twenty,” he retorted, “and if Zebra Daddy doesn’t like it, remind him he still owes me for his last tax problem.”

Laura just nodded. The mention of Zebra Daddy, the pimp who managed her career as a teenage prostitute, left little room for negotiation. If Conrad knew him – and anyone working under Zebra Daddy made sure to never say his name, especially around clients – then her margin for error was that much lower.

“Fine,” said Laura. “What do you want me to do?”
“Get up and turn around,” was all he said intently. “Do it quickly because I ain’t letting this hard-on go to waste!”

She complied with his request, backing away from his rigid cock and rising back to her feet. Almost immediately, Conrad pounced on her, grabbing her by waist and pinning her up against the dirty wall next to the dumpster. Laura had to fight her battle-hardened instincts to counter. There were no fewer than twenty different ways she could’ve killed or subdued him with a single move. She chose not to…not yet.

As she tempered those instincts, she felt Conrad turn her around so that she faced away from him. He then reached up her mini-skirt, grabbed the side of her panties, and pulled them down to her ankles. A cold air blew between her legs as he lifted up her skirt, revealing her butt and pussy to him. She could still feel his domineering gaze on her.

“Mmm…such a nice little pussy,” he said.

Laura remained silent, letting Conrad believe he had her completely at his mercy. She needed him to think that for what was to come. That also meant she needed to endure the coming indignity.

Closing her eyes once more, she parted her legs slightly while Conrad aligned the tip of his dick with the entrance of her pussy. He then grabbed her by the waist, his dirty nails digging into her skin, and thrust his hips forward. Almost immediately, she felt her insides burn as his rigid flesh penetrated hers.

“Yeah!” Conrad seethed. “So young and tight…just like I like ‘em!”

It was as disgusting as it was uncomfortable, feeling his cock slither inside her. He was rough and forceful, caring little for her pleasure and only for his own. While it hurt, having a man fuck her when she was not aroused by him in the slightest, it was hardly the worst pain she’d endured.

‘I’ve been shot, stabbed, beaten, poked, probed, and prodded by people far worse than him. Compared to having my claws ripped out, coated with adamantium, and put back in…it barely counts as pain. It’s part of what makes me proficient at this job, serving those who don’t mind causing pain to teenage girls. It also gives me other advantages.’

The pain soon became secondary. Laura continued bracing herself, pressing her hands up the dirty brick wall and gritting her teeth every time her body rocked to one of Conrad’s domineering thrusts. Any revulsion she might have felt had to remain hidden, but not for much longer.

She let him fuck her as hard as he wanted, if only to get him into that daze of primal lust. She needed him to believe he was dominating her with his lust…that shooting his load inside her would somehow secure that dominion. Laura assumed many other girls had been in a similar position, subjecting themselves to his power fantasy. It must have been terrifying for them. That gave her all the more reason to succeed in her next task.

“Ooohhh fuck! I’m gonna do it! Gonna…fill you…up…little whore!” Conrad exclaimed.

Laura sensed him getting close. That ultimate peak he so desperately craved – at the expense of a teenage girl, no less – was so close. However, she had no intention of letting him achieve that pleasure.

“No. You won’t,” Laura said under her breath.

With the imposing man trapped in that world of seething lust, Laura made her move. Opening her eyes, she clenched her fist and drew the claws in her left hand. In that moment, Laura Kinney, the
destitute teenage prostitute, gave way to former Weapon X-23.

In an attack that Conrad couldn’t hope to avoid, Laura slashed her claw across the domineering man’s neck, making sure to strike just the right veins. Almost instantly, blood shot out from his neck before anything could shoot out of his dick. Suddenly, that powerful ecstasy that had been so tantalizingly close turned to horror.

“Ack!” he choked.

“Rrraaahhhhhh!” Laura roared, not done with her attack.

Almost immediately, Conrad stumbled back, withdrawing his cock from her and grasping the gushing wound from his neck. Laura then turned around, kicked off her stiletto heels, and drew the claw in her right foot. Before Conrad could even fall to the ground, she pulled off a targeted sweep kick that severed the Achilles tendons in the back of his legs. That meant that even if he didn’t die of blood loss and wanted to go after her, he couldn’t make it past the first step.

“Ahhhh! You…little…bitch!” Conrad roard.

Laura barely heard those words. She’d been called far worse, even before she became a prostitute. As soon as Conrad fell to the dirty surface, she went about completing the last part of her task, which was comparatively easier.

First, she withdrew her claws, pulled up her panties, and fixed her mini-skirt. Then, she reached down into Conrad’s pants, which were still around his ankles. She searched all four pockets until she found what she was looking for, which happened to be a wad of cash surrounding a piece of paper. Once in hand, she got up and stared down at the mortally wounded man before her.

“Nothing personal, Mr. Chambers…relatively speaking,” said Laura coldly. “Zebra Daddy knew you stiffed him and not for the first time. Since you didn’t heed your last warning, he sent me. Think of me as both a whore and an enforcer.”

“Errrr! Fucking…cunt!” he yelled.

“Believe it or not, that’s still better than what I could’ve been.”

Numb to the suffering of a disgusting man with a teenage girl fetish – as well as most other feelings, for that matter – Laura cast Conrad one last sneer before leaving him to bleed out. She grabbed the black jacket that she’d discarded earlier upon following him into the alley and stuffed the bills into the pocket. She also zipped it up, if only to make it less obvious that she was a prostitute.

She intended to just casually walk out, make her way back to the main street, and pretend she was just another faceless teenage girl in the sea of flesh that was New York City. However, she barely made it more than five steps before she heard sirens in the distance. While not unusual in New York, her enhanced senses allowed her to surmise that they were coming in her direction.

‘An unexpected complication. Not the worse that could’ve happened, but still problematic. Either someone was watching us, Conrad had an elaborate failsafe, or Zebra Daddy just turned on me. All have distressing implications.’

There were any number of possibilities. Aside from an astronomical coincidence, none were good. Never one to play such odds, more of Laura’s training kicked in.

She sprinted down another alley, used her claws to scale a wall, and cut through a rear loading area for a grocery store. She could still hear the sirens closing in on her previous position, between the
muggy air, the moonless night, and the prospect of heavy rain, they had little chance of catching up. Chasing down a single teenage prostitute was one thing. Chasing a former living weapon was quite another.

Compared to the escapes she’d made in the past as X-23, it was easy. That didn’t make it any less troubling. The idea that, even after escaping her old life, she still had to keep running didn’t sit well with her. Considering her new life involved being a teenage prostitute, that was somewhat revealing.

‘It seems that’s all I can do…run. I run from my past. I run from the pain. I run from the violence. But no matter what I do, it always finds me. I still end up having to be X-23. The pain of who I am…of what I’ve done…I can never escape it.’

It was a curse…one she’d rightly earned for all the blood she’d shed, including that of her own mother. Whether she was a prostitute or in the loving arms of her Aunt Debbie, she’d earned every bit of pain she felt and then some. There was no hope of penance or forgiveness. She wouldn’t even accept it if offered. She’d earned the pain and she accepted it.

After maneuvering through a few more loading bays, Laura ended up in what appeared to be the side-entrance of some mid-level hotel. There were some trash bins, a fire exit, and comparatively less trash compared to where she’d just come from. She could already see the main street in the distance and not a moment too soon. In addition to the sirens, rain began falling. She needed to get to one of Zebra Daddy’s safe houses, as he called them, before it got bad.

Just as Laura was about to put on the face of a non-living weapon/teenage prostitute, the door to the fire exit unexpectedly opened and a woman stepped out.

“Laura Kinney? Is that you?” she said.

Once again, her combat instincts kicked in. Laura took a step back, drew her claws and stared down the woman before her.

“That depends. How much of a death wish do you have?” Laura asked.

“Whoa! Easy there,” the woman said defensively. “I’m not here to jump you. I was just…well, I’ve been trying to find you for a week now.”

“Then you’ve wasted your time,” she told her. “Trust me. It’s in your best interest to quit now while you still can. People who try to find me tend to find more danger than they expect.”

“Well, I kind of need to take that chance. Being a prostitute in this city requires you to take chances…especially with men like Zebra Daddy running around.”

Laura eased her guard somewhat, but kept her claws drawn. The woman before her didn’t look, smell, or dress like anyone who might want to turn her into a living weapon. If anything, she looked like the kind of woman who should be staying in a much nicer hotel.

She had a voluptuous figure, which she clearly didn’t mind showing off. She wore a tight-fitting red black dress, one far nicer than anything Zebra Daddy had ever bought for his girls. The matching shoes, alone, probably cost more than her outfit. She also had the scent of expensive perfume and overpriced makeup, which – on top of the mention of Zebra Daddy – led to a fairly easy conclusion.

“You’re…a prostitute?”

“Takes one to know one, I guess,” the woman said with a half-grin. “My name is Mary Jane Watson. I know I’m putting myself in danger, seeking you out. I usually avoid that sort of thing at all cost, but
I can’t this time. And from what I’ve heard about you from some ladies in the business, you’re really good at dealing with danger.”

“You’ve only heard part of the story,” said Laura.

“I don’t doubt that,” said Mary Jane, “but I know enough to believe we can help each other.”

“Help each other?” she scoffed. “How can you possibly help me?”

Seconds after saying that, a heavy round of thunder echoed from the sky. Seconds later, rain began to fall and fall hard. Given the late hour of the night, the muggy air, and the long walk back to Zebra Daddy’s nearest safe house, Mary Jane suddenly had more leverage than Laura had anticipated.

“Well, I do happen to have one of the nicer hotel suites here,” she pointed out as the rain began to soak them both. “I’d hoped to share it with someone…well, someone not paying to see me naked for once. I’ve got some food, blankets, and sheets with no bed bugs if you’re interested.”

Laura sneered. She didn’t like accepting someone else’s charity. Even those who tried to be nice to her often ended up suffering. Then again, she didn’t get the impression that Mary Jane Watson was looking to be charitable.

“The fact that you’re a prostitute and you know who Zebra Daddy is says a lot,” said Laura. “That’s not necessarily a good thing.”

“Is that a yes or a no?” Mary Jane asked her.

“That depends. How much do you know about my latest trick? Were you watching me when I followed Conrad Chambers out the back of the restaurant?”

She paused for a moment. In the pouring rain, that revealed plenty. The fact she was being so careful implied she was serious, but not stupid.

“No, I wasn’t watching,” the voluptuous redhead replied. “Yes, I knew about you and Conrad ‘I love fucking underage girls’ Chambers. I also knew one of his old partners called the cops on him.”

“How could you possibly know that?” questioned Laura.

“Let’s just say I know some people who know some people,” she said with a shrug. “Actually, scratch that. I fuck some people who know some people. And right now, we’re in a situation where we’re getting both fucked and not in the way we like. I want to fix that situation, but I can’t do it alone. I need someone tough, strong, and capable of filling a sexy mini-skirt. Of all the prostitutes in New York City – the ones I can find, anyway – you check all the boxes, Laura…including a few I didn’t have on my list.”

Laura looked down at her claws, which were still drawn. Usually, just showing them to someone was enough to get them to run away. Mary Jane didn’t seem the least bit put off by them. Either she had seen things far stranger before or she was just that desperate.

“It must be pretty bad if you’re seeking help from a teenage prostitute and a mutant,” Laura said.

“It’s bad. That’s for sure,” said Mary Jane, “but you being a mutant isn’t an issue for me. When you’re a prostitute in this city, you really can’t be that petty.”

“Be that as it may, you can’t expect me to be too trusting either. The way people deal with prostitutes is hard enough. When you’re a mutant as well, the target on your back is that much bigger…
especially for one with my history.”

“I won’t claim to understand your history or your hardship,” said the redhead. “I’ll just say that some of those same people I fuck who know people…well, they also have connections. They can do things for you that you can’t do with those claws of yours. The fact you got caught up with Zebra Daddy shows you need options. I can help you with that…but I need you to help me first.

Laura studied the older woman before her. That wasn’t easy under pouring rain, bursts of thunder, and the lingering stench of Conrad Chambers. She’d learned since she escaped her captors how bad things could get by trusting the wrong people. Trusting a woman, who might or might not be working for someone worse than Zebra Daddy, had all sorts of risk.

Then again, she was already a prostitute. She’d already killed her mother and put what little remained of her family at risk. It wasn’t like she could lose much more. From what little Laura could sense from Mary Jane Watson – not to mention the need for shelter and haven as police swarmed the area – she determined it was worth the risk.

“Okay,” the former living weapon said, withdrawing her claws. “I’ll hear you out.”

“Thanks!” said Mary Jane with a sigh of relief. “I was worried seeking you out would only complicate things for us both.”

“You make it sound as though I’m the only one who can help you,” she said.

“When you hear what I have to say, you’ll understand,” the older redhead said, “and when you hear what I have to offer you, I think we’ll both come out of this satisfied.”

“Now, you sound overconfident.”

“You might think that, but trust me, Laura. When it comes to satisfying myself and others, I always deliver!”

She sounded a bit too coy when she said those words, as if she were trying to entice her as she would a male client. Mary Jane struck Laura as the kind of woman for whom the life of a prostitute came naturally. She envied anyone who could feel that comfortable in their own skin. She’d long since accepted that she might never feel that way.

For now, Laura settled on getting out of the storm and dealing with someone who wasn’t Conrad Chambers or Zebra Daddy. Already soaked from the rain, she entered the hotel with Mary Jane and followed the older woman into a nearby elevator.

Laura still didn’t trust that Mary Jane could do anything to improve her situation. She’d brought so much of it on herself that she was beyond caring if she got screwed over again, even by another prostitute. With that in mind, she saw no harm in seeing what Mary Jane had to offer.

“If you want, you can start with a hot shower and some leftovers I got from room service,” Mary Jane offered once they were in the elevator. “It looks like you’ve had a long night, especially after dealing with someone like Conrad.”

“I don’t care for charity, Ms. Watson. I’d rather not take more than I need. Trust me. It’s easier for everyone,” said Laura flatly.

“Okay, but keep in mind, I have to trust someone who can stab me on a whim,” she replied. “You only have to listen and decide whether what I’m about to propose is worth doing.”
“Point taken,” said Laura, “but for now, assume I won’t draw my claws unless you give me a reason. So please…for your sake and mine, don’t give me one.”

There was nothing coy about the way she said those words. They were the complete antithesis of Mary Jane. She even sensed the older woman getting a little nervous in her presence, a necessary precaution for anyone she couldn’t trust. Too many people she’d known and cared for had died. She couldn’t take chances anymore. Whatever she ended up doing with Mary Jane Watson, it had to be as dispassionate and pragmatic as possible. Her soul simply could not take more burdens.

“I understand,” said Mary Jane as the elevator reached her floor. “In that case, I’ll skip the girl talk and get right down to business. Fair warning, though. What I’m about to propose is going to put us in the path of someone who may actually be worse than Zebra Daddy or Conrad.”

“I find that hard to believe,” scoffed Laura.

“You won’t when I tell you about him,” she assured her as she led her down the hall to her hotel suite, “and when you hear about his connections, you’ll understand why this is a risk that’s worth taking…for both of us.”

“How do you figure?” asked the former living weapon.

Mary Jane paused for a moment at the door to her suite and looked around for a moment, as though she were checking to see if anyone were spying on them. Laura, having far greater senses than even an experienced prostitute, sensed nobody. However, the idea that she was that paranoid sparked both her curiosity and her concern.

“Tell me, Laura…what do you know about a man named Jonathan Caesar?”

Downtown Manhattan – Still In The Past

“How’s it going down there, Laura? We still in the clear?” said an anxious Mary Jane through a pre-paid cell phone she’d bought at a thrift store.

“Everything’s fine, Mary Jane. I’ve scanned the area. We’re clear,” Laura replied from a similar phone.

“Good! Then come on up and join us. We’re ready for you.”

The call ended, signaling to Laura that the most critical part of the mission was about to unfold. It was more than a little odd, thinking about it in terms of a mission. It brought back all sorts of bad memories about the various missions she’d gone on with her creators. Those often ended with blood, murder, and violence.

The mission at hand – if it was right to call it one – had very different stakes. If done correctly, then there would be no bloodshed. Nobody would have to die. For a former living weapon who had been created only to kill, it was very different. At the same time, however, it was somewhat refreshing.

For once, she didn’t have to be a killing machine. Instead, she had to be something else entirely. To get through what she and Mary Jane had planned, she had to be both Laura, the teenage prostitute, and X-23, the former living weapon.

‘For once, I won’t have to kill to survive. For once, I won’t have to do what I was created to do. Can I even manage it? Maybe a better question would be…what happens if I find out I CAN?’
It was too early to answer that question. For now, she had to focus on the finder details of the motion, which had already taken her into a very different world.

For the past twenty minutes, she’d been sitting in the lobby of the upscale Royal Suites Hotel. It was, by far, the fanciest hotel she’d ever been in. It was a far cry from the dirty motels and dingy back alleys where teenage prostitutes like her had applied her trade. Such places were the domains of the high-end, high-priced prostitutes that commanded far greater sums. Mary Jane operated on that level and Laura had to pretend it wasn’t so foreign to her.

’Soo this is what it’s like to be in the upper tiers of the prostitution industry. I won’t say I envy women like Mary Jane. I’ll just say it helps to be in hotels that don’t smell like cat piss.’

Laura rose up from one of the fancy leather couches in the lobby of the hotel, having pretended to play games on her phone, as most would expect of a teenage girl. Then, carrying herself like someone who’d been spoiled rather than prodded like a lab rat all her life, she made her way through the lobby and towards the private elevators that led up to the executive suites.

Along the way, she sensed the curious gaze of staff and hotel guests on her. True to her training, she had to be aware of her surroundings and everyone around her. She had to treat them as potential threats that she might have to stab on a whim. So far, Laura sensed nothing that required such extremes. However, she still picked up on some unusual observations.

“Look at that mini-skirt,” a hotel staffer whispered to a co-worker. “Seriously, who lets a teenage girl wear that in public?”

“Another day another spoiled brat,” muttered an old man standing near one of the buffets. “Kid must have rich parents to get away with a dress like that.”

“Damn! Do all teenage girls dress like that in this country?” commented a young man in a business suit with a foreign accent.

“Quiet, son!” said the man’s father. “Pay no attention to American girls. They will corrupt your soul.”

Had Laura not been called far worse, she would’ve been offended. Even if she hadn’t, the acts she’d committed, both as X-23 and a teenage prostitute, rendered such remarks empty. She was too hardened, and her soul too broken, to care what they said.

It probably didn’t help that the outfit Mary Jane had given her to wear was overtly immodest. She’d actually taken her to a mall in Midtown where she bought her some fancy mini-skirt, a matching halter top, and custom heeled boots. She’d even bought her some fancy makeup that masked the smell of back alleys and cheap motels from District X. For the mission at hand, she couldn’t be some cheap teenage prostitute from the uglier parts of town. She had to look like a “premium whore,” as Mary Jane called it.

As she slipped into the hallways leading to the private elevators, the comments about her faded. Upon approaching the fancy doors, which were adorned with the logo of the hotel, she saw her reflection in the polished metal. In it, she saw someone very different from the dirty, desperate teenage girl who had willingly isolated herself in the darkest corners of the world.

“You look amazing, Laura!” Mary Jane had told her when she’d first put on the outfit. “You’ve got this special kind of sex appeal…so tough and strong, but so alluring and feminine. You’re like a girl next door and a thrill ride. You can intimidate a man with your sexiness, but still make him want to take a ride!”
Laura wasn’t entirely sure what she’d meant by that. She figured it was a compliment, but she wasn’t sure how to take it. Being a living weapon, who’d only ever been judged by her ability to complete a mission, it was still a new feeling.

It still had an impact, though. Seeing herself in such attire, even if it was so blatantly sexual, helped highlight her very female, very human traits. Whereas her creators saw her as a tool, her Mary Jane emphasized the distinct features of her body and praised them. Something about that felt…right.

‘I’m not a weapon. I’m human. I’m a girl. I’m…something more.’

It was still hard, wrapping her head around that concept. Laura had to shake her head clear of such thoughts to stay focused on the mission. With renewed focus, she pushed the button on the elevator. Moments later, an intercom link activated.

“This elevator is reserved for VIPs. Please state your name and who you’re visiting, if applicable,” said a voice, which Laura figured belonged to a security guard.

“My name is Laura,” she replied. “I’m here to see Jonathan Caesar. He and an associate of his are expecting me.”

“One moment, please.”

The next few moments were tense. Before she could even enter the elevator, Caesar had to give his permission. If Mary Jane had done her part, then he wouldn’t think twice about letting another pretty girl up to his room.

However, if it took too long, Mary Jane warned her that something had gone horribly wrong and they might have to resort to a backup plan…one that might involve some bloodshed. Laura hoped to avoid that for once. With every second that ticked by, she clenched her fists a little harder, ready to draw her claws.

“You’ve been cleared, Laura,” the voice on the intercom stated. “Thank you for your cooperation.”

The former living weapon let out a sigh of relief. Her claws stayed contained for now. Hopefully, it stayed that way. A lot of that depended on her ability to deal with Jonathan Caesar.

The elevator doors opened and Laura stepped right in. She didn’t even have to push any buttons. As soon as the doors closed, the elevator began moving, carrying her to the top floors that only the rich and well-connected could dwell. From what Mary Jane had told her about Caesar, he definitely fit the profile. A man like that paying for the services of a high-end prostitute would’ve surprised no one. Unfortunately, Caesar was a special case and not in a good way.

“Trust me, Laura. This guy gives other rich assholes a bad name,” Mary Jane had told her.

From what Laura had learned, that was an understatement. On the surface, Caesar was just another obscenely rich man in a city that went out of their way to catered to them. A simple internet search revealed that he was a ruthless business tycoon who specialized in screwing over rivals in everything from real estate to shipping to retail industries. The running joke in New York that Caesar had built his fortune by playing games he had personally rigged. It made him a lot of enemies, but it also made him wealthy to the point where nobody dared compete with him.

Not surprisingly, his willingness to screw people over, be they business partners or poor tenants of a property he’d seized, made him an unsavory person to be around. He had a reputation for being selfish, possessive, abrasive, and cruel. He didn’t even shy away from it. At times, he even flaunted it. From Laura’s perspective, he struck her as the kind of person that would’ve gotten along too well
with men like Zander Rice.

Just learning about him was enough to make Laura want to stab him on general principle. Unfortunately, that would only solve part of the many problems he’d caused and Mary Jane was part of that problem.

“*It even worse than you think,*” Mary Jane had told her in a voice laden with fear. “*This man is OBSESSED with me. I don’t just mean he likes my tits and enjoys how I suck his cock. I mean he wants to fucking own me…mind, body, and soul. He calls it love, but I know what he means. In his world, loving me means being his sexy little pet…one he can train to do whatever he wants.*”

When Laura heard that, she snarled angrily. She was ready to gut Caesar on the spot. She knew all too well how it felt, being someone’s pet. What Mary Jane described was almost as bad as what she’d endured at the facility that created her. Instead of making a living weapon, Caesar wanted a personal sex slave.

As if to convince her, Mary Jane told her some stories about what he’d done to other women. Some were also high-end prostitutes. Some were just pretty girls who drew the attention of the worst possible man. The details of those stories were pretty grim. Many of those girls either disappeared or turned up dead. Apparently, Caesar was the kind of guy who made sure that if he couldn’t have something, then nobody could.

Laura did a little digging within the prostitution underworld to verify some of those stories. They all turned out to be painfully true, which sealed her decision to go along with Mary Jane’s plan. She’d dealt with her share of sick men in her brief life. Jonathan Caesar was definitely among the worst. It would’ve been so easy to just gut him with her claws and be done with it. However, Mary Jane had convinced her that, as much as she’d like to see the man just go away, just killing him wouldn’t solve the problem.

Men like Caesar were too well-connected and too resourceful. Laura understood that better than most. To take him down, they needed more cunning than claws. They needed to outwit Caesar and let his devious nature do him in. Having seen first-hand how certain men just self-destructed under the weight of their arrogance, Laura was eager to aid in that process.

“*Make no mistake. This guy isn’t gonna make it easy for us,*” Mary Jane had warned her, “*but if we pull this off, it’ll make both our lives easier. I’ll lose an obsessive stalker. You’ll gain something far more precious. We just have to be careful, convincing, and above all…sexy as hell.*”

Laura was confident she could be everything Mary Jane needed her to be to take Caesar down. She might not have had much to lose as a teenage prostitute and former living weapon, but she had a lot to gain. It was just that last part – namely, the sexy part – that she wasn’t sure about.

“I can be sexy. I can do it. I will do it,” Laura kept telling herself as she made her way to the suite.

As the elevator reached the top floor and the doors opened, Laura’s demeanor hardened. She then made her way down the spacious hall towards the double-door entrance at the end of the hall. She assumed the whole hallway was closely monitored so she walked with a particular stride, trying her best to mimic the sexy walk that Mary Jane had showed her. She wasn’t sure whether she was doing it right.

‘*This was not part of your training. They never taught you to be sexy…at least not in the way Mary Jane says. Why must it be so hard? I already know how to be a prostitute. Why does Mary Jane have to make so…elaborate?’*
The former living weapon wasn’t used to be so uncertain about a particular skill. Then again, she’d never worked with someone like Mary Jane Watson either. She wasn’t just some street walker who gave oral sex to men in dirty bathrooms. She carried herself with as something other than a prostitute. Whether due to her lack of experience or having been tortured in a lab for most of her life, Laura struggled to understand it.

She didn’t have time to make sense of it, though. Upon reaching the entrance to the Presidential Suite, the former living weapon paused. Just as other missions before it, she had to put on a disguise of sorts. She had to pretend to be more innocent and unthreatening than anyone might expect. On top of that, she also had to be as sexy as Mary Jane demanded. Of all the many missions she’d experienced, it might very well be the most challenging.

“It’s time,” Laura told herself.

In an instant, she shed her stern demeanor and took on that of a young, eager whore looking to make a lot of money and dare to enjoy it. At least, that was how Mary Jane encouraged her to look at it.

With a fake smile and the poise of a woman eager to get naked, she pressed the small buzzer on the intercom next to the door. Within seconds, a familiar voice answered.

“Come in, Laura babe. It’s unlocked,” said Mary Jane Watson in an overtly sexual tone.

The door unlocked itself, most likely through a special remote. Laura then entered to see a spacious, elaborate penthouse fit for a devious billionaire tycoon. It had a huge living room, a crystal chandelier, gold fixtures, a gas fireplace, a rooftop deck with a pool, and art that probably cost a fortune. Having infiltrated her share of palaces and private villas as Weapon X-23, it was pretty impressive.

She didn’t have time to take in the opulence, though. Instead, she followed the thick scent of sex towards the master bedroom. Upon arriving at another set of double doors, she didn’t even have to knock. The doors opened to reveal a scantily dressed Mary Jane Watson, wearing only a purple thong and a see-through camisole that showed off her prominent breasts.

“Laura, my dear, you’re right on time,” the voluptuous redhead greeted in deep, sensual tone. “We were just getting warmed up.”

“Good,” Laura replied, doing her best to sound sexy. “I hope you didn’t go too far without me. You know how much I hate waiting in the lobby.”

“Oh don’t worry, my fellow whore. I always make sure it’s worth the wait!”

She sounded almost too convincing, grinning like a woman who actually enjoyed being sexy. Either Mary Jane was just that good at pretending or she was a lot more sexual than Laura thought.

Whatever the case, she put on a sexy smile and let Mary Jane lead her into the room. It put her face-to-face with the man who she’d have to avoid gutting, Jonathan Caesar.

“My, my, my…this is quite a treat, my darling,” said the middle-aged man with a devious grin. “When you claimed you had a little understudy you wanted to share, I thought that was code for something else.”

“Don’t tell me you’re disappointed,” Mary Jane quipped.

“Ha! Not in the slightest,” he said. “If anything, your ability to confound me with your innuendo is nothing short of exhilarating!”
With that devious grin never leaving his face, Caesar got up from the bed and approached her. Wearing nothing but a pair of black boxers, he had a very intimidating presence, bearing a stature more befitting of an athlete rather than a businessman. Laura could easily see him bullying weaker souls with his presence. However, it was the way he looked at her that made her want to draw her claws.

As soon as he was close enough, he reached out and brushed her hair away from her face. In his eyes, Laura saw the glint of a predatory man—one who saw the world as nothing more than a collection of prey. As he trailed his finger down her face, drifting over her chest and waist, the urge to cut him down where he stood grew stronger.

Laura barely managed to contain it. She also felt Mary Jane give her arm a light squeeze, as if to urge her to hold off. That might end up being the biggest challenge of her plan.

“So this is the special little whore you told me about,” Caesar said. “I must say, she’s younger than I expected.”

“Don’t worry. She’s young, but the legal kind of young…relatively speaking,” Mary Jane assured her.

“You think that was my primary concern?” he scoffed.

“Don’t let her youth fool you,” said Mary Jane. “She’s got some special talents…the kind that separate the amateurs from the pros. I’ve been waiting for an opportunity to share in those talents. So I thought…who better than my best customer?”

“You’re so good to me, Mary Jane. You keep finding new ways to make me want you…to make me crave you. I swear if this little protégé of yours delivers as you claim…”

Mary Jane put a finger on his lips to silence him. It was probably for the better. Laura didn’t need to hear him finish his devious thought. She already knew his intent. The deep, predatory undertone of his voice made her wonder how Mary Jane had resisted killing the man where he stood. Somehow, though, she maintained her sexy persona.

“Shhh…save your undying affection for later,” the voluptuous redhead told him. “For now, let me and my friend here set the mood. Is that okay with you, Laura?”

The way Mary Jane looked at her had a subtle urging in her eyes, as if to give her the strength she needed to get through the rest of her plan. It was going to take a lot more than she’d expected, but she managed to do her part.

“Yes, Mary Jane. I’d like that,” Laura said, sounding both innocent and sexy. “Besides…I’m feeling very overdressed, right now.”

“And rightfully so,” said Mary Jane. “Luckily, that’s easy to fix!”

With affectionate care, the older woman helped Laura out of the black leather jacket she’d been wearing since she arrived at the hotel. Still focused on containing her killer instinct, the former living weapon let her. Once the jacket fell to the floor, Caesar had a better look at her skimpy halter top. If the devious glint in his eyes were any indication, he liked what he saw.

“Why don’t you sit back and enjoy the show, Mr. Caesar?” Mary Jane ask in a tempting voice. “Let me and my little friend here do the work.”

“If only every woman was so accommodating,” he replied, “and please, my darling…call me, Jon.
Say the name of the man who will one day own your heart.”

“Very well...Jon,” she said, “but before that time comes, let’s have some fun!”

Mary Jane’s ability to maintain her poise under that man’s gaze was nothing short of impressive. She had the demeanor of a skilled spy or an actress. She knew how to play a role and she hadn’t been conditioned from birth in a lab. For once, Laura had to trust someone else’s expertise in a mission, but she didn’t mind.

“Fun…I’d like that,” Laura found herself saying.

“I thought you would,” said Mary Jane playfully.

Laura wasn’t sure how much of that was honest, but she didn’t object. It had the desired effect. Caesar stepped back from her and returned to the bed so he could watch. That was probably for the best. At least there, he was out of immediate stabbing distance.

With his lecherous gaze still locked on them, Mary Jane put her expertise to use. She turned Laura to face her, making sure her barely-covered body pressed up against hers. She then caressed Laura’s face. There was lust in her eyes, but it was hard to know how much of it was real. All Laura could do was try and match it.

“My sweet little Laura,” she told her, “so much potential, but still so much to learn. Don’t worry. This is a lesson I think we’ll both enjoy!”

There might have been some half-truth in those sensual words. That made it all the more believable to Caesar. Laura could already hear him growling eagerly under his breath. It was not the kind of noise the former living weapon cared to hear at the moment, but Mary Jane made sure those instincts remained tempered.

In an act that surprised Laura, but definitely aroused Caesar, the older redhead kissed her on the lips. She didn’t warn her either. She’d mentioned beforehand that they would need to put on a show for Caesar. She didn’t get into specifics, but she’d clearly done this before and knew what she was doing.

“Kiss me,” Mary Jane whispered into her ear, as if to remind her of the part she needed to play. Laura, now relying on a different set of instincts, did as the experienced prostitute instructed. She closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and let her tongue twirl with Mary Jane’s. It was a strange and somewhat uncomfortable feeling. She’d had to endure a lot of awkward kisses as a teenage prostitute. Few were that enjoyable.

Mary Jane, however, actually put some effort into it. While Laura had never been particularly aroused by other women, she didn’t deny the pleasant feelings it evoked.

‘Is this an actual kiss is supposed to feel like? Have I been doing it wrong all this time?’

As Laura struggled to process the moment while maintaining the mood, she felt Mary Jane start to undress her. While their lips remained sensually locked, the voluptuous redhead snaked her arms around Laura’s back and unzipped her mini-skirt. Maybe it was due to the kiss or part of her primal instincts, but Laura found herself sensually wiggling her hips as it fell to the floor. She must have done a pretty good job of it as well.

“Very nice,” Caesar commented from the bed as he watched them intently, “so young, yet so toned. You strike me as a girl who works out, Laura. I like that!”
Had she not been kissing another woman, Laura would’ve rolled her eyes. If only that man knew the kind of conditioning she’d endured, he wouldn’t find it quite as sexy.

Never-the-less, that same conditioning did give her the kind of toned legs that made prostitution so much easier for her. It also made the thong underwear she wore – another little gift Mary Jane had bought her, along with the outfit – that much more appealing. Laura doubted her creators intended her conditioning to make her look good in a thong, but it was a nice bonus.

Once her skirt was at her ankles, Mary Jane ended the kiss and took a slight step back. Then, the sexy glint in her eyes not fading despite Caesar’s comments, she pushed aside the straps of Laura’s halter top. Still new to the concept of putting on a sexy show, the former living weapon just stood there and let her work, trusting her to carry out her plan.

“Let’s get this off,” Mary Jane told her. “Show us that sexy young body of yours, Laura.”

“You think it’s worth showing,” asked Laura, still pretending to be sweet and innocent.

“Definitely!” she said without hesitation.

Laura still couldn’t be sure how genuine Mary Jane was being, but something about the undertone of her voice said she meant it. She really did think she was sexy. While she’d been told that before, often by Zebra Daddy and her clients, they never said it with the same sincerity as Mary Jane.

That almost made her eager to let the older woman strip her, pushing the top down to expose her youthful, yet well-developed breasts. She even aided in the process, slipping her arms out of her halter top and raising them so that Mary Jane could get it off. She opted to pull it down her torso and legs, highlighting her curves with every inch. Just as before, Laura swayed her body to put on a show, getting another favorable reaction from Caesar.

“Worth showing indeed,” he said with predatory intent.

The menacing man also sounded sincere, albeit in the way Laura was more used to. She tried to ignore that though, focusing instead on Mary Jane’s efforts. She knew how to make a moment sexy. It was a skill that even a former living weapon envied.

‘Is this what it’s like to feel sexy? I don’t remember anyone telling me about this. It feels…nice.’

She managed to crack a cute smile as Mary Jane slid the halter top down her legs. Along the way, she even undid the zipper to her boots. Once the top was on the floor with her skirt, Laura stepped out of them, leaving her only in a thong.

“There…that’s better,” said Mary Jane with a light tease as she rose back up. “You see? You’ve got so much to offer. You just need the right guidance in using it.”

“Well, that is why you took me under your wing, isn’t it?” Laura asked playfully.

“You’re right. It is…among other reasons,” she said curtly.

“And since you’re overdressed now, it’s only fair that I return the favor.”

That comment surprised Laura almost as much as it surprised Mary Jane. She wasn’t sure where that came from, but she said it anyways. Hearing it sounded strange, but it also felt right in an odd sort of way. Mary Jane had put her into a sexy mindset, the likes of which Laura had never experienced. She might as well run with it.
Putting on a show of her own, she moved in a bit closer to the older woman so their exposed flesh touched. That got another favorable reaction from Caesar, who was practically drooling over them. Still ignoring his gaze, Laura grabbed the straps of Mary Jane’s revealing lingerie and pushed them off her shoulders. Then, she mirrored her actions from earlier, pushing the revealing garment down her waist to expose her much larger breasts.

“You’re better than I thought, Laura,” she said under her breath.

“That makes two of us,” Laura replied with a half-grin.

The older woman smiled back and went with it, even turning slightly so that Caesar could admire the sight of her exposed breasts as the lingerie fell to the floor. Now, both she and Mary Jane were wearing nothing but a thong. She, a teenage prostitute and former living weapon, stood next to her, an experienced prostitute who knew how to exercise her sexuality. Naturally, it left the man watching very much aroused.

“You keep finding ways to outdoor yourself, my darling,” Caesar said. “You and this aspiring whore of yours... I want to fuck you both! I want to hear you yell my name!”

“I can see that,” Mary Jane teased, eying the noticeable bulge in his boxers. “Be patient, Jon. You’ll get what you want. Won’t he, Laura?”

“Yes. He most certainly will,” said Laura with a similar tease.

She still didn’t know where that sexy undertone was coming from, but she’d since stopped caring. Whatever it was, it worked. She felt less inclined to attack Caesar and more eager to carry out Mary Jane’s plan. If that plan worked well, then she might get more out of it than she’d hoped.

“Then what are we waiting for?” Mary Jane said as she took Laura’s hand. “Let’s give this man everything we’ve got!”

“Lead the way, Mary Jane,” Laura said.

Like a master guiding a pupil into her first battle, Mary Jane led her over to the bed. Along the way, the voluptuous redhead sensually swayed her hips, as if to further mesmerize Caesar into a vulnerable daze. Laura did her best to match it. Unlike most other skills she’d learned, she could only do so much.

By the time they arrived at the bed, Caesar was already breathing hard. Laura even saw some muscles in his arm twitch, as though he were fighting the urge to just pounce on them. He might have done just that, thereby triggering her own reflexes and destroying the entire plan. Mary Jane made sure that didn’t happen, though.

As soon as they were within reaching distance, Mary Jane pushed back on his exposed chest so that he had to lean back on his arms. She then dropped to her knees, taking Laura with her in the process, and focused on the sizable bulge in his boxers.

“Those look so uncomfortable. Don’t they, Laura?” said Mary Jane playfully.

“I agree. I don’t know how men can manage,” she replied.

“So why don’t we make it easier for him?”

“Good idea!”
Laura almost sounded giddy, which would’ve been embarrassing if she weren’t wearing a thong, looking at an older man’s groin. Mary Jane didn’t let it undercut the mood. She eagerly reached for the sides of Caesar’s boxers and pulled them down, freeing his bulging erection in the process. Laura did her part too, helping remove it completely so that they both stood face-to-face with his dick.

“Ah…that’s better!” said Caesar with a grin. “I trust you and your protégé knows what to do, my darling.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve trained her well!” Mary Jane assured her.

She came off as more confident than she should’ve been. While Laura had experience giving men oral sex, it wasn’t like she put much skill into it. She didn’t even see it as a skill. It was just something she did to make the man pay her.

She glanced over at Mary Jane briefly, who was already licking her lips in anticipation. At first, Laura was a bit uncertain at what to do. Sensing this, the older woman just gave her a wink in a curt grin.

“Just follow my lead,” she whispered to her.

Laura just nodded, not wanting to risk being too conspicuous. First, Mary Jane guided Laura’s hand to the base of Caesar’s dick. She instinctively squeezed it, much to the older man’s approval. She then watched as Mary Jane leaned in, lead with her tongue, and enveloped the rigid member in her mouth. Even to someone who’d learned to fight, survive, and kill so effectively, it was impressive.

‘Wow. Guess that’s something else I’ve been doing wrong…or half-skilled, at least. That explains why she’s the professional whore and I’m just a dirty teenage prostitute.’

She marveled, for a moment, in watching Mary Jane show off her oral sex skills. She took in the way she used her tongue, worked the upper part of his shaft, and teased the tip. It was much more refined than anything Laura had done in her brief career as a prostitute, that much was clear. The results were quite revealing as well.

“Ohhh fuck! Mary Jane…you still suck the best dick!” Caesar grunted, leaning back further on his arms.

She helped set the tone, establishing how a pro gave a man oral sex. Laura observed with the same scrutiny as she had when she’d learned to fight. After a few thorough suckles, the voluptuous redhead turned it to her.

“Go on, Laura,” Mary Jane said. “Have a taste!”

“Don’t mind if I do!” she said instinctively.

Again, her words echoed with far more confidence than she felt. She doubted that Caesar cared. Mary Jane had already rendered him too dazed to notice. That might have been on purpose, but that didn’t make Laura any less determined to do her part.

Recalling what she’d seen Mary Jane so skillfully demonstrate, the former living weapon leaned in and gave the erect penis before her a nice, long lick from bottom to top. She was a lot more careful and thorough than usual, going slowly and not just trying to get it over with. She might have been a bit too careful because she sensed some growing impatience in Caesar. For a man like him, that was rarely a good thing.

She didn’t let it escalate, though. After another soft thorough lick, Laura opened her mouth and took
in as much of his length as she could. She couldn’t take in quite as much as Mary Jane. Her gag reflex just wouldn’t allow it. She still took in enough to do what she needed to do.

“That’s it, Laura. Nice and thorough,” said Mary Jane, fondling Caesar’s balls to help supplement her efforts. “Start slow, get a feel for it, and then step it up. Treat that dick like your favorite treat!”

Laura wasn’t sure if that was real advice or just some dirty talk to fuel Caesar’s lust. She opted to follow it, working her lips slowly along the length of his cock and getting a feel for every contour. She treated it like a mini-mission of sorts, learning the details of the task before her and then using that to get the job done. It was a very different approach compared to what he usually did when giving oral sex to a client, but the effect was undeniable.

“Ooh fuck yeah!” grunted Caesar. “That’s right! Listen to her, little whore. Suck that dick! Suck it good!”

The former living weapon had gotten plenty vocal reactions before when giving oral sex. None were nearly as enthusiastic as that. Apparently, putting some effort and skill into oral sex actually produced better results. That shouldn’t have been so jarring for Laura, but it was.

As she made use of her new skill, steadily building up the intensity of her sucking, she felt an unexpected hand between her legs. It belonged to Mary Jane. With uncanny tact, especially for someone who hadn’t been conditioned as a living weapon, the older woman slipped her hand into her panties and fondled her pussy. It was somewhat unexpected, but not in the sense that it triggered her usual instincts. Instead, it triggered something very different.

“Relax, Laura. You’re doing great,” Mary Jane whispered into her ear. “For the next part, it helps to get in the mood. Trust me.”

The voluptuous woman hadn’t led her astray thus far. Laura had no reason to doubt her so she kept trusting her instinct. She continued sucking Caesar’s cock while Mary Jane employed more of her uncanny sex skills.

With the utmost care, and surprising precision, the older woman rubbed up and down the outer contours of her pussy. Laura’s body reacted favorably, more so than she’d expected. A ball of warmth formed in her lower body, her folds becoming moist and engorged. It was far more arousal than she’d thought she would feel. It was more than she thought she could feel.

Laura knew enough about human anatomy to understand sexual arousal. She had to know, but only as a means to improve her killing skills. She’d only ever felt it in a limited capacity, even after she became a prostitute. She’d thought that her creators had somehow conditioned it out of her. Mary Jane just proved that notion wrong and for reasons she didn’t fully understand, Laura was relieved.

‘It’s really happening. I’m getting aroused. I’m feeling something my creators never wanted me to feel. It’s somewhat comforting…among other things.’

Eventually, Laura took over so Mary Jane could share in the effort. She reached down into her panties as well, pushing the older woman’s hand out of the way so she could touch herself as well. The voluptuous redhead got the message and reached into her own panties to get herself ready.

“I see we’re on the same page,” she said under her breath. “Good! That means we’re just about ready.”

Knowing what that entailed, Laura stepped up her efforts. She sucked Caesar’s dick even harder while fondling her pussy with more vigor. Mary Jane joined her, grabbing the base of the shaft and
getting a few licks in as well.

Together, they coordinated their oral sex efforts. It was a bit messy and chaotic, but Caesar certainly didn’t seem to mind. She could feel his lower body tense and shift, his hands gripping the sheets of the king-sized bed more firmly. Looking up at him, still trying to look cute and innocent – not an easy task while sucking a cock, of course – she saw a man driven mad with lust. It was only a matter of time before that madness became too much for him.

“Enough!” the older man yelled with an overtly threatening undertone. “No more. Not…a second…longer. I’m going to fuck you…both of you! I will make you mine!”

The way he said that, on top of the way he looked down at them, would’ve made most women shudder. Neither she nor Mary Jane were most women. She was a former living weapon. Mary Jane was an experienced whore who knew how to channel her sexuality. Even with a man so menacing, it felt like they had the advantage.

“You heard him, Laura,” said Mary Jane in a seductive tone. “I think it’s time.”

“I agree,” said Laura, finally feeling as though she could match that tone. “He wants to fuck us. He’s going to fuck us.”

“Which is why we need to make it…special.”

There was more subtext in those words than Caesar could ever imagine. In his current state, Laura doubted he could imagine much of anything beyond fucking two beautiful women. They had him right where they wanted him. From a purely strategic perspective – something she’d been trained to see in every situation – it was brilliant.

After giving his cock one last affectionate stroke, Mary Jane rose to her feet and Laura followed. The older woman then turned around and sensually removed her thong, giving Caesar a perfect view of her butt. Laura did the same, mimicking the older woman’s sensual style. It was actually somewhat exhilarating, doing something so human, yet so strategic.

“Special,” Laura found herself saying as she casually tossed her panties across the room. “Yeah…I like that idea!”

“So do I, little whore. So do I!” said Caesar.

Were she not in a state of such physical arousal, she might have attacked the devious man to end the mission on the spot. Instead, Laura stuck to Mary Jane’s plan, daring herself to embrace whatever strange new instincts it evoked. She didn’t expect to appreciate them so much, but it was not an unwelcome feeling…an extreme rarity for a former living weapon.

‘Must be careful. Can’t like it too much. There’s still a job to do. You’re not supposed to enjoy it…although I’m not sure Mary Jane feels the same way.’

Now standing fully naked next to Mary Jane – and with a casual comfort she’d not known, to date – Laura narrowed her gaze on the man before her. The next part of the plan was where things got intimate. It was also the part where things were most likely to go wrong.

Mary Jane didn’t seem worried though. Laura even felt the older woman playfully put her hand on her butt, as if to keep her aroused. Her touch indicated that she too was aroused, that the desire for sensual contact went beyond the mission. The idea that she might actually take pleasure during such a critical part of her plan seemed outrageous. Then again, Mary Jane had demonstrated that she operated by a different set of rules.
“Come, Laura. Let’s get comfortable,” said Mary Jane seductively.

“Do what you do best, my darling,” said Caesar hungrily.

Taking her arm again, Mary Jane led Laura onto the bed where they joined Caesar. Together, they crawled onto him like a couple of animals in heat, pushing him back onto the bed. She attacked from his left and Laura attacked from the right, pawing and groping his upper body in a lustful heat. He responded by hungrily groping their naked flesh, squeezing one of Mary Jane’s breasts while firmly grasping her butt. His touch was cold and possessive, but it did not temper the mood. Mary Jane didn’t allow it.

Before Laura could get too repulsed by Caesar’s touch, the older redhead captured his lips with hers. As he eagerly kissed back at the woman he seemed determined to own, it allowed Laura more room to work. She did her best to match Mary Jane’s actions. Most clients she’d worked with cared little for foreplay. Like most missions, she had to improvise. In this instance, however, it didn’t require nearly as much stabbing.

She didn’t end up having to do much, though. Mary Jane set the mood and the tone, putting unparalleled sexual energy into each touch. It kept Caesar from asserting the dominance he’d built his sinister reputation upon. It was no match for Mary Jane, though.

For once, Laura wasn’t the most primal one in the room. Mary Jane made it clear to both her and Caesar that she would lead in their lurid acts. Laura, still new to such sensual feelings, was okay with that.

“Lay back on the bed, Jon,” she said seductively. “Give yourself plenty of room. We’ll need it!”

“You know me so well,” said Caesar under her penetrating gaze. “Mark my words…I’ll know you too, Mary Jane. I’ll know you in every possible way!”

“Shhh, my dear Jon,” said Mary Jane, silencing him once more. “To know is a process. Consider this an extra-thorough lesson!”

With surprising authority, the naked redhead pushed down on Caesar’s chest so that he lay flat on his back in the center of the bed. Jonathan Caesar might have been taller, stronger, and more powerful than Mary Jane could ever hope to be. If anyone other than her had done that, he probably would’ve shoved them across the room and out the window.

He did no such thing with Mary Jane. He didn’t even seem inclined to. Under her seductive glance, he wanted her to submit to her whim. She didn’t have to subdue him. She just made it so he wanted to. In a sense, it was far more effective – not to mention a lot less messy – than her claws could ever be.

“You know how to make your lessons memorable, Mary Jane,” Laura teased.

“That’s because they’re worth remembering…especially this one,” she said once Caesar was on his back. “Follow my lead and this will be satisfying for everyone!”

At that point, even Laura found herself eagerly submitting to Mary Jane’s authority. She knew what she was doing. Moreover, she knew how to make it sexy and pleasurable. Even a former living weapon couldn’t help but respect that.

“Laura, lie down next to him,” Mary Jane instructed. “Get nice and cozy. Show the man a little youthful indiscretion.”
“Indiscretion? That’s my specialty!” Laura replied playfully, more so than she expected.

The former living weapon took the form of a giddy young schoolgirl with a fetish for older men, lying on her side and curling up next to Caesar. Almost immediately, he welcomed her with his possessive grasp. The way he held her was anything but affectionate, but her revulsion was tempered by the mood Mary Jane had set.

“So innocent, yet so deviant,” said Caesar as he looked down at her.

“You have no idea,” replied Laura, her tone masking the breadth of the truth.

While she got more comfortable, Mary Jane kept the plan moving along. She got on top of the lust-crazed man, mounting him in a way befitting of her authority. As Caesar admired the sight of her naked body, she reached under the pillow near his head and retrieved a condom. Before he could say anything, she silenced Caesar again.

“I know you want me to skip this part, Jon,” she told him. “Trust me, we’re almost there.”

“You know how much I want to feel you,” Caesar said, his every word seething with lust, “to fill your pussy with my cum…to truly make you mine.”

“And you will,” she said. “In fact, a part of me inviting Laura was get us closer to that point. You’ll see why very soon!”

Once again, the imposing man remained spellbound by Mary Jane’s seduction. Laura could sense in his ragged breaths how much he wanted to fuck her without the condom. He saw it as part of the process of claiming her as his. Laura understood that sentiment because that was what a lot of her clients did with her, insisting that they fuck her raw. It was their way of asserting dominance. She doubted any one of those men could’ve dominated Mary Jane.

“You always deliver, my darling,” he said to her. “Just don’t make me wait longer than I must. That…will not end well for either of us.”

“Don’t worry. That won’t happen,” Mary Jane replied. “I’ll make sure of it!”

Taking her word for it – that, or he was just too horny to care – Caesar let Mary Jane put the condom on his erect penis. As soon as it was on, the voluptuous redhead rose up and turned around so that her perfectly-shaped ass faced him. Then, with her feet planted firmly on each side of his waist, she aligned his dick with the outer folds of her pussy.

“Time to fuck the pussy I know you love, Jon,” she said. “You ready?”

“Yes! Fuck yes! Give me that pussy, my darling!” Caesar exclaimed.

Now holding onto his legs for leverage, Mary Jane slammed her pelvis down against his, driving his dick up into her pussy. Almost immediately, Caesar let out a deep moan that sounded half-mad. Laura felt his body shudder, as though it had just been given a healthy serving of something it deeply craved. It was beyond simple sexual desire. The man’s need for Mary Jane and what she did for him went much deeper.

For a brief moment, Laura worried that such a maddened state would cause Caesar to do something extreme…something that would disrupt her and Mary Jane’s plan. At that point, using her claws would be unavoidable. That didn’t happen, though.

Mary Jane managed to contain and channel Caesar’s misguided lust, skillfully working her hips
along his rigid cock and establishing a vigorous rhythm. So long as she kept channeling that uncanny sexuality of hers, they could stick to the plan.

“Laura…tease his nipples,” Mary Jane told her in between deep moans. “Kiss them. Pinch them. Do what you must…to please him.”

“Consider it done, Mary Jane,” said Laura.

It was something the older woman had told her about Caesar beforehand. He had all sorts of odd kinks, as Mary Jane called them. One of them involved nipples. For whatever reason, he loved it when a woman pinched or nibbled on them. Laura didn’t understand it, but it was far from the most bizarre act she had done, both as a prostitute and as a former living weapon.

Looking up at the middle-aged man with false innocence, Laura curled up onto his chest and licked his left nipple. That got Caesar to shudder again. She then used her other hand to pinch the right nipple. The imposing man evoked a deep, predatory moan while also tightening his hold on her. She felt his nails digging into her butt, but she had shut out worse feelings before. For once, her combat skills weren’t as important as her intimate skills.

‘Can’t just be a pretty face in a mini-skirt. Can’t just pretend and endure. I have to actually be sexy.’

Like Mary Jane, Laura followed those most basic of human whims that her creators had worked so hard to suppress. She playfully swirled her tongue around the man’s nipple while tracing her fingertips over his chest. It was a far cry from the brutal, bloody combat that had dominated most of her life. It was a lot less demanding as well.

While she could only do so much to match Mary Jane’s sexual energy, Laura’s efforts still worked. She watched as Caesar’s face contorted violently to the onslaught of sensations. Between the feeling of Mary Jane’s pussy slithering along his dick and having his nipples teased by a teenage prostitute, his body and mind were flooded with bliss. Even a man as imposing as Caesar could only withstand so much, which was exactly what they needed.

“Yes! Ohhh yes! You…fucking…whores…are amazing!” Caesar exclaimed.

“Mmm…that we are,” said Mary Jane with a sensual purr.

Laura wasn’t sure whether that was part of the act or if she really meant that. She tried not to dwell too much on it as she kept doing her part, keeping Caesar’s nipples thoroughly teased.

Under the weight of her and Mary Jane’s sensual efforts, the vigor and the feelings escalated. Caesar became more and more vocal, moaning a string of obscene remarks that Laura didn’t care to recall. That didn’t stop him from exerting some effort of his own. Even under the weight of so much erotic stimulation, Jonathan Caesar was still a man who had to assert himself somehow.

“That’s it! Ride that cock! Use those lips!” he barked. “Do it, whores! Do it!”

Along with his vulgar commands, Caesar gave Mary Jane’s bouncing ass a hard slap. He quickly followed it up with another, soon mirroring her rhythm so that every time she drove her pussy down onto his cock, he spanked her ass hard.

It wasn’t the playful kind of spanking either. It left a reddish mark on her butt, as if to remind her that he saw Mary Jane as belonging to him. Laura had seen enough aggressive actions to see the signs. It effectively confirmed what the older woman had told her about Jonathan Caesar.

‘She was right. He doesn’t just want as his own personal sex toy. He wants her in ways that nobody
That was a disturbing thought that forced Laura to close her eyes and filter out Caesar’s voice. She managed to keep teasing his nipples, going so far as to nibble on one while pinching the other, hoping to cause at least some levels of discomfort in such a sick man. He only winced a little, but was not at all dissuaded.

It certainly didn’t catch Mary Jane off-guard. She didn’t even slow down the rhythm. It must not have been the first time Caesar spanked her ass without warning. Either the experienced prostitute in her was used to those sort of kinks or she just didn’t mind. If her moans were any indication, then she was doing her part and doing it well.

“Mmm…that’s it, Jonathan. Spank that ass!” she urged him. “You love my ass, don’t you?”

“Yes! I love it! I fucking love this ass!” said Caesar as he slapped it harder. “I…will…have it!”

He was getting downright rough, so much so that Laura felt inclined to abandon the plan and try a much messier alternative. While still nibbling on the older man’s nipple and pinching the other, she opened her eyes and looked back at Mary Jane’s bouncing hips. Caesar slapped her so hard that it looked like it would leave a bruise. With her free hand, Laura made a fist and prepared to act.

Then, in an unexpected turn, Mary Jane turned her head and cast her a strange half-grin. At first, Laura was confused. The older woman didn’t look to be in too much discomfort. She’d assumed she was just putting on a show, doing what Caesar wanted her to do and telling him what she knew he wanted to hear. That made the most sense, tactically speaking.

However, the look on her face was clear. She was actually enjoying herself on some levels. She might not have enjoyed Caesar, as a person, but she still somehow took pleasure in the act.

“Get ready, Laura,” she told her. “It’s almost time!”

There was a subtle, yet obvious subtext in her tone. Part of it reassured her that Mary Jane knew what she was doing…more so than Laura had anticipated. It also told her that the next part of her plan was still on track. It helped the former living weapon to relax her guard, sensing that claws would not be necessary from that point forward.

“I’m ready, Mary Jane,” Laura said, setting aside all lingering doubts.

“Whatever the fuck it is…I’m ready too!” said Caesar, after giving Mary Jane’s ass another slap. “I’m close…real close! I just…wanna…come!”

“You will, handsome,” the sultry redhead assured him as she slowed the pace of their sex, “but that’s where my little understudy comes in…literally!”

Laura’s ears perked up. That was the queue she’d been waiting for. They’d discussed it before she put on her mini-skirt that morning. Mary Jane had done her part and done it well. Now, the success or failure of the plan rested on her shoulders.

She stopped teasing Caesar’s nipples and rose up out of his grasp. Mary Jane ceased her motions as well and rose up off his dick. She then removed the condom from his throbbing cock, moved out of the way, and let Laura take her place.

“Mary Jane…is this what I think it is?” asked Caesar, still brimming with lust.

“And then some,” the sexy redhead replied as she crawled over towards him. “Laura, here, is going
to ride your dick the rest of the way.”

“And I’m gonna do it raw,” said Laura intently. “I want you to feel my tight pussy completely. I want you to fill it up with your cum.”

That caused Caesar by surprise, albeit in a welcome sort of way. Mary Jane had told her how frustrated he often got with her strict condom-only policy. The prospect of fucking a teenage prostitute raw, especially after she’d fucked him so close to climax, was too much to resist.

“What an…unexpected treat,” Caesar said with a devious grin.

“Think of it as practice,” Mary Jane said, “a prelude to when you get around to fucking me raw.”

“Mmm…just when I thought you couldn’t make me want you more,” he said.

“What can I say? I’m an overachiever!”

If he had any reservations, Mary Jane made sure they faded quickly. She playfully shoved her breasts in his face, silencing him so he didn’t give it a second thought. It also gave Laura the extra time she needed to get into position.

“Go on, Laura. Do it like we discussed,” she said with an ominous wink.

The former living weapon shot her a sneaky grin, one Caesar couldn’t see since his face was smothered in Mary Jane’s breasts. In that moment, Laura felt a surge of confidence. Mary Jane dared to have a little fun on a mission. She might as well try it too.

“Here it comes, Mr. Caesar,” said Laura. “My tight pussy is ready for your cock.”

“Yes! Do it! I want to fuck it!” he exclaimed.

With the same agility and focus that she put into every mission, Laura planted both feet firmly on the bed at his sides, just as Mary Jane had done. She then grabbed onto his waist for leverage, aligned her pussy with his cock, and plunged her hips downward to drive his length up into her.

Usually, when Laura fucked one of her clients, that initial penetration was pretty uncomfortable. She’d thought that was normal, if not necessary for someone in her situation. What she felt, instead, was different.

That arousal that Mary Jane had encouraged earlier proved unexpectedly practical. The wet heat between her legs helped make that process much smoother. It wasn’t exactly pleasurable, but it wasn’t painful either.

“Oohhh yeah! That pussy…so hot and tight!” Caesar moaned.

“Yeah…you like that?” Laura found herself saying. “You like that tight, teenage pussy around your dick?”

“Yes! Fuck yes!” he exclaimed. “Go on! Take it, little whore! Ride my cock!”

“You heard him, Laura,” said Mary Jane with another mischievous glint in her eyes. “Give him what he wants.”

Once again filtering out the middle-aged man’s vulgar tone, Laura focused on the task at hand…one that involved fucking a man in more ways than one. She followed both her instincts and the tips that Mary Jane had given her earlier, concentrating on her own body first rather than the man she was
Those tips were quite effective. Laura began moving her hips, working his cock inside the folds of her pussy. She tried to mirror the rhythm Mary Jane had demonstrated earlier, helping to send Caesar back into that lustful daze. It worked even better than she’d expected. What made it more surprising, though, was how much energy she put into it. For once, Laura actually wanted sex that she could enjoy.

‘I know sex is supposed to feel good. I’ve fucked men before…literally and figuratively. But this…this is new. I didn’t know it could be like this.’

It was an unexpected development. Usually, when that happened in the course of a mission, it meant more bloodshed. The last time that happened to her, her creators tried to kill her. Now, she was learning something about herself that she hadn’t anticipated. It was jarring and had some significant implications. However, she couldn’t let it distract her from the plan.

“You’re doing great, Laura,” Mary Jane told her. “Keep going! Ride him just like I showed you.”

“Yes…I remember,” said Laura through labored grunts.

That time, she was the one with the sneaky, sexy grin on her face. Unlike before, she didn’t have to force it. She actually felt sexy while experiencing sexual sensations. That shouldn’t have been such a foreign concept to her, and yet it was.

Laura used that as motivation to do what needed to be done and actually enjoy it somewhat. She worked her hips harder, vigorously gyrating her hips as she worked Caesar’s cock inside her pussy. The echoes of her pelvis smacking against his mixed with the grunts and moans filling the room, escalating in accord with the intensifying sensations.

Caesar also took on a more active role, focusing less on Mary Jane’s breasts and more on fucking her as hard as she fucked him. With his feet planted firmly on the bed, he thrust his hips upwards every time she drove hers down, driving his cock deeper into her pussy. It rocked the bed and intensified the rhythm. From Laura’s perspective, it was almost as chaotic as any fight she’d ever been in.

Mary Jane didn’t let it tempt her instincts though. Once again, she found a creatively lurid way to help. After Caesar had his feel of her breasts, she pulled away and positioned herself right next to Laura. She then lightly embraced her and, like her old sensei showing her new fighting techniques, guided her through the final push. She even slipped a hand between her legs and rubbed her swollen clitoris, evoking extra shots of pleasure as she rode the man’s cock.

“Mmm…so good,” she found herself saying, “it feels…so good.”

“That means you’re doing it right,” teased Mary Jane.

“Yes! So very right!” seethed Caesar.

The concept of doing sex right had never occurred to Laura. The idea that she had done it with so many clients and not felt such pleasure hinted she didn’t know as much about human anatomy as she thought, especially hers. She would have to re-evaluate her understanding later, though. Her pleasure, as welcome as it might have been, was secondary to the mission.

With every movement, she drew the imposing man closer to his climax. In order for her and Mary Jane’s plan to work, it had to be very powerful. It wasn’t enough to just get the man off. Laura had to put some real effort into it…to push herself in ways she’d never attempted before. The fact it came with some pleasure was just a nice bonus. It also meant the next part would be that much more
satisfying.

“Ohhh fuck! I’m gonna do it! I’m gonna come!” Caesar grunted. “You fucking…tight…whore! Gonna…fill you…up!”

“Yes, Mr. Caesar. Come! Give it to me!” Laura urged him.

Dazed by the approaching pleasure, driven by his raging lust, Caesar pumped harder into Laura’s pussy. Just as he did with Mary Jane, he repeatedly slapped her ass with one hand while clenching her waist with another. It was hardly the most painful thing she’d ever endured. If anything, it just made Laura ride him harder.

She matched him every step of the way, channeling the strength she once used to become a killer into fucking a greedy man’s insatiable desires. She could see in his face how close he was. He looked down right mad, the pleasure overwhelming every one of his higher faculties. That was exactly what she’d hoped for. It meant it was almost time.

“What is it, Laura?” Mary Jane whispered into her ear.

The grin on her face widened. She knew what that meant. Jonathan Caesar had no idea. With his climax fast-approaching, he had already passed the point of no return.

“Gonna…come…now! Ohhhhh fuck!” he cried out.

When it happened, the imposing man closed his eyes and threw his head back as the flood of pleasure inundated his system. Laura felt his cock throb inside her in anticipation of his release. In that exact moment, Laura made her move.

“Now!” she said.

Immediately, Mary Jane let go of her, showing reflexes that would’ve impressed any skilled assassin. At the same time, Laura leaned forward and grabbed Caesar by the neck in a very specific way. As he lay immersed in the utter bliss of his orgasm, she used a special choke hold on him.

Her creators taught it to her as an infiltration tactic, one to use when they needed to subdue someone for interrogating. She doubted they intended for her to use it during sex, but it proved useful in a very particular way.

“Hnngghh!” Caesar gasped in a bizarre mix of discomfort in pleasure.

He never opened his eyes. He didn’t even resist. In fact, the expression on his face relaxed somewhat, now looking utterly drunk on pleasure. Even if he knew he was being choked, he probably didn’t mind.

‘Block the left and right corroded artery...induce cerebral ischemia...end result is unconsciousness. Add an orgasm to the mix...well, I guess that’s just a bonus for him.’

She felt Mary Jane’s anxious gaze on her as she held the older man’s neck. Every passing second was critical. If she held on for too long, she could kill him and derail their plan completely. If she didn’t hold on long enough, he wouldn’t pass out and her claws might become necessary.

However, her expertise as a former living weapon paid off. After what might end up being the best and worst orgasm of Jonathan Caesar’s life, he fell unconscious. His whole body went limp. He released his firm, possessive grip on her. After how sick his touch made her feel earlier, it was a welcome change.
He still climaxed, shooting a load of his cum into her pussy. Laura had to wait until he finished with that. While the idea of having Jonathan Caesar’s cum inside her didn’t sit well, she’d endured far worse things being shot into her body. For the price he’d end up paying for that pleasure, she figured it was a fair trade.

“That’s it, Mr. Caesar,” Laura whispered, not hiding a distinct sense of satisfaction in her tone. “Settle into a blissful slip. It’s far more than you deserve.”

She kept her hands on his neck until she was absolutely sure he was out cold. Once certain, she released her grip, rose up off the man’s still-throbbing cock, and turned to Mary Jane.

“It’s done,” Laura told her. “Let’s move!”

“Thank God!” said the attractive redhead with a sigh of relief. “How much time do we have?”

“Three minutes,” she replied, “although I’ve never done that to a man while he’s climaxing.”

“Then let’s assume we have less. It should still be plenty.”

The sexy mood had shattered. There was nothing coy or playful about what the next part of their plan. From here on out, it was more traditional mission. She and Mary Jane had a set of tasks they needed to complete and a limited amount of time to complete them. Laura just wasn’t used to doing it while naked with a strange man’s cum dripping from her pussy.

Ignoring those strange lingering feelings in her body, Laura slipped off the bed with Mary Jane and retrieved the black briefcase that rested near the nightstand next to his discarded clothes. It was no normal briefcase, though.

It was extra heavy, bearing no official markings or traditional locks either. It was lined with rings of polished vibranium, soft leather that had been imported from Madripoor, and a special biometric lock that only organizations like SHIELD and Hydra could use. Anything someone put in a briefcase like that did so wanting to make sure nobody could access the contents.

Despite all those features, it had the look and feel of an overpriced, high-end accessory. It was one of those unique accessories that only an obscenely rich, exceedingly corrupt man carried with him. Laura knew all about it because Zander Rice had one too.

“He never lets this thing out of his sight,” said Mary Jane as she picked it up with nervous hands. “He never even goes to sleep without checking it.”

“It’s more common than you think among evil men,” Laura told her.

“I like to think our understanding of evil men is better than most.”

She was probably right, which made the success of their plan all the more vital. Mary Jane must have understood that too because she practically shoved the briefcase into Laura’s arms.

“Here, get it open,” the older woman told her. “I’ll retrieve the drive.”

Laura nodded and worked with the same urgency as every other high-stakes mission she’d been on. With the briefcase in hand, she made her way back over to the bed.

Upon arriving, she pulled back the special panel on the front to reveal the biometric scanner. Then, she placed Caesar’s right hand on the panel to undo the first lock. After that, she opened his left eye briefly so she could use the retinal scanner to undo the secondary lock. With that, the vibranium latch
snapped open to reveal the contents of the case.

There wasn’t much. She saw Caesar’s wallet, some document folders, and a few keycards. That stuff, in and of itself, was probably pretty valuable. However, it was his phone that caught her attention.

“Good, it’s here,” said Laura as she retrieved the device.

“Does it have any other failsafes?” Mary Jane asked as she rummaged through her purse. “I’ve only heard about those fancy super-phones. Caesar doesn’t exactly share specifics during pillow talk.”

“Don’t worry. We’re in the clear,” she replied.

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure,” Laura told her. “You don’t spend that much money on a fancy briefcase and assume what you put inside it needs more protection.”

Mary Jane didn’t argue with her flawless logic. Assuming Caesar was every bit as bad as Rice – a lofty assumption, but not an unreasonable one – he kept his phone secure for a good reason. There was information on it that he needed to keep private. If the wrong people got their hands on it, then he would have far greater problems than convincing Mary Jane to let him fuck her without a condom.

With the phone in hand, Laura set the briefcase aside and turned it on. As it booted up, Mary Jane rejoined her with a special thumb-drive in hand.

“I’ve got it,” she said as she sat down on the bed with her. “All we need to do is plug it in and it’ll run itself. After that, everything will sort of take care of itself.”

“By everything, you mean…” Laura said, her words trailing off.

“Don’t worry. The guy who gave this to me works for the software department at Stark Industries. He assured me the phone will keep working like it always has. The only difference is all his fancy cyber defenses will have a huge hole in it. Every email, call, text, or whatever else he uses to do his shady business dealings will be exposed for all to see…both to police and his rivals.”

“That’s not my concern,” said the former living weapon. “I meant…will it take care of what I need it to?”

It was, by far, the most important question Laura needed answered. After everything she’d just done – teaming up with Mary Jane, going behind Zebra Daddy’s back, and having sex with a man she’d prefer to stab – she needed to make sure those efforts paid off in a meaningful way. After all the new feelings she’d just experienced, that payoff meant a lot more to her.

Mary Jane was silent for a moment as she took Caesars phone and plugged the miniature thumb-drive into the phone. She had to use his limp hand to unlock it through the fingerprint scanner. Once unlocked, though, a light on the device to indicate that the program had commenced. The screen flickered briefly, showing only a small status bar. As it loaded, the older woman cast her a reassuring smile.

“It’ll work. I’ll make sure of it,” said Mary Jane. “One of the first dirty secrets this thing will expose is Caesar’s connection with Zebra Daddy. He’s the one who helped him find me in the first place. He had ties to a few nasty assholes from the Hellfire Club where I used to work.”
“And that’ll be enough to take them both down?” said Laura, hoping and needing those claims to be true. “Enough to undercut any leverage he has on me or the other girls that work for him?”

“By the end of the week, I doubt he’ll have any,” she said confidently. “I’ve been in the prostitution game longer than you, Laura. I know how men like Zebra Daddy work… just as I know how sick men like Jonathan Caesar work.”

“You speak as though sick men aren’t all the same.”

“They’re not, but the logistics rarely change. Zebra Daddy’s keeps his hold on girls like you by controlling you with money, drugs, and papers. Based on what you told me, he did his share of questionable favors to purge you and your aunt from government databases. I know, for a fact, Caesar was part of those favors. He’s done far worse, even with his pants off.”

Laura wished she could share her confidence. At the same time, though, she was somewhat at a loss. The idea that she might be free of Zebra Daddy that soon was overwhelming. She’d focused so much on escaping his grasp that she hadn’t given much thought to what to do after.

Becoming a prostitute and living under Zebra Daddy’s wing had been necessary for survival. Her escape from her captors didn’t make her any less an escaped science experiment, one that a lot of people with the greed and bloodlust of Zander Rice would find valuable. Zebra Daddy claimed he could keep her under the radar, so long as she worked for him.

Fortunately – or unfortunately, as it were – he was able to do what he promised, possibly with help from Jonathan Caesar. No organization, Weapon X or otherwise, had come after her. If Mary Jane’s plan worked, both he and Jonathan Caesar would be out of the picture, along with any leverage they had over them. For all intents and purposes, she would be free.

‘I wouldn’t be trapped. I wouldn’t have to be a prostitute anymore. So what will I do? What will I be?’

As Laura contemplated the possibilities, the program on the phone finished loading. The light on the flash drive turned from red to green, which must have signaled that it was complete. The screen flickered again, but still appeared normal. There was little chance Caesar would know whether anything was amiss.

“There! It’s done,” said Mary Jane as she unplugged the device. “It’s official now. Both Caesar and Zebra Daddy are screwed. When he finds out his phone has been cracked, he’ll think his IT guy botched a security update. He’ll never suspect a couple of whores pulled it off.”

“You’re taking a lot of satisfaction in this, Mary Jane,” said Laura.

“Of course I am! Why aren’t you? You’ll be free after this. Doesn’t that excite you?”

Laura struggled to answer that, but Mary Jane didn’t seem to expect one. After unplugging the device, she quickly put the phone back in his briefcase and locked it. She then got off the bed, put the case back where Laura had found it, and made sure it looked exactly like it did before.

The older woman clearly took far more pleasure in their triumph than she did. Mary Jane was practically beaming, looking downright triumphant as she put the flash drive back in her purse. She clearly understood how her life would improve without Jonathan Caesar trying to own her. Laura could only envy such certainty.

“Look, I don’t know what you plan to do once Zebra Daddy is out of the picture,” Mary Jane went on as she made her way back to the bed, “and honestly, it’s none of my business. I don’t want it to
“It doesn’t have to,” said Laura flatly.

“Even so, I’d offer one bit of advice. Before you decide on anything, Laura…find out what you 

*know* you need to do first. Don’t just take the path of least resistance. That’ll only put you in more 

bad situations.”

“You mean worse than being a prostitute?”

“Of course not,” she scoffed. “I actually like being a prostitute. I like getting paid lots of money to 

have sex. Part of why I want to be rid of Jonathan Caesar is because he’d never let me keep doing it. 

And I’ll be damned if someone’s going to stop me from doing something I love doing.”

That was somewhat surprising, but not much. Laura had witnessed, first hand, how much Mary Jane 

enjoyed sex. Beyond being better at it than most prostitutes, she’d made it her special skill, not unlike 

the way Laura had made use of her combat skills. She’d somehow found a way to make it work for 

her…to give her a sense of purpose and fulfillment. Such a feeling seemed so distant to her, but Mary 

Jane was proof that it was possible.

“Now, I don’t get the sense you’re looking to build a career as a prostitute…even if you do look 

great in a mini-skirt,” said Mary Jane.

“Um…thanks,” said Laura with a bemused grin.

“But I know your reputation. I know you can fight, heal, and stab things with those claws of yours,” 

she went on. “Now, I don’t know the story behind that. Chances are, I don’t want to know.”

“You *don’t*,” Laura said firmly.

“But you *do* know that story. You may not know where you want to go, but you know where you 

don’t want to end up. Whatever you have to do to avoid that…to put yourself in a better place…do 

it! You’re a better person than you think you are.”

“How can you say that when you don’t even know me?” she questioned.

“Laura, we’re standing here naked. We just watch each other have sex. We just trusted each other 

enough to do what needs to be done to free ourselves from our situation. I think we know each other 

on some intimate level.”

When she put it like that, it almost sounded funny. Laura even chuckled somewhat when she heard 

it. Mary Jane still came off as dead serious, though. She even sat down next to her on the bed, not 

caring that they were still naked and she still had Jonathan Caesar’s cum dripping from her pussy.

The older woman offered her a friendly embrace, which Laura accepted. She wasn’t usually one for 

affection, especially after what happened to her mother. However, something about the simple 

affection of someone, even if it was a high-end prostitute, resonated with her. It made her feel like 

both Laura and X-23 had a future.

“Now come on,” said the sexy redhead with an encouraging gesture. “Lover boy, here, is gonna 

come to at any moment. We need to make sure he wakes up with two naked women by his side. 

That’ll assure him that nothing is amiss.”

“You really have thought everything through, haven’t you, Mary Jane?” said Laura.
“What can I say? I’m very thorough when it comes to sex.”

“And so much more, it would seem. It seems I have more to learn than I think.”

“About sex?” asked Mary Jane.

“About everything.”

Laura smiled back as the older woman broke the embrace. She’d given her a lot to think about. If the plan worked out as well as she hoped, then she would be free from Zebra Daddy. She could pursue a different path...one beyond that of a former living weapon or a teenage prostitute. There would be a lot of tough decisions to make very soon and, for once, she felt ready to make the right ones.

Before she could get around to that, she had to finish what might be her last trick as a teenage prostitute. Already sensing that Caesar was stirring from his unconscious gaze, she crawled back up onto the bed and curled up next to the naked man. Mary Jane did the same, resting on his left while she lay to his right.

When he finally came to opened his eyes, he looked a little confused. Mary Jane helped reassure him, lightly pawing his chest. Laura ended up doing the same, ensuring that he woke up to a very content feeling.

“Wow. That was...wow,” Caesar said distantly. “What...what the hell happened? Did I just come so hard that I...”

“Passed out?” said Mary Jane. “Yep! I did say I’d give you something special today, didn’t I?”

“And Mary Jane Watson always delivers, doesn’t she?” Laura added playfully.

Caesar laughed, accepting their explanation all too easily. Laura was somewhat surprised that he wasn’t more suspicious. Mary Jane claimed that at a certain level of ecstasy, people just don’t bother scrutinizing it. Once again, her sensual wisdom proved accurate.

“She did. You both did,” said Caesar. “Mary Jane, I swear that once you become mine...your little friend here is welcome to join us.”

“Well, that’s up to her,” said Mary Jane, casting her a grin, “but I’m sure that when the time comes, she’ll choose wisely.”

“Indeed, she well,” he said, not knowing the greater subtext of her words.

Mary Jane kept rubbing his chest, throwing in a playful kiss to keep him locked in his dazed state. It kept his attention off Laura, allowing her to better process the near and distant future before her. When she put her clothes back on and left the room, she wouldn’t be a prostitute anymore. She would be Laura and former Weapon X-23, though. What that meant for her, and how she would go about the choices before her, remained to be seen.

‘I did it. I’m free again. And this time, nobody had to die. I’ve had to pay a price for every chance I’ve gotten...a very high price. My mother, my aunt, my soul...I don’t know if I have anything left. Even if there’s any chance I can be something more, I know I won’t find it here on the streets. I’ll only find it with the man responsible for my creation...my father, Logan.’

The Hellfire Club Penthouse – Present Day
Mary Jane Watson hadn’t always been a morning person. Growing up, waking up early meant risking the wrath of a hung-over father who snapped at the slightest provocation. Then, she discovered sex. Not long after that, she discovered she was very good at it, so much so that she could make a great living off it. One of the many benefits of such a sensual talent was that it led to many pleasant mornings, full of afterglow and contentment.

Now that she was the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club, waking up early after a night of great sex was almost routine. Sitting at her kitchen table within her opulent penthouse, wearing a silk robe with nothing underneath, Mary Jane had many reasons to be in a good mood.

Last night, she and Peter spent a good chunk of the night naked in bed, making love as only they could. They’d made it a point to designate at least one night of the week to each other, setting aside his duties as Spider-Man and hers as the Red Queen to share some quality time together. It had become one of the best parts of her week. She didn’t think it was possible to get much better.

Then, while Peter was in the shower, she picked up her tablet computer while her coffee was brewing and checked her newsfeed for the day. The headline on the front page of the Daily Bugle gave her the most pleasant surprise she’d received since the last time Peter woke her up with oral sex.

“Jonathan Caesar sentenced to life without parole,” she read out loud. “Wow! There is justice in the world after all!”

Just saying it out loud brought a beaming smile to her face. Mary Jane had to blink a few times to make sure her eyes weren’t playing tricks on her. Near as she could tell, it was real. Jonathan Caesar, the man who’d once called her pussy his ultimate jewel, was going to prison and never getting out.

The picture on the front page, which Peter took the other day while on assignment, showed a very different man than the one who used to pull her hair and bite her neck while fucking her. His whole body was slumped down, his head had been shaved, and he carried himself like a man who’d spent his whole life cheating the system, only to get caught at the worst possible time. Now, he was going to prison and – while she doubted he knew it – she played a part in it.

“Amazing,” Mary Jane said as she looked at his picture. “I knew you would screw yourself over eventually, but you really outdid yourself, Jon. And when a professional whore tells you that, you know it’s bad!”

She read over the headline again and again, taking the utmost satisfaction in every detail. According to the story, the sentence was a culmination of a lengthy, messy process that began long before she became the Red Queen. On that fateful day she bugged his phone, she helped initiate the downfall of Jonathan Caesar. In many respects, it was a downfall that was overdue.

“It might be the biggest fall from grace in the history of business, crime, and deceit,” the article read. “Not long ago, Jonathan Caesar was one of the most powerful businessmen in New York. Now, he will likely spend the rest of his life behind bars. It started with what he describes as a simple error in his phone. It ended with a lengthy list of incriminating texts, emails, and phone calls that exposed several massive frauds within his business, as well as close ties to criminal organizations. From dealings with the Hand to participation in human trafficking, his crimes became known to allies and enemies alike. Police sources even claim that Caesar’s efforts to silence other criminals from turning on him likely sealed his fate. The recent deaths of several such criminals have been linked to Caesar, which is likely to add even more time to his sentence.”

The Bugle tried to make it sound like a tragedy and a spectacle, which was to be expected of any paper run by J. Jonah Jameson. Unlike other cases, though, he didn’t need to embellish the truth. Everything about Caesar was as bad as the story claimed and then some.
For Mary Jane, it ended a part of her old life that she’d hoped to never revisit. Now that Caesar was going to prison, it seemed like she’d succeeded. She’d believed that Caesar’s arrogance, ego, and deviousness would do him in if it were exposed. Once again, someone’s irresponsibility caught up to him. The fact it happened before that fateful night she met Peter only further vindicated her efforts.

“Once again, being a responsible whore pays off,” Mary Jane said proudly. “Too bad Jonathan Caesar will never know.”

Based on the details of the story, as well as Caesar’s conspicuous disappearance after she’d bugged his phone, he didn’t know she was responsible for his downfall. If he had, then he probably would’ve come after her. Even if he did find out, she had the resources of the Hellfire Club and allies in Spider-Man, the Avengers, the X-men, and SHIELD. She couldn’t be much safer without an adamantium lock on her door.

She was prepared to buy a paper copy of the story and have it framed in her office. Maybe she could get Peter to frame it for her. Then, another detail of the story near the bottom of the page caught her eye. It wasn’t very prominent, but it did remind her of another key detail of Jonathan Caesar’s downfall.

“In a related story, several criminal associates have been identified. One of them, the notorious human trafficker known as Zebra Daddy, was found dead in his cell in an apparent suicide. He is the latest among a string of dead associates that may have had ties to Caesar. Zebra Daddy was among the first associates to be arrested for his dealings with Caesar. Police say they are investigating the matter. If evidence of foul play is uncovered, then it may spell even more trouble for Caesar.”

It was just a small part of a much larger story, but it reminded Mary Jane that she had not been alone in bringing down Jonathan Caesar. She had help from someone special and not just because she was a mutant with adamantium claws.

However, she hadn’t heard from Laura since that fateful day. As far as she knew, nobody had heard of her. When she encountered Logan during his first visit to the Hellfire Club, she’d been tempted to ask him about her. However, she’d been trying to gain his trust and she’d opted to avoid such sensitive issues.

Then, shortly after Jean Grey and Cyclops joined the Hellfire Club, she found out that Laura had joined the X-men. Apparently, she was Logan’s clone/daughter. Mary Jane hadn’t asked much about her, not sure if it were a sore subject or not. Now, her presence on the X-men, as well as the death of Zebra Daddy, meant she had no more excuses.

“Laura…I can only imagine what this means for you,” Mary Jane said distantly.

It was hard to imagine what she’d been through. Having heard from the other X-men what Logan had endured, it must have been pretty rough. Add being a teenage prostitute on top of that and it painted a bleak picture. It left Mary Jane wondering whether there was something she could do.

As she thought about that, Peter entered the kitchen wearing only a towel with messy wet hair. He seemed to be in just as good a mood, as was often the case with men who had sex the night before.

“Good morning, beautiful!” he greeted. “You’re looking as radiant as ever…when fully clothed, that is.”

“Thanks, Tiger. Only you could make morning afterglow seem so sweet, yet so immature,” she teased.
“Hey, if you want mature, you’ll have to sleep with a guy who still buys his clothes from clearance racks. I can’t guarantee he’ll have superpowers or know how to go down on you, but you’re welcome to try.”

“You’re too good to me.”

“Hey, for all you do for me – and to me, for that matter – it’s the least I can do.”

Mary Jane smiled as he walked over and gave her a good morning kiss. Immature or not, the man knew how to make a woman feel loved, special, and satisfied. That was a rare combination for any women, even one with as much sexual experience as her. It reminded her just how lucky she was.

Then, as she watched Peter walk over to the refrigerator and grab a bottle of orange juice, an idea came to her. Looking down at the article on her tablet and then back at Peter, the former high-end prostitute figured out how she was going to reconnect with Laura. She couldn’t offer much as Mary Jane, the former prostitute. As the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club, though, there were some special gifts she could give.

“Actually, there is something you can help me with, Peter,” said Mary Jane, her afterglow giving away to a more serious tone. “It involves an overdue favor to an old friend.”

“Oh? What kind of favor?” he asked curiously. “Does it involve something I can’t do fully clothed? Or does that go without saying?”

“I’ll skip the part where I tease how much or how little clothing is involved,” she said. “I’ll just say that it requires helping someone in ways they don’t realize they need. And you and I are in a unique position to give it to them.”

Up Next: The Favor
That was part of the daily mental mantra for Laura “X-23” Kinney. It was the mindset she’d adopted the day she wept in the arms of her dying mother…the same mother who died because of her. It haunted her dreams and many of her waking moments, that constant struggle between being what her creators wanted and being what she wanted. Sometimes Laura had to stand in front of a mirror and say those words out loud to herself, as if to remind herself that the struggle was ongoing.

‘Don’t be what they made you to be. Be someone better. Be more than just someone’s weapon.’

Laura often urged herself harder to help keep up with the struggle. In some respects, she’d made progress. Not long ago, she’d been surviving as a teenage prostitute on the streets of District X, catering to men with a taste for damaged teenage girls in a mini-skirt. Now, she was resident of the Xavier Institute, home of the world famous X-men. In seeking out Logan, the man whose blood helped create her, she regained a sense of family she thought she’d lost.

While their initial encounter hadn’t been very promising – which was mostly her fault since she attacked him, blaming him for so much of her pain – he’d embraced his role in her life. They were both still adjusting to the idea of being a family. It was still awkward whenever she called him her father and it was just as awkward for him when he referred to her as his daughter. Even though she was a clone, they still saw each other as family.

“I don’t care what our DNA says, kid. We’re family. That’s all there is to it,” Logan often told her.

He’d made it clear that he wanted to support her in building a new life. Her struggle was very similar to his, trying to become more than what he’d been made to be. He’d done a lot to help her, convincing Professor Xavier to let her be part of the school. She’d even carved a place for herself among the younger crop of X-men, becoming a leader of sorts due to her combat skills. Some even flirted with her, especially a young mutant named Julian Keller.

That led to a number of awkward moments. Laura imagined it would be even more awkward if they knew she’d been a teenage prostitute, something that only Logan and some of the older X-men knew. Progress or not, it was still a struggle. Laura still woke up every day, fighting to be less a weapon and more a teenage girl trying to become someone better. Unfortunately, some parts of that struggle still lingered.

“Commencing Level 10 Danger Room Scenario. Warning…safeguards have been deactivated,” announced the main computer of the Danger Room.

“Understood,” Laura said without hesitation. “Override code T-B-T-I Omega.”

“Code confirmed,” the computer said. “Beginning scenario.”

Laura snarled in anticipation, drawing her claws and entering that intense state of focus that she’d been conditioned to channel since birth. Wearing the custom black X-men uniform that Logan made
for her, she took an attack stance as the scenario manifested before it.

First, there was a wave of Sentinels. Then, a pack of Predator X beasts – creatures that the Purifers had been breeding lately – appeared around them. Each threat was set at a level meant to test the most experienced X-men. It all took place in a dark, swampy setting that reeked of danger and death...a stench Laura knew all too well.

“Commence!” she barked.

Absent any safety and failsafe protocols, the Sentinels and Predator X hordes attacked. In that instant, the mental struggle that had plagued her gave way to a physical struggle...one she knew she could endure. It was what she’d been trained to do, conditioned since birth to carry out. Struggle or not, she was good at it.

“Hrrraahhhhh!” former Weapon X-23 roared as she leapt into battle.

The deafening screech of battle filled the chamber, bombarding her in every direction. A perfect blend of instincts, skill, and rage took over. Before the first Predator X creature could even pounce, she jumped it, deploying the claw in her foot to slice its jugular in a clean kick. Then, using the now-wounded creature as a stepping stone, she jumped up into the air and attacked the first Sentinel before it could even aim its blaster at her.

The sound of her claws cutting through the metal, along with the howls of the Predator X beasts, drowned out the conflicting thoughts and feelings that had plagued her for so long. Being a former living weapon, a former teenage prostitute, and a failed clone of Logan all became secondary. There was just the battle before her and nothing more. It was an ironic, admittedly unhealthy form of comfort. It was still better than nothing.

Her heart raced. Her muscles strained. The Sentinel tried to brush her off. Several defense mechanisms activated – the latest features, according to the X-men’s most recent encounter with the Sentinels – attempting to blast her with shoulder-mounted laser canons. One Predator X beast managed to crawl up onto the Sentinel after her. A few lasers hit her and the creature got in a good swipe.

It caused her pain, but she endured it. She endured it. If anything, the pain only emboldened her. She moved faster, fighting off the Predator X creature and going right for the kill against the Sentinel.

“Target acquired,” said one of the Sentinels. “Destroy. Destr-”

That was all the machine could get out before Laura sliced into its head, tearing through the machinery and rendering it useless. She even made sure that when it fell to the ground, it crushed several Predator X creatures in the process. It was effective, efficient, and everything she’d trained to achieve. It completed a task, as part of a mission. She might never be able to overcome her many burdens, but she could still do what she’d been trained to do and do it well.

As the first Sentinel fell, others tried to surround her. A fresh wave of Predator X beasts attempted to encircle her as soon as she landed in the center of the arena again. With her claws still dripping with Predator X blood, she prepared to attack again, knowing she’d likely sustain plenty of pain in the process.

Then, before the attack commenced, a familiar voice yelled out from across the chamber.

“End scenario!” yelled a very irate Logan. “Override code X-3-2-6-1-6!”

“Override acknowledged,” the Danger Room computer responded.
“Wait!” barked Laura. “Override the override, damn it! Code…”

“I apologize, Laura Kinney. You are not authorized to give that commend. Authorization must be granted by primary instructor, Wolverine.”

Laura, her body and mind still locked in combat, let out a frustrated roar.

“Errrr! Turn it back on, Logan! Now!” she commanded.

With the Sentinels and Predator X having disappeared, she redirected her anger and attacked Logan. Rather than draw his claws, as he so often did against all attacking threats, he just caught her by the wrists and held her back.

“Laura…calm down,” he said in as calm a voice as Wolverine could manage.

“No! Not until you turn it back on! I need this, damn it!”

“Really? You need to run a Level 10 scenario at two in the morning?” Logan questioned.

“I couldn’t sleep, okay?” she spat. “I needed something to stab!”

“Next time, try one of Hank’s physics lectures. You and I both know this ain’t how you deal with no sleep.”

“Of course I know! But…”

He didn’t let her finish, though. He just gave her wrists a firm squeeze, pulled her in a little closer, and gave her that stern gaze that only he could give. Not many things could temper Laura’s anger. That was one of them.

“Laura, listen to me,” Logan told her. “I’ve done what you’re doing. I know it doesn’t work. It took me a goddamn lifetime to figure that out. Hell, it took several. So please…save yourself the trouble. You don’t want to wait that long. It’s way more pain than you deserve.”

“Says you,” she muttered.

“Says the guy who knows that pain better than you ever well…or ever should.”

More instincts urged her to attack him. However, others held her back. Laura still wasn’t used to that feeling, being around someone that she couldn’t attack. Logan wasn’t just someone with similar skill and ability. He was family. Just being near him evoked all sorts of feelings she didn’t know how to handle.

Eventually, her rage subsided. She withdrew her claws and took deep, calming breaths. She felt Logan release his grip on her wrists. He then offered her a comforting gesture, the kind she’d only gotten from her mother before. It was enough to turn her focused bloodlust into sorrow.

“I’m sorry,” said Laura, holding her head low.

“You ain’t got nothing to apologize for, kid,” said Logan. “Trust me. I’ve been where you are. I know how much it hurts. You can heal from damn near anything, but wounds just don’t. Sometimes you don’t even want ‘em to.”

“I know you know, Logan. You don’t need to keep reminding me,” she said.

“Funny, the fact you’re down here at this hour says I ain’t been reminding you enough.”
“It’s not a matter of remembering. I know what I’m doing is…unhealthy.”

“So is eating Rogue’s leftover gumbo,” Logan pointed out, “but just knowing what hurts ain’t enough, is it? You feel like you gotta punish yourself…that you need a distraction that hurts just as much so you can feel some sense of balance.”

Again, he spoke like a man who knew her pain. Having endured the horrors of Weapon X, Laura didn’t doubt him. It was another feeling she hadn’t gotten used to, being around someone who understood her pain and knew what it was like to endure that struggle.

Just being in his presence helped comfort her. It was one of the many comforts Laura had come to appreciate since arriving at the Xavier Institute. It might have been the most important. As Logan placed one hand on her shoulder and cupped her chin with the other, she finally looked up at him with renewed strength.

“It’s gonna get easier. I promise it will,” he told her.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep,” Laura warned him. “People have done that before with me. It rarely turns out well.”

“Well, I ain’t most people and neither are you,” he replied. “I’m the goddamn Wolverine and you’re my goddamn daughter.”

“Clone,” she corrected.

“Fuck that,” he scoffed. “You’re my blood. You’re my kid. If I had known about you sooner, I would’ve dropped everything to come and help you. Hell, I wish I did. Would’ve kept you from having to hook on the streets just to get by.”

“That was my choice…my very misguided choice, in hindsight.”

“Sometimes you gotta make choices like that before you make the right ones,” he said to her. “The fact you chose to come here shows you’re way ahead of where I was when I got here.”

“Then why does it feel like I’m still lost? Why do I have to keep telling myself that I’m not the monster my creators made me to be? No matter what I do, the pain just…”

Her words trailed off as her emotions got the better of her. Sorrow and anger converged, filling Laura with a different kind of anguish…one that never seemed far. It was enough to choke her every breath and put tears in her eyes.

Logan, showing a side she’d never seen him show around others, just embraced her. His embrace was the closest she’d ever get to feel that same affection she got from her mother. Clone or not, Logan cared for her. He was that determined to help her. She no longer doubted that. She just wished it was easier.

“Yeah, I know,” he told her as he embraced her. “The pain fucking sucks. It’ll always suck. But there are things you can do to make it easier…things way healthier than tearing up the Danger Room at two in the morning.”

“Like what?” Laura scoffed as she wiped the tears from her eyes. “What could possibly make pain like this any better?”

Logan broke the embrace and gave her a moment to collect herself. Now curious, Laura looked up at the man trying desperately to be her father.
“Funny you should ask,” he said, “because I got an email this evening from a close ally of ours. She’s someone we’ve worked with before – which kind of shocked me, but not as much as I wish it did – and she claims she can help you.”

“She claims?” she said with a raised eyebrow “Who exactly is she?”

“Actually, if what she told me is true, then she’s someone you’ve worked with before,” he said.

“That’s a short and very troubling list,” Laura pointed out.

“Trust me. She’s the exception. Plus, I’ve seen her naked so I tend not to doubt her.”

Now, Laura was really curious. The list of her allies was exceedingly limited, especially after she nearly got her aunt and cousin killed. The list of the women Logan had seen naked, however, was a bit more eclectic. If the lurid scents that came from his room were any indication, then the implications were both intriguing and distressing.

He still seemed confident, though. He had that wolfish grin he only got when he saw Jean Grey in a bikini or Storm sunbathing nude on the roof. That likely ruled out anything that involved fighting, stabbing, or getting shot. Given how poorly her recent coping efforts had been, it might help to try something different.

“Okay, I’m officially intrigued,” said Laura with folded arms, “intrigued, but skeptical that someone you’ve seen naked can help me.”

“I’ll bet you a new motorcycle she’ll deliver. That’s how little I doubt her,” he retorted.

“Oh you’re on!” she said, now grinning as well. “Tell me her name and when she wants to meet me.”

“You’re in luck. Her name is Mary Jane Watson and says she can meet you tomorrow. That means you better rest up and take an extra-long shower in the morning. Trust me. You’ll need it!”

The Hellfire Club – The Next Day

‘Mary Jane Watson, the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club…I want to say I’m surprised, but some things just make too much goddamn sense.’

Laura had arrived at the site of the X-men’s former nemesis a few minutes ago and by a private taxi service, no less. She’d been greeted by a well-mannered security guard and led into a private entrance at the rear of the building, as though she were a VIP guest. Now, as she ascended towards the top floor in an express elevator, the former living weapon could only speculate on what lay before her.

She’d heard of the Hellfire Club before. Back when she was a teenage prostitute, she’d learned all about their influence in the sex trade. There were all sorts of rumor involving pretty young girls, and even a few boys, getting recruited by that place and disappearing completely. Some even joked that when it came to street prostitutes, suicide and the Hellfire Club were the options of last resort.

Then, shortly before she joined the X-men, the Hellfire Club as they knew it fell. The X-men and SHIELD, led primarily by Emma Frost, overthrew the Inner Circle that once ran it. Logan had told her about that battle. It got pretty ugly, albeit for the best possible reasons.

“I remember having an extra glass of whisky that night…or several,” Logan had told her.
However, the fall of the Inner Circle did not lead to the demise of the Hellfire Club. It just led to an overhaul in how it operated and at the heart of that overhaul was Mary Jane Watson, the Red Queen. With respect to overhauling a sex club, Laura couldn’t think of anyone more qualified.

‘It’s funny, but kind of fitting. I thought I’d never see her again. After I escaped Zebra Daddy, I couldn’t imagine a scenario where our paths would cross again. Guess I need to work on that because as soon as I heard about the Red Queen and the new Hellfire Club, it should’ve been obvious.’

Laura laughed to herself, shaking her head in amazement at what had unfolded since that fateful, yet lurid encounter. It was common knowledge throughout the X-men, as well as other superhero teams, that the Hellfire Club was not the same devious organization it had been under the Inner Circle. It was now an ally, of sorts…a very unique kind of ally.

It was still a successful strip club/brothel that catered to those with expensive tastes and lustful appetites. It also worked closely with heroes, both in terms of aiding their efforts and giving them a place to blow off steam, among other things. Whenever someone at the Xavier Institute or Avengers Tower had a bad day, they would just go to the Hellfire Club and come back in a better mood.

She’d seen Logan made that trip on more than one occasion. Cyclops and Jean Grey, the current Black King and Queen, were also quite active. However, it was the Red Queen who ran the day-to-day operations and, by all accounts, she ran it very well. Laura had overheard many within the X-men talk about her, often with a grin on their face to go along with any number of crude remarks. Once Logan told her that Mary Jane was the Red Queen, it opened up all sorts of possibilities…especially the sensual kind.

‘She always carried herself in a style all her own. She wields her sexuality the same way I wield my claws…albeit for far less violent purposes. She once showed me that I was capable of feeling certain things…important things that made me feel less like a weapon to be used and wielded. I haven’t forgotten about her, but I’d assumed she’d forgotten about me. It seems I was wrong.’

The elevator stopped upon reaching the necessary floor. When the doors opened, Laura stepped out into a hallway that looked like it had been molded from a four-star hotel. Some of it still had that distinct Victorian décor, reflecting the Hellfire Club’s devious past. Most had been updated with a more modern, yet intimate feel. It was almost a fitting metaphor for her own journey.

‘She must know I’m here. I can already smell the scented candles. Logan probably told her I love the smell of peppermint. She’s sending me a message. She has a plan for me. And given how well her last plan worked, how can I refuse?’

Laura found herself walking faster as she followed the scent down the hall. Near as he could tell, the area was a collection of rooms where high-paying patrons to share some private time with the Hellfire Club’s sexy employees. Every door she passed reeked with the smell of sweat, sex, and decadence.

However, it was not the same scent she remembered from the dingy alleys and dirty motels she’d endured during her time as a prostitute. That world represented a devious and darker part of her life, one where she’d exchanged one desperate struggle for another. Mary Jane gave her a taste of a very different world, one where it was possible for her to feel some measure of contentment. She hadn’t had much chance to explore it. She had a feeling that was about to change.

‘She showed me a part of myself – a part of what it means to be a woman – that I thought had been bred out of me. Logan once told me the best way to get revenge on the assholes who created me was to prove them wrong. I’ve tried to take his advice to heart. Perhaps I haven’t been trying hard
The scent eventually led her to a door at the end of one of the hallways. It was already half-open, most likely on purpose so that the scent filled the hallway. It saved her the trouble of asking for directions or a room number. Knowing Mary Jane, it was all part of her plan.

“I know what you’re doing...you and Logan,” she said under her breath. “It’s an obvious trap. And for once, I don’t mind walking into it.”

With a half-grin, and a touch of excitement, Laura approached the door and opened it to reveal sight every bit as appealing as the scent. Again, she wanted to be surprised, but Mary Jane had an uncanny ability to subvert expectations.

“Hello, Laura,” greeted the voluptuous redhead while sitting in a plush chair and wearing a red silk robe. “It’s good to see you again. It’s been a while.”

“That, it has,” Laura replied, “and before you apologize, please don’t. I’m responsible for that, not you...although it seems you’ve done quite well for yourself since our last encounter.”

“Speak for yourself, Ms. X-man. I think it’s safe to say we’ve both come out ahead from where we once were...in more ways than one.”

They both chuckled somewhat at Mary Jane’s suggestive word choice. She still spoke with that unapologetic sexiness that once made her one of the most successful prostitutes in New York City. The only difference was that she now spoke with the authority of the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club. Near as Laura could tell, she wielded that authority very well.

The room itself was proof of that. It looked like a room from one of those overpriced spas that Emma Frost frequented. It had some very oriental décor, complete with incense candles mounted on the walls and dimmed lighting around the ceiling. The walls were covered in peaceful, yet erotic artwork, including landscapes and a few graphic figures. It even had one of those elaborate fountains at the head of the room. In the center of it all was a large leather massage table, complete with fresh towels and a silk robe that looked to be exactly her size.

Having grown up in a lab and lived a teenage prostitute on the streets, Laura wasn’t used to such serene surroundings. The Xavier Institute was nice, but only to a point. It was still somewhat jarring, especially to someone with enhanced senses. That didn’t stop her from appreciating the ambience.

“I’m tempted to ask how you ended up so far ahead of me,” said Laura as she looked around the room, “but that’s not why you called me here, is it?”

“Well, in the interest of full disclosure, I was reluctant to call you directly,” said Mary Jane. “Jean Grey told me a bit about how you ended up at the X-men. She, Cyclops, and pretty much everyone I spoke to says it was...difficult.”

“They weren’t lying,” Laura affirmed.

“That’s why I called Logan first. I didn’t know what sort of place you were in. A lot can happen to a girl when she leaves the business, so to speak. I had no idea what happened to you and honestly, I didn’t want to know.”

“I can’t say I blame. So what changed? Why now?” Laura asked. “You’re the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club. From what I’ve heard, you’ve carved a very comfortable living for yourself while making a lot of powerful allies. Between the Hellfire Club, the X-men, the Avengers, and SHIELD, I’d say you’ve graduated way beyond being a high-end prostitute.”
Mary Jane smiled and shook her head. The fact she could still show that kind of humility, despite her enviable position, said a lot about her. Despite living in a house full of mutants, she still found a way to stand out for Larua.

“I don’t deny that, but I haven’t forgotten my previous life,” Mary Jane conceded. “I don’t want to forget that life either. I’ve learned – sometimes in the hardest of ways – that you need to stay connected to the past so you don’t lose yourself in the present.”

“That’s a lot easier when you didn’t grow up in a lab being tortured every day of your life.”

“You’re right. It is easier. I’ve had it a lot easier. When you’ve got an ass and a set of tits like mine, you get a lot of opportunities. It wasn’t that long ago that I actively avoided those opportunities because it meant making things harder. Part of the effort to rid my life of Jonathan Caesar involved keeping things easy for me. Sure, it meant I had life of comfort, freedom, and sex. That doesn’t mean it was very a responsible life…or one that would’ve put me in the position I’m in.”

“So what changed?” asked Laura curiously.

“That’s…a long, lurid story that I’d be happy to share later on,” said the Red Queen, “but this isn’t about me. This is about you, Laura. Specifically, it’s about giving you an opportunity when you’ve had precious few.”

Mary Jane got up from her chair and walked over to her. She still carried herself with that overtly sexual persona, but Laura sensed something different in her compared to their previous encounter. She looked so much more comfortable in her own skin. She had the glow of someone who could look in the mirror and smile at herself. For everything she’d done, both as a living weapon and as a prostitute, such a feeling seemed so distant.

However, when the Red Queen stood before her and placed a calming hand on her shoulder, such peace no longer felt so far away. The way she looked at her, seeing both the former living weapon and the teenage prostitute she’d been, made Laura feel accepted in a way that she’d never experienced before.

“You have the potential to be so much more than what you were made to be,” Mary Jane told her. “That’s not just something Wolverine or the other X-men say. That’s what I see in you when I look in your eyes.”

“That’s easy to say when you don’t know the horrible what I’ve done,” Laura retorted.

“That doesn’t make it any less real,” the redheaded woman replied, “and I want to help you realize some of that potential. I understand the X-men are helping you with that, with Logan doing more than most.”

“He’s doing what he can. We both are.”

“But even he knows there are some things he can’t help you with…personal things that you can’t always find yourself, even when you go looking for them. Sometimes, you need both an opportunity and a friend to help you see it through.”

“And you think I need your help that much?” she asked.

“Need? Probably not. You’re plenty tough enough and strong enough to function without me or anything I can give you,” said Mary Jane. “That said, sometimes you got to go beyond your needs and explore your desires to make things a little easier. And if there’s one thing I’m good at, it’s exploring desire!”
The older woman gave her that suggestive grin. Laura could easily imagine many men being seduced by that look and those words. She was not easily tempted, especially by another woman, but Mary Jane just made it seem too damn appealing.

“I’ve seen you at work, Mary Jane. You don’t need to convince me,” said Laura with folded arms. “Just how do you intend to help me with this opportunity, as you call it?”

“Well,” Mary Jane said coyly, “I was hoping that reserving the Hellfire Club’s VIP massage room dropped enough hints, but if I’m being too subtle…”

“You don’t talk to me like I’m some horny stock broker sitting alone at a bar. You can skip the part where you try to seduce me,” quipped Laura with a half-grin. “Offering someone a sexy massage in a fancy room is all well and good, but it’s so basic and you don’t do basic. You have to go above and beyond.”

“You know me too well for someone I’ve only worked with once before,” Mary Jane commented.

“You also have a reputation,” Laura added, “and not just among those who have seen you naked. You tend to go the extra distance…often for the right reasons. I wouldn’t have come here if I didn’t think you had something unique to offer. So save me the trouble of interrogating you and just tell me what it is.”

That came off as a bit impatient. After a stressful night that could not be resolved by the Danger Room, Laura didn’t bother hiding her stress. Logan had already convinced her she needed a better way to deal with her many issues. She doubted Mary Jane’s methods were typical or even logical, but she needed to try something.

Mary Jane didn’t seem put off by her demeanor. Instead, she cast her a reassuring smile, one she probably didn’t use for a man she was trying to seduce. It didn’t feel like one former prostitute talking to another. Now, it was just two women talking.

“Laura, I know you’ve lived a life of pain,” said Mary Jane. “Based on what Logan told me – which I’m sure is the heavily censored version, mind you – I can’t even begin to imagine what you’ve endured.”

“He’s seen you naked. I’ve smelled your lipstick on his penis. I promise he tells you more than most,” said Laura.

“Then, I’m sure he and everyone else in the X-men are doing whatever they can to help you. They’re giving you love, support, and whatever else a house full of mutants can provide to help you deal with that pain.”

“And you think you can provide something they can’t?” she asked.

“Hell no! I don’t know enough about pain – especially the kind you deal with – to be of any help,” she said. “However, I do know a hell of a lot about pleasure. As a successful prostitute and the acting Red Queen, you might say I’m an expert.”

Mary Jane made it sound so serious. To her, it probably was every bit as serious as Laura’s combat skills. In that context, it was nothing to scoff at.

“Nobody can ever take that kind of pain away, so I’m not going to try,” she went on. “Instead, I want to try to balance the scales, so to speak. I want to give you a feeling – a very good feeling – that will stand out among all the other horrible experiences you’ve endured. That way, whenever that pain starts to gnaw at you – and it probably will – you’ll have something more pleasant to turn to.”
“That almost makes too much sense,” said Laura.

“Sometimes that’s a clear and obvious sign you shouldn’t ignore. Take it from me, Laura. You’ll save yourself a lot of trouble in the long run if you embrace the opportunity.”

It still sounded kind of crude, fighting her pain with pleasure. It almost seemed juvenile, like something Emma Frost would joke about when belittling others. For Mary Jane, it was no joke. She looked as serious as Cyclops did in mid-battle. That might have been another sign that there was something important in what the Red Queen offered.

‘A life full of struggle…a purpose built around pain…could it really be that simple? Could pleasure be the key to rebuilding what’s left of my soul?’

As the former living weapon asked herself such lurid questions, Mary Jane walked around and closed the door behind her. She gave the impression that Laura had already made her decision. She was just the last one to realize it.

Logan had done something similar during their first encounter. It convinced Laura that she still had a lot to learn about herself and being a former living weapon. She might as well start with her understanding of pleasure.

“Say I do take advantage of this opportunity,” said Laura, trying not to make her inclinations too obvious. “What would that entail?”

“Well, it sure as hell wouldn’t just be the pleasure from a simple massage. That’s for damn sure,” said Mary Jane as she locked the door. “I’m the Red Queen. I have higher standards than that.”

“I’m sure you do, but it’s not like I haven’t been touched in a non-violent sort of way before. I’ve even had an orgasm. My soul may be tainted, but my body still works fine.”

“No need to remind me. I saw that first-hand when we worked together,” said the Red queen as she walked back around to the table. “What I didn’t see, though, was any hint that you’ve experienced that special, intimate kind of pleasure…the kind you feel when you really connect with someone. I’ve seen it happen to a lot of girls who worked as prostitutes. They see any kind of pleasure they feel as just some physical release…more a happy accident, rather than the culmination of a feeling. Look me in the eye and tell me you’ve had an orgasm with someone you actually connected with.”

Laura didn’t bother trying to lie. It wasn’t worth lying about either. There was no getting around it. Her conditioning as Weapon X-23, coupled with her experiences as a teenage prostitute, gave her a skewed understanding of sex, pleasure, and intimacy. It was one of those issues that wasn’t easy to talk about with Logan, Charles Xavier, or anyone in the X-men.

Mary Jane understood it, though. She understood it better than anyone. That put her in a unique position to help Laura and she didn’t even need mutant powers. Something about that made it all the more fitting.

“I was trained to kill without question…not connect,” said Laura. “I was paid to pleasure others…not myself. You could say I’m behind the curve, in that respect.”

“Well, I’m going to help you catch up,” said Mary Jane confidently. “I’ve learned – better than most, actually – that it is possible to connect with someone and really enjoy it. Whether you’re with a client who just wants sex with a beautiful woman or a special someone you’ve fallen in love with, that kind of pleasure is powerful. It affects you in so many ways…good ways that inspire you to do more and do better.”
“Are you speaking from personal or professional experience?”

“Both,” she replied with a proud grin, “and I want to give you a taste of that experience. I won’t claim it’ll solve all the problems you’re dealing with, but it will help in many other ways…some of which you won’t even realize.”

“That’s still a bold claim,” said Laura.

“And I intend to deliver, as only the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club can,” she retorted, “but only if you that’s what you want. If it’s too much or too soon for something like this, you can walk out that door right now and no one will think less of you. I certainly won’t.”

“But you already know what I’m inclined to choose, don’t you? You probably knew the second I walked into this door.”

“I have my suspicions,” said Mary Jane playfully, “but I’m not Jean Grey or Emma Frost. I can’t read your mind. I just have a knack for surmising what people want…even when they can’t put it into words.”

Laura cast the older woman a bemused, but amazed glare. She’d gone to great lengths to persuade her that she needed the experience she offered. She’d made it so painfully obvious that choosing to leave was akin to needlessly punishing herself. Laura had already done plenty of that since she escaped her creators. That made her choice abundantly clear.

With little hesitation, she stepped forward so that she was right next to the massage table. She had no intention of leaving and assumed Mary Jane had plenty more surprises in store for her. Like any high-stakes mission she’d ever been on, Laura was ready for them.

“Okay,” said Laura. “Let’s do this! Whatever crazy plan you have for me, I want in.”

“Great!” said Mary Jane. “Trust me. This will be a lot less stressful than my last plan.”

“Given how well that turned out, I’m quite interested in seeing what you have in store for me.”

“Then, let the experience begin!”

Like a skilled artist preparing her next project, Mary Jane grabbed a small remote that had been on the massage table. She then pushed a button, which activated a series of speakers mounted on the wall. A steady stream of slow, sensual music followed. She must have coordinated with Logan on it because the music seemed tailored to those with enhanced senses.

As the music supplemented the already luxurious ambience, the Red Queen approached her again. She had that seductive glint in her eye again that so easily seduced men and so thoroughly impressed women.

“To start, I’ll need you take your clothes off,” she said.

“All of them?” asked Laura.

“Yes, all of them,” she affirmed. “If you think it’ll help, I’ll undress too.”

“I don’t need that kind of help,” said Laura, “but seeing as how you’re so comfortable when you’re naked, I don’t see how it could hurt.”

The older woman snickered and casually undid the sash to her robe, letting it fall off her voluptuous
body. She hadn’t been wearing anything underneath, hinting that she anticipated getting naked at some point during the experience. That had all sorts of implications, but Laura didn’t dare speculate. She’d much rather see for herself.

With a mix of urgency and excitement, she started taking her clothes off. She took off the black denim jacket she had been wearing and slid her pink halter top off over her head. Mary Jane must have sensed her urgency because she stepped forward to facilitate the process.

“Here…I’ll help you,” she said as she pushed the straps of her bra off her shoulders.

“That’s not necessary,” said Laura.

“I know,” she replied playfully.

Assuming it was part of the experience, the former living weapon just chuckled to herself and let Mary Jane help. While the older woman walked around behind her and unclasped her bra, Laura undid her tight-fitting black pants and slid them down her legs. Once they were down at her ankles, she stepped out of her boots and socks, leaving her only in her bra and panties.

As soon as she kicked her pants aside, her bra was the next to go, which fell right off her body, thanks to Mary Jane. Laura then reached for her panties, but the older redhead beat her to it. Still standing behind her, the Red Queen grasped each side and before whispering into her ear.

“It’s okay. Let someone else do the work for you,” she said to her. “You’ve been following orders from others for most of your life. It’s time to flip the script.”

It seemed needlessly elaborate, just to get her panties off. That might be the point, though. Laura had spent most of her life doing work for others, both as a living weapon and as a prostitute. The idea of someone doing work for her seemed downright alien. It almost made the feeling of Mary Jane sliding her panties down her legs somewhat thrilling.

“I’ve never known comfort or convenience. I’ve only ever been a means to others for whatever ends they seek. It shouldn’t feel this strange to me and yet…”

There were a lot of new feelings Laura hadn’t processed since escaping her creators, but some were more overwhelming than others. Already, the feelings Mary Jane had evoked were elevating her arousal…and not just her combat instincts, either.

Upon stepping out of her panties, Laura stood fully nude alongside the Red Queen. Having been naked with her before, it wasn’t too awkward. She then felt the equally naked Mary Jane turned her around so she could face her. As she scrutinized her naked body, assessing her like a skilled operative assessed a battlefield, the older woman grinned in approval.

“You’ve grown a little since I last saw you,” said Mary Jane as she lightly traced over her face and around her cleavage. “You’re still as fit as ever, but you’ve become more mature.”

“‘I’ve never known comfort or convenience. I’ve only ever been a means to others for whatever ends they seek. It shouldn’t feel this strange to me and yet…’”

“‘You’ve grown a little since I last saw you,’” said Mary Jane as she lightly traced over her face and around her cleavage. “‘You’re still as fit as ever, but you’ve become more mature.’”

“My breasts haven’t gotten that much bigger,” said Laura.

“My breasts haven’t gotten that much bigger,” said Laura.

“I wasn’t just referring to your breasts. I know women twice your age who still carry themselves like teenagers and not in a good way. They’re so immature and insecure, always bracing themselves for the slightest bit of stress. You’ve grown up much faster. You stand without fear or shame, ready to take on whatever challenge awaits. That’s the mark of a strong woman…a strong, sexy woman.”

Laura felt herself blushed at her remark. It was hardly the first time someone had called her sexy. Both the men she used to solicit on the street and even a few of the boys at the Xavier Institute had
pointed out that. When it came from Mary Jane, though, it had a lot more weight.

“Thank you,” Laura replied sheepishly.

“I wasn’t even finished,” said the Red Queen. “I can usually sense when someone is a sexual person, by nature. Their needs, desires, and capacity for basic pleasures is greater than most people. That’s certainly the case for me. It’s definitely the case for your father, as well.”

“I guess you would know,” she quipped.

“With you, though, I still see mostly potential. You’re still young, Laura. You’re still learning about the kind of person you are, sexual or otherwise. Perhaps this experience will help you find out. To do that, though, we’ll need more than just my skilled hands and an intimate setting.”

Already eager to learn, Laura could only watch in anticipation as Mary Jane retrieved the same remote control she’d used earlier to turn on the music. She pushed a different button than before, which unlocked another door across the room that Laura had barely noticed. It then opened and a new male figure entered the room, wearing only a white towel around his waist.

“Well, isn’t this a treat?” he said with a goofy grin. “I walk in a room with two naked women…one I know very intimately and one I’ve been eager to meet.”

“Is that why you got undressed while waiting, Tiger?” teased Mary Jane. “You just couldn’t contain yourself?”

“In my defense, it was pretty damn hot in that dressing room.”

The two shared a laugh as Mary Jane walked over to the half-naked man and kissed him. It was not a casual peck either. It was right on the lips and pretty deep, not unlike the kind she saw with Cyclops and Jean Grey. The intimate context of the kiss, as well as the comfort with which their naked bodies touched, hinted that they were familiar with one another and not just sexually.

She couldn’t tell if it was part of Mary Jane’s plan. Perhaps she was demonstrating that she could experience those intimate connections she’d mentioned, despite being a prostitute, the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club, and a woman who just really enjoyed sex. It might also be the case that Laura was already overthinking the situation.

“Thanks for doing this, Peter,” Mary Jane said after their lips parted. “You’re the only one I trust to help my friend, here.”

“It’s not like I needed much convincing,” he teased. “You asked me to give a beautiful young woman a nice, pleasurable experience. Typically, that doesn’t require much negotiating.”

“She’s not just any beautiful young woman, though. She’s Laura Kinney, Wolverine’s daughter and one of the X-men’s newest recruits.”

“Wolverine’s daughter…as in the same Wolverine you’ve fucked on more than one occasion.”

“The very same,” she joked.

“Is that your insanely sexy way of giving a guy more incentive?”

“If it works, is it really that insane?”

They both laughed. Laura found herself laughing as well, which helped lighten the mood somewhat.
She didn’t know the man, but he came off as a good, genuine soul. The fact that Mary Jane was so affectionate with him said a lot…and not just in terms of his character, either.

After he managed to pull away from a naked Mary Jane – not an easy feat for any straight man, to say the least – he turned his attention towards Laura. With a friendly smile, her nudity causing surprisingly little awkwardness, he approached her. In doing so, she got a better view of the figure Mary Jane had been so fond of.

“Hello, Laura. My name is Peter,” he greeted. “As you’ve probably guessed, I’m Ms. Watson’s friend, stud, lover, sex-slave, playmate, and whatever else you want to call it.”

“Pleased to meet you…I guess,” said Laura as she took in his presence. “Forgive me if I’m not as relaxed as I should be. I’m not used to this.”

“What? A taste of luxury or meeting a guy butt naked?” he asked.

“Both,” she answered, “although the nudity doesn’t really bother me.”

“It shouldn’t. You’re a beautiful young woman who – if what Mary Jane says is even half-true – doesn’t mind taking chances.”

“Just not like this,” added Mary Jane.

“Yeah…definitely not like this,” said Peter, “but that’s what we hope to change.”

He came off as so sincere and genuine. He even reached out and caressed her face, admiring her with a warmth Laura had rarely felt. As a prostitute, most of the men she dealt with looked at her as a piece of meat for them to taste. His admiration was completely different, so much so that Laura actually blushed, something she rarely did. It also helped that Peter was an attractive man. By any objective measures, he had many of the traits that a hormonal teenage girl would find attractive. He had a handsome face, a slender physique, and nicely toned muscles. He wasn’t the kind of bulky freak some girls admired. He wasn’t the kind of polished pretty boy that she’d seen Jubilee swoon over. Peter struck a perfect balance, of sorts, in terms of a man who was both attractive and real.

It wasn’t enough to send Laura’s hormones into overdrive, but it definitely got them going. Being near him, smelling his masculine scent and feeling his soft touch, helped trigger her arousal and it wasn’t of the combat variety.

“Before we go any further, I just want to make one thing clear,” said Peter in a more serious tone. “What happens in this room never has to leave it. Feel free to brag about how great it is all you want, but I’m not going to tell a soul about it.”

“Including Wolverine?” said Laura.

“Especially Wolverine,” he said in a more serious tone, “and for the sake of keeping this personal – and not incurring you’re old man’s considerable wrath – I ask that you forget my face and my name when all is said and done.”

“I’d ask you to do the same, Laura,” said Mary Jane. “It’s not just because Peter, here, is a stickler for privacy. Well, that’s part of it, but not for the reason you think.”

“I’d like to think it has more to do with context,” Peter went on. “You see, when Mary Jane pitched this to me, I wasn’t too sure about sharing an intimate experience with a teenage girl…especially
Wolverine’s daughter. Then, she told me a bit about what happened to you…the pain you’ve endured and the burdens you’ve had.”

“I doubt she told you everything,” said Laura.

“She didn’t have to or want to, for that matter. She just told me enough to convince me that you’ve been hurt. You need to heal in a way you haven’t healed before. And if you inherited Wolverine’s capacity for healing, then that’s saying something.”

“I did,” she affirmed, “and believe me…I know exactly what that says about my pain.”

“Then believe me when I say an experience like this needs to be a one-time thing…a single memory that acts as a catalyst for other experiences. I know the power of a single, defining memory better than most. That’s how this has to be in order for it to heal you in the way we want it to.”

He had a slight hint of pain in his voice. Laura doubted it came from his various experienced with Mary Jane Watson. Glancing over at the Red Queen, seeing how serious her demeanor had become, she figured there were some very personal undertones to Peter’s words. That was probably why Mary Jane picked him to give her whatever experienced she’d promised. It had to be personal, in addition to being pleasurable.

“I understand,” Laura told him. “If that is what’s necessary, I’ll honor your wishes. As soon as this is over, I will forget your name and your face. You have my word.”

“And if Wolverine ever asks?” Peter inquired in a half-serious tone.

“I’ll say he was a Skrull agent named Stan who fled to the other side of the universe.”

“Yeah, he’d buy that,” laughed Mary Jane.

“Doesn’t matter,” said Peter. “You gave me your word. Mary Jane vouches for you. That’s good enough for me!”

He smiled at her again, moving in a little closer so he could feel more of her naked body. Laura didn’t dare move a muscle, breathing deeper as he trailed his fingers down her face and over her chest. His admiration soon morphed into lust, but not of the crude, greedy kind she’d felt before.

‘He wants me, but he doesn’t want to have me. He is finds me attractive, but he doesn’t seek to buy me. He wants me to want him too…to share a feeling, rather than take it. I’ve only ever known men who are driven by selfishness and greed. To just be with a genuinely good man…it seems so basic, yet so overwhelming.’

Under his touch and gaze, Laura’s arousal escalated. She felt a distinct tingle on her skin wherever he touched. She also felt a distinct heat between her legs, one distinct from any she’d felt before. She’d been sexually aroused before, but not in such an intimate setting with a man like Peter.

Laura soon found herself reaching out and touching the older man’s upper body, feeling along his manly sinews and taking in his masculine scent. Once again, powerful instincts guided her, but not the kind that made her an effective killer. They were the instincts of a healthy, heterosexual woman in the presence of an attractive man. Something about that was both refreshing and exciting.

“I think she likes you, Tiger,” commented Mary Jane from across the room. “She has good tastes in men.”

“Great, and sexy, minds think alike,” Peter quipped.
“Then give her even more to appreciate,” she said. “Lose the towel.”

“Well, if that’s what she…”

Laura didn’t let him finish. She understood the idea of them doing the work for her, but her growing arousal bred impatience.

“Yes! That’s what I want,” Laura said firmly. “I want to see your cock.”

That sounded almost threatening. That, or she was hornier than she’d thought. It surprised Peter somewhat, but it did not dissuade him. With a casual shrug and a bemused grin, he undid the knot in his towel and let it fall to the floor, giving Laura an unobstructed view of his lower body. Whether by instinct or sheer arousal, her reaction was anything but subtle.

“Wow,” she said as she reached out and touched it.

“I take back what I just said earlier. She really likes you, Tiger,” Mary Jane teased.

“She likes parts of me,” he joked.

“Only because she hasn’t had a chance to appreciate them,” she added. “This is about what she wants. I say let her enjoy it.”

“Ignoring, of course, she could kick my ass if I didn’t let her.”

“That won’t be an issue,” Mary Jane said confidently. “When someone wants something that others are willing to give them, you don’t need to struggle. You just need to embrace and enjoy it!”

It sounded so logical, yet so novel to someone who’d spent all her life serving the agendas of others. For once, Laura had her own agenda. There was a handsome, naked, well-endowed man in front of her. She wanted his sex and he wanted to give it to her. No one needed to fight for it or take it. The feeling was freely given. Being able to grasp that feeling by her own choice was enough to intensify Laura’s arousal.

Peter stood perfectly still, letting her fondle his endowment with one hand while pawing his upper body with the other. The hot touch of warm, masculine flesh filled Laura with a mix of excitement and contentment. It actually felt good, just feeling another person’s body in a non-hostile way, creating that personal connection that was still so foreign to her. It was a connection she sought to strengthen.

“Please…touch me,” Laura told him.

“Um…okay,” said Peter. “Any particular part you want me to touch?”

“Anywhere,” she said. “I just…want to feel your hands on my body.”

Before he could ask for more specifics, Laura grabbed his wrists and guided his hands onto her body. She wasn’t subtle with her preferences either, putting one on her breasts and the other between her legs. It seemed to surprise him somewhat. Mary Jane probably told him to be extra careful with someone like her, a teenage girl with limited intimate experience. Laura understood the sentiment, but was not one to be overly careful.

“Like this,” said Laura intently. “Touch me…like this.”

“Well…if you say so,” said Peter nervously.
“And here I was thinking we’d have to take this slow,” commented Mary Jane.

Having made it clear that she wasn’t the patient type, the older man heeded her crude request. He began fondling her breast and rubbing the outer folds of her pussy. It evoked a deep, primal growl within her. However, they were not the sounds of a dangerous living weapon, driven by killer instincts. They were the echoes of a young, horny woman, exercising desires she’d never had a chance to explore.

‘There it is…that instinct that guides me through every battle and struggle. Except this time, it’s different…still so strong, yet so very different. It’s…enjoyable even.’

The intimate touching further fueled Laura’s growing arousal, turning the warmth between her legs into a full-blown heat. It led her to do more than just casually explore the flesh of an attractive man. In a sign of her growing sexual hunger, she leaned in and kissed around the muscular contours of his chest.

His flesh tasted surprisingly good, like a new treat she’d always wanted to try, but only ever saw others enjoy from afar. It quickly got messy, though. Laura’s primal lust made her a bit too eager in tasting the flesh of an attractive man. Peter didn’t seem to mind, though. He even chuckled a bit when she reached some ticklish spots, like his nipples.

He also tried to keep touching her as she’d requested, still fondling her pussy while caressing her naked flesh with his strong hands. She made that somewhat difficult for him when she leaned in closer, allowing more of her naked skin to press up against his. Peter adapted accordingly, shifting his grip to her butt and giving it a form squeeze that added more fuel to her lustful fire.

The area between her legs soon became so hot that Laura could barely stand. It was somewhat jarring. She’d been shot, beaten, blown up, and prodded all her life and always managed to maintain her poise. The idea that she would get so weak just from a little intimate touching with an attractive man seemed so inane. At the same time, it revealed the power of the feeling growing inside her.

“I think it’s safe to say she’s in the mood, now,” said Mary Jane, now casually leaning back on a nearby table, “and for all the right reasons!”

“I’ll say!” said Peter, chuckling again when her lips trailed over his nipples again.

“I can tell from here. Her heart is racing. Her pussy is wet. She needs relief and not just the sexy kind. For her, we need to go the extra mile.”

“Then that’s exactly what we’ll do,” he said.

Laura heard all that while still smothering her lips over Peter’s upper body. She only stopped once she realized that what she’d been doing wouldn’t get the job done. To get the relief they mentioned, she needed more. Being so new to the world of sex, pleasure, and intimacy, she once again had to trust in Mary Jane’s plan.

Still breathless, clinging to Peter’s arms to support herself under the weight of her hot arousal, she pulled away and looked up at him. There was a mix of lust and desperation in her gaze. He and Mary Jane held the key to giving her what she so desperately wanted. With each passing moment, she needed it more.

“Please…tell me what happens next,” Laura said while firmly clinging to his arms.

“Don’t worry. I’ll do most of the work from here on out,” Peter told her. “Mary Jane will help out when she can, but all you have to do is relax and enjoy it.”
“That may be harder for me than it should.”

“That is why I’m going to make it easier,” he said. “To do that, I’ll need you to get up on the massage table and lie on your stomach. I know certain parts of your body don’t want to calm down. Trust me. We’ll deal with that sooner rather than later.”

“I hope so,” she replied, not hiding the breadth of her sexual desire.

As much as Laura wanted to pounce the man before her and feed her primal instincts, she maintained her trust of him and Mary Jane. She’d already tasted the reward of such trust – literally, to some extent – and she wanted more.

Given such incentives, she released her grip on the attractive man before her and got on the massage table. It was so soft, warm, and comfortable, supporting her naked body in ways she didn’t think possible. The heat between her legs was still raging, but such warm comfort, combined with the ambience of the room, helped temper some of that raging desire.

It brought some sense of relief. All that intimate touching and intense arousal was overwhelming, straining her ability to contain her instincts. Logan had been teaching her to channel those instincts since she joined the X-men. While she doubted he intended for her to channel them in a sexual manner, it worked just as well.

‘Need to stay in control. Breathe deep, relax your limbs, and empty your mind. It’s hard enough on a good day. Being so horny…this is going to be a real challenge.’

As Laura did every relaxation technique she’d learned thus far, she saw Peter and Mary Jane out of the corner of her eye. They worked with a sense of urgency, opening the nearby draws and retrieving some intimate accessories.

Chief among them was a wooden bowl of hot, clear massage oil. It must have been pretty expensive because it smelled like a mix of roses, melted butter, and lavender. Such pleasant smells helped further relax her while keeping her arousal burning. Already brimming with anticipation, Laura steadied her breathing as Peter carried it over and placed the bowl on a stool next to the table.

“I’m going to give you a nice, thorough massage, now,” he whispered into her ear. “It’s going to feel good. I’m going to treat your body with the utmost care. You’re going to enjoy every minute of it, Laura. I promise.”

“Mmm…you better keep that promise,” said Laura.

“He will,” assured Mary Jane. “Peter is a man of his word.”

Laura was used to people breaking promises to her. She’d never hoped so much that a man she barely knew would keep his.

She remained perfectly still, breathing deep and doing her best to channel her raging desire, while Peter went to work. He began by lightly trailing his hand down her back, over her butt, and along her legs. His touch was so soft and smooth. For someone who regularly exercised in the Danger Room and endured punishment as part of her training, it was a very different feeling. It was as if she had to remind herself that her body was still capable of processing such gentle touch.

“You’re very strong, Laura. Nobody denies that,” he said to her, “but even strength needs a little tender touch every now and then. It’s how we remind ourselves that we’re human…that we prefer not being in pain. You’d be amazed how easy that is to forget.”
“No. I wouldn’t,” she replied.

Peter chuckled somewhat, but wasn’t dissuaded by her remark. If anything, he was even more motivated now. After feeling up her body, getting a feel for all her feminine curves, he reached into the bowl and took a handful of the oil. Then, like a skilled operative carrying out a well-orchestrated plan, he applied it to parts of her back, butt, and thighs. As soon as the hot oil touched her naked skin, Laura felt a warmth of contentment cover her body.

“Mmm…so warm,” she said. “I love how it feels…how it smells.”

“For what I paid for it, it damn well better,” teased Mary Jane.

“It gets better too,” said Peter.

He gave the oil a minute to settle on her body. Then, using the same soft hands with which she’d enjoyed earlier, he began rubbing it over her naked skin. The rubbing quickly turned to caressing. The caressing turned to deeper touching. Before she knew it, Laura was getting her first sensual massage.

Suddenly, tempering her primal urges didn’t seem so hard. The feeling of two strong, caring hands on her body had a relaxing, calming effect she’d never felt before. So much of her life had been built around enduring pain, not soaking in pleasure. For once, there was no need to brace, struggle, or strain herself through a feeling. She just had to lay still and enjoy it…a feeling freely given to her by another.

“That feels feels…good. It feels…really good,” said Laura, her voice barley above a whisper.

“Glad to hear,” said Peter. “Mary Jane gave me extensive training in massaging the female body. I like to think I’m more equipped than most to give this to you.”

“It also helps that you’re a fast learner, Tiger,” said Mary Jane.

Laura couldn’t help but smile at their lurid undertone. She imagined Mary Jane enjoyed training him a great deal. It showed just how determined she was to carry out her plan. Cyclops might have been a great tactician against the X-men’s enemies. Charles Xavier might be a great visionary for mutant peace. However, when it came to matters of sex, Mary Jane prowess was second to none.

Whatever extensive training Mary Jane had given, it proved very effective. With the oil providing the smooth, slippery warmth, Peter’s worked his hands up and down her nude form with uncanny skill. He started with her lower back, targeting various muscles before making his way down her thighs and legs. With every muscle he touched, a fresh bit of contentment washed over her body.

He was never too rough or forceful. In fact, he made it a point to be gentler than he needed to be. Considering how used to hard, physical training she was, it was somewhat fitting…a man being so gentle with her for once.

‘A gentle touch…gentle, intimate, and sensual. I didn’t know I wanted it. I had no idea I needed it. But it’s nice to know I can feel it.’

The contentment spread as Peter worked his way down to her feet, even giving her toes a little attention. He also paid extra attention to her butt, making it clear he appreciated it. That evoked an extra purr from Laura, reminding him that she was still very horny and very much aroused. She hoped he would get around to addressing that situation at some point, but continued to exercise patience. It had already paid off thus far. She hoped it would continue to do so.
“She’s got a nice ass for a young woman,” Mary Jane commented.

“That, she does,” said Peter.

“She should be proud of it. I hope she has a chance to use it…on her terms, that is.”

“Well, maybe we can *inspire* her.”

It was a not-so-subtle observation masked as a suggestion. Mary Jane had proven to Laura that she had a sexual side that she hadn’t been able to explore for reasons far beyond her control. She made clear that her experience today shouldn’t be a one-time thing. That was something Laura would definitely have to contemplate at some point. For now, though, she focused on enjoying the feeling.

Eventually, Peter’s hands had explored the entire length of her body from the back of her neck to her feet. Once he made his way back up to her shoulders, he gave a few specific muscles a thorough rubbing that evoked another vocal moan. Even with a healing factor, his touch seemed to mend her in ways she didn’t think possible. It was so relaxing that she almost forgot he had only done half of her body.

“Are you ready to turn over?” Peter asked her.

“That depends,” she replied.

“On what?” he asked.

“Will that get me closer to feeling your dick inside me? Because at some point, I want that to be part of this feeling…sooner and not later.”

That was unexpectedly blunt. She heard Mary Jane chuckle somewhat in approval. She was dead serious, though. At some point, Laura wanted sex. Whatever elaborate plan she and Peter had worked out, sex needed to be part of that. The balance between patience and instinct only went so far, especially with her.

“In that case, I’d say you’re ready,” said Peter. “Go ahead and turn over.”

“We’ll even skip a few steps,” added Mary Jane. “I think you’ll appreciate our approach.”

“Is that another promise?”

“No. It’s a guarantee!”

Seeing as how Mary Jane had built her reputation on guarantees of pleasure, Laura had no reason to doubt her. Without even contemplating what it entailed, she turned over so that she laid flat on her back atop the massage table.

She saw Peter hovering over her, still grinning in admiration of her naked body. Laura urged him with her eyes to keep touching her. He got the message loud and clear. His hands dripped with the massage gel and he eagerly cracked his knuckles in preparation for more. As he gathered more hot massage oil from the bowl, she saw Mary Jane walk over and stand by the other side of the table.

“Close your eyes, Laura. Let Peter work his magic,” the Red Queen told her.

“And what will you do?” Laura asked.

“Something I know you’ll enjoy!” she said.
Not needing more convincing, Laura took a deep breath and closed her eyes, as Mary Jane asked. She tried to relax, which was much easier after such a thorough rubdown on her back. The other part of her body was more than ready for a similar treatment…some parts more so than others.

As Laura settled into a more relaxed state, she felt Peter apply large doses of oil over her upper body. The first bit was right around her breasts. The second was around her lower torso just above her pussy. The third was around her upper thighs. Just as before, the hot oil felt so soothing on her naked skin. It only got better once Peter began using his hands.

Once again, he was gentle and careful, starting around her breasts and working his way down her torso and legs. He was very thorough, focusing on individual muscles with his fingers before using his palms to hit larger groups. The same muscles she once strained daily relaxed under his touch, as if to sink into a pool of warmth. It might very well be the most relaxed her body had ever been, on top of being so horny.

“Mmm…that feels even better than before!” said Laura with a content purr.

“I’d say it gets better, but I think that would be redundant at this point,” joked Peter.

“Redundant, but accurate,” added Mary Jane.

Shortly after she said that, Laura felt another set of hands on her body, which quickly recognized them as belonging to Mary Jane. That became obvious as soon as she felt her touch on her pussy. There was no fumbling around or playful teasing. Armed with a handful of fresh massage oil, which she must have prepared while Peter worked her back, she went right for her most sensitive areas, touching her clit and outer folds. Who else could touch the human body with such skill and understanding?

“Mmm…accurate indeed,” said Laura.

“Shh. Just lay back and enjoy it, Laura,” Peter told her. “Mary Jane’s a professional…the best, in fact.”

“And don’t either of you forget it!”

With confidence that could only come from the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club, Mary Jane went to work massaging Laura’s pussy while Peter took care of the rest of her body. Her skilled touch sent sharp surges of sensations up through her body, causing muscles to tense as the heat in her core turned into a raging inferno. Peter’s soft touch help complement those sensations. It created a unique blend, of sorts, between ecstasy and contentment.

All that patience the former living weapon had been exercising effectively melted away. Her thoughts became a haze of pleasure and desire. All those instincts that she’d honed through years of training as X-23 took on a whole new dimension. The same instincts that helped her survive torture and hardship were now leading her to a feeling of raw, untapped bliss.

‘Pleasure…peace…contentment…I feel it all. It feels…so good. I’ve never felt…this good before.’

With every breath she took, Laura ascended towards a special peak…one that promised to redefine her understanding of female biology. Peter must have sensed it too because he intensified his efforts, working her hands along the length of her body with more urgency.

From the base of her neck, down past her breasts, and around her toes, he made sure every inch of her naked body was covered in oil and subject to his tender touch. All the while, Mary Jane made sure her pussy was subject to extra scrutiny. She even used both hands, using two fingers to stimulate
her clit and two more to stimulate her inner folds. She poured fuel on the raging fire within while Peter made sure it burned hot enough.

Through their intimate touching, Peter and Mary Jane guided her towards that ultimate peak. There was no struggle or effort on her part. It was as if they’d both taken them in their arms and carried her into that unknown world of bliss that she thought she’d never know. She’d never been so happy to be so wrong.

“I…I’m close…so close! I’m gonna…gonna come!” Laura cried out, sounding desperate with every word.

“Go on, Laura. Do it!” urged Mary Jane. “That’s what we want for you. After everything you’ve suffered…everything you’ve overcome…you deserve this!”

It was debatable whether she – or any former living weapon, for that matter – deserved such pleasure. They were past the point of debate though. Laura was going to climax. It came at her like a tsunami, hitting her from every angle, overwhelming every one of her enhanced senses. Unlike so many other forces that hit her so hard, she eagerly succumbed.

“Ohhhhh fuck!” she exclaimed.

Her roars echoed through throughout the opulent room. She swore she heard the candles on the wall flicker. The raging fire inside her core morphed into an erupting volcano, unleashing a torrent of pleasure that reverberated throughout her body, from head to toe.

It was like something had been unlocked inside her…a feeling that had always been there, but buried so deep that only a skilled set of hands could hope to unlock it. In that sense, Peter and Mary Jane demonstrated a level of skill that even a former living weapon couldn’t deny.

‘Wow! So intense…so much pleasure…wow. So hot, yet still warm. So soothing, yet so intense. Never thought that I could…that I should feel such pleasure.’

For however long that powerful, profound ecstasy consumed her, Laura made sure to soak up every ounce of the feeling. It felt like something she needed to embrace…to cling to during times of pain and sorrow. It might very well be the most important feeling she’d experienced since she escaped her creators.

When the last ripple of pleasure finally passed, Laura let out a deep sigh and opened her eyes to see Peter and Mary Jane with wide grins on their face. She must have been a bit theatrical in her orgasm.

They didn’t seem to mind though.

“Damn! And I thought you were loud climaxed,” teased Peter.

“I’m not easily impressed, especially when it comes to orgasms,” said Mary Jane, “but I guess even a professional whore can be surprised every now and then.”

“I know you say she needed this, but I hope we didn’t overdo it.”

“Trust me…you didn’t,” said Laura, still breathless.

Her voice left no room for argument. It also made clear that, while her peak had been overwhelming, the onslaught of pleasure had not satiated her desire. That primal side that she had been managing earlier had once again taken hold. Instead of fighting or survival, though, the animal had just one goal…to fuck.
“What you just did for me…what I just felt,” she said, “I want more! Please…give me more!”

Peter and Mary Jane exchanged glances, once again impressed by her animated response. If there were any parts of their plan that didn’t involve her fucking someone, then they had to drop them. There could be no further delay.

“Well, she did ask nicely,” said Mary Jane.

“You sure about that? It kind of sounded like a threat…a very sexy threat, but still a threat,” said Peter.

“All the more reason to skip to the finale!”

Mary Jane then took the bowl of massage oil and set it aside. She then walked over to the other side of the table and stood next to Peter, whose greasy hands remained securely on her body.

“You don’t need to make demands, Laura. You’re gonna get what you want. Peter is going to fuck you and fuck you good,” Mary Jane told her.

“He better,” said Laura, shooting the older man a predatory grin.

“Which is why he’s gonna eat your pussy out to get it nice and wet again,” said Mary Jane. “I’m also gonna suck his dick so that he’s good and hard when he thrusts it in.”

“No more planning. Just fucking!” Laura told them.

That silenced any further discussion of elaborate plans. Now, everything was simplified. There was no deeper purpose to the experience. It was just about fucking and maximizing the feeling. Peter and Mary Jane had guided her into a state of focused, primal lust and Laura had every intention of embracing it.

She didn’t wait for her pussy to stop throbbing from her orgasm. As soon as Peter turned her body so that he could easily access her inner thighs, she hitched her legs over his shoulders and shoved her pussy up into his face. Almost immediately, he began eating her out.

“Yes! Taste me…feel me,” said Laura. “I want it…so bad!”

“Mmm…” was all Peter got out.

“Go ahead and get that pussy ready. I’ve got you covered down here,” said Mary Jane.

Laura barely noticed Mary Jane dropping to her knees and focusing on Peter’s cock, which was already semi-hard. Massaging a naked teenage girl and bringing her to orgasm had that effect on a healthy man. Laura needed him to be fully erect, though, and Mary Jane was more than happy to help in that effort. It was the only way he would be able to fuck her in the way that Laura craved.

‘I want that cock inside me. I never thought I’d ever want it so bad. Is this normal? Is this how a healthy young woman is supposed to feel about sex?’

She was very blunt with her cravings, elevating her hips and effectively humping Peter’s face as he ate her out. There was no refined technique or gentle teasing, like before. He just worked his tongue inside her inner folds, gorging on her feminine juices and stimulating her depths.

A fresh flood of hot sensations followed. Laura let out another round of deep moans. They were more feral, though, as though her body had become more receptive to the feeling. It definitely
showed in other ways. Laura found herself arching her body, grasping her own breasts, and curling her toes at the white-hot feeling flowed through her.

Any reservations that might have made her reconsider her desire for sex faded quickly. That hot fire from earlier continued to rage within her core, fueling a desire that had only been partially satisfied. She was ready to fuck. Laura had no intention of leaving the room until the full extent of that desire had been met and if the look in Peter’s eye was any indication, he was just as intent on keeping his promise.

“Okay, Tiger!” said Mary Jane, rising up from the floor. “You’re good to go. Time to finish the job!”

“Yes…way past time,” said Peter, upon pulling himself away from Laura’s pussy.

He also sounded drunk on lust. Between massaging her and getting his dick sucked by Mary Jane Watson, how could he not? It was just the kind of mindset Laura needed him in. She cast him one last look of urging, letting him know that it was okay to unleash his own pent up desires as well.

“What?” Laura asked bluntly.

Without so much as a nod, Peter got up onto the massage table. His grip never left her thighs as he sat propped on his knees and positioned himself between her legs. It gave Laura a clear view of his rigid dick. Mary Jane had once again showed why she was the Red Queen. She’d gotten him to a maximum state of arousal, ready to fuck her.

Peter’s endowment was somewhat bigger than expected, compared to the men she used to service as a prostitute. That didn’t dissuade her in the slightest, though. She wanted that cock inside her and nothing, short of an attack by Galactus, was going to stop that.

“Here it comes, Laura,” he told her.

“Please…fuck me,” she said intently.

Upon aligning his pelvis with hers, Peter pushed her legs apart a little further so that they were in a perfect, spread-eagle position. Then, with a single thrust of his hips, he drove his cock into the waiting depths of her pussy. In an instant, Laura’s world became awash in a flood of new sensations.

“Ohhhh yes!” she cried out. “That…That’s what I want!”

Peter responded only with a manly grunt. With his lustful gaze locked on her, he paused for a brief moment, as if to just enjoy the feeling of her tight pussy around his cock. Then, he began moving his hips, pumping his member within her inner folds and working his naked flesh against hers.

Unlike her past sexual experiences, there was no discomfort or pain when his dick entered her. The heat from her arousal, as well as the lingering juices from her first orgasm, made for the smoothest possible penetration. It was as if her body welcomed Peter’s flesh, doing everything possible to make their union a pleasurable one for both of them.

It was a far cry from callous, dispassionate sex she’d endured as a teenage prostitute. Even clients she found attractive didn’t make it feel nearly as pleasurable. Then again, she’d never opened herself so completely to a new feeling, doing something out of raw desire rather than sheer desperation. It didn’t just unlock a hidden part of her sexuality. It changed her understanding of what it meant to be intimate with someone.

‘I’m doing it. I’m having sex with this man…this man I don’t know and promised to forget. He’s inside me. His dick…so deep inside me. And it feels good! It feels so fucking good! It never felt this
good before. Does this mean I’ve been doing sex wrong the whole time?’

No matter how poorly she had approached sex in the past, there was no getting around the power of the moment unfolding before her. She was having sex with an attractive man she’d just met and was enjoying every part of it.

Laura let out a steady string of moans that reverberated throughout the room, shifting from feral to downright gleeful. She felt her body – and the entire massage table, for that matter – rock with each forward thrust Peter delivered. Her breasts bounced and her legs shifted erratically to the whims of her wild passions. She even elevated her hips slightly, supplementing Peter’s thrust with a little extra force of her own. It was her way of communicating the extent of her desires, which only encouraged him to step up his efforts.

“Ohhh fuck! Laura…so hot…so tight!” he grunted in between thrusts.

“Yes! That’s it! Harder, Peter! Fuck me…harder!” Laura cried out.

Such a lurid request felt more like a reflex than a conscious desire. It didn’t matter, though. Peter did as she asked, stepping up the pace of his thrusting and pumping his cock harder into her pussy. He even leaned over a bit so he could taste her naked body with his lips, kissing down her neck and over her cleavage, allowing his manly sinews to glide against her feminine curves.

It made for a more intimate feeling, one that went beyond basic pleasure. It was part of that personal connection that was still so new to Laura. When she felt Peter’s lips trail down her neck, it felt like real affection…the kind two ordinary people with distinctly human passions shared. It was personal, as well as pleasurable, adding new dimensions to an experience she’d once thought she couldn’t feel.

“You’re doing it, Laura!” said Mary Jane, who stood near the head of the table. “You feel that? This is sex…the kind that fulfills a fundamental need. You’ve gone so long without meeting that need…or even knowing how. Now, you know!”

Laura barely heard the older woman’s words, but she let her blissful expression say everything that needed to be said. As Peter’s labored grunts and her vocal moans echoed throughout the room, the intensely intimate sensations escalated.

It was going to happen again. She was going to have another orgasm. She felt it coming strong, like another tsunami she could see forming in the distance and racing towards her. Laura had never experienced multiple orgasms in a single sex act. In fact, she couldn’t recall ever having multiple orgasms in a single day. Apparently, her body had a far greater capacity for pleasure than she thought.

“Oh yes! Ooh fuck! Again! Going to…come…again!” she panted.

“Mmm…Laura,” said Peter, his face buried in her neck. “That’s exactly…what I want for you.”

Peter, still intensely focused on imparting an experience to her, maintained a rigorous pace to their sex. The way he kissed down her neck and felt up her naked, oil-soaked body carried meaning beyond the sex. It showed he really wanted to please her…that someone was capable of wanting to please her.

‘He’s telling the truth. He cares about my pleasure…my happiness. Someone else cares about whether I feel good…that I am content in this world.’

As Laura relished the feeling, along with the realizations that came with it, she threw her arms around Peter’s neck and smothered his face with her lips. She also angled her legs back, spreading
her legs a bit wider so he could penetrate deeper with each thrust. He must have sensed she was that close because he really stepped it up, digging his feet and knees into the table as he pumped his cock inside her pussy.

It set the stage for another overwhelming orgasm. As soon as that tsunami of ecstasy hit, Laura dug her nails into Peter’s back, curled her toes, and threw her head back as she let out a howl of ecstasy. It was every bit as powerful as before. Her body shuddered under the onslaught of the pleasure, intense ripples of sensations reverberating from head to toe. She felt her pussy throb hard around Peter’s cock, so much so that he had to steady his thrusting.

“Wow,” commented an impressed Mary Jane, “and you say I’m loud during sex.”

“I stand…corrected,” said a breathless Peter, now holding onto the sides of the table as Laura soaked in the pleasure.

It would’ve been funny if she hadn’t been so awash in ecstasy. Unlike the first time, the feeling wasn’t so alien. Having just one orgasm like that could be considered a fluke. Another orgasm, one that was every bit as pleasurable and liberating, established a new precedent.

What Laura had just experienced was no fluke. Such feelings of bliss and intimacy weren’t some distant concept that she could never grasp. They were real. She could experience them like any other young woman who hadn’t been a living weapon or a teenage prostitute. There was something inherently profound about that realization. It felt like something she needed to know in order to build a life as Laura Kinney and not former Weapon X-23.

It was a lot to take in, but the former living weapon hadn’t completely lost herself in the moment. As she soaked in the ecstasy, she opened her eyes and focused on Peter. He was still on top of her. His dick was still inside her. He was also pretty winded, having gone out of his way to ensure her pleasure. He more than kept his promise to her, setting him apart from most of the men she’d known in her life. That kind of dedication and commitment couldn’t go unrewarded.

“Peter,” said Laura, whispering into his ear.

“Yes, Laura?” he said, still catching his breath.

“Now, it’s your turn!”

In an unexpected burst of energy, the former living weapon grasped Peter by the shoulders and pushed him up slightly so that she had room to maneuver. Then, with the agility and flexibility that a lifetime of training had afforded her, she withdrew his cock from her pussy and adjusted her body so that she was now on all fours with her butt facing him.

“Go on,” she said, still very much in an orgasmic daze. “Put it back in. Keep fucking me until you come!”

“Are you…” he began, still dazed himself.

“Yes, damn it! I want you to come. I want you to feel as good as I felt.”

She couldn’t tell if he was surprised or just not expecting it to happen so fast. If the look on Mary Jane’s face was any indication – who she was now directly facing from the head of the table – it was probably a little of both.

“You heard her, Tiger!” said Mary Jane. “You kept your promise. I think she wants to reward you.”
“It’s…a hell of a reward,” he said, sounding eager to accept it.

“It’s not just a reward,” said Laura. “It’s something more…so much more.”

A less horny man might have asked more questions. Peter’s silence revealed just how little those questions mattered. He’d been holding back for her. Now, he could finally vent the rest of his lust and Laura was happy to oblige him.

Taking full advantage of their new position, Peter grabbed her by the waist and rose up so that he had both feet firmly planted on the plush massage table. He then guided his still-erect cock, which was dripping with her juices, back into her pussy. As soon as his rigid flesh penetrated hers, he built a new sexual rhythm…one devoid of restraint or doubt.

“Yeah! So good!” he grunted through his fervent thrusts. “It feels…so hot…so good!”

As her body rocked once more to the heated motions of their sex, Laura grasped the sides of the table. Various parts of her lower body were still throbbing, her pussy still tender from the aftermath of another orgasm. It didn’t matter, though. If there was any discomfort, her desire to share the feeling with Peter vastly overshadowed it.

She held on and let out a fresh round of moans. The sound of Peter’s pelvis smacking against her ass echoed throughout the room. Those intense, intimate sensations from earlier took on a new dynamic. Instead of her pleasure, it was Peter following the feeling. She could sense in the way his body moved with hers, needing her to realize that feeling every much as she needed him. It felt so fitting, not to mention uniquely satisfying.

As her and Peter’s sex filled the room with heat and moans, Mary Jane watched intently. If the scent emanating between her legs were any indication, she was getting aroused too. At one point, the older woman walked up to the head of the massage table and caressed Laura’s face, as if to admire the lust-filled expression in her face.

“You feel that, Laura?” said Mary Jane. “He shared this feeling with you. Now, you’re sharing this feeling with him. This is the feeling you never got on the streets…that you were never allowed to feel. It’s not just about two people fucking. It’s about sharing a feeling…a beautiful, intimate feeling.”

She made it sound so poetic, the simple act of having sex with a man she barely knew being such an overwhelming experience. Laura didn’t know much about poetry, but she understood the larger message. She understood it better than she ever thought she could.

Still immersed in the sex, Laura grinned and moaned with delight as Peter made the final push for his peak. He stepped up the pace, really working his cock hard within the tight folds of her pussy to get him to that special threshold. Mary Jane even shot him a few looks of encouragement, which seemed to give him that extra push he needed to go over the edge.

“Ohhhh God! I’m coming, Laura! I’m coming!” he exclaimed.

“Yes…come for me, Peter! Come!” Laura urged him.

After a few more hard thrusts, the sexual pace finally steadied. Then, Laura felt his grip on her waist intensify as he drove his cock into her as far as it would go in preparation for his release. She even felt Mary Jane place her hands over hers, helping her brace for the coming peak.

In a burst of orgasmic release, Peter let out a deep, masculine grunt that filled the room. Laura felt his cock throb hard inside her pussy as it unleashed a load of cum deep into her depths. He must have
been holding back a great deal because it was quite a load. She could even feel some of it spilling out from her pussy.

That intimate mixture of his fluids mixing with hers – a manifestation of an intimate, primal, and passionate act – left an impact almost as intense as any orgasm. Laura had felt men come inside her before. She’d even felt men enjoy themselves while having sex with her. She’d never really shared that enjoyment, though. The idea of feeling such pleasure with someone, connecting with them both physically and intimately, seemed so distant…a long, lost piece of her humanity that her creators had taken. Once again, she’d proven them wrong.

‘I hope Rice and his goons are seeing this from whatever Hell they’re in, right now. I want them to see just how wrong they were...how much they failed.’

Laura lingered in her position, letting Peter enjoy his ecstasy as much as he needed. Eventually, the feeling settled. His dick stopped throbbing and his grip on her eased, the moment and the feeling having passed.

His balance also faltered somewhat. He withdrew his dripping cock from her pussy, fell back to his knees, and leaned over as certain muscles failed him. He ended up holding onto her waist for leverage, his head ending up on her upper back. Laura used that as an opportunity to turn her head and kiss the side of his sweaty face, throwing in a touch of affection to go along with the bliss.

“Did you enjoy that, Peter?” she asked him a coy, yet casual tone.

“Yeah…that was great,” he said with that goofy grin she often saw on men after they had sex.

“Good. I hope it was as enjoyable for you as it was for me. That’s…a strange thing for me to say to someone after sex.”

“And it shouldn’t be,” said Mary Jane. “Moving forward, I hope it isn’t.”

“I hope so too,” said Laura.

They both cast her a warm smile. Laura found herself smiling back and she didn’t smile at much. It felt good. It felt like something she wanted to do more often...in addition to the sex, of course. Now, it felt like she actually could enjoy such feelings.

As Laura contemplated the larger implications, Peter and Mary Jane gave her some room to get comfortable again. Peter got off the massage table so Laura could turn over and lay back on her arms. Mary Jane even joined her, getting up on the table and sitting next to her while Peter continued catching his breath.

They remained close to her, even offering a few light gestures to maintain a sense of intimacy. It helped reinforce the message they’d sent with their elaborate plan. While it didn’t need much enforcing, Laura still appreciated the reminder.

“I like to think this makes us completely even now,” said Mary Jane.

“How so?” asked Laura.

“You helped me a while back with Caesar. There’s no way I’d be the Red Queen of the Hellfire Club today if it hadn’t been for you.”

“Or meet a guy who wants to love to you more than he wants to own you,” added Peter, “although I doubt that guys knew the difference.”
“He didn’t. He was going to put me in a cage. He was going to make me his personal plaything. You stopped that, Laura. Consider this part of my payment…giving you a good massage, great sex, and a kinky way to connect with people.”

The thought of what Jonathan Caesar might have done to Mary Jane was disturbing. Had she not been so content after such a pleasurable experience, she would’ve growled angrily at the idea. She knew better than most what it felt like to be thrown in a cage and used by someone. The idea that she helped someone else escape such a cruel fate made all the feelings they’d just shared more satisfying.

“Your payment was not necessary, Mary Jane,” said Laura, “although it was very much appreciated.”

“Too late! It’s paid in full,” she said jokingly. “I hope it pays off in other ways down the line.”

“It definitely will, I assure you,” she said. “I thought my ability to be intimate with others was gone forever, as well as my ability to enjoy it. I’m glad I was wrong.”

“So am I,” said Peter curtly, “so very glad.”

“Speak for yourself, Tiger,” said Mary Jane, giving her lover a playful swat.

“I think it’s obvious now. My instincts were already strong,” Laura went on. “These instincts, though…well, it would seem they’re stronger than I suspected. My time as a prostitute might have twisted those instincts, but I’d like to change that. I’d like to keep exploring them…this time on my terms.”

Mary Jane cast her another smile. She had that glint in her eye again…the one that had the uniquely sensual overtone. Peter had it too, although his was one of amusement. Laura had already come to appreciate such a sexual sentiment. It seemed her time at the Hellfire Club had helped awaken more than just her sexual side.

“Careful, Laura. Mary Jane might end up recruiting you as another queen,” said Peter, “or a princess, in this case.”

“Laura Kinney, the Black Princess?” said Mary Jane. “I like that!”

“Well, if it helps me become less of what my creators wanted me to be, I’d be interested,” said Laura.

“Guess we’ll have to wait and see,” said the Red Queen. “Until then, we’ve got this room for another half-hour. What do you say we make the most of it?”

Now, it was Laura’s turn to cast someone a sexy smile. It was still a new feeling, but one she enjoyed a great deal and was eager to embrace on a greater level. So with a newfound energy, as well as her newly-discovered sexy instincts, the former living weapon embraced Peter and Mary Jane in anticipation of more intimate acts. No longer a weapon or a lost soul, it marked another step in rebuilding her life and her soul.

‘I’m not what they made me. I’m not a thing…a weapon…a tool. I’m human. I’m a woman…one who can still connect with others. I also REALLY enjoy sex. That’s a nice bonus…one I look forward to embracing.’

THE END
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