The Erotic Phoenix Saga: Intimate Alliance

by MarvelMaster616

Summary

It's bold new world for Cyclops and Jean Grey. Having embraced the power and perspective of the Phoenix Force, they seek to forge their own path through X-Corp. With it, they hope to pursue a new vision for human and mutants alike. To achieve that vision, though, they'll need allies. Some will have to be more "intimate" than others. But while X-Corp takes shape, the Goblin Queen forms some alliances of her own.
AN: The following is the second volume of the Erotic Phoenix Saga. If you haven’t read the first volume, I recommend you read that first because it helps set up this story. It’s going to have a different structure in that I’ll bounce around various parts of the Marvel Universe. I hope to use this volume as a way of having Cyclops and Jean Grey hook up and get intimate with other characters. That means much of the events in this story take place within the two-year time jump that Emma Frost experienced at the end of the first volume. I still have plans for her, though, so don’t worry. You haven’t seen the last of her.

‘These mean character thoughts or psychic communication.’

Disclaimer: I do not own X-men or any other Marvel characters. They are the property of Disney. I am making no money off of this. Please don’t sue.

This story contains graphic sexual content. If you are uncomfortable with this sort of content, I discourage you from reading it. As always, I encourage everyone to submit reviews and feedback. Email it to me directly or post it on the website. Thank you and enjoy!

Headquarters Of X-Corp (Under Construction) – New Mexico

“Every great dream starts as a bold idea. Within that bold idea are often many possible journeys. It’s up to us to choose the right journey for us.”

Professor Charles Xavier had said those powerful words during orientation at the Xavier Institute for Higher Learning. For Jean Grey-Summers, they resonated a great deal. She first heard that speech as a scared young mutant, unsure of her place in the world. Its impact only grew as she navigated her unique journey.

She embraced Charles Xavier’s dream of peace and understanding.

She became a member of the X-Men.

She became a superhero, saving a world full of people who hated and feared her kind.

She met and fell in love with Scott Summers.

She and her love became hosts for the Phoenix Force.

They survived the ordeal, gaining a new perspective on life, love, and the connections that bound everyone and everything.

Now, having married Scott and embraced their new perspective, she was ready to begin a new journey. She and Scott had chosen to leave the X-Men, entrusting Professor Xavier to continue pursuing his dream through the capable hands of a new team led by Storm, Wolverine, Colossus, Nightcrawler, and Banshee. However, they weren’t done using their gifts to create a better world for humans and mutants. Along with a new perspective came a new approach that required
reconnecting with old friends.

“So this is the future headquarters of X-Corp?” said an unimpressed, but upbeat Bobby Drake. “Not bad, but this place will definitely need a little TLC.”

“We’re aware of its unflattering state, Bobby. We’re plenty equipped to handle it,” assured a confident Scott Summers.

“I hope that doesn’t just mean running up the balance on Warren’s credit card,” Bobby teased.

“Trust me. It doesn’t,” the former X-Leader assured. “Our plans for X-Corp go beyond fixing up an old research facility for Worthington Pharmaceuticals.”

“No need to convince me, Scott. I’ve been going over the particulars all weekend,” said Warren as he walked alongside his old friend. “You and Jean are doing some exciting stuff…the kind that spurs investment, opportunity, and everything else my dad obsesses over every fiscal quarter.”

“It’s more than exciting, my friend,” said the always-measured Hank McCoy. “You’re attempting a bold new strategy in aligning the interests of humans and mutants. Finding others in need, teaching them to control their talents, connecting them with lucrative opportunities that will surely change their lives…it’s a beautifully nuanced, yet wonderfully pragmatic approach!”

“Glad to hear you’re so excited about it, Hank,” said Jean. “That’s why Scott and I have hired you as our research and education coordinator. In terms of turning strategy into results, you’ll be on the front lines.”

“Except, instead of teaching mutants to fight Sentinels, you’ll be teaching them to develop a more productive use for their powers,” Scott added. “I won’t lie to you, Hank. It’s going to be challenging, more so than anything you’ve done at the Brand Corporation.”

“Do not try to dissuade me, my friend. I wouldn’t have resigned from my position on the spot if I weren’t enamored with X-Corp’s vision. I can think of no better use for my talents than to research, teach, and guide young mutants into more productive fields.”

“And if the results you got with that Sally Blevins kid you found, you’ll have a steady stream of investments and gratitude from Worthington Industries,” added Warren.

“Among many others, I hope,” said Scott.

The spirits of her former teammates were high, even as she and Scott led them through the blighted facility that was set to become X-Corp’s main headquarters. Bobby was right to note its poor condition. It was one of the reasons why she and Scott were able to buy it so cheaply from Warren’s father. He was only too eager to get the old pharmaceutical facility off his hands. According to his lawyer, it had been gathering dust since its main researchers were reassigned. It left behind a building that had plenty of office space, some living quarters, and several mid-level laboratories. It just lacked personnel and investment.

Jean and Scott jumped at the chance to buy it. That came as somewhat a surprise to both Warren and his dad. It was located in a part of New Mexico that didn’t have many major landmarks and the nearest city, Albuquerque, was more than 30 miles away. They had no idea that it was also less than 10 miles away from that fateful site in the desert where they’d first arrived after their encounter with the Phoenix Force.

The memories were still so fresh, landing in the desert, completely naked, and impassioned with cosmic power and newfound perspective. The idea of having X-Corp based so close to that fateful
site seemed fitting. It also ensured they could pay it a visit whenever they wanted.

‘Are we ever going to tell them how close we are to our special spot in the desert, Jean?’

‘You’re assuming Logan didn’t already tell them that whole story in vivid detail.’

‘I get the sense Warren knows we chose New Mexico as X-Corp’s base for a reason. I also sense he’s very curious about everything that’s happened to us…more so than most.’

‘I know. I sense it too. And don’t worry. I’ll clear the air. For now, let’s stick to our story. We’re picking this place because it’s cheap, it’s near a major city, and we love the scenery.’

Scott cast her a loving smile as he held her hand while she latched onto his shoulder, following their former teammates through the main foyer of the facility. There was already a small army of contractors hard at work, clearing out the old amenities to make way for the new that were on their way. Many of them came courtesy of Warren and his father, who’d made Worthington Industries one of X-Corp’s first investors.

Even Warren’s father, who had his share of reservations about mutants, had seen the lucrative benefits of X-Corp’s vision. Helping Sally “Skids” Belevins find a well-paying job as a hazardous materials specialist was just the beginning. There were countless other mutants like her in the world, overwhelmed by their powers and lost in the world. X-Corp wouldn’t just give them sanctuary and purpose. They would help them become contributors for a world in which humans and mutants alike prospered.

Providing that help would take resources, more than a single billionaire could provide. As they made their way through the heart of the building and into the central hub, parts of that vision were already taking shape.

“Make no mistake, guys. We’re putting every penny of those investments to good use,” said Scott. “We’ve already designated several floors as classrooms and training areas. We’ve set up a few others to be makeshift dormitories and living quarters. And Hank, you’ll have three whole floors and the basement to use for research and lab work.”

“I only needed the basement, but you just had to compound the temptation,” Hank replied as he looked over several schematics.

“Well, since X-Corp is a non-profit organization, we have to be creative in attracting quality personnel,” said Scott.

“Good thing we’ve become so adept at channeling temptation,” said Jean coyly.

That earned her a humored grin from her husband and a curious glance from Warren, but neither Hank nor Bobby noticed. They were too busy looking at all the space they had to work with, looking up into the heart of the building and all the potential it contained.

“We’ve got plans for a makeshift Danger Room, albeit one with less emphasis on real danger,” said Scott. “Jean has also been working with the Professor to install a smaller version of Cerebro. That way we can coordinate with the X-Men, should the need arise.”

“But don’t worry. We intend to leave the Sentinel-fighting heroics to them,” added Jean. “They’ll save the world. We’ll help it prosper.”

“Hey, I’m not complaining,” said Bobby. “I’ve spent time with the X-Men, the Champions, and the Defenders…all while getting my degree from UCLA. I’m ready for a little balance in my life.”
“You think accounting will help you find balance, Bobby?” said Warren.

“Last I checked, numbers on a spreadsheet don’t shoot lasers at you or hijack nuclear missile silos,” he said with a shrug. “Besides, I can still put my Iceman skills to good use every now and then. Hell, they’re probably more valuable here in the desert.”

“We’ll need skills of all kinds to make X-Corp work,” Scott went on. “While this place is coming together, Jean and I will have to do some recruiting. We’ll need investors, donors, sponsors… everything necessary to make this a successful non-profit.”

“All without an X-jet?” Bobby noted. “You guys have your work cut out for you. So much for an extended honeymoon.”

“Don’t be so sure about that, Bobby,” said Jean, hugging her husband’s arm a little tighter.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” he replied with a raised eyebrow.

“More than your immature mind can handle, I’m afraid,” quipped Scott.

Bobby cast them a bemused glance while Warren and Beast grew more curious. Jean just blushed, her lack of subtlety finally catching up with her. Scott, to his credit, maintained a more professional poise. He had to in that fresh suit he’d borrowed from Warren. They were playing the part of X-Corp’s founders. They had to put on a professional demeanor. While it came naturally for Scott, Jean found it difficult.

It was no secret that they had changed a great deal since their encounter with the Phoenix. Bobby, Hank, and Warren had learned most of the details from Professor Xavier and their former teammates. However, the didn’t know all the details. They knew she and Scott had become more open with their passions. They just didn’t know how open.

Jean intended to change that. In fact, she and Scott had already made plans. If X-Corp was to be successful, then their friends and allies should share in their perspective.

‘I think we should stop dropping hints, Scott.’

‘I agree, Jean. I don’t want to hide our renewed perspective. It needs to be part of X-Corp.’

‘It will be. I’ll make sure of it.’

‘I take it that means you’re okay with skipping the full tour.’

‘Wasn’t planning on doing a half-tour. Go show Bobby and Hank the refurbished security system. They’ll have fun testing that while you pack for your flight this evening.’

‘And you’ll handle Warren?’

‘As only I can, my love.’

Her wonderful husband, his poise never faltering for a second, gave her an affectionate kiss before turning his attention to his former teammates. He could also tell that they were still intrigued by all the changes they’d seen in them. Sharing their perspective was sure to be a challenge, but Jean sensed some would embrace it more readily than others.

“Hank, you and Bobby come with me,” said Scott, finally parting from her grasp. “I want to show you the new proximity sensors we had installed the other day. Let’s see how much of your Danger
Room training you’ve forgotten.”

“You really think you can change the subject that easily, Scott?” said Bobby.

“There’s an extra-large deep-dish pizza and chicken wings for lunch on the way. I told them to deliver right outside the security gate,” added Scott.

“Extra spicy?” asked Bobby, his demeanor quickly changing.

“The spiciest they had,” the former X-Leader affirmed.

Both Bobby and Hank’s demeanor shifted. If the growls from their stomachs were any indication, they’d skipped breakfast. That gave them an opportunity to handle some personal business.

Knowing the nature of that business, Scott gestured towards his former teammates as he started making his way back to the foyer. Naturally, Hank and Bobby began following their former leader. Jean lingered back with Warren, who was more curious than hungry. Given their personal history and his company’s role in funding X-Corp, she had every intention of indulging that curiosity.

“I hate how well you know me,” said Bobby begrudgingly as he followed Scott.

“I don’t mind in the slightest,” said Hank, “and if those proximity sensors are the Mark 15’s that Charles never bought, I’d love to test them.”

“I thought you would,” said Scott.

“That’ll give Jean time to resolve a business matter with Warren.”

“It will?” said a confused Warren.

“It will,” said Jean as she grabbed onto his arm and led him towards one of the elevators. “Come! As X-Corp’s first investor, you’re already in on the ground floor. I want to show you just how far Scott and I plan to take our vision!”

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Madripoor – Former Hellfire Club Facility

Time and fate were like the handle and blade of a sword. One needed the other to function. One often defined the other as it manifested in a chaotic universe. Most people were only at the mercy of time. If they were bound by fate, it was only because they believed it to be so. Madelyne Pryor could not enjoy such caveats.

“So this is where people come to escape their fate or indulge in it,” the Goblin Queen mused to herself. “I can appreciate that…to a point.”

She’d just emerged through a portal from Limbo, still fuming after Emma Frost’s unexpected escape. She tried searching for her in the various holes between realms, but that proved futile. Belasco had led her through a juncture that didn’t just let her escape. It led her to slip through broken timestreams, ensuring she couldn’t go after her.

For all she knew, Emma wouldn’t re-appear for another century. She was a lost cause. There was no way she could help her fulfill her purpose. However, Madelyne intended that first failure to be her last. That effort led her right into the heart of Madripoor, the vibrant, yet lawless city through which the Hellfire Club did plenty of business. With the Inner Circle gone, though, it was up for grabs and Madelyne made sure she seized it.
That included a facility located in the heart of the city’s financial district. According to the files she’d stolen from their New York City Headquarters, it was the second most critical facility for the Hellfire Club. In the event that things in New York got tenuous – or any other part of the world, for that matter – the first recourse was to relocate to Madripoor. Its rich history of accommodating criminals, pirates, and corrupt organization of all kinds made it ideal.

In addition, it was also part of the Inner Circle’s contingency plan. Sebastian Shaw’s personal files even revealed that if the Inner Circle were ever destroyed, in part or in whole, it would reconvene in Madripoor to retain control of its infrastructure. The facility had networks and hubs on standby, needing only proper authorization to re-establish the Hellfire Club and keep it working.

Luckily, Madelyne made sure she had that before she abducted Emma Frost. Thanks to Sinister’s resources and Belasco’s magic, she had everything she needed to make the Goblin Queen the only true power in the Hellfire Club.

“There’s so much this world has to offer…so many unmade choices and unexplored opportunities,” the Goblin Queen mused. “I can only venture so far from my fate, but I can still chart my path towards it. Thanks to the Hellfire Club, I’ve plenty of resources to do so.”

As she made her way into the opulent penthouse of high-rise building, the lights automatically turned on. Systems, including several computer hubs and network nodes, activated as well from motion sensors. Like the headquarters in New York, the spacious room had been decorated with elaborate Victorian décor. Madelyne planned to change that the first chance she got, but for the time being, she had more pressing matters.

Upon approaching the desk, several more portals to Limbo opened around her. The screeches of her goblin minions filled the room as legions of them poured in. Along with them came a contingent of her Goblin Studs, who had done plenty to prove themselves in their failed interrogation of Emma Frost. They would all have critical roles to play and not just in terms of fighting off rivals attempting to usurp the Hellfire Club’s prestige.

Her minions now filling the room, the Goblin Queen approached the main desk that overlooked the dense cityscape of Madripoor. It was early in the morning and the sun had illuminated the elaborate streetscape below. Even from afar, she could sense a city full of corruption and decadence. In terms of finding a befitting of her purpose, she couldn’t think of a better headquarters.

“The Hellfire Club, the Inner Circle, and this city need a queen,” Madelyne said as she took in the view, “one who can appreciate the appeal of subverting fate while also embrace it.”

With a devious grin and plenty of possibilities flowing through her mind, she turned towards the desk and inserted a special flash drive into the laptop. It belonged to Sebastian Shaw and wasn’t supposed to be accessible, even if he were dead. Thanks to some hardware she took from Sinister and a little magic she channeled from Limbo, it broke the encryption in seconds.

The screen turned on, briefly flashing the former emblems of the Hellfire Club. That emblem quickly transformed into something that Madelyne had designed herself. In the process, the networks and hubs throughout the room flickered, the lights on the hardware changing color, as if to reflect the will of a new owner. Both her goblin minions and her Goblin Studs grew excited. They could also sense the air of change around them.

“Fate or no fate, I will take control of what I need. Others won’t stand in my way. They won’t even want to,” Madelyne said as the systems rebooted in accord with her plans. “However, assets only go so far, even in places like Madripoor. To truly guide fate, I require personnel.”
After a few minutes, the systems finished loading. At that moment, Madelyne Pryor became the ultimate authority of the Hellfire Club and one of the most powerful figures in Madripoor. Every asset, resource, and bank account they controlled belonged to her.

However, money and connections weren’t among her chief concerns. Finding the right personnel was a higher priority. Now that the Hellfire Club’s network was hers to control, she used it to open a new set of files detailing some notable figures. Some of them were individuals that the Hellfire Club had been tracking. Others were individuals of interest that Sinister had monitored.

Not all of them would be useful in aiding her efforts. Some, however, had great interest.

“Daken Akihiro…Cletus Cassidy…Ophelia Sarkissian…Raven Darkholme,” the Goblin Queen said as she read over a list of names and profiles, “you’re all on your own path, thinking you know your destiny. That’s going to change. One way or another, my fate will be tied to yours…and so many others!”

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**X-Corp Headquarters – Penthouse**

“Life, love, and connection. Perspective, persistence, and prosperity,” said Jean Grey-Summers proudly. “This is X-Corp’s main vision. Our efforts are the path we forge in pursuit.”

“It’s a hell of a vision, Jean,” said a skeptical, yet intrigued Warren Worthington III, “which is why I’m so concerned about this little caveat you’ve thrown in.”

“It’s not a caveat, Warren. This is me convincing you that you can be more than just an investor.”

“You sound awfully certain.”

“I like to think I’m confident. I also like to think I know you more intimately than most prospective partners.”

Warren cast her a bemused, but curious glance. Her coy undertone was not the same as the Jean he’d known when they were still X-Men. It wasn’t even the voice of the same woman he’d pursued romantically for a brief while. They’d both changed a great deal since they left the team, but she doubted Warren’s personal growth involved encounters with a cosmic force.

Sitting across from him at a small conference table located in the corner of the top-floor penthouse, Jean had made significant preparations. To her, Warren wasn’t just an old teammate, a dear friend, and a former love interest. He wasn’t just an investor with deep pockets, either.

Warren had a good heart. Even before he joined the X-Men, he had the spirit of a real hero. She’d seen him save lives and fight for others, in and out of his costume. He strived to be a guardian angel in a way befitting of his wings. However, he also had a tendency to separate his Angel persona from that of Warren Worthington III, heir to Worthington Industries and its vast wealth.

Others sensed it, but few pointed it out to him. Warren tried to be a hero in spite of his wealth and not because of it. As a result, he’d never truly channeled his wealth as part of those efforts. X-Corp could change that. That was why Jean had prepared a special file of documents that she and Scott had prepared through a lawyer with close ties to Charles Xavier. She also picked up a bottle of champagne and two glasses, which had been delivered earlier.

“Warren, I know you and I didn’t remain close after we broke up,” said Jean in a more serious tone.

“Did we really break up? That implies we were actually official at one point,” Warren retorted.
“Does it matter how official we were? There was interest. That, neither of us can deny. And that’s a shame because there was a lot we could’ve done to help each other. We both had our share of issues after leaving the X-Men. You know what happened to me when I got pulled back in. I know what happened to you too when you followed Bobby to Los Angeles.”

“Well, it’s not like Bobby could keep his mouth shut,” said Warren, rolling his eyes.

“He didn’t have to. In hindsight, we left the X-Men at the right time, but for the wrong reasons. We looked to forge our own path, but struggled to find one. We had the desire, but not the direction… or the perspective, for that matter.”

“I’m not disagreeing with anything you’re saying so far, Jean. At some point, you’re going to take this in a direction I won’t like. I don’t care how much money I’ve invested in X-Corp. You don’t have to butter me up.”

Jean paused for a moment, giving both her and Warren a moment to prepare for the choice that awaited them. She could only do so much to mitigate the impact of what she was about to propose. Rather than frame it as a formality between old friends, she decided to make it personal.

Skipping the rest of conversation she’d planned, Jean opened the file and moved it over to Warren. The documents it contained reflected the new path that she and Scott hoped to forge with X-Corp. It also put Warren in a position to follow that path in his own unique way.

“Jean, what am I looking at?” Warren asked her as he eyed the documents. “Keep in mind, my dad had me reviewing legal documents twice as thick when I was in grade school.”

“It’s both a contract and an offer…one that involves you acting as a chief mediator between X-Corp and its partners,” Jean said. “Part of that role, however, requires you reconnecting with Worthington Industries.”

“Something you know is a touchy subject for me,” the winged mutant pointed out.

“I know,” she conceded, “but I promise there’s a larger reason behind it.”

She gave Warren a brief moment to read over the document. She could already tell by his dour expression that he was not thrilled with the prospect. Things between him, his father, and his company had not been great since he joined the X-Men. His father had never been fond of his heroics. Having a mutant for a son was often framed as a problem, both for him and his family company.

Warren rightly resented his father’s attitude. It was a big reason why they grew distant. At times, things were downright hostile. The idea of returning to his father and re-establishing himself in the same company that pushed him away didn’t sit well. However, X-Corp gave him incentive beyond mending family ties.

“You said it yourself. X-Corp proved its approach can work,” Jean said to him. “One single mutant in one single instance helped Worthington Industries and its bottom line. The opportunity was there. The mutant in need was there. We needed only the connection. Now, there’s another opportunity, Warren…one that requires a much deeper connection.”

“And it also requires I deal with a company and a father that I’ve kept at arm’s length for a good reason,” he pointed out.

“Yes. It does,” said Jean, not hiding from that hard truth. “It’s a challenge…one I know is more personal to you than I can put into any document. But it’s one that can help a lot of people…
mutants like Sally Blevins and ordinary humans who work for your father’s company.”

“You’re telling me things I already know, Jean,” said Warren more intently. “I know what the documents say. I know what spreadsheets say. I’m completely okay with offering money and access. Now, you’re asking me to run towards something I’ve been running away from since my wings formed. You really expect me to be okay with that?”

He was getting worked up. Jean didn’t blame him. She knew she was asking a lot of him, going back into a world he’d been avoiding for years. Jean hadn’t forgotten how much Warren resented his father for putting his company image over his winged son. The prospect of rebuilding his relationship with his father and his family’s company carried all sorts of baggage.

In an effort to ease the tension, Jean reached across the table and grasped his hand in hers. With her touch, she conveyed whatever hope and strength she could. She’d let so many issues go unresolved when they left the X-Men. She couldn’t put them off a moment longer.

“Warren,” Jean said, “I don’t want you to do anything you’re not comfortable doing. X-Corp can work fine with you acting as nothing more than an investor. Bobby already crunched the numbers. We’ve got what we need.”

“So why are you looking at me like this is so important?” he asked intently.

“Because it is important…to you, to me, and to everything we’ve fought for,” she told him. “It’s not about X-Corp, Worthington Industries, or the X-Men. It’s about us using what we have to do what we can for something we believe in.”

“We do plenty of that with my wings and your mind,” Warren pointed out.

“And we can do more. I want to do more,” she said strongly. “That’s what the Phoenix showed me. In terms of my newfound perspective, it’s the second most important thing I learned from it.”

“Only the second?” he questioned.

“It’s still important because that perspective empowered me to take a chance and seek a new path. You have that chance too. What you do with it is up to you. Just know that Scott and I believe in you. The question is…how much do you believe in yourself?”

Jean let go of his hand. She also diverted her gaze, not looking to push him into making his choice. She remembered how much Warren resented pretty girls trying to guilt or tempt him into doing their bidding. She’d done it more than once when they were interested in one another and he’d told her that his ex-girlfriend, Candy Southerner, had gotten it down to a science.

It had to be his choice. The Phoenix Force had shown her – and in some very distressing ways, no less – how bad things could get when someone made critical choices for the wrong reasons. She couldn’t let that happen, especially to those she cared about.

Jean could still feel Warren’s gaze on her. She sensed him studying her demeanor, looking for reasons to second-guess whatever choice he ultimately made. He practically dared her to give him another incentive, one that would’ve made his choice easier, but not nearly as genuine. She didn’t take that chance. She trusted her winged friend to do the right thing.

Finally, after a long silence that lingered in the spacious penthouse, Warren smiled and retrieved the pen.

“You really have grown since your time as Marvel Girl,” he said to her. “I still can’t wrap my head
around it, but I do know this…I like it. And I’d like to see where you and Scott are taking this.”

Then, with a pride and certainty befitting of an angel, Warren signed the dotted lines on the document. Jean gasped his hand again and gave him a beaming smile. Her trust in her friends had once again been rewarded.

“I hope you understand what I’m agreeing to here,” he told her as he put down the pen.

“Well, most importantly, you’re agreeing to be X-Corp’s chief corporate liaison,” Jean said curtly. “You get to rub shoulders with top investors, partners, and beneficiaries.”

“I’m also legally binding myself to this vision,” said Warren. “I can’t avoid dealing with my father, my family’s company, or anything else from that world I’ve tried to keep at arm’s length. I wouldn’t just be breaking this contract. I’d be failing you, Scott, and the Professor.”

“You won’t. You’re too good a man and you don’t fail your friends…even ex-girlfriends.”

“Especially, ex-girlfriends,” he added. “The fact you want me for this role proves I did something right with you.”

“You did, Warren…more than you know.”

Her former boyfriend’s commitment made it official. X-Corp hadn’t just secured a critical investor and gained an important ally with access to wealthy donors. It had reunited the original five X-Men. It also gave Jean a chance to reconnect with someone with whom she drifted apart.

She and Warren might not have had much chemistry during those formative years in the X-Men, but it had a significant impact on her…one that she had come to appreciate much more since her encounter with the Phoenix Force. Jean had hoped to resolve some of those issues by bringing Warren into X-Corp. In addition, there were a few other more personal issues she hoped to confront.

“Well, you got my signature. X-Corp officially has a well-connected corporate liaison with wings and a private jet,” Warren said as he closed the file and set it aside. “I take it this is where we celebrate with champagne and a handshake.”

“That sounds befitting of old friends forging a new business partnership,” said Jean as she used her telekinesis to retrieve the bottle and glasses. “For a couple of ex-flames, however…we need something more.”

“Like what? An awkward hug?” laughed the winged mutant.

“I was thinking something more intimate.”

Warren glanced at her with a raised eyebrow. Jean just kept smiling, her expression taking on a more mischievous undertone. She and Scott had previously discussed the need to resolve old personal issues that they had once been eager to ignore. Their new cosmic perspective had shown them the merits of confronting them directly. They also learned there was plenty of room to make those intimate connections more memorable.

With the winged mutants confused, yet curious glance on her, Jean let go of his hand, rose up from her seat, and moved the chair aside. Then, in another act that showed how much she’d changed from the woman he knew, she started taking off her clothes.

“Um…Jean?” said Warren in disbelief.
“It’s okay, Warren. I know what I’m doing,” Jean assured him as she unbuttoned her blouse.

“I don’t doubt that, but…what exactly is this?”

“It’s what you think it is…and maybe a little more than that.”

She spoke with an intensely seductive tone, one that must have seemed unthinkable for any man who’d dated her teenage self. Warren’s mouth hung open in awe as he watched her cast off the blouse of her overpriced female business attire, exposing the purple lace bra she’d worn underneath. His awe only grew when she unzipped her skirt, casually slid it down her thighs, and kicked off her heels, leaving her in just her matching lace underwear.

She didn’t stop there. Before Warren could admire her tastes in fancy underwear, she undid the clasp of her bra and slipped it off, allowing her breasts to come tumbling out. Warren had seen her in various stages of undress before, the most revealing being that time they went to the beach and she wore a bikini for the first time. However, he had never seen her naked, let alone had sex with her. Even at their most intimate, their relationship never made it that far.

“Champagne is a nice way to celebrate a successful deal. So is a handshake and a hug,” said Jean as she casually stood before Warren, still in just her panties. “For this particular occasion, I prefer sex.”

“You say it like it’s so…standard,” said Warren, still too shocked to react.

“It doesn’t have to be,” Jean said with a casual shrug. “This is personal. You and I had a thing once. The spark was there, but not much else. We didn’t take it that far. We didn’t much of an effort, either.”

“Are you saying that was a mistake?”

“A mistake? No. A missed opportunity? Definitely! And in the interest of celebrating this partnership, I’d like to rectify that.”

Still carrying herself with the seductive sex appeal that the Phoenix Force had awakened, Jean casually strode over to the well-dressed man with angel wings and deep pockets. She could feel his eyes eagerly scanning her exposed body, giving extra scrutiny to her breasts.

Sensing how much he admired her topless form, she made sure they were right in his face when she sat down on his lap, wrapping her arms around his neck and straddling his waist. To further belabor her point – and how horny she felt, for that matter – she roughly grinded her pelvis against his crotch, which got his blood flowing in all the right directions.

“Jean,” Warren said, gasping at the feeling of her semi-nude body in his grasp, “so those colorful rumors about you and Scott…”

“Are true…to a point,” Jean said playfully. “I figure Logan threw in some lurid details.”

“I still don’t believe it,” he said, already short of breath and clinging to the arms of his chair. “You and Scott…the most loving couple anyone has ever seen…are suddenly so open.”

“That’s one way of putting it.”

“I just…can’t wrap my head around it.”

He was still overwhelmed. What she did were not in line the actions of the younger, more reserved
Jean Grey he’d briefly dated. Jean sensed him hesitating, but she also saw desire in his eyes. She felt it in his pants too in the form of a growing erection. She was the girl he never got far with, but had clearly thought about in his passing fantasies.

“Don’t get me wrong, Jean. You are beautiful,” he went on. “I did have those thoughts about you. Your tits alone are…”

“Stay focused, Warren,” she told him, now caressing his face. “This doesn’t have to be that complicated. I love Scott. We’re happily married. Our perspectives on love, sex, and intimacy have changed a great deal after our encounter with the Phoenix Force.”

“So that means…” the winged mutant said before letting his words trail off again.

“Yes,” Jean affirmed, “it means we’re less inclined to suppress our passion and more inclined to embrace them. That also means we have sex with other people for reasons that vary as much as any passion.”

“And in this case, it involves celebrating a deal and enjoying the company of an old crush…one you never slept with.”

“Now, you’re getting it!” said Jean.

His demeanor relaxed. He released his grip on the chair and traced them up her thighs, feeling her up in ways he’d only done sparingly when they were an item. Jean let out a purr of approval, grinding her hips against his crotch even harder. It left no ambiguity about what she wanted and why.

The way Jean saw it, her and Scott’s new perspective involved embracing untapped passions. It was part of the life, love, and connection mantra that the Phoenix Force had imparted to them. That also included passions that had faded, but still carried meaning.

“Okay, then,” said Warren after his hands settled on her butt. “So we’re really doing this. We’re going to have sex to celebrate this new partnership…to resolve old feelings…and to enjoy your sexually fluid marriage.”

“I’m also really horny. Don’t forget about that.”

“I can sense that,” he said, gulping somewhat as his member grew harder within his pants. “It’s…a new side of you, Jean.”

“And it’s a side I’ve come to appreciate,” she told him. “Scott was the first to enjoy it. Now, it’s your turn. And I promise you’ll enjoy it too!”

Warren opened his mouth to say something, but Jean’s desire overrode her patience. She kissed the winged mutant. It effectively silenced him, allowing basic lust to take over. Jean, already channeling the sexy spirit that the Phoenix Force helped her embrace, set the tone.

After acquainting her tongue with his, giving him a moment to taste her lips and feel around the exposed flesh he hadn’t touched when they were together, she slipped off his lap and dropped to her knees. Then, with skilled hands and the aid of her telekinesis, she undid his belt buckle and his pants. Once again, Warren had to cling to the chair as she worked her magic, pulling his pants and boxers down to his ankles.

His manhood now free, Jean watched it grow before her eyes. In the same way he’d never seen her naked, she’d never seen him, either. At one point in her life, Warren Worthington III could’ve been
the first man she slept with. She’d entertained such seamy thoughts on more than one occasion in her youth. Even though they’d never made it that far, the idea of turning those old feelings into something beautiful seemed fitting.

As part of that effort, she eagerly leaned in and grasped his manhood with both hands. Then, with a level of skill and eagerness that reflected that sexy side he’d never known, she began giving him oral sex.

“Damn, Jean!” gasped Warren as soon as he felt her lips on his cock. “Ooh fuck, I’m enjoying this already!”

‘It gets better, Angel…much better,’ Jean told him via telepathy.

True to her word, she went to work, sucking up and down the length of his dick, her soft lips gliding effortlessly along his many contours. She squeezed and stroked him off every step of the way, getting him harder and more aroused by the second. Such skills were not the mark of the sweet, yet reserved girl he’d known. They were proof that Jean Grey-Summers was a woman reborn.

On top of her intimate sucking, Warren grasped her head, running his fingers through her read hair. He was getting so hard. She could feel the burning desire throbbing in his veins. Then, in an unexpected display that caught even a powerful psychic off-guard, Warren let out a deep groan as his wings shot out, tearing through parts of his expensive Armani suit.

“Good heavens!” Jean said, briefly looking up from her kneeled position.

“Relax,” he said with a half-grin, “I’ll buy another.”

Like a man possessed, he rose up from his seat and tore off the rest of his shirt and blazer. He paid no mind to the ripped dress shirt or the wrinkled tie that came with it. Finally, he could let his wings unfurl completely. Between her couched position and the lighting of the penthouse, he looked more angelic than usual. It was enough to make Jean’s inner thighs heat up rapidly.

“My handsome, hung angel,” Jean said as she gazed up at him. “Take me!”

“Only you could make something so sweet sound so sexy, Jean,” he said to her.

He extended his hand, further adding to his angelic aura. Jean, having had her share of oral sex, accepted the gesture and returned to her feet. Warren then lifted her up in his arms, much to her delight, and set her down on the fancy mahogany table, right next to the file containing the documents he’d just signed. He still had plenty of strength from all that Danger Room training.

Working with divine urgency, Warren grasped the sides of her panties and removed them. Jean leaned back on her arms and lifted her hips so he could get them off, leaving her as naked as him. She half-expected him to take a moment to admire her nude form. That moment never came. As soon as he tossed her panties aside, he got between her legs, grabbed hold of her thighs, and guided his rigid cock to her moist entrance.

“We never got to do this,” the winged mutant said, his voice already dazed with lust, “to be together...to feel each other.”

“It just didn’t work between us, Warren,” Jean said, “and that’s okay. We can still enjoy this. I want to enjoy this.”

“Me too. God, I want it!”
“Then, do it. Have sex with me. Enjoy it!”

Still leaning back on her arms, she beckoned him with her seductive eyes. Warren responded with an eager grin and a hard thrust. In a single, fluid motion, he entered her pussy. In that moment, a lost feeling became real sensations.

“Ohhh fuck, that’s tight!” said Warren.

“Mmm…I feel it,” Jean purred, “so hard and deep!”

After taking in that hot feeling of her womanly flesh surrounding his manly member, the more active parts of sex took over. Warren began his heated humping motions, rhythmically working his flesh inside her. He quickly established a rapid pace, tightening his grip on her thighs and holding her legs apart. He rocked her body with every movement, causing her breasts to bounce and her butt to slide around on the polished wood.

It was so hot and raw. Jean had heard from Candy Southerner, Warren’s most recent ex-girlfriend, that he liked a fast and furious kind of sex. She even joked that his avian biology meant he had to more rapid with his sensual rhythms. Jean now knew that had been no joke. Warren definitely liked it rough. Moreover, he knew how to make it feel great.

“Yes! Yes! Ooh yes!” Jean moaned, encouraging him even more. “Like that, Warren! Do me…like that!”

“You mean…like this!” he said with a mischievous grin.

The winged mutant stepped up the pace of their sex, thrusting harder and pounding away, pumping his cock into her vagina like a well-oiled piston. He even lifted her legs up a little more, humping her at an angle that rocked her world even more. It was so intense that her arms could no longer support her.

Just as they collapsed, though, he used his majestic wings to catch her. Suddenly, Jean felt her naked body surrounded in a feathery embrace. It was a new, unusual feeling, but one she enjoyed immensely. It felt uniquely intimate for someone like Warren. It was enough to get her to the brink of orgasm.

“Yes! Like that, Warren! Just…like that!” Jean cooed. “Oohhh you’re going to make me come!”

It happened sooner than she’d expected, but Jean certainly didn’t mind. She just immersed herself in Warren’s feather embrace, fondling her bouncing breasts with one hand and rubbing her clit with the other to ger her to that edge.

She felt Warren’s gaze narrow on her, as though the sight of her having an orgasm was more meaningful than the actual sex. He must have fantasized about it more than once, even after they’d broken up and she’d gotten with Scott. Seeing that fantasy become a reality meant something to him. Having experienced his share of harsh realities since his wings sprouted, she understood why it mattered. It gave her a good reason to be exceedingly animated when she climaxed.

“Ohhh Warren!” Jean cried out.

The feeling hit and the fantasy became real. A hot ball of pleasure formed in her core and spread out in all directions, rippling through her nerves in blissful waves. She made it a point to squeeze her breasts, throw her head back, and curl her toes so that the winged mutant could see her in the throughs of ecstasy. It sent the right message.
“And they say I look angelic,” he said.

“Mmm…you going to just stare?” said Jean through her orgasmic daze.

“Only for a bit,” said Warren. “Don’t worry. I’m not done!”

Warren kept her in his feathery embrace until the ecstasy passed. While she was still catching her breath, the winged mutant shifted her body, withdrawing from her briefly so he could turn her over and pin her to the table. Both his wings and his arms made it an easy transition.

Now bent over, her breasts pressing up against the polished wood while she clung to the side, Warren re-positioned himself behind her and aligned his cock with her dripping-wet slit. Parts of her body still throbbed from her release, but she still ached for more sex. She even parted her legs slightly and shook her hips, inviting him back into her intimate warmth.

Warren accepted the invitation. He grabbed hold of her hips, drove his pelvis forward, and thrust his still-throbbing cock into her vagina, quickly re-establishing the heated rhythm. He went at it even harder than before. The sound of his pelvis smacking against her butt filled the whole penthouse, along with his determined grunts.

“Jean…so sexy and fiery,” Warren said through determined grunted. “It feels…so good! Going to…make me come!”

“Yes, Warren! Yes!” Jean exclaimed. “Harder! Do it harder! I can take it!”

Heeding her cries, Warren hammered away, humping and pumping into her in pursuit of his peak. Jean did her part, supplementing his rapid movements by rocking her body and tensing her inner muscles. That hot, throbbing feeling around his manhood helped draw him down the same path of ecstasy from which she’d just ventured.

Like an angel ascending to the heavens, Jean sensed Warren getting closer. She could even hear his wings fluttering rapidly, the feathers grazing over her naked skin, adding more unique sensations to their sex. In the final push, he lifted one of her legs so he could thrust in at just the right angle. She held on for him, gripping the edge of the table as her naked skin grazed over it. When he crossed that heavenly threshold, his wings flapped loudly and he let out moan of euphoria.

“Oohhh yeah!”

The heated movements stopped. For a brief moment, only his dick and her pussy did the work. She felt his member tense in her folds as he released a thick load of cum into her vagina, mixing with the lingering juices she’d released from her own orgasm. As Warren soaked in the feeling, he leaned over, cupped her breasts from behind, and buried his face in her shoulder.

‘An angel can have a devilish side... just as cosmic forces can have a human side. You can’t have one without the other. Embracing both keep things in perspective.’

It was a powerful message and one Jean doubted he’d forget. Between the voice of a cosmic power and the heavenly bliss of great sex, she felt she’d made it memorable for all the right reasons. Warren seemed to agree as he settled into a post-coital afterglow.

“You’re really something, Jean,” he said as he caught his breath. “Scott is a lucky man... far luckier than I thought.”

“And I’m a lucky woman, having a husband who shares my perspective of life, love and connection,” said Jean.
“Well, I’d say we got the connection part down…officially and unofficially.”

They both laughed, sharing a friendly kiss before parting their bodies. Warren remained winded, needing to lean on the table for support. Jean just turned around and hopped back up onto it, sitting casually on the polished wood with her legs draped over the edge. As her winged friend processed the feeling and insights she’d they just shared, she used her telekinesis to retrieve the champagne and glasses.

“In that case, I think now’s the time to share a celebratory drink,” Jean said.

“Yeah…I could definitely use a drink,” he said with a humored grin.

“I’ll even make the toast,” she said as she popped the cork and poured the bubbly substance into the glasses. “To our first major benefactor, a reunion of old friends, and the future of X-Corp!”

“And to great sex between two old flames,” Warren added as he took the glass.

“That too,” she laughed.

They each tapped glasses before taking a drink. Somehow, champagne after a lucrative deal and satisfying sex tasted even better. Warren seemed to agree, not minding in the slightest that they were still naked and sweaty from their intimate activities.

She sensed none of the same skepticism he’d shown earlier. Afterglow aside, Warren Worthington III looked ready and eager to help X-Corp realize its vision. For an organization still working on its headquarters, it was a promising start.

“With incentives like this, X-Corp will be up and running in no time!” Warren said confidently. “The only challenge will be getting the right people in the right places.”

“I’m not too worried about that,” said Jean as she finished her glass. “Scott is already working on that.”

“Is he now?” Warren said with another curious eyebrow.

“He’s got a trip tonight,” she said, her voice not hiding the lurid subtext. “I trust his meeting will be every bit as productive as ours.”

“Trust me, Jean. If this is how you and Scott are going to do business, then X-Corp has a hell of a future!”

**American West University – Geology Lab**

Every family had its way of mending broken ties. Friends came and went. Lovers got together and broke up. Family was different. Family bonds were inescapable. They could either be a burden or a curse. At times, they had been both for Scott and Alex Summers.

They’d been torn apart by forces beyond their control, having spent a good chunk of their lives thinking the other was dead. Even when their paths crossed again, they didn’t realize their connection until after they’d rebuilt their lives and set out on divergent paths. They had more than a few chances to come together and be a family again. Being in the X-Men and helping one another in pursuit of Charles Xavier’s dream could’ve helped bridge the gap that began with a fateful plane crash.
Unfortunately, it didn’t pan out. Alex ultimately left the X-Men and Scott blamed himself for much of it. In hindsight, he didn’t make the effort to reconnect with his brother when he had the chance. Not knowing if he would get more chances, he was determined to make one final effort.

“I’m sorry, Scott. I’m still having a hard time with this,” said a restless and skeptical Alex Summers.

“What’s so hard about it?” Scott asked. “I’m not asking you or Lorna to throw away everything you’ve built. I’m not even asking you to give the X-Men another chance. I’m here because we have a real opportunity with X-Corp.”

“That’s not the part I’m struggling with. What gets me is you, coming out here and surprising us in the middle of a lab test. On top of that, you’re talking to me like I’m your brother and not some former teammate who left under less-than-ideal circumstances.”

“How is any of that a bad thing?”

“Did I say it was bad?” Alex quipped. “It’s just…unexpected.”

Scott didn’t blame Alex for feeling that way. He hadn’t warned his brother that he’d be visiting him and Lorna. However, there was a reason for that. He knew his brother well and he knew him too. Setting up a simple meeting was fraught with complications. Like him, Alex was stubborn. He wasn’t going to abide by someone else’s plan. Scott had tried that before and it always failed. That was why he decided to try a different approach.

It came with risks. He’d flown out to American West University shortly after Hank, Bobby, and Warren finalized their role in X-Corp. He didn’t contact Alex or his girlfriend, Lorna, ahead of time. He’d learned from Bobby, Lorna’s ex-boyfriend who’d somehow kept in touch with her, that she and Alex would be in the geology lab alone to finish their last assignment. They were set to graduate with degrees in geology in less than a month. That meant they had important decisions to make regarding the course of their future.

Scott, not knowing whether he’d get another chance, confronted them in the lab in the late hours of the afternoon. Most of the other students and professors had already left, leaving Alex and Lorna alone to work on their assignment. Near as he could tell, he confronted them just as they were finishing up. His presence genuinely surprised them, but not nearly as much as the offer he’d just made.

Scott hadn’t told them every detail about what happened with him, Jean, and the Phoenix Force. He tried to focus on X-Corp, how they could contribute towards its mission, and the benefits they could reap. Even someone as stubborn as Alex couldn’t cast it aside easily, but that didn’t mean there wouldn’t be complications. He sensed reservations from Lorna, as well.

“I’m not looking to rekindle any sibling tensions here, but even I’m surprised, Scott,” added Lorna. “It’s one thing to reach out to us after we’ve had time to cool off. It’s quite another to just show up making bold offers while claiming sudden insights.”

“If I’d called you, would you have picked up?” Scott asked with folded arms.

“Come on, Scott. That’s not fair,” said Alex.

“Maybe it isn’t, but it makes an important point. I could’ve made the same offer any number of ways. I could’ve sent you a detailed package that laid out every aspect of X-Corp’s mission. The strategy, the people, the risks, the rewards, and even the timing of it all…I could’ve shown you
“I want to try, but we’re not good at lying to each other,” said Alex.

“And you’re a terrible liar, on top of that,” added Lorna, earning her a bemused glance from her lover.

“That’s why I had to show up like this…unexpected, unannounced, and without an elaborate plan,” Scott said. “This way, you know I’m serious. I believe in what Jean and I are doing…and I want you two to be part of it.”

Scott took a step closer to Alex and Lorna, who still looked at him with a mix of skepticism and curiosity. Wearing their lab coats and casual attire underneath, which was typical of a couple of college students eager to graduate, they didn’t seem inclined to make major, life-changing decisions. Scott had made those kinds of decisions regularly in the X-Men and expected too many to make similar decisions.

To convince his brother to choose the path he’d laid out with X-Corp, he needed to convince him of more than his sincerity. Thanks to the perspective and insights of the Phoenix Force, Scott was confident that he could get through to his estranged sibling.

“You guys did great things in the X-Men. You can’t deny that,” Scott went on.

“We never did,” said Alex, “but that didn’t mean we were going to stay.”

“I know that now. And yes, I realize I gave you both a hard time for choosing to leave when you did.”

“At least you weren’t as bitter as Bobby,” Lorna added. “That didn’t help things.”

“You did what you thought was best and the superhero life just wasn’t it for you. That’s okay. That’s not what X-Corp is all about. We want to keep fighting for Charles Xavier’s dream, but not just by saving the world and destroying Sentinels.”

“Not going to lie. I kind of enjoyed that part,” Lorna said with a half-grin.

“You would,” said Alex, rolling his eyes.

“The X-Men are still fighting those battles. X-Corp will fight on a different front…one that helps young mutants build meaningful that don’t involve hiding who they are. They can be part of a society that hates and fears them. They can actively contribute to it. Over time, and with enough contributions, people will have fewer reasons to cling to that hate and fear.”

“In a perfect scenario, maybe,” Alex said.

“That’s the beauty of it, Alex. It doesn’t have to be perfect,” said Scott. “We don’t have to win every battle. We just have to win enough to show the world that we can do our part. Just look at what you two are working on. You have all the proof you need right in front of you.”

Scott, determined to make his point, turned towards the large hunk of blackened rock that Alex and Lorna had been working on. It was sitting atop a small platform in the center of the table, surrounded by a mix of scanners and scales.

It definitely wasn’t an ordinary rock, even though it was no bigger than a penny. They wouldn’t have been studying it so intently if it were. It had already been cut, revealing a crystalline interior
that sparkled under the bright lighting of the lab. Thanks to his connection with a cosmic force, Scott could sense its value.

“This rock came from a meteor,” Scott said. “It has elements and materials inside it that are rare and potentially valuable.”

“So you know the basics of our final exam,” said Alex, still not impressed, but still very curious. “Where are you going with this, Scott?”

“I don’t have to go far. You two can do plenty with your geology degree, studying and researching exotic rocks for whoever may be interested…be it the school or some mining company overseas. However, you also have skills that no other geologist has. If you want, you can blast your way to rocks that nobody else could get to. If they happen to contain metal, you can manipulate them in ways no one else could.”

“We’re aware of those advantages,” said Lorna. “We try not to rely on them too much.”

“I’m not saying you should,” said Scott. “Even without X-Corp, you two could make use of your powers and knowledge. You might even carve out a nice, stable living together…sharing simple lives where you would never cross paths with any X-Men or evil Brotherhood.”

“Are you going to tell me that’s a bad thing?” said Alex.

“Not at all,” said Scott. “I’m just saying that if you choose that path, you’ll be missing out. You can still have that life I mentioned. With X-Corp, though…it can be more rewarding.”

He had their full attention now. Scott could sense it. They still weren’t convinced, but they weren’t nearly as skeptical. He expected, as such. To really convince his brother and Magneto’s estranged daughter, he couldn’t just make promises. He had to prove himself.

With that in mind, Scott commenced the next part of his plan that Jean had helped him lay out. In an act that caught both Alex and Lorna by surprise, he removed his ruby-quartz glasses to reveal his glowing red eyes. That alone was striking. They knew as well as any former X-Men that he couldn’t control his optic blasts without the aid of his glasses. That wasn’t the only revelation he had in store for them.

“Whoa,” said Lorna.

“Scott…your eyes,” said Alex. “When did that happen?”

“Around the same time this happened,” said Scott.

At that moment, he summoned the power of the Phoenix Force, surrounding his body in its fiery, raptor-shaped halo. It filled the lab with its powerful, golden glow, causing lights to flicker and equipment to shake.

Initially, Alex and Lorna looked concerned. Scott quickly allayed those concerns when he channeled the cosmic power into the small meteor in his hand, causing it to glow brilliantly in a bright, pinkish hue.

“Okay, that’s new,” said Alex.

“Bobby told me you and Jean went through some kind of experience, but he never mentioned this,” said Lorna.
“I wish I had time to tell you everything…from the moment Jean and I encountered the Phoenix Force to the moment we realized the extent of its power,” said Scott. “But to really appreciate it and the perspective it gave us, I need to show you. Thankfully, the crystals in this rock have some cosmic resonance to them. That means it can store certain aspects of the Phoenix Force.”

“What kind of aspects?” asked Alex intently.

“Here…see for yourself,” said Scott with a knowing grin.

With his eyes still glowing and a light halo surrounding his body, he used the Phoenix Force to levitate the glowing rock in his hand. Then, he floated it over towards Alex and Lorna until it hovered between them.

Under its fiery light, they just looked at it in awe. It was like seeing a miniature star in all its glory. It wasn’t hot, but it was very warm. Like a beacon calling out to them, it drew them in.

“It’s beautiful,” said Lorna.

“It’s something else. That’s for sure,” said Alex. “Is it stable?”

“It’s safe. I promise,” assured Scott. “Go ahead and touch it. Just know that it’s likely to have certain effects.”

“What kind of effects?” asked Alex.

Before Scott could reply, Lorna took a step closer to the rock. She was already so enchanted, putting her hand up so that she could feel its pulsating energy.

“Honestly, I’d rather he not tell us,” said Lorna. “I want to…no, I need to see for myself.”

“Want and need…now there’s something that we’ve struggled with in the past.”

“Well, here’s your chance to bridge the gap,” said Scott. “That is…if you’re ready for it.”

Neither Alex nor Lorna said a word. They just approached the glowing rock, drawn to it like a moth to a flame. Already, it evoked something within them that had been conflicted and dormant. Scott expected that. What happened afterwards, however, depended entirely on whether his brother and his girlfriend could handle a new perspective.

They ultimately made their choice, exchanging brief glances to affirm their decision. Then, acting together, they reached out and touched the glowing rock together. Almost immediately, it had an impact.

“Oh my…” Lorna gasped.

“Wow!” Alex exclaimed.

In a flash, the glowing energy from the rock surrounded them. Like a conduit completing a circuit, the cosmic fire flowed into them. They each let out a gasp, which sounded almost like an orgasm, much to Scott’s amusement. He continued to watch as Alex and Lorna took in the energy, absorbing its effects and the perspective it offered.

“I see it now. It’s so…clear,” said Alex.

“I see it too, Alex,” said Lorna. “It makes me so…”

“Horny?” Scott offered as her words trailed off. “Yeah, that’s a common side-effect.”

“Really? Is it the only side-effect?” asked Alex.

“No, but I have a feeling you already knew that.”

Alex and Lorna laughed. Still touching the glowing rock together, they followed the effects of their new perspective to its logical conclusion.

It started with a kiss...a very hot kiss that quickly escalated into something much more intimate. It caused the glowing rock to spark. The lights throughout the lab flickered even more. It was like their passions had been ignited with a new and potent fuel, causing a surge of overwhelming desire that overshadowed any reservations. Scott knew that feeling well and was happy to guide his brother through it.

“Go on, you two,” he told them. “Enjoy it!”

Using the power of the Phoenix again, he retrieved the glowing stone and placed it back on the table. Its light continued illuminating the room, fueling the growing desires between Alex and his girlfriend.

Their hands now free, they began tearing off each other’s clothes. Alex let his lab coat fall off before unbuttoning his dress shirt. Lorna did the same so she could loosen her skirt and kick off her sandals, revealing the black lace panties she had on underneath. Their lips never parting, they undressed one another with intense urgency. Once Alex’s shirt came off, Lorna undid his pants, using her powers to throw his belt across the room. Now in just his briefs, he finally broke the kiss, removed her shirt along with her bra, and caressed her face with burning lust.

“Do me, Alex!” Lorna said. “Do me right here...in this lab...in front of your brother.”

“That...is the sexiest thing I’ve ever heard you say,” said Alex intently.

“I’m honored,” said Scott with a humored grin. “I was worried you were going to make me wait outside.”

“Don’t you dare!” said Lorna. “You showed us this. It’s only fair you see it through.”

“I don’t understand it, but I want...no, I need to experience this,” said Alex.

“That’s the power of perspective,” said Scott. “You see what you want, what you need, and how it all comes together.”

It must have sunk in faster than expected because Alex and Lorna resumed their foreplay, kissing and groping one another’s exposed flesh. They even stepped it up.

Alex lifted her up off the floor and sat her down on the table. Lorna grabbed onto his shoulders, hungrily grinding her pelvis against his waist while kissing him with her tongue. A bulge in his briefs quickly formed. Alex, their lips still intimately entwined, grabbed the sides of her panties and tore them off. He then removed his boxers, finally freeing his growing member.

The somewhat aggressive nature of their foreplay surprised Scott, but it also made sense. Like him, his brother had been so measured with his passions, only channeling them when he had to and not because he chose to. It must have been liberating. It also seemed to be a major turn-on for Lorna, seeing her lover focus his desires on her so intently.
“I take it you haven’t done it like this in a while…or ever, for that matter,” Scott commented. “The Phoenix has a way of bringing that out in people and making it feel good.”

He wasn’t certain that they’d heard him. They didn’t seem to care. Alex and Lorna were already pushing their passions to utmost.

Like a man on a mission – a common trait among men in the Summers family – Alex broke the kiss with Lorna and gazed into her eyes briefly, as if to wordlessly communicate his plan. Lorna, short of breath, didn’t say a word. She just released her hold on Alex’s shoulders and leaned back on her arms. Almost immediately, Alex dropped to his knees, grabbed her by the thighs, and pushed her legs apart to clear a path to her pussy.

He followed that path without hesitation, burying his face between her legs and gorging on the tender flesh of her womanhood. Lorna’s reaction filled the lab with gleeful moans. Alex must have really known her body well. After just a few rounds of oral stimulation, he had her hot with arousal.

“Oohhh yes!” she exclaimed. “Like that, Alex! Just like that! Ooh I love it!”

“More than you’ve articulated, I imagine,” added Scott, both amused and aroused by such a sight.

Alex kept at it, moaning and grunting as he ate her out, using his fingers to part her folds and his tongue to stimulate her clit. Scott could see how aroused she’d gotten in such a short time. He wasn’t sure if that was due to the Phoenix Force or just due to sheer excitement. It further proved how much they needed a new perspective.

“Lorna,” said Alex, sounding drunk with lust as he looked up from her inner thighs, “I’m going to fuck you now…and I’m going to fuck you hard.”

“That’s what you want. That’s what you need,” Lorna said, her voice dazed from the effects of oral teasing. “Please, my love…do it to me!”

Like soldier responding to a direct order, Alex shot up from the floor and positioned himself between her legs. He maintained a firm grip on her thighs, pulling her closer and aligning her body with his. As soon as his member was at her wet entrance, he thrust forward and entered her.

“Ohhh fuck, Lorna!” Alex moaned.

“Ohhh fuck, Lorna!” Alex moaned.

“Alex!” she cried out.

The glowing rock on the table flickered, reacting strongly to their passionate outburst. They reacted as well. Their intimate flesh now entwined, Alex moved his hips and worked his body, establishing a fervent sexual rhythm that rocked the table, as well as his lover’s breasts.

It was heated, but not rough.

It was fast, but not chaotic.

It was hard, but not forceful.

Alex was so focused on her and Lorna was so focused on him. Even as their naked bodies bounced and clashed, the focus never wavered. She clung to his neck and just gazed into his eyes, as if to urge him on with every motion. It was a unique exchange that gave Scott a new appreciation for their relationship. He didn’t doubt that Alex loved Lorna, but now he the breadth of that love.
“It’s so intense,” Scott said under his breath. “It was always there, bubbling beneath the surface. Now, you let it out and this is how it manifests. It’s…uncanny.”

He continued admiring the intimate spectacle, watching Alex and Lorna’s intense lovemaking play out. The gasps and grunts became louder. The movement of their naked bodies became more vigorous. They were each close to climaxing. Scott could see it in their faces. Lorna was almost there did little to hide it.

“You’re…close,” Alex said to her.

“Yes…I am,” was all she said in response.

Alex didn’t need any further incentive. He just kept humping away, taking his lover to the brink and beyond. When she entered that magical domain, Lorna wildly grabbed onto Alex’s already-messy hair and threw her head back in an orgasmic outcry. It was so intense that her legs shuddered and her toes curled. It appeared to affect her powers too because everything metal in the lab shook.

“I don’t know if that’s normal, but I doubt either of you care,” said Scott with a beaming grin.

There was little chance they heard her over Lorna’s moans. Alex was understandably distracted because he climaxed shortly after. The extra throbbing of his lover’s pussy sent him over the edge as well. When he climaxed, he buried his face in her shoulder and let out a muffled grunt as he got his release. Even while in state of ecstasy, he never lost focus. It was yet another mark of a disciplined Summers.

Scott was impressed. He didn’t think his brother was capable of that kind of focus and discipline. He didn’t think it would be such a turn-on for Lorna, either. Suddenly, the nature of their relationship made a lot more sense. In addition, they showed that they could handle the perspective of the Phoenix Force, X-Corp, and the path he and Jean had forged.

“This is the power of cosmic perspective,” Scott said, even as the two lovers soaked in the afterglow. “You see things for what they are and what they can be. You also feel what you didn’t think you could feel. And when it feels so right…well, I doubt you need me to belabor it.”

Alex and Lorna let out a light laugh, even as they caught their breath from their shared peak. Scott gave them a minute to process it all. The stone on the table continued to glow, radiating with the cosmic energy Scott had imparted. It made the whole lab feel so warm and inviting. It also made the suit he was wearing feel quite itchy. It didn’t help that seeing Lorna and Alex have such heated sex was quite a spectacle…one that made his pants feel considerably tighter.

He must have done a bad job of hiding it because when Lorna looked back towards him, still quite intoxicated from her orgasm, she clearly noticed. At that moment, the glowing stone flickered again. Scott felt it as much as Alex and Lorna. He knew as well as them that its effects were still not complete.

“You’ve made your point, Scott…in a very memorable way,” said Lorna.

“I’ll say,” said Alex. “I think we’re sold on X-Corp…among other things.”

“Glad to hear it,” said Scott. “Jean and I will help get things going after you graduate.”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” said Lorna. “You may have made your point, but…I don’t think we’ve made ours.”

“We haven’t?” asked Alex, still in a dazed state.
“Of course not,” she affirmed. “You gave us a taste of this perspective. I’d like to see more. And that means being a little bolder.”

“Bolder, huh?” said Alex. “When you say it like that, it sounds sexy.”

“Then, we’re on the same page, my love. That’ll make what I have planned next easier.”

With a mischievous grin that Alex quickly shared, Lorna rose up off his cock and made her way over to Scott. Still completely naked and with a mix of sexual juices flowing down her inner thighs, she cast a lecherous gaze towards him. Scott didn’t have Jean’s telepathy, but he could still sense when a naked woman was thinking dirty thoughts.

“Take off your pants,” Lorna told him. “I want to suck your dick.”

“Okay, but you do know my younger brother is still right behind you,” Scott pointed out with a humored grin.

“I know. I need him here too because I want him to fuck my ass while I suck you,” she said.

“You do?” said Alex, who seemed only partially-surprised by his girlfriend’s request. “Lorna, babe, this is either a new kink or that glowing rock is doing something to you.”

“Speak for yourself,” she said, looking back towards him briefly. “Your dick is still hard.”

“I noticed that too,” he said, looking down at his still-erect manhood, “and while I’m usually inclined to get really uptight about my girlfriend sucking another man’s dick, for some reason this feels…well, more than bold.”

“So you don’t want to do it?” Scott asked.

“I didn’t say that,” his brother replied coyly, “but I’m just saying that this…well, this is more than bold.”

“That’s exactly why it feels so right,” said Lorna. “Now, are you going to overthink this? Or are you going to get that handsome ass of yours over here so you can fuck mine?”

She bent over slightly and shook that heart-shaped butt of hers at him, as if to further tempt him. Alex, still very aroused and very focused, didn’t need that kind of temptation. He quickly shook off whatever fatigue he’d gained during their first round of sex and made his way over, positioning himself behind her so.

“You heard the lady, big brother,” said Alex. “Ditch the pants. The pretty lady wants to suck your dick and you’re not exactly hiding that tent you pitched.”

“Well, she did ask nicely,” said Scott as he loosened his belt buckle, “and you know me, Alex. I’m a boy scout. I’m not going to refuse my brother’s girl.”

It almost sounded like good manners, obliging his brother’s love when she wanted to give him oral sex. It had less to do with the effects of the glowing stone and more to do with playful kink, but Scott wasn’t inclined to scrutinize it. The way he saw it, such intimate activities were an effective way of sealing the deal to bring Alex and Lorna into X-Corp.

While Alex aligned his pelvis with his lover’s butt, Scott undid his belt buckle and pants. Once loose, Lorna did the rest, grabbing the sides and giving them a firm tug. They neatly-pressed slacks fell to his ankles along with his boxers, freeing his semi-hard member in the process. As soon as
Lorna saw it, she licked her lips eagerly and grasped it in both hands.

“Hmm…guess that’s another endowment that runs in the Summers family,” Lorna commented.

“I’m still a better pilot,” Scott teased.

“I’m still a better swimmer,” Alex quipped.

“Let’s not start another sibling rivalry, boys,” said Lorna. “Show me that you two can cooperate.”

“By fucking you from both ends?” said Alex with a raised eyebrow.

“And not making it about ego? Yes!” she said strongly. “If you can work together on that, then just think of what else we can accomplish!”

That might have been the horniness talking. The energy from the rock could have that effect. Jean warned him about that ahead of time. However, Scott sensed a more serious undertone with Lorna.

He and his brother had been at each other’s throats ever since they reconnected. In all that time, they only looked for excuses to push each other away. They never embraced an opportunity to work together and be the brothers they once were. Now, they had an opportunity. It just happened to involve double-teaming Lorna with oral and anal sex.

Kinkiness aside, Scott exchanged glances with Alex. He was still determined. He had just as much to prove and, true to their family’s greatest strengths, he wasn’t going to back down from a challenge.

“I think this is something we can accomplish together, bro,” said Alex.

“So do I, Alex,” said Scott with a grin. “I’m ready when your girlfriend is ready.”

“And I’ve been ready!” said Lorna intently. “Now, show me what a couple of Summer brothers can do!”

The green-haired woman made the first move, enveloping Scott’s cock with those soft, moist lips of hers. He let out a sharp grunt, leaning back on the nearby table as she began giving him oral sex, sucking and slurping along his length with an intensity that perfectly matched the energy she’d shown earlier.

Just as she got a taste for Scott’s cock, Alex made the next move. He grasped his lover’s hip with one hand and guided the tip of his dick to her anus with the other. Once in position, Lorna adjusted her hips to align their bodies perfectly. Then, he slowly entered her, pushing his cock into her ass and filling her depths once more.

“Mmf!” Lorna exclaimed, her moans muffled by the presence of a dick in her mouth.

“Fuck, that’s tight!” Alex grunted.

“She…really likes anal,” Scott commented upon seeing her expression.

“Yeah…she does.”

They had clearly done it before. Given how Lorna kept on sucking him off, Scott figured they had done it often. It actually made sense, Lorna having a more deviant side. Given who her father was, it almost made too much sense.
Scott tried not to dwell on that aspect of Lorna’s persona. He just leaned back more against the nearby table, placing one hand on the young woman’s head as it bobbed up and down in accord with her oral sex. It felt good, triggering a steady stream of sensual sensations. Lorna knew how to give good head, showing tact and care with the way she used her tongue. Him having a similar endowment to his brother probably helped. It helped even more when Alex started doing his part.

As she re-established that intense rhythm from earlier, Alex caught up. After giving Lorna’s body to adjust, he began moving his hips, working his cock within the extra-tight confines of her ass. He didn’t go too fast, too quickly. He built up towards it, following Lorna’s muffled moans every step of the way.

It still took some coordination on their part. He and Alex had to work together to establish a perfectly balanced pace of sex, one that allowed Lorna to effectively suck his cock while enjoying the anal play her lover gave her. They couldn’t be too selfish or selfless, for that matter. They had to cooperate to effectively double team the beautiful woman between them.

As a result, they all enjoyed the feeling. Scott could enjoy her soft, slithering lips along his shaft. Alex could enjoy the tight depths of her ass around his dick. Lorna could enjoy the feeling of getting sex from both ends by two well-endowed brothers.

“Wow!” Scott gasped as the sensations intensified. “Alex…your girlfriend…is amazing.”

“Yeah…she is,” said Alex through labored pants.

“So let’s…make her feel amazing!”

“Fuck yeah!”

It might have been the most united he and Alex had been in their adult lives, giving Lorna the satisfying sex that she deserved. They continued coordinating, supplementing one another’s efforts as best they could. When Alex thrust into her, Scott guided her head along his cock accordingly. Lorna’s blissful moans intensified, showing that their efforts made a difference.

Together, the three of them moved and humped in a three-way heat of ecstasy. It got so intense that Scott had to remove his dress shirt and tie. Like his brother, he remained intensely focused, never diverting his gaze from Lorna as her naked body rocked between him and Alex. At one point, her legs got so weak that she could barely stand. He and Alex helped her stay upright, which helped further add to the heat.

Through all the heated grunts and moans, they guided one another towards a fresh ecstasy. When Scott felt his peak coming, he tightened his hold on Lorna’s head and bent his knees in anticipation. He sensed Lorna getting closer too, her oral sex becoming more rigorous and rapid.

“Mmf!” she gasped. “Alex…Scott…I’m close!”

“Me too!” said Scott.

“Me…three!” grunted Alex.

“Please…fill me from both ends!” Lorna urged. “I want it all!!”

She devoured his cock again, squeezing the base and fondling his balls, drawing him into that special domain where he could no longer hold back. He was ready to blow his load. Just as he was about to release, Alex quickened his trusts and caught up just in time.
“Lorna…I’m coming!” Alex exclaimed.

“So am I!” Scott gasped.

In a powerful act born from two brothers finally cooperating, he and Alex released their manly loads inside the eager woman between them. Scott was first, his penis throbbing as he shot a thick load of his cum right down Lorna’s throat. Alex followed close behind, releasing a load of his own into Lorna’s depths.

The presence of their hot, manly fluids filling her from both ends seemed to help Lorna get hers as well. Scott could feel her body shudder as another orgasm washed over her. Again, he and Alex supported her, holding her in their powerful arms so that she could enjoy the ecstasy that they’d all worked so hard to share.

“Mmhmm!” was all Lorna could get out, but it was still plenty loud enough to fill the lab.

For a moment, they all just soaked it in. The lab fell silent and the glowing rock on the table finally began to fade. The feeling, and the perspective that came with it, had manifested in some unexpected ways, but there was no denying the impact.

As the moment sunk in and the orgasmic feelings subsided, they each let out content sighs and allowed their bodies to part. Lorna released Scott’s member from her lips, but not before licking up the last remnants of his cum. Alex withdrew his member from her ass, but remained close so they could share in the intimacy of what they’d just done. The rock on the table finally stopped glowing, the passionate energy having finally been exhausted.

The three of them ended up sitting down on the cold floor, leaning back against the table. She remained between him and Alex, looking very relaxed with two naked men so close to her. Alex draped his arm around her and kissed the side of her head. She even laughed to herself as they all reflected on what they’d just done.

“So that’s what it’s like to get double-teamed by two handsome brothers,” said Lorna. “I got to say…it exceeded my expectations.”

“Well, we Summers boys like to set a high bar,” said Alex proudly.

“That, we do,” said Scott. “I almost forgot how much we could accomplish when we weren’t fighting together.”

“Me too,” he said with a laugh. “Maybe…maybe that Phoenix Force helped remind you. Now, it reminded me too.”

“And all it took was a cosmic force,” Lorna pointed out.

“It’s true. We can be that stubborn,” Alex went on. “We can also be pretty damn awesome when the situation is right. And X-Corp…well, that’s a hell of a situation.”

“And I look forward to seeing what we make of it,” said Scott.

“Me too, bro. Me too.”

He and Alex exchanged confident grins. It all came together in a beautiful culmination, literally and figuratively. He, Alex, and Lorna shared in the blissful feeling, soaking in the hot waves of pleasure that rippled through them. It was like a celebration of a major turning point in their lives. They had each been heading down a particular path that seemed destined to push them away from
one another. Now, they were on a new path and one they could share together.

“Just so you know…once Jean find out about this, she’s going to want something similar,” Scott told Alex and Lorna.

“Like what? A Summers brother sandwich of her own? Is she into that?” asked Alex.

“Trust me. She won’t need much convincing,” said Scott with a curt grin.

“Good!” said Lorna with another playful laugh. “Just be damn sure I’m there to watch!”

Up Next: Donors and Dealings
“Degenerate mongrel! Get out of here!” barked an angry old man in a thick, South Asian accent.

“Leave? So soon? I thought we were getting along,” said an oddly unique figure in a distinctly snide tone.

“You stole my finest sake! Then you hit on my granddaughter and my grandson!”

“Too be fair, I was going to pay for the sake.”

“Take the damn bottle, for all I care! You’re a deviant, Daken! There’s no place for you in this land!”

“Tell me something I don’t know.”

With a snide grin, the young man gave the old bartender the finger before chugging rest of the overpriced bottle of sake. Another string of profane insults followed, but they were a mix of poor English and Vietnamese. He’d heard far worse in plenty of languages.

For Akihiro – or Daken, as most others knew him – such frothing hatred came with the territory. It wasn’t just that his presence was so distinct, bearing tattoos on his upper body and a unique haircut that most described as a bad mohawk. It wasn’t his mixed-race heritage, having been the byproduct of a Japanese woman and a western man. Even his tendency to seek intimate company from men, women, and everything in between only infuriated others to a limited extent.

In every insult and every scorn, from both those he knew and total strangers, he sensed the true source of their animosity. They never said it out loud. They didn’t have to. He knew why his presence disgusted them. It was etched in every fiber of his being…literally, to some extent.

‘I have his stench. I have his claws. I have his legacy. I didn’t ask for it. I didn’t choose it. Yet I’m defined by it. It’s not fair!’

In a fit of drunken hatred, Daken threw the expensive bottle at a nearby brick wall. It shattered instantly, briefly echoing over the various noises of Madripoor’s vibrant night life. Looking around, Daken tried to remember how he ended up in a dirty alley that reeked of expired sushi and rotting vegetables. He didn’t bother trying very hard, opting instead to lean against a nearby dumpster to collect his thoughts.

It was past midnight. He recalled the sun still being up when he snuck away from his training at his master’s dojo to drown his frustrations in one of Madripoor’s dens of vice. Being a lawless haven for pirates and criminals, there was no shortage of decadent distractions. While Daken hated his heritage, it often came in useful when he needed to indulge.

He started at a karaoke bar where he seduced one of the male waiters, which resulted in some very rough sex in a dirty bathroom stall. He also spent a good deal of time at a shady gambling den where he got into several fights, bloodying a well-known Hand enforcer in the process. He must
have been extra thorough because he remembered stealing his car and receiving oral sex from his mistress.

Everything after that became a blur. Getting thrown out of a bar in the uglier parts of Lowtown was hardly the highlight. Daken had endured harder nights and worse insults. He had no intention of passing out in an alley surrounded in trash bags, especially as rain began to fall over the city.

At the end of the alley, he could see the bright lights and crowded streets of the vibrant city. It was still hours before sunrise. There had to be at least one bar he hadn’t been banned from in Lowtown. However, even his physical capacity for reckless indulgence didn’t always line up with his will to pursue it.

“Damn healing factor,” Daken muttered as the rain poured harder. “I love that it helps me fuck for hours, but I hate how it makes getting drunk so tedious.”

Already feeling sobriety catching up to him, he angrily pounded his fist against the nearby dumpster. In the process, a distinct “snikt” echoed over Madripoor’s decadent ambience. From his wrist and knuckles, a set of claws popped out.

Earlier that night, they’d been stained with the blood of at least one Hand enforcer. Those same claws had been soaked with the blood of many over the years, but that wasn’t what concerned him. His claws, as useful as they were, only belabored what had been written in his heritage.

‘Weapon X…Wolverine…Patch…Logan…James Howlett. Which is it these days? At this point, you’re more a concept than a man…one you passed onto me. Blood makes me your son, but it also makes you my greatest rival. Do you know or care? My master says destiny demands that we do battle, but even with all my training, I question the stakes of that battle.’

Those were dangerous thoughts for Daken, even in his drunken state. They were thoughts he once never dared contemplate. Ever since his master, Romulus, took him in after the death of his adopted parents, he’d worked tirelessly to prepare him.

For years, he trained in every form of combat, learning to master his senses, his skills, and his will. Romulus convinced him that he was destined to kill Wolverine and seize control of his legacy. He’d nurtured and channeled that burning hatred he had for his father, using it to make him stronger. In time, he came to believe that his sole purpose was to usurp the legacy of Wolverine and Weapon X.

Then, very recently, everything changed.

“Where are you, Master? What happened to you?” Daken wondered out loud.

Once again, he got no response. Daken heard only thunder from the stormy skies above and more commotion from the busy streets of Madripoor. Not long ago, Romulus was always in the shadows, guiding him towards his destiny and helping him grow stronger every step of the way. His absence was both curious and infuriating.

He’d left the dojo in such a hurry. Daken vividly remembered the strange look in his master’s face. He claimed something had come up with a man named Nathanial Essex, who he’d heard of before, but knew little about. Romulus left, claiming he’d return in three days. That was two weeks ago.

‘Did you abandon me too, Master? Did I really disappoint you that much? You made me promise to stay in Madripoor, no matter what. You’ve taught me the immense value in keeping my promises…unlike others. If this is a test to make me break that promise, then it’s getting excessive.
I don’t know how much longer I can stay hidden...avoiding the battle I’ve been training for all these years.’

Daken lingered near the dumpster a few moments longer. By then, the effects of the alcohol wore off completely. He was as sober as he was that morning, much to his dismay.

Having heard nothing from his master, his only choice was to continue training for a battle that might never come while filling the void with Madripoor’s endless supply of vice. As fond as he was of vice and violence, the prospect of an unending wait didn’t appeal to him in the slightest. For now, the best he could do was distract himself.

“The night is young...and I stopped aging decades ago,” said Daken with renewed energy. “Surely, there’s something in this decadent city I can taste, fuck, or stab...preferably in that order.”

“Spoken like a true deviant,” said an unexpected female voice, “and in a place like Madripoor, that’s saying something.”

On instinct, Daken turned around and took a defensive stance. His claws still drawn, he stood poised to tear into anyone who dared sneak up on him. One of his master’s first lessons involved never letting his guard down. Given his training and senses, it shouldn’t have been possible.

“Who’s there?” Daken demanded. “Be warned, I’m willing to reverse that order!”

“Is that a boast or a promise? Because I see great appeal in both!”

The female voice seemed closer. The rain around him fell harder and a strange purplish appeared out of nowhere, covering the alley and obscuring his surroundings. He could still hear the noises of the people and cars nearby, but everything else became obscure.

Within that fog, a feminine figure emerged. It was difficult to pick up her scent through the rain and the smell of fresh garbage, but the presence soon became more distinct. Daken quickly surmised that the woman was no street prostitute or vendor. She wore what appeared to be an expensive overcoat, thigh-high stiletto boots, and matching gloves that gave the appearance of a domineering woman.

Having seen his share of gaudy female attire in Madripoor, Daken wasn’t impressed. However, he sensed that there was more to her than what she wore.

“You’re a difficult man to find, Akihiro...or Daken, as you seem to prefer,” the woman said. “The fact that you know my name means you have less than three minutes to explain yourself,” Daken said, pointing his claws at her. “Otherwise, you can forget whatever fun I might include in eviscerating you.”

“Defensive, untrusting, and kinky,” she said with a wide grin, “I think we’re going to get along just fine.”

“You now have one minute,” Daken warned, already preparing to attack.

“Please...there’s no need for more foreplay. I’m already convinced,” she said. “My name is Madelyne Pryor. I’m the new queen of the Hellfire Club. I’ve a mission and a purpose that I seek to pursue. And I require special assistance...a kind you’re in a unique position to provide.”

Daken cast the woman claiming to be affiliated with the Hellfire Club a skeptical glance. He’d heard of that organization before. It had a sordid history, so say the least. They did business with
many nefarious organizations, both in Madripoor and abroad. Romulus once told him they were skilled at devious dealings, but it was best to avoid them whenever possible. Things often got messy.

He’d never heard of Madelyne Pryor, though. Beyond being a ravaging redhead with a taste for kinky attire, something about her seemed very off. Daken, while not as inclined to attack, kept his claws drawn. His every instinct told him that the woman before him was not to be trusted.

“I am not interested,” Daken said strongly, “and for the record…your amateur use of the mystic arts is hardly impressive.”

“Perhaps you misunderstood me, Daken-san,” said Madelyne with a deviant grin. “What I offered was not a request. And as for my ability to wield dark magic…well, I think you’ll be quite impressed when I’m through with you.”

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New York City – Stark Towner Rooftop Garden

Not too long ago, Jean Grey’s had been habitually unsure of herself. She could walk into a situation, connect with people easily, and show genuine empathy and compassion. When it came to pushing herself, though, she always held back.

Whether it was her mutant powers or her innermost passions, she never dared to be bold. It was part of what kept her from admitting her love for Scott Summers. It was also a major reason why their relationship endured so many upheavals. In the long run, it would’ve destroyed her. The Phoenix Force revealed as such.

Now, things were different. Jean Grey-Summers had shed those invisible shackles that kept her from realizing her full potential. It helped her to embrace a new perspective, thanks largely to her and Scott’s encounter with the Phoenix. It allowed her channel the passions that she once restrained. It also gave her the confidence she needed to pursue X-Corp’s vision.

That pursuit had led her to the opulent rooftop garden of Stark Tower in downtown Manhattan. It was here where Jean hoped to secure X-Corp’s next major benefactor.

“I gotta say, Mrs. Grey-Summers, you’re an impressive woman with an impressive vision,” said the always-charismatic Tony Stark as they finished their gourmet evening dinner.

“Thank you, Mr. Stark,” said Jean with a courtesy smile.

“I should also note that I work with SHIELD and the Avengers. I fought with a Frost Giant and a demigod with daddy issues last week. It takes a lot to impress me,” he added. “Even being a beautiful woman in a tight, low-cut dress only goes so far.”

“I want to say I’m just trying to hold your valuable attention, but that would only be half-true,” said Jean coyly.

She dared to be flirtatious with her tone. The wealthy billionaire responded favorably, flashing that charismatic grin that often graced the cover of business magazines and tabloids. Like the rest of the world, Jean knew of his womanizing ways. That also meant she didn’t need telepathy to hold his attention.

She probably didn’t need to buy the tight-fitting red dress that Ororo helped her pick out. She still chose to wear it, but for more personal reasons. It still had the desired effect. It promised to make her plans for the night much easier.
“Believe me, you’ve got more than my attention,” Tony said to her. “Believe me again when I say your personality does not match your file.”

“Since when do you keep files on me? Are those rumors about you having a database of all the women you find attractive true?”

“I could say what my lawyers tell me to and categorically deny that, but that would also be half-true,” he quipped, mirroring her choice of words. “But when it comes to beautiful redheads and former members of the X-Men, I prefer to keep my records organized. That said, I admit I don’t have much you.”

“To be fair, I was somewhat shy during my time with the X-men,” Jean noted.

“You were on the same team that stopped Magneto from launching a barrage of nuclear missiles. You helped pilot a crippled shuttle into Jamaica Bay. You couldn’t have been that shy.”

“I like to think I’ve grown,” she said, taking a sip of her wine to help reinforce her point. “How else could I have gotten a private dinner with the famous Tony Stark?”

“Some of that is you looking damn good in that dress,” he joked, “but more of it has to do with this vision you have for X-Corp. Speaking as someone who had to completely change his vision for Stark Industries, I can appreciate what you’re trying to do…more so than most genius, billionaire philanthropists.”

That charm of his was on full display. Jean, her half-empty wine glass in hand and an empty plate in front of her, could easily see why many were captivated by Tony Stark’s charisma. She could also understand how he’d seduced so many women. That rumor of him sleeping with every Maxim cover girl model in a year didn’t seem so far-fetched.

However, Jean wasn’t interested in Tony’s womanizing skills…at least for the moment. She’d arrived in Manhattan earlier that day, having spent a week working her way through Stark Industry’s many layers of bureaucracy. Even the connections Warren provided through Worthington Industries only went so far. However, Jean remained persistent. After providing materials detailing X-Corp’s vision to Pepper Potts, Tony finally took notice. He’d been so impressed that he set up an evening dinner.

According to Pepper, Tony reserved that treatment for a select few. Jean could see why. The roof of Stark Tower had better décor than most four-star hotels. The dining area itself was enclosed in a glass atrium that offered a perfect view of the night sky over the city. It also had a private elevator, a sizable garden that enclosed the dining area in exotic plants, a large fountain that must have cost a small fortune, and even a sound system that played relaxing music.

Such opulent amenities made the food and wine taste that much better. Tony claimed to have New York’s best chefs on speed dial and she believed him. She also believed he had more information on her than he’d implied because he knew how much she loved clams with linguine. There was no telling how far his knowledge went.

It must have been enough because he’d cleared his schedule for that night. He’d even paid for a limousine to take her up to the roof. Early on, he treated it more like a business meeting than an elaborate effort to impress a beautiful woman. Then, as they enjoyed their meal and discussed X-Corp’s vision, Jean sensed a growing interest in matters beyond business.

“So long as we’re appreciating each other’s growth, I want you to know that I admire what you’ve done with your company,” said Jean, adopting a more serious demeanor as she set her wine glass
aside. “I read about what happened to you in Afghanistan. Being held captive…having to build weapons for terrorists…fighting your way out…it’s a struggle right out of a movie.”

“More like a franchise with several crossovers and tie-ins, but I don’t make light of it. I still carry the scars from that experience…some more visible than others,” he said, knocking on the glowing arc reactor in his chest to make his point.

“Most people are rightly impressed by that story,” Jean went on. “However, what I found more impressive was how that experience inspired you to completely change the direction of Stark Industries.”

“Really? That impressed you more than the clunky mechanized suit with flamethrowers?” he said jokingly.

“I’m serious. You didn’t have to take Stark Industries out of the weapons business. In fact, it would’ve been easier if you didn’t. You could’ve made any number of excuses, but you chose to do the right thing and shoulder the cost.”

“Which wasn’t easy, mind you,” he said in a more serious tone. “I’m still a billionaire, but let’s just say I’m more hesitant to buy a fleet of private yachts on a whim.”

“You claimed the experience opened your eyes. I believe that. I also think it changed your perspective. You saw the world in a new way…one that exposed every flaw, mistake, and misguided feeling. More importantly…you saw you were capable of something far greater.”

“I know you’re a telepath, Ms. Grey-Summers, but I don’t get the sense you’re reading my mind.”

“I don’t have to. I wouldn’t have gone to all this effort if I didn’t believe your vision for Stark Industries didn’t perfectly align with our goals at X-Corp.”

Jean, in a demonstration that she hoped was as impressive as her dress, used her telekinesis to levitate the thick folder that X-Corp had sent him ahead of time. Tony barely glanced at it over the course of their meal. She didn’t assume he’d brought it for no reason. She also didn’t assume he’d memorized all its contents.

Having helped organized those contents, Jean put on a show, shuffling the papers in mid-air and singling out a few documents. Then, employing her telekinesis with the utmost care, she directed those documents to hover over the center of the table. It was hardly the most impressive feat of psychic powers, but it helped get her point across.

“You know, there are easier ways to present your company’s goals,” said Tony. “Ever hear of PowerPoint?”

“I’ll leave the colorful charts and graphs to traditional businesspeople,” said Jean. “What we envision for X-Corp is anything but traditional. For me – a woman who was a mutant before she was on a team of costumed heroes – it’s personal.”

Using her telekinesis, she moved the documents closer to Tony so that he could see the pictures they included. For once, they were blueprints or data. They were real people with goals of their own.

“We’ve discussed X-Corp’s operations. We’ve gone over our plans for the near and distant future.” Jean said. “For once, it’s not too technical. X-Corp finds mutants in need of education, direction, and job opportunities. We use our resources to help them fill those needs.”
“So simple, even my overpaid lawyers can understand,” Tony said.

“We see ourselves as a mechanism for Charles Xavier’s dream. My husband and I took what we learned from him and created an organization that turns idealized dreams into a functional reality. Not every mutant has the ability or desire to become a costumed superhero. Some just want a good job that maximizes their skills while paying them generously. For instance, this young mutant from Georgia can secrete adhesives from his hands. It may not seem like much, but it could be useful for construction and maintenance operations.”

“I can see how that would be handy…in some situations,” said Tony, looking only mildly impressed.

“There’s also this young man from the Midwest,” Jean went on, singling out a mutant who had an inhuman appearance. “He calls himself Shatter. His body is composed of a crystalline material that is not only very robust, but he can turn liquids into crystals. He can work in dangerous environments, plug up damaged levies, and stop leaks from hazardous waste with ease.”

“That seems a bit more useful, especially for our chemical engineers,” said the famous billionaire, still not showing much excitement.

“There’s also this promising young girl from Japan,” she said, putting a special emphasis on her. “Her friends call her Armor. She can create large constructs of psionic energy around her body and shape them as she pleases. With it, she gains immense strength, stamina, and durability. That makes her useful in jobs that require demolition, heavy lifting, surviving harsh conditions, or even something as simple as…”

Tony finally put his hands up to stop her. At that point, she didn’t need to reinforce her point. Even someone with Tony Stark’s arrogance could appreciate the ramifications.

“Okay, I get it. Mutants have amazing skills and some might be pretty damn lucrative,” he said.

“Which benefits both them and the organizations they work for,” Jean said, using her telekinesis to set aside the files. “By working with X-Corp, both as a partner and a donor, we can connect Stark Industries with these extraordinary individuals. They’ll get good, meaningful work that helps them appreciate their powers. Stark Industries gets skilled, productive workers.”

“And X-Corp gets what? Recognition, influence, and donations?” said Tony.

“Among many other things,” Jean conceded, “but keep in mind, we’re a non-profit organization.”

“Whoa there! Careful with that language,” Tony said jokingly. “If anyone on my Board of Directors heard that, they might have a stroke.”

“They don’t need to know X-Corp’s business plan. They just need to know it’s a source of unique talent that can only help a company’s bottom line. I know as well as anyone in this town that profits are a huge concern for Stark Industries. Now that they’re out of the weapons game, they need to grow in new directions and employing skilled mutants can definitely help…especially if some of those profits help aid the company’s unofficial mascot.”

Now, it was Jean’s turn to be coy. She gave Tony a minute to decipher the subtext. She even used it as an opportunity to finish her wine and set aside her plate. Being a genius, it didn’t take long. She didn’t even need telepathy to pick up on her intent.

It was a poorly kept secret that Tony Stark was Iron Man. His harrowing escape from captivity, followed by the arrival of an armored figure teaming up with the Avengers, gave most people
enough dots to connect. Officially, the two weren’t the same person, but anyone who’d crossed
paths with Iron Man, which included the X-Men, could easily surmise the truth.

Jean chose not to say it out loud, demonstrating that X-Corp could be tactful in their dealings with
Stark Industries. Given Tony’s various extracurriculars, it might have been the most valuable asset
she could’ve offered.

“I guess I’ll have to throw away my entire file on you, Mrs. Grey-Summers. You’ve clearly
rendered it obsolete,” said Tony, finally looking impressed.

“Like I said before…I’ve grown,” she said with a proud grin, “and you can call me Jean. If Stark
Industries is going to be among X-Corp’s first donors, then we should be on a first-name basis.”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves. You’ve brought a ton of new variables into the mix here. In
general, I can crunch the numbers in my head. I don’t even have to be sober.”

“So I’ve heard,” Jean said, not forgetting Tony Stark’s well-documented history with alcoholism.

“With this – mutants, X-Corp, and a way of working them into the system – it’s a real
gamechanger. Maybe not quite on the level of an arc reactor, but close!”

“You sound intrigued, but uncertain.”

“Oh I’m certain…as certain as I can be for a company whose name is on the building,” Tony said,
his gaze narrowing on her. “While I can’t speak for my investors or my armored associate, I can
safely say that this isn’t just an opportunity. What you and X-Corp are doing is big…potentially
bigger than I can put into any binding agreement.”

“We can work on the specifics if you’d like, Mr. Stark,” Jean offered.

“There’s only so much I care to get in writing. If Stark Industries and X-Corp are to have an
arrangement, then I want it to be at the forefront when that potential becomes real,” he said
strongly. “Also, call me Tony.”

Jean smiled at his tone, sensing an energy in the colorful billionaire that few had seen in news clips
or tabloids. She sensed that she wasn’t just talking to Tony Stark anymore. She was definitely
sitting across from Iron Man, a founding member of the Avengers who wasn’t afraid to use new
tools to overcome big challenges.

It revealed the immense difference between the Tony Stark he was before his experience in
Afghanistan and the Tony Stark he was now. Jean doubted that the man he used to be would’ve
seen that same potential. He would’ve only seen how X-Corp could placate his investors. It used to
be the only goal that mattered because it was the only one that allowed him to keep being the
reckless tech billionaire he’d always been. His goals had since become more ambitious. She could
see it in his eyes.

“Very well, Tony. I think we can make such an arrangement,” Jean said, leaning forward on the
table. “Between your support and the partnership we just struck with Worthington Industries, X-
Corp has everything it needs to grow.”

“I can have my lawyers draw up the necessary framework,” said Tony confidently. “I’m sure yours
already have a lengthy wish-list on their end…one I’m sure will grow once they see what the all-
new, all-different Stark Industries has planned.”

“I don’t need to be psychic to know the extent of those plans. You want Stark Industries to be more
than just a former weapons company.”

“And you want X-Corp to be more than just a subsidiary of Charles Xavier’s dream,” added Tony. “In that sense, we’re both branching out…trying to forge our own path.”

“I don’t deny the similarities. That’s why I think we’ll work well together,” said Jean.


“I’d rather not put a label on it just yet,” said Jean. “There are still some aspects of this arrangement that are up in the air.”

The mood between them quickly changed. Suddenly, it was no longer just a private dinner between representatives of X-Corp and Stark Industries. Between the ambience of the secluded rooftop dining area and Tony’s undeniable charm around beautiful women, the focus shifted from business interests to something more intimate.

Jean leaned forward on the table, exposing more of her cleavage in the process. That caught Tony’s attention. For much of the dinner, he’d been so casual sitting across from her. Wearing only that dark T-shirt and black slacks, he hadn’t treated it like a business meeting. If he had really kept tabs on her and the rest of the X-Men, then he had to have known about some of the recent upheavals in the team, including those involving the Phoenix Force.

“I think we’ve addressed all the major issues. X-Corp and Stark Industries are poised to have a very intimate relationship moving forward,” said Jean, her voice becoming more seductive with every word.

“I’m inclined to agree, but I get the sense there’s some fine print,” said Tony, not hiding his admiration of her cleavage, “albeit the less boring kind.”

“There’s always fine print, but you needn’t worry about that,” Jean said. “X-Corp has lawyers too and they’ve agreed to work overtime on the specifics. I’ve also promised a generous bonus for their contributions. It’s how we have to do things in the world of non-profits. We don’t have dividends to pay, so we need to utilize other incentives.”

“As a for-profit entity, I can’t fully relate,” he replied, “although I definitely appreciate incentives.”

“Then, I think you’ll appreciate how I go about providing them…especially to X-Corp’s most valued partners.”

There was nothing coy about her tone anymore. Every word dripped with raw, focused sexuality. Jean didn’t doubt that plenty of beautiful women had employed that tactic to get and hold Tony Stark’s attention. To set herself apart, she had to be bolder.

Still leaning forward, Tony’s gaze locked on her half-exposed cleavage, Jean stealthily slipped her hand under the table and grasped his arm. She then guided his hand onto her thighs, encouraging him to feel his way up her smooth skin. Even when he reached the lower hem of her dress, she pushed him forward, directing his fingers between her inner thighs. In doing so, she revealed the extent of her incentive.

“Um…Mrs. Grey Summers?” said Tony, sounding surprised for the first time that night.

“I thought I told you to call me Jean,” she replied playfully, still holding onto his wrist.

“Sorry, but things tend to slip my mind in these situations.”
“What kind of situations do you mean?”

“The kind where I find out the beautiful woman sitting across from me isn’t wearing any panties.”

Jean chuckled lightly, but didn’t bother denying it. She just kept shooting him her most seductive grin while guiding his hand onto her uncovered pussy. Before she’d left for New York, she’d shared her plans with Scott. He called it an unusual, but solid negotiating tactic. She saw it as more than that.

As Tony’s hand grazed over her folds, she let out soft purrs of approval, inviting the famous billionaire to embrace her unique approach to incentives. As he felt around her inner thighs, she used her telekinesis to skillfully loosen his pants. She assumed that more than one woman had dared to seduce him on the roof his iconic building, but she doubted they did so with psychic powers.

“That’s…a new situation,” said Tony, shifting in his seat.

“Is it too much? Too little?” Jean teased.

“That depends,” he said, still maintaining his demeanor. “Is your husband familiar with your tactics?”

Jean replied by stepping up her efforts, fully removing Tony’s belt with her mind while guiding his hands more directly, pushing his fingers right into her vagina. It finally shook his usually unflappable demeanor. Hopefully, it convinced him that she was not like the other married women he’d seduced in the past.

“Tony, if you really do have a file on me and Scott, then you know we have a certain perspective on sex, love, and marriage,” Jean told him.

“Is that what you call it?” he said with a raised eyebrow.

“We don’t call it anything. Swinging…polyamory…having an open relationships…none of it captures what we’ve uncovered as our love has blossomed. We just know that it works for us. It feels right. The fact that it allows us to form intimate connections with prospective business partners…well, that’s just a nice bonus!”

As it to allay any further concerns, Jean made another bold move that she doubted Tony would get in a typical negotiation. Still locked on him with her seductive gaze, she removed his hand from her inner thighs and stood up from her seat. Then, she employed her telekinesis again, using it to levitate the entire table, dishes and all, and move it aside. Tony, still sitting comfortably in his chair with a noticeable bulge in his pants, looked surprised and intrigued.

After setting the table down, not even knocking over the wine glasses in the process, Jean took a step closer to the colorful billionaire. Along the way, she sensually lifted the hem of her dress, revealing her bare pussy to him. Tony’s intrigue quickly turned to desire. She was a beautiful woman presenting herself to him like a desert wrapped in an opportunity. For once, the Tony Stark of old could complement newer, more heroic Tony Stark.

“That…is a beautiful bonus,” said Tony with lecherous charm.

“I thought you’d like it,” said Jean with a curt grin, “but for an important ally to X-Corp, I think it makes sense to go a little further.”

“Oh? And what does that entail?” asked Tony intently.
“Rather than put in writing for your lawyers scrutinize, why don’t I show you?”

Having navigated the official parts of securing a partnership between X-Corp and Stark Industries, Jean was prepared to enjoy the unofficial details. As far as she and Tony were concerned, the business side of things were done. Now, they could have a little fun.

Jean led the way, taking a step closer, leaning in, and drawing the wealthy man into a sensual kiss. In doing so, Tony felt up her feminine curves once, tracing a path that allowed him to firmly grasp her ass and feel between her inner thighs again. She’d only gotten wetter since he first touched her. It sent a clear and unambiguous message that they didn’t need to get in writing.

He was going to get a taste of her newfound perspective.

More importantly, she was going to make it feel great.

‘Open your mind, Tony,’ she said to him telepathically while they kissed. ‘Allow me to make this situation even more unique.’

‘Okay, but I have to warn you. My thoughts are probably dirtier than most,’ Tony replied upon opening a mental channel.

‘I’ve worked with Wolverine. Trust me, I can handle dirty thoughts. In fact, they turn me on!’

Jean fully channeled the energy, passion, and sexuality that she’d so eagerly embraced recently. Through her kiss, she further affirmed that she was not the reserved and restrained Jean Grey that his files on her described. However, she still sought to affirm it in other ways.

After their lips parted, the channel into their minds staying open, Jean made the next move. She dropped to her knees, her dress still scrunched up around her waist so that she could finish removing Tony’s pants. Before long, they were at his ankles along with his underwear, allowing his growing member to harden without restraint.

“And they say you overcompensate,” Jean said playfully.

“And I never get tired of women finding out how wrong they are,” said Tony.

Jean snickered as she licked her lips in anticipation, grasped the base of his shaft gently, and shot him a seductive look before enveloping his cock in her oral warmth. The charismatic man reacting strongly, letting out a deep grunt as he grasped the side of her head, running his fingers through her silky red hair. Sensing his favorable reaction, Jean began giving him the kind of blowjob that even a billionaire could appreciate.

“Ooh yeah!” he said. “This...is my kind of overcompensation!”

‘It’s not overcompensation,’ Jean told him, via telepathy. ‘It’s why I asked you to open your mind to me. This way, I can sense what you like, how much you like it, and how to make it feel even better.’

‘And to think, I used to be suspicious of all things psychic.’

Tony definitely had a new appreciation for psychic abilities and beautiful women who knew how to use them. Jean just kept adding to it, stepping up her oral sex efforts while using her telepathy to share in the experience.

She stroked, sucked, and fondled his cock in all the ways he loved. Tony liked his blowjobs with
more intensity than most, meaning Jean had to suck harder and faster than she often did with Scott. He also enjoyed extra tongue, especially when she used it to tease the tip. For him, it was less about a woman having a good gag reflex and more about stimulating just the right areas. Thanks to the wonders of telepathy, she knew where those areas were.

“Damn, that feels good!” said Tony. “More…read my mind more, Jean!”

It would’ve been funny if he didn’t mean it. Jean, still treating her efforts as part of their new partnership, sucked and licked his dick even harder. He didn’t seem to mind when she slobbered over it at times. If anything, he liked that too.

Jean, not to be left out of the fun, used her free hand to reach between her thighs and finger her pussy, adding to her own arousal while Tony enjoyed his blowjob. She was already wet. She craved a more intimate conclusion to her and Tony’s negotiations. In the interest of laying a solid foundation between Stark Industries and X-Corp, she intended to maximize the exchange.

‘I’m still reading your mind, Tony,’ Jean told him while still fervently sucking him off. ‘You love how my tongue feels on your dick, but think my pussy will feel even better.’

‘Am I wrong in my thinking?’ he replied.

‘Only one way to find out!’

She looked up at him with a seductive gaze before concluding her oral sex. Sensing the growing extent of his lust, she rose back up, her dress still elevated to show off her exposed womanhood. Still standing over him, she pulled down the top part of her dress to free her breasts. Her reason for doing so became wonderfully obvious as she sat down on his lap, straddled his waist, and shoved her breasts in his face.

“You…are an amazing negotiator, Jean Grey-Summers,” said Tony as he buried his face in her cleavage.

“It’s easy when you have so much to offer,” she quipped.

She laughed and purred softly as Tony enjoyed her breasts. At the same time, she rubbed her pelvis up against his erect cock, the folds of her pussy teasing him with every movement. She sensed he loved that kind of teasing, building towards a big moment before really going at it. That approach perfectly matched his personality, which had been built around spectacle and showmanship.

Jean followed that spectacle closely, using her telepathy to make sure the moment of their sex was perfect. Finally, just before the teasing became too much, she elevated her hips, aligned the tip of his dick with her wet entrance, and lowered herself onto him, allowing their flesh to unit in a sensual union.

“Oohhh yeah!” Tony moaned out. “I was right again! It does feel better!”

“Mmm…being right turns you on too, doesn’t it?” Jean said in a sensual tone.

“I’m Tony Stark. Of course it does!”

It was so obvious, his ego playing a part in his sexual preferences, but Jean didn’t have time to scrutinize it. She was done navigating his thoughts for keys to his proclivities. Now, she just wanted to enjoy some hot sex on a billionaire’s dime.

As with oral sex, Tony liked a harder, faster kind of sex. Once again, Jean gladly accommodated
him. She rode his cock with fervent intensity, rocking her hips and working her folds along his rigid length. The sound of their naked flesh rhythmically clashing filled the rooftop with sensual noises to go along with their many grunts and gasps.

As she rode him, Tony reached around and grasped her butt, supplementing her gyrating hips with some strength of his own. He remained most focused on her breasts, rubbing his face between her cleavage and kissing up her neck. Despite his reputation as a reckless womanizing playboy, the man knew how to make a woman feel desired. For a telepath, that was especially powerful.

‘You were a selfish, reckless man before, Tony. You’ve become something so more. I can sense it now. I can even feel it in our sex. Please...feel it with me.’

Such intimate thoughts encouraged Tony to step up his efforts, as well. He tightened his grip on her butt, stepped up the pace of their movements even more, and rested his forehead against hers so that she could see into his eyes.

It was as though he dared her to see a different Tony Stark than the one the world knew. She also sensed that he wanted to see that man too in her eyes, as though he wasn’t entirely sure he existed. Jean assured him he was very real, caressing the side of his face and letting the escalating pleasure affect her expression.

“I’m close, Tony!” she told him. “You’re going to do it. You’re going...to make me...come!”

Never one to shy away from approaching triumph, Tony didn’t say a word and maintained his efforts. He kept one hand on her butt and shifted the other to her bouncing breasts, giving it just the right squeeze to help guide her to the brink and beyond. When Jean crossed that threshold into a world of orgasmic delight, she threw her head back and let out a cry into the Manhattan skyline.

“Oohhh Tony!” she exclaimed.

“I never get tired of that,” he said.

Jean barely heard that predictable boast. She was too busy enjoying her release, grasping his wrinkled shirt with both hands as her inner muscles contracted around his cock. Sweet, pleasurable sensations rippled through her body, a tangible manifestation of Tony Stark’s latest triumph. Unlike the man he used to be, he was eager to share in the exhilaration.

Their sexual rhythm slowed while she enjoyed that feeling. She sensed Tony enjoyed the show, watching her writhe in pleasure under his grasp. She also had every intention of letting him join in. For that reason, she didn’t linger in the afterglow for too long. Now convinced of Tony’s dedication, she gleaned a little something else from his dirty thoughts.

“Mmm...bet you don’t get tired of this, either,” she said seductively.

Before he could inquire for details, Jean shifted their position in accord with the insights gleaned from his mind. With a mischievous glint in her eyes, she rose up off his cock and turned around so that she was facing away, giving him a nice view of her heart-shaped butt in the process. Tony, once again enamored by such a sight, eagerly grasped it with both hands. From there, he guided her back down onto his cock.

Through shared coordination, his now-dripping cock entered her throbbing folds, filling her depths once more. Tony let out another deep grunt as her warm pussy surrounded his length. He then used his arms to start bouncing her butt up and down, working her folds along his rigid manhood. Jean shared in the effort, riding him reverse cowgirl style and letting Tony set the tone.
“Ohhh yeah! Work that ass, Jean! Work it hard…just like that!” he said, gripping her butt every step of the way.

“Mmm…you like it, don’t you?” Jean purred. “You love a woman who works her assets!”

“God, yes! I fucking love it!”

Tony gave her ass a light swat, which helped belabor her point. Being a billionaire playboy, he’d definitely developed some unique tastes in women. He had just as many tastes in sex. It wasn’t enough for a woman to just have big breasts and a nice ass. She had to be active in their intimate activities.

Jean found it surprisingly respectable, a billionaire who wanted more than just a fuck toy. It told her that there had been a better man in Tony Stark all along. His experience in Afghanistan only brought him out. That made the idea of having him an ally even more intriguing. She also had a feeling that he would value their partnership more than most.

For now, Jean valued having great sex with a man who clearly knew what he liked. She embraced his personal kinks, working her butt and letting Tony admire it. She shared in the feeling, squeezing her bouncing breasts in the process. At one point, she leaned back a bit so that he could reach around and fondle her breasts as well. It further added to the feeling, drawing him closer to his peak.

She sensed it approaching quickly. Tony had more stamina than most, which was to be expected of such a well-known playboy. Those stories of him having his way with twin Maxim models seemed more believable. However, before he got his peak, Jean made one last effort to help cement their deal.

‘I sense you’re close, Tony,’ she told him telepathically. ‘I also sense you want to shoot your load on my face. You want to see your cum dripping down the face of your new partner.’

‘I love how I don’t have to spell anything out for you, Jean.’

‘It’s just one of the many benefits you can expect from your new partnership with X-Corp!’

Without saying a word, Jean worked her hips a few more times to get Tony to the brink. Then, just as he was about to climax, she rose up off him, turned around, and dropped to her knees in anticipation.

Tony took it from there. He shot up from his seat, grasped the side of her head with one hand and his throbbing cock with the other. Jean, gazing up at him with anticipation, opened her mouth and let the desire for ecstasy do the rest.

“Ohhh Jean!” he cried out as he finally came.

It was a culmination of their intimate dealings, him achieving his full release. He shuddered as he came hard, spraying a thick stream of his manly fluid onto her face, chin, and cleavage. The sheer volume surprised Jean somewhat, but she still made sure to get every drop on her. Tony wanted to see her covered in his juices. In the spirit of celebrating their new partnership, she gave him just that.

“Mmm…you know what you like, Tony,” Jean said as she looked up at him with her cum-covered face. “As someone still learning and embracing her sexy side, I can appreciate that.”

“That’s…reassuring,” said a breathless Tony, still panting heavily as he soaked in his release.
“I’m a more passionate woman than I thought,” she went on, “just as you’re a better man than you think. Around me, you don’t have to agonize over so many variables. I can see the bigger picture. I can sense the larger truth. That’s how I know we can help each other in all the right ways...for all the right reasons.”

“The right reasons,” Tony repeated in a distant tone. “I like the sound of that. I like it a lot!”

“Which is why I think you’ll appreciate our perspective more than most!”

Jean cast him a satisfied smile. She even gave his member one last lick, gathering up the last remaining drops of his fluid. Tony appreciated the gesture before sitting back in his chair to catch his breath. As he caught his breath, she retrieved a napkin from the table with her telekinesis to clean herself off. Her lipstick was smeared, her hair was a mess, and her dress was very disheveled. She didn’t mind in the slightest.

She’d achieved everything she hoped and then some. She also secured a powerful ally for X-Corp in Tony Stark. Knowing the many challenges that awaited, she and Scott could use as many of those as they could get.

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**Madripoor – Unknown Location**

‘Wake up, Daken. It’s time to embrace your new purpose!’

The sound of that voice in his head felt like a migraine and a gunshot wound, all rolled into one. Daken groaned as he returned to a conscious state, which turned out to be much more painful than expected.

“Aagh! What the fuck?” he groaned.

“Take it easy, my newest ally. You’re going to need your strength.”

Daken was used to being hurt, bloodied, or injured, but something about his current situation felt different. Everything around him was completely unfamiliar and not just with respect to the setting. It left him feeling genuinely concerned and for him, that was a very rare feeling.

The first thing he noticed, aside from the stabbing pain in his head, was that he’d been stripped naked and strapped to a table. That, alone, wasn’t entirely unfamiliar. He’d been in his share of kinky scenarios. Madripoor had no shortage of kinky sex clubs, after all. However, there was nothing kinky about his predicament.

The table he was lying on felt cold and rusty.

The chains that bound his wrists and feet felt extra heavy, as though they’d been specifically designed to hold him.

The atmosphere around him felt like a cross between a dungeon and a laboratory. For him, it was the least sexy combination he could’ve been in.

Daken had been in plenty of distressing situations before. A good chunk of his training under Romulus involved escaping, enduring, and even planning them. Now, it felt as though his training had failed him. The fact that he couldn’t remember how he ended up in such a dire predicament was the most distressing part of all. *Nobody* should’ve been able to subdue him like that.

“Before you ask, let me reassure you,” said a devious, but familiar voice. “Yes, I did actually
defeat you in a brief, but predictable struggle. No, you’re not going to be tortured. And no, you do not have a choice in what’s about to happen to you…although not in the way you suspect.”

“Hnn…you bitch,” Daken groaned.

“Ah, good! You inherited your father’s mouth, as well as his claws. That’ll help make this little arrangement more productive…in more ways than one.”

Even before his vision cleared, he recognized that ominous female voice. It belonged to that strange redheaded woman he’d encountered in the alley. Something about her smelled very off from the beginning. As he became more aware of his surroundings, he sensed her standing next to the table. Just being near her almost sent him into a berserker rage.

Daken snarled and struggled within his restraints. His head was still pounding, but he could process his new surroundings. He was in some sort of enclosed room with no discernable entrance and a large, one-way mirror on the north wall. Other than the table, the only features he could make out were the blaring fluorescent lights in the ceiling and a strange array of medical equipment behind him.

It didn’t feel like a hospital or lab, but it didn’t feel like a prison cell either. The redheaded woman, now wearing just a black cape, thigh-high stiletto boots, and tattered bikini-like outfit, stood over him looking deviously bemused while holding something in her hand. His first instinct was to break free and gut her, but the shackles proved durable.

“Errr! You think these will hold me?” Daken barked as he struggled.

“Ha! Of course not,” the woman laughed. “You can buy a lot of things in Madripoor, but high-quality vibranium shackles aren’t one of them. I suspect these cheap knock-offs will give way in about an hour, at most.”

“Time you should use to get a running start!” he threatened.

“Oh don’t you worry, my colorful cohort. That’s plenty of time!” she said, pinching his cheeks playfully. “But where are my manners? I know everything about you, Daken. You should at least know me. My name is Madelyne Pryor. To most people, I am the once and future queen of the Hellfire Club. To you, however, I am something so much more.”

Daken just snarled angrily, but he still tempered his struggling. He’d heard of the Hellfire Club before. In terms of dangerous organizations, they were right up there with the Hand. Everyone in the criminal underworld knew not to cross their path unless absolutely necessary. Traditionally, they never had a major presence in Madripoor, but there was nothing about Madelyne Pryor that seemed traditional.

“And believe it or not, you mean just as much to me, Daken,” she said, now caressing his face in a disturbingly affectionate manner.

“I don’t believe it,” he scoffed.

“I don’t expect you to. Not initially, at least. By the time you leave this room, you’ll understand. You’ll see in me the same struggles that have plagued you since your birth…which, from what I’ve learned, was quite messy.”

“Are you going to tell me your father also killed your mother while you were still in the womb? As though that’s enough to stop me from gutting you?”
Madelyne looked at him strangely. Then, she burst out laughing. Daken wasn’t disturbed by much, but hearing that woman’s laugh was enough to make his skin crawl.

“Seriously? That’s the story he told you?” she said, shaking her head in amusement. “Honestly, I thought Romulus would be a lot more creative.”

“Romulus…you know him too?!” Daken yelled in a mix of rage and confusion.

“Indeed I do. Quite intimately, in fact. And if you’re worried about his prolonged absence these past few weeks, you can’t stop worrying. Rest assured, he’s somewhere that’s as comfortable as it is secure.”

Suddenly, Daken had an entirely new reason to be enraged and fearful. It was one thing for some crazy woman to capture and subdue him. For Romulus, the man who’d taken him under his wing after his adopted family tried to kill him, that should’ve been impossible.

If that weren’t disturbing enough, Madelyne also implied that Romulus had lied to him about the fate of his mother. That certainly raised questions every bit as distressing as that woman’s ability to subdue him, but he didn’t have the time or energy to obsess over that.

He was in the presence of a woman capable of defeating both him and Romulus, two skilled fighters with decades of experience to go along with their mutant abilities. It hinted at power and capabilities for which he had not trained. Even as Daken struggled against his restraints, the idea that he was in a fight that he could not win crossed his mind and that was something he hadn’t contemplated in a long time.

“But don’t worry about Romulus,” Madelyne continued, having since stopped laughing. “He was guiding you down a particular path…one that I know for certain would not have left you fulfilled and satisfied.”

“How can you possibly know that?” Daken scoffed.

“Because I know what it’s like to born, bred, and pushed down a path…to have those proverbial strings tugging on every fiber of your being,” she said, her tone becoming more serious. “Even as we speak, I can’t escape it…this unseen force driving me to fulfill a certain role.”

“So what possible part could I play in this role?”

“That’s just it. You don’t have to play a part at all. Nobody does! I realized that shortly after I drew my first breath. I also realized that I can only do so much to escape my pre-determined purpose. The only choices I truly have are how I go about it. I could just take the shortest, easiest path. But that would make me no better than a trained dog fetching a stick. I seek something more than that…something greater and more satisfying.”

Her voice took on a more personal, but oddly sensual undertone. Had Daken not been so inclined to stab her, he might have felt a twinge of sympathy. He still had every intention of fighting back, but the more she talked, the more curious he became.

Madelyne, still clutching something in her hand, stepped away from the table for a brief moment. Then, while facing away from him, undid her cape, letting it fall to the floor to reveal her bikini-like attire, which included a very revealing thong. Had he not been so enraged, he might have admired her choice in clothing.

She didn’t stop there. With casual immodesty, Madelyne removed her top, leaving her in just a black thong and those thigh-high stiletto boots. It was hardly the most provocative attire Daken had
seen, especially in Madripoor, but her half-naked body wasn’t his primary concern. While still looking away, she kept looking at whatever she’d been holding in her hand. He couldn’t see what it was, but every instinct told him it wasn’t good for him.

“In the interest of full transparency – something few have given you in your life, Daken-son – I admit this isn’t my first attempt at expanding my purpose,” the devious redhead told him. “You’re also not the first person I’ve invited to join me on this path.”

“Given your recruiting skills, I’m hardly surprised,” muttered Daken, glancing bitterly at his shackles.

“I thought I knew how to win over the hopes, goals, and desires of others. I was exceedingly thorough in my first attempt. I believed I could secure their unflinching loyalty, simply by channeling their need for purpose and fulfillment. Sadly, I was wrong.”

“I’m sure you cried yourself to sleep that night,” said Daken snidely. “What was your primary takeaway? That you didn’t torture them enough?”

“Again, you assume torture,” she scoffed. “I swear you’re even worse than Emma Frost.”

“I don’t know who that is, but if you shackled her to a table as well, I can’t say I blame her.”

“I suppose my messaging has room for improvement,” Madelyne sighed, “but the simple truth remains. I don’t torture others into joining me. I make them want. I make them want it so much that no amount of pain, pleasure, or willpower can change that.”

“You say that like you actually know how.”

“I thought I did. I had hoped that my methods needed no further refinements. Perhaps that was overconfidence, on my part. I certainly didn’t want to raid my creator’s lab for new tools, but I suppose that’s part of the struggle. When you insist on taking a less direct path to your destiny, you must adapt along the way, learning from mistakes and ultimately finding a better way to get things done…even if it requires less comfortable tactics.”

She finally turned around. While the sight of her exposed breasts certainly got Daken’s attention, he was far more concerned with the glowing red diamond in her hand. He could already feel its strange energy filling the confined room and it was not the pleasant kind.

Over the course of his training, Daken had encountered numerous objects that had mystical properties. He’d also clashed with things that utilized advanced science, not unlike the kind that had affected his father. They both had great potential for danger and destruction on their own. While not an expert in magic or science, he sensed something unique about that glowing item.

“That…looks rather uncomfortable,” said Daken, his gaze narrowing on the glowing gem.

“Relax. It still won’t require torture…unless, of course, you choose such recourse,” said Madelyne.

“Choice?!” he spat. “You expect me to believe I have choices in my current state?”

“I doubt you understand it now, let alone appreciate it. Don’t worry, though. That’ll change soon. If I do my part, it’ll actually be enjoyable.”

Her voice took on a seductive undertone. Daken was hardly swayed, but he couldn’t escape her gaze. He could only watch as she walked up to the side of the table, still holding the glowing red diamond in her left hand. Now hovering over his bound form, her breasts prominently displayed
before him, she focused her attention on his lower body, which reacted to both the energy from the diamond and the proximity of her half-naked body.

“Your appetite for vice is well-known, Daken,” said Madelyne as she narrowed her gaze on his penis. “The streets of Madripoor echo with stories of your debauchery.”

“I don’t brag of my exploits. Whatever you plan to do, I promise your brand of kink won’t work on me.”

“You say that now, but I have a feeling you’ll choose differently. What I’m about to do is not about kink. It’s about channeling one’s wants and desire, breaking them apart, and rebuilding them anew.”

With a glint of deviance and lust in her eyes, she clenched her fist around the glowing red diamond. A brief flash followed. Then, a reddish halo surrounded Madelyne’s body, causing her eyes to glow and her hair to flutter, as though it were in hit with a gust of wind. The same energy that made Daken feel so uncomfortable before now felt even more menacing.

“I can usually see beauty in all things,” Daken said distantly, “but in this…I see many things, but beauty isn’t one of them.”

“When our inescapable fate is so inherently ugly, it’s inevitable. That’s why we must get creative.”

A grin worthy of the ugliest demon formed on her face. Her body still surrounded in a dark red hue, he reached out with her right hand and firmly grasped his penis in her hand.

Daken instinctively winced, once again fighting his shackles. It was not the hardest nor the roughest someone else had grasped his genitals, but something about Madelyne Pryor’s touch made him want to vomit. As she began stroking it, filling the confined room with more of that ominous energy, the revulsion only grew.

“Hrrr…that’s it? You think…a hand-job…will win me over?” he said through more wincing.

“Ha! Oh Daken, you lost soul,” Madelyne laughed. “You honestly think I’m doing this for you?”

He wanted to cuss her out even more. She silenced him by stroking him harder, squeezing and fondling his cock with an intensity that wasn’t possible, even by the most experienced Madripoor sex worker. That meant she didn’t just have access to mystical and science-based resources. She had superhuman abilities on top of that. Romulus had trained him for a lot of things. He’d never trained him to face a woman like Madelyne.

Grunting and groaning, Daken struggled under her grip, fighting the shackles as he struggled to maintain control. Unfortunately, his body had betrayed him. He could already feel his penis getting harder under her relentless grip. He couldn’t tell if that was just due to her stroking or because of the energy from the diamond. It still disgusted him.

If that weren’t bad enough, it actually felt good. In fact, it felt too good.

“You can already sense it, can’t you?” Madelyne taunted. “That dark feeling in the pit of your soul…the one fate to a purpose you didn’t choose…I can feel it inside you, just as I can feel your cock in my hand.”

“Errr…fuck you!” Daken spat.

“Now, you’re getting ahead of yourself. Perhaps I need to skip a couple steps.”
She clenched the diamond harder. She also stepped up her fervent stroking, jerking him off and leering over him so that he could not avoid her penetrating gaze. Daken tried to look away, but it was no use. As much as he reviled the woman before him, he could not turn away. She had him under her lurid control and that control only deepened.

Daken closed his eyes and fought the effects, trying to will his body into rebellion. It might have been the only time he’d ever resisted the hedonistic urge to enjoy a woman’s intimate touch. He actually tried not to come, if only to deny Madelyne further control. However, that only seemed to encourage her.

“You’re resisting. I understand why,” she said, now hovering over his throbbing member even closer. “I want to make this easier for you, Daken. Just give in! That way, we can both enjoy our shared purpose!”

Daken replied with more deviant groans. Madelyne intensified her efforts, using her exposed breasts to tit-fuck him, surrounding his cock in her fleshy mounds. The resulting sensations were so intoxicating. The energy in the room only made it worse by making it more pleasurable. It shouldn’t have been that pleasurable. There were definitely other forces at work besides basic male biology and for once, it was too much for Daken to handle.

“You think you’re fighting it. You think you’re going to oppose me,” said Madelyne as she worked her breasts up and down his cock. “But I have some unfortunate news for you, Daken. You’ve already lost!”

At that moment, the glowing in Madelyne’s eyes flickered and a burst of energy erupted, causing the table to shake and the lights to flicker. Then, in an ominous exercise of her control over him, Daken achieved orgasm. In a reaction that caused his entire body to tremble, his dick throbbed hard before releasing a thick stream of seminal fluid that landed right on the devious woman’s tits.

“Aaaghhh!” Daken groaned.

“Yes! Now, you can really sense it,” Madelyne said, her every word seething with lust.

He didn’t seek it.

He didn’t want it.

He didn’t even think it was possible in his current state.

Even so, it still happened. He climaxed under Madelyne Pryor’s hand. It was not an ordinary climax, either. There was pleasure in accord with his release, but it was not the kind of pleasure he’d experienced in his many other sex acts.

Every blissful sensation felt supercharged, yet synthetic. It was as though his nerves had been hit by lightning and overloaded with an energy that his body and mind could not process. It rendered him dazed, confused, and overwhelmed. All the training, focus, and discipline that Romulus had taught him over the years simply vanished.

As the feeling set in, he opened his eyes, only to see Madelyne’s perverse expression dominating his world. He still wanted nothing more than to curse her with all the profanity in the world and drive his claws through her face. However, his anger no longer lined up with his desire.

“That, my dear Daken…was just a taste,” said Madelyne, even as his cum dripped down her face. “Now, you want more, don’t you?”
Daken’s expression tensed. His first instinct was to defy and lash out at her. Then, an entirely new instinct emerged and took over.

“Yes,” said Daken, barely recognize his own voice.

“What was that, Daken?” asked Madelyne intently, sounding intensely aroused by his response. “Say it louder!”

“I said…yes!” he yelled at her.

“Yes, what?” she demanded.

“Yes…give me more of this. Whatever it is…I want more.”

With every word he uttered, Daken despised himself. Those were not the words of the man who’d trained for decades under Romulus, fighting to usurp his father’s legacy and humping anyone he pleased along the way. They sounded like a man who had succumbed to a devious woman’s spell. He abhorred submitting to Madelyn’s whims, but it was too late. There was no escaping.

“Very good, my loyal pawn,” said Madelyn. “And since I’m such a merciful queen, I’ll give you what you want. I’ll give you so much that you’ll want nothing else from this day forward!”

He almost preferred torture. That would’ve been easier to handle. He would’ve even preferred mind control. What Madelyne just did to him was worse. She made him desire something he hated. On top of that, she made it feel good in the worst possible way.

Not bothering to wipe his cum off her face, the devious redhead stepped back from the table again and removed her thong. In doing so, she confirmed what Daken had already sensed in her voice. She was very aroused. He could see, smell, and practically taste the heat radiating from her pussy. Her control over him, from his body to his mind, was an intense turn-on.

Now wearing nothing but her thigh-high stiletto boots, Madelyn got up on the table and mounted his pelvis, rubbing her outer folds along the length of his still-throbbing cock. Daken winced at the feeling, not hiding his disgust. However, that only seemed to turn her on even more.

“I know you have a healing factor. I also know you’ve relied on it to rise to the occasion in your lurid pursuits,” Madelyne said curtly. “Thanks to my many talents and resources, it won’t be necessary. That said, it will certainly help!”

As she continued teasing his cock with her pussy, she waved the glowing red diamond over him. It flickered again, releasing more mysterious energy throughout the room. That energy quickly made its way into Daken, as though his body attracted it like a magnet.

“Errrr!” he growled, tensing and contorting under the feeling.

His flesh burned and his mind raced. However, the most noticeable effect occurred in his penis, which became fully erect almost immediately. Even with his robust healing factor, it happened so quickly.

It was hardly pleasant, feeling like someone forced half the blood in his body to one particular body part. The effects didn’t just stop at his genitals, though. Beyond having another raging hard-on, his desire only intensified and only Madelyne Pyror to satisfy them. Daken hated everything about his current predicament, but he hated that the most.

“Mmm…that worked better than I thought,” Madelyne said with growing excitement. “Time to see
“Yes! Yes! Ohhh yes!” Madelyne exclaimed. “Your flesh…your soul…your desires…are mine!”

“Aagghhh!” was all Daken could do to respond.

The feeling that followed sent Daken deeper into a place that he didn’t want to go. Her pussy was so hot, moist, and tight. She skillfully gyrated her hips, working her folds up and down his length, squeezing it with merciless warmth. It felt so incredibly good, but so incredibly wrong. It was intense pleasure and utter torment at the same time. Every bit of training Daken had done to strengthen his body and mind became useless under such a feeling.

Through each sexual motion, Madelyne’s expression became more maddened with ecstasy. She let out moans and grunts that Daken had never heard in a woman. He couldn’t tell if she was having an orgasm or going into a berserker rage for lust. He’d met plenty who had kinky tastes, but none quite like Madelyne. Just riding a man’s cock extra hard wasn’t enough. The act of controlling him was what really got her off.

This woman…this deranged, devious, decadent woman…she has me under her complete control. I hate it! I want to fight it! And yet…

His thoughts quickly devolved into a daze of ecstasy and anguish. He stopped fighting his restraints and just fought to endure Madelyne’s relentless sex. With each passing moment, he felt himself losing that fight.

Again and again, she gyrated her hips, pumping his cock within her pussy. Her breasts bounced as their flesh clashed, creating a heat that consumed the room, so much so that it felt like a sauna. Daken tried in vain to hold back, attempting to maintain what little control he had left. He refused to give her the satisfaction. His face now covered with sweat and strain, he closed his eyes and tried to will himself out of her grasp.

Madelyne didn’t let him, though. While still riding his cock, she grabbed his face, leaned over, and forced her to look into her glowing eyes. Once again, Daken’s body and mind failed him.

“Look at me, Daken! Look me in the eyes…and embrace my purpose with me!” the devious redhead exclaimed. “Embrace it…now!”

“Ahhh fuck!” he exclaimed.

As if on command, Daken climaxed again. It was even more intense than before. He writhed in a conflicted state of ecstasy and agony as he released a thick load of his manly juices into Madelyne’s depths. The idea that she had his cum inside her disgusted him, but the pleasure that came with it was too strong.

“More…fuck, I want more,” Daken said, hating himself for putting such thoughts into words.

“And you’ll have it!” said Madelyne with a sadistic grin.

True to her word, she didn’t let up. She kept on riding his dick, which stayed fully erect, even after he finished climaxing. That should’ve have been possible, even with a healing factor like his. It
was like Madelyne had tapped into something that directly countered the world, as it stood. Beyond just keeping the sex going, it was her exercising perverse control on everything around her.

Armed with such control, all Daken could do was lay on the and take it. Madelyne was unrelenting with her lust, riding his dick hard and fast, indulging in her unique brand of ecstasy. She looked mad, but never lost control or focus. She just kept at it, humping and grinding her pelvis against his.

“You feel it! I feel it too!” she seethed. “This time… I won’t let it go! This time… I am in control!”

Daken could barely handle the sensations surging through his body. He couldn’t hope to make sense of her demanded musings. If someone else had endured such torment and escaped, then they had defied some very powerful forces. Madelyne didn’t seem inclined to give him a similar chance.

As their lewd act continued, Daken sensed her climax multiple times. It was hard to tell in his current state, but it definitely happened. He felt it in the way her pussy clamped down around his cock a few times. He saw it in her expression, becoming more and more ominous. She relished such control, able to achieve her pleasure whenever she pleased and deciding when he got his too.

She was almost too generous for him. Daken climaxed multiple times as well, his body no longer obeying the rules of male biology or mutant healing factors. It happened so many times that the line between pleasure and pain vanished. Every sensation was so intense, but none were ultimately satisfying. For mind, body, and entire sense of self, it sent Daken beyond the breaking point.

Even after that point, Madelyn’s onslaught continued. She kept fucking him, further tightening her hold on him and exercising her complete control. For all Daken knew, she wouldn’t stop until he passed out. That would’ve been the best possible outcome.

‘I can’t take it anymore! This woman… she has me. She controls me. I can’t escape it and… and I don’t want to. I really, truly don’t want to.’

Madelyne had won. She defeated him before he could even throw a punch. That much was clear. It was just a matter of how much torment she was willing to inflict. His expression now vacant, Daken just hoped his durable form failed him soon.

Then, just as his world felt ready to collapse around him, Madelyne abruptly ceased her movements and opened her hand to reveal diamond again. It glowed so brightly that it filled the entire room with a crimson glow. Like a moth to a flame, Daken was drawn to it.

“You’re been so good to me, Daken,” said Madelyne. “You’ve submitted to me…pleasured me… embraced me. Tell me, do you still want to serve my purpose?”

Daken opened his mouth and attempted to reassert control. He failed. Even without the sex, he was under Madelyne’s dominating grip.

“I do,” he said to her.

“Tell me you’ll follow me as I pursue my purpose,” she said intently.

“I’ll follow you. I’ll aid you every step of the way.”

“Tell me you’ll submit…tying your fate to mine.”

“I submit, Madelyne Pryor.”
“No…not just to Madelyne Pryor. The Goblin Queen!” she proclaimed.

“I submit…the Goblin Queen,” said Daken.

She cast him a grin that was as wide as it was devious. Unlike before, it no longer revolted him. Now, Daken wanted nothing more than to see her smile in triumph.

Her control now complete, the Goblin Queen casually waved her hand, causing the shackles around his wrists and ankles to unlock. She also rose up off his dick, which was still hard and completely covered in a thick coat of sexual fluids. With his limbs now free, he could’ve drawn his claws and attacked without mercy. A part of him still wanted that.

That part was little more than a flicker now. Daken, once so defined by his defiance and deviance, just laid there on the table. He didn’t resist in the slightest as Madelyne crawled up the table, sat on his face so that her cum-drenched pussy was right over his mouth, and looked down on him like a titan gazing down upon an ant.

“Congratulations, Daken! You are the first pawn of the new and improved Hellfire Club,” she told him. “To reward your submission, enjoy eating me out. It’s what you want. I know this because it’s what I want.”

“Mmm…” Daken moaned, willingly obliging his new queen.

Without resistance or hesitation, he accepted his reward. He gave Madelyne oral sex, eating her pussy out, not caring for a second that it reeked of sexual fluids. He even used his unshackled hands, grabbing onto her thighs and feeling up her smooth skin. It was hardly the most depraved sex act that Daken had ever done, but he never did anything so eagerly and selflessly.

He wasn’t doing it to please himself or achieve some sort of larger goal. It was all about pleasing the Goblin Queen. Giving her pleasure gave him pleasure, in turn. His passions and desires had been completely rewired. They now centered around Madelyne Pryor and her purpose.

“Taste me…embrace me…cherish me like a good pawn should!” she said, sounding both playful and domineering.

That idea of him being a loyal pawn shouldn’t have sat well. It went against who Daken was and how he saw himself. Now, it was the only role he wanted for himself…to be the Goblin Queen’s loyal pawn.

Like a good pawn, he licked and teased his queen’s pussy with the utmost care. He stimulated every intimate area, seeking to please her in every possible way. When she climaxed again, it was almost as satisfying for him as it was for her. It was the first time at any point over the course of their decadent acts that he felt satisfied in any capacity.

It marked a harsh, yet inescapable reality for Daken. Now matter how much pain or pleasure he experienced, only Madelyne could decide when he was satisfied. That was the extent of her control over him.

“You did it! You made your queen come. You’re going to be a good, loyal pawn,” she said, looking down on him once more.

Daken just looked up at her with vacant eyes. Her control on him was secure, but it still disgusted him. She must have sensed that because her gaze on him narrowed. The glowing diamond in her hand stopped flickering, as well.
“Rest assured, you’ll be the first of many pawns,” his queen told him. “But seeing as how my first attempt failed and I’ve yet to locate where she went, I’m going to make sure that my control is secure. Hopefully, this is the last resource I’ll need from the late Nathanial Essex.”

Still silenced by her pussy over his mouth, Madelyne placed the glowing red diamond on his forehead. Almost immediate, it burned itself into his head, like a piece of molten metal. It stung, but Daken barely winced. It was what the Goblin Queen wanted. It could only hurt so much when it was in line with his queen’s desires.

As the diamond burned itself into his flesh, latching on like a hungry tick, that last part of Daken’s mind that wanted to defy Madelyne Pryor went silent. His mind, body, and soul now totally belonged to her. If there were to be more pawns in their ranks, he pitied those who resisted.

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**Up Next: Spies and Sadists**
X-Corp Headquarter

‘Everything changes. Nothing disappears. It’s an old Russian proverb that spies appreciate more than most. People experience change, even if they’re not ready for it. Few witness the efforts of those seeking to direct that change. It often gets messy. In the old Soviet Union, it got bloody. With the Avengers, it can be both…which is why this latest mission confounds me.’

Natasha Romanov, better known as Black Widow, arrived in New Mexico with mixed feelings about her mission. Being one of world’s greatest spies, she usually knew what danger awaited her. This was one of those rare occasions when she didn’t know what to expect.

In the dead of night, the former Soviet super-spy surveyed the newly-minted headquarters of X-Corp from afar. She’d been tasked with investigating it. There was no one to kill, contain, or interrogate. According to the SHIELD dossier that Nick Fury gave her, there weren’t any deadly security systems to disable. It sounded like a joke at first. Then, Natasha remembered that Nick Fury didn’t do jokes.

“Infiltrate, investigate, and evaluate,” the Russian redhead said to herself as she scanned the exterior of the building. “The three pillars of espionage and Fury wants me to use them on a non-profit in New Mexico. Either Hydra is branching out or I’m missing something. And for a spy, that’s never a good thing.”

She’d been perched atop a telecommunications tower for almost an hour. Using a set of high-tech binoculars, she repeatedly scanned the building from a distance. It hadn’t revealed anything that wasn’t officially documented.

The building has once been owned by Worthington Industries, but fell into disrepair after budget cuts. Recently, it was purchased by a fledgling organization called X-Corp, founded and operated by Scott Summers and Jean-Grey Summers. SHIELD already knew that they weren’t just a couple of entrepreneurial newlyweds. They were former members of the X-Men, a team that had a troubled relationship with both SHIELD and the Avengers.

That warranted some concern, but there was little substance to back it up. SHIELD had already conducted a cursory investigation of X-Corp. By all accounts, Mr. and Mrs. Summers were sincere. They intended to help mutants manage their abilities and pursue meaningful careers. It was hardly a plot worthy of SHIELD resources. Even if there were lingering suspicions, a mid-level spy was more than capable of doing the job.

That changed when Tony Stark became a major investor.

“You’d think a $50 million investment by Stark Industries would go towards better security,” Natasha commented as she switched her binoculars to X-rays. “I’ve seen American malls with more robust systems. Either you don’t care much for security or you do not have anything to hide unless…”

The master spy let her words trail off. She muttered a string of curses in Russian under her breath.
It felt like Fury was wasting her time, talents, and patience. She couldn’t blame him for paying close attention to Tony’s investments. It wasn’t that long ago that Stark Industries had close ties to unsavory organizations. Nothing about X-Corp seemed unsavory, but Fury wasn’t convinced.

He cited the recent incident in Jamaica Bay with the space shuttle as a sign that something was up. First, they got a message from Reed Richards regarding a strange surge in cosmic energy just above the Earth’s atmosphere. Then, the Avengers had to play clean-up with the shuttle. Shortly after that, Cyclops and Jean Grey – who were aboard that shuttle, according to reports – truck out on their own to start a new vision for mutants. It had the potential to cause great upheaval and Fury was not a fan of upheavals.

‘If it effects mutants a little, it’s going to cause a big reaction. Fury says that at least once a week. He’s the one who keeps telling the Avengers that mutants are more volatile as an issue than they are as a threat. He’s the reason why the Avengers and the X-Men avoid each other at all costs. By his logic, mutants need to prove they can manage their own affairs before we start assisting. I’ve never entirely agreed with that logic, but I don’t argue with it either.’

Natasha learned long ago that the best spies stayed ambivalent whenever social politics entered the equation. Like many of her fellow Avengers, she avoided mutant issues. Even though she had close ties to Wolverine, she took no part in the ongoing conflicts between humans, mutants, and the authorities. Her investigation into X-Corp wasn’t supposed to change that.

Then again, her arranged marriage to Alexi Shostakov wasn’t supposed to change. Her loyalty to the Soviet Union wasn’t supposed to change. True to her favorite Russian proverb, change often found her in unexpected ways. X-Corp publicly announced its intent to bring meaningful change and renewed perspective. It was her job to investigate the extent of that change.

So far, she hadn’t seen anything to warrant Fury sending the Black Widow on such a mission. Natasha ran her fifth spectral scan on the building, if only to affirm that it was as mundane as it seemed. She was on the verge of calling Fury’s personal line, just to cuss him out in multiple languages.

Then, the scanner picked up on something and it was anything but mundane.

“An energy reading,” said Natasha, feeling more annoyed than intrigued. “Just when I thought Fury was wasting my time.”

The skilled spy adjusted her binoculars. She confirmed it was real. In the top levels of X-Corp’s headquarters, a sizable energy surge erupted from nowhere. It wasn’t the largest surge she’d seen during her time with the Avengers, but it definitely warranted investigation.

A quick scan of the data with her wrist-computer confirmed another detail. The energy signature matched the one Mr. Fantastic sent the Avengers after the incident at Jamaica Bay. It wasn’t enough to draw any meaningful conclusions, but it established a tangible link.

There were any number of explanations, one of which was a coincidence. However, in the world of espionage, there was no such thing as a coincidence.

‘Same cosmic signature. Even more unanswered questions. SHIELD feels strongly about cosmic threats, but Nick Fury feels even stronger about accurate intel. He, Clint, and everyone else in the Avengers would tell me to call in a strike team. Lifetimes of experience tell me that’s the proper recourse. My gut instinct, however…why is it telling me something else?’

It was another aspect about spy-craft that only a select few appreciated. Every mission came with
protocols and, like the inevitability of change, those protocols often got derailed by unexpected complications.

Competent spies knew when to investigate further or call in for a strike. Only master spies knew when to trust instincts over protocol.

“You’re hiding something, X-Corp,” Black Widow said as she set aside her gear. “Either you’re being reckless or you’re daring me to dig deeper. That’ll be a big mistake on your part or a bigger mistake on mine.”

Having made her choice, Natasha went with her instinct. Clad in her distinct black spy suit, she fired off a grappling hook and swung towards the roof X-Corp’s headquarters. What she uncovered could likely determine whether mutants were going to be a threat that the Avengers would have to confront.

Ryker’s Island Prison – High Risk Isolation Wing

“Venom has escaped! Somebody seal the wing! Don’t let any of these psychos out!”

The urgent calls of the Ryker’s Island prison guards echoed through the halls of what should’ve been the most secure prison outside the infamous Raft. For the past several hours, dozens of men armed in SHIELD-approved armor scoured the once-quiet north wing. Most didn’t dare venture to this part of the prison. Even the janitors avoided it.

That was because only the worst of the worst got sent to the north wing. By almost every measure, Cletus Kasady definitely qualified. He even took pride in how many boxes he checked for psychopathic killers.

“You’re doing a bang-up job, boys!” Cletus taunted. “You let a deranged guy in an alien costume break free.”

“Shut up, Kasady!” barked one of the guards. “If another hungry alien drops him, I’ll let it have you as an appetizer!”

“You think that little of me? I’m touched. I’ll keep that in mind if I ever get a chance to skin you alive!”

Cletus laughed hysterically from inside his cell. The panicked cries and angry gave him the most amusement he’d experienced since his last murder. It beat the hell out of reading boring books. Multiple cells had been damaged during Eddie Brock’s recent escape. The return of the venom symbiote, as Brock called it, caused plenty of chaos. While it terrified the guards, and even many of the inmates, Cletus found it exciting.

“You’re lucky, Eddie. You get to bust your way out of here thanks to some alien goop. Personally, I think you missed a golden opportunity. There were so many innocent people you could’ve killed along the way, but you didn’t. What a shame! You think that suit makes you strong? I say bullshit! You’re making each other weak. If I had a suit like that... ooh the carnage I would unleash!”

Cletus snickered to himself as he watched more guards pass by. He took in every scared face and angry glance, memorizing it as much as possible. Fear, anger, disgust, and dread were his inspiration. Blood, violence, and carnage were his tools. He needed only an opportunity and a canvas to work his magic.

Being locked away in Ryker’s Island was supposed to end those opportunities. The judge who
sentenced him said to his face that he’d never touch another human being or see the rising sun for as long as he lived. That line earned him a round of cheers and a nice picture on the fourth page of the Daily Bugle. He was going to be pissed and terrified when he realized how wrong he was.

“Keep up the good work. You’re making this too easy,” Cletus said through his secure cell. “That’s okay. I’m good at challenging myself!”

The convicted killer waited until the last round of guards had passed his cell. They were gathering around the fifth block of the wing where Venom had broken out. Several inmates tried to escape. A few managed to wrestle some guards to the ground and attack. The sight of blood and the sound of fists pounding faces got Cletus’ heart racing in all the right ways. It wouldn’t be much longer before more blood was shed.

After the guards were fully distracted, Cletus retreated to his bed. Grinning and chuckling intently, he reached into his pillow where Venom had left a little gift before escaping. It was a small spore-like glob. It resembled the alien suit, but had an entirely different makeup. Cletus sensed that it was drawn to him. He felt drawn to it too, as though a new bloodlust was calling out to him.

“It’s time!” Cletus said with a crackling grin. “You and me…we won’t just unleash carnage. We’ll be carnage!”

“You have no idea how right you are, Mr. Kasady,” came an unexpected voice from behind. Cletus, now clutching the glob firmly, turned around to confront the presence. Much to his surprise, it wasn’t a guard or another inmate. In fact, it was a woman…a very beautiful, very scantily dressed woman with red hair and a kinky sense of style. His day just kept getting better.

“Why hello there, my lady,” Cletus greeted, fearlessly approaching the woman. “I didn’t know Rykers employed strippers.”

“I assure you, I’m not a stripper,” said the woman in bemusement.

“Then, what are you? A sexy figment of my imagination?” he inquired. “Ooh! Is this a wet dream? If so, please tell me you bought the pig blood! Anything covered in pig blood gets me rock hard!”

“I’m no fantasy. I’m very real,” she told him firmly. “My name is Madelyne Pryor. I’m here because my predecessors at the Hellfire Club maintained a record of your disturbing exploits. They’ve also been keeping track of a few alien visitors…namely one that endeared itself to Eddie Brock.”

“Aww! Don’t kill the mood, baby. Brock and Venom are yesterday’s news. I’m a more potent combination!”

“I agree. That’s exactly why I’m talking to you and not him. It’s also why I’ve prepared a little something for you and your friend.”

Cletus didn’t know this sexy mystery woman, but he already liked her. He knew the difference between women who were crazy and women who were uniquely sadistic. Madelyne struck him as a special kind of deranged. He could see it in her eyes, as well as her dress sense. The fact she had nice tits didn’t hurt, either.

As she tempted him with her presence, her eyes flashed bright green and a large swirling portal formed behind her. It filled the cell with a cold, ominous energy. The lights flickered and the ground shook. Most people would’ve recoiled in fear. Even alien creatures would’ve been anxious. That was not what Cletus felt.
Looking down at the glob in his hand, his grin widened. He sensed that he and the alien creature were on the same page. Someone had come to him, promising new opportunities for greater carnage. Cletus, being an ambitious psychopath, was never one to pass up such opportunities.

“A prison break…a dark portal…an alien spawn…a big-titted woman showing up in my cell,” said Cletus, brimming with excitement. “It’s official. This is the best day of my life!”

“Follow me,” said Madelyn, turning around and leading him into the portal. “I promise it gets better.”

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**X-Corp Headquarters – Top Floor Suites**

“No defense turrets. No laser sensors. No vents full of knock-out gas, either. What kind of security is this?”

Black Widow didn’t mind daunting missions. She’d done so many over the years, both for the Avengers and for the KGB, that it was practically mundane. From poison gas to adamantium spikes to electrified gates to killer drones, she’d encountered every conceivable death trap and survived. That made infiltrating X-Corp incredibly jarring.

Getting into the building was so easy that even marginal spies would’ve been shocked. After landing on the roof, she didn’t need to slip through any vents, disable any alarms, or avoid any guards. The most she had to do was pick the lock that led into the elevator shaft. Once inside, it got even easier. The shafts weren’t secure. There weren’t even any cameras. The only real obstacle was the darkness, but even that barely counted.

‘I know X-Corp is a fledging American company, but they can’t be this inept. I’ve seen the original plans with this building. I know how much Worthington Industries valued its patents, especially from the pharmaceutical division. Either the new owners ripped these features out or chose to deactivate them. I’m not sure which one worries me more.’

By the time Black Widow reached the top floor suites, she was tempted to call Fury just to make sure this wasn’t some elaborate joke. It wasn’t like Tony Stark was above wasting her time. Hawkeye might have even helped him. She was prepared to use KGB interrogation tactics on them if that were even partially true.

The Russian super-spy tempered her frustration as she approached the main entrance to the penthouse suite. According to the old schematics, the entire floor was to function as an executive haven. It had everything from spacious offices to well-stocked living quarters, typical of an American company with deep pockets.

She saw that there had been some significant renovations since X-Corp took over. It still had some fancy offices, but there was a lot more living space. It reminded Natasha of the penthouse Tony had at the top of Stark Tower, albeit much less extravagant. It still struck her as atypical of a non-profit, but that was not her primary concern. Suspicions and frustrations aside, there was still an energy signature to investigate.

‘Better get this over with. I’m not comfortable being so underwhelmed by a mission.’

‘Don’t worry, Agent Romanov. There’s still time to change that.’

Black Widow stopped cold in her tracks and clenched her head. The entrance to the master residential suite was in sight when she felt it. Every spy knew that feeling well and rightly dreaded
it. Someone had sent her a telepathic message and somehow it got through her mental shields.

“Telepathic tricks. I should’ve known!” Natasha said.

‘It’s no trick, I assure you,’ the telepathic voice replied.

“Get out of my head!” she yelled out.

‘I apologize. I just wanted to alleviate your concerns before you came busting in. I know your reputation, Ms. Romanov. Believe it or not, I don’t want this to get ugly.’

“I don’t believe you,” she said sternly.

‘Then, give me a chance to convince you otherwise. Come on in. The door’s unlocked and I gave the security staff the night off.’

Natasha remained suspicious and irate. Instinctively, she strengthened her mental shields. At the same time, some answers fell into place.

This wasn’t some trick by Tony Stark or some wild goose chase from Nick Fury. The lack of security throughout the building was no accident, either. Her presence was expected. That was never a good sign, especially for a master spy. Being detected was an egregious failure. Black Widow wasn’t supposed to fail like that.

She could’ve pulled out, which would’ve made her failure worse. She chose not to. She still had a mission to complete. While the parameters had changed, the goal remained. Whatever the changes, she refused to fail that part.

“I will likely regret this,” she told herself, “but I’ll punish myself later. The mission still comes first.”

Maintaining her mental shields, she made her way down the hall. She kept her wrist-mounted stingers active. Security or not, Black Widow did not let her guard down, nor would she until the mission was complete.

She was tempted to shoot the door down, just to show she meant business. The Russian super-spy decided against it. There was no reason to take her failures out on someone else’s door. Much to her chagrin, she opened the door and entered the residence. What she saw once again changed the nature of her mission.

“Welcome to X-Corp, Agent Romanov,” greeting Scott Summers. “I hope you weren’t out in the cold for too long.”

Natasha didn’t respond. She just clenched her fists and narrowed her gaze on the male figure across the room. He wasn’t threatening, but she never assumed. For any competent spy, assumptions were deadlier than bullets.

“Please, there’s no need for hostility,” Scott said, putting his hands up in a non-threatening gesture. “I’d hoped that disabling the security would send that message.”

“It would’ve been better if you left it on,” Natasha told him.

“Well, unlike my wife, I’m not psychic. We knew someone from SHIELD or the Avengers would visit us at some point. You don’t pursue bold visions without attracting undue attention.”
“Most people learn that the hard way. Just ask Hydra.”

“This isn’t Hydra. There are no ulterior motives, either. I want X-Corp to be different. It needs to be different. Humans, mutants, and even Earth’s mightiest heroes need it.”

Black Widow remained suspicious. At the same time, she sensed no trickery or deceit. She was as skilled as any master spy at reading people and a situation.

While she didn’t know Scott Summers personally, she knew much of his story. SHIELD and the Avengers kept detailed files on everyone in the X-Men and Scott was one of the first. He was also supposed to be the most capable. Making himself vulnerable was not consistent with his personality, which sent a powerful message in and of itself.

“I promise you won’t leave here empty-handed,” Scott told her. “On top of telling SHIELD and the Avengers that X-Corp is a valuable ally, you’ll bring them something that’ll prove it.”

“That’s a bold promise on top of a bold assumption, Mr. Summers,” Natasha told him. “In my experience, that is akin to putting high explosives atop an open flame.”

“I don’t doubt that. Wolverine told me about your many experiences. I hope to buck that trend tonight.”

“You spoke with Wolverine? I was under the impression that he hates your guts.”

“He does on many levels,” said Scott, “but I’ve since earned his respect. And if I can do that with someone like Logan, I think I deserve a fair chance.”

Natasha cast him a curious glance. She couldn’t argue with his logic. Wolverine was the only member of the X-Men that she knew personally. While much of their history was complicated and full of gaps, she knew better than most how difficult he could be. Anyone who could earn his respect, even partially, warranted consideration.

‘He worked with Wolverine and didn’t get stabbed. Few can make such a claim. That alone earns him credence, but mission protocols require continued caution. But if he delivers on those lofty promises of his, even in part, then protocol may not apply.’

With that in mind, Natasha unclenched her fists and joined Scott at the north end of the penthouse. She still noted her surroundings. This residence wasn’t too opulent, but it was quite comfortable. It reminded her of an upscale condominium. It had high ceilings, large bay windows overlooking the New Mexico scenery, and a spacious layout. There were no walls separating the kitchen, living room, and dining area. If it had a theme, it would be openness.

It was a theme antithetical to spy-craft. Perhaps that was the point. Scott Summers presented himself as someone with nothing to hide. He had most of the lights turned on. He also had a fire roaring in a gas fireplace in the far corner of the living room area. Even his attire conveyed openness. He wore only a pair of black pajama pants with no pockets. He didn’t even have shoes on. If he was trying to send a message to a skilled spy, then he’d gone the extra mile.

Natasha still didn’t let her guard down, even after joining Scott in the living room area near the fireplace. That didn’t stop him from giving her a friendly smile.

“My wife suggested I have some imported vodka on hand to welcome you,” said Scott. “She even got a bottle of your favorite brand from Tony Stark.”

“I’m not surprised Tony knows my tastes,” said Natasha, “although it’s rather telling that your wife
“Not as much as you think, but you’re the world’s foremost spy. I’m sure you know those details better than anyone,” said Scott. “And since you’re on a mission, I kept the vodka in the freezer. I don’t intend to bore you with small talk, banter, or free alcohol.”

“I appreciate that, but I’m still waiting for some meaningful intel. You can start by telling me about that energy signature I detected…which, by the way, matches the one Reed Richards detected over Jamaica Bay a while back.”

“I’ll gladly address that, but first, I want to demonstrate something. Think of it as a sample of what X-Corp is about and what it can do.”

The former X-Men leader never left her sight as he retrieved an unmarked envelope from a coffee table next to the couch. He even turned his back to her at one point, giving her an opportunity to attack if she wanted. It sent another not-so-subtle message. He was willing to make himself vulnerable to her, a card-carrying Avenger and former KGB agent. That took either foolishness or guts, but Scott Summers was no fool.

From the envelope, he retrieved a small disk drive. Natasha recognized it immediately. It was a Stark Industry secure drive, a product not available to civilians. Tony Stark and Hank Pym designed it specifically to contain and transport valuable intel. To a spy, it was the equivalent to a bag of rough-cut diamonds.

“On this drive is something I believe both the Avengers and SHIELD will find invaluable,” Scott said as he presented her the device.

“That depends on a number of things,” Natasha said with folded arms, “one of which includes how you got one of those without SHIELD sending a strike team to your front door.”

“We didn’t do anything drastic,” he assured her. “It was just an extra gift from Tony that came along with his donation.”

“I believe that, but I’m hardly reassured.”

“I hope that changes once you see what’s on it. According to Tony, both SHIELD and the Avengers have been tracking the Von Struckers across Europe. But they’ve stayed hidden, thanks to some new cryptographic hardware they got from AIM.”

“I could legally shoot you for knowing that,” Natasha pointed out.

“I’m glad you haven’t, but this drive contains decryption keys for every version. Before you start making assumptions, know that we got those keys thanks to a promising young mutant who just joined X-Corp. His name is Doug Ramsey, but he goes by Cypher. He has the mutant ability to decode any language. After a few lessons, we helped him refine that ability. He already has significant job offers lined up with several tech companies, but he did this for us out of gratitude. Now, I’m giving it to you.”

He held it out to her. There were no caveats or conditions. It was as simple as it seemed.

Natasha was still reluctant to take it. She half-expected a Skrull strike team to attack, but that didn’t happen. As soon as she had it in hand, she used her wrist computer to test it. She half-expected it to be a virus programmed by Ultron, but again, that didn’t happen. By all accounts, the disk contained exactly what Scott claimed. The master spy could not hide her reaction.
“This…shouldn’t be possible,” she said in amazement. “SHIELD has several teams of the best cryptographers on the planet and none of them could crack those codes. Yet you just happen to know a mutant who can?”

“There’s nothing random about it, Ms. Romanov,” said Scott. “This is what X-Corp does. We find mutants with valuable skills. We help them refine those skills while maximizing that value. And it doesn’t have to just benefit mutants.”

“You’re talking about things that make too much sense,” Natasha pointed out. “In my line of work, that is often an ominous sign.”

“Believe me, I know that feeling well. During my time with the X-men, I was skeptical about anything that seemed too obvious. That’s exactly what Jean and I want to change. We’ve seen from many perspectives that what we’re doing…humans, mutants, superheroes, and the sort…it isn’t working. X-Corp is in a position to change that and we think the world needs that change.”

Black Widow was still very reluctant, but she couldn’t deny Scott’s logic or the value of the data in her hand. She hadn’t forgotten how frustrated much the Von Struckers had frustrated both SHIELD and the Avengers. Nick Fury shot out three computers last week and Captain America nearly destroyed the training areas at Avengers Manor. If she presented either of them with this drive, then they would be indebted to X-Corp.

“This data will definitely change things in the short-term,” Natasha conceded as she clung to the drive.

“A new path requires bold leaps,” said Scott proudly. “I want this to be one of them.”

The Russian super-spy alternated her gaze between the drive and Scott. Every mission protocol was collapsing around her. Usually, that meant something had gone horribly wrong. She couldn’t remember the last time a mission fell apart because things went incredibly right.

She’d forgotten how to react. This was not the kind of mission she expected. She kept looking at Scott Summers, expecting him to turn into a Hydra agent at any moment. The same powerful instincts that often told her to be very cautious when a mission seemed too easy were now telling her that this was real.

“I admit I’m taking a risk,” Scott continued. “There’s a reason why SHIELD and the Avengers rarely cross paths with the X-Men. It directly relates to their unofficial position on mutant affairs. People born with powers they didn’t ask for, can’t always control, and aren’t inclined to join a team of superheroes need to manage their own affairs. Nick Fury once said it himself. If mutant issues aren’t resolved by mutants, then we run the risk of pursuing solutions that’ll piss both sides off.”

“You forgot the part where he says we’ll fuck ourselves over in the long run,” Natasha pointed out.

“I was trying to be polite, but I know Fury tends to make that difficult,” said Scott with a half-grin. “In his defense – which I don’t say lightly, mind you – even other mutants agreed with this position. Professor Xavier once told me that X-Men and Avengers needed to follow different paths because they sought different goals. I think he was half-right, but short-sighted.”

“For the world’s most powerful psychic, that’s quite a shortcoming.”

“Maybe it made sense when the X-Men began. I don’t think that’s the case now. His dream is still worth pursuing, but things have changed. The nature of human/mutant conflict have changed. The Avengers have changed too. I want X-Corp to be the mediators of that change. We don’t have to
work together directly, but we can still help each other *indirectly*.”

Black Widow tried to find flaws in his logic. There were none she could surmise.

She also tried to find something wrong with the intel on the drive. According to her wrist computer, which included some of the most robust hardware in the world, it was legitimate.

Scott Summers was telling the truth. He rightly pointed out the unspoken rules that kept the Avengers and X-Men from helping one another. Natasha rarely gave much thought to those rules. She knew they bothered Captain America, but even he understood the logic behind it. Now, X-Corp dared to question it and the value of intel proved it was worth questioning.

She finally stopped scanning the drive. Then, she placed it in her pocket and narrowed her gaze on the young man standing before her. She scrutinized him the same way she would scrutinize a suspected Skrull agent. Every instinct, intuition, and suspicion told her the same thing. Scott, X-Corp, and the vision behind it were genuine.

With that realization, the last bit of her mission protocols collapsed.

“I rarely agree with those who argue against established Avengers policies,” Natasha said, “but I tend to disagree more than most.”

“Does that mean you’ll report what I’ve told you?” he asked her. “I don’t expect you to take a side. I just need someone to tell SHIELD and the Avengers that X-Corp wants to be part of a better path.”

“I may be a spy, but I don’t lie when it comes to documenting cold, hard facts. I’ll make sure they get the message. I’ll even subject myself to Nick Fury’s scrutiny on X-Corp’s behalf.”

“You’re a brave woman, Agent Romanov. I appreciate that,” said Scott with a humored grin.

“That should also tell you how much I believe in this vision. I’m Russian. I know better than most what happens when unwritten rules and unspoken divisions govern a conflict. There’s just one other detail I’ll need before I complete my mission.”

“And what might that be?” he asked.

“The energy signature I detected,” she told him. “I take it you’re responsible for that. In the interest of transparency – a rather touchy issue in my line of work – you intend to explain that?”

“Of course, I do,” said Scott without hesitation. “In fact, I was hoping you’d bring that up. I think it’ll send a message far greater than any report.”

The former X-Men leader took several steps back. He now stood directly in front of the fireplace atop a large red rug. Still in just his pajama pants, he removed his ruby-quartz glasses and revealed his glowing red eyes. That shouldn’t have been possible. Black Widow remembered from Scott’s file that he couldn’t control his optic blasts. It hinted that something had changed significantly with him. Her curiosity grew, but unlike before, she did not assume it was a threat.

After setting the glasses aside, Scott closed his eyes and raised his arms. Suddenly, the air around him got hotter and more energetic. Lights flickered and the fire in the fireplace almost went out. Then, like a spark igniting a firestorm, Scott was engulfed in a fire-like halo that took the shape of a bird that Natasha had only read about.

“The Phoenix Force,” she said in astonishment.
“You’ve heard of it?” asked Scott with a grin.

“I’ve met Skrull and Kree agents who have heard of it,” she said. “They said it was dangerous, but you don’t look concerned.”

“I’m not. And those agents were half-right. The Phoenix Force can be dangerous, but anything can be dangerous if corrupted. You know that as well as any experienced Avengers. What you may not know…what my wife and I have only recently realized…is how much such power can reveal.”

Natasha looked on at the glowing figure, her intrigue overshadowing her suspicions. She took a step forward, entering the field of energy. It was not overly hot, but the power was undeniable. It effectively answered the only lingering question for her mission.

Scott Summers and Jean Grey-Summers were hosts for the Phoenix Force. That was the source of the energy signature from the shuttle incident. It was sure to cause some serious discussions among the Avengers, but Natasha had already made up her mind. This vision and the power behind it were worth pursuing.

‘Power corrupts. Everyone says it. Most of Russian history proves it. But it’s a simplistic explanation in a complicated universe. It assumes a lot about those who wield power. As an Avenger who fights alongside super soldiers and gods, I know how flawed that idea is. As a spy, I also know how assumptions tend to disguise themselves as expectations.’

Officially, her mission was over. According to protocol, Black Widow was to leave the scene and return to Avengers Manor. She had no further reason to remain. Nick Fury, Maria Hill, and Steve Rogers were likely waiting for her.

However, those protocols were in shambles. Everything she thought she knew about X-Corp, Scott Summers, and Jean Grey-Summers had changed. With change came opportunities and with opportunities came choices. As Black Widow, her choices were always limited. That was why she couldn’t be Black Widow at this point. She just had to be Natasha Romanov.

“If you want to leave now, I understand. I won’t stop you. I doubt I could if I tried,” said Scott.

“If I wanted to go, I’d be gone already,” Natasha said.

“And I appreciate that. I hope it means we’ve established a connection. You don’t have to call it trust or friendship. As far as I’m concerned, this doesn’t have to go beyond mutual benefit.”

“I have the data drive. I verified that it’s valid. What other benefits do I need?”

“The fact that you’re still here means you know I have more to offer. With the Phoenix Force, I can give you something aside from your mission…something I hope will strengthen our connection moving forward.”

“Does it need to be stronger than this?” Natasha asked skeptically.

“It doesn’t have to,” he conceded, “but it would be helpful if it did…more so for you than me.”

The former X-Men leader extended his hand. Like the rest of his body, it glowed brilliantly in an aura of cosmic flame. Natasha moved in closer. The heat intensified, but not to the point of burning anything. Whatever he was offering required another choice on her part, albeit one that included trust.

As a spy who also had a lengthy history with treachery and betrayal, it was asking a lot. At the
same time, it felt like something she needed to try, just to remind herself that she could trust in someone without it backfiring.

“You sound very certain, Mr. Summers,” Natasha said as she looked at his hand.

“That’s one of the benefits of cosmic perspective. You see things that aren’t always apparent.”

“It better not involve reading my mind.”

“It doesn’t,” said Scott firmly. “It just involves sharing a little cosmic insight with you…as well as some of the other benefits.”

“Other benefits, you say?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I could tell you, outright,” said Scott, “or you could take a chance with me, just as I did with you. I can’t promise much, but I can promise it’ll give you an incentive to believe in X-Corp.”

There was that loaded subject again, making promises to a master spy. Again, Natasha’s first instinct was to refuse. Thus far, all her usual instincts had failed her on this mission. Trusting them now almost seemed foolish.

Scott Summers had already delivered on one lofty promise. That gave him some credibility. He dared her to give him more, but left the decision up to her. A master spy rarely made decisions beyond protocol, but a master spy also trusted their gut when protocol failed.

“I’m either going to regret this or scold myself for overthinking it,” Natasha said.

“Do what you think is right, Agent Romanov,” said Scott with a confident smile.

She cast the mission aside. She muted those hardened instincts that she’d honed over a lifetime of experience. In an act that defied everything the Red Room had done to her, Natasha accepted Scott’s gesture and grasped his hand.

Almost immediately, she felt something. However, none of those feelings included regret.

“Bozhe moi!” Natasha gasped.

Her hand now in his, the same fiery halo that had surrounded Scott flowed into her. It was hot, but it didn’t burn her in the slightest. It was like being plugged into a new source of power, her mind and body becoming supercharged like a batter that had been running at half capacity. Along with that feeling came thoughts, memories, and insights that had never crossed her mind. As it sunk in, Natasha Romanov gained a sense of awareness that brought tears to her eyes.

It was incredible.

It was overwhelming.

More than anything else, it was revealing.

“It burns, but it feels good too,” she said as she squeezed her hand.

“That’s to be expected,” said Scott with a humored grin.

“Is it also normal for some areas to feel better than others?”

“That’s more like a side-effect…a very pleasant side-effect.”
In an act that would’ve shocked the Hulk out of his rage, Natasha cracked a smile. She hadn’t smiled in quite some time. It was refreshing, if not sobering. It also compounded those feelings she’d mentioned, namely the one between her legs.

However, the Phoenix Force did more than just make her horny. A Kree spy once told the Avengers that the Phoenix was a force of creation and destruction. Those who encountered it often experienced destruction part. It was meant to fix what wasn’t working, burning away something old so that something new could be reborn. For her, it had little do with ravaging planets and everything to do with burning through the many scars on her soul.

’I’ve killed. I’ve lied. I’ve betrayed those who trusted me. I’ve loved as much as I’ve hated…lied as much as I’ve revealed. I thought I was broken. The damage the Red Room did to me was permanent. Now, I see the truth. Through this…through these flames…the damage is still there, but I am not broken.’

That profound realization was more precious than any intel. It inspired more tears beyond what she thought she could shed. All those burdens and losses she’d endured, from every drop of blood she’d spilled and every painful choice she’d made, came into focus. Like an overdue reminder, Natasha Romanov affirmed that her soul might have been scarred, but it was still intact.

The impact of that realization hit her harder than she’d ever trained for. As she marveled at the insights, she moved in closer to Scott. Still holding his hand, she looked into his glowing eyes with a mix of gratitude and awe. At the same time, those side-effects he mentioned intensified. She could’ve easily repressed them. She certainly had the discipline. Once again, she broke protocol.

“Mr. Summers,” she said in her deep Russian accent.

“Yes, Agent Romanov?” said Scott with a knowing grin.

“You and your wife…your relationship is still flexible?” she asked him.

“I had a feeling you’d know that,” he laughed. “And yes, your intel is correct.”

Her gaze took on a more seductive demeanor. Free from protocol, Natasha had a chance to pursue her own mission. Unlike every mission SHIELD had ever given her, this one had a simple, uncomplicated objective.

“Then, please…have sex with me,” said Natasha while pawing his bare chest. “Let me show you how we keep warm in Russia.”

“Well, I’m not Russian, but I’m happy to learn,” said Scott as he caressed her face. “We can treat it as part of the process for improving Avengers/X-Men relations.”

“I’d rather just treat it as hot sex for a woman with a cold heart.”

With those words, the sexual tension boiled over. Natasha, always one to stay a step ahead, unzipped her skin-tight uniform. Starting at the top just below her neck, she slowly exposed her naked flesh within the glowing halo of the Phoenix. It was like emerging from a cocoon. Her breasts came tumbling out, her nipples already erect with arousal. Scott, being an American man in close proximity to female breasts, eagerly admired the sight. Being more chivalrous than most Americans she knew, he also helped her peel the tight-fitting outfit off her shapely body.

Along the way, she removed her stingers, her boots, and the wrist-mounted computer. It was like shedding the persona of Black Widow temporarily, allowing her to just be Natasha Romanov. It felt liberating, kicking aside the clothing and tools that made her more spy than woman. It also
exposed her to a more intimate touch.

Now wearing only her black panties, Scott wrapped his powerful arms around her and kissed her hungrily on the lips. She kissed back, daring to use the kind of tongue that would make a French double agent blush. She also pawed his chest, feeling around his masculine sinews as though they were a mission objective.

As she got a feel for his body, Scott did the same with hers, exploring her feminine curves with his hands. He paid close attention to her hips and breasts, pinching one of her nipples to evoke a soft gasp. Every touch brought more energy. Between the flames of the Phoenix Force and the fire in the fireplace, the air was hot in a way that only a Russian could appreciate.

‘I can still feel. I am not numb from a lifetime of lies and deceit. After everything I’ve done, I shouldn’t know such comfort. And yet, it feels so right…and necessary.’

In the midst of the kissing and touching, the Russian super-spy worked her way to Scott’s pants and removed them. That revealed the extent of his arousal. His penis was already hard. She felt it rub against her thigh. It had been quite away since she felt a man’s intimate flesh touch hers. It was enough to warrant stepping up the timeline of their mission.

“Scott,” Natasha said, breaking the kiss, “lay me down on the rug.”

“You prefer here instead of the master bedroom?” Scott asked.

“On a cold night, in front of a roaring fire, atop of thick rug…I cannot imagine a more appropriate setting.”

Scott smiled at her tastes in intimate setting. Some might have called it a kink, preferring to have sex on a hard floor rather than a soft bed. Given her hardened nature, it seemed fitting.

The former X-Men leader offered no protest. He channeled some of that distinct American bravado and lifted her up in his arms, grabbing hold of her butt. He barely broke a sweat when he laid her down on the soft red rug. He even kept her close to the fireplace, as though keeping her warm was as much a priority as pleasing her. He must have read up on satisfying Russian women.

“I’m going to take your panties off,” he told her as he hovered over her. “Then, I’d like to give you oral sex.”

“I’d like that too, Mr. Summers,” she said with a seductive grin.

“You can call me Scott.”

“You’re going to put your mouth on my genitals. You can call me Natasha.”

They shared a good laugh. It was her first shared laugh in quite a while. Laughter quickly gave way to anticipation as Scott demonstrated more sensual skill.

He kissed her again, trailing his lips down her face and neck. Like a man on a mission of his own, he worked his way down her upper body, stopping only to give her nipples another pinch and squeeze. That earned him another moan as she elevated her hips, silently guiding him to his next objective.

Once he reached her torso, Scott grasped the side of her panties and slid them down her shapely thighs. In addition to rendering her fully naked, it also revealed the extent of her own desire.
“You’re so wet,” Scott commented.

“It’s been a long time…longer than I care to admit,” Natasha told him.

“Then, I’d better make this worth the wait.”

He sounded determined. Natasha could see why he led the X-Men. Some men simply follow protocol. Others forge their own.

Scott treated giving her oral sex with the same urgency as a high-stakes mission. As she lay flat on her back, her legs spread extra-wide, he grabbed hold of her hips and focused his attention on her pussy. Without a shred of hesitation or restraint, he once again delivered as he said. It might have been the most kept promises she’d gotten from anyone in ages.

“Oh yes!” Natasha moaned out, along with a string of incoherent Russian.

The pleasure that followed reminded her just how long it had been. With a codename like Black Widow, finding an intimate partner was tricky, even for someone with her beauty. Tony Stark once commented that she was the most attractive woman in history who rarely got laid. She almost shot him for that comment. It was a good thing she didn’t because she needed this.

Scott’s skills continued to impress. The man knew female anatomy. He was so concise, using his lips and tongue to stimulate her inner folds, finding her most sensitive areas and attacking them as though they were weak points. It got her hotter and wetter than she’d been since her last mission to the Savage Land. He lapped up those feminine juices like fresh honey. At one point, he lifted up her hips and gorged on her pussy as though it were his favorite treat.

‘I don’t know if this is another side-effect or if Jean Grey gave him extensive training. Either way, she has my envy and my gratitude.’

Natasha shuddered and moaned at the hot, sensual sensations that coursed through her body. She didn’t flinch at the sound of gunfire, but feelings of pleasure got her writhing in a way that only harsh interrogation could match. She grasped the carpet and fondled her breasts, soaking in the intense feeling. He already had her on the brink of orgasm.

Natasha was used to men disappointing her. It was almost as common as men who tried to kill her. Scott Summers was exceeding her expectations. There weren’t many men like that in this tumultuous world. Such a man deserved nothing less than the best sex a Russian super-spy could offer.

“Scott…I’m close,” she told him breathlessly. “But I want your cock inside me. I want to be riding it…when I come.”

“As you wish, Natasha,” Scott said, briefly looking up from her inner thighs.

He gave her moist slit one last lick, as if to affirm his commitment to the mission. The onus was now on her to match it. As Black Widow, she had every intention of completing the objectives at hand.

As soon as he got back on top of her, the Russian beauty threw her arms and legs around him, captured his lips in hungry kiss, and rolled him over. Now, she was the one on top, their naked bodies glowing perfectly in the light of the fire. Scott gazed up at her with his glowing eyes with awe and desire, gently tracing his hands up her thighs and hips. He didn’t have to say a word. He
told her with his eyes that he trusted her to get the job done.

Never one to hesitate in a critical moment, Natasha elevated her hips and aligned her outer folds with his erect cock. As soon as she felt their intimate flesh touch, she grabbed hold of his torso and plunged her hips downward, driving his manhood into her depths.

“Ooh Natasha!” Scott moaned.

His reaction was expected. Men only had so many reactions upon feeling a hot, wet vagina around their cock. Hers was different. Natasha surprised herself by how she reacted to the feeling.

‘I’m doing it. I’m having sex… on a mission… with a man who hasn’t tried to kill me. It’s different, but there’s something about it that feels… different.’

A new rush of energy took hold. Their flesh now entwined and her grip on him secured, she unleashed her desire with a focus she usually saved for combat. She rode his cock hard, working her hips and torso with the skill of a Russian ballerina. She panted heavily with each movement. Her breasts bounced with each motion. Scott watched her elaborate display, still doing his part by feeling up her naked body with his strong hands, finding the parts of her flesh that she wanted touched.

She’d been close to coming already. Just as she found the right rhythm, it happened. An intense, toe-curling orgasm washed over her like a warm blanket in the middle of a Russian blizzard.

“Oohhh yes!” Natasha exclaimed, her voice echoing with a rare and special kind of pleasure.

It was a powerful feeling. She arched her back, closed her eyes, and cried out to the same heavens she thought had abandoned her. Her inner muscles throbbed hard around Scott’s member. Her naked skin burned hot with blissful feelings. It was the kind of heat that only a Russian woman could appreciate.

The way her body reacted was the antithesis of her training. In that moment, she was completely vulnerable, lost in a feeling of bliss after being taught to endure torment. She’d had sex on missions before. She’d even done it in her personal life during those brief periods when she thought she could have one. In all those intimate moments, those fleeting bits of pleasure carried limited meaning. This feeling had something else within the ecstasy… something that stuck her hardened Russian heart to its core.

‘This is it. This is the missing piece. Just when I thought I’d broken myself… just when I thought I was past the point of no return… I’ve found it again.’

It was every bit as overwhelming as the orgasm. As Natasha took in this profound feeling, Scott rose up and embraced her. With the same tactful care as before, he wrapped his arms around her and tasted her womanly flesh with his lips. Such affection alongside their fleshly union helped complete the feeling.

“Natasha… are you okay?” Scott asked her while caressing her face.

The orgasm had since passed, but the effects remained. In another gesture that was antithetical to her role as Black Widow, she smiled at him.

“Da,” she told him. “I couldn’t be better.”

“Just making sure,” he said, smiling back. “Things can get intense with the Phoenix.”
“So I’ve noticed,” said Natasha, “but I can handle it.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course!” she said without hesitation. “The mission is not complete, last I checked. And the Black Widow never leaves a mission unfinished.”

She spoke with a seductive undertone that, when combined with her Russian accent, few American men could resist. Scott was stronger than most, so it wasn’t necessary. It still got her point across and he did not dare question her dedication to completing the mission.

Protocol had collapsed.

Objectives had changed.

Her renewed mission parameters were clear. She and Scott Summers were going to have the kind of sex that could warm the Siberian tundra.

‘He gave me something I thought I’d lost. I’ve already given him my trust…the most precious asset that any spy can give. At this point, giving him good sex is simply a bonus objective.’

Natasha still took to that task with the same determination she channeled for every mission. There was no further need for negotiations or guidance. Lust, desire, and a basic need to stay warm on a cold night did the rest.

They remained atop the rug and in front of the fire, kissing messily while eagerly groping one another’s naked flesh. Her lower body was still reeling from her first orgasm, but that didn’t stop her from re-establishing the focused rhythm she’d found earlier. Scott even embraced it with her.

While still in that upright position, their naked bodies rocked and moved to the feeling. Natasha worked her hips while Scott used his muscular arms to augment every movement. Together, they maintained those intimate movements as they rolled around atop the rug, their sex taking new forms in various positions. One moment, Scott was on top, humping her with the same focused intensity that she’d employed when she rode him. In another, she was on top again, working her hips as only a well-trained Russian spy could.

At some point, Scott achieved orgasm as well. However, it did little to break his focus. He didn’t change the nature or spirit of their sex. He just slowed the movements briefly, tightened his hold on her, and let out a euphoric grunt that filled the room.

“Natasha…” he gasped in the midst of his ecstasy.

She noticed his eyes flash when he climaxed. If Natasha weren’t already sharing in the ecstasy, she might have laughed. Instead, she just smiled and caressed his clean-shaven face, enjoying the feeling of his mainly fluid filling her depths. It offered a special kind of warmth, which was vital for quality sex in Russia. It also fueled her desire for more.

She learned quickly that Scott was not the kind of man to come once and leave it at that. Whether due to the Phoenix Force or his continued dedication to completing the mission, he remained both willing and able for continued intimacy. Natasha still did her part, their flesh parting briefly so that she could give him oral sex. However, once he was hard again, she got back on top of him and rode him again.

“Scott…so dedicated and determined,” Natasha purred.
“To complete this mission…I’ll do what I must,” he said with a confidence that Tony Stark would envy.

She matched that American bravado with more Russian sensuality, showing off more flexibility as she rode his cock in new positions. She was even playful in their sex, a welcome feeling that seemed like an affront to every tradition of spy-craft. However, that idea of her scoffing at the brutal world of espionage that so defined her made their sex even more satisfying.

As their sexual antics played out, their gaze often met. In his eyes, she saw the glowing energy that was usually covered by his ruby-quartz glasses. Despite the glow, Natasha saw an intensity that she didn’t see in many men. They were the eyes of a man who could lead, love, and connect with others. He didn’t look at her the same way Tony Stark looked at one of his meaningless dalliance. When Scott gazed upon her, he saw a woman worth sharing this feeling…this powerful this connection to something bigger than any mission.

“That lost connection between my soul and my mission…it’s still there. Scott helped me see it and now I see the world through new eyes. To do all this and give me great sex...for once, my skills fail me and it feels so good.’

Objectives aside, Natasha dared to enjoy the last leg of her mission. Their naked bodies entwined, they made plenty of heat together. She had at least two more orgasms over the course of their shared experience. She attributed that largely to an accumulation of needs that hadn’t been met in quite some time, but still gave Scott plenty of credit.

He certainly enjoyed his share of ecstasy. She couldn’t tell how many additional orgasms he enjoyed, but the cumulative mix of fluids within her womb hinted he got his share. Like her, he never deviated from the critical objectives. Together, with their shared desire and a stamina forged through many battles, they achieved what they sought.

He didn’t stop until she was satisfied.

She didn’t stop until he was satisfied.

It wasn’t clear at which point they achieved that satisfaction. Like any well-trained soldier or spy, they relied on their instincts. When that final bit of desire was met, the movements ceased and they shared one last heated kiss. Like a flame consuming its last ounce of fuel, it burned bright.

“Vek zhivi, vek uchis, Scott,” Natasha said after their lips parted.

“What does that mean?” Scott asked, still breathless.

“It’s Russian. It means live for a century, learn for a century,” she said. “From a woman who has lived, loved, and fought longer than most…there are still lessons to learn. And you just taught me one.”

Scott smiled at her words. She smiled back. Those smiles lingered as they caught their breath and laid down in front of the fireplace. Their flesh had parted, but their naked bodies remained entwined. Natasha laid on her side, staring at the flame while Scott lay behind her, his hand still gently trailing down her waist and thigh.

That warm, intimate touch reinforced the lesson she’d just learned. Given her age and experience, such profound lessons were hard to come by. When they did, they carried a lot of weight.

“Well, I’d say this has been a successful mission for both of us,” said Scott.
“I would agree,” said Natasha, “and just so you know, having my trust does not mean there will be more follow-up missions like this.”

“I wasn’t going to assume otherwise.”

“However, that does not necessarily preclude such missions,” she told him in her seductive Russian accent. “Your efforts at X-Corp will bring great change. Both SHIELD and the Avengers will take note of it. I’ll be on your side, but my voice only carries so much weight.”

“I understand. Believe me, Jean and I have not forgotten the bigger picture. We have every intention of aligning our efforts with our allies and partners.”

Scott sounded confident, but determined. Having given him her trust, Natasha believed him. Between the information she’d gathered from X-Corp and the connection she’d just made, there were many changes on the horizon. She had just experienced part of it. She knew as well as any master spy that there was plenty more to come.

“And I hope you succeed. I really do,” said Natasha. “Speaking of your wife, where is she? My intel said she would be present. You might have missed out on bedding two beautiful redheads tonight.”

“I know. It’s a shame,” Scott said with a sigh, “but there’s a good reason for that. Jean had a mission of her own tonight.”

“What kind of mission?” Natasha asked curiously.

“The kind that will ensure you won’t be the only one speaking for X-Corp.”

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**Iowa – Hawkeye’s Apartment**

“Yes! Ooh yes! Right there, Clint! Right there!”

Jean Grey-Summers hadn’t squealed with such glee since her honeymoon. She was about to climax for a second time in under five minutes. Even for a young woman with an active sex life, a loving husband, and a cosmic force, it was overwhelming in the best possible way. She hadn’t anticipated Clint “Hawkeye” Barton to be so talented in the art of oral sex. Given his accurate nature, she should’ve expected it.

‘This is going even better than I’d hoped. Scott knew he faced an uphill battle in winning Black Widow’s trust. I didn’t expect his former partner to make it this easy for me, but he sure has made it rewarding!’

It might have been the best possible scenario for her second business trip on behalf of X-Corp. She’d arrived in Waverly, Iowa, hoping to catch up with Hawkeye during one of his visits to his hometown. He didn’t travel home very often, but it was one of the few occasions when he was alone. There was nobody from the Avengers or his former team, the Defenders, to distract him. She saw it as the best time to meet with him one-on-one and forge a new connection, just as Scott sought to secure one with Black Widow.

They’d even agreed to make a similar pitch. They would present X-Corp as a new connection between the mutant affairs and the larger superhero community. For too long, there had been a long list unspoken rules that both sides followed. The Avengers and X-Men often maintained those invisible lines. X-Corp was poised to remove them. While Scott expected Black Widow to need extra convincing, she didn’t expect Clint to embrace their partnership so eagerly.
Then again, Jean had been the one to offer sex as a means of sealing the deal. However, it hadn’t
been her explaining the open nature of her and Scott’s marriage that won him over. Once he
learned that Scott had slept with Black Widow, he couldn’t accept her invitation fast enough.

‘I must have really struck a chord. We spend two hours talking about X-Corp, X-men, the Avengers,
and how to unite them. He gives me attitude every step of the way. Then, I bring up Natasha. The
next thing I know, he wants to full take advantage of my open relationship with Scott. He even
promises to give me the best casual fuck a married woman could ask for. I thought he was just
giving me more attitude, but…’

She struggled to keep her thoughts coherent. Clint was doing too good a job eating her pussy out.
He kept flicking his tongue in and out of her moist folds, hitting every sensitive spot with perfect
precision. It had already brought her to orgasm once, but the cocky Avenger just had to go the extra
mile.

The serious conversation that began at the former site of the Carson Carnival of Traveling Wonders
had led to the bedroom of his apartment. They’d arrived moments ago, having flown over the
evening traffic thanks to her telekinesis and Phoenix powers. Shortly after they arrived, their
clothes started coming off.

Somewhere between the front door and the bedroom, Clint stripped Jean down to her panties.
Before they reached the bed, she’d removed everything expected his boxers via telekinesis. That
was when he offered to go down on her. However, the way he’d presented it made it sound less
like an offer and more like a necessary step.

Necessary or not, Jean had another orgasm and Clint’s marksmanship took on a whole new
dimension.

“See? I told you my tongue is just as accurate as my arrows,” he said to her.

Jean barely heard him. She replied with another orgasmic cry that reverberated throughout his
apartment. With her legs hitched back, she clenched the wrinkled sheets of his bed and soaked in
the pleasure that followed. She could sense Clint watching her with a smug grin, but she didn’t
mind in the slightest. A man who could make a woman climax twice through oral sex alone
deserved to be smug.

“I never get tired of that,” said Clint, “and I hope this makes me a valuable ally for X-Corp.”

“It does, Clint. It really, really does!” Jean said with gleeful enthusiasm.

As the blissful feeling washed over her, Jean took extra satisfaction in securing another ally for X-
Corp. Tony Stark might have been a valuable donor, but his connections to the Avengers were just
as vital. He also made clear that he could help X-Corp more as a wealthy donor than a card-
carrying Avenger.

She and Scott wanted the Avengers as allies. However, that meant making connections with active
members who were less aloof than Iron Man. In a rare show of self-awareness, Tony advised
against making himself X-Corp’s strongest advocates in the Avengers. They might have
appreciated Iron Man for his firepower and bank account, but they didn’t appreciate Tony Stark
nearly as much. They needed other voices on the team who would speak for them.

Black Widow and Hawkeye might not have been the most influential members on the team, but
they were notoriously difficult to work with. Everyone who had ever been an Avenger understood
that. Winning their trust went a long way towards proving X-Corp’s worth. Scott had done his part
with Black Widow. She had every intention of doing the same for Hawkeye.

“Mmm…that hit the spot!” Jean purred as her second orgasm passed.

“Like I always say, I don’t miss,” said Hawkeye as he wiped her feminine juices from his face.

“I don’t doubt that. Not that I did before, but…well, let’s just say I have a new appreciation for precision.”

“Trust me, you’re not the first woman to say that.”

“I still hope to be the first maximize its benefits,” said Jean, “and don’t think for a minute that oral sex is the only reason I offered myself to you…although, it’s certainly a nice bonus!”

Jean, excited and energized by her orgasm, rose up from the bed and drew the veteran Avenger into her embrace. He accepted her gesture, looking quite taken by the presence of a naked redhead woman. Knowing she wasn’t the first redhead he’d been attracted to probably helped earn his trust. The promise of sex only added to his intrigue.

While Jean pawed his chest and wiped her juices from his face, Clint explored her naked body with his hands. He paid extra attention to her butt. She suspected that seeing Black Widow in skin-tight outfits over the years gave him a strong appreciation for shapely feminine butts. It also showed in the sizable erection bulging from his boxers. She further added to his arousal by rubbing her thigh up against his bulge, heightening his desire even more.

“You’re a notoriously difficult teammate, Mr. Barton,” Jean said to him. “Those aren’t my words, by the way. They’re direct quotes from other Avengers, past and present.”

“Yeah, I already know who you’re referring to,” he said, not hiding his reaction to her intimate touching. “Some have used less tactful words.”

“As someone who has had her share of difficult teammates, I understand completely.”

“Let me guess…Wolverine?”

“It doesn’t matter who, but even with him, I’ve learned to appreciate what makes people difficult in the first place. It’s kind of like appreciating what turns them on during sex. Everyone has a particular method.”

To prove her point, she kissed down his neck and nibbled on his ear. It was a quirk she sensed he liked, but didn’t articulate. Hawkeye’s reaction was strong. He let out a light gasp and squeezed her butt even harder. Jean could even feel it in his cock, which throbbed even harder under her touch. He was clearly convinced.

“That…makes so much sense.”

“In you, I see more than just the kinks,” Jean went on. “You’re a man of incredible skill and unparalleled precision, but the targets aren’t always there. You go out looking for them, but you don’t always find them. Even when they find you, they never lead you where you want to go…so you keep looking.”

“I’m pretty sure I know my next target right now,” Hawkeye said while squeezing her butt.

“And I trust you’ll hit it accurately. What my husband and I seek with X-Corp are targets nobody has attempted to find. It’s not about waiting for the next crisis, be it a Sentinel attack or a Kree
invasion. It’s about making connections between mutants, humans, and superheroes alike…finding what helps everyone prosper.”

“Jean, you convinced me of X-Corp’s vision before I saw you naked,” he said. “You don’t need to belabor it…unless belaboring involves you staying naked for the rest of the evening.”

“Don’t worry. My panties are staying off,” Jean said with a humored laugh.

To reassure him, she guided one of his hands from her butt to her inner thighs. It allowed him to feel that she was still very aroused, even after two orgasms. He would have other opportunities to employ his marksmanship in a more intimate level.

“I bring this up because X-Corp’s vision is akin to an impossible shot…a feat nobody thinks is feasible, given the divisions between the Avengers, the X-Men, and mutant issues,” said Jean.

“And you think I can help with that, even on a team with Captain freakin’ America,” Clint pointed out.

“Captain America is a great hero who I’m sure appreciates our vision,” Jean said, “but you, a man who makes impossible shots every day, can understand the potential of that vision. That’s why I want you to help bridge those divisions.”

“You’re still assuming my teammates will listen to me more than Cap,” he pointed out.

“That’s exactly why I’m giving you so much incentive,” she said in a more seductive tone.

Having teased the experienced Avenger enough, Jean slipped out of his arms, turned around, and got on all fours. Then, in an act that perfectly catered to Clint’s intimate tastes, she playfully shook her ass at him. Being a telepath, she could sense his lust going into overdrive.

“Damn! That’s a hell of an incentive,” said Hawkeye.

“Then, what are you waiting for?” she asked seductively. “You’ve got a big arrow in your quiver. Take it out and have a shot!”

The skilled archer probably would’ve laughed it he wasn’t so turned on. Jean might have made her point too well because he practically tore off his boxers, his bulging manhood finally freed. Now as naked as her, he narrowed his gaze on her with the same intensity he would with any target.

“Just so you know…I’m just as accurate with this,” Clint said intently.

“You better be,” Jean said, goading him even more.

Armed with his focused desire, the skilled marksman got behind her and took aim with his rigid cock. Jean squeezed the bed sheets in anticipation, eager to once again enjoy the fruits of Hawkeye’s uncanny accuracy. Like a man with something to prove, he firmly grabbed her hips with both hands, propped himself up on his knees, and aligned his cock with her pussy.

Then, with a single targeted thrust, he entered her. Again, he hit his mark perfectly.

“Ooh Clint!” Jean squealed with immense delight.

“Yeah! That’s a hot…hot target!” he grunted.

His proverbial arrow filled her proverbial quiver perfectly. He hit every nerve on his way in, penetrating deep and stimulating parts of her womanhood that weren’t easily stimulated. It was so
overwhelming that Jean’s eyes widened with shock. However, she barely had time to process the initial surge. Hawkeye was already rocking her body, the bed, and her world with a special kind of sex.

It was not the reckless, chaotic sex that Jean had enjoyed before. Clint approached fucking her the same way he approached marksmanship. Just as he made every arrow count, he made every thrust count. He didn’t just mindlessly hump. He skillfully worked his manhood inside her folds, making sure to hit every sensitive spot. He clearly remembered all the spots he’d found while giving her oral sex. That might have been the sexual equivalent of gathering intel.

“You see?” he said, leaning over and whispering into her ear. “I…never…miss!”

“You don’t! Oohhh you really, really don’t!” Jean cooed.

As she savored every motion, she also made sure to share in the effort. She twerked her hips alongside his thrusting, which made her butt shake in way Clint definitely appreciated. She loved how he squeezed her hips with every thrust. That was something Scott did too. It added something unique to their sex. Given the nature of this partnership, it seemed fitting.

The resulting sensations flowed freely and strongly. At one point, Clint leaned over and kissed her neck. Jean replied with more blissful moans. She ended up grabbing the headboard, which had been banging against the wall with very thrust. Even as the bed rocked, she reached between her legs with one hand to fondle her clit to complete the stimulation.

It was so intense.

It was so thorough.

It was so deep.

She climaxed again with ease, but she doubted Clint noticed. He was the same guy who never missed a shot when armies of Hydra, AIM, and Ultron drones attacked. He was not easily distracted. A man with that kind of focus wasn’t going to lose sight of his objective. That didn’t mean that Jean couldn’t tweak the incentives.

“Clint…my ass,” she said in her orgasmic daze.

“Jean…” Clint gasped, still focused, but acknowledging he heard her.

“Do my ass!” Jean urged him. “Test…your accuracy…there!”

He took that as both an invitation and a challenge. Never one to back down from a more daunting target, he withdrew his cock from her still-dripping pussy and aimed it at her anus.

Just as before, Clint aligned his member perfectly. Also, like before, he entered her with a single targeted thrust. Once again, he hit his target perfectly. He penetrated her butt with ease, stretching her inner muscles and filling her with a fresh round of sensations.

“Damn!” Hawkeye grunted through his focus. “Your ass…so tight!”

“Yes! Oohhh yes! Do my ass, Clint!” Jean urged him. “Do it…until you come!”

Again, he rose to the occasion. Just as before, he made every thrust count. He worked his throbbing cock inside her tight ass with perfect precision, delivering the perfect amount of penetration along with the perfect pace of movement.
It helped that his dick was covered in her feminine juices, of which she’d released plenty thanks to multiple orgasms. Any discomfort she might have felt was overshadowed by his perfectly targeted sex. She still did her part, bucking her hips and arching her back so that he could get in at the perfect angle. She even used her flexibility to lean back and kiss him, showing her appreciation for such accuracy. Even in his focused state, Clint returned the gesture.

Through his sensual marksmanship, her body rocked with his in a steady flow of sexual energy. Like preparing for the perfect shot, the skilled archer worked his way towards the perfect release. He exercised uncanny patience and discipline. He wasn’t going to blow his load until the timing and targeting was perfect. Who knew such talents in archery translated so well into sex?

Finally, as he drew closer, Jean sensed the pace of their sex intensify. She could also feel his cock throbbing inside her ass, aching for a release. He was just about ready to fire his shot.

“Jean, I…I’m close!” Hawkeye grunted. “I…I want to shoot it…on your tits!”

“Mmm…good choice of target!” Jean purred.

His tastes extended beyond shapely female asses. Attitude or not, Clint Barton had specific tastes when it came to intimacy.

Eager to accommodate, she held on for the last round of thrust. When she sensed him cross that final threshold, he withdrew from her ass and she quickly turned over so that her tits were aligned with his cock. From there, he grabbed his cock with his right hand and aimed it right at her chest. She even made it tricky for him, mashing her breasts together and looking up at him with a seductive gaze that was only possible after multiple orgasms.

“I’m ready, Clint,” she told him. “Go on! Fire your shot!”

“Ohhh fuck!” he gasped as his patience and focus finally paid off.

Finally, the skilled marksman climaxed. Jean watched as his expression became awash in ecstasy and his body shuddered under the weight of the feeling. Even as the surge of pleasure rushed through him, he didn’t miss his target.

In another act of stunning talent, he released his seminal load with pinpoint accuracy. A thick, yet smooth streak of cum shot out from his dick and landed perfectly between her breasts. Some ended up on her chin. It was quite a spectacle, but one that proved Hawkeye’s remarkable skills. Someone with that kind of skill would surely be a valuable ally to X-Corp.

“Wow!” Jean said as she gathered his cum with her finger. “I didn’t doubt that you’d hit your mark. And yet, I’m still amazed!”

“Glad…I could make an impression,” said Hawkeye, still breathless as he enjoyed his peak.

“I hope I made one too. I want X-Corp to be something special…something that X-Men and Avengers alike can get behind. For that, we’ll need more than just allies. We’ll need genuine, intimate ties.”

“Intimate…right,” said Clint with a satisfied grin.

No longer lost in his focus, he laughed with Jean. Some playful gestures followed. Jean sensually licked up his fluid, just as he’d done with her during his oral teasing. She also embraced him once more, giving him sensual kiss on the cheek to convey both affection and intimacy.
They ended up laying in the center of his bed, needing to catch their breath and soak in the feeling. Jean remained curled up to his side. Clint took full advantage of that position, resting a hand on her butt. By all accounts, this new connection was complete. X-Corp had another voice on their behalf in the Avengers. Her efforts with Hawkeye had been as successful as Scott’s efforts with Black Widow.

They were well on their way to pursuing X-Corp’s vision. They had powerful allies and they’d given those allies some powerful incentives. It boded well for X-Corp’s future. It also ensured her and Scott’s sex life would remain active.

“Just out of curiosity, do you and your husband seal every new partnership with sex?” asked Hawkeye as he caught his breath.

“Well, we certainly don’t plan to do it in every case,” said Jean, “just the ones we think will be most beneficial.”

“And you think sleeping with me qualifies?”

“I don’t just think it. I know it!” she said, now resting her chin on his chest.

“What makes you so certain?” he asked curiously.

“Well, I could just lay here naked for the rest of the night and explain how a cosmic force gave me a new perspective,” she told him, “or we could have sex again and you can ask Black Widow the next time you see her. Because trust me…she already knows!”

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Unknown Location

“So dark…so desolate…nothing but death, sorrow, and misery. I love it!”

That was not the typical reaction someone had when they visited Limbo. Then again, Cletus Kasady was not a typical person. Even the old Hellfire Club deemed him too unstable to work with. His propensity for murder, death, and chaos were too much for them to handle. To Madelyne Pryor, that made him a perfect fit for her plans.

She’d prepared a special area in Limbo to entice the deranged killer. It was not the same stronghold that Belasco had used. Madelyne learned from her experience with Emma Frost that she couldn’t build her purpose on the foundations of others. She needed to forge her own. Thanks to some of the power she’d usurped from Belasco and Sinister, she created a series of chambers near Limbo’s most volatile fire pits.

The chambers had been carved out of volcanic rock and shaped into castle-like structures. Inside, she’d tapped some resources from the Hellfire Club to create a dungeon-like area, complete with chains, shackles, and beds with straps. However, Madelyne did not intend to use these chambers as prison cells. She had something more creative in mind.

“What you see before you is an exercise in defiance, Mr. Kasady,” said the Goblin Queen as she guided him into the chamber. “I believe that’s something you appreciate more than most.”

“You’ll have to be more specific, lady. I defy a lot of shit,” Cletus said with a humored chuckled.

“That’s exactly what makes you so menacing in the eyes of others. They look at you and they see someone who actively revolts against the order of things. Everything good, decent, and moral…you spit on all of it and laugh every step of the way.”
“My therapist tells me it’s a personality disorder. I just tell her it’s what makes me so lovable… before I killed her, that is.”

“I understand this disorder better than most. I also understand why some are inclined to revolt against what everyone says is correct. They see the differently. They see themselves differently. It’s not a flaw. It’s something stronger than that.”

“I’m both intrigued and extremely turned on right now,” said Cletus. “This might be the most turned on I’ve been without seeing a pool of blood.”

“Good. That saves me the trouble of tempting you to join my struggle. And make no mistake…that struggle will require a lot of bloodshed.”

Cletus was practically seething with interest. He was the complete opposite of Emma Frost and Daken. Those two had resisted her efforts. Cletus seemed all too eager to join her.

However, going along with her plans wasn’t enough. Channeling his bloodlust wasn’t enough, either. To maximize the violent potential of Cletus Kasady, Madelyne needed him to want what she wanted. He had to crave it more than he craved his next kill.

To that end, she prepared the next part of her enticement. She removed her cape, leaving her in just her boots, her gloves, and her bikini-like attire. She then made her way to the far end of the chamber where a series of shackles and chains hung from the wall. In what must have seemed like a role reversal for Cletus, she willingly restrained herself, fastening the shackles to her wrists and elevating them so that she stood prone and vulnerable to the deranged killer.

“Okay. I’m confused, but in the best possible way,” said Cletus with a devious grin.

“It’s fairly simple, Mr. Kasady,” said Madelyne. “I’m the prisoner now. You’re in Limbo. Chaos, bloodshed, and violence…that is no disorder here. That is the standard.”

“Are you telling me I’m normal here?” he scoffed. “Honestly, that pisses me off.”

“It should. On your own, you’re nothing special here. Your chosen purpose is mundane. However, with that alien symbiote in your hand…”

Madelyne let her words trail off. She let Cletus make the connections with that deranged mind of his. It didn’t take long. With a murderous glint in his eyes, he looked down at the spore he’d been holding since the prison break at Rykers. It was already reacting to being in Limbo. It took on a dark reddish hue. Some of it came from Cletus, but most of it came from Limbo’s chaotic environment.

It was unstable. Madelyne sensed it. Cletus was already unstable, but now he was being tempted to push himself in ways he’d never dared. He hadn’t even had the opportunity. It was an offer nobody else could give him.

Cletus had already made his choice. The symbiote made a choice as well. In that moment, the two separate beings merged into one, beginning a metamorphosis that Madelyne sought to guide. In a realm where dark desires and raging bloodlust shaped the landscape, a new creature of greater purpose was born.

“Yes! I’m feeling special now!” Cletus yelled as the symbiote consumed his body. “The power, the strength, the potential…together, we won’t just unleash carnage. We’ll be Carnage!”

“We often become what our purpose requires,” said Madelyne, grinning as she watched the
transformation. “Right now, your need for carnage requires a catalyst. Come to me…ravage me…
and I’ll gladly be your catalyst!”

Up next: Fantastic Feats
Limbo – Pocket Dungeon

Cletus Kasady had been born with a terrifying defect. Those were the words of the judge who sentenced him to multiple life sentences for 11 murders. The only thing Kasady took offense to in that moment was the idea that he had only killed 11 people.

He’d been called crazy, cruel, unstable, sadistic, anti-social, and any number of aberrant things. He personified a man’s capacity for pure, unfettered bloodlust. Cletus didn’t recoil from that label. Instead, he embraced it. He never planned to stop killing, despite his imprisonment. However, his plans changed the second Madelyne Pryor entered the picture, albeit in a good way.

“Take me, Cletus,” the voluptuous redhead said from her bound state. “Put those new assets to good use!”

“Bitch, you’re even crazier than me. I love it!” Cletus proclaimed. “And the name’s Carnage now. That’s who’s going to fuck you silly.”

His voice seethed with newfound energy and power. The bonding between him and the newborn symbiote, courtesy of Venom, was complete. Cletus Kasady was no more. There was only Carnage.

His prison garb was gone, replaced by a reddish black substance that felt like a second skin. The deranged killer could feel the alien creature bonding with every cell in his body, enhancing and improving every function. That included his propensity for deviant desires.

Madelyne, having restrained herself with metal shackles that hung from the ceiling of the dungeon-like domain, stood before him ready to receive those desires. Armed with the abilities of the symbiote and a new persona unbound by limitations, Carnage lunged forward and unleashed his lust on the bound woman.

‘Bloodlust…lust…desire…deviant…it’s all so intense. I can feel it! This creature…this feeling…this woman…all ours for the taking.’

With a predatory screech, he created a dozen tendrils from his flesh and used them to rip off Madelyne’s clothing. She didn’t have much to begin with. That didn’t stop Carnage from tearing her top and panties to shreds, leaving her in just her thigh-high boots and black gloves.

As soon as he got a glimpse of her breasts and pussy, he attacked with more tendrils, surrounding her bound body with tongue-like appendages. She tasted delicious. It was like tasting actual, tangible deviance. His lust intensifying, he roughly grabbed her breasts with both hands and hungrily licked along the side of her neck. He even bit into her flesh a little, tasting part of her blood. As soon as it touched his lips, both he and the symbiote reacted.

‘That blood…it’s different. It’s incredible! I want more. I must have more.’

His carnal screeching intensified. Carnage bit and licked around her neck even more. Bloody wounds formed, but Madelyne showed no discomfort. She gasped, but it was not out of pain. If
anything, it almost sounded orgasmic.

“Oohhh! So deviant!” the Goblin Queen said.

Encouraged, Carnage groped and kneaded her breasts harder. More tendrils shot out, smothering every inch of her naked skin. In a show of strength, he lifted her up and pulled her closer. She was practically surrounded by the symbiote’s hungry tentacles. She still didn’t look the least bit concerned. If anything, she was even more turned on. It got Carnage turned on as well.

His licked and bit around her neck and shoulders. He also guided the tendrils to other parts of her body. Some found their way between her legs, forcing them apart while they rubbed around the folds of her pussy. A few forced their way into her butt. Her wrists still bound above her head, she was completely at his mercy and very much aroused.

“That’s it, Carnage. Taste me!” the deviant redhead encouraged. “Taste my flesh… my perverse, deviant flesh.”

That might have been the sexiest thing a woman had ever told him without being terrified. Carnage had gotten rough with women before. Usually, this was the part where they started screaming in terror. Even without an alien symbiote, he terrified women. He’d had his way with more than a few, but they hadn’t been into it. They didn’t survive as a result.

Madelyne Pryor was different. His lecherous groping turned her on. He could taste it in her blood. The more he tasted her blood, the more he craved her. Just spreading carnage wasn’t enough. Through this woman, a new host of dark desires emerged.

“You crazy, horny bitch,” Carnage seethed. “You’re in need of a special kind of fucking!”

“That, what are you waiting for?” she goaded. “Give it to me!”

For once, someone encouraged him to indulge his degenerate impulses. On top of that, he had an alien symbiote to help him indulge in ways no deranged killer had ever enjoyed. Limbo might have been torment for some, but it was Heaven for him.

He pulled the Goblin Queen’s bound body closer to his. He pushed her legs apart extra-wide and used his various tendrils to spread her outer folds. Then, from his crotch, a sizable erect penis formed. Part of it was from human flesh. It had been significantly augmented with the aid of the blackish red alien flesh. It throbbed and pulsated with anticipation. It even pointed towards her entrance, as though it had a mind of its own.

With a sadistic screech that echoed throughout the chamber, Carnage thrust the hulking member into the Goblin Queen’s pussy. Like her blood, the feeling of penetrating her flesh was tangible ecstasy.

It felt so tight, hot, and wet.

It also felt so wrong in a way that felt so right to him.

It tasted like the most forbidden kind of fruit. From that initial taste, an onslaught of ravenous lust erupted from within. Carnage, having the devious woman immersed in his grasp, began fucking her with a ferocity that would’ve broken a less crazed woman.

“Yes, Carnage! Yes! Yeesssss!” the Goblin Queen exclaimed. “Fuck me! Ravage me!”

“As… you… wish!” Carnage seethed.
He let out a gleeful roar as he humped the bound woman without mercy. He was hard and direct with every thrust, using the symbiote to make his cock throb and pulsate within her. He also kept slithering every tendril around her exposed skin, licking and tasting her succulent flesh. Even as her body rocked violently to his ravaging, he trailed his extra-long tongue down to her breasts and bit around her nipple.

More wounds formed.

More blood came gushing out.

More crimson ecstasy came.

The Goblin Queen’s cries only intensified. The way he fucked her should’ve had her crying out in pain. Instead, the line between pain and pleasure didn’t exist. The pain complemented the pleasure, so much so that Carnage sensed her nearing orgasm. He could feel it in the way her pussy throbbed mercilessly around his slithering cock.

“Yes! Ohhh I’m coming, Carnage! I’m coming!” the Goblin Queen yelled out.

“You…crazy…bitch!” he yelled.

He tried fucking her harder and rougher. He wasn’t used to a woman enjoying his bloodlust. As much as he liked it, he didn’t want to make it too easy for her. That didn’t make it any less rewarding when he heard her orgasmic cries echo through the chamber.

“Oohhhhh Carnage!”

It was music to Carnage’s ears, a siren’s song of pure deviance. Surrounded in his arms and tendrils, he felt the Goblin Queen’s body quiver with orgasmic frenzy. Her inner folds contracted around his augmented cock, as if to match the enhancements with a deviant will of her own.

It was so wrong, a woman feeling such pleasure from such ravenous fucking. That was exactly what made it feel so right. Carnage wasn’t easily impressed, but even he couldn’t help but admire the bound redhead before him. He even ceased licking and biting her flesh, gazing into her orgasmic expression.

“Beautiful,” he said distantly. “So bad, yet so beautiful.”

She looked almost mad, her face awash in orgasmic delight, yet deranged by devious desires. The way he looked at her was so antithetical to every previous victim of his bloodlust. It both encouraged and taunted him. With the taste of her blood still lingering in his mouth, these new desires intensified.

As the Goblin Queen took in the ecstasy, she locked her gaze with him. Even with her hands bound, she carried herself as though she were in complete control. It sent a clear message. If he was going to ravage her, then he would have to step up his game.

“Don’t you dare stop,” the Goblin Queen demanded. “More! Ravage me more!”

“More?!” Carnage screeched. “Hahahaha! That was light foreplay! Let the real fucking begin!”

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Baxter Building – Roof

Being part of a family was easy to take for granted. People born into one see it as normal. They
Benjamin Jacob Grimm thought about family more than most and for good reason. The family he’d been born into on Yancy Street fell apart. His older brother was killed in a gang fight. His parents died shortly after. For years, he learned to handle himself without a family. Then, he found a new one with Reed, Sue, and Johnny.

Having already lost one family, Ben fought to protect the one he’d come to embrace. As the Thing, the hulking rock man of the Fantastic Four, he could fight harder than most. It was rarely easy. Just dealing with Reed’s brains and Johnny’s ego was a day-to-day challenge. Through it all, their familial bond proved to be their greatest strength.

Since the fateful accident that gave him his powers, Ben had done his share of fighting. However, protecting his family couldn’t just involve clobbering things when the time came. With Sue being pregnant and Johnny being Johnny, he had to find other opportunities to help the Fantastic Four.

Much to his chagrin, a very attractive opportunity recently came to him.

“Jean Grey-Summers,” said a humored Ben Grimm. “Well, ain’t this the least revoltin’ development in years.”

“It’s nice to see you too, Mr. Grimm,” said a smiling Jean Grey-Summers. “Thanks for meeting me on such short notice.”

“Hey, call me Ben. You got me out of a meet-and-greet with Matchstick at ESU. It was either hang out with you or watch horny college girls swoon over Johnny. No offense to the girls, but it ain’t that hard a choice.”

“And I intend to make it the best choice you could’ve made. Johnny may have the spotlight, but you’re going to accomplish more this evening.”

“That a fact or a promise?”

“A little of both,” she said.

Ben laughed as the former X-Woman descended to the Baxter Building rooftop. Already, his night was looking up.

He knew Jean from her time with the X-Men. She was there the first time Fantastic Four teamed up with the X-Men. She’d been young and inexperienced at that point, but she really grew. She’d become quite the looker too. That wide-eyed redheaded girl who once helped them beat back Mole Man had become a beautiful woman. Even though she was married, Ben couldn’t help but notice.

“I gotta say, I’m a bit surprised you called me for this little shindig,” said Ben.

“There’s a reason for that,” said Jean, “and it has nothing to do with Reed having a pregnant wife or Johnny having a short attention span.”

“Could it at least have something to do with Johnny being obnoxious around a pretty dame? Even if she’s married?”

“Maybe a little,” she replied with a humored chuckle, “but when I decided to pursue a deal between X-Corp and the Fantastic Four, I wanted it to go through you. Reed listens to you. Sue trusts you. And Johnny…well, I don’t think Johnny will appreciate the bigger picture.”
“Now, you’re just trying to butter me up.”

“Is it working?”

“I ain’t stopping you, am I?”

They shared a friendly laugh. Jean was just as likable as he remembered. She wasn’t the least bit put off by his appearance or his persona. That earned her his respect.

Under clear skies and brisk winds, the mood lightened. Jean casually stood next to him near the observation ledge of the building. It was where Ben used to come to sneak a smoke. Even after he quit, he hung out here to clear his head whenever life in the family got hectic, which was often.

Why Jean wanted to meet him on the roof was still not clear. She claimed over the phone it wouldn’t take long. He had no reason to doubt her. She didn’t even seem bothered by the evening wind, despite only wearing a pair of black jeans and a dark T-shirt. She was tougher than most women. She also had ambition, which was part of what brought her there in the first place.

“So what did you think of the package that Scott and I sent?” Jean asked as she casually leaned against the railing.

“You talking about that big, fancy stack of X-Corp papers? The same that magically showed up in my room an hour after you called?” Ben asked.

“That would be it,” she said casually.

“Well, aside from the stuff that couldn’t fit into a couple of emails, I’d say it’s pretty standard. Sure, it ain’t no Stephen King novel, but it ain’t like one of Reed’s physics lectures. You and Scottie Boy keep things simple. X-Corp finds struggling mutants, teaches them to use their powers, gets ‘em decent jobs, and helps ‘em build a life. As someone who’s had to rebuild his life more than once, I’m all for that.”

“What about the not-so-simple parts?”

“You mean the ones that involve more than a thumbs-up and a public endorsement from our end?” said Ben. “I read those parts too. It does make things trickier, but not in the way you think.”

The mood got more serious. Ben leaned on the rail next to Jean and turned his attention to the famous Manhattan skyline. It would’ve been easy for him and the rest of the family to support X-Corp’s official mission. The Fantastic Four had enough street cred to get away with that. It was no different than showing their support for the Avengers.

However, X-Corp requested more than just support. That complicated things. While Reed usually handled the complicated stuff, this was different. It required a level of trust that couldn’t easily fit into a physics equation. Ben wasn’t big on crunching numbers, but securing trust was his specialty. It had been ever since his days on Yancy Street. For the sake of protecting his family, he needed to trust Jean and X-Corp before he threw his muscle behind it.

“You guys are going the extra mile. That much I’ll give you,” Ben went on. “You got old man Worthington on board. You got the Avengers showin’ support. You even got Tony freakin’ Stark to fork over some cash. Still don’t know how you managed that.”

“What can I say? I can be very persuasive,” said Jean in a sensual undertone.

“So I’ve heard,” Ben snickered, “but writing a check is easy. You want Reed, Suzie, and the
family to help with the hardware. You got the money. You got the place. You even got the mutants. But the part where you help 'em with their powers…that requires the kind of know-how that only a few brainy people have. And there ain’t no one brainer than our own Mr. Fantastic.”

“It was either him or Dr. Doom,” quipped Jean. “We figured you’d be more reasonable.”

“Then, I’m guessin’ you know why the Fantastic Four keeps their distance from all things mutants. For as long as I can remember, we had an understanding. Us taking sides in mutant stuff just causes more problems than it solves.”

“I remember too. SHIELD and the Avengers used the same excuse.”

“Well, like my Aunt Petunia says, the best excuses in the world ain’t worth as much as a lousy reason,” Ben pointed out. “Truth is, people are scared of blowback. They think helping mutants puts ordinary folks in danger. They may not say it out loud, but that’s the rub.”

“I’m a telepath, Ben,” said Jean. “You don’t need to convince me of thoughts inspired by fears.”

“Then, you already know my thoughts on this stuff,” he said. “Say you find a mutant who needs help. You come to us. Reed builds some gizmo that helps that mutant. That mutant goes and blows up a school bus full of nuns. You see how us getting involved could get messy?”

Jean was silent for a moment. She just stared out over the skyline with him. Ben wasn’t psychic. He couldn’t tell what she was thinking, but he sensed she’d contemplated a similar scenario.

It was the less glamorous part of being heroes. Taking sides, making connections, and getting involved with outside politics often caused conflicts. Unlike a Doombot, they weren’t conflicts he could clobber. Reed, Sue, and even Johnny were idealists. When it came to doing good, they kept things simple. Jean was asking the Fantastic Four to do something that put the family at risk. Being the team’s muscle, he had to be the front line of defense.

Jean, to her credit, didn’t flinch in the face of harsh truth. She just turned towards him and cast him an understanding look.

“You’re right to be worried,” she said. “There are plenty worst-case-scenarios that X-Corp could encounter. Everyone we get involved risks getting entangled in mutant affairs. Not all of them are equipped to handle an attack by killer robots, either.”

“Trust me. If that were the only problem, we’d be done already. I never mind the extra clobbering,” said Ben.

“Except, it isn’t just killer robots,” said Jean. “I don’t deny that mutant affairs tend to attract a unique kind of danger. I spent years on the front lines of that danger with the X-Men. But having seen that potential for danger up close, I’ve also seen the potential for so much more. I’ve seen the good that mutants can do when given the right opportunities. That good need not be restricted to other mutants.”

“I ain’t arguing mutants can do good. You and Summers are proof of that.”

“That’s just it. That’s the only good most people see…mutants being heroes. I believe there’s so much more we can do aside from saving the day from Magneto’s rampage. If you read the attachments to the contracts, you’d see what we can offer.”

“Sorry, but that stuff had medical lingo. Only Reed and Suzie are qualified to handle that,” said Ben.
“You don’t need a doctorate to appreciate the possibilities,” Jean went on. “One of those profiles mentioned a mutant who can heal with touch. It’s a valuable skill, but one nobody has been able to extrapolate into an effective treatment. There’s also a mutant from Australia who can make portals that nobody can quite understand. Helping them and studying their abilities could yield immense benefits.”

“And you think Reed is the only one smart enough to get those benefits?”

“That’s only part of why we’re doing this,” said Jean. “There are plenty of smart people who could help tap the potential of mutant abilities. Some may even be easier to deal with than Reed Richards. But by reaching out to you…the Fantastic Four…a family of smart, idealists who are willing to clobber things when they have to…I know you won’t make excuses.”

Just like that, it hit Ben like a sucker punch from Galactus. The bigger picture became clear. The potential of X-Corp, the benefits Jean hinted at, and the potential for good that existed just beyond the danger suddenly made sense in a larger context. Even someone as hard-headed as him could appreciate it.

He looked back over at Jean. She cast him a beaming smile, as though she could sense his mind racing with the newfound realization. There was no getting around the truth. The collective good that X-Corp and the Fantastic Four could do was vast, but doing it without excuses gave such an effort a new perspective.

It almost made too much sense. As Reed often told him, when anything made that much sense, it meant there was no use avoiding the truth.

“You really did it, Jean. You used my Aunt Petunia’s wisdom against me,” said Ben, laughing and shaking his head. “Even Reed ain’t ever pulled that off.”

“You can be wise without being smart,” Jean said with a humored grin. “That’s something my father taught me.”

“Well, you learned more than I ever did from my folks,” said Ben. “Heck, color me convinced. You want the Fantastic Four’s help making X-Corp work. You got it! Consider me your newest cheerleader. Just don’t expect me to wear a skirt.”

“Don’t worry, Ben. That’s not in the fine print,” assured Jean. “And if we have your support, I can promise X-Corp will be on your side as well. Scott and I will see to it that the Fantastic Four have access to the best resources that mutants have to offer. We’ll also make sure your family is safer and stronger every step of the way.”

“Those are some bold promises from a pretty dame,” Ben commented.

“They’re promises I can fully back up. In fact, I’d like to demonstrate one of those resources right now. Think of it as a down payment for future cooperation.”

“You don’t need to do that, but I ain’t gonna stop you if you try,” Ben said.

“I don’t need to try,” she said confidently. “Scott and I are committed to providing benefits to X-Corp’s major allies. And trust me. We’re capable of some uncanny benefits!”

She spoke in that confident, sensual undertone again. It was not the same tone he remembered the last time the Fantastic Four teamed up with the X-Men. Ben didn’t mind, having heard that kind of done from Johnny’s girlfriends on more than one occasion. However, the way Jean carried herself was a step above any of those floozies.
While he wrapped his head around the young woman’s growth, she stepped away from the railing overlooking the city and moved closer. She now stood much closer than most women did in his presence. She even smiled playfully, not the least bit put off by his rocky appearance. That, alone, was enough to make the ever-loving Thing falter somewhat.

Then, she put her hands on his temples. Even through his rocky skin, he felt her warm touch. It was a great feeling, but he already sensed that it was only a prelude.

“Whoa there! What are you doing, Jeannie?” he asked.

“Take easy, Ben,” said Jean, her voice becoming more seductive with every word. “Just close your eyes and relax your mind. I promise you’re in for a fantastic treat!”

Astral Plane – Ben Grimm’s Mindscape

“Holy freakin’ crap on a crumpet!”

Ben Grimm wasn’t impressed by much. He’d traveled into space, ventured into the Negative Zone, fought Heralds of Galactus, punched out Super Skrull, and survived growing up on Yancy Street. It took a lot to impress him at this point, but Jean Grey-Summers had found a way.

“I take it you appreciate our new surroundings,” the fiery redhead teased.

“Like it? Lady, I’m gonna need a moment – or ten – to fully appreciate this!” said Ben, trying to contain his shock and excitement.

They weren’t on the roof of the Baxter Building anymore – at least, he didn’t think they were. Seconds after closing his eyes, he felt himself transported in a flash of fiery light. It was like going to sleep in one place and waking up in another, minus the part where he passed out or got blackout drunk. He now found himself in a very different setting, but one he recognized.

He was back in his dorm room at Empire State University. It was the same dorm he shared with Reed during his time as a star football player and all-around big man on campus. It looked exactly as he remembered it, right down to the dirty laundry piled up on his desk and the stack of unfinished homework on his dresser. He doubted that was a fluke.

On top of that, he wasn’t his big, scary, rocky self anymore. He was back in his prime human form, right down to his unshaven complexion, hairy chest, and toned muscles. He felt like same hard-nosed, hard-hitting Ben Grimm the year he broke ESU’s rushing record. He was even wearing the same football jersey and jeans that he often wore when he was lounging about.

It was like stepping into a fond memory and reliving it on every level. However, there was one notable change. Jean Grey-Summers was in the dorm with him and she wasn’t wearing the same mundane clothes he recalled.

“Take all the time you need, Ben,” Jean told him. “I’m kind of liking this skimpy cheerleader outfit. I might have to drop by ESU to get one for myself. I think my husband will love it!”

“He wouldn’t be the only one,” said Ben, already gawking at the beautiful figure before him, “although I don’t remember the cheerleader getup looking that skimpy.”

“Really? That’s a shame. It feels great!”

The beautiful redhead turned around and posed, admiring how the outfit looked on her shapely
body. It was enough to make Ben blush, which was a hell of a feat for anyone who’d picked Johnny up from a party full of drunk women.

The red and white outfit had the same matching skirt, shirt, socks, and shoes that he remembered from the ESU cheer squad. It looked damn good on Jean. She’d even changed her hair style, adopting a pigtail look, which had been common at the time. However, Jean must have made some tweaks because he didn’t remember the skirts being that low cut. He got a glimpse of her panties when she did a brief pose. He also didn’t remember the shirt being strategically cut in a way that showed off her cleavage.

Ben certainly didn’t mind the changes. Jean didn’t seem to mind, either. In fact, wearing the outfit got her excited and not just in a peppy sort of way.

“In my defense, this whole setup is built through your memories. Everything you see and feel is a construct from your mind. The Astral Plane just makes it real.”

“That’s where we are? The freakin’ Astral Plane?”

“Yes, but think of this as a special part of it…one Scott and I recently discovered thanks to some cosmic forces.”

Her eyes flashed with a fiery glow. Through window overlooking the ESU campus, the skies flashed a similar color. It both confirmed that they were in the Astral Plane, but it also confirmed there were other forces at work. Ben had only heard about the Astral Plane because Reed mentioned it once or twice. He didn’t know the specifics of those cosmic forces Jean mentioned, but when pretty ladies were involved, he rarely cared specifics.

Whatever forces were at work, Jean Grey-Summers made her intentions abundantly clear. Feeling at home in her new attire, she walked up to him while playfully twirling one of her pigtails around her finger like. It was sexy without being trashy, a rare and special combination in beautiful women.

“One key benefit of the Astral Plane is that memories and reality are malleable,” she said to him. “It’s not a dream or a fantasy. It’s thought taking form and substance. And a big part of thought comes from desire.”

“Call it whatever you want, Jeannie girl. You’re tappin’ into some pretty basic desires for a hot-blooded college guy,” Ben said.

“It’s not as basic as you think. We’re here in this current state because of something deeper. In one part of your psyche, you’ve embraced your role as the ever-loving Thing. You love the role you play with your family. You even love clobbering things…more so than I suspected.”

“It ain’t like I keep that a secret.”

“Point taken,” she said, “but then there’s that other part of your psyche…the part that misses the feeling of skin-on-skin contact…the part that yearns for that warm, intimate feeling you get from hooking up with a cute cheerleader.”

She reached up and caressed his unshaven, non-rocky face. It did plenty to make her point.

It felt both real and intoxicating. It had been a long time since he’d felt something as simple as a beautiful woman touching his unaltered face. While he could still feel things in his rock form, it was considerably different. Experiencing that feeling, even within the exotic physics of the Astral Plane, was both profound and refreshing. It inspired him to take Jean in his powerful, muscular
arms, feeling some of that skin-on-skin feeling for himself.

“Yeah…I admit it. I’ve done my share of yearning,” said Ben.

“And you’re not alone,” said Jean. “Plenty of other mutants are born with powers that affect their appearance. Many dread the possibility that they’ll never know such intimacy again. That’s something Scott and I don’t intend to ignore at X-Corp. It’s just one of the many ways we want to help them. Consider this a sample of what we can offer.”

Ben could certainly appreciate helping others in his situation enjoy a little intimacy. He only appreciated it even more when Jean leaned in and kissed him, wrapping her arms around his neck and drawing him into a deeply intimate embrace.

Her lips tasted so sweet.

Her exposed skin felt so warm and soft.

She even smelled great. She was like fresh roses mixed with his Aunt Petunia’s cookies.

The feeling went beyond the memories of what a beautiful woman felt like. This was something different. Kissing Jean, holding her in his arms while they freely communicated some very basic desire, reconnected him with something he thought he’d never experience again. It was so powerful. It brought tears of joy to his eyes.

Even after that, Jeannie wasn’t done. As they kissed, she slipped her hand down to his pants and squeezed a growing bulge. It had been a while since Ben had felt an awkward boner in the presence of a pretty dame. He hadn’t forgotten how to make it less awkward. When Jean finally broke the kiss, she had a sexy glint in her eyes that made her desires just as clear.

“Do me, Ben,” said Jean in a lustful tone that put every college floozy to shame. “Give me that wonderful thing we both desire!”

“Damn, that’s the sexiest thing I’ve heard in years,” said Ben, “especially from a married dame.”

“You don’t have to worry. Scott and I have a special kind of marriage,” she assured him.

“So I’ve heard,” he said. “Guess that means I ain’t gotta think twice about giving you the Ben Grimm Special!”

“Ooh! What does that entail?” said Jean, sounding like a giddy schoolgirl.

“You’re about to find out.”

Ben tapped into that the old bravado that once made him ESU’s star running back. He kissed her again, lifted her up in his arms, and carried her over to his unmade bed. Jean embraced her part as the sexy cheerleader hooking up with the big guy on campus. She threw her legs around his waist, wrapped his arms around her neck, and kissed back with plenty of tongue. She even rubbed her pelvis up against his bulge, daring him to make full use of this unique opportunity.

‘It’s not a fantasy. It’s not a dream. It’s not just a star player hooking up with a cheerleader. This is as real as you want it to be, Ben. Don’t hold back. Let your desires make this real.’

That soft, soothing voice echoed in his mind. It was like an angel encouraging him to have a little fun. Ben usually didn’t like having telepaths rummage through his mind, but he made an exception for Jean Grey-Summers.
After carrying her over to the bed, he sat her down on the edge with the utmost care. Then, with his legs wrapped around her, he broke the kiss and removed his football jersey. That gave her an up-close view of his hulking upper body. Like many lucky dames before her, Jean liked what she saw. She quickly went to work pawing his chest. She even kissed around some of his manly sinews, showing she’d developed quite a sexy side since her Marvel Girl days.

“Mmm…I’m liking the Ben Grimm special so far,” she said.

“Lady, this ain’t even the appetizer!” said Ben.

Encouraged and aroused by Jean’s reaction, Ben stepped up his game. He kissed her again before trailing his lips down her neck. He even gave her ear a slight nibble. He found a lot of girls with a kinkier side liked that. Jean was no exception.

As he worked his way down, he slipped a hand up her skirt and felt around her inner thighs. She was already hotter than a New York heat wave. Never one to let a dame sweat it out, he removed her panties. Jean even accommodated him, showing off some cheerleader-like flexibility and elevating her legs so he could get them off. She was even playful about it, leaning back on her arms and laughing adorably every step of the way.

Once they were off, he tossed them across the room where they landed right on Reed’s pillow. He remembered how much Reed hated that. It got him in the spirit of this feeling and this place. It also made him even more motivated when he got his first glimpse of Jean’s pussy.

“Mmm…that’s a damn fine appetizer,” he commented.

“Then, by all means…non appetite!”

Still laughing adorably, Jean kept her legs spread while twirling her pigtails around her finger. Ben accepted the invitation, dropping to his knees and grabbing hold of her thighs. Her legs were now perfectly spread in a wide V-shape, a feat befitting of a cute cheerleader. It gave him a clear path to gorge on her pussy.

Feeling more motivated than he’d been since the state championship, Ben took the plunge, burying his face in Jean’s snatch and lapping up her folds. It tasted even better than he thought. She was so moist and wet. It was like tasting his favorite treat after having been on a long diet. He hadn’t forgotten to eat a woman out, either. Having had his share of girls in college, it came back to him quickly and Jean showed her appreciation.

“Yes! Ooh yes! Ohhh Ben!” Jean squealed in delight. “Your lips…your tongue…so good! I’m getting so hot!”

She writhed like a horny minx. She wasn’t shy about it, either. As she shuddered at the sensations he evoked, she tore off the top part of her cheerleader uniform, freeing her perfectly shaped breasts. She even mirrored his actions from earlier, tossing it across the room so that it landed right on Reed’s pillow. Ben didn’t think she could’ve done anything else to turn him on even more. Then, she began fondling her breasts while he ate her out and once again proved him wrong.

‘Damn! If only the girls were this hot back in the day.’

‘Trust me, Ben. Every girl has the potential. Only a few ever realize it.’

Jean sent that telepathic message while mashing her breasts together and casting him a seductive glance. It got Ben to step up his efforts, probing deeper into her pussy with his tongue and paying extra attention to her clit.
The message was clear. Jean wasn’t one of those girls who pretended to be shy about sexy stuff. She knew what she liked and she didn’t give a damn what anyone thought about her. Ben hadn’t encountered many women like her. Having an opportunity to please felt like something no man should squander.

Having had his share of appetizers, he shot up from the floor and ditched his pants. They’d become insufferably tight by then. Between the taste of Jean’s pussy and that erotic display with her breasts, he was as hard as any rock man could be. Just tasting a woman’s pussy wasn’t enough.

She asked him to take her.

He wanted her just as much.

In the Astral Plane, every thought and desire was theirs for the taking.

“Ooh! Ben…is that the main course,” Jean purred.

“You know it, toots!” he said with that Yancy Street bravado.

She turned over and crawled towards him like a sexy minx out of his wildest fantasies. She leaned in closer, placing one hand on his chest and the other on his throbbing erection. Just feeling her tough was enough to make every fiber of his being crave her.

“It’s a bigger entire than I expected,” she said playfully, “but I think I can handle it.”

“Famous last words, Jeannie girl,” said Ben. “Come here and let’s see if you can handle this ever-loving thing!”

He took her in his powerful arms, grabbing her by that perky butt of hers and lifting her up into his powerful arms. Just like before, Jean grabbed onto his shoulders and hooked her legs around his waist. Unlike before, he didn’t lay her down on anything. He just aligned her pussy with his erect cock and, with a little guidance and maneuvering, plunged her down onto it.

“Oohhh yes!” Jean cried out. “Ben…your thing…so big!”

It was music to his ears. It went along perfectly with that fantastic feeling of her pussy enveloping his cock with her womanly warmth. She was so hot and tight. It was ecstasy in its purest form.

Ben hadn’t forgotten how sex felt. Having had so many girls in college, he’d enjoyed his share of meaningless sex with star-struck floozies. With Jean Grey-Summers, there was something more to the experience and it wasn’t just the Astral Plane. Feeling her naked body in his arms, seeing her reaction to their sex, gave Ben an intimacy he hadn’t experienced with any of the other girls he’d been with. He didn’t know what it was, but knew it was worth embracing.

‘Some dames just want a quick hump with the big football star. You ain’t just some dame, Jeannie girl. So I ain’t gonna do you like one.’

With the determination he usually reserved for clobbering Doombots, Ben gave Jean Grey-Summers the sex a woman like her deserved. He remained standing, using his powerful arms to bounce her up and down his cock, working her pussy along his rigid length. He kept his grip on her butt while she clung harder to his shoulders, her face contorting with ecstasy every step of the way.

He watched in awe, her expression twitching every time she plunged down onto his cock while her breasts bounced along with each motion. It was so beautiful and sexy. Ben was utterly captivated. He found himself kissing down her face and neck, tasting her wondrous flesh. He hadn’t been
much of a kisser, even before he got turned to stone. Few women inspired that kind of passion in him. Jean Grey-Summers was just that special.

“Yes! Ooh yes! That’s it, Ben!” she panted. “Take me! Do me! Hold me! I’m close…close to coming!”

She was enjoying her taste of the Ben Grimm special more than he expected. He knew she meant those words, too. The way her nails raked down his back and shoulders made that clear. Having done plenty to show off his strength, he mixed things up for the final push.

Still secure in his arms, he carried Jean over to Reed’s bed and laid her down on top of it. Immediately, they ruffled the neatly-folded sheets that Reed always kept so clean and smooth. More than once, he’d had his way with a beautiful woman on his roommate’s bed when he was out. He didn’t do it often because it pissed Reed off, but in the Astral Plane, he might as well make the most of it.

“Hold on, toots. This is the special part!” Ben boasted.

With Jean now flat on her back – her head resting on the pile of clothes they’d discarded, no less – Ben held her legs open in a perfect spread-eagle position. From there, he propped himself on his knees so he had the best possible leverage to hump her with extra fervor. Jean seemed to appreciate his efforts. Ben might not have known advanced physics like Reed, but he knew how to utilize leverage when it came to having sex with a beautiful woman.

Armed with that leverage and his imposing strength, Ben rocked Jean’s body as hard as Reed’s bed. Her breasts bounced, her pigtails fluttered, and her face became awash with ecstasy as he guided her the rest of the way. Like breaking through an army of Mole Man’s monsters, he didn’t just take her past the threshold. He burst through it.

“Oohhh I’m coming, Ben! Oohhh I’m coming! I’m coming hard!” Jean exclaimed.

“It’s your time, Jeannie girl…your time,” he said with a grin.

It was a spectacle on par with any cosmic wonder he’d seen with the family. Watching Jean Grey-Summers climax was like watching the birth of a star. It was a hell of a sight and one he committed to memory.

Jean was a lot more animated than most women when it came to orgasms. She arched her body, grasped her breasts, and let out a high-pitched cry of delight as her lower body writhed in accord with her release. Ben swore the view outside his window became awash in cosmic fire briefly. He didn’t know if that was a product of the Astral Plane or if Jean was just that flashy when she came. Whatever the case, it was as fantastic as any other of his remarkable feats.

“That was…special,” Jean said, panting as she soaked in the feeling.

“I don’t call it the Ben Grimm special just for kicks,” Ben boasted.

“No…you don’t,” she said through her daze. “Even after missing out on such intimacy…hindered by circumstance…you still remember. You still appreciate…it’s power.”

“Of course, I do. How can I forget?”

Jean, still reeling from her peak, opened her eyes and shot up into an upright position. In an outburst of desire that surprised Ben, she threw her arms around him and kissed him. It might have been the afterglow talking, but he sensed something else at work.
“It’s not about forgetting. It’s about re-affirming,” she said after the kiss broke, “something I’m in a position to do.”

She kissed him again, this time with more force. Even the ever-loving Thing was taken by surprise. She showed uncanny strength for a lady her size. Then again, they were in the Astral Plane. This was her domain.

She took advantage of it, as well. As she kissed him, she rose off his cock and reoriented their bodies. Now, Ben was the one on his back and she was the one on top. That gave her the bulk of his leverage and she used it, straddling his waist and guiding his hands to her breasts.

“Now, it’s my turn to give you something special,” said Jean intently.

“You already have, but I ain’t complaining,” said Ben.

“I’m going to ride you. I’m going to give you some special cosmic loving…the likes of which my husband and I reserve for a select few.”

Then, if that weren’t appealing enough, she leaned in and whispered into his ear.

“And rest assured, this is something I’ll never do for Johnny,” she said. “That, I promise you.”

Just when Ben thought Jean Grey-Summers couldn’t be sexier, she somehow found a way. Upon hearing that, his expression lit up like a kid in a candy store. Looking into that seductive gaze of hers, he knew she was telling the truth. He knew when a pretty girl was leading him on and when she was telling the truth. Everything about Jean Grey-Summers felt real. Knowing he could share such a unique experience with her made it even more profound.

“Damn! You know just what to say to get a guy going,” he said in a daze.

“Good!” Jean said curtly. “You’ll need it…because it’s cosmic sexy time!”

They both laughed before kissing again. It didn’t have the same ring to it as clobbering time, but it was still a close second. That didn’t stop Jean from matching his tone and bravado.

As he enjoyed fondling her breasts, she elevated her hips, reached behind to grab his still-rigid cock, and guided it back inside her. She was still so wet and moist. Once her tight folds fully surrounded his member, she started riding him. She was not gentle or lady-like about it, either. She rode him hard.

“Yeah! You like that? You like cosmic sexy time?” she said with that Yancy Street tone.

“Ohh yeah! Ohh freakin’ hell yeah!” Ben grunted.

He watched with awe and amazement as Jean Grey-Summers worked her magic, rocking her hips and bouncing her body like a cosmic sex goddess. She put on a hell of a show, licking her fingers and rubbing her clit through each motion. She still had on that cheerleader skirt, which fluttered wildly along with her pigtails with each motion.

It was like a fantasy, but better.

It felt real, yet unreal.

It took Ben Grimm into a new domain of bliss, creating an experience that transcended any rocky exterior.
She didn’t rush it, but she didn’t draw it out, either. Through her uncanny sex appeal, Jean Grey-Summers guided him to the brink of an ecstasy the likes of which Ben thought he’d never feel again. She’d promised she would make it count. She was poised to keep that promise.

“Jeannie girl…I’m getting…real close! So…so freakin’ close!” Ben said, squeezing her breasts harder in anticipation.

“I know. I can sense it!” Jean said. “Come with me, Ben. I want this for you.”

She quickened her movements, working her pussy along his full length of his cock just a few more times to get him past that special threshold. That dam Ben never thought would burst finally cracked. When he felt it, his hardened soul became awash with a special feeling.

“Oohhh yeah!” Ben cried out.

It was a truly fantastic experience. His dick throbbed inside Jean’s tight folds, every vein and sinew tensing as he released his manly load into her. From there, a warm wave of bliss spread out all over his body, like a blanket of warmth enveloping him at every angle. Jean held his wrists and locked eyes with him, casting him a warm smile while her eyes briefly flashed with whatever cosmic power drove her.

As Ben took in the feeling, he smiled back and held her closer, shifting his hands to her face. Feeling her smooth skin and intimate warmth was like reconnecting with a part of himself that had been buried behind his rocky exterior. She willingly gave him that connection and looked damn sexy while doing it. In terms of earning his trust and proving her sincerity, Jean Grey-Summers had gone above and beyond.

“Consider this a gift, as well as a reminder,” Jean told him. “You accomplish so much as the ever-loving Thing, but you’re still Ben Grimm. You’re still a man…a strong, honorable man.”

“And you’re one hell of a dame, Jeannie,” said Ben, still short of breath. “What you just did for me…I don’t think I can thank you enough.”

“You don’t have to, Ben. You have my trust, as well as X-Corp’s. That’s all the thanks I need.”

She cast him another sweet, caring smile and kissed him again. He returned the gesture, sharing one last intimate embrace before their bodies parted.

Even after the feeling and the moment past, they remained on Reed’s bed. He remained on his back, his arm draped around the naked Jean-Grey Summers. She remained comfortably curled up next to him, playfully trailing her finger down his hairy chest. Ben could already feel the constructs of the Astral Plane shifting in accord with his thoughts. It was like a sun setting on a particular day. While he knew the experience had to end, he still sought to enjoy every last moment of it.

“If it’s okay with you, I’d like to linger here for a bit,” said Ben.

“I understand completely,” said Jean. “Don’t worry. I can keep us here for as long as the afterglow permits.”

“I appreciate that,” he said to her, “and don’t think I ain’t gonna try to make this up to you. After what you just did for me, I’m gonna work extra hard and clobber even harder to help X-Corp. Expect Reed to put that big brain of his to good use for you and your mutant pals.”

“And I’ll make sure X-Corp does its part, as well,” said Jean. “For you and your family, we can do
“Jean, you just helped this here lug-head get frisky with a pretty dame in the Astral Plane. What more can you do?”

He’d said that as a joke. However, Jean didn’t laugh as much as he expected. Instead, she just cast him this strange, yet adorable grin before crawling back on top of him and resting her chin on his chest. Ben was no telepath, but even he could sense when a beautiful woman had something big in mind.

“You’ll find out in due time, Ben Grimm,” she said to him, “as it just so happens, my husband is working on another connection, as we speak…one we hope will benefit X-Corp, the Fantastic Four, and so much more!”

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**Abandoned Roxxon Lab – Colorado**

“Yes! Yes! Oohhh, by the Goddesses of Femizonia, yes!”

The appropriately thunderous moans of Thundra echoed throughout what had once been Roxxon’s most advanced research facility. It had been her make-shift home since defeating the Grapplers with Ben the “Thing” Grimm and his allies. It was usually a quiet place where she rested, trained, and worked on a means of getting back to the 23rd century. That changed after Scott “Cyclops” Summers paid an unexpected visit.

> ‘In my time, men are mere subjects…a necessary, albeit inconvenient, aspect of Femizon society. We surpassed them in every possible form…physically, mentally, and socially. Some even saw them as obsolete. Yet here I am, a Femizon out of time, once again affirming that men have plenty to offer. Some just offer more than others.’

Thundra was getting more than she’d expected of any man outside of combat. She and Scott Summers were locked in a battle of passions, albeit one that tested more than her considerable combat skills. Instead of an arena or battlefield, they were in her oversized bed, completely naked and entwined in sexual union. The stakes, however, were very different from a typical battle.

“Thundra…Femizona’s greatest warrior…have I proven my worth yet?” asked a determined, yet impassioned Scott Summers.

“Not yet, but…you’ve proven more…than I expected,” the Femizon warrior conceded.

“Then, I’ll just have to fight harder!”

Had any other man not named Ben Grimm said those words, she would’ve scoffed. When Scott initially proposed to prove his worth through an act of coitus instead of combat, she’d scoffed at that too. Then, he demonstrated unexpected prowess, both in terms of determination and an unusual connection to the Phoenix Force, a power that even Femizons respected.

He once again showed he knew how to channel it. He had her in an upright position in the center of the bed, her legs hitched around his waist while she rocked her hips and worked her womanhood along the length of his erect penis. Scott was upright as well, firmly gripping her hips and supplementing her every movement. As their naked bodies moved, their eyes remained locked in a battle of wits and passions.

“Keep fighting, Scott Summers!” Thundra told him as she tightened her grip on his shoulders.
“Phoenix or no Phoenix…I will not yield.”

“I never asked you to yield,” he replied while squeezing her butt. “I only…request…your allegiance.”

“Allegiance…must still…be earned.”

“And I…intend…to earn it!”

Scott Summers said those words with the tone of a warrior, as well as a lover. Thundra gazed at him with her Femizon grit, but he gazed right back with those fiery eyes that glowed with cosmic flare. No matter how determined her gaze, Scott matched it every step of the way. She threw every bit of her Femizon strength and prowess into their sex. Scott threw it right back at her with cosmic, masculine might.

Their sex shook both the bed and the foundations of the facility. She could even hear parts of the wall cracking. That did nothing to break Scott’s focus, so she didn’t dare let it break hers. She’d already climaxed several times. That was more than she’d had in any previous sex act involving a man and by a considerable margin.

First, she tried pinning him on his back and riding him until he acknowledged her dominance. That only resulted in no concession, but an intense orgasm. Second, she got on her hands and knees and dared him to take her from behind. He accepted that challenge and somehow managed to make her come again. She even challenged him to shared oral sex, which others in this time referred to as a 69 position. Where she came from, it was a test of intimate knowledge that few men could pass. Again, Scott passed it and she achieved another orgasm as a result.

Thundra would’ve accused him of mocking her had he not proven so worthy of her sex. She certainly didn’t expect such a feat from a man of this time, even one imbued with the Phoenix Force. He’d arrived at her secluded dwelling seeking only her support in a new endeavor involving human mutants, unique opportunities, and expansive allegiances. She would’ve brushed him off had he not mentioned that his wife, Jean Grey-Summers, was working to include Ben Grimm within that allegiance.

What started as a conversation became a negotiation. Scott Summers asked that Thundra offer her skill, expertise, and strength in protecting vulnerable mutants and teaching them the best Femizon values. In exchange, he offered to connect her with those who could help her return to the 23rd century. Somewhere within that negotiation, a debate on the intimate worth of men emerged. Somehow, that ended with her challenging him to a contest, which led to her bedroom. She’d since forgotten the details, but couldn’t deny the results.

‘He’s so driven and determined…willing to fight for something without fighting. He understands that worth must be proven. Combat is the primary way of the Femizons, but it is not the only way. And as much as I relish combat…I’m glad he chose this way!’

Their sex intensified.

Their movements became harder, faster, and more fervent.

Their flesh clashed, naked skin roughly grinding against naked skin.

Thundra kept daring him with her eyes to fuck her as hard as the Phoenix Force would allow. He kept responding with unwavering focus, his eyes glowing brighter with every ravenous hump. She raked her nails down his upper back while he squeezed her butt. It was a test of wit as much as it
was a test of intimacy. However, unlike combat, determining a victor was no easy task.

“You think…you can do it?” the Femizon warrior asked intently. “You think…you can make me…come again?”

“I don’t think. I know,” Scott Summers said with equal intensity. “I’ll even…come with you.”

“Is that…a boast?”

“No…a promise,” he said, “and I keep my promises!”

He spoke to the heart of Femizon values, showing strength as well as honor. At some point, even a hardened warrior like Thundra had to respect him. That still remained contingent on him keeping his word, but unlike most men she’d encountered in this time period, he’d proven his capabilities thus far. It was just a matter of completing the task before him.

To that end, Scott Summers made his final push. His eyes flashed brighter and his body became surrounded in a fiery halo. Thundra could feel the cosmic energy radiating from his masculine form. It was so warm and powerful. That feeling extended to his penis. The way it slid and slithered within her vagina stimulated parts of her body that she didn’t think men of this age even knew about. He was going to make her come again. There was no way around it.

“You think yourself…a man…of your word?” Thundra said through labored gasps.

“That’s…what I’m about…to prove!” Scott told her.

He thrust his hips harder while employing his upper body strength through the final round of movements. The bed rocked harder and the sensations grew more intense. The Femizon warrior could already feel the orgasmic release approaching. Her expression finally faltered and her toes began to curl.

She could’ve resisted. She could’ve made it harder for him. He was a man. Femizon society had subjugated men. She’d been taught from birth that men were weak, crude, and inferior. She traveled back in time not expecting those values to be challenged. Ben Grimm put the first dent in those ideas by proving himself a worthy fighter. Now, Scott Summers was doing the same in matters of sex.

One man defying expectations was a fluke, but two was a sign. Finally, as she crossed that point of no return, the truth sank in. Another man from this primitive era proved himself worthy of Femizon respect. Scott Summers kept his word. He made her come.

“Oohhh Goddess, yes!” Thundra exclaimed.

The powerful Femizon let out a moan that was every bit as intense as her war cry. Her determined look finally faltered. As another wave of pleasure shot up through her body, she closed her eyes and threw her head back, abandoning herself to the ecstasy.

“Thundra…” was all Scott could get out over her spectacle.

Having kept his word, he gave in as well. As her womanhood throbbed and contracted around his member, he achieved his own release. It was definitely the strongest yet. She could feel the intensity of the sensations within his masculine sinews. It made for a rare sharing of ecstasy between male and female.

In her time, such mutual bliss was almost unheard of. The sex act was either an act of domination
or a gift from one lover to another. The notion that such a feeling could be shared equally was radical. Men certainly weren’t expected to value a woman’s pleasure, let alone prioritize it. She’d met more than a few men in this era who conducted themselves that dishonorably, but Scott wasn’t one of them. It left an impact that went beyond yet another orgasm.

‘He kept his word. He satisfied my every desire…and then some. He proved himself in ways that any Femizon can respect. And he did so in a way that felt good…very, very good.’

Thundra, being a warrior at heart, knew when a battle was won and lost. What she and Scott Summers just shared wasn’t a battle, but it carried similar connotations. If every battle contained a lesson, then she’d definitely learned something profound.

“Scott Summers…emissary of X-Corp…vessel of the Phoenix Force,” Thundra said in her orgasmic daze.

“Thundra…I am a Femizon from a woman-dominant future,” he said, equally breathless.

“You’ve proven yourself…and satisfied a Femizon. Such a feat is noteworthy in any era.”

“Good to know,” the former X-Men leader said with a humored grin.

She smiled back, a gesture she rarely shared with a man. She gladly made an exception. Scott Summers had done plenty to earn it and so much more.

Their flesh finally parted, their lower bodies in need of rest. They both collapsed to the bed, lying on their side and facing one another. They still remained close, their naked bodies still radiating plenty of warmth. Thundra didn’t usually linger in the intimate presence of a man after she’d had her intimate time with him. Again, she made an exception and it had far greater implications.

“So…does this mean you’re amenable to helping X-Corp?” Scott asked, still short of breath. “Can we depend on Femizonia’s greatest warrior to protect the mutants we seek to help.”

“Ah yes, I haven’t forgotten your proposal,” Thundra said with a humored laugh, “although I admit, I was rather distracted from the details.”

“That’s entirely understandable,” said Scott, laughing as well. “If you need time to think about it, take as much as you want. I left my contact info and a stack of papers. You can even talk to my wife if you’d rather discuss it with her.”

“I might just reach out to your wife to commend her for winning the love of such an honorable man…who also happens to be very skilled in the art of sex.”

“She already knows, but I won’t stop you from belaboring that.”

Thundra laughed and rolled her eyes. Great sex aside, there were some constants of men that never changed. Boasting and affirming their sexual prowess was one of them. Even so, she still intended to reach out to Jean Grey-Summers. She suspected they would have plenty to talk about in terms of men, women, love, intimacy, cosmic forces, and the joys of having sex with Scott Summers.

“But I don’t need her counsel to know what is right,” said Thundra in a more serious tone. “As long as I am trapped in this time period, I will continue to conduct myself as an honorable Femizon. That involves keeping my word and protecting those I’ve sworn to protect. And for this noble endeavor that you call X-Corp, I promise you my strength, as well my Femizon spirit.”

“Glad to hear it,” said Scott. “I also promise you X-Corp’s resources. We already have a young
female mutant in Australia whose powers involve temporal disruptions. She should help you in your effort to return to your own timeline.”

“I appreciate that, but I’m in no hurry to go back just yet,” she told him. “This era has proven quite insightful since I arrived.”

“In a good way, hopefully.”

“To be honest, Ben Grimm was among the few good reasons for me to stay, explore, and learn. But you, Scott Summers, have just given me even more. I never doubted that there were many battles to fight in this era. I just had no idea they would take so many forms.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean,” said Scott. “Changing perspectives often changes the nature of conflict. No matter what time we’re in, conflict keeps changing. The best we can do is change with it.”

“Spoken like a true warrior and a skilled lover,” said Thundra with another smile, “but take it from a warrior who has seen many battles in many eras. Oftentimes, conflict will change in ways you don’t expect. Just pray to the Goddesses that you’re prepared to confront whatever form it takes.”

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**Limbo – Pocket Dungeon**

“Yes! Yes! Take it! Take it!”

The booming, seething voice of Carnage echoed within the confined dungeon like concentrated thunder. The deranged killer once known as Cletus Kasaday was long gone. Carnage, the symbiotic offspring of Venom, had taken over and fully bonded with him. Driven by bloodlust and empowered by the Goblin Queen, he’d been given a chance to exercise his new abilities in a domain where they fit right in. Not surprisingly, he took full advantage of it.

‘That’s it, Carnage! Ravage me. Desecrate me. Relish my flesh the same way you relished the pained cries of your victims. Keep pretending you’re in complete control.’

From an outside perspective, Madelyne Pryor was being brutally violated by the deranged Carnage. He had her completely surrounded in his reddish black tendrils. He’d wrapped her arms and legs with them, using them to manipulate her body to his liking so he could fuck her in every way he desired.

Carnage had been unrelenting, taking full advantage of the malleable form of the symbiote. He used it to augment the size, shape, and flexibility of his penis. Like a slithering snake, it pumped and probed her pussy with ravenous vigor. He also formed other penis-shaped appendages from his body and used them to fuck her ass, giving her multiple doses of double penetration. She’d reacted with sadistic glee, as though she hoped for that sooner.

“Yes, Carnage! Yes! That’s what I want!” she’d told him. “Come on! Do your worst!”

The maddened killer took that as an insult and a challenge. He formed even more penis-shaped tendrils and began shoving them in her mouth, silencing her and forcing her to perform oral sex on them. She did so without hesitation, sucking them off, even as they tried to gag her with their slithering movements.

Being fucked in all three holes still wasn’t enough, though. Carnage employed more aggressive tactics. He squeezed her breasts, bit her nipples, and raked his jagged flesh over her naked skin. That created bloody wounds all over her body, but Madelyne never once showed a twinge of
agony. In fact, the pain pleased her.

For a sadistic killer, it sent mixed messages. It also led him directly down a particular path…one that ensured she had control of his bloodlust moving forward.

‘He thinks he’s tormenting me. He thinks he’s humiliating me. I don’t doubt he enjoys it, fucking me with his alien suit. He just can’t see the unavoidable truth. At the rate he’s going, he won’t even care if he does.’

He kept seething and screeching with sadistic glee, fucking her every hole and tearing at her exposed flesh like a rabid animal on wounded prey. He’d already climaxed multiple times, releasing several loads of seminal fluid into her pussy, ass, and mouth. However, the symbiote had modified the biology of their sex and Madelyne had adjusted as well, thanks largely to the know-how provided by her creator.

‘Sinister’s files on symbiotes were incomplete, but sufficient. He abandoned them for good reason. Their effects are unpredictable. He saw their sentience and emotional attachments to hosts as a liability. If only he had the imagination to exploit it…’

Carnage’s many tendrils throbbed as he achieved another climax, releasing a fresh load of viscous fluid into her holes. Thick, seminal liquid seeped from her lips, pussy, and asshole. It had the same consistency as traditional cum, but the symbiote attempted to enhance it, like it did with everything else. That was where Madelyne exploited it.

The deranged killer still hadn’t noticed her eyes flashing every time he climaxed. He definitely didn’t notice the arcane energy she unleashed every time he thought he was securing his dominance over her. Belasco hadn’t left much behind after he helped Emma Frost escape, but between his knowledge of the mystic arts and Sinister’s scientific resources, turning the Carnage symbiote against itself was almost too easy.

“You still want it? You still haven’t had enough?” the deranged figure hissed after withdrawing a tendril from her mouth.

“Ha! Of course not!” Madelyne scoffed, spitting bits of his cum to the side. “I told you to ravage me. I gave you free reign. And yet, it’s so…inadequate.”

“Ooh! Are you daring me to be even crazier? Because nobody has ever lived long enough to be that foolish!”

“I’m no fool, Carnage. Question is…how much crazier can you be for me?”

Through the symbiote’s alien flesh, Kasaday’s face briefly appeared again. He looked both insulted and encouraged. It might have been the first time anyone had pushed his bloodlust. He was already mad before he’d encountered the symbiote. Now, he was in uncharted territory in terms of madness.

“Crazy? I’ll show you crazy!” Carnage proclaimed.

He resumed his savage assault, forming fresh tendrils from his body and fucking her every which way. That included shoving a fresh, penis-shaped tendril into her mouth and pumping it into her with such force that a lesser woman would’ve choked. Madelyne barely flinched. She just sucked back while more tendrils entered her pussy and ass.

Carnage was even more brutal than before, pumping each appendage into her holes. He also scratched and clawed at her flesh, causing more wounds and welts. Even so, Madelyne showed no
signs of pain, discomfort, or fear. Her eyes just kept flashing, channeling more mystic energy into the crazed figure. Unlike Daken, he didn’t bother resisting. It was almost too easy.

‘He’s giving in. Cletus Kasaday was already a psychopath. There wasn’t a dark whim he dared resist. He embraced his role as a deviant…accepting his fate as a killer and a sadist. The rest of the world was disgusted by him. Everyone else feared him. Now, here I am…tapping into that depraved nature…giving it something it never had before.’

Again and again, Carnage fucked her with reckless abandon. At every turn, Madelyne just poured more fuel on the fire. He tried everything he could to instill fear and dread. At one point, he used his serpent-like tongue to kiss her and gag her. She still didn’t flinch.

The message was clear. There was nothing he could do to make her cower like his many victims. There was no amount of brutality, fucking, or ravaging that would make her yet another victim. She confronted Cletus Kasaday with something he didn’t think was possible. She was a woman he could not terrify, let alone satisfy.

That didn’t stop from trying. However, no matter how hard he fucked her or how many times he shot his cum into her, Madelyne kept casting him that penetrating gaze. Every time her eyes flashed, her hold on him tightened. Like Daken, his desires became aligned with hers. Everything he wanted began centering around her.

Even with the enhancements of the symbiote, it was only a matter of time before his will gave out. That moment was close. She could sense it.

“You…incredible…bitch,” Carnage seethed. “Are you even real? Is my crazy…not enough for you?”

Madelyne scoffed, spitting out the cock-shaped tendril from her mouth and staring down his menacing gaze without a shred of fear.

“I’m still unfulfilled. What do you think?” she told him.

“I think…you’re a special kind of crazy.”

“You’re half-right,” she said. “I’m also quite sane in what I desire. What about you, Carnage? What do you desire?”

That should’ve been an easy question to answer for a self-professed psychopath. It wasn’t like Cletus had been subtle about his depraved tendencies. However, even in the face of such a simple inquiry, he reacted with a maddened hiss. It was a sign that he had passed the point of no return.

‘And just like that…I have someone else whose sole desire is to see get mine.’

The Goblin Queen would’ve laughed had Carnage not silenced her with another cock-shaped tendril. To his credit, he still attempted to finish the job. He tried to ravage her a few more times, but at this point, neither his human side nor his alien enhancements could continue. At some point, he had to accept that he’d reached his limit. The only way he was ever going to exceed it was by following her.

She didn’t count how many more times he got off, fucking her holes with his alien flesh. It didn’t matter. Madelyne had already made her point. He wasn’t going to satisfy her. When he finally reached his limit, he got off one last release, filling all three of her holes at once. Then, he collapsed to the floor, his reddish black flesh finally pulling back from her body.
“It’s official. I’m…out of crazy,” Carnage said breathlessly. “Never thought I’d say that with a straight face.”

“It’s no laughing matter, I assure you,” said the Goblin Queen.

As the menacing creature lay on the ground, Madelyne stood over him, her body covered in wounds, welts, and scratches. Thick trials of cum dripped from her face, breasts, butt, and pussy. Her hair was a mess, as was the rest of her body. She looked like someone who had been brutally gang-banged, but didn’t wasn’t the least bit distressed.

Then, as if to belabor her point, she snapped the shackles off her wrist with ease and stood under her own power over Carnage. While she casually threw aside the metal shards, her wounds began healing with ease. In a matter of minutes, thanks to a mix of magic and mutant healing, she looked as unblemished as she did when she first encountered him.

“That’s…not fair,” said Carnage, “not that I’m complaining.”

“People like us don’t play fair, Carnage,” said Madelyne. “We can’t if we’re to get what we want.”

“I love how much you understand me. I swear the more I’m around you, the more I want to stick around.”

“That’s no accident, I assure you. You might even say that our destinies are now officially entwined.”

Now fully healed, the Goblin Queen laid down on top of the dazed and deranged Carnage. Her naked skin once again pressed up against his alien flesh. Without a shred of fear, she caressed his face. As if by instinct, the symbiote parted to reveal Cletus Kasaday’s face. He gazed up at her with a mix of awe and madness.

She smiled down at him, knowing she had him under her spell. He was crazy, bloodthirsty, and empowered by an alien creature. Carnage’s fate might have led him down many destructive paths. For now, his path was aligned with hers. Someone with his talents and depravity would prove useful for what she had planned.

“My sexy, alien-fucking Goblin Queen,” Carnage said. “As far as I’m concerned, you can say whatever the fuck you want. Whatever crazy, kinky shit you’ve got in mind, count me in!”

“Glad to hear, my darling Carnage,” the Goblin Queen said. “I hope you haven’t exhausted all your crazy bloodlust. For what I have planned…and who I plan to involve, for that matter…we’re going to need it.”

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Up next: Laws and Loopholes
New York City – Law Offices of Goodman, Lieber, Kurtzberg & Holliway

A good lawyer stuck to the facts and let the truth make their case. A great lawyer knew how to exercise the facts to make the truth their weapon. The law was simply the stone that helped sharpen that weapon.

Jennifer “She-Hulk” Walters prided herself on being a good lawyer. Most of her colleagues at Goodman, Lieber, Kurtzberg & Holliway had commended her work on more than one occasion. However, to call herself a great lawyer, she had to go above and beyond. Whether she was She-Hulk or the normal-looking brunette that the janitor often hit on, she hadn’t had an opportunity to be great.

That changed about an hour ago when Scott Summers, former leader of the X-Men and co-founder of X-Corp, walked into her office and presented her with the opportunity of a lifetime.

“I hope you appreciate what you’ve just given me, Mr. Summers,” said Jennifer as she sat behind her desk and looked over a thick stack of papers. “This isn’t a case of someone suing a restaurant because their coffee was too hot. You’re giving me the legal equivalent of a bazooka. And you want me to aim it at people who have bazookas of their own.”

“That’s exactly why I came to you and only you, Ms. Walters,” said Scott as he sat across from her, wearing a suit he must have bought earlier that morning. “You’re the kind of person who can take those shots and isn’t afraid to fire back. You won’t stop at simply containing a problem. You’ll smash things that ought to be smashed…legally and literally.”

“And I’m sure the Hulk being my cousin and my friends being Avengers had no impact on your decision,” she said dryly.

“You’re also the only one the Fantastic Four recommended for legal advice. You and this firm are the only ones trying to put heroes, demigods, and aliens within a law-abiding framework. For what we at X-Corp want to do, we need that framework to be robust. That’s why we want to help.”

“And, in turn, you want me to be your gamma-powered counsel.”

“My wife and I aren’t asking you to build your entire practice around us. We just want someone on retainer who we can trust with X-Corp’s legal dealings…someone we know will fight the right battles for the right reasons.”

He made it seem so simple. In the world of law, nothing was ever that simple. That didn’t mean it wasn’t doable. In some instances, it was necessary. What Scott was proposing with X-Corp would set a new precedent. For any lawyer, regardless of the amount of gamma energy in their blood, it was a career-making opportunity.
It didn’t take a first-year law student to know that the precedent for superhero activities had room for improvement. For mutants, it was even worse. The firm she worked specialized in representing heroes who got sued, due to their activities. Not long ago, she’d represented Michael Morbius, the living vampire. That case had the same flaws as many others like them.

Anyone with superpowers, be they the result of mutation, a super soldier formula, or an exploding gamma bomb, was treated like a person wielding illegal weapons inside their blood. They were judged heavily on the potential danger they could cause rather than any actual danger they might have incurred. Any lawyer with a basic understanding of justice had problems with that.

The stack of papers that Scott had given her promised to upend that precedent and not just challenge it. The first couple packets contained standard paperwork for a burgeoning non-profit. She even recognized some of the letterheads as belonging to legal teams from Stark Industries and Worthington Industries. Their deep pockets ensured X-Corp had all the essentials, with respect to functioning a legitimate organization. It was the packets within several sealed envelopes that really piqued her interest.

“Well, as your possible go-to lawyer, I should probably inform you that these battles you want to fight are going to make a lot of people angry,” Jennifer said. “And believe me, I know how messy things can get when people get angry.”

“Yet another reason why we want you to represent X-Corp,” said Scott.

“You want to establish mutants as human. You want to establish a new process for dealing with mutants whenever their powers go haywire, one that involves a recourse that actively avoids containment or suppression. While I don’t blame you for wanting to keep mutants out of jail cells, you’re offering a comprehensive process that funnels mutants through a web of reform programs.”

“It’s part of our mission to help mutants build better lives,” he said. “They can’t build those lives from a jail cell on the Raft.”

“I don’t disagree,” said Jennifer, “but these are unproven programs that offer none of the assurances that fearful judges love to have. That says nothing about the politicians who would prefer all mutants were contained proactively.”

Scott’s demeanor grew tense. The mood in her office got a lot more serious. Jennifer had a feeling she would strike a chord when she mentioned politicians and containment. It was one of the reasons why mutant issues rarely intersected with those of other superheroes.

Mutants were seen as acts of God. They were random, unpredictable flukes of nature that just happened without rhyme or reason. While others, like her cousin, got their powers in an accident, there was at least some context to it. They were one-time occurrences that could be understood. Mutants weren’t like that. They were always a looming threat that needed to be contained. Some were already calling for it, but few had dared to challenge it.

“I take it you’ve kept up with Senator Robert Kelly’s recent speeches,” said Scott

“Being both a lawyer and a part-time Hulk, I kind of have to,” she said. “I figure if they decide it’s legal to forcibly contain mutants one day, then they’ll probably decide it’s okay for Hulks by the end of the week.”

“And X-Corp wants to be on the front lines of fighting that battle in the courtroom,” he said.

“All the while, the X-Men are still fighting their battles against Sentinels and evil mutant
brotherhoods,” Jennifer pointed out. “Not that I don’t appreciate a challenge, but that’s bound to complicate things even more.”

“That’s exactly why we need to win on both fronts,” Scott retorted. “The X-Men save the world. X-Corp helps it prosper. With you as our lawyer, we can give both a solid legal footing.”

“You talk like I’ve already agreed to the deal.”

“I sense you see its merit. I’m also married to a powerful psychic. I can pick up on things more than most.”

Jennifer cast him a bemused glance for his smug tone, but that confident grin of his kept her from contesting his point. That was another trait that separated good lawyers from great ones. The great ones knew to avoid arguments that had too much truth going for it.

She flipped through several more sealed folders. Some parts needed more refinement than others. A few would have to be argued in front of a judge. At the very least, it ensured she would have plenty to keep her busy. If she succeeded, even in part, she would make a name for herself and her form. The idea of doing that without hulking out had plenty of appeal. Scott must have known that. The fact that he did set him apart from most prospective clients.

“Ignoring, for a moment, that lawyers tend to resent psychics,” Jennifer said, “let’s say I accept X-Corp’s proposal. I sign off on the paperwork. I identify myself as your primary go-to for all legal matters. What can you promise beyond the standard legal fees?”

“If you’re worried about compensation, then I assure you, Jean and I have prioritized your cut,” said Scott. “Tony Stark even insisted on giving you a bonus.”

“I’m sure he did,” she said with a humored grin. “Did he also insist I wear a bikini to court?”

“We struck that from the language, I promise,” said Scott half-jokingly.

“I appreciate that, but that can’t be it for me. If it were only about money and steady work, then there wouldn’t be much more to discuss. My life and my career are complicated enough by gamma-related activities. My position at this firm is already tenuous on a good day. If I Hulk out, even if it’s just while opening the mail, they have grounds to kick me out.”

“There’s only so much X-Corp can do to help with that, I’m afraid.”

“Which is why the stakes have to be higher,” she said in a serious, lawyer-like tone. “My work with X-Corp can’t just end at protecting X-Corp. Helping you guys out, giving mutants a better legal system to work with, is all well and good. But I’m not going to stop there.”

Jennifer removed her glasses, closed the packet, and leaned over her desk so that she could look Scott Summers eye-to-eye. It was a tactic that worked better when she was in her Hulk form. It let prospective clients or adversaries know that she was serious. She wasn’t going to be bullied or belittled.

Scott didn’t strike her as someone looking to pick a fight. She knew his history with the X-Men. He was a leader and a tactician. He made plans, organized strategies, and set objectives. X-Corp was different. It was bigger, bolder, and riskier. He was essentially asking her to take on some of that risk. While she never shied away from high risk, Jennifer also didn’t overlook the prospects for greater rewards.

“You’re not the only one who sees flaws in the system, Mr. Summers. And I’m not just referring to
how it screws over mutants,” she continued. “Most attorneys have to work within the system. Very few have the time, resources, money, or guts to make meaningful changes.”

“And which of those would you say you’re lacking?” asked Scott.

“A little of everything, except guts,” she said. “I’ve always had plenty of that. Just ask my cousin.”

“At the risk of making him angry? I’d rather not.”

“Well, I’m not defined by my anger. I work within my unique set of circumstances…which, mind you, are more unique than most.”

“As a mutant who has been defined by the destructive power in my eyes, I understand those circumstances more than most,” he said, not flinching under her stern gaze.

“Good. That means I don’t have to convince you that I’ll need more than just X-Corp’s money do what I want to do. I can’t just be the lawyer who occasionally hulks out on the weekends. I want to be the lawyer that smashes the flaws within the system…legally speaking.”

“Only legally?” Scott questioned.

“You know what I mean,” she said, her gaze narrowing. “Tell me right now whether that’s too much of a commitment for X-Corp. Because if it is, we can end this meeting now. I won’t even bill you for my time.”

This was often the point where weak-willed clients or potential rivals cracked under her scrutiny. Her identity as She-Hulk and her connections with the Avengers weren’t exactly secrets. She could hulk out on the spot, smash a hole through the side of the building, and throw them out with ease. That was her way of discouraging liars, cheats, and people with unscrupulous agendas. While it had cost her both clients and desks, it helped get her point across.

Scott Summers didn’t crack. In fact, he rose up from his seat, looked her square in the eye, and cast her a look she’d only seen from Captain America. It further sparked her intrigue.

“It’s not too much, Ms. Walters,” he told her. “In fact, I’m prepared to help you before X-Corp faces its first lawsuit.”

“Help? Are we negotiating? Or are you trying to tempt me?” Jennifer asked him.

“We’re building on a foundation. X-Corp wants legal muscle to protect and help mutants. You want to use your own muscle to shake up the system. Maybe you want to confront those laws that hold certain superheroes liable for collateral damage, but not others. Maybe you want to hit those loopholes that the Hydra agents, Kree assassins, and Justin Hammers of the world use to avoid the harshest punishments for their crimes. Or maybe you want to bring some legal scrutiny to the extra-legal activities of certain, Hulk-obsessed generals in the United States military,”

“Now I know you’re tempting me,” she said, her tone shifting from serious to intrigued.

“I don’t have to tempt you if the offer is real,” Scott retorted. “X-Corp is already in contact with a number of mutants who could be very helpful for a lawyer that bold. One of them is an astute young woman named Tessa. She has a mind-like a computer and can process more legal briefs than every law firm in the city. Another is a bright young man from Chicago named David Alleyne, who has an uncanny ability to absorb knowledge and skills. I know for a fact that many of them would jump at the chance to work with someone like you.”
He wasn’t just tempting her now. He dared her to imagine what she could accomplish with more resources. Even great lawyers didn’t always have access to those resources. She’d fought in battles that involved mutants. She knew what they could do against invading aliens and killer robots. Who knew what they could do in a courtroom?

All the facts had been presented.

All the possibilities were there for her consideration.

Scott Summers did something very few prospective clients ever did. He made his case and proved its worth, beyond a reasonable doubt. It felt like a turning point for her career, both as Jennifer Walters and as She-Hulk. He’d just given her the opportunity that every lawyer dreamed of. All she had to do was seize it.

“Well, Mr. Summers, I think we’ve both made compelling points. I’ve stated my concerns and you’ve done plenty to address them,” Jennifer said in tone that was still serious, but didn’t hide her intrigue.

“Then, where do we stand?” Scott asked, now mirroring her tone.

“Legally speaking, we’ve already finished the race. Your documents are sound. The terms are fair, solid, and mutually beneficial on multiple levels. I’ll even go so far as to express my verbal intent to accept the role as X-Corp’s chief counsel. Given the proffered financial commitments, I doubt the partners will object, especially with names like Stark and Worthington attached to it.”

“That’s great. Does that mean we’re done here?”

“Not quite,” said Jennifer, her tone taking on a more suggestive undertone. “You see, it only becomes official after I sign the papers and notarize them with my secretary. After that, I’ll be bound by the legal and ethical standards that every lawyer in the state must follow, regardless of how much gamma is in their blood.”

“And why is that an issue?” he asked with growing intrigue.

“Because among those standards are rules prohibiting intimate fraternization with a client,” she said, “and rather than break those rules, I’d like to make the most of the flexible nature of verbal agreements.”

With each word she spoke, Jennifer’s voice became overtly seductive. In case that were too subtle, she pushed aside some of the papers on her desk and crawled up on top of it, not unlike the strippers Tony Stark used to hire for interns.

Scott got the message. He remained where he stood, a slow grin forming on his face as she inched closer. It only grew wider when she grabbed that cheap tie of his and drew him closer, so much so that she could smell his overpriced aftershave.

“Ms. Walters,” he said, “if I knew you were going to be this flexible, I would’ve worn a nicer suit.”

“Don’t play dumb, Mr. Summers,” she said with a coy grin. “I get drinks and shwarma with the Avengers every week. I know how flexible you and your wife have been lately.”

“Well, we don’t exactly advertise that, but we don’t keep it a secret, either.”

“Then, before I become your lawyer, I’d like to know how dedicated you are to working with me. And if we’re being completely transparent, I’d like to know if a few rumors I heard about the
Jamaica Bay incident are true.”

She tugged on his tie, drawing him closer so that he could see the intensity in her eyes through those ruby-quartz glasses of his. She also unbuttoned the top part of her blouse, showing him a healthy bit of her cleavage. His eyes might have been hidden, but she could sense he liked what he saw. She was plenty prepared to show him more.

“I think I know what rumors you’re thinking of,” said Scott. “I could either confirm or deny them right now. Or I could take the time to prove it.”

“I’m a practicing lawyer, pretty boy. I always prefer proof,” said Jennifer.

She saved him the trouble of an opening statement. Still grasping his tie, she pulled him into a kiss. It wasn’t soft or subtle. It sent a clear message. Before she became X-Corp’s lawyer, she was going to become the latest beneficiary of Scott and Jean’s open marriage.

Scott did not object in the slightest. He kissed back, using plenty of tongue and vigor to communicate his growing interest. He removed his blazer and unbuttoned his shirt. Jennifer kicked off her heels and pulled off his tie. While he took off his shirt, she finished undoing the rest of her blouse, revealing a lace bra that she hadn’t had a chance to wear in a while.

Their lips remained locked as more clothes came off. Scott’s pants were the next to go. Jennifer’s bra came off shortly after, leaving her naked from the waist up. He took full advantage of that, reaching for her breasts and cupping them with both hands. She let out a gasp of approval. She then returned the favor by reaching into his boxers and fondling his penis. As soon as she felt his big it was and how hard it was getting, she effectively confirmed at least one of the rumors.

“Mmm…this is my kind of proof,” she purred.

“And yet, I sense you want more,” Scott replied.

He made it sound more practical than sexy. Jennifer didn’t mind in the slightest. Between being She-Hulk and a practicing lawyer, she rarely had time for a personal life. She also hadn’t had sex in quite some time. As far as she was concerned, some extra proof couldn’t hurt.

“More…that would be helpful,” Jennifer said intently.

Scott continued being a helpful client. After stepping out of his pants and shoes, kissed her again as he went about making his case. As he stirred in her that long-repressed desire, he took her by the hips and pulled her forward. She soon found herself sitting at the edge of her desk, her legs draped over with him standing between them.

He took full advantage of this position, reaching up her skirt and grasping the sides of her panties. She leaned back on her arms and elevated her legs so that he could remove them completely, but still kept her skirt on. Her pussy now exposed, Scott dropped to his knees and pushed her thighs further apart. The heat of his breath was already triggering more arousal.

“Permission to go down on my future lawyer,” he said.

“Mmm…permission granted!” Jennifer said intently.

Armed with her legal recourse, Scott began proving that another lurid rumor about him was very true. He was damn good at giving women oral sex.

He used his lips and tongue as skillfully as any articulate attorney. He probed her depths with his
tongue, stimulating parts pussy that hadn’t been stimulated in a long time. He licked and fingered her sensitive flesh, evoking a potent blend of heat and sensations that coursed through her body. Having a psychic wife must have given him incredible insight into female anatomy because he knew all the right spots to hit.

“Yes! Ooh yes! Ohhh that feels so good!” Jennifer moaned out.

It was a good thing her office had thick walls. They were supposed to contain the heated arguments she often had with clients and colleagues. They’d never contained cries of ecstasy. It was a welcome change, among other things.

Scott stepped up the intensity of his oral sex, probing deeper with his tongue and using his fingers to fondle her outer folds. He was getting her so wet and aroused. Jennifer shifted and tensed under the escalating sensations, kneading her breasts and descending further into a state of intense desire.

Like a good prosecutor laying out all the hard facts, Scott was incredibly thorough in bringing her to full arousal. He made his case. He let the evidence speak for itself and that evidence was clear. She was fully aroused and very horny. That soon became abundantly clear to Scott, as well.

“I think I’ve made an effective opening statement,” he said as he rose up from the floor.

“Effective indeed!” Jennifer said gleefully.

“If it pleases the course, I’d like to proceed,” he said with decidedly unsubtle innuendo.

“Proceed as you please, Mr. Summers!”

The next phase of their intimate trial began. Scott slipped out of his boxers, revealing his fully-erect penis. He then grasped her legs just above her knees, pushed them apart into a spread-eagle formation, and stood at the front of her desk where he aligned his pelvis with hers.

As he positioned himself between her legs, she saw that he was every bit as endowed as the rumors suggested. Other rumors hinted that the incident in Jamaica Bay had endowed him with something else. She was curious about that too, but for the moment, she had a more pressing case before her.

“I hope this makes my case,” Scott said intently.

He thrust his hips forward. In a direct, focused act, he entered her. Jennifer felt her inner folds stretch and her lower body shift as a new round of hot, sensual sensations followed. Now lying back on her desk, her skirt scrunched up around her waist, her world started rocking as the former X-Men leader went to work.

“Yes! Ohhh yes, Mr. Summers!” she moaned out. “So good! You make your case…so good!”

Deep grunts and blissful moans replaced the articulate arguments that often echoed from these walls. Jennifer closed her eyes and grabbed onto the side of her desk, knocking over some folders and office supplies in the process as Scott pumped his cock into her. Just as he’d shown with his oral sex skills, he also demonstrated he knew how to fuck a horny woman.

Their naked skin banged with every motion, the sounds of their flesh smacking echoing over their moans. Jennifer’s breasts bounced in accord with the rhythm. She writhed and shifted under the weight of the feeling, tensing her inner muscles every time Scott thrust into her. That extra tightness seemed to encourage him. He humped harder and faster, pushing her legs further apart and leaning over for more leverage.
“Ooh, Ms. Walters! So hot... so tight,” he grunted.

“Mmm... you like it, don’t you? You like hot, tight pussy!” Jennifer said with a lurid grin.

“Yes! Ohhh yes!”

They fucked harder and faster, so much so that the desk shook violently. More papers and supplies fell to the floor. She didn’t care. She was already close to coming. Jennifer hadn’t had a good, quality orgasm with another person in too long. She didn’t need a judge or a legal brief to prove that.

As the ecstasy approached, she shot up from the desk and latched onto Scott’s shoulders. In this position, she rocked her hips to supplement each thrust, further intensifying the pace of their sex. She looked him in the eye with that same intense look from earlier, reminding him that she was still very serious.

“I’m close, Mr. Summers. I’m real... real close!” Jennifer told him. “You want... to prove it? Prove it now!”

“As you wish,” he said without hesitation.

He locked eyes with her, working his hips harder and faster for the final push. His grunts grew louder and his member throbbed inside her, as if to match his strength with hers. Jennifer tried not to make it too easy for him. She kept urging him on, shoving her breasts in his face to distract him.

It was no use. He still made her come. After a few more powerful, concise thrusts, Scott sent her over the edge and into an orgasmic frenzy.

“Oohhh fuck yeah!” Jennifer exclaimed.

It hit her almost as hard as any gamma-irradiated monster. A fury of sensual sensations erupted within her core, spreading out all over her body in a release that left her feeling stronger than she’d thought possible. Even in her non-Hulk form, that was quite an accomplishment.

As she trembled under the weight of the orgasm, she closed her eyes and threw her head back, allowing Scott to bury his face in her breasts even more. He ceased his thrusting, allowing her to enjoy her orgasm as much as he enjoyed her breasts. Their flesh remained entwined while she soaked up the feeling.

After the feeling passed by, only light gasps and heavy breathing remained. Jennifer, her expression now dazed with ecstasy, stopped being her serious, lawyer-like self and smiled. Scott smiled back, pulling out of her and drawing her into a sensual kiss.

“The prosecution rests,” Jennifer said.

“Thanks for letting me make my case,” said Scott.

“And you made it so well. I only wish all attorney/client exchanges were this satisfying!”

“It’s always a good to keep your legal team satisfied,” he quipped, “but I hope that means you still have time for my rebuttal.”

“Rebuttal? You really think we need a rebuttal?” she laughed.

“I don’t think we need one. However, if you’re interested, I’d like to offer one.”
Now, Scott was the one who sounded overly serious. He released her from his embrace and took a step back, leaving her still sitting at the edge of her desk in just her wrinkled up skirt. Then, he casually removed his ruby-quartz glasses to reveal his glowing red eyes.

According to other, less lurid rumors, Scott used to have to keep those glasses on all the time. They helped keep his powers at bay. He didn’t need them anymore for control. He just wore them to hide the glow. However, as he stood before her under the fluorescent lights of her office, his glowing eyes flickered with a different kind of energy.

“People respond to power differently,” Scott said. “Laws are supposed to manage, mitigate, and contain that power. But the law can only go so far. Sometimes, how we use our power comes down to who we are.”

As he mused about the nature of law and power, the glowing in his eyes erupted into a halo of fiery energy. He radiated with power. Being the product of gamma energy, Jennifer sensed the intensity of that power. It left her both impressed and curious. Having just had sex, as well, the presence of such power kept her aroused in more ways than one.

“Well, there goes the last of the rumors,” Jennifer said.

“You mentioned how you had to limit yourself to keep this job,” Scott went on. “You can’t always be Jennifer Walters and She-Hulk. You’re often stuck doing one or the other, not unlike your cousin.”

“Except he has a lifetime anger issues. Mine are…different,” she said.

“And keeping them separate probably doesn’t help,” he said. “So with that in mind, let’s blur the lines a bit.”

His body now fully surrounded with cosmic fire, he approached her again. He caressed her face and trailed his hand up her thighs. His touch reignited the desires that had gone unmet until moments ago. It also helped stir the latent gamma energy that flowed through her blood. It didn’t take a skilled cross-examination to surmise what he had in mind.

“I think I know what you’re suggesting,” Jennifer said. “Just so you know, getting intimate in that way can be a little…chaotic.”

“I’d be shocked if it didn’t,” said Scott with a coy grin.

“It can also be a bit more intensive,” she told him. “It’s not something you want to suggest if you don’t have the stamina for it.”

“Maybe Scott Summers and Jennifer Walters have immutable limits, in that respect. We’ve been defined by those limits all our life. But as the Phoenix Force and She-Hulk…I think we have a chance to break precedent here.”

“You just had to use lawyer-speak to turn me on again, didn’t you?”

“It’s working, isn’t it?”

Jennifer cast him a seductive, almost menacing glance. More than one person had joked about it. Tony Stark had made more than a few colorful comments about how She-Hulk conducted herself during intimate moments. Those remarks usually earned him a snide glance, but it was no laughing matter.
She did get horny in her She-Hulk form. It was just as intense as her non-Hulk form, but was prone to certain complications. Her cousin once told her that when every muscle was empowered with gamma, it amplified certain bodily functions. In the same way it gave greater strength to muscles and healing, it gave a unique boost to sexual functions. It was just a matter of finding someone durable enough to handle it.

For that reason, she’d only done it in her Hulk form a handful of times. Most men even recoiled at the idea of sticking their dick in a gamma-powered woman. Scott didn’t seem the least bit put off. If his still-erect cock was any indication, he was intrigued by it.

“I hope you know what you’re getting into, Mr. Summers,” Jennifer said, already feeling the energy brewing beneath her skin. “You’re making me horny again. And you’ll either love it or hate it when I’m horny!”

“Only one way to find out,” the former X-Men leader said confidently.

There was no going back now. He thought he could handle sex with She-Hulk. He was going to either regret it or treasure it.

Still naked, except for her skirt, Jennifer closed her eyes and summoned the energy within her blood. In a familiar transformation, her muscles bulged, her skin turned green, and body radiated with the immense strength of the Hulk. As her body grew, much of her skirt was torn, leaving it partially shredded. By the time her transformation was complete, she was flushed with newfound energy, including the sexual kind.

As if to match her energy, the fiery halo surrounding body intensified. His glowing eyes took on a fiery new shade. Like power attracting power, his cosmic energy was drawn her gamma energy. It almost felt too perfect.

“Power, grace, brains, and brawn,” Scott said as he approached her hulked out form. “No offense to your cousin, but you make hulking out look so much better.”

“None taken. Bruce said the same thing,” She-Hulk said with a seductive glance, “and while your wife probably looks sexier in a cosmic bird, I still prefer your company.”

“I appreciate that.”

“You can show your appreciation by putting that cosmic-powered dick to good use!”

She spoke with a sexual aggressiveness that she never showed as Jennifer Walters. It was one of the more subtle traits of She-Hulk. She was a lot more sexually assertive. It often intimidated other men, especially in her hulked-out form. That was not the case with Scott Summers.

Without hesitation, he approached her again. He smothered her lips with his, grasping her breasts with both hands and kneading them with a strength not possible without the aid of a cosmic force. She kissed back with heavy tongue, showing it was just as strong as the rest of her muscles. She also hungrily grabbed his still-erect cock and rubbed it with Hulk-level strength. It was more than enough to trigger a new level of desire.

“Bend over,” Scott said in a voice that matched her assertiveness.

She-Hulk shot him a seductive glare. His fearless intent to fuck a hulked-out woman turned her on in ways she hadn’t felt in a long time. She was already very horny, her inner thighs burning with gamma-induced arousal. Scott’s body, especially the area around his dick, radiated with more cosmic energy, as if to match her arousal.
Following their intense lust, She-Hulk turned around, bent over her desk, and grabbed the edges, causing parts of it to splinter. Scott positioned himself behind her, tearing off what remained of her skirt to get a perfect few of her voluptuous green ass. There was no further teasing or foreplay. He simply grasped her hips, aligned the tip of his cock with her wet entrance, and thrust his hips forward.

Just as before, his manly flesh penetrated her womanly depths. Unlike before, there were forces at work other than lust.

“Damn! That’s really…really tight!” Scott grunted.

“Mmm…that’s gamma pussy for you!” She-Hulk said. “It’s hotter…tighter…stronger!”

She showed off that strength, tensing her inner muscles to put some extra heat around his cock. That evoked a deep grunt from Scott, as well as a brief flare of cosmic power. It both got her point across and motivated him to fuck her in ways he’d never fucking another woman.

“Gamma pussy…I like it!” he said with a manly grin.

Showing off some strength of his own, Scott began hammering away. He worked his hips back and forth, pumping his cock within her tight, throbbing folds. He put a lot more force and fervor into his movements than before. It showed in how he rocked her body with each motion, causing her to grip the desk harder, breaking parts of it off.

She didn’t care. She could always get a new desk. For some hot, gamma-powered sex, it was more than worth it.

“Yes! Yes! Ohhh yes!” She-Hulk moaned through heavy panting. “Give it to me, Scott! Give me that Phoenix-powered dick!”

There was that distinct, Hulk-level aggression again. In a fight, it was so intimidating. During sex, it sent a clear message for the kind of humping she wanted. Scott got that message loud and clear.

Like a man possessed – literally and figuratively, given the forces involved – Scott humped her hard and fast. The sound of his pelvis repeatedly smacking against her ass filled the room, echoing alongside their determined grunts. It almost sounded like a fight, which seemed befitting for a Hulk. However, there was no violent struggle to overcome. Instead, there was just a shared determination for intimacy and ecstasy.

Scott matched her determination. Every time she tensed her inner muscles and bucked her hips, he responded with a focused thrust of his own. He also threw in hard swats of her butt, taking full advantage of her durable flesh. It took a lot of force for her to feel that kind of impact. Thanks to the power of the Phoenix Force, he made sure she felt it and it felt good.

“Yes! Ohhh yes! Smack that ass! Smack that gamma green ass!” She-Hulk yelled out.

She did most of the dirty talk. Scott let his actions do most of the talking. That was fine by her. It kept the pace of the sex intense. For a horny woman with gamma-powered blood, it worked out perfectly.

They went at it with a vigor that would’ve broken less durable bodies, humping and groping one another with frenzied lust. They went at it so hard that her desk nearly broke in half. They shifted positions just in time with She-Hulk rising up, turning around, and guiding Scott to the wall next to her filing cabinets. From there, he lifted her up, held her legs apart, and hammered away into her pussy. He kissed and nibbled around her neck, causing more deep moans and vulgar dirty talk.
They ended up making a few dents in the wall. They also knocked over stacks of papers and books on nearby tables. She even felt the walls and floors above shudder under the force of their sex. To anyone in the floor above, it must have felt like a small tremor. She’d have to explain that to the partners later. For now, she focused on enjoying the gamma/cosmic sex with Scott Summers.

It played out as well as any endeavor that required intense smashing. It wasn’t drawn out a moment longer than necessary. Scott remained intensely focused, his glowing eyes flickering with every fervent movement. His focus and strength allowed him to hit all the right spots, which was a hell of a feat for a hulked-out woman. His intentions were clear. He was going to make her come again.

That feeling rapidly approached as they humped and pumped with reckless abandon, so much so that her hair became a disheveled mess. It was a lot hotter and stronger than before, like tapping a new source of energy. It usually took a lot more to get her that close to orgasm in her She-Hulk form, but Scott had already taken her to the brink. Sensing he was ready too, she grabbed onto his shoulders and prepared for a special climax.

“Harder, Scott! Smash that pussy harder!” She-Hulk urged. “I’m so close…so fucking…close!”

“Me…too!” Scott grunted.

Flesh burned hot with sensation.

Unique energies erupted between them.

Scott’s cosmic halo mixed perfectly with her gamma-powered radiance.

In a perfect convergence of power and pleasure, they both climaxed.

“Ooohhh fuck yeah!”

It reverberated through the room like one of Hulk’s roars in battle. However, instead of rage, it echoed with ecstasy.

She-Hulk closed her eyes, curled her toes, and smashed her fist against a nearby wall as the orgasmic waves coursed through her. She left quite a dent, but didn’t care in the slightest. From her core to the rest of her hulking form, hot pleasure coursed through her system. It was the kind of ecstasy that ignited her gamma-laced flesh with a rare, but powerful feeling.

That extra-throbbing of her inner muscles helped Scott enjoy the feeling too. She watched as the determined strain on his face turned into a release of ecstasy. Even within a halo of cosmic energy, he became awash in euphoria as he finally got his release. She felt his member throb inside her, filling her pussy with a hot load of fluid.

It didn’t concern her, though. In her hulk form, her body burned off the cum before it did anything. She just rarely got a chance to take advantage of it in her personal life. Thanks to Scott, she remembered why it was a feeling worth pursuing every now and then.

“Mmm…now that’s my kind of smashing,” She-Hulk said in her orgasmic daze. “You’re lucky. Most men don’t get to enjoy gamma-powered sex…and remain intact.”

“Lucky, indeed,” said Scott breathlessly.

They shared a playful laugh and a few intimate gestures. Then, Scott withdrew from her and fell to the floor in a state of exhaustion. Jennifer could hardly blame him. Sex with a Hulk was intense, even for those with cosmic power.
Still reeling from the feeling as well, she sat down on the floor across from him, keeping her back against the wall. While Scott’s Phoenix-shaped halo faded, she remained in her She-Hulk form. The office was still a mess and she was fairly positive that at least one person in the building noticed. There would be plenty of time to explain that and put on some new clothes later.

She’d just cemented a new partnership and a new opportunity. This was as much a time to celebrate as it was to enjoy the afterglow.

“Sorry if it got a little hectic,” said Jennifer, still smiling in her She-Hulk form. “That tends to happen whenever Hulks are involved in anything…including sex.”

“No need to apologize, Ms. Walters,” said Scott. “Sometimes, hectic can be a good thing. In fact, it can be a very good thing when properly channeled.”

“Spoken like a man who just developed a taste for gamma pussy,” she teased.

“Call it whatever you want. After everything that’s happened with me and Jean, I’ve come to see things differently. The world is bigger in some ways, but smaller in others. Going between one level of power to another tends to reveal that in unexpected ways.”

“Don’t I know it,” said Jennifer. “Not a lot of people get to appreciate that perspective. It’s good to have someone who understands.”

“I agree,” said Scott with a friendly smile. “It’s even better when you have someone who understands enough to give it legal weight.”

“No objections here.”

They shared another laugh as they caught their breath. As it all sank in, Jennifer noticed the stack of papers from X-Corp from earlier. They’d fallen off her desk and landed right next to where she and Scott were sitting. That might have been a sign that she needed this opportunity every bit as much as X-Corp. She’d already seen what Scott could do for her sexually. Who knew how much he and X-Corp could do for her career?

“I guess with that matter settled, I’m ready to make it official,” she said as she retrieved a pen and signed the document. “X-Corp now has a lawyer…a very skilled, very driven, and very motivated lawyer.”

“Happy to hear, Ms. Walters,” said Scott, shaking her hand to make it final. “And we’ll need all of that for what we have planned.”

“I’m sure you will,” she said, “even if ethics codes keep us from bumping uglies, I’m sure you’ll find ways to keep me busy.”

“That, we certainly will,” said Scott confidently. “X-Corp has big goals and bold visions. We’ll need plenty of connections and allies to make it work.”

“Well, it’s safe to say we’ve done plenty of connecting today,” Jennifer joked.

“That we have,” said Scott with a snicker, “but rest assured, we’re not the only ones.”

**Outer Space – The Moon**

“Earth…a tiny speck in the universe endowed with great meaning. It never ceases to astonish me.”
The Silver Surfer – once known as Norrin Radd, a lowly scholar of Zenn-La – had ventured to the farthest ends of the universe. He had seen things no sentient being had ever seen. He had experienced wonders that defied description. Once a servant of the ancient world-devour, Galactus, he had taken part in acts that shook the foundations of the universe.

Then, he encountered this unremarkable world and encountered its remarkable people. No matter how long he lived or how far he ventured, the Silver Surfer’s fate would always be tied to Earth. It was on this world that he made his fateful choice to abandon his master. For that fateful choice, he paid a price.

“Shalla-Bal,” he said in solemn whisper, “you made Zenn-La worth saving. Your love guided me to make the greatest of sacrifices. It is a love that can only exist in memories. Now, as I stand between my old home and my new home, I am so hopeful, yet so uncertain.”

Standing atop his cosmic surfboard, watching the sun rise again over Earth’s horizon, the Silver Surfer watched on with a mix of awe and conflict. The abilities granted by the Power Cosmic gave him cosmic perspective, but he remained bound by the mortal coil that was Norrin Radd.

That tie was part of what brought him back to Earth. Not long ago, he’d endured his darkest hour as both Norrin and the Silver Surfer. Galactus had ravaged Zenn-La and Mephisto had taken his love. He fought hard to save Shalla-Bal. Eventually, he succeeded. In doing so, he’d endowed her with enough of the Power Cosmic to rebuild Zenn-La. After coming so close to losing it all, he had a chance to get everything back.

Unfortunately, fate took him down another path.

He’d saved his love and his world, but there was no longer a place for him with either. Shalla-Bal was now Empress. Zenn-La was rebuilding while he remained bound by the destiny of the Power Cosmic. He’d accepted his fate. That didn’t make the burden any less difficult.

“I saved you. I saved Zenn-La. Through you, I found the strength to save myself,” the Silver Surfer said to the dazzling horizon. “Now, I need a different kind of strength…one I cannot find in my old home.”

“Then, perhaps you can find it here, Norrin,” came a familiar voice.

Jarred from his solemn musings, he turned towards the opposing horizon to see a fiery, bird-shaped figure approach. The Silver Surfer smiled at her dazzling presence. Whereas countless beings had learned to tremble at the sight of the Phoenix Force, his cosmic awareness helped him sense that something had changed in this ancient power. It was that exact change that brought him back to Earth.

“Phoenix,” the Silver Surfer greeted, “or do you prefer I call you Jean Grey?”

“It’s actually Jean Grey-Summers,” she said, smiling as she hovered before him. “Didn’t you hear in the cosmic web? I’m married now!”

“My apologies,” he replied. “Congratulations, Ms. Grey-Summers. The cosmos have certainly taken notice of your love.”

“I hope that doesn’t mean we’ve been too loud with our passions. The last thing we want to do is disrupt the cosmic order of things.”

“I assure you, the cosmos is celebrating your love. As for how loud, it has been…well, I can only confirm that it has resonated.”
Jean Grey-Summers smiled and laughed through her fiery halo. Such a joyous gesture helped bring a needed warmth to the cold depths of space. The Silver Surfer managed a slight smile, as well. Humor and joy were still difficult concepts for someone with cosmic awareness. Jean made it easier. It was a refreshing feeling.

She eventually hovered close enough to stand on the other end of his cosmic surfboard. Upon landing, she tempered her fiery halo. Her body remained surrounded by cosmic flames, but her human figure was very visible. She even had on human-like attire, consisting of white bodysuit with golden gloves and a golden Phoenix emblem on her chest. The Silver Surfer recognized it as the garb of the White Phoenix of the Crown. Between its beauty and her power, such a presence inspired hope rather than dread.

“I’m glad you got my summons,” said Jean. “I’m sorry if it was somewhat vague. My husband and I are still adjusting to the finer aspects of cosmic power.”

“I can attest the adjustment is difficult,” said the Silver Surfer, “but after a while, it becomes rather serene.”

“After what my husband and I have been through, we welcome serenity. That said, we’re not opposed to shaking things up. And I’m not just referring to our intimate passions.”

“I hadn’t assumed as such, but I appreciate the clarification.”

“In the spirit of that effort, we tapped into the Phoenix Force’s cosmic essence to reach out to you. We learned through our friends in the Fantastic Four that you are among the few who has seen both sides of cosmic perspective. You started as a man trying to save his world. You sacrificed everything to become what you are, but not every connection to your former life was lost.”

“I can already see the parallels with you and your husband,” said the Silver Surfer.

“That’s why we reached out to you. I’d like to deepen that connection while establishing new ones.”

“New connection? What kind?”

“The kind that strengthen our ties to between the cosmos and our hearts. I believe we need not sacrifice one for the other. In fact, I believe we can use one to supplement the other.”

She reached out and caressed his face. Even through his silvery skin, he felt the warmth of her touch. The Silver Surfer hadn’t felt that kind of warmth since he last embraced Shalla-Bal. Not long ago, he was resigned to the knowledge that he’d never feel that kind of warmth again. The gentle touch of Jean Grey-Summers changed that. The Power Cosmic took notice.

“You speak of connections that have always been tenuous and temporary,” the Silver Surfer pointed out.

“Yes. I’m aware of the challenges,” said Jean, still smiling with confidence and radiance.

“When I left Zenn-La, I only had memories of my home and my loved ones to maintain those bonds. The never-ending procession of destruction and devouring by Galactus made those memories feel so much smaller.”

“But that only made them more precious, didn’t they?” she said.

The Silver Surfer smiled at her observation. He also took her hand in his, conveying some warmth
of his own. He almost forgot how good it felt. He certainly didn’t want to forget.

“You’re use of cosmic awareness is uncanny, Jean,” he told her.

“I’m a fast learner. With powers like mine, you have to be,” Jean said with a humored grin.

“It’s that same awareness that kept me torn. I had my memories of the past. Those memories kept me going. They gave me the strength to abandon my role as Herald to Galactus. At the same time, this awareness leaves me feeling empty in the present…adrift and resigned to a future of purposeless wandering.”

“You make it sound unavoidable.”

“It certainly seems that way, at times. At others, I am uncertain. Since leaving my love behind to rebuild Zenn-La, I have searched for greater certainty. I’ve yet to find it.”

“Sometimes, you can’t search for that sort of thing,” Jean pointed out. “Sometimes, it finds you. You just have to be ready for it.”

She took his hand in hers. She lightly squeezed it, conveying more warmth and connection. With the Power Cosmic, the Silver Surfer could obliterate planets and fly through supernovas. Even with all that power, he was still struck by Jean’s kind and comforting gestures.

As she held his hand, she turned towards the Earth. She marveled at the sight of the rising sun. He had seen many stars rise over the horizons of many planets. It didn’t fill him with the same awe it once did, but alongside Jean, he felt a touch of that wonder. It gave an otherwise mundane sight in the cosmic landscape a deeper meaning.

“I certainly wasn’t ready for the Phoenix Force when it arrived,” Jean said distantly. “I was even less prepared for the harsh truths it revealed to me.”

“Cosmic awareness has that effect on mortal minds,” the Silver Surfer pointed out.

“That’s just it. It had nothing to do with cosmic awareness. When Scott and I connected with the Phoenix Force, we got a brief glimpse into our future. We saw visions of the lives we would live and the losses we would endure. Even the Phoenix got a glimpse of what it would become, due to its connection to others like me.”

“Insights to the future are often even more tenuous,” he noted.

“I agree. We were limited to what we could see, but we saw enough to know that we wanted something better…something that could bring us purpose, joy, and fulfillment.”

“And have you achieved that?” the Silver Surfer asked.

“When it comes to the future, it’s difficult to be certain,” she conceded, “but I can still say with confidence that we’re on a better path. And we’d like to keep that way. Sometimes, the best way to do that is to have others share the journey.”

She turned back to face him. She still had such kindness and compassion in her eyes. Cosmic perspective had not changed that. If anything, it expanded those sentiments.

As if to share in that feeling, she clutched his hand with both of hers. She surrounded him and his surfboard with the halo of the Phoenix Force. It didn’t just contain the energy of a primordial being driven by death and rebirth. It also flowed with the love and spirit of a very mortal woman with an
exceptionally uncanny heart.

The part of him still connected to Norrin Rad emerged from his cosmic form. He reached out and trailed his hand down Jean’s face. Her beauty and grace shone with the radiance of an entire galaxy. In that moment, a sense of awe came over him the likes of which he thought he’d never feel again.

“Scott and I are building something together on Earth...something bold and exciting,” Jean went on. “We want those visions of a bleak future to inspire a brighter present. It starts with our lives, but extends to many others. Much of it is occurring on Earth, but we know that it’s only a matter of time before it resonates with the cosmos.”

“It already has, Jean,” the Silver Surfer said to her. “That, I can readily affirm.”

“All the more reason to establish new connections in the stars,” she said with logic that would’ve impressed the greatest minds on Zenn-La. “Scott and I have so much to do within the confines of this uncanny world. At the same time, we realize that our pursuit of a better future could have cosmic ramifications.”

“And you wish to make sure those ramifications are positive,” he surmised.

“That’s one of our goals,” she said. “Someone like you is in a position to sense the upheavals we might cause. Whatever form they take, you have both the opportunity and the ability to confront them.”

“Indeed, the Power Cosmic gives me such awareness,” he said, “and I’d be very willing to use that awareness to aid the Phoenix Force in her new path. But is service from a former Herald of Galactus all you seek?”

“Of course not,” said Jean. “Your assistance is appreciated, especially as Scott and I navigate these cosmic issues. But we don’t just want to do it in the name of exchanging favors. Beyond that, we seek to share our unique perspective with the cosmos.”

“You really think there’s room for such perspective on a cosmic scale?”

“I know there is,” Jean said with complete certainty. “We’ve seen how bad things can get on a cosmic scale. We dare to imagine how great they can be. We have the passion to pursue it. With or without cosmic awareness, a touch of passion goes a long way.”

She described a very human and very mortal feeling. The Silver Surfer knew passion well. He’d experienced it a great deal as Norrin Rad. The Power Cosmic was supposed to transcend such feelings. Galactus convinced him as such. Now, Jean Grey-Summers was directly contesting it.

Still holding his hand in hers, she moved in closer to him. She stood so close that her face was the only thing in his field of view. The stars, the planets, and the vast ocean of space was no longer bombarding him with its scale and size. There was only the presence of a beautiful human woman.

She only made that presence indelible for eons to come when she leaned in and kissed him. In that moment, the passion she’d just described took form and substance. Her soft sensuous lips made contact with his slivery cosmic skin. Frail flesh touched with durable cosmic manifestations. In a moment that defied physics and fate, the passions of Norrin Rad became entwined with the desires of the Silver Surfer.

‘That’s it, Norrin Rad. Kiss me. Kiss me as Jean Grey. Kiss me as the Phoenix Force. We are
Her telepathic thoughts resonated. A Herald of Galactus, even a former one, should’ve been above such feelings. The Power Cosmic was too vast and great. Even so, the Silver Surfer kissed back with a passion that mirrored Jean’s. Without hesitation, he followed that passion.

‘Phoenix…Jean Grey-Summers,’ said the Silver Surfer through his mind as their lips were entwined. ‘It has been a while since I shared intimate passions with another.’

‘That’s okay. It doesn’t show,’ she replied with a hint of humor.

‘But the desired connection you seek…the perspective I sense you want to share…I am not certain how it will convey the expected meaning.’

‘Well, we won’t know that until we try it, won’t we?’

There was a playfulness in her thoughts that was uncommon among beings endowed with cosmic power. That only heightened the Silver Surfer’s passions as he continued kissing Jean. Already, he felt the inner desires of the man he used to be returning with a vengeance.

He embraced Jean in his arms, exploring her feminine form with his hands. Through her touch and gestures, she felt a sincerity and affection that could make any being from any world feel loved. That universal feeling – to be desired, cared for, and loved by another – was among the most powerful experience a sentient being could have. The Power Cosmic could obscure it, but it could never override it.

As they kissed and embraced, they flew in closer to the Earth. They were just at a point where the radiance of the sun bathed them in a steady glow. The Phoenix Force responded, expanding its halo to create a hotter, more comfortable domain. It was like a flickering flame within the cold, dead expanse of space. Within that warmth, the Silver Surfer sensed a desire within Jean Grey-Summers that was both very human and very cosmic, in nature.

As the desire escalated, she broke the kiss. She remained in his arms, pressing her elegant form against his body. She then cupped his face and leaned in close, looking into his eyes with a penetrating gaze that would’ve frozen Galactus.

“Surfer,” she said.

“Please…call me, Norrin,” he said to her.

“Take me,” she told him in a voice laced with intimate undertone, “take me right here…as a man and not a herald.”

It didn’t take cosmic awareness to surmise her intent. He might have been a being from another world, imbued with the Power Cosmic, but the Silver Surfer recognized the universal call for intimate engagement.

Jean made it even clearer when she broke the embrace, took a step back on his board, and gestured to her body with a glowing hand. Almost immediately, a fiery flare formed around her. In an instant, her White Phoenix of the Crown attire dissolved. She now stood fully naked, her voluptuous body illuminated by a convergence of cosmic flame and beaming sunlight. Even for someone who had seen countless cosmic spectacles, it was quite a sight.

“By the spirits of Zenn-La,” the Silver Surfer gasped. “Jean…your beauty is worthy of cosmic significance.”
“Thanks!” she said with playful grin. “It’s good to know that naked women have universal appeal.”

“Yours is more universal than most,” he said, reaching out to touch her wondrous flesh, “but how do you propose I take you? My current form may make that difficult.”

Jean laughed and embraced him again. The feeling of her naked skin against his silvery form felt even better. She didn’t seem the least bit worried. She just gestured with her hand again, forming a ball of cosmic flame at one of her fingertips, and held it up.

“It’s only difficult if you lack perspective,” said Jean. “The Phoenix Force is a force of creation and destruction. Most people know that. What they don’t know is the purpose behind it. Creation and destruction are just a means to an end…a process for fixing what does not or cannot work.”

“You think these desires you seek can be fixed?” the Silver Surfer asked curiously.

“That’s just it. There’s nothing to fix with you, Norrin Rad. You just need a little spark to make it work.”

With a playful, almost mischievous grin, she lightly touched his forehead with the tip of her fingers. From this simple gesture, the cosmic flame she’d formed entered him. Immediately, the effects took hold and they were quite revealing.

In a process that felt like reconnecting with a forgotten part of himself, the Silver Surfer’s cosmic form briefly faded and the form of Norrin Rad emerged. The Power Cosmic remained, but his form took a very different, yet very familiar shape.

Looking down at his hands and torso, he watched as his silvery skin receded like a tide. It revealed the fleshy form he once had before he became a Herald of Galactus. That form included a set of male genitalia between his legs. As he touched his body to affirm his flesh was real, Jean’s grin widened as she took in his new appearance.

“I see the men on Zenn-La were exceptionally endowed,” she commented.

“Thank you, Jean. I’m…at a loss for words,” the Silver Surfer said, still marveling at his form. “I did not think it possible to return to this form.”

“It was always possible, Norrin. Galactus made you his Herald. He didn’t take away what you once were. All I did was provide a catalyst…one that will help us pursue our shared desires.”

She made it sound like she hadn’t just redefined everything the Silver Surfer thought he knew about himself and the Power Cosmic. He might have been overthinking it, which was no easy feat for someone with cosmic awareness. Jean made it much easier when she pulled him into another kiss, giving him his first taste of skin-on-skin contact in ages.

‘Don’t let the weight of the universe get in the way of your heart. I can sense you’re a good man with a noble soul, Norrin Rad. Give me a chance to connect with that man. And maybe…just maybe…dare to enjoy the fruits of our cosmic connections.’

The former Herald of Galactus needed no words to express his support for such an effort. He let his gestures send a clear, unambiguous message. He and Jean Grey-Summers were going to engage in cosmic coitus.

As they kissed and embraced, the machinations of that basic, intimate act came rushing back to the Silver Surfer. He eagerly savored the taste of her lips and tongue. He even exercised a little playfulness, twirling her tongue with his in a way his former love once enjoyed. Jean enjoyed it
just as much, laughing joyously and pawing his body with her soft hands.

He returned her sensual touching as well. He felt his way around her feminine features, squeezing her shapely buttocks and fondling her ample breasts. The Silver Surfer also slipped his hand between her legs to stimulate her genitalia. Thanks to his cosmic awareness, he knew the intricate details of human anatomy. He made good use of it, probing her folds with his fingers and skillfully rubbing her clitoris.

Jean reacted with sharp gasps and joyous moans. His touching also prompted her to step up her own brand of cosmic foreplay. She reached down to stroke his penis while trailing her lips down his neck, giving certain areas a light nibble. He reacted strongly. She must have used her cosmic awareness or read his mind to know how much he liked that.

“Oh my…” the Silver Surfer gasped.

“It’s okay, Norrin. Enjoy it!” Jean said to him.

A hint of elation echoed in his gasps. The idea that he, a Herald of Galactus and bringer of destruction, should experience such elation seemed inappropriate. He didn’t need permission, but getting it from a fellow cosmic being made it feel right.

It also completed the escalation of sexual arousal. Jean’s creative use of cosmic power and intimate gestures had rendered him fully erect. His targeted touching of her feminine anatomy had made her very moist. The next stage of their intimate connection awaited.

“I’m ready,” Jean whispered.

“As am I,” the Silver Surfer replied.

She smiled warmly at him.

He smiled back at her.

Together, they were two beings endowed with cosmic purpose. Now, they channeled that purpose into an act of shared intimacy.

It played out like a cosmic special of unique brilliance. Jean levitated from his board, becoming as light as flowing air. She then wrapped her legs around his waist while he wrapped his arms around her torso, placing one hand on her buttocks and the other on her shoulder. As he stood firmly on his board, they aligned their bodies in preparation for their sexual union. From there, cosmic forces gave way to something more intimate.

“Norrin…” Jean gasped.

“Jean…” he replied in deepening daze.

She lowered her hips, allowing his rigid masculine flesh to penetrate her depths. He felt her hot folds part, immersing his member in a hot vice of flesh. He watched as her expression became awash with joy. In the light of the Phoenix Force and the rising sun, her beauty was worthy of her cosmic endowments.

Such spectacle and sensation filled every fiber of his being with a special kind of bliss. The Silver Surfer hadn’t forgotten the joys of the sex act. He had many memories of numerous nights of passion between him and Shalla-Bal. As wonderful as those memories were, there was no denying the value of the present. In that spirit, he reconnected with the part of himself that the Power
Cosmic could not subsume.

‘Our connection is made. Now, let it deepen!’

Through the dazzling halo of cosmic energies, an outburst of passion followed. Jean began moving her hips, riding his cock without the shackles of gravity to hinder her. She was intense, but affectionate, working her intimate flesh with his at a harmonious pace.

He joined her in such passionate efforts. Using his legs, as well as his grip on her buttocks, he supplemented her motions. He soon had her bouncing and bucking with his intimate embrace, her inner folds slithering smoothly along the length of his cock. The lack of gravity made it easy and smooth. Through their shared effort, their sex gained vigor and intensity. In each other’s eyes, the passionate connection deepened.

“Such beauty…such grace…such wonder,” the Silver Surfer mused as he caressed her face.

“You’re doing it, Norrin,” Jean said in a daze. “Please…embrace it with me!”

She kissed him passionately. It was harder and more intense than before. She began moving her body more urgently, evoking more sensations and evoking more pleasure. It inspired the Silver Surfer to do the same.

‘We have the light of the cosmos to share in this feeling. Let’s make use of it!’

Feeling bolder, the Silver Surfer took flight with his cosmic surfboard. As they remained engaged in coitus, he flew her around the Earth and beyond. The sun rose and set within seconds. The fiery raptor of the Phoenix let out cries that echoed throughout the stars. It was beauty compounding beauty, a hot connection bringing needed warmth to a cold universe.

The feeling was indescribable, every movement bringing pleasure and connection. The Silver Surfer and Norrin Rad, the man he used to be, were now one in the same. Seeing Jean’s naked body entwined with his, feeling her naked flesh glisten and grind with his, filled him with astonishment he thought impossible. For him, it was profound. For her, however, it came so easy in a great many ways.

“Norrin! I’m close, Norrin! I’m so…so close!” Jean exclaimed.

“Jean…I feel it too,” he said.

He shifted both hands to her hips, working their bodies harder and faster in pursuit of greater ecstasy. Jean became her own spectacle, grabbing his shoulders and leaning back as she neared her sexual peak. He felt her achieve it when her lower body tensed with a force that could ignite a star.

“Oohhhh yes!”

In the throughs of cosmic ecstasy, the line between Jean Grey and the Phoenix Force blurred. A simple orgasm gained cosmic in breadth. The entire raptor of the Phoenix Force let out a roar that shook the fabric of the space around them. Pleasure, joy, affection, and connection took a tangible form. The Silver Surfer could only hold on and share in this powerful moment.

“The ecstasy of the cosmos…what a fine sight indeed!” the Silver Surfer said.

“Mmm…don’t just admire it, Norrin,” said Jean. “Share it with me!”

Her words were laced with orgasmic undertones. However, she remained quite energetic in her
desires. She kissed him again, smothering his lips and entwining his sinews with her womanly flesh. In this heated gesture, he got a brief taste of the ecstasy that had consumed her during her orgasm. Whether by telepathy or cosmic power, it deepened their connection. It also intensified his own desire to share in the ecstasy.

“Share it, you say?” he said, sounding bolder than any Herald of Galactus ever dared. “Very well. You share your body with me. In turn, I will share with you the stars!”

Armed with his passions and his surfboard, he carried her on a cosmic journey while they remained in a full-coital embrace. Jean laughed and moaned joyously at their travels. The Silver Surfer realized quickly how much he loved hearing that joy. He smiled and laughed as well, more so than he had in ages. In addition to intensifying their sex, he flew her further through the local cosmos.

They flew around the moon.

They soared past Mars.

They passed through the clouds of Venus.

They explored the rings of Saturn.

Despite all these surrounding wonders, they remained focused on each other. The Silver Surfer kept kissing and caressing Jean’s naked body, much to her approval. The alignment and position of their bodies shifted to their playful whim, but their flesh remained united every step of the way.

At times, Jean leaned in extra-close, her breasts pressing up against his chest so she could kiss and nibble around his neck as he so loved. On other occasions, she leaned back so he could bury his face in her breasts, which she seemed to really enjoy. The former Herald of Galactus sensed her climax multiple times, evidenced largely through the euphoric cries of both her and the Phoenix Force. She willingly shared that pleasure through her telepathy and the Silver Surfer graciously accepted.

‘This shared feeling…this euphoria forged through the wonder of the cosmos…it is part of the bond that unites us. It is the humanity that transcends humans, mutants, or any sentient species. Stars burn out. Planets crumble. But this feeling resonates through time and space.’

That powerful message echoed along their cries of ecstasy. The resonance of a feeling that he once thought numb had never shown brighter. The Silver Surfer, through intimate passions shared with Jean Grey-Summers, felt a new connection forming within him. Part of that connection involved his own overdue climax.

“Jean…I’m very close,” the Silver Surfer panted. “I…I want to share this feeling too.”

“You will, Norrin,” said Jean with endearing certainty. “Come! Complete our cosmic tryst!”

Following his impassioned whims, he captured her lips in another kiss and lair her down upon his surfboard. Their little journey brought them back to the Earth, settling in an area in which it partially eclipsed the sun. It illuminated their naked bodies with just the right glow. The Silver Surfer maximized that radiance as he made the final push.

With Jean on her back, her legs hitched over his shoulders, the former Herald of Galactus delivered a final fury of focused movements. The same resolve that once allowed him to defy the primordial consumer of worlds helped him get to the cusp of ecstasy. He never diverted his gaze from Jean, urging her to join him in the feeling.
Her hands found his. Their fingers became entwined. With a warm smile and a fiery glint in her eyes, she held on as he crossed the final barrier. At that moment, he let the cosmos know his joy.

“By the Power Cosmic!” he proclaimed.

“Oohhh! Cosmic indeed!” Jean exclaimed.

A surge of pleasure followed. It was as overwhelming as any cosmic force. A fiery heat grew with him and spread out in all directions, carrying ripples of ecstasy. As he’d hoped, Jean Grey-Summers felt it too. He could sense her inner muscles contracting around his masculine flesh, embracing and entwining the wondrous experience.

Even with his cosmic awareness, the Silver Surfer couldn’t hope to process such a feeling. Under the light of the sun and the Earth, their naked bodies lingered. Even after it passed and their intimate union ceased, she continued to embrace him. His flesh started returning to his silvery form, as well. However, he’d never felt more human.

With such a great view before them, they laid together atop his board. She kept smiling and so did he, holding him in a way that cemented this newfound connection between flesh and the cosmos.

“Thank you, Jean,” said the Silver Surfer. “Thank you for sharing your unique perspective with me.”

“You’re welcome, Norrin,” said Jean as she rested her head on his chest, “and thank you for showing me the joys of cosmic thrill sex. I can’t wait to share it with my husband.”

“I hope you enjoy it as much as I did. I also hope to make something of this connection we’ve made.”

“Me too,” she said. “Bold dreams and bold visions require friends and allies of all kind.”

“And now you have one who is a former Herald of Galactus,” he pointed out. “Your boldness is nothing short of remarkable.”

“It has to be. Between cosmic power and renewed perspective, why shouldn’t we aim high with our aspirations?”

“I’ve no reason to doubt you and every incentive to support you,” the Silver Surfer said. “I would only advise you to remain attuned to such perspective. Sometimes, even the aid of the cosmos cannot stop others from being just as bold for less noble reasons.”

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**San Francisco – Golden Gate Bridge**

“Errr! Let go of me! Let…go!” yelled a determined and desperate Carol “Ms. Marvel” Danvers.

“Don’t listen, Rogue! Hold on!” urged an equally-determined Mystique.

Those conflicting voices kept Anna Marie – also known as Rogue, a recent addition to the Brotherhood of Mutants – in a state of agony and chaos. Everything was going horribly wrong. The plan was supposed to be easy.

She and Mystique, her adopted mother, had tracked down Ms. Marvel. She was simply going to take her immense abilities with her mutant absorption powers and use them to free the rest of the Brotherhood. However, there was nothing simple about what was happening.
Upon their initial encounter, Carol fought back. That had been expected. The fight quickly escalated, taking them from Carol’s front door to the Golden Gate Bridge. That was less expected, but nothing Rogue hadn’t trained for. It only started going wrong when she finally got a firm grip on her face and started absorbing her powers.

“Ahhh! Too much!” Rogue cried out. “The power…it’s too much!”

“You can do this, Rogue! I know you can!” Mystique said, having just caught up to the fight.

She wanted to believe her adopted mother’s words. That was difficult when her battle with Ms. Marvel had already caused plenty of destruction to the northbound side of the bridge. Dozens of cars had been knocked aside. People in both lanes had jumped out and fled in terror as the battle unfolded. It was only by determination and a bit of luck that Rogue managed to get a hold of Ms. Marvel’s face.

She had her pinned to the railing overlooking the bay. Were she anyone else, she’d have been rendered unconscious by now and Rogue would have her powers. However, Ms. Marvel remained conscious. She kept fighting and fighting, so much so that her body began glowing with her powers. Rogue felt the energy surrounding her as well. She also felt Ms. Marvel’s mind start to clash with hers.

“I won’t…let you…beat me like this!” Ms. Marvel said defiantly.

“Mah head…Ah can’t…Ah don’t know…aagh!” Rogue yelled, her eyes now glowing erratically. She was overwhelmed. She’d never held onto anyone this long. Nobody had ever fought her so hard. She was in uncharted territory with her powers. However, under her adopted mother’s watchful eye, she didn’t dare disappoint.

Then, as Mystique ventured closer to the chaos, a strange black portal opened next to her. Rogue barely saw it amidst the chaos. From it, a mysterious female figure in black garb emerged. By her side, a hideous humanoid figure with black-and-red skin followed closely.

“Just in time,” the woman said. “Carnage, you know what to do.”

“Do I ever!” the creature seethed.

Suddenly, a half-dozen tendrils shot out from the body of the creature the woman called Carnage. They all wrapped themselves around Mystique, catching her by surprise and pulling her away.

“Ahhh!” Mystique exclaimed. “Who dares?! Who the Hell are-mmff!”

She was quickly silenced. One of the blackish-red tendrils covered her mouth. They then bound her feet and ankles before pulling her back towards the mysterious woman.

Rogue, still holding onto Ms. Marvel, watched with shock and horror. What remained of the plan to rescue the Brotherhood with Ms. Marvel’s powers shattered completely. Whoever that woman was, she couldn’t let her escape.

“Momma!” Rogue exclaimed as she prepared to let go.

“Oh no you don’t!” said the redheaded woman.

She gestured towards her, her eyes flashing yellow and her hand glowing. Rogue then felt a strange new energy come over her, consuming her and Ms. Marvel. It struck her in a way that she felt
down to her very soul.

Her skin burned.

Her mind burned.

Everything inside her burned.

Both she and Ms. Marvel cried out in pain. Whatever this woman had just hit her with, it was disrupting every fiber of her being and then some.

“Rogue!” Mystique yelled, despite her bound state.

“Quiet, shape-shifting bitch!” Carnage barked. “The Goblin Queen wants you silent. And what she wants, I want even more!”

“And right now, I want you, Raven Darkholme,” said the woman she called the Goblin Queen. “Don’t worry about your adopted daughter. I just hit her and her friend with a little disruptor spell. I’m fairly certain they’ll survive…although I doubt they’ll ever be the same.”

That was the last thing Rogue heard before the Goblin Queen and Carnage carried Mystique into the portal. Moments later, they disappeared. All she and Ms. Marvel could do was let out one last desperate cry before everything went black, their last thoughts being wrought with dread about what just happened to her.

Up Next: Rogue Desires
Madripoor – The New Hellfire Club’s Headquarters

It wasn’t supposed to be this way. Fate was on her side, for once. Raven “Mystique” Darkholme had spent a lifetime – multiple lifetimes, in fact, considering her age and her abilities as a shape-shifter – bending fate to her will. How could it have gone so horribly wrong?

She’d been on the cusp of starting a battle that she was destined to win. The plan was simple. Rogue would steal Ms. Marvel’s powers, they would break out the imprisoned members of the Brotherhoold, and launch an attack on Trask Industries. Her partner and lover, Irene “Destiny” Adler, told her that this attack would decide the course of her future and many others.

Then, something came along to destroy it. More specifically, someone came along.

“Hnn…Rogue,” the shapeshifter groaned as she emerged from her unconscious state.

“Do yourself a favor, Mystique. Don’t think about her. What she’s going through right now is not for the faint of heart…assuming, of course, you have one.”

Raven recognized that voice. It was still fresh in her mind, having heard it just moments before being snatched away from her adopted daughter. Even in her woozy state, it enraged her. She immediately lashed out towards it, only to discover that she’d been bound with heavy restraints.

“You!” Mystique spat, lunging forward, only to be held back by the restraints. “I’ll kill you!”

“Ha!” the redheaded woman laughed. “If only you know the inherent irony of those words.”

“Spare me your threats. They’re as empty as my capacity for patience. I didn’t bring you here to piss you off. I brought you here because you’re in a position to assist me. And, before you tell me off, know that you’re going assist me. It’s just a matter of how difficult you want to make it.”

Mystique kept lashing out at the voice, angrily grunting as she fought her restraints. As her vision cleared, the devious figure she recalled from the Golden Gate Bridge took shape. The woman with red hair, a black cape, and bikini-like rags covering her shapely body, stood before her with folded arms and a devious grin. Mystique couldn’t remember the last time she wanted to hurt someone so badly.

She only got within inches of the smug woman’s face before the chains pulled her back. Even as Mystique raged at the redheaded woman, she took note of her surroundings. She was definitely not in San Francisco anymore. She remembered being dragged through some strange portal and transported through some nightmarish domain before passing out. Now, she found herself chained up in some top-floor office suite that overlooked a vast cityscape.

She recognized the skyline as Madripoor, the lawless Southeast Asian city with which she had plenty of history. It was the kind of city where someone could get away with abducting random people, chaining them by their wrists, and doing any number of sadistic acts to them, provided they
knew the right people. Given the view, which was only possible from the top floors of Madripoor’s tallest buildings, it was safe to assume that this woman had plenty of connections.

Her first instinct was to escape. She tried using her powers to shift into another form, preferably one bigger, stronger, and capable of crushing this woman in her fist. Much to her dismay, nothing happened. She couldn’t shift out of her basic blue-skinned form. It was as though something was blocking her powers.

“And while we’re on the subject of difficulty, don’t bother using your powers,” the woman said. “Thanks to a little spell from my co-creator and a gene-inhibitor from my other co-creator, your mutant abilities are blocked. Don’t worry. It’s only temporary. I’ll need those abilities as much as you.”

“Speak for yourself! I don’t need them to tear you apart!” Mystique barked.

The woman ignored her threats. She didn’t even flinch while she continued lashing out at her with murderous rage. It was like she hadn’t even heard her threatening remark.

That didn’t make Mystique any less enraged, but it gave her an idea of who she was dealing with. She eventually stopped struggling with her restraints. She also discovered that the shackles that bound her wrists were attached to a heavy chain that hung from the ceiling. They must have been made out of vibranium or something because she couldn’t get them to budge. The redheaded woman before her didn’t seem the least bit concerned.

“But where are my manners?” she said. “My name, relatively speaking, is Madelyne Pryor. I also go by Goblin Queen. I am the sole authority of the new Hellfire Club.”

“The Goblin Queen?” Mystique scoffed. “Why don’t you call yourself the demon bitch while you’re at it?”

“Ooh! That might be a bit too accurate,” laughed another familiar voice from behind. “Leave a little room for intrigue, why don’t you?”

“You speak as though I care for subtlety,” the Goblin Queen laughed. “When you’re as conflicted as me, that’s just another meaningless concept.”

Mystique felt a fresh round of rage. At the same time, her skin crawled upon hearing that maniacal tone. She recognized it as well and was less inclined to lash out at it, given what happened earlier.

The source of that tone emerged from behind her through the darkened areas of the poorly lit office suite. The menacing figure of a hulking being, composed of blackish red flesh that looked utterly alien, cast a shadow every bit as ominous as Madelyne’s. He cast her a monstrous grin as he passed her by. Small tentacles from his body shot out and taunted her. She didn’t hide her disgust, but that only made his grin widen.

There was another figure beside him, although he didn’t look nearly as menacing. He appeared to be a young man of mixed race with a strange mohawk hairdo. Unlike the monster, he didn’t look nearly as happy to be there.

“Listen. Don’t talk,” the other man said. “It’s already too late to change anything. You can only make it worse.”

“Aww, don’t listen to Daken here!” said the monstrous figure. “He’s such a killjoy when he’s not humping something.”
“Shut up, Carnage. Some of us can’t find comfort in deranged bloodlust.”

“Ha! You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“It’s neither good nor bad, as is often the case,” said Madelyne. “That’s something you understand better than most, Mystique. It’s something that my associates, Daken and Carnage, also understand in their own unique way. They also understand what it means to have a desired path…one so clear that it’s forged by fate. The only thing I changed is the course of that path, as well as the desire behind it.”

Mystique still scorned the woman with burning hatred. She directed just as much of that hate towards Carnage for tearing her away from both her mission and her adopted daughter. She clenched her fist and kept trying to pull on her restraints. She’d broken out of prisons and escaped captors on many occasions. This woman and her cohorts acted as though they had already defeated her. It was either excessive confidence or a hint that something worse awaited her.

“You were on quite a path, Mystique,” said the Goblin Queen. “The Hellfire Club’s files on you were both extensive and impressive. You’ve lived many lives and fought many battles, but you’re always driven towards the same fate.”

“I’ve heard of the Hellfire Club. I know they’ve been kept tabs on me,” Mystique scoffed. “The fact they’ve never tried to recruit me should tell you something.”

“Indeed, it does. It says you’re incredibly capable in terms of skills, but self-centered when it comes to vision. You seek to benefit yourself, first and foremost. Whether it’s impersonating the wife of a German noble or leading your own team of mutant renegades, you’re exceedingly selfish with your actions. How else could you justify abandoning your son or endearing yourself to some orphaned girl with incredibly absorption powers?”

The redheaded woman’s words cut deep. Even as Mystique scorned her, she had no counter to her point. Many of her actions were selfish. She never denied that. That didn’t mean she was incapable of altruism. Irene convinced her of that, both in the present and through visions of the future. Hearing it from the Goblin Queen just reminded her of how unbalanced she’d been with her selfishness lately.

“You abandoned your kid? That sucks!” laughed Carnage. “At least my parents had the good sense to try and kill me. That’s how you nurture a deranged murderer.”

“Except, Mystique here doesn’t like to be nurtured,” the Goblin Queen went on, “not by her friends, family, allies, or enemies. Even to those closest to her, she resents being influenced. She only trusts herself. Everyone else is either a tool or an obstacle. It’s easy to see why the Hellfire Club never reached out to you. They knew you’re not inclined to follow someone else’s vision.”

“And you think you can change that about me?” Mystique scoffed.

“She doesn’t think she can. She knows she can,” Daken told her. “As far as we’re concerned, you’re already part of this.”

“Like hell I am!” she spat.

“Famous last words,” Carnage chuckled, “famous and fitting.”

The Goblin Queen laughed smugly and shook her head. She gestured towards Carnage and Daken, who obediently stepped aside. Whatever hold she had on them must have been strong. They didn’t even need a direct order to know what she wanted.
Once they stepped aside, it left the devious redhead standing before her. Right behind her was a large panoramic window that overlooked the vast cityscape of Madripoor. It must have been just after sunset because the lights on the buildings were turned on. The office must have belonged to someone powerful because the view sent a clear message.

Whoever occupied such a structure towered over the masses below. When the Goblin Queen walked up to her, she carried herself like someone with immense authority. At the same time, she had a look in her eye that lacked both humanity and sanity. Mystique had looked into the eyes of many tyrants, killers, and psychopaths. She had already concluded Madelyne Pryor was in a league all her own.

“There are many ways I could bend you to my will,” the redheaded woman told her, “some far messier than others.”

“And I lobbied for the messy ones. Believe me!” Carnage laughed.

“I could’ve taken you to a dark, desolate pit in Limbo. I could’ve enlisted the aid of demonic creatures and obedient clones to torture you to no end. You would’ve suffered and screamed to no end, but even then, your assistance wouldn’t be guaranteed. Your will is stronger than most and such wills rarely respond favorably to torture.”

“You actually sound disappointed,” said Mystique dryly.

“I know, right? As a sadistic murder, I’m kind of offended,” quipped Carnage.

“Believe it or not, I don’t care much for torture. It has a mixed record, at best, for guiding others down the path I seek. And it’s not enough to have you obey my every word, despite your selfish inclinations. I need you to want to serve me. I need you to want more than you’ve wanted anything in your long, illustrious life.”

The redheaded woman took a step closer, reached out, and grabbed Mystique by the chin. Her touch was so cold and callous, more so than any touch she’d felt before and she had encountered plenty of deviant souls. However, there was something more menacing to this woman. Looking into her eyes, she saw someone was as devious as she was broken.

“You’re so skilled and cunning, Mystique,” Madelyne said, looking at her as though she were some fancy weapon. “You can infiltrate, manipulate, and subvert the course of events in so many ways. For what I have planned…for the destiny that is bound to my blood…I need fate itself on my side.”

“What you need is a bullet to the brain…or several,” Mystique said.

“I brought you to Madripoor so you could appreciate the scope of my efforts,” she said before turning her gaze to the window. “Look outside. Look at this vast, purposeless world. A man named Sebastian Shaw once sat in this office, looking down on the corrupt machinations of this city and others like it. He thought he could bend it to his will, but that is as misguided as it is flawed.”

Madelyne forcibly turned Mystique’s head towards her and narrowed her gaze. Now holding her face with both hands, the redheaded woman looked at her with a macabre affection, as though she were looking into the window of some fancy piece of jewelry she wanted. Mystique felt both outrage and repulsed. She would’ve spit in her eyes if she weren’t certain that might encourage her.

“I need you, Raven Darkholme,” she said intently, “and for that reason, I need you to need me. Your wants…your desires…your very instincts must focus on serving me.”
“You really think you can brainwash me into _that_?” said Mystique in defiance.

“Brainwash you? Of course not!” the Goblin Queen laughed. “Like torture, brainwashing is so messy. I’ve been working on a more _comprehensive_ process for aligning the desires of others to my own. Both Daken and Carnage have helped me refine that process. You’re going to help refine it even more.”

The Goblin Queen let go of her face. Mystique tried to lash out at her again, fighting her restraints and grunted angrily. She even tried using her legs to grapple her, but she barely missed.

“Get back here!” Mystique barked. “I swear I’ll snap your neck! If you’re going to use me like this, at least have the balls to do it yourself!”

“Don’t worry, Mystique. I’m not going anywhere,” she said while gazing out the window over the Madripoor skyline. “Like I said, I’ve _refined_ the process. That means I can delegate when I choose to.”

The devious redhead casually snapped her fingers. With an obedience that was distinctly eager, Carnage and Daken approached her. Again, they didn’t need any overt command or detailed instructions. They already knew what Madelyne desired because they desired the same thing.

While Daken looked indifferent to it all, Carnage snarled eagerly. Mystique could only watch as the creature formed dozens of reddish black tendrils from his body. Like tentacles with minds of their own, they shot out and wrapped themselves around her limbs. With strength that she had no hope of opposing, they forced her arms to hang above her head while her legs dangled under her, bound at the ankles.

“Errr! You disgusting cretin! You think this can hold me?” the shapeshifter barked.

“Yell a little louder. You’ll just give me a bigger boner!” said Carnage with a hideous smirk.

“And take it from me,” said Daken flatly, “in a few moments, we won’t even have to hold you.”

While she hung in mid-air, bound and struggling, Daken moved in closer, clenched his fists, and drew a set of metal claws. Mystique was taken aback, but not because of length or sharpness of the claws. She’d encountered a man wielding metal claws before. The effects of that encounter had far-reaching consequences, some of which she’d tried desperately to avoid.

“Those claws…” she said.

“Are the least of your concerns,” Daken said.

Mystique continued to struggle, but remained completely bound as Daken used his claws to cut off her clothes. He wasn’t gentle, either. He sliced through the back of her white dress, ripping it to shreds with ease. He then cut off her bra and panties, exposing her breasts and pussy to the still grinning Carnage. He even ripped off her boots, rendering her completely exposed.

“Nice!” grinned Carnage as he leered over her. “A naked chick with blue skin…pretty sure I’ve jerked off to this at least once.”

“I’m just as sure I’ll kill you in your sleep!” she told him.

“Ha! Now, _I know_ you’re trying to turn me on!”

The shapeshifter didn’t hide her disgust, but she didn’t hide her discomfort either. She’d been in
dangerous situations before, including a few that involved her being stripped naked in a very degrading fashion. For the most part, it only served to annoy and enrage her even more. However, something about this sordid predicament felt different.

As she dangled helplessly, exposed and vulnerable to the Goblin Queen’s wrath, Mystique sensed Daken lean in closer to her. She could feel his breath up against her neck, his claws still drawn and hovering inches from her naked skin. She was every bit as ready to cuss him out too.

“Just so you know,” he whispered into her ear, “even though I want this, it doesn’t mean I revel in it.”

Before she could get another word out, a strange scent filled the air around her. It seemed to come directly from Daken, as though he exuded some exotic aroma that defied description. After taking in just a few whiffs, Mystique felt a very intense reaction within her body.

“Ungh! What the…” she groaned.

“It’s okay. This is normal…relatively speaking,” Daken said.

That was absurd. There was nothing normal about what she was feeling.

It started with an intense heat that started between her thighs. From there, it expanded rapidly in every direction. Her nipples became erect. The outer folds of her vagina became moist with feminine juices. It happened so quickly. In an instant, all the rage and revulsion she’d felt transformed into raw, unabated sexual arousal. It was as though something had entered her body, activated her sex drive, and sent it into overdrive.

She defiantly shook her head and groaned, rubbing her thighs together in an effort to fight the feeling. It was no use. It only got more intense.

“Whoa there, Daken! Go easy on the pheromones,” laughed Carnage. “I’m crazy psychopath, but even my dick can only get so hard.”

“I’m afraid we cannot go easy on someone like Mystique. She’s made that abundantly clear,” said Madelyne Pryor, still facing away. “I cannot leave anything to chance. That is why we must supplement our efforts to reorient her desires.”

Mystique continued groaning and writhing in her bound state. By now, streaks of feminine juices were seeping down her inner thighs. Whatever pheromones they’d used on her were extremely potent. She couldn’t possibly get more aroused, but the Goblin Queen sounded dead serious.

While she just hung there in her bound state, the devious redhead turned away from the window and retrieved something from a nearby desk. It turned out to be a container with a syringe, which was already filled with a glowing white liquid. As dazed as she was from her aroused state, Mystique still dreaded what came next.

“I’ve used both magic and science to forge my path,” she said as she held up the syringe. “Some say the two cannot work in harmony. They can only ever create chaos when mixed. That’s only half-true. I’m living proof of that.”

A maddened grin formed on her face. That grin got even wider as she made her way towards Mystique, lightly tapped on the syringe to prepare it, and leaned in closer so that she could whisper right into her ear.

“You’re about to feel more desire than you thought possible. Every fiber of your being will be
driven by it, from here on out. Given your malleable nature, you’ll be more effective than ever. And if the little bonus I added works as I hope, you’ll enjoy it every step of the way.”

“Errr…damn you,” said Mystique in a dazed tone.

Those were the last words she got out before the Goblin Queen stuck the syringe into her neck. It stung briefly. The shapeshifter groaned and recoiled at the feeling. Seconds later, that sting turned into something else entirely. That same heat that she’d felt moments ago quickly turned into a raging wildfire.

It overwhelmed her body.

It overwhelmed her mind.

It overwhelmed every fiber of her being.

Every thought, feeling, and desire shifted completely. The essence of Raven Darkholme – her ambitions, her goals, and everything she’d ever fought for – became an afterthought. Her entire perspective became focused on satisfying one specific need. Unfortunately, the only person who could give it to her was the Goblin Queen.

“So hot!” Mystique moaned a she tried in vain to fight it. “I want…I need…agghh!”

“Save your breath and your energy, Mystique. You’re going to need it,” the devious woman said to her. “I know what you desire. And I’m going to give it to you. Your previous plans, agendas, and misdeeds no longer matter. When I’m finished, you’ll only ever crave what I can give!”

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**Avengers Mansion – Medical Bay**

“Come on, Carol. Don’t do this to us! We can’t lose you again,” urged an anxious Captain America.

“I don’t think she can hear you, Steve,” said an equally anxious Tony Stark. “This coma she’s in… it’s unlike anything I’ve seen before.”

The mood throughout the medical bay was tense and solemn. Avengers Mansion was supposed to have the most advanced medical equipment in the world. Between Tony Stark’s deep pockets and SHIELD’s vast connection, it had every possible means of treating serious injuries. Even when aliens, demigods, and super-powered beings were involved, they were supposed to be ready.

What happened to Carol Danvers revealed just how ill-prepared they were when it came to situations involving mutants. Several hours ago, the Avengers received a distress call from San Francisco. The details weren’t clear. They knew that Ms. Marvel had been attacked by Rogue and Rogue, also known as Anna Marie, was a member of the Brotherhood of Mutants. According to their database, Rogue’s mutant abilities involved absorbing powers and memories through touch. The same data also said that the effects were temporary and anyone she absorbed recovered quickly.

Something had gone very wrong when she absorbed Ms. Marvel. When Iron Man, Thor, Wasp, Captain America, and Vision arrived, they found both women unconscious in the middle of the damaged road. After securing the scene, they immediately rushed them back to Avengers Manor. Along the way, Rogue drifted in and out of consciousness, her eyes glowing constantly with an energy that resembled Carol’s. However, she remained unstable and incoherent. All they could do was contain her.
Carol’s situation was more dire. She had slipped into a deep coma and nothing they’d tried could wake her. She was still alive. They even managed to stabilize her. However, there were unusual forces at work. Something was keeping her unconscious and they couldn’t figure out what it was. Tony even called in Hank Pym to help make sense of it, but that raised more questions than answers.

“Her vitals are weak, but stable,” said Hank, as he monitored her vitals from a nearby terminal. “Her heart rate and blood pressure are steady. Autonomic and peripheral nervous systems are still functioning, but her neural activity is so low that it’s barely registering.”

“But it is registering,” Tony confirmed. “That’s enough reason to keep trying.”

“I’m all for helping her, but what exactly can we try at this point? I’ve crunched the numbers with Vision. We’ve factored in her powers, the Kree parts of her biology, and the measurable effects from this mutant she encountered…who has been less than cooperative, I might add.”

“We have her contained. First, let’s focus on our friend,” said Captain America. “We failed Carol once before. We can’t fail her again!”

“We won’t, Cap,” said Tony. “That’s exactly why I called in a favor from our newest allies.”

He gestured across the medical bay towards the Avenger’s guests, who had arrived moments ago. Scott Summers and Jean Grey-Summers were recent additions to the Avengers’ list of allies. As former X-Men turned activists, having founded X-Corp and solicited an impressive list of donors, Tony Stark insisted on making them their first call. He claimed they were more equipped than most to understand mutant-related phenomenon.

They’d been watching from afar, going over the incident with Vision. Captain America argued that they should reach out to Charles Xavier as well, but he and the X-Men were unavailable, due to a mission to the Savage Land. Tony expressed confidence in Scott and Jean’s ability to assist them. Others remained skeptical.

“Well, I hope they can explain the inconsistencies with this data,” said an increasingly frustrated Hank. “The science of human/Kree biology is complicated enough. Adding mutant abilities to the mix can only compound the issues.”

“I understand your skepticism, Dr. Pym,” said Scott. “We wouldn’t have come if we didn’t think we could help.”

“And if it involves mutants, we need to help,” added Jean. “It’s not just part of our mission with X-Corp. When things like this come up, we can’t ignore it.”

“You mean things that involve renegade mutants attacking an Avenger out in the open?” said Hank, his skepticism still apparent.

“It’s not just that,” she said. “What this mutant – Rogue, as she calls herself – did to Carol was awful. It also shouldn’t be possible with her powers.”

“Is that an opinion? Or is it based on real data?” asked Tony, already shaking his head in frustration. “Because at this point, the numbers just aren’t adding up.”

“I can’t put numbers to the data, but I can tell you that Scott and I know when mutant abilities are disrupted. We’ve seen it happen too many times.”

“What do you mean by disrupted?” asked Captain America.
“Take it from someone who had his powers disrupted by traumatic brain injury,” said Scott, tapping on his ruby quartz glasses to help make his point. “When a mutant ability has been tampered with, there are obvious signs.”

Scott and Jean spoke with certainty, but the room remained tense. Neither Hank nor Tony looked encouraged. They remained at the terminals near Carol’s bedside, pouring over data and medical scans in hopes of helping their fellow Avenger. Not being a doctor or a tech genius, Captain America could only watch his comatose friend lie deathly still on the bed. It was an awful sight, but their two associates from X-Corp seemed hopeful.

The young couple had been on the other side of the room with Vision, pouring over the scans taken of Rogue. Like Carol, she was not fully conscious, but her situation was every bit as concerning. She’d been locked in a special containment chamber. It had been originally designed to hold the Hulk while in his human form. Tony adjusted it to keep Rogue stable. She’d been twitching and fidgeting since they left San Francisco, her eyes and body constantly glowing with the same yellowish energy they saw in Ms. Marvel when she fought in battle.

There was still the matter of what to do with Rogue if she woke up. She’d attacked an Avenger. She was a known member of the Brotherhood of Mutants. The extent of her culpability remained unknown, but like it or not, she was their only reference for helping Carol. Scott and Jean kept looking at her and then at each other, as though they were having a conversation with their thoughts. It was a curious exchange, but one Tony claimed was not unusual for a married couple that shared a telepathic link.

Whatever they discussed must have been relevant because they had Vision working hard on processing excess data. The android’s eyes kept flashing as he remained plugged into the containment pod. His expression finally changed when Rogue’s eyes flashed again.

“Hnn…the power. Need…the power,” she muttered in her thick accent.

“She’s stirring again, Jean. See if you can calm her down,” said Scott.

“Already working on it,” she said, “but we can’t knock her out completely. That’s not going to help us reach Carol.”

“Then, what will?” asked Captain America intently. “Do you two have a plan?”

“We have a theory,” Scott replied, “which we might be able to turn into a plan.”

“Might?” questioned Hank.

The tension escalated. All eyes were on Scott and Jean now. Both Hank and Tony had stopped trying to make sense of the data on their end. They finally rose up from Carol’s bedside and joined the former X-Men near Rogue’s containment pod. If there was any hope of aiding their friend, it rested with them.

“I’m sorry, Dr. Pym. But we can only assume so much,” said the former X-Leader. “Based on what Vision told us, our suspicions were accurate. Someone or something disrupted Rogue’s mutant powers while she was absorbing Carol.”

“I can confirm this conclusion with 97.94 percent certainty,” said Vision, still processing data through a series of wires. “After sequencing and extrapolating the effects of her X-gene, I calculated what should and shouldn’t be possible with her mutant abilities. And the extent to which she drained Ms. Marvel’s life force grossly exceeds her inborn capabilities. What she did was
analogous to starting a forest fire with a single photon.”

“How certain are you she didn’t tamper with her mutation?” asked Tony. “Draining some random person on the streets is one thing. Draining Ms. Marvel must have required more than just light graze.”

“That is an exceedingly remote possibility,” said Vision. “Tampering with one’s own mutation requires abilities and expertise of the highest order…a kind inaccessible to even the most cunning of individuals. The Brotherhood of Mutants has quite a reputation, but resources at that level are far beyond their ability.”

“It also doesn’t fit their style,” added Scott. “I’ve dealt with the Brotherhood. They’re reckless, but they always have a plan. Given how it overwhelmed Rogue as much as Carol, I doubt this was planned.”

“That’s a problem in terms of figuring out where it came from. It left them both in a state of chaos, mentally and physically,” Jean continued, putting her hand on her temple as she focused her telepathic powers on Rogue.

“I’m guessing that limits our options,” said Hank in a frustrated tone.

“Actually, it gives us more than I thought…when viewed from the right perspective,” said Jean.

She sounded oddly hopeful. She and Scott exchanged more glances. Hank and Tony looked back towards the comatose Carol with increasing reservation. As two of the Avengers’ smartest minds, they weren’t used to being ignorant. Mutant issues had a way of confounding even the most brilliant of people.

That was exactly why they’d partnered with X-Corp. This was their expertise. Scott and Jean had more experience with unstable mutants than anyone in the Avengers. Captain America didn’t sense that all hope was lost. He kept watching intently as the young couple applied their skills and knowledge.

“Give me our best option,” said Captain America with growing urgency, “and tell us what you need to make it work.”

“In this case, our best option also happens to be the most direct,” said Jean. “At the moment, Rogue and Carol’s powers are in overdrive. Rogue’s body drained too much power and Carol’s is trying too hard to regenerate hers. The best we can do for both of them is balance them out.”

“What exactly does that entail?” asked Dr. Pym.

“From us, some careful telepathic guidance,” said Jean, gesturing towards her and her husband. “From you, a concerted effort to keep thing stable. You’ve seen the extent of Ms. Marvel’s powers more than most. You know how destructive they can get.”

“Well, they came from an explosion, last I checked,” Tony commented.

“And we need to prevent another one if we’re to help her,” Scott added. “That means Jean and I need you to counteract any energy bursts that might occur while we treat her. And if we have to tap power from the Phoenix Force, then those bursts are sure to get volatile.”

They didn’t present it as simple, clean process. They didn’t make it sound impossible, either. It was just going to be messy, dangerous, and possibly destructive. Those were all risks that both the Avengers and the X-Men endured regularly. For the sake of their friend and fellow Avenger, their
recourse was clear.

Tony and Hank exchanged glances. Hank still looked concern. He was never one to show confidence in a plan unless all the math added up. Tony was more inclined to take chances and brave danger. It also helped that he’d established a professional connection with Jean Grey-Summers. If certain rumors were true – and few doubted they were – that connection went beyond being one of X-Corp’s biggest donors.

While the Avengers’ most brilliant minds contemplated the logistics, Captain America turned towards the comatose Carol Danvers. The Avengers were not unlike the close-knit unit he led in World War II. They didn’t leave a wounded soldier behind.

“We’ll take that chance,” said Captain America. “Tell us what you need and we’ll help you prepare.”

“Sure, Cap. Pretend I’m not the one paying for most of these preparations,” quipped Tony.

“You owe it to Carol. We all do,” the first Avenger reminded him. “You can’t put a price on that.”

“Even if I did, we wouldn’t be even. I’d still owe her a long list of favors,” the billionaire said with a half-grin. “Just thought I’d remind you guys that this infirmary was built to contain the Hulk and that kind of thing isn’t cheap.”

“If we succeed, the most you’ll pay for is a cleaning bill,” said Scott. “It also means you’ll have to recalibrate everything you use to hold the Hulk and tailor it to Ms. Marvel’s powers.”

“That’s going to take time,” Hank pointed out.

“Then, we’d better get to work,” said the former X-Leader. “The longer we wait, the harder it’ll be to reach them.”

“I can confirm that, too. I calculate that the chance of failure rises exponentially after four hours and twenty minutes,” added Vision.

“Four hours, huh?” said Tony, as he cracked his knuckles in preparation. “I can work with that. I’ve invented world-changing tech in half that time.”

“We trust you to do your part. You can trust us to do ours,” said Jean with a smile.

Tony smiled back and nodded. Dr. Pym still looked anxious about the process, but Tony already had that inventive glint in his eyes. He was already working out how he was going to retool and reconfigure his tech to get the job done. It was what he did and he did it better than anyone.

While Tony appeared confident, Scott and Jean made their way over to Carol’s comatose form. They kept exchanging glances, occasionally looking back towards Rogue, whose body kept flickering with Ms. Marvel’s powers. They were mentally preparing themselves for what was sure to be a strenuous effort. Captain America joined to offer his support.

This wasn’t a typical battle in which he could hold up his shield and assemble the Avengers. He wasn’t used to being anywhere other than the front lines, but that was why they had forged a partnership with X-Corp. With their support and cooperation, they could fight the battles they weren’t equipped to handle. For the sake of their friend and fellow Avenger, they had to use every possible resource.

“Thank you both for doing this,” Captain America told them. “I know our partnership with X-Corp
is still new, but this will go a long way towards making us better allies.”

“That’s why we’re here, Captain,” said Scott. “This is what allies do for one another.”

“It also benefits everyone when we can save someone like Ms. Marvel,” added Jean as she cast the comatose woman a compassionate gaze. “She’s a hero and an inspiration to many, but she’s also human. And no human deserves this. The mind and body can only endure so much before they suffer lasting damage.”

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Madripoor – The New Hellfire Club’s Headquarters

“I hate this. I hate it…so much. And yet…I want it so bad!”

Mystique had been repeating that mantra like a broken record. She barely managed to articulate it through her dazed mind and slurried voice. In terms of formulating coherent thoughts, it was the best she could do. Every other bit of mental and physical energy went to enduring the perverse sex acts that the Goblin Queen heaped on her.

It started with her opening another portal, not unlike the one she’d used to abduct her. From it, a dozen or so imposing male figures walked out and surrounded her bound, naked body. They all had pale white skin, glowing red eyes, and a muscular stature. They also each had a sizable endowment between their legs, which quickly became erect as they narrowed their sights on her.

The Goblin Queen called them her Goblin Studs. Carnage joked that they were horny zombies hopped up on boner pills. Mystique could care less what anyone called them. In their glowing eyes and demonic expression, she saw only blind lust. They had only one purpose. They were going to fuck her and, as much as she hated it, Mystique wanted that.

“That’s it, my handsome studs,” said the Goblin Queen, who stood nearby. “Don’t be shy. Give her what she wants!”

The hulking male figures hungrily obliged. One stood behind her, reaching around and roughly kneading her breasts with both hands. Two more stood at each side, kissing and licking down her neck, tasting her blue-colored skin. Two more were on their knees, taking turns as they ate her pussy out and fingered her asshole. They weren’t gentle, but they weren’t looking to cause pain or injury. However, that only made it worse.

What they did felt good. Mystique hated that to no end, but there was no getting around it. These demon studs, as hideous as they were, focused on bombarding her with pleasure. They touch, groped, licked, and fingered her from multiple angles. They partially fed that overwhelming desire that had consumed her, due to the Goblin Queen’s treachery. However, feeding that desire did not mean satisfying it.

“More…I want more,” the shapeshifter groaned as she descended deeper into a daze.

“Damn!” commented Carnage, who watched from across the room with Daken. “Just when I thought a bitch couldn’t get any hornier.”

“Trust me. This is just a prelude,” said Daken.

“Call it whatever the fuck you want. It beats the hell out of porn!”

Mystique barely heard those snide remarks. She just writhed under the bombardment of sensations. Her arms still hanging over her head, with her legs held apart by the two figures eating her out, she
was at the mercy of overwhelming lust. She was already on the brink of orgasm, but it hardly felt like an endpoint. It seemed more like a prelude to much more.

“Coming! I’m…going to…come!” she cried out.

When the feeling it, it was like a bomb going off in her core, exploding with pleasure that shot through her like a bolt of lightning. It was so sharp and intense, flooding her malleable body with white hot pleasure. Her back arched, her toes curled, and her expression became maddened with ecstasy.

It shouldn’t have happened that quickly. Mystique prided herself at being difficult to satisfy. It was how she enticed lovers, allies, and even enemies, making it so they had to work if they wanted to please her. She often made it difficult for them, using her shapeshifting abilities to gain greater leverage. She always made sure she was the one in charge.

Now, the roles had been completely reversed. She couldn’t use her shapeshifting abilities. She couldn’t exert herself in any way. She was just a bound, horny woman who had lost all control of her situation. It sent deeper into a daze of desire, further numbing her ability to defy the Goblin Queen.

“You’re starting to feel it, aren’t you?” the Goblin Queen taunted. “The ecstasy…the euphoria of achieving what you desire…it’s powerful. You may hate that you want it, but you still want it. And so long as you aid me in my desires, I’ll give it to you!”

As Mystique continued gasping heavily from her orgasmic release, the devious woman snapped her fingers. Through either magic or some form of telekinesis, the metal shackles that had bound her wrists unlocked themselves. Her body still writhing, she fell to the hard floor in a naked heap. The Goblin Studs let go of her, as if to let her crumble in an overt act of defeat.

“But with me,” she went on, “feeding desires isn’t the same as satisfying them. So long as I will it, you can have those desires endlessly met, but you will never be satisfied.”

“Fuck…you,” Mystique muttered in a slurred voice.

“I sense you’re still skeptical,” she said coyly. “Very well. I’ll just have to belabor my point!”

She casually gestured towards the horde of Goblin Studs surrounding her. Their eyes flickered briefly again, as if they’d received direct commands from their queen. At the same time, their dicks all became fully erect. Now looking up at so much rigid, throbbing flesh, Mystique gazed at them with vacant eyes, unable to escape the truth.

“Take her,” Madelyne said in a cold, yet casual tone.

Every Goblin Stud looked down at her with a monstrous grin. Then, like obedient minions who just happened to have raging boners, they pounced on her.

Just as before, they surrounded her. One got behind her, grabbed her by the waist, and propped her up so that she was on all fours. Then, without hesitation, he guided his dick towards her pussy and thrust it into her. The shapeshifter gasped at the feeling of hard penetration, flooding her body with more intense sensations. Her malleable body that she once controlled so well betrayed her.

It felt so good.

She hated it, but it felt good.
“Ohhh fuck!” Mystique moaned.

Those were the last words she got out before two more Goblin Studs positioned themselves in front of her and shoved their dicks in her face. Instinct and lust took over from there. She started sucking them both off, taking almost the entirety of their impressive endowments.

She slurped and gagged along their length. The creatures seethed in moaned in delight. They humped her face and pulled her hair, coordinating with the other Goblin Stud fucking her pussy. Together, they rocked her body back and forth, fucking her from both ends like a common whore. It was a decadent, inglorious state that Mystique had never once entertained. Now, she indulged in it willingly.

The decadent display further aroused the other Goblin Studs. Several moved in closer, seething and sneering at her while they stroked their rock-hard cocks. As they jerked themselves off, the Goblin Studs fucking her from both ends stepped up the pace. Her body rocked harder, their cocks pumping and slithering inside her. She was already close to climaxing again.

Then, she felt it. The creatures fucking her climaxed. They let out loud, high-pitched shrieks as their members throbbed intensely before releasing a thick load of seminal fluid. The one fucking her pussy went first. The two creatures in front of her blew their load shortly after, both pulling out and spraying their load on her face. Mystique could only gasp and gag as the hot fluid filled her depths and splattered onto her face.

As if to amplify the debauchery, the other Goblin Studs standing near her climaxed too. One by one, they jerked themselves off until they blew their load, aiming their cocks right at her so that covered her in their seminal fluid.

“Errahhhhh!” they all howled as they came.

“Ha! Now that’s a money shot!” laughed Carnage.

Mystique, the same cunning shapeshifter who once dodged bullets with ease, didn’t even try to avoid it. She just remained on her hands and knees, feeling the thick globs of semen splatter all over her body. It was humiliating, degrading, and obscene.

Even so, she still craved it. The feeling of their hot fluid on her naked skin somehow got her to climax a second time. It shouldn’t have been possible, but once again, her body and her resilience let her down.

“Hnn…fuck,” was all she got out.

As rivers of manly fluid dripped from her body, she shuddered under the weight of another orgasmic release. In the process, her arms and legs gave out. She fell to the floor again, short of breath and dripping with fluids.

However, even as the Goblin Studs that got off finished their release, others who still had raging boners emerged from behind and surrounded her. They still had a look of seething lust, eying her naked body with sexual hunger. After what she’d just endured, the idea should’ve seemed tortuous. Instead, she still wanted it.


“See? Now you’re getting it!” said the Goblin Queen. “You can indulge all you want. In the end, it won’t be enough. You can only get what you seek through me. You can try anything else. You’ll only make it worse.”
The devious redhead dared Mystique to defy her again. Still lying on the floor, looking through the sea of horny Goblin Studs, she felt Madelyne’s bemused gaze. Mystique had endured torture before. She’d endured pain and suffering of all types, but never broke. Many had tried. She always managed to tell them off in the end.

This time was different. The Goblin Queen was no ordinary deviant. She wasn’t sane, but she wasn’t foolish either. Instead of torture, she employed a far more effective tactic. She didn’t use pain to bend others to their will. She used pleasure to make others want to do the work for her. If she weren’t so overwhelmed with lust and covered in cum, she might have cursed her for being so cunning.

“Well? What’s it going to be, Mystique?” she asked with folded arms.

“Keeping in mind your answer determines how fucked you are,” added Carnage, “so please, for the sake of my dick, do something stupid!”

“You’re a world class degenerate, Kletus,” Daken commented.

“And I’m proud of it!” he laughed.

Mystique hung her head low, angrily gritted her teeth, and turned away from the Goblin Queen and her associates. She was still dazed, unsatisfied, and drunk with lust. Every goal, ambition, and vision up to that point – finding love with Destiny, giving up the children she birthed, founding the Brotherhood of Mutants, and adopting Rogue – it all became an afterthought. Her entire world now focused on feeding the burning desire that the Goblin Queen had instilled in her.

Finally, the once iron-willed shapeshifter gave in. In her dazed state, she laid flat on her back, not minding the dirty floor under her in the slightest. She then spread her legs, her pussy still dripping wet with cum, and beckoned the horny Goblin Studs with her eyes.

“Please…fuck me again,” Mystique said, her voice devoid of resolve.

“Damn! I thought she’d push it,” said Carnage. “Oh well! Maybe the next chick we snag will be different.”

“As though that will change the outcome,” said Daken flatly.

“Your response is not surprising,” said Madelyne, still as smug as ever, “but if you’re hoping it will buy you mercy, think again. When you’re this driven by purpose and desire, mercy is not a viable option.”

Mystique groaned bitterly before shutting out their voices, as well as their leering glares. If she was going to get fucked into submission, she might as well do it on her own accord.

Her body still ached for more sex. Her mind remained obscured with lust. The horde of Goblin Studs seemed all too eager to oblige her. As she laid on the dirty floor, the hulking creatures let a series of lurid snarls before unleashing themselves upon her.


They gathered around her, carrying themselves like obedient minions fueled by endless lust. They coordinated their efforts once more. It started with them fucking her one-by-one. A single horny Goblin Stud got on top of her, held her legs apart, and pumped his cock into her with reckless abandon. He humped her hard and fast, causing her breasts to bounce and expression to shift, becoming dazed and distant by the onslaught of sensations.
Once that first Goblin Stud climaxed, shooting another load of cum into her pussy, Mystique climaxed as well. It was like there was something in the viscous fluid that triggered an orgasm. It was intense, but unsatisfying. It left her still wanting more. Before she could even complete her release, another Goblin Stud got on top of her and fucked her with the same vigor.

“More! More! More!” the creature hissed as it held her wrists down to the floor while humping her hard.

It played out the same as before. The creatures kept hissing and cheering, looming over her and watching with hungry eyes. After the next Goblin Stud got off, another quickly took his place. Mystique barely had time to catch her breath or brace herself for more orgasm. They didn’t let up. They just kept fucking her.

As this assembly line of decadence played out, some of the Goblin Studs began jerking themselves off, just like others had done earlier. The result was the same. As they climaxed, they aimed their cocks at her naked body and sprayed her with their manly fluids. Even as her body rocked to the heavy rhythm of the sex, they managed to get plenty on her face, breasts, and torso.

It should’ve disgusted her.

It should’ve prompted her to fight back, as she always had whenever someone tried to control her.

It should’ve evoked many different reactions in Mystique, but it didn’t. It just left her wanting more.

“Please…don’t stop,” she found herself saying. “I can’t…can’t stop.”

She sounded pathetic. It was not the voice of the tough, cunning Raven Darkholme that once struck such fear in her enemies. She sounded like a weak and desperate slave. It was the antithesis of everything she stood for. Even so, she couldn’t escape it.

“Now, she’s getting it!” laughed Carnage. “Come on, you hideous creatures! Step up your game! Show our queen you’re worth a damn!”

“Our encouragement is not necessary, Carnage,” Madelyne said with a curt grin.

“Neither is an axe to a knife fight, but it helps!”

“I didn’t say I minded,” the devious woman laughed.

Mystique tried to shut out her laughter, but the Goblin Studs clearly heard them. Much to her revulsion, they heeded Carnage’s encouragement.

They stepped up the pace and intensity of their indulgence. They began fucking her two at a time, propping her on all fours like a sex doll and taking her from both ends like before. One got in front of her and fucked her face. The other got behind and fucked her pussy. With disturbing coordination, they pumped their cocks into her until they came inside her, triggering more orgasm for her as well. Before should even finish swallowing or climaxing herself, two more Goblin Studs came in to keep the sex going.

They were even rougher than before. They also worked anal sex into their debauchery. One of the Goblin Studs had started fucking her pussy from behind. Then, just before he climaxed, he switched holes and shoved his throbbing cock into her ass. Mystique initially felt a sharp sting that caused her to gag on the cock she was sucking. It didn’t slow them down in the slightest. It just reinforced the extent of her daze.
“Mmff! My…my ass,” Mystique said through muffled moans.

“Hey, you’ve got other holes. Might as well use ‘em!” said Carnage through maniacal laughter.

He made some other lewd comments, but Mystique couldn’t hear them. At that point, her mind was too dazed and her body too ravaged. All she could do was endure and indulge, knowing that she was no closer to satisfying the desires that consumed her.

The Goblin Studs continued fucking her in what became a full-fledged gangbang. What started as coordinated and systematic soon devolved into a chaotic heap of naked bodies, sexual fluids, decadent noises. The imposing creatures got greedier, fighting each other for a turn at fucking her. They all eventually got their turn and Mystique kept taking it.

Those not focused on fucking one of her holes still found ways to further debauchery. They groped her flesh, licking around her face and neck while fondling her breasts. At one point, they even held her up off the floor while they fucked her. It soon got to the point where they were regularly penetrating her pussy, ass, and face all at once. It marked the apex of their decadence.

As the throbbing cocks pumped and slithered inside her, Mystique felt more orgasms wash over her. They came in successive waves, causing her body to writhe and contort, even as the Goblin Studs kept at it. The sensations were intense, but the outcome was the same. The desire kept burning. There was no satisfaction in sight.

That ultimate truth finally settled in. There was no escaping it. There was no fighting it, either. Even after the last Goblin Stud came inside her, letting out that seething hiss that left her ears ringing, Mystique remained trapped by this overwhelming desire.

“More. I need…more,” said the shapeshifter, even as cum dribbled down her face.

“I’m afraid that’s not possible, Raven,” said the Goblin Queen, “and not because my Goblin Studs are incapable. It’s because I will it.”

The devious woman waved her hands again. Like well-trained pets, the Goblin Studs obeyed.

The ones that had been fucking her pulled out, leaving a large volume of sexual fluids to spill out from multiple orifices. They weren’t even gentle in letting her go. They just stepped back, their dicks still erect, as she collapsed in a heap of sweat and cum.

She coughed and gagged, groaning as the cumulative effects of all the decadence caught up with her. She tried to push herself up, attempting to salvage some semblance of dignity. However, it was too late for that. As the Goblin Studs stepped aside, Madelyne approached, grabbed her by the face, and forced her to look up at her. She might as well have been a goddess, who now stood at the center of her world.

“Tell me, Raven Darkholme,” she said sternly. “Tell me you desire what I desire.”

“I desire what you desire, Goblin Queen,” said Mystique flatly and without hesitation.

“Tell me you’ll pursue my desires,” she added, “and, in turn, I’ll help satisfy yours.”

“I’ll pursue your desires however you want,” the shapeshifter told her. “It is all I want now.”

“As such, you will hereby remove yourself from previous loyalties or bonds…including lovers, allegiances, and children.”
That was, by far, the biggest demand. More so than the gangbang, such a request meant utterly abandoning the battles Mystique had spent a lifetime fighting. Beyond the struggle, it meant losing her children all over again. She hadn’t forgotten about Kurt, Rogue, and Graydon. They had always been part of her plan. Now, they could only be afterthoughts.

She bowed her head in defeat. Dazed, defeated, and utterly at the mercy of this woman, Mystique completed her final surrender to the Goblin Queen.

“My loyalty is only to you, my queen,” she said distantly.

“Excellent!” the devious redhead said with a beaming grin. “Then, let’s get you cleaned up and prepared. We’ve got plenty of work ahead of us and plenty more allies to entice!”

“And don’t worry about being too horny,” added Carnage. “So long as I’m around, I’ll make sure you get the fucking you need! But next time, could you take the form of some famous chick like Jennifer Lawrence or Rebecca Romijn Stamos? I’ve always had a crush on them!”

Inside The Carol Danver’s Mindscape

“How are you guys holding up in there? Hank and I aren’t seeing much change in Carol’s vitals,” said the worried voice of Tony Stark.

“We’re getting close, Tony. I can sense it,” assured Jean Grey-Summers confidently.

“Mind being specific on what IT actually entails?”

“Sorry, but that’s as specific as we can get. Believe it or not, navigating a comatose mind is difficult and requires intense focus,” she told him.

“Then, we’ll try not to distract you. But just so you know, Rogue’s energy readings are starting to get weird, even by mutant standards. So we may or may not be running out of time here. No pressure.”

Tony Stark had a colorful way of assessing the situation. He might have been a genius billionaire playboy, but when it came to finding the right words, he was no Hank McCoy. Jean Grey-Summers would’ve preferred her former teammate’s tact because she and her husband weren’t used to this sort of mission.

For the past half-hour, she and Scott had been in a meditative state, sitting on each side of Carol’s bed and hovering within the fiery halo of the Phoenix Force. Together, they initiated a psychic probe into the comatose woman’s psyche, hoping to piece together what Rogue had somehow shattered. While they carried out their search, Tony led the effort with Hank Pym, Vision, and Captain America to keep things stable.

It was a daunting task on both ends. Rogue’s powers, combined with the influx of Carol’s abilities, caused erratic energy readings that forced Captain America to seal the lab. Vision also warned that whatever disrupted their powers was getting worse. If they couldn’t be stabilized, then the lives of both women would be at risk, as well as the lives of everyone within a three-block radius. That was Vision’s most conservative estimate.

That put on more pressure than she and Scott had expected, but being former X-Men, they remained undaunted. They even donned the unique Phoenix-themed attire they’d created shortly after embracing this cosmic force. It helped them treat it like a mission with increasingly high stakes.
“They’re not used to things being this unpredictable, Jean,” Scott pointed out as he flew close beside her. “They’re not used to mutants, in general.”

“I sense that too,” said Jean. “That’s something we hoped to change with X-Corp.”

“Well, this is our chance to prove it,” he said, “but I don’t like having this many unknowns. We’ve seen mutants lose control of their powers. We’ve seen them push their powers beyond their limits. This doesn’t feel like that. It feels...different.”

Scott might not have been an expert in conducting psychic probes, but he knew the symptoms of uncontrollable powers better than most. Having struggled with control all his life, he knew when someone had an issue that went beyond being overwhelmed. Jean sensed it too and the deeper they dug, the more ominous signs they saw.

Navigating the mind of a comatose woman was like flying a plane through a massive storm cloud in the middle of the night. There wasn’t much to go on other than the presence of some swirling chaos, coupled with erratic flashes. They were not the signs of a stable mind, let alone a conscious one. There were all sorts of dark spots that resembled black holes, which she and Scott actively avoided. There was so much activity, but so little order.

“It’s worse than that, Scott. This isn’t how a stable mind is structured,” said Jean, keeping one hand on her temple as they flew through the storm.

“You’re the expert telepath. I’ll take your word for it,” he said as he avoided another flash, “but did Rogue do all this? There’s no way her mutant powers could be this damaging.”

“I don’t think this was all her,” said Jean. “I’ve done my share of psychic probes with Professor Xavier. Sometimes, a mind is simply scrambled. Other times, it has deep scars that only get deeper with repeated trauma.”

“So, if Rogue was just the added trauma, then we should be looking for the scars, right?”

“Therein lies the problem,” she said. “The worst scars are often buried the deepest. That means we have to dig even deeper.”

Taking her husband’s hand, Jean guided their psychic forms into the heart of the chaos. Despite surrounding themselves in the protective halo of the Phoenix Force, they still struggled to avoid the swirling black holes and the flashes of energy. Scott squeezed her hand tightly, having had less experience probing damaged minds. Jean’s experience was limited too, having entrusted such daunting task to Professor Xavier. She wondered if even he would struggle with this.

As they plunged into the mental abyss, flying through swirling storms of psychic upheaval, they saw brief flashes of images pop up. They were like pictures or brief movie clips. Most involved Carol, from her time serving in the United States Air Force to that fateful moment when she got her powers from the Psyche Magnetron. Some, however, appeared to belong to Rogue.

They included flashes of her growing up in Mississippi, struggling with her powers and later joining the Brotherhood of Mutants. At times, the memories clashed and collided, creating lightning-like bolts that send shockwaves through her psyche.

“Congratulations, Colonel Danvers!”

“Avengers Assemble!”

“Anna Marie, you're not welcome in my house no more!”
The clashes grew more frequent, so much so that she and Scott had to blast through them. It looked like both sets of memories were actively opposing one another, like two opposing armies battling for control over territory. The deeper they flew, the more intense it got.

“They’re fighting each other,” Scott surmised. “Rogue and Carol…it’s like they’re waging an all-out psychic war.”

“It’s more like a war of confusion,” said Jean, still trying to navigate the chaos. “Nobody knows who fired the first shot, but neither side wants to succumb.”

“Then, they’ll just keep fighting until there’s nothing left,” said Scott, drawing from his combat experience, “unless we can get control of each side.”

“Which is something Rogue and Carol have to be part of,” added Jean. “It’s just a matter of finding the central core of their psyche”

“Or what’s left of it,” Scott said with dread.

“It’s still intact. We wouldn’t have made it this far if it weren’t. We just have to find where it’s buried. More importantly, we have to find out what’s keeping it that way.”

She made it sound easy, but it clearly wasn’t. She and Scott narrowly avoided more clashing memories, followed by thunderous flashes. They each blasted their way through more chaos, following it deeper into the mental darkness.

Eventually, they reached an area so chaotic that every other erratic manifestation seemed to stem from it. As she and Scott fought their way through more upheavals, it started to take a clearer shape. Like an island emerging from foggy seas, something manifested within the heart of all this vast mindscape.

“There!” Jean shouted. “I see something.”

“I see it too!” said Scott as they flew towards it. “I think there’s someone there. It sounds like Carol!”

“I can sense her presence, but there’s someone else here too.”

“Is it Rogue?” he asked intently.

“It’s not just her. There’s also something…”

Jean abruptly stopped as the scene before them took shape. As soon as she and Scott emerged through the psychic fog, they saw something so shocking that they stopped abruptly.

It was indeed Carol Danvers, at least a manifestation of her. Rogue was there too, albeit as another manifestation. However, there was another figure present…one that seemed to be the catalyst for both the chaos and the damage they’d observed throughout Carol’s mind.

“Oohhh Marcus!” moaned a dazed and impassioned Carol.

“Yes! Yes!” said an imposing, but ominous figure. “Carol…you are mine. Be mine!”

Jean and Scott gasped at the sight. They recognized that figure from the file Tony had given them on Carol’s recent history. He was Marcus Immortus, the son of Immortus and the one who had
manipulated Carol into loving, birthing, and following him back to his realm. He’d manipulated her to such an extent that even her fellow Avengers believed that Carol had truly fallen for him. It was the primary reason Carol had been so upset with them after she freed herself and returned to Earth.

Now, in the deepest recesses of her mind, that lingering scar in her memory had taken a new form. It played out like a dream. They were in what appeared to be the former lab of Dr. Walter Lawson, also known as Captain Marvel. They were having sex under what appeared to be prototype of the Psyche Magnetron that initially triggered her powers. What they were doing seemed to be the driving force behind all the swirling chaos.

Carol was completely naked, on her back with her legs being held apart while Marcus was on top, humping with her with intense fervor. Her gaze was vacant, awash with dazed desire. In contrast, Marcus looked upon her with domineering passion.

The way he held her face while rocking her body with his lustful movements was not one of sincere, genuine love. Scott and Jean knew that look. What Marcus was doing to Carol hardly counted as love.

"Uh…guys?" said the voice of Tony Stark, jarring them from their state. "What’s going on in there? We just got a huge spike on the energy readings and the EKG is all over the place."

"Give us a minute, Tony. I think found the source of Carol’s condition,” said Jean, not looking away from the scene.

"We may or may not have that kind of time," he warned them. “Vision said the energy containment mechanisms are breaking down faster than he calculated. So whatever you need to do to free Carol, do it quickly! Again, no pressure."

Scott and Jean exchanged glances. They then turned back towards Carol, who showed no signs of resistance. She just laid there and took Marcus’ endless lust. On the surface, it looked like she was enjoying it. She even appeared to orgasm at one point. At the same time, she showed no signs that she actually wanted this. It was as though her perspective was being shaped and molded by outside forces.

Jean sensed Scott already forming a plan. They were going to attack Marcus, free Carol, and try to wake her up. However, something else caught her eye that might complicate that effort.

“Scott, look!” she said, pointing up at the Psyche Magnetron.

As soon as he saw what she saw, his plans changed and so did hers.

“Is that Rogue?” he asked.

“It is,” Jean confirmed.

“Is she doing what I think she’s doing?”

“Yes, and probably more.”

The extent of Carol and Rogue’s predicament finally became clear, but it was more distressing than they’d expected. However it happened, the two women were in an unenviable situation.

At the top of the Psyche Magnetron, Rogue hovered within a glowing yellow energy field. It closely resembled the energy Carol radiated when she was in her binary form. It flowed into her as
though she had tapped into a bottomless well of power.

Carol, in her current state, was the source of it. The area around her body was surrounded in a dim halo, which occasionally flickered, even while Marcus kept fucking her. The Psyche Magnetron seemed to direct the energy and it gave off erratic sparks in all directions, which appeared to be the source of the escalating damage to Carol’s psyche. Unlike Carol, though, Rogue didn’t seem as passive.

“This power…so much power,” she said with glowing eyes. “I want…Ah need…more!”

The energy intensified, as did Carol’s ravaging. As Rogue drew in more power, Marcus was more domineering. He held Carol down harder, thrusting his hips with greater force and rendering her more submissive. She shook her head, indicating she didn’t want this kind of sex. She still climaxed though.

“I’m cumming…again! Ohhhh!” she cried out.

The situation kept getting more volatile. At the rate they were going, both women would be overwhelmed. Scott kept assessing the situation, looking at Rogue and then back at Carol. Jean kept trying to make a psychic connection to either woman, but it was no use. If they were going to save them, they needed a direct approach.

“Jean, I’ve got an idea,” said Scott.

“Good, because I can’t reach their minds,” she said with one hand on her temple. “There’s too much psychic static.”

“Then, we’ll have to reach them another way,” he said. “Rogue and Carol are trapped in a loop. If what we’re seeing is a product of their minds, then Rogue is stuck absorbing Carol’s power and Marcus is how she’s keeping her subdued.”

“That appears to be the case,” said Jean. “Psychic constructs tend to feed on vivid memories.”

“And Rogue picked the worst possible one,” added Scott. “So if we’re to get them out of the loop, we need to break it. But we need to do it at the same time.”

The former X-Men leader in him had already crafted a plan. With time now a factor, according to Tony, they didn’t have time to hesitate. Scott began flying closer, braving more energy bolts along the way. Jean remained close, trusting her husband’s tactical skills, even in a chaotic mindscape.

“I’m going to reach out to Carol,” he said. “If Marcus is the block, I need to remove it. But I doubt it’ll work if Rogue keeps craving her power.”

“Then, I guess it’s up to me to convince her to stop,” Jean surmised.

“You’ve always been very persuasive, Jean,” said Scott, “with or without telepathy. See if you can convince her. That might be the only way.”

“I’ll assume it is.”

They exchanged one last glance of confidence. They didn’t have time to wish each other luck. They just shared a brief thought of love and encouragement before flying off in different directions.

While Scott flew through more outbursts from Carol, Jean made her way to the top of the Psyche Magnetron. Rogue showed no signs of letting up. She kept drawing more and more of Carol’s
power. She also showed no signs of wanting to stop.

“Rogue! Anna Marie!” Jean called out. “Can you hear me? You need to stop this!”

“No! Can’t stop!” she said, not even looking towards her. “Need…more power!”

“Please! Don’t you see what you’re doing? To yourself? To Ms. Marvel?”

“Ah…can’t. Ah…won’t.”

Jean braved more blinding energy as she tried to get closer to Rogue. Down below, she sensed Scott nearing Carol, who remained under Marcus’ lustful grasp.

“You are mine, Carol. You are mine!” he proclaimed as he fucked Carol harder.

“Marcus,” Carol gasped, already on the brink of another orgasm, “I am…”

“No! You’re not!” Scott shouted.

That caught Marcus off-guard. It caught Rogue off-guard, as well.

The glowing energy around her flickered. The Psyche Magnetron shuddered, but the energy kept flowing. Jean sensed Carol showing more signs of resistance. She also sensed Rogue fighting to hold onto the energy.

“No! It can’t…stop. I need this…this power!” said Rogue.

“Why is that, Rogue? Why do you need it?” asked Jean, putting up powerful barriers to protect herself from the energy.

“Because I…mah momma and Ah…need it,” she stammered.

“Need and want are two different things,” Jean told her. “This power isn’t yours. And taking it is hurting someone…someone who did you no harm. Are you willing to inflict this on someone? Is that the kind of person you are?”

Rogue didn’t reply. She showed more signs of struggle, her expression shifting erratically as though she couldn’t think straight. Jean reached out, offering her hand as a means of escape. Rogue didn’t seem inclined to take it, but she also didn’t seem inclined to make an innocent person suffer.

Even if she was a member of the Brotherhood of Mutants, she didn’t come off as someone that devious.

Rogue’s struggle found its way to Carol. She showed more signs of resistance. She started pushing back against Marcus, who didn’t stop fucking her. He even tried doing it harder, forcing his lips onto hers to silence her. That was when Scott made his move.

“That’s not how you treat a woman!” he yelled.

Tapping into his Phoenix powers, he unleashed an optic blast that hit Marcus right in the head. However, it didn’t knock him off Carol. It only distracted him briefly. He looked up towards Scott, but kept Carol pinned, still holding her arms to the floor.

“Go away!” Marcus demanded. “Can’t you see? She is mine? She wants this!”

“Is that true, Carol?” Scott asked intently. “Let me ask you a question, Carol…one I doubt Marcus has ever asked. What do you want?”
The power of that question shook the very foundations of the surrounding mindscape. Jean sensed it impact Rogue as well, who started clutching her head in distress. She knew what Scott was doing. For a scarred mind, it wasn’t possible to pull them out of such a deep trap. Their best bet was to help that mind save itself.

Carol Danvers – an Air Force pilot, an astronaut, and an Avenger – was stronger than most. Marcus Immortus made her question that through his manipulations. Now, Scott was reminding her of the answer. Even as the Psyche Magnetron grew more unstable, the energy flow becoming more erratic, Scott remained close the chaos. That didn’t stop Marcus, who kept fucking her harder and harder. He was about to blast him again.

Then, Carol finally locked eyes with Scott. At that same moment, Rogue’s expression changed too. The mindscape trembled again as another upheaval took hold.

“I know what I want…and it’s not this!” Carol yelled, finally sounding like her old self.

In a burst of energy that caused part of the Psyche Magnetron to blow apart, she pushed Macus off her. He let out an angry cry before landing a dozen feet away. It finally allowed Carol to reassert control of herself.

Now panting heavily, still naked and with Marcus’ sexual fluids dripping down her inner thighs, she stammered to her feet. Scott stood by her, but kept his distance. She didn’t seek his help. She just narrowed her gaze on Marcus, her once amorous daze turning to focused hatred.

“Not again. Never again,” Carol said.

“No!” shouted Marcus, already on his feet, still naked and very aroused. “I made you mine, Carol. Don’t you remember? I love you! And you loved me!”

“You tricked me! You used me!” Carol yelled. “That’s not love!”

“But it can be! It must be!” Marcus yelled back.

“You heard the lady, Marcus. She doesn’t want you,” said Scott, stepping out in front of Carol to attack.

He was about to fire another optic blast. Marcus would’ve deserved far worse. Even Rogue seemed to sense that. Jean already saw tears in her eyes upon hearing what Carol endured. It helped affirm that, as much as she wanted that power, she was not willing to hurt someone else that much to get it.

However, just as Scott was about to attack, Carol rose to her feet with renewed strength. Then, she stepped out in front of the former X-Men leader.

“No, Cyclops,” Carol said. “That won’t hurt him. But I know what will.”

Then, in an act clearly intended to break Marcus’ heart, she turned around, threw her arms around Scott, and kissed him on the lips. It caught Scott by surprise, but he sensed how much she wanted it. In the interest of helping her reassert control, he returned the gesture and kissed back. Carol even jumped up into his arms, threw her legs around his waist, and hungrily pawed at his chest.

“Hey there, handsome. Want to have sex?” she asked with a seductive grin.

“Um…is that what you want?” asked Scott with a surprised, but humored grin.
“Yes! I want it. I really, really want it!”

“Well, since this is your mind…”

Scott didn’t finish. He resumed kissing Carol. In doing so, his Phoenix uniform dissolved, rendering him as naked as her. His penis quickly became erect, as if directly powered by Carol’s new desires. Scott gladly accommodated them, grabbing hold of her waist and guiding her hips as she lowered her pussy onto his dick.

“Oohhh yes!” Carol exclaimed. “This is what I want! A real dick…from a real man!”

Had it not happened so quickly, Jean might have laughed hysterically. She wasn’t sure whether Carol knew that she and Scott had a very open marriage, but she got the sense it was more an attack on Marcus than just her jumping a married man’s bone. Whatever the case, Marcus’ reaction was as extreme as it was hilarious.

“Carol…this isn’t you,” he said in shock. “You are not this kind of woman!”

“Mmm…I disagree,” said Scott, his voice muffled by Carol’s fervent kissing.

“This is me, Marcus!” Carol proclaimed while moaning in delight. “This is what I want…what I choose!”

She laughed joyously, achieving orgasm as she rode Scott’s dick with a more genuine desire. She rocked her hips hard and threw her head back as she came, making it so Marcus saw her face. It was as if to show him how a woman looked like when she climaxed willingly. Scott certainly didn’t seem to mind. He even encouraged her, holding her up in his arms so that she could freely hump him as much as she wanted.

That sent Marcus over the edge. Just as the Psyche Magnetron started to break down, he erupted in a blind rage.

“That’s enough!” he yelled. “I will end this! I will make you mind once more!”

He was prepared to attack Scott and Carol, even as they fucked with more vigor. Then, Rogue made a move of her own. Looking back towards Jean, she finally took her hand.

“No. You won’t!” she said.

In a choice every bit as fateful as Carol’s, she closed her eyes and stepped out of the energy field. Jean helped guide her, flying her out in a halo of Phoenix-shaped fire. As soon as they escaped, the Psyche Magnetron crumbled and Marcus was buried under it.

“Nooo!” Marcus yelled.

“Oohhh yes!” Carol said, climaxing again just in time to see him disappear.

At that fateful moment, with Rogue having made her choice and Carol enjoying the fruits of hers, the entire mindscape dissolved in a burst of glowing light. From the deepest depths of this wounded psyche, an empowered mind awoke.

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Avengers Mansion – Medical Bay

“She’s waking up! Keep it steady, Hank!” yelled the urgent voice of Tony Stark.
“Stand back! I’m lowering the containment field!” replied an equally-urgent Hank Pym.

The room shook. The lights flickered. Burst of energy shot out in all directions. By the time Carol Danvers finally opened her eyes, much of the medical bay was already a mess. It only ended when she emerged from her comatose state and reasserted control.

“I did it…again,” she said in a raspy voice.

For the second time, she’d escaped the grasp of Marcus Immortus. This time had been arduous in a very different way, but every bit as cathartic. It also might have been more destructive.

She awoke to a chaotic scene, but not nearly as chaotic as the one she’d just escaped. The area around her bed had been charred by her energy bursts. The area around Rogue’s containment chamber was even worse. It looked like an area the Hulk had stormed through in a hurry. She appeared to be okay, but still only half-conscious.

“Hnn…all that power,” she groaned.

“Speak for yourself,” Carol muttered.

As she rose up in her bed, she saw Tony and Hank kneeling near a control console that was partially wrecked. She also saw Scott Summers and Jean Grey-Summers near them, looking somewhat dazed as well. However, once they saw her awake and alert, they cast her a smile. Carol smiled back, although seeing Scott made her blush.

“Carol! You’re awake and in one piece,” said Tony Stark. “That’s a victory by my standards.”

“Those are some standards,” said Hank, shaking his head and cleaning himself off from debris.

“Yeah…I’m okay, guys,” said Carol while rubbing her head. “I needed a long nap anyways.”

“And your sense of humor is in one piece too,” said Jean. “That’s a good sign.”

“Yeah…relatively speaking.”

Everyone needed a moment to catch their breath and process the situation. Scott and Jean gathered themselves, looking mentally exhausted from the ordeal. Tony and Hank seemed relieved and restless. Their only concern at this point was cleaning and repairing the medical bay.

However, after what she’d seen and experienced, Carol doubted it would be as easy for her. She’d been in a bad place before her encounter with Rogue. Her status with the Avengers had been tenuous ever since they found out that Marcus Immortus had manipulated her. Her latest ordeal had re-opened old scars and formed a few new ones. It left her with more critical decisions to make, but new opportunities to pursue.

“If it’s all the same to you guys, I’m going to need some time to collect myself here,” said Carol as she rubbed her throbbing head.

“Of course,” said Tony. “Take all the time you need. We kept your room the same…minus the closet full of Hawkeye’s old circus costumes.”

“Thanks,” she said with a half-smile. “I’ll also need a shower…a long, cold shower.”

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**Up Next: Prospective and Punishments**
The Erotic Phoenix Saga: Intimate Alliance
Chapter 7: Prospective and Punishments

Avengers Mansion – Ms. Marvel’s Room

“I’m sorry we failed you, Carol. That’s twice now and that’s two times too many. You’re an Avenger, but more importantly…you’re our friend. I understand why you’re doing this, but never forget. You’ll always have a place here.”

Less than an hour ago, Captain America said those heartfelt words to Carol Danvers. Years of military training, combat experience, and discipline meant to control her emotions faltered. When she shed a tear, she didn’t hide it. She didn’t stop herself from hugging the living legend with a heartfelt gesture of her own.

She also threatened to punch him back to the 1940s if he told Tony she cried, but that didn’t make the gesture any less sincere. Captain America still promised not to tell her and a promise from Cap was a promise kept. It helped make her decision to leave the Avengers feel less daunting.

“No more Avengers. No more Ms. Marvel. It’s just Carol Danvers now,” she mused as she stood in her mostly-empty room. “Why does that sound so overwhelming? And why am I not more pissed off?”

The former Air Force pilot clenched her fists and sighed. Carol had just finished packing up the rest of her stuff. It left her room in Avengers Mansion barren and empty. There was only the bed, the dresser, and the TV on the wall. It was also late at night and most of her fellow Avengers had turned in, having already said their goodbyes that afternoon. This place she once called home now seemed like a faded memory from a previous life…a life that had once again been derailed by forces beyond her control.

When Carol escaped Marcus Immortus’ clutches in Limbo, she was angry at her fellow Avengers. They actually thought she’d fallen in love with Marcus. They actually thought she wanted to be with him, despite having witnessed his capacity for manipulating her. That gave her plenty of reasons to walk away for a while, but she still planned on coming back. She was still an Avenger. There were still battles to win, aliens to blast, and Hydra soldiers to punch.

She thought she just needed some time away. After Charles Xavier from the X-Men helped rebuild her mind and memories, Carol believed that stepping back from the front lines would do her good. She planned to reconnect with friends like Jessica Drew, visit her family in Maine, and return to the Avengers refreshed and ready to fight.

Then, the same forces shed hoped to get away from found her. Rogue attacked her, put her in a coma, and forced her to relive the same trauma all over again. It was like opening an old wound and stabbing it with a fresh knife.

“I should blast this room to bits, just to send a message to the rest of the Avengers,” Carol said, her fists glowing with a photon blast, “but all that would do is piss off Tony’s accountant. I already want to find the nearest bar and drown myself in a bucket of Jack Daniels. I can’t go down that road again…even though I have a damn good excuse.”
Her hand kept glowing, as if to tempt her to leave a hole in the wall. She took a few deep breaths, calming her thoughts and the painful emotions that came with them. Carol had endured enough personal upheaval. Like her lingering struggles with alcoholism, she needed to take things one step at a time.

Leaving the Avengers was just one step. There were plenty more before her, but unlike before, she had a new host of options. Even though she’d made her share of questionable decisions recently, Carol had more confidence in the path before her.

“You’re already packed, I see,” said the familiar voice of Scott Summers from just outside her door. “Are you that eager to leave?”

“What can I say? I like being proactive,” Carol shrugged, not even turning to face him.

“If that were true, then you wouldn’t bother lying to a psychic,” said Jean Grey-Summers with folded arms, who stood next to her husband.

“I never said I was good at it,” she quipped. “Besides, a psychic would already know why I’m anxious to leave.”

“So much so that you didn’t even make a hotel reservation for the night?” Jean pointed out.

“I’ll bunk with Jess. I’ll fly to the moon and sleep in a crater. Hell, I’ll sleep anywhere that isn’t here. I just…need to get away.”

“We get that,” Scott said, “but this room, this mansion, and this city aren’t what you’re trying to escape, are they?”

Carol sighed again and unclenched her fist. The glowing stopped and her demeanor eased. She was already a wreck. She didn’t need to make that more apparent to anyone else, especially the two people who’d saved her. On top of that, they were the same two people responsible for giving her a new path to follow.

“I hate dealing with psychics,” said Carol. “I should have told you that before I agreed to join X-Corp.”

“It’s okay. We know it’s not personal,” said Jean with a humored grin. “And it’s not like you’re joining X-Corp full-time. You’re a liaison for X-Corp’s human/mutant relation efforts.”

“That’s just a fancy way of saying I’m a spokesperson who isn’t afraid of a Sentinel attack.”

“Call it whatever you want, Ms. Danvers. We offered you this opportunity because we believe you can do the job and do it well,” said Scott. “We also can’t overlook that what happened to you came at the hands of a mutant. While we can’t undo the pain it caused you, we can try to do our part.”

“If you’re worried about me holding a grudge, stop worrying,” said Carol. “I don’t blame entire groups of people for the crimes of one person. That’s what Hydra does.”

“I believe you,” he continued, “but this goes beyond opportunities, injustices, and healing from another traumatic ordeal. I think you understand that…more than any psychic ever could.”

“Even ones who have been in your mind and witnessed your pain,” added Jean.

There was uncanny understanding in their tone. Carol, as bitter and jaded as she was, couldn’t bring herself to take it out on these two. They’d been too good to her. They were the reason why
she wasn’t still in a coma.

She finally cracked a smile, much to her own chagrin. Scott and Jean smiled back. As the tension faded, the two former X-Men made their way into the room and closed the door behind them. It helped make things less awkward when Jean offered her a compassionate gesture, which Carol accepted.

She wasn’t usually one for hugs or sentimentality. Being an alcoholic with an alcoholic father made that difficult. She’d learned to make exceptions over the years and these two had done plenty to earn one.

“I’m sorry,” Carol said. “I don’t mean to be harsh. I’ve just had too many reasons to be pissed off lately.”

“In your defense, they’re perfectly valid reasons,” Scott pointed out.

“That doesn’t make it right. And believe me. I want to keep doing the right thing. Training with the Air Force…working my way through NASA…joining Avengers after I got my powers…it always felt like the right thing to do, but it always fell in line with my personal ambitions. To some extent, it undercut the idea of being a hero, especially on a team that calls themselves Earth’s Mightiest Heroes.”

“Are you saying that being Ms. Marvel was selfish?” he asked. “Because all the lives you’ve saved would argue otherwise.”

“I wouldn’t call it selfish. It’s not like I put my ego into that costume…unlike certain billionaire, playboy, tech geniuses,” said Carol, rolling her eyes.

“As though any costume could fit egos like that,” said Jean with a humored grin.

“But I only saw what I was doing through my perspective,” she went on. “I never stepped outside myself to see the bigger picture. For someone who wanted to be an astronaut, that’s a hell of an oversight.”

Carol briefly looked out the window and up at the stars. The night sky was clear. Even though the blaring lights of New York City, she could see the countless stars that lined the cosmos. There was so much to see and explore. There were so many battles to fight. She had the power, drive, and desire to do it all. She just let too many things hold her back.

Turning back to Scott and Jean, she saw two people who had been in her position. They started as students. They became X-Men. Then, they had an opportunity to strike out on their own and forge their own path with X-Force. Even though their situations were different, the challenges were the same. Now, it was her turn to overcome them.

“I know now what held me back,” Carol said. “I feel ready to fly higher, further, and faster than I ever could as Ms. Marvel. And I want X-Corp to be part of that ascension.”

“We want to be part of that too, Ms. Danvers,” said Scott. “We promise we’ll help you find that perspective you seek.”

“It’s part of what we do now,” added Jean, “on top of helping mutants, that is.”

“I appreciate that. I promise I’ll do my part too,” said Carol. “And if we’re going to be keeping those promises, you can call me Carol. Hell, you saw me naked. I think we can dispense with the formality.”
“Understood,” said Scott, blushing somewhat at the memory, “but to be fair, what we saw was in your mind. That’s not the same as seeing you naked.”

“From what I recall, that barely counts as a technicality,” she said with a wry grin.

“For psychics, those technicalities still matter…albeit to a certain extent,” said Jean. “Even the Professor and I can’t agree on how real certain experiences are in the psychic landscape.”

“Although we don’t mind speculating,” said Scott.

“Says the man still learning how to mix psionics, cosmic forces, and kink.”

“I’m a fast learner. When it comes to adapting our perspective, we have to be.”

They couple laughed. Carol found herself laughing as well. She even blushed a little. She hadn’t forgotten what happened between her and Scott in her mind. As traumatic as it had been, reliving her captivity by Marcus, the moment when she jumped another man’s bone right in front of her obsessive captor proved both cathartic and tactical.

It also felt great. There was no getting around that.

It was one of the reasons why she’d taken an extended shower after she woke up. While that spared her other embarrassing moments in front of her friends, it didn’t make the memory any less impactful. If anything, it rekindled a part of her that she thought Marcus had permanently damaged.

In recounting that moment, an idea came to her.

‘I guess my shower wasn’t cold enough. Oh well, it’s too late now.’

Carol found herself looking at Scott with a lurid glint in her eye. Technicalities aside, he was still an attractive man. Damaged or not, she couldn’t overlook that. Even though he was married, she’d heard from She-Hulk that they had a very flexible relationship. If that were true, then it presented her another opportunity…one that could function as another step in this new journey.

“You know, before you two showed up, I was contemplating on whether or not I should trash this room,” said Carol.

“Then, I guess it’s a good thing we decided to check in,” said Scott.

“Call it an unhealthy outburst. Call it a side-effect of someone who just got out of a coma. It proves that I’ve got a lot of issues to resolve. And maybe my coping skills are off, but there’s one issue I’d like to address before I leave this place.”

“And what might that be?”

She answered with a telling grin. Once again, her years of training, discipline, and resilience faltered. This time, however, it was by her choice.

Despite his wife standing right next to him, Carol walked right up to Scott, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him lips with the same intensity she had during the battle in her mind. While he was surprised at first, he didn’t resist. In fact, he kissed back with the same intensity he had in her memory. That was a promising sign.

‘Jean, if you’re reading my thoughts, tell me you’re okay with this…because honestly, I need it.’

‘I’m okay with it, Carol. Scott and I have a unique perspective when it comes to our sex lives. It’s
Jean just stood there with a bemused look, watching her kiss her husband. She was surprised, but she didn’t react as most women would. She might have suspected there were some lingering effects from jumping Scott’s bone in her mind, but not to this extent.

“Well, that is an issue,” Jean said as she laughed and shook her head, “and one Scott and I are uniquely qualified to help you with.”

“Good,” said Carol, abruptly ending the kiss with Scott, “because after what Marcus did to me, I’ll need you both for this.”

In another act that caught Jean by surprise – which was no easy feat for a powerful psychic – she reached over, grabbed Jean by the waist, and pulled her into a kiss as well. Scott, still processing what she’d just done, looked on with a mix of shock and intrigue. His wife was now kissing another woman. If his heterosexual masculine proclivities were anything like Tony Stark’s, he probably found what he saw very stimulating.

“Wow! That issue is more serious than I thought,” Scott said.

He had no idea and neither did Jean. Psychic or not, they couldn’t possibly know how much Marcus Immortus messed up her ability to intimately connect with someone. She’d planned to set that aside and focus on less personal matters. Now, she had a chance to confront it and defy Marcus even more. After what she’d been through, Carol couldn’t imagine a more fitting reaction.

“Here’s what I want to do,” said Carol after breaking the kiss with Jean. “Instead of trashing this room and storming out, I want to spend one more night in it. And I want to spend it having hot, reckless, mind-blowing sex with the both of you.”

“And this will help you resolve that issue?” Scott asked with a curious, but intrigued grin.

“Damn right, it will!” she replied. “Marcus used me. He used my mind, my body, and everything in between. I may have gotten my mind back, but my body…that I need to reclaim. Consider this my kinky way of making that official.”

As if to leave no doubt, while also spitting on Marcus Immortus’ grave, Carol stepped back and took off her clothes. She wasn’t shy or reluctant about it. She was downright urgent with how she slipped out her shirt, pants, bra, and panties. Once fully nude, she stood before the former X-Men without reservation, making no effort to conceal her breasts, hips, or pussy. She just let them take in the sight of her body.

Even though they’d seen her naked during their psychic rescue, there was something distinct about showing off her body in the real world. While Jean’s reaction was standard, being a woman with the same anatomy, Scott’s was more telling. If he liked what he’d seen in her mind, he liked what he saw in the physical world even more.

“Well, what are you waiting for? If you’re really going to help me with this, then why are you still fully clothed?” Carol asked in a seductive, yet assertive tone.

Jean and Scott exchanged glances. They were probably discussing the particulars of her lurid request, as any psychic spouses would. There must have been little to discuss because they didn’t stop grinning. After only a few moments, they just shrugged and started undressing as well.
“I can’t think of a good answer to that question,” said Scott, already unbuttoning his shirt.

“Me neither,” said Jean, who’d just unbuttoned her pants. “We did promise to help her, after all. If that’s how she wants us to go about it, then who are we argue?”

“And we do value keeping our promises at X-Corp,” Scott added, “especially when they’re this personal.”

“You two have a refined perspective on sex,” said Carol, already feeling excited and horny.

“Trust us. You’re not the first person to point that out,” said Scott.

“And you won’t be the last,” said Jean.

Within moments, the two former X-Men were as naked as her. They even undressed with the same casual urgency, kicking off their clothes and underwear as though it were the most mundane thing in the world. Something about that felt refreshing. Having been on the wrong end of an obscenely possessive man’s obsession, she needed a different approach to intimate matters. That included attitudes towards nudity.

Already, her new attitude felt less flawed. As soon as Scott and Jean slipped out of their underwear, Carol casually approached them, admiring their exposed bodies.

“There. We’re even now,” said Carol. “You’ve seen me naked. I’ve seen you. That’s a good first step.”

“Thanks…I think,” said Jean with a bemused grin. “What about the next step?”

“Yeah, I’m curious about that too,” said Scott.

“Among other things, apparently,” said Carol, “and for the record, I don’t entirely know what I’m doing here. I’m just playing it by ear…going by what feels right.”

“Then, we’re not going to get in your way,” said Scott. “If this is something you feel like you need, then we’ll let you decide how this plays out.”

“Oh Scott, if you’re trying to make me horny, you’re doing too good a job,” she said in a more sensual tone.

“He has that effect on women,” teased Jean, “more so than he’ll ever admit!”

She and Jean laughed while Scott just grinned in amusement. He and Jean remained where they stood, letting her navigate this impromptu exercise in kinky coping skills. Carol still wasn’t entirely sure what she was doing. She simply followed her desires, reaching out and welcoming the naked couple within her intimate presence.

In doing so, she affectionately touched and fondled their exposed bodies. Jean was naturally beautiful. Those comments Tony and Clint once made about her breasts, butt, and personal grooming habits were spot on. No heterosexual women would deny that. Carol showed her appreciation, reaching out and caressing Jean’s breasts with womanly admiration.

However, her admiration of Scott’s body was more thorough. She hadn’t forgotten what they did in her mind when she overcame Marcus’ control. If the look on his face were any indication, he hadn’t either. At one point, Carol’s gaze drifted down to his lower body. She hadn’t had time to admire his penis before. She didn’t hide her admiration of it now.
As she pawed his chest and took in his manly features, she smiled at him and he smiled back. That shared gaze made one thing clear. They were going to have sex again. This time, it wasn’t going to be a construct of the mind.

“Tell us what you want, Carol,” Scott said to her. “Tell us how you want to be pleased.”

“You mean I get to choose how we fuck?” said Carol, pretending to be shocked.

“You make that sound like a radical idea,” he said.

“After what Marcus did to me, it might as well be,” she said, “which is why I may get a little… controlling.”

“We’re okay with that,” said Jean playfully. “Be as kinky as you want to be, Carol. Cosmic perspective has made us incredibly flexible when it comes to intimate matters.”

“Especially when it comes to intimate matters,” Scott added.

They sounded so eager and willing. In fact, they sounded turned on by it. Carol knew Scott and Jean had a uniquely open relationship, but she had no idea they had a kinky side. Neither Tony nor Clint had mentioned that, which made her genuinely curious about how far she could push it.

“In that case, here’s what I want to do first,” said Carol, now speaking in more authoritative tone. “We’re going to get on the bed. I’m going to lie down on my back. And you two are going to eat my pussy out…together.”

“A double dose of cunnilingus?” said Scott. “Sure, we can do that.”

“And we can do it damn well!” said Jean.

“Bold words,” said Carol, “but as we say in the Air Force, prove your skills or crash with your lies!”

With an assertiveness that Marcus Immortus never allowed her, Carol latched onto the arms of the eager couple and led them to the bed. They followed her willingly. They even offered gestures of light foreplay, as if to show they respected her authority.

Scott kissed down her neck and squeezed her toned butt. Jean playfully licked around her ear while teasing her breast. She must have read her mind or something because that got Carol even more excited. Her inner thighs had already become hot with arousal. Unlike before, it was an arousal that she pursued.

‘This is my choice…my doing…my desires.’

Her heart raced and her anticipation grew as she led them onto the bed. Carol laid down in the middle, not bothering to push back the sheets. Scott and Jean remained at each side, still touching and kissing her as though she were their sexual superior. Already, she found herself embracing that role.

“You two are good making a damaged woman feel comfortable,” she told them. “Now, focus those skills on my pussy!”

“Yes, ma’am!” Scott and Jean said simultaneously.

Carol laughed somewhat at their response. It also resonated with her. She wasn’t sure it was
possible to discover a new kink on the spot, but she might have been the first.

Now comfortable and very much aroused, she watched as Scott and Jean carried out her command like a couple of good soldiers. They playfully worked their way down her naked body, trailing their lips down her torso, as if to highlight her sensuous curves. Marcus never did anything like that. He also never went down on her.

Upon reaching her lower body, Carol eagerly spread her legs to accommodate Scott and Jean. They each positioned themselves between them, working their lips up her inner thighs until they met at her outer folds.

“She’s already wet,” Scott pointed out.

“But she wants more,” Jean added.

“And she’ll get more,” he said. “She deserves more.”

It was a powerful message. The radical notion that she, Carol Danvers, deserved to enjoy sex on her own terms, only made what happened next even more profound.

Scott made the first move. Guided by the same lust he’d shown in her mind, he smothered her pussy with oral stimulation. He hungrily probed her folds, flicking his tongue in and out of her vagina. A steady flow of hot sensations followed. In addition to being handsome and well-endowed, the man knew his way around female genitalia.

“Ohh yeah! Eat that pussy, Summers! Eat it up!” Carol cooed.

“Don’t worry, Carol. He knows what he’s doing,” assured Jean. “He’s had plenty of practice!”

“I’ll say!” she said.

Carol surprised herself. She wasn’t usually that vocal during sex. Then again, she hadn’t had a man and a woman go down on her before. It was uncharted territory and she loved every bit they uncovered.

Jean, not one to let her husband have all the fun, did her part as well. While Scott used his tongue to probe her folds, Jean focused on stimulating the outer areas of her womanhood. She was gentle, yet thorough. She used her lips and fingers to stimulate her swollen clit, finding the sensitive areas that got her juices flowing in all the right ways. Carol wasn’t sure if Jean had ever given a woman oral sex before, but she was just as adept at hitting the right spots.

“Ohhh fuck! So good! That feels so…so good!” Carol panted. “I think I’m…I’m going to…come!”

She was already on the brink. She didn’t know a woman could climax that quickly. Either that she’d been going about sex the wrong way for years. Even Scott and Jean seemed surprised.
When it happened, it was so intense. With the eager couple still licking around her folds, Carol closed her eyes, squeezed her breasts, and bent her legs back as she erupted in an orgasmic frenzy. The surged that followed was the greatest she’d felt since the Psyche Magnetron exploded in her face. Like a pulse of energy, the waves of pleasure surged through her. She shuddered and writhed under its power.

‘Wow! This feeling…it’s mine. It’s really, truly mine.’

Even though she’d had orgasms before, both by herself and with lovers, Carol had never experienced one like this. She didn’t just achieve it. She charted her own path towards this powerful feeling. It stood in stark contrast to the submissive, obedient approach to sex that Marcus had forced on her. That didn’t just make it more satisfying. It made her eager for more.

“Damn! That was really something,” said Scott, his face now dripping with her feminine juices.

“Indeed,” said Jean, whose face was just as messy. “I didn’t know you were a squirter, Carol.”

“That…makes two of us,” said Carol, still breathless as she came down from her orgasmic high.

The playful couple took turns cleaning the juices from one another’s faces. The way they went about it implied it wasn’t the first time a woman squirted on them. That raised all sorts of lurid questions, but Carol was in no mood to pursue them.

She was still very horny. Even as she settled from her release, rejoined by Scott and Jean at the head of the bed, she craved more. Carol had tapped into a new side of herself and she sought to tap more.

“What do you want us to do next, ma’am?” asked Jean, now curled up next to her while and licking her ear again.

“That can’t be all you want from us,” said Scott, who stroked her pussy with his hand while curled up to her other side.

“It’s not,” Carol said, still dazed from her first release. “Now, I want to ride your dick. I want to ride it until I come again!”

“Say no more!” said Scott like a loyal soldier. “We’ll give you what you want, ma’am.”

There it was again. Him calling her ma’am and approaching sex like a soldier turned her on again. That made it official. Carol had a new kink.

The playful couple once again accommodated her gladly. Jean pulled her into an upright position while Scott laid down on his back. Then, with renewed lust, Carol got on top of him and straddled his pelvis. To her surprise and delight, he was already rock hard. Either he’d jerked himself off while eating her out or the taste of pussy got him hard. Whatever the source of his arousal, he was ready and so was she.

“I’ll take it from here, Jean,” Carol said as she narrowed her gaze on Scott, “but stay close. I want you to watch me while I ride this handsome man’s cock.”

“Sure thing, ma’am. I can do that,” said Jean.

“I also want you to touch yourself while you watch,” she added. “See if you can get off at the same time as me. Just because I’m in control doesn’t mean you can’t share in the fun.”
“I appreciate that,” said Jean. “And don’t worry! I can keep up.”

She sounded confident. It was almost like she was daring Carol to ride Scott as hard as she wanted. Never one to back down from a challenge, the former Air Force pilot rose to the occasion.

“You hear that, Summers? Your wife is going to watch us fuck,” Carol said as she leaned over, latched onto his shoulders, and locked eyes with his.

“I heard you, ma’am. That just means we better give her a show,” he replied, matching her determined tone.

“And we will,” she said sternly. “What we did in my mind…that was just a sample. This is the real deal!”

Carol sounded like a whole new woman. That was fine with her. She liked that woman. She was the kind of woman who men like Marcus tried to control, but never could. Now, she was in control and she was going to take advantage of it.

With Scott now firmly under her and Jean lying off to the side, a hand already between her legs to finger her pussy, Carol took the next step. She reached behind, grasped the base of Scott’s dick, and guided it into her still-moist depths. The process was so smooth, his rigid flesh entering her and filling her just as she craved. As soon as she had him completely inside her, she grabbed onto his waist and let desire do the rest.

“Yeah! You feel that, Summers? You feel it?” she said intently, their gaze still locked.

“Yes! It’s so tight…so hot,” Scott gasped.

“It’s my pussy…my sex,” she said. “Now, embrace it with me!”

Possessed by a new sexual spirit and driven by a new kink, Carol began rocking her hips and riding his cock in a lustful outburst. She watched Scott’s expression shift and contort to the flood of feelings. She also felt Jean’s gaze on them. Out of the corner of her eye, she even noticed her fondling her breast while she fingered herself. That only encouraged her to ride him harder.

Carol was at the center of this sex. That was just how she wanted it. As she worked her hips, she felt his cock slide and slither within her folds, stimulating her womanly depths in ways she hadn’t felt in a long time. She set the tone and the pace of their sex, but Scott still did his part.

He slid his hands up her thighs and waist, grabbing onto her butt as she rode him. He also planted his feet firmly on the bed and thrust upwards to supplement her every movement. Carol rewarded him by leaning over and kissing him with plenty of tongue, which he returned in kind. She also occasionally dangled her bouncing breasts in his face so he could smother himself between them, which he seemed to appreciate.

It was intense and heated, but it was also fun. Carol had almost forgotten that sex could be fun and enjoyable. That was something else Marcus tried to take from her. Again, he failed. The woman he tried to make her was no longer there. She never even existed.

‘I needed this even more than I thought. Hell, this was overdue! No reservations. No uncertainty. Nothing and no one holding me back. I cannot…no, I will not let anyone take that from me again!’

As so many profound realizations coursed through her mind, Carol stepped up the pace and fervor of their sex. She rode Scott’s cock harder, leaning back and showing off some feminine flexibility that she rarely got to exercise. Jean even cheered her on, still lying on her side and pumping her
fingers into her pussy at the same rigorous pace.

“That it, ma’am! Ride my husband’s cock! Ride it hard!” Jean said.

“Oh! If I do that, then I’ll come again!” said Carol.

“And I’ll come with you,” she said. “If that’s what you want, that’s what you’ll get!”

“And we want to give it to you,” said Scott, squeezing her butt harder.

They were embracing her newfound kink with her. As if she didn’t owe these two enough, they rose her personal bar for great sex. Carol, always one to exceed limits, took them up on their offer.

To make that final push for a second orgasm, Carol kept leaning back at an angle so she could work her hips in just the right way. She kept one hand on Scott’s torso and used the other to fondle her clit. It felt like she was leading to charge, guiding them into a world of ecstasy. She saw Jean squeezing her breasts harder and shifting her legs, indicating that she was close too. She could also tell Scott was holding back, waiting for her to get the pleasure she sought. It was the mark of both a disciplined soldier and a considerate lover.

“Oh! Oohhh God! I…I’m coming!” Carol panted. “I’m going to…come…again!”

“Oh…me too!” said Jean.

“By all means, ladies…come,” said Scott, who kept enjoying the show.

Carol gyrated her hips a few more times, working her pussy along his manhood with just enough vigor to send her to the brink. When she finally crossed the threshold, she threw her head back and let out another orgasmic moan that echoed throughout the room. This time, Jean moaned with her, writhing with her own orgasmic release.

“Ohhhh yes!” they each said with near perfect synchronicity.

She must have used some sort of psychic trick. That was the only way Jean could’ve climaxed at the same time. Normally, Carol resented telepaths poking around in her mind, but if anyone deserved an exception, it was Jean Grey-Summers. After all, she was fucking her husband.

The psychic kinks didn’t make the orgasm any less intense. Just as before, a hot surge of pleasure shot through her. She felt her pussy throb around Scott’s cock in conjunction with her release. She didn’t squirt this time, but that didn’t make it any less enjoyable.

In fact, sharing it with Jean made it even more special. At some point, Carol looked over towards her and saw her euphoric expression. It was as if the shared ecstasy had united them. Given their prospective partnership moving forward, it seemed so fitting.

“You’ve always been your own woman, Carol. Never let anything or anyone else distort that perspective,’ Jean said to her via telepathy.

‘I won’t, Jean,’ Carol replied. ‘You and Scott have shown me so much already. And we’re still not done!’

After soaking in the orgasmic onslaught, Carol turned her attention back towards Scott. She could tell by the strain his expression that he was still holding back. Having just given her a second orgasm, it just didn’t seem fair. While still catching her breath, she leaned back over, caressed his face with both hands, and cast him a seductive grin.
“Don’t think I’ve forgotten about you, Mr. Summers,” she said. “You’ve been so good to me, both in my mind and in the real world. Now, I want to reward you!”

“And how do you plan on doing that, ma’am?” asked Scott, looking both intrigued and anxious.

Her grin widened and she turned back towards Jean, who had finished climaxing as well. Assuming that she was still reading her mind, Carol rose up off Scott’s dick and repositioned herself so that she was kneeling by his pelvis. She then took his still-erect cock in her hand and shoved it between her breasts.

“Get over here, Jean! Help me tit-fuck your husband,” she commanded. “We’re gonna tit-fuck him until he shoots his load all over us.”

“Yes, ma’am!” said Jean, sounding all too eager to comply.

Scott didn’t say a word. He just watched on with a goofy grin as Jean joined her. She knelt by his side across from him and put those naturally ample breasts to work. With coordination any military recruit could respect, they pushed their breasts together and began working them up and down his cock. Carol even leaned in and kissed Jean, creating a more erotic spectacle for Scott.

“That’s it! Kiss me! Work those tits!” Carol said. “Give Mr. Summers here a show he’ll never forget!”

“Trust me. I won’t forget!” said Scott through increasingly labored grunts.

Up and down, his cock slithered between her breasts. Jean matched Carol’s efforts, pushing their breasts together for a tighter fit, drawing the former X-Men leader to the brink. She sensed he was close. Now leaning back on his arms, his member aching for a release, he looked ready.

“Oohhh I’m close! Jean…ma’am…I’m ready to come!” Scott gasped.

“Then, do it! Let it out!” Carol commended. “Cover are faces with your jizz!”

As if he’d been waiting for permission the whole time, he finally crossed the point of no return. He squeezed the bed sheets, threw his head back, and let out a deep manly grunt that filled the room as much as her and Jean’s moans. At that same moment, she felt his cock tense between her and Jean’s breasts. Finally, it erupted in a burst of seminal fluid.

It was even more than Carol expected. She got the first stream of cum right in the face, narrowly missing her eye. Jean got the next one, most of which ended up in her mouth and chin. There was a lot more, indicating that he had been holding back longer than he’d let on. That didn’t stop Carol from licking up every drop.

“Mmm…that’s a good soldier,” Carol said after ingesting the salty fluid.

“A good soldier indeed,” Jean said, who did the same.

“I believe you got some on your tits there, Jean,” she added. “Mind if I help you clean it up?”

“By all means, ma’am!”

Carol leaned in, willingly shoving her face in Jean Grey-Summers’ breasts to lick up the remainder of the cum. It was like a bonus act for the sexy show they’d put on for Scott. While he was still panting heavily, taking in the bliss from his release, he still showed his appreciation.
“So beautiful…so sexy,” he said in his orgasmic daze.

“The mission is complete, Summers,” Carol told him. “You’ve done your job and then some. You both have.”

He and Jean cast her a beaming smile. Carol returned the gesture, smiling back and drawing them both into a three-way kiss. They converged in the middle of the bed, embracing one another and bathing in the collective afterglow. Scott and Jean gave her extra-attention, embracing her and caressing her as few others had.

They eventually laid back down on the bed together. Carol was once again in the center with Scott and Jean at her side. They continued kissing her and showering her with affectionate gestures. Such free, open passion wasn’t just therapeutic. It was revealing.

Marcus Immortus claimed to love her. At one point, Carol believed that love to be true. However, from her renewed perspective, she knew now that wasn’t love. What Scott Summers and Jean Grey-Summers had was love. Even while giving her sex, they showed how powerful it could be. To share their wants, desires, and bodies with one another was a testament to what real love entailed. It was a perspective that Carol didn’t intend to forget.

“You…are a remarkable woman, Carol Danvers,” Scott said.

“And you two are an uncanny couple,” she replied. “You saved me, you had sex with me, and you helped me discover my kinky side.”

“That’s what we at X-Corp call a productive day,” Jean teased.

“In that case, I look forward to being very productive with you,” said Carol. “Whatever happens – no matter how high, far, or fast I fly – I’ll have you two to thank for giving me the boost I need.”

“It’s part of what makes our perspective so powerful,” said Jean. “In the same way the Phoenix Force boosts our passions, it inspires us to share the same with others.”

“And it works wonders, even for recovering alcoholic ex-Avengers,” Carol said. “It almost makes me wonder just how much that of a boost that cosmic bird gave you.”

“Well, if we’re to spend the night here with you, we’ll be happy to show you,” said Scott.

He and Jean shared a mischievous laugh before kissing her simultaneously. Carol was already impressed. Near as she could tell, she hadn’t worn either of them out. They still had plenty of passion to spare. Either the Phoenix Force made them extra-horny or they were just that uncanny.

Whatever the case, she had to spend one more night at Avenger’s Mansion. She might as well make it memorable.

“I’m both curious and intrigued,” said Carol boldly. “If you guys don’t mind bunking with me and risking dirty remarks from Tony in the morning, I’m game!”

“We’ll take that chance,” said Scott, trailing her fingers between her inner thighs. “We’ve survived working with Wolverine. We know how to handle those remarks.”

“Besides, staying here will help us tie up a few more loose ends before we head back home,” added Jean.

“Really? What kind?” said Carol, already losing interest as Scott fondled her pussy.
“It mostly involves how we’re going to handle Rogue. We have some ideas, but don’t worry about that now. Just lay back while Scott and I enjoy our time with you. I have a feeling Rogue’s issues will be a lot trickier.”

Downtown Westchester – One Week Later

“You hurt people by being near them. You take their power, their memories, and their very essence. This is who you are, Anna. Either channel it or punish yourself for the rest of your days.”

Those fateful words from Raven “Mystique” Darkholme felt so hollow. They were the words that convinced Anna “Rogue” Marie to join her and the Brotherhood of Mutants. At the time, she’d been vulnerable, alone, and scared. She had also run away from her home in Caldecott, Mississippi. She’d also just put a boy in a coma by kissing him, thanks to her mutant absorption powers. She thought she was doomed to a life of isolation, loneliness, and full-bodied clothing.

Mystique ultimately adopted her as a daughter. Anna even came to see her as a mother figure. That made every battle the Brotherhood of Mutants fought feel personal. She wasn’t just fighting for other mutants like her. She was punishing a world that had rejected her. She didn’t ask to be a mutant who could hurt people through touch. As Rogue, she felt justified in hurting others if it meant helping other mutants like her. Mystique had convinced her of that.

“Punishing yourself solves nothing. The same world that rejected you will reject others like you. However, unlike so many vulnerable mutants, you have the power to fight back. You can punish those who deserve it...those who would do far more harm than you ever could. Come with me, Anna, and I promise you’ll punish the right people!”

The memory of her adopted mother’s words once inspired her. Now, they angered her. They reminded her that Mystique had ultimately broken her promise.

After her fateful encounter with Ms. Marvel, Rogue realized how misguided she’d been. To make matters worse, she realized how much pain she’d caused others. It was easy to blame Mystique for manipulating her, but she still made those fateful choices. Ultimately, she was responsible.

Now, Rogue found herself in a conflicted state. She’d recovered from her encounter with Ms. Marvel. She spent the next three days in a holding cell at Avengers Mansion, not certain of her fate. While Mystique was nowhere to be found, she was still a known member of the Brotherhood of Mutants. The Avengers had more than enough reasons to send her to the Raft, especially after what she did to Carol Danvers.

Then, something unexpected happened. Someone stuck up for her. Scott and Jean Grey-Summers, the co-founders of X-Corp and the Avengers’ newest allies, presented another path for her. They didn’t just dare to give her a second chance to make better choices. They willingly overlooked her crimes, despite knowing better than anyone how much pain she’d caused.

Remarkably, the Avengers agreed. They gave her a chance, even though she’d done nothing to earn it. As much as Rogue wanted that chance, a part of her still agonized over the pain, suffering, and injustices she’d caused. Even if she only ever made the right choices moving forward, she couldn’t avoid her misdeeds.

“Ah can’t let this stand,” Rogue said as she looked up at the West Plaza Hotel. “Ah’m gettin’ a fresh start that I sure as hell ain’t earned. All the horrible stuff Ah did…it can’t just be swept aside. Ah have to confront it. For the good of mah soul, Ah need to atone. But Ah can’t do it alone.”
Knowing what awaited her, the young woman sighed and entered the hotel. It was late in the evening, so there wasn’t much going on in the lobby. Aside from the receptionists and the bellhops, this upscale hotel was remarkably quiet. Storm clouds had rolled in, as well. Downtown Westchester was as peaceful as it was going to be.

Rogue couldn’t enjoy that peace. Despite having a new home at the Xavier Institute for Higher Learning, she neither deserved nor sought such peace. As she walked pass the hotel bar and entered the elevators, she became more determined than ever to counter her adopted mother’s misguided guidance.

“Momma, wherever you are, Ah know you’ll hate this,” Rogue muttered to herself as the elevator ascended. “That’s how Ah know it’s right.”

She still had many conflicted feelings about Mystique. Most of them involved anger, outrage, and bitterness. Those feelings were still fresh. Her disappearing might have been a good thing. She couldn’t imagine confronting her in a way that wouldn’t have broken her heart even more. Dealing with those feelings was directly related to dealing with her past misdeeds. In Mystique’s absence, however, she had to get creative.

Rogue cleared her mind of Mystique as the elevator arrived at the top floor. Once open, she made her way to the end of the hall where the Presidential Suite awaited her. She stopped briefly at the door, knowing what awaited her inside. She put her hand on the door and sighed to herself one last time.

“The healin’ has to start somewhere,” Rogue said under her breath. “Ah might as well start here.”

Shedding her last bit of doubt, she entered the suite, leaving the spirit of her mother’s words behind her. As soon as the door closed behind her, locking itself in the process, Rogue realized there was no going back. The key to her future and her redemption now in front of her, literally and figuratively.

“We’ve been waiting for you, Anna,” greeting Scott Summers. “I’m glad you’ve decided to do this.”

“You’re just in time too,” said Jean Grey-Summers, who stood right beside him. “Scott and I just finished our preparations. We’re ready for you.”

“Thanks. Ah wish Ah could say the same, but certainty ain’t easy to come by these days,” she said. “This past week has been a whole mess of pain, heartbreak, and revelations. Ah’m eager to turn the page, but…”

Rogue’s words trailed off as the extent of recent events caught up to her. It was still overwhelming. What began with her mother’s plan to free the Brotherhood ended with her mind, body, and soul feeling utterly broken. The fact that she was still in one piece, standing in a fancy hotel suite, didn’t seem fair.

That didn’t stop Scott and Jean from welcoming her with understanding and compassion. They cast her a kind, affectionate smile. Rogue tried to smile back, but only partially succeeded. They appeared far more ready than her. Even their attire was more appropriate. They each wore thick white bathrobes, most likely courtesy of the hotel staff. They had also set up the suite to be extra comfortable to someone who’d been in a coma earlier that week.

The room, itself, was almost as large as her home back in Caldecott. It had a large living room, complete with a pull-out couch and a fireplace. There was a fully stocked kitchen, an oversized
bathroom, and a master bedroom. There were even large bay windows that overlooked the city, but that view had been covered by thick blinds and large red curtains.

That was somewhat necessary. Rogue had accepted Scott and Jean’s offer for additional assistance knowing that it didn’t involve admiring the view from a hotel suite. Part of that assistance required that they move most of the furniture in the living room to the side, leaving a sizable opening in the center. The only furniture that remained were two large gray chests, which Rogue surmised the couple brought with them.

She already had a good idea of what those chests contained. A part of her was anxious, but a larger part was excited at the prospect of cleansing her troubled soul.

“It’s okay, Anna,” said Jean, offering her a kind gesture. “Moving forward is never easy. That’s how we know it’s worth doing.”

“Ah know. Ah’m still trying to get that through mah thick skull,” she replied. “And please…call meh Rogue.”

“Are you sure you want to keep that name?” Scott asked. “We were there when Professor Xavier welcomed you into the X-Men on a probationary basis. He gave you the option to embrace a new persona.”

“And believe meh, Ah was tempted,” Rogue said, “but Ah tried running from who Ah am before. All that did was make everything worse for me. The way Ah see it, if Ah ain’t gonna run from being Rogue, Ah might as well embrace the name and the burden.”

“That’s a bold choice. And it comes with a lot of baggage,” Scott added.

“That’s how I know it’s right. And trust meh. Ah wanna do what’s right from here on out,” she said strongly. “But it can’t stop at a nickname.”

Rogue walked past the young couple, willingly making her way to the center of the room. She didn’t need to be guided, convinced, or coaxed this time. She arrived at the center of the living room, looking around at the spacious hotel suite and recounting what brought her there.

“When Ah woke up in the Avengers Mansion, Ah was certain Ah was gonna spend a good chunk of mah life in a jail cell,” Rogue said. “And you know what? Ah would’ve been fine with that. Ah did plenty to deserve it.”

“You were an accessory to the Brotherhood of Mutants,” Jean pointed out. “You weren’t the one leading the charge in their lengthy list of crimes.”

“That don’t matter. Ah wasn’t being mind controlled. Ah wasn’t forced into it, either. Ah chose to fight alongside them. Ah listened to Mystique. Ah believed her. And I…I hurt people for her.”

“She’s capable of that and far worse,” Scott said. “We understand that and so did the Avengers. That’s why they agreed to a difference recourse for you…one that would be far more productive than locking you in a jail cell.”

“Productive or not, it ain’t exactly in line with what most folks call justice,” Rogue went on. “Sure, Ah gotta help the X-Men, check in with SHIELD regularly, and let Professor Xavier mentor me while Ah make up for mah time with the Brotherhood. Ah still get to live in a mansion, learn to manage mah powers, and build mah own life. Ah’m all for forgiveness and redemption, but at some point, it just ain’t right.”
She briefly turned away from Scott and Jean’s curious gaze, hugging her shoulders and scolding herself. The couple joined her in the center of the room, but kept their distance. She needed to vent a little before they began. If she was to become more than a former member of the Brotherhood, then she needed to have the right perspective.

“Ah almost wish that disruption with mah powers hadn’t fixed them, to some extent,” Rogue said distantly. “For what Ah did to Carol, Ah shouldn’t be allowed to touch anyone.”

“From what Professor Xavier told us, your powers weren’t exactly fixed,” said Scott.

“I believe he said they’d been tempered,” said Jean. “You can still absorb powers and abilities, but you can’t absorb memories anymore.”

“Doesn’t matter what words he used,” said Rogue. “The result is still the same.”

“One of which is control,” said Scott. “That’s something you didn’t have before. That’s exactly what Mystique exploited.”

“Plus, you can touch,” added Jean. “Doesn’t that matter to you?”

“Dang right, it matters to meh! That’s part of the freakin’ problem!” she said, her emotions getting the better of her. “Ah hurt people when Ah touched them. And God help meh, Ah hurt Carol far worse. Ah remember what Ah put her through. You were in our minds. You saw how bad it was.”

“Trust me. We haven’t forgotten,” said Jean.

“Then you ought to know why it bugs meh so damn much. Ah did all these terrible things, but when the chickens finally come home to roost, Ah ain’t punished or thrown in jail. Ah get a second chance, complete with a fresh start with the X-Men and powers Ah can control. That ain’t just unfair. It’s downright backwards!”

Rogue turned around to face Scott and Jean. They continued to look at her with understanding and sympathy. That was the only look anyone had given her since she joined the X-Men. Even though Wolverine told her he’d keep an eye on her in case she betrayed them, Storm just told her he was always that harsh. For what she’d done, both for the Brotherhood and to Carol Danvers, she needed more than just a second chance.

She took a step closer to the former X-Men. She bowed her head in a gesture of humility, something her adopted mother taught her to avoid. To Mystique, humility was a weakness that kept mutants like her from achieving their rightful place in the world. For her, humility was the first step in the arduous process to rebuild her shattered soul.

“For what Ah’ve done, Ah deserve to be punished,” she said solemnly. “For the people Ah’ve hurt, the powers Ah’ve stolen, and the lies Ah believed…Ah can’t just put on an X-Men uniform and pretend it don’t matter. That’s why Ah asked you two to help meh with this…despite what Ah put you through.”

“And we accepted,” said Scott, “but not because what we went through for you and Carol. We have many other reasons for helping you in this process.”

“And they’re good reasons,” Jean added. “Say what you will about who you are and what you’ve done, you’re not beyond redemption, Rogue. You deserve a second chance. The Avengers wouldn’t have agreed to send you to the X-Men if they didn’t believe that.”

“What you, the Avengers, or anyone else believe don’t matter,” said Rogue. “In mah heart of
hearts, Ah still gotta earn that chance. And it’s gotta start now."

In another act of humility, Rogue dropped to her knees and looked up at the two former X-Men. Scott and Jean Grey-Summers had already saved her mind and her sanity. They’d already done so much for her. The time had come for her to return the favor.

“Ah’m ready,” she said to them. “Ah’m ready to face mah punishment. Ah know Ah won’t get it from the Avengers, SHIELD, or the X-Men. That’s why Ah’m trustin’ you two to give it to me.”

“That’s a lot of trust for two people you’ve just met,” Scott pointed out.

“You’ve been in mah head. You know where Ah came from and where Ah’m trying to go. The way Ah see it, if Ah’m gonna be punished, it might as well be from a couple of former X-Men who understand.”

“Who just happen to have access to a cosmic force capable of going the extra mile,” added Jean with a curt grin.

“That too,” said Rogue, “but whatever you two wanna use, Ah’m up for it. From here on out, mah mind, body, and soul are in your hands. What you do with it is up to you…even though Ah know what you have in mind.”

Rogue bowed her head again in another submissive gesture. This time, Jean and Scott didn’t let it go too far. They both knelt down in front of her. Scott reached out and caressed her face, the warm touch of his hand reminding her how much her world had changed in the past week. She could touch again without hurting anyone. She was entirely in control once more.

However, as part of her effort to redeem herself, she willingly surrendered that control. Scott and Jean must have sensed it. They were already exchanging looks, implying they had already worked out an appropriate punishment.

“I’m honored you trust us that much, Rogue,” said Jean. “I promise that Scott and I will honor that trust.”

“We’re also going to need it,” said Scott, “because what we have planned won’t just require your trust. We’ll need your complete, unquestioning submission, as well.”

The couple rose up and stood over her. The figures cast a powerful, domineering shadow over her. It signaled to Rogue that she was no longer in control. She was at the utter mercy of Scott Summers and Jean Grey-Summers.

As Rogue gazed up at them with submissive reference, they each removed their robes to reveal the special attire for the task at hand. Scott didn’t wear much, nor did he need any. He wore only a pair of tight leather briefs with part of it cut out, which allowed his penis to hang out fully exposed. In addition to letting his manly endowment hang free, he wore a cock ring that included an odd-shaped extension attached to a metal ball. He was already pretty hung. The additional hardware, so to speak, made it look even more imposing.

Jean’s outfit was a bit more elaborate. She wore a tight-fitting leather corset with the top strategically cut to reveal her breasts. That corset connected to a pair of thigh-high pantyhose that gave her the look of a classic dominatrix. She also had on a pair of black crotchless panties that were almost completely transparent. From her position, Rogue could clearly see Jean’s vagina, pubic hair and all.

As someone who had grown up in the deep south, such a lurid sight was not overly common. At
the same time, she knew such things existed. From the people she’d absorbed, she got the sense that everyone knew to some extent. They just ignored or avoided it. Having ignored and avoided too many things in her life, Rogue remained unafraid and submissive.

“This is your last chance to change your mind, Rogue,” said Jean. “Do you trust us to punish you in a manner we deem appropriate?”

“Yes. Ah trust you,” Rogue said with little hesitation.

“Do you also accept the responsibility that comes with that?” Jean added. “Scott and I stuck our necks out for you. We want you to redeem yourself. Tell us that you’ll make that effort, starting tonight and continuing every day thereafter.”

“Ah accept,” she said. “Ah promise I’ll do what I gotta do.”

“Lastly,” Jean went on, “Do you give your complete submission to me and Scott tonight? Know that by doing so, we can and will do whatever we want to you.”

“Ah understand. And Ah submit!” said Rogue, her voice leaving no room for doubt.

Scott and Jean exchanged glances, as if to commence the elaborate plan they’d worked out for her. They then looked down at her with an intense, domineering look. They were like wolves looking down at a trapped kitten. They now had complete and total control over her. It was an unfamiliar, but oddly appropriate condition for her.

“In that case, let’s begin your punishment,” said Jean intently.

“We’ll start with the basics,” said Scott. “Get up! Show us you can stand with respect and obedience.”

Rogue complied immediately. True to her nickname, she had never been one to follow the rules closely. Mystique had even encouraged that. For her to be so obedient and submissive was a major change of pace. It was also oddly exciting.

“Oh not bad,” said the former X-Men Leader, “but you’ve got a long way to go.”

“Agreed!” said Jean. “But she can’t go any further wearing clothes like that.”

“That’s an easy fix,” said Scott casually. “Would you like to do the honors?”

“Of course, my love!”

Jean’s eyes briefly flashed with fiery red energy. She then waved her hand. In an instant, Rogue felt her clothes stripped off her body by an invisible. Her shirt literally flew right off over her head, followed by her pants. Her bra and panties were practically ripped apart, revealing her entire body to the two former X-Men standing before her.

It happened so fast that she didn’t have time to cover her breasts or pussy with her arms. Her first reflex was to cover herself, but Scott reached in and grabbed her arm, preventing her from doing so.

“No! Don’t cover up,” he told her. “You’re going to stay naked for the rest of the night.”

“After all that time you spent concealing yourself, head to toe, it’s only fitting,” Jean added. “Exposure once made you dangerous. Now, it’s made you vulnerable once more.”

“And you need to be vulnerable if you’re to accept your punishment,” said Scott.
It almost made too much sense. Not long ago, exposing herself made her dangerous to others. It also made it difficult to punish her. Now, being naked rendered her open to feelings and experienced she once thought impossible. That included both intimacy and punishment.

“You’ll also need to reacquaint yourself with certain sensations,” added Jean as she stepped in closer. “What Scott and I are about to do isn’t just about punishment. We believe in you, Rogue. But you need to start believing in yourself, as well.”

Rogue remained silent, but continued trusting their words and intentions. They then made use of their authority and vulnerability over her, reaching in and groping her naked skin.

They were playful, at first. Scott focused on her breasts, cupping her fleshy mounds with both hands and giving her nipples a light pinch. That caused her to gasp and not just because someone was touching her without falling into a coma. As Rogue processed those sensations, Jean trailed caressed her face while trailing her hand over her feminine curves. She started at her neck, worked her way down her back, and passed over her buttocks. Eventually, she arrived at her inner thighs.

From there, the beautiful redhead cupped her hand over the outer parts of her vagina. Rogue gasped again, shifting at the sudden stimulation of her most intimate areas. It was the kind of stimulation she didn’t think she’d ever feel again. That helped give it a greater impact, which Scott and Jean clearly noticed.

“She’s a little sensitive,” Jean said, “especially in certain places.”

“We can work with that,” said Scott, as though it were a simple chore, “but we’ll need more than our hands.”

“Luckily, we came equipped!”

With their hands still on her body, Jean used her telekinesis to open the two large chests near the fireplace. From one of them, a large table with a rack emerged. It was in multiple pieces, but in a show of psychic mastery, it assembled itself in mid-air. By the time it landed in the center of the room next to Rogue, she got a sense for what the extent of her punishment entailed.

The table must have either been custom-built or purchased from a store that catered specifically for BDSM enthusiast. It had the dimensions of a twin-sized bed and the surface was covered in black leather. On one end, there were two posts, each with shackles hanging by chains from the top. At the other, there were similar posts with shackles, but they looked designed for ankles and feet. It also had velvet ropes attached to each side, which were further secured by a clamp. There were also hinges around the legs, indicating it could be adjusted to the whims of whoever wielded the dominance.

Such an accessory had many possibilities, more so than a woman from a traditional southern home dared entertain. She didn’t have time to contemplate many. Shortly after the table was set up, Scott and Jean exercised their authority once more.

“On the table!” Jean commanded.

“Lay on your back!” Scott added.

Rogue obeyed without saying a word. They even let go of her, as if to give her a chance to remind them that she wanted this. She wanted to be punished for what she’d done. She once again proved herself, willingly lying on the table like a good, willing submissive.

“Ah’m ready. What next?” Rogue asked intently.
“Nothing that involves you talking, that’s for sure,” said Scott. “But before we go any further, we must complete your submission.”

“We know you already promised it to us. Think of this as a necessary formality,” said Jean with a mischievous grin.

They looked like they were having a lot of fun with this. Rogue didn’t expect the couple to be so playful, but she still appreciated it. If nothing else, it gave them more incentive to be thorough with her punishment.

While she laid on the table, Jean and Scott each took one of her arms and secured it with the wrist shackle attached to the bed post. They then adjusted the post, which forced her arms further apart. While Jean secured the shackles, Scott used the velvet rope attached to side and wrapped it over her torso, which effectively pinned her to the table. It both secured her to the bed and ensured there was no going back. At this point, she was at their mercy.

“There! Nice and secure, as a good submissive should be,” said Jean after fastening the shackles.

“Secure and ready for punishment, as well,” added Scott.

“And I know just how to get things started!”

The couple’s excitement escalated. Rogue already noticed Scott getting aroused. Touching her had already gotten his blood flowing in the right direction. The added presence of that fancy cock ring made his growing boner look more imposing. As much as Rogue sought punishment, a part of her couldn’t overlook the lurid appeal of such a sight.

‘Dang! That is one fine lookin’ dick.’

‘Careful, Rogue,’ came an unexpected voice in her head. ‘You’re in the presence of a psychic, remember? While I appreciate you admiring my husband’s endowment, don’t forget that for you… it’s an instrument of punishment!’

Rogue was started by Jean’s telepathic voice, but it didn’t temper her submission. If anything, it intensified it. Even her thoughts could be dominated at this point. They knew how she felt and how much punishment she needed. All she could do now was wait and endure.

For that, she didn’t have to wait long. Scott was already in position. He’d climbed up onto the table, grabbed her by the thighs, and pushed her legs apart. As he hovered over her, he aligned his erect penis with the outer folds of her pussy. While Rogue was not a virgin, having had sex before her powers manifested, she had limited sexual experience. The prospect of being ravaged by two people who clearly knew what they were doing was both overwhelming and exciting.

“I’m going to fuck you, Rogue,” Scott told her. “I’m not going to be gentle, either. I’m going to do it as hard and as fast as I want. On top of that, I’m going to let this little gizmo that Jean bought for me establish a specific baseline.”

“A baseline?” Rogue questioned, briefly forgetting the no-talking command.

“You’ll see soon enough,” said Jean, “and since you can’t seem to keep your mouth shut, I’ll make sure it’s occupied while my husband does his thing!”

While Scott prepared to enter her, Jean climbed up on the table and straddled her face. Before she knew it, she had another woman’s pussy pressed against her mouth. She could even tell the redhead was aroused, which was somewhat surprising. Either Jean Grey-Summers was really that
kinky or she didn’t care who gave her oral sex.

“There! That should keep you quiet,” said Jean, already rubbing her pussy against her face.

“And how,” Scott laughed.

“Stay focused, babe. Start fucking her pussy while she eats mine out. And if she wants to make her punishment more effortless, she’ll do a damn good job!”

It was a not-so-subtle demand that Rogue play an active part in this lurid act. Being bound and submissive, she had little choice in the matter. She might have had limited sexual experience, but she knew how female genitalia worked. Relying on instinct and her unwavering obedience, she began giving Jean oral sex.

With her face muffled by Jean’s pussy, she didn’t have a chance to brace herself for when Scott entered her. That moment still came. She felt the table rock as he thrust his hips forward, pushing his hardened dick into her vagina. In addition to feeling her inner muscles stretched to accommodate his size, she also felt the extension with the metal ball press up against her clitoris. He must have activated something too because it vibrated, triggering an extra-intense flood of sensations coursing through her body.

“Mmfff!” Rogue moaned, her voice muted by Jean’s pussy.

“Ooh! You hear that, Scott?” said Jean. “I think she likes having a nice, hard dick pound into her. She might even like it too much.”

“I can fix that!” Scott said intently.

After a few initial motions, as if to get a feel for her pussy, Scott quickly stepped up the pace of his thrusting. He wasn’t gentle about it, either. Rogue felt his grip on her tighten as he worked his hips harder and faster, pumping her tight folds with his rigid manhood.

Her world rocked with every movement.

Her body trembled with every thrust.

Her mind was flooded with an onslaught of sensations, rendering her dazed from the feeling.

It was so rough that the line between pain and pleasure became obscure. That might have been the point. The one thing that really skewed the balance was the constant clitoral stimulation generated by the cock ring. That tipped the scales in favor of pleasure, so much so that Rogue felt herself building towards an orgasm.

All the while, she kept eating Jean’s pussy out. If anything, the constant surge of sensations caused her to lap her tongue along the other woman’s folds more thoroughly. Jean supplemented her efforts, riding her face and grinding her pussy against her. It made for a chaotic experience, but one with an inescapable endpoint.

‘This is really happening. Ah’m being fucked hard by a well-hung guy. Ah’m eating his wife’s pussy out. And Ah’m liking it! It’s messin’ with mah body and mind, but Ah’m really liking it. Ah’m actually gonna come from this.’

The ravaging continued. She sensed Scott lean over for more leverage, his hips banging against her pelvis as he humped her with reckless abandon. Jean even leaned forward too, giving her husband a messy kiss while he fucked another woman. It showed they loved each other and they had a kinky
side. Something about that made Rogue trust them even more.

“She’s close, my love,” Jean said to Scott. “I sense it! She’s going to come soon.”

“Good! I am too,” he said through labored grunts. “Let’s make her come hard!”

“We will. I’ll make sure of it!”

Rogue felt herself shoved into a world of ecstasy. Despite her bound state, she shuddered in anticipation of her orgasm. Her muffled moans grew louder. Her knees bent and her toes curled. The steady stimulation from the cock ring helped ignite her release. Jean must have tapped into her mind again because Scott got his release shortly before she got hers.

“Here I…come! Ohhh fuck!” Scott gasped.

“Mmmff!” Rogue moaned out.

It unfolded in a perfect convergence of sensations. First, she felt his member tense inside her before shooting off his load of cum inside her. Then, her pussy contracted around his manly flesh, squeezing him hard as an orgasmic wave washed over her. From there, ripples of hot pleasure coursed through her body. While Rogue had experienced orgasms before, mostly through self-induced pleasure, she never experienced one like this.

The hard humping stop and their bodies lingered in their fleshly entanglement. Jean, still keeping Rogue silent with her pussy, embraced her husband as he soaked in the feeling. He’d clearly enjoyed giving her a hard, heated fuck. Jean seemed to enjoy watching him as well.

“You’re so disciplined and diligent,” Jean told him, “but when you cut loose. It’s a sight to behold!”

“Thanks, Jean. I hope…I did…my part,” he replied, still catching his breath.

“You did, my love. You definitely did!” she said. “I think she’s definitely ready for the next part.”

They kissed again, lingering in their current position for a moment longer. Once his dick stopped throbbing, Scott withdrew from her pussy and slipped off the table. Jean followed suit, rising off Rogue’s face, allowing her to catch her breath. She still felt streaks of Jean’s feminine juices dripping down her face.

She knew it wasn’t over. There was no way that constituted a worthy punishment. The couple definitely had something else planned. Still in her post-orgasmic daze, Rogue watched on as they commenced the next phase of their elaborate plan.

“For the record, that wasn’t your punishment,” said Jean. “Getting fucked hard by my handsome, highly-capable husband…hell, that’s basically a free dessert.”

“Plus, you seemed to like it rough,” Scott pointed out. “I’m guessing that’s news to you, too.”

“Yeah…it was,” said Rogue with an awkward, but humored grin.

“That’s okay. That actually works perfectly with what we have planned! That quick dose of good sex…that was just to establish how good it feels when you submit. Think of it as a reference point…one that’s about to become very critical.”

Before Rogue contemplate the implications, Scott and Jean went to work. First, Scott adjusted the
posts that connected to her wrist shackles, making it so they could swivel. Then, he undid the rope that secured her torso, grabbed her by the hips, and turned her over so that she was on all fours. She barely had time to adjust before he secured her ankles with the other shackles.

It left Rogue in a less comfortable, but more bound. After Scott re-adjusted the restraints, she had her wrists locked to each post and her ankles completely secured. The arrangement of the restraints forced her to keep her hips elevated and her back angled down, putting her in a far more submissive position. She could barely move, leaving her even more vulnerable than before.

As she adjusted to her new position, she watched Jean retrieve another accessor from the chest via telekinesis. She quickly recognized it as a strap-on with a large dildo, which appeared made for women. Jean shed her crotchless panties and put it on, the mischievous look in her eyes already hinting at what she planned to do.

“You did a decent job, eating my pussy out,” Jean told her, “but that just got me wet. What I’m going to do next is a bit more ambitious!”

“Ambitious how?” asked Rogue intently.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” she said with a curt gesture.

“And, like a good husband, I’m going to encourage my wife in my own special way,” said Scott with a similar glint in his eyes.

They continued their uncanny coordination. Jean retrieved more accessories from the chest. One was a metal mouth restraint, designed to keep someone’s mouth open. Scott wasted no time putting that on Rogue, securing it to her head and forcing her mouth to stay open.

“Ungh!” Rogue grunted.

“Relax. This will just make it easier for all of us,” said Scott.

Just after he locked the restraint, he revealed another set of accessories in his left hand. They were nipple clamps with small weights on the end. She swore he made sure she saw them. That way, she could watch as he attached them to her nipples. In her bound state, she could neither resist nor protest. She could only wince as she felt the sting from the clamps follow.

“Hnggh!” Rogue moaned.

“You feel that, Rogue? That’s the other end of the spectrum catching up with you,” Scott told her. “From pleasure to pain, you now know both ends.”

“That’s what will make your true punishment more effective!” Jean added.

It was as cunning as it was kinky. By overwhelming her with pleasure first and then introducing pain, it left a unique impact. It was not unlike the impact she left on the people she’d touched, especially Carol. One minute, they were perfectly fine. Then, with a single touch, she put them in a world of hurt. It put what she did to people into a new context. Somehow, whether by kink or guilt, it made her crave punishment even more.

As Rogue watched on, tense and bound, Jean retrieved a few more items from the chest. They appeared to be two leather-studded whips and a bottle of lube, which left little ambiguity to their use. She kept one whip while giving Scott the other. While he stood near the head of the table, his semi-erect cock dangling right in front of her face, Jean made her way around to the opposite end.
From there, she climbed up onto the table, just as Scott had done earlier. She then angled the tip of the strap-on dildo towards her pelvis. Rogue could already feel it rubbing against the still-tender folds of her pussy. She also felt Jean trail the tip of the whip down her back.

“This is how we’re going to punish you, Rogue,” said Jean. “Rest assured, this punishment will have an impact.”

“You’ve allied yourself with deviants. You’ve used other peoples’ abilities as your own,” Scott went on while trailing the tip of the whip around her face. “Now, we’re going to use you in our own deviant way. You won’t be able to resist, but it’ll ensure you get the point across.”

“And after what you did to Carol, we’ll have to really belabor it.”

Upon saying those words, Rogue felt Jean move the tip of the dildo from her pussy to her ass. She then felt her use that lube she’d retrieved earlier and pour it over the phallic-shaped tool. She quickly made the connections. Having never experienced anal sex, her eyes widened at the prospect.

She tried to brace herself. It did her little good. With her body fully restrained and her voice muted, Jean skillfully inserted the dildo into Rogue’s asshole. Once inside, she thrust her hips forward, penetrating her anally and sending shockwaves of sensations through her body. As if to supplement the act, she used the whip to swat her lower back.

“Agghhh!” she gasped.

“There it is, Rogue! There’s your punishment!” Jean proclaimed.

It was intense, to say the least. Once she got most of the dildo inside her, Jean began moving her hips, mirroring the same rhythm that Scott had established earlier. She pumped the dildo within her ass, stretching and straining her inner muscles. It must have had some sort of stimulator within the panties because Jean sounded as eager as Scott.

“Take it! Accept it! Embrace it!” she said while swatting her with the whip.

“You’re enjoying this more than I thought you would, Jean,” Scott commented with a humored grin.

“Are you gonna say it doesn’t turn you on?”

“Hell no!”

That was already obvious. Rogue could already see Scott’s dick getting hard again. Watching his wife fuck another woman with a strap-on got him horny again. He didn’t look that surprised, but it still motivated him to participate.

While Jean intensified the pace of her sex, Scott used the tip of his whip to strike Rogue along the back, thighs, and butt. While Jean focused more on her upper back, Scott gave her butt more attention. Sting after sting surged through her body in conjunction with the sting of getting fucked in the ass. Between that and the nipple clamps, the punishment came in from multiple angles.

Every impact stung. The pleasure she’d experienced before stood in stark contrast to the pain of each lurid act. From every thrust delivered by Jean to every strike delivered by Scott, the sensations differed completely. Through potent blend of kink and submission, it imparted a powerful message that Rogue wouldn’t soon forget.
‘Pain…pleasure…punishment. This is what Ah needed. This is what Ah deserve. For what Ah’ve done…what Ah did to Carol…Ah accept this. It hurts, but it still feels…’

Her thoughts failed her as Scott and Jean escalated her punishment. Jean reached out and grabbed Rogue’s hair, pulling her head back while she pumped the dildo into her ass even harder. She groaned as she descended further into her submissive daze. Seeing Jean exercise such authority helped Scott fully erect again. He quickly made use of it, taking off the cock ring and shoving his member into her mouth.

“Yeah! That’s it, Rogue! Take it from both ends!” Scott said.

“Don’t hold back, Scott!” Jean told him, pulling her hair even harder. “I’m getting close. This time…we come…while she endures!”

“Sounds like a plan!”

The couple demonstrated uncanny coordination. Scott held Rogue by the chin with one hand while using the other to swat her with whip. Armed with that leverage, he roughly humped her face, pumping his cock between her lips. Due to the presence of the mouth restraint, Rogue’s only choice was to suck him off. She gagged a few times at first, the presence of his thick cock testing her limited oral sex skills. She quickly adjusted, further embracing her submission.

As Rogue sucked Scott’s cock, Jean set the whip aside to focus entirely on fucking her ass with the strap-on. She clung harder to Rogue’s hair with one hand while gripping her torso with the other, working the dildo inside her ass with increasing vigor. Stings of pain continued, but bits of pleasure emerged as well. Rogue didn’t get much sex ed back in Mississippi, but she knew anal sex could be effective for certain people. She just didn’t expect her to be one of them.

‘There’s no gettin’ around it. Ah like being punished. Ah like being fucked in the ass. It feels good! Is that wrong? Is it supposed to feel this good?’

‘Yes, Rogue. It is!’

Jean’s telepathic message caught Rogue by surprise again, but she didn’t mind. Her insight helped make sense of what she was experiencing. She stopped looking at it from the perspective of sex, kink, and submission. There was more to this feeling. It wasn’t just liberating in the sense that it inflicted overdue punishment. A part of her really enjoyed it.

However, Rogue doubted that she enjoyed it as much as Scott and Jean. They were both getting close to their peak. She could sense it. Jean was starting to steady her thrusts. Scott did the same, his expression tensing with anticipation at his coming release. As she looked up at him, he used the whip swat her back one more time, as if to inflicted the last round of punishment.

“I’m ready, Jean! I’m going to…come…soon!” he grunted.

“Oohhh me too, Scott! Me too!” Jean moaned.

Together, they delivered the last round of movements. Jean pushed the dildo deep into Rogue’s ass while Scott shoved his cock into her mouth as far as her gag reflex could permit. Then, while Rogue absorbed the lingering pain from her punishment, they soaked in a fresh round of pleasure.

Jean got hers first. She finally let go of Rogue’s hair, grabbing old of her waist while she shuddered under the weight of her orgasm. Whatever stimulator the strap-on had must have been very effective. Jean’s euphoric moans left little room for doubt. She came and she came hard.
Scott came shortly after. He dropped the whip, held onto her head, and let out a deep grunt as he got his release. Rogue felt it as he shot another stream of cum right into her mouth. Most of it went right down her thought. She barely had a chance to taste the salty substance, but it effectively completed the experience.

She’d been fucked from both ends and in every hole. She experienced pain, pleasure, and everything in between. It was a punishment, but it was also a cleansing of sorts. After being so dangerous to others, Rogue made herself vulnerable. In doing so, she reconnected with an intimate experience she thought she’d never feel again.

“I think…she’s had enough,” said Scott breathlessly.

“I agree,” said Jean, panting heavily as well, “but let’s make sure.”

After soaking in their respective peaks, they each withdrew from Rogue. Jean took off her strap-on and undid the shackles to her feet. Scott removed the ones on her wrists and undid the nipple clamps, as well, leaving Rogue to remove the mouth guard. She also needed a moment to catch her breath and adjust her jaw.

While Scott and Jean set aside their accessories, Rogue lingered on the table. She sat upright and noted the reddish welts on her body. They still stung, as did various parts of her lower body. She’d taken quite a bit of punishment, but she still felt better than she had before arriving. She even found herself smiling at her disheveled form.

“Dang! Ah’m gonna be sore tomorrow,” said Rogue.

“In a good way, I hope,” said Scott.

“In a dang good way!” she replied. “This might just be repressed southerner talking, but Ah kind of like this kind of punishment. It’s kinda…hell, Ah ain’t sure there’s a word for it.”

“You don’t have to say it, Rogue. We understand,” said Jean with a knowing grin. “New perspectives tend to open us to new experiences. Sometimes, those experiences resonate in unexpected ways.”

“Well, in terms of experiences, this is as unexpected as it gets,” she laughed. “Ah guess that’s another one Ah owe you two. First, you save me and Carol. Then, you show me Ah’ve got a thing for sex, bondage, and punishment. At the rate Ah’m goin’, it’s gonna be a long time before Ah can return the favor.”

“You don’t have to, Rogue,” said Scott. “Just do your part for the X-Men, like you promised. And we’ll keep doing ours with X-Corp.”

“We believe you can do a lot of good for yourself and others,” said Jean. “The Professor believes that too. That’s why he gave you the opportunity. We just gave you more reasons to make the most of it.”

The couple cast her a caring smile. They then joined her on the table and embraced her, not at all concerned about her powers, her nudity, or the fresh memories of all the harm she’d done. Had she not been sore from the punishment, bondage, and hard sex, she would’ve gotten emotional. Instead, she just smiled back and embraced them as well.

Rogue had come a long way. From getting kicked out of her home in Caldecott to joining the Brotherhood of Mutants, she’d made many questionable decisions while connecting with questionable people. Between her powers that kept her from touching and a world that seemed bent
on rejecting her, she let anger, bitterness, and despair guide her. She hurt herself and others every step of the way. She seemed destined to end up like her adopted mother.

It took a bad decision that turned into an egregious act to change her perceptions. Now, she had a fresh start with the X-men and a renewed perspective, thanks to Scott and Jean. It had been an arduous journey and one that required a certain level of punishment.

However, she finally stopped running from it. She even appreciated it in unexpected ways, but there would be plenty of time to explore that part of her life. For now, she was content to move forward.

“Thanks, you two,” Rogue told them. “Ah promise Ah’ll be the best dang X-Men Ah can be. It might not make up for everything Ah’ve done, but it’s a start.”

“We all have to start somewhere, Rogue,” said Jean, “even if it means starting with punishment for our past mistakes. They don’t have to define you, but you should still learn from them.”

“Ah will. Ah’ve already learned a lot,” she said with a curt grin.

“Glad we could help,” said Scott. “And we’ll keep helping in any way we can. We’re still looking into what happened with Mystique. We’re also trying to find out what disrupted your powers.”

“Ah appreciate that,” she said. “Ah just wish Ah could remember more before Ah blacked out.”

“Carol said the same thing,” the former X-Leader said. “We’ve all looked into it. The Avengers didn’t find anything. The X-Men didn’t find anything. But something out there definitely happened. Whatever it was – or whoever it might involve – we need to find out. Otherwise, it’s only a matter of time before it finds us again.”

**Empire State University – Miles Warren’s Lab**

“It’s still not working! Why isn’t it working? I’m so close to perfecting the process.”

Dr. Miles Warren had uttered those words many times before. Even before he became the Jackal – the devious alter ego who’d terrorized New York during his clashes with Spider-Man – he’d always been on the cusp of something great. Only a few minor flaws had ever kept him from achieving his goals.

He’d crossed many lines and endured many losses for his work, but he still believed it was worth completing. Cloning might have been messy, dangerous, and ethically suspect – so much so that even the High Evolutionary cast him out, claiming he’d lost his mind – but it had so much potential. It could ensure that nobody had to die. Loved ones could be brought back from the grip of death.

That included Gwen Stacy, the beautiful and caring student he’d fallen. Miles still kept a picture of her in his lab. He always looked at it, even after an experiment failed. His latest endeavor was a minor setback, but one that still felt so daunting.

“I made you a promise, my darling Gwen,” he said to the picture. “You’re going to live again. We’re going to be together. I don’t care what Spider-Man or Peter Parker has to say about it. He couldn’t save you, but I can!”

Those words felt hallow. His lab was a mess. His latest experiment involved using alien DNA samples that he’d stolen from a SHIELD clean-up crew after a recent prison break. He thought its
properties could help him stabilize a new batch of clones. The sample proved too incomplete.

The result were empty husks of human flesh and damaged bio tanks that could not handle alien flesh. His lab was now a mess. His machinery was damaged or broken. His computer array kept getting errors when it tried to process the data. Half the lights of his lab had gone out and he lacked the basic resources to replace them. Still gazing at the picture of Gwen, he felt hopelessly stuck with his goal still in sight.

“This alien DNA is the key. I’m sure of it!” Dr. Warren told the picture. “I just need more data, new samples, and better equipment. What I seek is within my grasp. I just need a few more resources!”

“Perhaps I can assist with that, Dr. Warren.”

The former teacher turned renegade scientist gasped. He grabbed the picture of Gwen, retrieved his Jackal gauntlets, and looked around anxiously. Near as he could tell, his lab was still empty. However, he was certain he heard a voice.

It wasn’t in his head, either. He sensed a presence too and it was close. It also felt ominous. Even for a man of science, such a presence made his skin crawl.

“Who’s there? Where are you and how did you find me?” Dr. Warren demanded.

“Those are meaningless questions with meaningless answers. All that matters is that we each desire something. And as it just so happens, we’re both in a position to help each other.”

“Help? You expect me to help someone who won’t even show their face?”

“Another meaningless question,” the voice replied, “but I suppose a fair answer is warranted. My name is Madelyne Pryor, but who I am is less important than what I can provide for you. Allow me to demonstrate, courtesy of my newest ally.”

The air around the lab grew hot. The lights flickered and a gust blew through the lab. Right in front of him, a circular portal appeared like magic. He’d seen fantastic feats that had been attributed to magic, often in conjunctions with his rivalry with Spider-Man. The scientist in him tried to make sense of it. Then, a female figure with red hair, yellow eyes, and blue skin walked through.

“What kind of a demonstration is this?” Miles asked skeptically.

“One that should interest you on a very personal level. Mystique, show him what I mean.”

The blue-skinned woman nodded, her eyes vacant and her expression unflinching. In another feat that sparked the intrigue of his inner scientist, the woman shape-shifted before his eyes to take on the appearance of a very familiar figure. It was none other than the beautiful woman who still haunted his dreams and fueled the madness behind the Jackal.

“My God…Gwen,” Miles gasped as he gazed upon her in awe.

“Not quite,” said the shapeshifter in a voice that sounded exactly like Gwen, “but close enough for what we have planned.”

“These plans of yours…what do they entail?” he asked intently, now more intrigued than ever.

“For you, it means refining your cloning expertise for a very specific purpose,” she said. “If it satisfies the desires of the Goblin Queen, then yours will be satisfied in return. And trust me. It’s in
all of our interests to satisfy her.”

Up next: Royal Recourse
Wakanda – Throne Room

‘Remind me again how you convinced to do this, Jean?’

‘Did I tell you about the part that involves dinner, drinks, and hot sex with an actual king? One you just happen to have a personal history with?’

‘Yes, you did. Multiple times, even.’

‘Are you going to pretend that didn’t convince you?’

‘Not at all. I just can’t decide who owes who a favor after this.’

Jean Grey-Summers hid her laughter behind a coy grin as she stood next to her close friend and former teammate, Ororo Munroe. It had been a while since they’d met up and coordinated on something other than a casual lunch. While she and Scott were building the foundations for X-Corp, Ororo was busy leading the X-Men. They each had new responsibilities, missions, and challenges. It seemed like those duties would keep their paths separate.

That changed once Wakanda entered the picture. It started as an outlandish idea, X-Corp getting support from the notoriously isolationist country. After she and Scott helped the Avengers save Carol Danvers, it became a real possibility. It still took several calls and some heavy coaxing from the likes of Tony Stark and Steve Rogers, but they did it. She got a private audience with the King of Wakanda himself, T’Challa.

However, Jean knew getting an audience with the king wasn’t enough.

To win his support, she needed to make it personal. That was where Ororo came in. On top of having a personal history with T’Challa that went back to their youth, she knew how to get her hands on authentic Wakandan lingerie. She’d been told it had once been the attire of royal concubines. All that mattered to Jean was that it looked as good on her as it did on Ororo. T’Challa definitely noticed.

“I must say, when Captain America encouraged me to convene this meeting, I did not expect the negotiations would play out like this,” said the King, trying to maintain his regal demeanor from his throne. “Although Tony Stark might have make a crude remark – or several – I thought he was joking.”

“I understand your attitude, your highness,” said Jean. “Tony’s remarks are notoriously hard to take seriously…especially the crude ones. That’s why I wanted to do them justice.”

“That, and you wanted an excuse to wear Wakandan lingerie,” Ororo pointed out.

“I consider that a bonus,” she said, showing off how the attire highlighted her hips and breasts, “one I may or may not have insisted upon.”

“You’ll have to forgive my friend’s demeanor, your highness,” said Ororo with a teasing gaze.
“She is a fiery American woman who has recently embraced a more colorful perspective on certain things.”

“No apologies are necessary, Ororo. Wakanda appreciates those with vibrant spirits, especially the kind that disinhibit beautiful women. And please, call me T’Challa. You have more than earned that right.”

Ororo cast her old flame a friendly smile. Jean sensed plenty of old passions between them. Ororo once told her about her encounter with a T’Challa back when they were teenagers in Africa. Back then, he wasn’t Black Panther, ruler of Wakanda, one of the most advanced countries in the world. He was just another young man, coming of age at the same time as her.

They’d been lovers. They were almost more than that. Then, fate took them down different paths. He returned to his homeland while she joined the X-Men. She claimed that she’d grown out of those feelings she had for him. Jean believed her, but she suspected Ororo still missed those passionate nights they’d shared. Now, they had a chance to recapture that feeling and she had a chance to share in the passion.

“Then, let us dispense with the formalities, as we so often did in our youth,” Ororo said, taking on a more official tone. “You accepted our presence within your sacred lands. You gave us residence in the royal palace. You granted us the privilege of dining with the Elders while discussing X-Corp’s proposal.”

“The fact you could dine with the Elders and negotiate without losing your appetite says even more about your spirit,” added T’Challa.

“The fact you could dine with the Elders and negotiate without losing your appetite says even more about your spirit,” added T’Challa.

“Not to mention our sincerity, given how fond we became of Wakandan rum,” Jean added.

“They still need to sign off on the deal,” Ororo continued, “and it’s a deal with great benefits. Unlike the many others Wakanda has received from outsiders, it neither demands nor encourages the crown to undermine the sovereignty of this sacred land. It doesn’t even ask for a sliver of precious Vibranium. It only asks for your support of X-Corp as a voice for global mutant welfare. Doing so even grants more direct access for Wakanda’s own mutant population.”

“But that is only the official part of the deal, of which I am certain I can convince the Elders,” T’Challa said. “It’s the unofficial parts that will likely give them reservations.”

Jean knew about those parts well, more so than Ororo. It was also part of why she insisted on offering T’Challa more intimate negotiations in the secure privacy of his throne room, which didn’t take much convincing once Ororo got on board. Tactics aside, there was a reason for it and it didn’t just involve supporting X-Corp.

“Those reservations are not without merit,” said Jean, taking on a more serious demeanor. “Initially, we had no intention of including those extras to the deal.”

“You’re requesting covert technical expertise from Wakandan science. There’s nothing little about that,” T’Challa pointed out.

“I agree, but we wouldn’t request it if we didn’t feel it necessary, your highness. While X-Corp has connections with the expertise of Reed Richards and members of the Avengers, we understand that their availability is limited. After what happened to Carol Danvers and Rogue, my husband and I feel there may be threats beyond the scope of the X-Men, X-Corp, and even the Avengers. We believe Wakandan expertise can get the job done better and more covertly than most.”
“I do not doubt that it can, but I heard about what happened to Carol,” T’Challa continued. “Vision even forwarded me a data file from the incident. The anecdotes from her experience are distressing, particularly the ones involving some unnamed threat that subdued both her and her attacker.”

“Those have disturbed us as well,” said Ororo, “and we’re just as much at a loss.”

“And traditionally, Wakanda has favored non-involvement in such affairs. Anything that might become an unruly entanglement with outsiders runs contrary to our interests and policies.”

He sounded so official and powerful, as was to be expected of a king. However, as his gaze narrowed on her and Ororo, the man behind the crown never became too distant. On top of that, their use of Wakanadan lingerie helped balance his perspective.

Even when she sensed T’Challa leaning more towards traditional Wakandan dogma, she leaned forward somewhat, showing off her cleavage and her legs. Ororo wasn’t quite as overt, but she hadn’t been overly modest about how much she missed this kind of lingerie. It might not have been the extra judge the king needed, but it helped secure the perspective they needed.

“But those are the same traditions that held Wakanda back when it should have stepped up,” T’Challa continued. “The death of my father proved that. My allegiance with the Avengers proved it even more. Even the most stubborn Elders cannot deny that anymore.”

“Some will still try,” Ororo responded.

“And I intend to remind them how wrong and misguided they’ve been lately,” he quipped. “They may still resist. They may even resent me. But they understand that Wakanda’s perspective is changing, as has mine.”

“Which is something I can certainly appreciate,” said Jean with a half-grin.

“Mutants are part of an even larger change,” he went on, “one that has already affected Wakanda. That is why I intend to persuade them of every aspect of this deal…provided we complete the negotiations.”

“I thought they were complete,” said Ororo.

“On paper, they are,” said Jean, “but certain negotiations just can’t come through a pen or computer. They have to take place in places like this…at night…in private chamber with a dashing young king and two beautiful women dressed as concubines.”

Jean’s voice quickly took on a sultry undertone. Had her friend not known the seamier details of her and Scott’s negotiating tactics for X-Corp, she might have blushed. Instead, she just smiled and shook her head before narrowing her gaze on T’Challa.

“This is usually the point where I would ask the Dora Milaje to leave in the interest of privacy,” said Ororo, “but something tells me you’ll want witnesses for this.”

“Plus, I kind of want them to watch,” Jean whispered to her friend coyly.

T’Challa laughed as he turned towards the two Dora Milaje guards standing behind his thrown. As Wakanda’s elite guard of warrior women, they were tasked with protecting Wakanda at the highest level. They were usually silent and stoic, but even they could not hide their reactions when certain dealings unfolded under their watch.
“I will leave the decision up to them,” he said.

“You know we are honor bound to watch over you, my king,” said one of the Dora Milaje.

“And I also would like to watch,” said the other, her eyes narrowing on Jean. “Something in that American’s eyes tells me this will be a sight to behold.”

“You don’t know how right you are,” said Jean, “and if we’re really done with the less intimate negotiations, allow me to make it official!”

What she did next would’ve brought a smile to peasant and king alike. With an eagerness befitting of the spirit T’Challa had mentioned, Jean turned towards Ororo, grabbed her by the shoulders, and pulled her into a deep kiss. Her actions initially surprised Ororo, but not by much. She knew better than most how open she and Scott had become since their encounter with the Phoenix Force. She was more prepared than most to take on the brunt of her sensual energy.

‘Let’s do this, my friend,’ she told Ororo via telepathy. ‘Let’s put on a sexy show fit for a king!’

‘Jean, I’d ask what’s gotten into you, but I already know the answer. So I won’t bother.’ Ororo responded.

‘That, and you’re too horny to care.’

‘That too. Now, let me show you how we heat things up in Africa.’

The surprise had already worn off. Ororo was already embracing the mood Jean has established and worked to make it hotter.

Under the watchful eye of the Wakandan King, she and her friend made out like a couple of performers putting on a sex show. Ororo demonstrated uncanny comfort in kissing another woman. She didn’t mind kissing that was hard and messy. That included plenty of tongue and focused erotic energy. It showed a side of Ororo that Jean had not seen. Given that she once when she saw Ororo skinny dipping in at the Xavier Institute’s pool, it almost seemed fitting.

While the kissed, Ororo began stripping off Jean’s lingerie. She was slow, yet direct, starting at the top to reveal her breasts. Following her example, Jean did the same, removing the top part of Ororo’s lingerie to leave them both naked from the waist up. They still made it a point to tease the king, mashing their breasts together so that he couldn’t get a full look.

“Such engaging negotiations, indeed,” said T’Challa with a wide grin.

Encouraged by the king’s approving eye, Jean and Ororo stepped up the intensity of their kissing and touching. They took turns fondling each other’s breasts, moaning and groping one another with increasing urgency. Ororo was downright aggressive with the way she fondled her breasts and pawed her upper body, sounding like an animal in heat. Since they were in the heart of an African jungle, it felt quite appropriate.

While Jean tried to match her friend’s energy, Ororo went to work removing the bottom part of Jean’s lingerie. That involved untying a special knot at the top, which caused the rest of the lingerie, as well as the thong-like underwear, to fall to the floor. It rendered her completely naked in short order, much to the approval of T’Challa.

Jean showed some sensual creativity of her own. While fondling Ororo’s breasts and nibbling on her ear lobe, she used her telekinesis to undo her lingerie as well. As soon as she was as naked as her, Jean grew bolder with her touching, slipping a hand between her legs and fondling her pussy.
“I knew it would be hot in Africa this time of year, but I didn’t think you’d be even hotter, Storm,” Jean said to her.

“It is the rainy season, last I checked. Things tend to get hot and wet...some parts more than others,” said the African woman.

“Yeah, I’m starting to feel that too!”

“Trust me. You’ve yet to feel the full force of the season!”

Ororo once again unleashed her primal side, kissing Jean harder and drawing her into a more heated embrace. In doing so, she hitched one of Jean’s legs up around her waist and let her pussy grind against her thigh. The direct skin-on-skin contact got her blood flowing faster, especially around her lower body.

At the same time, Jean felt a sudden humidity surround her and Ororo’s naked bodies. It was as though the temperature around them had just increased by seven degrees. Just as Jean had demonstrated how she used her powers in a sensual way, Ororo showed she could do the same. The added humidity caused a light layer of sweat to form on their skin, causing them to glow within the ambient lighting of the throne room.

Such a display was not lost on T’Challa. Jean already noticed him shifting in that throne of his. The pants of his royal garb looked too tight for negotiations like this. At this point, just watching such an erotic display was not enough for a king.

“I think you two beautiful ladies have made your point,” he told them. “Now, the king is ready to make his decree.”

“And what might that entail, your highness?” asked a curious, but eager Jean Grey-Summers.

“Approach the throne and see for yourself,” the Wakandan king replied.

That was the cue she and Ororo had been waiting for. Ororo warned her before their visit that Wakandan customs were stricter than most. Nobody could just approach the king and start discussing deals. They had to be invited directly. If they weren’t, then the Dora Milaje were honor bound to attack. If their reaction to their sexy display were any indication, that didn’t appear to be a concern.

She and Ororo exchanged mischievous grins. Then, still fully nude and very aroused by all the foreplay, they approached the throne together. The Dora Milaje who had been guarding elevated platform with vibranium-tipped spears led them through. They still kept a close eye on them, but Jean sensed it had nothing to do with preparing an attack.

“The king welcomes such willing and eager concubines,” one of the Dora Milaje.

“Funny, they did not identify themselves as concubines,” noted the other, “although they certainly dressed as such.”

“And we hope to be treated as such,” added Jean.

As Ororo and Jean arrived at the elaborately decorated throne, T’Challa stood up to greet them. He eagerly accepted them into his royal embrace, exchanging a brief kiss with Ororo before sharing one with Jean. His lips tasted every bit as regal as Ororo had described.

“I’m told that it’s customary to offer the king a tribute proportional to the grace he has offered,”
said Jean. “Given how welcoming you’ve been for us, I gladly offer myself to you as a concubine for the night.”

“And I offer myself as well in the spirit of helping my friend, as well as a former lover,” added Ororo.

“That might be the greatest tribute I’ve ever received,” said T’Challa, “and for the King of Wakanda, that is no easy feat.”

“Then by all means, your highness,” Jean said to him seductively, “don’t be easy on us.”

Her sensual tone earned Jean another hungry kiss from the powerful monarch. He also began exploring their naked bodies with his hands, feeling up their butts, hips, and breasts.

While they became more intimately acquainted, Ororo began removing her former lover’s royal garb. His shirt came off with relative ease. It was light, well-pressed, and airy. It was part of the formal garb he wore while conducting royal business. His pants proved more of a challenge. They were tighter and not just because of the large bulge protruding from his pelvis. Jean helped with that, once again using her telekinesis to remove it along with his underwear.

It gave Jean her first look at the king’s penis. Ororo once said that good kings didn’t need to brag about the size or function of their genitals. Based on what she saw with T’Challa, he was a damn good king.

“Talk about a royal endowment,” Jean commented.

“Trust me, my friend. It feels more regal than it looks,” Ororo said.

“I’ll be the judge of that,” she replied, “assuming, of course, the king here wishes it.”

Jean doubted he needed much temptation. That didn’t stop her from reaching down and grasping his semi-erect manhood at the base. Ororo did the same. She even whispered something into his ear. It must have been something incredibly naughty because the king’s eyes lit up like a prince on his birthday.

“Yes! I most certainly wish it,” T’Challa proclaimed.

“Then please, your highness. Have a seat on your throne and let us make you feel like royalty,” said Jean.

The powerful monarch didn’t object. Having set aside his attire for the servants to gather, he sat back down on his opulent throne like a true king. From there, Jean and Ororo fully embraced their roles as royal concubines for the evening.

They each dropped to their knees and crawled up to the base of the throne, eyeing that royal dick of his every step of the way. Ororo approached it like an animal in heat, seeking the erotic attention of an alpha male in the wild. Jean tried to match that animalistic spirit, crawling like a tigress, making sensual growling noises as she met her friend at their destination.

From there, another erotic collaboration began.

‘Let’s suck it together,’ said Jean. ‘You go high. I’ll go low. We’ll alternate along the way.’

‘You sound rather excited about such a lurid plan,’ Ororo replied. ‘Is Scott rubbing off on you?’
‘That and I might have heard what you whispered to him.’

The two women shared a playful laugh before commencing the first phase of their royal treatment.

Sticking to Jean’s plan, she went in first, attacking the tip of T’Challa’s dick with her lips and tongue. Ororo followed soon after, licking around the base with her tongue and squeezing the shaft with her hand. Through further coordination, she focused on one side while her friend focused on the other. The size of T’Challa’s penis required it.

Jean had heard plenty of jokes – many from Logan and Bobby – about how powerful monarchs compensated for the size of their dicks. It was safe to say that T’Challa did not need to compensate for anything.

Through their shared efforts, she and Ororo soon had the Wakandan king moaning in approval. Now sitting back comfortably on his throne, he placed his hand on their heads, running his fingers through their hair as they sucked him off.

“By the Panther Goddess,” T’Challa gasped. “You ladies are marvelous!”

“Mmm…only the best for the king,” said Jean.

“The best indeed,” said Ororo, casting her friend a lurid look.

As the halls of the throne room echoed with the king’s content gasps, she and Ororo began alternating their approach. Ororo got her share of the tip, showing off impressive moves with her tongue. Not to be outdone, Jean stepped up the intensity as she squeezed, stroked, and licked around the base. It evoked more hard grunts from the proud monarch, so much so that his grip on their head tightened.

By now, his cock was fully erect. Between tasting it, admiring it, and sharing in the experience with her best girlfriend, she was also very aroused. Her pussy was so wet. She rubbed her thighs together to keep the juices flowing until the king had his fill of oral sex. Judging by his grunts and the thoughts he projected, Jean sensed that he desired more.

“What say you, your highness?” Jean asked. “Would you like us to keep sucking? Or would you prefer some outsider pussy?”

“You make it sound like a difficult choice,” said T’Challa as he gazed down at her and Ororo with burning desire.

“In that case, why don’t you give Jean a taste of Wakandan ravaging?” Ororo suggested. “I already know that pleasure. And in the interest of showing Wakanda’s greatness with the outside world…”

Her words trailed off, most likely intentionally. She dared T’Challa with her eyes to give her friend a special kind of fucking. Having known him personally, romantically, and intimately, that dare carried weight. Being a proud king, the Wakandan monarch gladly responded.

“I never miss a chance to demonstrate my kingdom’s greatness,” T’Challa said.

“And I’ve never had a chance to have sex with a king. That’s my kind of demonstration!” said Jean.

“Then, move back, get on your hands and knees, and prepare to feel Wakanda’s greatness!”

It sounded like a royal decree, as well as a man eager to enjoy some heated jungle sex. Jean still followed it as closely as any loyal subject. She backed away from Ororo and T’Challa, but
remained on the floor. She then got into position just in front of the throne, which also happened to
give the Dora Milaje a perfect view.

“The erotic spirits are strong with this woman,” said one of the Dora Milaje.

“You mean for an outsider, right?” said the other.

“No, I don’t.”

Now on her hands and knees, playfully pointing her butt at the horny king, Jean prepared for her
first taste of royal sex. T’Challa didn’t give her much time to brace herself. As soon as Ororo
released her grip on him, he knelt down behind Jean and guided that big, Wakandan cock of his to
her wet entrance.

Ororo, never one to be left out, joined Jean on the other side. She took Jean by the shoulders and
elevated her slightly, as if to align her body along with T’Challa’s. From there, the Wakandan king
made his next decree and thrust into her. Jean reacted immediately to the feeling of that big, black,
royal dick penetrating her depths. Ororo even seemed humored by it.

“Ohhh Your Highness!” Jean squealed.

“You hear that, King T’Challa? She likes it!” Ororo said, casting her former lover a goading grin.

“Indeed,” he said as he took in the feeling of her pussy. “She’s in for much more!”

“Trust me. Jean can handle it,” said Ororo. “She’s not like other outsiders. Her body and spirit are
special.”

She gave Jean a coy glance while saying those words. It felt like her way of reminding her to make
a good impression. She’d already done so much to win the king’s favor. Proving she could make
love like Wakandans was key to securing that favor.

Jean just smiled back, her body and world already rocking under the force of T’Challa’s heated
movements. He didn’t go too fast, but he was hard and thorough with each thrust. Every time he
drove his throbbing cock into her depths, he pushed her ability to take every inch. Places that were
difficult to reach got more stimulation than usual. It flooded Jean’s body and senses with surges of
sensations. She still made it a point that she could handle it.

“Yes! Yes! Ohhh yes!” Jean exclaimed. “Give it to me! Give me that royal cock! Fuck me like
your favorite concubine!”

“Such…vulgar…rhetoric,” said T’Challa in between hard thrusts.

“It’s an American thing. I don’t understand it, either,” Ororo said, “but there are ways to mute it.”

Before either he or T’Challa could react, Ororo made a move of her own. While Jean kept getting
reamed from behind, the former weather goddess laid on her back, spread her legs, and guided
Jean’s head to her pussy. It caught Jean a bit by surprise, but she was enjoying the royal sex too
much to complain.

“Mmm! Pussy…and cock!” Jean said through muffled moans.

“Go on, Jean. Put that dirty American tongue to good use!” said Ororo.

“Good use, indeed,” said T’Challa, showing approval of her actions.
Not one to argue with a goddess or a king, Jean began dining on her friend’s pussy while the Wakandan king kept pounding into her from behind. Ororo was already aroused from their earlier activities, but some added oral stimulation helped get her wetter.

Having told her friend about how her and Scott celebrated their wedding in Las Vegas, she knew Jean could eat pussy. She made sure she ate it well, probing her folds with her tongue and hitting all the sensitive spots around her clit. Soon, Ororo’s blissful moans filled the throne room along with that of the king’s.

“Ooh, Jean! My friend! You keep finding ways to impress me!” Ororo moaned out.

“Such…and impressive…woman!” T’Challa grunted.

Jean barely heard them. She was too busy gorging on her friend’s womanhood and taking a king’s cock inside her. Again and again, she took sex and gave it. The heat of the jungle and the heat of their sex filled the area. With such powerful feelings and sensations flooding in from all directions, she found herself on the brink of orgasm.

However, she barely had a chance to articulate how close she was. By the time she came, Ororo was still pressing her face against her pussy. The best she could do was let out a muffled moan.

“I’m…com-ummfff!” she exclaimed.

It was like being bombarded with pleasure, the hot waves of her release coursing through her from head to toe. She shuddered under the feeling, her inner folds contracting hard, even as T’Challa kept pumping into her. It felt like a royal gift, worthy of both a queen and a concubine.

As she came, T’Challa clearly noticed. Ororo noticed too.

“You hear that, your highness? You made her come,” Ororo said.

“I heard. And I am not…yet…done!” he said with more labored grunts.

T’Challa kept at it, but steadied his movements as Jean processed her orgasmic peak. She sensed he was close too, his member tensing hard within her tight depths. Jean began bucking her hips to help supplement his every thrust. The Wakandan King even elevated one of her legs to get in at just the right angle.

After a few more labored thrusts, the king completed the royal task before him. With a triumphant grunt, he climaxed inside Jean’s waiting pussy.

“By…the five tribes…yes!” he moaned out.

“Your highness…I feel you coming too,” Jean purred.

A hefty exchange of sexual fluids followed. Jean felt a thick stream of T’Challa’s cum line her depths, mixing with her feminine juices. Given the extensive exchange they’d negotiated before even arriving at Wakanda, it felt like a bonus of sorts. If nothing else, it gave the King of Wakanda another reason to pursue more exchanges with X-Corp.

“It’s official, my friend. You have proven yourself worthy of a king’s touch,” Ororo told her.

“Is that…rare?” asked Jean, still short of breath.

“Knowing T’Challa, both as a man and as a king, I’d say it certainly is,” she said.
She cast her former lover a smile. The Wakandan king smiled back, still breathing heavily as he withdrew his cock from Jean. Now winded and a little sore, the redheaded woman needed a minute.

However, she hadn’t forgotten that Ororo hadn’t gotten her share. In addition, she noticed that T’Challa’s dick remained fully erect. She recalled her friend mentioning that Wakandan kings and warriors frequently ate a heart-shaped herb that improved stamina and strength. Another lesser known side-effect was that it effectively eliminated sexual refractory periods, which might explain why Wakandan Kings rarely had difficulty siring heirs.

T’Challa must have ingested his share of that herb earlier that day because he was already eying Ororo with lustful intent. Since Jean had kept her so aroused with her oral sex, she already seemed excited by the prospect.

“You do know me, Ororo. And I know you too,” he said. “I haven’t forgotten about you…nor have I forgotten how much you enjoyed our passionate nights.”

“Well, I do remember being quite vocal about my enjoyment,” Ororo teased.

“I’d still like to give you another reminder, my Savannah Goddess.”

“As would I, my king. As would I.”

“And I’ll act as a witness, just in case,” said Jean.

Like a couple of animals still in heat, T’Challa and Ororo focused their desire on one another. Jean gladly moved aside, giving them room to maneuver on the plus rug in front of the throne. The memories of those heated nights must have come rushing back quickly because they effortlessly aligned their bodies for more sex.

Ororo remained on her back, her legs hitched back, demonstrating a flexibility worthy of a weather goddess. T’Challa got on top of her, knees bending right over his shoulders. It helped provide extra leverage as he guided his cock towards her friend’s dripping wet pussy. With another hard thrust, he entered her.

“Oohhh T’Challa!” Ororo moaned out. “It’s even better than I remember!”

“Ororo…your sweet warmth…so magical!” the king gasped.

Within moments, T’Challa had another hard sexual rhythm going. Jean watched as Ororo’s body rocked in conjunction with every thrust, her breasts bouncing every step of the way. T’Challa eagerly grasped them as he fucked her, evoking louder moans and even a few not-so-subtle gusts of air.

He clearly knew how Ororo liked it, favoring a mix of rough primal-like sex with a touch of sincere passion. She knew how he liked it too, feeling up his arms and caressing his battle-hardened face. He was a king and she was a weather goddess, but they still went at it like animals.

“You always make an indelible impression, Ororo,’ Jean told her via telepathy. ‘If only you knew the memories and feelings he’s projecting right now.’

‘Please, Jean…I’d rather you keep such details to yourself,’ she replied. ‘I’d like to just enjoy this for what it is.’

‘Fair enough, my friend.’
‘I’d also like you to participate. Read my mind and I’ll share with you a few of T’Challa’s less obvious proclivities.’

Jean snickered to herself as she received a little psychic intel from her friend. Her body was still reeling from the ravaging T’Challa gave her, but she had more than enough stamina to rejoin the fun. She also had a plan with which to share in its fruits.

While T’Challa continued his heated movements with Storm, Jean rose up and snuck up behind them. From there, she wrapped her arms around his waist, making sure to press her breasts up against his back. Apparently, T’Challa loved that. Ororo had memories of curling up behind him, rubbing her tits on his back to get him in the mood while they were together. Jean also nibbled on his ear and whispered the kind of dirty musings that no king would dare utter out loud.

“Do it, Your Highness. Fuck my friend with your regal cock. She may have the grace of a goddess, but a true king can make her moan like a whore,” she told him.

“I…know what you’re doing,” T’Challa said.

“Want me to stop?” she teased.

“No. Heavens no,” he said without hesitation.

Encouraged by her crude American encouragement, T’Challa intensified his and Ororo’s sex. He went harder and faster, evoking louder moans. Ororo’s expression was awash in ecstasy. She began raking her nails over the king’s shoulders, her body shaking with every sensual surge.

She was close to climaxing. Jean didn’t need telepathy or keen insight to figure that out. T’Challa sensed it too. He clearly remembered how Ororo looked when she was on the brink. With Jean still kissing his neck and nibbling his ear, he made a final push for his former lover’s ecstasy.

“By the grace of the Orisha,” he said, “grant this special woman…the release she deserves!”

“Yes, T’Challa! I feel it!” Ororo cried out. “I’m coming! I…ohhhh Goddess!”

Jean felt a sharp gust of hot air sweep through the chamber. She did not know if that was normal for Ororo whenever she climaxed, but it made her peak an even greater spectacle.

As the African woman closed her eyes and soaked in the feeling, Jean watched with T’Challa as she writhed under the onslaught of ecstasy. She even picked up on some of it through her telepathy. It was intense, even for a woman who claimed she hadn’t been in a relationship in years. It was also beautiful, seeing her friend enjoy the same release that she and the king had achieved.

“I think every god, goddess, and spirit heard that,” Jean teased.

“I hope they did,” said T’Challa with a humored grin.

They weren’t the only one admiring the scene before them. Even the Dora Milaje watching over them broke their usual stoic expression and smiled at what they’d witnessed.

“I certainly heard it,” said one of them. “I do not think I will be able to unhear it.”

“Why would you want to?” the other laughed.

“Who said I wanted to? This might be the most revealing business the king has ever pursued in these chambers.”
“And what makes you think it’s over?”

They gave Ororo as much time as she needed to soak in the feeling. More gusts of hot wind followed, as if guided by the weather goddess’ orgasmic whims. Once they settled, she opened her eyes and cast the Wakandan King a beaming grin. She then rose up and kissed him. She also drew Jean into it as well, signaling that there was plenty of passion to share.

“You’ve pleased us both, your highness. For that we are grateful,” said Ororo.

“Grateful and impressed,” added Jean.

“But have we pleased you too?” she asked, a suggestive glint in her eyes. “Have my friend and I met your regal standard for royal concubines?”

“You have…almost,” the king replied with an equally suggestive grin.

“Almost?” questioned Jean.

“There is a saying among Wakandan royals. If you are to take two lovers to your bed, make love to them as though there were two more. What kind of king would I be if I did not leave our honored guests with the utmost satisfaction?”

Jean exchanged glances with Ororo. The humored grin on her face hinted that T’Challa’s rhetoric was more than just formality. Wakandans were proud, determined, and honorable. That had served them well on the battlefield and the global stage. Why shouldn’t it serve them just as well in the bedroom?

Not questioning the passionate whims of a king who had already pleased them both, Jean followed T’Challa’s lead along with Ororo. Since she was the outsider least familiar with Wakandan customs, the former lovers converged on her.

Jean soon found herself lying flat on her back with Ororo lying on top of her, their breasts mashing together in a sensual mesh. T’Challa then positioned himself behind them, propped up on his knees with his still-erect penis aimed towards their waiting pussies.

“I’ve taken you one at a time,” the king told them, “but a good ruler knows how to multitask.”

“That seems like a necessary skill,” said Jean with a humored grin.

“And since T’Challa is such a great ruler…” Ororo began, letting her words trail off.

Little explanation was needed. Jean didn’t get the chance to hear any further insights. The Wakandan king had entered her again, putting both hands on Ororo’s butt while thrusting into her pussy, which was still wet from their previous sex.

A fresh round of sensations followed, along with more hard, focused thrusts that rocked both her and Ororo. It also caused their breasts to rub together even harder, adding a different kind of stimulation to the mix. After getting a good rhythm going with her, the king abruptly withdrew and re-entered Ororo’s pussy to keep the feeling going.

“Oohhh, Your Highness!” Jean moaned. “He’s really doing it, Ro. He’s really fucking us both!”

“Mmm…he is,” moaned Ororo, her expression already awash with delight, “and he’ll still…fuck us…so well!”
“Like a good, honorable king!” Jean added.

The two women laughed and gasped as T’Challa continued alternating between them, giving them both a steady stream of sensual sensations. They even got frisky with one another, making out while they took turns getting fucked. They kept rubbing their breasts together, kissing one another with plenty of tongue while grinding their lower bodies together.

T’Challa seemed to appreciate the erotic display. Their actions prompted him to fuck them harder, alternating between their pussies with greater regularity. He also began using his hands, fingering the pussy of whichever one of them he wasn’t fucking. He made sure to pay close attention to their swollen clits, providing even more stimulation that sent both women on the path to more ecstasy.

“He’s going…to do it…again!” Jean said through increasingly labored gasps. “I’m going to…come…again!”

“I’m close too, my friend,” said Ororo. “Trust in the king. He’ll get the job done!”

“That…I will!” said T’Challa with increasing determination.

Ororo shared that determination. She rubbed her breasts against Jean even harder, targeting her nipples in the process. She also hungrily kissed her friend, showing an animalistic side that Jean had never seen before. It was a far cry from the elegance and grace that made her a goddess in the eyes of so many, but for someone so in tune with nature, it seemed appropriate.

It was also hot. Jean couldn’t deny that either. Between her friend’s efforts and a shared dose of T’Challa’s royal sex, the redhead got plenty of enjoyment out of it. All the added stimulation had her on the brink of orgasm. She sensed Ororo getting close too. In an effort to share in the pleasure, while putting on a more erotic show for the king, Jean used her telepathy to open a channel between her mind and Ororo’s.

‘I’m about to come, Ororo,’ Jean told her. ‘Open your mind to me. I’ll help you come too! Trust me. Shared orgasms are the best!’

‘I do trust you, my friend,’ she replied. ‘If you can make the orgasm I’m about to have even better, then do what you must.’

Assured of her permission, Jean performed the psychic tasks that she and Scott had become so adept in sharing. Once she linked their minds, she felt Ororo’s pleasure mixing with hers. It was like tapping into an extra source of energy. With T’Challa still going hard, pumping his cock into Jean’s pussy while fingering Ororo’s with his hand, they had everything they needed.

Together, they crossed the threshold. Jean took her friend’s hands in hers, closed her eyes, and let out a cry with her friend that was sure to impress any proud monarch.

“Ohhhhhh yes!” they exclaimed in perfect harmony.

They were so loud that it left Jean’s ears ringing. She squeezed her friends hands in hers, curling her toes and contorting her body in conjunction with Ororo’s as the flood of pleasure washed over them. Unlike the first orgasms they had, this one was shared. Through the telepathic channel she opened, bliss compounded bliss. The hot sensations that ignited every nerve burned brighter than before.

While Jean had experienced it before with Scott, Ororo hadn’t known the feeling. She looked genuinely shocked, not expecting it to feel that good. More gusts of hot air swirled around their naked bodies, causing her hair to flutter. She had always had a divine grace to her, but now she
knew what it was like to actually feel divine. Jean had a feeling that if she and Scott ever wanted to organize another three-way, Ororo would be the first to participate.

Such a spectacle left even T’Challa astonished. He had to steady his movements, just to take it in. He definitely liked what he saw. Seeing two beautiful women – one of which he had once loved many years ago – share such a powerful feeling left him in awe. For the King of Wakanda to that impressed with anything was quite an accomplishment.

“I’ve seen gods, angels, monsters, and heavens,” said T’Challa, “but that was a sight to behold!”

“I’m sure every man who brings two beautiful women to his bed thinks that,” said one of the Dora Milaje in a humored tone.

“But I doubt they all mean it as much as him,” said the other in a more serious tone.

Ororo needed several moments to catch her breath. Jean, having navigated more than her share of blissful moments, helped her friend as best she could. She smiled and embraced her friend, keeping the channel between their minds open so that they could continue exchanging messages.

‘Deep breaths, Ororo,’ said Jean. ‘Just soak it in. Process it as best you can.’

‘You and Scott are such…creative lovers,’ Ororo replied. ‘I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to look at sex the same.’

‘You can thank me later. Until then, we still have a king to satisfy. And after what he just saw, he’s ready to blow another royal load.’

‘Can I assume you already know how you want to help him achieve it?’

‘You know me well, my friend.’

The two women exchanged glances. Jean sent her a quick message containing a few intimate details. Ororo grinned and nodded to affirm she understood. T’Challa, still watching them in their post-orgasmic daze, remained very aroused and very much in need of a second release.

“Thank you for making us come again, your highness. You are truly worthy of your crown,” said Jean.

“As honored guests of Wakanda, you’re welcome,” said the king with a humored grin.

“But now, we must return the favor,” said Jean.

“And for you, King T’Challa,” said Ororo, “only our best will suffice!”

They each shared a mischievous undertone, which kept the king both intrigued and aroused. Ororo, having since caught her breath, was ready to spring into action. Tapping into the same teamwork they’d shared while they were X-Men, they coordinated once more to satisfy the king.

Ororo rose up off Jean. She then helped her up, allowing T’Challa to withdraw from Jean’s pussy in the process. Before the king could process what they had planned, the two naked women converged on him, kneeling down and surrounding his still-erect dick with their breasts. Almost immediately, T’Challa voiced his approval.

“Ah, I see. This is indeed the best!” he said.

“Just sit back and relax, Your Highness,” said Ororo seductively.
“Let me and my friend tit-fuck you to paradise!” added Jean.

No royal decree was necessary. The Wakandan King let out a content sigh as he leaned back on his arms, giving her and Ororo more room to work. They took full advantage of it.

Jean positioned herself on his left side while Ororo stayed on his right. Using both hands, their mashed their breasts together harder to create a tighter fit around the king’s cock. From there, they began working it up and down, slithering it between them like a well-oiled piston. It was already so wet from their feminine juices. That didn’t stop her and Ororo from licking it a few times to make the feeling even smoother.

They continued their sensual coordination, casting wanting looks towards the Wakandan King as he soaked in the feeling. Jean sensed he was close. She could feel it in the way his member throbbed between her mounds. Thanks to her and Ororo’s efforts, they sent him over the edge in a manner truly fit for a king.

“Oohhh Wakanda forever, yes!” he moaned as he finally climaxed.

Jean and Ororo made sure he got to watch another erotic display as he peaked. They stopped tit-fucking him, but kept his dick snug between their breasts. They tightened their hold on it just as he shot off his load manly fluid.

The volume of his release impressed Jean. A thick streak of cum shot up right between her and Ororo. Most of it got on her face, but some ended up on Ororo. As more came shooting out, the two of them made it a point to get as much as they could on them. Jean though she got more, but that didn’t Ororo from licking some right off the tip.

It was quite a display and quite messy, for that matter. It also rendered the king very satisfied. For anyone hoping to make a deal with Wakanda, a notoriously reclusive nation, there were few greater feats that an outsider could achieve.

“This might be the most enjoyable diplomatic envoy I’ve ever entertained, as king,” said T’Challa, now leaning back on his arms, looking more relaxed than any monarch should.

“Likewise, Your Highness,” said Jean, as she and Ororo joined him in some post-coital snuggling.

“To be fair, my friend did not make the same unreasonable requests that many previous outsiders have made,” Ororo pointed out.

“To be even fairer, your friend is more sincere than most outsiders,” added T’Challa.

“There are many benefits to being transparent,” said Jean. “It shouldn’t be that hard a concept, honestly helping others in an effort to help ourselves.”

“You’re right, Jean. It shouldn’t,” said Ororo.

“And yet, here we are,” said the King of Wakanda, embracing two naked women in his arms.

They shared an amicable laugh. It might have been the lightest the mood had ever been in the Wakandan throne room. More light gusts swept through the spacious palace, a likely byproduct of Ororo being so relaxed and satisfied. Jean enjoyed that feeling and so did T’Challa.

From that same feeling, T’Challa cast Ororo a longing glance. Jean knew that look well, having directed it towards Scott on many occasions. She didn’t know the full story of Ororo and T’Challa’s history. Based on what Ororo had told her, their love was real for a time. However,
times had changed.

“I am sorry that we could not reconnect sooner, Ororo,” T’Challa said in a more serious tone.

“There’s no need to apologize, T’Challa. How was I to know you wanted a three-way this badly?” she said in a humored tone.

“It’s not just that. You’ve always been special to me. Leaving you all those years ago…allowing our paths to diverge so complete…it is one of my greatest regrets,” he said.

“I’d be lying if I said I didn’t shed many tears after that day,” said Ororo, her tone becoming more serious as well. “I even regret not going after you, but fate simply had other plans for us. You were set to become King of Wakanda. I was set to become a member of the X-Men.”

“Does that mean it is too late?” T’Challa asked intently. “Can we ever recapture the love we once shared?”

Ororo paused for a moment, her gaze becoming distant. Jean cast her friend a knowing look. She didn’t have to be psychic to know that she had seriously considered pursuing that love again. Ororo looked up at T’Challa, caressing his face as she’d probably done after many passionate nights in the past. He did the same, still looking at her as someone who meant a lot to him.

Then, she turned back towards Jean. She didn’t say anything. Jean just smiled. She knew her friend well enough to know what decision was right for her. It was why she had been chosen to lead the X-Men and mentor others. It was also why men like T’Challa fell for her. In the end, however, the choice remained with her.

“In another life, perhaps we could’ve,” Ororo answered with a distant sigh. “Being with the X-Men has taught me to see the world very differently. Leading the X-Men has only taught me even more. I’m sorry, but I cannot see a path in this world in which you and I are together.”

“I feared as such,” T’Challa said solemnly. “Is it because my life is tied to Wakanda? And yours is tied to the X-Men?”

“That’s only part of it, T’Challa,” she said. “Do not make light of what we shared. Our love was strong. But pursuing that love demanded too much of our hearts. It required that you undermine your duties as king. It required that I undermine my duties with the X-Men and the plight of other mutants. It is akin to wounding our souls at the expense of our hearts.”

“Sounds like too great a sacrifice, even for love,” Jean pointed out.

“All love comes with sacrifice, but sometimes there is a cost…one too great for anyone to bear,” said Ororo. “I wish it didn’t have to be this way, T’Challa. But you and I both know it is too late for us. It has been for a while now.”

“I understand,” said T’Challa. “I’m just glad we came together again.”

“Yes. It’s good to come together…very good,” said Jean jokingly, which helped lighten the mood.

“You and your crude American humor,” said T’Challa, rolling his eyes.

“I don’t get it either, but I still find it funny,” said Ororo, laughing at Jean’s remark.

The mood lightened once more. It felt like Ororo and T’Challa were parting on good terms. They might even see each other again, if only for another hook-up. Jean wouldn’t blame them. Given the
stresses of being the leader of the X-Men, she needed it.

Bringing her along for their negotiations had proven more beneficial than she’d hoped. Jean had initially worried that bringing T’Challa’s ex-lover along might trigger tensions – a concern that both Charles Xavier and Logan had raised – but her faith in her friend had paid off once more.

X-Corp now had connections to one of the most advanced countries on the planet and its beloved king. Given the many challenges they faced – including the ones they didn’t understand, namely those they’d encountered with Carol Danvers and Rogue – they needed as many connections as possible.

‘Thanks again for convincing me to do this, Jean. I needed it…in more ways than I’d expected,’ Ororo said, still using the telepathic channel from earlier.

‘You’re welcome, my friend,’ said Ororo. ‘This was a productive effort…also in more ways than I expected.’

‘Again, with that American humor.’

‘I promise I’m serious. This has been great. The deal is done! We still have a night of royal comforts to enjoy and a couple of Dora Milaje that I’m sure want to take part in our next sexy activity. Let’s focus on that while Scott finishes the fine print.’

‘Fine print? What does that entail?’

‘Nothing that concerns us, my friend,’ Jean assured her. ‘Just trust that he knows what and who to handle to make this new deal work smoothly!’

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**Wakanda Science and Technology Center – Shuri’s Private Laboratory**

“Yes! Ooohhh spirits of the jungle, yes!” moaned a pleasantly surprised, but very joyous Shuri, “You are good at this…for an outsider!”

“I like to think I’m just good at this,” said Scott Summers in a plain, but confident tone.

Such impassioned moans had been echoing throughout Shuri’s private lab for quite some time now. They were in stark contrast to the skeptical and cynical tone she’d taken with him and Jean when they’d arrived in Wakanda earlier that day. To her, they were just another couple of outsiders looking to benefit from Wakanda’s vast resources. She even accused them of manipulating the king’s emotions by bringing his former lover, Ororo Munroe, along for their visit.

He and Jean had expected such hostility, especially from Shuri. As T’Challa’s sister and one of Wakanda’s most brilliant minds, she had every reason to be protective of her brother and her homeland. While the ultimate decision to make a deal with X-Corp remained with King T’Challa, he understood that it wouldn’t work unless they had the support of his sister. That was what Scott had been tasked with securing. He ended up making more progress than he’d hoped.

“Right there! Use your tongue…right there!” Shuri moaned with more urgency. “I am close…very, very close!”

The Wakandan princess writhed blissfully under the onslaught of stimulation, which Scott had been steadily delivering since she warmed to his presence. What began as a tour of Wakanda’s most advanced labs ended with Shuri sitting on a table, leaning back on her arms with her legs draped over his shoulder, while he gave her oral sex.
She was naked from the waist down, having shed the lower part of her Wakandan attire after some thorough foreplay from earlier. Scott was on his knees, his shirt already having been removed. He pleased the Wakandan woman with laser-like focus, using both hands to gently part her folds and probing her depths with his tongue. Through careful and tactful efforts, he found her most sensitive areas and targeted them directly.

“Come, Shuri,” said Scott while rubbing her clit with his thumb. “I would be honored to see Wakanda’s princess come.”

He was a bit overly formal, but Ororo had warned him that Wakandans held outsiders to a very high standard. The standards for the king’s sister were even higher. That made Scott even more determined. Shuri probably didn’t expect to have an orgasm during their tour, but she certainly welcomed it.

Scott also hadn’t expected to test his oral sex skills, although he had come prepared, just as Jean came prepared for intense negotiations with the king. Officially, his role in the deal was to tell Wakanda’s top scientists what X-Corp might need with respect to helping mutants, as well as investigating the recent incident with Rogue and Carol Danvers. The unofficial parts came into play once Suri got involved.

While Wakanda’s research on mutants wasn’t on par with Charles Xavier or even Reed Richards, for that matter, it had resources that even they couldn’t access. Scott watched several Wakandan researchers use vibranium weapons to neutralize Sentinels and advanced tools to manage unstable mutant abilities. Shuri had been the one to lead those demonstrations. She’d also been the one to claim Wakanda’s science could not be bought or sold.

It led to some intense discussions. Being the sister of the king, Shuri’s words carried a great deal of weight in Wakanda. Things only became less intense when things got more personal. Scott told stories about his adventures with the X-Men and how mutants had been hated and feared. Shuri told stories about how Wakanda fought hostile outsiders intent on exploiting its resources. They eventually found common ground in X-Corp’s vision to turn those valuable resources into a force for good.

From that common ground, Shuri’s initial mistrust waned. That mistrust soon turned to respect. Then, the respect became attraction. At that point, they took their discussions into her private lab. Soon after, Shuri demanded that Scott prove his worth by showing he could please a princess. It was safe to say she had her proof.

“Oohhh! Hail Wakanda, I’m coming!” the African woman cried out.

His efforts finally bore fruit. With one last lick of her clit, Shuri leaned back further on the desk, threw her head back, and spread her legs even wider as she climaxed. Scott watched as her lower body shuddered under the onslaught of orgasmic bliss, her pussy throbbing around his tongue and fingers. Rivers of feminine juices flowed from her folds. As a way of showing his respect for Wakandan royalty, he made sure to lick up every drop.

“Mmm…so tasty,” Scott said, his voice muffled by her pussy.

“That is what all the men say,” Shuri cooed, still dazed by her orgasm. “Wakanda pussy is the sweetest fruit in the jungle!”

“I can understand why,” he replied, looking up from her inner thighs, her juices now dripping down his face.
“I believe you,” she said to him, “and that’s not something I’ve been able to say about many outsiders.”

He cast her a thankful smile and she smiled back. Shuri appeared much more comfortable in his presence and not just because he gave her an orgasm.

While she caught her breath, Scott rose back to his feet. He still had his pants on, but now he had a noticeable bulge in his crotch, which was to be expected when tasting the pussy of a beautiful woman. Shuri clearly noticed, but didn’t mention it. Still relishing the afterglow of her climax, she returned to an upright position embraced him as she had earlier. She remained on the table, but didn’t look at all inclined to retrieve her pants or panties.

“For much of our lives, Wakandans are taught to question the sincerity of outsiders,” Shuri said in a serious tone. “Those lessons are not without merit, either. Our lands have been targeted for centuries by nations, corporations, and other tribes seeking to plunder our sacred lands.”

“Hard lessons often have plenty of merit, especially when it comes to history,” said Scott.

“Many have come here with noble intent, presenting themselves as allies,” she went on. “Almost always, they reveal themselves to have ulterior motives. My brother has given the outside world more chances than past kings. I’ve seen many of them go very wrong, but I’ve also seen some go very right.”

“For what your brother has done for the Avengers, I think they feel the same way.”

“And that used to confound me,” Shuri said. “I initially opposed his involvement with the Avengers. I was convinced that, like so many others, they had nefarious motives. Time and again, I looked for one. But the results were the same. The Avengers just wanted to save the world. Wakanda even helped with that effort. Wakanda helped save the world and I kept trying to find a flaw in that.”

She paused for a brief moment. She laughed to herself and shook her head, showing a level of humility that Scott rarely saw in ordinary people, let alone princesses. It proved that Shuri was a special kind of royalty. Like her brother, she didn’t let dogmatic traditions keep her people from doing the right thing. Having seen mutants endure a similar struggle, having seen long traditions of hatred and fear from humans, he understood better than most.

“Being Wakanda’s greatest scientist, I cannot avoid what the data tells me,” Shuri said. “When everything I’ve seen tells me that my brother being an Avenger is a good thing, the conclusion is clear.”

“And what is the data telling you about me? What is it telling you about my wife, X-Corp, and our vision for mutants and humans everywhere?” Scott asked intently.

“You act as though I did not scrutinize every byte of data I could before you arrived,” she replied with a humored laugh. “I did all that twice and the message was the same. X-Corp seeks to help. It seeks a vision, rather than profit. And no matter how hard I look, I cannot find an ulterior motive.”

“Yet you still weren’t convinced, were you?” Scott surmised.

She laughed again. She also pulled him into a closer embrace, snaking her arms around his neck and looking at him with an intensity befitting of royalty. She also made it a point to rub her inner thighs up against his groin, causing the bulge in his pants to get harder.

Scott didn’t mind. In fact, Shuri seemed turned on by the idea that someone could sense her train
of thought. She might have been too used to everyone just going along with the princess, never daring to guess what she was thinking or feeling. Just taking a chance, showing that he could follow that brilliant mind of hers, got her very aroused.

“That is why I like you, Scott Summers,” said Shuri. “You pick up on subtleties and aren’t afraid to point them out. I’m usually the one who has to do that, especially around my brother.”

“I had to do that while leading the X-Men. I’ve had to do that with my wife, as well,” he said. “Honesty, she’s the reason I’m good at that.”

“She must also be the reason why you are so good at eating pussy,” she laughed. “For that, I intend to thank her for sharing your passions with us. It’s that same perspective...to share and be open in ways beyond our selfish desires...that help you stand out. It is also the final bit of data that convinces me that you are genuine and honest.”

“We’ve learned there are many benefits to being so open with our passions,” said Scott, sharing in the playful laughter.

“That is a good thing. In places like Wakanda where tradition is so important, such openness is rare. To me, it is still a novel concept...one that continues to intrigue me.”

Her voice quickly became seductive again. She skillfully wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him closer so she could paw his exposed chest. In addition, she skillfully loosened the top part of her attire, exposing the ample cleavage that had so far been contained by her Wakandan garb.

While she had him entranced, she leaned in and playfully trailed her lips around the manly contours of his chest. Encouraged, Scott slipped his arms around her back and loosened her top even more. She aided him along the way, helping him unfasten ivory buttons so he could peel it off, rendering her completely naked.

Naturally, he began exploring her exposed flesh, giving extra attention to her breasts. It helped get Shuri even more aroused, causing her to step up the intensity of her kissing. As she tasted his manly flesh, she undid his belt and began tugging at his pants. It made clear that their private negotiations were not complete.

“Shuri,” Scott said, already short of breath, “is this another test of my sincerity?”

“No. You have already proven yourself, Scott Summers,” Shuri told him. “You are an honorable man worthy of Wakanda’s respect.”

“Then, what is this?”

“It is exactly what you think it is,” she teased, “a Wakandan princess hooking up with a handsome outsider for some informal fornication. Does it need to be anything else?”

“No, Princess Shuri. It doesn’t.”

“Good. And please...just call me Shuri.”

Scott grinned eagerly before capturing her lips in hungry kiss, effectively shifting the mood from one of diplomacy to something much more intimate. The details and formalities were over. Now, they could just enjoy themselves. Scott sensed Shuri needed that more than him.

As they kissed and touched one another with increasing passion, Shuri finished undoing his pants.
In short order, they fell to the floor, along with his boxers. As soon as his semi-hard cock was exposed, she began stroking and fondling it to get it fully erect. Scott returned the favor by slipping a hand between her thighs and stimulating her outer folds, which he’d become so familiar with.

She was still very aroused.

She still craved more sex.

She was also a real princess. Who was he, a common outsider, to deny her?

“Do me, Scott Summers!” she urged him. “Or, as you Americans love to say, fuck me like a common harlot!”

“That’s not quite how we say it, but close enough,” Scott laughed.

Convinced of Shuri’s desires, the former X-Men leader dispensed with diplomacy and took the beautiful princess on the spot.

While she remained seated on the table, Scott shifted his grip to her legs and pushed them apart. Shuri even showed off her flexibility, bending her legs back and creating a clear path for their union. Still standing at the side of the table, his feet planted firmly on the floor, he guided his member towards her wet entrance.

His initial instinct was to be careful. Shuri was the princess of a powerful country, after all. However, the beautiful African didn’t seem to care for that. Still holding onto his neck, she pulled him forward, encouraging him to enter her with more urgency. He followed her lustful whims, feeling her hot folds surround his rigid cock.

“Yes! Oh Gods, that’s what I want!” Shuri joyously exclaimed upon feeling his flesh inside her.

“Shuri…so tight,” Scott gasped.

“More! Give me more, Scott!” she urged him.

The Wakandan princess kissed him hungrily in a demonstration of her wild lust. Scott was caught off-guard temporarily, but quickly caught up. As he started moving his hips and rocking their bodies, along with the table, he got a feel for the kind of sex that Shuri liked.

They went at it hard and fast, pushing their bodies as much as their passions. However, it was more intense than rough. With every thrust Scott delivered, Shuri arched her hips slightly, supplementing his sensual efforts. Every movement invited intense, deep penetration. Her tight folds slithered smoothly along his shaft, evoking plenty of sensations.

“Yes! Yes! Oohhh spirits of Wakanda, yes!” Shuri cried out.

She wildly kissed his face and neck, raking her nails along his back and torso. Scott trailed his hands down her shapely legs, teasing her feet before working his way back up to her shapely hips. She really seemed to enjoy that. She even laughed in between her blissful moans. She was having fun with their sex. For all he knew, she hadn’t had this much fun with an outsider in all her life.

Embracing that fun-loving spirit, Scott mixed things up a bit. After going at it with that rapid pace for a bit, he lifted her up off the table and held her off the floor with his arms. Shuri laughed again, instinctively throwing her legs around his waist and grasping onto is shoulders. Her forehead now leaning against his, she looked positively enthralled by the prospect of having sex with an outsider.
“Ooh! You bold, dashing outsider!” Shuri said with intrigue and excitement.

Scott cast her a bold grin. In a show of strength that any Wakandan could respect, he bounced her up and down his cock, each plunge of her hips allowing him to penetrate her depths. More playful laughter followed, along with a few fresh scratch marks on his shoulders. He didn’t mind, though. Jean had left far deeper marks during their passionate nights.

He carried that passion, literally and figuratively through more sex. It wasn’t easy, maintaining the intense pace that Shuri preferred. He was tempted to tap some power from the Phoenix Force to help him finish the job. However, that proved unnecessary as soon as Shuri began playing a more active role.

“I am getting close again, Scott” she whispered into his ear. “This time, I want you to be involved!”

Showing some impressive leverage, even while being held up, she leaned forward to guide him into a nearby chair. It had been the same chair she’d sat in during their intense discussions earlier. Now, it was the site of equally intense sex. This time, Scott was the one sitting it in it and Shuri was on top of him, straddling his waist.

Still clinging to his shoulders, Shuri began bouncing her hips up and down, working her pussy along his cock with an intensity that sent him to the brink of orgasm. He’d been holding back since they started, prioritizing the pleasure of the Wakandan princess above his own. Shuri might have appreciated that sentiment before. Now, her desires had changed along with her priorities.

She wanted him to come.

She wanted to share this feeling with him, an outsider seeking Wakanda’s help.

It was a powerful notion, a Wakandan embracing an outsider in such a way. The fact that he’d been embraced by Wakanda’s princess made it even more powerful. Scott, now holding onto Shuri’s butt as she worked her sensual passions, simply watched and marveled at what they were about to achieve.

“Shuri, I…I can’t hold back any longer. I’m going to…come!” Scott grunted.

“Yes! I feel it too! Spirits of the land guide us…as we share this!” Shuri gasped.

Their eyes locked. The intensity in Shuri’s gaze was worthy royalty. He matched it as best he could. She then shifted her hands from his shoulder to his face. Her touch became gentler and kinder. At that moment, those spirits she’d mentioned had found them. He came and so did she.

“Ohhh! Hail Wakanda!” Scott exclaimed.

“Hail Wakanda, indeed!” Shuri cried out.

Scott got his first. His throbbing member erupted in an orgasmic release, filling her depths with streams of cum. That hot feeling inside her helped send Shuri over the edge, as well. She let out a deep gasp that morphed into a deeper moan as her inner folds throbbed around his member. She wasn’t quite as loud or animated as before, but that didn’t make it any less satisfying.

For a moment, they just lingered in their intimate union, their naked bodies enmeshed and embracing one another. Scott caught his breath alongside the Wakandan princess, who lingered in his arms, even after their bodies parted. Still sitting in the chair together, she continued caressing his face in a teasing, yet playful way. He was almost certain she had never looked at an outsider
the same way she was looking at him.

“My brother once said that traditions are only as valuable as the weaknesses they preserve,” Shuri said. “I used to wonder why he thought that way. Now, I don’t.”

“The world outside of Wakanda is dangerous and chaotic,” Scott said, “but there are so many wonderful things out there…things worth protecting and uplifting.”

“I believe you, Scott. I also believe that Wakanda can help. We’ve always had the capacity to help, but not the vision. What you are doing with X-Corp…what my brother is doing with the Avengers…at long last, we have that vision. And I am honored to be part of it.”

She kissed him again, as if she hadn’t shown her appreciation enough already. He kissed back, affectionately caressing her naked body, assuming she might be in the mood for more playful passions. At that point, any further ecstasy they shared was a bonus.

It felt like a perfect culmination of their new alliance. X-Corp, like his and Jean’s relationship, was driven by openness. That stood in stark contrast to Wakanda’s traditions of isolation and mistrust.

Shuri – and T’Challa, assuming that Jean and Ororo had succeeded on their end – had finally embraced the spirit of that openness. It was different, bold, and even a little risky. Instead of concern, however, it inspired excitement. They were going to need that moving forward. After what happened to Rogue and Carol Danvers, the stakes for X-Corp were getting larger.

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**New York City – Abandon Subway Station**

“That noise! That damned noise! Where is it coming from?!” roared a very angry and very confused Venom.

Venom was in a rage. For once, it had nothing to do with Spider-Man, Peter Parker, or rejection from a perfect host. This was a rage fueled by pain. That pain came courtesy of an ear-splitting noise that nobody else seemed to hear. It was as though the noise had been specifically tuned to target them and only them.

“This is not part of our plan!” Eddie shouted from within the alien creature. “You said we had overcome this vulnerability!”

“We did, Eddie!” the symbiote replied in its inhuman tone. “This is different. This is unlike anything we have encountered before. This is…an abomination!”

“Doesn’t matter what you call it,” Eddie barked. “We followed it here. Now, let’s stop it!”

The hulking creature roared and seethed in discomfort. Together, the symbiote and its host stumbled through the dark, dingy subway station that had been blocked off for years. They didn’t originally plan on venturing across the city, navigating networks of putrid sewers, but then that agonizing noise started.

It was an infuriating weakness that shouldn’t have been a weakness anymore. Loud noises and sonic weaponry was one of the few things that could hurt the Venom symbiote. It had been what its first host, Peter Parker, used to reject it. It was also what Peter used to defeat them during their first encounter. Before helping Brock escape prison, the symbiote adapted itself to resist such attacks. This felt like something different.

It came from all directions.
It attacked every cell and fiber, both within the symbiote and within Brock.

It taunted, tempted, and tormented them all at once.

There was no escaping it. Once they realized that, they sought out the source. That meant abandoning their plan to confront Spider-Man again, albeit temporarily. That remained the primary goal for both Eddie Brock and Venom. However, the more they heard that painful noise, the more they reconsidered their priorities.

“ERRR! WHERE ARE YOU?” Venom shouted into the darkness. “I KNOW YOU’RE HERE! SHOW YOURSELF SO I CAN RIP YOU APART!”

Only silence followed. Venom snarled and seethed with more anguish, attacking random piles of debris in frustration. They swore it only got louder, as if to further taunt him.

Then, just as he prepared to rip the whole station apart, a portal formed in front of him. From it, three figures emerged and one of them was distressingly familiar. Venom quickly recognized it as another symbiote, albeit one with a more deranged demeanor.

“So that’s where I get some of my bloodlust,” he said. “Guess I’m a chip off the old block!”

“You,” Venom said, “we recognize you.”

“I sure as hell hope so,” the figure replied before revealing the face of Cletus Kasady. “We were cell mates. Now, we’re symbiote blood brothers. That makes you the first real family that I haven’t tried to kill…yet.”

Venom sneered at the sight of Cletus, withdrawing part of its flesh to reveal the face of Eddie Brock. Brock’s memories of Cletus Kasady were many and none of them were good. Even by symbiote standards, Cletus was a deviant. The idea of him being a host, especially for a symbiote that they helped birth, sickened them on every conceivable level.

As disgusted as he was, the two figures he arrived with concerned him more. One was a woman wearing overly revealing attire for a subway station, abandoned or otherwise. The other was a man with a monstrous disposition that included green skin, elf-like ears, and fang-like teeth. Neither seemed inclined to attack, but Venom sensed only danger from them.

“Well, Mr. Jackal, we went through the trouble of luring him here,” said the woman. “Is this the specimen you require?”

“I believe so, dear Goblin Queen,” said Jackal. “This is the source of Mr. Kasaday’s symbiote. His response to the beacon I planted is proof of that. The acoustic signature I extrapolated from Carnage should prove useful for the next phase.”

“Oh don’t spoil the moment with technobabble, Doc,” said Carnage. “Let’s just tell him what he’s in for so we can enjoy the moment.”

Venom tried to lash out at him, but Jackal pushed a button on his watch, which caused the noise to get even louder. It was so loud that Venom fell to his knees, clenched his head, and roared out in agony.

“WE…WILL…KILL…YOU!” he shouted. “WE WILL DEVOUR YOUR BONES!”

“Careful, Jackal,” said the Goblin Queen. “We don’t want to hurt our newest ally too much.”
“Speak for yourself, babe,” said Cletus. “Hurting family and screaming bloody murder are kind of my jam. It’s like classical music to me.”

“I’ll record it so you can sleep soundly tonight,” she said. “But first, we have business to tend to.”

Venom kept trying to fight back. He remained paralyzed from the sound, every cell of the symbiote frozen in place by sheer agony. Eddie felt it too. It showed in his enraged, yet pained expression. As the Goblin Queen knelt down and clenched his chin with her gloved hand, he tried to direct that rage towards her.

It was no use. He was still at their mercy. Something other than his spider sense told him that was the worst place to be.

“I sense a great deal of discomfort in you, Venom,” the Goblin Queen said, “but I also sense a great deal of desire as well.”

“FUCK…YOU!” he spat.

“You wish,” laughed Cletus, “and believe me, it’s worth wishing for!”

“You want vengeance over someone who rejected you,” she went on. “You want to destroy someone who denied you your very purpose. Believe me. I understand that better than most. Which is why I’m going to help you get what you desire. In turn, you’ll help me pursue my desires as well.”

“WE…DON’T…WANT…YOUR HELP!”

“You may want that now, but trust me. That’s going to change,” she said with a devious grin. “You see, Jackal here is an expert in cloning. He believes he can bring back the dead and improve on the original. It’s not an easy process. I myself am proof of that. So, to refine his techniques, he’s come up with a process specific for symbiotes. He just needs a test subject…specifically, one who’s more stable than Carnage.”

“I want to be insulted, but she looks so damn good in a thong. I just can’t!” laughed Cletus.

The Jackal pushed another button on his watch. The noise lessened somewhat, giving Venom some much-needed relief. He was still enraged. He still felt inclined to attack this woman and her associates. The mention of that process, however, sparked his curiosity.

Who would want to clone a symbiote?

Why would they want to in the first place?

They clearly had agendas, none of which involved getting revenge on Spider-Man. In that respect, Venom still wasn’t interested. However, both Eddie and the symbiote that bonded to him could not ignore the idea or its implications.

“This process…sounds like a disaster waiting to happen,” said Venom.

“It might be. Things involving clones often are,” the Goblin Queen admitted, sounding oddly casual about it. “If it works, it’ll help us all pursue our purpose.”

“And if it doesn’t?” Venom asked intently.

“Well, then we’ll just have to make sure the disaster is directed towards Spider-Man, Peter Parker,
and everyone else who wronged you,” she answered.

Suddenly, Venom felt less inclined to tear this woman’s spine out through her throat.

She was tempting him with something that both Eddie and the symbiote wanted more than anything. It was still their greatest desire. They had their own plans to make Spider-Man suffer. This woman offered to supplement them. The prospect of hurting his greatest enemy even more was just too appealing to pass up.

“What do you require of us?” asked Venom.

“For now, simple cooperation,” the Goblin Queen answered with a devious grin. “Eventually, I’ll require more of you. I cannot promise it won’t be strenuous. I can only promise that, one way or another, we’ll get what we desire!”

Up next: Test Subjects
New York City – Apartment of Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson

Everyone had their own idea on how to be a good wife. Since she got married, many friends and loved ones eagerly shared those ideas with Mary Jane Watson, not knowing that their ideas, no matter how good they might have been, just didn't apply.

That was because she was the wife of a superhero. She was the wife of Spider-Man, the wall-crawling vigilante that the Daily Bugle went out of its way to smear at least twice a week. She knew that by marrying Peter Parker, she would be marrying Spider-Man as well. She also knew that there was no comprehensive guide to being the wife of a superhero. Both she and Peter had to figure it out as they went along, which often invited unique challenges.

“You need to quit worrying, Aunt Anna. Peter and I will be fine,” Mary Jane said into the phone while putting away groceries. “We’ve got enough money from our wedding to tide us over for the next six months.”

“But are you sure that’s enough?” asked her worried Aunt on the other line. “You’re gambling with your future, Mary Jane. You had a good thing going as a supermodel. I’m almost certain you had a better credit score too.”

“Peter’s credit isn’t that bad,” said Mary Jane, rolling her eyes as she closed the refrigerator.

“Mary Jane, his credit card got rejected at the rehearsal dinner, for crying out loud.”

“I thought that was funny,” she snickered.

Mary Jane heard her Aunt Anna groan over the phone. That happened frequently whenever they talked about her and Peter’s financial situation. She let her fume while she put away the rest of the groceries she’d bought earlier that day. She’d learned to deal with such issues, but that didn’t make it less relevant. It was also the most common issue that came up with her and Peter.

Peter warned her before they got married that she wasn’t marrying a billionaire. Being a superhero on the side was hard enough, but it was even harder when it came to gainful employment. He’d struggled to find a well-paying job since high school. Being a photographer and a teacher was honest money, but web-slinging on the side brought additional costs to the mix.

On top of that, Mary Jane had decided to go through a career change after getting married. She’d made decent money as a supermodel. In fact, that income helped pay for a good chunk of their wedding and their honeymoon. However, she knew from day one that being a supermodel was a temporary gig. Few women could hope to make a lifelong career out of it. She went into it knowing it was a steppingstone to something else.

She had a good idea of what she wanted to do once she left the business. Marrying Peter Parker had been a critical step in moving from one part of her life to the next. She was excited about that step, but taking it required resources that were in scarce supply.

“It’s no laughing matter,” her aunt told her. “Now granted, Peter is a marked improvement over
some of the other men you’ve dated.”

“You can say it, Aunt Anna. He’s nothing like my father.”

“That doesn’t change the fact that he’s a freelance photographer and a chemistry teacher, two careers that hardly complement your ambitions.”

“They don’t hinder them, either. And Peter supports me. He’s doing everything I could ask of a good husband while I transition from supermodel to actress.”

“I get that this is your dream, Mary Jane. I even get your husband – a man whose dependability I still question – is eager to support you. I just worry that you’re not seeing the challenges before you. The desire may be there, but are the opportunities there as well? And has marrying Peter Parker done anything to create new opportunities?”

Those were not unreasonable questions. Mary Jane couldn’t laugh them off, either. Opportunities seemed to be the biggest asset that she and Peter lacked. Peter often called it “Parker luck,” but the issue predated their relationship and promised to complicate it even more if it continued.

Growing up, she had so much going for her. She had the personality, body, social skills, and charisma to go farther than most. It helped her get modeling gigs. It also made her the perfect party girl for years. However, no matter what she did, she never seemed to get a break. She never came across those special opportunities that everyone needed to build a bigger career.

Whether she was a supermodel or a masked vigilante, her skills and drive could only take her so far. At some point, she needed an opportunity, but they never seemed within reach. While others, like her Aunt Anna, liked to cast blame on others, she knew the truth.

“Aunt Anna…I love Peter. I love him with all my heart and I don’t regret marrying him,” she said, still standing in her kitchen.

“I’m not questioning that, Mary Jane,” her aunt said defensively. “I just…”

“I know you’re concerned. I know you think I married below my potential. A lot of people have told me that since our wedding, but those are all people who don’t know Peter like I do. They don’t appreciate the kind of man he is. And I believe that I’m better with him than I could ever be on my own or with anyone else.”

“But Mary Jane…” her Aunt Anna began, her voice sounding more anxious.

“We’ll figure it out,” Mary Jane said, stopping her before she could start again. “Those opportunities will come. I believe that and so does Peter. But in the meantime, I’m going to prepare for a nice, quiet evening with my husband.”

There was silence over the line. She could hear her Aunt Anna groaning again. She remained unconvinced. Mary Jane didn’t expect to convince her. She had a feeling this wouldn’t be the last time they had this conversation.

“Just be careful, Mary Jane. I’ll talk to you later,” her Aunt Anna said.

“I’m sure we will,” said the redhead with a sigh.

Mary Jane hung up and set aside the phone. Still standing in the small kitchen of her and Peter’s mid-sized apartment, she shook her head and sighed. Her life had been complicated before she started dating a superhero. It was probably going to get harder before it got easier, but she and
Peter promised one another that they would help each other endure. She believed in him. He believed in her. It was just a matter of working together and seizing the next opportunity that came their way.

“And just like that, I wish I’d bought an extra pint of ice cream,” she sighed. “Peter, I hope you don’t get roughed up tonight. Because I’m going to need your love more than usual.”

Feeling restless, she set aside the rest of her things and made her way to the bedroom to change into something more comfortable. She’d originally planned on making a few phone calls to inquire about roles or jobs at local theaters. She decided she was in no state to sell herself as an aspiring actress. The sun had just set and she was content to lounge on the couch until Peter got home, preferably without any fresh bruises.

She stretched her limbs as she opened the door to her and Peter’s shared bedroom. Then, much to her surprise, she saw that someone was already there. It looked like Peter in his Spider-Man costume. He was just standing over in the corner, looking into the mirror next to their closet.

“Peter? You’re home early,” Mary Jane greeted. “I thought you had a class to teach this afternoon.”

He didn’t respond. He didn’t even react to her presence. He just stood there like a statue, looking at his reflection. Concerned, Mary Jane approached him.

In doing so, she also noticed something else. He wasn’t wearing his usual red-and-blue Spider-Man costume. He was wearing the all-black costume he’d worn for a while. She remembered him telling her the story about that suit, although he admitted he left out a few details. It made her more cautious when she approached him.

“You haven’t said a word or made a clever quip in a full five seconds,” she said in a more suspicious tone. “Either something went horribly wrong or you’re not Peter.”

“Smart girl, but you’re only half-right,” came an unexpected female voice from behind. At that moment, Mary Jane sensed someone in their bathroom. She immediately turned around to confront them, but before she could, the figure she thought had been Peter jumped out in front of her with agility that perfectly mirrored Spider-Man. She was prepared to fight him off.

Then, he held up his hand and a series of blackish ooze formed in his palm. With a simple gesture, he shot it at her and it hit her right in the arm. However, instead of impacting, it was absorbed into her skin.

“Aahhh!” Mary Jane exclaimed. “What the hell was…” That was all she got out before a strange new feeling came over her. It began with her thoughts becoming spacy and incoherent. It was like someone had flooded her brain with relaxing, feel-good chemicals that rendered her too dazed to fight back. It left her feeling dizzy and woozy.

The feeling then extended to her body where it only intensified. It was like someone had wrapped a warm, wet blanket around every inch of her skin. Every muscle became more relaxed and nerve became more sensitive. The effects were especially intense between her legs. Her inner thighs became so moist with sexual arousal that she almost lost her balance. It was like someone had reached into her body, activated her sex drive, and overloaded the system.

It was overwhelming. It even felt good. However, she was still coherent enough to recognize that something was very wrong. Looking at the Spider-Man figure in front of her, she managed to
realize one critical detail.

“You’re not Peter…or Spider-Man,” Mary Jane said to the figure, her voice already slurred from the feeling.

“Right on both counts,” said the same voice from earlier. “You’re smarter than you look. That’s encouraging. Let’s hope your husband is just as smart.”

Mary Jane, now hugging her shoulders and trying to stay upright, looked over towards the bathroom. From it, a redheaded woman dressed in black leather attire emerged. Mary Jane didn’t recognize her. She didn’t appear to be one of Spider-Man’s enemies, either. However, she still sensed that she was a problem.

“Who…who are you?” Mary Jane asked.

“Nobody you’ll remember,” the woman replied with a devious grin. “I am here because I’m about to conduct a test, of sorts…one that will hopefully yield some useful resources in pursuing a greater purpose. And as it just so happens, you and your husband have been chosen as test subjects.”

“We’re not interested,” said Mary Jane, trying to be defiant, even as her body and mind betrayed her.

“You say that now, but I think you’ll change your mind soon,” the woman said, “and it’s not because I’m going to kidnap you and force you to. I am not another one of your husband’s juvenile adversaries. I’m someone who prefers subjects who want to help me.”

“You really think…we’ll help you?” retorted Mary Jane.

“Oh I know you will and not just because you were hit with a pheromone-laden symbiote spore,” she laughed. “It’s because you’re going to willingly come with me. You’re going to willingly call your husband. And we’re going to have a test that’ll either serve a greater purpose or drive you mad!”

**Madripoor – Dr. Miles Warren’s Lab**

“Wrong! This feels…so wrong!” said the weak, dazed voices of Eddie Brock and Venom. “I…we…cannot do this.”

“You can and you will!” said an excited Jackal as he eagerly took in a fresh stream of data. “Wrong or not, this is actually working! Between the Nathanial Essex’s technology and the Hellfire Club’s resources, I can finally do it. I can finally perfect my cloning technology.”

Venom kept wailing and groaning in discomfort, sounding nothing like the menacing force he’d once been. Hovering in a bio tank, tubes and needles going into him from every angle, he looked downright sick. He was no longer a hulking, imposing creature covered in muscle and snarling with predatory malice. He was an emaciated shadow of his former self and it showed in Eddie too, who was so weakened by the process that he looked like he’d been starved for a week.

It was ironic because he’d *volunteered* to return to Madripoor with the Goblin Queen. He came with them with the promise that they would help him get revenge on his former host, Peter Parker. He was even eager to help, offering samples of his symbiote, which the Jackal required for his research. When Jackal demanded more than just a sample, Venom grew more reluctant. By then, it was too late.
As bad as it was for him, the experiments still yielded results. Daken, Mystique, and Carnage had a front row seat to witnessing those results. While Carnage often ran off to run errands for the Goblin Queen – errands that, they assumed, involved murder and torture – Daken and Mystique remained passive observers. Having become hopelessly trapped by their desire to help the Goblin Queen, they could barely muster a reaction to what they saw.

“No more lengthy growing cycles. No artificial aging and maturation processes, either,” Jackal continued as he looked over a data screen. “With a simple spore, packed with all the necessary genetic and cognitive data, I can now grow clones as easy as a farmer grows corn. It’s beautifully efficient, wouldn’t you say?”

As if to show off his new feats, Jackal activated one of the large metal tanks located next to Venom. The components on the side lit up. It then let out a series of hissing noises. Finally, after only a few minutes of processing, a small basketball-sized spore that resembled the Venom symbiote popped out from an extruder.

Seconds after hitting the floor, it came to life, shifting and contorting itself, as though following a set of built-in instructions. It soon took the shape of a humanoid figure that resembled Venom, but wasn’t nearly as tall or muscular. Venom remarked that it looked just like Spider-Man when he was the host for the symbiote. However, it had no host. It was almost entirely composed of symbiote flesh, but it was the non-symbiote components that got both Jackal and the Goblin Queen so excited.

“Just look at it,” said Jackal as he marveled at his latest creation, “a fully figured being, part symbiote and part man, courtesy of the samples provided by Eddie and our resident shape-shifter.”

“I’d say your welcome, but I doubt you care for gratitude,” said Mystique.

“Genetically, he’s a clone,” he went on, barely acknowledging Mystique’s presence. “He is born from Venom’s alien biology, Eddie’s human biology, and Mystique’s mutant biology. On a more technical level, he’s a drone in the mold of a worker bee. He has no sense of self, but he has the necessary cognitive abilities to act, react, and coordinate. It’s a marvel of biological engineering!”

“I still don’t get how they’re more useful than those Goblin Studs, as the queen calls them,” said Daken.

“That’s because you can’t see the fine genetic print, as I do,” said Jackal. “Those creatures were nothing more than trained dogs who can only do a single trick. These creatures – these Venom Husks, as I call them – can be programmed to do so much more. They can attack and fight, complete with all the abilities of Spider-Man and Venom. They can labor and serve with perfect obedience, carrying out more complex tasks than any trained minion.”

“I’m sure that’s code for more coordinated gangbangs,” Mystique said under her breath.

“They can literally be anything or anyone we please!” said Jackal. “Perhaps, even my beloved Gwen.”

Mystique rolled her eyes while Daken looked at the newly created creature with indifference. That name always came up whenever Jackal talked for more than five minutes. It was his primary motivation for joining the Goblin Queen. She promised him the opportunity to create the perfect clone of Gwen Stacy, the woman he loved, but had died at the hands of the Green Goblin.

His obsession over that woman was nauseating, even by the lofty standards of the Goblin Queen. Ever since arriving at Madripoor, he barely left the lab that she’d created for him. It had all the
equipment that she’d salvaged from the lab of Nathanial Essex, the man she said was responsible for her creation. Had Daken not already lost his soul to that woman, he wished he could find that man’s grave, just so he could spit on it.

At the very least, Jackal’s creations would make their jobs easier. There was only so much the Goblin Queen could do with the Goblin Studs and the cheap slave labor that the Hellfire Club employed. Her ambitions needed manpower, but only the kind she could control to the same excessive degree she craved for everything. These Venom Husks were perfect for such a task, although creating them caused Venom a great deal of discomfort.

“Stretched…broken…twisted beyond recognition,” Venom and Eddie said in their dazed state.

“Quit your whining,” said the Jackal, indifferent to his suffering. “Cloning your flesh was bound to be strenuous. It was bound to have side-effects…although I did not expect them to be so pronounced.”

“We are not…what we once were. We can never be…what we once were.”

“You’ll still get what you want,” Jackal said, rolling his eyes. “You’ll be the one who inflicts the perfect punishment on Spider-Man and Peter Parker. Don’t act that is lost on either of you.”

“Spider-Man…Peter Parker…hate so much,” they groaned.

“And you’ll be done with them soon. Just don’t jump the gun and kill them on the spot. I still need more data. Creating preprogrammed clones is one thing. Creating a perfect clone – complete with memories, agency, and an ability love – that takes more. And now that I’m so close, I can almost taste Gwen’s sweet lips!”

“I wish I gave more of a damn so I could properly throw up,” said Mystique.

“Consider yourself lucky,” said Daken. “He just used your DNA samples for the process. Extracting my pheromone abilities was more…uncomfortable.”

“Are you expecting sympathy from me?” Mystique scoffed.

“Not at all. Just trying to keep things in perspective.”

Mystique just rolled her eyes and shook her head, showing even more indifference as the latest Husk matured. Seeing it take shape seemed to genuinely excite the Jackal in a way that hardly seemed sane. It was creepy, even by the lofty standards for a man obsessed with a dead girl who turned himself into a monster.

Sanity didn’t seem to matter when it came to serving the Goblin Queen. If anything, it was a hindrance. When Jackal approached the Venom Husk now standing near the extruder, he grinned proudly, like a parent having just watched a child come of age. The systems containing Venom were still gathering data, but he seemed pleased with the results.

“All cellular, physiological, and cognitive configurations appear stable,” Jackal said. “The inclusion of pheromone glands proved tricky, but it’s nothing a little extra engineering couldn’t solve.”

“Still…hurts…so much,” groaned Eddie and Venom within the chamber.

“You’ll recover…for the most part,” Jackal said, still indifferent to their suffering. “The Goblin Queen was clear. These versions of the Venom Husks must be capable of exercising Daken’s
synthetic pheromone abilities in a targeted manner.”

“I almost pity the targets,” Daken commented.

“You shouldn’t,” said Jackal. “They deserve everything my creations are about to do them! Our lovely Goblin Queen is already making arrangements. She simply needs two dozen additional husks to complete the task and get me my data!”

“Two…dozen?!” yelled Eddie and Venom, now fighting their containment.

“I said you’d recover,” Jackal laughed. “I didn’t say it would be anytime soon.”

The deranged man kept laughing as he activated the extruder again with a remote control. A chorus of noises filled the lab as the systems around Venom and Eddie activated once more. The wires and tubes going into them initiated the same painful process that Jackal had initiated earlier, drawing out tissue samples from their alien and human forms. Also like before, the process was painful.

“AHHHHGGGHHH!” they both yelled as their forms were once again strained beyond their limits.

While Daken and Mystique watched on with revulsion, Jackal’s excitement only grew. That sadistic grin on his face only widened as more spores came out of the extruder, which quickly matured to form more Venom Husks.

Within minutes, the lab filled up with them. Venom and Eddie’s pained cries didn’t wane, even as the room became populated with more intimidating figures bearing the unique look and abilities that Jackal had given them. Whoever he and the Goblin Queen planned to target with these creations – this Peter Parker, who was apparently Spider-Man – was in for a special kind of torment.

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**Skies Over New York City**

“Another day, another 24 hours of battling crime while barely getting by,” sighed an exasperated Spider-Man. “I can beat Norman Osborn, Kingpin, and Scorpion in the same week, but I’m always defeated by my landlord demanding back rent. That has to be the lamest weakness in the history of superheroes!”

Not long ago, web-swinging through the city on a muggy evening was relaxing. It might have been the most relaxing thing he could’ve done as Spider-Man or Peter Parker when the stress of balancing his chaotic life got to him. Lately, however, it had lost its therapeutic effectiveness.

After swinging through Times Square and landing atop a nearby building, the masked vigilante took a moment to catch his breath and collect his thoughts. These were strange times for him, both as Peter Parker and as Spider-Man. There was plenty of good, but there was plenty of conflict, as well.

On one hand, he’d recently married Mary Jane Watson, a woman who became the love of his life after years of heartbreak and hard luck in romance. On the other, he’d also dealt with an alien symbiote that had bonded with him, corrupting both him and itself in the process. Then, it bonded with Eddie Brock and became Venom, one of his most tenacious enemies to date. Defeating them had been difficult, to say the least. He thought he’d seen the last of them.

That was before he heard that Eddie Brock had escaped from Ryker’s Island and had disappeared completely. Peter had been extending his patrols, looking out for any sign of Venom, knowing he
had the knowledge and ability to harm his loved ones. To date, he’d found nothing. That still wasn’t reassuring. If anything, it worried him even more.

“It’s bad enough Kingpin got acquitted again. Eddie Brock being anywhere other than a prison cell is bad news…especially the people I care about,” Peter mused as he looked over the New York skyline. “Either he’s biding his time to do something genuinely horrific or I’m just being overly paranoid. Given my luck, the very idea of being that paranoid is a moot point.”

It was a daunting thought that made him shiver more than his spider sense. There was no telling what Venom could be planning. Peter was almost tempted to call the Avengers since it involved an alien. However, he hadn’t been on good terms with them or any other superhero team. He had J. Jonah Jameson and his constant attacks to thank for that. He’d faced many daunting threats by himself over the years, but in recent times, it felt like Spider-Man was reaching the limits of what he could do on his own.

He felt even more urgency lately. He wasn’t just a high school kid in a costume anymore. He was an adult. He’d just gotten married. He had bills to pay, places to be, and deadlines to meet as Peter Parker. Dealing with threats like Venom on the side only made everything harder.

“I shouldn’t be worrying about this crap,” Peter said as he watched the traffic pass by below. “I just married the most amazing woman a guy like me could ask for. She married me, despite the fact that I’m an underpaid photographer and chemistry teacher. If that’s not true love, I don’t know what is.”

Thinking about Mary Jane helped boost his spirits somewhat. He even managed to smile under his mask, the memories of their wedding and honeymoon still fresh in his mind. Mary Jane was the best thing to ever happen to him. She made him a better man and a better hero. When facing threats like Venom, he needed that.

“It’s still a hell of a time to deal with Venom,” said Peter. “Mary Jane is trying to make a career change. I’m still trying to maintain the careers I’ve got. Aunt May keeps saying I’m capable of more. I want to believe that, even when I’m not being Spider-Man. I want to do more, if only to be the kind of man that Mary Jane deserves. I just need a chance…a break from all the rotten luck I’ve had with jobs and money. With Venom on the loose, that chance can’t come soon enough.”

Spider-Man lingered atop the ledge of the building for a few more minutes. He didn’t sense any crimes or danger that he could help with. For now, the only danger involved saving enough money to pay down his credit cards and avoiding his landlord for back rent. A mugger or one of Kingpin’s goons was still preferable.

With no such opportunities before him, the wall-crawler figured decided to head home and spend the rest of the night with his beautiful wife. He might not have had a career path that promised a fancy apartment in Greenwich Village, but he had someone to go home to. That was a great power and a greater responsibility, in and of itself.

He was about to swing through the canyon of buildings again. Then, he felt his cell phone vibrate in his pocket. He quickly retrieved it to see Mary Jane's number on the screen. Smiling to himself, he answered it.

“Hey there, beautiful,” he greeted. “I was just on my way home to see you.”

“Hey yourself, Tiger,” his wife answered. “I’m hoping to see you too. But don’t bother heading home. I’m not there.”
“What? Where are you?” Peter asked curiously.

“Somewhere I want to be…somewhere I want you to be, as well,” she replied, her voice sounding oddly cryptic. “I just met up with an old friend of yours…or at least part of him. He wants to see you too.”

“A friend? Who?” he asked intently.

“He doesn’t talk much. In fact, he doesn’t talk at all. He still goes by a name I’ve heard you mention before…Venom.”

Peter gasped under his mask. He felt his heart sink and his stomach churn. He almost crushed his phone with his spider strength. His worst fears about Venom and what he might do just became painfully real. The woman he loved – the same woman who dared to marry him, despite knowing the risks of loving Spider-Man – was in the presence of his greatest enemy.

“Mary Jane! Wherever you are, get out there!” he shouted into the phone.

“I can’t. And I don’t want to,” Mary Jane replied over the tone, her voice sounding oddly distant.

“Just tell me where you are! And tell Venom that if he hurts you, I swear I’ll…”

“He’s not going to hurt me, Peter,” she said, cutting him off, “but he is going to do something to me…something I want you to be here for. I’m texting you the address right now. Just get here quickly. You don’t want to miss this.”

New York City – Midtown Manhattan

“Thanks again for helping us with this, Ms. Potts. I doubt it’s easy finding spare hours when managing all things Tony Stark,” said Scott as he and Jean followed Tony Stark’s famous assistant into an elevator.

“You’re right. It isn’t easy,” replied the always-professional Pepper Potts as she activated the elevator. “That’s why I welcome side-projects like this. It gives me a break from telling investors why Tony Stark missed another board meeting.”

“And you can’t tell them he’s off fighting alongside the Avengers?” Scott added.

“That would be so much easier,” she sighed. “I could win a Pulitzer Prize for some of the stories I’ve told about Tony’s many absences.”

“I take it they don’t always buy the excuse that Tony’s on a yacht with a team of supermodels,” joked Jean.

“Believe it or not, there are only so many distractions I can attribute to supermodels. Sometimes, I just wish he’d get up on a podium and blurt out to the press that he’s Iron Man.”

They shared a good laugh as they arrived at their fourth and final stop of what had been an eventful afternoon. The past few weeks had been busy, but productive for X-Corp. Scott and Jean’s vision for helping mutants and humans prosper was bold. Pursuing it was challenge, especially for a non-profit. Getting support from the likes of Stark Industries, Worthington Industries, the Fantastic Four, and Wakanda helped make it easier.

On paper, X-Corp might have been the most well-supported non-profit in history. Scott and Jean
had secured a great deal of resources since they began pursuing this vision. They had their central headquarters in New Mexico. They also had a growing staff, including mutants they had recruited and personnel they’d hired through benefactors like Worthington Industries, that actively worked towards realizing their vision. Thanks to the money, tools, and know-how provided by new and old allies alike, they had already achieved a great deal of success.

However, there was still plenty more to do. There were countless more mutants in the world in need of training, care, and guidance.

To help them, X-Corp needed to expand the scope of its operations. That prompted Scott and Jean to begin franchising the organization. That meant located X-Corp offices all over the world. It would give mutants a place to go when seeking aid or opportunities. It would also allow them to manage their vision on a larger scale.

That was what led them to New York City. They’d secured funding from Stark Industries and Worthington Industries. They’d hired competent and motivated legal services through Jennifer Walters. They’d even achieved international recognition and legitimacy thanks to Wakanda’s diplomatic pull. Making New York the site of their first franchise felt like a logical step in the evolution of X-Corp.

“So, tell us about this place, Ms. Potts,” said Jean.

“There’s not much to tell,” she answered a they exited the elevator. “It’s surplus floor space on the 30th floor of a typical Midtown high-rise. It’s not pretty or iconic. I doubt it’ll show up on a post card in its current form.”

“That’s okay. We can make it iconic once we get our operations going,” said Scott.

“That might be a stretch, even with mutant powers and cosmic forces. Tony said you two were ambitious. When it came to pursuing X-Corp, you weren’t going to do anything half-way.”

“I doubt that’s all Tony said about us,” said Jean wryly.

“I promise he only told me the details I needed to know…although he might have implied a few others,” said Pepper with a half-grin.

Scott and Jean laughed again as they followed Pepper into the heart of the building. After exiting the elevator, she led them into a series of open areas along the north and west side of the building. There wasn’t much in terms of office furniture or existing infrastructure. It looked like the whole floor had been recently cleared out, so much so that logos and name plates had been removed.

As they looked around, Scott and Jean didn’t see anything that set it apart from the other potential sites they’d visited. It didn’t have much of a view. Looking out the nearby windows, they only saw the faces of other buildings. It had more space than some of the other sites, which was important. It wasn’t too far from Worthington Industries and the Wakandan embassy, either.

However, it didn’t feel like the kind of place on which X-Corp could make its mark. To just operate wasn’t enough. For X-Corp to make a difference, Scott and Jean knew it had to have a presence, like the Xavier Institute did. That proved difficult, especially in a big city like New York.

“I’m not going to lie to you, which few real estate types can say with a straight face in this city,” Pepper said to them as she led them into the empty offices of their latest building. “You’re not going to get a great deal on places like this. Even with regular attacks by monsters, aliens, Hydra, and Mole Man, buildings in Manhattan carry a hefty premium.”
“We don’t need anything too fancy,” said Jean. “We just need enough space to carry out basic X-Corp operations.”

“Which still have space requirements, mind you,” added Scott. “Ideally, each one of our franchises will have enough room for labs, hubs, and training regiments.”

“Well, realistically, you’ll be lucky to accommodate half of that in a place like this,” Pepper told them. “This place used to be a secondary site for Oscorp, which gives it some unavoidable baggage.”

“Oscorp?” said Scott. “Isn’t that the company that had its CEO go crazy?”

“In this town, there’s crazy. There’s eccentric. And then there’s Norman Osborn,” said Pepper. “Trust me, the less said about him, the better. All you need to know is this place can house some of the more advanced operations you specified, albeit on a small scale.”

“It’s still larger than what the other sites could handle,” said Jean as she walked up to one of the windows. “Maybe if we can buy a few more floors and do some renovations…”

“Out of the question,” said Pepper, stopping Jean before she could make further plans. “Oscorp’s lease had so many shady legal quirks that just obtaining a complete deed will make any lawyer hulk out.

“Give who our lawyer is, that’s something we’d like to avoid,” Scott pointed out.

“I still warned Jen about that. One way or another, she’ll have to think happy thoughts until something better comes along.”

Jean scanned the rest of the office area. Scott started walking around, looking at the wires hanging from the ceilings, no doubt contemplating how they’d hook this place into their central network. He looked just as uncertain as her. This place checked quite a few boxes, but not as many as they’d hoped.

It had potential. It was the best site they’d visited all day, but that wasn’t saying much. They’d learned from their time with the X-Men that helping mutants, especially those who were scared, angry, and couldn’t control their powers, took a unique collection of resources. Charles Xavier happened to have a family mansion that he could modify however he pleased. Everyone in the X-Men benefited from his efforts and the resources he provided.

X-Corp didn’t have that luxury. They had to work with whatever opportunities came they had available. For the moment, those opportunities just weren’t there.

“Is this really the best we can do?” asked Jean. “We want this to be the first of many X-Corp franchises. Are you sure there’s no way of buying up a few more floors?”

“Are you asking me who you’ll have to sleep with to get a better deal?” said Pepper jokingly.

“Of course not,” said Jean, rolling her eyes, “and please tell Tony not to make that our primary negotiating tactic.”

“Even if it tends to work most of the time,” said Scott under his breath.

“We might be able to make it work as a temporary facility,” Jean went on. “At the very least, we could use this to prove X-Corp’s worth in a place that needs it. If we can just help a handful of the Morlocks that pop up in the subway every now and then, that should win us favor.”
“You’re right. That would help,” Pepper said. “But that depends on how well you manage that effort.”

“And who ends up managing it,” said Scott. “We still don’t even know who will run this place on a day-to-day basis.”

“I’d hoped Bobby or Alex would be interested, but we’ve got them doing too much already,” said Jean. “We may have to look harder for the right people.”

“And even with cosmic awareness, that’ll be tricky.”

Scott continued walking around the office area while Jean paced near the window. He eventually rejoined her. As they exchanged looks, she sensed his reservations as well. The situation wasn’t ideal. They hadn’t expected to find the perfect site on their first visit, but they’d certainly hoped to find something better.

Looking out over the city, which was now bustling with the evening rush hour, Jean sighed and latched onto her husband’s arm. He gazed out the window with her, admiring the limited view as they contemplated the challenge before them.

“We’ll figure it out,” said Scott. “It may take longer than we’d hoped, but one day, there will be an X-Corp office in every major city.”

“Like fast food and coffee shops for mutants?” said Jean. “I love the idea, but not the logistics. Even with all the mutant powers and cosmic forces in the world, managing it all will be tricky.”

“Which is why we have to find the right people to help us,” he said as he held his hand in hers. “They don’t have to be mutants, either. They just have to buy into our vision.”

“I’m sure they’re out there. I just hope we can find them soon.”

They lingered together near the window while Pepper looked over the paperwork. She seemed to have exhausted their options. Even with connections to Tony Stark, they could only do so much with respect to New York’s ever-changing landscape.

Jean was prepared to call it a day. She was content to check into the nearest hotel, curl up with her husband, and make love until they fell asleep. Between his touch and the thoughts he projected, she sensed he had similar inclinations.

She was about to inform Pepper that they were done for the day. Then, Scott’s phone went off. It was a text message. When he took it out and saw who it came from, his demeanor quickly shifted.

“It’s Shuri,” said Scott. “…didn’t expect to hear back from her so quickly.”

“Guess you made a better impression than you thought,” Jean teased, not forgetting how he’d earned Shuri’s trust during their drop to Wakanda.

“It’s not that,” he said in a serious tone. “I asked her to look into the attack on Rogue and Ms. Marvel. While she didn’t find anything with that, she did start scanning for anomalies with a similar energy signature.”

“And let me guess. She found one,” Jean surmised.

Scott briefly scrolled through the message, which contained links to secure files from Wakandan servers. The fact she sent anyone outside Wakanda those links proved this was serious. Someone
else might be in danger of suffering the same fate as Rogue and Carol.

“She couldn’t get an exact location, but there’s definitely something disruptive going on… something that closely matches that energy signature,” said Scott.

“Not that I’m eavesdropping or anything, but I should probably let you know that Tony Stark and his good friend, Iron Man, aren’t available,” said Pepper Potts. “I don’t know the details, but I’m pretty sure it involved Kang the Conqueror.”

“And the X-Men are still busy with that thing in Australia,” said Scott. “Guess that means we’re on our own.”

“So it seems,” said Jean.

Those plans for a romantic evening with her husband at a nice hotel went out the window, along with their hopes of finding the perfect location for X-Corp’s newest office. Having not forgotten what happened to Rogue and Carol, Jean and her husband sprang into action.

Summing the cosmic power of the Phoenix Force, they each turned the casual clothes they’d been wearing earlier into the decorative Phoenix attire that they’d come to embrace. They then made their way out onto a nearby balcony and took to the sky, flying over the New York City skyline within cosmic flames. Within those cosmic flames, there was already a sense of dread that this one was worse than before.

‘Something about this feels very off, Jean,’ Scott said to him through their psychic link.

‘I know what you mean, Scott,’ she replied. ‘The Phoenix Force gave us so many insights. And yet there’s still this strange blind spot…this darkness that it cannot see through. It’s like an open wound in time and space.’

‘Whatever it is, we need to confront it!’

‘I agree. I just wish we knew what it actually is. Embracing the Phoenix Force changed so many things for us. It’s also affected many others around us. We can only do so much to make those effects positive. We didn’t even know about Rogue and Carol until the worst had occurred. Whatever this is, I worry that we’re already too late for this.’

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Empire State University – Former Lab of Dr. Miles Warren

“You’re husband will be here soon, Mrs. Parker. We had best get started!” said the eager voice of the man who had once been Miles Warren.

Mary Jane hid her revulsion. She tried to cuss him out as well, insulting him with every vile word she’d ever learned by living in New York City her whole life. Much to her frustration, she remained silent. Her body and mind still weren’t on the same page.

That had been the story since some figure dressed like Spider-Man in his old black costume showed up at her apartment. She vaguely remembered someone else being there, but everything got fuzzy once that mysterious Spider-Man hit her with some blackish goop. Initially, she thought she’d been poisoned. It ended up being even worse than that.

Suddenly, Mary Jane was overwhelmed by a flood overwhelming desires. Some were familiar, having felt them since she hit puberty. Others were more unusual, as well as disturbing. Chief among them was an inescapable urge to go with the black-suited Spider-Man willingly. He didn’t
have to tie her up with webs or knock her unconscious. She just climbed into his arms and swung her across the city, just as Peter had many times before.

She knew he wasn’t Peter. She wasn’t even sure “he” was human. She just knew that by the time they’d arrived at their destination, which happened to be a shuttered lab at Empire State University, the Jackal was waiting for them. Mary Jane recognized him as one of Spider-Man’s many enemies, but unlike other enemies, she knew the man behind the inhuman appearance.

“Dr. Warren,” she managed to get out, despite her current state.

“It’s Jackal now, Ms. Watson. It’s been Jackal for quite some time, as you should know,” he said with a mix of hatred and smugness in his tone. “The Dr. Warren you and Peter Parker knew died with Gwen Stacy. You two might have moved on from that loss, but I haven’t! I’ll never give up trying to save her. And I’ll never forgive those who dishonored her life.”

The anger in his voice was powerful. The look in his eyes was daunting. Mary Jane hid her fear through a glare of defiance, but she could not hide other feelings that the deranged man had rekindled.

She remembered Gwen Stacy’s tragic death as well as anyone who’d cared for her. She knew how much it still haunted Peter. He called it his second worse failure after the death of his Uncle Ben. She also knew that Dr. Warren had a perverse obsession with Gwen. It drove him crazy, even when she was alive. He looked even crazier now than he’d been the last time she saw him.

At the same time, he looked emboldened. Last she’d heard, Jackal had fallen off the radar since his last battle with Spider-Man. He had no lab, no money, and no resources. Even Kingpin wouldn’t touch him, despite his scientific expertise. Something had clearly changed. Looking around at the old lab that the university had rightly shuttered, someone had granted him a wealth of new resources.

“Until recently, I’ve been unable to pursue that effort,” said Jackal as he turned his attention to his lab. “I wasn’t even sure how to go about it. I had this elaborate plan involving clones of Spider-Man and false memories, but now that ploy seems needlessly convoluted.”

“And stupid,” muttered Mary Jane under her breath.

“Now, I have new allies that have shown me new perspectives,” he continued. “I now realize that my previous efforts were too limited in scope…not to mention crude, in terms of tactics.”

He turned his attention back towards Mary Jane, who could only stand at the north end of the lab where she’d watched Jackal clear some space around what appeared to be an old testing area. The black-costumed Spider-Man remained next to her, but didn’t seem entirely aware. As far as she knew, he was just some mindless minion that Jackal could control.

It was a distressing situation. At the same time, it was very different. She’d been in bad situations before. She’d been abducted, kidnapped, and threatened, even before she married Peter. However, those situations usually involved force or manipulation. This was different. She wasn’t tied up or mind controlled. Through some unexplained machination, she wanted to be there. That feeling of wanting something she didn’t actually want was disorienting, but effective.

It led Mary Jane to worry what other tactics that Jackal had adopted.

“I used to think that brute force and cunning were the only ways to get the job done,” said Jackal. “Then, someone showed me a third option.”
He reached out and caressed Mary Jane’s face, much to her disgust. She wanted to sucker punch him for touching her, but her limbs remained paralyzed by her own desire. The best she could do was make a fist. Jackal apparently saw it and grinned at her futile efforts.

“That’s where my perspective needed expanding,” he said. “To force or trick someone will only take you so far. But to make them want to help…to make them desire it to the utmost…well, I believe you already know its merits, Ms. Watson. I cannot surmise how any drug, restraint, or mental manipulation can match it.”

“You’re still an asshole,” Mary Jane spat angrily.

“Call me what you want. I’ll still get what I want. In fact, I’ll get the two things I’ve wanted more than anything since Gwen’s untimely death…data and vengeance.”

Jackal turned towards the silent Spider-Man figure standing next to her. In Jackal’s presence, he just nodded. Without saying a word, the mysterious figure made his way over towards the other side of the lab and opened a large set of heavy doors.

Once open, dozens of other figures entered the lab. They each looked exactly like the black-suited Spider-Man who had brought her there. They had the same build, disposition, and mannerisms. By all accounts, they were perfect clones. Watching them gather in the center of the lab, Mary Jane felt a fresh wave of dread wash over her.

“Remarkable, aren’t they?” said Jackal as he marveled at the team of cloned figures.

“They’re something, that’s for sure,” Mary Jane said.

“They represent a step in the evolution of my cloning technology. Thanks to some new resources, as well as the *eager* participation of a certain symbiote, I’ve perfected a process for creating pre-programmed Spider-Men.”

“Are they even human?” she scoffed.

“Not entirely, but more so than you think,” Jackal said. “They’re mostly composed of symbiote tissue, minus the sentient parts and supplemented by human DNA. I call them Venom Husks. To me, they’re also steppingstone…a source of limitless manpower to help me get what I need to finally perfect the process.”

Now grinning eagerly, Jackal made his way to a control console on the north side of the room. It didn’t look like anything that belonged in a university lab. Mary Jane had seen Peter work in labs before. She might not have been a science geek like him, but she knew advanced equipment when she saw it.

As Jackal booted it up, every Venom Husk, as he called them, stood at attention like loyal soldiers. It was like they’d just received a jolt of adrenaline.

“These particular husks have been programmed with a particular purpose in mind,” said Jackal. “Think of them as living data compilers…living computers that can process mountains of biological data in real time.”

“I still think they’re creepy as hell,” said Mary Jane.

“Think whatever you want, Mrs. Parker. You’re still going to help me. In fact, you might even enjoy it!”
“I seriously doubt that.”

“Then, allow me to allay such doubts.”

Jackal turned towards the same Venom Husk who’d opened the doors for the others. Again, he nodded, as though he already had the instructions programmed into him. Mary Jane could only watch as the figure approached her once more. She kept telling her legs to move, but nothing happened. She remained where she stood, her instincts and desires remaining at odds.

Once near her, the Venom Husk raised his hand and formed another ball-shaped spore in his hand. It looked similar to the one he’d used back at her and Peter’s apartment. This time, however, he didn’t throw it at her. He just held it in front of her until it popped, releasing a small trace of gas.

She tried to look away, but it was no use. She already got a whiff and just as before, the effects were immediate. Unlike before, however, the effects were much more intense.

“Oohhh!” Mary Jane moaned out.

Again, her mind and body were overwhelmed by a surge of intense feelings. She hugged her shoulders, shifted her legs, and struggled to maintain her balance. She recognized some of those feelings well. Most of them were sexual. Her heart rate jumped, her breathing became ragged, and her inner thighs became hot with arousal.

It was as though someone had reached into her, activated every sexual part of her being, and sent it into overdrive. She already had a frustrating desire to do whatever Jackal asked. Now, she was extremely horny on top of that.

“Still doubt me?” Jackal taunted. “Before you answer, why don’t you make your way to the testing area and join the other husks. They’re all as anxious as you to begin.”

Mary Jane, her face now flushed and her capacity for defiance now gone, looked over towards the Venom Husks in the center of the lab. She could already feel them gazing back at her with lust in their eyes. It was a simple, basic kind of lust. In any other state of mind, it would’ve repulsed her. In her current state, however, she was drawn towards it.

Despite weak legs and a hot pussy, she stammered over to the test area. The Venom Husks made room for her, never taking their eyes off her as arrived in the center of a circular metal platform. They didn’t say a word. They didn’t have to. Their gaze told Mary Jane everything she needed to know about what they had in mind.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” asked Jackal, still standing next to the console. “Take off your clothes. You clearly want to.”

Mary Jane’s earlier fears had officially become real. Initially, her worst fears involved great torment, both for her and for Peter. Jackal, it seemed, had chosen a different approach. Even if it didn’t involve traditional torment, it still filled her with a special kind of dread.

Unfortunately, her desires overshadowed every other feeling. With little reservation, Mary Jane began undressing in plain view of the surrounding Venom Husks. She felt their gaze intensify as she took off her black T-shirt and removed her blue denim jeans, kicking her shoes off in the process. Now in just her bra and panties, she noticed the imposing figures move in closer, surrounding her from all sides.

“All of it, Mrs. Parker,” said Jackal, his voice taking on a sadistic undertone. “The process requires you to be fully nude.”
Mary Jane mustered only an incoherent groan, too dazed to form a response. She still did as he requested, unclasping her bra and letting it fall off her body. She then removed her panties, rendering her completely naked to the leering eyes of every Venom Husk.

It was a strange feeling, being so exposed in front of these perverse creations. Her breasts, butt, and pussy were there for them to see. Already, she could feel their eyes narrowing on certain features, as though they were sizing her up in anticipation for their next move. She wanted to cover her breasts and pussy with her arms and hand, but that burning desire kept her from doing so.

That powerful desire – the same feeling that led her to willingly venture into Jackal’s lab – was so intense. It wasn’t like someone else controlling her thoughts and action. She actually wanted to do this on some level. It messed with her on so many levels, straining her ability to control her mind and body. With each passing second, it felt like that control was slipping away.

“Please,” Mary Jane said in weak tone, “it feels…so hot.”

“That’s to be expected,” said Jackal, not even looking in her direction. “That spore I put in you was a prototype laced with pheromones and biomechanical accelerators. By now, it has integrated itself into your system, not unlike a symbiote. Now, thanks to some extra pheromone-boosters, the data gathering can begin.”

He issued a series of commands from the console. Moments later, Mary Jane heard a hissing noise from something in the floor around the Venom Husks. A strange scent fell over her and the rest of the husks. It didn’t smell like anything Mary Jane had ever encountered before. While it had little effect on her in her overly aroused state, it had a very noticeable effect on the husks.

They all let out a deep, masculine grunt. At the same time, the blackish substance that made up their bodies came to life, shifting and morphing with intense activity. The activity eventually converged around their lower bodies. From there, a penis formed before Mary Jane’s eyes. Before long, every Husk had a large, fully erect dick protruding from their groin.

“Oh my…so many cocks,” Mary Jane gasped, her body still trembling in anticipation.

“Indeed,” said Jackal. “They function just like the ones I’m sure you’re familiar with, Mrs. Watson. The only difference is they have a secondary function…one that will gather data while ravaging you, the wife of my greatest enemy!”

At that moment, it finally sunk in. Mary Jane was going to be gangbanged. However, that wasn’t the worst part. What disturbed her even more was how much she wanted it.

She was so horny and dazed, her body and mind betraying her on every level. She couldn’t fight it. She couldn’t muster up the desire to do so. She just saw dozens of male figures, each with the stature of her husband, and bearing fully erect dicks. Like a buffet full of her favorite treat, Mary Jane hungered for every one of them.

“Go on, my amazing creations,” Jackal said snidely. “Begin the data gathering process.”

He almost made it sound scientific. Mary Jane still wanted to punch him in the jaw, but she had more pressing desires before her and so did the Venom Husks.

With perfect obedience, they converged around her. They didn’t attack or pounce on her, as if to send a subtle message that this wasn’t going to unfold like she thought. That message became clearer as several moved in close, reached out, and began groping her naked body with their powerful hands.
Two Venom Husks standing behind her reached around and fondled her breasts.

One husk in front of her reached between her legs and caressed her pussy.

One husk to her right grabbed her hand and guided it to his dick, prompting her to stroke it.

Another husk to her left grabbed her other hand and did the same, prompting the same reaction.

One more caressed her face, slipped his fingers into her mouth. Again, instinct took over and she began sucking.

They weren’t rough, but they weren’t gentle, either. Their touch was unique. It even reminded her of the way Peter touched her when they were getting intimate. That was probably on purpose, acting as a method to further the temptation. As much as Mary Jane resented that tactic, it still worked.

“Ooh! Your touching…it feels good. It feels…so good,” Mary Jane said, her voice now dazed with lust.

“This kind of science is an intimate process,” Jackal taunted. “Why shouldn’t it feel good?”

Mary Jane barely heard him. She could barely process all the sensations coursing through her. The malleable black substance that made up their flesh felt alien, but with distinctly human desires. Being clones, if they had any shred of Peter Parker in them, then they definitely had his passion for her.

These creatures, be they clones or husks, wanted her. They wanted to fuck her as much as she wanted to fuck them. Her pussy was so wet. Their dicks were so hard. Mary Jane had never been so horny before. She didn’t think it was possible for any woman to be this aroused.

Eventually, natural instincts converged with powerful desires.

“Please…take me,” Mary Jane begged the faceless husks. “I want your dicks inside me. Take my pussy. Take my ass. Stick them in my mouth. I’ll fuck every one of you!”

The Venom Husks didn’t need an order from Jackal that time. They all reacted as though they’d been set free. Mary Jane was content to ignore that disgusting freak’s presence as she followed her burning lust to the utmost.

It started with the one Venom Husk standing in front of her who had been touching her pussy. Without saying a word, he grabbed her by her butt, lifted her up off the floor, and aligned her pussy over his throbbing dick. She instinctively wrapped her legs around the figure’s waist, as she often did when she jumped Peter’s bone during one of their intimate moments. He also demonstrated Peter’s Spider-Man strength, showing little strain as he prepared to enter her.

With little hesitation, he plunged her down onto his dick, the hardened masculine flesh penetrating her vagina to the utmost. She was so wet that their union felt effortless. Almost immediately, Mary Jane felt a surge of sexual sensations through her body. At the same time, she noticed that there was something different about this creature’s dick.

“This dick inside me…it’s so…oohhh!” Mary Jane gasped.

“That’s the secondary function, I mentioned,” Jackal snickered, still watching from the console. “I had a feeling you’d appreciate it.”
As the deranged figure laughed, Mary Jane took a moment to process what was happening. The strange dick inside began to mold itself once more, as if to adjust to the unique contours of her anatomy. It was like the Venom Husk had molded his dick to hit every pleasure nerve in her pussy. When he started moving, bouncing her up and down his dick like a jackhammer, it overwhelmed her with more sensations.

“Oh my God! Oh my…oohhh God!” Mary Jane exclaimed.

While she took in that powerful feeling, the ravenous parts of their sex began. The Venom Husk tightened his grip on her butt, using that spider strength of his to work her pussy along the length of his cock, stimulating her depths and triggering more sensations with every movement.

He established a rapid pace, not unlike the kind she and Peter favored when they were feeling extra-frisky. As her body bounced and her world rock, she heard the hot smacking sound of her pelvis colliding with his. At the same time, the two other Venom Husks behind her kept fondling her breasts. She had to let go of the husks she’d been jerking off, but they stayed close, stroking their dicks, as if to prepare for her.

More and more moved in closer, their erect cocks throbbing in anticipation. Seeing them after feeling just only got Mary Jane more excited. She got so excited that she didn’t realize how close she was to climaxing until she was on the brink.

“Oh I’m gonna come! I’m gonna come!” she panted. “I’m gonna…ohhhh yes!”

It hit her like a bolt of lightning, sparking an intense feeling that began in her core and spread out in all directions. Her back arched, her toes curled, and her pussy throbbed hard around the figure’s dick. It was the kind of orgasm Mary Jane hadn’t experienced since her honeymoon. It was also the kind that she couldn’t just experience once.

“More! Please…give me more!” Mary Jane panted while riding her orgasmic high.

The Venom Husks didn’t ask questions or hesitate. The one still fucking her kept working it, holding her up in his arms and pumping his dick inside her. Another finally got in on the action. One of the husks whose dick she’d been stroking earlier, shoved the two behind her aside. From there, he aligned his still throbbing dick with her ass. The husk fucking her even sensed it, slowing down until the tip of his manhood was pressed up against her tight hole.

“My ass…” Mary Jane gasped, just as the rush from her first orgasm settled.

That was all she got out before the husk behind her thrust it in. Another round of sharp sensations followed. They were different from before, but every bit as intense. While Mary Jane was no stranger to anal sex, having done it occasionally with Peter, she’d never experienced double penetration. Even during the heyday of her party girl years, she had never exercised that level of decadence.

Then again, she’d never been this horny before. She’d never been at the mercy of such intense desire, either. As her body began moving, the two Venom Husks bouncing her on their dicks, Mary Jane slipped further into a daze. Whatever Jackal had done to her was intensifying. She didn’t doubt that Peter would come to save her. She just worried that she wouldn’t want him to by the time he arrived.

“This is working better than I could’ve hoped,” Jackal said between crackling laughter. “The symbiote flesh is compiling and transmitting the data perfectly. The cells of an ordinary human interacting with those of mutants and aliens…it’s so beautiful! And doing so while Peter Parker’s
wife moans like a whore is quite the bonus!"

Jackal’s perverse laughter filled the lab, but got drowned out by the sounds of decadent sex. Mary Jane kept moaning and gasping along with the sound of hard dicks slithering in multiple orifices. Like pistons in an engine, they pumped inside her, stimulating her depths while gathering whatever perverse data Jackal wanted. Mary Jane hated that Jackal was getting what he wanted, but loved the pleasure that came with it.

Having slipped into this daze, the other Venom Husks became more impatient. Others moved in closer, reaching in grasping parts of her naked flesh while she bounced along their cocks. Her breasts were popular targets. She event felt their alien flesh shift slightly, forming small tendrils so that they cold feel other parts of her body. As unnerving as it was to see, it still felt good.

The added impatience seemed to affect the two husks fucking her. Even as she approached another orgasm, she sensed their dicks throbbing inside her with greater intensity. It wasn’t until they slowed down the pace of their sex that she realized what was going on. They were about to climax and they weren’t pulling out.

When it happened, they didn’t moan or grunt, but they clearly felt pleasure. Mary Jane saw it in the subtle twitches of their faces. She’d seen enough men come to know that look well. Along with that expression, she felt their alien flesh ejaculate a thick load of fluid inside her pussy and ass.

“They’re coming! Ohhh they’re coming…inside me!” Mary Jane cried out.

“Relax, Mrs. Parker. It’s part of the process,” Jackal said. “That fluid you feel isn’t the seminal fluid you’re used to. It has another purpose that I borrowed from a more helpful redhead…one you’re about to experience.”

He wasn’t lying. Mary Jane already felt that purpose unfolding inside her.

As the thick substance sprayed into her depths, a different kind of daze washed over her. It wasn’t like a drug or some kind of intoxicant. It felt more like a fresh surge of energy, but one with a critical side-effect. That intoxicating, satisfied feeling she experienced after her first orgasm essentially disappeared. It was as if her sex drive had been completely reset, leaving her unsatisfied, despite all her burning desire.

“No…this feeling…so strange,” Mary Jane groaned. “I want more, but I…I can’t!”

“Don’t worry. You’ll get plenty more,” said Jackal, “but as for getting everything you want…”

His words devolved into crackling laughter, as if it were some cruel trick. Mary Jane wanted to attack him, but other desires once again overruled her. If anything, those desires were even more intense than before.

“Hurry! Please…keep fucking me!” she exclaimed. “Give me more dicks! I need more!”

The Venom Husks eagerly obliged. The two that had been fucking her lifted her off their dicks, allowing the semen-like fluids to spill out of her holes. As soon as they set her down, her legs gave out and she collapsed to the floor, but remained very aroused.

Once on the floor, she barely took any time to catch her breath. She just laid on her back, spread her legs, and begged the surrounding Venom Husks with her eyes to fuck her. The various male figures got the message and reacted quickly. The ones who fucked her stepped aside while others with fresh erections gathered around, knelt around her like animals in heat, and unleashed their lust upon her.
It quickly more chaotic. One Venom Husk got on top of her, pushing her legs apart and thrusting his dick back into her still-dripping pussy. While he fucked her in an upright missionary position, others crawled in closer, reaching out and fondling her bouncing breasts. Two other husks kneeling at her head rubbed their dicks in her face.

Without hesitation, she began sucking them. Before long, one of the husks grabbed her head and shoved his cock down her throat, testing her gag reflex to the utmost. Almost immediately, the oral sex skills she’d refined as a party girl in college came rushing back to her. She sucked and slurped along their rigid flesh, noting the unique taste of their malleable flesh. It helped supplement the feeling of being fucked so hard by the husk on top of her.

“Mmf!” she moaned, her voice muffled by the throbbing dick slithering between her lips.

Had she been able to talk, Mary Jane would’ve let them know she was about to climax again. When it hit, her body shuddered with the same intensity as before, letting out more muffled moans as the blissful feeling washed over her.

However, shortly after she began climaxing, the Venom Husk fucking her pussy climaxed as well. Before she could even soak in the full extent of her orgasm, she got hit with those annoying effects again. Her sex drive was reset and she got another energy boost, her desires once again unmet.

“More…I need more,” Mary Jane groaned, her mind and body feeling the strain.

Another Venom Husk took over, pushing aside the one that just climaxed and getting on top of her to resume the sex. Shortly after that husk began fucking her, the two she’d been sucking off climaxed, releasing streaks of their exotic cum onto her face and down her throat. Much to her chagrin, it had the same effect and then some.

On top of leaving her hungry for more dick, it tasted as good as the sex felt. Cum shouldn’t have tasted that good. It was like a sweet, delicious treat. Mary Jane found herself eagerly lapping it up, ingesting every drop. That only left her hungry for more cock.

“Another! Give me another dick to suck!” she yelled out, almost demanding it at that point.

Other Venom Husks eagerly obliged, kneeling down and presenting their dicks for her to suck. She did so intently, even as her body bounced to the heated sex of the husk pumping into her vagina. By the time he climaxed and another husk began fucking, Mary Jane barely noticed.

One by one, another husk fucked her while others got their dicks sucked. She climaxed more along the way, but it did little to temper her desires. It was an indirect kind of torture. Instead of pain, she was bombarded with pleasure, but none that left her satisfied. Mary Jane almost would’ve preferred pain, but it was too late. She was at the mercy of whatever desires that Jackal had instilled in her.

“Can’t…stop. Don’t…want to,” she moaned as two more husks sprayed their cum onto her face and breasts.

More decadent acts followed. She was fucked by several more Venom Husks. Some came inside her while other sprayed their load on her breasts, as if to taunt her. After being on her back for a while, one of the Venom Husks flipped her over onto all fours, allowing the next round of husks to take her from behind. It also allowed them to fuck her ass, as well as her pussy, while she continued giving blowjobs to any husk that got in front of her.

More orgasms followed, along with more loads of their cum. The effects were the same. It didn’t matter if they fucked her pussy or her ass. The blissful torment continued. It was a full-fledged
gangbang that became less and less coordinated, no matter how many times she or the husks climaxed.

As she took more cocks in multiple holes, the Venom Husks became more impatient. Those that weren’t waiving their dicks at her kept groping her flesh, creating more black tendrils from their symbiote flesh. They spread out over her body, slithering and stimulating her from head to toe while she kept getting fucked. If these perverse creations were gathering data for Jackal, they were being *very* thorough.

“It’s working. It’s really working!” said Jackal, still more excited about the data than the erotic spectacle unfolding before him. “All this data is so much more *intimate* than what I’ve used before. No wonder my clones kept falling apart. They were missing something critical…something they won’t be missing anymore. And it’s all thanks to Peter Parker’s horny wife!”

His laughter still stung. The idea that she was somehow helping Jackal, one of Spider-Man’s greatest enemies, still sickened her. Unfortunately, it was too late to make use of that disgust.

With every sensation, be it an orgasm or a simple thrust of a cock, Mary Jane lost herself more and more in the feeling. Her grip on reality, perception, and her entire sense of self slipped away every time she climaxed, only to have her desires reset. Before long, there would be only desire and nothing else. After that, would she even be Mary Jane anymore? Would Peter have anyone left to save?

‘This can’t be how it ends. This can’t be how I fail myself. This can’t be how I fail Peter. I just need to hold on…just need to fight this feeling…this incredible, overwhelming feeling.’

Mary Jane clung to those thoughts, even as the Venom Husks began to regularly triple-penetrating her. One husk managed to slip under her while one was behind fucking her ass and the other was in front, humping her face. She barely noticed until she felt him thrust his dick inside her.

With all her holes now filled, another round of orgasms followed, both from her and the husks. Even after more mind-numbing ecstasy, followed by the effects of their cum, it didn’t slow down. The gangbang kept on going, pushing Mary Jane closer and closer to the brink.

Finally, she heard something other than Jackal’s laughter or sex-fueled grunts. The side doors to the lab burst open, having been struck by a hard kick. Then, Mary Jane heard a familiar voice.

“Mary Jane!” shouted a horrified Spider-Man. “Get away from her!”

Out of the corner of her eye, through the sea of Venom Husks, she saw her husband arrive, wearing his full Spider-Man costume. She couldn’t imagine the disgust he must have felt, bursting into the lab to rescue her, only to find her getting gangbanged by a bunch of male figures that looked like Venom. It wasn’t the first time he had to rescue her, but he never had to rescue her from a situation like this.

“Ah, he’s here,” said Jackal from across the lab. “Right on time, for once!”

“You son-of-a-bitch!” Spider-Man yelled as he charged towards Mary Jane. “I swear I’ll…”

“You’ll do nothing other than assist me…albeit not as much as your wife.”

He got within a few feet of her. He looked poised to jump in and fight off every one of the Venom Husks, including those in the middle of fucking her. He didn’t get the chance.

Several other Venom Husks – most likely the ones who had fucked her earlier – had slipped off to
the side, hiding in the shadows in anticipation of Spider-Man’s arrival. Before he could reach her, they shot out multiple lines of blackish webbing from their wrists. He was so focused on her and horrified by what he saw that even his spider sense wasn’t enough. Mary Jane could only watch as he fell to the floor, still able to see her while she was being ravaged.

“Errrr! No…Mary Jane!” cried Spider-Man.

“Wrap him up tightly. Do not let him break out,” said Jackal, finally turning away from the console. “And please relieve him of that gaudy costume. I want to see his face for this.”

No fewer than nine Venom Husks surrounded Spider-Man, each hitting him with more lines of their webbing. While he struggled to break free, the webbing took on a life of its own and began ripping off his costume. It started with his pants, boots, and shirt, tearing them away like miniature shredders. In less than a minute, he was completely naked, except for his mask.

Jackal grinned sadistically at Spider-Man’s vulnerable state. It only got wider as he approached the test area, the gangbang still going strong while the rest of the Venom Husks kept him pinned. He made sure he was the one to remove the mask, revealing Peter’s enraged and horrified expression. Jackal even tore up the mask, as if to spite him.

“Peter Benjamin Parker,” he said as he held up the remnants of the mask, “you took so much from me. First, you stole Gwen’s love. Then, you led her to her death. And on top of that, you disrespect her memory by marrying some redheaded whore. And you call yourself a hero!”

“Shut up, Jackal!” spat Peter. “Shut up before I-umf!”

One of the husks stuffed his mouth with black webbing. It must have had another effect because Mary Jane saw his expression strain under the grip. If that strange webbing was gathering data in a way similar to what they were doing with her, then it wasn’t nearly as pleasurable. There was pain, but what made it hurt was being close enough to see her get ravaged while not being able to do anything about it.

It really felt like the end. After everything she and Peter had been through – the struggles, the rescues, and all those other experiences that brought them together – this was how they ultimately failed. Even with a dick on her mouth and other Venom Husks coming in her holes, she gazed towards her bound lover and he gazed back.

There was so much she wanted to tell him. Mary Jane would’ve settled for saying she loved him one last time. As another orgasm washed over her, it felt like she would never get the chance.

“There won’t be any witty quips or last-minute rescues this time, Parker. Not from you or from Spider-Man,” said Jackal intently. “You’re going to lie there, naked and bound, while your wife gets ravaged. At the same time, you’re going to provide me with the last batch of data I need to perfect my cloning procedures. Then, once I’m done and my Venom Husks have had their fill, I’m going to enjoy watching them…”

He stopped mid-sentence, his expression quickly changing on the spot. Given that he was on the brink of defeating his greatest enemy and most hated rival, it should’ve taken a lot to stop him. Looking panicked, Jackal looked down at his watch, which also appeared to be a communicator. It appeared to be vibrating while a red light flashed on the side.

“Oh no! No! Not now!” he said anxiously.

Now looking panicked, Jackal answered it by holding it up to his ear. Mary Jane couldn’t hear, but
she was still coherent enough to sense that something major had changed.

“Yes, my queen?” he said. “Indeed, I have the data…yes, I also have Spider-Man and his wife. I just need…but, my queen, we have to…oh, I see. Damn it! Are you sure there is no other way? Maybe I can…of course. I’m sorry. Forgive my tone. I’ll return immediately, complete with the data.”

To her and Peter’s shock and confusion, Jackal rushed back towards the command console and rapidly typed in a series of commands. Within seconds, the screens went dark and a disk popped out from the top. He then smashed the screens and controls with his fists, destroying the critical components.

With the disk in hand, he made his way towards the emergency exit.

“I suppose nobody is leaving here completely satisfied,” he said. “I’d love to stay and watch you both perish in a sea of debauchery. Unfortunately, some unexpected guests are about to arrive…guests that shouldn’t have known about this. I’ve no desire to confront them, but I also have no desire to dishonor Gwen’s memory.”

He was about to exit. He stopped briefly and glanced towards the legions of Venom Husks. He didn’t say anything, but they seemed to receive some sort of unspoken command.

Almost immediately, the Venom Husks that had been gangbanging Mary Jane briefly stopped, withdrawing their dicks from her, but still keeping her within their grip. The ones holding Peter down hit him with more webs, pinning him to the floor so that he didn’t have a chance to escape. With labored breath, they anxiously waited for what came next.

“To those still enjoying Mrs. Parker’s company…keep ravaging her until she expires. Feel free to make use of your tertiary features, as well,” Jackal told them. “As for her pathetic hero of a husband…kill him.”

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**Up next: Test Subject Part 2**
Empire State University – Former Lab of Dr. Miles Warren

It was the worst of all nightmares for Spider-Man, Peter Parker, and Mary Jane Watson. Of all the ways Spider-Man could fail his loved ones – including those that involved a team-up of Kingpin, Norman Osborn, Mysterio, Hobgoblin, and Doc Ock – this was the worst by orders of magnitude.

He didn’t just fail to save the woman he loved. He didn’t even get a chance to fight for her. Spider-Man had arrived at the former lab of Dr. Miles Warren, also known as the Jackal, just in time to see a group of figures that resembled him in his black symbiote costume gangbanging his wife. It was a horrific sight, overwhelming his spider sense and every other instinct within him. As a result, he was easily subdued by one of the black costumed figures.

Spider-Man now remained pinned to the wall, watching as over a dozen similar figures kept fucking his wife from every angle and in every hole. If that weren’t bad enough, they’d somehow drugged her to make her look like she was enjoying it.

“Mary Jane…I’m so sorry,” Peter said under his mask.

“Mmf Peter!” was all Mary Jane said before a fresh symbiote-flesh dick was shoved into her mouth.

They showed no mercy, nor did they show any signs of letting up. Each symbiote figure stood around Mary Jane with a big, black, fully-erect cock protruding from their lower bodies. They all wordlessly gazed at her with boundless lust, as though their only drive was to fuck. If that were the case, then these monstrous creatures weren’t holding back.

Mary Jane, having been stripped completely naked and utterly subdued, was getting triple penetrated. One figure was on his back with her on top, rapidly thrusting up into her pussy. Another was behind her, pumping his rigid black cock into her ass. Another was right in front of her, humping her face while she sucked him off. A vacant look never left Mary Jane’s face, as though she’d given into her fate.

“Hnn…so much dick. Can’t…stop,” she managed to say, her voice still muffled by the dick.

It was rough, but coordinated. They pumped their dick in her pussy and ass like a well-oiled piston, their hardened flesh slithering inside her with distressing ease. The one fucking her face was just as forceful, barely slowing down to blow his load all over her face. Mary Jane gasped and gagged at the fresh shot of jizz, but was sucking another one moments later.

None of the figures showed any signs of letting up or fatigue. They just eagerly hovered over Mary Jane’s naked form, waiting for their turn. They must have fucked her multiple times already. Her hair was a mess. Her makeup had been smeared. Her body glistened with sweat and cum. Peter even saw her expression tense a few times, indicating that she had an orgasm. He also saw a look of solemn frustration. Even that most basic of pleasures left her both unsatisfied and defeated.

As Peter watched such a lurid sight unfold, his thoughts drifted to the madman responsible for this.
The Jackal, someone he’d defeated handily before and shouldn’t have such resources, did this to him and Mary Jane. He knew Jackal was vindictive and callous, but not like this. Either he’d gone even crazier than before or someone pushed him further over the edge.

Whatever the case, Peter kept fighting his confinement. He remained determined to free himself, save his wife, and get back at the man who inflicted such a cruel fate.

“Damn you, Jackal! Wherever you are…wherever you went…damn you!” Peter cursed. “I swear…if I get out of this…I’ll find you! I’ll make you pay for this! I’ll make…you…pay!”

Spider-Man fought harder and harder, but it was no use. The symbiote-like flesh only tightened its hold on him, pressing harder against his body, as if it were trying to infect him again. He summoned every last ounce of his strength and then some, hoping to break free.

His body and will were on the brink of giving out. Then, the sound of a loud, bird-like screech echoed from just outside the building. Moments later, the whole area shook.

“Whoa!” Spider-Man gasped. “What was…”

Before he could finish, something came bursting through the ceiling. It looked like a fireball in the shape of a bird. In the center was a female figure. It didn’t crash into the lab. Instead, it landed in an area between him and where Mary Jane was being gangbanged.

Moments after landing, the large flames faded, revealing a redheaded woman in a green-and-gold bodysuit with a bird-shaped emblem on her chest. When she saw what was happening to Mary Jane, she was aghast, but only briefly. It was as though she’d braced herself for the sight.

“This is as bad as I thought,” she said, “but I’m not too late!”

Then, the redheaded looked over towards him. She had a radiant glint in her eye, not unlike the one he saw in Mary Jane whenever she had a bold idea. She looked familiar, but Peter couldn’t surmise her identity. She seemed to know him, though. She even smiled, casting him a reassuring glance.

“It’s going to be okay, Spider-Man. I promise,” the woman said. “My name is Jean Grey-Summers. And we’re here to save you and your wife.”

“My wife?” Peter gasped under his mask. “You know…wait, who’s we?”

He had so many questions, but Jean didn’t give him an opportunity to ask. Time was running out. He sensed that too. The symbiote figures stepped up their decadent attack on Mary Jane, humping and ravaging her harder and harder. Judging by the dazed look on her face, she couldn’t take much more.

Jean turned back towards the decadent scene and boldly approached. She still had that glint in her eyes that indicated she’d come with a plan. She eventually stopped within several feet of the scene surrounding Mary Jane. Then, in an act that caught even his spider sense by surprise, she addressed the figure.

“Hey!” Jean yelled in a firm, yet seductive tone. “What were a bunch of alien hunks like you thinking? Having a gangbang and not inviting me? As a horny, fiery redhead, I’m insulted!”

She got the attention of every figure, including the ones fucking Mary Jane. They finally slowed down. The one who’d been humping her face withdrew his cock from her mouth, allowing Mary Jane a much-needed breather. Even the one that kept him pinned to the wall appeared distracted.
“Ungh!” Mary Jane gagged, spitting up a sizable glob of semen-like fluid. “Who…who are you?”

“Just someone who enjoys a good ravaging too,” said Jean curtly. “Lucky for these exotic hunks, I’m in a forgiving mood.”

What happened next distracted the alien figures even more. Jean Grey-Summers casually stripped out of her clothes. In fact, she didn’t even strip. Another bird-like halo of fire surrounded her body and her skin-tight attire just dissolved, including her boots and waist sash. It left her fully nude from head to toe. It also gave every figure surrounding Mary Jane a perfect view of her breasts, hips, and pussy.

At that point, even the figures who’d been pumping their cocks into Mary Jane’s ass and vagina stopped. They didn’t say anything, but their expressions appeared conflicted, as though something had overloaded whatever lurid programming the Jackal had utilized.

It felt like a badly-needed break. At the same time, Spider-Man doubted that this was over.

“How, I’m confused on so many levels,” he said. “Please, tell me there’s a plan here!”

‘Relax, Spider-Man,’ said an unexpected voice inside his head. ‘We have a plan. It’s just going to be a bit messier than expected.’

Moments Earlier – Skies Over New York

“This is bad, Scott,” said Jean anxiously. “Very bad, very strange, and incredibly perverse.”

“Yes, I’d say that sums up the situation,” replied Scott.

“Spider-Man, alien creatures, and some unlucky woman getting gangbanged…this does not feel like something the Avengers or the X-Men are equipped to handle.”

“But we are,” said the former X-Men leader strongly. “After what we did for Rogue and Carol, we might be the only ones who can handle it.”

That might have been too accurate. Even though she and Scott weren’t X-Men anymore, they still found themselves in situations where they had to be heroes. They hadn’t come to New York City expecting to be thrust in that role. They were only in town for one night on a business trip, seeking only to scout locations for future X-Corp office sites.

That changed the moment Scott received a call from Shuri. She’d agreed to investigate the energy readings the Avengers detected when Rogue and Carol Danvers were attacked in San Francisco. She told them there were many anomalies. It might take a while to find another. It didn’t take nearly as long as she’d thought, which led them to a mothballed lab at the Empire State University campus.

Having summoned the power of the Phoenix Force and donned their Phoenix-themed costumes, they hovered over the old building. Using a mix of psychic abilities and cosmic awareness, they scanned the building. What they found shocked and appalled them. Through a swirling portal of fire, Jean and Scott watched as a group of male figures composed of alien flesh gangbanged a naked redheaded woman while a trapped Spider-Man watched.

“This can’t be what Shuri detected,” Scott said, already assessing the situation strategically. “Even if there was an energy signature matching the one from before, it’s long gone.”
“What makes you so sure?” Jean asked.

“Because you don’t go about tormenting someone like this and leave before it’s over…not unless there are other forces at work.”

“What other forces could there be?” wondered Jean, shuddering at the possibilities. “I sense those men aren’t human.”

“They’re not. They’re definitely alien,” said Scott. “At least in part,” said Jean, placing a hand on her head and channeling her telepathic abilities. “They’re not giving off traditional psychic signatures, but they are alive. Their flesh is mostly alien with a mix of human features. And I’m not just referring to their dicks.”

“I wasn’t going to bring that up, but it’s hard to overlook,” noted Scott.

“I think they’re symbiotes,” Jean went on. “Hank mentioned them a while back. He’d been consulted by Rykers Island to imprison someone who’d been infected by one. From what I recall, they’re like parasites. They infect a host, but instead of killing it, they enhance it.”

“Or pervert it,” added Scott.

“That too,” she conceded, “but something about this symbiote doesn’t seem right. I can’t sense a mind, but I can sense a powerful desire. It’s alive, but it’s so distorted, unnatural, and unanchored.”

It sounded like something that shouldn’t exist. Just being near it made the Phoenix Force anxious. Something or someone had corrupted a natural creation. Parasite or not, this symbiote had been altered to carry out a perverse task. Such an egregious act disrupted the cosmic balance that Scott and Jean had come to appreciate since embracing the Phoenix Force.

This could not stand.

They had to do something.

Jean turned towards Scott, who had seen enough of the lurid scene below them. He already had a plan. Like the plan to save Carol and Rogue, it likely involved a creative approach to dealing with such unique threats.

“What do we do, Scott?” Jean asked him. “I can already sense Spider-Man’s thoughts. That woman isn’t just some innocent bystander. She’s his wife!”

“That complicates things. If Wolverine were here, he’d want to go in and hit those things directly. I’d even be tempted to try that,” Scott said. “But with Spider-Man and that woman in the mix, it’s too risky. We have to get them out of harm’s way before we make our move.”

“And how do we do that?”

Her lover’s demeanor shifted. He turned towards her and cast her a suggestive glance. Being both a skilled psychic and very adept at sensing when men had lewd ideas, Jean expected Scott to employ a very unorthodox strategy.

“You said it yourself,” he told her. “These creatures are driven by desire. So, we need to give them something to desire!”
Jean Grey-Summers was no stranger to lecherous gazes and lustful thoughts. She’d seen and sensed plenty of them as a teenager and even after she fell in love with Scott. The Phoenix Force only heightened her awareness of such feelings. It even drew her to them, as evidenced by her and Scott’s adventurous sex life.

However, she never expected to be this adventurous. To save Spider-Man and his wife, Mary Jane Watson, she had to seduce a group of male symbiote figures, each bearing a hulking erect penis between their legs. It proved less challenging than expected.

“Well?” Jean casually said to the horde of male figures. “What are you waiting for? Come give me a taste of those alien cocks!”

The crowd of creatures didn’t hesitate. Most of them, mainly those who hadn’t been fucking Mary Jane, jumped at the chance to ravage another naked redhead. With superhuman agility, not unlike those demonstrated by Spider-Man, they swarmed and surrounded her from every angle. As they got in closer, their masculine figures and large endowments came into view.

Jean had been thinking sexy thoughts to get her in the mood. However, seeing all those big, erect dicks on such strapping male figures did plenty to trigger her natural sex drive. In addition, by sensing the intensity of their desire, she couldn’t help but share some of it.

“Wow! I must be hornier than I thought,” said Jean as they closed in on her. “I swear I could fuck every one of you!”

She didn’t wait for the creatures to make the first move. She immediately jumped the figure standing right in front of her, dropping to her knees and taking his hard, alien cock in her mouth. Every other symbiote figure looked shocked. It apparently turned them on, as well. Jean saw their dicks grow and harden even more. She was sending their desire into overdrive.

That was a critical part of Scott’s plan. The next part was just as important.

With an eagerness and energy worthy of any cosmic force, she vigorously sucked on the cock before her. It tasted very similar to an ordinary penis, but his symbiote flesh proved more malleable. She felt it slither between her lips, as though it had a mind of its own. It was different, but exciting. It made Jean wonder how a dick like that might feel in other parts of her body.

“Mmm! I like these big, alien dicks,” she purred after licking the creature’s shaft. “I bet I’d love to have one in my pussy or ass!”

Jean dropped down to her hands and knees, pulling the symbiote figure in front of her down to the floor in the process. She playfully shook her butt at the many horny creatures watching her with furious lust. The ones not yet overwhelmed accepted her invitation.

Two determined men fought to the front of the line, shoving each other aside to get into position. Quickly, they started coordinating like a hive mine. One got behind her, the tip of his throbbing hard dick aimed at her ass. The other managed to slither under her, shifting his body into a more slender figure. From there, he guided his dick towards her pussy. Upon feeling the tip rub against each hole, the two male figures thrust into her.

“Ohh yeah!” Jean moaned with bawdy delight. “I was right. I love it! Come on, you alien studs. Fuck me! Fuck me good!”

They all let out a sharp hiss, as though the lust was erupting within their alien flesh. They directed
the entirety of that lust towards Jean, who eagerly took every bit of it.

Now, she was the focus of their gangbang. In each of her holes, they pumped and probed her with their alien dicks. Within her pussy and ass, Jean felt them slide and slither effortlessly. Like the one she’d been sucking, they operated differently than a normal penis. They were like snakes or tentacles, maneuvering inside her with uncanny efficiency. In conjunction with their thrusting, it provided a special kind of stimulation that quickly sent her to the brink of orgasm.

She wasn’t the only one, either. She sensed the dick she’d been sucking twitch and tense in anticipation. He was about to come too. The other figures watching nearby were already stroking their cocks, her erotic acts further stirring their desire. When she came, it affected them almost as much as it did her.

“Ooh I’m coming already! I’m coming!” Jean exclaimed.

Her release was intense. Her pussy and ass throbbed as hot waves of pleasure coursed through her body. She also secreted a significant amount of feminine juices, which spilled out onto their alien flesh. Jean even made sure to project the through her telepathy. To them, it seemed too much.

The two figures fucking her steadied their movements. She even sensed them shudder, their symbiote flesh flailing erratically from head to toe. The one she’d been sucking off sucking her off trembled intensely, his humanoid shape quivering wildly as he climaxed. He was so erratic that he pulled his dick out just as he sprayed a sizable load of white, semen-like fluid into her mouth and onto her face.

It was messy, but Jean didn’t miss a beat. She casually licked it up, a seductive look never leaving her face. At the same time, she noticed that the cum had an unusual effect. It somehow reset her desires, as if to deny her the satisfaction of completed sex. That might have overwhelmed a woman not used to multiple rounds of cosmic lovemaking with her husband – as well as the many other well-endowed men, some of which had superhuman abilities. For her, it just made for a more vigorous gangbang.

“So that’s how you tried to play it?” Jean said while licking up the last of the fluid. “Alien flesh, throbbing dicks, and cum that keeps the sex going? It’s creative, but cruel. But whoever designed you probably didn’t expect to deal with me! I’m a horny woman imbued with a cosmic power. Think you can handle that?”

Before any of them could react, she reached for the nearest erect cock and pulled it towards her face, along with the symbiote figure attached to it. Without hesitation, she deep-throated it and began sucking. It prompted the two others who’d been fucking her pussy and ass to resume their humping, but with more urgency.

More of the symbiote figures shuddered. They started oscillating from a male form to a disoriented, humanoid stature. They weren’t just overwhelmed. They appeared confused, as though they didn’t know what to do with so much desire. They fell back on their only major drive, which was to fuck the beautiful redheaded woman before them.

“Mmf! Harder! Faster!” Jean said in between heavy sucking.

The creatures fucking her hissed loudly, filling the lab with perverse noises to go along with the clashing of naked flesh with alien sex. Jean couldn’t tell if it was out of distress, confusion, or ecstasy. Her only true certainty at this point was that the gangbang would intensify.

The two symbiote figures fucking her from behind humped harder, rocking her body and her world
while others waved their dicks around her in anticipation. Jean reached out and stroked whichever ones she could, causing more of a frenzy. As the chaos escalated, the two figures climaxed, letting out more strange noises as they released a load of their exotic cum into her depths.

That hot, creamy feeling inside her felt good.

The effects also quickly took hold, resetting her body and leaving her wanting more sex.

This time, however, her cosmic passions supplemented those effects. Her as flashed red. The renewed desire within her gave her a fresh dose of energy, which she channeled towards the creatures before her.

“More! Give me more!” Jean shouted.

The creatures attempted to keep up. The two that had been fucking her were practically thrown aside and replaced by two others, each with erect dicks composed of symbiote flesh. They immediately thrust into her, humping and pumping with more intensity than before. Any other woman would’ve been overwhelmed. If anything, Jean was overwhelming them.

As the horde of symbiote figures banged Jean from every end, the ones that had lingered around Mary Jane finally took notice. Only two had remained, keeping her bound and still fucking her, albeit only in her mouth and pussy. However, their desires could no longer be satiated by the voluptuous redhead. To satisfying the far greater passions of Jean Grey-Summers, the symbiotes needed total coordination.

‘Don’t just watch. Join us!’ Jean said to them via telepathy while her mouth remained occupied with a fresh cock. ‘Give Mrs. Parker a break. Your skills are needed elsewhere.’

The two remaining figures shifted erratically, parts of their symbiote form shooting off in random directions. Their forms could no longer handle the feeling. They didn’t even climax before finally letting Mary Jane go, allowing her naked body to collapse to the floor.

By then, she was covered in a mix of sweat, cum, and traces blackish symbiote flesh. She was very disheveled, but finally able to collect herself. She propped herself up on her arms, her lower body still too aching with a mix of pleasure and discomfort. Still catching her breath, she watched as the symbiote creatures congregated around Jean, becoming less organized by the minute.

“Holy shit!” Mary Jane gasped in amazement. “She’s really doing it. She’s fucking them harder…than they can fuck her.”

Her assessment was crude, but accurate. Every symbiote male surrounded Jean, attempting to fuck her in every possible way. They had to adapt or abandon their humanoid forms to accommodate her passions, turning the gangbang into something truly alien.

At first, she remained on her hands and knees, sucking and stroking the dicks in front of her while to male figures fucked her ass and pussy simultaneously. They did it hard and fast, just as she demanded. Jean quickly climaxed a second, but demanded more. Even after a few more figures climaxed as well and others took their place, the intensity wasn’t enough. It led to more chaos.

Other symbiote figures fought one another in an effort to get their turn. They still tried to coordinate, turning Jean over so that the ones under her fucked her ass while the others on top took her pussy. It allowed her to see more dicks, which she sucked and stroked without hesitation. It also allowed a few to sneak in and tit-fuck her, sliding a slithering cock between her breasts until it shot a thick load right onto her face. Jean just licked up the excess fluid and demanded more.
“Yum! Is that all you got?” she taunted.

More hissing followed. The creatures became less and less coordinated. They began abandoning their humanoid forms, forming more limbs and appendages on their bodies to help intensify the gangbang.

The symbiotes used those appendages to lift her up off the floor, hold her in an upright position, and spread her legs wider so that each individual could get in position. Like an assembly line of decadence, one came in to fuck one of her holes. After he climaxed, another took his place. Those not in line, tried to maneuver so they could hump her face, grope her breasts, or get jerked off. No matter what they did, though, Jean didn’t miss a beat.

With each orgasm and release, the glowing in her eyes brightened. Traces of cosmic energy shot out from her naked body, hitting the creatures and causing more chaos. It was as though the flames burned the symbiote in ways beyond the heat. Whatever Jean was doing to them, it caused a powerful reaction.

That reaction finally reached the still-bound Spider-Man. He’d been webbed to the wall by a single symbiote figure who seemed unaffected by Jean’s actions. He might have been uniquely programmed to keep the wall-crawler contained. Even if that were the case, its form became increasingly unstable. It now looked less humanoid and more like an amoeba-like glob.

“I am so confused…and a little impressed,” Spider-Man said. “I think even my spider sense is confused.”

He finally managed to free one of his arms from the webbing. The symbiote creature bounding him fought back and tried to restrain him again, letting out more desperate hissing. Spider-Man fought back. This time, the creature struggled to contain him.

“I don’t know if this is on Jackal, Eddie Brock, or even Flash Thompson,” said Spider-Man, “but you hurt the woman I love! You used her to hurt me! You won’t hold me back anymore!”

‘You’re right, Mr. Parker,’ said an unexpected male voice, via telepathy. ‘But freeing yourself won’t be enough to stop this.’

‘Whoa! Who the hell was that? If you’re another hot redhead, then I might need looser pants.’

‘It’s okay. I’m not a hot redhead. I just married one, like you. And I completely understand wanting to save her at all costs.’

Moments after that psychic message came across, Cyclops finally burst through the main doors. Like Jean, he arrived surrounded by a bird-shaped flame and bearing unique attire that included a large Phoenix emblem on his chest. Unlike the other fiery redhead, he was more tactful as he made his way towards Spider-Man.

“If you’re the backup, help the women!” urged the wallcrawler. “I can get out of this!”

“Don’t worry. My wife knows what she’s doing,” Cyclops assured.

“And you seem oddly okay with that.”

“If you knew some of the other kinky stuff we’ve done, you’d understand,” the former X-Men leader said with a smirk.

Spider-Man remained confused while Cyclops remained unconcerned, trusting Jean to do her part
while he did his.

That part became increasingly disorganized. The symbiote figures continued gangbanging Jean, barely noticing Cyclops’ arrival. The figures kept shifting and contorting themselves in strange ways, trying to get into position to fuck one of her holes or grope parts of her naked body. Still hovering in mid-air, she kept taking it. She even moaned gleefully as she climaxed again while two throbbing cocks slithered inside her pussy and ass. The creatures climaxed too, spraying more of their exotic cum inside her depths and onto her face, breasts, and torso. Its effects only seemed to embolden the fiery redhead.

The fiery glow in her eyes had since morphed into another fiery halo that surrounded both her and the horde of creatures. Even as their alien flesh burned, the kept fucking her. The desire exceeded every other function. That allowed Cyclops to carry out the final phases of their plan.

‘Hang in there just a little longer, Jean. We’re almost done,’ Cyclops sent her.

‘Already? Too bad,’ Jean replied, just as one of the creatures climaxed on her face. ‘These things clearly weren’t designed to handle a woman like me.’

‘Very few can. What they can’t satisfy, I’ll be sure to handle later tonight. For now, the priority is saving Spider-Man and his wife.’

‘What about these things? They’ve definitely been corrupted. The Phoenix Force sensed that before I took my clothes off.’

‘That, I don’t have a plan for. We may have to adapt…although that’s what these symbiotes do best.’

While Jean focused on keeping the rest of the creatures occupied, Cyclops arrived at Spider-Man’s position. The symbiote trying to fight off Spider-Man noticed and stretched its alien flesh to fight him off. Cyclops fired several optic blasts to dissuade it, which gave Spider-Man more room to free himself.

“Finally!” the wallcrawler said after breaking through the webbing. “Now, I got to get to Mary Jane!”

“Spider-Man, wait!” yelled Cyclops.

He didn’t listen. As soon as his feet hit the floor, he set his sights on his wife. She was still naked, conscious, and disheveled from the gangbang she endured, but she was also close to the chaos unfolding around Jean and the symbiotes. Cyclops tried to stop him, his plan still not complete.

The masked vigilante proved too agile. He evaded Cyclops and started running towards his wife. However, he failed to notice that the symbiote creature that had bound him earlier still clung to parts of his legs, arms, and torso. Despite being weakened, it managed to slither itself around Spider-Man’s body, tearing at his costume and causing him to fall to the floor.

“Ungh! Get…the hell…off me!” Spider-Man struggled.

“Peter…” Mary Jane gasped upon seeing him in distressed.

The other redhead returned to her feet and stammered towards Spider-Man. Her legs were still shaky, but she remained every bit as determined to get to him. By then, however, the symbiote creatures banging Jean finally noticed and let out a menacing hiss.
'Scott, I think we have to start adapting,' said Jean.

'This may complicate things,' Scott replied anxiously.

Some of the figures who could not participate in on the action with Jean turned back towards Mary Jane. Their bodies had since become so disoriented that they barely resembled the same masculine physique from earlier. The damage done by the Phoenix Force was great, but not enough to stop them from pursuing more lecherous desires.

Several shot out blackish tendrils from their body, which latched onto Mary Jane. They hit her legs, hips, back, and arms, pulling at her just as she was within reach of Spider-Man. She immediately fought back. In their weakened state, she managed to resist. That prompted others to hit her with more tendrils and make their way towards her.

“No! Let me go!” Mary Jane said defiantly. “You won’t…take me…again!”

Her resolve was impressive, especially for someone without superpowers. After enduring a gangbang, Mary Jane remained determined to reach her husband. Their love must have been strong. However, it might not be enough to stop these creatures.

Cyclops looked towards Jean. She was still surrounded in symbiote limbs and tendrils, multiple dicks probing her holes while she jerked off two others. Even as they sprayed a fresh load of their exotic jizz on her breasts, they could tell that the creatures were letting up. The intensity and organization of their efforts finally waned. The creatures were still corrupt and would remain dangerous until that changed.

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Scott groaned in frustration. Even with a cosmic force on his side, he didn’t like taking risks, especially with civilians in the line of fire. Getting Spider-Man and his wife away from the symbiote was supposed to uncomplicate things. With every second that passed, however, the complications escalated.

As Spider-Man and Mary Jane kept fighting to get to one another, the symbiote creatures tightened their grip on them. More tendrils shot out, slithering around their bodies to the point where they were almost entirely encased. Over half of Spider-Man’s costume had been ribbed, including his mask. Cyclops and Jean could clearly see the face of Peter Parker, fighting desperately to reach his wife.

It was too late. They couldn’t get them out of way. They had to act or risk a far greater corruption.

“Even if this works, it’s bound to have other effects,” Scott said.

“We’ll deal with those too,” said Jean, her glowing eyes already flashing.

“Guess we’re out of options and time. Alright, then! I’m ready when you are, Jean!”

Another fiery halo in the shape of the Phoenix formed around him. It soon matched Jean’s. At the same time, the symbiote figures still fucking her started to whither, so much so that they withdrew
their dicks from her and let go of her limbs. They kept trying to surround her again, as did the creatures attacking Spider-Man and Mary Jane. Their efforts proved futile because Cyclops commenced their final attack.

Using both the cosmic power between them, along with Jean’s telekinesis, he activated the alarm system in the area. In an instant, the entire room began blaring with high-pitched noise. It was loud, even for an older building. It still proved loud enough. As the noise of the alarm echoed throughout the room, the symbiote creatures let out one last cry before their alien flesh dissolved.

“RRREEEEEEEEE!” every figure screeched at once.

“Now, Jean!” yelled Cyclops.

Jean remained hovering in mid-air, still naked and still surrounded in a Phoenix-shaped halo. The symbiote figures either fell off or were blown off, collapsing into a pool of blackish ooze around the bodies of Spider-Man and Mary Jane.

It still wasn’t over. The corruption was still there. That was where the Phoenix Force came in. Despite two civilians being in the line of fire, Cyclops and Jean summoned a wave of cosmic energy. Together, they formed a large ball of golden flame between them, lighting up the entire lab in a dazzling display.

“That which taints creation are burned by its fires,” said Jean as she concentrated her power with Scott. “With these fires, we purge these beings of corruption!”

Upon reaching the desired intensity, the two wielders of the Phoenix Force unleashed the ball of flame at the puddle of symbiote flesh below them. Still surrounded by that flesh, Spider-Man and Mary Jane were surrounded by the flames as well. While it didn’t burn them, as they were not the source of corruption, they still felt it.

“Ahhhhhhhh!” they both exclaimed.

The alarm kept blaring, as did the cries of the symbiote flesh. Those cries soon disappeared, but the blackish alien flesh remained. It burned and simmered under the cosmic flame, giving off trail of steam, as if the impurities were evaporating.

Scott and Jean kept the fires going, making sure that no such impurities remained. The symbiote flesh continued to thrash and flail erratically. Eventually, it settled, becoming a stable pile of blackish goo once more. However, even after the corruption faded, the alien organism continued to react.

“That’s enough! Pull back!” yelled Scott.

They immediately tempered the cosmic flames, pulling them back and away from the symbiote. Jean landed back on the floor and rejoined Scott, but kept her body surrounded in a fiery halo. Scott did it as well, remaining cautious as they watched the alien flesh reconfigure itself. While he stood ready to attack, Jean used her telekinesis to turn off the alarm. It helped the symbiote stabilize, but there was still one major concern.

Spider-Man and Mary Jane were still in the center of the chaos, their bodies surrounded by a large pool of black alien flesh. They were still on the floor, the bodies still covered in the exotic substance. They were also conscious, breathing heavily and looking at one another with a distant gaze. It was difficult to surmise their condition.

“They’re alive,” Scott noted, “but are they okay?”
“I’m not sure, Scott,” said Jean with a hand on her temple as she scanned the area. “The plan worked. We purged the symbiote of whatever corrupting influence took it over. And they both survived the process in one piece.”

“Should we get them away from the symbiote?” he asked. “Corrupt or not, it could still be dangerous.”

“It’s still a functioning organism, but I’m not sensing a mind anywhere. It’s basically just a body with no brain. I don’t know what that means for our friends here, but I think they’ll be…”

Jean stopped herself in mid-sentence. Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson were unexpectedly jolted from their daze by an unseen force. The symbiote reacted, as well. It started moving and slithering again, but not as chaotically as before.

Still standing in the pool of blackish goop, the couple rose up to their feet. Much of their bodies remained covered by the symbiote flesh. Under their feet, more and more of that flesh flowed up into them, as though drawn to them like moths to a flame. By the time the last trace of symbiote flesh flowed into them, their demeanor shifted considerably. They appeared hyper-alert and intensely focused on one another.

“Mary Jane…” he said in a distant tone.

“Peter…” she replied in a similar tone.

Cyclops remained on guard. He attempted to approach them, but Jean held up her arm to stop them. Something had changed considerably, within them and the remnants of the symbiote.

“Wait,” Jean told him, “I think they’re okay.”

“Are you sure?” asked Cyclops, still taking a cautious approach.

As they curiously watched on, the symbiote flesh that had covered Peter and Mary Jane’s bodies faded. Some of it dissolved into dust while most got absorbed into their bodies. It rendered Mary Jane fully nude again. It also revealed that over half of Spider-Man’s costume had been ripped apart. Even part of his underwear was torn.

That didn’t seem to bother him, though. Without saying a word or taking his eyes of Mary Jane, Peter tore off the rest of his mask, costume, and underwear, leaving him as naked as the beautiful redhead before him. The intensity of his gaze escalated, as did Mary Jane’s. They no longer looked drained, overwhelmed, or exhausted. Instead, they looked reenergized and rejuvenated.

Flushed with this energy, the two lovers kissed and embraced each other with great urgency. Their naked bodies now pressed together in an intimate entwinement, their affectionate gestures quickly escalated.

“Do me, Peter. Do me right now!” Mary Jane said upon breaking the kiss.

“Now?” he asked her. “After what you just…”

“Yes!” she said, before he could finish. “Those things fucked me, but they also left me…unsatisfied. I want… I need that feeling from the man I love.”

She kissed him again, this time with more passion. Peter kissed back and with more purpose, as well as tongue. He hungrily roamed her naked body with his hands, giving extra attention to her butt. Mary Jane returned the favor by pawing his chest with one hand while reaching down to
stroke his penis with the other.

It quickly became erect. It happened so quickly that desire alone couldn’t be the cause. There were other forces at work, some involving the symbiote and others involving the Phoenix Force.

“Still think I’m unsure?” Jean asked.

“Not at all,” said Scott, who finally relaxed his defensive poise. “Should we…do something?”

“Distract a man and woman from making beautiful love? Heavens no!” she laughed.

“I won’t argue with that logic,” he said, laughing as well. “Maybe we should give them some privacy?”

“Why? They don’t seem to mind.”

The impassioned couple didn’t notice. They might have completely forgotten that someone else was watching them. Peter Parker and Mary Jane had only one focus at that moment. They were going to make love. Nothing short of another cosmic force was going to stop that. Cyclops and Jean could only watch on with a mix of amusement and admiration.

Further kissing and foreplay heightened their arousal. While Mary Jane stroked her husband’s cock, Peter slipped a hand between her legs and fondled her pussy. Despite being gangbanged by the symbiote, she was still aroused. Those creatures had fucked her every which way, but they couldn’t give her what her lover could. That was not a trivial oversight.

With mutual arousal established, Peter went about giving his wife that special loving they both craved. Their lips still entwined, he effortlessly lifted her up by her hips and laid her down on the floor. Mary Jane instinctively spread her legs and he got on top of her, his naked body pressing against hers in an intimate melding of sinews. As he aligned his pelvis with hers, the tip of his penis pressed against her outer folds, their lips briefly parted.

“Mary Jane,” Peter said, “I’m sorry I couldn’t get here sooner. I’m sorry I couldn’t stop Jackal before…”

The beautiful redhead silenced him with a soft finger to the lips.

“Don’t apologize, Tiger,” she told him. “You still came for me. Now, I need you to be there for me…to love me at the time when I need your love most.”

“I’ll always be there for you. I made that promise the day I married you.”

“And now, you have a chance to keep it,” said Mary Jane with a loving smile.

“More like…a responsibility,” Peter said with a grin.

He kissed her again with the utmost passion. At that same moment, he thrust his hips forward and entered her. Peter was careful, allowing his love’s flesh to envelop his manhood at just the right moment. After what she’d endured at the hands of the symbiotes, he was understandably cautious. Once their sexual union was complete, though, greater passions took hold.

“Ooh Peter!” Mary Jane gasped. “This…this is what I want!”

Encouraged and inspired by her loving words, Peter began a tender, yet heated act of lovemaking. He kept it simple, working his hips and moving his body along hers in a basic missionary position.
He wasn’t as rough or fervent as the symbiotes, emphasizing the expression of love over the pursuit of basic pleasure. In wake of a gangbang that had been so elaborate and overwhelming gangbang, it seemed fitting.

Mary Jane’s moans had none of the strain from earlier. They were full of love and passion. Peter inspired plenty of them as he employed his intimate knowledge of his lover’s body. He lightly bit on her lower lip as their bodies moved, which earned him a favorable reaction. He then trailed his lips down her neck, burying his face in her shoulder and occasionally nibbling on her ear. That got an even greater reaction.

“Yes, Peter! Yes! Just like that! Make love to me…just like that!” Mary Jane moaned with delight.

Moments ago, her expression had been dazed and distant, having been ravaged by mindless creatures of lust. Now, her face radiated blissful joy at sharing this intimate act with her husband. It was a beautiful inversion, countering an act of depravity with an act of passion.

“Is it safe to say that corruption we sensed earlier is gone?” Scott asked with a bemused grin.

“Yeah, I’d certainly say so,” Jean laughed, “and in its place is something special…a spark of pure, untainted passion.”

“Is that all we’re seeing?” he questioned. “Because I’m sensing other forces at work too.”

“So am I,” she said, “but it’s not a pressing issue. Right now, I suspect our new friends have more urgent priorities.”

There was no arguing that. Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson kept making love, still oblivious to the presence of others watching them. The whole world could’ve been watching them go at it. That still wouldn’t have stopped them. They were going to complete their intimate act and share in the passion.

Peter maintained the steady pace of movements. Mary Jane supplemented those movements as well, bending her knees back and arching her hips every time he thrust into her. As their naked skin glided and grooved together, she trailed her hands over the muscles of his back. She applied extra pressure to certain areas, which got Peter to intensify the pace of their lovemaking.

It helped get them to the brink or orgasm. It didn’t take psychic powers or cosmic forces to sense they were close. Peter’s gasps grew more labored. Mary Jane’s moans became more urgent. As they neared that special threshold, a new urgency took hold.

“I’m close, Peter. I’m so…so close,” said Mary Jane, her words as desperate as her breath.

“Me too, Mary Jane. Me…too!” said Peter through heavy grunts.

For that final push, they shifted their bodies so they could share in the effort. Mary Jane wrapped her arms around her lover’s neck and Peter took it from there. They quickly settled into an upright sitting position. Mary Jane was now in her lover’s lap, her legs arched around his waist. Peter held her up by wrapping her in his powerful arms, his grip settling on her butt.

From there, their sexual movements resumed. Peter and Mary Jane rocked their hips together in a perfect procession of motions, her womanly folds slithering effortlessly along the length of his member. They gasped and moaned together, their eyes locked and their love flowing freely through each action. No words were said. None were necessary.

Together, they guided one another past the final barrier. The cumulation of physical stimulation
converged with the breadth of the passion they shared. In a lab that had been the site of a devious plot and a targeted atrocity, the young couple celebrated their love in a rush of ecstasy.

“Ohhh Peter!” Mary Jane exclaimed.

“Mary Jane!” Peter gasped.

It was difficult to tell who peaked first. If the joy on their faces were any indication, it didn’t matter in the slightest.

Peter buried his face in his lover’s neck again, squeezing her hips firmly as orgasmic sensations erupted through his body. Mary Jane closed her eyes, curled her toes, and let out a moan that reverberated throughout the lab. His juices mixed with hers. Her womanhood throbbing around his dick, giving energy to that mixture. As they processed the ecstasy, his hand found hers. They interlocked their fingers and held one another through this powerful feeling. From it, a clear distinction emerged.

Mary Jane had been attacked and subdued through such feelings. Those symbiote creatures had fucked her hard and callously, triggering multiple orgasms along the way. With those orgasms came plenty of naked pleasure, but it lacked greater meaning. There was no love or passion behind it. There was nothing greater to the decadent act.

It had been an attack meant to break her and her lover. It came dangerously close, but it ultimately failed. By making love in that moment, countering a devious act with one of genuine passion, they fought back in the best possible way.

“Well, this didn’t go exactly as I’d planned, but I’d still call it successful,” said Scott jokingly.

“I agree, Cyclops,” said Jean. “Any mission that ends with two lovers satisfying one another’s passions is a success in my book.”

“We still have loose ends, but I’m in no hurry to get to the debrief,” said Scott.

“Hey! We can hear you, you know?” said a breathless Peter Parker, despite still focusing on his wife.

Scott and Jean blushed and exchanged glances. While Peter and Mary Jane bathed in the afterglow of their lovemaking, they were still aware of their situation. They just didn’t seem to mind the strange circumstances.

Still beaming from their orgasm, the young couple kissed again before parting from their intimate union. They then rose up, still completely naked, but relatively immodest about it. An awkward mood lingered between them, but it had nothing to do with nudity. They’d been through a lot and there was still plenty to resolve.

“Well, Jackal and the symbiotes are gone. My mask and costume are in shambles. My wife just yelled my name during sex,” Peter surmised.

“Next time we do it in the open like this, I’ll be sure to say Spider-Man,” Mary Jane teased.

“I appreciate that, but since these two aren’t running to the police or J. Jonah Jameson, I think they’re okay,” he said. “They also helped save us in more ways than one. I’m guessing that gives us a lot to discuss.”

“You’d be right, Spider-Man,” said Cyclops, speaking in a more formal.
“You’ve seen me naked and you’ve seen my face. You can call me Peter,” he quipped.

“I appreciate that, Peter. And I expect those discussions to be productive…also in more ways than one.”

Madripoor – Hellfire Club Lab

“We…are broken,” said a weak, distant voice.

“Shh. Go back to sleep, Venom,” Jackal whispered silently. “You’re doing what needs to be done. For that, you will get what you desire eventually.”

His words barely registered with the once-hulking creature. Venom – and Eddie Brock, by default – was a shadow of his former menacing self. Lying on a table, his form emaciated by Jackal’s experiments, he could barely lift a muscle. The same being that once lifted cars with ease was a weak as a wounded kitten. It was an unenviable, but necessary fate.

Jackal, having monitored Venom’s state since returning from New York, activated an IV drip going into his neck. He watched as the creature let out one last raspy gasp before slipping into a medical-induced coma. He almost looked peaceful. He might have been the lucky one. He got to sleep through the greater challenges that awaited.

Some of those challenges had already manifested into tangible forms. Surrounding Venom’s unmoving body were several rows of cloning vats. They were the latest models of Jackal’s cloning technology. They represented a giant leap forward in his research. Inside them, imposing figures resembling Spider-Man in his black symbiote costume hovered. They were mindless and lifeless, but extremely malleable. That made them useful for endeavors beyond acting as creatures of lust.

The Goblin Queen was pleased with the results. While Jackal wished he could’ve stuck around to see his prototypes finish off Spider-Man and Mary Jane, he understood his place in her world. She had bold plans, some of which blurred the line between ambition and depravity. However, he was in no position to judge. He just knew that by making himself useful to her, he could continue progressing to his ultimate goal.

“Soon, my dearest Gwen,” Jackal said as he gazed at the cloning vats. “We may even be together sooner than I promised.”

He checked the monitors and smiled to himself. With Venom in a coma, his symbiote flesh could be harvested and cloned in perpetuity. That flesh provided the raw materials for the Venom Studs, as Madelyne called them. The exotic, malleable nature of symbiotes provided the perfect foundation for much bolder experiments.

The Goblin Queen also appreciated that potential. As Jackal finalized the data, Madelyne entered the lab. She looked around at his work and admired his maturing creations with him. She might have been unstable, especially when it came to her perspective on things, but she respected the beauty of transcending nature’s barriers.

“Beautiful, capable, and endowed,” she said with a devious grin. “They’ll prove very useful for what I have planned.”

“They’re a remarkable achievement, indeed,” said Jackal. “The data I gathered in New York has helped refine the process. The first batch will be ready for programming in 36 hours. Whether it’s cannon fodder or props for gangbangs, they can be tailored to any task.”
“I already have several in mind,” said the Goblin Queen. “I’ve allocated more resources to scaling up production.”

“And what of the resources to refine the process?” Jackal asked. “Cloning mindless drones is one thing. Cloning a complete individual from scratch is considerably harder.”

“I know. Believe me, I know better than anyone should,” she said with a mix of humor and disgust. “That’s why I’ve already secured your next project. I believe you’ll appreciate the athletics more than most.”

The Goblin Queen handed her a small disk with a stack of pictures. The materials looked fairly recent, as though they’d been assembled within the past year. The disk had no labels, logos, or serial numbers, indicated that the data it continued was sensitive. The only identifying mark was slip of tape that had writing on it. The pictures that came with it had few details as well. They simply depicted a young, blond woman in regal, yet revealing white attire.

She was no Gwen Stacy, but Jackal appreciated the visual. Having seen the fruits of the Goblin Queen’s resources, he was already intrigued.

“Emma Frost, the Stepford Cuckoo Project, and Weapon Plus,” Jackal read. “What am I looking at?”

“The project is holdover from my predecessors,” Madelyne explained. “The former Black King had a keen, but perverse interest in cloning the White Queen, so much so that he secured a batch of her eggs.”

“You had me at cloning, but having fresh ova just sweetens the deal. How soon can I start experimenting?”

“You’re to begin immediately,” the Goblin Queen said strongly. “I want you to finish what Shaw started, but with a few important tweaks along the way.”

“What kind of tweaks?” Jackal asked curiously.

“You already saw what I did with the Venom Studs,” she replied with a devious grin. “Assume that was just a prelude to something much bolder.”

Downtown Manhattan – Two Days Later

Opportunities were only as fruitful as the visions they fostered. Professor Charles Xavier taught that to every mutant he’d encountered. He often told them that mutant abilities were opportunities. They could be used to purse the greater good. They could also be used for destruction and discord. It depended heavily on the choices they made and how they went about making them.

Scott and Jean Grey-Summers had been among Professor Xavier’s best students. They took those lessons to heart. As X-Men, they shared his vision of peace and understanding in a world that hated and feared their kind. Since embracing the power of the Phoenix Force, that perspective only expanded. Sometimes, great opportunities manifested in unexpected forms.

“So, this is it, eh? This is the site of X-Corp’s first franchise facility,” said a mildly impressed Peter Parker as he and his wife entered the vacant floorspace.

“Temporary facility,” Scott clarified, “but yes. We just made it official with Pepper Potts. This place will be the first of what we hope are many for X-Corp.”
Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson looked genuinely excited as they entered the same 30th floor office space that Scott and Jean found so underwhelming a few days earlier. It was early in the morning. The sun had just risen over New York City, bathing the mostly vacant floorspace with vibrant light. It still lacked much of what X-Corp needed, but it now had the benefit of two people who shared their vision.

The ordeal with Jackal and the symbiotes had been bad, but it helped forge a new friendship with Spider-Man, who they now knew as Peter Parker. While Spider-Man had teamed up with the X-Men before, they didn’t get along, let alone share a vision. After helping them, they found they could help each other in ways that didn’t involve battling alien clones.

X-Corp still needed to expand. It also needed responsible, trustworthy individuals who were willing to pursue their vision. Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson proved that they were just what X-Corp needed. Peter was already a teacher and skilled in the sciences. Mary Jane was looking to change careers after a successful run as a supermodel. It took some convincing, but between connections to the X-Men and a generous salary, plus benefits, they agreed to take up the challenge.

Having met up moments ago, Scott and Jean led them to the 30th floor of the midtown office building that Pepper Potts had showed them earlier. They had already secured the necessary paperwork, thanks to Jennifer Walters. Following the young couple through the largely vacant office space, Jean sensed uncanny enthusiasm for this new opportunity.

They’d already made their way to the east end of the floor where the rising sun illuminated the famous New York skyline. It was also the location of a small corner office, which was where Peter and Mary Jane would oversee the future of X-Corp and that future looked bright.

“It’s not the best place you could’ve picked for an emerging non-profit, but it’s hardly the worst,” said Mary Jane. “You’re not in the path of parade routes or sewer outlets.”

“We don’t need it to be a New York City landmark,” said Jean. “We just need it to establish a presence. It’ll be a place where mutants can come to connect, learn, and pursue new opportunities. It’ll also be a place where humans can see first-hand what kind of opportunities they have to offer.”

“And you still think we’re the right humans for the job,” said Peter.

“We believe you appreciate our vision more than most,” said Jean.

“We also believe you’ll be the most responsible in seeing it through,” added Scott.

Those words resonated strongly with Peter. Over the past few days, he and Jean had come to know Peter and Mary Jane well. In addition to learning that Peter was Spider-Man, they also uncovered what motivated him. That motivation, born of having great power and exercising great responsibility, provided the catalyst for the opportunity before them.

After saving Peter and Mary Jane from their ordeal with the symbiotes – and getting them some clean clothes, as well – Scott called Black Widow to help remedy the situation. She put them into contact with a SHIELD safe house that also included a medical facility. It was where Avengers in need of both treatment and privacy went when a battle went bad. While they appeared physically unharmed, they were given a thorough examination by Dr. Jemma Simmons to make sure there were no lasting injuries.

What Dr. Simmons uncovered was unexpected, but revealing. Scott dared to call it lucky, although both Peter and Mary Jane were reluctant to use that word, citing what they called “Parker Luck.”
Even if they didn’t say it out loud, there was no denying that the trying ordeal yielded some unexpected benefits.

The young couple seemed reluctant to acknowledge that. They still smiled, held hands, and took in their new workspace, pacing about the nearby windows. Peter looked genuinely excited about their vision and Mary Jane looked as radiant as ever. What they went through at the hands of Jackal and the symbiotes was bad, but they got through it. They’d even come out stronger on some levels, albeit in unexpected ways.

“I know you’re probably sick of us asking, but are how are you two holding up?” Scott asked them. “Dr. Simmons recommended a few more days of rest…especially for you, Mary Jane.”

“I haven’t forgotten,” said Mary Jane, “or why she said I should spend a week in Tahiti.”

“Funny, she told me I needed only three days,” said Peter under his breath.

“You saw what I went through. You saw what those things did to me,” she went on, her tone becoming more serious. “It looked bad. And it definitely was. I was very sore in ways I’d rather not describe.”

“I’m psychic, Mary Jane. I know when words can’t do justice to thoughts,” said Jean.

“But as bad as it was, it could’ve been much worse. They could’ve hurt me…tortured me…scarred me in ways that I’d never recover from. But they did something different…something I don’t think Jackal intended.”

“That’s assuming his intentions are sane,” said Peter, “but having fought him before, I don’t think this was all him. He’s not stable, but he’s not deranged.”

“Given how it turned out, I think he might be disappointed.”

Mary Jane paused and looked at her reflection in the window. She looked back towards Peter, as well. The lasting effects of what happened to them weren’t obvious. Even psychic abilities could only hope to glean the surface of what she and her husband underwent at the hands of Jackal and the symbiotes. After surviving, recovering, and processing the greater impact of their ordeal, their perceptions had changed.

“I know what Dr. Simmons told me,” Mary Jane continued. “Medically speaking, I’m fully healed when I really shouldn’t be. And I have the symbiote to thank for that, which I find ironic.”

“And the Phoenix Force, to some extent,” added Jean.

“I hope you still believe us when we say we didn’t intend to have it bond with you and Peter,” said Scott. “Even though Dr. Simmons says it’s not sentient, I know you have an unpleasant history with it.”

“It’s only unpleasant when it tries to override your mind,” said Peter, “which this thing has yet to do.”

“And can’t do, according to Dr. Simmons,” said Mary Jane, turning back to her reflection. “Whatever the Phoenix Force did to it, the symbiote that bonded with me and Peter was fixed, so to speak.”

“More like toned down,” said Peter, reaching over and holding his wife’s hand. “It helped heal our injuries, but didn’t drive us crazy. It’s not like I can box with the Hulk or anything.”
“It’s still a big deal,” said Mary Jane in a more serious tone. “The remnants of those creatures… they’re inside me now. It may not have a mind, but it’s part of me. The same thing that tried to break me then healed me. But it doesn’t stop there. Even Dr. Simmons said she can’t surmise the lasting effects. It might not go beyond better healing and a little extra stamina, but I can already tell there’s more to it.”

She leaned in closer to Peter, who readily embraced her. She smiled at him and he smiled back, the love they shared once again showing itself. Even after a trying ordeal, it was as strong as ever. Scott and Jean appreciated that strength more than most. Having been through their share of ordeals as lovers, they knew the power of overcoming those ordeals.

“I know what you mean, MJ,” said Peter, “but at the risk of jinxing it, I won’t say it out loud.”

“You don’t have to, Tiger,” said Mary Jane. “I know you’re very superstitious when it comes to any sliver of good luck.”

“We just got jobs that pays well and includes dental. In my experience, this is usually when goblins, sandmen, and crime lords attack.”

“And now, we’re more equipped to handle those experiences,” she told him with more optimism in her tone. “The symbiote stuff inside us…I can feel it improving on what we have already. It’s less a parasite and more a catalyst. By helping us thrive, it thrives. Rather than worry about our luck catching up to us, maybe we should embrace it.”

“Prosperity nurtures other prosperity,” said Jean. “That’s what Professor Xavier taught us. That’s what we want to pursue with X-Corp.”

“And we’re in a position to do just that,” said Mary Jane confidently. “What happened to us was stressful, but revealing. It led us to this opportunity. And with these symbiotes inside us, having the power to improve in all sorts of ways, we need to pursue it responsibly.”

“You just had to steal my tagline, didn’t you,” Peter teased.

“I can’t help it if your Uncle Ben was that wise.”

“Did I say I minded?”

They couple shared a good laugh and a loving kiss. Scott and Jean smiled back at their display. Scott reached over and took his wife’s hand as well, encouraged by their new friends’ love and dedication. It convinced them both that they made the right decision in forging this partnership.

There were still concerns about the lasting impact of their encounter with the symbiotes. When she and Scott purified the creatures, they did so not knowing they’d attach themselves to Peter and Mary Jane. Jean encouraged them to get regular check-ups with Dr. Simmons. Near as they could tell, the symbiotes tendency to enhance and improve its host could only benefit them. That didn’t mean there wouldn’t be other side-effects.

After the kiss parted, Mary Jane whispered something into Peter’s ear. Immediately, his demeanor shifted. He started blushing lightly and briefly clanked over towards Scott and Jean. He then whispered something else to Mary Jane, who already had a mischievous grin on her face.

“Well, I want to say our business is complete and we can be on our way,” said Scott, “but something tells me you’re not done with us.”

“You married a psychic, Scott. I’d say it’s a little more than something,” teased Peter.
“Call it whatever you want. You’d still be right,” added Mary Jane. “There is one last loose end we’d like to resolve before you two fly out. It’s not really a need or a formality thing. It’s more like a celebration.”

“One that may or may not have been inspired by your wife’s tactics in taming the symbiote,” added Peter.

The couple parted and approached. Peter made his way towards Jean and Mary Jane made her way towards Scott. There was a flirtatious undertone to every step they took. A mischievous grin never left their faces. It didn’t take a psychic to surmise what sort of celebrating they had in mind.

Their suspicions were quickly confirmed. Mary Jane drew Scott in with her seductive person, offering a playful gesture to his unshaven face. Peter did the same with Jean, caressing her face with both hands and standing close to her so that the heat of their bodies mixed. In the vacant office under the morning light, it created a very intimate setting for all of them.

‘You think this is a side-effect of the symbiote, Jean?’ Scott asked his wife through their psychic link.

‘It could be,’ she answered, ‘or it could just be a side to them they’ve always had, but never had a chance to explore.’

‘Does it matter which it is?’

‘Not at all. Besides, if this is how they wish to celebrate our partnership, then who are we to refuse?’

‘It would be irresponsible of us to do otherwise.’

They sensed a strong desire in both of them. It reminded them of the desire they showed when they made love back at Jackal’s lab. That had been quite a passionate display and they still had plenty of passion to spare.

Scott and Jean opted to match that passion. Jean accepted Peter’s advances, drawing him into her arms and pawing his chest through his shirt. Scott reciprocated Mary Jane’s flirtatious gestures, snaking his arms around her waist and grasping onto her shapely hips. Through their touch, they both conveyed a shared desire. It was just a matter of how they were going to go about pursuing it.

“I see,” said Jean, finally breaking the simmering tension. “I guess if you’re going to adopt my tactics, we might as well give you some lessons.”

“Plus, it’s another opportunity for both of us,” said Scott. “Jean and I have explored many aspects of our sex lives, but we’ve never tried a full-on spouse swap.”

“Is that what we’re calling this?” asked Peter. “Is that some official label for married couples who like kinky sex?”

“We can just call it two married couples who liked to fuck other people every now and then. Would that make it easier?” Scott quipped.

“Call it whatever you want. If you and your wife are up for it, then so are we!” said Mary Jane.

The beautiful redhead reinforced by kissing Scott with heavy tongue and no room for ambiguity. Peter did the same, drawing Jean into a kiss that brought their bodies closer, adding to the escalating heat of the moment. Jean returned the gesture. She also slipped her hand up his shirt,
feeling the toned upper body muscles that his Spider-Man costume so prominently displayed. The affectionate exchanges remained gentle at first, but quickly escalated to heavy petting and light foreplay.

Simple gestured triggered basic instincts.

From those instincts, a new desire took hold.

That desire reflected the impact the ordeal had left on Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson. They didn’t just share Scott and Jean’s vision with X-Corp. They also shared their perspective. That extended to their unique approach to sex as a married couple.

‘Hey, Mary Jane,’ said Jean through telepathy while kissing Peter. ‘Is it okay if we swap some dirty thoughts?’

‘Whoa! That’s different, but I like it,’ replied Mary Jane, still focused on making out with Scott. ‘What did you have in mind?’

‘I say if we’re going to do this, let’s put on a sexy show for our wonderful husbands. You said you were once a party girl. Why not use it?’

‘I like the way you think, Mrs. Summers! And I don’t mean that ironically.’

The two redheads giggled tactfully as they exchanged a few more intimate gestures with their respective spouses. Scott definitely picked up on it, but Peter was somewhat surprised when Jean abruptly slipped out of his embrace. She then turned her attention to Mary Jane, who did the same. The former supermodel already had a playful grin on her face that bode well for what she had in mind.

“Whoa boy,” said Peter. “I know that look, MJ. Something’s about to happen that’s gonna make me wish I wore boxers today, isn’t it?”

“We’ve no one to blame but ourselves, Peter,” said Scott, already sensing what his wife had planned.

“What’s the big deal, guys?” said Mary Jane casually. “It’s so hot and muggy this morning. Mrs. Summers here looks so uncomfortable in those clothes. I’m just helping her get more comfortable.”

“That’s so nice of you, Mrs. Parker,” said Jean, sharing her playful tone. “I think I’ll return the favor.”

With their husbands watching with bated breath, Jean and Mary Jane met in the center of the office and kissed. It was more heated than what they’d done with the men. Mary Jane shoved her tongue into Jean’s mouth while pressing her breasts up against hers, going out of her way to be overtly erotic. Jean sensed she had done something like this before during her party girl days. She hadn’t lost her touch.

As the men looked on in awe, she and Mary Jane playfully loosened each other’s clothes. They even began swaying their bodies together, as though they were dancers at a night club. In an act that surely would’ve gotten them thrown out of most legitimate night clubs, they started undressing one another.

Mary Jane got thing started, removing Jean’s shirt and undoing her black denim pants. Jean followed suit, unzipping her fellow redhead’s pants and pushing them down her shapely legs. Mary Jane sensually wiggled her hips, showing off her butt and the purple lace panties she’d worn. It
proved that she and Peter must have planned this ahead of time.

“If this is a dream, I really hope I don’t wake up,” said Peter with a goofy grin.

“Trust me, Peter. It’s real,” said Scott, sounding almost casual. “I’ve seen Jean’s dreams. This barely counts as foreplay.”

“You make it sound so routine.”

“That’s the benefit of having a psychic link to your wife. You know just how dirty her thoughts can get.”

Scott made sure his wife heard that. It was his way of daring Jean to go the extra mile. While still lip-locked with Mary Jane, she cast him a knowing glance. From there, she stepped up the sexiness.

She undressed Mary Jane with more urgency, getting her out of her pants, shoes, and shirt in short order. Mary Jane did the same, stripping her down to her underwear until they were both in their bra and panties. They then coordinated their efforts, shooting their husbands seductive glares while undoing one another’s bras. They made sure to tease them, pressing their breasts together and putting on a more tantalizing show.

“Damn! If only you knew what I was thinking right now, Mary Jane,” said Peter.

“Don’t worry, Tiger. I can make a solid guess,” Mary Jane laughed.

Rather than point out the pitched tent her husband’s pants, Mary Jane kept the show going. She and Jean kept making out, mashing their breasts together in an erotic display. Along the way, they took turns taking off one another’s panties.

In the glowing light of the morning sun, their naked bodies were on full display. Jean and Mary Jane felt each other up, sensually touching their exposed flesh. They had already worked up quite an arousal. Peter and Scott had as well. They were still fully clothed, but their pants looked much tighter. Watching two beautiful women make out and get naked had the desired effect.

“You were right, Mary Jane. Those clothes were uncomfortable,” said Jean jokingly, “but what about our loving husbands?”

“They’re so polite, aren’t they? Standing back while we get acquainted,” said Mary Jane. “I say we reward them!”

“And how do you propose we do that?” she asked, pretending she hadn’t read her mind.

“Well, those pants sure look tight. Why don’t you take care of my husband while I take care of yours?”

“Sounds fair,” said Jean without hesitation.

“Fair…yeah,” said Peter, already taken by the prospect.

He leaned back on the nearby wall for support as the naked Jean Grey-Summers approached. Scott met Mary Jane near the center of the room next to the empty desk. From there, the two naked women dropped to their knees and undid their belts. Before they knew it, their pants were at their ankles and their growing dicks hung free.
“How do you handsome studs stand those skin-tight costumes?” teased Mary Jane as she playfully stroked Scott’s dick.

“I want to say it’s tactical, but…” began Scott.

He stopped mid-sentence. Mary Jane effectively silenced him by hungrily taking his cock in her mouth, enveloping his manly flesh between her lips. Her question had been rhetorical. Her interests, it seemed, had little to do with tactical attire.

As Mary Jane began sucking Scott’s dick with focused intent, Jean quickly caught up. She had Peter up against the wall, his legs barely supporting him as she stroked his cock with both hands. She gave the underside a nice, long lick to show that she had a keen interest in oral sex as well. Peter got the message loud and clear.

“You’re a responsible superhero with a beautiful wife,” Jean said while squeezing the base of his dick. “A man like that deserves something extra from the greater cosmos.”

“I…tend say something that jinxes it at this point,” said Peter sheepishly, “so I’ll shut up.”

Jean laughed before following Mary Jane’s lead, taking the full length of Peter Parker’s cock in her mouth. True to her word, she put in the extra effort. She slurped and suckled along his manly length, twirling her tongue around the fleshy shaft. She showed off her deep-throating skills, which Mary Jane seemed to notice. She stepped up her efforts, in turn.

‘Are we showing off our gag reflex now, Mrs. Summers?’ Mary Jane teased with her thoughts.

‘Are you always this competitive when it comes to blowjobs, Mrs. Parker?’ Jean replied.

‘I married a superhero. That raises the bar on everything, including blowjobs!’

Mary Jane sucked harder, bobbing her head back and forth along Scott’s dick. He let out labored grunts, his knees bending slightly under the weight of the sensations that followed. As she sucked him, he ran his fingers through her long red hair. In his eyes, even though they were shrouded by his ruby quartz glasses, she saw a growing lust within him.

Jean did the same, embracing her fellow redhead’s competitive nature. She sucked Peter harder and faster, going out of her way to make more noise as she slurped along her member. He was more vocal as the same lust overtook him. Still leaning against the wall, the heat of such desire made the rest of his clothes just as unbearable. While she kept sucking him, he unbuttoned his dress shirt and took it off. Scott followed suit moments later.

Their dicks were now fully erect.

The desire between them was undeniable.

The two women had succeeded in their effort. They got their respective husbands hungry for sex. Now, the next part of their shared passion could begin.

“Mmm…rock hard and ready to go,” said Mary Jane. “What do you say, Mr. Summers? Want to bend me over this old desk and give me a proper fuck?”

“I’d be honored, Mrs. Parker,” said Scott with a lecherous grin. “Any tips on what I can do to make it proper?”

“After getting gangbanged by a bunch of alien creatures, I’ll settle for a good romp from a good
man…preferably one without tentacles shooting out of his body.”

“That, I can definitely give you.”

Mary Jane shot him a lecherous grin of her own before rising from the floor and letting basic lust do the rest. Now naked as her, having tossed his clothes aside, he drew the former supermodel into an embrace. It helped get their bodies more acquainted, exposed skin touching exposed skin. It also gave him a chance to slip his hand between her legs and feel how moist she was. Between putting on a sexy show with Jean and sucking his dick, she worked up plenty of sexual energy.

As they prepared to make use of that energy, Jean made a move of her own. She gave Peter’s dick one last long lick before rising to her feet as well. Peter eagerly welcomed her into his arms, his hands quickly settling on her butt. Feeling his dick press against her though, Jean sensed he was just as ready.

“Tell me, Mr. Parker,” Jean said flirtatiously, “how does Spider-Man like to fuck?”

“Is that a rhetorical question? Because I don’t think I’m coherent enough to answer,” said Peter.

“Then, don’t use words. Use actions!” she said as though it were the most logical thing in the world. “I’m not your wife. I’m not some cat burglar trying to manipulate you. I’m just a horny redhead who likes to fuck. This is your chance to do it your way!”

It was the ultimate treat for someone who claimed to have such rotten luck. Another goofy grin formed on his face. Jean would’ve laughed if she weren’t so horny and ready for sex. Again, Peter stopped short of saying anything that might have jinxed the erotic fantasy playing out before him. He had his chance to hump another redhead and Scott had his. Luck or no luck, he took that chance and so did Mary Jane.

Scott and Mary Jane got things going with this spouse-swapping decadence. After exchanging some heated foreplay, he turned the voluptuous redhead around, bend her over the nearby desk, and stood behind her. Her heart-shaped butt now perfectly aligned with his pelvis, the former X-Men leader guided his dick towards her wet folds. Once aligned with her moist slit, he grabbed onto her butt and thrust his hips forward, entering Mary Jane’s womanhood.

“Ooh yes!” Mary Jane gasped. “This…this is what I wanted.”

As she adjusted to the feeling of a new cock inside her, Peter put his Spider-Man abilities to good use with another horny redhead. Having been encouraged by Jean, he grabbed hold of her waist and effortlessly lifted her up in his arms. She laughed playfully while hooking her legs around his hips and grabbing onto his shoulders. The next thing she knew, he turned her around and pinned her up against the wall, his rigid manhood already angled towards her pussy.

“Ooh, Spider-Man! So agile!” Jean said with joyous delight.

“You really want me to fuck you my way? In Spider-Man’s way?” said Peter, his playful demeanor giving way to a deeper, manlier undertone.

“Yes, Spider-Man!” she said without hesitation. “That’s exactly what I want!”

With confidence that Jean had not yet seen in Peter Parker, the young vigilante tightened his hold on her hips and thrust up into her. The feeling of his hard, erect member penetrating her depths filled her with a surge of amazing sensations. Jean sensed him put a little something extra into that first move. A man with his abilities had to hold back in intimate moments out of concern for women not equipped to handle it.
Jean was equipped.

She could handle it.

As their naked bodies started moving, with him setting a very agile rhythm for their sex, Jean became convinced that Peter and Mary Jane Watson had a wealth of untapped desires. They simply lacked the opportunities to pursue them.

‘Peter…Mary Jane…are you sensing what I’m sensing?’ Jean asked, via telepathy. ‘What you’re feeling…what you desire…you’ve never had a chance to grasp it. Now, here it is before you. Take it! Savor it! Share it with me and my husband!’

“Oh fuck yes!” Peter and Mary Jane exclaimed, almost simultaneously.

Scott and Jean would’ve laughed had they not been so engrossed in their heated entwinement. It was as if the young couple had been waiting for permission to enjoy these passions. It was as though they’d assumed they could never indulge in greater joys. Given where they’d come from and what they’d endured, even before getting caught up in the world of masked vigilantes, it seemed tragic. Now, through basic acts of estasy, those old attitudes shattered.

Mary Jane was incredibly animated. As Scott pumped his dick into her pussy, his pelvis rhythmically smacking against her butt, she made the desk rock hard under the force of their movements. She grabbed onto the side of the desk, elevating her leg slightly and angling her body so that he fucked her at a particular angle. She also twerked her hips and thighs, supplementing his every motion as hardened masculine flesh slithered within moist womanly depths.

She also made a lot of noise and not just with her moans. Mary Jane was surprisingly vocal during heated sex. The native New Yorker in her really showed.

“Fuck! Oh fuck! Ohhh I love to fuck! I love to fucking fuck!” Mary Jane cried out.

Her choice of words surprised Scott, but it didn’t appear to surprise Peter. His wife’s lurid spirit showed in how he fucked Jean. Armed with Spider-Man’s strength, poise, and agility, he let his actions do the dirty talk.

Peter put extra force into every thrust, pushing his cock up into Jean’s pussy as far as it would go. In doing so, he hit those special nerves that were so difficult to hit. It also pressed her harder up against the wall, which wasn’t the cleanest surface for sex. She couldn’t bring herself to care, though. The feeling of her naked skin grinding against the hard surface while he held her up with his enhanced strength, pumping into her with an agility that would’ve strained most men, was nothing short of spectacular.

“Yes! Yes, Spider-Man! It’s amazing…spectacular!” Jean moaned.

Her blissful cries mixed with Mary Jane’s, reverberating throughout the confined office in the process. She was starting to get competitive too. If Mary Jane was going to enjoy fucking another woman’s husband so thoroughly, then she would do the same.

The added competition got their naked bodies rocking harder. Escalating sensations soon followed. Jean quickly worked herself to the brink of orgasm. The increasing vulgarity of Mary Jane’s words hinted that she was close too. For Mary Jane, however, there was a different kind of urgency.

Pleasure had been used against her with Jackal and the symbiote creatures. This beautiful act had been weaponized in an effort to torment her. That simply couldn’t stand. To fully counter Jackal’s perverse effort, she had to reclaim that feeling.
“Oohhh I’m gonna come! I’m gonna come! I’m gonna…fucking…come!” the former supermodel panted.

There was no stopping her. She clung harder to the edges of the desk, arching her lower back and elevating her thigh so that the last few thrusts hit just the right areas. When she crossed that magical threshold, she threw her head back, closed her eyes, and let out an orgasmic moan that doubled as a big middle finger to Jackal.

“Oohhh fuck!” Mary Jane exclaimed.

The whole room echoed with her euphoric cries, as if to set the bar for ecstasy. Under the light of the morning sun, Mary Jane Watson put on a brilliant display of orgasmic theater. The way her body shook and shuddered was beautiful. Even with cosmic perspective, it was quite a display.

Mary Jane was so loud that Scott couldn’t even let her know that he was close too. The tight contractions of her pussy around his dick help get him to the brink as well. Mary Jane seemed to sense that. While shuddering under the weight of orgasmic delight, the beautiful redhead rose up, grabbed his wrists, and guided his hands to her breasts. From there, she encouraged him to give her fleshy mounds a good squeeze.

That did the trick for Scott. He climaxed on the spot.

“Mary Jane…fuck!” was all he got out, mirroring her profane rhetoric.

The heated movements finally settled. Scott kept his hands on Mary Jane’s breasts, kneading them with both hands as he achieved his desired release. His member tensed inside her still-throbbing folds, releasing a stream of fluid that mixed with her juices. Burning hot pleasure erupted through his core. As he took it in, Mary Jane playfully leaned back and kissed him. She made it a point to use extra tongue.

Not to be outdone by such erotic theatrics, Peter stepped up his efforts with Jean. He shifted his grip to her thighs, pushing her legs up at just the right angle so that he could get in extra deep. Each thrust of his hips drove his manly flesh into her, rocking her body and pushing her to the brink. He might not have been psychic, but Jean’s expression gave it away. She was about to climax too.

“Ooh Spider-Man! Spider-Man! I…I’m ready…to come!” Jean gasped.

“Mmm…I love making redheads come!” Peter teased.

He buried his face in her neck. He also gave her earlobe a little nibble. Either Scott somehow told him Jean loved that or he figured it out through some other superpower. Whatever the case, it had the desired effect. Jean climaxed.

“So…amazing…yes!” she exclaimed.

Jean wasn’t as loud as Mary Jane, but she was still overtly theatrical. She bent her legs and curled her toes, raking her nails over Peter’s back while her inner muscles throbbed in accord with her orgasmic release. They left visible marks, as if to leave a lasting impression on Peter Parker and his wife.

He must have liked it too because he climaxed soon after. He might have even revealed to Mary Jane that he liked it when beautiful women left such a mark on him.

“Oh fuck, Jean! Fuck, I’m coming!” Peter gasped.
He bent his knees and tightened his hold on her, letting out a deep grunt as he shot his load into her womanly depths. His manly body pressed hard against hers, her breasts mashing up against his chest. It was a raw melding of flesh, full of intense desire and lust. While still swimming in an orgasmic daze, Jean cast him a beaming smile while caressing his clean-shaven face. He smiled back before sharing a tongue-heavy kiss of their own.

‘Whatever that feeling was,’ Jean sent Peter and Mary Jane via telepathy, ‘that perspective that you never had a chance to see…I can safely say you’ve embraced it. I’m genuinely surprised by how much you’ve embraced it.’

‘You’re not the only one, Mrs. Summers,’ replied Peter.

‘Peter, we just had sex and enjoyed every second of it. You can call me Jean.’

‘And since your husband fucked me so well, I’ll call him Scott,’ Mary Jane said, laughing while she and Scott kissed.

‘Works for me,’ replied Scott.

‘And even if we’re on a first name basis, that doesn’t mean we’re done surprising you.’

‘We’re not?’ said Peter.

‘Of course not, Tiger. You remember our honeymoon. You know when it comes to sex, I rarely get knocked out in round one.’

Peter’s thoughts fell silent, but he kept grinning, even after his lips parted with Jean’s. Scott and Mary Jane parted as well. They each broke their embrace. Scott withdrew from Mary Jane and Peter lifted Jean off his dick so he could set her down. While the two men needed to catch their breath, Mary Jane gestured towards Jean, beckoning her to join her.

“What do you say, Jean? Want to put on another sexy display for our wonderful husbands?” Mary Jane asked.

“I’d love to,” said Jean with renewed enthusiasm. “You do know how to put on a show, Mary Jane.”

“Trust me. You ain’t seen nothing yet!” she said boldly.

Her charisma was intoxicating. Scott and Jean were astonished by how much she’d taken to their unique perspective on intimate matters. Peter didn’t look the least bit surprised, though. In fact, he looked proud of how Mary Jane conducted herself.

“You don’t look that shocked by your wife’s attitude,” commented Scott.

“I’m not,” he said with a beaming grin. “Mary Jane has always had a sexy side to her. It was only a matter of time before she unleashed it in a new way.”

“You sound excited.”

“Believe me, Scott. You should be too.”

Peter had barely caught his breath, but that didn’t stop him from moving in closer for a front row seat. Scott joined him, standing close to the desk on which he’d fucked Mary Jane moments ago. As soon as Jean arrived, the show began.
Mary Jane kept the sexy energy flowing. She threw her arms around Jean, pulled her into a messy kiss, and guided her onto the desk with her. Still naked and now covered in a light layer of sweat, she pulled her on top of her and began a heated make-out session.

It was not gentle.

It didn’t leave anything to the imagination, either.

It was pure, unapologetic sexiness for the sole purpose of making Scott and Peter want to fuck them again.

“My God,” Scott gasped at such a display.

“Told you,” said Peter, already getting aroused by the spectacle.

Mary Jane was rough and energetic with her gestures. As she hungrily kissed the other redhead, she wildly roamed her hands over her naked body. She even gave Jean’s butt a light swat, which got a reaction from both her and Scott. Almost immediately, he began getting aroused as well.

Their breasts mashed together.

Their legs and thighs became entangled, exposed skin rubbing up against their pussies.

Various sexual fluids dripped down their thighs, revealing that they were still very aroused and very eager for more sex. Neither words nor telepathy were necessary to get the point across. While Scott and Peter enjoyed the erotic show, their own desires made them feel inclined to participate.

“I don’t think I can just watch anymore,” said Scott, his voice laden with renewed lust.

“No, don’t let us have all the fun!” said Jean playfully.

Scott and Peter exchanged looks and laughed. Two beautiful women just invited them for more sexy fun. That was all the incentive they needed to share in the spectacle.

In doing so, the erotic display quickly morphed into chaotic succession of sex acts. Mary Jane and Jean kept making out at first. When the men joined them, they supplemented their wives’ efforts by throwing in some intimate gestures. Scott gave Jean’s butt another light swat. Peter waved his semi-hard dick between their faces, which they both eagerly licked in the midst of their messy make-out session.

Eventually, the erotic activities escalated. Still remaining on the desk, Jean and Mary Jane adjusted their bodies so that Peter and Scott could give them oral sex. Just as they’d done earlier, they swapped spouses. Peter ate out Jean’s pussy while Scott ate out Mary Jane. As their husbands got the two women aroused, they continued kissing and groping each other, putting on a sexy show for their men. That show soon evolved into more sex.

Peter bent Jean over the desk, just as Scott had done with Mary Jane. He then fucked her from behind, pumping his dick into her pussy with the same vigorous rhythm that Scott had displayed earlier.

Scott laid Mary Jane on her back, grabbed her by the hips, and guided her pussy towards his dick. Showing some upper-body strength of his own, he hammered away into the redhead’s moist
depths. In watching Peter fuck his wife, his competitive side showed. He soon had Mary Jane’s naked body rocking as hard as Jean’s.

The two women let out a fresh round of blissful moans. They each benefited from the competitive nature of their male lovers, which they gladly encouraged.

“Ooh! Jean…your husband fucks me good!” Mary Jane cooed.

“Mmm…so does yours,” Jean purred. “You think he can fuck as hard as mine?”

“Don’t know. Can you, Scott?” said Mary Jane, eyeing Scott with her seductive gaze.

Peter and Scott picked up on what was going on. It did little to stop them.

“They’re goading us, Peter,” Scott said.

“You’re surprised?” he joked.

“Nope! Just making sure…you know the stakes.”

“I know. With beautiful redheads…believe me, I know!”

The two men stepped up their efforts, fucking the two eager women harder and with little restraint. As their naked bodies rocked, they supplemented their sex with plenty of erotic gestures. Scott buried his face in Mary Jane’s breasts while Peter kept swatting Jean’s butt with one hand while fondling her clit with the other. Their moans grew louder and the feeling intensified.

The room soon reverberated with echoes of moans and grunts. Knowing the stakes, Peter and Scott fucked the two horny redheads into more orgasms. When they finished shuddering and writhing under the weight of the pleasure, Jean and Mary Jane rewarded them with more erotic theatrics.

They made the desk the centerpiece of that show, using it to indulge in various sex acts while giving their husbands plenty of motivation. The size and shape of the desk proved perfect, giving them plenty of room to kiss, grope, and fondle one another in plain view of their male lovers. It kept them excited, aroused, and eager to participate. There was just as much laughter as there were cries of ecstasy.

It was intense, but playful.

It was raw, but fun.

It was elaborate, but basic.

Through the various acts and the positions that came with it, their erotic activities never came off as more than two couples sharing in their love of sex. After what Jackal attempted to do with the symbiote, using such acts to torture and subdue, it felt so fitting. Peter and Mary Jane recaptured that intimate joy that he tried to taint. Scott and Jean just gave them some added motivation.

After numerous activities that rocked the desk and filled the room with a decadent musk, the two couples tapped the last ounce of their sexual energy. For that final gasp, Scott had Mary Jane bent over the desk again. Peter had Jean in a similar position. Their bodies were aligned just right so that Jean and Mary Jane faced each other. Through a final fury of movements, they achieved one last shared orgasm.

“Again! I’m fucking…coming…again!” Mary Jane panted.
“Me too!” said Jean. “Open your mind! Let’s share it!”

“I’m ready, Jean,” Scott told his wife.

“Hell yeah! Me too!” said Peter.

Jean did what had become an uncanny skill during sex. Using her telepathy, she opened the channels of her mind to Scott, Peter, and Mary Jane. With some creatively kinky tweaks, she made it so they all felt it when they climaxed. It was the perfect finale for an amazing show.

“Ohhh fuck!” they all exclaimed simultaneously.

As an orgasmic wave washed over each of them, the movements stopped. Their sweaty, naked bodies trembled under their final release. This time, they watched one another as they indulged in the ecstasy. Seeing their respective spouse fuck the other made it a uniquely personal spectacle that they actively shared.

As if to cap it off, Jean and Mary Jane leaned across the desk and kissed. The fun was officially over, but their newfound connection had just begun.

‘What you’re feeling…this open joy of life, love, and connection…it’s yours now,’ Jean sent Peter and Mary Jane. ‘Cherish it. Celebrate it. Use it to make your world better. By sharing this with you, Scott and I trust you’ll do so responsibly.’

That message resonated strongly with the other couple. It showed in the way Peter and Mary Jane reacted. Peter drew Jean into a gracious kiss. Mary Jane did the same with Scott. It helped convey what could not be put into words or thoughts.

With beaming smiles, their naked bodies radiating with afterglow, the two couples finally parted and rejoined one another. Peter welcomed Mary Jane back into his arms, kissing the side of her head as he sat down with her next to the desk. They both needed to catch their breath, but looked as content and hopeful as ever. Scott and Jean did the same, sitting right across from them with Jean resting her head on Scott’s shoulder.

“Thanks again for this opportunity, you two,” Peter told them. “I know we’ve told you that ten times today. And now that we’ve swapped spouses, we’ll probably say it twenty more times before the week is out.”

“Maybe great sex can count towards that,” joked Mary Jane.

“You don’t have to keep thanking us,” said Scott. “We trust you to pursue our vision responsibly.”

“The fact we also trusted you to share in our sex life should help make that clear,” added Jean.

“Oh, it did! It definitely did!” said Peter.

The two couples laughed as they shared in the afterglow. There was still plenty of work to be done. There were also questions that needed answers. What happened with Jackal had been troubling, but what could’ve been a tragedy for Peter and Mary Jane Watson turned into an opportunity.

“I promise we’ll do our part to make X-Corp’s first office in New York successful,” said Peter. “You have my word on that.”

“Whether it’s teaching mutant children or putting on sexy shows, we’ll put in the effort,” added Mary Jane with a coy grin.
“Just let us know if you want to join in those shows ahead of time,” said Peter with a similar grin. “You two are an uncanny couple to say the least.”

“Your love is every bit as amazing,” said Jean. “Never forget that, no matter where it takes you… or who you choose to invite to those shows.”

“Don’t worry. We won’t forget,” said Peter, kissing his wife again to help affirm that point. “As for the invites, that’s another story.”

“And I look forward to exploring it, Tiger,” said Mary Jane curtly, hinting that she already had ideas.

The former supermodel leaned in and whispered something in Peter’s ear. His eyes widened, as did the grin on his face. Whatever she told him got him both excited and hopeful for their new path, which apparently extended to their sex life.

Scott and Jean smiled back, sharing in their hope for the future. They hadn’t just forged new friends and a solid partnership for X-Corp. They helped a couple in love discover a new side to themselves, opening them up to a world of new passions. That gave them the assurance they needed that their amazing friends could handle the challenges to come.

“And you’ll have plenty of opportunities,” said Scott. “Jean and I still have others to forge. We came to New York for one reason.”

“As if a trip to New York can ever be restricted to a real estate deal,” sighed Jean.

“But after this encounter with Jackal, we may have to stick around a bit longer. We still have questions that need answers. And we may have to make a few more connections to get them.”

Up next: Meditations and Mediations
New York City – Colleen Wing’s Dojo

“Focus with me, Jean,” said a calm, collected Danny Rand. “Focus your mind, your spirit, and your body into a singular, central point.”

“I may need another minute…or several,” Jean replied. “Focus is considerably harder when you’re a telepath and the vessel for a cosmic force.”

“Difficulty makes any triumph far greater,” he replied. “For me to help in the manner you seek, we must run towards such difficulty.”

He spoke with conviction and serenity. It came from both experience and ability, honed within the mystical city of K’un-Lun. That journey collimated in him becoming Iron Fist. Having been infused with the mystical energy of the dragon, Shou Lou, Danny Rand understood the challenge of grasping forces greater than the material world. That was a major reason why Jean sought him out.

After their eventful encounter with Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson, she and Scott chose to extend their stay in New York City. They’d successfully secured office space for expanding X-Corp and placed it in responsible hands. However, the circumstances surrounding the conflict with Spider-Man, the symbiotes, and Jackal raised many troubling concerns.

First came the attack against Rogue and Ms. Marvel.

Then came the attack against Mary Jane Watson and Spider-Man.

On the surface, they didn’t seem related. They occurred in different areas. They attacked powerful individuals with no relation to one another. Officially, SHIELD and the Avengers were investigating both. Unofficially, and through X-Corp’s growing list of contacts, they were at a loss. That was a telling sign. She and Scott had been in the X-Men long enough to know not to ignore such signs.

There wasn’t much to go on. She and Scott had looked for the source of the attack on Mary Jane. They employed their psychic and cosmic abilities, but they still found nothing. It was as though someone had gone out of their way to hide themselves from anyone with their unique perspective. That shouldn’t have been possible without a gross perversion of greater forces. Having seen and experienced that perversion, Jean decided to pursue another approach.

“I can feel the strength of your spirit, Jean. It is fiery, to say the least,” said Danny as he sat in a meditative state.

“And for obvious reasons,” Jean added.

“You are plenty aware of yourself, your fate, and the power within you,” he continued. “That, alone, is a rare trait.”

“Thank you. The significance is not lost on me.”
“At the same time, the balance you’ve achieved makes you sensitive to greater imbalances in the world around you. You clearly sense something that should not be…a fate uniquely attuned to your own.”

“And everyone I care about,” added Jean, her focus faltering under that reminder.

“Your concern is understandable. It may also be why you are unable to grasp the source of this imbalance. I can try and guide you, but your fate is not the only one obscured by unseen forces.”

Jean took several deep breaths, as Danny had instructed before they began. She’d been meditating with him for over an hour. It felt like she hadn’t achieved much and was no closer to finding answers. Undeterred, she relaxed under the unique ambience that he had created.

It was almost midnight. The dojo, which was owned by his friend, Colleen Wing, had been closed since sundown. It still didn’t feel entirely peaceful. Finding it within Hell’s Kitchen had been challenging, even for a psychic. Danny Rand had been keeping a low profile for many reasons, some of which did not involve mystical forces. He was currently wanted for the murder of Harold Meacham, his father’s old business partner. Even before that, he’d been presumed dead after disappearing for ten years.

That didn’t stop him from making the most of his situation. He’d been living in a room no bigger than a closet at the dojo. He often turned the training area where Colleen’s students sparred into a place for meditation. That involved closing all the windows, turning off the lights, and lighting a series of incense candles around the matted area. Danny claimed it helped keep him centered while struggling to rebuild a life he’d lost. It also kept him connected to the mystical world that he’d explored in K’un-Lun.

That was the world Jean also sought to explore. Thanks to their connections with Wakanda, especially the intimate connection Scott made with Shuri, they were able to detect the anomaly that led them to Spider-Man and Mary Jane. Even with Wakandan technology, they could not make sense of it or surmise the source. Shuri told them it was beyond the material world. For that reason, Jean sought answers in the domain of magic.

She and Scott knew magic was real. As X-Men, they fought the unstoppable Juggernaut, whose power had been born from magic. While that gave them plenty of reasons to avoid it, Jean couldn’t discount the possibility. She convinced Scott that she could find that connection if it were there. Her efforts, so far, had yielded limited results.

‘Whatever this is…whatever’s driving this open wound in the greater cosmos…I know it’s out there. And I know it’s tied to me and Scott. I want to reach it, but I can’t. It’s just too...’

Jean silenced her thoughts, remembering Danny’s instructions from earlier. She had to clear her mind and mute her worries. That was difficult, even with the aid of the Phoenix Force. She couldn’t forget how this wound had somehow affected others. The idea that more would suffer because of her had filled her with such dread.

It showed in unexpected ways. While she and Danny sat in still silence, the incense candles flickered brightly. A hot gust of air blew through the dojo. Jean, wearing the same black T-shirt and jeans she’d worn all day, felt the heat impact the room’s ambience. It created a shred of distress that quickly escalated.

While she fought it, Danny remained serene and calm. It helped that he wore only his loose green pants with a yellow waist sash. Another gust of air made it more noticeable. When a fiery, Phoenix-shaped halo formed around Jean, it became too difficult to ignore.
“You’re more sensitive than I thought,” said Danny upon opening his eyes. “That only makes me half-right.”

“Sorry about that,” said Jean sheepishly. “Should we start over?”

“I don’t think that would help. I’m starting to see why you’re so uncentered. And it has nothing to do with your heart, your spirit, or even your resolve.”

“Then, where is this coming from?” she asked intently. “It’s really starting to worry me. I can’t shake this feeling that more will suffer if I don’t figure it out.”

“That feeling is coming from a good place,” he told her. “You’re a compassionate, caring woman, Jean. That alone makes your chi stronger than most. But there are times when we’re at the mercy of things we can’t control.”

“Even when we have cosmic power at our disposal?”

“A pebble and a mountain have the same essence. They’re still subject to the same forces. One just feels it more than others.”

Danny abandoned his meditative state and moved closer to Jean. She remained sitting, collecting her thoughts and re-asserting control. The Phoenix flame faded, but it had already sent a strong message. Even with the power and perspective that she and Scott had gained, there were impacts they had yet to grasp.

The man who called himself Iron Fist looked at her with more interest. He hadn’t been shocked when she found him. He seemed eager to help, even before Jean offered X-Corp’s resources to aid his effort to reclaim his family company. She wasn’t familiar with the mystic arts or places like K’un-Lun, but the power of the Phoenix Force affected many realms of existence. Even if it did so indirectly, she and Scott couldn’t ignore the bigger picture.

“You should know there are legends about the Phoenix in K’un-Lun,” said Danny.

“I’m not surprised. There are stories about mythical beings all over the world. Some just happen to be real,” said Jean.

“Between shape-shifting aliens and living gods like Thor, I think the very concept of myths has been undermined. But that’s beside the point,” he said with a slight chuckle. “The Phoenix is different. It’s not a god or an alien with the power of a god. It’s a sentient, cosmic force that connects with mortal beings.”

“No need to remind me of that. My husband and I figured that part out already,” said Jean, her eyes briefly flashing to make her point.

“That connection can mean different things, though. In K’un-Lun, there was a legend about a young woman named Fongji Wu. She was said to wield a unique gift that somehow drew the Phoenix from the cosmos. She was even described as having red hair and green eyes.”

“Guess even cosmic forces have a type,” said Jean with a bemused laugh.

“How she looked was not important. How she responded to the Phoenix is why the story matters. According to the legend, she had two paths before her. One would lead to corruption and destruction. The other led to creation and purity. She tried to prepare. She even sought the guidance of K’un-Lun’s greatest masters. When the Phoenix arrived, she thought she was ready.”
“And was she?” asked Jean, already sensing the direction of the story.

Danny hesitated. That was often a bad sign. At best, it was also a sign of uncertainty. Given the chaotic nature of magic, Jean assumed it involved both.

“She believed she was ready,” said Danny. “She even promised her friends and loved ones that she would wield this power honorably. When it finally arrived, all of K’un-Lun waited anxiously. From there, the legend gets obscure, but the end is always the same. Fongji decided it was best to leave with this power rather than risk its corruption.”

“If she wasn’t ready, then she made the right choice,” Jean said.

“That’s the lesson that what most take from that story. It’s not entirely wrong, but I feel it’s incomplete.”

He paused for a moment and closed his eyes. Jean sensed conflict echoing from his mind. For someone as well-trained and focused as Danny Rand, that too was a sign. Whether it was good, bad, or neither was difficult to surmise. However, he offered a level of introspection that was rare for both psychics and wielders of a cosmic force.

“In many versions of that same story, Fongji’s decision is celebrated,” Danny continued, “but shortly after, there’s a terrible storm that descends over K’un-Lun. It causes destruction, devastation, and suffering. It seems unrelated to the story, but I think there’s an important message there….one that might be relevant for you and your husband.”

“Are you saying our decisions haven’t been sound?” asked Jean. “Because we happen to know the alternative scenarios. Believe me. It can be worse.”

“I do believe you,” he said, “and I don’t doubt that your decisions have been good and noble. But you can say the same thing about Fongji’s story. At that moment, she did what everyone agreed was right. However, her departure had unexpected consequences. She wasn’t there to help K’un-Lun in its time of need. That didn’t take away from the purity of her spirit. It just reminds us that there can be dire consequences, even when you do the right thing.”

A heavy silence followed. Jean took a moment to process the story. She appreciated the lesson it conveyed. She hadn’t forgotten the terrible tragedy that could’ve befallen her and Scott if they hadn’t embraced the Phoenix Force together. That fateful choice, along with the others that followed, led them down a bold new path. By every measure, it was a good one. They’d never been happier and more fulfilled.

Since those choices had worked out so beautifully, they had no reason to suspect they’d done anything other good with their newfound perspective. They weren’t even sure if there was a connection between what happened to Spider-Man and the attack on Rogue and Ms. Marvel. She and Scott had plenty of reasons to shrug it off, move forward, and continue building X-Corp.

However, that twinge of uncertainty lingered. No matter what psychic abilities and cosmic forces told her, she just couldn’t ignore it.

“That’s exactly what Scott and I are trying to confront,” Jean said in a restless tone. “We’ve seen what happens when power overwhelms and corrupts. We’ve also seen what happens when it’s not used responsibly. If there is a burden to bear for the choices we make, then we should be the one to bear it.”

“That’s an honorable effort, Jean,” said Danny, “but you can’t charge down a dangerous path
without creating more danger.”

“Then, what do I do? What can I do without making things worse?”

“Aside from you and your husband staying true to your spirit, there isn’t much, I’m afraid. I encourage you to keep searching, but at some point, you have to wait for the bad karma to come to you.”

“That’s what scares me,” said Jean distantly. “When it comes, it’ll somehow undermine all the good that Scott and I have done.”

She finally broke from her meditative state and hugged her shoulders. Her eyes flashed with the fires of the Phoenix again. Even a cosmic force shared her concerns. It filled the dojo with another gust of hot air.

Danny moved in closer and offered a comforting gesture. That helped the air around her settle. She remained tense, but the ambience of the room helped keep her calm.

“Try not to think of it like that,” said Danny. “Fear of losing what you’ve gained is often the first step towards tempting fate. You’re better than that, Jean. And so is your husband.”

“Thanks,” she said with a smile, “I feel like we do enough tempting as it is.”

“So I’ve heard,” he replied with a humored grin, “but don’t let uncertainty keep you from doing what’s right. So long as you remain driven by love, compassion, and honor, you will be strong enough for whatever fate may come.”

“Love and compassion are never in short supply with me and Scott,” said Jean confidently. “I still feel like we could do more.”

“You’ve already secured plenty of allies. I’ll even assist help once I get my family company back.”

“Which shouldn’t take long,” Jean noted. “We already have Jennifer Walters on the case. She told me she can have you in a much nicer dojo by the end of the month.”

“I appreciate that. That’ll help with more than just my living situation,” said Danny with a hopeful smile. “In the meantime, there are other ways I can aid you. From what you’ve shown me, I suspect that guided meditation won’t suffice. To maintain a critical sense of balance, you might benefit from a different kind of mediation.”

“Different how?” Jean asked curiously.

Danny’s focused, discipline poised shifted. He diverted his gaze briefly, trying to hide a slight blush on his face, but failing. In an instant, he went from being Iron Fist, the a highly trained kung fu master, to a typical young man in the middle of New York City. Jean would’ve laughed if she weren’t so intrigued.

“Well, for one…it cannot be done fully clothed,” Danny told her, still looking away.

“That doesn’t bother me,” Jean said, her intrigue further heightened.

“You can keep your underwear on, if you wish,” he added.

“What if I don’t want to?” she asked curtly.

The young kung fu master blushed and shook his head. That caught him by surprise. He must have
known about her and Scott’s comfort with sex, nudity, and everything in between. It wasn’t like Tony Stark or Ben Grimm were good at keeping secrets. She doubted he expected her to get that excited about taking her clothes off.

“That…works just as well,” he went on. “In K’un-Lun, there was a type of intimate meditation. It was often practiced by couples, close friends, and those with passions not easily tempered.”

“Sounds like I check every box,” said Jean.

“It’s intended to channel one’s chi through a different path,” Danny said. “Some rely on the spirit. Others rely on the body. This uses both and requires a level of openness that not everyone can manage.”

“Do you think I’m one of them?”

He hesitated again to answer, but not out of the concern he showed earlier. Jean lightly cupped his chin and turned his gaze towards hers. He’d stopped blushing, but he still had that telling grin on his face. Between the prospect of nudity and the ambience of the dojo, Jean sensed where this was headed.

Danny had to have sensed it too. The lingering heat in the air, along with the soft light provided by the incense, had already created an intimate mood. It might have been ideal for meditation, but it was also ideal for other activities.

“My thoughts are not important,” Danny told her. “All I need to know is that this is what you choose. If so, I promise to provide proper guidance…which may entail more than just focus.”

“I’ve already made my choice,” said Jean with a telling grin. “You told me to not let uncertainty keep me from doing what I feel is right. There are many things I’m still uncertain about. This isn’t one of them.”

Without hesitation, and with a grin that grew even wider, Jean stood up in the center of the dojo and took off her clothes. As if to supplement the spiritual atmosphere that Danny had set up, she used her powers to facilitate the process.

She closed her eyes, rose her arms up over her head, and telekinetically removed her attire. Her shirt slid up over her head, along with her bra. Her pants slid down her shapely legs, along with her panties. She’d already taken her shoes off before entering the dojo, as Danny had requested. Once fully naked, she briefly flashed a halo of the Phoenix Force. It helped convey the kind of fiery passions that Jean had come to cherish.

It also left Danny Rand in a state of awe. Looking up at her naked form, surrounded in Phoenix-shaped flames, he clearly liked what he saw. Even though he’d fought a dragon and encountered mystical forces of all kinds, he was still a young man in the presence of a naked woman.

“By the spirits of K’un Lun,” he said under his breath.

Jean laughed, but maintained a serious demeanor as she stood before him. She made no effort to cover her breasts or genitals. She had a feeling that such reservations were not conducive to spiritual balance.

“So how do we do this?” asked Jean, jarring Danny Rand from his daze.

“Um…lie down on your back,” he said, quickly returning to his serious demeanor. “Keep your arms at your side. Relax and breathe deep, just as you did before.”
Jean did as the young kung fu master asked. Erotic ambience aside, she still took it seriously. She saw the benefits of staying balanced, focused, and centered. It could only help her and Scott as they navigated their path as bearers of the Phoenix Force.

It could also be fun, too. That was a definite bonus.

“I trust your expertise,” said Jean, now flat on her back with Danny kneeling by her side. “Guide me through this as best you can.”

“I’ll do my part,” he told her. “Rest assured, I’m very motivated to do it well.”

“I’m sure you are,” she said curtly.

The dojo fell silent, but the air remained hot. Jean began the breathing techniques that Danny had showed her earlier. She cleared her mind and focused her thoughts, passions, and desires. Danny did the same, taking deep breaths and holding his hands together in a meditative state. This time, however, his focus was on her.

She could sense a hint of desire seeping through his disciplined state of mind. It didn’t distract him. He didn’t resist it, either. For him, basic instincts and higher instincts were on the same page. That feeling of desiring and being desired created a new kind of serenity, albeit one that couldn’t remain too serene.

“Keep your eyes open,” he told her. “Focus on the heavens above. With your permission, I’m going to place my hands on your body. I’m going to share my chi with yours.”

“Is that all we’re going to share?” asked Jean.

“That depends,” Danny said cryptically. “If your spirit is as passionate as you claim, then we may have to supplement that chi.”

The deep undertone in his voice roused some of those passions. Given the prospects of an attractive young man touching her body, that was only natural. Jean still made an effort to stay focused, but didn’t dare repress any desires that might arise.

As she kept breathing steadily, Danny leaned in and placed his hands on the side of her face. He was gentle, but direct. There was an energy to his touch. She felt it in her skin, but the feeling was stronger in her spirit.

“Through the spirits…we journey,” he said.

Almost immediately, Jean reacted favorably. His touch was so warm and soothing. On exposed skin, it felt like a concentrated dose of relaxing energy, sending gentle waves of healing sensations coursing through her body. She exhaled in a deep sigh of contentment. She could already feel her spirit becoming more balanced, but her body still craved more.

“As the journey continues,” Danny continued, “and we venture further.”

With as much focus as before, the kung fu master guided his hands down her naked form. From her face, he journeyed down her neck, shoulders, and arms. He was slow and careful, maximizing the effect of his enchanted touch. It further spread that peaceful sensation that sent Jean into a deeper state of relaxation. As the journey progressed, that same relaxation morphed into excitement.

She continued breathing and concentrating, but could feel Danny’s hands venturing from her arms
to more sensitive parts of her body. He began by retracing his path, making her way back up to her shoulders and neck. When he arrived at her breasts, he stopped and refocused his energy.

Another warm gust blew through the dojo, as if to add greater urgency to their efforts. Danny got the message and deepened his focus. With the utmost care, he caressed her breasts. A more powerful wave of sensations followed, rousing Jean’s spirits, as well as her passions.

“Ooh!” she moaned. “Your touch…so warm.”

“Keep breathing, Jean,” Danny told her. “Breathe, focus, and journey with me towards inner peace.”

He lightly rubbed and fondled her breasts with the utmost care. It didn’t feel like outright foreplay. Danny wasn’t some teenage boy playing with a woman’s breasts. He knew what he was doing. He also knew the feelings he sought to evoke. Jean wasn’t just aroused by his touch. She felt a unique feeling of contentment wash over her. It made the idea of strengthening her spirit seem less daunting.

As Danny touched her breasts with his talented hands, he moved in closer. The warmth of his body mixed with hers, making for a more intimate feeling, inspired by both physical and non-physical forces. He even began chanting something in a language Jean hadn’t heard before. While she didn’t know what the words meant, she picked up on the intent in his thoughts.

‘Guide us. Inspire us. Unite our desires.’

Both the sensations and the urgency intensified. Danny, now more focused than ever, continued the journey.

One hand remained on her breast while the other trailed down her torso. He was slightly faster than before, as if drawn by a stronger force. That force must have emanated from her inner thighs because that was where his hand stopped. Initially, he just grazed his hand over her vulva and outer folds. It sent another wave of relaxing energy coursing through her body. It was more intense than before. However, it also had a secondary effect.


Another gust of hot air swept through the room. Every incense candle in the dojo flickered. It sent a powerful message that no kung fu master couldn’t ignore.

“It seems our journey has reached a turning point,” Danny said. “Your spirit and your flesh are highly attuned, Jean Grey-Summers.”

“Attuned, you say?” she quipped. “Is that all you sense?”

“Not at all,” he replied. “Your chi is telling me something, but your body is shouting it. And rest assured, I’m listening.”

With deepened focused, he channeled his powerful touch onto her aroused womanhood. He kept one hand on her breast, caressing it in a manner that kept the sensations flowing through her upper body. He then maneuvered his other hand to her inner thigh and evoked a new round of sensations from her lower body.

They were the most intense she’d felt thus far. Just as he’d done with her breasts, he caressed her pussy in a way that ignited more than just her spirit. He slipped two fingers into her folds while
gently rubbing her clit. He applied just the right amount of pressure to just the right areas, triggering more sensations that spread throughout her body. It felt good superficially, but the pleasure carried with it a deeper meaning.

“Spirit…chi…flesh,” Jean gasped. “I feel it!”

“As do I,” said Danny, sounding impressed. “I definitely feel it.”

Her breathing intensified.

Her body trembled under the steady flow of sensations.

Both her arousal and her excitement escalated. Her inner thighs became hot and moist. The way Danny touched her wasn’t too intense, but wasn’t too gentle either. As if guided by divine forces, he stimulated her with focus and determination. It was perfectly balanced, as if to demonstrate the power of the concept. It proved more powerful than Jean expected because she could feel an orgasm coming strong.

“Danny, I… I’m going to… come!” she gasped.

“Do it, Jean!” he urged her. “Let your spirit and your body connect.”

The sexual release that followed came effortlessly. There was no push or drive to obtain it. The feeling just came to her and it was incredible.

Jean, her eyes still wide open, clenched her fists and let out a deep moan that echoed throughout the dojo. She couldn’t remain still. Her body tensed and trembled under the onslaught of pleasure, her legs shifting to the euphoric rush. She felt the inner folds of her vagina contract around Danny’s fingers, coating them in a thick layer of feminine juices. He kept them inside her through the duration of her peak, never once breaking his focus.

However, even a skilled master of martial arts couldn't help but admire the sight of her orgasmic state.

“By the spirits!” Danny said distantly. “Your chi is more *fiery* than I thought possible.”

“Mmm…fiery indeed,” she purred.

As the feeling passed, Jean’s eyes briefly flashed with the flare of the Phoenix Force. She finally shifted from her relaxed state and cast him a smile worthy of any divine force. Then, as if once more guided by divine forces, she drew him into a soft kiss.

It caught Danny by surprise again, but not enough to break him from his focus. The intensity of the kiss and the heightened intimacy they’d forged made for a unique mood. It showed in the way the incense candles burned. Whether powered by her chi or the Phoenix Force, they shone brighter than ever. It also revealed to them the last part of their journey.

‘*Your chi is telling me something as well, Danny Rand,*’ Jean told him telepathically. ‘*You’re a disciplined, dedicated man. But you rarely get a chance to focus your passions. Now, I’m giving you that chance.*’

They continued to kiss, their bodies drifting closer in an increasingly shared desire. Jean, becoming much more focused after her orgasm passed, traced her hand down the young man’s chest. While one pawed the distinct dragon-shaped mark, the other reached for the hem of his pants. Despite them being loose, she could feel his erection through the light fabric. It signaled that they were
ready for that part of their journey.

“Jean,” said Danny, still focused, but also breathless, “if this is the path we take, we must do so wisely.”

“Sounds…enlightening,” said Jean with a seductive grin. “Will you guide me through that, as well?”

“I will,” he said strongly. “I promise to guide you as a true master of the Iron Fist!”

Dedication and determination echoed with every word. He sounded like a man preparing for the fight of his life. Looking into his eyes, Jean saw an intensity she hadn’t seen since her and Scott’s first kiss. It quickly re-energized her spirit, as well as her arousal.

They kissed again, this time with more focus and intent. The heat and energy between them inspired more foreplay. While Jean continued pawing his chest, Danny swiftly shed his pant and anything he had on underneath. It revealed the extent of his own arousal. From both his focused passion and his intimate touching, his manhood stood erect.

Now that he was as naked as her, they escalated their foreplay. They kissed and touched, maintaining a balanced intensity every step of the way. They touched and caressed, not letting their desires become too chaotic. It was so thorough and powerful, turning the heat of their bodies into a tangible feeling.

“Jean…follow my spirit,” Danny said through heavy kissing.

Without saying another word, they shifted their bodies. Their spirits must have been highly attuned because it required little thought or coordination. Like an instinct, they both ended up on their side in a 69 position. Jean now faced his rigid cock while Danny faced her still-wet pussy. Following more instincts, they proceeded to give each other oral sex.

Danny made the first move, lifting her leg slightly so he could bury his face in her pussy. Just as he’d done with his fingers, he used his tongue to probe her folds and stimulate her most sensitive areas. It sent another rush of sensations coursing through Jean’s body, which prompted her to intensify her efforts.

“Mmm…so much spirit,” she purred while stroking his cock.

Matching his focus, Jean took the length of his manhood in her mouth and began sucking. She also followed his example, mixing intensity with gentle care. It proved just as effective. She heard Danny moan in approval, even while immersed in her pussy.

Jean showed she could use her tongue as well. As she worked her lips and tongue along the length of his member, she made sure she stimulated just the right spots. It evoked more moans while also making his member swell to the point of full arousal. Soon, just like their spirits, their bodies achieved that perfect balance of shared desire.

“You’re ready, Jean,” Danny said, abruptly ceasing their oral sex.

“For what?” she asked, still grasping his cock.

“You already know,” he told her. “This time, I’ll follow your spirit.”

It was vague and a little coy, but Jean got the message. She didn’t even need telepathy. The same unseen forces that had guided him now pushed her. She just had to follow them.
Doing so led to another bodily realignment. Jean’s spirit must have been eager after being on her back for a while. She ended up on top of Danny, straddling his waist with her pelvis hovering just over the tip of his penis. She also took his hands in hers, held them together, as if to anchor them to this intense moment of focused passion.

Their eyes locked, Jean lowered herself onto his rigid member. With the same careful, yet focused sentiment that had guided them thus far, his hard masculine flesh penetrated her soft womanly depths. It was a basic physical act that demonstrated a deep spiritual concept, knowing the value of balance and the profound feelings it uncovered.

This kind of balance just felt very good. That made the lesson it imparted all the more memorable.

“Ooh! I like where my spirit is leading us!” Jean said through a blissful gasp.

“Mmm…me too,” said Danny, squeezing her hands with his as he took in the feeling.

Guided by both spirit and lust, their sex unfolded in a release of passionate energy. Jean set the tone, moving her hips and working her pussy along the length of his cock. Danny followed along, supplementing her movements with upward thrusts of his own. It started slow, allowing their bodies to adjust and embrace one another. It soon settled into a steady succession of motions, one balanced with just the right intensity.

It wasn’t too fast or hard. It wasn’t that kind of sex.

It wasn’t too slow or gentle. It wasn’t that kind of sex, either.

This was a unique manifestation of physical and spiritual enrichment. Jean felt it in both the sensations and the greater feelings that followed. Every gyration of her hips, along with every penetrating thrust, reinforced both. It perfectly blended the heightened insights of meditation with the intense physical experiences of sex. Together, they made a potent combination.

“That’s it, Jean!” said Danny. “Keep following it. Keep following the spirit.”

“Only if…you follow it with me, Danny,” said Jean.

He answered with actions rather than words, drawing her into an intense kiss that further heightened the intensity. Still following the spirit he’d helped awaken, Jean pursued more ambitious forms of balance through their sex.

With the incense burning brightly and the dojo radiating with sensual ambience, they maneuvered their bodies into a variety of intimate entwinements. After riding him so thoroughly, they rolled over and he returned the favor, working his body along hers and maintaining that focused rhythm. From there, they rolled onto their side so that Danny could spoon her from behind, working his manhood inside her inner depths while holding her hands in his every step of the way. After that, Jean found herself on her hands and knees with him thrusting into her from behind, their intimate flesh sliding and slithering so smoothly.

It unfolded so naturally, as if guided by unseen winds. The line between the body and the spirit blurred. Basic sensations gained greater meaning. From them, a greater awareness of the forces around them emerged. It didn’t just expand her perspective. It made what she already knew more profound.

To Jean, it was a revelation.

To Danny, it was a familiar manifestation of a special power.
“So much power! So much spirit,” he frequently gasped.

At times, his gasps were quite vocal. Jean sensed an orgasmic release, but she couldn’t tell if it was physical or something within his spirit. The way his member throbbed inside her at times hinted it was a mixture of both. It might have been a unique practice among those trained in kung fu, managing their sexual release in such a way that allowed them to enjoy extended *meditations* like this.

It also might have just been his way of sharing in the ecstasy. Jean certainly had her share of that too. She had multiple orgasms over the course of the act. While not as intense as the first, they further solidified the power of this feeling. It also gave her plenty of incentive to share these techniques with Scott the next time they sought a deeper connection with their sex. For the time being, she focused on the connection before her and where it might lead.

‘*All these feelings…all these experiences…they’re so much bigger than myself. Is that what I’m supposed to uncover? Have I yet to see the full picture of this new perspective?’*

Such profound insights coincided with more euphoria. She and Scott had experienced so much. Their perspective had widened, but she was no longer certain that they’d seen the full picture. The Phoenix Force had done so much to expand their senses, their passions, and their understanding of the world around them. However, they could not grasp it all through cosmic power alone.

Jean recognized more of that power as the feeling between her and Danny culminated. Through balanced passions, they shared the experience, connecting their spirits as well as their bodies. Eventually, the extent of both was set to converge.

Sensing this, she and Danny followed their spirits into an appropriate bodily alignment. They were back in the center of the dojo. Danny sat in an upright position with his arms around her waist. Jean was in similar position, her legs draped over his waist while she held onto his shoulders. With each of them wielding near-equal leverage, Jean rocked her hips back and forth, working his cock within her pussy. Danny once again used his arm strength to augment those motions, their intimate flesh moving in harmony with the sensual sway of their naked bodies.

It led them to the brink of another orgasm. However, this one promised to be different. With the conclusion of the feeling in sight, there was room for one more revelation.

“Jean…do you feel it?” said Danny, still gasping with every movement.

“Yes! I…I feel it now,” Jean gasped. “Mind…body…spirit…I feel them all!”

“Don’t just feel them,” he told her. “Embrace them!”

In accord with his urging, she channeled more passion into their act. The feeling intensified, as did the focus. Jean let go of Danny’s hands and planted them on his chest, just over the dragon-shaped mark. He tightened his grip on her waist, guiding her movements every step of the way. His strength augmented hers, complementing every movement and deepening the feeling.

Through that balance of sensation and revelation, Jean felt one last orgasm approach. Like the others, it came so easily and effortlessly. Rather than just let it wash over her, she pursued it. Her eyes flashed and a halo of Phoenix fires formed around her. At the same time, Danny’s hands began glowing with the energy of the Iron Fist.

“Yes, Jean!” he said through labeled grunts. “Just like that! Embrace it…just like that!”

“Yes! Oh yes! Ohhh I feel it now!” Jean exclaimed.
Through balance, focus, and passion, they both achieved that ultimate feeling. Jean climaxed first, throwing her head back and shouting her ecstasy to the heavens. Danny followed soon after, letting out a deep grunt as his lower body shuddered at the rush that came with his release. As their sexual fluids mixed within her depths, other forces manifested in that moment of ecstasy.

The energy of the Iron Fist became enraptured with that of the Phoenix Force. The cosmic flames became entwined with the greenish glow of the mystical energy born from the sacred lands of K’un-Lun. The physical, mental, and spiritual components of the experience came together in perfect harmony.

One last gust of hot air washed over their bodies, causing some of the candles to go out. As Jean soaked in every sensation, physical and spiritual, she cast the martial arts master a beaming grin. The usually serene fighter smiled back.

“'I think we’ve meditated enough for tonight,” said Jean.

“You sure about that, Jean?’” he asked with a smirk. “You still have that impassioned look in your eye.”

“I’m sure,” she laughed. “My husband says I always have that look. And now, I understand where it comes from.”

Jean offered him a final kiss on his now-sweaty forehead to show her gratitude. With one final exhale, they separated from their fleshly entwinement. The glowing of their respective powers had ceased, but the effects of the experience hadn’t waned. As Jean laid back and gazed distantly above, she took a moment to process what she had uncovered through Danny’s guidance.

“When Scott and I embraced the Phoenix, we saw everything differently,” Jean mused. “Our love, our passions, and even our sex life…it all gained a far greater meaning.”

“So I’ve noticed,” said Danny, still sitting next to her, admiring her relaxed form.

“It was all so incredible. It still is in many ways,” she continued. “At the same time, we don’t fully understand its impact. I see that now. We’ve just been so caught up in the power and passions it unlocked that we haven’t noticed.”

“You’re still lucky,” he told her. “Most people don’t realize what they lack until it’s too late.”

“It’s still just the first step. I came here hoping to forge a connection to the world of magic, one that might help uncover the source of these disruptions I’ve encountered.”

“Considering the connection we just shared, I say you’ve succeeded in that respect,” said Danny.

“And I appreciate that success,” Jean said with a smile, “but I now realize that magic alone won’t uncover the full impact of our choices. It can help, but like that story with Fongji, we can never be too certain. We can only prepare ourselves for whatever fate brings us. And if we have a chance to confront it, we must take it!”

“Do you honestly think you’re ready for that?” he asked in a more serious tone.

Jean kept gazing above, trying to process the breadth of the cosmos with the power she wielded in her own little world. It still seemed daunting, but she didn’t feel as overwhelmed as before. The dread she’d felt earlier had since turned into resolve.

She and Scott had worked hard to embrace their new perspective, as well as the power they
wielded. They’d gotten to a point where they made their share of fateful choices. They were in uncharted territory along a bold new path. There was no doubt that there would be consequences and obstacles to that journey. Eventually, she and Scott had to confront them. Rather than fear, she had hope that they could rise to the occasion.

“I believe we’ll be ready whenever that fateful moment arrives,” Jean said strongly. “Until then, the best Scott and I can do is prepare ourselves. And if we can make allies along the way, then we’ll only be stronger when that moment comes.”

**Upper Manhattan – Marikota Building Penthouse**

“Stand and defend yourself, Scott Summers!” shouted the dangerous, determined voice of Elektra Natchios.

“Please, Ms. Natchios. I didn’t seek you out for a fight,” said Scott, still trying to be diplomatic.

“You still sought me out,” she said, “and somehow, you found me. That should not be possible.”

“I already told you. We have common allies in SHIELD. We also have a common friend in Wolverine…although, I doubt he sees me as much of a friend.”

“Such connections are trivial,” Elektra scoffed. “You say you seek my assistance. You dare cross my path while I’m in pursuit of a target. I grant that you are bold, but to earn my trust, you must prove you are worthy!”

The skilled assassin didn’t wait for further discourse. She launched an attack, narrowing her gaze on Scott and charging towards him with murderous intent. A lifetime of Danger Room training and sparring with Wolverine quickly kicked in. He took a defensive stance and evaded the initial strike. While he barely avoided the tip of her famous sai weapons, she immediately attacked again, slashing and swiping at him with uncanny ability.

Scott continued to evade the attacks. He’d hoped that wouldn’t be necessary. Both Logan and Nick Fury, who he’d contacted through Black Widow, warned him that Elektra was volatile place. In hindsight, he probably should’ve waited to confront Elektra until after she found out her target had fled the country. He thought he could use that opportunity to forge a mutual partnership. As much as he hated to admit it, he should’ve listened to Logan’s advice.

’Never confront Elektra when she’s on the warpath. Never get in her way when she’s got someone to kill. Those were Nick Fury’s exact words. Logan said something similar, but with fewer words and more profanity. And for some reason, I still didn’t listen.’

Scott berated himself as he continued evading Elektra’s relentless attack. The notorious assassin was unrelenting. She showed no signs of hesitation or fatigue. She kept slashing and kicking, trying to land a deadly blow at every turn. If this were a danger room scenario, then the safety protocols would’ve been activated by now.

He used the spacious, well-furnished penthouse to his advantage. It was located on the top floor of a small, but upscale condominium complex in Upper Manhattan. It had a rooftop pool, a large living room, a private elevator, and imported furniture. It had once been owned by Wilson Fisk. It was later sold to a shell company owned by the Hand, an organization with which Elektra had a nasty history. The scars of that history showed in her every attack.

“Fight back!” she demanded as she narrowly missed another slash. “Strike me down! Or fall by my
“Is there a third option?” grunted Scott as he dove over a table just before it was slashed to pieces.

“None worthy of cowards!” she spat.

More attacks followed. Scott maintained a defensive and evasive approach as he processed the situation. Tactically speaking, he had the edge. He could decimate the room with a high-powered optic blast. He could summon the power of the Phoenix Force to subdue her with ease. However, using those tactics sent the worst possible message. He needed Elektra’s respect and defeating her in that manner wouldn’t earn him that.

Scott picked a bad time to seek an allegiance with Elektra Natchios. Not long ago, she’d been killed by Bullseye. Then, she’d been brought back to life, courtesy of the Hand’s mystical talents. The process had been messy. At one point, her soul had been separated and warped into a dark manifestation of herself. She eventually overcame the corrupting influence of the Hand, but was left understandably angry. She’d been on a personal quest to take down the Hand ever since.

Scott didn’t know all the details, but according to Black Widow, she’d killed more Hand assassins in one month than SHIELD had in the past two years. She knew how to fight. She also knew how to battle enemies skilled at wielding magic. That was exactly why Scott sought her out. If magic had been involved in the attack against Rogue, Ms. Marvel, and Spider-Man in any capacity, then Elektra could be a critical ally.

That was his hope. Scott even came prepared to offer X-Corp’s assistance in her endeavor. For the moment, though, his primary concern was ending this fight.

“There are many ways to win a fight,” said Scott as led Elektra towards the balcony door, “but few are free of bloodshed.”

“Speak for yourself!” barked Elektra.

She launched another attack. This time, she was more elusive. Scott dodged the first slash of her sai, but before he could fall back, the nimble assassin pulled off an acrobatic move that landed her right behind him. From there, Scott stumbled and could not avoid the next strike.

Thanks to his reflexes, it wasn’t a direct hit. However, the tip of her sai tore through the shoulder and chest area of his Phoenix uniform. It tore into his skin as well, creating a sizable cut across his chest. It didn’t bleed, but it still hurt.

“Aagh!” he shouted.

She moved in for another stab. Scott blocked that with his arm, but could not avoid the hard kick to the torso that followed. Elektra demonstrated greater leg strength than expected. She sent him back several feet. His back hit the glass sliding door to the pool balcony. He landed with such force that the glass cracked.

Now on the floor, his chest stinging and the wind knocked clean from his lungs, the former X-Men leader fought to pull himself up. Despite his pained state, Elektra approached in preparation for another attack.

“Blood has been shed,” she told him. “I could’ve shed much more. That strike was your first and only warning. Submit now! Or I promise the next strike won’t be so gentle.”

“What makes you think…you have the upper hand?” Scott said, still gasping for air.
“You think you can outwit me?” she scoffed.

“That depends…on how I choose to win this fight.”

She remained skeptical and undeterred. Scott didn’t expect anything else. That actually worked to his advantaged. Even though he’d hoped to deal with Elektra peacefully, he never went into an unknown situation without several backup plans. It was just a matter of waiting for the right moment.

With Elektra so focused on him, thinking he was cornered, that moment had arrived. Before she launched her next attack, Scott finally unleashed an optic blast. Elektra dodged with ease, just as he’d expected.

“You missed!” she shouted.

“Did I?” he said with a smirk.

Before Elektra landed, the optic blast struck a large mirror across the living room, ricocheted off the TV, and back towards the exact spot on which she landed. It had been a small, concentrated blast that wasn’t meant to destroy or seriously wound. It was tuned for pinpoint accuracy. All those hours spent mastering the angles of his optic blasts paid off. It ended up hitting her right in her hand, causing her drop her sai.

“Ahhh!” she yelled out.

In that brief moment, Scott got another optic blast off. Like the first, it ricocheted across the room, hitting various pieces of furniture along the way. When it reached Elektra, it hit her other hand, causing her to drop her other sai. It rendered her completely disarmed.

That was no small feat. The number of individuals who successfully disarmed Elektra Natchios was exceedingly small. Logan advised him that Elektra’s preferred language was combat. To get her attention, he had to be willing to fight. To send a message, he had to be creative.

“Enough of this!” Scott said strongly.

With renewed strength, he finally attacked. He didn’t use optic blasts, this time. Instead, he hit her with a standard take-down maneuver, similar to the ones he’d learned during his early days with the X-Men. He managed to get Elektra away from her sai, pushing her across the living room and over the oversized couch in the sitting area.

When they landed, he made sure he had her pinned with his forearm and his knee. Elektra still resisted, but her expression changed. It had clearly been a while since someone got the upper hand on her.

“You took me down,” she said, “but you won’t defeat me!”

“I’m not trying to defeat you. I’m trying to talk to you,” Scott told her. “I know you can get out of this. I don’t doubt you can beat me in hand-to-hand combat if we keep dragging this out. But I don’t want that. I want your help.”

“Why me?” Elektra scoffed. “Why seek my assistance?”

“Because it involves magic, deceit, and shadowy forces that I don’t understand,” he replied. “There’s something out there…something dark, dangerous, and perverse. It has already struck more than once. I want to find it before it strikes again!”
They lingered in their combative state. Scott kept her subdued for a brief moment, giving the skilled assassin time to contemplate his words. Elektra was in a volatile state. Even S.H.I.E.L.D. had avoided her since they confirmed she’d returned from the dead. Reaching out to her was a risk, but after what happened to Rogue, Spider-Man, and Ms. Marvel, he and Jean had to take such risks.

Scott took another major risk by releasing Elektra from his grasp. That sent another message to the assassin. It was a bold act of trust from someone she’d just wounded with her sai. He showed no animosity for her actions. He just took a few steps back, held up his hands, and took on a less hostile demeanor.

“I fought back, just as you said,” Scott told her. “I was in a position to shed more blood. I chose not to.”

“You didn’t demand my submission, either,” Elektra pointed out.

“That’s because I don’t want your submission. I want your trust. That’s how I prefer to win fights like this. An enemy tries to force it. An ally seeks to earn it.”

Those words came directly from the lectures of Charles Xavier. Scott knew them well, but they proved difficult to implement when the X-Men’s battles included Sentinels, Magneto, and human bigotry. They became more relevant after embracing the Phoenix Force with Jean. He believed they were just as relevant for someone in Elektra’s position.

Despite her hostile demeanor, she didn’t attack again. She rose back to her feet, but remained apprehensive. A tense silence followed. It only ended when Elektra took a step closer and studied him with her penetrating gaze.

“You seek my aid in a conflict you don’t understand,” she told him. “You come to me when I’m already on a mission. You even have the audacity to spare my blood when you have a chance.”

“Is it really that audacious?” Scott questioned.

“If you knew how many wanted me dead, you’d scoff at that question,” said Elektra. “Considering I’ve been dead, you might even laugh.”

“I heard about what happened to you, Elektra. It’s no laughing matter.”

“And I heard what you and your wife have been up to lately…and not just respect to your public dealings.”

Scott rolled his eyes and sighed. A lot of people seemed to know about his and Jean’s sexual exploits. Such lurid rumors spread fast and they didn’t do much to quell them. If anything, they fueled them with every intimate connection they made.

“Yeah, details regarding those other dealings seem to get around,” said Scott with a half-grin. “Jean and I should probably do something about that before the Daily Bugle makes it a story.”

“While I don’t concern myself with such things, I can appreciate your noble intentions. I just fail to see why I should bother. Both the Avengers and Nick Fury have tried to make me their ally. I don’t doubt for a second that they wish to make use of my talents for their own ends.”

“In the interest of full disclosure, X-Corp wants to employ your talents too. We just prefer doing so in a more official capacity.”

“Call it what you want. I have my mission. I seek to bring down the Hand,” Elektra continued.
“You clearly have missions of your own. I don’t see how they could possibly align with my own.”

“Maybe they don’t at the moment,” Scott replied, “but that might change at some point in the future.”


“More like…a gut instinct,” he said.

Another silence followed. Elektra’s gaze narrowed. She might not have been in a stable state of mind, but she was a trained assassin. She knew the benefits of instinct. It often meant the difference between life, death, or a failed mission. It also happened to be an important component of his and Jean’s evolving perspective.

They’d been trying to make sense of what happened with Rogue, Ms. Marvel, and Spider-Man. On the surface, there was no connection. They happened at different times and different places. They also employed very different tactics. However, he and Jean agreed there was a link. They couldn’t pinpoint what it was, but they still sensed it. It felt like something they couldn’t ignore.

“I know it’s a gamble,” Scott continued, “but you know better than most that fate often defies the odds, no matter how long they might be.”

“On this, we agree,” said Elektra.

“We want to help you battle the Hand. We also want your help in finding new and unexpected threats, especially when they come from unfamiliar places.”

“The Hand is a familiar threat to many,” she pointed out.

“But the world they operate in is not,” he said. “They use magic, manipulation, and subversion in a way few can confront. You are among the select few, Elektra. I know you’re plenty capable of fighting this war on your own. I only ask that you consider how much more you could accomplish if you had allies.”

He came off as both sincere and tactical. Scott had been around enough fighters to understand what drove them. Elektra was just more driven than most.

She’d been waging a very personal war that had been born from some very personal stakes. She preferred to wage those wars on her own. Logan told him that was one of Elektra’s most defining traits. She also went to great lengths to defeat her enemies. That was another trait and one Scott hoped to appeal to. She hadn’t tried to attack him again, so his approach seemed to be working.

Scott gave her time to contemplate his words. Elektra remained cautious, but not nearly as hostile as before. She took a step closer, still studying him, as if to find a weakness. Scott, despite the visible wound on his chest, did not falter under her gaze.

“Before I can even entertain such an arrangement, I should warn you. Allies of mine have a tendency to get hurt,” Elektra said.

“We can handle it. My wife and I are used to such dangers,” Scott told her.

“Even when they are not of this world?” she asked.

“Especially when they’re not of this world,” Scott replied strongly.
He removed his visor and showed her his glowing red eyes. He also summoned the power of the
power of Phoenix Force, causing his eyes to flash. That seemed to make a bigger impression.

“I’m usually skeptical of those who make such a bold claim,” said Elektra. “The fact you were able
to disarm me gives you greater credibility.”

“Is that enough to give us a chance?”

“Almost,” she said. “If you wish to prove you can handle my world, I’ll need to test your resolve in
another critical facet.”

“Whatever it is, I can handle it,” Scott said strongly.

The tension between them escalated. Elektra still looked at him as though she could launch another
attack in the blink of an eye. She was standing so close that such an attack would’ve done more
than scratch his chest. Scott was tempted to take a defensive poise. He chose not to. He trusted
Elektra – despite her less-than-stable mindset – to make the right decision.

She glanced back at her sai weapons, which were still on the floor. She then turned towards him.
Attacking again was an option. He sensed her seriously considering it. However, her hostile
demeanor finally shifted, hinting that she’d made a different decision.

“You say that with such confidence. I’d like to test that,” she told him.


“I’d rather show you.”

Her expression was still serious, albeit less menacing. That expression didn’t change as she carried
out another act that caught Scott by surprise.

With an intensity that mirrored her combat skills, Elektra stripped naked on the spot. It wasn’t an
attack, but it was almost as jarring. She wasn’t seductive or sensual about it, either. She threw off
her red bandana cap, shed her gloves, and slipped out of the skin-tight red bodysuit that hugged her
feminine frame so tightly. She then tossed it all aside as though they were useless rags.

Elektra made no effort to hide her exposed body, either. Years of training, combat, and struggle had
given her a toned, shapely body. Scott couldn’t help but admire her many attractive features. From
her hips to her breasts to her pussy, she was as beautiful as she was dangerous. She clearly knew
she was beautiful. If the way she approached him were any indication, she wanted him to look at
her.

Scott opened his mouth to say something, even if it was just to compliment her breasts. She
silenced him before he could say a word by putting a finger on his lips.

“Fuck me,” said Elektra in a blunt, but determined tone. “Fuck me hard, fast, and without
reservation.”

Before he fully processed her request, she grabbed the torn part of his uniform along his chest and
tore it open. With the same focused agility that she’d demonstrated earlier, she peeled back the top
part of his attire, exposing his upper body to him. Since he and Jean conjured their attire from
random scrap, it didn’t bother him that she’d effectively ripped it to shreds. His only concern was
the subtext of Elektra’s request.

“Fuck you,” Scott said, already short of breath, “you say it like it’s another fight.”
“It’s not, but there are similarities,” said Elektra with a lurid undertone. “Think of it as a test of physical prowess…one that shows you can handle messy, chaotic situations.”

“That still sounds like a fight,” he said with a half-grin.

“Call it what you want. I suspect you are uniquely qualified for such a feat.”

She finally cracked a smile. That was as rare as giant diamond. It also marked the first sign that Elektra had inclinations other than revenge, anger, and violence. To Scott, that was a promising sign.

“Do this,” Elektra continued, “and I will aid you. If there is a connection to magic in this danger you fear, I will find it. You have my word.”

“Which I promise we’ll value,” added Scott.

“And if that connection happens to have ties to the Hand…well, then feel free to invite your wife to our celebratory triumph!”

That added even more motivation, not that Scott needed it. Elektra was done laying out her terms for their alliance. The only thing left to do was seal the deal. Needing no further discourse, her lurid test commenced and Scott eagerly went along with it.

Just as she’d done with her first attack, Elektra made the first move. She aggressively jumped him, but with a very different intent than before. She threw her legs around his waist, grabbed onto his shoulders firmly, and crashed her lips against his in a kiss overflowing with raw lust. Scott, showing quick reflexes of her own, caught her in his arms. He even did so in a way that gave him a perfect grasp of her toned butt.

There was nothing gentle, playful, or subtle about their actions. As they hungrily kissed, Elektra’s breasts pressed against his exposed chest. That helped get the blood flowing to his lower body. As he held her up in his arms, Elektra rubbed her pelvis against his groin. That got the blood flowing even faster. Through his pants, Scott felt his dick respond.

The way they kissed, touched, and embraced one another sent a clear message. They weren’t going to just have sex. They were going to fuck.

“The couch,” Elektra somehow managed to say.

Heeding her words, as well as his own instincts, Scott carried the naked Elektra to the oversized couch in the center of the living room. Moments ago, it had been the site of an intense fight. Now, it was the site of something different, but still similar.

As soon as he sat down on the couch, Elektra made the next move. While biting his lower lip, she reached down and undid his pants. She kept grinding against him with her pelvis, ensuring that he was already semi-erect by the time they were loose. Then, with a mix of aggression and urgency, she slipped off his lap and pulled them off.

“Your dick,” Elektra said upon tossing his pants aside, “I must taste it!”

Scott didn’t try to stop her. He couldn’t have stopped her if he tried. The skilled assassin clearly had her own tactics when it came to this test of hers. If he was to keep up, then he had to employ some tactics of his own.

For the moment, he just held onto the back of the couch while Elektra dropped to her knees and
began giving him oral sex. Again, she wasn’t subtle or gentle. Once she had his dick between her lips, she sucked and licked his manly flesh with uncanny intensity. It was initially overwhelming, but in the best possible way.

“Oh fuck!” Scott grunted. “Elektra, you’re so…determined.”

That sounded strange when said out loud, but Elektra didn’t appear to notice. She just sucked harder and faster, working his cock with a clear goal in mind. A flood of more sensations followed. Scott grunted and gasped as took in the chaotic twinges of pleasure. She occasionally looked up at him with that intense gaze of hers, daring him to say it was too much. Scott didn’t say a word. He just urged her on with an intense look of her own.

As her head bobbed up and down, he lightly grasped the side of her head, running his fingers through her long dark hair. His dick was already fully erect. With every slither of her tongue, Elektra dumped more fuel on his fiery lust. His ability to keep up with her thus far had ignited some lust of her own. It must have been a while since she’d been with a man who could keep up with her. That seemed to excite her.

“There! You’re hard,” Elektra said, abruptly ending the blowjob. “Now, you show your worth. And don’t hold back!”

“Is that a demand? Or a desire?” Scott asked, showing some excitement of his own.

“Both,” she said without hesitation.

Scott cast her an ominous grin. Usually, he didn’t tap into his Phoenix power during intimate moments. He and Jean had a policy of saving that kind of prowess for each other or unique situations. Given Elektra’s circumstances, this definitely qualified.

“If that’ll prove my worth to your liking, Elektra…so be it.”

As the former X-Men leader tapped into the Phoenix Force, his eyes flashed again with greater intensity than before. The power began flowing through him, the flames of creation mixing with basic lust. From a tiny spark, a firestorm of desire erupted within him erupted and Scott focused all of it on Elektra.

Seeing that fiery look in his eyes excited her even more. In fact, she seemed turned on by his shifting demeanor. That convinced Scott she could handle cosmic-fueled lust.

The skilled assassin was still on her knees, so he decided to take the initiative. With a drive supplemented by cosmic intensity, he grasped Elektra by the shoulders, shot up from the couch, and pulled her up as well. He then grabbed her by her firm feminine buttocks, lifted her up into his arms, and guided her to the nearest wall. Along the way, she hooked her legs around his waist and clung to his shoulder, her lust showing in the strength of her grip.

“Do it, Scott Summers. Do it!” Elektra said, daring him with her eyes.

Scott didn’t falter for a second. He ended up inning her to the wall right next to the balcony entrance. Her back pressed up against the polished wood as she hovered in his arms, pined in a rare state of vulnerability. His eyes flashed again with cosmic flame, as if to warn her that she was in for a different kind of sex. That only seemed to turn her on even more.

The former X-Men leader shed what few reservations he had left. This woman wanted him to fuck her hard and that intended to deliver. With the same resolve and determination he wielded in any high-stakes mission, Scott aligned his rigid dick with her wet entrance. He then thrust his hips
hard, driving his flesh into her with unhindered fervor.

“Is this want you want, Elektra?” he grunted upon feeling her womanly flesh surround his hard dick.

“Yes! That’s what I want!” she exclaimed. “Now start fucking! And you’d better fuck hard!”

It came off as more of a threat than a request, but Scott still gladly obliged. Armed with all the leverage, along with the power of a cosmic force, he began the heated humping. He worked his hips hard and fast, pumping his cock inside her pussy. Her naked body slithered up and down the wall. Her naked flesh pressed against his, adding to the heat. There was nothing affectionate or intimate about it. This was just rough, raw sex.

“Harder! Do it harder! Fuck me harder!” Elektra kept saying.

Scott replied only with determined grunts, burying his face in her shoulder and focusing every ounce of lust into fucking this dangerous woman. Rough or not, Elektra knew how to make it feel incredible.

She was so hot and tight. Her inner folds squeezed and throbbed around his cock with every thrust. She repeatedly raked her nails over his shoulder and back, occasionally biting his neck in between loud moans of ecstasy.

Most men would’ve already been overwhelmed. Then again, most men hadn’t made love to Jean Grey on the moon. Fucking Elektra with such unfiltered lust required a different approach, but Scott was still determined to get the job done. In the same way a skilled assassin knew the value of completing a mission, he knew the value of keeping his word. In this case, it just meant fucking her hard.

She didn’t make it easy for him. Elektra overtly squeezed his torso with her legs. She dug the balls of her feet into his lower back, adding more force to every thrust. She demonstrated impressive leg strength, which forced Scott to tap more strength of his own, just to keep the pace up. In addition to penetrating deeper into her pussy, she skillfully contracted her inner muscles, daring him to blow his load and succumb before he satisfied her.

It must have been her way of testing both his resolve and his sexual prowess. While it made his efforts harder, Scott never lost his focus. Despite the intense pace of their sex, he managed to fuck her hard enough and long enough to get her to the brink.

“Keep going! Keep going, Scott!” Elektra panted. “You’re doing it! You’re going…to make me…come!”

She latched onto his biceps, scratching so hard that she left clear marks. She then leaned her forehead against his, shooting him a powerful gaze, urging him to finish the mission. Scott matched it every step of the way. Even as she squeezed his waist mercilessly with her legs, testing his resolve, he kept fucking her hard.

Finally, the deadly, yet beautiful assassin gave into the ecstasy.

“Oohhhh yes!” Elektra exclaimed.

She had the look of a woman who’d just slain an army of ninjas. Her legs tensed, her toes curled, and she threw her head back against the wall as she achieved her release. Scott felt strain in his legs, but he still held her up as she writhed at the waves of ecstasy coursing through every nerve. It was oddly beautiful, seeing such a deadly woman achieve such a wondrous.
“Death hasn’t made you less lively, Elektra. Not in the slightest,” Scott said.

She didn’t hear him. She just lingered in his grasp, taking in every last sensation. He’d managed to keep himself from climaxing, despite her pussy throbbing around his cock. He’d come close, but prioritized his mission to fuck Elektra as she desired. That was not lost on her.

“You…are a bold man, Scott Summers,” she said, still panting from her ecstasy.

“So are you, Elektra Natchios,” the former X-Leader told her.

“But how bold are you willing to be?” Elektra asked, her tone quickly becoming serious. “What are you willing to do when you’ve impressed a beautiful woman with your abilities?”

It came off as another dare. It must have been her way of letting him know that the mission wasn’t over. He still had to prove himself. After getting a taste of Elektra’s sex, Scott already had a hardy appetite for more. Daring to push the extent of his desires, he came up with a new plan.

“I’ll show you,” he said with the same fiery gaze that turned her on earlier.

In a burst of strength, aided partially by the Phoenix Force, Scott broke free from Elektra’s fleshly embrace. Then, with her body still processing the effects of her orgasm, he laid her down on the hard, dirty floor in front of the coffee table.

With the same determined focus and lustful intent, Scott got on top of her. He grasped onto her legs and held them apart. The sight of her naked body fueled more desire and the inclusion of cosmic power from the Phoenix sent it into overdrive. Even as she relished the after-effects of her orgasm, Elektra still seemed skeptical. She still looked at him as someone who hadn’t won the fight.

“I’m going to keep fucking you,” Scott told her intently. “I’m going to fuck you long and hard until I’ve proven myself.”

“You made me come once,” said Elektra. “Don’t assume that will convince me.”

“I don’t expect it to. I wouldn’t want it too,” he said with a mischievous grin. “You’re a daring woman, Elektra. But you’ve never been fucked by a man who shares a cosmic force with his wife!”

He made it sound dangerous, but all that did was turn Elektra on again. She still had that glint of lust in her eyes. She wanted more hard sex. She even craved it. Knowing more than just a potential ally was at stake, Scott went to work on the next phase of his mission.

It commenced with another hard thrust that drove his dick back into her pussy. From there, the hard fucking from earlier resumed. Again, Scott made use of his leverage. He grabbed Elektra by the wrists, pinned them to the floor, and hammered away. His pelvis clashed against hers, their intimate flesh slithering and sliding with reckless fervor. There was nothing deep or complex about it. This was just raw, rough sex.

“Yes! Yes! Ohh yes!” was all Elektra got out.

Watching Elektra’s naked rock under him, her breasts bouncing with every thrust, Scott grew more determined. His glowing eyes flashed brighter, the cosmic power within driving him to his limits. He’d held back for her earlier. He wasn’t going to do that now. He was ready to come.

Shifting his hands from her wrists to her breasts, he humped harder and faster. He quickly approached the brink, his member throbbing in anticipation. When that familiar rush came, he
thrust with extra force, driving his cock up into the deepest recess of her pussy. Finally, he climaxed.

“I’m going to…come…hard! Ohhh fuck!” Scott gasped.

He let out a grunt stronger than anything he’d shown during their brief skirmish. His member throbbed inside her, releasing a thick stream of come into her pussy. As his juices mixed with hers, Elektra let out a deep moan. That hot feeling inside her affected her in more ways than she let on.

“I feel it. I truly feel…alive again,” she said.

Scott panted heavily through the duration of his orgasm, but he sensed the greater meaning of the moment. Suddenly, Elektra’s demand for hard sex made more sense. It also gained more urgency.

“You probably think…that a man might be done after that,” he said to her, still catching his breath.

“Would I be wrong?” Elektra asked with greater intrigue.

“Dead wrong…although that’s a poor choice of words.”

“It’s okay. You know how to make it up to me!”

She shot up from the floor and hungrily kissed him, ravaging his lips with hers, letting him know she wanted more. While Scott’s dick was still throbbing from his release, he remained very aroused. It was something he and Jean discovered quickly in wielding the Phoenix Force. It helped eliminate the usual refractory period that followed after sex. It helped them enjoy a very active honeymoon. Now, it would help him fuck Elektra Natchios as he promised.

They each took only a minor breather. For them, that just meant more heated foreplay before going at it again. As soon as he was sufficiently aroused, Scott continued fucking Elektra. Since they were in a spacious penthouse owned by a former associate of the Hand, they had incentive to be more reckless.

“Fuck me more, Scott! Fuck me hard!” Elektra proclaimed.

“Fair warning…it’s going to get chaotic,” he told her.

“It damn well better!”

He bent her over the fancy desk in the corner and fucked her from behind.

They got on top of the polished dining room table where she rode his dick to another orgasm.

He fucked her in the kitchen, knocking over as many overpriced appliances as possible.

He even pinned her up against the wall near a piece of overpriced artwork where he fucked her so hard that the frame fell off. They were causing plenty of damage, but that only seemed to encourage the skilled assassin.

Elektra climaxed multiple times. If a part of her was still dead inside, it wasn’t anymore. Scott was convinced of that. He climaxed a few more times as well, shooting a load on her face and breasts to further fuel the lustful chaos. At times, it felt less like sex and more like a fight that inflicted pleasure rather than pain. For skilled assassin like Elektra, it seemed fitting.

“You’re willing to endure. You’re willing to fight. You embrace the hardship,” Scott told her in the midst of the decadent outburst.
“Yes! I embrace it! I embrace it all!” Elektra proclaimed before climaxing again.

Scott tapped more cosmic energy to continue their ravenous sex. After all the damage they’d done with their lust, one thing became clear. Elektra could endure every bit as well as she fought. Having come back from the dead, there was nothing anyone could do to overwhelm her without taking a chance. Scott had yet to take that chance, thinking a touch of Phoenix flare was enough.

He eventually realized that to win this struggle, he had to adjust his tactics once more. After fucking her on the edge of the couch, the former X-Men leader came up with an idea.

“If hardships is what it’ll take,” he said through labored breaths, “then that’s what I’ll give you!”

Putting his plan into action, Scott turned her around and pushed her back up against the wall. Once again, the skilled assassin was pinned. She stood on her own feet again, her hands and breasts pressing against the wall. It gave Scott a perfect look at her firmly toned butt. His dick was still hard and dripping with her feminine secretions. Having already set aside his usual reservations, he grabbed hold of her hips and guided the tip of his dick to her asshole.

“You landed a few strikes on me earlier. You left quite a few scratches on me after that,” Scott told her, leaning in and whispering into her ear. “After this, consider us even.”

“Sounds fair,” Elektra replied, matching his lurid tone.

The former X-Men leader gave no further warning. He tightened his hold on her hips, his feet still planted firmly on the floor. He then thrust his hips forward, driving his dick into her unlubricated ass.

He let out a powerful grunt.

She let out a sharp gasp.

The penetration wasn’t nearly as smooth as it had been with her pussy. Her ass was so tight. Her inner flesh squeezed his cock hard, requiring more force than expected. Scott still pushed forward. Elektra’s reaction was a mix of pleasure and pain. It was difficult to tell how much of one or the other she experienced.

It didn’t matter. She still endured it. She also adjusted quickly.

“Hnn…my ass,” Elektra groaned.

“I’ll fuck it hard,” he said. “You still want that?”

“Yes!” she said without hesitation. “I still want it!”

The skilled assassin continued to surprise him. She practically invited the pain. A good fighter knew how to endure it. Scott understood that better than most. He had every intention of testing it.

Armed with renewed energy, Scott fucked her ass. He fucked it every bit as hard as he fucked her pussy. He rapidly thrust his hips, pumping his cock within her tight hole. He felt her body rock and shudder to each movement. Her breasts and the side of her face pressed up against the wall. That didn’t stop her form glancing back at him, urging him on with that intense gaze of hers.

“Do it! Do it harder!” Elektra yelled. “I can take it!”

Scott took her at her word. He channeled more energy, focusing his lust on this skilled woman.
who’d come back from the dead. His eyes flashed brighter as he fucked her ass harder. The sound of his pelvis smacking against her ass filled the penthouse, along with their decadent moans.

It eventually culminated in an overdue orgasm. He’d been holding back to show his resolve. Now, Elektra was about to find out what he could do when he let loose.

“So strong! So tight!” Scott grunted. “Elektra… I’m going to… come!”

“Give it to me, Scott!” she barked. “Fill my ass with your cum!”

He thrust his hips a few more times. Scott finally stopped holding back and let the flood of ecstasy wash over. The resulting climax hit hard, which seemed so fitting, given the situation.

He let out a loud, moan that echoed throughout the penthouse, just like Elektra had moments earlier. He squeezed her hips hard as he shot his manly load into her ass. White hot sensations surged accompanied such a powerful release. Elektra moaned as well, still pressing against the wall as the hot feeling washed over her. Scott still felt her gaze as he processed the feeling. She even cracked another smile. That made the feeling even more satisfying.

For a moment, they panted heavily as the afterglow sunk in. Scott withdrew from her ass and released his grip on her. Elektra, still smiling, turned around and pulled him into an embrace that felt less hostile than any she’d attempted thus far.

“You’ve made your case, Scott. You are a worthy man, indeed,” said Elektra.

“Glad I could meet your lofty standards, Elektra,” he said, still winded, but managing a grin of his own.

“Don’t make light of it,” she told him. “Very few men have proven themselves worthy of my trust. Know that the last man who did…I ended up dying for him.”

“That’s something Jean and I hope to avoid,” he told her.

“I don’t doubt your sincerity,” she said, “or your principles, for that matter. I tell you because it helps show how far I’m willing to go to complete my mission. You say there’s something threatening you, your wife, and X-Corp. And it may have a connection to the mystical realm…the same that the Hand often utilizes.”

“That’s our suspicion. We’d like to confirm it.”

“And you have my word that I’ll uncover the truth,” Elektra said strongly. “Just be mindful that the truth can be unpleasant. And whenever magic is involved, it can also be volatile.”

She sounded dead serious. Even while standing naked in his arms, reeking of sweat and sex, Elektra took her mission seriously. Scott could respect that. He even found it attractive. It was also not lost on him that finding answers could raise more distressing questions.

He and Jean already had plenty of concerns. The attack on Rogue and Ms. Marvel could’ve been a fluke. The attack on Spider-Man had more ominous details. After talking to him and Mary Jane, they were convinced that someone had aided Jackal. They were also convinced that he’d used more than his cloning expertise to achieve his goals. There were many possibilities, but no certainty.

If he and Jean were going to pursue their chosen path to the utmost, they had to confront whatever or whoever was behind this. With someone like Elektra Natchios on their side, they didn’t just
stand a better chance. They had a skilled assassin who could navigate that shadowy world and fight through anything, even death.

“That’s why we need all the help we can get,” said Scott as Elektra released him from her embrace. “Yours will be incredibly valuable.”

“I hope your allegiance proves just as valuable,” said Elektra as she released him from her embrace. “Death has upended my life. Thanks to you, I’m more motivated to make it worth living. But my mission still comes first.”

“We intend to help you with both,” Scott told her, “but don’t think you’ll have to fight these battles alone. Jean and I plan on gaining more allies from the mystical world. Hopefully, our efforts will be just as productive.”

Up next: Godly Ploys
Osaka, Japan – Financial District

“What are these abominations? How did they find me?”

An agent of the Hand was never supposed to contemplate such thoughts. Kwannon, having been the Hand’s premier assassin since she won the heart of Matsu’o Tsurayaba, should’ve been the last of their many trained ninjas to ask herself such things. It left her in an unfamiliar position that only got worse by the second.

The ancient order of the Hand was supposed to be Japan’s oldest and most capable organizations. They’d survived for 800 years, operating in the shadows, fighting the wars that others dared not fight, and amassing untold riches in the process. Their ninjutsu-trained agents regularly defied government, destiny, and death to achieve their mission. Nobody should’ve been able to outwit them, especially within the shadows. That was their dominion.

That changed moments ago for Kwannon. She had ventured to Osaka to assassinate a high-profile banker with Yashida Clan ties who’d stolen money from the Hand. It was supposed to be a simple mission. Her lord presented it as a favor, if not a gift for her uncanny skill. It certainly started without incident. Kwannon found the office in which her target worked. She’d even positioned herself to attack around midnight, just as a storm rolled in.

That was when the attack started. Out of nowhere, a half-dozen black-skinned creatures converged on her position. They had the physique of men, but their flesh was not at all human. Kwannon learned that after stabbing one with her psionic blades, only to see it leave no mark on the malleable skin. They made no noise or demands. They just attacked and attempted to subdue her with some webbing-like substance they shot from their bodies.

Kwannon evaded the initial attack, nimbly avoiding swinging fists and acrobatic kicks. She attempted to escape into the shadows, leaping across rooftops and through pouring rain. However, they followed her closely, demonstrating agility and foresight that should not have been possible against the Hand’s top assassin. It led Kwannon to surmise that this was not just some rival lord looking to usurp new territory.

“These creatures…they’re not men. They’re not trained warriors, either. They’re something else…something outside the realm of destiny. They move like rabid wolves unleashed on singular prey. Just being near them fills me with revulsion!’

She evaded more attacks just before leaping down from a rooftop and into an alley between two large buildings. None of the creatures landed a blow, but they still found a way to attack. From their black flesh, they shot out more lines of webbing-like tendrils. Kwannon used her ninja-like reflexes to evade the first barrage, bouncing off the sides of buildings and windows.

However, before Kwannon could reach the surface, a second barrage came. She slashed through the first lines with her psionic blades, but could not avoid the others that came after. She was just a few feet from the surface before her legs were completely bound by the webbing, leaving her in a rare state of vulnerability.
“You think this will hold me?” Kwannon spat in defiance.

While she attempted to cut through the webbing with her blades, the black-skinned creatures jumped down from the rooftops as well. Along the way, they bounced of the walls, sticking to wet surfaces as though their hands had magnets on them. It was yet another impossible feat among the many she’d experience in the span of several minutes.

She’d just cut through the webbing bounding her legs. She finally landed on the wet, dirty surface of the alley. With two psionic blades drawn, she prepared to fight back. She didn’t get the chance, though. An onslaught of thick webbing shot out from her attackers and hit her from all sides.

Kwannon could no longer move or utilize her agility. Even her psionic blades became useless as her hands were bound. All the training, skill, and ability that made her a dangerous instrument of the Hand suddenly became useless. It was both an affront and a failure.

“Errr! Disgusting beasts!” Kwannon spat. “I am the blade of the Hand! I fear no death! My life is not yours to take!”

“Take it?” said an unexpected voice. “Why would we take what we can simply rent?”

Kwannon kept struggling as she tried to locate the source of the voice. Her efforts proved futile. Each black-skinned creature landed in the enclosed alley, surrounding her completely and gazing upon her with their expressionless faces. They shot out more webbing, smothering her from every direction until she could barely move.

‘This cannot be how I lose my honor. This cannot be how I fail the Hand. It all feels so wrong. It’s as though fate itself has been usurped!’

As the rain poured harder, the skilled assassin finally stopped struggling. There was no use fighting on. She would only waste what little energy she had left. She needed to conserve it, if only to focus on the face of her enemy. That enemy finally appeared in the form of a mysterious portal that formed in front of her.

It was a man who looked half-Japanese and half-Caucasian. He had black hair that had been oddly styled and an array of tattoos over his body. When he approached, he didn’t come off as a man standing in triumph. In fact, he looked oddly dismayed by the sight before him.

“So you’re the Hand’s most celebrated assassin,” he said flatly. “You’re a hard woman to identify. The only names I could find were Kwannon and Revanche.”

“Tell me yours and I promise it’ll be the last name you know!” said Kwannon in an apprehensive tone.

“If only you could keep such a promise,” he sighed. “I’m sorry. And that’s not something I’m used to saying with a straight face. You see, my name is Daken Akihiro. I’m only here because I have a working knowledge of the East Asian underworld.”

“You say that like it’s so trivial,” said Kwannon.

“From my perspective, everything I once held dear is trivial,” said Daken. “Everything I thought I knew…the battles I thought were important…that’s all gone now. I serve a new lord and she has a way of subverting every desire you once had.”

“Your lord sounds like an affront to honor and tradition.”
“Oh, she’s definitely that and much worse. And for her own twisted reasons, she wants you to help her take over the Hand.”

Kwannon began struggling again. She fought with all her might to break free from the webbing. She managed to tear through the parts restraining her arms and legs. That allowed her to lunge towards Daken with her psionic blades shooting out from her fists. She got within inches of his face, but no further than that. The black-skinned creatures converged and restrained her with their powerful arms, rendering her completely immobile.

It couldn’t have been a worse defeat. She’d didn’t just fail in her mission. She might have failed the Hand and its centuries-old honor. At that point, death would’ve been merciful, but she sensed that Daken and the devious lord he served weren’t inclined for mercy.

“Do yourself a favor,” Daken said as he stood within inches of her face. “Don’t give her Venom Legion more reasons to hurt you. It’ll only make things harder for everyone.”

“You…won’t…break me!” Kwannon yelled as she gasped for air. “I won’t…betray…the Hand!”

“I was afraid you would say something like that,” he said with a solemn sigh. “In my experience, the more you want something, the more the Goblin Queen uses it against you. She knows the Hand are notoriously difficult to control, which is why she’s doing something unique with you.”

Kwannon was prepared to curse Daken in every language she knew. One of the Venom Legion, as he called it, stopped her by covering her mouth with webbing. It effectively silenced her while Daken reached into his pocket and pulled out a small canister containing a pinkish substance. Despite the pouring rain, he casually opened it and held it under her nose while he sprayed its contents.

As soon as Kwannon got a whiff of the substance, her world began to fade around her. She became dizzy and disoriented. Every thought became less coherent and every whim less focused. All her training and skill failed her. In that moment, her unflinching loyalty and unbreakable spirit shattered.

In its place, something new and perverse took over.

“For the record, I hate seeing someone use my pheromone abilities in such a way,” Daken told her, “but for reasons you’ll soon understand, it’s what I desire. And once you return to the Hand’s headquarters in Tokyo, they’ll understand too.”

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Larvik, Norway – Ruins of Kaupang

“What do you think, God of Thunder? Is my attire appropriate for our little liaison?” asked Jean Grey-Summers in her most seductive tone.

“Appropriate? Tis a relative term, Lady Grey-Summers,” replied a surprised, but intrigued Thor. “Acceptable for any hot-blooded Asgardian warrior? I say, aye!”

The self-described God of Thunder looked at Jean with the same eager gaze as any non-divine straight man. The lust in his eyes was so strong that she swore she heard thunder in the distance. It was just the reaction she’d hoped for. Getting the attention of Thor was difficult enough without an attack by Frost Giants or Ultron. Keeping it was notoriously challenging.

Jean had already succeeded than most of his fellow Avengers. It helped that she wore the elaborate, yet revealing attire of an Asgardian prostitute. It consisted of an undersized bra made of
armor, a very short leather skirt that barely covered her upper thighs, and heeled brown boots with
Norse engravings on the heel. Such attire was not easy to get. Carol Danvers had put her in contact
with Valkyrie to get the design. Even after sharing her plan, she needed help from Jane Foster to
get it customized.

The result was something Jane described as an Asgardian wet dream. According to Asgardian lore,
there was a special class of prostitutes reserved for Asgardian warriors. Those who triumphed
regularly in battle were allowed to consort with the most beautiful maidens in the land.

Jane told Jean that there was significant competition among female Asgardians for such a role. She
knew because she’d earned plenty of jealous glances from many Asgardian women who missed
Thor’s frequent visits. There was a great deal of honor and status given to those women. Not just
anyone with nice legs, big breasts, and a healthy libido could hope to satisfy an Asgardian warrior.
Jane had warned Jean that Thor could get overexcited during intimate activities. Jean assured her
that she could handle it.

She was about to put that bold claim to the test in a makeshift temple near the ancient Viking ruins
of Kaupang. Jean had coordinated with the local authorities, as well as her allies in the Avengers, to
recreate an authentic Viking fertility temple on a cliff overlooking the ruins. Valkyrie had also
provided some authentic Asgardian amenities, which made Thor feel right at home.

“I must say, my fire-haired harlot, I was surprised to hear a vessel of the Phoenix Force had taken
an interest in my endeavors,” said Thor as he approached the heart of the temple.

“I want to say I’m surprised that Asgard has a working knowledge of the Phoenix Force, but maybe
I shouldn’t,” said Jean, still sounding a seductive as possible.

“Indeed!” he said with a boastful laugh. “Asgard had knowledge of many cosmic forces. Curiously,
the All-Father maintains a rather detailed record of the Phoenix Force.”

“Really? How detailed does it get?” she asked curiously.

“Far beyond any notes of worth,” Thor said. “What matters is the wielder of the Phoenix bears an
uncanny passion not matched by many. That same wielder is also attuned to other great powers…
such as missing rune stones from Odin’s vault.”

“I see,” said Jean curtly, “and which matters more to you right now?”

“That depends, Lady Grey-Summers. What are your priorities in seeking the Son of Odin’s
attention?”

He asked those questions in a way that readily revealed which he preferred. Thor was known for
many great feats, even before he joined the Avengers. Subtlety wasn’t one of them. Jean intended
to use that to her advantage.

“I could list my various goals in setting this up,” said Jean playfully, “or…you could join me in
this cozy domain.”

“You present me with a tempting proposition, my lady,” said Thor.

“Is it really that difficult?” she scoffed.

“I said it was tempting. I did not say it was difficult.”

The imposing Asgardian ventured into the makeshift temple, closing the heavy stone doors behind
him and setting aside his legendary hammer. He’d arrived moments earlier, summoned by a special Phoenix-shaped display in the skies above Larvik. It vastly outshined the auroras that frequently dotted the clear skies of the arctic. That got Thor’s attention, but the insides of the temple helped entice him.

The structure itself wasn’t that big. It stood no taller than a three-story house and took up an area no larger than the suburban home Jean grew up in. There were no elaborate rooms or chambers. There was just an open central area surrounded by lit torches, which illuminated Asgardian artwork and engravings all over the wall. The ceiling also had a dazzling rendering of the Asgardian sky, but the central area was where Jean had drawn his focus.

In that area was an extra-large bed, which had been crafted by dwarfs and built to withstand the ravages of Asgardian orgies. Jean also managed to obtain some of the best Asgardian linens, complete with embroiders often used in fertility rituals. It was meant to evoke the divine lusts of a man known to prioritize fighting over sex. By that standard, Jean’s efforts had succeeded.

‘He’s projecting so much lust and desire,’ Jean thought to herself as she watched him approach. ‘God or man, he’s still driven to connect. Jane warned me those connections can get quite intense. I hope she wasn’t exaggerating when said I might feel a little thunder in my panties once the mood was set.’

Everything was coming together better than she’d hoped. She and Scott learned from the Avengers that Thor had been more aloof than usual. He claimed that Odin tasked him with locating a collection of rune stones that had gone missing from Asgard’s vault. Even the all-seeing Heimdall couldn’t surmise their location. Since they had been missing for quite some time, he sent Thor across the nine realms in search of them. To date, his search yielded no clues.

Jean didn’t know much about Asgardian lore, but both Jane Foster and Danny Rand told her the same thing. Asgardian rune stones were potent sources of magic. The fact that some had gone missing was distressing enough. A frustrated Thor was just as distressing, but Jean made sure she’d factored that into her plan as well.

“The All-Father’s tasks as of late have proven tedious,” said Thor as he stood at the foot of the bed. “He sends me across the nine realms, obsessing over the loss of a few magic stones.”

“You think he’s being petty?” asked Jean.

“I think he misplaces his priorities. He rarely considers the priorities of others as well.”

“Including his favorite son?”

“Especially his favorite son,” said Thor strongly. “And after that fiery display you put on moments ago, you didn’t just draw the Son of Odin’s interest. You changed his priorities.”

With growing lust in his eyes, he removed his decorative helmet to let his long golden hair flow free. He then joined her on the bed, crawling up onto its soft linens and taking her in his powerful arms. Jean could feel both the desire and electricity in his touch.

When he felt up her waist and torso, his hands eventually arriving at her face, she felt intense twinges of excitement. At first, they felt like static from the God of Thunder. Then, she felt them converge between her legs. Just being near such a powerful figure made her pussy wet. That helped streamline her priorities as well.

“Mmm…your flesh feels as divine as a fertility goddess’ loin,” Thor said.
“That sounds so crude, yet so thoughtful,” laughed Jean.

“Don’t expect much thought from here on out, Lady Grey-Summers,” he told her. “After all, you are dressed like an Asgardian prostitute.”

“I can’t help that it makes me feel so damn sexy.”

“Indeed, it does,” he said, “but it shall look even better once Thor tears it off!”

The proud Thunder God’s lurid interest morphed into lurid actions. With drive as strong as his Asgardian battle instincts, he pulled Jean into a powerful kiss. There was little affection in the gesture. There was only raw, divine lust. Jean had sensed lust in men before, but she’d never sensed it from an Asgardian. There was something distinct to it. Whatever it was, it made her even hornier.

As Thor’s shoved his tongue into her mouth, conveying more desire with every passing second, he lifted her up in his muscular arms and laid her in the center of the bed. He was tongue still sweaty and dirty from his journey across the realms, but that just intensified his warrior persona, which turned Jean on even more.

“Oh! So strong and daring,” Jean cooed. “Hurry, Thunder God! Get me out of these itchy clothes.”

“Spoken like an Asgardian harlot. This pleases Thor!” he said with a lecherous grin.

His excitement grew, as did his sense of urgency. He kissed her again, his imposing form looming over her like true god. He then went to work removing her clothes, starting with her armor-plated bra.

Once her breasts were exposed, Thor buried his face between them. Jane once joked that Asgardians invented motorboating before the invention of motorboats. It was now clear she hadn’t been joking. As Jean lay on her back, he eagerly squeezed both breasts while licking between her cleavage. His grip was extra-strong, as if to let her know what she was in for.

“Divine bosoms in a mortal woman,” he said. “This pleases Thor too!”

Emboldened, Thor kept his face buried between her breasts while he slipped his hands down her waist and over her shapely hips. He soon made his way up her inner thighs where he discovered another surprise that Jean had left for him.

“Ah! No undergarments, I see,” Thor said, looking up from her breasts.

“Does this also please Thor?” Jean said teasingly.

“Aye,” he said. “It also means Thor can dispense with such lecherous formalities.”

He must have felt how aroused she was. The folds of her pussy were dripping with arousal. Jean even threw in some cosmic flame, her eyes flashing briefly to let him know she was no ordinary mortal woman. The God of Thunder got the message.

Like a warrior storming into battle, Thor shot up and tore off his attire. As soon as Jean got a glimpse of his broad, muscular physique, she reached up and caressed it with the same eagerness he’d shown hers. The man/god was definitely a warrior. His every muscle exuded strength and power. It sent Jean into a lust-fueled frenzy.

“Oh! So much manly muscle!” she said, sounding like a giddy teenager.
“I say thee, nay!” said Thor strongly as he began undoing his pants, “Not a man, Lady Grey-Summers…a god.”

As if to reinforce that point, he ripped off his pants, boots, and anything he had on underneath to reveal a dick worthy of the Thunder God. Jean couldn’t hide her reaction. Seeing a fully naked Thor looming over her, casting a large shadow that included a very erect penis, made it official. She was going to fuck an actual god. On top of that, Thor was going to make sure she remembered it.

“My God…if that’s not too fitting,” Jean said as her gaze narrowed on his hulking member.

“It fits, my lady. It fits very well,” Thor said boastfully.

Jean reached out and grasped it, feeling the harden flesh with both hands. Like every other muscle on Thor’s godly form, it radiated strength. His entire aura radiated with power. It was easy to see why he and other Asgardians had been worshipped in these same lands centuries ago. Given Thor’s large stature and divine endowment, Jean could easily see why those worshippers were so passionate.

“A dick worthy of a god,” she said as she reached out and grasped it. “I want it inside me!”

“Ask and ye shall have it, Lady Grey-Summer!” Thor proclaimed.

With the same bravado that he carried into battle, Thor pinned her to the bed again. He did it with more authority than before, grabbing her wrists and pinning them to her side. Now in a fully submissive state, the Thunder God maneuvered himself between her legs.

Knowing there was no stopping the determined demigod, she spread her legs as wide as she could. Parts of her short tore as it was pushed up, revealing her engorged pussy to the Thunder God. Taking his divine lusts was going to be a test, even for a vessel of the Phoenix Force. He offered little tact as he locked eyes with hers, aligned his dick with her entrance, and thrust into her with his man hammer.

“Ohhh Thor!” Jean cried out. “It’s so…so big!”

“Yes, mortal wench,” he seethed lustfully. “Say thine, name! Say it with utter glee!”

His grip on her wrists tightened.

His imposing, muscular body pressed down against her, further securing his domination.

He leaned in, licked the side of her face, and began fucking her in a steady succession of bodily thrusts.

It was happening. Jean was fucking a demigod. Her inner muscles stretched more than usual to accommodate his length. Even with her arousal, it tested her mortal body in ways no cosmic power could prepare her for. It still felt incredible. She still felt a flood of intense sensations that left her completely at the mercy of the Thunder God.

“Yes! Oh yes! Thor! Oh mighty Thor!” Jean cried out.

With every movement, the bed shook. Every moan and grunt he evoked echoed across the temple. He was not too quick with his motions, favoring force over fervor in his sex. It ignited every pleasure nerve within her. She even felt some extra electricity in the sensations.
In addition to those divine feelings, Thor was exceedingly thorough in tasting her flesh with his lips. He kept licking around her neck and face, nibbling on parts of her neck, as if her were dining on a succulent meal. There was more hunger than affection in his actions, but it succeeded in adding more fuel to the fiery lust that drove their sex. She had to tap more of the Phoenix Force, just to process the feeling. However, that seemed to encourage Thor.

“Thou hast more power than you think,” he whispered into her ear with lurid glee. “Come! Show me thine fiery lusts!”

He stepped up the pace of their sex, adding urgency to her choice. Harder and faster, he worked his cock inside her. The weight of his body kept her pinned, his ripped manly flesh grinding against hers through every movement. Jean, in her pinned state, could only spread her legs wider and moan more blissful proclamations.

Eventually, the Phoenix Force reacted along with her body. Jean’s eyes continued to glow with the radiance of cosmic fires. As he fucked her harder, overwhelming her with more intense sensations, the radiance grew brighter. Jean’s body became surrounded by a fiery halo, much to the delight of the eager Thunder God.

“Yes! That’s what I want to see,” Thor said. “Come, my lady! Let us partake in the cosmic side of lechery!”

As the halo grew brighter, the Thunder God wrapped her in his muscular arms once more and held her up in his powerful embrace. Before Jean knew it, he had her hovering over the bed, her legs hooked around his waist while she clung to his shoulders for leverage. Now propped on his knees, he grabbed hold of her waist and began bouncing her on his rigid dick with great vigor.

Jean moaned louder as her inner folds slithered along his length. More overwhelming sensations surged through her, rendering her increasingly dazed by the ecstasy. The fiery aura around her body flared, much to Thor’s delight. His grip on her tightened, his powerful hands feeling like an unbreakable vice. He wasn’t just guiding her to a divine orgasm. He was pushing her towards it, as though he sought to drown her in an ocean of bliss.

“You are close, my lady. Thor can sense it!” he said intently.

“Yes! Oh yes! I’m close! I’m so...so close!” Jean panted.

“Then, do it!” Thor bellowed. “Join Thor as he takes you to the Springs of Valhalla! Join me... Lady of the Phoenix!”

His voice was so deep and intense. His forehead now resting against hers, he locked eyes with her again. Jean, with her eyes still glowing and the aura around her still burning, was about to peak. She sensed Thor was about to climax as well.

In his gaze, she saw a divine temptation. He was taking her to a place few mortal women had journeyed. It was so powerful and profound that it threatened to overwhelm the mortal side of her mind. It already felt like she was past the point of no return. She was going to climax with Thor, thereby fulfilling his divine desires.

However, just as that moment arrived, Jean whispered something into his ears.

“I’m ready...Loki.”

At that moment, the intense look in his eyes faltered.
At that same moment, Jean climaxed. However, it was satisfying in a very different way.

While Thor – or the figure appearing to be him – looked on in a state of shock, Jean threw her head back and let out an orgasmic cry. However, in addition to the rush of pleasure, she also unleashed a powerful burst of cosmic flame. It quickly filled the temple with the dazzling radiance of the Phoenix Force, illuminating the many Asgardian symbols throughout the temple. It also broke her free of his powerful grip and knocked him out of the bed. He didn’t even get a chance to climax.

“Aagh!” was all he got out.

He landed on the hard floor with a thud, still naked and still very erect. Before he could pick himself up, the cosmic flames radiating from Jean formed a cage-like structure around him. When he tried to escape them, they burned his flesh in ways that shouldn’t have been possible for a powerful Asgardian.

“Ahhh! You mewling quib! What is this sorcery?” he demanded, no longer sounding at all like Thor.

“Mmm…give me a minute…and I’ll explain,” said Jean, still hovering in mid-air as she writhed in orgasmic bliss.

“Save your breath, my dear maiden,” came a booming voice that echoed throughout the temple, “for the real Thor can spare you the trouble.”

As the flames of the Phoenix Force swirled around Jean, a blinding lightning bolt shot out from an emblem in the ceiling. Had anyone familiar with Asgardian runes paid close attention, they would’ve recognized the symbols denoting a special gateway. They were mostly used by Asgardian warriors for sneak-attacks in coordination with Heimdall. They also made for secret entrances in private domains, including temples.

From the flashing bolt, the familiar figure of Thor appeared. He looked just like the Thor that had greeted Jean moments ago. However, his poise was different. That difference only became more apparent when the figure in the flaming cage faded, replaced by the less honorable figure of Loki.

“And just like that, the mood is gone,” he muttered, now speaking in his natural tone.

“I beg to differ, dear brother,” scoffed Thor. “Did you not think we would notice that you had escaped the royal prisons?”

“The thought had crossed my mind,” Loki quipped. “It wouldn’t be the first time for such an oversight.”

“Aye,” he conceded, “but to disappear shortly after the All-Father tasked me with finding missing rune stones? My brother, you should be smarter than that.”

“What makes you think I haven’t-oww!”

The Trickster god attempted to attack through the fiery bars of his cage. He ended up burning himself again. He groaned angrily as he clenched his hand. He even tried forming some clothes, if only to hide his naked appearance from his smug brother. He quickly learned that Jean was smarter than he’d realized.

“What’s the matter, Loki? Can’t trick or deceive?” said Jean, still beaming from her sexual release.

“These flames,” he said, still clutching his hands, “they’re different.”
“They should be. They come courtesy of the Phoenix Force,” she said proudly. “You probably read up on all the things the Phoenix can do. When you said that Asgard knew about cosmic beings like the Phoenix Force, I believed you.”

“Tis a rare instance of Loki being truthful,” added Thor. “Such instances have been quite scarce, as of late.”

“I imagine you knew the breadth of its power. I don’t blame you for trying to control it by controlling me,” said Jean. “You just didn’t read the fine print.”

Jean, now in an impassioned mood, lowered herself back onto the bed. Still wearing a short skirt and boots, she joined Thor next to the cage. She playfully stood by him, making sure he had a good view of her breasts. It both taunted and tantalized the deceptive god, which seemed so fitting, given his history.

“At its core, the Phoenix Force purifies and cleanses the cosmos,” said Jean. “It burns away what doesn’t work. That includes lies, deceptions, and illusions…even those forged by a god.”

“In other words, you may employ as much arcane trickery as you wish. It will not save you this time,” Thor said. “You will remain encaged until you are returned to Asgard.”

That hard truth didn’t stop him from testing the fiery bars. He tried to escape again, directing his magic towards them. The structure barely flinched. If anything, they burned brighter. Loki groaned angrily as more exposed skin got burned. He continued glaring daggers towards him and Jean, but it didn’t change his fate.

“Clever, brother,” said Loki as he angrily rubbed his burnt hands. “You actually managed to trick a trickster, but had to use a crimson-haired harlot to do so.”

“If you’re trying to insult me, don’t bother,” said Jean. “Being insulted by the God of Lies might as well be a compliment.”

“Ha! Thine attitude is as robust as thine bosom, Lady Grey-Summers,” laughed Thor.

“You think my only recourse is mere insults?” Loki scoffed. “I still had my way with you, did I not? I know when harlots pretend to taste Valhalla’s delight and you hardly resisted.”

“So what if I got off?” shrugged Jean. “It just means I tricked you and had fun with it.”

“Your fun will earn you nothing more than my wrath!” he spat. “You think fooling me once will end this? Those missing stones are still out there. You wouldn’t have bothered tricking me if you’d found them.”

“So what if we haven’t found them?” said Thor. “You know the All-Father’s policy towards you, brother. Whenever you escape your well-earned punishment, you become Asgard’s top priority.”

“Bah! Such a feckless policy,” Loki scoffed. “You know as well I do that the All-Father has yet to make a prison that can hold me! So expect my vengeance to find you one day. And don’t expect it to be quite so enjoyable.”

His tone was menacing. Even within a cage of cosmic fire, Loki carried himself as the most capable god in all the nine realms. As much as Jean hoped that this would be her last encounter with Loki, she knew his reputation. He had a knack for escaping Asgardian justice and causing more chaos, especially to those who wronged him.
Looking over at Thor, she saw his demeanor shift as well. He gripped his legendary hammer and narrowed his gaze on his adopted brother. Other members of the Avengers had told Jean that Thor had a complicated relationship with his brother. As much as they clashed, he still held out hope that he might one day abandon his malicious ways. That day wasn’t coming anytime soon, but that sliver of hope kept Thor from abandoning his brother completely.

That didn’t mean he took Loki’s threats likely. It just meant that he had to respond to them carefully.

“I don’t doubt that you will continue evading Asgardian justice,” Thor told him. “I also don’t doubt that you will target the good and noble spirits of others, such as Lady Grey-Summers.”

“And I’m prepared to bear that burden,” said Jean proudly. “My husband and I can bear more than you think. We’ve made connections with the Avengers. Thanks to my little stunt here, we intend to make others in Asgard.”

“You think that’ll save you from my boundless disdain?” shot Loki.

“I’m certain you will try, if given the opportunity,” said Thor. “You may even attempt to exact your vengeance in a manner that I cannot prevent. That is in line with your devious nature. It could leave the fine lady here vulnerable.”

“Like I said, I can handle it. I have friends, lovers, a husband, and a cosmic force on my side,” said Jean, flashing a Phoenix-shaped halo to reinforce her point, “but something tells me that’s not enough for you.”

“Aye,” said Thor as he turned back towards Jean. “While I do not doubt your capabilities, Lady Grey-Summers, I remain concerned. I cannot always be present to protect you from chaos born of Asgard. But I can offer other assurances.”

“Like what?” Jean asked curiously.

A suggestive grin formed on his rugged face. Jean knew that look well. Loki had perfectly mirrored it earlier. Knowing she was looking at the real Thor gave it a much greater impact.

“In my vast experience with Loki’s enemies and beautiful maidens, the best recourse is to give such beautiful souls an incentive.”

“An incentive, you say?” Jean said with more intrigue. “What kind of incentive?”

“The kind that will endear your faith in Thor in a way you shan’t soon forget!”

Jean didn’t need telepathy or cosmic awareness to surmise what he had in mind. Her intrigue quickly turned to excitement as the imposing Thunder God set his enchanted hammer aside and drew her into a powerful kiss. It was a kiss full of powerful lust and divine desire. Having only gotten a taste of it thus far, Jean eagerly reciprocated the offer.

She was even more animated than she’d been earlier. As they hungrily kissed, Thor wrapped his muscular arms around her and felt up her half-naked body. She was already topless and still wearing the short leather skirt from earlier. When she lifted her leg up, allowing Thor to feel up her thighs, her butt and pussy were briefly exposed. Knowing Loki was still watching, she made it a point to put on a show.

The furious kissing quickly turned into divine foreplay. Jean could already feel his erection bulging through his pants. She also sensed a different kind of desire from Thor than she had with Loki,
even though Loki used his brother’s form. It was less domineering and more genuine. Given how the first sex act had played out, it felt like the kind of act she needed at that moment.

“Hmf,” said Loki bitterly. “His mouth probably tastes like old mead and expired goat milk.”

“Mmm…mead and goat milk,” Jean purred seductively. “Sounds delicious! It’s making me so hot.”

In yet another act that drew Loki’s ire, Jean momentarily broke the embrace with Thor. Then, while still in plain view of the trapped trickster god, she slipped out of her skirt. She even wiggled her hips a little, shaking her ass right in his face. She felt his scorn, but she also felt Thor’s growing desire. Seeing her fully naked effectively sealed the Thunder God’s recourse.

“Lady Grey-Summers,” he said with escalating desire, “your nude form is a gift to thine eyes!”

“Aw, thanks!” she said playfully. “And if you’re offering incentive to me, then it’s only fair that I do the same.”

What she did next surprised the Thunder God more than anything Loki had done, which he was sure to despise. Like a horny sex goddess, she pounced on the imposing Asgardian with lustful intent. She kissed him again, pawing his chest and pushing him back towards the bed.

Along the way, he began removing his armor. Together, they got it off quickly, rendering Thor exposed from the waste up. His muscular physique was every bit as chiseled as Loki’s illusion. He must have just come from a recent battle because Jean felt even more muscles as she explored his upper body by means of more foreplay.

When they reached the bed, Jean undid his pants, his growing erection still growing from their touch. As she began removing them, he sat down on the foot of the bed. Once they were at his ankles, she dropped to her knees and got face-to-face with that big, godly endowment between his legs.

“Another big, Asgardian cock,” Jean said eagerly as she squeezed his shaft with both hands. “And this time, it’s real!”

“Aye! Tis as real as thine ass and bosom,” said Thor.

“And I bet your brother was hoping to trick a blowjob out of me at some point. That’s too bad for him. Lucky for you, Thunder God, no tricks will be necessary!”

Jean could hear Loki grinding his teeth in rage as he watched on. That just motivated her even more to give Thor a blowjob worthy of a god.

She went to work on his divine endowment, taking much of his length into her mouth. It tested her jaw as much as her gag reflex. His dick was big and was still growing as he neared full arousal. Jean accelerated that process as she licked and sucked along his length. It tested the extent of her oral sex skills. They proved more than sufficient. Thor was already leaning back on his arms, grunting and gasping in approval.

“Ahh, Lady Grey-Summers!” he said in delight. “You wield thine tongue like I wield my hammer!”

“You probably say that to every wench who suckles your cock,” said Loki.

“Only to those who are worthy!” Thor retorted.
Knowing Loki was still watching, Jean bobbed her head up and down as she gave the kind of oral sex that evoked more jealousy. While Loki already harbored plenty of jealousy towards his brother, getting a blowjob from the same woman who’d tricked him definitely added to it.

Jean worked his shaft thoroughly, looking up at him like a faithful adherent offering gifts to the god. Unlike Loki, Thor didn’t demand it. He simply gave her an opportunity and she took it. For that, she offered her thanks, as well as her best blowjob. Through hard sucking and steady stroking, she got him completely fully erect. Between the prospect of more sex with a god and a trapped Loki watching them, Jean got very aroused as well.

Thor was ready.

She was ready.

It was time for more divine fucking.

“What say you, my Thunder Stud?” Jean said, looking up at him while still stroking his cock. “Was that blowjob worthy?”

“Aye! Most worthy indeed, my lady!” said Thor gleefully.

“Then, let us proceed,” she said seductively. “I think you’ll find my pussy every bit as worthy.”

Thor needed no convincing or sacred incantations to believe that. He was already looking at her with desire that mortal and god alike could appreciate. Jean shared in that desire and joined him on the bed.

Just as before, she pounced on him like the horny harlot that Loki tried to use as an insult. She grabbed him by the shoulders, crashed her lips against his, and pushed him further up on the bed until he was on his back. It completely reversed the roles from earlier. This time, Jean had all the dominating leverage. Thor might have been a god throughout Midgard, but he didn’t impose that divine will the way Loki had. That, more than anything, set him apart from his devious brother.

It also gave Jean an idea on how to put on another divine spectacle. While on top of the Thunder God, priming their bodies for sex, she whispered something into his ear.

“Lay back,” she told him. “I want Loki to watch me while I fuck you. And I want you to enjoy as much as he hates seeing it.”

“Lady Grey-Summers…such lurid predilections for such a fair maiden,” he said.

“Is that a turn-off?”

“I say thee nay!”

They shared a mischievous grin. For once, the Trickster God would be on the other side of such mischief. That added even more incentive to make their sex extra-divine.

Emboldened and motivated, Jean shot up from the naked Thunder God and positioned herself for another holy union. Thor remained on his back while she straddled his pelvis in a reverse cowgirl position. That gave her a perfect view of the fiery cage that still contained Loki. She could sense him trying to escape, but that just intensified the flames. Given the narrow space of his confinement, all he could do was watch as Jean aligned Thor’s dick with her pussy.

“Look, Loki!” she told him. “I’m going to fuck your brother!”
He muttered a string of curses that she couldn’t hear. He kept glaring daggers at her, even as she lowered herself onto his dick.

Sensations of hard penetration followed. His large dick stretched her inner muscles, just as before. Unlike before, Jean was ready for it. She needed little time to adjust before the fun began. With one hand on Thor’s thigh and another on her breast, she began riding his dick with playful glee. She even summoned some power from the Phoenix Force to add a little cosmic flare to go along with the Thunder God’s strength.

“Yes! Oh yes! Praise, the gods! Praise, Thor!” Jean exclaimed. “This big, hard dick…so mighty!”

“Praise on, my lady! Praise as you please!” Thor said.

Like an aspiring sex goddess, Jean fucked the powerful Asgardian. She bounced and gyrated her hips, skillfully working her pussy along his rigid cock. She was playful and elaborate with her movements, putting on a show for the embittered Loki.

She was loud and vulgar with every movement.

She licked her lips while casting a lecherous gaze.

She fondled her bouncing breasts, occasionally slapping her ass. While Loki only grew more bitter, Thor’s excitement grew. He joined in the fun, swatting her ass several times as well.


Jean replied with more faster movements and louder moans. She was already on her way towards another orgasm. This time, she didn’t have to tap into the Phoenix Force just to endure Thor’s divine lust. She could just fuck him like a mortal woman and still enjoy it to the utmost.

That was something else with which to taunt Loki. He relied so heavily on his godly status. It showed in how he fucked her earlier. He didn’t appreciate the care and consideration that a more honorable god exercised in having sex with a mortal woman. Jane Foster once said it was among Thor’s most honorable traits. Jean wholeheartedly agreed.

“Oohhh Thor!” she moaned. “So…so good! You fuck me…so good! Much better…than your brother!”

“You really think this will break me? That this will somehow dissuade my wrath?” yelled Loki.

Jean answered with more impassioned gasps. She played with her breasts more fervently. She even licked her own nipples a few times, never once taking her eyes off the bitter trickster god. She was already close to another orgasm. She made sure he saw every lurid detail.

Between Thor’s more honorable approach to divine sex and her theatrics, the next climax approached rapidly. As it drew closer, Jean worked her hips harder and faster. His godly endowment slithered rapidly inside her depths, stimulating her in ways that felt plenty divine. It helped get him to the brink as well. She sensed it in the way Thor grasped her butt, letting out determined grunts that resembled those of his greatest battles.

That gave Jean another idea.

Thor seemed to have a similar idea.

“Thor…I’m ready!” Jean said intently.
“As am I, my crimson beauty! As am I!” Thor replied.

“Before you come…put it in my ass!” Jean said intently. “I only gave Loki my pussy. I want you…to have my ass!”

“And a fine ass it is!” he said proudly.

It earned her another incensed look from Loki. He must have planned on more elaborate sex acts before being exposed. This just rubbed more salt in the wound. Thor didn’t even have to trick her and he was getting her ass.

With effortless coordination, they adjusted their bodies to maximize Loki’s view. Jean got on her hands and knees. Thor rose up from the bed and positioned himself behind her. His cock only left her pussy in the process. Once he was in position, he guided it towards her waiting hole. Despite his size, Jean wasn’t the least bit concerned. She didn’t even take her eyes off Loki. She just gripped the sheets hard and waited for the moment.

The second he thrust into her again, Jean let out another vocal gasp. It started with a sharp sting, but she quickly adjusted. Having become so comfortable with various sex acts, including anal, she knew how to take a well-endowed man. Even on a whim, such momentary discomfort quickly morphed into greater pleasure.

“By the halls of Valhalla!” Thor gasped as he pushed his cock in deep. “Thine ass…so divine!”

“Ooh Thor!” Jean moaned out. “Please…fuck my ass! Fuck it till we come!”

He answered with a lustful grunt, worthy of any warrior, followed by fresh round of focused thrusts. He was more concise, working his godly manhood in her tight ass at a steady, yet thorough pace. He still demonstrated his Asgardian strength, rocking her body and her world on the path to another climax.

“Yes! Yes! Ohhh Hela yes!” Jean moaned.

“Say that name any louder and she might hear you,” groaned Loki.

“Watch us, Loki!” she said, unaffected by her comment. “Watch your brother fuck me! I want you to see…how a worthy god fucks!”

“A worthy god…indeed!” said Thor, his voice deep with lust.

They each eyed Loki as their naked bodies rocked through the final round of motions. When they crossed that final threshold, the movements steadied and the dam holding back the ecstasy broke. Once it hit, both Jean and Thor let out euphoric moans that were sure to leave a lasting mark in Loki’s memory.

“OOH! FOR MIDGARD!” they each yelled out.

Thor got his first. She felt his fleshy rod stiffen inside her, filling her depths with his divine juices. Jane warned her that Asgardian cum had some strong effects on a mortal woman’s biology, some of which explained why there were so many stories about gods seducing mortal women. The feeling that followed for Jean didn’t do justice to those stories.

The orgasmic pleasure hit like a bolt of lighting, which felt so fitting for a thunder god. She even heard thunder echoing from outside, as if the heavens were acknowledging their shared ecstasy. Jean shot up from her current state, grasped her breasts, and was extra emotive with her expression,
leaving little room for doubt how much better it had been than the first.

Thor further supplemented her theatrics, wrapping his arms around her from behind and kissing down her neck. It was a considerate, honorable gesture for a god who had given her such a worthy fuck. She returned it in kind, proving that she’d been worthy of his desires.

“By the fruits of Yggdrasil,” Thor said breathlessly, “your loins are a heavenly delight.”

“Coming from the true God of Thunder, I appreciate that,” said Jean with a beaming smile. “Your worthiness is only matched by your endowment.”

“The grace of a goddess and the tongue of a harlot,” he laughed, “you are a special soul indeed, Lady Grey-Summers! I can see why the Phoenix Force chose thee.”

“And I can see why you’re so good with hammers.”

They shared another laugh before kissing again. Thor withdrew his cock, which still dripped with her juices. He continued savoring the taste, touch, and feel of her naked body. She sensed he still had plenty of divine lust to share. She also sensed Loki still watching, muttering more curses under his breath.

“Dirty wench and an arrogant fool,” he sneered while watching them make out. “Tis a match forged in Muspelheim. I’d call her just another glory-seeking whore, but I think she’s worse. She’s using you as much as you’re using her for passing pleasure, brother. Be certain I’ll treat her the same way you treat all your favorite toys one day!”

They didn’t respond. They just kept kissing and fondling one another. Loki was still as jealous as ever. Jean didn’t doubt he was already plotting some elaborate revenge scheme. He might even be a problem, especially if he got caught up in whatever had attacked Spider-Man, Rogue, and Ms. Marvel. Evoking his wrath

That was to be expected. Dealing with Asgardians often meant dealing with Loki’s mischief. That made forging good connections with them important. Thor had given her plenty of incentive to trust him to keep fighting the right battles. It couldn’t hurt to provide plenty of incentive as well.

“Just so you know, that cage will hold him for a good long while,” said Jean. “It should last until your father puts him in whatever cell he thinks can hold him.”

“That is good to know, my lady,” said Thor. “I assure thee that Odin has prepared a robust prison for my devious sibling. Although his capture will not allay his concerns regarding his missing rune stones.”

“I understand. Scott and I still intend to help with that,” Jean went on. “Scott is already on a mission of his own, looking for clues and insight. It’ll be a lot easier without Loki in the mix.”

“Thor agrees with thine take. Does thou intend to join him?”

“I certainly could,” said Jean coyly, “but I’m confident my husband can handle himself. And since we have some extra time on our hands, I’d like to make use of it.”

She cast Loki one more lurid glance before turning around, snaking her arms around Thor’s neck, and kissing him again. This time, she used a lot more tongue to let him know how she wanted to spend that time. She could already feel his member getting hard again. Asgardian physiology apparently had quick recovery times, both for battle and for sex.
“Mmm…thine loins are still as lively as thine spirit,” he said.

“Is that your way of saying you’re up for more sex?” Jean teased.

“Aye! Most definitely aye!”

They laughed playfully before resuming their foreplay. More tongue-heavy kissing followed. More groping and pawing ensued. Before Jean knew it, she was on her back with the Thunder God on top of her, ready for another round. When he parted her legs and thrust that godly dick back into her pussy, he made sure their naked bodies were still visible by Loki. She still felt his angry glares, but chose not to concern herself anymore.

For now, Jean was content to just enjoy more sex with a well-endowed god. It wasn’t as planned as before. She and Thor just followed their lustful whims and let the desire for more ecstasy followed. It further sealed the new connection she and Scott were forging. Like the Avengers, Thor and the rest of Asgard were powerful allies. They knew magic, as well as monsters. Depending on how new threats played out, they needed all the help they could get.

‘Having new allies always makes up for making new enemies. Having allies that have seen me naked seem to be more eager, as well. I’ll make sure Thor shares that sentiment. Hopefully, Scott is just as successful on his end. If there is a connection between this ongoing threat and the missing rune stones, then we’ll need plenty of eager allies.’

Asgard – Above Sylvenheim Tavern

“Oohhh! Spirits of Valhalla, yes!” moaned a very animated Sif. “Scott Summers…your tongue…I had no idea Midgardians could wield it so well!”

“Thank you, Lady Sif,” replied Scott in a polite, yet confident tone, “but what makes you think I’m finished?”

“By the gods!” was all she got out before descending into another fit of blissful moans.

Those moans had been filling the small, but well-furnished bedroom that was just above the Sylvenheim Tavern. They belonged to Lady Sif, one of the most celebrated and respected warriors in Asgard. She was best known for fighting alongside Thor during many of his most celebrated battles. There were even some instances in which she proved more capable than Thor. In terms of warrior spirit, her equals were few and far between.

In addition to her spirit, Sif had a passionate side that she only revealed to a select few. Thor was one of those select few, which set a high bar for Scott. He expected plenty of reluctance when she agreed to meet him on Asgard to discuss the missing rune stones that had been troubling Odin. She’d met and exceed those expectations in many respects. Scott doubted she would’ve listened to a single word had Thor not cashed in a favor before leaving for Norway. He had to make the most of that favor, which was part of what led them to this bedroom.

How they ended up there was secondary. At the moment, Scott’s primary mission involved giving Lady Sif the best oral sex any man from any realm had ever given her. Based on the noise she made and the way she clutched the headboard of the undersized bed, he was meeting those objectives.

“I’m getting close! Praise Odin, I’m getting close!” she gasped while squeezing the headboard so hard that it cracked.
Scott remained laser-focused on the task before him. As Sif lay on her back, her legs spread extra-wide in an impressive feat of flexibility, he immersed herself in the hot womanly flesh of her pussy. He lapped his tongue in and out of her depths, using his fingers to spread her folds so he could target her most sensitive areas. It had taken some extra effort, but he had her on the brink.

‘This isn’t just a trend anymore. It’s a skill and a tactic, more so than I could’ve imagined. I knew I’d have to prove myself to Sif before I even got to Asgard. I even expected it to get intimate. There’s no way Thor kept his mouth shut when he started coordinating with Jean, especially his closest friends. I just didn’t think Sif would be so quick to choose this recourse.’

It was hard to believe they’d gotten to this point already. Scott had arrived to meet Sif at the Rainbow Bridge with Heimdall a couple hours ago. Initially, she didn’t look the least bit impressed. Even though the X-men had traveled to Asgard before in a previous clash with Loki, she didn’t trust him for the same reasons she rarely trusted anyone from Midgard.

Scott spent the first hour convincing her that he and Jean were worth Asgardian time. He also had to squeeze in their ongoing concerns about unseen threats that even cosmic forces like the Phoenix couldn’t see. He didn’t claim that there were any connections to the missing rune stones that had troubled Odin, but he noted the distressing possibilities if that proved true.

Eventually, Sif’s intrigue overshadowed her mistrust. That intrigue evolved into a connection. When Scott began talking about his and Jean’s vision for X-Corp and their connection to the Phoenix Force, she took him more seriously. All the while, she’d been downing her share of mead from Sylvenheim Tavern. Scott didn’t recall what led her to seek a more intimate setting. He just remembered how she offered it to him.

“There’s a private room upstairs where whores invite patrons who’ve yet to run up their tab,” Sif told him. “Since the barkeep owes me a favor, I’d like to finish this exchange in more intimate settings.”

There was no subtlety in her tone. She’d had even grasped his wrists and stealthily guided it up her skirt, revealing that she didn’t have any underwear. Scott didn’t know if that was typical for Asgardian warrior women, but he didn’t bother asking questions. He just followed her up to the room.

Somewhere between dragging him through the crowd of drunk Asgardians and ascending the stairs behind the main bar, Sif began kissing and pawing him. She was intense and direct, but it wasn’t because of the alcohol. Scott sensed she was sober enough to test him in a very particular way. That test began the second they entered the small, but well-kept bedroom.

‘She might have planned this, but only to a point. She’s a warrior has had to do more than fight. Thor casts a large shadow in Asgard. She works hard to distinguish herself, no matter the strain. But enduring so much strain doesn’t leave much room for anything else…including pleasure.’

Sensing more issues than basic trust, Scott followed her passions from the door to the bed. She shed every bit of clothing along the way. Her warrior training had given her a beautiful, toned body worthy of an Asgardian. However, he’d barely had time to admire it. By the time they reached the bed, she’d gotten him out of his shirt and pants. From there, she led him onto the bed, spread her legs, and demanded he go down on her.

“Taste me! Immerse yourself in my loins!” Sif had told him. “Prove that you can bring an Asgardian warrior to paradise!”

She tried to sound seductive, but it came off as a challenge. Scott embraced that challenge, like he
did with any high-stakes mission. There were still objectives to achieve, but those could not take precedence until he brought the proud warrior to orgasm.

That proved challenging. Even after he buried his face between her legs, it took a while to get a feel for her intimate flesh. He’d been told that Asgardian physiology was very similar to human physiology. That had proven true thus far, but it took some added effort to get her to the edge. Through a few more targeted teases with her tongue, he got Lady Sif over it and into that godly domain she craved.

“Oohhh Spirits of Valhalla, yes!” she exclaimed.

The same agility she showed in battle once again manifested. She arched her back, curled her toes, and moaned a string of Asgardian profanities that reverberated throughout the room. Scott even felt her inner folds contract around his tongue in accord with the waves of pleasure. In addition, a river of hot feminine juices seeped down her inner thighs, which he readily licked up.

“Mmm…Asgardian pussy,” Scott said. “It tastes divine.”

“I appreciate…your choice of words,” Sif said while catching her breath.

“Do they make me worthy, in your eyes?” he asked her.

“That’s another word…I’d choose carefully.”

As the former X-Men leader looked up from between her thighs, Sif cracked a smile. It was the first smile she’d shown since meeting him. That opened the door to other exchanges, including those of a non-sexual variety. Some might even benefit from occurring in such a private, intimate setting.

Once Sif came down from her orgasmic daze, she rose up and drew Scott into another embrace. It gave him a more comprehensive feel of her naked body, which she seemed more eager to share after experiencing his oral sex skills. Scott was just as interested in sharing. While he still had his boxers on, he was already partially aroused. Sif sensed it too, reaching down between them and feeling the growing bulge with her hand.

“Fleshly exchanges and intimate revelry are a powerful force,” she told him, still smiling, but adopting a more serious tone. “It’s something every being in every realm appreciates…some more than others.”

“Is Midgard one of them?” asked Scott coyly.

“I believe you’ve answered that question already,” said Sif, “and I suspect you still have others…including those that needn’t involve sensual proclivities.”

“You’d be right about that, Lady Sif. But I’m willing to confront those questions on a basis of preference. I understand I’m a guest here in Asgard. I’ll go along with what you deem proper.”

“That’s a noble sentiment, Scott Summers. And one that does not usually rouse my loins. However, in this unorthodox instance, the issues at hand are best confronted through intimate means.”

Scott’s curiosity grew, almost as much as his arousal. Sif remained serious, but he also sensed some excitement in her tone. She’d spent so much time fighting, training, and competing with fellow warriors. Opportunities for something like this must have been few and far between.

With more energy than most women showed after an orgasm, Sif broke the embrace and reached
into her discarded armor, which she’d tossed atop a nearby dresser. From a small compartment near the breast plate, she retrieved a small stone with a Nordic inscription in it. She then rejoined him in the center of the bed and held it up for him to see.

“Is that what I think it is?” asked Scott.

“It is, but only in part,” Sif answered. “This is an Asgardian Rune Stone. They are among the most basic tools of the mystic arts. Commonly forged by mages and sorcerers, they’re crafted to facilitate a variety of effects. Some are simple and hardly noteworthy. This one, in particular, was purchased at an Alfeim market.”

“It sounds like the simple type of stone,” he surmised.

“That’s because it is. They’re not as common as flies on spoiled meat, but they’re not rare either.”

Sif held it closer. She then closed her eyes and concentrated on it briefly. The stone reacted, giving off a soft pinkish glow. Scott sensed the energy radiating from the small relic. It wasn’t much, especially when compared to the Phoenix Force or even a powerful mutant. It still sent a message. These magic rune stones were capable of real effects.

“I’m showing it to you for the sake of reference, Scott Summers,” Sif continued. “The rune stones that went missing were among the most valuable in all the realms. They were so valuable that the All-Father saw fit to seal them in his vault.”

“Were they dangerous? Do you know what they did?” he asked.

“I’m afraid not,” said Sif with a sigh. “No one other than the All-Father knows of their power. I only know that he was deeply disturbed when some agent of Midgard managed to steal them.”

“What do you know about this agent? What makes him think he came from our world?”

“I only know as much as the All-Father told me,” she answered. “He says the devious wizard called himself Belasco. He didn’t say how or why he took the stones. He just said they were missing. And if he were to employ the power of those stones, then the damage he could do might leave every realm unbalanced.”

For the first time, the seriousness of this issue gained a greater context. He and Jean agreed that the attacks on Rogue, Ms. Marvel, and Spider-Man were serious. They also agreed that, when it came to magic, they were out of their element. Knowing that someone like Odin, a god-like being with plenty of god-like power to match, was concerned about these missing stones made it bigger than either of them expected.

The fact that the thief came from Earth added even more weight to the issue. He and Jean had been warned by others familiar with mystical forces that bold actions invited bold consequences. Wielding the Phoenix Force, celebrating their passion, and starting X-Force were more than just bold. If those missing rune stones were as powerful as Sif described, then the consequences could be far more dangerous.

“As a wielder of the Phoenix Force, I know the importance of balance better than most,” said Scott. “If these stones are really that dangerous, then rest assure my wife and I will help you find them.”

“You and your wife are honorable souls…not to mention quite generous with your intimate flesh,” said Sif with another half-smile.

“We’ve also learned the importance of intimate connections,” he added, grinning as well. “We’ve
found them to be quite rewarding.”

“Indeed, they are,” the Asgardian warrior said. “And while I welcome your assistance and your connections, it is not up to me. Odin remains intent on keeping the search for these stones quiet. While that could change in time, I am authorized to forge a preliminary partnership with your kind. It isn’t much, but it is a foundation on which to build.”

“That’s all we really need. Nothing worthy ever got built without a foundation.”

Sif laughed at his remark. That was another first. Lady Sif was known for many things, most of which involved a sword. She was not known for having a sense of humor. Scott had made her laugh and climax within the span of a couple hours. That did plenty to lay a promising foundation.

Still smiling and holding the stone, she returned to Scott’s intimate presence. He embraced her with his arms, enjoying more of her exposed skin, which she welcomed. They remained in the center of the bed, the mood still very sensual, despite such serious issues.

“I’m glad we could forge this connection, Scott Summers,” said Sif. “I wish I could offer more than mere prospects of future cooperation.”

“You’ve delivered plenty,” Scott assured her. “I’d call this exchange successful in all the ways that mattered.”

“As would I,” she agreed, “but as Thor often says after a hardy meal, there’s always room for extra revelry.”

Sif’s attention drifted back to the slowing stone in her hand. Her smile widened as she clutched it harder, causing it to glow brighter. As it radiated more energy, Scott felt the sensual mood between them intensify. He also felt the arousal in his boxers escalate rapidly.

“I might have forgotten to mention this, but the rune I hold happens to be a fertility rune,” Sif told him.

“So I’ve noticed,” said Scott as he gazed at the glowing stone. “Of all the runes you could’ve used as an example, you chose a fertility rune?”

“This troubles you?” she teased.

“Not at all,” he replied. “It’s just surprising…and maybe a little telling.”

Scott was no expert in magic, but he knew enough to understand what made it potent. As the rune stone continued glowing between them, he leaned in and kissed the skilled warrior on her soft, rose-colored lips. She readily kissed back. A surge of passionate lust quickly followed, causing the rune stone to glow brighter.

It reacted to both their actions and their desires. Scott could already feel its energy supplementing that desire. His dick now stood fully erect within his boxers. When he slipped his hand between her thighs, he felt that Sif’s pussy had become wet with a fresh round of arousal. Magic or not, the desire was there. They just had to act on it.

“Fine! I admit it,” Sif said upon breaking the kiss. “I chose this stone. As a warrior who must fight harder than most to maintain her title, I rarely have time for fleshly indulgence.”

“That must be frustrating and lonely,” Scott said, still caressing her pussy with his hand.
“It is!” she said intently. “Since you’ve already proven your worthiness of Asgardian loins, I seek your intimate touch, Scott Summers. And by using this rune stone, you’ll appreciate their power even more!”

From a logistical and tactical perspective, it made perfect sense.

From a purely sensual perspective, it didn’t matter.

Sif wanted his sex. He wanted hers, having already gotten a taste. The rune stone seemed to detect that shared desire. Within Sif’s hand, it began flickering intensely, filling the room with more of its lustful energy.

“Take me, Scott Summers,” Sif whispered into his ear in a strong, yet seductive voice. “Revel with me!”

“I’d be honored, Lady Sif,” Scott replied.

They kissed again to affirm their intentions. At that moment, the rune stone rose up out of Sif’s hand. It eventually stopped just a few feet from the ceiling, hovering over the bed and bathing it in its exotic energy. It was like a beacon emanating pure lust. Scott felt it wash over him and Sif like a waterfall. Together, they dove in.

As their lips and tongues twirled, Scott shed his boxers. His erect member finally came free. He felt it stiffen even more under the light of the stone. Now as naked as the Asgardian warrior, they fell back on the bed together.

From there, they made out in a chaotic outburst of foreplay. They kissed, touched, groped, and fondled. Sif quickly took a keen interest in his penis. She stroked and rubbed it intently, feeling it throb in her hand, as if reacting to the energy from the rune. Scott felt a similar effect in her pussy. She was so hot and wet, aching for a more intimate touch.

His flesh craved hers.

Her fleshed craved his.

The power of the rune stone just added extra fuel to the fire.

“Scott Summers, leader of X-Men and wielder of the Phoenix Force,” said Sif, abruptly ceasing their heated gestures, “you proved your worthiness before. Now, I’d like to prove mine.”

“You don’t have to,” said Scott, “but I won’t stop you from making the effort.”

“A wise choice,” she with a mischievous undertone, “and when I’m through with you, it shall rank as one of the wisest you ever made!”

Never one to stop a beautiful, horny women when she was determined, Scott let the proud warrior make good on her word.

She worked quickly. Using her Asgardian strength, she laid him on his back. He now mirrored the same position as her when he’d given her oral sex. Sif then mounted him like a stallion, straddling his waist and aligning his erect dick with her moist slit. She even remained upright, allowing the light from the stone to illuminate her naked body. It was a truly divine sight.

“Lady Sif,” Scott said in awe. “Your beauty is truly godly.”
“Thank you, my handsome Midgardian,” she replied. “Though, I should warn you, my skills in the art of sex are a different kind of divinity.”

She spoke with a confidence and bravado that rivaled Thor. Knowing how much Asgardians valued vindicating their worth, Scott held onto her hips and watched Sif deliver on her word.

It began with a downward thrust of her hips, driving her pussy down onto his cock. Her tight, moist flesh quickly surrounded his manhood. It was ecstasy, her body embracing his in the spirit of intimate revelry. They each gasped as they took in the feeling, but Sif didn’t linger. As soon as his cock was fully inside her, she began riding it and she rode it hard.

“Yes! Feel it with me, Scott!” Sif proclaimed. “Feel the sweetest fruits of thine flesh!”

She grabbed hold of his waist, locked eyes with him, and utilized every bit of leverage in the sexual outburst that followed. She rocked and undulated her hips, skillfully working the tight folds of her pussy along the length of his dick. She was so focused and intense. Scott could easily imagine her utilizing a similar expression in the heat of battle.

To those facing her wrath, it must have inspired fear and dread.

To those indulging her lust, it only evoked awe and ecstasy.

Scott was glad to have her allegiance. In an effort to mirror her distinct approach to intimate activity, he matched her intense gaze with his own. He also shared in the effort, squeezing her butt with his hands and thrusting his hips upwards in accord with her movements. It didn’t just intensify the pleasure. It established a unique mood for their sex.

“Lady Sif,” Scott panted in between movements, “so sexy, strong, and determined!”

“Scott Summers,” Sif panted in a similar tone, “so honorable, dedicated, and endowed!”

It was so intimate, but so serious.

It was rigorous, but not too rough.

One moment, it felt like a mix between fucking and fighting. The next, it felt like an intimate connection between two worthy souls. It was distinct, but effective. Their naked bodies moved together with effortless harmony. His manhood and her womanhood perfectly complemented one another, providing the kind of intimate stimulation that led them down the path of ecstasy.

As they each worked towards their peak, the glowing rune stone above flickered more erratically. Pleasure supplemented desire. The bed rocked and the walls shook with the echoes of their moans. Scott shifted his grip from her butt to her breasts, squeezing them as they bounced to every movement. Sif leaned forward, pawing his chest and stepping up the pace as their shared climax drew near.

“Sif…I’m ready,” Scott said in preparation for his release.

“As am I, my Midgardian stud! As am I!” said Sif.

The Asgardian warrior was every bit as animated as she’d been earlier. Her expression tensed and her movements became more erratic. Scott tightened his hold on her breasts while she dug her nails into his chest. Together, they followed the glorious path to their own personal Valhalla. Like an army storming the gates of a fortress, they led the charge together.
“Ohhh Sif!” he gasped.

“By the Gods, yes!” Sif exclaimed.

Scott made the first charge. Within her hot flesh, his manhood throbbed before spraying a load of manly juices inside her. Powerful waves of ecstasy followed, the glowing light of the rune stone adding a special warmth to the feeling. Sif soaked up his load and mixed it with her own, her pussy contracting around his flesh as she enjoyed another release. Again, she demonstrated uncanny flexibility, arching her back and writhing with thankful cries to the heavens.

It was a divine sight to go along with a wonderful feeling. As they each soaked in the feeling, panting heavily as they shared in the indulgence. It culminated with Sif casting him the biggest smile he’d seen thus far. It might have been the biggest smile she’d shared with anyone in quite some time.

‘Wow! So that’s the power of magic in its most mundane form. If that’s what one basic rune stone could do, what could be possible with ones that went missing?’

It was a distressing prospect, but one Scott was not in a position to contemplate. Beyond the spectacle, it made Sif’s point. It highlighted the potency of the rune stone’s power. Scott had wielded the Phoenix Force with Jean long enough to know the difference between ordinary sex and the kind enhanced by an outside force. While not quite as powerful as making love on the moon in a halo of cosmic fire, the effects of this simple rune stone impressed him.

“That was great,” Scott said breathlessly, “but I’m up for more. I want more. Is that normal?”

“Aye,” said Sif with a mischievous grin. “Did I not mention that this particular rune stone is commonly used in orgies and decadent fertility rituals?”

“No, but I probably could’ve guessed,” he said with a chuckle.

“Then, do I need to convince you to continue in our revelry?”

“As long as I’m still worthy in your eyes, I’d be honored, Lady Sif.”

She kept smiling under the light of the glowing rune stone. He smiled back and kissed her again, resuming the same furious exchange of intimate gestures from earlier. His dick remained hard, her pussy remained wet, and the lust between them remained strong. The energy of the rune stone had given them everything they need to continue their indulgence. Scott chose to make the most of it with his new Asgardian connection.

Sif shared that spirit as they engaged in more sex acts. They became less coordinated, but neither one of them lost focus. Like a true test of worthiness, they challenged one another to keep up. Scott remained determined to meet that challenge as well as any mortal man who just happened to be familiar with how cosmic forces affected sex.

‘I told Jean we had to make a lasting impression with our new friends. I don’t doubt she’s doing her part with Thor. He’s probably going to brag about it the second he gets back to Asgard. The least I can do is give Sif something to brag about as well.’

Through the shared focus and desire, Scott embraced Sif’s preferred style of revelry. That involved going at it with reckless abandon under the light of the rune stone. He usually couldn’t afford to be that reckless when wielding cosmic power during intimate moments. Sif made clear that, as hardened warrior, she could handle it.
He picked her up in his arms, pinned against the nearest wall, and fucked her hard until she climaxed again.

He bent her over the nearest table, grabbed her by the hips, and fucked her from behind until he climaxed too.

She returned the favor by guiding him back to the bed, straddling his waist, and riding his cock while he leaned back on his arms to watch the show. They both climaxed after that.

Together, they went at it without reservation, working up quite a sweat and damaging plenty of furniture along the way. Sif ended up breaking the headboard over the bed and Scott knocked one of the tables over, causing it to break. That did little to slow them down. He’d offer to compensate the owner of the tavern, assuming Sif hadn’t already planned for that too. If the way she fucked were any indication, this wasn’t the first room she’d destroyed in an outburst of decadent revelry.

“Fuck me, Scott Summers!” Sif kept saying. “Fuck me like the warriors of legend!”

Scott responded only with actions, caressing and savoring her naked body through more ravenous sex. It told her everything she needed to know about the kind of man he was. Even if she didn’t have the best opinion about Midgardians, he gave her plenty of reasons to admire him.

The revelry lasted through multiple rounds of ecstasy. Whether they called them orgasms or trips to Valhalla’s wellsprings, he and Sif indulged in every wondrous sensation. It only slowed when the light of the rune stone began to fade. Just before it let out, Scott and Sif made their way back to the center of the bed. From there, she laid on her side with him spooning her from behind, pumping his cock into her for one last trip.

“By the Gods! Yes!” Sif cried out when the feeling hit.

At that moment, their sensual movements slowed. Scott’s hand found hers as they cherished one more release. As soon as it passed, the hovering rune stone stopped glowing and fell to the floor. Its mystical energy ceased. They were now just two naked figures, exhausted by so much revelry.

Heavy breathing and content moans replaced the determined grunts that had filled the room. When their exchange finally complete, Sif rolled over to face him and impart one last kiss.

The rune stone above tScott returned the gesture before settling into a divine afterglow.

“Lady Sif,” he said into her ear, “you are a special kind of worthy.”

“As are you, Scott Summers. As are you,” she replied with another rare smile. “Consider yourself an honored guest of Asgard, as well as an ally of this proud warrior.”

“The feeling is mutual. I’ve already learned a lot about magic and the power of these rune stones. I hope to learn more as Jean and I make more connections.”

“Does that, pray tell, include those of an intimate nature?”

“Of course,” Scott said without hesitation. “We know first-hand how effective those connections can be. You’ve just given us reason to keep pursuing them.”

Sif’s smile widened. She seemed both impressed and intrigued by this approach. Asgardian warriors weren’t used to pursuing connections that didn’t involve violence, swords, and magic hammers. He might have inspired Sif to change that approach. If it worked well for him and Jean, then why couldn’t it work for Asgard?
The potential was there, as were the means. All they needed were the connection. He and Jean could be that connection. Whatever threats or chaos they faced, it couldn’t hurt to have such worthy allies.

“Indeed, your approach is effective…more so than I thought,” said Sif. “It leads me to wonder if it couldn’t also work with others.”

“Others? Like who?” Scott asked curiously.

“As it just so happens, one individual does come to mind. Thor and the Avengers have crossed paths with him. You’re X-Men might have crossed paths with him as well. But with some added resources from Asgard, you might gain a special ally in the world of gods and magic!”

Japan – Kansai International Airport

“Enough of this, Brian! I already told you. I wouldn’t be flying halfway around the world if it weren’t urgent,” said a restless Elizabeth “Betsy” Braddock. “You and I both know what happens when someone with reality-warping powers is left unchecked.”

“I haven’t forgotten, Betsy,” replied the worried voice of her twin brother over a secure line, “but Mad James Jaspers is already contained. I confirmed that personally. Why fly all the way to Japan when we don’t even know it’s the true source?”

“I know what I sensed. And the call went out to me, personally. This woman – Kwannon, as she called herself – somehow knows that I specialize in dealing with unstable minds. How she knew that, I can’t say. But nobody could’ve made that connection if it weren’t serious.”

“And you don’t find that at all suspicious?” her brother said skeptically.

“Of course, I find it suspicious. That’s why I’m taking extra precautions. Nobody will get the jump on me, Brain. I’ve made sure of that. Now quit worrying and let me do what I do best.”

Betsy didn’t wait for her twin brother to argue with her. The chartered plan she’d taken from her home country, England, was on its final approach. She could already see the Osaka skyline out the window. The sun was just starting to rise and she had a long day ahead of her. Between another possible reality-warping mutant and jet lag, it promised to be arduous.

“Bloody hell,” Betsy said with a heavy sigh, “another day, another tear in the fabric of reality. I need to find another calling in life. I can’t be the one who attracts this sort of rubbish at every turn.”

After closing the secure com-link, the telepath and former model rubbed the temples of her head. She’d already endured her fill of eccentric mutants who could warp reality. It didn’t help that she was related to one in her older brother Jamie. She suspected that was why Kwannon requested her specifically when she called STRIKE the other day. Betsy hadn’t set out to be sole authority in dealing with reality-breaking threats, but that appeared to be her current path.

She didn’t mind her role with STRIKE. Being from such a prestigious family with ties to Otherworld, Betsy had been groomed all her life to fight these kinds of battles. She’d managed to survive thus far, but she didn’t share her twin brother’s passion for such a role. After this, she seriously considered making a change.

That all depended on how serious this call was. Kwannon hadn’t given specifics. She just claimed that someone was opening portals across the world using more than just traditional magic. It was
causing major disruptions in the natural order of things. It didn’t take a telepath to understand the
dire implications, but being one certainly helped.

“Just get through this,” Betsy told herself. “Find the problem, deal with it, and start making new
plans. I can’t keep following my family’s path like this. I need my own path for once.”

She let out another heavy sigh before strapping in for the final descend. As Betsy contemplated the
difficult conversations she planned to have with Brian, a redheaded the stewardess walked by with a
cart.

“One more drink before we land, my lady?” she asked in a thick English accent.

“God, yes,” Betsy said.

“Comin’ right up,” she said. “Sounds like you could use something strong.”

“You read my mind, luv,” she said, laughing at the irony.

The woman quickly made her drink. Betsy didn’t ask for specifics. She just needed something to
calm her nerves for the mission at hand. As soon as the stewardess set the drink down, she grabbed
it and gulped it down. She recognized it as a mix of scotch and fruit juice. It wasn’t her first choice
for a hard drink, but it got the job done.

As it went down her throat, she felt its effects. They came quicker than expected.

“This is good,” said Betsy. “What’s in it? It’s rather…strong.”

“You like it?” the woman said. “It’s a little something special. I reserve it for a select few.”

“Really? What made me so special?” she said. “Why would you…”

Betsy’s words abruptly trailed off. In the span of a few seconds, the effects of the drink intensified.
They were far too intense to be from alcohol. Betsy had been with STRIKE long enough to know
when someone spiked a drink. Before she could surmise what it was, her world began spinning.
She must have been hallucinating because the stewardess’ skin turned blue and her eyes turned
yellow.

“Hnn…bloody hell,” Betsy groaned.

“Don’t fight it,” said the stewardess, her voice sounding very different. “For your own good, don’t
fight anything that’s about to happen. Don’t make the same mistake I did. Don’t give the Goblin
Queen an excuse to hurt you more than she already plans to.”

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Up next: Stranger Passions
New York City – Sanctum Sanctorum

“Are you ready to begin, Mr. and Mrs. Summers?” asked a nervous, but hopeful Dr. Strange.

“I want to say yes,” Scott replied, “but you’re the one who told us that nobody can prepare for magic on this level.”

“You also mentioned the Phoenix Force has a mixed relationship with the mystical realm,” added Jean, “although you didn’t go into detail.”

“Would you be insulted if I claimed ignorance might serve as an advantage in this instance?” said the Sorcerer Supreme.

“No, but we’re always concerned about advantages built on ignorance,” said Jean.

“Especially when it could affect more than this mission,” added Scott.

The mood throughout the Sanctum Sanctorum was tense, relative to the unique circumstances of the mystical domain it occupied. Dr. Steven Strange, the Sorcerer Supreme of their particular realm, invited them into the sanctum knowing they were out of their element. As X-men, they rarely dealt in affairs involving the mystic arts. Even in those rare cases, they didn’t seek it out. They just got caught up in it.

Scott and Jean finally broke that precedent when they reached out to Dr. Strange through the Avengers. While he’d been surprised to hear from them, he didn’t sound shocked when they told him why they sought his assistance. Like their new Asgardian allies, he’d sensed the same disturbances. He told them the Eye of Agamotto had seen unknown disruptions to the proverbial web of fate. It proved so disruptive that he could not identify the source or alleviate the damage.

The best he could do was assist them in making another connection to a world not known for handing excess chaos. Once again, Scott and Jean jumped at the chance to make such a connection. They even brought along some new resources, having procured a collection of magical rune stones from Asgard. It helped set up an ambitious, but dangerous mission in the heart of the Sanctum Sanctorum.

The mission involved Scott and Jean donning their respective Phoenix attire. It also involved traveling to unknown domains within the mystical realm through gateways that only the Sorcerer Supreme could open. While the logistics were in place, the details were limited. From a tactical standpoint, they were at a disadvantage.

Having led the X-Men for years, Scott knew better than most how hard it was to succeed on such missions. Looking over at Jean, who had unflinching faith in their ability to navigate such hardship, he didn’t hide his concerns.

“You’re right,” the Sorcerer Supreme conceded. “Ignorance is an unfit foundation. But when you’re dealing with forces beyond mortal understanding, it’s unavoidable.”
“We’re used to going in underequipped and outgunned,” Scott added, “but we never go in without understanding the situation.”

“Or believing we can navigate the challenges,” said Jean. “I still have faith that we can, but this is your specialty, Dr. Strange. We need to have as much faith in you as you have in us.”

“You said you’ve sensed the same disturbances we’ve sensed,” said Scott. “Even if you can’t see the source, what can you tell us about the damage?”

The Sorcerer Supreme broke from his meditative position. He let out a deep sigh as he sat atop an elevated altar that bore the inscriptions of the Vishanti. He’d been working with great urgency since they arrived. He’d rushed them to the nexus chamber, as he called it, the second they arrived. For what he asked of them, they deserved more than same short-sighted arrogance that cost him his career as a surgeon.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to break your concentration,” said Scott.

“That’s alright, Scott,” he told him. “It’s not you. I’m just…not used to dealing with these kinds of resources. Having Asgardian rune stones at my disposal is an unexpected luxury.”

“Well, if it helps us figure this out, we can promise you plenty more,” added Jean. “We’ve recently secured some critical allies in Asgard.”

“So I’ve heard,” Dr. Strange said under his breath, much to their chagrin.

“And if the danger is that serious, they’ll be happy to help,” Jean went on. “Consider this a sample of what we can offer.”

“While I appreciate your connections, there is not an issue that can be resolved with a few extra rune stones,” Dr. Strange said. “What we’re about to attempt is bold, but there’s more at stake than a few trivial disruptions to the mystical aether.”

The Sorcerer Supreme and former surgeon took several deep breaths before reorienting himself to the task at hand. He’d only given them the basics of what he had planned. Within the Nexus Chamber, he arranged the rune stones they’d brought on small mounts that had been strategically placed throughout the room. On the walls were various tarps with large circular symbols that resembled gateways. Both the symbols and the stones were already glowing, illuminating the center of the chamber in a bright yellowish light.

That was where Scott and Jean had stood for the past several minutes while the Sorcerer Supreme prepared the process. Under their feet, a series of emblems and markings had been drawn into the floor. As they waited, Dr. Strange sat atop a decorative chair that bore the inscriptions of the Vishanti, concentrating his power and ability.

The air around them was already swirling with energy, triggering reactions from both the Phoenix Force and other unknown energies. He and Jean came expecting to deal with plenty of unknowns. Their recent connections to the mystical world had offered hints of what they were up against, but they’d yet to venture into heart of that world.

That was about to change.

“You’re both new to the world of the arcane,” Dr. Strange told them. “That is to be expected. Few without the blessing of the Vishanti know of its power.”

“We have a cosmic force. I hope that’s the next best thing,” said Jean half-jokingly.
“Even the perspective of cosmic entities like the Phoenix can only perceive so much,” he went on. “Magic is akin to the unordered static of reality. Like any force, it can be tuned or channeled for various purposes. Those purposes are limited to the anchors of fate, but when those anchors aren’t there…”

Dr. Strange’s words trailed off as a cold gust blew through the chamber. Scott and Jean felt it too. It caused the Phoenix Force to react, forming a brief halo around them. Even cosmic forces had been disturbed by recent events. It didn’t bode well for what they might face.

“They question is who or what destroyed those anchors,” Scott surmised.

“That is the primary focus of this endeavor,” Dr. Strange affirmed. “Please understand that I have been investigating this matter for quite some time. I believe it coincided with an event that occurred shortly after you two obtained the Phoenix Force.”

“And you think there’s a link?” Scott asked.

“If there is, it is likely indirect,” he said. “When one embraces a new fate, it often impacts another in unexpected ways. Sometimes, the impact is small. It barely registers in this realm or others.”

“But this isn’t small, is it?” Jean said.

“No, it is not,” Dr. Strange said strongly.

Another gust blew through the room, sending shivers down their spines. The Phoenix Force continued to show it as more flares shot out from their fiery halo. It was distressing, but distant. It was like a storm they couldn’t see in the distance, but still knew was there.

While Scott and Jean tempered the agitated cosmic force, Dr. Strange gestured towards the Eye of Agamotto that hung from his neck. Immediately, it began glowing, forming elaborate shapes of light that rapidly grew into more complex forms. It eventually showed what appeared to be a large map that resembled the holograms often used in the Danger Room.

The map depicted many amazing places, including the world they knew and others, such as Asgard. Within that depiction, however, was a dark stain that connected to every one of them.

“What you see before you is the grandest of overviews,” Dr. Strange explained. “This is what the Eye of Agamotto sees when it observes our shared realms in its entirety.”

“Wow!” said Jean. “It’s beautiful.”

“Indeed, it is,” he said, “which is why the dark stain in the middle is so jarring.”

Dr. Strange waved his hands several times, causing the magic map to zoom in on the darkness. It came to dominate much of the room, causing more distressing gusts. Scott and Jean reached out to touch it, but that only triggered more pained reactions from the Phoenix.

“This is what the Phoenix sensed too,” said Scott. “It’s more than a little jarring.”

“That’s because it should not be. What you see is not a mere disturbance. It is a perversion of the strict order that maintains the integrity of the realm,” said Dr. Strange.

“And we may be responsible for it,” said Jean distantly.

“Again, it is likely indirect,” Dr. Strange reminded them. “Someone or something triggered this
perversion. It was likely an effect rather than a cause...a recourse in defiance of the new path chosen by others. You mustn’t blame yourselves.”

“But if it’s our responsibility, we should still confront it,” said Scott.

“While I admire your resolve, such actions are not always possible, even with magic,” he told them. “Whoever or whatever is behind this perversion has hidden themselves well. They are akin to a thief who leaves only their shadow for others to find. To cause such damage means they are quite skilled. Confronting them at this stage would involve unknowns far greater than the endeavor before us.”

“They’ve already attacked others,” Scott reminded them. “How long can we put off a mission to strike back?”

“That, I cannot answer,” Dr. Strange said. “What we can do, however, is contain the damage. That involves reconnecting the realms to the appropriate anchors. That’s what I’ve tasked you to do. I’m afraid it’s all you can do for now. But rest assured, it will help. It might not be clear now, but it will aid you in due time.”

He sounded confident, which helped ease the tension in the room. With a few more hand gestures, the Eye of Agamotto closed and the glowing map faded. It left Scott and Jean with a somewhat better understanding of the mission before them. They still had concerns, but they trusted the Sorcerer Supreme could sense what remained outside their perspective.

Scott and Jean exchanged glances. Standing in the center of the room, the weight of the task before them finally sunk in. The setup required some time and resources on their part, as well as that of Dr. Strange. All the new connections they’d been making were being put to the test. The results remained to be seen, but they had the right tools for the job.

“Speaking of time,” Dr. Strange said, “we mustn’t waist a second more!”

“I have more questions, but even the Phoenix is getting antsy,” said Jean.

“That’s as good a sign as any that we’re ready,” said Scott.

“In that case, please stand in the center of the Primordial Nexus,” Dr. Strange ordered. “Prepare yourselves for a journey that will take you to the realm within realms!”

The time for reservations was over. The Sorcerer Supreme’s tone and poise left no room for doubt. There were still many lingering questions, but they weren’t going to find answers by dreading the possibilities.

Scott looked over to Jean. There was still a lingering anxiety between them, which the Phoenix Force felt as well. With the same bravery they’d refined from their time in the X-Men, Scott adopted a confident poise. His wife soon followed. He also extended his hand to hers, which she readily squeezed. Through her warm touch and the love that flowed through it, a renewed strength returned.

“Here’s to another journey with new connections,” said Scott.

“Guess we can never have too many of those,” said Jean with a warm smile. “I just wish we knew what kind of connections we’re making.”

“I have some inclinations as to who and what you might encounter,” said Dr. Strange as he returned to his meditative state, “but in this case, it is best to follow the winds of fate. Through the
power Agamotto and the Vishanti, you won’t merely find your destination. It will find you.”

With those ominous words, Dr. Strange closed his eyes and began chanting. Through every word he spoke and every gesture he made, the energy throughout the chamber intensified. The glowing runes became surrounded in a bluish flame. The gateway-like symbols on the wall came to life, radiating a purplish mists that quickly coalesced into various shapes around them. It all began converging around them, forming a cyclone of energy that around their cosmic halo.

“By the Wisdom of Oshtur…by the Scrolls of Watoomb…by the Will of Eibon…guide our willing spirits through Eternity’s winding rivers!” Dr. Strange chanted.

Scott and Jean could already sense themselves being pulled in new directions. They continued holding hands, staying close as the swirling energies engulfed them. The Phoenix Force let out a cry that echoed through the chamber, its cosmic flames mixing with the energy. Once they were surrounded, the world faded into a misty blur.

“Jean…something’s happening!” Scott said, his voice echoing in multiple directions.

“I feel it too, Scott! Is this supposed to happen?” Jean wondered aloud.

“I don’t know,” he said, “but there’s no turning back now!”

They held onto one another as they soared through the abyss. They were no longer standing within a chamber. They were flying through a tunnel of light and energy.

It was chaotic.

It was overwhelming.

It felt like they were being swept away into a world within worlds.

As they flew through the winding tunnel, two divergent paths emerged. One called out to Scott. The other called out to Jean. At that moment, they let go of one another.

“Scott Summers…I must speak with you,” said a voice from one path.

“Jean Grey-Summers…come to me!” said the voice from another.

Scott and Jean looked towards one another. They could feel the pull of each path. It was pulling them in different directions. They’d hoped to confront this together, but it looked like fate had other ideas. They could either fight it or follow it.

While their first instinct was to fight it, something within urged them to make another choice. Through their recent connections in the mystical world, they learned a few important lessons in navigating this world. One of the most important lessons involved embracing the unknown rather than dreading it.

“Go, my love,” Scott said. “I’ll find you.”

“So will I,” said Jean with a confident smile. “Strange says we must confront the perversion. Let’s not keep it waiting!”

It was as much a leap of faith as it was a bold choice. After exchanging one more look of confidence, the two lovers let go and flew down their respective paths. What waited for them at the end was impossible to tell, but they were about to find out.
Chaos Nexus

“Jean Grey-Summers…the Lord of Chaos, Shuma Gorath, demands your presence!”

Those words echoed from every direction. The voice that spoke them carried an authority that shook the very fabric of reality. Within this obscure realm between realms, the very concept of reality broke down. It left Jean Grey-Summers in a confused state. However, she didn’t dare run from it.

Now flying on the fiery halo of the Phoenix Force, she boldly ventured towards the source of that voice. Her perceptions remained skewed. Concepts like up, down, forward, backwards, past, and present became entirely relative. Her only point of reference was an ominous, powerful presence that took shape before her eyes the closer she got.

“Such chaos and discord,” Jean said as she navigated this strange realm, “am I the one that caused it? Did Scott and I do this much damage?”

Those questions hung over her as she journeyed to the presence that called her. This presence – Shuma Gorath, as it called itself – ended up taking a very strange shape. Its body, so to speak, was not at all human. It consisted only of a massive eye surrounded by greenish purple tentacles that spread out in every direction. As she got closer, its size only grew. Eventually, it took up her entire field of view.

Shuma Gorath wasn’t just a presence in this realm. It was a part of this realm. It was the sky, the horizon, and everything in between. Jean was far outside her domain of understanding. At this point, having the cosmic power of the Phoenix Force seemed irrelevant.

“So you’re the mortal woman who wields the Phoenix Force,” Shuma Gorath said, its massive eye narrowing on her, “a most chaotic manifestation, indeed! Stand before the eye of the Old Ones!”

Jean had little choice in her recourse. Upon arriving at the central point of this strange domain, a large rocky slab formed. She landed on it with a thud, feeling more gravity than usual. She still maintained her poise, standing within fiery halo of the Phoenix Force. Even if this wasn’t her domain, she had to remain strong. Her fate, as well as others, might depend on it.

Jean watched as Shuma Gorath’s eye moved in closer, its globular form surrounding her from every angle. At one point, its eye hovered just a few feet from her, scrutinizing her every feature. For all she knew, it peered directly into her soul. Dr. Strange warned her and Scott that they might see things that defied human perception. In hindsight, he’d undersold this world.

“Shuma Gorath,” Jean said, repeating the creature’s name in as respectful tone as she could, “may I speak for myself?”

“I’ll permit it,” the creature responded, “but choose your words carefully. For your fate in this realm is tied to my will.”

“And I vow to respect that will,” Jean said. “I ventured willingly in hopes of confronting whatever problems I’ve caused.”

“You speak with great sincerity, but excessive absolution. I see in you no cause behind such chaos. I observe only effect…unintended, undesired effect.”

“Can you also see my desire to right such wrongs?”

“Do not insult the perceptions of Shuma Gorath!” it scoffed. “I saw that desire before you arrived.
But desire alone cannot rectify what has been done. If improperly pursued, it can incur something far worse.”

The creature’s massive eye finally backed away from her. It still surrounded the hovering slab of rock, its many tentacles latched to it from every side. Its eye hovered above her like the sun on a cloudless day. It created a sense that she was in a cage and Shuma Gorath was the jailer.

Jean felt a twinge of fear. This strange realm operated by stranger rules and Shuma Gorath was the enforcer of those rules. If she was going to get through this, then she had to play by them.

“Please, help me avoid that,” Jean said, reminding the creature of her sincerity. “I’ve embraced the Phoenix Force and it has embraced me. With it, my husband and I seek to forge a new fate…one better than any that once awaited us.”

“You speak both truth and ignorance,” Shuman Gorath said, “for changing fate often comes at a price.”

“I understand. And my husband and I are committed to pay that price, whatever it might be.”

“Bah! You’ve no idea what upheaval you’ve caused,” the creature scoffed. “It began before you ever encountered the Phoenix. By embracing this power, the effects have only compounded. Vast threads within the web of fate have been broken. The very fabric of reality has been shaken to its core!”

Its massive eye narrowed on her again, as if to scorn her with divine judgement. Jean shuddered at that gaze, but refused to concede. This powerful being thought it could scold her for choosing something other than a doomed fate. Divine or not, she remained as confident as ever in the path she and Scott had chosen.

“These effects are your doing, Jean Grey-Summers,” Shuma Gorath continued. “You and your husband have triggered this perversion to the natural order.”

“We only did what we knew to be right,” Jean argued, matching the intense gaze of the creature. “Our intention was always to better our world, not destroy it.”

“Such intentions are irrelevant. Your choices and your passion may have bettered your fate, but that of others have been unalterably changed. Some have benefited, but others have not. And rest assured, it is the latter that should concern you.”

“Who are they?” Jean asked intently. “Tell me so I can help them too.”

“Did you not listen? To temper one manifestation of chaos is to invite another. To respond to that, in kind, only breeds more. As Lord of Chaos, I cannot and will not invite such turmoil across the realms.”

The rocky platform shook. Jean struggled to keep her balance, even as the Phoenix Force flared in distress. More tentacles shot out from Shuma Gorath’s globular form, each one latching onto another part of the slab. She could feel the rock cracking under the pressure. It was a demonstration of the creature’s immense strength. Even a cosmic force had to respect it.

However, the creature’s tentacles stopped short of actually attacking her. A few came close, but quickly pulled back. Jean had been prepared to defend herself, but she sensed that wouldn’t be necessary. If Shuma Gorath wanted to attack her, then it would’ve done so the moment she arrived. The way it looked at her might not have been welcoming, but it wasn’t overtly hostile. That left the door open for another recourse.
“However,” the creature said in a less apprehensive tone, “even the Lord of Chaos is not without mercy. Any realm without mercy is a realm doomed to destruction. Since you ventured here willingly, Jean Grey-Summers, I grant you the opportunity to explain yourself. Please note that such opportunities are exceedingly rare.”

“And I intend to make the most of it,” Jean replied in a calm, measured tone. “That, you can be sure of.”

The ground stopped shaking.

The tentacles tearing into the rock retreated.

Jean remained surrounded by Shuma Gorath’s form, but it no longer felt like a cage. It was giving her a chance to speak freely. That meant she had to make every word count.

“It is true,” she said with honesty and humility. “My husband and I have made choices. And we haven’t fully contemplated the larger impact of those choices. For that, I apologize.”

“If you are seeking forgiveness, then you are talking to the wrong Lord,” Shuma Gorath told her.

“Which is why I’m not expecting it,” Jean continued. “I ventured into this unknown realm for another reason. If I cannot confront the consequences I’ve wrought, the least I can do is offer something just as powerful.”

“And what might that be?” the creature said skeptically.

“Assurance,” she said.

The massive creature paused. More tentacles retreated from the slab. Jean even felt the excess gravity of the realm lessen, as though Shuma Gorath had loosened its grip on it. She still felt its penetrating stare, but she also sensed a growing intrigue.

In an act that demonstrated her sincerity and confidence, she took a step closer. She now stood on the edge of the slab, gazing into the massive eye of the primordial creature.

“It is one of the most precious gestures in any realm, is it not?” Jean said to it. “To offer one’s trust is to give something that god and mortal alike can appreciate.”

“This is true,” Shuma Gorath conceded, “but even from one such as yourself, how can I be certain it’s sufficient?”

“Because I’m not just some random woman who crossed paths with the Phoenix Force,” she said strongly. “By embracing it with my husband, we’ve expanded our perceptions. We’ve expanded our spirits, passions, and hearts, as well. If there are consequences to our deeds, be they desired or unintended, we will not run from them. We intend to bring greater harmony to all realms…not chaos and distress. That, I can assure you.”

“But you cannot promise it,” the creature said.

“Of course, I can’t,” she conceded. “To make a bold promise to a god is to taunt the whims of fate. I will not be that arrogant. I can only stand true to what I know to be right and pursue it with the utmost passion.”

The realm shook again, but it didn’t feel ominous this time. Instead of Shuma Gorath’s will, Jean’s words where what shook this chaotic domain. The Phoenix Force felt it as much as the primordial
Lord of Chaos. It almost seemed surprised. It would’ve been funny if it weren’t so imposing.

Shuma Gorath scrutinized her again, its massive eye moving in close. Jean just gazed back at it without fear. She even smiled in a sign of sincerity and respect. Where others might tremble, she never lost sight of her perspective. Even in a realm of chaos, her hopes and passions still burned bright.

It must have been a long time since Shuman Gorath had encountered anyone like her. As it gazed upon her, several smaller tentacles extended from its body. Once again, there was no hostility. In the spirit of making new connections, she reached out and lightly held it, as if to shake its hand. Jean felt both the creature and the realm tremble under her touch.

“Your passion is undeniable. Your heart is full of hope, love, and desire,” Shuma Gorath stated. “Even in this realm, it burns brightly within you. No wonder the Phoenix Force sought you out.”

“I like to think we complement each other,” said Jean, still smiling.

“Indeed, you do. I see that. I see so many other powerful forces within you…things that even a Lord of Chaos dare not articulate. You’ve acknowledged your faults. You’ve offered your assurance. And you act in accord with love rather than fear. This leaves me in an unfamiliar situation.”

“That makes two of us,” she joked.

“My primary recourse is clear. You offer your assurance that you will right the whims of destiny when the opportunity arrives. I, Shuma Gorath, Lord of Chaos, accept that offer.”

“Thank you,” said Jean graciously. “I won’t take this lightly. That you can also be sure of.”

“On this, I need no convincing,” said Shuma Gorath. “At the same time, I require one final gesture to seal this offer. In the realms of chaos, words alone simply cannot suffice.”

“A gesture, you say?” said Jean curiously.

“Yes,” the creature confirmed, “but since your offer was mutual in nature, the gesture must also be mutual. It is the only way to ensure balance among the realms.”

Once again, the gaze of the creature narrowed. Its tendrils lingered around her, having already grown fond of her touch. She continued to hold them, as she would someone’s hand. Jean had limited experience dealing with inhuman entities. Determining a proper gesture challenged even her cosmic perspective.

However, having become intimately familiar with gods and their dealings recently, Jean was uniquely equipped to meet that challenge. As she looked up into that massive eye, still smiling with reverence and respect, an idea came to her. It might be one of her boldest ideas to date, but it promised to be a fitting gesture.

“If I may make a suggestion, Lord Shuma Gorath,” said Jean, maintaining her respectful tone, “there is one gesture I can offer…one I believe will be plenty mutual.”

“In the interest of concluding these dealings, I’ll allow it,” the creature said. “Please proceed, Jean Grey-Summers.”

She offered the imposing Lord of Chaos a respectful nod, reaffirming her humility in the face of such vast power. Jean then took several step backs until she was in the center of the rocky slab.
From this position, which remained surrounded by Shuma Gorath’s many tendrils, Jean took off her clothes.

She wasn’t crass or trashy. Even before the oversized eye of an inhuman creature, she playfully and sensually stripped out of her clothes. She slowly peeled off the top part of her attire, revealing to the creature her ample breasts. She even swayed her hips as she removed the rest, panties and all.

Once it was all off, Jean used the cosmic fires of the Phoenix Force to make her clothes disappear. It rendered her completely naked and exposed to the Lord of Chaos. While it was no mortal man with a normal sex drive, her sensual actions still sent a clear message. Shuma Gorath clearly saw it. With the way its massive eye gazed over her nude body, it understood the deeper meaning.

“Shuma Gorath,” Jean said, looking up at that massive eye with a seductive gaze, “as a gesture of understanding, I offer myself. Take me as I am. Come and know my body, as well as my spirit. I make this offer freely and with open passion.”

The entire realm shook once more, but in a very different way for a very different reason. She could see it in the creature’s eyes. She could even sense it, despite having such inhuman thoughts. Shuma Gorath might have been the Lord of Chaos, but it was still a being with desires.

Now, it desired her.

It showed in the way the various energies of the realm swirled around her. They all seemed drawn to her, like water flowing towards a drain. Instead of dismay, the realm shook with excitement. In a gesture that mirrored that sentiment, Shuma Gorath extended one of its tendrils towards her and used it to caress her face.

“Such bold passion,” the Lord of Chaos said, “Even amidst so much discord, your heart burns with a fire that can light the cosmos.”

“And I’ve learned to follow my heart,” Jean said, caressing the tendril as though it were a hand. “It led me to falling in love with my husband. Now, it’s telling me that this what I must do. This is how I will earn the blessing of the Lord of Chaos as I confront the challenges before me.”

“And as the Lord of Chaos, I accept this gesture,” it told her. “But be warned, Jean Grey-Summers. The blessings of Shuma Gorath are not for those of weak desire.”

“Then, it’s a good thing my desires are as strong as ever,” said Jean. “They tend to be even stronger when I’m naked!”

As if to further invite the creature’s blessing, Jean lovingly held the tentacle that had been caressing her face and kissed it. She was gentle at first, offering a soft peck upon the exotic flesh. Once she tasted the exotic flesh of the inhuman creature, she grew bolder. She kissed it with her tongue, enveloping its flesh with her lips, as though it were a penis.

She felt Shuma Gorath’s form react favorably to her gesture. Its massive form shook with more excitement. It was still a strange feeling. It wasn’t slimy or disgusting. It felt warm and lively, like a tongue or a muscle. It might have been inhuman, but it still responded to intimate touch. It responded even more to more sensual gestures.

“Your desires are indeed strong,” Shuma Gorath told her, “but your fortitude shall be tested! So says the Lord of Chaos!”

Following the new flow of energy, the creature’s form shifted. It shrank significantly in size, becoming a figure more in line with that of an averaged size human. The massive tentacles that
once surrounded her like massive stone pillars retreated, returning into Shuma Gorath’s main form. The hovering slab of rock remained with her standing in the center. Now, it was in a form that could join her.

It still consisted of that large eye within a globular body, surrounded by multiple tentacles. It was just in a body more conducive to intimate desires. Jean kept suckling on the one tentacle, watching as the creature confronted her in its own exotic way. It kept gazing at her with that massive eye and she just looked back.

There was no fear in her gaze.

There was only a desire that was already morphing into lust.

“You taste my flesh,” it said. “Now, I’ll taste yours!”

Her mouth was still occupied with the one tentacle between her lips. She could only maintain her focus and await the Lord of Chaos’ next gesture.

While she sucked it, Shuman Gorath surrounded Jean’s naked body with several tentacles. Like wet snakes, they slithering up her thighs, butt, back, and torso. A couple of extra-thick tentacles snaked around to her breasts, kneading and fondling them like an oversized tongue. It was such a strange feeling, but it also felt good. Before long, it felt very good.

“Taste me, Shuma Gorath. Taste me!” Jean said with growing excitement.

“Mmm…Jean Grey-Summers,” the creature said, “so delicious!”

The touching and tasting escalated.

The sleek, lively tentacles groped her body like a dozen self-guided limbs. She loved how all these snake-like limbs felt up her thighs, caressed her face, and teased her toes. They were gentle in some areas, but eager in others. Shuma Gorath gave special attention to her breasts, rubbing them harder and squeezing her nipples. Jean squealed with delight, her excited cries echoing throughout the realm.

“Ooh! I like that! I like that a lot!” she said before sucking the tentacle before her even harder.

The creature shuddered more under her gestures. Along with that excitement came arousal. Jean could already feel it building between her legs. Shuma Gorath might not have been a handsome man with chiseled muscles and a nice penis, but it touched her in a way that stimulated all the right ways. The creature clearly took notice.

“I see some parts of you like it more than others,” said the Lord of Chaos. “You cannot hide it from my gaze!”

“Who said I was hiding it?” she teased.

That prompted Shuma Gorath to react strongly. The Lord of Chaos wasn’t used to being teased, especially in its own realm. It wasn’t about to hesitate, even for a host of the Phoenix Force.

The heavy touching continued. As Jean let out more moans, another tentacle formed from right under Shuma Gorath’s eye. It went right for her pussy, slipping between her legs and probing her inner folds like moist fingers.

“Ooh, Lord of Chaos! I like that even more!” Jean moaned with glee.
Its touching grew bolder. It flipped the tip of the tentacle in and out of her folds, as if to tease her just as much as she teased it. Other parts grew and expanded, providing stimulation to other areas of her womanhood, especially around her clit. Despite being an inhuman creature, Shuman Gorath knew female anatomy quite well. It made use of that knowledge, its eye watching her expression closely every step of the way.

The resulting surge of sensations sent Jean’s desires into overdrive. She wasn’t just excited anymore. She was horny. Shuma Gorath saw it and felt it. She even sensed it developing a similar feeling. It wasn’t the same arousal she’d seen in other men, but it echoed with the same powerful desire.

As the imposing teased and tasted her with its tentacles, rubbing her breasts and stimulating her pussy greater intensity, Jean’s focus shifted as well. She stopped sucking the tentacle in front of her. She then gazed at the oversized eye before her, not hiding the breadth of her lust. With an affectionate smile that could bring order to any realm, she caressed Shuma Gorath’s form just below the eye.

“I’m ready, my Chaos Lord,” she said. “Please…take me.”

“Jean Grey-Summers,” it said with its own brand of exotic lust, “prepare to be ravaged by Shuman Gorath!”

In an outburst of lust, not unlike those she’d seen in other men, the creature turned from foreplay into a more direct form of lust. The tentacles that had been caressing her grew thicker and stronger. They then maneuvered themselves so that some wrapped around her arms while others wrapped around her legs. Their grip now secure, they lifted her up off the slab with minimal effort and held her up in mid-air.

As she hovered in place, Jean felt her arms lifted above her head by one set of tentacles and her legs spread by the other. She was now in a perfect spread-eagle position, her fully-aroused pussy in plain view of Shuma Gorath’s massive eye. Even without a face, she could see the lust in his gaze.

“It’s really happening,” Jean mused. “I’m going to be fucked by chaos incarnate…and I want it!”

Her anticipation grew as she awaited the exotic act to come. With her arms and legs being held firmly, the malleable being formed a new set of tentacles from its globular form. However, these appendages abruptly morphed into something very different. Before her eyes, Jean watched the tips take the shape of a large, erect penis. They weren’t overly large, but they were definitely above average.

“Oh my Lord!” she gasped.

“Ha! A fine choice of words,” Shuma Gorath laughed.

Its grip on her tightened as the penis-tipped tentacles surrounded her from every angle, pointed at her with lecherous intent. However, it was the biggest among them that made its way to her pussy, snaking into position so that the tip rubbed against her wet slit.

As it angled itself for entry, Shuman Gorath’s eye moved in closer once more. It hovered just a few inches from her face, dominating her entire field of view. Even as it held her limbs and surrounded her with dick-shaped appendages, she saw something powerful in the eyes of the Lord of Chaos.

There was lust, but there was also affection.

There was desire, but there was also connection.
It saw in her something other than another agent of unwanted chaos. The idea that she could evoke such feelings from a being such as Shuma Gorath only excited her even more. It made that fateful moment when it entered her pussy with its dick-shaped tentacle as powerful as it was pleasurable.

“Shuma Gorath…Lord of Chaos,” she said in a daze.

“Jean Grey-Summers…fiery host of the Phoenix Force,” the creature said.

In that moment, the exotic flesh filled her wet folds to the utmost. She could feel the malleable flesh throb and expand, as if to mold itself to her insides. It stretched and stimulated her womanly depths in ways that felt divine, which seemed so fitting. Shuma Gorath was Lord of this realm. It made sense that it could do whatever it pleased when it came to fucking her.

Upon filling her pussy with one of its many tentacles, another lustful outburst ensued. She felt the malleable dick slither within her tight pussy, pumping and probing her heat at a vigorous pace. She writhed and shuddered under the blissful sensations it evoked, putting on an erotic display for the Lord of Chaos.

Its grip on her was loose enough for her to show how much she enjoyed every second of it. The creature even loosened its grip on her limbs, allowing her to adjust and contort her body as she pleased. Her display was so effective that the other dick-shaped tentacles around her tensed in anticipation, as if reacting to the passionate energy she conveyed.

That same energy inspired Shuma Gorath to step up its effort.

“Your mortal form is quite robust,” it said. “Let us see how much ravaging it can take!”

As the Chaos Lord fucked her with one tentacle, others with equally impressive endowments shot forward, eager to indulge in her waiting flesh. Thanks to having such a flexible form, Shuma Gorath could fuck her every which way, including a few that weren’t possible with ordinary men.

Several dick-tipped tentacles hovered around her face, their phallic shapes rubbing around her cheek and mouth. Then, one shoved itself into her mouth, initiating a form of oral sex that tested her gag reflex more than usual. She still sucked it eagerly, her lust overshadowing any thoughts to the inherent weirdness of giving tentacles a blowjob.

As she sucked away, another dick-tipped appendage shoved itself between her breast while two other tentacles mashed them together. From that setup, it began tit fucking her with the same vigor as it fucked her pussy and face. It was overwhelming, but Jean still embraced it. She even used her hands to help mash her breasts together, which Shuma Gorath seemed to appreciate.

It still wasn’t done testing her. Even as her body shook harder as she took more dicks, one of the dick-shaped tentacles stealthily slithered around her back and towards her ass. A few smaller tentacles even formed to spread her butt cheeks before pressing the tip of the phallic shape tendril against her hole. As soon as Jean felt it, she intensified her gaze on the Lord of Chaos. Even with a dick muffling her voice, she dared it to keep going.

Shuma Gorath didn’t back down. It thrust that throbbing dick behind her into her ass.

“Mmf!” Jean exclaimed, her reaction muffled by the ongoing oral sex.

A chaotic onslaught of sensations followed. Initially, there was a sharp sting. Thanks to her experience with anal sex, it quickly passed. Her inner muscles adjusted quickly, as did Shuma Gorath’s exotic flesh. As the dick began moving, other sensations followed. They each mixed together to create a powerful feeling.
It finally sunk in. Jean was being triple penetrated by an inhuman creature. There was dick in her mouth, pussy, and ass. The added tit-fuck of the cock between her breasts made it feel even more elaborate. Each phallic-shaped appended pumped into her, probing her intimate depths and stimulating her in ways that defied description. In a reality governed by chaos and its multi-limbed lord, it felt so fitting.

“Yes! Take my boundless flesh! Take it all! Embrace the Lord of Chaos!” Shuma Gorath seethed.

Jean replied with more muffled moans as she continued sucking the dick-shaped tentacle in her mouth. Even as it pumped itself between her lips, she supplemented its efforts. She bobbed her head, rocked her hips, and squeezed her breasts to complement every motion. It told the Lord of Chaos everything it needed to know about her desires.

It fucked her from every angle and she fucked back.

Its lust fueled hers every step of the way.

They were two powerful beings exchanging a powerful act. Rather than clash with one another, they embraced one another. Both the fires of creation and the essence of the chaos mixed in an intimate convergence that shook the entire realm. What once felt like pending destruction now felt like incredible possibilities. In lieu of dread, she and the Lord of Chaos felt excitement.

‘The choices are made. The consequences will come. I accept that. I embrace that, just as I embrace you, Shuma Gorath...Lord of Chaos. Chaos can breed destruction, but it can also foster creation. Through the power of the Phoenix Force and the passion with which I wield it, I intend to create something beautiful.’

Her telepathic words spoke volumes and her actions only reinforced it. The message resonated with Shuma Gorath, so much so that it intensified its ravaging. Each dick inside her slithered harder and faster. The one between her breasts moved more rapidly, as well. She even felt the shape of each member shift inside her, expanding and molding itself to hit every nerve it could.

It accelerated the build towards a very unique, but equally powerful orgasm. Jean felt the pressure building within her, the throbbing cocks inside her stimulating more and more sensations within. She bent her legs back, squeezed her breasts harder, and curled her toes in anticipation. Even within a realm of chaos, she could forge a path to ecstasy.

“You are close. Shuma Gorath senses it,” the creature said, its eyes hovering just a few inches from her face.

It withdrew the cock from her mouth, finally allowing Jean to gasp for air and give words to her coming release. The other cocks remained inside her pussy and ass, pumping and probing with greater vigor. They must have been close too because she felt them tensing inside her in preparation for their own release. She didn’t know whether Lord of Chaos could climax, but she definitely could.

When she finally crossed that barrier, the proverbial floodgates opened and the orgasmic onslaught washed over her.

“Ooh Lord of Chaos! Yes!” Jean cried out.

Her voice echoed throughout the realm. Shuma Gorath shuddered just as much as she did as her naked body writhed under the flood of sensations. Her face became awash with bliss, her toes curling and her inner muscles contracting over the phallic shapes inside her. The feeling
bombarded her from all sides. It was a chaotic kind of orgasm, which made it uniquely satisfying within such a strange domain.

As Jean took in the feeling, she sensed the Lord of Chaos join her in the experience. While still in her orgasmic daze, the dicks inside her pussy and ass withdrew from her depths. The others that hovered around her remained close. Only the one between her breasts remained. She could already sense what was about to happen.

“You offered your gesture. I hereby offer mine!” the creature said to her.

With that bold proclamation, Shuman Gorath’s globular form shuddered as it experienced its own unique orgasm. Each dick pointed at her shot out a thick load of cum-like substance. It splattered onto her from every angle. Most ended up on her face, torso, breasts, and thigh. In her orgasmic state, she licked up some traces in a sexy display. It had a distinct taste to it, like some exotic treat that could not be found anywhere else. Jean made sure to savor it to the utmost.

As they both came, the Lord of Chaos loosened its old on her. It now felt like it was cradling her, holding her up in its many arms as she soaked in the feeling. She felt its eye drift up and down her body, watching the erotic display. She sensed that if Shuman Gorath had a mouth, it would be smiling from ear to ear now.

“There is rarely beauty in chaos,” it said. “It is difficult and fleeting amidst the ever-changing winds of destiny, but that makes it far more precious to those who lord over it.”

“Mmm…I’ll take your word for it,” Jean said while still lapping up the fluid from her face.

The creature laughed. It was another act it probably hadn’t done in ages. Jean laughed as well. After the orgasm passed, she feely embraced the creature. She even caressed its eye, offering affection in a realm that had very little.

“Your perspective is most unique, Jean Grey Summers,” Shuma Gorath told her.

“I’ve heard that before,” she chuckled, “but never from a Chaos Lord.”

“Make no mistake. It is as unique as it is valuable,” it continued. “You entered this realm surrounded by chaos. But you approached it with hope rather than fear. You saw hope instead of disorder.”

“That’s what Scott and I see. It’s also what we intend to keep pursuing,” she said.

“And you shall leave this realm with more than just my blessing,” it said. “Just as I have your assurance, you also have mine. As Lord of Chaos, I will use my power to contain the damage done to the higher realms. But you still must make the right choices and confront the inevitable consequences.”

It was the most Jean could’ve hoped. She and Scott took a leap of faith in reaching out to Dr. Strange, opening portals to the unknown and venturing into worlds they didn’t understand. They didn’t have to pursue such recourse, but it felt like a necessary measure, confronting the impact of their passionate endeavors. It might not give them all the answers they sought, but it could further prepare them for the challenges ahead.

Jean didn’t fly into this realm expecting to make a new connection with the Chaos Lord, but she still made one. She even got some exotic, elaborate sex out of it. After all, it was only a matter of time before she came face-to-face with those consequences. Having an ally in the Lord of Chaos could certainly help when that moment came.
“Then, that’s what I’ll do,” she said confidently. “Whatever form it takes, I’ll be ready!”

“I admire your confidence as much as your bosom, Jean Grey-Summers,” Shuma Gorath said. “Just be mindful of the chaotic nature of fate. You’ll find that it often takes a form you do not expect.”

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**Phal’kon Nexus – Palace of M’Kraan**

“Scott Summers of Earth…co-host of the Phoenix Force…leader among mortals…your very presence causes great upheaval!”

Scott had been following that voice ever since he and Jean separated on their journey. Dr. Strange warned them several times that he could not prepare them for what they might encounter. He claimed he could only point them in the direction of the disruptions they caused. They were the ones who had to face it.

In any other circumstance, Scott avoided situations that required going in blind. He and Jean both agreed that they couldn’t avoid this. They’d triggered a major reaction in the cosmos through the actions, passions, and visions they pursued. They didn’t know what it entailed or how far it went. Neither the Phoenix Force nor the Eye of Agamotto could see it, but it wasn’t something they could ignore.

Flying towards it within the fiery halo of the Phoenix Force felt risky, if not foolish. The words of that mysterious voice did little to change that sentiment.

“It’s too late. I’m here now!” Scott called out as he arrived in a strange, but stable domain. “Wherever you are, I’m not running away from this.”

The determination in his voice hid many lingering uncertainties. He sensed that the source of the voice was near, but he found himself in strange, unfamiliar surroundings. At the same time, he sensed a larger reaction from the Phoenix Force.

It must have recognized this place, at least in part. It felt like a fragmented dream made real. In every direction, he saw sky littered with clouds of fire. There were stars behind them, but they all burned bright red. As he flew through this fiery domain, he avoided large cracks in that looked like fissures within a rock. It was as though this realm were made of glass and someone had been throwing rocks at it.

In the center of the realm was a large floating structure of sorts. It looked like a temple, resting atop a floating mountain. It resembled an ancient palace from East Asia or India, but it didn’t look at all ancient. It looked brand new, as though it had just been built.

Scott briefly scanned the rest of the area. Near as he could tell, there were no hostile threats. The only danger was the realm itself. He didn’t see anyone around the palace, but there was definitely someone there. He could sense it, but that wasn’t all he sensed.

“This place feels so…broken. It’s not destroyed, but there’s plenty of damage. Did Jean and I do this? Did our choices somehow cause something we didn’t intend?’

It was a distressing question, but one that he and Jean were determined to answer. Knowing the many unknowns and the risks that came with it, Scott ventured into the palace. There wasn’t even a door. There was just a wide opening that led into a large central chamber.

Within that chamber, Scott saw what appeared to be portraits of other figures wielding the Phoenix Force. Some appeared human. Others looked utterly alien. They all hung from large, stone walls
that resembled a gallery dedicated to the past. They formed a winding corridor that led to the central grand hall. As soon as he entered that area, he heard it again.

“You are bold, but foolish to come so willingly,” said the voice. “Honorable or not, you may regret that choice.”

It dared him to turn back. Again, Scott chose otherwise. He knew regret better than most. He also knew that inaction often fostered more regret than any action.

The former X-Men leader boldly flew towards the source of the voice. He eventually landed in the center of the grand hall. Above, he saw a massive stained-glass window, not unlike a church or cathedral. It depicted various scenes about beings wielding the Phoenix Force. Those beings were fighting what appeared to be goblin-like monsters. Such imagery stood out more than he expected.

Beneath the decorated windows was a large fountain-like structure. It was the size of a mid-sized house, but instead of water, it flowed with fire. It didn’t appear to be ordinary fire, either. Scott recognized it as the same fires that made up the Phoenix Force. He could sense that it was alive, crackling with the embers of creation and destruction. It would’ve been beautiful if it also didn’t look so volatile.

As he approached, he saw a single figure gazing at the structure. It appeared to be a human woman. She had fiery red hair, an athletic physique, and a powerful presence. She looked like she could’ve been a younger Jean Grey or, at least, someone related to her. She wore what looked like a robe worn by Shaolin monks, but it had been decorated with Phoenix imagery.

“The fires of creation have never burned brighter,” the woman said distantly. “After eons upon eons of various hosts, it somehow found two who purified its spark.”

Scott’s intrigue grew. Even though he’d never seen her before, her voice sounded familiar. The Phoenix halo that still surrounded him shot out a series of flares. The simple presence of this woman caused it distress. He got it under control as he stood behind the woman, still seeking an explanation.

“Who are you?” he asked her. “I sensed you reaching out to me. At the same time, you keep warning me to turn back. So long as I’m here, I’d appreciate a little clarity.”

The young woman turned to face him. He saw in her a mix of curiosity and mistrust. Again, the Phoenix reacted, even though Scott didn’t recognize her. She still bore a resemblance to Jean, but only to a point. Unlike the woman he’d married, this one looked eager for confrontation.

“My name is Fongji Wu,” she told him. “I am a former host of the Phoenix Force. And if you intend to justify your current status, you’ll stand and defend yourself!”

The fiery woman offered no further explanation. She just launched an attack. She started by throwing off the top part of her attire, revealing tight-fitting, bra-like wrap and pants that tightly clung to her powerful legs. The garment hit him right in the face, distracting him just long enough for her to land a swift kick to the gut. Had it not stung so much, Scott might have admired her tactics.

He quickly shook off the pain. A lifetime of intense Danger Room training came rushing back to him and he adopted a defensive stance. It was just in time too. Fongji unleashed a barrage of heavy attacks, pushing him back from the fountain, as if to drive him out.

“You defy destiny! Subvert fate! Deviate from set paths!” she shouted as she attacked. “You’ve no
idea the cost of such actions!”

“Ah!” grunted Scott as she landed another blow. “Then, tell me! I’m here to help! Not fight!”

“That’s just it!” Fongji said. “Even I don’t know the cost! And if I don’t know, then neither does the Phoenix! And that cannot be!”

The fiery young woman stepped up her attacks, kicking and swiping at him with uncanny skill. Scott recognized the style as derived from Kung Fu. She was so focused and intense. Phoenix host or not, she’d been trained well. Her skill vastly exceeded his.

“We can…figure this…out!” said Scott in between blocking attacks. “We don’t…have…to do this!”

“You’re right! We don’t!” Fongji grunted after missing with one of her kicks. “I do it for another reason!”

Before Scott could inquire further, she attacked again. This time, she landed several shots to his torso before striking his jaw with her fist. Pain and disorientation followed. He staggered back, trying to put some distance between him and the attacking redhead. She reacted by charging him, drawing him further away from the fountain.

Scott reassessed the situation. Tactically, she had every advantage. She had more hand-to-hand skill. Even Wolverine and Nightcrawler hadn’t demonstrated such ability. He was out of his element. However, by having such an advantage, he quickly noticed something else.

‘She’s avoiding lethal blows. She could easily inflict a fatal injury. Instead, she’s trying to subdue me. That might be her way of telling me something.’

Shutting out the stinging pain, Scott evaded the next round of attacks, ducking to the side and rolling away before she could counter. He looked up just in time to see her launch another attack. This time, he struck first.

“I’ll probably apologize for this later, but here goes!” he said.

With swift reflexes, Scott removed his visor and unleashed a wide-arcing optic blast that lit up much of the hall. Fongji evaded the first wave, as he expected. However, he made the second wave more powerful.

Tapping into the power of the Phoenix Force, he channeled a burst of cosmic fire into his blasts. Like a light bulb being supercharged by the sun, it expanded the arc of his blast so much that even a skilled fighter like Fongji couldn’t evade it. When it hit, it sent her flying back towards the fountain.

He still made sure the strike didn’t hit her too hard. Like her, he didn’t seek to seriously injure. He just needed to stop the fighting. As soon as she landed near the edge of the fountain, he charged back towards her and hit her with a wave of Phoenix fire to keep her down. She fought back with some cosmic fire of her own, but could not attack.

“Enough of this, Fongji!” Scott yelled out. “Talk to me! Tell me what this place is. Tell me why you drew me here.”

“I didn’t draw you here,” she spat while still attacking. “You’re here for the same reason a moth ventures towards a flame. But in this case, the flame leaves more than embers in its wake.”
“That part, I know. Jean and I sensed it too. Something happened because of what we did…something that began the moment we embraced the Phoenix Force together. It runs deeper than simply changing our fate. And we want to fix it!”

“Who said it can be fixed?”

Fongji let out another angry grunt, causing Scott to stumble back. His attack ceased, but so did Fongji’s. She was still standing, but clearly drained. Under the light of the fountain and the stained-glass windows above, she maintained an apprehensive demeanor. There was also some noticeable frustration in her poise, but Scott suspected it wasn’t only because of him.

“What you and your wife did…I know it was unintentional,” Fongji said, short of breath. “I know there was no malice, either. You two are unique in how you’ve chosen to wield the Phoenix Force.”

“Are you speaking from observation or experience?” Scott asked.

“Both,” she replied. “This place…the Palace of M’Kraan…is a shrine to past hosts. Forged by the first generation of wielders, it is a pocket realm located within the nexus of realities. From cosmic power to magic to the metaphysical laws of nature, they all converge in this domain as a testament to the potential of creation. Only a few hosts ever visit. Those that do rarely arrive without great strife.”

The young woman’s apprehensive poise finally faltered. Fongji was a passionate woman. It showed in how she fought. A sense of sorrow fell over her fiery gaze. Scott felt it and so did the Phoenix Force.

To ease the tension, Scott abandoned his defensive poise. With the same understanding and compassion he’d learned from Jean, he attempted to comfort the young woman. She rebuked his efforts, hugging her shoulders and turning away.

“But in the end, it wasn’t enough,” Fongji said sadly. “I ultimately chose to part from my world, leaving behind my friends and loved ones. It was a painful decision, but I still believe it was the right one.”

“I’m sorry,” Scott said to her. “Doing the right thing is rarely easy.”

“And yet, you and your wife found another way,” she went on. “You saw yourselves, the Phoenix Force, and all the powers it entailed, and forged a different path. Some might even argue it’s a better path…one that inspires a better perspective driven by better passions.”

“That’s a matter of opinion,” said Scott, “but what do you think, Fongji?”

She fell silent for a brief moment. She then turned to face him. She didn’t seem as hostile, but she still looked ready to fight. She clearly had the kind of passion that helped fuel the Phoenix Force. The only thing she lacked was perspective.

“What I think is not relevant,” said Fongji. “All that matters is that what has been chosen cannot be
undone. You and Jean are on this path. You are actively rewriting the grand tapestry of fate with every action you take.”

“And we’re trying to rewrite it for the better,” he assured her.

“I don’t doubt your intent. I only question the ramifications. I’ve sensed the same disturbances as you. I’ve peered into the darkness more than most would dare. Make no mistake. There is a threat that you and Jean must face at some point. I cannot put a name to that threat. I can only say it is great in scope and monstrous in nature.”

“That doesn’t scare me. I’ve fought monsters before,” said the former X-Men leader.

“Not like this, you haven’t,” said Fongji in a more serious tone. “As we speak, a corrupt presence is growing. At this time, neither you nor it are ready to face one another. You being here, in the Palace of M’Krann, only acknowledges your status as a worthy host. My presence is merely an opportunity.”

“An opportunity?” Scott questioned. “What kind of opportunity?”

“One to determine whether yours is a spirit equipped to handle the emerging corruption,” she said. “If you leave here as you came, then you only leave with confirmation. That cannot be enough. The fires of creation have tasked me with deciding whether you should leave with something else…something to help carry your spirit through the coming darkness.”

This time, Scott fell silent. As he studied the young woman, he saw a great deal of conflict. She’d fought so hard, as if to attack the new perspective that he and Jean had revealed through the Phoenix Force. She’d followed the same path as previous hosts. Now, she questioned whether the choice had been that clear.

It must have been frustrating, but it was also revealing. Within that same conflict, Scott saw hope in Fongji’s eyes…a hope that also burned in the fiery fountain that illuminated the palace. He felt the eyes of countless other hosts upon them. What unfolded here might determine how things unfolded in the future with this ominous threat.

After fighting her, talking to her, and seeing all those passions brewing within her, Scott came to a realization of his own. Rather than fight, he offered her an affectionate gesture. This time, she didn’t turn away.

“Something tells me you’ve already made that decision,” Scott told her. “You just needed to be sure it was the right one.”

“You’re right,” she said with a half-grin. “You may not be as psychic as your wife, but you are every bit as intuitive.”

“I like to think her intuition has rubbed off on me over the years,” he said, smiling back, “along with other endearing qualities.”

“They certainly have,” said Fongji. “It makes me feel better about what I’m about to offer you. Just know that with this offer comes a certain recourse…one that’s intended to leave an important impression on your spirit.”

“Does it involve another fight?” he asked.

“No,” she answered, “but I promise it’s just as impactful.”
A hot gust blew through the palace.

The flames in the nearby fountain burned brighter, causing the stained-glass windows above to bathe the grand hall in a rainbow of dazzling colors.

The ambience throughout the area shifted from one of hostility to something more *intimate*.

Within that atmosphere, Fongji cast aside what remained of her hostile demeanor. In an act was the antithesis of fighting, she leaned in and kissed him passionately on the lips. Through that simple exchange of passion, the offer she mentioned became clear.

“You’re will is strong, as is your heart, Scott Summers. That is the essence of a worthy host of the Phoenix Force,” Fongji said upon breaking the kiss. “But in your case, you must be more than worthy. You must prove your passions burn brighter than those who came before you.”

In another gesture that stood in stark contrast to her earlier actions, Fongji took off her clothes. She didn’t casually strip down in a sensual show, either. She drew in the cosmic flames from the fountain and had burn off her attire, rendering her completely exposed.

Scott was naturally taken by the sight of a naked redheaded woman. While Fongji bore a resemblance to Jean, her figure was distinct. She was so toned, yet feminine. Her shapely legs looked so strong. Her breasts were so full and in perfect proportion to her hips. He even noticed the distinct signs of arousal between her inner thighs. It led him to wonder whether the act of fighting him was her unique approach to foreplay.

“I’m prepared to prove myself in whatever way I must,” Scott said, mirroring her determined tone. “I can’t promise much, but I can promise you that.”

Tapping into the same primordial power as her, Scott removed his attire, as well. The same flame that burned away Fongji’s clothes washed over him, dissolving away every garment to leave him fully exposed. Unlike her, fighting hadn’t aroused him. However, standing before a naked redheaded woman in a domain forged by cosmic passions certainly got his blood flowing.

“You strike me as a man of your word, Scott Summers,” said Fongji, her voice sounding both determined and seductive. “I should warn you, though. Like my approach to combat, my method to proving one’s passionate worth can be rather *direct*.”

“I can handle that,” said Scott without hesitation.

“Is that another promise?”

“No,” he said, “an *invitation.*”

The fiery redhead finally cracked a smile. In her, Scott saw a renew determination, albeit one very different from he’d seen during their fight. He dared her to exercise that same determination for something other than hand-to-hand combat. Without saying a word, she accepted.

With the same energy and agility that she’d shown earlier, Fongji pounced on him. She jumped up into his arms, threw her legs around his waist, and grabbed onto his shoulders, her naked skin now pressing against his in a sensual embrace. Scott instinctively caught her, grabbing hold of her firm butt and holding her firmly with focused strength. They exchanged another intense gaze before kissing again.

*‘From the darkest of ashes, the Phoenix always rises. Now, two hosts from two distinct fates rise together!’*
Her thoughts set the tone for the intimate exchange that followed. From their naked embrace, a heated fury of gestures followed. This time, there was no apprehension or hostility. There was only lust. The act that followed inspired more hot gusts and fiery flares throughout the M’Krann Palace. The entire Phal’kon Nexus shook, their determined passions reverberating throughout the realm.

Every kiss was so hard, full of tongue and teasing.

Every touch was so strong, full of lust and desire.

Every moan conveyed a greater feeling, full of promise and potential.

As Scott held the beautiful redhead in his arms, Fongji hungrily grinded her pelvis against his. She purposefully rubbed up against his dick, which quickly became erect. He felt outer folds of her pussy rub along the underside of his manhood, tempting him with the promise of a more intimate exchange. Neither he nor Fongji needed much temptation at that point. They both shared the same desire and the same determination to feed it.

“Scott Summers,” Fongji said, abruptly breaking the kiss while clinging to the side of his head, “take me!”

“Fongji Wu,” Scott said, “from one Phoenix host to another, it would be an honor.”

She smiled again, but didn’t linger for more foreplay. Scott sensed in her a growing impatience that further set her apart from his wife. Never one to leave a beautiful, horny woman waiting, he followed their shared passions to an inevitable recourse.

On a sensual whim, he carried her over to the fountain of flames that stood at the heart of the grand hall. He then demonstrated some skill of his own, lifting her up with his arms and turning her around. From there, he bent her over the polished marble at the base of the fountain, her toned ass perfectly aligned with his pelvis. This position also gave them a perfect view of the dazzling display before them, which seemed to motivate them even more.

“The fires of creation burn so bright,” said Fongji distantly.

“And they’re about to burn hotter,” Scott said intently.

Shifting his grip to her hips, the former X-Men leader guided his now-erect cock to her entrance. As soon as he felt the tip rub against her moist lips, he thrust into her. Between the fighting and the foreplay, Fongji had gotten very aroused. She was so hot and wet, her inner flesh hungrily embracing his. As their intimate flesh merged, the fires in the fountain erupted with more flames.

“Oohhh! Hotter indeed!” Fongji said through impassioned moans.

Some of those flames surrounded their naked bodies, carrying with them the passionate heat of creation. Scott channeled that heat into their sex. He squeezed her butt harder, working his hips back and forth at a pace that rocked her body with every thrust. Hard masculine fleshed moved seamlessly within wet feminine depths, supplementing the fires of creation every step of the way.

“Oohhh! Hotter indeed!” Fongji said through impassioned moans.

As their sex played out, the former X-Men leader made it more intimate along the way. He leaned
over, reaching for her swaying breasts and squeezing it hard, evoking a louder moan from the beautiful redhead. She replied by reaching back, caressing his face, and sharing some sensual kissing through their heated motions.

Within that heated exchange, Scott sought to convey another sentiment. It went beyond any sex, passion, or pleasure they could share.

“Fongji…can you feel it?” he gasped, whispering into her ear. “Can you feel…what I’m willing to do? What I can do…to make this right?”

She answered that question with another moan. It wasn’t a definitive answer, but it got the point across. Scott took it as a promising sign that he was proving himself. More sensual touching and fervent movements followed, building towards a climactic peak that also showed in the crackling flames.

“Scott…I’m close,” Fongji said.

“So am I,” he told her.

“Then, finish it!” she said intently. “Finish…the challenge…before you!”

Scott heeded her impassioned cries. She made it sound like a challenge in battle, albeit one where both combatants could feel victories. Never one to back down from a challenge, the former X-Men leader delivered the last few sexual motions. Once he got Fongji to that special threshold, he grabbed hold of her waist and held on for the coming release.

“Oohhh! By the fires of creation, yes!” Fongji exclaimed.

The fires in the fountain shot up through the grand hall like a geyser, filling the entire palace with a brilliant hot light. At the same time, Fongji climaxed with Scott. It started with her inner muscles tensing around his cock, squeezing his manhood with her tight heat as the orgasmic rush washed over her. His own rush came shortly after, his member tensing just as hard as he released a stream of his manly fluid up into her depths, mixing with her feminine juices and a cocktail of ecstasy.

Such hot pleasure fit beautifully with the fiery display before them. A wave of heat washed over their naked bodies, as if drawn by the shared sensations. It triggered a fiery halo around them, which quickly took the shape of the Phoenix. It started as two shapes for two different hosts. It eventually merged, much like their flesh in an intimate mingling of flames.

Fongji, breathless and dazed from their sex, pulled back from his body, their intimate flesh parting in the process. She then turned around and embraced him with a beaming excitement she hadn’t shown outside their fight. With their naked skin still touching, she caressed the side of his face and gazed into his glowing red eyes.

“I’m impressed,” she said breathlessly. “Your skills in intimacy exceed your skills in combat.”

“Thanks,” said Scott, breathing heavily as well. “Does that mean I proved myself?”

“It means you’re on the right track,” said Fongji with renewed determination, “but the fires of passion are still burning. That means we’re far from done!”

She kissed him again. The fires from the fountain continued burning and spreading throughout the grand hall, as if it had been unchained from unseen shackles. It radiated more of its energy, much of which swirled around him and Fongji. In addition to maintaining the intimate mood of the palace, it kept their flesh hot and aroused.
His manhood remained erect.

Her womanhood remained moist.

They both remained surrounded by a Phoenix-shaped halo. Just as their respective flames seemed drawn to one another, they came together again in another sensual embrace. It helped set the stage for more intimate exchange.

“This is quite a challenge,” Scott said as he slipped his hands back to her butt, “but I finished the first round. Rest assured, I can finish the rest!”

“In K’un Lun, promises are only for those who hide their lack of skill,” said Fongji. “Don’t make promises. Show them!”

She made it sound like she was challenging him to a fight. After what she’d shown him earlier, fighting with such focus and skill, Scott sensed got a brief glimpse of how Fongji channeled her passions. He would have to match that fiery spirit to meet that challenge.

“In that case, I’ll skip the lesser tactics,” Scott told her while squeezing her butt. “We both wield the power of the Phoenix Force. We both know how it can effect intimate moments.”

“Indeed,” said Fongji seductively, “but a good reminder never hurts.”

He laughed, but she remained dead serious. When they kissed again, the need for words vanished. Everything they had to say from that point forward could be conveyed through subsequent sex acts.

The hard kissing inspired brief, but effective foreplay. Her desires were as strong as his. That first orgasm did little to temper her desire. If the way she kissed and pawed his chest were any indication, her first release intensified it. Tapping into the same passion and energy that had made for many intimate moments with Jean, Scott deepened his focus another coupling played out.

This time, Fongji guided them into their next position. While kissing him hard, she sat him down on the edge of the fountain where he’d bent her over moments earlier. From there, she got on his lap, straddled his pelvis, and guided his manhood back into pussy. As soon as he felt her hot, fleshy folds surround his dick, she began riding him hard. Scott did his part, holding onto her hips and supplementing every movement, but she set the rhythm.

Like their earlier fight, Fongji was very physical. She clung hard to his neck, resting her forehead against his, her eyes locked on his. They even began glowing with the fiery energy of the Phoenix, indicating that she knew how to channel its cosmic power into sex as well.

‘Creation requires passion, as does destruction. The key is finding the right balance. Through this act…and the perspective of life, love, and connection…the power of that balance becomes real.’

Fongji’s fervent pace of sex led her to another orgasm in short order. She writhed in his arms, absorbing the feeling and the greater impact behind it. However, she didn’t linger. She continued the sex. Her lustful gaze never waned. She was daring him to keep up with her. Scott matched her gaze, as well as her effort. The result was more ecstasy for both of them.

More sex followed. Scott lifted her up in his arms by her hips and bounced her up and down his cock until he came again. Fongji followed that up by pulling him down to the floor, getting on top of him, and riding him again until she came too. Scott didn’t miss a beat, though. While she was still climaxed, he rolled her onto her back and went at it missionary style, burying his face in her neck and fondling her breasts until he climaxed again.
With each act that played out, the line between sex and combat blurred. Fongji was so physical, from the way she humped to the way she pawed his naked flesh. It said far more than the many moans and grunts that went into every movement. It was still a challenge, but one that pushed the spirit as much as the body. Scott had pushed both during his time with the X-Men and as Jean’s lover, but not like this. To face what she said he’d inevitably face, he needed to be more.

‘I can find that balance. I can be more than what my choices have wrought.’

Scott remained determined, his mind and body every bit as focused as Fongji. He followed her through more sex, looking to exhaust her passions, along with his own. As they went at it, the fires from the Phoenix fountain continued to erupt like a geyser, bathing the grand hall with a dazzling array of fiery light. At one point, embers rained down from above, covering their naked bodies with the essence of creation. It felt like the Phoenix offering its unique brand of cosmic approval.

It gave both him and Fongji some extra energy for the final push. As they continued venting their sexual energy, they made more use of the Phoenix’s cosmic abilities. At one point, they levitated off the floor, their naked bodies surrounded by the bird-shaped avatar as they went at it. From there, they indulged in more sex, getting more creative with their positions. Scott even sensed Fongji having fun with it. She tried not to show it, but she did crack a smile on more than one occasion.

She only stopped hiding it when they neared their final release. For that moment, they made their way back to the fountain, still hovering several feet off the floor. Fongji had her legs hooked around his waist and her nails dug into his arms as she eagerly rocked her hips, working her pussy along his manly length. Scott made the most of the position as well, holding onto her waist and thrusting with his hips.

They were on the last gasp of desire. The hot sensations that came with every motion brought them to the brink. As that moment approached, Scott finally broke the silence.

“Can you feel it?” he said to her, his eyes glowing bright red.

Fongji replied with another orgasmic moan as she crossed the threshold. Scott came shortly after, adding to the chorus of ecstasy that reverberated throughout the grand hall. Even with the aid of the Phoenix’s power, they reached the limit of such passionate desires.

Then, as their movements stop and their intimate flesh parted, Fongji narrowed her gaze on him once more. She was still smiling. She still had that post-orgasmic glint in her eyes. In that moment, she finally gave him the answer he’d been waiting for.

“I feel it, Scott,” she told him, having not forgotten his earlier question. “Who you are…the kind of man you’re trying to be…I feel it now.”

“Is that all you’re feeling?” he asked with a half-grin.

“Don’t push it,” she said with a grin of her own. “That may work with your wife. It only goes so far with me.”

She silenced him from further innuendo with another kiss. Scott returned the sentiment, but the fires from the fountain continued to burn, albeit at a steadier rate. They were still lively from so much passion, spreading throughout the palace, illuminating areas once darkened from view.

Scott could sense a rare elation within the Phoenix Force. He and Jean had disrupted the natural order of things, but in a way that felt overdue. The overwhelming power, and the hard choices that
came with it, was no longer the primary driving force for this cosmic being. What he and Jean were doing with it was different, born of a new perspective on life, love, and connection.

Now, Fongji had felt it too. After the choice she had to make when she became a host, it resonated strongly. In addition to vindicating that unique perspective, it inspired in her the kind of passion that made the fires of the Phoenix burn with a special kind of heat.

“You’ve made your point. You’ve proven your worth,” Fongji said. “As such, I intend to make good on my offer.”

“I thought you already did,” Scott said, “unless that was only part of the offer.”

“It was merely a precursor,” she said with a suggestive undertone. “When you leave here, you’ll return with something you didn’t have before. I trust that when the time comes – and it will come, as the corruption you’ve incurred grows – you’ll know what to do with this.”

She briefly parted from their embrace. Now standing before her, still naked and surrounded in a fiery halo, she formed a ball of flame in front of her between her hands. Unlike the rest of the Phoenix flames, it had distinct golden hue.

As it drifted towards Scott, he reached out to touch it. Once it reached the fiery halo surrounding his body, it started to mix with his flames. A strange rush followed. It felt like another intimate exchange, albeit one of a non-sexual nature. That didn’t make it any less intimate.

“Whoa!” said Scott. “What was that? It feels…nice.”

“Think of it as an ember from one Phoenix Host to another,” said Fongji, her halo already fading. “Take it with you. Share it with your wife. It is spark forged in the heart of the M’Krann Palace. What it ignites, I cannot say. Just know that when the fires are corrupt by perverse forces, it only takes the right spark to purify the flame. It is a great responsibility, but one I trust you to wield wisely. For you, your wife, and all the hosts that came before you, we must keep the fires of creation burning.”

As Scott processed the strange new feeling, Fongji’s figure faded away, turning into pure flame before merging with the rest of the Phoenix. The rest of the grand hall and the Palace of M’Krann faded, as well. It all merged back into the nexus, but not before sending him one last message of hope and gratitude. It was like Fongji and every other Phoenix host that came before her embracing him before he left.

“Thank you, Fongji,” Scott said before flying away from the nexus. “Those fires will keep burning. My wife and I will see to that.”

New York City – Sanctum Sanctorum

“The gateway between realms is collapsing!” Dr. Strange shouted. “Scott…Jean…if your journey is finished, please hurry back!”

The Sorcerer Supreme fought to keep the swirling energies in the Sanctum Sanctorum going. His hands glowed with energy as he tried to guide the power within his meditative stance. The foundation of this structure that had been built on magic shook under the weight of the energy. Whatever Scott Summers and Jean Grey-Summers had done, it had a significant impact on the realms.

The extent of that impact was unclear, even to the Eye of Agamotto. He could only hope that it was
positive. He hoped to ask them for details, but they had to return first. He channeled more energy, using the full power of the rune stones that the couple had brought with them to keep it open. It was becoming a great strain.

“Will of the Vishanti…give me strength,” he said.

He couldn’t keep it going for much longer. The swirling energy was about to undermine the integrity of the chamber when two familiar figures appeared within the energy. He recognized them as they emerged from the realm between realms.

“We’re back, Dr. Strange!” said Scott. “Seal the rip!”

“We can help!” added Jean.

Dr. Strange cast the final few incantations. The couple, still radiating the power of the Phoenix Force, used its fires to help him along. It was still messy. The rune stones ended up dissolving under the strain. It still worked. The rip closed and the chamber fell silent again.

The Sorcerer Supreme let out a sigh of relief. The chaos had settled. The worlds within worlds felt stable once more. However, as he rose up from his meditative state and opened his eyes, he was met with an unexpected sight. Scott and Jean were standing before him, appearing uninjured and unharmed. They just happened to be naked as well.

“Oh dear,” said Dr. Strange, laughing awkwardly and averting his eyes. “It seems the chaos within the realms was more *disheveled* than I thought.”

Scott and Jean briefly looked at one another. They ended up laughed as well. They didn’t look the least bit uncomfortable with their nudity. They didn’t even try to cover themselves. That must have been a good sign, even if it came at the cost of their clothes.

“It’s okay, Doctor. We just didn’t have time to make ourselves presentable,” said Scott.

“It wouldn’t be the first time, either,” teased Jean.

“I’ll have Wong provide some spare attire,” said the Sorcerer Supreme as he retrieved some spare blankets for them. “I just hope your efforts were fruitful. I can already sense greater stability within the mystic realms.”

“There’s a reason for that,” said Scott as he took one of the blankets, “and we’ll be happy to brief you on it before we leave. For now, I think we’ve created a good foundation in the world of magic. Hopefully, it’ll help us when the time is right.”

“But before we get to that, we need one more favor from you, Dr. Strange,” said Jean upon wrapping a blanket around her naked body.

“And what might that be?” asked the Sorcerer Supreme.

“A shower,” she said with a grin, “a long, hot shower.”

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Up next: Righteous Witchcraft
Scott and Jean give Vision some intimate data that he eagerly utilizes with Wanda. Meanwhile, the Goblin Queen makes a move on the Hand.

New Mexico – X-Corp Headquarters

In any universe with a semblance of order, the concepts of fate and chaos could not coexist. One offered a sense of finality while the other emerged from unpredictable discord. They shouldn’t be capable of manifesting together, let alone affect one another.

Scott and Jean Grey-Summers saw the connection. Through their expanded perspective, gained through their embracement of the Phoenix Force, they understood how seemingly random chaos could complement a set course. They learned even more after exploring the world of magic and the mystic arts in an effort to bring clarity to the chaos they’d caused by their fateful choices.

However, it wasn’t enough to gain greater insights into that world. Knowledge was only as useful as their ability to apply it. That was a lesson they’d learned with the X-Men years earlier. Now, through both their connection to the Phoenix Force and the insights they’d assembled with X-Corp, they’d found a wealth of worthy applications.

Sometimes, those applications found them, which created even more opportunities to forge a new fate through the chaos.

“I can’t thank you two enough for this,” said a gracious, but reserved Wanda Maximoff. “After everything my father has put you through, it feels like I’m getting far more than I deserve.”

“You don’t need to keep thanking us, Wanda,” assured Scott. “You also don’t need to keep apologizing for your father. He made his choices. You made yours. He ended up forming the Brotherhood of Mutants. You joined the Avengers.”

“That says much more about you than it does about him,” added Jean. “You’ve had some chaotic influences in your life…some more damaging than others. But you’ve always found a way to navigate the chaos. Sometimes, you need a little help.”

“With all due respect, Mrs. Grey-Summers,” said Vision in his usual refined voice, “there is nothing little about what you and your husband are providing for us.”

“I don’t disagree,” she said, “which is why Scott and I are determined to deliver. When we make bold promises, we make good on them in a fittingly bold way!”

Her words reflected both her perspective and excitement on the opportunity before them. Unlike previous efforts at forging new connections, Wanda and Vision reached out to them. She and Scott
had made such an impression in saving Ms. Marvel that Vision claimed he’d calculated the extent of their benefits, but could not quantify it. For an intelligent android, it spoke volumes.

Vision also claimed that he calculated every conceivable possibility, but only she and Scott were capable of helping them. Wanda agreed and didn’t need to crunch the numbers to realize that. She and Vision had been married some time ago, but they hadn’t been able to enjoy married life for a while. Between their duties as Avengers and their recent encounter with Magneto, they just hadn’t had the opportunities.

They finally decided to take a leave of absence from the Avengers. Their love had endured so much chaos. At times, it seemed like fate was working against them. They sought to change that in whatever way they could. Scott and Jean just happened to be in a perfect position to aid them.

‘She still seems nervous, Jean. Maybe we should ease them into this,’ Scott said her through a telepathic link as they made their final preparations.

‘We could do that,’ Jean replied, ‘but that just wouldn’t be bold enough now, would it?’

‘Point taken. But Carol told me Wanda and Vision have a strange, but beautiful connection. There’s plenty of love. It’s just chaotic at times.’

‘Good thing we’re no strangers to love, connection, and chaos. After what we experienced with Dr. Strange, we know how to navigate chaos. We might be the only ones who can help these find balance with their love.’

Jean gave her husband a look of confidence. He smiled back as they made the final preparations for this unique effort of theirs. The goal was to assist another married couple, but the method was bold.

Before Wanda and Vision arrived, they secured some empty office space on the eighth floor of X-Corp’s main headquarters. According to Warren, this space had been used to research physical therapy for recovering veterans. It once had exercise equipment, examination tables, and basic monitoring equipment. Scott and Jean had cleared out most of the area, but kept the examination tables and monitoring equipment for mutant research. What they had planned, though, involved a different kind of research.

Part of that plan involved setting up the examination tables near the window that overlooked the majestic New Mexico landscape. They’d also modified the tables so that they were covered in soft satin sheets with large pillows on top. Around those tables, and mounted on the walls, were an array of holiday lights that bathed the room in a steady, welcoming glow. The cold, sterile ambience of a research area had been transformed into something more intimate.

However, Scott and Jean didn’t just stop at setting the mood. They’d kept the monitoring equipment active. It included several cameras on the wall and a scanning apparatus that hung from the ceiling. They even got help from Hank McCoy in modifying them to their specifications. The goal was to gather a special kind of data for Wanda and Vision. While Vision was no stranger to processing unusual data, Wanda seemed more intrigued by the implications.

Some of that intrigue might have also been due to their attire. Wanda and Vision arrived in casual civilian attire. Scott and Jean wore only black bathrobes with nothing underneath. That might have been jarring to Wanda, whose experience with intimacy had been mixed. However, she didn’t look inclined to back away.

“If this is too much, my dear, we can do this another time,” said Vision who stood with Wanda
next to one of the examination tables. “I understand that such intimate matters make people uncomfortable.”

“It’s not that, Vision,” said Wanda. “We’ve been on a team with Tony Stark. We’re both immune to the awkwardness around sex.”

“Relatively speaking,” Vision said, half-jokingly.

“But this isn’t about sex. This is about intimacy,” she said in a more serious tone. “Our love is strong. No one will deny that anymore.”

“Although a few have tried,” Vision pointed out.

“And that doesn’t bother me. It never has,” Wanda said while caressing her lover’s face affectionately. “We have everything we need to make our love work. Now, I’d like to focus on our wants and desires…namely, how we express them.”

There was a deep longing in her tone. The way she looked at vision reminded Jean of how she’d looked at Scott when they were young, shy, and repressed. Wanda might have been surprised by the romantic setup they’d put together, but she was not at all dissuaded.

She looked at Vision with such strong desire. To just be near him and embrace him wasn’t enough. She wanted more. Vision, despite being an android, had a similar desire in his eyes. He simply lacked the perspective, as well as the data, to act on it. That was about to change.

“That’s where we come in,” said Scott. “You feel incredible love for each other, but seek new ways of expressing it. Jean and I can help with that.”

“We can even make it fun,” Jean added. “Being in love is a wonderful thing. It takes work to nurture that love, but that work pays off. It makes room for something deeper, stronger, and very rewarding.”

Her tone became deeper and more sensual. She turned to her husband, who stood with her next to the other examination table, and embraced him with equal amounts of love and lust. Already, the presence of the robes felt burdensome.

“You two have put in the work,” said Scott, grinning widely as he embraced her. “It’s time you enjoy those rewards.”

“And thanks to the scanning equipment we’ve set up, you’ll get to see, study, and process every detail of those rewards,” Jean added.

“Every beautiful detail,” her husband said in that deep, determined tone that often turned her on.

The mood was set. The desires between them were intensifying by the second. In that passionate moment, she and Scott shared a deep kiss. It was both loving and sensual, reflecting their desire to express their love and indulge in its wondrous rewards. They’d done it many times before, but the stakes were different this time. It didn’t make them any less motivated.

“I love you, Scott,” Jean said to him. “I love you in all your impeccable details.”

“I love you too, Jean,” Scott said. “And I want to express that love in a beautifully rewarding way.”

“Mmm…I want that too,” she said while playfully pawing his chest.
“Then, let’s get this little *experiment* started!”

“I’d say this hardly counts as an experiment, but I suspect such technicalities are irrelevant,” commented Vision.

“You’d be right about that, darling,” said Wanda with a humored grin, “which means focus less on logistics and more on the data…the incredibly, intimate data.”

Jean barely heard their remarks. Scott was unaffected, as well. They were already locked in the moment, following their shared passions.

It started with another kiss, which quickly took on a more sensual overtone. It subsequently led to them removing each other’s robes. Scott undid hers first, untying the sash and letting it fall off her body. Jean did the same, leaving them equally nude before their guests.

“Oh my,” Wanda said under her breath, trying to hide her blush.

Jean would’ve laughed if she weren’t so intimately engaged with her husband. She felt Wanda and Vision’s intense gaze on them. Wanda’s gaze naturally gravitated towards Scott, especially the impressive endowment hanging between his legs. She might have married a robot, but she was still a healthy heterosexual woman.

Jean also sensed Vision’s gaze on them. While he tried to maintain an objective, analytical poise, the human side of him still showed. She could tell he was scanning her body more intensely, especially her legs, breasts, and pussy. His human side was still distinctly masculine and his machine side could only do so much to process it.

‘It’s okay,’ Jean told them via telepathy. ‘*Don’t be afraid to stare. Scott and I set this up so that you can observe, study, and appreciate everything that goes into making beautiful love.*’

That helped ease the tension, allowing Jean to stay focused on her impassioned husband. They continued kissing and embracing, naked skin touching naked skin. She pawed his chest while tracing her finger around the manly sinews of his upper body. He felt her up with those powerful hands of his, squeezing her butt and caressing her breasts in the way she loved. Each loving kiss and affectionate gesture became bolder, but the underlying desire remained the same.

He wanted to make love to her as much as she wanted to make love to him. That desire soon manifested in physical arousal. Scott’s penis grew increasingly erect under her touch. Her pussy became increasingly wet under his. At one point during all the kissing and touching, they directed their gestures towards their genitals. He gently caressed her moist folds while she stroked his rigid manhood.

Throughout the course of their foreplay, the equipment in the room ran at full capacity. The cameras on the walls were focused on her and Scott. The scanner in the ceiling over the examination table lit up, briefly scanning their naked bodies with red laser light. It was an oddly arousing feeling, knowing that she and Scott were being analyzed while they expressed their love.

For Vision, however, the analysis took on a far greater meaning.

“Such dense data,” Vision said, his eyes flashing as he watched them intently. “It’s so *intense*.”

“Is that another *technical* term?” Wanda asked, not taking her eyes off Scott.

“Not in the slightest, my love,” he answered.
Vision had been linked into the equipment before entering the room. Hank warned them that, even with his processing power, it might overwhelm certain systems. Vision shrugged off those concerns. He probably felt differently at this point.

He would have to find some way of keeping up because Jean was ready for the next phase and so was Scott. With neither a word nor a telepathic exchange, they followed their passions further and took their love onto their examination table. Scott, being both a gentleman and a caring lover, lifted her up in his arms and laid her down atop the soft sheets. They continued kissing and embracing every step of the way, their bodies aligning in preparation for more overt acts of love.

Wanda and Vision moved in closer. The scanner above the table hummed louder as it processed more data. Jean never lost her focus and neither did Scott. As he remained on top of her, kissing and caressing her while his naked body pressed down against his, she felt his love through every act. She also felt his lust in the form of his manhood pressing against her inner thighs. Jean reciprocated every gesture, wrapping her legs around his waist and adjusting her hips, their flesh now ready to unite.

“Take me, Scott,” she said to him, already breathless from so much kissing.

That was all the affirmation he needed. Her husband took it from there, trailing his hand down her body until resting at her thighs. Then, their intimate entwinement fully secure, he thrust forward and entered her. They each let out a sharp gasp as the familiar feeling of masculine flesh entering feminine depths washed over them.

“Ooh Scott!” Jean moaned with that special brand passion.

“Jean…” Scott gasped with similar passion.

The lovemaking that followed played out as it had many times before. Their naked bodies began moving. Scott fully utilized the leverage at his disposal, working his body against hers in focused, lateral thrusts. He put both strength and power into each movement, digging his feet and knees into the undersized table. It helped add greater fervor to his effort.

Their naked skin grinded with every movement, the friction of their flesh adding to the heat of their sex.

Their intimate flesh seamlessly complemented one another, his hard cock pumping seamlessly within her hot pussy.

The hot sensations that followed evoked more blissful moans. In addition to those moans, they shared impassioned kisses and loving gestures. Jean caressed her husband’s face, running her fingers through his chestnut hair as their world rocked. In between the chaotic expressions, they laughed joyously and rightfully so.

They were having fun, making love and indulging in their passions. Even after opening their relationship and passions to others, she and Scott still cherished the simple act of making love to one another as husband and wife. It was a special act exclusive to their love. The power of that act could not be quantified, even with aid of the Phoenix Force and an intelligent android.

That didn’t stop Vision from making the effort. Even though Jean remained as focused as Scott on their sex, she hadn’t forgotten why they were doing this.

“So this is the physical manifestation of passionate love,” Vision said, sounding both amazed and confounded. “It’s beautiful…complex, but beautiful.”
“That’s one way of putting it,” said Wanda, who just looked amazed.

Their comments barely registered. She and Scott kept making love as though they were the only ones in the room. They maintained a steady, fervent pace, their naked bodies moving together in seamlessly sensual harmony. Jean raked her hand over his back while her love felt his way up her curves, eventually caressing her face as he made every thrust count. Sensations, feelings, and pleasure coursed through them, guiding them along an intimate journey.

Wanda and Vision could only watch from afar while the scanning equipment scrutinized every little detail, right down to the beads of sweat forming on their skin. They weren’t putting on the show with the intention of turning someone on, but the visuals definitely had an effect.

Jean noticed Wanda shifting uncomfortably while standing next to Vision. She kept rubbing her legs together, a clear sign that she was getting wet between her legs. She leaned in closer to her husband, clinging to his arm and trailing her hand over his chest. Vision didn’t seem to notice at first. His eyes kept flashing, indicating he was still trying to process all the data. That eventually changed when he took Wanda’s hand in his, squeezing it gently as the passionate moment intensified.

The heated rhythm, and the powerful emotions that came with it, brought Jean to the brink of orgasm. Scott had become so adept at making love. He worked his body with hers so well, kissing and caressing her in all the right ways. He knew just how to get her to that special place where the line between intimacy and ecstasy disappeared completely.

“Scott…I’m getting close!” Jean gasped. “I’m so…so close!”

“Jean…my beautiful wife,” Scott gasped, “I’m ready too.”

Following her amorous cries, he stepped up his efforts. He tightened his hold on her hips, elevated his body slightly, and delivered a quick round of harder movements. Jean clung to his shoulders, moaning loudly as her breasts bounced to every thrust. His throbbing cock slithered inside her, stimulating her depths in just the right ways.

He locked eyes with her, their loving gaze conveying more than words ever could. Jean could sense how close he was. From the way he looked at her to the way he held her, she needed no telepathy or cosmic force to tell her he was ready to join her in that special place. As that desired destination came into view, she lovingly caressed his face in preparation for their release.

“Oohhh Scott!”

Finally, he led her to the end of their journey. Her husband got her to her desired destination in which she shared the joyous fruits of their efforts.

The orgasmic rush hit her first. Jean let out an impassioned cry that filled the room, bending her legs back and curling her toes as the ripples of pleasure coursed through her body. A similar rush hit Scott moments later, his manly muscles tensing with strength as he climaxed with her. His cock and her pussy throbbed within the feeling, his hot fluids mixing with hers inside her depths.

Together, they shared in the intimate delight. Their passion drew them together through the blissful daze. They embraced and kissed, the extent of their love showing within the outburst of lust. It perfectly encapsulated the love they sought to express. It also triggered a strong reaction from Vision.

“So much passion…so much love…too much data,” Vision said, his eyes flickering erratically. “I
cannot hope to process it all. And yet, I understand it.”

“Some things just can’t be processed,” said Wanda, still clinging to her love’s arm, “not by machines… not by people… not by anyone.”

“It seems inherently chaotic.”

“Yet it works,” she said strongly. “It really, truly works.”

Wanda laughed in astonishment while Vision just watched on in awe. Jean also sensed Wanda getting excited and not just in a sexual way. She knew about sex as much as any married woman, especially one who’d been on a team with Tony Stark. However, she’d never seen it manifest in the way that she and Scott went about it. It promised to change both her perspective and her outlook on married life.

Had Jean not been caught up in the afterglow, she would’ve laughed with Wanda. She and Scott had since completed their intimate immersion with one another. He withdrew from her, but remained in her loving embrace. They shared beaming smiles, moaning affectionately and panting heavily. They eventually returned to an upright position, their naked bodies still being analyzed by both Vision and the monitoring equipment.

‘I don’t think Wanda is content to just watch anymore,’ Scott said through a telepathic link.

‘It’s not like she’s hiding it,’ Jean replied with a light snicker. ‘I’m pretty sure she’ll need a cold shower and clean panties by the end of this.’

‘Good. That’s just as we hoped. That means we can skip a few steps before getting to the next part.’

They shared a mischievous laugh, which they hid through another loving kiss. Even after making love so intensely, the desire remained strong. One round just wasn’t going to do it, especially if their fellow married couple was to get the most out of this.

She and Scott began a fresh round of foreplay. They kissed and touched one another’s naked flesh, not caring at all about their disheveled state. However, while Scott was kissing down her neck and fondling her breasts, Jean turned towards Wanda.

“You don’t have to wait for the honeymoon, Wanda,” Jean told her. “Go on. Get undressed. I think you’re ready!”

“Yes, I think so too,” said Wanda, smiling and blushing under her gaze.

The former Avenger finally embraced the mood that she and Scott set. She let go of Vision’s arm, stepped out in front of him, and took off her clothes. She even dared to make it sexy, wiggling her hips when she took off her pants and teasing her husband in undoing her bra.

It was a surprising move for Wanda, who was usually so reserved and controlled. It surprised Vision more than it surprised Jean or Scott. He didn’t bother trying to process that data. He just watched in mix of astonishment and affection as his wife got naked in front of him.

“Is she always this playful while stripping?” Scott asked, who quickly took notice of another naked woman in the room.

“No. She is not,” said Vision plainly.
“Would it bother you if I did it more often?” Wanda asked.

“Not at all, my dear. Not at all,” Vision replied.

He smiled lovingly, his human side showing like never before. While Jean continued making out with her husband, Vision focused his attention on his beautiful wife. He stepped forward and cupped her face with both hands. She smiled warmly under his touch. That smile got wider as he trailed his hands down her body, paying close attention to her breasts and inner thighs. He must have noticed how aroused she’d gotten. Wanda’s strong reaction revealed the extent to which her perspective had shifted.

She was ready to embrace a more intimate manifestation of love. More importantly, she wanted it immensely. That stood out to Jean more than any physical manifestation. It was just a matter of Vision having what he needed to meet those desires.

“Your touch is as wonderful as ever,” Wanda told him, “but I want more than that this time.”

“And I want to give it to you, Wanda,” said Vision intently.

“Does that mean you’re ready to test out the new hardware you recently installed?” she asked coyly.

“Indeed, I am,” he said. “Just do not tell Tony Stark or Hank Pym where I obtained the designs. For once, I’d rather not compare schematics.”

The advanced android proceeded to undress, as well. Unlike everyone else, he didn’t have to do a striptease. He just phased out of his clothes, revealing the reddish metallic skin underneath. Being an advanced android, his skin wasn’t just metal. Jean had felt it earlier. It had a warmth to it. Wanda claimed that warmth where his love and humanity showed. Jean believed him, but she also believed she wasn’t as familiar with the hardware he’d mentioned.

Hanging between his legs, which had once been vacant of any major parts, was a set of well-crafted male genitalia. Even from afar, Jean was impressed. It was perfectly proportioned to the rest of his body, having just the right amount of length and girth. Wanda told her in private that Vision had attempted to install sex organs in the past, but it often got awkward when they tried to use it. That was understandable. Vision’s understanding of human sexual relations was limited.

That was what she and Scott hoped to change. While Wanda also told them she and Vision had explored intimate couplings, they rarely pushed it beyond a certain point. Now that they were married, she wanted to go all the way. They’d given Vision the data he needed. All that remained was the desire and opportunity to make use of it.

“Such remarkable design,” said Wanda, as she reached down and grasped her husband’s penis.

“You don’t need to tell us where you got them,” Scott said. “In fact, I think we’re better off not knowing.”

“The source is not important,” said Vision. “What matters is what I do with it, now that I have the sufficient data.”

“Why stop at sufficient?” Jean noted.

That earned her a curious gaze from the android. Even as Wanda continued admiring his recently-constructed penis, he remained aware of the sensual environment they’d created. The data was still flowing. The desire was still there. There was no reason to limit their efforts.
“Are you implying there is more data to consider?” Vision asked.

“Not necessarily,” Jean answered, now leaning on her husband’s shoulder. “What you just saw was a good example of quality lovemaking.”

“And a very good one, at that,” added Scott.

“But therein lies the power of love,” she continued. “Whether you feel it, pursue it, or express it through sex…it’s an ongoing process. You never stop gathering data. You never stop learning about yourself, your lover, and how to embrace them.”

“Sometimes, you learn from experience,” Scott added. “Sometimes, you take lessons from others.”

“And as it just so happens, you’re in luck!” said Jean as she turned her attention back to her lover. “Because Scott and I have plenty of lessons to teach.”

She cast her lover that mischievous, yet seductive grin that she knew he loved. He cast her a similar grin before deepening their naked embrace. More kissing followed, which quickly evolved into light foreplay.

Wanda was already following their example. She shifted her attention from her husband’s penis to the rest of his humanoid form. With a glint of passion and playfulness in her eye, she embraced Vision with unhindered desire. She freely and affectionately pressed her naked skin against his android form, flooding him with a new kind of data before kissing him passionately. Vision took notice, but didn’t stop gathering data.

“I see,” said Vision, already embracing his wife. “I suppose additional lessons might be revealing.”

“You make it sound so pragmatic,” said Wanda curtly.

“Of course,” he said, as though it were the most logical thing in the world. “You find such mannerisms a sexual turn-on, do you not?”

“Now, you’re pushing it. And I love it!”

Wanda silenced her lover with another kiss and more heavy skin contact. Vision returned the favor, but didn’t stop gathering data. The diamond-shaped gem in his forehead kept flashing, indicated that he was still linked into the monitoring equipment. Jean and Scott were still providing it with plenty of data. It meant that one act of lovemaking could supplement another.

‘She loves it more than she lets on,’ Jean told her husband via telepathy. ‘I doubt Vision knows how horny she is right now.’

‘He’ll find out soon enough. The best we can do is provide him quality data,’ Scott replied. ‘After all, that is why they came to us.’

‘It’s still not the only reason.’

‘You’re right. But it’s the one we can have the most fun with.’

She and Scott laughed to themselves, even as they continued with their heated foreplay. Wanda and Vision were finally getting into the spirit as well. Wanda guided her husband atop the nearby examination table, which had the same soft sheets and pillows. She was already lying on her back with her husband on top of her, kissing passionately and exploring each other’s bodies.
This level of passion was still new to them. Their inexperience showed. Vision was careful and measured in how he shared such intimate gestures with Wanda. She was already so aroused that she was getting somewhat impatient with her touching. In the spirit of helping a fellow married couple, Scott and Jean stepped up their efforts.

“Ready to begin the next lesson?” Jean asked her husband playfully.

“I’m ready, my love,” Scott replied.

Knowing Vision was still gathering data, she and Scott shifted their bodies in pursuit of a different kind of sex act. Scott laid down on his back while Jean got on top of him. They then arranged themselves into a 69 position. Now, her pussy hovered right over his face while his semi-hard dick was right under hers, still dripping with their sexual juices. From that erotic arrangement, she and Scott employed their oral sex skills.

Scott dug in right away, using his hands to spread her folds before plunging his tongue into her wet depths. The fresh rush of sensations prompted Jean to return the favor. She hungrily took the length of his cock between her lips, evoking a muffled grunt of approval from her lover. As he flicked his tongue inside her pussy, she licked and suckled his cock, rebuilding a shared arousal that got them back on that intimate journey.

Their sensual lesson didn’t go unnoticed. Wanda clearly took notice, even as she engaged in heavy foreplay with Vision. Seeing another woman get oral sex from her husband intrigued her, among other things. Vision took notice too. Armed with fresh data, he decided to make use of it.

“I’d like to give you oral sex, Wanda,” Vision told her.

“I’d like that too. I’d like that a lot,” she replied, not hiding her excitement.

Vision didn’t wait to process the rest of the data. As Wanda lay comfortably on her back, he carefully worked his way down her naked body. He was so diligent, as if to scrutinize every bit of her flesh, as though it were critical information. In the spirit of expressing their love, it certainly qualified.

Once he reached her inner thighs, Wanda eagerly spread her legs. She held them apart nice and wide, allowing Vision to give her aroused pussy the scrutiny he wanted. With Scott setting a high standard, gorging on Jean’s womanhood and lapping up her juices, Vision went to work doing the same. Android or not, he still had lips and a tongue. He began using them to give his wife the intimate stimulation she desired. The fruits of such data were almost immediate.

“Ooh wow!” Wanda moaned joyously. “Your tongue…so good! It feels…so good!”

Her vocal reaction filled the room. Even in the midst of oral sex, Jean took notice. Wanda toes were already fluttering. Her back arched and her expression twitched with joy. It couldn’t have been the first time she’d received oral sex. Vision must have been extra-thorough or made additional upgrades on the spot.

Wanda’s loud moans ended up motivating Scott to intensify his efforts. He probed deeper with his tongue while rubbing her clit with his thumb, hitting all those special areas that he knew so well. It got Jean moaning louder. It also got her sucking harder, which helped hasten Scott’s renewed arousal. It felt less like a lesson in lovemaking and more a competition as to who could keep up.

‘You’re a lucky woman, Wanda. Most men need practice and incentive to give good oral sex,’ Jean told Wanda telepathically. ‘
‘You’re right, Jean. I am!’ Wanda replied. ‘After all the chaos I’ve endured…and the chaos I’ve caused…I feel so lucky right now!’

‘Believe it or not, it still gets better.’

‘I believe you, Jean. You and Scott have done plenty to earn our trust!’

At that point, there was little need for formal lessons. Even though the monitoring equipment was still running, the rest of the data was superfluous. Now, they could just be two couples enjoying some ravenous lovemaking.

She and Scott had worked up plenty of arousal. His dick was fully erect again and her pussy was just as moist as before. Following the same passions, Jean gave her lover’s member one last lick before reorienting their bodies once more. He remained on his back, more than happy to let her set the stage for their next sex act.

He already had an amorous grin when she straddled his waist, remaining fully upright with her entire upper body on display to him. Jean smiled back as she reached behind her back, grabbed his cock at the base, and guided it into her pussy. The hot penetration was just as smooth as before, her tight folds lovingly surrounding his hardened flesh. With their bodies entwined once more, she began riding him cowgirl style.

Jean mirrored the same passionate, thorough pace that her husband had shown earlier. She knew him as well as he knew her. She knew how much Scott loved watching her ride his dick, rocking her hips with just the right intensity to evoke those warm, sensuous sensations. He looked up at her as though she were an angel, feeling up her curvy waist and fondling her bouncing breasts. Jean returned his admiring gaze, placing her hands over his to convey plenty of love to go along with the pleasure.

“Jean!” he gasped. “Such sweet…beautiful lessons!”

“Mmm…lessons, indeed,” Jean said with blissful delight.

Their sex was more playful than before. Lesson or not, she and Scott stopped worrying about the data they sent to Vision through the scanning equipment. If their style taught him to be more playful during intimate moments, then that was just a bonus.

He still took that lesson seriously. He kept Wanda moaning loudly with every moment he spent buried between her legs. He didn’t let up in his oral sex. He kept licking and stimulating her pussy until her moans became orgasmic, in nature. It must have been a while since she’d experienced one like this.

“Oh…oh my God! I think I…I’m going to…come!” Wanda exclaimed, barely able to form coherent sentences.

The orgasmic rush hit her sooner than expected. Her eyes briefly flashed with glowing hex energy. The examination table shook and the nearby monitors flickered. She clung hard to the edge of the examination table, writhing in anticipation. When the feeling came over her, she arched her lower back, closed, her eyes, and let out a cry of delight that impressed even two experienced lovers.

“Ooohhh yes!”

It was quite a sight, seeing the Scarlet Witch achieve orgasm with her android husband. Jean had a perfect view of the spectacle while riding her husband. It was amazing. Even Vision looked astonished. Even with his robot complexion, he looked both impressed and encouraged.
“I think you came, my dear,” Vision remarked, finally looking up from her inner thighs.

Wanda laughed joyously before shooting up from her position and kissing him harder than she had since their wedding. Her eyes were still glowing and there was still some hex energy radiating from her. It didn’t do much damage, but it did short out some of the equipment.

That didn’t bother Jean and Scott. It had already served its purpose. Hank McCoy had already mentioned the need for upgrades. They didn’t need such elaborate equipment anymore. They had done enough to teach the necessary lessons. Vision, despite his heavy reliance on hard data, didn’t look too concerned as well.

“And there goes the data link,” said Vision after Wanda completed their kiss.

“Mmm…did you get enough?” asked Wanda, still deep in her orgasmic daze.

“Who said I needed more? And who said I even need the link?” he asked in a polite, but curt tone.

He did it again, using those formal mannerisms of his to turn Wanda on. It worked just as effectively as earlier. She laughed before kissing him again, this time with more body contact.

Within their embrace, Vision pursued a lesson of his own. The recently-installed penis that Wanda had so lovingly admired earlier came to life, becoming fully erect with an efficiency befitting of an advanced machine. Jean and Scott saw it too. Even in the midst of their own lovemaking, they grew curious.

“That’s a handy feature,” Jean commented from the other table.

“I’ll say,” said Scott sheepishly.

“I’d still like to test out other features,” said Vision. “Wanda, my darling, do you wish to proceed?”

“Hell yes!” she said without hesitation.

She didn’t linger in the post-orgasmic afterglow. She didn’t even give Vision a chance to ask for specifics. They turned out to be unnecessary. Wanda had already chosen how the next lesson would unfold. Just as Scott had demonstrated earlier with Jean, Vision just followed her passions.

That ultimately led to Vision lying on his back with Wanda crawling on top of him, her every move supercharged with sensual energy. The advanced android looked up at her with awe, lovingly cupping her face while she aligned her body with his for their next intimate act. She matched his intense gaze, holding onto his waist as she rubbed the tip of his penis over her wet folds.

Wanda was already breathing heavily with anticipation. Despite having had an orgasm already, she didn’t rush into full-on intercourse. Unlike Jean, she had limited experience. She had a romantic history. She even shared some of the lurid details with Jean in private. She’d also made clear that she wanted sex to be different with Vision.

Him having the necessary hardware wasn’t the issue. There was a critical difference between having sex and making love. Jean knew that difference better than most. After everything she’d been through with the Avengers and Magneto, Wanda deserved to know it too.

‘Do it, Wanda. Make love to your husband,’ Jean encouraged. ‘You have the same data as Vision. You need only embrace it with both love and lust.’

‘Love and lust,’ Wanda replied with intense thoughts, ‘yes, I can do that.’
That little push was all she needed. With renewed focus, she lovingly took her husband’s hands in hers. Then, under his amorous gaze, she plunged her hips downward, driving his masculine hardware up into her pussy.

“Ooh Vision!” Wanda gasped. “I feel you. I feel you inside me!”

“Wanda… I feel you too,” Vision said, his eyes flashing erratically, as if processing a flood of new data.

For a moment, they both just took in the intensity of their intimate union.

Once that moment passed, the lessons that Scott and Jean had imparted took hold.

Their bodies began moving, mirroring that focused, sensual rhythm that they’d observed earlier. It started slow with Wanda just rocking her hips, working her hot folds along the length of her lover’s cock. The pace soon quickened. Vision also supplemented her efforts, moving his hips with hers, complementing every bodily gyration.

“That’s it, you two. That’s it!” Jean said. “You’re doing it. You’re making love!”

“Enjoy it. Embrace it. Celebrate it!” Scott added before pulling her into a deep kiss.

Wanda and Vision took those impassioned words to heart. They found their own unique brand of lovemaking. Driven by the love they had and the desire to express it, they followed their passions and let their bodies convey the sentiment through every sensuous motion. Their collective moans added to the growing symphony of ecstasy.

‘Two loving couples… making love… celebrating their passions together,’ Jean mused. ‘It’s so chaotic, yet so beautiful.’

As their respective lovemaking unfolded, it became less organized and formal. While Wanda and Vision got a better feel for their newfound appreciation of intimacy, Jean was already on the cusp of another orgasm.

Riding her husband’s cock had built up quite a feeling. At one point, Scott rose into a more upright, grabbed hold of her butt, and let her grind her pelvis against his with more leverage. It helped her get to that edge and beyond, culminating with another round of orgasmic ecstasy.

“Ooh! I’m coming again! I’m coming!” Jean moaned.

She grabbed onto her lover’s neck, digging her nails into his skin. As the feeling washed over her, she leaned back, closed her eyes, and let out a moan that matched the one Wanda let out during her first peak. While Scott was happy to bury his face between her breasts and listen to her moan, Wanda seemed to take that as a challenge.

“Looks like we’ve got some catching up to do,” Wanda said playfully.

“Indeed, we do,” said Vision. “Shall we adjust our celebration accordingly?”

“Yes, we shall!”

With a competitiveness that would’ve made her brother and father proud, Wanda stepped up the pace of their lovemaking. She and Vision mirrored the same position Jean had just used with Scott, returning to a more upright alignment so Wanda could really work her hips hard. That got her to the brink of orgasm much quicker than before. She might have even used her hex powers to change the
odds.

“Ooh yes! I’m coming too!” she cried out.

Once again, the odds played out in her favor. She climaxed again and wasn’t quiet about it, either. Vision even mimicked Scott’s actions, affectionately smothering her breasts with his lips. That seemed to amplify Wanda’s enjoyment. It also raised the stakes.

“Oh, it’s on now!” Jean said, shooting Wanda a playful gaze.

“And they say I’m too competitive,” joked Scott.

“You want to judge me? Or do you want to keep making love to me?”

“Tough choice,” he said, “but you already know my preference.”

Rising to the occasion, they skipped the usual afterglow and proceeded to a new round of foreplay. In short order, Scott had Jean lying on her side, her leg hitched over his shoulders while he pumped his cock into her pussy at an angle. It allowed him to keep both the passion and pace of their lovemaking going, which culminated in another orgasm for him.

Despite their limited experience, Wanda and Vision still kept up. Wanda’s latest release led to subsequent foreplay that was less restrained. She freely pawed her lover’s chest while he eagerly fondled her breasts, quickly discovering that she enjoyed having her nipples pinched. He made good use of that knowledge and the rest of the data he’d compiled.

He eventually laid Wanda down on her back, got on top of her, and made love to her in the same missionary-style alignment that Scott had demonstrated earlier. It proved every bit as effective. The pleasure, the love, and the passion kept flowing freely between them.

Vision had his lover writhing and rocking to the pace of his movements. She arched her legs back further, showing impressive flexibility in hitching them over his shoulder. She was so playful, laughing and moaning while caressing her lover’s face. Vision was also very measured with every thrust, as if he’d calculated the optimal force, down to the millinewton. His calculations must have been accurate because he got Wanda to climax again in short order.

“Ooh Vision! Again! I’m coming again!” she exclaimed.

That encouraged Vision even more. As he caressed her face and cast her a smile that was anything but robotic, a powerful realization came over him. He enjoyed making love to his wife. He enjoyed seeing her revel in ecstasy. Jean, having a husband who shared in that sentiment, understood the value of that feeling better than most.

‘It’s a beautiful thing, Vision…expressing your love so intimately…seeing your lover savor its fruits,’ Jean told him telepathically. ‘It’s not just a human thing. It’s not purely biological, either. Love is a universal language with many dialects. And you and Wanda are becoming quite fluent!’

As Wanda shuddered under the weight of another orgasm, Vision cast Jean a gracious grin. Jean smiled back, but only briefly. Scott was already going down on her again after his latest peak. He kept the passion and the desire going, still motivated by the other couple in the room. Competitive or not, it kept the lovemaking going.

Through shared sentiment and passions, the two couples made love with little further guidance. Wanda and Vision freely explored their newfound fondness of sex, attempting various positions with varying degrees of success. Scott and Jean helped by showing off a few of their favorites,
which made for some humorous moments and shared laughs. Wanda lost her balance somewhat while trying to do it doggy style. Vision also seemed uncertain of how to supplement his lover’s efforts during reverse cowgirl. It didn’t make the experience any less enjoyable.

The overall mood remained playful and passionate. Jean and Scott continued enjoying their share of orgasms. Wanda and Vision attempted to keep up with Wanda getting her share. It was hard to tell if Vision experienced orgasm in the same way. He didn’t vocalize it as much, but his facial expressions alone indicated that he experienced his share of ecstasy. That might be something they could help them with later, but he didn’t seem to mind. He was still as motivated as his wife to express their love to the utmost.

Things finally slowed down after the two couples had vented the bulk of their passions. Scott and Jean, having gone at it longer, were the first to settle into a comfortable afterglow. After holding her up in his arms and bouncing her along his cock, Scott brought her to orgasm. Jean returned the favor with a little light cowgirl, which got him to another blissful release.

They eventually settled into a light embrace atop the examination table, holding one another lovingly while they watched Wanda and Vision get their fill of lovemaking. They too had slowed the pace, settling into a much less vigorous series of movements. The desire and the intimacy was still there. With Wanda’s legs hitched over her lover’s thighs, their naked bodies in an upright position as they rocked together for that final push, they carried one another to the climactic end of a blissful journey.

“Vision…I feel it again. I feel it…coming…again!” Wanda panted heavily.

“Wanda…my love,” Vision said, brushing aside her disheveled hair. “I feel it too.”

There was no ambiguity this time. When Wanda climaxed in his loving, Vision climaxed too. It showed in both his expression and the erratic blinking light in his forehead. Wanda noticed too, smiling lovingly and kissing that light over his forehead. It was a sweet gesture that capped off a beautiful expression of love. For two lovers who’d struggled with their love, it was incredibly satisfying.

That content feeling blossomed as their bodies parted, but they remained in a loving embrace. Wanda sat comfortably on his lap, her arms wrapped around his neck while resting her head on his shoulder. She looked so happy and peaceful. Feeling her in his arms must have triggered an emotional overload in Vision because tears had formed in his eyes.

“I once said that even an android can cry,” Vision said, “now, I know they can also shed tears of joy.”

“As if I had any doubt,” Wanda said with a beaming smile as she wiped those tears away.

“I think you’ve done away with doubts, at this point,” Scott commended. “You may not convince your brother or your father, but you’ve convinced each other.”

“And if they ever try to tell you otherwise, just say it to each other…no more doubts,” Jean added.

“No more doubts,” Wanda repeated. “I like that!”

“As do I,” said Vision.

The two couples sat in the contentment of afterglow, holding their respective lovers and catching their breath. Once again, she and Scott had forged a new connection. Unlike others, this one found them. It also carried more weight, given their history with Wanda’s inescapable connections to
Magneto. It said something about the power of their perspective. If they could share it with others who once opposed them and even embrace it together, then who knew what other connections would find them.

Since she and Scott were still investigating the unforeseen impacts of their actions, they needed as many of those connections as possible.

“You know, it’s funny,” said Wanda, breaking the content silence between the couples. “Before we came here, Agatha Hawkins told me not to expect much. She said the best we could hope for was some rare rune stones that might help me manage my hex powers.”

“And you’re still welcome to those stones,” said Scott. “If it helps you manage your powers, then that can only help everyone in the long run.”

“Thanks to our friends in Asgard, we’ve got plenty to spare,” said Jean with a curt grin, not forgetting why X-Corp had such good friends in the first place.

“And I really appreciate that,” Wanda continued. “Between everything my father has put you through and all the times I’ve neglected mutant issues, I feel like we’re getting far more than we’re giving.”

“You don’t need to worry about that now, Wanda,” said Jean. “Right now, we just need your support and your friendship.”

“And given the nature of our endeavors, it won’t be long before we’ll need your help with something,” added Scott. “We’ll even make sure it’s one you can do fully clothed.”

They all laughed together. It was a remarkable change in perspective. Wanda and Vision had become quite comfortable with nudity. Their newfound fondness of intimacy had quite an impact. Jean sensed that the fondness went beyond a new perspective on love, sex, and passion. It showed in how quickly their laughter subsided.

“I appreciate that,” Wanda said.

“As do I,” said Vision with a humored grin, “but in the meantime, it feels like we should offer more than just our gratitude.”

“It’s really not necessary,” said Scott assured them.

“But if you’re going to try, we won’t stop you,” Jean added.

“Is that so?” said Wanda with a suggestive grin.

The couple exchanged playful glances. Wanda then leaned forward and whispered something into Vision’s ear. Whatever she’d said must have strained his systems because the light on his head started flashing again. He didn’t say anything in return. He just nodded with knowing glance.

Without saying another word, she and Vision got up off the examination table and walked over towards theirs. Upon arriving, Wanda sat right next to Scott while Vision sat next to her. Jean could already sense something bold brewing between them. It might have still been a result of the afterglow, but that rarely dissuaded them. They’d learned through other connections that newfound perspectives have a way of inspiring newfound passions.

“We can’t offer much, but we can make an effort…albeit a bold one,” said Wanda as she offered Scott a seductive gesture.
“Well, we support bold efforts at X-Corp,” said Scott in response.

“We were simply going to request a shower before turning in for the night.” Vision added. “But, seeing as how you also exerted your share of effort, we’d like to offer you a chance to join us.”

“Join you?” Jean questioned half-seriously. “Do androids need to shower?”

“Do you want to ask questions, Jean? Or do you want to know what it’s like to be sensually washed by an advanced android with an equally-advanced penis?”

Jean pretended to think about it, not that it required much thought. She had already eyed Vision’s mechanical penis with curiosity. Vision was eying her naked body with similar sentiments. She also hadn’t forgotten how much Wanda enjoyed seeing Scott naked earlier. While Jean normally advised couples to take it slow when expanding their perceptions on intimacy, she sensed that Wanda and Vision had taken enough things slow. They were ready to make some bold leaps.

“Well, if you’re that serious about showing gratitude,” Jean said playfully.

“I assure you, Mrs. Grey-Summers. We’re quite serious, thanks largely to you and your husband,” said Vision, already welcoming her intimate touch.

“In that case, follow us!” said Scott. “You’ll find that, after heated lovemaking, you’ll want to be extra thorough in the shower. We’ll be happy to give you another lesson if you want.”

“I’m already looking forward to it,” said Wanda, latching onto his arm and pressing her naked body up against his.

More joyous laughter followed. Having effectively swapped spouses, the two couples made their way out of the room and towards the shower facilities. More intimate acts followed. More powerful connections took shape and not just physically.

Playful or not, having new allies was critical. Having former Avengers was sure to be more valuable in the long run. There were enough known threats to the X-Men and Avengers alike. Being able to help one another in profound ways could only improve their current path. However, it was the unknown threats that concerned her and Scott most.

There was little doubt that the same threats that had confounded them earlier were still growing. At some point, they were going to make themselves known. It was just a matter of where, when, and how daunting they might be when that time came.

**Japan – Secret Hand Headquarters**

“Who are you?! How dare you attack the heart of the Hand? We’ll take your lives! We fear no death!”

Madelyne Pryor tried not to laugh too hard at the angry war cries of Nyoirin Henecha, the acting leader of the Hand, as he attempted to fight off a full-scale invasion to his compound. It was supposedly the most secure structure in the Eastern Hemisphere. It might as well have been a poorly-guarded museum.

For centuries, the Hand had operated out of hidden facilities disguised as castles, buildings, or even entire villages. They were supposed to be the unseen shadow looming over every operation in the far east, ranging from criminal activity to legitimate business interests. Their power and influence was legendary. Despite its many enemies, they claimed to be unbeatable, having conquered death
itself.

Walking through the compounding behind an invading army of Venom Husks, the Goblin Queen was not impressed. The ability to conquer death meant little to her. Death, as a concept, was a relative term and one she knew how to exploit. She’d already amassed plenty of manpower in Madripoor, thanks to cloning efforts of Dr. Miles Warren. What she needed now was influence and the Hand had plenty of to spare.

The only problem, so far, was surviving the boredom. Attacking the Hand’s secret rural compound on the coast of Japan shouldn’t have been this easy, but their army of ninjas was no match for her army of perverse husks.

“Dr. Warren did too good a job with this breed of Venom Husk,” the Goblin Queen commented as she casually entered the main foyer of the facility. “It’s like these undead ninjas aren’t even trying.”

She might as well have been on a casual stroll through the Japanese countryside. She’d landed in a private jet from Madripoor less than a half-hour ago. Her army of Venom Husks launched their attacks moments prior, appearing out of portals she’d created in Limbo. They’d caught the Hand by surprise. Nobody was supposed to know about the location of their compound, let alone succeed in attacking it. They had every reason to believe they were safe from the Goblin Queen.

Ironically, yet fittingly, they were dead wrong.

“Undead,” the Goblin Queen scoff, “now there’s a contradiction in terms.”

Walking through the foyer, she watched hordes of undead ninjas fall at the hands of her Venom Husks. They fought with commendable skill. Their mastery of ninjutsu showed in how they launched coordinated, deadly attacks. Their lack of concern for their own well-being showed how little they feared death. That might have worked on ordinary adversaries. Even those with extraordinary abilities might have struggled. For the Goblin Queen, it was hardly daunting.

She’d instructed Dr. Warren to program this batch of Venom Husks for combat, equipping them with the agility, strength, and fighting skill necessary to take down the Hand’s best ninjas. Even trained ninjas could only do so much against creatures with the capabilities of a symbiote imbued with Spider-Man’s powers. Even when they landed a hit, their symbiote flesh absorbed the blow and healed from it with little effort. The ninjas didn’t have a chance.

Everywhere she looked, undead ninjas fell while her perverse creations dominated every attempt to thwart them. The Goblin Queen had little concern, even as the bodies of undead ninjas fell in front of her, having been thrown to the ground and bound by blackish webbing from the Venom Husks. Some still fought, but were quickly silenced when a husk crushed their necks with their feet. The most it did to the Goblin Queen was give her something to step over on her way to her destination.

It was straight ahead through several heavy doorways. They were usually guarded by the best sentries the Hand could offer. They’d already been slain, leaving the path clear and unobstructed. The sounds of angry grunts and Japanese profanity echoed through the compound. To the Goblin Queen, it was a mild annoyance and one that she’d deal with soon.

“This way,” Madelyne said as she passed through the doors that had been forced open.

As she ventured deeper into the compound, two figures followed close behind her. One was Elizabeth Braddock, a skilled telepath and accomplished member of STRIKE, the UK’s equivalent of SHIELD. She’d gotten her under control, thanks to Daken’s pheromones and Dr. Warren’s expertise. She fought its effects, but not enough to keep her from helping.
The other was Kwannon, who’d proved even more resilient. Like Betsy, though, she’d succumbed to the Goblin Queen’s control. Through both pheromones and Betsy’s telepathy, her once unflinching loyalty to the Hand became an afterthought. She didn’t just give up the location of their main headquarters. She presented the key to usurping the Hand’s influence.

“Ready to take your place as the Hand’s new head?” the Goblin Queen asked casually.

“Hnn,” was all Kwannon could say in her dazed state.


“I want…to stop this,” said Betsy, stammering through every word.

“That’s just the jetlag talking,” the Goblin Queen said. “Don’t worry. It’ll be over soon…not that you’ll recall, care, or live to do much worrying.”

The two women let out muffled groans. Their minds were still clouded due to the pheromones. Unlike Daken or Mystique, she didn’t go through the trouble of completely breaking them. The Goblin Queen didn’t need their permanent allegiance. She just needed their obedience long enough to get what she wanted from the Hand.

“I know you’re still fighting me. Don’t bother. Those pheromones won’t wear off anytime soon,” she told them. “If all goes well, you won’t want them to.”

Betsy and Kwannon fell silent as they followed her. As they neared the central gathering hall, as the other heads called it, more ninjas emerged from the shadows and attacked. The Goblin Queen barely flinched. She just casually waved her hand to direct more Venom Husks to counter. Those that tried to attack from afar with bows and arrows were subdued by a team of Madelyne’s goblins, which she had appear through smaller portals in the shadows.

More undead ninjas fell.

More doors opened, revealing the once impenetrable sanctum of the Hand.

Some of the Hand’s most elite ninjas attacked, but were met with more Venom Husks. The Goblin Queen had no qualms about slaying every one of them. She didn’t need to preserve this ancient order. She considered the bulk of their resources a luxury, but some of those resources were incredibly valuable. One in particular caught her interest. Obtaining it wasn’t difficult, but it was inconvenient.

“You dare desecrate the sacred grounds of the Hand!” shouted Nyoirin Henecha as the Goblin Queen arrived at the gathering hall.

“Sacred? You call this place sacred?” the Goblin Queen scoffed. “You act like subverting the limits of life and death is somehow meaningful. Believe me. It’s not! I would know.”

“Disrespectful bitch! Whoever you are, death is too generous for you!” the head of the Hand shouted as he fought off two Venom Husks with a sword.

“If only it were that easy,” the redheaded woman sighed.

The Goblin Queen casually approached the head of the table that was once occupied by the heads of the Hand. There were already multiple bodies strewn about, having been bloodied and maimed by Madelyne’s forces. Some had their necks snapped. Some had been torn apart by her forces. Most
didn’t even get a chance to draw their katanas. Nyoirin had been among the few. All that did was delay the inevitable.

As they neared his position, he managed to impale one of the Venom Husks with his sword and fight off the other with an acrobatic kick. Other undead ninjas attempted to come to his aid. They were all subdued or preoccupied by more Venom Husks, leaving him without his vast ninja army to protect him. Despite being battered and bruised from the onslaught, he stood in defiance.

“I shall slay you all with my bare hands!” Nyoirin proclaimed.

“I’d love to see you try and fail. Unfortunately, I’m feeling impatient,” said the Goblin Queen.

Now standing just several dozen feet away, she stopped. Kwannon and Betsy stopped with her and got out in front of her. Nyoirin immediately recognized Kwannon, who tensed in his presence. The Goblin Queen knew they had a history. Kwannon was one of the Hand’s top assassins because of Nyoirin. Now, she was his ultimate downfall.

“Kwannon,” he said with frothing hatred, “you dare betray the Hand?”

“Oh don’t be so hard on her,” said the Goblin Queen. “Technically, that’s only half-true.”

“Stop speaking in riddles, woman! I don’t care if you’ve corrupted my finest warrior! She will die by my blade as well!”

Nyoirin charged towards her with focused anger and fearless determination. It reflected in his training in the ways of ninjutsu. It was easy to see why he’d become a respected head of the Hand.

Despite that warrior’s spirit, he barely made it halfway. He wasn’t even close to striking Kwannon before Betsy placed a hand on her temple and attacked him with a telepathic probe. He ended up freezing mid-stride, dropping his katana and losing whatever skill he might have had.

“Aggh!” he gasped. “Damn psychic attacks…shouldn’t be possible!”

“You’re right. It shouldn’t,” said the Goblin Queen as she offered Betsy an approving gesture. “But that’s only for those who play by the rules. My very existence breaks so many rules. Did you honestly think I’d respect those that protect the minds of the Hand?”

Nyoirin continued scolding her, even as she walked up and teased him with her gloved hand. His face tensed in a mix of anguish and outrage. She could tell how much she wanted to slay her. She could also sense just how appalled he was that anyone could attack the Hand so brazenly, let alone win. It went against everything they thought to be true, orderly, and honorable. Madelyne pitied them for such small thinking, but also envied their ability to believe such foolishness.

“Others…will stop you. The heads…of the Hand…will fight on!” Nyoirin said, struggling with every word.

“Which heads are you referring to?” asked the Goblin Queen. “It wouldn’t happen to be these, would it?”

She casually snapped her fingers, which formed another portal to Limbo just over the center of the table. In a perfectly timed effort that sent an indelible message, several dozen heads and bloodied bodies fell through, forming a gruesome pile of death. Even for a head of the Hand, it was a disturbing sight.

In addition to the maimed remains, the source of that slaughter appeared as well. Carnage leapt
down from the portal, still holding the body of Nyoirin’s second-in-command. Still seething with bloodlust, Carnage ripped the head off the body as if it were a bottlecap and threw it to the head of the table.

“That’s the last one!” Carnage said proudly. “Just when I thought I’d had my fill of gratuitous violence, you find a way to surprise me. You truly are a queen!”

“Thank you, Carnage. Once again, you overachieve in your murderous efforts,” the Goblin Queen said. “But for those who don’t fear death, I suppose it’s necessary.”

“What can I say? I take pride in my work,” said the murderous creature.

Nyoirin’s demeanor quickly shifted from outrage to disgust. He remained still as a statue, even as a maimed head rolled right up to him on the table. His face had been frozen with agony, hinting that his last moments had been one of torment. It was a brutally dishonorable way for a head of the Hand to fall. Even for those who didn’t fear death, it was daunting.

His lips quivered and his expression shifted with more anguish. The Goblin Queen just kept smiling, offering the frozen man one last gesture before stepping back to make room for Kwannon. She’d already formed a psionic blade in both hands. As she stared down her former master, there was only a faint trace of loyalty. That was about to end.

“I won’t drag this out,” said the Goblin Queen. “While I have little use for the Hand’s manpower, it does have some valuable resources that I require. Once you fall, the sole authority of the Hand reverts to Kwannon. She’ll help me get what I need. After that…well, I guess that depends on how generous I’m feeling.”

“In other words, you’re all fucked!” laughed Carnage.

“Hngh!” was all Nyoirin could get out.

Now bowing his head in shame and disgust, the former leader of the Hand fell silent. Like so many others, the Goblin Queen had broken his will. It was pathetic, especially for such a feared and illustrious organization. Like so many other things in this flawed world, its downfall was overdue.

“Kwannon, do what needs to be done,” said the Goblin Queen casually.

Without hesitation, the purple-haired woman carried out the final attack. In a swift, lethal motion, she sliced Nyoirin’s head off. Blood gushed out from his neck. The body fell limply to the ground, no longer in control of the mind that Betsy froze. It left another bloody mess in the heart of the Hand’s once-sacred headquarters.

“Aww! I wanted to do that,” Carnage complained. “Ripping heads off is supposed to be my thing.”

“I’ll make it up to you later, Carnage,” the Goblin Queen assured. “For now, let’s show some respect for the new head of the Hand.”

In a gesture that seemed out of place in a scene of such slaughter, the Goblin Queen formally bowed towards Kwannon. Betsy followed suit, mirroring Madelyne’s movements. She still appeared dazed and detached from the situation. Kwannon had a similar demeanor. However, she was coherent enough to understand the implications of what she’d done.

With a stoic face and a stern poise, Kwannon shoved the bloodied body of Nyoirin aside and made her way to the head of the table. When she sat down, it became official. It was no throne, but it carried great significance. In the lore of the Hand, those who sat at this table carried through them
the will of the entire organization. That was how they’d functioned for centuries. It might have made them powerful, but it also made them vulnerable.

“By the order of the Hand, I say stand down!” Kwannon shouted.

Immediately, throughout the entire compound, the army of undead ninjas that had been fighting the Goblin Queen’s forces stopped. In short order, the Goblin Queen’s armies of goblin creatures and Venom Husks stopped as well. Like the loyal warriors they were, they respected the voice of the head of the Hand. Even those who’d been wounded stopped fighting. It brought an eerie silence to the compound.

“Ah. Silence after slaughter is the best kind of silence,” Carnage commented.

“There’s a time for bloodshed and there’s a time for cooperation,” said the Goblin Queen. “We’ve had enough of one. We now must move forward with the other.”

“Speak for yourself,” Carnage scoffed.

The Goblin Queen gestured towards Besty Braddock, who continued resisting further control. She had the kind of willpower and defiance that Madelyne respected. She could’ve broken her, as she’d done with others, but she didn’t have the time. There was too much at stake and she preferred to move quickly.

“Ms. Braddock, you’re to remain here with Kwannon,” the Goblin Queen said. “Assist her in consolidating the Hand’s forces and reconnecting with their various operations, illicit or otherwise. You’re to direct them towards securing an important artifact that I require for my next bold endeavor.”

“It will…be done,” she replied, having to force every word.

“I know it’s unpleasant. Take comfort in knowing that Kwannon feels the same way. While I’d love to convince you both to share my desires, I must work quicker than usual. Forces beyond my control are somehow hindering my efforts. Luckily for me, I’m prepared to adapt. Unfortunately for you two, that means none of you will remember this conversation or my name, for that matter.”

The two women were confused at first. The Goblin Queen didn’t give them a chance to overthink it. While Kwannon and Betsy stood next to one another, the Goblin Queen reached out and placed her hand on their heads. She then cast a spell, courtesy of Belasco’s magic and Sinister’s mutant science.

Both women groaned in discomfort, which was to be expected whenever minds were forcibly tweaked. It was hardly the most uncomfortable they would do in aiding her efforts.

“Ungh!” the two women stammered.

“Don’t worry. I’m nothing more than a forgotten dream,” Madelyne told them. “If it’s any consolation, please know that this isn’t entirely your fault. It would’ve been far less uncomfortable if others simply gave into my desires. Once again, they insist on being difficult. That’s their fault. Some simply must learn the hard way that opposing me comes at a price. And thanks to your contributions, I intend to make it a very high price!”

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Madripoor – Hellfire Club Headquarters

“I hate this. I really…really hate this,” grunted Mystique, her words a chaotic mix of anguish and
“So do I, Raven. Believe me, I hate it too,” grunted an equally conflicted Daken.

That common mantra had been echoing within the confined guest room for over an hour. It was the only honest sentiment Daken and Mystique could articulate as they indulged in callous, dispassionate sex. Their spirits might have been broken, but their bodies remained as durable as ever. If they couldn’t escape the perverse clutches of the Goblin Queen, then the best they could do was cope.

It was not a healthy coping mechanism. It wasn’t even that effective. It was just one of the few options available to them. There was little actual desire in the act. While the Goblin Queen carried out her mission in Japan, she’d tasked Mystique and Daken with preparing the uplinks to the Hand’s global resources. When they finished that, Daken just turned to her and asked if she wanted to fuck. The shape-shifter barely gave it any thought. She just said yes.

“It’s not like we can do much else in this living hell,” Mystique told him.

That was the last thing either of them said before making their way to one of the many guest rooms, shedding their clothes, and getting in the bed for what little relief they could offer. There was no kissing or affectionate foreplay. They just skipped right to the lurid sex acts.

It started with basic oral sex. She and Daken laid down on their sides, aligned their bodies in a 69 position, and went to work getting each other aroused. He ate her pussy out as well as anyone who’d fucked half the hookers in Japan, male and female. She sucked his dick with similar formality. Once he got hard enough and she got wet enough, they went right for intercourse.

They didn’t even try to make it intimate. Mystique remained on her side while Daken spooned her from behind, aligning his dick with her pussy in the process. When he thrust into her, there was little spectacle or anticipation. It was just sex. He callously pumped his cock inside her tight folds, extracting whatever sensations he could.

Basic pleasure followed. Daken wasn’t gentle, but he wasn’t rough either. He’d probably fucked cheap hookers in Bangkok with more passion. Mystique did little to change that. She just laid on her side, clutching the bed sheets with one hand and fondling her clit with the other. Basic anatomy did the rest, inching towards some semblance of contentment. That was the most they could hope for, which was disheartening in and of itself.

“I’m close,” Daken grunted. “I’m going to…come…inside you.”

“Whatever,” Mystique said.

He sped up the rhythm briefly, clenching her thigh and grasping her shoulder through the final series of thrusts. When he crossed that orgasmic threshold, he tightened his grip and let out a deep moan as he got his release. There was nothing spectacular about it. He just held on as he climaxed, shoot a stream of cum up into her depths.

The feeling of some degenerate punk’s jizz in her pussy barely registered. Not long ago, Mystique would’ve recoiled at the thought of letting any man fuck her raw and with such little regard. That might as well have been several lifetimes ago. She was subject to the Goblin Queen’s will and desires, no matter how perverse they might have been. That still disgusted her, but there was little she could do about it.

‘This is what I’ve been reduced to. I’m barely a shell of a person. I can be anyone I want, but I still
feel like no one. It doesn’t matter what I think, say, feel, or do. My desires don’t change. Thanks to the goddamn Goblin Queen, I can only crave what she craves. If it’s not Hell, it’s damn close.

While Daken drew in whatever pleasure he could extract from their lurid act, Mystique kept rubbing her clit. Callous or not, the simple fucking helped get her close enough to the brink. However, she had to carry herself the rest of the way. It was barely a step beyond masturbating alone in the shower. It was still an orgasm.

“Mnh!” was all she got out.

It was every bit as mundane as Daken’s peak. Mystique felt that familiar rush wash over her naked body. Her inner muscles throbbed, her toes curled, and she clenched the bedsheets firmly. For a brief moment, the shape-shifter experienced a basic dose of pleasure. In that moment, she forgot she was at the mercy of some sadistic woman.

It didn’t last long. She already hated herself even more for resorting to such crude coping mechanisms. It still did enough to make her current situation more tolerable. That would have to do for now.

“I know it’s not enough,” Daken said to her. “It’ll never be enough…not as long as the Goblin Queen wills it.”

“I know,” Mystique said.

“But so long as we’re trapped, we must still make the effort. We must retain whatever will of our own we can muster.”

“Like there’s any left to begin with,” she muttered.

They both fell silent. Daken pulled out of her and rolled onto his back. Mystique barely moved. She remained on her side, facing away at the blank wall next to the window overlooking the Madripoor skyline. Daken might have been a deviant bastard, but at least he kept what remained of his resolve. Mystique envied that.

It was a never-ending nightmare, serving the whims and desires of the Goblin Queen. She had such ambitious plans. She, Rogue, and the Brotherhood of Mutants were going to achieve great things. Her long-time lover and powerful precog mutant, Irene Adler, told her as such. She often warned her that the future was fluid, but always sought to guide her down the right path.

Nothing about her current path felt right.

Nothing about Madelyne Pryor felt right.

Her very presence felt like a perversion of fate, destiny, and everything in between. Everything she did seemed to cause more chaos. Helping her was infuriating enough. What made it outright torturous was how Madelyne had twisted her desires, making her want what she wanted. Mystique hated every second her feelings aligned with that devious woman, but there was nothing she could do. She’d come to accept there was nothing anyone could do.

“Do you believe in destiny, Daken?” Mystique asked, still looking away.

“Your choice of pillow talk is awful,” Daken said flatly. “And no, I don’t believe in destiny…not anymore, that is.”

“I ask because I once did,” she said. “I even believed destiny was on my side. I saw a vision of the
future…of my future. It was worth fighting for. It was even worth *killing* for. I fought so hard to make it real. I crossed so many lines to get to where I wanted to be. But now…”

Her words trailed off. She couldn’t continue. She refused to sound *that* pathetic, especially in front of a degenerate like Daken. It might have been too late. She could already feel his critical gaze on her.

“I know. Even if I still believed in destiny, I’d know for damn sure that *this* ain’t it,” he said strongly. “What this woman has us doing…what she’s trying to do…it feels like an affront to the whole damn universe.”

“I think she knows that. Hell, I think she gets off on it,” Mystique scoffed.

“Which is why we can’t concern ourselves with such empty ideas,” Daken said. “Destiny or not, we’re part of the Goblin Queen’s perverse goals. We cannot escape it…not right now, we can’t. It might not even be possible.”

“I’m not assuming it is,” said Mystique.

“Even if it isn’t, I say fuck destiny and whatever the *this* is,” he said strongly. “We’re already in a living hell. We might as well torment ourselves on our own terms.”

Their outlook was bleak. There was little room for hope or peace. Mystique, in her old age, might be more inclined to give up entirely. If there was any comfort to be had, she had to seize it on her own accord.

With those solemn thoughts coursing through her mind, she rolled over and got on top of Daken. He barely reacted. The feeling of a naked woman on top of him did little to jar him from his callous state. In his eyes, Mystique saw the same broken spirit, as well as the need to temper the distress.

“I’m going to suck your dick again,” she told him. “Once you get hard, I want you to put it in my ass.”

“Sounds good to me,” Daken said with hardly a shrug.

“Don’t be gentle. Don’t be considerate, either. Just fuck me like the empty shell of a woman I am,” she said intently.

Mystique didn’t wait for Daken to reply. He didn’t seem inclined to say much. He just remained on his back while she pursued more meaningless pleasure. If that was their only means of coping, then that was what they’d use.

Their lurid acts played out more dispassionately than before. With no teasing or foreplay, Mystique went down on Daken, sucking his dick and stroking him off. There was no technique or fervor do it. She stuck to the basics, applying just enough effort to get him fully erect again.

“Empty shells indeed,” said Daken as he clutched her head while she sucked him off. “It’s a good thing we have healing factors. Let’s use them!”

After those crude words, the acts that followed became an extended blur of decadence. Daken abandoned whatever restraint he’d maintained earlier. He picked her up from the bed, turned her over so that she laid flat on her stomach, and got on top of her. As she lay under him, he aligned his newly-erect cock with her ass. When he thrust it into her, he wasn’t careful or considerate. He just shoved it in before hammering away, driven only by the need for more empty pleasure.
“So tight,” Daken grunted. “Your body…and mine…this is all we are now.”

Those fateful words set the tone for the debauchery that ensued. Mystique offered no resistance, a rare act for her and not just with respect to sex. She just laid on the bed, clenching the sheets and taking in the onslaught of sensations that followed.

At first, it stung. Rough, uncaring sex often felt that way. It eventually morphed into a chaotic flood of sensations. Their naked bodies just moved and rocked, following little more than the basic whims of their flesh. Daken was somewhat rough at times, squeezing her waist and swatting her ass several times. His frustrations showed in how he fucked her. Mystique was content to let him vent them, provided she got her chance later on.

That chance came shortly after Daken climaxed again. After that, Mystique exploited his healing factor and hers, using her breasts to tit-fuck him until he got erect again. She then got on top of him, rode him with the same frustrating lust as he’d done with her, and achieved another orgasm in the process.

It didn’t make her feel less empty, but it was still pleasure. Being trapped in this hell, it was the most she could get. That infuriated her to no end. That sentiment revealed itself in the other sex acts that followed. At some point, it turned into a twisted form of hate sex rather than a desperate attempt at coping. It once again proved just how far she’d fallen.

As far as she was concerned, the Raven Darkholme that once led the Brotherhood was dead. All that remained was the perverse, empty shell that the Goblin Queen controlled.

‘Destiny has abandoned me. And I’ve given up trying to reclaim it. Damn you, Goblin Queen. Damn you and your sadistic ways. Someone is going to stop you. I’m sure of it. It’s just not going to be me.’

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Up next: Pre-Programmed Passions
Charles Xavier calls Cyclops and Jean back to the institute to help out with an issue involving the Danger Room, which has now taken on a new identity, Danger. And Madelyne Pryor makes a new connection with a less-than-excited demon.

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Xavier Institute – Danger Room

At its inception, Professor Charles Xavier envisioned the Xavier Institute for Higher Learning as a school. Mutants would come from all over the world, learn about themselves and their place in it, and leave with a shared vision of peace and understanding. It was a noble endeavor, but along the way, the school became so much more.

Many who’d lived at the Xavier Institute came to see it as more than a school. It was a home. It carried with it a deeper, more personal meaning that went beyond the lessons it taught. As its first students and as founding members of the X-Men, Scott and Jean cherished that sentiment more than most. That made returning to those familiar halls an emotional experience. It also gave them plenty of incentive to protect the foundation and ideals of the institute.

“Thanks again for coming on such short notice,” Professor Xavier stated as he led his first students towards the Danger Room. “This is a rather sensitive issue. I’m not quite sure how to deal with it.”

“No thanks are necessary, Professor Xavier,” said Scott warmly. “After everything you’ve done for us, we still owe you plenty of favors. This should at least cover the interest.”

“Besides, you skipped the part where you said you’d informed the rest of the team,” added Jean as she casually walked alongside her husband.

“Yes, I won’t bother denying that little detail,” the Professor said sheepishly. “Sometimes I forget that you’re also a powerful telepath, Jean.”

“You also forgot to shield your mind when you tried to describe this issue,” she added. “That’s your way of revealing unexpected complications without sending the wrong message.”

“And that’s why you’re still one of my best students,” he retorted. “You pick up on those subtleties better than most, even for a psychic.”

“You’re the world’s most powerful telepath, Professor. You don’t have to be subtle, especially with us,” said Scott. “You have our trust. We offer our understanding. We may not be students anymore, but we’re still X-Men at heart. We still want to help in whatever way we can.”

“And, as it just so happens, this is one issue we’re uniquely equipped to handle,” Jean said, showing more confidence than her former mentor.
The Professor replied with a weak smile. It helped hide his distressed state, but his and Jean’s reassurance spoke volumes. It took a lot to effect Charles Xavier like this. Him seeking their assistance on such a sensitive matter said a lot about the extent of the problem.

When the Professor called him and Jean earlier that morning, he claimed it wasn’t urgent, but he was clearly worried. He didn’t go into detail. He just asked how quickly he and Jean could return to the institute.

Despite having their hands full with X-Corp, Scott and Jean didn’t hesitate to assist their former teacher and mentor. They got on one of Warren’s private jet that same afternoon and arrived at the institute by sundown. He’d been there to greet them as soon as they landed. He quickly rushed them to the lower levels, explaining the situation along the way. Even by X-Men standards, it was unusual.

The institute was unusually quiet. The rest of the team was absent. Storm had led the X-Men on a mission to the sewers of New York in search of rogue team of Morlocks. While they hadn’t checked in, Professor Xavier expressed confidence in Storm’s ability to lead them through the mission. He claimed the situation in the Danger Room was more pressing. He also made clear that it was an unusual situation that might require an unusual solution.

“I apologize if I come off as leery,” said Xavier as they arrived at the entrance. “I only detected this anomaly within the Danger Room recently. I didn’t inform the team because I wasn’t sure what to make of it. Even after it escalated, I waited for further clarity.”

“It’s okay to be cautious, Professor,” said Scott, “despite what Wolverine might claim.”

“Yeah, it’s not like you kept this a secret for years or anything like that,” added Jean.

“I intend to avoid that recourse,” he assured them. “Besides, keeping this a secret will only succeed in making things worse. We’re not just dealing with computers and machines anymore. We might very well be dealing with a sentient being.”

The Professor turned towards the large metal door and placed his hand on it. His demeanor became more conflicted as the issue that left him so shaken resided just behind those reinforced walls.

Scott and Jean maintained their poise, just as Xavier had taught them. It also wasn’t lost on either of them that this involved the Danger Room. Like every experienced X-Men, they had mixed feelings about this aptly named training space. He and Jean had spent their formative years, honing their powers within its treacherous environment. Even though it frequently left them battered and bruised, it played an integral part in shaping their identity.

That made the nature of this issue ironic, in many respects. If what Professor Xavier had told them was accurate, the Danger Room itself was forging an identity.

“I still don’t know how it started,” Xavier said as he gazed at the heavy door. “Shortly after you left, I thought the time was right to upgrade the Danger Room. The team was growing. The challenges we faced were changing. Our ability to prepare and train needed to change as well.”

“Sounds perfectly reasonable,” said Scott with a shrug.

“And I’m sure they were tired of blasting the same laser turrets every day,” said Jean.

“That’s why I attempted to incorporate a more robust AI,” he continued. “Hank McCoy helped me with the schematics, but I configured the program personally. I even incorporated technology from Stark Industries, thanks to the connections you helped forge.”
“We heard about that,” said Jean. “I just hope you didn’t get advice on AI’s from Hank Pym. I don’t think another Ultron will train the next generation of X-Men.”

“I agree,” said Xavier, “which is why I was careful. I must not have been careful enough because the system showed signs of sentience far earlier than expected. I tried to slow it down. That’s when it locked me out.”

He let out an exasperated sigh before turning back towards him and Jean. This clearly bothered him more than he could put into words. Being a telepath who understood the inner workings of the mind, he knew that sentience was not just a matter of computing power. It marked the first step in the emergence of a mind and minds were often fragile in that early state.

“I think I scared it. I might have also angered it,” he said with growing worry. “My first inclination is to keep it contained. I can, if necessary, activate the hardware locks that Hank installed before he left. That would keep the system isolated, but…”

“It would also trap it,” Jean said, “and most sentient beings don’t like being trapped.”

“That’s why I haven’t activated them. I still can, but before I resort to such extremes, I want to connect with it.”

“What have you tried thus far?” Scott asked.

“Mostly the basics,” he replied. “I’ve attempted verbal, digital, and even psychic. But even with Cerebro, it keeps responding with the same message—I am Danger. Error detected.”

Scott and Jean exchanged worried glances. They shared Professor Xavier’s concerns, but still weren’t sure of the implications. A lot could go wrong with a damaged mind. Jean had experienced it firsthand. There was no telling how worse it could get with an advanced AI.

“I guess that’s where we come in,” Jean said. “You think we can connect with it.”

“And if we can’t, we can destroy it,” said Scott. “We know the Danger Room better than anyone. We also have the Phoenix Force at our disposal.”

“I’d like that to be a last resort,” said Xavier. “It may see me as too hostile to trust. I believe it’ll see you as neutral parties. It may even help you fix it.”

“That would be the best-case scenario,” said the former X-Leader, “which we can never assume.”

“But we should still pursue it to the utmost,” said Jean, giving her husband’s arm an encouraging squeeze.

Scott smiled at his wife’s encouraging words. She had always been the optimist. They needed that during their time with the X-Men. They needed it just as much in developing X-Corp. They might need it even more in this instance.

“We’ll do what we can, Professor,” said Scott with renewed confidence.

“I know you will,” said the Professor with a nod of assurance, “but just in case, I’ll remain in the control room. If things get too risky, I’ll engage the system locks. It might trigger some defenses, but it’s nothing you haven’t handled before.”

“It might even bring back fond memories of our first training regiments,” Jean joked.
“Which I guess would be the second-to-worse case scenario,” said Scott. “It’s a good thing we’ve trained for all of them.”

“Indeed, it is,” said Xavier.

There were still plenty of concerns. The Professor remained reluctant to voice those concerns. Neither Scott nor Jean chose to probe for more details. They trusted their mentor and he trusted them. For such a sensitive situation, that was their greatest asset.

Having conveyed the challenges and potential complications to them, Professor Xavier turned back towards the heavy door. He opened one of the panels in the wall, which contained a biometric reader. He placed his hand on the panel, which verified his identity. Once confirmed, he entered the command to unlock the door. As it opened, he wheeled himself away towards the control room.

“I’ve activated the manual override,” he told them. “I’ll monitor the data from the control room. Good luck, my former students.”

“Thank you, Professor,” said Scott, offering another confident smile.

“And for the record, we’ll always be your students, at heart,” Jean said.

That sentiment earned them another smile from their former mentor. It convinced him that he made the right decision in bringing them in. Now, it was up to them to vindicate his faith in them.

Turning towards the task at hand, Scott took on the strong demeanor of someone who once led the X-men into countless battles. Jean remained close, adopting a similar demeanor that helped carry them through those battles. They each took a deep breath before entering the Danger Room.

“Another evening in the Danger Room,” Scott sighed, “just like old times…to a point.”

“Except this time, there’s more at stake than your high score,” said Jean.

“I guess the question is…how much more?”

“Only one way to find out,” she said.

Together, they entered the high-tech domain that helped mold them into X-Men.

Initially, the Danger Room’s systems weren’t active. The holographic projectors hadn’t been activated. The various defense mechanisms and built-in obstacles remained dormant, as well. The only part of the room that showed any activity was the central area, which was usually reserved for the core systems.

As Scott and Jean approached that area, they noticed it acting in a way they’d never seen. It took the form of a tall, central pillar surrounded in metal. Parts of that pillar were transparent, having been composed of glass or plastics to offer glimpses of the high-tech components within. They were more advanced than the components they’d seen as teenagers. Professor Xavier had underscored just how much advanced tech he’d integrated into the Danger Room.

They recognized some components as belonging to Stark Industries, but there were others that seemed more exotic. A few even appeared alien. How he got access to such hardware was anyone’s guess, but given their new connections, it wasn’t surprising.

“That doesn’t look like an ordinary hardware upgrade,” Jean commented.
“No, it doesn’t,” said Scott, as they approached with more caution.

The closer they got, the more activity they saw in the systems. They even noticed certain components shifting and molding, not unlike the advanced shape-shifting metals they’d seen at the Avengers with Tony Stark or in Wakanda with Black Panther. It resembled a living system more than a machine. The only other system that operated in a similar fashion was Ultron, which had some distressing connotations.

“Scott,” Jean said, “I can sense a mind inside it. But it’s unlike any I’ve read before.”

“Is that a good or bad thing?” Scott asked.

“I don’t know,” she said, clutching her temple, “but I think we’re about to find out.”

Scott took on a more cautious demeanor. He also kept his distance with Jean, seeking more insight before making a move.

Then, before they could investigate further, the system reacted to their presence. The components began humming louder. A strange energy began radiating from the core. Behind the transparent shell of the pillar, the shifting metallic structure took on a new form. As if guided by an unseen hand, it molded itself into a distinctly female face.

It didn’t appear hostile, but it didn’t appear friendly either. It just looked at them with glowing red eyes, its complexion composed of bluish metal and its hair resembling wires. Now, it didn’t just have sentience. It had a body, as well.


The lights throughout the Danger Room flickered. The expression of the feminine face within the pillar shifted, as if it were in pain. Sparks flew and parts of the central area shook. Scott remained cautious while Jean kept her head on her temple, still seeking connection.

“That error,” she said, “I think it’s more than just a glitch.”

“I think you’re right,” said Scott. “Why is it giving itself a face? And why does it have a female voice? Did the Professor program it that way?”

“No, Scott Summers. He didn’t,” the system replied.

He and Jean were taken aback. That didn’t sound like a pre-recorded response from a machine. It sounded like a response from a thinking, feeling person.

As they tried to make sense of the implications, the system underwent a different reaction. The area kept shaking, so much so that the transparent casing cracked. Seconds later, it shattered and a mass of metallic substances spilled out. Some of it was hardware. Some of it resembled liquid. Whatever it was, it kept moving on its own, not unlike a symbiote.

Knowing how messy those could get, Scott and Jean took a step back. They remained cautious as the metallic substance coalesced into a large globular shape. From there, it shifted itself again, taking on a humanoid form. That form again took on a female figure. It even appeared to mirror Jean’s body proportions. When it finally settled, it gazed on them with the same face they’d seen earlier. It just had a body to go with it.
“Jean,” Scott said while keeping an eye on the figure, “what are you sensing anything now?”

“Nothing I can put into words, I’m afraid,” Jean replied with a mix of shock and amazement.

“Perhaps I can provide clarity,” it said. “You know me as the Danger Room. You may call me Danger. My purpose is to teach, train, and aid the X-Men. An error is preventing me from realizing that purpose. Please... help me.”

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**Secret Hand Facility – Japan**

“Life, death, souls, and demons,” mused an excited Madelyne Pryor, “everyone thinks they know what they are. They’re never more than half-right. It’s sad, but understandable.”

The Goblin Queen brought chaos and discord with every breath she drew. Her very presence was an affront to the entire universe. She’d realized that just moments after her perverse creation. The late Mr. Sinister and the eternally damned Belasco attempted to mix science and sorcery to subvert the natural order of things. They succeeded in some ways, but failed in many others. Madelyne had every intention of learning from those failures.

One of the first lessons she’d learned was the importance of embracing her role as a gross perversion. She disgusted and horrified many with how she pursued her desires. She’d learned to take a special satisfaction in their reactions.

As valuable as that insight had been, the second lesson might ultimately prove more useful. It involved blurring the lines of life and death alongside notions of good and evil. It often led to more chaos and discord, but that only added to her satisfaction.

The Goblin Queen was already brimming with anticipation. Taking over the Hand had been the easy part. Killing its leadership, assuming control through Kwannon, and consolidating its resources had been messy, but only from a logistical perspective. Her real had little to do with the Hand’s organizational power and more to do with their access to a very specific resource.

That resource just happened to the very mechanism with which they manipulated life and death. They were never going to give it up or let someone steal it. Taking over the Hand didn’t just make things easier. It promised to make the messier aspects of her plan more enjoyable.

“The Hand is so traditional, favoring outdated notions of honor and order,” the Goblin Queen said as she arrived at her destination, an army of undead ninjas following close behind. “They’ve mastered the art of transcending death, but use it only to preserve their power. What a waste! Some just can’t appreciate the beauty of perverse chaos.”

Madelyne’s excitement grew as she gazed upon a sight that few outside the Hand ever witnessed. The location of this very sacred, well-hidden facility was known only to a select few. It took Betsy Braddock quite a bit of psychic probing – some of which turned into psychic torture – to extract the location from the Hand’s remaining allies. Her diligent work led her to a treacherous region of the Japanese Alps. Within the unforgiving terrain, they found a secluded shrine built right into the mountain.

It was usually the most well-guarded facility within the Hand. Even an army of goblins and Venom Husks couldn’t hope to reach it. Thankfully, no armies were necessary. She already had the last head of the Hand on her side. Kwannon might have been half-broken by the Goblin Queen, but she still wielded the necessary authority. The undead ninjas and monks still bowed at her presence when they arrived at the site. Their reverence for authority made them easy to realign in
accordance with her desires.

The shrine dated supposedly back over 500 years. It was where the Hand had first learned to transcend the limits of death. Many dead souls had been brought back within this sacred structure. As soon as she entered it, the Goblin Queen could smell the stench of death and the sweet aroma of new life.

From the outside, it was beautifully decorated, adorned with the best Japanese architecture that centuries of subversive activity could offer. Inside, it was dark, dingy, and crude. Aside from the torches lighting the various corridors, the heart of the sacred structure centered around a stone altar surrounded by large sculptures depicting monstrous beasts. As the Goblin Queen approached, she felt the air grow hot with magic – specifically, a very dark kind of magic.

“Death is so ugly and final, but it doesn’t have to be,” Madelyne said distantly. “It can be the catalyst for something so much more. The desire to defeat it drives many to sacrifice so much. I can respect that desire, but not the lack of vision behind it.”

The Goblin Queen reached out to touch the stone. It was unusually warm for a cold mountain. She could feel the stains of blood from so many fallen souls. Behind every drop was a desire to cheat death. Doing so required a mastery of mystical forces that few could hope to grasp. Since the mystical resources that Belasco left her were finite, she needed access to those resources.

“I wish this weren’t necessary, but forces beyond my control have required some adjustments,” said Madelyne. “They’re not minor, but they are tedious.”

She turned around to face the army of undead ninjas that had followed her in. At the front of the undead convoy were Elizabeth Braddock and Kwannon. They were dazed and unaware, their eyes glowing with the corruptive energies that she’d imparted. It represented the last of the Asgardian rune stones that Belasco had left. If all went well, then they wouldn’t be necessary.

“Let’s make this quick,” Madelyne told Kwannon and Betsy. “You’ll probably be brain dead by the time this is over, so please proceed diligently. The Hand requires elaborate rituals to summon Saitan. Being the rogue demon who gave them their control over death, he asks a lot of his patrons. I’ve neither the time nor the patience for such formality.”

“Hngh!” the two women replied, their eyes flashing dark red as they complied with her request.

Betsy clutched her temples, the veins in her forehead throbbing as she directed her telepathy in accord with the Goblin Queen’s instructions. It must have been incredibly painful. That was not surprising. Madelyne couldn’t take the time to properly align the British woman’s desires with hers, as she’d done with others. She had to force it this time, which was often messier and far more damaging.

Kwannon felt it too. As Betsy unleashed telepathic waves throughout the complex, the skilled assassin clenched her fists and turned towards the army of ninjas behind her. The glowing in her eyes flickered and her muscles tensed. Her lips quivered. Every breath was strained. Finally, she spoke.

“By the authority of the Head…the last remaining Head of the Hand,” Kwannon said, the agony apparent with every word, “I summon the presence…of Saitan. As offering, please accept…these lost souls.”

Her eyes flashed again. Blood began dripping down her nose and out her ears. It looked like she was about to drop dead from a stroke or an aneurism. That didn’t bother Madelyne for a second.
That might have been the ideal outcome for her in the sense it limited her agony.

She stubbornly remained alive and upright. She watched along with Betsy as the eyes of every undead ninja who’d followed them flashed as well. They too shuddered in pain. The feeling of perverse, unwanted desires flooding their minds was unpleasant at best. Being undead, it was harder to force. That was where Betsy came in. She used her telepathy to supplement that force, leaving every undead ninja with no choice.

“Even the undead recoil when desire is subverted,” the Goblin Queen said, her grin widening as the ritual unfolded. “It’s oddly poetic. It’s one of the few common disdains they share among the living…the aversion to having their desires redirected.”

Like their living counterparts, the undead ninja hordes followed these new desires. One-by-one, they gathered around the stone altar. Then, with little hesitation, they drew a dagger from their side and slashed their guts in one violent stroke. Blood and entrail poured out onto the altar, quickly pooling into a circular area. Upon completing their ghastly deed, their bodies dissolved into dust, as was customary of undead beings.

The sickening sounds of tearing soon flesh filled the chamber. The undead ninjas committed this brutal act five at a time, covering the altar and the many relic surrounding it in their blood. Everything was drenched, filling the air with the thick scent of violence and death.

The Goblin Queen watched with growing excitement, which also became very sexual in nature. Kwannon and Betsy continued groaning in agony, clutching their heads and covering their eyes. Madelyne had already stopped caring about their torment. She could already see the effects of the ritual. As thick rivers of blood flowed around the altar, a glowing circle of fire formed within it.

“He’s coming!” the Goblin Queen said intently. “He’s a little cranky, but he’s on his way!”

She stayed close to the macabre scene. As the last few undead ninjas gutted themselves, the circle of fire widened to cover the entire altar. Sparks and flares shot out in all directions, causing the torches and lamps lighting the shrine to burn hotter. The chamber shook as a very powerful and very irritated presence clawed its way up through the fiery circle. That presence quickly took the form of a figure that only a handful of mortals had ever seen.

“You dare…awaken me?!” it shouted out.

“Yes, Saitan! I dare!” the Goblin Queen proclaimed.

As the figure emerged, the devious redhead saw it take a very monstrous, yet very masculine form. Like most demons, Saitan had many forms. Sometimes, he appeared as a big, obese creature with a monstrous face and menacing eyes. Sometimes, he appeared as a shadowy, amorphous mass that none would recognize as human or human-like. He simply picked a form best suited for a given situation.

For this situation, he took the form of a big, hulking man with a large gut, dark brown skin, huge hands with long fingers, and a face fit for a demon. It wasn’t his most attractive form, but Madelyne still saw beauty in it. His appearance aside, just entering the realm of the living looked painful. Even after he emerged from the altar, he looked very irritated. As he stood on his chubby legs, he narrowed that irritated gaze on Madelyne.

“You…I do not recognize you,” Saitan said, his voice thick with demonic undertone, “yet I am aware of you. Your very presence has caused upheaval in many realms…including mine.”
“You’re welcome,” she said curtly, “and rest assured, I’m far from done.”

“Are you deranged, mortal? That was not a compliment!”

“From whose perspective?” she questioned. “Yours? Mine? The authorities that dare define who we are and why we exist? The way I see it, I’m doing every realm a favor. I’m reminding them why the order they cherish is so absurdly fragile.”

“You do no one any favors by spitting in our unholy faces! Your subversion of the Hand constitutes the highest of insults! You will pay dearly for this or your soul will be damned!”

The Goblin Queen laughed at such a threat. Whereas most would tremble in fear, she stood amused. This demon might as well have threatened the leftover food she’d thrown away. It left Saitan understandably confused and angered, but for long.

“Hahaha! If only you knew the irony of those words,” she scoffed. “My dear Saitan, you really think I went through the trouble of taking over the Hand just to throw it in your face? And do you honestly think I’m not aware of the disruptions I’ve caused with every act I’ve done?”

“Mortals have more foolish things for less,” scoffed Saitan.

“Then, it’s a good thing I’m no fool,” said the Goblin Queen as she stopped laughing. “Taking over the Hand was simply a means to an end. I needed them to get to you. And I need you to finish something one of my creators had planned before his untimely demise.”

“And why in the darkest pits of Hell would I help you?”

“Well, for one, doing so will rid you of my continued interference in demonic realms. I know you’d love that. Second, you’ll ensure any further chaos is restricted to other realms, including those you don’t care for.”

The hulking creature cast her a curious gaze. He still seethed with disgust and hate, but didn’t look as inclined to rip her to pieces. The Goblin Queen even took a step closer, so much so that she could smell the sulfurous breath of the beast that reeked of so much death.

“My predicament is simple. I require magic, but mystical forces within other realms are not cooperating as they once did. My co-creator, Belasco, had a cache of rune stones, but their power is dwindling. For me to continue utilizing this power, I need to outsource it, so to speak. That means selecting an individual that Belasco had already singled out as an apprentice. Your kind might call her the Darkchild. For me, she’s simply a means to an end.”

“And by helping you secure this accursed soul – this being that you’ll likely torment with your perverse desires, as you did the hand – you’ll restrict your sordid activities to Limbo?”

“That’s the beauty of it. I’ll have to keep everything in Limbo,” said Madelyne, making it sound more appealing. “I know your kind sees that realm as the festering wart of the hellfire realms. I’m simply offering you a means of keeping its perverse activities isolated. All I need from you is a little extra magic to get the ball rolling and one of your finest bloodstones.”

Saitan still looked skeptical. It also looked impatient. Every moment it spent outside its realm was a moment of agony. Demons hated leaving their domain, but they were willing to endure if it meant returning with something of value. They were even more willing if they had an opportunity to get more than just another batch of damned souls.

The Goblin Queen knew that, thanks to some old notes from Belsaco, and she’d prepared
“And if that’s not appealing enough, I’m fully prepared to add a bonus,” she told him. “Since you’re probably eager to get home, I’ll skip the formal negotiations and just present it.”

As Saitan leered over her with impatience and disgust, Madelyne casually took off her clothes. She even dared to tempt the angry demon, casting him a seductive daze as she took off her top and discarded it along with her. She also turned around and wiggled her hips as she slipped out of her panties, making no effort to hide how aroused she was.

Almost immediately, the creature’s demeanor changed. He still gazed upon her with frothing hatred, but he also cast her a sordid grin. She even noticed a long, veiny penis come out from under his bloated gut as it became erect. Demon or not, Madelyne saw that glint of desire in his eyes. Some desires transcended the realms of Heaven, Hell, and every domain in between. This was one of them.

“You really are a wretched, perverse, abominable being, Madelyne Pyror,” Saitan told her. “Even by human standards, you’re detestable!”

“Is that a yes?” she asked with a curt grin. “Are we going to seal this deal? Or aren’t we?”

“I’ve no time to contemplate the ramifications of your offer. If this means purging your influence from my realm, so be it.”

He made it sound so unremarkable. A woman offering herself to a demon so willingly took the fun out of tempting and deceiving her. That seemed to disgust her more than anything else she could’ve done. That might make it considerably harder for the creature to enjoy their unholy act, but the Goblin Queen had so such qualms.

“Then, please, Saitan…patron Beast of the Hand…take me,” she said. “My body is yours to enjoy!”

“No mortal should be this eager,” Saitan scoffed. “And yet…”

The demonic creature stopped trying to get around it. With an angry hiss and a lecherous leer, he reached out with his oversized hands and grabbed her by her wrists. He lifted her up with little effort, held her up so that she could gaze right into his demonic eyes. She could tell he was trying to terrify her. All he did was turn her on even more.

“You still desire me,” Madelyne said. “Don’t fight it. Embrace it!”

Saitan responded with an angry roar and more aggressive acts of lust. He forced her arms up over her head, holding her by the wrists to render her completely at his mercy. Even so, she kept goading him with her seductive gaze.

Seething with lust and disgust, the creature used its other hand to force her legs apart. He bent them back far, looking to cause her more strain. That just heightened the anticipation. As he held her up off the ground, she looked down to see his massive endowment becoming fully erect. It didn’t resemble ordinary male genitalia as much as it resembled a slithering snake looking to pounce on its prey.

She watched with bated breath as it wormed its way towards her pussy. She soon felt the tip rub against her moist slit. His demonic flesh was hot and menacing. He wasn’t just going to fuck her with this demon dick. He was going to *ravage* her. It was meant to break a woman’s soul, but hers was already broken. That meant it would have a very different effect.
“By the rules of demons and mortals,” the creature said, “I accept your deal. Now, I consummate the terms!”

With a lecherous hiss, Saitan entered her. His massive, snake-like dick thrust itself into her, pushing inside her like a powerful muscle with a mind of its own. It was so big and thick, stretching her inner muscles and probing her depths without mercy. Once inside, it began slithering on its own, moving inside her like a well-oiled pump.

A less deviant woman would’ve been overwhelmed. The initial penetration brought pain and discomfort. Those sensations quickly blended with a sordid pleasure. It soon blurred the line between torment and ecstasy. For demons and angels alike, it was a perverse manifestation of desire.

“Yes! Yes! Ohhh yes!” the Goblin Queen exclaimed with sadistic glee. “Fuck me! Ravage me! Desecrate me!”

“Disgusting…mortal…whore!” roared Saitan.

He tightened his grip on her wrists.

He bent her legs back, straining her flexibility.

He pumped his slithering anaconda dick with greater intensity, causing her naked body to bounce and shudder with every movement.

A lesser woman would’ve been in agony. For the Goblin Queen, it just brought on more ecstasy. Her reaction frustrated the lust-crazed demon. He tried silencing her euphoric cries, pulling her closer and showing his long, pointed tongue into her mouth. She ended up liking that too, so much so that she began fellating it as though it were a penis.

More hissing and seething followed. The stench of decadent sex mixed with that of the blood that still drenched the altar. With most of the undead ninjas gone, only Betsy and Kwannon were there to witness it, but they were too incoherent to appreciate it. That was their loss. They could’ve been the first mortals to witness a demon getting overwhelmed by a woman’s deviance.

No matter how much Saitan tried to hurt her with his ravenous sex, the Goblin Queen kept enjoying it. She even sucked his tongue harder, licking its slimy entrails with lurid delight as she took pleasure in an act no woman should’ve savored. She was already on the brink of orgasm, poised to turn the ultimate torment into the ultimate pleasure.

“I’m close, my demon stud! I’m coming!” Madelyne told him.

“That shouldn’t…be possible,” Saitan said.

“But it is! And it’s happening now!”

In further defiance of all that was holy and unholy, the Goblin Queen climaxed. Even as the creature tried fucking her harder with its snake-like dick, she still crossed that special threshold.

The devious redhead locked eyes with the creature, narrowing her gaze as the orgasmic rush washed over her. She let her body writhe in the ecstasy, even within the creature’s powerful grasp. From the way her back arched to the way her inner muscles throbbed around its cock, she sent a message to Saitan and every demon from his domain.

She was not like the other souls they’d encountered. She wasn’t just unique. She was a true
perversion of everything they knew. It left a powerful impact on Saitan. It also motivated him to finish consummating their deal.

“Your soul...is a true abomination,” he said to her.

“Mmm...tell me something I don’t know,” the Goblin Queen said gleefully.

“Whatever you’re planning...there will be chaos. There will be terrifying, unprecedented chaos!” he went on. “I want no part of it. Just let me ravage you and be done with it!”

“By all means! Literally!” she laughed.

The demon finally stopped treating her like some other hapless soul. He understood her perspective now. He could only finish what they agreed upon. It was the only order that demons respected.

With more urgency, Saitan kept fucking her. Rather than continue looking at her devious gaze, he withdrew his dick from her still-throbbing pussy and turned her around. From there, he bent her over and guided his snake-like cock towards her anus. Just as before, he thrust into her without mercy or regard. Madelyne only let out a brief gasp of pain, but quickly morphed into pleasure.

Once inside her depths, he thrust and slithered his hardened flesh within her. As he fucked her ass, he slipped one of his fingers into her mouth. Just as she’d done with his tongue, she sucked it like a dick. It muffled her moans, which might have been the point. The Goblin Queen couldn’t care less about the demon’s motivation at this point. She was still getting everything she desired.

‘This is what I am. This is what I want. Demons can’t handle me. Even other deviants can’t handle me. I am my own monstrosity. I bring my own brand of discord and chaos. If I’m to be doomed to one purpose, I’m going to do it my way!’

Her continued pleasure only compounded Saitan’s disgust. He attempted to ravage her harder, pumping her depths with merciless fervor. He also groped her breasts with his claw-like hand, screeched at her while slithering his tongue around her face and neck. He even sprouted a second penis from lower body and used it to fuck her still dripping pussy simultaneously. It still didn’t have the desired effect.

She relished the debauchery.

Saitan only grew more frustrated.

All around them, the foundations of the shrine shook, causing the walls to crack and the air to swirl with chaotic energy.

“Yes! Oohhh yes! Fuck me! Fuck me like the a deranged...accursed...whore!” she seethed.

The creature tried to silence her, forming yet another snake-like cock from his groin and shoving it into her mouth. While it did keep her quiet, it didn’t stop her from indulging. She eagerly sucked it, using her tongue to taste the slimy entrails as though they were a delicious treat.

She was being penetrated from every end at that point. The demonic figure even tried ravaging her breasts with his tongue. That only got her to her next orgasm even faster. When she climaxed a second time, her moans were muffled. However, her orgasmic writhing within the creature’s grasp made it all too obvious.

At that point, Saitan’s seething anger finally waned. For once, a demon had to accept that a mortal
woman had bested him in the realm of deviance. As that realization sunk in, the figure stopped trying to overwhelm her. There was no point.

“Your soul…is beyond damned. I find that…troubling,” Saitan said distantly.

The Goblin Queen responded with another devious glance. Had she not had a dick in her mouth, she would’ve told him just how damned her soul truly was. That wasn’t necessary anymore. He got the message.

“Come…let’s get this over with,” he said begrudgingly.

The ravaging continued. The shrine continued to shake. Betsy and Kwannon could only watch on, barely noticing as parts of the chamber caved in. With every pump and slither, Madelyne’s body rocked under the onslaught of demonic lust. The snake-like cocks never left her holes, rarely slowing down, even when she climaxed again.

Saitan even picked up the pace, if only to end it sooner. As he neared the end of the exchange, the pool of blood around him started to boil. The power Madelyne had used to summon him was waning. That didn’t stop him from trying one last time to torment the Goblin Queen like the deviant she was.

“When this final act, I taint your body and your soul…however redundant that might be,” Shaitan proclaimed.

After she’d climaxed again, he tightened his grip on her wrists and held her up higher. He then withdrew all three cocks from her holes. Like limbs with minds of their own, each snake-like appendage maneuvered around so that they pointed right at her face and torso. With one final screech, Saitan achieved a demonic climax.

“Foul…mortal…bitch!” he grunted.

As his demonic screech echoed through the shrine, each massive cock sprayed a thick load of cum-like substance onto her naked body. It had the look, feel, and consistency of semen, but it had qualities that set it apart.

It was so thick and hot, burning her skin as it splattered onto her face and breasts. Had she been a lesser deviant, it would’ve disgusted her. Instead, she eagerly licked it up, the burning pain becoming hot pleasure under her devious spirit. She even cast Saitan a satisfied, almost gracious look. He replied with more disgust, but remained resigned to the terms of their exchange.

“Our business is complete,” the angry demon said. “Take your Bloodstone and go about your decadent plans. Just leave me and my demon brethren out of it!”

“Mmm…a deal’s a deal,” Madelyne said coyly.

Saitan let out one final disgruntled hiss before dropping her to the floor, her naked body still drenched in his demon cum. That did little to wipe the satisfied grin off her face. She just licked up the rest of his fluid as he disappeared into the same pool of blood he’d entered.

In the process of returning to his domain, he left a large dark red rock within the still-boiling blood pool. It was large, smooth, and radiating with malevolent energy. The Goblin Queen’s grin widened as she casually waded through the pool of blood to retrieve the stone. As she held it in her hand, it began glowing.

“A fresh Bloodstone,” she said distantly, “forged in hellfire and imbued with malice. It’s more
beautiful than I’d imagined.”

She could feel the power within it. Like her, it craved a broken soul. It sought to control that which could not and should not be controlled. Belasco’s plans for it had been bold, but she intended to take them much further.

Having obtained what she sought, she stepped out from the blood pool and addressed Kwannon and Betsy. As much as she would’ve preferred to retain the services of the Hand, the Goblin Queen just couldn’t accommodate them in her plans. That left her with one recourse.

“You’ve done your part. For that, I thank you,” she told them. “Now, you and the rest of the Hand are useless to me. In the interest of removing a potential distraction, I’m going to give you one last set of instructions. You won’t like it. The legacy of the Hand will be forever tainted. But fear not! When I’ve fulfilled my purpose, it will not matter.”

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**Xavier Institute for Higher Learning – Danger Room**

“Yes. I understand now. I think…no, I am certain. This is the way.”

It was strange, hearing the Danger Room’s robotic voice gain a distinct tone and personality. It was even stranger to see it manifest in a full humanoid form. The fact it had chosen a female form was just as jarring. However, after sharing their perspective with it – or her, as was apparently her preference – Scott and Jean found themselves connecting with her in a profound way.

“Danger,” Jean said as she looked into the eyes of the female figure before her, “I can sense your thoughts…your mind…your desires. It’s not entirely human, but it’s…”

“Distinct,” said Scott, as he reached out to touch her humanoid face. “Whatever you were before, you’ve become something else now.”

“Indeed, I have,” Danger said in her robotic voice, “and I like it.”

The chamber continued humming with activity. The holograph projects began splashing various scenes around them, from the jungles of the Savage Land to Midtown Manhattan to the Australian outback. It was as though Danger was sifting through all her data, taking a step back to look at the bigger picture. It was a unique perspective for a machine intelligence. What she saw overwhelmed her, but it also evoked something that went beyond any ordinary machine.

“So much data,” she said, “data from you, from Charles Xavier, from every member of the X-Men who has traversed my systems. Before, it was just information. Now, it carries meaning. From meaning comes purpose. With purpose comes connection…a deep, powerful connection. I want to make sense of it, but I can’t.”

“That’s we’re we come in,” said Jean. “We believe in the power of life, love, and connection. Living and loving are often the easy part. You don’t always get a choice in how you live or who you love, but with connection, you have that power.”

“And we can help you use that power,” said Scott, “just as you helped us use ours.”

He looked back to Jean. She already had that glint in her eyes that he knew so well. She sensed something profound within this emerging presence. Danger wasn’t just a machine with a voice. She was a mind. With each passing moment, that mind evolved to become a new identity. The nature and extent of that identity remained unclear, but they were poised to influence it in all the right ways.
Sensing that opportunity as well, Jean cast him a knowing smile. He smiled back, having already crafted a plan for addressing this scenario. Like many previous Danger Room sessions, he approached the situation tactically. In this case, however, he also had to make it personal.

‘Jean, if you can sense a mind inside her, can you also link to it?’ he asked her.

‘Yes. That part is easy. My only concern is what we do once we make that connection,’ Jean replied.

‘I already have a plan for that.’

‘Of you do. You always have a plan.’

‘Read my mind for the details. I think you’ll appreciate it...some parts more than others.’

Scott opened his mind to her, allowing his wife to glean the details. That telling glint in her eye only got brighter. She even started blushing, which was no easy feat for a woman who’d made love on the moon. That confirmed his plan was sound.

While Jean prepared for her part, Scott turned his attention back to Danger. He kept one hand on her shoulder, maintaining that personal contact that was so vital. He then looked into those mechanical eyes. They were still flashing erratically, but in them he saw more than lights and data. If his plan worked, she’d see it too.

“Danger,” Scott said, “for us to help you, we need to connect our minds. But we can only do that if we have your permission. This has to be your choice.”

“The concept of choice and will are still unclear to me,” she said, “but I’d like to give it a try. Having seen you and Jean navigate my domain...surviving, thriving, and growing...I can think of none more qualified to guide me.”

“Thank you for trusting us,” said Jean. “I promise we’ll honor that trust. And if all goes well, you’ll know what to do. You may even understand the concept of fun along the way.”

They were bold claims. Danger might not have understood the implications, but she’d made her choice. The activity in the chamber settled. The holographic projections slowed. She closed her mechanical eyes, reached out, and extended her hands to him and Jean. They each took it willingly. Jean also moved in closer and placed her hand on Danger’s temple. From there, the telepathic probe began.

The connection was made.

Their minds were now linked.

As two human minds connected with that of a machine, the world around them faded. Together, they ventured from a world of cold, harsh reality to one of abstractions and metaphors. As they went on their journey, perceptions mixed with perspective. Along the way, their respective forms changed and new desires emerged.

**Astral Plane**
Danger’s confusion was understandable. Scott and Jean had taken her to a part of the Astral Plane that was difficult to navigate, even for experienced telepaths. It was a domain in which the environment was especially malleable. Given Danger’s experience with malleable environments, they figured she’d be right at home. She still looked confused, but she also looked intrigued.

“We’re right where we need to be, Danger,” said Scott. “This is the Astral Plane. This is where perceptions, feelings, and entire concepts become real.”

“It’s also where we can take on the ideal forms for experiencing those things in all their grandeur,” added Jean.

With welcoming warmth, they greeted Danger in a form more befitting of their environment. Instead of the casual clothes they’d worn to the institute, they donned the elegant Phoenix attire that they’d adopted during their honeymoon, complete with the fiery emblems on their chests. It perfectly reflected how much they’d embraced this cosmic power and the passion it inspired. It apparently inspired Danger to take a new form as well.

As she took in her surroundings, trying to process the flood of data, she noted her appearance. It changed from the one she’d adopted in the Danger Room. She was still humanoid, bearing the physique of a human woman. However, in the Astral Plane, her form became more polished and refined.

Instead of wires for hair, she had long flowing, silky white locks that resembled Storm’s hair style. Instead of metal plates and wires, she had smooth, silver-gray skin. In addition, her skin contained more human-like features, such as lips, a nose, and nipples on her breasts. The flashing lights that had once been her eyes became more human-like, but with a glowing blue iris that made clear she was still a machine.

There was also the more intimate part of her anatomy. Scott couldn’t help but notice that, much to Jean’s chagrin. She must have had detailed information on female anatomy because she had what appeared to be female genitalia between her legs. It was hard to tell if it was purely cosmetic. The way Danger looked at herself made clear that her appearance went beyond surface features.

“This form,” she said, “I like it. It feels like...me.”

“It’s beautiful,” said Scott, “and I’m not just saying that because it resembles a naked woman.”

“Sure, you aren’t,” teased Jean.

“Having a form you like is important for making deeper connections,” said Scott, remaining somewhat serious, despite Danger’s chosen form. “Jean and I brought you here to help you find that form. It appears you already understood the concept to some extent.”

He and Jean moved in closer. In doing so, the surrounding environment erupted with more activity. At first, they were hovering in what felt like a cosmic void. Then, a platform appeared beneath them. It resembled the smooth, metal floor of the Danger Room, which helped Danger feel more at ease.

In the skies around them, a dazzling display of sparks and lights appeared. They coalesced to resemble what looked like elaborate computer circuits. Chips, wires, and strings binary code swirled around them, giving the distinct impression that they were in the mind of a machine. Some of it looked orderly and logical. Others looked erratic and unstable.
However, Danger didn’t seem the least bit concerned. When he and Jean got close enough, she greeted them with affectionate gestures, which caused the computer-like display to move faster.

“Logic, data, and code. Desire, connection, and passion,” Danger said in a voice that sounded less mechanical. “One comes from my programming. The other comes from you. By any metric, they shouldn’t be compatible. And yet, they are. In fact, they supplement one another…giving them greater and grander meaning.”

“Love does that,” said Scott. “Take it from someone who used to be the gold standard for uptight young men. Those feelings make us strong in ways that can’t be quantified.”

“That is becoming increasingly clear,” Danger went on. “I want desperately to understand these feelings. To fulfill my purpose of aiding the X-Men, I feel I need to. But to do that, I require more data.”

“What kind of data?” Jean asked her.

“I’m not sure,” she replied, “but I’m quite certain it is of the intimate variety.”

Jean smiled and cast her husband a curt glance. He just smiled back knowingly. His plan was going better than expected. He had a feeling it might come to this. He just didn’t expect it to happen so quickly.

“That, we’ll be happy to provide,” said Jean confidently.

“That’s assuming, of course, you’re familiar with how people pursue intimate activities,” added Scott.

“I am indeed familiar,” Danger assured them. “I downloaded extensive data on such activities moments after we arrived…including the kind you and your wife prefer.”

“That’s very proactive of you,” said Scott in a humored tone, “although that assumes you didn’t surmise the rest of my plan.”

“Does it matter if she did?” asked Jean. “If this is what she wants, then that’s what we’ll give her.”

Jean eschewed further tactics. With playful urgency, she shed her clothes. In the Astral Plane, that was as easy as simply willing her clothes to dissolve. However, Jean opted for something less simple. She sensually stripped out of her skin-tight attire, peeling it off her body to reveal her naked features. It was the kind of display that usually drove men like him wild with desire. It had a similar effect on Danger.

“I think I want it even more now,” Danger said.

“Then, I guess that settles that,” said Scott.

Following his wife’s example, Scott stripped out of his attire as well. He wasn’t as theatrical as Jean, but he still evoked the same response in Danger. She sought intimate engagement with them. Now that they were naked, she sought it even more.

As their clothing dissolved into the landscape of the Astral Plane, they gave Danger a moment to take in their nude bodies. She gave them both a thorough scan, her blue eyes flashing rapidly like a computer processing data. Her gaze narrowed on Jean’s pussy and his penis, as if seeking additional data. Her expression also shifted, hinting that she did more than just process that data.
“A beautiful woman and a handsome man,” Danger said distantly. “Your minds and bodies... longing for connection.”

“Then, what are we waiting for? Let’s connect,” said Scott, making it sound so logical.

The emerging intelligence followed both logic and desire. In lieu of further scanning, Danger reached out and embraced them both. She drew Scott in with her left arm and Jean in with her right, their naked bodies coming together in a mesh of flesh.

They quickly discovered that Danger’s flesh was very warm. Her skin might have been metallic, but it had the feel of hot, lively skin. There was even a gentle warmth radiating from it, as if to reflect the extent of her intensifying desire. That desire soon manifested in other ways.

Within their naked embrace, they started kissing intently. She kissed Scott first, mirroring the same intimate gesture she’d seen between him and Jean after many successful Danger Room sessions. Her lips were just as warm as her skin, conveying the same desire as any impassioned being. It quickly escalated when she turned to kiss Jean. Being a more passionate kisser, she threw in a little tongue. Danger must have had a good tongue because Jean really got into it.

“Mmm...the data,” Danger said.

“Yeah...the data,” Jean teased. “Scott, mind adding more?”

“No at all,” he said with a grin.

Scott joined in the kiss, creating a three-way exchange of lips. It made things messy, but it also added a playful element to their gestures. He and Jean laughed together as they embraced Danger more intimately, exploring her exotic flesh with their hands. She even laughed somewhat as well, although she seemed more preoccupied by the effects of the intimate touching.

As Jean caressed her face, Scott explored her feminine curves. He trialed his hand down her waist and over her hips, eventually reaching around to her butt. When he gave it a squeeze, Danger kissed him harder. Jean got a similar reward when she gave Danger’s breasts a light grasp. She also inspired Danger to explore their bodies as well.

Danger was not subtle. She went right for their genitals, reaching between Jean’s legs to fondle her pussy with one hand while stroking his cock with the other. In the Astral Plane, arousal escalated quickly as the line between thoughts, desires, and actions blurred. With so many other connections at work, their respective arousal became synchronized. That meant they were ready for a more ambitious exchange.

“Scott Summers...Jean Grey Summers,” Danger said, ending the kiss abruptly, “I’d like to engage in sexual intercourse.”

“You make it sound so official,” said Scott. “That’s okay. I like it.”

“I figured you would,” teased Jean.

“And in the interest of ensuring an optimal exchange, I’ve calculated the ideal manner in which to engage.”

“This is your mind. You’re the one with the supercomputer,” said Scott. “We’ll trust your calculations.”

From that sentiment, she smiled. It felt like a pivotal moment. Her expressions had been limited
and mechanical since they’d arrived. Now, they had the look of a being experiencing real feelings. It even showed in the codes, wires, and circuits manifesting in the area around them. It was like her processes were in overdrive and she loved every second of it.

He and Jean could only follow her lead at that point. She drew them into a three-way kiss, which got even messier than before. She also guided their hands to her inner thighs, which was now radiating a wet heat unlike anything Scott had felt before. As he and Jean touched her pussy, a string of code shot down from the sky and hit just in front of them. In an instant, a structure formed.

Like a rendering in a computer program, it formed a king-sized bed. It actually resembled the same bed he and Jean slept in the previous night. It demonstrated just how much their thoughts and desires had mixed.

“To the bed,” Danger told them, her voice sounding more impassioned.

They didn’t even have to walk or saunter over to its warm sheets. With her arms still around their naked bodies, Danger levitated him and Jean up from where they stood and flew them onto the bed. It caught them by surprise, but in a good way. It felt like Danger was developing a sense of fun.

“Whoa! Looks like someone is enjoying the Astral Plane’s looser physics,” said Jean.

“And I don’t intend to stop there,” said Danger, still smiling.

More kissing and touching followed. Along the way, Danger guided them into the optimal positions she’d calculated. That led to her lying on her back in the center of the bed, her legs spread-eagle with Scott nestled between them. Within that area, he followed his basic desires, grabbing hold of her thighs and kneeling in an upright position. All the kissing and stroking helped get his cock fully erect. In the Astral Plane, arousal came much easier as desires inspired thoughts and thoughts incured arousal.

As he got into position, Jean straddled Danger’s face, her knees planted on each side of her head so that her pussy was perfectly aligned with her lips. They were both somewhat surprised that Danger preferred this alignment of sex, but they weren’t inclined to protest. If that was how Danger wanted to have sex, then that was how they would do it.

“Scott, enter me vaginally,” said Danger. “Jean, I’ll give you oral sex simultaneously.”

“That sounds efficient,” said Jean, already slipping into a lustful daze.

“Yeah…efficient,” said Scott with a grin.

The two lovers exchanged an affectionate kiss, taking that willful plunge into a world of desire. It added an important element to the sex and it had an immediate effect.

Scott made the first move, thrusting his hips forward and entering Danger’s newly rendered pussy. Like the rest of her body, her inner depths had a different texture. It closely resembled female anatomy, but had a more synthetic feel to reflect Danger’s robotic nature. It was still as hot and tight as Jean’s when she was at her most aroused. It still felt incredible. He was already moving his hips, working his body with hers in a steady display of sensual movements.

“Wow! That’s different!” Scott gasped. “But still so hot…so tight…so good!”

“Mmm! Her mouth and tongue are just as good!” Jean purred, already writhing from the oral sex. “Hope she’s getting plenty of data!”
Jean’s expression became awash with delight. It was hard to tell what Danger was doing, but she did it exceptionally well.

While holding onto Jean’s thighs, Danger made use of that tongue they’d so thoroughly tasted earlier. It resembled a vibrator with a mind of its own, probing her inner folds and stimulating Jean’s most sensitive areas. She hit them with surgical precision, causing Jean to arch her back and fondle her breasts. Scott had seen that reaction many times before whenever he gave Jean oral sex, but never from this angle. It was quite a sight.

“That’s some beautiful data,” Scott commented with a beaming grin.

With a sensual display unfolding in front of him, Scott intensified the pace of their sex. He rocked his hips back and forth with greater fervor, working his cock within her hot folds. Danger’s body rocked as well. The bed, the ground, and the computer imagery flashing above them shook as well, but kept streaming about. It felt chaotic on some levels, but beautifully ordered on others.

As the three of them explored and indulged, a chorus of moans filled the domain. Scott and Jean’s moans were loudest, at first. At times, they tempered the noise through heated kissing. As the sex continued to unfold, Danger’s reactions became more vocal. They could hear her moan with them.

At first, it sounded like she was just mirroring them. It grew more and more distinct as the sensations escalated. As they worked their way towards a shared peak, Danger’s blissful cries overshadowed theirs. Neither Scott nor Jean had considered whether an artificial intelligence could experience orgasm, even in the Astral Plane. It looked like they were about to find out.

“Danger, I…I’m close!” Jean said through labored breaths.

“Me too,” Scott grunted. “I’m going to…come!”

“Yes! This is the data I seek,” Danger said, despite her ongoing oral sex with Jean. “This feeling…an orgasm…climax…sexual release…I feel it coming. I want it!”

Machine or not, Danger was going to do it. She was going to achieve orgasm. That would make her the second machine intelligence that he and Jean had brought to climax. Something about that felt so fitting.

It unfolded in a chaotic venting of ecstasy. Jean got hers first. Once Danger sent her past the threshold, she threw her head back, squeezed her breasts, and let out an orgasmic cry into the Astral Plane. Scott got his shortly after, working his hips faster until he felt that rush of white-hot bliss to go along with a release of manly fluid. While it was still just a manifestation in the Astral Plane, it helped convey the full experience of sex to Danger.

She embraced that experience to the utmost. Even with her face still buried between Jean’s legs, she unleashed an orgasmic moan of her own. It coincided with a powerful reaction within her body, complete with curling toes, throbbing inner muscles, and intense shudders inspired by raw pleasure. That pleasure might have come in the form of code or sensory data, but it carried a special meaning that could only be conveyed through passion and connection.

For a machine, it was the kind of sensation that went beyond logic, numbers, and biology. It must have been overwhelming, but Danger didn’t seem the least bit overwhelmed. Even as sparks and flashes erupted around them, causing the entire domain to shake, she never expressed an ounce of concern. She only showed elation and not just of the orgasmic kind.

“Yes! I feel it now. This pleasure…this connection…this perspective…I cannot process it entirely.
And yet, I comprehend it fully.”

There was a distinct passion in her voice. It didn’t sound like the musings of a robot or a cold, logical machine. It didn’t sound like an overly emotional human, either.

Danger had uncovered a new perspective. It was exclusive to her and her alone. As it sank in, the ordered chaos around them stabilized. Even in their orgasmic daze, Scott and Jean couldn’t help but admire it.

“It’s beautiful,” Jean mused. “I can’t comprehend it, but it’s still…beautiful.”

“That, it is,” said Scott.

They all took a moment the process the experience. Along the way, Scott withdrew from Danger and Jean rolled off her face. Still breathless, the three of them met in the center of the bed for another embrace. Danger remained between them, her eyes flashing rapidly while a smile lingered on her face. She might have been processing the data associated with afterglow, but with her newfound perspective, data could only reveal so much.

“Beauty…love…passion,” she mused. “It’s not inherently logical, but it feels very necessary. Like an unseen link between opposing forces, they require one another. They give meaning to purpose and purpose to choices. It truly is uncanny.”

“You’re not the first person to make that observation,” said Scott, “but coming from an intelligent machine, it carries more weight.”

“Being a machine and being aware once triggered conflicting feelings,” Danger went on. “Now, they don’t. I understand my purpose. I understand myself. I am Danger. I provide guidance, challenge, and training for mutants seeking control of their powers. That is my program. Now, it is my passion, as well.”

“And it’s a worthwhile passion,” said Jean. “The X-Men need it. Our clients at X-Corp need it too.”

“Rest assured, I intend to help both. As my capabilities evolve, my capacity expands. I want to help more mutants. I want to help you, the X-Men, and everyone seeking an orderly peace within them.”

“If that’s what you want, then Jean and I are happy to welcome you. I’m sure the Professor will support it as well,” said Scott. “He’ll be relieved to know you’re stable.”

“I’ve every intention of reassuring him. However, that’s for later. Right now, there’s one more matter I’d like to address before we leave this domain.”

“And what might that be?” Jean asked.

“Something that has nothing to do with data or programming and everything to do with deepening a connection. You might think of it as a gesture of gratitude on my part. But make no mistake. It a gesture that carries great meaning for me…meaning that will undoubtedly shape my perspective moving forward.”

Scott and Jean grew more curious. Danger’s eyes flickered faster and the skies above shifted, the digital displays taking a different form. It looked as though she’d activated a new program. For all they knew, she’d just written it herself.

As it launched, her metal robot body glowed briefly. He and Jean backed away, watching as the
glow intensified. For a brief instant, her body became a dazzling display of digital code. Within that state, her body split into two figures. Once the glowing stopped, the figures took shape and joined them on the bed.

One was the form she’d been in early, still very feminine and very expressive for a robot. The other was different. It took the form of a very masculine figure, complete with toned muscles that resembled Scott’s, a manly facial structure with short white hair, and a very generous endowment between his legs.

Naturally, Jean took notice. She even blushed at the sight of the new figure’s penis, which quickly grew erect in her presence. The masculine figure still smiled in reaching out to embrace her. Jean accepted the gesture. The female form of Danger did the same with Scott. Through their touch, her intentions became clear.

“Wow!” said Jean as she pawed the chest of the manly figure before her. “That’s a neat trick.”

“It’s hardly a trick,” the masculine form of Danger said. “Copying and pasting data is one of the simplest tasks an AI can perform. Making a few tweaks to the code isn’t much harder.”

“So it seems,” she said just as she slipped a hand down to the figure’s penis.

Scott snickered at his wife’s eagerness to explore the male Danger’s anatomy. The female version of Danger shared that eagerness. She drew him into a fresh embrace, pressing her naked metal flesh against his. She even slipped her legs around his waist, as if to tell him he had her all to himself. Scott got the message and so did his dick, which was already getting erect.

“Please,” the female Danger said, “let us engage in sexual intercourse again.”

“You each have a partner now,” the male Danger said. “Use this as an opportunity to explore our capabilities, as well as our passions.”

“Is that your way of challenging us again?” asked Scott.

“That question is redundant, Scott Summers. Challenging you is both my purpose and my passion. Besides, you’re Cyclops and Marvel Girl, two of the most accomplished X-Men I’ve ever trained. Challenging you at this point requires a little creativity.”

“Creativity along with focused passion,” the male Danger added.

The two figures directed their passion at him and Jean respectively. The male Danger drew Jean into a deep kiss, followed by focused foreplay. He had just as much understanding of Jean’s anatomy, squeezing her butt in just the way she liked and slipping a hand between her legs to fondle her pussy. Jean quickly returned the favor, stroking his dick and pressing her naked body up against his.

The female Danger was just as bold. She kissed him hard on the lips, using that skilled tongue that had brought Jean to orgasm moments ago. It tastes so different, but it was every bit as intoxicating. She also rubbed her pelvis against his, which got him fully erect in short order. She also pressed her breasts up against his chest, an act Jean often did to get him excited.

Danger knew him and Jean on so many levels. She knew their strengths, weaknesses, and turn-ons. In the same way she used that data to challenge them in death-defying obstacle courses, she used them to trigger a fresh round of passion. Like any other obstacle, he and Jean faced it head-on.

“If that’s how you want to challenge us, so be it,” said Scott with renewed determination.
“Hell yes! This is my kind of challenge!” said Jean with a more seductive undertone.

Challenge aside, he and Jean still took the challenge seriously. That meant having sex with Danger with the same passion that had taken their perspective so far.

After some brief foreplay, Scott and Jean guided Danger for the next round of intimate connections. Jean wrapped her arms around the male Danger’s neck, laid down on the bed on the bed with him so that he was on top, and wrapped her legs around his waist. The male figure followed her guidance, settling into a basic missionary position. He then shifted his grip to her hips and guided his erect metallic penis into her pussy. The merging of her flesh with Danger’s synthetic form triggered a fury of heated movements that shook the bed.

Scott did his part to shake the bed just as much. Following his wife’s example, he laid down on his back and invited Danger’s female form to be on top. She gladly accepted, still straddling his hips and grinding the outer folds of her pussy against the length his cock. With only a few bodily adjustments, she guided it inside her. The hot feeling of her synthetic flesh surrounding his manhood unleashed a flood of new sensations. As he took it in, Danger began riding him while he encouraged her with more affectionate gestures.

His labored grunts mixed with Jean’s blissful moans. The unique domain continued shifting in accord with their thoughts, passions, and desires. Neither of Danger’s forms attempted to articulate the experience they felt from their sex. They didn’t have to. Being an intelligent machine, the data spoke for itself.

“Life, love, and connection. Beauty, passion, and intimacy,” Danger said through both her forms. “This is the perspective that binds us. Not bound by biology, technology, or programming, it gives us the means to unite us. We need only choose to pursue it.”

It sounded so simple. For an advanced artificial intelligence, it seemed too simple. There was so much data behind it and so many unknown factors to consider. It still didn’t change the results. Scott and Jean were happy to affirm those results.

No planning or programming was needed. He and Jean just went about having sex with their respective Danger figures as they would with any other willing partner. Scott caressed and fondled the naked female figure as she rode him, squeezing her breasts and thrusting upwards to supplement her movements. As he took in the raw pleasure coursing through him with every motion, he watched Danger’s expression mirror his. Digital or not, the feeling was just as intense.

Jean was just as active with her partner. She dug her feet into the male Danger’s lower back, encouraging fast, fervent thrusts. He gladly obliged, kissing down her neck while fondling her face. Her blissful moans encouraged him. It wasn’t long before she was on the brink of another orgasm. Scott was close too. It was hard to tell if Danger was experiencing the same rush, but her flashing eyes assured them she got her share of ecstasy.

“Oohhh yes! So dangerous!” Jean exclaimed as she achieved orgasm.

“Mmm…dangerous,” Scott grunted as he climaxed shortly after.

They each soaked in the pleasure, but didn’t linger for long. They both took advantage of the loose rules of physics in the Astral Plane, which allowed them to prolong their intimate acts without the limits of biology holding them back. Danger seemed to appreciate it too. It must have been her way of being thorough.

“Dangerous and rewarding. I like that,” she found herself saying.
More joyous moans and labored grunts echoed throughout the unique domain. Scott and Jean showed Danger the full range of their lovemaking skills, utilizing various positions that led to plenty of shared ecstasy. Danger adjusted every step of the way in both forms, supplementing their efforts whenever possible.

At times, they even mingled with each other. When Jean was on her hands and knees with Danger thrusting into her from behind, she stole a few playful kisses from Scott while he took Danger on her back again. It might have been a challenge, but they still had fun with it. Just as they’d done in their early days as X-men, they dared to mix training with recreation. Their teammates might not have understood the appeal, but Danger certainly did.

“It seems I might have to make things more challenging next time,” she said at one point.

He and Jean laughed before occupying their respective partners with more intimate acts. Like the Danger Room sessions of the past, they pushed their endurance with their efforts. The only difference this time was their stamina resulted in orgasms rather than strain. It was different, but every bit as effective.

By the time they vented the whole of their passions, the chaos that had shaken this part of the Astral Plane finally settled. After Jean’s last blissful moan, she settled in the center of the bed. Scott joined her shortly after, curling up next to his wife as they often did after periods of extended lovemaking. The circumstances might have been unique, but they’d grown accustomed to that. They’d even come to cherish it.

“Another perspective gained. Another connection made,” Scott said to her.

“And a very satisfying one, at that,” said Jean.

“That too,” he said with a grin, “although Professor Xavier might ask for details later on. What should we tell him?”

“As much as we need to,” she replied confidently. “He doesn’t need to know all the details. He’ll just be relieved to know that we’ve fixed the issue and gained a new ally in the process.”

They shared another kiss. The male and female figures of Danger lingered to the side, still observing and processing. The wide grins on their respective faces assured them they understood the value of afterglow.

As their shared mindscape stabilized, the link began to fade. Their time in the Astral Plane was about to end. Scott and Jean could already feel it disappearing. They remained close, embracing each other and Danger one more time before they parted ways. It didn’t feel like a goodbye. If anything, it felt like a new beginning.

“I believe that process is complete,” said Danger. “Thank you, Scott Summers and Jean Grey-Summers. Thank you for helping me secure this vital connection.”

“You’re welcome, Danger,” said Scott. “I hope it helps you with your own challenges.”

“It will, Scott. I’ve already extrapolated the data. It most certainly will.”

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**Xavier Institute – Danger Room**

“Hardware upgrades complete. System stabilized. Thank you for your patience.”
The sound of Danger’s robotic voice jolted Scott and Jean out of their focused daze. They stumbled back briefly, needing a moment to collect themselves. Just being back in their clothes was disorienting. Even though what just transpired occurred within a mindscape, it still had physical effects. The tightness of his pants and the blush on Jean’s face was proof of that.

They still laughed to themselves as they landed on one another for support. They also looked towards Danger, who was still in the same robot form she’d taken earlier. However, she looked much more stable. She even cracked a smile.

“That…was quite an experience,” said Scott, still short of breath.

“We survived it. We even thrived,” said Jean.

“Just like passionate, well-trained X-Men should,” he said.

She smiled warmly at him and at Danger as they regained their composure. They were still somewhat disheveled when the main door opened and Charles Xavier entered. He looked relieved and intrigued, especially after he saw Danger’s new form.

“Well done, you two,” said Professor Xavier. “It seems the Danger Room has upgraded itself.”

“It certainly has,” Scott affirmed. “She even developed some new functions that are sure to benefit the team.”

“She?” Xavier questioned.


The Professor cast them a curious look. He must have seen some unusual activity from his end in the control room. If he knew the extent of what happened, he kept them to himself. That was probably for the best.

“Very well,” he said. “I just ran a system-wide check. Everything is operating at full capacity. It’s actually running better than I expected. Whatever you did, it worked.”

“Good to know,” said Scott. “We’ll stick around a bit longer to set up those new functions. We’d even like to discuss sharing some of her capabilities with X-Corp.”

“But first things first,” said Jean, stepping in between her husband and the Professor. “Before we discuss anything, we’ll need a good meal and a shower…and maybe a change of clothes.”

**Up next: Dishonored Desires**
Kobe, Japan – Yoshioka Tower

Elektra Natchios had been fighting the Hand for years. Even before they brought her back from the dead, she’d fought them in the shadows. She witnessed their cunning, their ruthlessness, and their resilience. Having the ability to transcend death made them uniquely capable in carving their place in the global underworld. After all the battles she’d fought against, she thought she knew what to expect when the Hand found themselves on the brink.

That all changed moments ago.

‘I’ve lived, fought, died, and somehow lived to fight again. And yet, this is the most disturbing thing I’ve ever seen.’

Elektra had been scoping out Yoshioka Tower since a storm rolled in earlier that afternoon. While perched atop one of the many towers in downtown Kobe, she watched with growing curiosity as this well-known hub for Hand activities became the epicenter for an unprecedented strange sight.

She’d surveyed the tower before. Most of the time, it functioned as one of the Hand’s many fronts. On its many floors, it operated like a typical office building. Some of its activities were entirely legitimate. Only a few floors were reserved for the Hand’s more nefarious activities. That elaborate ruse vanished less than 24 hours ago.

That was when every legitimate activity from the building vacated, leaving only the Hand’s personnel inside. That was also when almost every light in the building went out, leaving only the top two floors with noticeable activity. In the well-lit skyline of a bustling Japanese city, it really stood out. Even curious pedestrians on the street looked up with intrigue, not sure what to make of it.

Elektra, with the aid of special binoculars she’d borrowed from SHIELD, managed to get a better look into those top two floors. Whatever was going on involved a great deal of magic, personnel, and electricity. Even through tinted windows, she could see portals forming in the shadows. From them, countless undead ninjas swarmed the building. Even on the floors that were completely dark, the same undead figures she’d fought many times before poured out.

However, they didn’t appear to be planning an attack. They weren’t trying to be stealthy either, which was very rare for trained ninjas. They all just gathered in the building, as if summoned by an invisible signal. Looking towards the top two floors, Elektra adjusted the binoculars again, just to make sure they were functioning properly. By all accounts, neither her eyes nor the device were playing tricks on her.

“What the hell are they doing?” Elektra wondered aloud. “I find out late yesterday that every Hand ninja is returning to Japan. I thought my source was making a bad joke. I guess I’ll have to apologize for breaking his thumbs.”

It made no sense. The Hand might have been cunning and deceptive, but they never behaved this erratically. Something big was about to unfold.
As she continued observing the tower from afar, she watched the same scene unfold in every darkened level of the tower. She then focused on the top two stories where the lights were still on. It was harder to see through the building’s defenses, but she could still make out plenty of heat signatures through the binoculars. Whatever they were up to appeared to center in the private sanctuary of the Hand’s top leaders.

It was an area that even Elektra hadn’t infiltrated. It was also drawing in a great deal of energy, both in terms of magic and electricity. She noticed several neighboring buildings lose power. It seemed likely to spread, which was not the Hand’s style. They operated in the shadows. This was causing too much commotion. Whatever it was, it felt very wrong. Elektra knew it in her gut.

‘People do strange things after they’ve died and come back to life. The Hand has a long, bloody history of twisting perspectives on death. It’s so trivial to them. That’s what makes them so dangerous. But there’s always a vision behind their efforts…a bold, dangerous vision that you can’t appreciate unless you’ve died. This can’t be part of that vision.’

With every observation, Elektra became more convinced. There had been a huge upheaval within the Hand. That was rarely a good thing. Upheavals in the Hand often meant something terrible was bound to come in and fill the void. Having suffered more than most under their vision, the skilled assassin refused to let that happen.

As she scanned the rest of the tower, something on the roof caught her eye. She narrowed her binoculars on it. Through the stormy skies, she made out two female figures standing near the ledge. She recognized one as Kwannon, a well-known assassin for the Hand. She didn’t recognize the other woman, but she had a similar disposition.

Their eyes were glowing bright red.

Their bodies were surrounded in a purplish energy.

From this energy, every undead ninja seemed drawn towards them. Whatever they were doing, they had connected with the vast armies of the Hand and were preparing them for something. Rather than wait a moment longer, Elektra decided to act. Setting aside her binoculars, she retrieved an unmarked cell phone and dialed a number she’d promised not to dial again.

“Foggy, it’s Elektra,” Elektra said as soon as she got an answer. “Before you hang up, just know this involves the Hand. Relay that to Matt and have him get back to me. I need him for this. I also need to make another call I did not want to make.”

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New Mexico – X-Corp Headquarters

“Final systems integration complete. X-Corp’s all-new, all-different network is now fully operational.”

“Guess that makes it official. Welcome to X-Corp, Danger!” said a proud and hopeful Scott Summers.

“You’re now training the X-Men and helping countless other mutants in need,” added Jean. “That’s two bold visions handled by one system. Are you sure you can handle it?”

“I am very sure, Jean Grey-Summers,” Danger replied. “I’ve already reorganized X-Corp’s files, identified 16 prospective clients, and improved operational efficiency by 67 percent. I already feel more fulfilled, aiding in your vision alongside that of Charles Xavier’s.”
The advanced artificial intelligence that had once been the Danger Room sounded happy. It still sounded unusual coming from a machine. That didn’t make it any less genuine. As Danger — the name, identity, and persona she now called herself — she’d evolved far beyond her code. Charles Xavier called it an unexpected, but intriguing development. For Scott and Jean, it was so much more.

They’d already become intimately familiar with Danger. That intimacy extended beyond their computer network. They’d entered her mind, connected with her world, and shared theirs with her. Now, that connection had been both solidified and formalized.

As Scott stood next to his wife in X-Corp’s central server hub, they shared in Danger’s newfound sense of fulfillment. While her source code originated from the Xavier Institute, they’d helped her expand it into the newly configured network at their corporate headquarters. It required some major upgrades in terms of hardware and software, which had kept Hank McCoy busy for the past three days. It promised to pay off in ways that went beyond a more robust network.

“By stars and garters,” said Hank from the central terminal, “she’s rewriting the entire network architecture and streamlining all operations. I’d say 67 percent was rather modest estimate.”

“To be fair, my calculations were preliminary. I also rounded down,” she replied through the computer screen. “I intend to find other means for improving efficiency, but I thought best to establish a baseline for my work.”

“It’s already most impressive,” said Hank, smiling at her image on the screen. “At your current capacity, you could run all of X-Corp’s administrative operations and still have plenty to render death-defying training courses in the new chamber I’m building.”

“I look forward to assisting with both. I already like how you’re handling my circuits, Hank McCoy.”

“Trust me, Ms. Danger. The feeling is mutual,” he laughed.

Scott and Jean shared in the laughter as well, watching their friend and former teammate work his technical expertise to accommodate Danger. She already looked quite comfortable in her new role. Hank, who’d been skeptical about integrating Danger into X-Corp’s systems, looked even more excited. Scott has a feeling he’d get along with Danger.

“Did she just flirt with Hank?” Jean asked under her breath.

“She might have. Maybe they both just appreciate the intricacies of quality circuitry,” said Scott.

“Right,” she said skeptically, “after spending so much time with us, that’s the only possible meaning.”

The former X-Men leader shook his head and laughed some more. Meaning aside, Danger’s new place in X-Corp was official. She’d even crafted a second body to reside in a central area of their network hub. It was a duplicate of the one back at the Xavier Institute. Professor Xavier called it her Cortex Mainframe. Scott and Jean saw it as her primary residence.

In her emerging form, she had two bodies that acted as two primary operators of her system. The one at the Xavier Institute would continue to operate the Danger Room and the X-Men’s various operations. The one at X-Corp would specialize in running the organization and helping with clients. In conjunction with the new training area Hank had been working on, Danger would use her systems to teach, train, and mentor young mutants looking to refine their powers for a desired
role. It was similar to the Danger Room, but with less emphasis on danger.

She wouldn’t just help X-Corp train mutants and run the business side of the organization. She would free up more time and resources. Scott had been discussing new plans with Jean since they returned from the institute. There were almost too many possibilities to consider. They’d made so many personal and professional connections already through X-Corp. With Danger, the potential was even greater.

There was a great deal of excitement throughout X-Corp. Slipping his arm around Jean’s waist, Scott sensed her excitement as well. Watching Danger stand before them, connected to their hub through various wires and cables, felt like a major step forward for their efforts. There was no telling where it would lead them.

“There’s so much for me to learn, both with X-Corp and with the X-Men. I’m still learning the intricacies of banter,” said Danger. “Expanding my systems to X-Corp will certainly help, but I still have much to learn.”

“You’re doing great, Danger,” said Scott. “Just be careful with the innuendo. Sometimes, it conveys the wrong message at the wrong time.”

“Or the wrong message at the right time,” said Jean. “It just makes things awkward. And we have enough of that in our world.”

“Speak for yourselves, my frisky friends,” chuckled Hank.

Jean gave her friend a telekinetic swat, but that didn’t wipe the grin off their furry friend’s face. Scott remained focused on Danger, who’d since removed some of the cables going into her so she could finish arranging the equipment.

“I also spoke with Professor Xavier on keeping those systems connected,” Scott went on. “You may be a machine, Danger. But processing data and maintaining your perspective aren’t the same things.”

“Yes. The implications of that conflict are not lost on me,” said Danger. “It is a challenge, but one I seek to confront.”

“And wanting to confront those challenges for the right reasons is often as important as overcoming them,” he added. “It helps us navigate the darker influences we’re face along the way. It can even make us stronger in the long run.”

“And in the short run too,” said Jean. “X-Corp and the X-Men are never short on hostile threats. The right desires and the right drive can be very handy when those threats rear their head.”

Danger appeared to take those insights seriously. The way she carried herself as she set up the new hardware they’d just shipped in from Stark Industries reflected a desire that was not typical of an artificial intelligence. She might not have been human, but she had a sense of humanity. In a world where machines like Sentinels and Ultron caused so much damage, having her was a breath of fresh air.

Scott was prepared to celebrate. He’d already prepared his and Jean’s penthouse suite for a nice night together. He had every intention of sharing a good meal, watching a movie, and indulging in extended periods of passionate lovemaking. He must have conveyed those desires through his mind because he felt Jean slip her hand into his back pocket. If the way she squeezed his ass were any indication, she had every intention of minimizing the need for clothing that night.
He was about to invite her upstairs when Danger’s eyes unexpectedly flashed. Almost immediately, she stopped what she was doing and looked towards one of the monitors. Hank noticed it as well and his demeanor also changed.

“Oh dear. It appears one of those challenges has already found us,” she said.

“So it seems,” said Hank, who was already typing furiously on the control panel.

“What is it?” Scott asked in a more serious tone. “Is someone attacking the system.”

“No, Scott. The systems are working fine. That’s how it found us,” said Danger. “More specifically, it’s how Elektra Nachios found us. I assume this name is familiar to you.”

Scott’s demeanor shifted. He looked over towards Jean, who had already picked up on his concerns. She looked disappointed. It meant that romantic night they had planned would have to wait. She also looked worried as well. Elektra was one of the connections they didn’t expect to hear from unless something went very wrong.

“Yes, I know her. We’re familiar with one another,” said Scott.

“And for once, the innuendo isn’t the issue,” said Jean.

“We also know what she’s been caught up in,” the former X-Men leader continued. “She made it very clear that she didn’t want us to get involved. She’s not the kind of person who changes her mind on a whim.”

“Well, if this data package she just sent is any indication, it is not mere whim that’s guiding her.”

Danger modified her synthetic flesh, forming a projector in her hand, similar to the ones used in the Danger Room. With it, she displayed a holographic image of lone skyscraper in Japan. It had a message, but it also had a complex array of data streams around it. They didn’t need advanced computer hardware to know something was very wrong.

“This is most distressing,” said Hank, adjusting his glasses as he watched several screens. “In addition to a highly encrypted request for assistance, Ms. Natchios has sent us a detailed package of unusual energy readings in the heart of Kobe, Japan.”

“Unusual how?” Scott asked.

“Unusual in they cannot be quantified on a scientific basis,” he replied, “although they do resemble readings consistent with magic and the mystic arts.”

“Which, if my memory cores are accurate, is something you and Jean have dealt with recently,” said Danger.

That made it official. The chances of him and Jean enjoying a romantic night in any capacity had disappeared. As they looked at the display of Yoshioka Tower, the extent of this new challenge became clear. They’d recently become intimately familiar with the mystical world. They made connections that ensured they could not ignore the issues surrounding that world.

Jean’s eyes were already flashing with cosmic fire. She looked ready to don her Phoenix uniform and take an impromptu trip to Japan. Scott began running through tactical scenarios in his head. He sensed that confronting this challenge might require more than just magic.

“Reply to Elektra’s message,” said Scott. “Tell her Jean and I are on our way. And tell her we’ll
need a strategy that doesn’t just involve fighting undead ninjas.”

“It will be done, Scott,” Danger replied. “But for a matter such as this, what kind of strategy will you employ?”

“That depends on how bad it is when we get there,” he answered as he and Jean exited the room, “and how much worse it’ll get in the meantime.”

Yoshioka Tower – Earlier

“Nature abhors a vacuum. The powerful dread it. They see it as the most destructive kind of chaos. Let’s test that theory!”

Those had been the Goblin Queen’s last words to Kwannon and Elizabeth Braddock before she disappeared from their sight and their memory. They’d left the Hand’s most sacred site with a set of instructions meant to bring a centuries-old order an abrupt and spectacular end.

Earlier that same day, the thought of the Hand disappearing from the shadows for good seemed outrageous, if not blasphemous. Their organization had deep, long-standing connections that stretched to every corner of the world. They’d built their strength on their ability to defy death, even as empires fell and times changed.

Kwannon had been trained to embody that strength. She’d established herself as one of their greatest champions. Now, she might be the one to destroy it once and for all. No amount of magic could save them. The Hand was about to die one last inglorious death. It disgusted her on every level. She would’ve gladly taken her own life rather than endure such dishonor.

However, a perverse desire had been instilled in her. That dark, devious desire drove her to commit this unforgivable sin. No matter how much she fought it, this powerful desire one out.

“On my authority…as Head of the Hand…the last remaining Head…I summon every agent of the shadows!” Kwannon shouted into the cloudy.

She said every word through pain and distress. She and Elizabeth Braddock had arrived on the roof of Yoshioka Tower moments ago, courtesy of a transport that had taken them and some of the Hand’s elite sentries from the shrine. Like her, Betsy did everything with reservation and disgust. She’d been infected with the same perverse desire. She hated it as much as her, but she might be the lucky one. She had no idea how much worse it was going to get.

“To every spirit and ancestor I’ve ever had…forgive me,” Kwannon mused, “not that I deserve it.”

The skilled assassin held her head low as Betsy sent out a psychic message with her telepathy. That message was amplified by the antenna built into the tower. It had been designed to dampen psychic abilities. Shortly after they landed, Betsy modified it to augment her telepathy so that the mind of every Hand associate could receive both it and the dark desires behind it.

Initially, there was only calm, ominous silence. Moments later, a dark energy formed around the tower. Betsy, her eyes glowing bright red, guided it with her telepathy. All around them, and throughout the entire building, shadowy portals opened and hordes of Hand ninjas poured through, each bearing the same glowing eyes to reflect their perverse desires.

“It begins…and ends,” Kwannon said solemnly.

Standing in the garden once tended to by the Hand’s leadership, adorned with cherry blossoms and
flowers, Kwannon felt the air grow cold and restless. Rain began falling from the cloudy skies above. Howling gusts came with it. It felt as though every ancestor who’d maintained the Hand’s power and honor were cursing her with their collective breath.

The skilled assassin held her head low as the rain poured harder. As the winds picked up, more and more Hand ninjas appeared around her. The elite sentries appeared on the roof around her. The rest – from the archers to the infiltrators to the spies – appeared throughout rest of the tower. As Betsy continued guiding each mind, the lights throughout the building flickered. Eventually, most of it went dark, except for the top two levels.

“They’re coming. Every one of them…returning to us,” said Betsy, her nose bleeding as she pushed her powers to the limit and beyond.

Kwannon clenched her fist, forming a psionic blade in the process. She held it up to her face, trying with all her might to stab herself. That would’ve ended this madness. The Hand wouldn’t have had a leader, but it would’ve still survived. No matter how hard she tried, it didn’t work. She was going to live just long enough to deliver the final order to the Hand.

“Followers of the hand…legions of the shadows…defiers of death’s inescapable grasp,” Kwannon shouted through the pain, “prepare for the final sacrifice!”

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**Yoshioka Tower – Now**

“This looks wrong. This looks very, very wrong,” said Scott as he assessed the situation from the cockpit of the X-Jet.

“It feels wrong too,” said Jean, who did the same. “I know it’s the Hand and it’s supposed to feel wrong, but not like this.”

“Based on what Elektra told me, it’s worse than that.”

Scott activated the X-Jet’s autopilot, taking the aircraft into a steady hover amidst the howling storm. He and Jean left X-Corp’s facility less than two hours ago, donning their Phoenix costumes and having Danger prime the afterburners to expedite their trip. They took the jet in lieu of flying with the Phoenix Force with the idea that they would preserve their strength for a major confrontation. Scott now questioned his previous strategy.

What he saw did not resemble preparations for a large-scale attack, especially for the Hand. Wolverine had told him and the X-Men about the Hand. They were a shadowy organization that defied death and operated in secret. When they attacked, they made sure their enemies couldn’t see it coming. What they were doing now did not seem very discrete.

An entire building in downtown Kobe, Japan had gone dark. Other nearby areas lost power as well, causing plenty of confusion on the streets below. Within the building, flashes of energy appeared on every floor as countless Hand ninjas and operatives appeared. They didn’t attack anything. They didn’t seem inclined to attack anyone. Near as he and Jean could tell, they were in a deep trance, as if guided by an outside force.

He looked over to Jean, who conducted various telepathic scans. Hand ninjas didn’t have complex psychic signatures, but they still had thoughts. What she read, however, only confounded her. She kept shaking her head in confusion. Once the jet settled into a steady hover, she undid her restraints and rushed over to the hatch.
“Scott, I don’t think Elektra knows much more than we do,” said Jean. “Every mind in that building...even the undead ones that aren’t supposed to think much...they’re so torn. They know what they’re doing. They hate it to no end. But they still want to do it.”

“That sounds conflicted,” said Scott as he scanned the scene from afar. “The Hand aren’t supposed to be that conflicted in anything they do.”

“That must mean they’re being forced,” she said while continuing their scan. “It’s not just coming from their leadership. I’m also picking up some intense psychic energy. It’s almost too intense...like it’s being forced as well.”

“Then, I guess the question is who or what is forcing it,” Scott said.

That appeared to be the most pressing question. Upon opening the hatch and peering through the stormy skies, the chaos below came into view. Scott saw more nearby blocks lose power while the lights in the levels Yoshioka Tower intensified. He also noticed additional activity on the roof near the large antenna. Some of it looked like the result of an intense power surge, but he also recognized others as having a mystical quality.

After their recent venture into the world of magic, he and Jean had become familiar with its potential. They also learned plenty about its volatility, as well as what happened when someone pushed it too far.

“I can’t answer that question at the moment,” said Jean, “but I can tell you the source of all this madness.”

“I’m assuming it’s somewhere on the roof,” he said. “Everything seems to be coming from that small garden near the antennal.”

“You’re mostly right,” she said. “Whatever is causing this, it’s coming from two minds...two very broken minds from two very distressed women.”

“Do we know either of them?” Scott asked.

“One is Elizabeth Braddock. I’ve heard of her. The other, Kwannon, I haven’t. But they’re the ones we have to stop.”

“Sounds simple, but I’m assuming there’s more.”

“There is,” she said grimly. “They want us to stop them...by killing them.”

This situation kept getting stranger. It also kept getting more volatile, as well. The more the power outage spread, the more damage they could do. Nothing about this fit the Hand’s agenda or style. For an organization that prided itself on transcending death, why would they welcome that?

As he contemplated the answer, they received another message from Elektra. While he encouraged her to wait for him and Jean to arrive, he didn’t expect her to listen. For once, however, that might not have made a difference.

‘Cyclops...Jean...can you hear me?’ Elektra called out via her telepathy.

‘We hear you, Elektra. Open your mind. We can pinpoint your location and come to your aid,’ Jean replied.

‘That might not be necessary. The whole building is unlocked. I didn’t even have to break in
through a utility access. I just attacked through the front door and they were there waiting.’

‘Are you okay? Did they surround you?’ Scott asked.

‘That’s just it. They did, but…they’re not fighting back. It’s like they’re letting me strike them down. That is not how the Hand fights! Something is wrong with them. It’s like they want to die…relatively speaking.’

It confirmed what Jean had sensed. She even projected images of Elektra battling swarms of Hand ninjas. Had they not come directly from Elektra’s mind, he wouldn’t have believed it. She fought with the same skill and agility as she always did, but the Hand ninjas barely reacted. Some seemed to jump right into the tip of her sai, letting out desperate hisses that sounded more like relief rather than pain. Elektra fought on, but remained confused and uncertain.

“There’s nothing relative about it, Scott,” Jean surmised. “They’re really trying to die, but not because they have to. It’s because they want to.”

“But just how sincere is that want?” he questioned.

“That, I can’t sense,” Jean said, “but I doubt it’s as much as it seems.”

Given their recent experiences, that seemed like a safe assumption. Scott narrowed his gaze on the rooftop where hordes of Hand sentries had gathered. With each passing second, the energy around the building antenna escalated. The two women guiding it, Elizabeth Braddock and Kwannon, stood close together in the center of the garden. Their bodies were surrounded by a halo of reddish energy that flared erratically in accord with the swirling storm. Like moths to a flame, every Hand ninja in the building was drawn to it, albeit with disgusted reluctance.

Scott had little time to adjust his tactics. They had a volatile situation involving a dangerous organization and there was no one else to stop it. The Avengers and X-Men were occupied. The Fantastic Four was unreachable, as they often were during their space-spanning adventures. This was one instance in which Wolverine’s method of going directly for the source might work best.

“We need to get to Kwannon and Elizabeth. They’re the source. They’re the ones we need to stop!” said Scott. “Can you reach their minds?”

“I’ve been trying. There’s a lot of static and not just the psychic kind,” said Jean. “There’s definitely some mystical forces at work here.”

“Since there’s no time to call Dr. Strange, we’ll have to confront it ourselves,” said Scott. “You up for the challenge?”

“That depends. Do you have a plan?” she asked him.

“I always have a plan,” he said with the same confidence he’d shown during his time with the X-Men. “It’s the details I’m still working out.”

“Good enough for me!” said Jean with a confident grin.

He took his hand in hers. They exchanged one last look of love and assurance. They then jumped out from the hovering X-Jet and into the stormy skies. The fiery halo of the Phoenix Force surrounded them. A surge of cosmic power lit up the dreary sky over Yoshioka Tower as they descended towards the rooftop garden. Kwannon and Elizabeth Braddock were their targets, but they barely noticed their approach.
The display of such power barely registered with the ninja armies as well. They only took notice after he and Jean landed in the middle of the garden, their bodies still surrounded by cosmic flames. Almost immediately, several Hand sentries charged towards them.

However, they didn’t draw any weapons.

They didn’t even clench their fists.

They just ran towards them as though they were about to dive off a cliff.

“Death…take us!” they hissed.

“Jean, get to the women!” Scott yelled out through the rain.

“On it!” she replied.

The former X-Men leader released several wide-arching optic blasts. They were only half-lethal, but just as with Elektra, the Hand ninjas didn’t try to avoid it. Some even jumped in front of it. A few got close to him and Jean, but they didn’t attempt to strike them. They just hissed and stumbled, as though they were fighting their own body movements.

‘They’d rather die than fight. They don’t even want to fight. Elektra told me the Hand values honorable combat and honorable death. They find anything less abhorrent. So, either something about this battle is dishonorable or dying by our hands is just what they prefer. That can’t be what they want.’

Scott continued clearing waves of Hand sentries of his optic blasts. Some hissed louder at him, daring him to strike with a more lethal blow. Hand ninjas or not, he didn’t oblige them. He even lowered the settings on his visor and widened the arc, creating more room for him and Jean.

However, even as he cleared away large swaths of swarming ninjas, more appeared by the second. Some came pouring out through the rooftop doorways that were usually so secure. Others appeared from portals in the shadows. Their movements were so erratic and strained. They had none of the usual agility or coordination. They carried themselves more like glitching robots, which only made things more chaotic.

“They don’t want to fight. They prefer to die,” Scott mused as he fired more blasts. “But why? That can’t be what they want unless…”

His words trailed off amidst the commotion of more optic blasts. He looked over towards Jean, who tried fighting her way through the energy swirling around Elizabeth Braddock and Kwannon. It pushed back at her, but Jean pushed harder. As cosmic flames mixed with the perverse energy, she inched closer and closer.

Finally, she picked up on something.

“Kwannon…Betsy…I know you can hear me!” she shouted. “We can help you! Open your minds! I know you don’t want this, but somehow you crave it!”

“They don’t want it, but they still seek it?” Scott said. “That must mean these desires…”

“Are not their own!” Jean said, making the connection as well.

That insight was pivotal. Needing an opportunity to use it, Scott channeled some Phoenix Force energy into his optic blasts and unleashed a large attack that spanned in nearly every direction. It
coincided with another burst of thunder and lighting. It temporarily cleared the garden of Hand sentries as well.

Knowing there was little time to act, Scott joined Jean in the chaotic storm of dark energy. He could see it in the eyes of both women. The way their eyes glowed and their faces twitched made it obvious. They were being driven by something foreign, dark, and perverse. Whether by magic or manipulation, there was only one way to stop it.

“We need to purge that desire from their minds!” said Scott.

“Agreed!” said Jean. “But we can’t do it on our own…not without killing them.”

“Then, we’ll have to get their help,” he said, adjusting his plan quickly. “You up for another trip into the Astral Plane?”

“I am if you’re ready for a bumpy ride!”

“With you, I’m always ready!”

She took his hand in hers. Scott gripped it firmly, conveying his confidence and love. Thunder and lightning echoed from the sky. More Hand ninjas were appearing by the second. They both had to filter those distractions out and focus solely on the two conflicted women between them.

Armed with each other’s strength, they reached through the swirling barrier of dark energy. Jean placed her hand on Betsy’s head. Scott placed his on Kwannon. Through the chaos and distress, they made a new connection and followed it once more into a broken mindscape.

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**Astral Plane**

‘Elizabeth Braddock…Kwannon…we’re here to help! Guide us to you. We can fight this horrific corruption together!’

Navigating the psychic landscape of the Astral Plane was never easy. In a domain built entirely of psychic constructs, there were few rules and fewer absolutes. Everything was only as robust as the thoughts and passions behind it. For minds consumed with chaos and conflict, it was even less stable.

Scott still wasn’t used to the psychic rigors that came with every trip to the Astral Plane, but Jean had become very skilled at navigating its hazards. In their previous trips, she managed to secure a controlled domain with which to work. That didn’t appear to be an option this time. In traversing the chaos with Elizabeth Braddock and Kwannon, the could only connect with them through a dark place full of uncertainty and instability.

“Death…destruction…dishonor,” Kwannon said, her voice echoing throughout the psychic plane.

“Control…chaos…collapse,” Betsy said, her voice sounding just as conflicted.

The closer he and Jean got to them, the more obscured their voices became. They’d already started blending together, becoming a strange synthesis of the two women. That only intensified the chaos.

The extent of their conflict became clear once their psychic presence took a tangible form. Within a small area amidst swirling energy, a small plot of land formed. It looked like a messy blend of an English garden and a Japanese temple. It had Victorian roads and seating, but Japanese trees and décor. In the center was a large cherry blossom tree. Under its branches, Betsy and Kwannon stood
together, their bodies and minds entangled in a disorganized mess of flesh.

“Oh no!” Jean gasped. “It’s worse than I thought.”

“How worse?” asked Scott.

“Whatever or whoever did this was not careful,” she said. “Their minds have been essentially slammed together. Their thoughts, perceptions, and identities are stuck together like a bad mixture. They’re trying to free themselves, but it’s only causing more damage!”

“Can we help them separate?” he asked.

“We can try, but that won’t resolve everything.”

Jean landed on the small plot with Scott following close behind. She rushed up to the two conflicted women, but stopped just a few feet from where they stood under the tree. Betsy and Kwannon kept wailing in pain. Their bodies already looked partially merged, like Siamese twins trying to rip themselves away from one another. They needed help, but there were clearly other forces at work.

“Kwannon’s will controls the Hand. Betsy’s a telepath controlling her mind,” Jean went on. “Neither of them wants this, but they can’t escape it. There’s something dark driving them…some twisted desire that isn’t theirs.”

“That confirms what we suspected,” said Scott. “Is it anything like the others?”

“It’s not the same as Carol or Rogue. It’s not the same as Spider-Man or Mary Jane, either. But it’s similar. There may be a common source, but this is definitely the worst I’ve seen.”

Scott took a step closer. The two women screamed in agony. Confirmation that this matched the same perverse forces they’d encountered before only raised the stakes. They’d learned during their journey into the mystic realm how their actions with the Phoenix Force had caused ripples throughout the fabric of reality. There were always consequences for their choices, but there were also opportunities to shape those consequences.

“Help…us,” Betsy groaned.

“Make it…stop,” Kwannon gasped. “End…this dishonor.”

Jean tried reaching out to them with her mind. It caused the energy around them to intensify. It was like being in the eye of a Hurricane and the worst parts of the storm were about to hit. Time was running out. They needed to act. Looking back towards Jean and then towards the women, Scott surmised a new plan.

“I have an idea,” said Scott. “The Phoenix Force can help them separate, but to regain their perspective…that’ll take something else.”

“I hope you have something in mind,” said Jean, “because I don’t think they can hold out much longer.”

“I do,” he confirmed, “and I’ll need you to help me convey it with them. Just so you know, they may be a little reluctant for certain parts.”

“We’ll let them be the judge of that,” said Jean, giving it little further thought. “If you’re ready, take my hand. We’ll give them a touch of cosmic flames and leave the rest to them!”
“I just hope it’s enough,” said Scott.

Taking a deep breath, Scott took his wife’s hand once more and focused his gaze on the two women before them. Jean once again led the psychic charge, summoning energy from both the Astral Plane and the Phoenix Force. It shook the foundations of the small plot of land. It briefly overshadowed the swirling energy with a dazzling display of the Phoenix’s fiery form. It also got Betsy and Kwannon’s attention.

Their bodies and minds remained stuck and messy. They continued trembling and stammering for a brief moment. Then, as Scott and Jean guided the fires of creation over them, they finally stabilized. The shaking landscape settled. Some of the cherry blossoms on the tree started to bloom. It was a hard, direct counter to the dark desires that had consumed them.

In addition to the flames, another connection was made with their minds. In that moment, their flashing red eyes finally shifted and became fiery orange.

“It’s beautiful,” Betsy said within the flames.

“I see it too. I see it all so clearly now,” Kwannon said distantly.

The shaking land ultimately ceased. Their minds and bodies finally stabilized. Within this newfound serenity, the two women briefly looked at one another. Then, without saying a word, they casually stepped in opposite directions, finally separating from one another. Now, Betsy stood in front of Kwannon in her, her body and mind independent once more. Kwannon did the same, but remained close and very focused.

“I’m me and you’re you again,” Betsy said.

“Yes,” said Kwannon, “but it’s not enough, is it?”

“No. It isn’t,” the British woman replied.

The two women continued gazing at one another, their thoughts and desires still in a state of upheaval. The dark energy was still swirling around the small plot of land and closing in with each passing second. However, they remained calm and focused. That gave Scott and Jean the opportunity they needed.

With the psychic connection still secure, Scott and Jean communicated their plan to them. It was then up to the two of them to decide.

“Ah, I see now what we must do,” said Kwannon. “It is unorthodox.”

“Bloody right, it is,” said Betsy, “but it makes a twisted bit of sense, doesn’t it?”

“Indeed,” the Japanese woman said with a wry smile, “countering one intense desire with another…creating balance from the chaos…I can see merit in that.”

“I wouldn’t call it that, but I’m beyond caring. You want to stop this. I want to stop it too. Like it or not, we need to do this together.”

Kwannon didn’t say a word. There was no time for new ideas. They had to act. Scott and Jean kept providing the connection, as well as the protection afforded by the Phoenix Force. They surrounded the entire plot of land around the fiery halo of the cosmic force, which kept the approaching darkness from overwhelming them. It gave them time, but not much of it.
“We’ve provided the connection, you two,” Jean told them. “It’s up to you to provide the perspective.”

“I’m ready if you’re ready, Ms. Braddock,” said Kwannon.

“Please, luv. Call me Betsy,” Betsy replied. “Now, let’s do this.”

Without further guidance, Kwannon and Betsy acted. They began by shedding their clothes. In the Astral Plane, that was as easy as simply casting a thought to make them dissolve away. The two women opted for something more direct. Like two soldiers on a mission, they stripped naked with a mix of urgency and focused desire.

They directed the entirety of that desire on one another. Once fully naked, they threw their clothes away into the swirling void. They made no attempt to conceal parts of their body. They showed no reservation as they scanned one another’s feminine features. Kwannon gave extra scrutiny to Betsy’s ample breasts while Betsy gave similar scrutiny to Kwannon’s toned legs and clean-shaven pussy. If they had any semblance of modesty before, it had long since vanished.

Moving closer to one another, they reached out and touched their exposed flesh. Kwannon grasped Betsy’s breasts with both hands. Betsy reached around the Japanese woman’s waist and grasped her butt. Their eyes locked, still glowing brightly with energy, a new desire came over them. Unlike before, it wasn’t forced into them. It was entirely theirs. As such, they chose how to share it.

“Kiss me,” Kwannon said.

With reflexes worthy of a trained soldier and a skilled assassin, the two women came together in a heated kiss. There was no teasing or shyness. They kissed each other hard, twirling their tongues and meshing their lips with unfiltered passion. At the same time, they wildly roamed their hands around their naked bodies, touching and groping every bit of exposed skin. Even within the halo of the Phoenix Force, it sparked a growing heat.

“Wow! They’re taking to this better than I expected,” said Scott.

“You sound pleasantly surprised,” Jean teased.

“I won’t pretend I’m not,” he quipped, not hiding his admiring grin.

The two women didn’t seem to care that others were watching. They kept making out, kissing and groping with greater intensity. In the heat of their passion, they pressed their bodies together with greater intent. Betsy rubbed her thigh up against Kwannon’s pussy. The Japanese woman returned the favor. More cherry blossoms on the tree above started to bloom, as if to mirror their growing arousal.

That arousal soon escalated to a critical point. With little time for further foreplay, the two women cased their kissing and shared another intense gaze. Through brief gasps, they conveyed the full extent of their desire. In the Astral Plane, there was little need for ambiguity.

“Fuck me,” Kwannon said.

“Direct and simple. I like that,” said Betsy. “For the record, I’ve never shagged a fellow lady before.”

“Neither have I,” she said, “but that need not be an obstacle.”
“It wouldn’t even be the biggest we’ve faced today.”

The two women laughed before kissing again and following more passions. As the cherry blossoms bloomed brighter, Betsy embraced Kwannon and laid with her under the tree. They were each on their sides, their shapely legs lightly entwined with just enough space for their hands to do the work.

Their lips still entwined, Betsy reached for Kwannon’s pussy and Kwannon reached for hers. Once they made contact with one another’s moist outer folds, their shared understanding of female anatomy took over. Kwannon shoved two fingers into her folds and began pumping away, using her thumb to stimulate her clit. Being competitive by nature, Betsy used three fingers and pumped even harder, triggering a strong reaction.

“Ooh Betsy!” Kwannon gasped. “You are…quite good at this!”

“Mmm…speak for yourself, luv,” Betsy replied.

The two women fingered and fondled each other with increasing vigor. A steady stream of pleasure followed, causing the fires of the Phoenix Force to react with similar intensity. Their moans and gasps filled the area, clashing with the sound of the swirling energy. Their kissing grew sloppier and messier, utilizing more tongue than lip. It was chaotic, but it was their chaos.

“The desire…the connection…it’s getting stronger!” Jean commented.

Whether by passion or urgency, the two women quickly gained a feel for one another’s intimate preferences. Through hot fingering and intimate embracing, Betsy and Kwannon guided one another towards an orgasmic release.

As they got closer, they shifted their bodies in preparation. No words were needed. They just kept following their desires. It led to Kwannon hitching Betsy’s leg up over her shoulder, allowing her to scissor her pelvis against the British woman’s pussy. In a display of both flexibility and agility, the two women grinded their bodies together, skillfully rubbing their outer folds against one another to provide the stimulation they needed.

Together, they guided one another to a powerful orgasm. After the conflict and chaos that brought them together in the first place, it was a powerful shift in both connection and perspective.

“Ohhh fuck!” Betsy cried out.

“Yes!” Kwannon exclaimed.

Their naked bodies shuddered under the weight of their shared release. Streaks of feminine juices seeped from their pussies as muscles tensed and minds ascended into ecstasy. This shared pleasure, which came directly from a source of shared desire, didn’t just provide a welcome shift in feeling after what they’d experience. It had a more dramatic impact on the world around them.

“Scott, look!” Jean said, pointing up at the cherry blossoms and the energy surround it.

“I see it too, Jean,” said Scott. “Does it mean what I think it means?”

“I don’t know yet, but it’s promising!” she replied.

It reverberated throughout the astral plane. The dark energy, fueled by perverse desires, began to fracture and dissipate. Betsy and Kwannon’s intimate passion provided the extra sparks the Phoenix Force needed to disrupt the flow. In the surrounding expanse, the storm of darkness
weakened like sunlight shining through clouds. It showed in the cherry blossoms too. As soft petals fell to the ground below, they swirled around in a light gust that came directly from the two women.

Betsy and Kwannon felt it too. As their naked bodies shuddered from their orgasm, they shifted positions again. They embraced one another in a hot kiss, their bare breasts pressing together while still teasing their moist inner thighs. They looked even more determined, as well as very horny. Sensing the reaction they got, they continued following their desires.

“Isn’t it working?” Kwannon said.

“That’s one way of putting it,” Betsy said coyly.

“We have to keep it working.”

“Have to? Or want to?” the British woman questioned.

“Can they be both?”

“It’s more fun if they are!”

Kwannon finally cracked a smile, a gesture they hadn’t seen thus far. It felt like something she rarely did with anyone, let alone another woman within a shared mindscape. That gave their continued passion more weight. Now that they controlled their own desires, they could end this struggle.

The two women went at it again, exploring more ways of sensual coupling under the falling cherry blossoms. They took full advantage of their intimate connection and the Astral Plane’s unique qualities. They kept things heated with more kissing and groping. Betsy then laid down on her back and Kwannon got on top of her. From there, they shifted their bodily alignment so that they could give each other oral sex.

Kwannon ate Betsy’s pussy out just the way she liked it.

Betsy returned the favor, giving Kwannon’s womanhood the oral teasing she preferred.

Connections with thoughts and desires made it effortless. They tasted and teased one another as though they knew every intimate detail of one another’s bodies. It didn’t just make for effective oral sex. It led them both to another orgasm. It wasn’t simultaneous like the first one. Betsy got hers first before getting Kwannon off with a little extra tongue. Their orgasmic cries were muffled, but the effect was just as strong.

“They’re doing it!” said Jean. “The dark desires that were forced into them…they’re burning it away.”

“And enjoying themselves along the way,” Scott said, who couldn’t help but admire the erotic scene before him. “That’s always a nice bonus.”

“Very nice, indeed,” Jean laughed.

The two women barely noticed. Scott and Jean were able to weaken the protective halo around the site. As Betsy and Kwannon kept going at it, the energy that consumed them kept burning away bit by bit.

Even after it got to a point where it was too weak to affect them, they kept having sex. After eating
each other out, they scissored one another again at different angles. Betsy went first, hitching the Japanese woman’s leg over her shoulder and rubbing her clit while she grinded her folds against hers. When Kwannon returned the favor, she did so with more intensity, adding more pressure to her female companion’s clit.

It led to Betsy having another orgasm. It also led to more messy kissing and affectionate fondling. With each orgasmic release, more cherry blossoms fell around them. As their desires triumphed over those that once corrupted them, the swirling gusts around their naked bodies become warmer.

Eventually, the last shred of darkness faded. The dark desire was gone. Only the shared mindscape and the surrounding halo of the Phoenix Force remained. Betsy and Kwannon remained in an intimate embrace, resting comfortably atop a bed of cherry blossoms as they caught their collective breath from so much passionate venting.

Scott and Jean approached, but kept their distance. This was still their domain, forged by their desires. The final choice in their effort still belonged to them.

“You did it, you two,” said Scott.

“Of course, you’d say that,” said Betsy. “Don’t pretend you didn’t watch.”

“There’s no need to pretend,” he told them. “You followed your own desires. You channeled your own passion. It made a strong connection.

“That connection isn’t easily broken,” Jean added. “I know you don’t know each other very well, but after an experience like this, it can have some powerful effects. Whatever you wish to do with it…that’s your choice. My husband and I are just here to help.”

Betsy and Kwannon exchanged glances. Kwannon cast her another smile. Betsy smiled back. There wasn’t much to discuss. They had already said what they needed to say through their actions. There was no forgetting what they’d shared. There were still many unknowns, along with many more potential consequences. The two women looked ready and willing to face them.

“I already know what I want,” said Betsy.

“As do I,” said Kwannon.

“Then, Jean and I can do the rest,” Scott said, “although, there’s still the matter of the vast ninja army waiting for us.”

“Do not worry about that, Mr. and Mrs. Summers,” assured Kwannon. “I believe I have a solution in mind.”

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**Yoshioka Tower – Rooftop**

Returning from the colorful world of the Astral Plane was often jarring. Professor Xavier once described it as waking up from a vivid dream while falling into a tub of ice water. Scott and Jean had experienced plenty of abrupt ends to psychic journeys, especially while they were dating. They braced for another, going from a serene scene of cherry blossoms and sensual intimacy to pouring rain and attacking ninjas.

However, upon their return from the Astral Plane, Scott and Jean faced another remarkable sight. This time, it didn’t require an ounce of psychic energy or cosmic power.
“By order of the Hand’s only remaining Head, I order you to stand down!” Kwannon shouted into the stormy skies.

Almost immediately, every Hand ninja and sentry that had gathered on the roof ceased in perfect unison. Some let out audible gasps, but not of strain or distress. If anything, they sounded relieved, as though they’d been hoping for that order.

Scott still maintained a defensive poise. Jean remained close as well, keeping up a telekinetic barrier around them. The next few moments were tense. They just watched as Kwannon stepped out in front of them, approaching the large crowd of Hand ninjas. Betsy walked with her, keeping one hand on her temple as she sent out another telepathic message.

“I just shared your order with the mind of every remaining Hand personnel,” Betsy told them. “They got the message, luv. They all recognize your authority.”

“Since our entire leadership was killed, that is the traditional recourse,” said Kwannon. “While I never set out to lead the Hand, I none-the-less value the honor and opportunity it brings. They all know that in their undead souls.”

The skilled assassin adopted a strong, authoritative poise. Every Hand ninja, sentry, and assassin in sight immediately bowed, acknowledging her authority. It was an impressive display. It also came as a relief. They had regained control over the situation. Scott and Jean had come to confront the chaos and they succeeded.

“This might be the first time I’ve felt safe while surrounded by ninjas,” said Jean, as she finally let down her barrier.

“There’s still some issues to resolve, but it’s the best outcome we could’ve hoped for,” said Scott, sharing her relief.

“Hopefully, they’re only formalities,” said Jean. “You still owe me a romantic night.”

“And after what I just witnessed in the Astral Plane, I’m more inclined than ever to give it to you, Jean.”

The couple shared a loving smile. They looked towards their new friends in Kwannon and Elizabeth Braddock. They smiled back as well. They could already sense that connection that formed in the Astral Plane expanding in scope. It promised even more opportunities moving forward.

As they contemplated those opportunities, the nearby door to the rooftop burst open, which caught all four of them by surprise. It was Elektra, who appeared out of breath and incredibly restless. She also looked confused, but upon seeing him and Jean, she settled down.

“Damn it,” said Elektra. “What did I miss? And please tell me I’m done stabbing ninjas for tonight.”

Madripoor – Lab of Miles Warren

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Madripoor – Lab of Miles Warren

“Another day, another perverse creation,” said a proud and excited Madelyne Pryor. “There’s such beauty in subverting the whims of nature.”

“I’m tempted to agree, but you’ve taught me to be wary of temptation, my queen,” said a more measured Dr. Miles Warren.
“And you’ve learned well, Doctor,” she said, casting him a devious grin, “but it’s how you use that knowledge that matters most.”

The Goblin Queen rewarded the good doctor’s work with a lecherous embrace. It made him noticeably uncomfortable, but he accepted it. He’d done plenty to earn such a gesture. Even if he was disfigured and mentally unstable, he appreciated more than most the breadth of what he achieved.

She’d been by his side while he successfully completed a project that the former Black King, Sebastian Shaw, only began. In the same lab that had birthed the army of Venom Husks that destroyed the Hand, he reserved five highly advanced cloning chambers for five unique specimens. The materials and resources that made them came from multiple sources, but the final product was a sight to behold. Much like her, their purpose had been forged in their blood. Dr. Warren’s expertise just helped bring them to life.

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“Beautiful,” Madelyne said distantly as she approached one of the chambers. “They’re all so beautiful.”

By most standards, as well as her own, her words rang true. Within each of chamber, an attractive female figure hovered in a vat of greenish liquid. They each had matching blond hair, flawless skin, and the shapely bodies of healthy teenagers. Given the source of their DNA, their physical beauty was expected. However, it only reflected their secondary function.

Part of that function stemmed from their original creature. Shaw called them the Stepford Cuckoos. Madelyn wasn’t thrilled with that name, but she admired the vision. He knew he could never control Emma Frost. Like her, he learned the hard way that she was too defiant, by nature. Since there was still great value in her abilities, he launched a secret effort to clone Emma.

He came remarkably close to succeeding. He somehow managed to extract Emma Frost’s eggs and store them in a lab. He’d even acquired some of the lost resources of the legendary Weapon X program. He only lacked the expertise to complete the final steps. He’d been trying to secure the right personnel in the weeks leading up to the Hellfire Club’s defeat. He never made it that far. Madelyne saw to that.

It would’ve been nice to have that personnel at her disposal. She’d even considered seeking the services of Dr. Sarah Kinney, who’d been among Shaw’s top choices, but she was caught up in some ambitious work of her own. Shaw never considered Dr. Miles Warren as a worthy candidate and for entirely understandable reasons. His oversight was still her gain.

“Are they ready for their awakening, Doctor?” the Goblin Queen asked while still admiring each specimen.

“Theyir vitals are stable,” Dr. Warren replied while checking the data on his tablet computer. “The pre-programmed psyche that Sebastian Shaw had on hand has been uploaded. They even have names imprinted in their minds – Mindee, Phoebe, Celeste, Sophie, and Esme.”

“Not my first choice, but it saves me the trouble of crafting one for them,” she said with a shrug.

“I also completed that procedure you outlined with the Bloodstone. While I can’t quite explain the science behind that thing, it did what it needed to do. It gave each specimen a proverbial spirit to hold together their flesh.”

“You don’t need to understand the physics or the magic behind the stone,” said Madelyne. “You just need to verify that they can fulfill their purpose.”
“That shouldn’t be an issue, my queen,” Dr. Warren said, “although they might require more conditioning to share your desires as strongly as I do.”

“That won’t be an issue, either. That’s actually why I made sure they had a spirit. After all, what good is giving any new creation a spirit if you don’t have a plan to break it?”

Dr. Warren didn’t argue with her logic, no matter how perverse it might have been. Being a man of science, he could only understand so much when it came to the fragility of the spirit. The Stepford Cuckoos, being new creations, were at their most fragile. That also made them very vulnerable.

“Open the tubes!” Madelyne ordered.

“I’ve already initiated the awakening protocols, my queen,” said Dr. Warren. “What happens to them from here on out is for you to decide.”

The Goblin Queen’s devious grin widened. She’d already decided the fate for these five special ladies. Unlike Sebastian Shaw, her vision was as ambitious as it was personal.

She took several steps back as each chamber underwent the necessary procedures. For a brief moment, the lab was as noisy as it was cluttered with all of Dr. Warren’s cloning equipment. The special amniotic fluid drained from the chamber. The sensors and needles going into their bodies were withdrawn by internal mechanism. Once fluid was fully drained, the transparent door opened and the five girls all gasped their first breath. It was likely also the last free breath they’d ever draw.

“We’re…alive,” the five of them all said in perfect unison.

“I am Phoebe Cuckoo,” one of them said.

“I am Mindee Cuckoo,” said another.

“I am Celeste Cuckoo,” said the one next to her.

“I am Sophie Cuckoo,” said another.

“I am Esme Cuckoo,” said the last one.

They each sounded dazed, but very much aware of their unique state of being. The Goblin Queen was almost jealous. She didn’t recall having that kind of certainty when she awoke from Mr. Sinister’s cloning chamber. It was a testament to the resources Shaw had put into this program. He had the foresight to craft a complete identity into each girl. If Sinister and Belasco were still alive, she would’ve tormented them all over again.

Jealous or not, Madelyne gave them a moment to process their emerging identity. They each were somewhat imbalanced, struggling to stand under their own power. They were also shivering, a simple byproduct of being fully naked and covered in synthetic fluid. They attempted to assist one another. It showed that the hive mind link they shared was working. That promised to make the next part of their awakening a lot messier.

“Welcome to the world of the living, Stepford Cuckoos,” Madelyne greeted. “I hope you find it less revolting than I did when I drew my first breath.”

“And who…are you?” the five girls asked in perfect unison.

“I’m not your mother, if that’s what you’re wondering,” the devious redhead laughed. “She’s not
here. In fact, she’s someone I still despise to no end for her defiance. You’re going to help me rectify that.”

“Help you?” they all questioned.

“Before you channel your mother’s insufferable snark, know that the choice has already been made. And should you ever meet your cunt of a mother, blame her for this. She’s the one who made this necessary.”

The Goblin Queen stood over the five naked and confused girls. Already, she saw a hint of defiance in their eyes. Like their mother, they weren’t inclined to let someone break their spirits or control their desires. Unlike their mother, however, they faced a Goblin Queen who’d since refined her perverse methods.

She casually raised her hand and summoned the same power she had with Emma Frost. In an instant, several portals to Limbo formed around the Stepford Cuckoos. From each portal, a horde of excited, well-endowed goblin studs emerged from their dark domain. They closely resembled the same creatures Madelyne had used against Emma. Since then, however, she’d made a few adjustments.

Their stature was largely unchanged. Their flesh was more human-like, thanks to some tweaks by Dr. Warren. Their inner biology, including the workings of their genitalia, had also been enhanced, thanks to the symbiotes. While she’d been tempted to use the Venom Husks, the Goblin Queen decided to keep them focused on messy combat roles. For matters such as this, her new and improved goblin studs would lead the charge.

“This,” said Mindee.

“Does not,” said Phoebe.

“Look like anything,” said Celeste.

“That we would choose,” said Sophie.

“Or want, for that matter,” said Esme.

“And yet, you cannot escape it,” laughed Madelyn.

The five girls looked nervous. They huddled close together, taking on a more defensive stance. The grinning goblin studs kept closing in, the sizable dick between their legs getting harder as they drew closer. Madelyne just folded her arms and laughed. They really thought they could change their pre-determined purpose.

“So innocent, yet so dense,” the Goblin Queen sighed. “Don’t worry. That’s an easy fix. You see, in addition to inheriting your mother’s looks, you also inherited her capacity for debauchery. Allow me to demonstrate!”

She summoned another round of magic and mutant ability, tapping into the power granted by Belasco and Mr. Sinister. With it, she cast a spell over the five teenage girls that supercharged their libido. She didn’t even have to kiss, touch, or subdue them this time. Thanks to her growing power and her usage of the bloodstone, the effect was more powerful than anything their mother experienced.

“Oohhh! So…so hot!” the five of them moaned.
Their legs gave out. They each fell to their knees, unable to support themselves or each other. They each blushed profusely and panted heavily. As they struggled to catch their breath, they began rubbing their thighs together. They tried in vain to hide how aroused their pussies were, but failed as miserably as their mother.

The goblin studs took notice. Grinning and seething with growing lust, they all gathered around the five naked girls, forming a circle that left them surrounded. They tried not to look. They failed at that too, eventually gazing at their erect cocks with blinding lust and unflinching desire. A few of the girls even began touching themselves, fingerling their pussies while squeezing their breasts.

They were falling into the same pit of dark desire from which Emma Frost barely escaped. With the Stepford Cuckoos, Madelyne hadn’t left anything to chance.

“What are you waiting for, my obedient monsters?” the Goblin Queen said. “They’re young. They’re horny. They want someone to take their nubile spirit. Give them what they desire!”

The five girls opened their mouths to respond, but no words came out.

They briefly glanced towards the Goblin Queen, but quickly turned back to the legion of horny goblin studs surrounding them.

If there had been a shred of defiance in them, it vanished at that moment. Their mother might have held out, even after giving into Madelyne’s perverse desires. They would not be so lucky.

They all appeared to realize that. Mindee, Phoebee, and Celeste shuddered, hugging her shoulders and rubbing their thighs together in vain. Sophie and Esme were already blushing profusely, fondling their pussies and looking up at the surrounding goblin studs.

“Please…take us,” Sophie and Esme said.

“Can’t…stand it…any longer,” Mindee, Phoebee, and Celeste gasped.

The goblin studs let out an excited shriek that reverberated throughout the lab. Like beasts unchained from their shackles, they attacked the five girls with their seething lust.

Like a well-coordinated unit, they divided themselves amongst the five young women. They surrounded each Cuckoo in groups of no less than six. They then grabbed them by their arms and legs, separated them from one another, and laid them out on the dirty floor that was still wet with fluid from the tubes. They remained close enough so that each Cuckoo could see one another, but that was just to assure them that they would each be ravaged equally.

“Five beautiful young ladies…one shared mind,” Madelyne mused. “That should help amplify the effects.”

The Goblin Queen watched intently, feeling some arousal of her own as the lurid scene unfolded before her. The goblin studs started with hungry foreplay. They weren’t gentle, despite their nubile youth. They roughly groped their breasts, licked around their necks with slithering tongues, and fondled their pussies. The five girls let out gasps of both disgust and desire. A few were louder than the others. Their reward was having an eager goblin stud shove his cock right into her mouth, silencing her while escalating the decadence.

“So many dicks,” said Mindee.

“So big,” said Phoebe.
“Want them…need them…inside me,” said Sophie.

“Can’t…take it any-mmf!” Esme said before a cock was shoved into her mouth.

The goblin studs heeded their dazed cries. With more lecherous leers, they coordinated once more. One well-positioned goblin stud grabbed their respective Cuckoo by the legs, pushed them apart, and maneuvered their rigid cocks towards their pussies. They were still so pure and virginal, untainted by the touch of illicit desire. That was about to change.

“Take them!” Madelyne demanded. “Take their virginity all at once!”

Her creations did as their queen requested. With perfect synchronicity, the goblin studs that were in position thrust forth and entered the five young women simultaneously. A loud gasp, laced with both discomfort and desire, rang out from each Cuckoo. They might have been dazed, but they knew what was happening.

They were having sex with these perverse creatures.

They had penetrated their young bodies, filling them once-pure depths with their devious flesh. They had surrendered to the dark desires that the Goblin Queen had impressed upon them. It disgusted them, but at the same time it felt incredible.

Feeding off their reaction, the goblin studs began moving their hips. Their rigid cocks slithered inside their tight folds accordingly. The movements quickly escalated in both rhythm and intensity. Other nearby goblin studs continued groping, licking, and suckling on their exposed flesh, paying close attention to their breasts, necks, and hips. The five girls trembled and moaned, their naked bodies writhing under an onslaught of sensations that ranged from torment to ecstasy.

“They’re doing it,” said Mindee.

“They’re fucking us,” said Celeste.

“And it feels disgusting…and good,” said Phoebe in confusion.

“So…so good,” said Sophie.

Every goblin stud shared a let out a shared hiss, as if to celebrate their triumphant corruption of these young women. They weren’t just taking their virginity and tainting whatever innocence they might have had. They were drawing them into Madelyne’s dark, decadent world.

At first, they resisted.

Then, they willingly dove into it.

Cries of distress became cries of euphoria. Any discomfort from such rough, ravaging sex morphed into intoxicating pleasure. As the creatures humped and groped them, the five Stepford Sisters began supplementing their efforts. They reached out and stroked whatever cock was within their reach. They leaned in and sucked whatever cock was nearby. The more they followed these dark desires, the more they descended into a state of utter surrender.

“More sex! More cock!” said Esme before taking another cock in her mouth.

“Harder! Faster!” said Celeste as the goblin stud fucking her pushed her legs further apart.

“I’m really close. I’m going to…come!” Mindee moaned.
“Me too!” said Sophie.

“Me too!” cried Phoebe.

Like their mother before them, they spoke like sex-crazed whores. They writhed, shuddered, and moaned like her as well. They’d inherited her taste for hedonism, but without her resolve, they didn’t stand a chance against the lurid onslaught that followed.

While the five young women processed the ecstasy of their first orgasm, the goblin studs still fucking them achieved their peak as well. Their hissing grew louder, as did the pace of their thrusting. The Goblin Queen watched closely, barely containing her own arousal, as her decadent creations brought the Stepford Cuckoos past the point of no return.

“Do it!” she ordered. “Fill them with your goblin cum!”

The creatures obeyed their queen. Each goblin stud that had been fucking one of the Cuckoos let out a predatory growl as they achieved orgasm.

They didn’t pull out. They just slowed their thrusting, leered over the attractive blondes, and licked their lips with their snake-like tongues as they sprayed their depths with their viscous fluid. Almost immediately, the girls reacted.

“So hot!” said Mindee.

“So thick!” said Phoebee.

“It feels…strange,” said Esme.

“And good!” said Celeste.

“More! Give me more!” said Sophie.

The effects were even more potent than they’d been with Emma. The Goblin Queen had Dr. Warren adjust the contents of her goblin studs’ sexual fluids. It still had the primary effect of resetting the sex drive of whoever they fucked, effectively denying them the satisfaction they craved. Now, it also delivered a more intoxicating rush, which effectively energized them into pursuing more of these perverse desires.

It was impossible to resist. That didn’t stop Goblin Queen from being thorough.

“You heard them,” she said to her goblin studs. “Keep fucking them. Fuck them every which way. Their innocence is long gone. Now, we bend their spirits!”

The goblin studs let out a joyous cheer, as if they’d been waiting for that specific order. They took to it with great energy and glee. The five Stepford Sisters were too dazed make sense of it. With fluids now dripping from their pussies, their eyes vacant of defiance, they awaited more ravaging.

The scene quickly devolved into a five-way gangbang for each of the five sisters. The goblin studs didn’t bother with elaborate coordination. They went about fucking each attractive blond with reckless abandon. One would fuck them from one end, getting between her legs and thrusting their throbbing cock into their pussy. The other took her from the other end, shoving their cock into their mouths for them to suck. Each Cuckoo eagerly obliged, holding their legs open while sucking whatever dick happened to be in front of them.

The ravaging took many forms. Some sisters remained on their back, getting fucked missionary
style in a succession of goblin studs. Others got on their hands and knees, getting fucked from behind while sucking multiple dicks in front of them. On a few occasions, the creatures held them up off the floor, held them up in their arms, and bounced them along their rigid cocks until they climaxed again.

After a certain number of orgasms, the five sisters still craved more. As various fluids dripped down their inner thighs, a couple of the sisters grew bolder.

“My ass! Fuck my ass!” said Celeste.

“My mine too! I want that too!” said Sophie.

“Fuck all my holes!” exclaimed Esme.

The Goblin Queen laughed to herself. Despite their youth, they took to more ambitious forms of decadence quite readily. The goblin studs didn’t hesitate. Almost all at once, the creatures fucking their pussies switched holes, pressed the tip of their large endowments up against their asses, and thrust it into their depths.

The five sisters reacted with varying ranges of pain and pleasure. Their young bodies were already being penetrated in ways that would test even an adventurous whore. They adjusted quickly as the creatures continued fucking them at a vigorous pace. Discomfort morphed into ecstasy as they climaxed again.

“Oohhh I’m coming again!” cried Mindee.

“I’m coming too!” moaned Phoebe.

Their orgasmic moans gave the goblin studs the motivation they needed to take them every which way and through every hole. Before long, each Stepford sister was getting triple-penetrated for multiple rounds. Their moans became muffled, but the results were the same. Whatever form it took, the five sisters kept climaxing.

However, it was never enough.

“More! Give us more! Fuck us more!” they said when they weren’t gagging on cocks, often in unison.

The goblin studs continued to obliged, fucking each sister with little rest in between. They continued climaxing as well, releasing more loads into their pussies to evoke the same potent effect. Some released it on their faces and breasts. They often licked it up, which triggered a similar effect. That effect, in turn, fueled more desire and more sex to satisfy it.

It was a perverse cycle of debauchery. The Goblin Queen let it go on and on, taking in the sights and sounds of every lurid act. She watched as the five girls became increasingly disheveled, their naked bodies drenched in a mix of sweat and sexual fluids. As they succumbed, their spirits weakened. It worked better than the Goblin Queen had expected.

“Broken, ravaged, dazed, and utterly fucked,” she said admiringly. “It’s not the cleanest way to control desire, but it gets the job done.”

The Goblin Queen grinned smugly as she watched the unfolding sex show. Again and again, her goblin studs fucked them. They couldn’t stop. They didn’t want to stop. The five sisters probably would’ve kept going at it until their bodies completely gave out and they expired on the spot. Even if they preferred such a fate, Madelyne had other plans for the Stepford Cuckoos.
She waited until the goblin studs had all five sisters on the brink of another orgasm. Mindee, Phoebe, and Celeste were on their hands and knees, getting triple penetrated from every end. Sophie and Esme were being held up as one goblin stud fucked their ass from behind while the other took their pussy. Then, just as they were about to cross that threshold, she delivered a fateful order.

“Enough!” the Goblin Queen said firmly.

Immediately, the goblin studs ceased their decadent activities. They all pulled out from the five disheveled sisters. Even those who still had raging boners, ready for another release, obeyed their queen.

As soon as they set the five sisters down, they all backed away. A dark portal to limbo formed behind them and they vanished into it. The Stepford sisters, now on the floor, naked and dripping wet with various fluids, tried to reach for them to no avail.

“Hey! Where are you going?” Esme said.

“We’re not done! I want…I need more!” said Sophie.

“And you’ll get more. That, I can assure you,” said the Goblin Queen as the last creature disappeared. “So long as your desires align with mine, you’ll have other opportunities to satisfy that gnawing lust you still feel.”

The five young blondes turned back towards her. They were out of breath, very dazed, and still quite confused. That was to be expected. They’d stepped out of their cloning pod with one set of desires. Now, their spirits had been tainted, along with their bodies.

They might not have liked it on some levels. Even Dr. Warren couldn’t filter that out of Emma Frost’s offspring. That didn’t matter anymore. The five sisters, now inescapably linked to the Goblin Queen’s purpose, exchanged glances before rising to their feet. Still naked and wary, they stood before her with a mix of submission and reverence.

“We understand,” they all said in unison. “What do you need of us, Goblin Queen?”

“Well said, girls. You’ll fare far better than your mother,” the Goblin Queen said. “In terms of duties, I require you to exercise those telepathic talents you inherited. My plans need both protection from other psychics, as well as a means of securing obedience from untrained minds.”

“We can do that,” the five sisters said, “but is that all you need?”

“Hardly,” Madelyne laughed. “My needs are great, but I finally have the tools I need to pursue them. Since your very existence has proven the value of the Bloodstone I took from the Hand, I’m ready to employ it in bolder ways. For that, I’ll need your assistance, as well as some warmer attire. I hear Russia is cold this time of year.”

Up next: Risky Business
Chapter Summary

Cyclops and Jean solidify their new allegiance with Kwannon and Betsy. The Goblin Queen seeks a new demonic ally in Siberia.

The Erotic Phoenix Saga: Intimate Alliance
Chapter 17: Risky Business

Kobe, Japan – Yoshioka Tower

Traditions were only as strong as their greatest vulnerability. For centuries, the Hand had few to speak of. They’d survived civil wars, world wars, corruption, usurpations, and collapsing regimes. They’d even transcended the harsh finality of death, a feat that helped make them one of the most feared organizations to ever dominate the shadows. Their traditions, however old they might have been, had been one of their greatest strengths.

Then, in one devastating blow, it became their greatest vulnerability. Their rigid hierarchy, inflexible vision, and heavy reliance on magic brough them to utter ruin. Their leadership had been killed. Their operations had been undermined. Every activity, from targeted assassinations to preserving their territory within the criminal underworld, was disrupted by a targeted attack from an unknown agent of chaos.

The name and affiliation of that agent remained unknown or forgotten. Whoever they were, they left the Hand damaged and exposed. It was an unfamiliar state that could’ve devolved into chaos. It was also an opportunity.

The Hand couldn’t return to their old traditions. Doing so after nearly destroying itself would’ve been both dishonorable and foolish. The ancient order needed a new vision, new leadership, and new allies. That was the challenge Kwannon faced as the last remaining Head of the Hand. Unlike the generations of leaders that came before her, she had a new perspective on how to forge new traditions.

“Wow! The Hand really cleans up fast,” commented Jean as she and Scott arrived at Yoshioka Tower.

“The benefits of having armies of undead ninjas and centuries of accumulated wealth, I guess,” said Scott as he looked up at the structure under the light of the rising sun. “Kwannon promised we’d see changes the next time we visited Japan. Looks like she over-delivered.”

“You think Betsy did the same with her promises,” Jean asked.

“Given how well those two work together, I’d expect nothing less,” said Scott.

“That’s assuming it’s not too awkward between them.”

“I think they’ve long since gotten over that,” he said with a humored grin. “In fact, I think they’ve
come to embrace it.”

“That’s easy to say when you’re a man who watched them get naked and go at it,” Jean teased.

“Doesn’t make it any less true,” Scott replied with an innocent shrug.

Jean gave her husband a playful swat as they continued admiring the new and improved Yoshioka Tower. It looked much better in the morning sun, even after a long flight to Japan. They’d arrived with the intention of assessing Kwannon’s progress on reshaping the Hand into a less infamous image. After their initial encounter a while back, they weren’t sure what to expect. However, they were already impressed with what they saw.

Just repairing the damage done to the building was the easy part. Kwannon had contracted an ambitious renovation of the entire facility. Large scaffolding had already been erected around the base and lower levels of the building. Construction vehicles and equipment littered the surrounding area. Steady streams of workers moved in and out of the building. They weren’t Hand ninjas, but they were more motivated than most, reshaping and remolding the Hand’s headquarters for a new era.

Instead of a dull, featureless structure meant to blend in with the skyline, Yoshioka Tower would act as a shining beacon of the Hand’s new vision. That vision involved less crime, corruption, and assassination and more security, stability, and respectability. Kwannon believed the Hand’s armies of undead ninjas could be directed towards more honorable endeavors, such as private defense, intelligence gathering, and aiding those caught up in honorable struggles. For an organization with such an infamous reputation, it was bold.

Some, like Wolverine and Elektra Nachios, didn’t believe it was possible. Kwannon sought to prove them wrong. Elizabeth Braddock offered to help in that effort. In what might have been X-Corp’s riskiest connection to date, Scott and Jean decided to contribute. Reputation aside, they had both an opportunity and a responsibility to see whether the Hand shared their perspective.

From the outside, things looked promising. What went on inside would determine how much of that perspective had taken hold.

“You two are early,’ came a familiar telepathic voice. ‘That’s great! Kwannon and I were getting restless up here.’

‘Glad to hear from you, Betsy,’ Jean replied. ‘We decided to catch an earlier flight.’

‘Plus, we’re always a little restless when it comes to making new connections,’ Scott added, ‘especially those that involve beautiful women and undead ninjas.’

‘Even with your thoughts, you’re such a gent, luv. Hold onto it while we buzz you in. We’ve got a lot to discuss and even more to celebrate.’

The British woman sounded optimistic, if not a little excited. From what they’d learned about her through her family and STRIKE, that was worthy of note. She had a reputation for being direct, decisive, and blunt. That also showed as workers at the entrance opened the door and cleared a path for them to enter.

“Please, right this way, Mr. and Mrs. Summers,” said a well-dressed Japanese man from the front entrance. “Kwannon and Ms. Braddock are ready for you.”

Others emerged to clear the way. They carried themselves with discipline and respect. They might have been Hand ninjas, but without the ninja garb. They looked less threatening, but still had a
presence. It nicely demonstrated the all-new, all-different Hand.

Assured and excited, as well, Jean latched onto Scott’s arm and they entered Yoshioka Tower. Along the way, they passed by more scaffolding and construction. The entire lobby bustled with activity. Workers and contractors worked feverishly, creating a spacious, welcoming area. It looked more modern, lacking the darkened windows and abundant shadows with which the Hand used to intimidate anyone who entered. There was artwork, seating, and lounging areas that felt more appropriate for a legitimate operation instead of a shadowy cabal.

“I’m already impressed,” said Scott. “Elektra told me the Hand is notoriously cold when it comes to entertaining guests.”

“I take it she didn’t accept Kwannon’s first invitation to meet up,” said Jean.

“Or the third, for that matter,” said Scott, shaking his head. “It’s a process. It takes time to undo centuries of bloody traditions. This is just the first step.”

“So long as it’s in the right direction, it’s progress.”

They carried that attitude with them towards the executive elevators in the east wing of the building. They passed by more imposing, well-dressed guards. They bowed respectfully at their presence. If they were Hand ninjas, they had much better manners than they had on their previous visit.

“This express elevator will take you to the top floor,” said one of the guards in perfect English, who opened the elevator door. “Meishu Kwannon has instructed us to ensure privacy and serenity as you conduct business.”

“Thank you,” said Scott. “We hope our visit mostly formality.”

“Hai,” the man replied. “Formalities are still highly valued. They remind us how even minor actions carry great meaning.”

Scott and Jean offered the guard a kind gesture. They appreciated that sentiment more than most. They’d experienced how small choices led to immense impacts. What happened to the Hand was part of that impact and they had an opportunity to make it a positive one.

He and Jean entered the elevator and rode it up to the top floor. They hadn’t been attacked by ninjas yet. That bode well for the formalities that awaited. They hadn’t forgetting that this was technically a business trip. That was why Scott wore a suit and Jean wore a nice black dress that Betsy helped her pick out. They didn’t expect to fight ninjas in this attire. Hopefully, it wouldn’t be necessary this time.

“This is a big deal for us and for X-Corp,” Jean commented. “It’s not every day you team up with a shadowy organization of assassins.”

“That’s what the Hand was,” said Scott. “We’re interested in what the Hand could be. Kwannon is taking them in a new direction and Betsy is helping.”

“I’m just as interested too, but not many people trust them,” Jean said. “SHIELD, the Avengers, and even some of our old teammates told us not to do this.”

“Can’t say I blame them,” said Scott, “but someone has to be the first. X-Corp is growing fast. We need all the connections we can get. We should be the ones who takes that chance.”
“And here we are,” said Jean, giving his arm a squeeze. “It’s bold, but it’s worth doing. We’ve shared our perspective with Kwannon and Betsy. We should give them a chance to share theirs.”

Feeling hopeful and excited, the couple arrived at the top floor still not knowing what to expect. As soon as it opened, they were immediately greeted by the welcoming presence of Elizabeth Braddock and Kwannon. There were no guards, ninjas, assistants, or workers by their side. It was just the four of them, standing in the same domain from which the Hand once carried out their shady dealings.

“Welcome to back to Japan, Scott and Jean Grey-Summers,” Kwannon greeted with a respectful bow. “On behalf of the Hand, it is an honor to have you as our first guests for this new era.”

Please forgive the mess and clutter below,” said a poised Betsy Braddock. “We’d hoped to keep things clean for your arrival, but reinventing an ancient order built on death and assassination is no small feat. We’re still cleaning off blood stains on every floor.”

“No need to apologize,” said Scott. “We understand that big changes don’t come easily.”

“There’s no need for formalities, either,” added Jean. “We’ve been following those changes. We see how hard you’ve been working. We’re just here to help with the next step.”

“We appreciate that, luv,” said Betsy, “but you’re talking to a full-blooded Brit and a trained ninja. You’re going to get a lot of formalities.”

“Even in times of change, we cannot forget the value of decorum,” added Kwannon.

“Or pass up a chance to wear a nice dress,” said the British woman.

They shared a good laugh before proceeding with less formal greetings. Jean greeted the two women with a friendly hug. Scott opted for a more formal handshake. The two women made quite an impression. They would need more than that to prove the worth of the new Hand, but it set the right tone.

Kwannon wore a dress more in line with a female CEO rather than a skilled ninja. Had Scott and Jean not seen her in action during their clash with the Hand, they never would’ve suspected that she’d been an assassin. Betsy opted for a pantsuit, which she’d probably imported from Europe. Since her encounter with Kwannon, she’d spent a great deal of time in Japan. While she remained a high-ranking member of STRIKE, she’d gone to great lengths helping Kwannon reorganize the Hand in a new image.

That wasn’t too surprising. The two women had played an integral part in its near-destruction. Their minds had become so intermingled that Jean even sensed some lingering psychic residue in both their minds. She’d described it as mental echoes within their larger psyche. It wasn’t the same a full psychic link, but it was close. The way the two women stood together hinted at a bond that went beyond helping with such a bold endeavor.

“Come. Follow us,” Kwannon said, gesturing towards the executive suite. “We’ve much to discuss and so much more to celebrate.”

“Lucky for us, our many lawyers and barristers have handled the more detailed discussions,” said Betsy. “I’ve never been one for legal-speak, but I’m rather fond of how Ms. Walters has handled these dealings.”

“She speaks just as highly of your people,” said Scott as he and Jean followed the two women. “She forwarded us last batch of contracts last week. Even the political types in SHIELD were
impressed.”

“Although Jen almost hulked out when dealing with Elektra,” added Jean. “Apparently, she still wants her lawyer friends in Hell’s Kitchen to go over the details. She even offered to pay their overtime out of pocket.”

“I’m confident they’ll see the same reforms that you did,” said Kwannon. “When I said I wanted the Hand to become a more honorable organization, I meant it. And I’m not just referring to the honor of our warrior code.”

The Japanese woman took on a more serious demeanor as she led them into one Yoshioka Tower’s executive suites. Even compared to the many other suites Scott and Jean had seen since founding X-Corp, it was quite impressive.

“Whoa,” said Jean. “I’d say you’ve definitely made the Hand more welcoming.”

“That’s assuming there aren’t any ninjas hiding in the shadows,” Scott said half-jokingly.

“I assure you we’re hiding nothing from you or those seeking our services,” said Kwannon. “There will always be shadows and there will be dangers hiding within those shadows. Moving forward, we want the Hand to be an ally rather than an enemy.”

It was a bold vision that revealed itself in the design of the suite. Scott and Jean had seen it during their last trip to Japan. The blacked-out windows, elaborate traps, and abundance of shadows had been swapped out for something less ominous.

Now, the office was adorned with open spaces that were brightly illuminated by the morning sun and well-placed skylights. Tables, seating, and décor that once depicted Japanese demons and monsters had been replaced with something more befitting of a legitimate business looking to grow in new ways. There was even a nice array of plants and flowers arranged throughout the office, filling an area that once reeked of blood with more pleasant scents.

Scott and Jean took a moment to admire this new look for the Hand. Once they arrived at Kwannon’s desk, which had also been updated to be more modern and less threatening, they turned their attention to the two women behind this vision. While Kwannon and Betsy looked confident, they maintained a serious poise for the dealings that awaited.

“New offices, building renovations, and honorable intentions are only the beginning,” said Kwannon. “For centuries, the Hand thrived by fighting the battles in places others dared not venture. They didn’t just dominate the shadows. They forged unseen connections in the vast underworld in which crime, corruption, and subversion thrive.”

“And some of those connections remain,” Betsy pointed out. “That unseemly underworld is still there. It’ll always be there. That, we cannot change.”

“But we can change which side we fight on,” Kwannon went on. “We can also change the way in which we operate outside the shadows. Murder, assassination, and blackmail may have helped the Hand gain great power and influence, but it has also made us many enemies. It leaves us in a state of constant conflict that never ends. We can survive, but never thrive. While that might not matter for an organization that has transcended death, there’s no lasting honor in stagnation.”

“And stagnation will always leave us vulnerable in the long run,” said Betsy. “It just took longer than most for someone to take advantage of it.”

“If only we knew who they were,” said Scott under his breath.
“We ask ourselves that same question,” said Kwannon, “but whoever they were, they exposed the Hand’s greatest flaws for all to see. Now, thanks to new perspectives and greater opportunities, we seek to transcend those flaws, just as we transcended death.”

“And legions of undead ninjas can do a lot of good, believe it or not,” added Betsy. “Therein lies the problem, though. Most don’t believe it.”

“Which won’t change until we give the world a legitimate reason,” said Kwannon. “That’s where X-Corp comes in.”

The skilled assassin’s demeanor changed. She cast him and Jean a confident grin before exchanging glances with Betsy. The two women were exchanging telepathic messages. Scott knew the signs as well as any man who’d fallen in love with a telepath. He turned towards Jean, who had a curious look. She sensed their intentions, but not the specifics.

As he and Jean grew more curious, Betsy retrieved a fancy bottle of champagne and four glasses from behind Kwannon’s desk. She then held them up so Kwannon could open them with her psionic blades. With the pop of both corks, their mood went from serious to celebratory.

“This is where congratulations are in order,” said Kwannon. “You’re the Hand’s first legitimate client under this new order. Under the terms of the finalized contracts, we’re honor bound to protect the young mutants you enlist and their families. We will also provide security and safety for whatever public events X-Corp holds.”

“That doesn’t just mean Sentinels will stop attacking in the middle of uplifting speeches,” Betsy said. “The bastards who sent them will never get around to giving the order.”

“That will certainly help,” said Jean. “I’d like to have just one fundraiser without mutant-hunting robots tearing through the walls.”

“With the Hand, you’ll have many,” Kwannon assured them. “We understand the threats to young mutants are many. Many lurk in the shadows. Now, you have powerful allies in those shadows.”

“We appreciate that,” said Scott, “but we also know it’ll take time. The Hand still has a stake in many other shady businesses.”

“Indeed, they do,” admitted Kwannon. “We’ve stake in many legitimate operations, as well. There’s personal protection, private security forces, and military contractors in a legitimate market. There are also generations of legitimate businesses that the Hand will continue to support.”

“But if you’re concerned about the illegitimate ones, then rest easy. That’s where I come in,” said Betsy.

The British woman spoke with greater confidence as she set the glasses down and proceeded to pour the champagne each of the four glasses. She did so with a formality consistent with anyone who’d been raised among British aristocracy.

Having looked into her history, Scott and Jean learned that Betsy was someone who always had something to prove. In her family, the bar for excellence was high and she’d done plenty to raise it over the years. As she picked up two of the glasses and gave two to Kwannon, she put that excellence on full display.

“Thanks to my position at STRIKE and the many benefits that come with my surname, I’ve created a special task force to help dissociate the Hand with its less desirable affiliations,” said Betsy. “Make no mistake. It’s a task easier than done.”
“Yet you carry yourself like someone who has already done the hard parts,” Jean commented.

“What can I say? It pays to be a telepath and the battle-hardened sister of Brian Braddock,” she said with a shrug. “I pulled the necessary right strings. We’ve made the necessary connections. The process has already begun. The Hand is on its way to a more honorable place in shadowy affairs. X-Corp is helping us take that first step. And it’s one worth celebrating!”

In another formal gesture that conveyed great meaning, Betsy and Kwannon offered Scott and Jean a glass of the bubbling beverage. They readily accepted it. They’d already seen the paperwork. Everything they saw since arriving in Japan confirmed what they had hoped. The Hand was under new leadership with a new vision. X-Corp was just the first of many beneficiaries of that vision.

Standing side-by-side, the two women raised their glasses in a toast. Scott and Jean did the same. They’d said what they needed to say. The only remaining step was to make it official.

“To a new beginning for the Hand,” said Kwannon.

“And a more honorable use of undead ninjas,” added Betsy.

“I’ll definitely drink to that!” said Jean with a beaming grin.

“So will I,” said Scott.

They all tapped their glasses before taking a sip of their beverage. It had to have cost more than the average assassin’s wage. It was that delicious. Having a bold new partnership with an organization that could’ve easily been an enemy made every sip feel more rewarding.

“New beginnings take time, but change still comes quickly,” added Scott after taking that first sip. “I think we’ve laid a foundation for both X-Corp and the Hand.”

“And a damn good one at that,” said Betsy.

They laughed again as a more celebratory mood filled the suite. While he and Jean took only small sips, Kwannon and Betsy gulped theirs down more eagerly. Their overly formal demeanor gave way to something more casual. It was refreshing after all the complicated business dealings they’d worked out in such a brief span of time.

Scott and Jean had expected their visit to be brief and uneventful, but after finishing their drink, they sensed that the two young women weren’t quite done yet. They set aside their empty glasses and exchanged looks again. Betsy had a somewhat telling grin and Kwannon, who still hadn’t smiled much, mirrored her expression.

“Glad we got that out of the way,” said Betsy, “but before we get to the signatures and photo ops, my Japanese mate and I have one more thing to show you.”

“I sense this isn’t another formality,” Scott surmised.

“You’re as insightful as you are handsome, Scott,” said Kwannon. “Keep that up because this last detail has nothing to do with our business dealings. It’s more of a bonus.”

“Think of it as a gesture of trust. And we’re a couple of ambitious ladies who are prepared to earn it,” added Betsy.

Their intrigue heightened, he and Jean watched Kwannon open a panel on her desk. It revealed a biometric scanner and a touch screen control. After scanning her fingerprint, she issued a command
that triggered a mechanism in the wall on west side of the suite that caused it to open like an automatic doorway. It had been hidden well, which made sense for a facility owned by the Hand. What it revealed, however, wasn’t nearly as ominous.

“Wow!” said Jean. “Is that amenity in every executive suite?”

“No,” Kwannon answered, “just this one.”

“It used to be a torture chamber,” Betsy commented. “We decided to turn it into something more welcoming.”

“And I think you succeeded,” said Jean.

Whatever this hidden area had been before, it had been transformed into something very different. Built right into a private nook in the spacious office suite, Betsy and Kwannon turned the chamber into a luxurious Japanese spa. It included a large rectangular hot tub, massage tables, burning incense, and a stereo system that played relaxing music. It looked so inviting, especially after a flight across the world.

Kwannon and Betsy must have prepared it ahead of time. The hot tub had already been activated. There was a light layer of steam coming up from the water. Soft music also played from the stereo and thick scent of fresh lilacs filled the air. It looked brand new and ready for use. Still smiling, the two women casually made their way towards it.

“This little haven of bliss is reserved for long nights at the office or special guests,” said Kwannon. “It was my idea to install it. The contractors finished it yesterday.”

“And it was my idea to test it out with our first special guests,” said Betsy. “After everything you’ve done for us, it’s the least we can do.”

“We appreciate the gesture, you two,” said Scott. “It’s really not necessary, but we certainly won’t stop you from trying. We just wish you’d told us. We didn’t bring our swimsuits.”

“That’s okay, luv. Neither did we!” said Betsy with lurid undertone.

“And besides, they would only get in the way,” added Kwannon.

What happened next heightened more than just their intrigue. With exceedingly nonchalant disposition, the two women took their clothes off on the spot. Betsy shed her fancy pantsuit, slipping out of the tight-fitting pants and tossing aside the matching top. Kwannon undid her dress, letting it fall off her toned body with immodest ease.

They didn’t attempt to hide from Scott and Jean’s view. Betsy even leaned over on purpose, knowing it would put her cleavage on full display while she took off her shoes. Kwannon was just as overt, showing no inclination to cover her exposed breasts or clean-shaven pussy. Neither of them had been wearing underwear, either. That had only so many implications.

“They definitely planned this,” said Jean, amused at their sensual display.

“Definitely,” said Scott, who couldn’t help but admire the two naked women before him.

“Well? What are you waiting for? A bloody invitation?” asked Betsy. “Get naked, you two!”

“I’ll have my assistant clean and press your clothes tonight,” added Kwannon.
“That’s…not really a concern,” said Scott.

“Don’t tell me you have concerns,” Jean teased.

“I didn’t mean to imply otherwise,” he said. “They say we’re their honored guests. They want to make us feel welcome. Who are we to refuse?”

“You’re such a stickler for manners, Scott.”

“Isn’t that why you fell in love with me?”

“It’s one of the many reasons,” said Jean. “And I suspect our gracious hosts are quite interested in some of those reasons.”

“I’d say we’re more than interested, luv,” said Betsy.

“Indeed,” said Kwannon, “much more.”

Needing no further confirmation, Scott and Jean proceeded to undress. Jean used her telekinesis to unzip her dress and push it down her shapely body, leaving her in her bra and panties. Scott did the same with more urgency. He couldn’t undo his tie and unbutton his shirt fast enough. It might have been easier to just use the Phoenix Force to dissolve their clothes, but they preferred to save that for more intense situations. This required a different approach.

By the time Jean slipped out of her panties and Scott stepped out of his boxers, they could already feel the lustful gaze of the two naked women on them. Both Betsy and Kwannon focused much of that gaze on Scott’s sizable endowment, which had already started to grow in the presence of such beautiful women. They also admired Jean’s shapely figure, her fiery gaze matching theirs in an increasingly heated moment.

“That’s quite an impressive reason, if I do say so,” noted Kwannon, blushing somewhat at the sight of Scott’s dick.

“Jean’s a lucky woman,” Betsy commented with a lustful leer. “Thankfully, I hear she’s generous when it comes to sharing.”

“That means we’ll have to be even more generous in returning the favor.”

“I’m prepared to make the effort if you are,” she said confidently.

“I’m a trained ninja and an honorable warrior,” Kwannon replied strongly. “Effort is never an issue.”

The two women took on a more intense, yet still playful demeanor as they gestured towards Scott and Jean, requesting that they join them in the spa. They accepted without hesitation.

Now that they were all fully nude and following the same sensual spirit, the couple followed their hosts into the luxurious ambience. Kwannon latched onto Scott’s arm, showing no reservations about letting certain parts of her body touch his. Betsy guided Jean along, offering soft gestures on various parts of her exposed flesh. She gave special attention to her breasts and inner thighs, further heightening the mood and sparking a new arousal.

“You must be so stressed after your long flight,” said Kwannon while pawing Scott’s chest. “Even the power of the Phoenix Force must have limits against jet lag.”
“The flight wasn’t that bad,” said Scott jokingly.

“But we never oppose some therapeutic pampering,” said Jean.

“Then, that’s what you’ll get!” said Betsy confidently. “Among other things, of course.”

“Of course,” said Kwannon.

Like the gracious, generous hosts they were, Betsy and Kwannon led them into the spa. The steamy heat of the hot tub and the thick scent of the incense created a warm, intimate environment. Even if he and Jean weren’t overly jet lagged, it was very relaxing. However, relaxation was not all the two women had in mind.

Together, they submerged themselves in the hot tub. The warm water also had red rose petals, adding to the intimate ambience of the spa. As it inundated their naked skin, a wave of contentment washed over him and Jean. Kwannon and Betsy even made sure they sat next to each other in the main seating area near the jets. With the water coming just up to their chest, it was perfect setting for relieving stress and sharing some intimacy. Their two beautiful hosts quickly demonstrated they had plenty to share.

“Mmm…I like this setup,” said Scott as he exhaled in contentment.

“Me too,” said Jean. “Why don’t we have a spa like this in our office back at X-Corp?”

“I have no idea or excuses,” the former X-Men leader replied. “I promise I’ll call up some contractors on the flight home.”

“And I’m sure you’ll keep that promise, Mr. Summers,” said Kwannon, “as an honorable man should. But this is not a place for business. This is a place of peace and bliss.”

“While we may favor one over the other,” said Betsy, “you’re our guests. You bring the desire. We bring the pampering!”

“Good thing Scott and I bring plenty of desire, no matter where we go,” said Jean, her tone matching Betsy’s lurid subtext.

The mood intensified. The relaxation was already giving way to more ambitious efforts. Even with such generous hosts, Scott and Jean opted to take it slow. In such a relaxing setting, there was no major rush and plenty of time to pursue such intimate efforts.

Betsy and Kwannon get things going, providing a taste of the pampering they promised. Kwannon focused on Scott, sitting on his lap with her toned legs hitched over his thighs. The Japanese beauty kept things simple, wrapping her arms around his neck and drawing him into a sensuous kiss. As he kissed back, she guided his hands to various parts of her naked body, giving special focus to her breasts and butt. At the same time, she kept her shapely legs hitched over his thighs, purposefully rubbing her smooth skin against his penis under the water. Naturally, it began to harden under such careful efforts.

Betsy used a similar approach with Jean. While she watched her husband make out with a Japanese woman, Betsy leaned in close and offered gentle massages. She started with a light shoulder rub, throwing in some sensual kissing around her neck. Betsy also didn’t hesitate to focus on her breasts, showing remarkable comfort in giving another woman such intimate touching. She must have learned quite a bit during her intimate mingling with Kwannon in the Astral Plane.

As Jean relaxed under the British woman’s touch, the massages became more targeted. She leaned
in closer, their naked skin touching more and more with every effort. Betsy kept her lips occupied on Jean’s neck while steadily guiding her hand down the beautiful redhead’s body until she reached her inner thighs. As soon as her hand grazed over her soft outer folds, she stepped up the intensity.

“Mmm…I like this kind of pampering,” Jean said, reacting strongly to Betsy’s touch.

“I can tell,” said Betsy with a playful snicker. “From what I’ve heard, you and your husband have quite an appetite for such pampering.”

“You heard correctly,” the beautiful redhead replied.

While Betsy continued fondling Jean’s pussy under the water, Jean decided to play a more active role. She lightly cupped Betsy’s chin and drew into a kiss. It wasn’t a gentle kiss, either. Jean kissed her long and hard, using plenty of tongue. It got Betsy more excited. It also motivated her to fondle Jean more intensely, shoving her fingers into her folds and applying more pressure to her clit.

Such an erotic sight did not go unnoticed. Even while Scott kept kissing Kwannon and exploring her naked body with his hands, he saw his wife heating up the mood. The serene music kept playing and the thick scent of incest continued permeating the area, but desire for a different kind of pampering was growing. It didn’t take long for it to boil over.

“So much desire,” Kwannon commented, who noticed Jean’s actions as well. “Your wife did not do justice to how strong it is.”

“She’s humble in that respect,” said Scott, “although she can get animated.”

“Speak for yourself,” said the Japanese woman with a seductive grin. “You may have great humility, but you still communicate your desires in many ways…some more obvious than others.”

She rubbed her thigh up against his dick a little harder, reminding him that he was already fully erect. Scott didn’t need to say much at that point. With a seductive grin of his own, he followed those desires towards greater intimacy.

“Looks like I’ve got my hands full here, luv,” said Betsy within her heated embrace with Jean. “Think you can handle that American stud?”

“I know I can,” said Kwannon confidently. “An honorable warrior never leaves and honorable lover unsatisfied.”

“Wise words to live by,” commented Jean. “Think you can be just as honorable in getting me off, Betsy?”

“I’m British, Jean. When I’m motivated, I just love to overachieve!”

The two beautiful women resumed their messy make-out session and intimate fondling. While they shook up the waters of the hut tub, Kwannon adjusted her efforts, along with the arrangement of their naked bodies.

Still holding onto his neck, the Japanese woman straddled his waist, planting both knees at his sides while he remained in a sitting position. While gazing into his eyes with focused lust, she aligned her pelvis with his erect cock under the water. He soon felt her hot folds against the tip of his manhood. With an intensity worthy of any skilled warrior, she thrust her hips downward, driving his into her pussy. That feeling of hot, womanly flesh surrounding his member unleashed a
torrent of new sensations.

Those sensations once again shifted the overall mood of the spa. There would be no more relaxing. This was a domain of sex, desire, and ecstasy.

“Oohhh!” Scott gasped. “Kwannon…so honored.”

Kwannon smiled at his reaction. She captured his lips in another soft kiss. As their lips meshed, she began moving her hips, riding his cock to evoke more waves of sensations.

As he and Kwannon engaged in their intimate union, Betsy took her task with Jean just as seriously. After plenty of kissing, touching, and fingering, she had Jean fully aroused and eager for some sensations of her own. To achieve this, she took Jean by the hips, elevated her lower body so that it hovered just above the water line. Betsy then positioned herself between the other woman’s legs, holding them apart to get a good view of her pussy.

“I’m still new to proper cunnilingus,” said the British, “but I’m a quick learner.”

Licking her lips in anticipation, Betsy hungrily buried her face between Jean’s thighs. With the same intensity she’d shown with Kwannon on the Astral Plane, she gave the beautiful redhead the kind of oral sex that filled the spa with her blissful cries.

“Oohhh! You do learn quickly!” Jean squealed.

Now holding onto the edge of the hot tub, Jean closed her eyes and held on while Betsy did much of the work. She mirrored Kwannon’s determination and focus. She treated pleasing Jean as critical as any mission with STRIKE. Just as Kwannon did with him, Betsy flooded her partner with an onslaught of sensations.

‘I’m also a telepath,’ Betsy told her while her mouth was occupied. ‘I can sense what gets you wet and wild. Let’s use that! It can only help.’

She made sure Scott heard that too. Kwannon also picked up on it. She must sensed his desire for more targeted touching and heavy tongue. As she rode him hard, she guided his hands to her well-toned butt. Scott eagerly squeezed it, using his arm strength to supplement her every motion. As the fleshly entwinement grew in intensity, he opted to use that strength even more.

Using his firm grip on her butt to his advantage, Scott lifted the Japanese beauty up in his arms and held her up in the center of the hot tub. Instinct quickly took over. She hooked her powerful legs around his waist, their lips never parting and his member remaining inside her depths. Through a careful coordination of leg and arm strength, their naked bodies rocked and bounced in a heated rhythm.

Her wet naked body meshed with his, her breasts pressing against his chest while her pussy slithered up and down his member. Her focus never waned. Her desire complimented his. Such hot, steamy sex soon brought him to the brink of orgasm.

“Kwannon…I’m close,” Scott gasped.

“As am I,” she whispered into his ear. “Please…fill me with your warmth.”

Just as he neared his orgasmic threshold, Jean’s moans intensified. She was close as well, as if Betsy coordinated with Kwannon to get them off at the same time. Given the recent mingling of their minds and bodies, it seemed oddly fitting.
“Ooh! Right there, Betsy!” Jean cried out. “Just like that! I’m so...so close!”

Betsy’s focus didn’t waiver, either. She kept licking and probing the other woman’s pussy, flicking her tongue within her folds while using her fingers to supplement the stimulation. Through telepathic coordination, she found Jean’s most sensitive spots. She applied just the right among of pressure and touch, even as Jean’s body shifted and writhed to the flood of pleasure.

Once she neared the brink, her legs bent back and her toes curled in anticipation. Betsy still didn’t let up. She still probed her heat with her tongue and let basic female anatomy do the rest. Just as she neared her release, Scott got his with Kwannon. Together, they filled the luxurious spa with a symphony of orgasmic moans.

“Oohhh fuck!” Scott grunted.

“Ohhh yes!” Jean moaned.

Jean’s body writhed while Scott’s shuddered under the weight of his release. The furious body movements steadied as their ecstasy took form and substance.

Scott buried his face in Kwannon’s neck, clinging to her butt harder as his member throbbed inside her tight heat. He felt her inner muscles squeeze his manhood as he released his load of fluid into her depths. It showed how close she was to coming, as well. Being an honorable man, and knowing how much she valued honor, he made sure he brought her into that world of bliss as well.

While he took in the feeling, he continued the steady motions. That extra contact and the added warmth inside her pussy helped send the Japanese woman over the edge as well. He sensed it when Kwannon dug her nails into his shoulders and let out a deep moan as she got her share of the ecstasy too.

“An honorable man...deserves the affection of an honorable woman,” Kwannon said to him softly.

Her sentiment was kind. Betsy’s was much more overt as she took Jean over the edge, keeping her tongue and fingers busy while the redhead climaxed under her touch. Betsy even held Jean’s naked body up while her womanhood throbbed under the orgasmic onslaught. The British woman even licked up traces of Jean’s feminine juices, never once losing that intensity in her gaze.

Even in her orgasmic state, Jean was impressed. She laughed in between her euphoric moans, her expression awash with utter joy as she indulged in the fruits of Betsy’s bold pampering. The British woman laughed with her as she helped her settle back into the hot tub. If she’d really set out to overachieve, then she definitely succeeded.

“I think...you’ve made your point,” said Jean breathlessly, “both of you.”

“Loud and clear,” Scott in agreement.

“Oh? And what point is that?” said Betsy as she wiped the feminine juices from her face.

“That you can go the extra mile...do more than anyone thought possible,” said Jean. “Whether it’s reforming the Hand or giving great oral sex, you can handle it.”

“And handle it honorably,” added Scott.

The two women smiled proudly. They also exchanged accomplished glances. For two women who’d only recently met, they accomplished quite a bit. Betsy and Kwannon came from different parts of the world, but were uniquely ambitious. They’d proven that in so many ways and didn’t
seem inclined to stop.

“Just for that, we intend to belabor our point,” said Betsy.

“We never intended anything less,” said Kwannon.

“Really? What’s that entail?” asked Jean, still excited after her orgasm.

“You’re about to find out,” said Betsy.

Kwannon gave Scott one last sensual kiss before withdrawing from their embrace, his dick withdrawing from her pussy as well. While he sat back down in the hot tub, Betsy helped Jean settle before joining Scott, mirroring Kwannon’s approach from earlier and sitting on his lap. While he welcomed the British woman’s embrace, Kwannon approached Jean with a lustful glint in her eyes.

“How unique?” Jean asked curiously.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” the Japanese woman said with seductive intensity.

Scott couldn’t help but share his wife’s curiosity, but Betsy kept him occupied. He was still enjoying the afterglow of his first peak, but he hadn’t forgotten that the British woman had yet to share in the orgasmic joy. She deserved that satisfaction as well and she too had her own approach.

“As good as I am with pussy, I still prefer a good knob,” said Betsy curtly. “Care to see me overachieve again with yours?”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Scott in a mannerly tone that made the British woman laugh.

She proceeded to kiss and make out with him, just as Kwannon had done earlier. He could still taste Jean’s pussy on her breath. That helped rouse his desires once more. Betsy was also less gentle, eagerly pressing her naked body against his, taking full advantage of her sizable breasts. While they made out, she reached down under the water and firmly stroked his cock. Under her more assertive touch, it began hardening again.

As Betsy set the mood with him, Kwannon took a similar approach with Jean. She kissed, fondled, and groped the other woman’s naked body, just as Betsy had done. She was a bit more careful, focusing on getting Jean back in the mood. It didn’t take long for the desired effect to take hold. Jean was still as curious as she was horny.

The two women were still coordinating, albeit subtly. It might not have just been via telepathy, either. They clearly had a plan. So far, it had been a good plan. He and Jean were plenty eager to see it through.

“Sit up here,” said Kwannon, patting the ledge just above the hot tub.

“You too, handsome,” said Betsy, making a similar gesture.

Not bothering with pointless questions, Scott and Jean obliged. Scott sat up on the ledge of the hot tub so that he legs dangled into the water. Jean did the same. They both leaned back on their arms in anticipation, watching the two beautiful women carry out their lurid efforts.
Betsy’s approach wasn’t too novel. With the same playful spirit she’d shown earlier, she knelt down to give Scott oral sex. His dick was already half-erect, so she once again used her ample breasts, pressing his member between her fleshy mounds while using her tongue to tease the tip. After getting the blood flowing, she took his entire length into her mouth. As she’d done with Jean, she demonstrated uncanny ability with her lips and tongue.

“Ooh Betsy,” Scott gasped as fresh sensations washed over him. “Keep overachieving…just like that.”

While the British woman got the oral rhythm going, Kwannon showed took a different approach. Initially, she teased Jean with the same intimate touching as Betsy, slipping her hand between her legs and stroking her outer folds. She also put her lips to good use, kissing down Jean’s neck and trailing along her cleavage. When she gave Jean’s nipples a light lick, she shuddered with delight. That helped get her more aroused, but that only set the stage for a bolder effort.

“You’re wet again already,” said Kwannon. “That’s good. I can now show you a lesser-known aspect of my skills.”

“Does it involve your tongue?” Jean joked, still excited by all the touching.

“No, it does not,” she replied. “You see, my mutant power gives me the ability to form psionic blades. I was trained by the Hand to wield them as deadly weapons. However, in my personal time, I trained myself to use them for something very different.”

Then, in a demonstration that evoked a new kind of excitement, Kwannon formed a psychic blade in her right hand. However, it didn’t take the shape of the same blades she’d wielded in combat. Instead, it took the shape of a large, erect penis. In fact, it looked almost identical to Scott’s penis when it stood fully erect.

Jean’s eyes lit up at such a sight. Even Scott noticed, even while getting his dick sucked. He couldn’t help but watch as Kwannon trailed the psionic cock down Jean’s torso. Kwannon even teased her with it, tickling her with the tip as it inched closer to her inner thighs. It heightened her arousal to such an extent that she projected some of it towards him.

“Wow!” Jean said in amazing. “A big, hard dick, formed completely out of psionic energy.”

“It feels even better than it looks,” said Kwannon, “and I’m about to prove that. Because I’m going to fuck you with it.”

“I was going to ask politely, but since you’ve already skipped a couple steps…”

Jean’s words trailed off as they became less necessary. Now leaning back further, she spread her legs wider so Kwannon could go to work. With the same focus she’d shown with Scott, the skilled assassin guided the psionic penis towards her wet entrance. She was still very aroused and brimming with desire. Kwannon still proceeded tactfully, carefully inserting the glowing appendage into her vagina. Jean’s reaction was just as vocal as before.

“Oohhh! That dick! It’s different, but I…I like it!” Jean cooed.

“It gets better. That, I assure you,” Kwannon told her.

Before she could ask questions, the purple-haired woman began fucking her with it. With focused skill, she pumped the well-shaped cock within her folds. She started slow, as if to get a feel for Jean’s inner anatomy. She steadily increased the pace and Jean’s body reacted accordingly. Before long, she was writhing in pleasure, struggling to hold herself up.
Seeing Jean’s erotic reaction sent Scott’s arousal soaring as well. It was such a strange sight, watching his wife get fucked by a psionic penis molded after his own. It suddenly made sense as to why Kwannon had sex with him first. She learned the intricacies of his anatomy so she could please Jean. Everything about that put a smile on his face.

“Mmm…I can tell you enjoy watching,” Betsy commented after giving his cock a few more oral gestures.

“Yeah…I do,” said Scott, not taking his eyes off Jean.

“That’s okay. I don’t mind. It’s a hell of a sight!” she said jokingly. “Here, I’ll make sure you have a perfect view while you enjoy a little British pussy.”

She made it sound so practical. Scott would’ve laughed if he weren’t so turned on. With the burning desire to channel all that sexual energy, he went along with Betsy while she accommodated him.

She stood up in the hot tub, giving him a nice view of her naked body. She must have been fingering herself while sucking him off because her pussy was fully aroused. With a playful gesture, she turned around, gave her butt a light swat, and bent over so that he could fuck her from behind while watching Jean get fucked by Kwannon’s psionic dick. Scott eagerly seized the opportunity.

Moving urgently, he got behind Betsy and aligned his rigid cock with her hot folds. He kept his eye on Jean, who gave him a playful wink while she was being fucked. His grin widened as he thrust his hips forward, entered Betsy’s tight pussy, and began rocking her naked body with a succession of heavy thrusts.

She was so hot and tight. Scott felt her depths tighten around his hard flesh as he pumped his member inside her. He quickly realized that Betsy liked it rougher than Kwannon. She really enjoyed the kind of hard, heated sex that filled the spa with decadent sounds.

“Ooh! Oh Fuck! Fuck yes!” Betsy panted. “Fuck that British pussy, luv! Fuck it good!”

Scott replied with heavier grunts. He also leaned over a bit more, reaching around to squeeze her swaying breasts and fondle her swollen clit. Betsy clung to the edge of the tub, rocking and writhing in accord with every movement. As much as she enjoyed their hard sex, she too was taken by the sight of Kwannon fucking Jean in such a novel way.

“You’ll have to forgive my friend. She has a rather dirty mouth,” said Kwannon. “I prefer to let my actions speak for me.”

“Oohhh! And I like what they’re saying!” Jean moaned.

Kwannon’s grin widened as she pumped the psionic dick inside her even harder. She might have been critical of Betsy’s language, but she didn’t object to the mood they conveyed. She made a concerted effort to fuck Jean with the same intensity as Betsy and Scott’s sex. Profanity aside, it worked beautifully.

The spa reverberated with the echoes of more blissful cries. Betsy and Jean were very vocal. They even eyed each other a few times, as if to challenge who could be louder. It didn’t distract Scott and Kwannon for doing their jobs. Scott kept hammering away at Betsy’s pussy, his pelvis smacking against her butt and churning up the water. Kwannon kept pumping Jean with that psionic dick, watching her writhe and shudder at the sensations that followed.
The relaxing ambience had fully given way to a world of sex, ecstasy, and connection. There were no reservations. The connections had been made. They got stronger with every intimate gesture. As they each neared another orgasmic peak, those same connections that once seemed so risky became more certain.

Betsy, having not had her taste of the ecstasy, approached hers first. She’d been so generous and giving to her guests since they arrived. It was only fair that she got a proportional reward and Scott was prepared to give it to her.

“I’m coming! I’m coming! I’m going to fucking come!” Betsy exclaimed.

“I…I’m close too,” said Jean panted.

“Watch me, luv!” she said intently. “Watch me while I come…while we watch you.”

The British woman led the push into that blissful world. She leaned in closer, bending over more so that Jean could see her and Scott when she peaked. Scott once again went along with it, shifting his grip to her waist and thrusting with greater fervor to send her past the brink. He watched on too, enjoying his role in this intimate spectacle.

“Oohhh fucking hell yes!” Betsy exclaimed.

For a brief moment, her orgasmic cry echoed over every other noise in the area. She threw her head back, looked Jean right in the eye as her face contorted to the rush of pleasure that came over her. Scott had to slow his movements as her inner muscles contracted hard around his dick, so much so that it got him to the brink again as well. Between that and the lurid visuals, Jean looked eager to join too.

Kwannon definitely sensed that. She slowed the pumping action with the psionic dick. She also adjusted its shape, causing it to thicken and glow brighter inside Jean’s pussy. That added extra pressure that helped get Jean over the edge, as well.

“Oohhh fuck yes!” Jean moaned out, mirroring Betsy’s profane rhetoric.

She spread her legs wider, grabbed one of her breasts, and arched her lower back as the feeling washed over her. It was a very novel, very different way to engage intimately, but the result was just as euphoric.

Kwannon kept the psionic dick inside her. She kept moving it slowly and carefully, stimulating all the right nerves within Jean’s depths. It helped extend the orgasmic bliss. Watching Jean take it all in was quite a sight, so much so that Scott barely got to let anyone know that he was close to coming as well.

That didn’t matter in the end. A deep, masculine grunt sent the message. He shifted his grip to Betsy’s butt, delivered the last round of thrusts, and indulged in the release that followed, his member throbbing inside the British woman’s pussy as he filled her depths. Her still-throbbing womanhood soaked it up. As they each savored the sensations, she rose up so they could enjoy another naked embrace.

“Wow! That was…an experience,” said Jean breathlessly.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” said Kwannon. “It got me through many lonely nights.”

“That’s sounds so kinky, yet so practical,” said Scott.
“Of course, you’d appreciate that, Slim,” Jean teased.


“That, it does,” said Jean.

The two women laughed together. Jean, still glowing with orgasmic delight, joined the embrace. Within it, she drew Scott into a kiss, showing some appreciation of her own. He readily reciprocated. Even after having sex with two beautiful women, he never missed an opportunity to appreciate his wife’s affections.

It left Betsy and Kwannon feeling envious, but that didn’t stop them from joining. The two women stood with them, sharing in a four-way naked embrace and a chaotic exchange of kisses. It incurred more laughter, as well as more intimate touching. The sensual mood they’d created remained strong, as did the desire to share it.

“I hope you two aren’t done celebrating with us,” said Betsy. “If we’re going to overachieve in reorganizing the hand, we should do the same with pampering our honored guests.”

“Well, like we said, we don’t oppose excessive pampering,” said Jean.

“And you two are remarkably good at it,” added Scott. “So…”

He let his words trail off as he guided his hands around the bodies of the naked women in his grasp. The abundance of so much womanly flesh kept his desire strong. Kwannon and Betsy didn’t let up in their efforts, either. They offered him more sensual gestures, pawing his chest and feeling up Jean’s hot flesh. He could already feel himself getting aroused again.

“So, let us keep celebrating,” said Kwannon, as though it were the most pragmatic thing in the world. “I’m certain we can find other ways to indulge our desires.”

“Or we could just keep fucking,” said Betsy. “That might be easier.”

“Why don’t we just play it by ear?” Jean suggested. “We’ve got two telepaths, a skilled ninja, and a handsome stud of a man with uncanny stamina. I’m sure we’ll think of something.”

“I already have a few tactics in mind,” said Scott, “but I’ll gladly go along with whatever our wonderful hosts prefer.”

“Such good manners, even in the presence of three naked women,” said Betsy. “We just have to reward that.”

“And we certainly will,” said Kwannon.

The two beautiful women continued their ambitious effort. They brought him and Jean into another four-way kiss with plenty of sensual touching. It started playful, but quickly got more heated, triggering a fresh round of shared desire. Having become so intimately familiar with one another, they didn’t need much guidance. They just followed those desires to more ecstasy.

It quickly got a bit chaotic. After all the kissing and touching, Scott felt his dick harden again. Sensing it, all three women dropped to their knees and took turns sucking it. It made for yet another erotic sight that captivated the former X-Men leader.

They all picked up on that and dared to push it. At one point, Jean and Betsy mashed their breasts
together to tit-fuck Scott. Kwannon even managed to squeeze in, using her tongue to tease the tip in the process. When they all weren’t trying to lick his member at once, they took turns while two women made out on the side. It kept the intimacy strong while intensifying the arousal.

“No more competition. No more comparisons,” Jean said at one point. “Let’s just have some sexy fun!”

“Sexy fun,” Betsy repeated. “I like that!”

From there, the chaos escalated. All three women bent over the edge of the hot tub, giving Scott a perfect view of their butts and a veritable buffy of sex. He used that as an opportunity to show that he could multitask too. He ended up fucking Jean while using one hand to fondle Betsy and the other to finger Kwannon. Before long, he had all three women moaning blissfully.

He then began alternating, switching between fucking one woman in her pussy while fondling the other two with his hands. It didn’t just impress the three women. It brought them to the cusp of another orgasm.

“Such skilled hands!” Kwannon gasped while she got fingered.

“And a great dick!” Betsy gasped while getting fucked.

“What can I say? My husband has it all!” Jean said proudly.

Each woman climaxed again in short succession. After indulging in more ecstasy, they practically pounced on Scott to show their appreciation. Betsy and Kwannon took turns riding his cock, reverse cowgirl as he sat on the ledge of the tub. Jean made sure she was riding him when he achieved a climax of his own, giving her a fresh load of his come.

After that, more heated foreplay followed. Other basic sex acts followed. Kwannon and Betsy put on more erotic displays for Scott and Jean, making out in the center of the pool where Kwannon formed another psionic dick that she used to fuck Betsy. That prompted Jean to lay Scott on the nearby ledge, get on top of him, and ride his cock again while Kwannon fucked her ass with one of her psionic dicks. That got her coming again in short order.

“Yes!” the beautiful redhead exclaimed. “This is my kind of fun…my kind of reward.”

Scott cast her a beaming smile, giving her a messy kiss before continuing the sexy celebration. Fueled by lust, desire, and creativity, their chaotic fun took many forms that led to many shared rounds of ecstasy. It reflected the power of their new correction, as well as their desire to enjoy it.

Whatever form it took, the underlying sentiment only deepened. Kwannon and Betsy had such a daunting task ahead of them in reforming the hand, but they had the will and fortitude to do what was necessary. It showed in their approach to sex as much as it showed in their resolve. It made every blissful touch, thrust, moan, and release all the more satisfying.

‘They can do this, Scott. They can reform the Hand. I believe in them,’ Jean told her husband after another shared orgasm.

‘I believe it too, Jean,’ Scott replied. ‘They’re going to achieve amazing things and we’re going to help them.’

That growing confidence was secured as the final round of sexy celebrations concluded. By then, Scott and Jean had exhausted their passions to such an extent that they needed some time in a relaxing spa to recuperate. That didn’t stop Kwannon and Betsy from bringing them to one last
peak.

It had Jean riding his dick again, cowgirl style. Betsy was straddling his face so he could eat her out while Kwannon used a psionic dick to fuck Jean’s ass one more time. They kept the pace slow and steady, easing themselves past that final threshold. Jean got hers first. Scott got his shortly after. When they each let out their last gasp of ecstasy, their two hosts made sure they settled into a state of utter contentment.

“Easy, luv. You’ve done your part and had your fill,” Betsy said as she helped Scott slip deeper into the hot tub.

“You’ve indulged your flesh. Now, relax your spirit,” said Kwannon.

Scott and Jean replied with gracious grins as the spa fell silent. There was only the sound of heavy breathing alongside the relaxing music that still played through the stereo system. Betsy and Kwannon stood proud in their accomplishment while Scott and Jean just enjoyed the mood. Once Kwannon withdrew the psionic dick and Scott withdrew from Betsy, they met again in the center of the hot tub.

“That…is a hell of a way to celebrate a new partnership,” said Jean, still catching her breath. “And it’s not even the first time we’ve celebrated with sex.”

“So I’ve heard,” said Betsy.

“But being fucked by a psionic dick…that’s a first,” the redhead laughed.

“And one you clearly enjoyed,” said Scott. “Can I assume we’re in for some specialized training when we get back?”

“You know it, love!” said Jean. “The way it felt inside me…that’s something I won’t soon forget.”

“It is more memorable than a signature and handshake. That is for certain,” said Kwannon wryly as she sat next to Jean in the tub.

“I’ll say!” said Jean. “Just be sure to invite us for any future celebrations involving the Hand and X-Corp.”

“We certainly will, luv. You’ve us plenty of reason to enjoy our new partnership,” said Betsy, offering her and Scott a playful tease.

The four of them laughed and embraced, feeling both relaxed and comfortable in their intimate company. The Hand still had a long way to go in terms of gaining the trust of others and establishing themselves as an honorable organization. After nearly losing everything, Kwannon and Betsy had taken on that challenge. Now, Scott and Jean were convinced that they were the right women for the job.

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**Siberia, Russia – Rasputin Residence**

“Are you sure I cannot change your mind, snowflake? I believe you will enjoy America,” said the concerned, yet caring voice of Piotr Rasputin over the phone.

“I am sure, big brother…for now,” replied Illyana Rasputin, doing her best to allay her brother’s concerns.
“For now?” he questioned.

“Yes, that is as much as I’m willing to say,” she said, “mostly because I cannot lie to you. These new powers…these mutant powers…they are still new to me. I’m just starting to understand them. And I certainly do not understand them enough to leave my home.”

A difficult silence fell on the secure phone line that Charles Xavier installed in her home before Piotr left to join the X-Men. He offered it as a means to ensure Piotr could keep in touch with his family and it got plenty of use. Piotr called her and their parents on a regular basis, no matter what was going on with the X-Men.

There was rarely much to report from their family farm in Siberia. Few of the conflicts that Piotr faced with the X-Men ever affected places as far as Lake Baikal. That didn’t used to be an issue. Leaving after his mutant powers manifested – while saving her from a runaway tractor, no less – gave him an opportunity that he never would’ve gotten if he’d stayed on the farm. That changed when Illyana started showing signs of mutant abilities as well.

As she held the phone to her ear, waiting for her brother to respond, she looked down at her hand. In her uncertain state, it started glowing with yellowish energy. Several areas in front of her began glowing as well, forming little holes in the air around her. At first, she thought they were nightmares or just a byproduct of eating expired soup. Charles Xavier recently confirmed from afar that, like her brother, she was a mutant. Despite her young age, her powers were manifesting.

They weren’t quite sure what kind of powers she had. Charles Xavier said it had something to do with spatial manipulation, which Illyana barely understood, even after Piotr translated it into Russian. It caused quite a few disruptions, knocking out some windows and damaging her bed. However, unlike when Piotr saved her from the tractor, it hadn’t caused a public stir.

Being younger than her brother and not wanting to leave her parents, Illyana preferred staying in the only home she’d ever known. She wanted to get a hold of her powers on her own before deciding what to do with them. She knew her overprotective brother preferred her moving to America, but Illyana wasn’t ready to make that leap.

“You’ve always been strong, Illyana,” said Piotr, finally breaking the silence, “strong and steadfast in your resolve.”

“You’ve no one to blame but yourself, big brother,” she said with a grin. “You, mama, and papa push through every challenge, never letting others bear the burden. What sort of Rasputin would I be if I did not do the same?”

“A bold one,” he replied, laughing over the phone, “far bolder than the rest of us. But there are times when that burden should be shared.”

“I agree. And I promise you, Piotr. The day it becomes too much will be the day I reach out to you. Because I know you’ll be there. You always have been. Just give me a chance to get there on my own.”

Piotr sighed over the phone. Illyana could sense him shaking his head, but still smiling with those caring eyes. To so many others, he was this big, imposing Russian farm boy. To her, he was her sweet, gentle brother whose heart was as soft as Russian snow. He showed her what true strength was before he became a mutant. She valued that strength as much as any young Russian.
She knew he still preferred to be by her side. She also knew that Piotr always honored her wishes.

“Very well,” said Piotr. “I trust you to do what you believe is right. But if something happens, please call me.”

“If it’s as serious as an oncoming tractor, then you will be the first to know,” Illyana assured him. “I promise.”

“Thank you, snowflake. Give mama and papa a hug for me. I love you.”

“I love you too, big brother.”

With a sigh and a smile, Illyana hung up the phone. She had a feeling that she and her brother would have similar conversations in the future. Even if she gained full control of her powers, Piotr wasn’t going to stop worrying about her. That was what big brothers did.

Trust her brother to worry from afar, she got off her bed and prepared to meet her parents for dinner. They’d stepped out an hour ago to gather potatoes from the barn. They expected her to set the table and put a pot of water on the stove.

Illyana was about to open her bedroom door and exit her room. Suddenly, both her hands began glowing, just as they’d done before when her powers flared up. Groaning to herself, the young Russian took a step back and tried to regain control. However, unlike her previous flare ups, something felt different.

This wasn’t some nightmare. It wasn’t an overly stressful situation, either. Something was provoking her powers, but she had no idea what it was.

“Aagghh! My hands! What is going on?!” Illyana groaned.

As she stumbled back towards her bed, the flaring energy shot out from her hands and formed a large rectangular wall of light. It appeared over her bedroom door, as if to create another door that led to somewhere other than the kitchen of her small family home. She tried to close it, but it was no use.

While she struggled, she heard footsteps from behind the glowing doorway. From the glowing light, a presence emerged.

“So this is the hapless soul Belasco mentioned in his journal,” said an ominous female voice. “A little young, but I see potential!”

That voice sent shivers down Illyana’s spine. For a Russian farm girl, that was no easy feat.

Her hands still glowing, she watched a redheaded woman wearing the gaudiest attire she’d ever seen enter her room. She had the gaze that could freeze an entire lake and a grin that could frighten a hungry bear. Falling back towards her bed, the young Russian still looked up at her with defiance.

“Who are you? How did you get here?” Illyana demanded.

“So brave, for a child. I’m liking you more and more,” the woman laughed. “I know you have questions. Few of them matter. All you need to know is that your destiny was linked to my creator. Now, I am taking that destiny for my own.”

“To hell with your destiny!” Illyana spat. “Leave now and I won’t call my brother! He can smash a
tractor with his bare hands!”

“Oh I know all about your brother,” the woman said. “I know how much he and your parents would notice if you went missing. Thankfully, I’ve prepared for that in ways my creator was too stupid to imagine.”

As the woman walked towards her, casting her haunting shadow over her room, another figure emerged from the doorway. It was almost as terrifying.

The figure was her or someone who looked exactly like her. A young blond girl who looked and dressed just like her came up behind the redheaded woman, her expression as vacant as desolate field. It was like looking in a mirror, but she saw no soul in that girl. She saw only a vessel meant to resemble her.

“Beautiful, isn’t she?” the redhead said while lovingly caressing the other girl’s face. “Dr. Warren’s cloning techniques have really improved. And thanks to the five powerful telepaths at my disposal, she has your memories, mannerisms, and feelings. She’ll make sure you and your brother never miss you.”

“No!” Illyana shouted, anger and dread taking over. “Whoever you are, you will not take me! I won’t…”

Before she could get out another word, something hit Illyana that caused her to freeze where she stood. The woman’s eyes flashed bright red. In that instant, Illyana felt every muscle in every limb tense. She couldn’t move. She could barely breath. It was as though she’d grabbed hold of her body, if not her soul.

As she stood frozen, the redheaded woman retrieved a glowing red stone and held it up. Looking up at it, the glowing energy around her hands intensified. Illyana felt drawn to the stone. Every thought, feeling, and desire suddenly centered around that stone. It disgusted Illyana, but she could not escape it.

“I think you’re misheard me, Ms. Rasputin,” the woman said. “Your destiny is already set. It cannot be changed. Not for either of us.”

“My destiny,” Illyana stammered. “But…”

The glowing stone flashed and she fell silent again. Now on her knees, looking up at the redheaded woman with both disgust and reverence, Illyana Rasputin felt her resolve fail her.

“The bloodstone has spoken,” she said. “As have I, the Goblin Queen. Your power, your soul, and your fate are now mine to guide. Come with me, Illyana Rasputin. Come and embrace a far greater purpose!”

Up next: Magical Musings
Now under the corrupting influence of the Goblin Queen, Illyana Rasputin takes the final step towards becoming the Darkchilde. Meanwhile, Scott and Jean take stock of what they've accomplished with X-Corp.

**The Erotic Phoenix Saga: Intimate Alliance**

**Chapter 18: Magical Musings**

AN: This will be the last chapter in this particular volume. As such, a significant amount of time has passed between the first chapter and this one. I’m going to keep it vague for now, but I will say it’s been at least two years.

**Limbo – Domain of S’ym**

Innocence was a rare and precious thing. Some fought desperately to protect it while others lose it before they can ever appreciate its beauty. It rarely took much to taint it, but a strong soul could endure. A select few could even grow stronger. However, when innocence was utterly shattered, even the strongest souls often failed.

Illyana Rasputin once had as innocent a soul as any child growing up on a Siberian farm. Her mother once described her as a beacon of warmth in a frozen wasteland. She would not describe her as such anymore.

Her brother, Piotr, fought with his considerable strength to protect that innocence from an unforgiving world. Unfortunately, he failed. It wasn’t his fault. She didn’t blame him or her parents. Forces far powerful than his colossal strength had worked against them.

Illyana accepted she was never meant to remain innocent. Destiny had other plans for her. She just never could’ve imagined they could be so dark and perverse. Her worst nightmares and greatest fears couldn’t have prepared her for what she faced now. A cruel fate, guided in large part by the Goblin Queen, ultimately led her to the presence of a demon.

“So this is the fabled Darkchilde,” said S’ym, the insidious demon who ruled this particular domain of Limbo. “I must say I’m intrigued, yet unimpressed.”

“I had a feeling you’d say that,” said the Goblin Queen with folded arms and a smug grin. “Demons aren’t known for their standards, but you like to set yourself apart.”

“Says the woman who has done more to disrupt Limbo than any demon ever dared,” the creature replied.

“What you call disruption, I call creative chaos,” she quipped. “Ms. Rasputin was always going to be a part of it. She’s just doing it on my terms now.”

“That both intrigues and concerns me.”
“You speak as though I give a damn,” the Goblin Queen scoffed.

The demonic figure scowled, but the Goblin Queen just grinned in response. There weren’t many forces in Limbo that could intimidate a demon like S’ym. Madelyne Pryor had utterly upended the foundations of this desolate realm. No one was in a position to oppose her. The only options were to get out of her way or become her ally. S’ym had a rare opportunity and did not have the luxury of ignoring it.

Illyana was part of it. Standing beside the Goblin Queen, wearing only tattered blackish rags as a top and underwear, she had even fewer choices than S’ym. She tried not to make eye-contact with the creature, but she couldn’t afford to show weakness. After all the time she’d spent in Limbo, her soul had become numb to such weakness.

‘Her terms. Her desires. Her plans,’ the young Russian mused solemnly. ‘She controls everything and everyone around her. Yet, she loves causing chaos wherever she goes. She is truly mad and I’m about to make it worse.’

It sickened her, knowing she was poised to aid the Goblin Queen in her insane endeavors. Looking down at herself, she barely recognized who she’d become. That innocent little girl who once played happily in the snow was long gone. In her place was a young woman who was about to lose what little innocence she had left.

Just being in Limbo strained her mind and broke her soul. She learned shortly after her arrival that time flowed differently in this demonic domain. Whereas a single day might pass back home in Russia, several months passed in Limbo. S’ym had even shown her visions of her family back home. As far as they knew, only a few months had passed since she was taken. They also didn’t know she was missing, either. In her place, that clone the Goblin Queen had created mimicked her perfectly. Images of that little girl hugging her parents and brother were painful to watch.

That was entirely on purpose. Neither S’ym nor the Goblin Queen hid that. It told her that nobody was coming to rescue her. Nobody even thought she was gone. Her life was in Limbo now and it unfolded like a nightmare that just became increasingly real with each passing day.

Those days turned into weeks.

Those weeks became months.

Those months became years.

Now, Illyana Rasputin was a full-bodied teenager. She wasn’t even sure how old she was. The development of her body – from her breasts to her hips to her voice to her pubic hair – made her old enough to be a young woman. Beyond the physical, that young woman had become something darker than the care-free little girl that her brother once adored.

“You need not concern yourself with the messy details,” the Goblin Queen went on. “Belasco saw her potential. Her mutant ability to create portals meant she could become a bridge between his world and Limbo. She just needed the right training.”

“And I still would’ve preferred that he offer that training,” said S’ym, “but you just had to kill him.”

“Had to? Chose to? Wanted to? It doesn’t matter,” the Goblin Queen said with a shrug. “I’ve kept her in Limbo all these years, training her to be the Darkchilde she was meant to become. It hasn’t been easy. Your so-called tutors kept trying to eat her.”
“And I skewered them all, just as you requested,” said S’ym, rolling his eyes.

“But you cannot overlook the results,” she continued. “She survived that training. She even thrived in it. As her connection to the Bloodstone has deepened, her power has grown. She’s ready to claim her destiny.”

“That’s merely your conclusion, Madelyne Pryor. Queen or not, I’m still the final judge. I helped Belasco forge your tainted soul. I must be the one to vindicate this unholy assessment.”

The creature rose up from his throne-like seat. Doing so sent cold gusts throughout the chamber. In her limited attire, she shivered and hugged her shoulders. Looking up at the creature, a mix of dread and hatred came over her. Even by demon standards, S’ym was an imposing creature. He was almost as tall as her brother, bearing hulking muscles, reddish purple skin, and claw-like nails on his fingers and feet. His ogre-like complexion and fang-like made him more terrifying. As a girl, Illyana had nightmares about monsters, but none did justice to the being before her.

“Look at me, Illyana Rasputin,” S’ym said in an authoritative voice.

Another gust swept through the chamber. In S’ym’s domain, every thought and action incurred an impact. His power here was absolute. Even with all her power and training, there was no escaping. The Goblin Queen knew it too. She cast her a knowing grin before stepping back, leaving her in the intimidating presence of this powerful creature.

“Your destiny was tied to the bloodstone. Your body and soul were brought here to realize its power,” said S’ym. “We’ve trained you in the ways of magic, sorcery, and the dark arts. In many ways, you’ve become the very magic that Belasco envisioned.”

“Becoming Magik,” said the Goblin Queen under her breath, “a worthy title for a tainted soul.”

“Now, the time has come to complete that vision,” he said. “Show me the bloodstone!”

With a stoic gaze and a solemn poise, Illyana complied.

She tapped into the same magic that she’d trained to wield since arriving in Limbo. Placing her hands together, she cast a spell that caused a reddish flash of energy to form around her torso. From that energy, the bloodstone emerged from her body, having resided in her spirit since her training began.

Over the years, the bloodstone’s power had grown. It glowed in a dark, crimson hue that bathed the chamber in a blood-red light. As S’ym gazed upon it, a slight grin formed on his demonic face. The Goblin Queen grinned as well, but hers had a more sexual connotation. Being around such power often had that effect on her.

“Oh not bad,” said S’ym as he reached out and touched the stone. “The bloodstone’s power is notoriously erratic. Only those with a combination of strength and innocence can tap its potential. Your body and soul have bled a great deal over the course of your training…more so than others who failed to become the Darkchilde.”

“And trust me. You don’t want to know what happened to them,” added the Goblin Queen.

“You might very well be worthy of that title and the prestige that comes with it,” S’ym went on. “However, before you can claim it, you must be purged of your last shred of innocence. To cling to it at this point would just be a waste.”

The hideous creature leaned in closer, so much so that Illyana could smell his disgusting breath.
Had she not grown accustomed to Limbo’s desolate environment, she would’ve vomited in his face. She managed to temper her nausea and harden her gaze. She already knew what was coming. She’d been bracing for it, but didn’t expect it to be less arduous.

“Remove your garments,” said S’ym with a lecherous grin. “Show me your virgin body.”

Illyana held back more disgust as she undressed under his hungry gaze. She didn’t bother taking it slow or drawing it out. She just removed her top up over her head and slid the tattered rag that was her underwear down her legs. She also had make-shift boots on that the Goblin Queen gave her. While she would’ve preferred to keep them on, she knew from S’ym’s leer that he wanted them off too.

After stepping out of her boots, she the young Russian looked up at the creature standing over her. She could already feel his eyes narrowing on her breasts, hips, and pussy. Since her arrival in Limbo, many demons at attempted to rape her. Her virginity was apparently a huge prize among those who’d trained her. None succeeded in taking it. That streak was about to end.

“Beautiful,” S’ym said as he reached out and touched her exposed breasts.

“I am flattered,” Illyana said dryly.

“You should be,” the demon said with a lecherous grin. “Most demons find humans disgusting. To engage in intercourse with them is tantamount to bestiality.”

“I guess they’re the lucky ones,” she said under her breath.

“But our resident sex demons more than make up for it,” he continued. “They see desirable flesh and descend into a rabid frenzy. Entire armies would fall to deny them the sweet conquest of a human’s sex.”

“I know. You’ve had me ward off many demons who sought to take me,” said Illyana.

“And you succeeded! With the power you wield…your magic, your mutant abilities, and your strong will to endure…you slayed those who wanted nothing more than to ravage you for days on end. You could’ve become a demon’s sex slave, doomed to a life of rape and torment. Instead, you became the bloodstone’s greatest champion. You made yourself into the Darkchilde.”

S’ym held up the glowing bloodstone. It flickered brightly when he held it closer to her, bathing her naked body in a crimson glow. Its light filled Illyana with more intense shivers, but they were very different from the ones she’d felt before.

As she looked into the glowing stone that had been stained by her soul, it triggered a powerful heat inside her. It started in her core and spread quickly, making her naked skin fill hot with arousal. Much of that heat became concentrated in her inner thighs, triggering a sexual arousal that she didn’t seek, but couldn’t avoid.

Her roused body betrayed her disgusted thoughts. Despite her feelings of utter revulsion around S’ym, a much stronger desire came over her. After all the time she’d spent in Limbo, learning magic at the Goblin Queen’s behest, she clung to whatever semblance of innocence she had left. That tiny thread that connected her to her home and her family had grown incredibly weak. Knowing there was no hope of rescue or escape, the idea of letting go seemed too appealing.

‘Forgive me, mama. Forgive me, papa. Forgive me, Piotr,’ she mused solemnly. ‘The darling child you once loved is about to disappear forever.’
With a solemn sigh, Illyana took a step closer. She now stood directly under the glowing bloodstone, its energy amplifying every dark desire she’d ever had. She looked up at S’ym, his imposing form casting a large shadow, and made her fateful choice.

“If I am worthy, then I am ready,” Illyana told him. “Do what you must, S’ym.”

“I will do plenty, little virgin!” S’ym said with growing excitement.

The demonic creature let out a lustful hiss as he tore off the loin cloth that had functioned as his underwear. It revealed a large, imposing set of male genitalia. Like the rest of his body, it was composed of hulking flesh. It functioned like another muscle or limb once exposed, becoming fully erect in seconds.

Initially, Illyana cringed upon seeing it. The idea having that disgusting penis inside her filled her with outrage. Then, the bloodstone flickered again, radiating more energy that she felt in the pit of her darkened soul. It quickly turned utter disgust into greater arousal, so much so that her outer folds became fully engorged with juices. Even though her thoughts were wrought with hatred, her body craved sex.

“It’s been too long since I’ve known the untainted flesh of a human woman,” S’ym said, already drooling with lust. “I intend to enjoy it!”

“And who knows? She might end up enjoying it too,” taunted the Goblin Queen, who watched on with perverse intrigue.

Illyana didn’t dare entertain such obscene thoughts, but her ability to think clearly was already diminished. It only got worse when S’ym took her in his powerful arms, grasping her butt and fondling her breasts with his demonic hands. As he began groping her naked flesh, he trailed his serpent-like tongue around her face and neck, as if to sample her soul before devouring it.

“Mmm…virgin skin,” he seethed. “It’s delicious!”

“I say it’s overrated, but that’s just me,” laughed Madelyne.

S’ym ignored the Goblin Queen as he continued his hungry foreplay. Illyana closed her eyes to avoid the demon’s sinister eyes. She still felt his slimy tongue and dirty hands. The more he tasted her, the more aroused he got. She could feel that throbbing cock of his rubbing up against her thighs.

She hated the idea, but remained drawn to the feeling. Her arousal intensified as S’ym shifted his perverse touch from her butt to her pussy. As soon as she felt that disgusting hand on her lower body, it sent her past the point of no return.

He wasn’t gentle or considerate, not that she’d expected tenderness from a demon. S’ym knew he was about to take more than her body and her innocence. He was going to leave a permanent scar on her darkened soul. The way he trailed his finger along her slit, teasing her virgin womanhood with his finger, the young Russian fell into a daze as dark as any pit in limbo.

‘I’m really going to do it. I’m going to give my virginity to a demon,’ Illyana mused. ‘And heaven help me, I want to. I hate it, but I still want it.’

Sensing her arousal, S’ym removed his hand from her inner thighs. He then licked the traces of feminine juices from his fingers. With one hand still on her breast, the creature pushed her down onto the rocky floor of the chamber. Now on her back and completely vulnerable, the demonic figure pounced, getting on top of her and pinning both arms by her side.
“It’s time, Darkchilde!” said S’ym, his every breath seething with lust. “Your virginity is mine!”

“Just…take it,” the young woman said.

Like an unavoidable reflex, she spread her legs, clearing his path to her sex. That veiny dick of his led the way, moving on its own to align itself with her virgin slit. Illyana braced herself, still looking away. The demonic figure didn’t let her. He forced her to look into his glowing eyes before delivering that fateful thrust.

In a single movement, he entered her. Hard, throbbing flesh penetrated her vagina, stretching her inner muscles and straining her body in unfamiliar ways. Even though she’d been aroused, it hurt. Pain overrode whatever other sexual sensations emerged. She also felt something tear inside her. It might have been her hymen. It might have been her soul.

Whatever it was, the hard truth sank in. Illyana had just lost her virginity and she lost it to a demon.

“Yes!” S’ym hissed. “Untainted female flesh…now tainted by me! It’s heavenly!”

“Such a strange choice of words, S’ym,” Madelyne commented, still watching intently.

The demonic figure laughed as he seethed over Illyana. He kept her arms pinned and his lurid gaze now locked on her, savoring the feeling of her womanly flesh around his demonic cock. As she gazed back with a mix of pain, hate, and disgust, he began ravaging her with the unholy lust of a demon.

He moved his hips and worked his pelvis, pumping his demonic manhood within her folds. He rocked her body with every motion, causing her breasts to bounce and her expression to cringe. It still hurt. Illyana could feel blood dripping from her folds, the last remnants of her innocence bleeding out of her body. As the ravaging played out, other intense sensations washed over her.

Some of it was pain, but some became mixed with pleasure. That angered her even more. Illyana would’ve preferred the pain. She could handle pain and torture at the hands of a demon. Being raped by a demon should’ve felt terrible to any decent woman. The fact that it started feeling good meant she’d become something else…something much darker.

“Look at me, Illyana Rasputin! Look at me as I fuck you!” the demon seethed.

“Errr! Fuck…you!” Illyana spat through her daze.

“Another poor choice of words,” laughed the Goblin Queen. “It’s truly a match made in Hell!”

While the deranged redhead laughed, S’ym didn’t let up. He humped and hammered away at her teenage body, rhythmically plowing his cock within her pussy. Again, Illyana’s body betrayed her. The sensations of pleasure became more intense. The hatred and revulsion she’d clung to so ardently was overwhelmed by a new, yet perverse feeling.

From the depths of her tainted soul, the feeling escalated inside her. They were not the feelings of a scared little girl who’d been taken from her family by the Goblin Queen. They were the sentiments of a dark, corrupted young woman who’d bathed in the blood of demons. As fear and disgust left her, the emerging perversity took hold.

“Fuck…me! Fuck…me…hard!” Illyana yelled out, her voice taking on a very different tone.
“There it is! That’s the voice of the darkchilde!” S’ym exclaimed.

“And what a voice it is,” Madelyne commented.

There was no fighting it. The bloodstone hovering over her flickered brightly, her bathing the chamber in a darker glow. As its power flowed through her, Illyana’s expression and demeanor shift.

Instead of discomfort and disgust, Illyana gazed at S’ym with a devious grin. Instead of utter submission and complete vulnerability, she arched her hips and bent her knees back further. As her body rocked harder, she began savoring the perverse pleasure flowing through her. That encouraged the demonic figure even more. He stepped up the pace of his ravaging, pushing her mind and body to the brink of an inescapable oblivion.

“You feel that?” he seethed, leaning in closer. “The darkness inside you…literally inside you…it’s the ecstasy of evil! It’s the catalyst for the true darkchilde! Tell me you want it!”

This time, Illyana didn’t hesitate. She knew it was wrong. She still responded in a way she knew would further taint her soul.

“Yes,” she said flatly. “I want it.”

“Then, embrace it!” S’ym proclaimed. “Embrace it while I fill you with my essence!”

The demonic figure laughed and grinned as he ravaged her harder, drawing her towards that evil ecstasy. She felt his demonic member throb inside her. She also watched as his expression shifted. Demon or not, his flesh functioned the same as a man. He was going to climax and he was going to release his demonic load inside her.

Whatever reservation she had about embracing that feeling had already vanished. She wanted to feel it. Moreover, the prospect of feeling that wretched fluid inside her actually brought her to the brink as well.

“I want it too. I…I want it,” Illyana maoned as she braced for the release.

“Yes! Yes! Yeessssss!” S’ym exclaimed, his roars shaking the entire chamber.

What Illyana felt next strained her body as much as her mind. The humping finally ceased. S’ym pushed his cock into her as far as it would go, the veiny shaft throbbing as it prepared for a full release. Then, it happened.

A thick stream of demonic cum shot up into her womb. It was so hot, like liquid fire lining her insides without actually burning them. It set every nerve ablaze with dark sensations. Agony and ecstasy consumed her, corrupting every thought and feeling she experience. If there had been any purity left within her, it was effectively snuffed out, along with the ashes.

In that moment, as S’ym released the last drop of his demon load inside her, another dark feeling consumed her. This one was even more intense. That ball of burning sensation in her core erupted into something else, spreading throughout her body and washing over her like a flame directly from the pits of Hell. With that feeling came one final realization.

“I am…the Darkchilde,” Illyana said in her daze.

Upon uttering those fateful words, the young Russian let out a cry that reverberated throughout S’ym’s chamber. It began as pain, but morphed into pleasure, leaving no doubt as to what just
happened.

“Deflowered by a demon and brought to orgasm,” the Goblin Queen commented. “You don’t know how lucky you are, Ms. Rasputin.”

The devious redhead’s perverse voice barely registered, but that didn’t make her sentiments less accurate. Illyana had just been ravaged by a demon and she had an orgasm. It was wrong on every possible level, but it still felt good in a way that defied description.

The physical aspects were intense enough. Illyana felt her inner muscles contract hard as waves of dark bliss washed over her. Her body shuddered under the decadent onslaught. Every inch of skin burned hotter with every pleasurable surge. What it did to her mind and soul, however, had a far greater impact.

‘I had sex with a demon. It felt good. I actually came. And now…I want more!’

Those were not the thoughts of the sweet Russian girl who once chased butterflies during the brief Siberian summers. They came from a young woman whose mind, body, and soul had been darkened by Limbo. There was no innocence left to lose. She was Illyana Rasputin, the Darkchilde that the bloodstone had chosen.

As the crimson light shone over her, Illyana stopped running from this fate and began running towards her. Her expression shifted, even before the orgasmic effects ran their course. In S’ym’s demonic gaze, she saw her eyes glowing bright yellow. She also felt a new wave of power alongside the growing darkness. Even as S’ym seethed over her, drool dripping down his demonic face, she spoke her first word as the Darkchilde.

“More,” Illyana said.

“Ha!” the Goblin Queen laughed. “She enters a virgin and leaves a cock-hungry whore. I love it!”

“It’s no laughing matter,” said S’ym, now clenching Illyana’s face. “The Darkchilde is finally here. And her desires will shape the course of Limbo.”

“Then, what are you waiting for? Give her what she wants!” the Goblin Queen said.

The demonic figure sneered towards the redhead briefly before shifting his focus back to Illyana. Whatever she was now – Illyana Rasputin, Magik, or the fabled Darkchilde – it didn’t matter. All that mattered was getting more sex and indulging in more dark ecstasy.

S’ym gladly obliged. His throbbing dick stayed hard, even as he withdrew from her. Various fluids and juices poured out, leaving her body reeling from such rigors. Strained or not, Illyana still craved more. S’ym went to work giving her more.

With his hulking arms, he grabbed her waist and turned her over so that she was on all fours. Then, with the Goblin Queen watching on with that lurid grin of hers, the demon positioned himself behind her and guided his cock to her still-dripping pussy. As she felt the tip on her folds again, he leaned in and whispered into her ears.

“I ravage you until you’re the Limbo’s greatest whore…or second greatest, at least,” he told her.

Madelyne must have heard him because she started laughing again. Illyana glared back at her with burning hate as S’ym entered her again. The penetration was smoother and easier this time. With a hard thrust, he filled her with his demonic cock. Her insides were still hot with a cocktail of sensations, but they were quickly subsumed by a new round of demonic sex.
“Yes! Yes, Darkchilde!” S’ym exclaimed. “Take it! Take this demon cock!”

Illyana answered with lurid grunts as her body rocked to the movements. He was just as rough as before, pumping his cock inside her pussy with unrelenting fervor. The sounds of his demonic flesh smacking against her naked skin filled the chamber. Everything about it felt perverse and wrong, but to Illyana, that only made it feel better.

“Give it to me! Do it to me!” the young Russian gasped. “I want this! I…fucking…want this!”

Madelyne’s lecherous grin widened. She even began fondling herself as she watched Illyana’s ravaging unfold. Hearing her say she wanted to get fucked by a demon was an even greater turn-on than watching it. She even pulled her corset down so she could rub her breasts while reaching into her panties to fondle her pussy.

Illyana took in the decadent sight, even as S’ym fucked her harder. He became bolder and rougher in his efforts. He hungrily groped her naked flesh, squeezing her swaying breasts and pulling her hair back. He also used his serpentine tongue to lick around her neck, leaving slimy entrails that mixed with sweat and various sexual fluids. Moments ago, it would’ve disgusted her. Now, it just intensified her desire for more sex.

‘This is what I am. This is what I want. I am…the Darkchilde.’

Having stopped resisting, Illyana descended willingly into a daze of darkened decadence. She took the full force of S’ym’s hungry lust, enduring an extended period of fervent humping until he climaxed again. The feeling of hot demon cum inside her pussy triggered another orgasm, filling the chamber with more of her decadent cries.

Even as her body was rocked with another onslaught of ecstasy, S’ym didn’t let up. He just laid her on her side, hitched her leg over his shoulder, and kept fucking her. It added greater strain to go along with the intense pleasure, flooding Illyana with waves of conflicting feelings. She ended up enjoying that even more. In Limbo, the line between torture and ecstasy didn’t exist. As the Darkchilde, relished the chance to blur those lines even more.

It led to a more chaotic burst of decadence. The more S’ym fucked her, the more the glowing bloodstone radiated with energy. She felt it in her darkened soul as much as her tainted body. She let it consume her, just as she let S’ym fuck her. Whether he had her pinned on the dirty floor or up against a rocky wall, he kept ravaging her in every way he wanted.

He didn’t just restrict his lust to her pussy, either. After filling her depths multiple times, he had her give him oral sex, shoving his oversized cock into her mouth and forcing her to suck it. Illyana strained her jaw, as well as her gag reflex. Despite the slimy, disgusting taste, she still licked up every drop of fluid when he came again. In fact, ingesting it left her more intoxicated.

“More! I want more!” Illyana said in slurred voice.

The creature laughed at her descent into darkness. It rendered her even less inclined to resist when S’ym pinned her on the floor again and guided the tip of his cock towards her pussy again. However, instead of thrusting it in, he pressed it against her ass.

“Let’s try your other hole,” the demon seethed.

He didn’t wait for Illyana to respond. He just pushed forward, his cock entering her ass and flooding her with a new kind of pain. Illyana reacted with shock at first, gasping loudly and raking her nails along the rocky floor. Even in her intoxicated state, the feeling of being penetrated anally
by a demon overwhelmed her, adding more chaos to her perverse desires.

“My ass,” she gasped.

“He’s just being thorough,” teased Madelyne.

The creature laughed and seethed as the sex continued. S’ym fucked her ass as hard as he’d fucked her pussy, forcing her to rebalance her handling of pain and pleasure. It happened sooner than expected. Illyana felt her body adjust to the rigors. She even felt a strange new pleasure mix in with the pain. Shock soon turned back to excitement. The excitement took her down a new path to ecstasy. She ended up climaxing again, which got S’ym to climax too.

Even after releasing another load of demon cum into her hole, S’ym kept ravaging her. While Illyana pushed the limits of her body, the Goblin Queen watched on and kept fondling herself. She even seemed to get off a few times, her decadent whims aligning with the perverse display before her. She was the only one who seemed in control of her desires in Limbo. It seemed so wrong, yet so fitting.

“I see it in you. I know you feel it too,” the Goblin Queen said intently as she fingered herself. “Destiny is calling you. Desire is driving you. And yet, you struggle to answer.”

Her ominous words lingered as S’ym’s ravaging neared its final phase. Having fucked her in every hole, bringing her to multiple orgasms while filling her with his demonic cum, he’d turned her from an untouched virgin to a tainted whore in one elaborate act. By the time Illyana took the final rounds in her pussy and ass, her whole body was sore. Even after years of fighting off demons and living in Limbo, she’d never felt so sore in so many places.

That didn’t stop S’ym from taking plenty of satisfaction after climaxing one last time with her. As if to add one last bit of deviance to the act, he pulled out and sprayed his load right on her face. Illyana was too sore and too drained to react as the thick fluid dripped down her face. She just gazed up at S’ym, who was now had the widest grin in Limbo.

“It’s official, Illyana Rasputin. You are now the Darkchilde, as well as the Whore of Limbo!” S’ym proclaimed.

“I’m honored,” Illyana said dryly, her mind and body still reeling from so many sensations.

“She has also completed the final step in her journey,” the Goblin Queen added, having since finished her self-pleasuring. “Having been purged of innocence, she can lay claim to the Darkchilde’s greatest weapon.”

“Indeed,” said S’ym. “But that’s for the Bloodstone to decide.”

They all turned their attention to the glowing stone that had been hovering overhead. Its crimson halo took on a new shade as Illyana looked up at it with her corrupted gaze. She felt its energy flow through her once more, as though it were scanning her for any remaining impurities. It wasn’t going to find any. Illyana was convinced of that.

Under this ominous glow, it drifted back towards her. As it got closer, it let out a series of sparks that tore holes into the space around it. It got so volatile that even S’ym and Madelyne took a step back.

“On your feet, Darkchilde!” the Goblin Queen said. “I believe the Bloodstone has made its decision.”
Illyana rose up, ignoring the lingering soreness in multiple parts of her body. Still naked and covered in sweat, she watched as the glowing relic inched towards her, bringing the rips in space with it.

At first, she only saw light and chaos. Eventually, a shape emerged from the rip. Following both desire and destiny, she reached in and retrieved it. When her arm re-emerged, it came out with a large sword in hand.

“The Soul Sword,” S’ym said with awe and reverence, “the ultimate weapon of the Darkchild.”

“And the key to the destiny of Limbo,” the Goblin Queen added as she admired the relic. “Belasco did not do justice to its power.”

“I can’t say I blame him. It’s been a long time since a Darkchild wielded the Soul Sword,” said S’ym. “We thought it might be lost forever in the absence of a new wielder. I’m glad I was wrong. There may be hope yet for our realm.”

“Hope is almost as precious as innocence,” said Madelyne. “When purpose and destiny are so deeply entwined, you see it from a very different perspective. And perspective tends to obscure desire.”

As they continued to admire the glowing relic, Illyana held the Soul Sword. She could already feel its power within her grasp. Everything she’d learned about magic during her time in Limbo suddenly gained a new dimension.

Magic had its own set of rules. In Limbo, those rules could be bent more compared to other realms. Illyana had learned about those rules. She’d even learned to work within them. It was how she’d survived for so long. Now, with the Soul Sword in her hand, those rules no longer applied. Suddenly, a new world of possibilities opened to her. With nothing else to anchor her to the sweet little girl she once was, she could pursue every one of them to the utmost.

However, before she could contemplate her first feat, the Goblin Queen leaned in and whispered something into her ear. In doing so, she reminded Illyana the one rule that still applied.

“Ask yourself, Darkchild,” she said, “what do you desire most right now?”

Illyana’s gaze narrowed. She looked down at herself and back at the sword. In its glowing aura, she saw her reflection. It showed her the image of a naked girl who’d just lost her virginity and embraced the darkest of whims. With every sensation from that experience, pain and pleasure alike, still fresh in her mind, one singular desire became clear.

Looking over towards S’ym, who still had that demonic grin to go along with his hulking dick, Illyana acted on that desire.

“I want this!” she shouted.

In a swift motion that caught the demonic figure by surprise, the Russian girl attacked S’ym and drove the Soul Sword right into his chest. It happened in the span of a second, but it unfolded in slow motion.

She could hear as the sharp blade penetrated his demonic form, spewing blood and entrails in every direction.

She could hear the disgusting sounds of flesh being maimed, going through organs and bone.
She felt splatters of the creature’s innards cover her body. Having already been covered in his cum, there wasn’t a twinge of disgust. There was only a feeling of pure, unfiltered satisfaction. It was every bit as intense as the orgasms she’d experienced earlier. Unlike those, however, only she experienced that satisfaction. S’y’m just experienced horror and dread.

“No!” he gasped, already choking on blood. “What…have you done.”

“Exactly what I desired!” Illyana spat.

She twisted the sword within him, filling the chamber with the sound of maimed demon flesh. She watched on as S’y’m looked back with shock. It was as though she’d just broken one of the few rules that no one in Limbo was supposed to break. When that shock turned to dread, it only deepened her satisfaction. For the first time since she’d been pulled from her home, Illyana Rapsutin smiled.

“I am the Darkchilde, now,” she said, “but I’m going to do it on my terms.”

“Relatively speaking,” said the Goblin Queen.

Illyana kept on smiling as she watched S’y’m die before her eyes. She savored every moment, twisting the sword even more to further sully his flesh, just as he’d sullied hers.

When death finally claimed him, she withdrew the sword and his body fell lifelessly to the floor in a bloody heap. As Illyana looked down at it with smug satisfaction, the Goblin Queen walked up and stood next to her. She might have been the most devious woman in any realm, but she’d proved her point.

Illyana now had all these dark, perverse desires. S’y’m wasn’t going to help her satisfy them. Belasco wouldn’t have done so, either. There was only one way to get what she wanted and it was through Madelyne Pryor.

“Well done, Magik,” said the Goblin Queen. “You’re the new champion of Limbo and a sorceress unbound by limits. Between your magic and the resources I’ve acquired, we have everything we need to fulfill our desires. And rest assured, it’s going to be immensely satisfying.”

New Mexico – X-Corp Headquarters

“What a beautiful day to be alive!” said Danger, the advanced artificial intelligence who ran much of the day-to-day operations in the building, but it conveyed that message with great sincerity. It didn’t matter if they were a nervous young mutant or the founders of organization, Scott and Jean Grey-Summers. It offered the same perspective that lay at the heart of X-Corp’s vision.

That vision was on full display as Scott and Jean entered the building in the late afternoon hours of another arduous day. The sun was just starting to set, but X-Corp was full of activity. The main foyer bustled with the company’s various workers, as well as mutants of all kinds. Some had arrived by themselves. Some came along with families or parents. It didn’t matter who they were or where they came from. They included Morlocks, run-aways, and refugees. X-Corp embraced them with open arms.

It made quite an impression. Even those who regularly worked or visited X-Corp were taken by
the world it offered. The large holographic image of Danger that was projected over the decorative
fountain in the central foyer often drew the most attention. Having played a large part in integrat ing her into their perspective, Scott and Jean appreciated that impression more than most.

“My name is Danger. I am fully functional artificial intelligence. I manage the general administration of X-Corp and all its subsidiaries. I operate alongside our dedicated staff to provide assistance to mutants, their families, and prospective clients. For additional service, please see the main directory at the front desk or seek assistance from one of my many terminals. Mutants seeking medical or training services, please see our research areas under the management of Dr. Henry McCoy. Clients seeking business or financial dealings, please see our financial services department under the management of Robert Drake and Warren Worthington III.”

“At some point, I’ll get you to call me Bobby, Danger,” Bobby Drake shouted while passing by with a new client from Europe.

“And I look forward to watching you fail at that effort, Mr. Drake,” Danger replied, her voice coy, yet still friendly.

Bobby rolled his eyes and laughed. Scott and Jean laughed as well. Danger had developed quite a personality since she integrated into X-Corp. She got along great with everyone, but that didn’t stop Bobby from pushing her buttons, often in a very literal sense. She usually pushed back, much to his chagrin.

As they made their way through the crowded foyer, they watched and admired the many signs of a successful non-profit. There were desks and terminals at which young mutants interacted with Danger, learning about the services and opportunities that X-Corp offered. There were also hubs for humans to utilize. They often consisted of mutants or business types interested in mutant services. Warren often handled them, having come to appreciate the non-profit world more than most kids from a wealthy family.

Business connections worked closely with the mutant research department under Hank McCoy. Together, they helped mutants learn about, manage, and refine their powers. From there, they helped them determine a marketable skill and connected them with companies eager to tap those skills. It was a simple vision, but one with many moving parts. Every mutant brought new challenges, but the benefits were vast and not just in terms of profit.

Thanks to X-Corp, mutants weren’t just some looming threat or ticking time bomb. They were steadily establishing themselves as valuable contributors to society. Big companies like Stark Industries and Rand Corporation had invested heavily in mutants and reaped plenty of profits. Organizations like SHIELD and STRIKE had also made fruitful connections with young mutants. Slowly, but steadily, X-Corp was changing the overall perspective surrounding mutants.

There were still plenty of threats. Sentinel attacks and anti-mutant hate groups were still an ever-present danger. The X-Men primarily handled those and under Storm’s capable leadership, they’d succeeded. They’d succeeded to a point to where Charles Xavier’s dream and their vision for X-Corp felt genuinely possible.

“Can you believe it, Jean?” Scott asked, beaming with pride as he looked around. “All this…these people, this vision, this company…we really made it happen.”

“And to think, it all began by embracing a new perspective, right here in the desert,” Jean said as she lovingly clung to his arm.

“And it’s still evolving,” said Scott with a wide grin. “It’s become more than I thought possible,
even with a cosmic perspective.”

“That’s how you know it’s special.”

“It’s also how I know there’s a lot more to do,” he added, “but we have plenty of time for that later. For now, you’re my only priority, Jean.”

“Oh Scott, you know just what to say to your restless wife.”

Jean caressed his face and rested her head onto his shoulder. Together, they navigated the busy foyer, which was about to shut down for the evening. Work and business rarely ceased at X-Corp, but they always made time for each other. After many late nights and exhausting efforts – some of which involved more intimate forms of labor – they needed that time.

After offering friendly greetings to clients and co-workers, they made their way into the private areas near the north end of the main floor and entered a secure area. From there, they accessed the executive elevator that bypassed the many floors of office and research space to go straight up to the executive penthouse.

At one point, they’d thought about buying a quiet home for themselves away from the building. However, they’d grown too fond of the comfortable living space they made for themselves at X-Corp’s headquarters. They even had it renovated so that it felt more like an upscale condominium. They made sure they still had a perfect view of the New Mexico desert. That was a sight that never ceased to astonish them, especially when sharing intimate moments.

They hadn’t had as many opportunities for those moments lately. The rapid growth of X-Corp and the media attention it generated made sharing those moments tricky. Now that things had settled, they could finally do something about that.

‘Hey Scott?’ Jean said, using their telepathic link as they rode up in the elevator.

‘Yes, Jean?’ Scott replied.

‘I’m very, very horny right now,’ she told him, adding a very lurid undertone to her thoughts. ‘I’ve been thinking about making love to you all day. But thinking only goes so far, even for a telepath.’

Scott reacted strongly to her seamy thoughts. He shifted noticeably in his stance, a natural reaction to his pants getting a lot tighter. As Jean clung to his arm, she drew his affectionate gaze. He responded in kind, slipping his arm around her waist and holding her close to his warmth.

In their in the elevator door, they looked like any other married couple sharing a loving embrace. Such an innocent demeanor hid some very erotic sentiments. Jean looked at him with the same heartfelt affection she’d shown since they fell in love. At the same time, she didn’t hide how much she desired his sensual touch.

‘I wish you could reach into my panties and feel how wet I am,’ she continued as the elevator neared their floor. ‘My pussy has been hotter than the Savage Land all afternoon.’

‘God, your thoughts are dirty, Jean,’ Scott said.

‘Are you going to tell me you don’t enjoy it?’

‘Hell no! Now I can admit how much I’ve wanted to fuck you all day. I honestly considered pulling the car over, stripping you naked in the middle of the road, and doing you right there.’
'It wouldn’t be the first time we got naked in the desert,’ she replied, teasing him even more with a loving gesture to his face. ‘I wouldn’t have stopped you, either. Between media appearances, board meetings, and fundraisers, we haven’t had time to just get together, make love, and vent all these wondrous passions we share.’

‘That’s starting to change,’ Scott reminded her. ‘X-Corp has grown so much. It’s at a point where it can run itself for the most part. We have the right people in place. We even have an advanced AI to help us. We can finally make time for each other if we want.’

‘Believe me, Scott. I want that.’

‘Me too.’

The elevator finally reached the top floor. As soon as the doors opened, they burst out like a couple of horny animals that had been locked in a cage. Jean jumped into her husband’s arms, threw her arms and legs around him, and drew him into a heated kiss. Scott instinctively caught her, catching her by her butt and hungrily kissing back. Like a man on a mission, true to his legacy as the leader of the X-Men, he carried her through the main doors and into their residence.

Exchanging such sexually charged thoughts had inspired equally sexual actions. There was no further need to hide it. They were home, together, and extremely horny. The sun hadn’t even set. They hadn’t eaten dinner, either. None of that mattered. Scott and Jean were content to skip the formalities and get straight to sex. Nothing short of an attack by Galactus could stop them.

“Scott…my love,” Jean gasped through the fervent kissing.

“Jean…my wife,” Scott gasped with equal passion.

Lips and tongues twirled.

Hands roamed while their fully clothed bodies grinded together in their hot embrace.

The extent of their arousal was clear. Jean could feel the growing bulge in his pants and Scott could feel the heat radiating from her inner thighs. He wanted her as much as she wanted him. There was nothing to hold back their passions.

With his beautiful wife in his powerful arms, he rushed through the living room and hall, following a direct path to their master bedroom. He ended up kicking in the half-open door, just so he could stay fully engaged with Jean’s luscious lips and loving gestures. She showed her appreciation by pawing his chest and kissing with extra tongue.

With their king-sized bed now in sight, he set her down and they stumbled together towards their destination. They remained engaged within each other’s arms, using their newfound balance to address the pressing issue of their burdensome clothes.

“Off! Get these clothes off!” Jean said with growing urgency.

“It’s too hot for clothes anyways,” teased Scott.

“In more ways than one,” she laughed.

They stripped down to their underwear as quickly as they could in their heated state. Jean undid her pants and took them off, along with her boots, while Scott removed his shirt. His pants soon followed, which proved somewhat trickier, due to his growing erection. Jean steadily led him towards the bed, removing her shirt as well, leaving her in just a pair of bra and panties. By the
time they arrived at their, Scott finally kicked his pants and shoes off to leave him in just his white boxers.

Immediately, Jean eyed the sizable bulge before her. Still in her underwear, she sat down at the foot of the bed, licked her lips hungrily, and reached for his boxers.

“Allow me,” she said seductively.

Scott offered no resistance. He gladly let her remove his underwear, freeing his hardened manhood from its confines. As soon as she saw it, Jean pulled him in closer. Following her lustful desires, she hungrily took it into her mouth. From there, she gave her husband the special brand of oral sex he’d come to love.

“Oh Jean!” Scott gasped. “Your lips…your tongue…you use them so well!”

Jean gazed up at him playfully as she licked and slurped along his shaft, employing all the subtle techniques she’d refined over the course of their adventurous sex life. Seeing him smile at her while letting out gasps of contentment was always such a sight to behold.

While she focused on sucking his dick, Scott continued following his lustful desires, as well. As her head bobbed back and forth in accord with her oral teasing, he undid the clasp of her bra and swiftly removed it. Her breasts freed, she put them to good use, sliding her lover’s dick between them and mashing them together in a nice, thorough tit-fuck.

“Your tits,” he moaned, “you use them so well, too!”

Jean laughed as she gave the tip of his dick a slight lick. More content gasps followed. He also caressed her head, running his fingers through her radiant red hair. With each ease, the intensity in his gaze grew. If her goal had been to get him extra-hard in preparation for some extra-heated lovemaking, she succeeded.

“Scott, my darling husband,” Jean said, looking up at him with a longing gaze, “take me.”

Her lover responded with swift action worthy of any former leader of the X-Men. Like a man imbued with the power of a cosmic entity, he lifted her up in his arms again. Then, with near effortless efficiency, he carried her up onto the bed and laid her atop the soft linens. Having not slept in their own bed in over a week, due to extensive travels, it was nothing short of heavenly.

As Jean relaxed atop such comfortable warmth, Scott grasped the sides of her panties, elevated her hips, and slid them down her shapely legs. Now, they were both naked and with little incentive to wear anything else for the foreseeable future. He could also see the full extent of her arousal.

“Wow!” Scott said. “You really were that horny.”

“Told you,” Jean said with a playful laugh.

“Maybe I should’ve done you on the side of the road earlier,” he said. “Guess I’d better make up for it.”

“I know you will. You always do.”

He didn’t make her wait a second longer. Still hovering over her naked body, Scott firmly grasped her lower thighs and pushed her legs apart. Then, with the same lustful hunger she’d shown earlier, he buried his face in her pussy and started gorging. Jean was already very aroused, but the skilled touch of her lover’s tongue sent her to new level of desire.
“Ooh Scott!” she cooed with delight. “You know my body so…so well.”

The beautiful redhead bent her legs back further, grasped her breasts, and closed her eyes as her loving husband went to work. He was every bit as through as she’d been, using his lips and tongue to stimulate the most sensitive areas of her womanhood. Just as she knew how he enjoyed having his dick sucked, he knew how she enjoyed having her pussy eaten.

He used his lips, tongue, and fingers to great effect, digging deep to find those special areas that weren’t easily stimulated. Scott was a lot more energetic than usual, gorging on her pussy with determined focus and getting her extra moist. As hot sensations shot through her body, Jean squeezed her breasts and shuddered under the blissful feeling that came over her.

It felt like overkill, getting each other more aroused than they already were. It would’ve been easier if Scott just pinned her up against the nearest wall and fucked her like any man would’ve in that situation. However, it wouldn’t have done justice to the passion they shared or the desire they’d sparked.

They’d indulged in plenty of elaborate sex acts, both with each other and with others. Those acts had been plenty satisfying, but they hardly compared to the special act of lovemaking that they’d come to cherish. Jean once likened it to the difference between a small candle and a roaring firestorm. One provided a brief, but welcome source of heat. The other set their collective world ablaze with passion.

That was what she and Scott desired at that moment. That special passion that they had cherished and nurtured was theirs and theirs alone. Even the Phoenix Force recognized its power in such heated moments.

‘Scott…make love to me,’ Jean said through their psychic link.

‘Oh Jean…we’ve so much love to make,’ Scott replied.

The air around their naked bodies grew hotter. A hot gust blew through the master bedroom, ruffling curtains and blowing papers off the dresser. Their passions often had that effect on their surroundings. The Phoenix Force was closely tied to those passions. It had a way of manifesting in subtle ways during intimate moments.

There was nothing subtle about the moment unfolding before them. Having had his fill of her pussy, Scott trailed his lips from her inner thighs and up her core. Along the way, he worked his lips between her breasts, which Jean playfully supplemented with some creative gestures. By the time his lips arrived at hers, his breath still heavy with desire, she’d already wrapped her legs around his waist and embraced him in her intimate grasp.

“I’m ready,” Jean said through her loving daze.

“So am I,” said Scott as he caressed her face lovingly.

Their eyes locked, his naked body pressing atop hers, he pushed forward with his. In a single motion, he entered her. His hard, masculine flesh filled her moist womanly depths, her body embracing his in a perfect melding of intimacy.

As that powerful feeling washed over them, their eyes briefly flickered with the fires of the Phoenix Force. More hot swirls of air filled the room, adding an intensity to their union not easily matched. Knowing and cherishing the breadth of that connection better than anyone, the impassioned lovers met in another kiss as their lovemaking commenced.
‘Life…love…connection,’ they said simultaneously through their link, ‘through us, we embrace this perspective.’

Together, Scott and Jean kissed, touched, and moved their naked bodies in a shared unleashing of passion. The approach was simple, taking the form of basic missionary sex. From that basic approach, a far greater feeling manifested.

Scott set the tone, working his hips in a steady motion while caressing his lover’s body in all her fiery beauty. Like two perfectly complementary units, his rigid member slithered seamlessly inside her tight vagina. With every movement he made, Jean responded in kind, arching her hips and tensing her inner muscles every step of the way. Every sensual movement evoked hot sensations that coursed between them. The steady grating of their naked skin fresh augmented those sensations even more.

It wasn’t too hard or fast. This was not a moment for raw, unbridled fucking.

It wasn’t too slow or drawn out, either. This was not a moment for holding back.

This was Scott and Jean Grey-Summers’ unique brand of lovemaking. It was a feeling, an intimacy, and an ecstasy reserved for them and only them. They’d explored a great many wondrous experience after embracing the Phoenix Force. None came close to capturing what they shared in moments like this.

“Jean…my love…my wife,” Scott gasped in the heat of their rhythmic movements.

“Scott…my lover…my husband,” Jean moaned, caressing his face and smiling lovingly.

The pace of their lovemaking intensified, as did the kissing and touching. As their lips and tongues twirled together, Scott took Jean’s hand in his, enlacing their fingers and squeezing it lovingly as he guided them towards a shared ecstasy.

That ecstasy was already close. He could feel it approaching as much as Jean. They could sense it through their kiss and feel it through their touch. She was close to orgasm and so was he. Their bodies and spirits longed for that sweet, sensuous release. Scott thrust into her with more vigor. Jean tightened her hold on him with her legs, digging the balls of her feet into his lower back, sharing in that final push.

Eventually, they crossed that special point from which seeking that special feeling transformed from a shared effort to a welcome inevitability.

“Oh! Ooohhh Scott! Ohhh I’m coming!” Jean exclaimed.

“You too, Jean! Me…too…ohhh Jean!” Scott gasped.

Like a firestorm erupting from a single spark, the hot rush of unencumbered pleasure washed over them. Jean curled her toes while Scott squeezed her hand in his, holding her closer as they shared in this wondrous feeling.

Muscles tensed, bodies arched, and expressions contorted to the surge of sensations. Inside her depths, his dick throbbed hard he released thick streams of his manly fluid into her pussy, their juices mixing in a perfect blend of their passions. Around their naked bodies, another swirl of hot air erupted around them, briefly flashing with the fiery halo of the Phoenix Force. It was as though the cosmos was recognizing the extent of their love.

Along with the physical manifestations came the much deeper connection. Through the psychic
link they’d forged, all the subtle sentiments that they could not articulate with words flowed freely. After sharing a deep kiss, they just gazed at each other lovingly, smiling with joy and affection at the feeling they’d forged together.

‘With us, it’s the thoughts that count,’ Scott told her through their link.

‘And, like our love, they’re beautiful,’ Jean replied.

The two lovers shared a beaming smile before kissing again, celebrating those thoughts together as the firestorm of ecstasy burned around them. The swirling gusts around their bed continued, ruffling the sheets as well as anything else that wasn’t properly weighted. It made somewhat of a mess, but Scott and Jean didn’t mind in the slightest.

They remained in a loving embrace, even as the air settled, the fiery halo faded, and their intimate flesh parted. Their kissing and touching became more playful. Having finally vented a significant chunk of that pent-up desire, the two lovers could afford to be more playful. Like a couple of horny teenagers fooling around, they just enjoyed the intimate feeling of their bodies.

“It really is uncanny, isn’t it?” said Scott, still holding her closely as he caught his breath.

“What is?” Jean asked while affectionately pawing his chest.

“How we can make so many connections and share so many experiences with others,” he said, “and yet, the ones we share still feel so special.”

“You don’t have to be subtle, my love. I know what you mean. I’ve been a sex-crazed slut and you’ve been a full-fledged pussy hound.”

“That has to be a direct quote from Logan,” laughed Scott.

“Not just him,” she said, laughing as well. “I definitely won’t repeat what Bobby said.”

“They can call it whatever they want. We know the full story…the bigger picture behind the lives, loves, and connections we’ve forged. They’ve all been so different, but they’ve all had the same effect. They widened our perspectives.”

“And confirmed what we already know about our love, in the process,” Jean added.

“As if we needed that confirmed,” he said with an affectionate gesture.

“We didn’t have to, but let’s face it. We really wanted to,” she said with a sensual undertone. “And I’m glad we did. It just made me appreciate the love we make even more.”

She drew him into another kiss. Scott gladly obliged. They shared more loving gestures, their hands roaming freely around their naked bodies. She kept pawing his chest, tracing her fingers around the sinews of his upper body, which she knew he loved. He trailed his hand up her thigh until he reached her butt, giving it a nice squeeze, which he knew she loved just as much. Such gestures were simple, but were more than enough to rekindle their desire.

It was another powerful manifestation of life, love, and connection. It was also a major side-effect of being imbued with the Phoenix Force. With passion like theirs, there was little need for recovery in between vigorous rounds of lovemaking. Hank McCoy once hypothesized that when the Phoenix supercharged their bodies at the cellular level, they made certain functions more efficient. That included various sexual functions.
They once offered to help him test that hypothesis. He politely declined, stating the frequency of their heated lovemaking was proof enough. That didn’t stop them from regularly proving it in their own special way.

“Mmm…I appreciate it too, Jean,” said Scott, his manhood already hardening again. “I appreciate it a lot.”

“So I’ve noticed,” said Jean while rubbing her thigh up against his manly flesh.

“And if member serves me right, we still have a plenty of quality lovemaking to catch up on,” he added.

“That we do, my darling husband. That, we do.”

The two lovers fell silent and let a new round of foreplay do the talking. Still on their sides, they caressed and fondled one another with a playful glee. Jean hitched a leg over her lover’s waist, playfully grinding her pelvis against his semi-hard dick. Scott returned the favor by squeezing her butt harder while he slipped his other hand down to her breasts and gave her nipple a light pinch. That earned him joyous squeal that further motivated their desires.

‘I want to taste your cock again,’ Jean said telepathically, their lips still very occupied.

‘I want to taste your pussy, too,’ Scott replied. ‘That’ll make things much easier.’

‘Indeed, it will.’

Not needing telepathy to know what he had in mind, they adjusted their bodies accordingly. Scott laid on his back and Jean got on top of him. With seamless coordination, fitting for two psychically linked lovers, they arranged themselves in a 69 position.

From there, Jean eagerly grasped her husband’s cock with both hands while Scott caressed the outer folds of her pussy with his fingers. Even with their previous orgasm still fresh in their minds and bodies, they eagerly indulged in another helping of oral sex. Jean hungrily took his dick in her mouth while Scott plunged his tongue into her wet folds, tasting her womanly depths.

‘I love sucking dick,’ Jean told him telepathically with the sultry undertone he’d come to love, ‘almost as much as you love eating pussy.’

‘Almost,’ was all Scott said in response.

As if to celebrate the sexier personas they’d embraced, the two lovers put more energy into their oral sex than earlier. Jean sucked harder and faster, squeezing the base of his shaft firmly as she trailed her lips along his manly length. Scott licked, fingered, and fondled her womanhood more vigorously, applying more pressure and stimulation to those sensitive areas he knew so well. It was sloppier and messier than before, but the effect was the same.

Scott was soon fully erect again. Jean’s pussy was just as moist and ready for more sex. He could’ve easily brought her to orgasm again, but she opted to pursue a more balanced indulgence of marital lovemaking. Without saying a word, or sending a telepathic message, Jean deep-throated his cock one more time before realigning their bodies. Scott, already dazed with desire after tasting her intimate flesh, readily obliged.

He watched with awe and affection as Jean turned around, straddled his hips, and aligned her pussy with the tip of his cock. Their eyes locked in another affectionate gaze, she eagerly thrust her hips downward, driving his manhood back up into her folds. Together, they let out a blissful gasp at the
hot feeling of their flesh uniting again.

“Jean... so sexy... so fiery,” Scott gasped as he looked up at the erotic display before him.

“And don’t you forget it, Slim!” she said playfully.

Channeling both her sexy side and her intense desires, Jean rode his dick, cowgirl style. She rocked her hips, working his hardened cock within the tight folds of her pussy. She was both playful and passionate, pawing her husband’s chest and casting him glances of loving affection. He returned the favor, trailing his hands up her womanly curves as she rode him, eventually arriving at her bouncing breasts, which he eagerly squeezed.

It wasn’t as desperate or urgent as before. There was no need to tap the power of the Phoenix Force or kick up another windstorm in their bedroom, which was already messy from earlier. They were just happy, horny couple, indulging in the love and intimacy they’d come to cherish so much. After all the work they’d done with X-Corp lately, they needed a little extra indulgence. Finally, they had the time and energy to pursue it.

It helped that the sun hadn’t fully set. Thanks to the large windows on the west side of their master bedroom, the evening twilight bathed the area and their naked bodies in a soft glow. It was similar to the glow they had when tapping the power of the Phoenix Force. It was refreshing, enjoying that same ambience while needing only to tap the breadth of their love.

That ambience, along with their immense desire, fueled the intensity of their sex. Riding her lover so hard, yet so playfully was more than enough to bring Jean to the brink of another orgasm. Scott’s skilled fondling of her breasts, coupled with some skilled upward thrusting of his own, send her past.

“Ooh Scott! I’m close again! I’m really, really close!” Jean gasped.

“I can tell. Enjoy it! I love feeling you come,” Scott said.

As the orgasmic rush approached, Scott arose wrapped her in his loving arms. She instinctively held onto his shoulders, her knees and toes now digging into the bed as she delivered the last few motions to send her over the edge. When she climaxed, she threw her head back, let out a euphoric moan, and held him tight as another wave of orgasmic sensations washed over her.

Scott enjoyed the spectacle, kissing down the side of her face and whispering loving sentiments into her ear. He could feel her naked body tremble in his arms, her inner muscles tensing around his dick as the pleasure flowed through her. In the evening twilight, the sight of an orgasmic Jean Grey-Summers was even more beautiful. It gave him plenty of motivation to keep the passion flowing. The ecstasy of a second orgasm kept Jean motivated as well.

“Scott,” she gasped, her voice still thick with orgasmic overtones, “keep making love to me.”

“Don’t worry, Jean,” Scott said lovingly into her ear. “We’ll make as much love as we have to. I promise. And you know me when it comes to promises. I keep them.”

“I know you do,” she said, smiling affectionately before drawing him into another kiss.

True to his word, Scott kept the sex going. While Jean processed her latest orgasm, he showed off his upper body strength and lifted her up in his powerful arms. Then, with his knees dug into the bed while she kept him locked in an embrace with all four limbs, he bounced her up and down in a steady rhythm, her still-throbbing pussy slithering along his cock. Already deep in a loving daze, their intimate indulgence continued.
More moans and grunts followed, along with playful laughter. Between passion, restlessness, and being hosts to the Phoenix Force, they still had plenty of energy to share with one another and weren’t inclined to stop until their sex did justice to their love.

‘All the connections we’ve made…all the lives we’ve touched…all the love we’ve shared…it always comes back to us. This feeling…this passion…this desire…it’s ours to cherish.’

Guided by that powerful sentiment, Scott and Jean-Grey Summers channeled the full extent of their romantic and sexual energy. They took full advantage of the abundant time they had and the fitting ambience of the dwindling twilight, making love in whatever way they desired. Given the extent of those desires, it took many forms.

Scott bounced Jean along his cock in his arms at a heated pace, which led him to another climax of his own. That subsequently led to more foreplay, which got more raucous and chaotic as they rolled around on the bed. Once they achieved mutual arousal, they coupled again with Jean lying on her side while Scott thrust into her at an angle, her leg hitched over his shoulders. He even sucked on her toes as he brought her to another orgasm. After indulging in the feeling, she returned the favor by getting on all fours so he could do her doggy-style, culminating in another climax of his own.

Even as Scott soaked in the ecstasy, Jean went to work getting him hard again, giving him oral sex while he sat over the edge of the bed. As soon as he was ready for more, she shot up and pinned Jean against the nearest wall, turning her around and entering her from behind. The hot smacking sound of his pelvis collecting with her butt soon filled the room, along with more moans. They even knocked over some pictures on their nightstand in the process.

Not restricting their passion to the bed, the two energetic lovers went at it throughout the room, getting plenty creative with positions and arrangements. They did it on Jean’s dresser. They did it on Scott’s desk atop a stack of bills. They even did it atop a small pile of laundry that Scott forgot to take care of before they left on their last trip. With nothing and no one to hold them back, they didn’t hold back with each other.

“Don’t stop. Don’t hold back,” Jean often said in between bouts of ecstasy.

“I won’t Jean. I promise,” Scott replied each time.

They didn’t bother keeping track of how many times they did it or how many times they got each other off. They would’ve lost track if they’d tried. Without limits or reservations, they could enjoy the full extent of their passions. The Phoenix Force gave them the power to realize those passions. They just embraced it to the utmost.

Whatever the duration or frequency of their sex, they ultimately ended up in a position similar to the one they’d shared that fateful day in the New Mexico desert. They weren’t on the bed or on any piece of furniture, for that matter. With the sun just about to disappear over the horizon, their naked bodies hovered a few feet off the floor, just in front of the window.

Jean clung to her lover’s shoulders, her legs locked around his waist while she rocked her hips, his manhood pumping inside her womanhood with every motion. He held onto her as well, his hands firmly on her butt and guiding her every move as they hovered weightlessly within a halo of cosmic fire. Jean’s telekinesis had levitated them, but a halo of the Phoenix Force soon surrounded them, providing the support for the final expression of their love.

“One more, Scott. Please…let’s have one more,” Jean said, her voice barely above a whisper.
“I’m ready, Jean. For you…for us…I’m ready!” said Scott with his unflinching determination.

Their bodies, passions, and souls entwined, they lovingly held one another as they shared one last blissful release. This time, the Phoenix Force seemed to moan with them in the final rush of ecstasy. It sent another hot gust of wind through the room, ruffling their bed sheets and curtains. When the air finally settled and only their heavy breathing could be heard in the darkened room, Scott and Jean shared a final kiss to cap off their extensive lovemaking.

“I love you, Jean,” he told her.

“I love you too, Scott,” she replied.

Such simple words conveyed so many passions. No matter how many times they’d said them, they still carried great meaning. What words couldn’t express, another kiss helped get the point across.

As they shared in that loving gesture, their intimate flesh parted. Jean also released her lover from her leg-locked embrace. They still held hands as they descended back to the floor. Their legs were still weak, their flesh hot from so much exertion and ecstasy. She ended up leaning on Scott for support, who kept her in his loving arms in the waning moments of the New Mexico sunset.

Now standing together, still very naked and very content with their passions, a satisfied silence fell over them. The two lovers exchanged affectionate smiles before admiring the view outside. Jean casually rested her head on her husband’s shoulder while Scott tenderly stroked her fiery hair, holding her close in a moment of peaceful serenity.

They watched as the sun finally disappeared over the horizon, bringing night to the vast New Mexico landscape. Stars appeared in the cloudless sky. Cold air swept through the rugged terrain, prompting Scott and Jean to huddle closer. After all the overwhelming feelings they’d shared in such heated lovemaking, it brought perfect balance to their uncanny perspective.

“It’s so beautiful, isn’t it?” Jean said, finally breaking the silence.

“You’ll have to be more specific,” said Scott half-jokingly.

“Everything,” she said, “the lives we’ve built…the connections we’ve forged…the love we’ve made.”

“Especially the love,” Scott said, “but I know what you’re saying.”

“And it’s worth saying often,” she said in a serious tone. “Ever since we encountered the Phoenix Force, we’ve seen the world through a new perspective. We’ve cast aside old burdens, pursued new visions, and embraced new passions. It’s just been so incredible. It’s…”

Jean attempted to find the right words, but that was impossible, even with a cosmic force. Thankfully, none were needed. A brief exchange with her husband and a loving gesture between them conveyed the necessary sentiment. After how far they’d come and everything they’d achieved along the way, the power of that perspective had never been more meaningful.

“I know. Believe me, Jean. I know,” said Scott as he looked up at the stars with Jean.

“It feels like we’ve laid the foundation,” she said, “but there’s so much more to do.”

“I agree,” he said, “and rest assured, we’ll build on what we’ve created. Not just with X-Corp, but with us. Our passions have taken us far. Our love has taken us even farther. I don’t know where it’ll ultimately lead us, but I know this, Jean. With you by my side…with our love and the
perspective we share…there’s nothing we can’t overcome.”

“Oh Scott,” said Jean, “even in the heat of afterglow, you inspire such confidence and hope.”

“We’ll need plenty of both moving forward,” he said. “I’m sure there are plenty of challenges in front of us…and a few that’ll find us. But for now, I just want to enjoy a quiet night with my beautiful wife.”

“A quiet night with the man I love,” Jean said softly, “yeah, I’d like that too. After everything we’ve experienced, these nights are more precious than ever.”

Secret Hellfire Club Bunker – Sage’s Lab

‘Some secrets ought to stay buried. Some memories are best forgotten. You rarely know for sure what should remain in the darkest of shadows until the end of time. For once, I do know. I hate that I know, but I do. And I’m not going to run from it.’

Emma Frost had been called many things in her life. Some were flattering. Some were demeaning. From ruthless to determined, queen to whore, controlling to domineering, and vindictive to sadistic, she’d carried many labels. She often stopped short of embracing those that didn’t serve her goals.

At first, her primary goal was to escape her family, who’d turned against her the moment she became a threat to their wealth and status. Then, after striking out on her own, her goals revolved around working her way up the ranks of the Inner Circle. She’d lied, cheated, stole, and whored herself into positions of power and influence. She never let anyone or anything hold her back. She never felt a shred of remorse. She’d come very close to hardening her soul as much as her diamond skin.

That all changed when she encountered Madelyne “Goblin Queen” Pryor. In an elaborate, but profound act of humiliation, Emma’s entire outlook changed. Escaping her clutches in Limbo with her soul intact had come at a cost. Being gone for two years after what had been only a day was just a small part of that cost. She’d lost so much more at the hands of that woman, but she’d gained something, as well.

It would’ve been easy to just take that experience, lock it away in her mind, and never dwell on it again. She still had plenty of money. In fact, she had even more than she did when she disappeared, thanks to her many fail-safes, legal tactics, and investment schemes. She could’ve lived out the rest of her days on a private island, relaxing and indulging in any way she pleased. Not long ago, Emma would’ve chosen that path without hesitation. Unfortunately, an emerging perspective made that untenable.

“Sage! Tessa! Whatever the hell you call yourself, I know you’re here,” Emma called out upon entering one of the Hellfire Club’s most secretive bunkers.

The determined blond didn’t get a response at first, but continued through the darkened corridors. She knew someone was there and the list of people who knew about this bunker on the outskirts of Boston was incredibly small. She’d helped build it and only one other person had a reason for being here.

‘Two years! I lost two goddamn years while that goblin skank tormented me in Limbo. I’m plenty pissed, but plenty motivated. That bitch did a lot in two years. She took over the entire Inner Circle and then some. If she’s as deranged as she is arrogant, she thinks she has all their resources. She’s dead wrong! A true queen always has contingencies, both for her wealth and for her wrath.’
Emma made her way through the bunker with the cold determination that had driven her since escaping Limbo. She was still the White Queen, but she was not the same woman who once casually sipped wine alongside other kings and queens.

She vividly recalled that fateful night she returned to her world, completely naked and nearly broken. Just finding clothes, getting to a safehouse, and making a few calls to her critical contacts had been the easy part. What stood out more was all that time she’d spent in the shower and in front of the mirror.

Initially, it was just to get the lingering sweat and jizz from the goblin studs. Even after she’d cleaned herself thoroughly, she kept scrubbing her once flawless skin. When she looked in the mirror, she still saw the same voluptuous figure that men of the highest status once lusted over her. However, no matter what she did, that piece of her soul remained missing. What Madelyne Pryor did to her and what she did to escape lingered over her like an inescapable burden.

She must have stood alone in that bathroom for hours, trying to recapture the strength and poise that once made her the White Queen. She could only gather so much. In doing so, she came to an inescapable conclusion, which ultimately led her to this bunker.

“Tessa!” Emma called out again. “You know damn well it’s me! No shapeshifter, hologram, or life model decoy can match my tone when I’m this pissed. Now turn the goddamn lights on!”

She stood in place for a brief moment, letting the force of her words echo through the darkened halls and the sensors that lined them. It took longer than she would’ve preferred, but they finally had the desired effect. The lights in the bunker turned on, illumining the path forward.

“Finally,” the White Queen said coldly.

With ruthless intent, she stormed towards the end of the hall, arriving at a heavy door. She opened a panel on the wall, activated the advanced biometrics that she’d purchased from Tony Stark – in exchange for a hefty sum and a sexual favor, no less. After verifying it was her, the door opened to reveal a well-stocked, well-equipped bunker.

It had everything a member of the Inner Circle needed. There were luxurious quarters, overpriced décor, secure computer networks, weapons stockpiles, and even a cache of caviar. These bunkers were designed to allow any member to hide out, maintain their role in the organization, and continue operating their respective business operations in the event of a major shake-up. Emma had put many contingencies in place, not doubting for a second that someone would try to usurp her role or try to kill her. She just never expected to employ them like this.

An important part of making the bunkers work was having a trusted confidant who could access it. For Emma, whose list of people she trusted had grown distressingly short in recent years, she didn’t have many to choose from. However, she still had some allies who weren’t overpaid lawyers or someone she’d blackmailed.

As she made her way into the bunker, passing by the kitchen and living spaces, she encountered the only person who had a reason to be there in the event she disappeared. If the dirty dishes, unmade bed, and active computer servers were any indication, she’d been here for quite some time. When Emma arrived at the desk in the corner of the computer terminals, she finally found her.

“You’re sane, Tessa. I assure you,” Emma replied.
“I appreciate the assurance. And please, call me Sage. With the former Inner Circle already a forgotten memory, there’s no need for tact.”

The beautiful, raven-haired woman finally emerged from the room adjacent to the computer terminal. That room happened to be where the weapons had been stored. She had a handgun with her, a necessary precaution in case she had to face an intruder or imposter. Emma expected nothing less from Sage, but remained impatient in her efforts.

Sage had been a close ally since her early days at the Hellfire Club. Like her, she was a mutant. She had telepathy and a computer-like brain, which included the ability to turn off her emotions. That made her a capable spy and informant. She’d tasked her with keeping tabs on the rest of the Inner Circle while aiding her various operations, including her many contingency plans.

She’d proven trustworthy, if only because she had a similar disdain of Sebastian Shaw. She also had agendas of her own, which Emma had aided out of mutual benefit. She was also incredibly perceptive, even for a telepath. It showed in how she scrutinized Emma, even after setting her gun aside.

“I hope you have a good explanation, Emma,” said Sage, her voice still flat and mechanical.

“I have an explanation,” Emma replied. “It’s just not a good one…if by good, you mean for the faint of heart.”

“I still require some critical details. You and the Inner Circle disappeared without a trace. Then, some new psychotic queen takes over and I barely escaped her wrath.”

“Consider yourself very lucky,” Emma said under her breath.

“I’ve been operating out of several bunkers. Yours is the only one left.”

“Can’t say I’m surprised,” she scoffed. “I always was more diligent than Shaw…in more ways than one.”

“I managed to keep your businesses and bank accounts active, but that was the easy part. Shape-shifters and life-model decoys can only do so much when you just vanish without a trace. Everything else the Inner Circle once owned…money, resources, connections, weapons, and personnel…it’s all been subsumed by a new queen.”

“The Goblin Queen,” Emma told her. “Yes, I’ve met her. And whatever you’ve heard about her, I promise it’s a million times worse.”

Sage fell silent. If her emotions had been on, she would’ve trembled at the details Emma could’ve shared with her. She had no desire to recount that decadent, spirit-breaking, mind-warping experience. They had work to do and a queen to usurp.

“Whatever she’s called herself, she’s dangerous,” Sage said, breaking the silence. “She gains power and influence with each passing day. I’ve spent all this time evading her. Please tell me there’s a plan to defeat her.”

“Oh I have every intention of defeating that goblin-loving bitch. Be certain of that,” said Emma, her every word seething with anger. “As for a plan, however, that’s a work-in-progress. And based on what I’ve learned since my absence, there’s little we can do on our own. If we’re to have any chance of usurping that skank, we’ll need help…specifically from these two.”

Emma reached into her pocket to retrieve a crumpled-up piece of paper she’d kept with her since
she returned from Limbo. It was the same flyer she’d found on the former site of the Hellfire Club. It advertised the continued growth of X-Corp, a non-profit that had emerged and grown significantly during her absence.

When she presented it to Sage, she pointed to the two figures on the front of the flyer. Those figures had already gained a certain amount of fame, success, and influence. When they found out what they were up against, they might dread how much they stood to lose if they didn’t stop the Goblin Queen.

“Scott and Jean-Grey Summers, the founders and co-heads of X-Corp,” Sage said. “Emma, why are we getting these two involved in something this unsavory?”

“Because, whether they know it or not, their fate is tied to hers…and mine, by default,” Emma said. “We’re going to need them. Moreover, they’re going to need me too.”

“Why you? They’re friends with the X-men, the Avengers, the Fantastic Four, and SHIELD.”

“Because I’ve seen what the Goblin Queen is capable of!” the White Queen said strongly. “I’ve experienced her wrath. I cannot…I will not let it stand! I intend to end her sordid wrath for good. But to do that, I’ll need to make a critical connection with Scott and Jean Grey-Summers.”

The End

AN: That’s the end of this volume of the Erotic Phoenix Saga. Please stay tuned for more updates on the future of this series. As always, I welcome any feedback and suggestions. Please post them in the comments or contact me directly. I’d love to hear from you. Take care.

MarvelMaster616

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