

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Storm finally gets fucked down!

-x-X-x-

In the end, Thaddeus sighs and shakes his head.

“I’m not going to make you beg, Storm.”

Sure, he’d had his bad experiences with the X-Men... and sure, Storm had had a holier-than-thou sort of attitude the last time the prospect of sex with him had come up. But none of that meant Thaddeus was going to make her humiliate herself in return for his dick now. She was already clearly letting go of her pride anyways just in the hope of getting a pounding from him.

Storm blinks at his response, her shoulders slumping a bit in relief. Then, her eyes dart to Emma before moving back to him.

“Ah... is it... too much to ask for it to be just the two of us?”

Emma snorts derisively while Thaddeus just smiles.

“Not at all. Let’s adjourn to the bedroom, shall we?”

Of course, the truth is... Thaddeus doesn’t really go anywhere without Emma these days. Even if she’s absent physically, she’s always present mentally, the same as he is with her. Neither of them is truly willing to leave the other properly ‘alone’ at this point, not when enemies like Selene are running around and Emma is considered oh-so-dangerous for being the Phoenix Host.

But as far as giving Storm the lion’s share of his attention, Thaddeus is more than willing to do that for the beautiful chocolate-skinned woman. And so he leads her to the bedroom right down the hall, closing the door behind them both with a definitive click.

Then, he arches a brow at Storm, as if to say ‘the ball’s in your court now’. Storm straightens up, seeming to consider what they’re about to do for a moment... before gesturing to the bed.

“Please... sit.”

Thaddeus arches a brow but nevertheless does as she asks of him. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he watches as Storm hesitates for a moment before first moving to remove her cloak. The cape she wears as part of her every day outfit is a bit extra, Thaddeus has to admit... but he also approves, if he’s being honest.

This isn’t Ororo Munroe in front of him right now... this is Storm of the X-Men, a mutant powerhouse on top of being an ebony beauty beyond compare. Of course, with her cape off, all she has on is a top that leaves her abdomen exposed and a pair of tight, form fitting bottoms that extend down into thigh-high heeled boots.

After setting her cape down on a chair off to the side, Storm moves back over to him... and drops into a crouch right then and there. Thaddeus’ brow arches as she brings herself down to eye level with his crotch, her hands grasping at his knees in order to anchor her body in place.

When the white-haired mutant catches his curious gaze, she flushes a little bit, even as she moves her hands to his crotch to begin freeing his cock from its confines.

“... Even if you don’t want me to beg, I feel I owe you at least this much, Thaddeus. So please... allow me to show you how appreciative I am that you’re willing to go this far for me.”

Her fingers deftly unbuckle his belt before unbuttoning and unzipping his pants. She reaches into his boxers and pulls out his cock, breath hitching slightly at his size. He’s still mostly flaccid, but that doesn’t stop his meat from impressing her all the same, judging by the look in her eyes.

Holding him in her hand, Storm looks up into his eyes as she crouches there between his legs. Then, she lifts his cock up and proceeds to wrap her lips around the head, suckling and slurping and tonguing the glans right then and there.

Thaddeus groans, blood immediately flowing down to his groin in response as he rapidly starts to thicken and harden under Storm's ministrations. His cock reaches half mast swiftly, and then full mast in no time at all. She knows what she's doing if nothing else, descending further and further down his cock until she's having to deep throat his member just to reach the base.

"Glughk... Glughk... Glughk..."

All the while, Storm maintains eye contact with him, her dark fingers descending from the base of his cock to fondle and grope his balls as her lips stretch around his girthy member again and again. She seems intent on making him cum at least once with her mouth... so Thaddeus doesn't bother holding back very long.

"Storm... I'm going to cum soon. Are you ready?"

Her eyes flash at that and she nods eagerly. Smiling, Thaddeus reaches out and places a hand on the back of her head, not quite pushing her down his member but definitely holding her steady as he begins to thrust forward a bit. Her choking and gurgling and gagging escalate a bit as he does so, but she offers no resistance or reluctance, her tongue continuing to writhe along the underside of his member.

"Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!"

Until finally, with a groan, Thaddeus tips over the edge and begins to cum. He lets go of Storm's head at the same time, allowing her to pull back so just the bulbous tip of his cock is still in her mouth as he fills said mouth with his seed. Her cheeks puff out a bit as she hurriedly swallows his load, gulping down spurt after spurt of jizz while a small amount leaks out of the side of her mouth.

But then, to be fair... he could have cum all over her dark skin, making a glazed chocolate out of her face, and Thaddeus' mutation would have still activated. Indeed, a moment later they both feel it. Thaddeus grunts as he gets the full breadth of Storm's weather manipulation powers in a single instant, while Storm moans, her eyes fluttering, as she feels quite the boost on her end.

After a beat its over... or so Thaddeus assumes. But no, it turns out that Storm, now that she's had a taste, is just getting started. A lustful growl leaves the beautiful mutant woman's lips as she pulls back off of his cock with a pop. Her eyes flash again and she's suddenly on her feet, stripping right then and there.

"I should have done this ages ago. Fuck me, Thaddeus Cummings. Fuck me until I have all the power I need to destroy Apocalypse. Fuck me until I can't think straight!"

He really feels like he's getting conflicting messages here. Are they doing this because Storm needs to be stronger to fight Apocalypse... or are they doing this because she's taken a liking to his dick? In the end, it doesn't really matter... Apocalypse is still his and Emma's best lead when it comes to tracking down Selene or any other External and having Storm as powerful as possible to face off against the ancient mutant can only be helpful in the long run.

With that in mind, Thaddeus strips down as well and when Storm climbs onto the bed on all fours, wearing nothing but those thigh-high heeled boots from earlier, he wastes no time in moving into position behind her. Grabbing hold of her ebony hips, digging pale fingers into her chocolate flesh, Thaddeus lines up... and thrusts forward, impaling Storm on his cock and watching as her back arches beautifully while she lets out a cry of ecstasy and pleasure.

For his part, her pussy walls feel amazing wrapped around his dick, so Thaddeus wastes no time in beginning to give her the pounding she so desperately desires.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

-x-X-x-

“Y-Yes! Harder! Please, fuck me Thaddeus!”

Carol bites her lower lip as she peeks through the crack in the door, having carefully opened it so she could look in on Thaddeus and Storm. She knows she shouldn't be spying on them like this, but she... she can't help herself. Oh sure, she tells herself she's only doing it because she wants to make sure Storm isn't being taken advantage of.

And yet... and yet, part of her feels like Storm IS being taken advantage of, but still she isn't doing anything to stop it. To be fair... the mutant woman seems to be enjoying herself very much, regardless of who is taking advantage of who here. Her vocal cries of pleasure as she's plowed from behind by Thaddeus' big fat cock are... echoing through the crack in the door that Carol has made.

The situation at hand is serious enough that she really shouldn't be allowing herself to be distracted by things like this. On the other hand though, it's been a long time for Carol... in more ways than one. Both sex and romantic companionship have been out of her reach for quite a while at this point and Carol can't help but feel a little... jealous.

Through the crack in the door, she watches as Storm's entire body shudders and spasms under Thaddeus' onslaught, her ass cheeks bouncing and jiggling with each meaty impact of his hips against her backside.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Meanwhile, what little Carol can see of Thaddeus' cock makes it clear he has quite the impressive specimen. But then, that part isn't all that surprising. It's not even about his size... it's about how he uses it. He seems to know exactly what Storm wants and needs... and he's a maestro at giving it to her. Both hard poundings and deliberate anglings alike seem to be enough to drive Storm wilder and wilder, until she's cumming continuously on Thaddeus' cock.

He slams into her again and again even then, fucking Storm through orgasm after orgasm and driving her absolutely wild with his cock. Sure, he already

came once, but this seems to be going far past the point of that having any impact. Surely he should have cum again by now, especially with a woman as attractive as that bouncing upon his dick...

They weren't supposed to be doing this for pleasure; Carol was pretty sure. She'd been spying on the meeting between Storm, Emma, and Thaddeus as well, so she knew full well that Storm had *claimed* to only want to do this for power.

But given just how hard the female mutant is letting loose, it certainly doesn't sound like power was the only reason anymore. Then again, maybe Carol should cut her a break... after all, Storm had just come away from a very stressful situation, given the attack on her people and the loss of Charles Xavier. So... maybe she just needed to blow off some steam.

Carol does find herself wishing that it could be her blowing off steam in Storm's place instead. Or maybe right beside her, even. At this point, her curiosity was simply piqued. Sure, she should probably remain a neutral and unbiased observer, all things considered... but damn if she wasn't intrigued by just how good Thaddeus Cumming's cock REALLY was.

She-

"Enjoying the show, Ms. Marvel?"

Carol freezes in place, eyes snapping away from the crack in the door over to Emma Frost who stands at the other end of the corridor. The other blonde has spoken in a low enough tone to not be heard over the messy, wet, debauched noises coming from the room in front of Carol, but even still...

For a moment, Carol opens her mouth to protest... only to realize what Emma is seeing. Her body has moved as though it had a mind of its own. One of her hands is cupping a breast through her costume while the other... the other is down on her crotch, grinding the heel of her palm against her leotard-covered crotch.

Carol goes bright red as she realizes she'd started touching herself to the sight of Thaddeus and Storm going at it and hadn't even noticed until now. How can she properly make excuses at this point?

Sauntering up to her, Emma arches a brow, as if waiting to see what Carol will do. When Carol does nothing at all, the blonde tilts her head to the side before leaning in close so her lips are right next to Carol's ear.

"If you want a turn... all you have to do is ask."

Carol's eyes widen, even as the noises from the room beyond continue to fill her ears. She doesn't... she shouldn't... and yet, maybe she should? After all, her own powers could potentially use a boost... and they might turn out to be what Thaddeus needed in order to stop this Selene woman once and for all at the end of all of this...

-x-X-x-

A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!