

Commission 5
To Touch The Sun: Part 2
Fandom: X-Men (The Krakoa Age)

Chapter Tags: Teasing, Hot-Wife, Voyeurism, Exhibitionism, Cuckolding, Hand-job, Public Sex, Threesome, Nudism

Scott sat in the foyer, slouched deep in the plush armchair by the fireplace, one ankle hooked over the opposite knee as he once more glanced at his watch.

9:13

Ororo's birthday party was more than a simple gathering. It wasn't the sort of thing you drifted into when it was convenient. She was a dear friend. And tonight was supposed to be a night where dear friends gathered, socialised, got caught up on each other's lives and had a good time.

They were meant to be there already.

Not showing up *fashionably* late.

More like ridiculously late...

Scott let his wrist drop and looked toward the front door instead. The living wood stood still and dark, bioluminescent veins quiet beneath the grain. No gentle hum. No visible life.

Ororo's gonna be so annoyed...

She wouldn't say anything—she never did—but punctuality mattered to her. Always had. Their lateness wouldn't go unnoticed—especially if everyone else had arrived on time...

He clicked his tongue softly, irritation settling in his chest.

Jean was late.

Not five minutes late. Not “caught up in traffic” late.

Late late.

And she still needs to get ready herself... Oh God...

Scott leaned forward, elbows resting on his knees, and took stock of himself again. Deep navy velvet jacket, cut close and clean, the silky fabric catching the light even in the dark foyer. Crisp white shirt. Black bow tie tied just right. Tailored trousers, cropped above the ankle just the way Jean insisted when going out in the paradisial Krakoa.

No socks. Polished loafers.

In his own humble opinion, he looked good.

No—he looked *perfect*.

Which meant, if history was any indication, that he’d probably done something wrong.

Scott straightened slightly, smoothing the front of his jacket out of habit. He wasn’t a fashion guy, but he knew enough to get by. The dress-code was evening formal. He thought he’d done a pretty great job in following orders.

His watch ticked mercilessly on.

He exhaled through his nose, annoyance sharpening.

‘Unbelievable...’

The bioluminescent veins in the front door flared to life.

Scott straightened, knowing what that meant.

The door swung open on its own, and Jean breezed inside.

She looked flushed, her breath coming just a little too fast. Her crimson hair damp, loose strands clinging to her temples and the curve of her neck as if she hadn't given it time to properly dry. She pushed the door shut behind her with her heel and leaned back against it for half a second, collecting herself.

She has to dry her hair too? If we make it before the party finishes it'll be a miracle...

Then he started, as if stung.

Wait, why does she look like she just got out of the shower...?

She was in work clothes—at least, what passed for them lately. A fitted pencil skirt that hugged her hips and showed off plenty of her sculpted legs, riding a little higher than he remembered them ever doing before. A blouse that had been hastily rebuttoned, fabric slightly twisted at the waist, neckline looser than professional—showing more cleavage than she'd ever considered appropriate.

Until recently.

Jean used to be a pantsuit kind of girl. Clean, stylish and professional.

That had changed ever since they'd decided to open up their marriage...

Scott opened his mouth.

Jean looked up—and stopped upon seeing him.

Her gaze travelled over him slowly and critically. From head to toe.

She clicked her tongue.

‘Nope.’

Breathe, Summers...

Scott lifted an eyebrow and did his best to hide the flare-up of irritation.

‘Oh no,’ he said. ‘You do not get to—’

‘You can’t wear that like that,’ Jean said, already stepping closer. She reached for his chest without asking, fingers brushing his lapel as if he were a mannequin instead of her husband. ‘The jacket’s right. The cut’s perfect. But the bow tie has to go. And you’re wearing the wrong kind of shirt if you’re gonna wear it open—like you should be.’

Scott stared at her.

‘We are an *hour* late,’ he said flatly.

‘Rather be late than look ridiculous,’ she waved off his complaint without looking at him. ‘Come on, you need to change.’

She grabbed his wrist and lifted him up from the chair, then noticed his shoes and her eyes narrowed.

‘Those are the wrong shoes. Wear your suede pair—they suit the look better.’

Scott folded his arms slowly, one brow still raised.

'I have been sitting here,' he began slowly, making sure to not let his building irritation show, 'ready to go, for an *hour*. And you want to nitpick my *outfit*?'

Jean finally met his gaze and he felt a thrill of excitement shoot through him at the naughty, challenging look that greeted him.

'Where were you?'

Jean straightened, raising a brow as a slow smirk crossed her face.

'Oh?' she teased. 'I thought we were *late*. You want to stop and have a debrief *now*, soldier boy?'

Scott ground his teeth as his wife turned toward the stairs.

He caught her arm before she could escape.

The movement was quick and controlled. He snatched her back before she was out of reach, tugging on her trailing arm, then pressed her into the wall beside the fireplace. Not hard or forceful, just firm and insistent.

Still, Jean inhaled sharply through her nostrils at the rough treatment, a delighted gasp leaving her lips. Her back hit the stone, one hand coming up against his chest automatically. Her brilliant eyes darkened, breath unsteady.

Scott leaned in and took a gentle whiff.

Soap. Unfamiliar. She smelt fresh and *clean*.

Deliberately so.

Why would she shower *before* getting home?

Whatever she'd been doing beforehand, she'd washed away the evidence.

'Why,' he said, quieter now, 'were you late?'

Jean didn't answer, but by the look in her eyes, she was very much enjoying herself.

Instead of answering, her lips curled and she raised her chin, posing a question of her own. 'Why were *you* late to dinner last week?'

The question caught him off-guard—not because she'd asked it, but because he knew she already knew the answer...

Kinda hard to keep secrets when married to one of the world's strongest telepaths...

And judging by the way Jean's eyes flashed mischievously, she'd heard *that* thought too...

'I was with Rogue,' he said, his confusion and defensiveness evident in his tone. 'Training.'

'Training?' she repeated, clearly amused.

He rolled his eyes. 'And having sex.'

Her smile dimmed and she let out a weary sigh. 'Dear husband, I'm convinced your *real* power is your ability to make even the most titillating experience sound banal...'

'Jean.' His voice hardened slightly, his patience wearing thin with the game she was playing. This evasiveness from her was new, and he wasn't sure he liked what it implied. 'Why. Were. You. Late?'

She held his gaze for a few seconds longer than necessary. He could tell she was enjoying this. The pushback. His frustration and jealousy. The fact that he wasn't letting it go.

Then she exhaled.

'I was with the Portuguese ambassador,' she said. 'Negotiations stalled. I had to...get creative.'

Scott froze.

He matched a face from memory with the title, having dealt with the man's security detail before. His expression tightened, his lips curling in disgust. 'Jean... He's, like, four hundred pounds...'

She pulled back, disgust flashing across her face. 'Don't be gross. I didn't fuck Bernardo.'

His brow lifted.

Her expression shifted. Amusement gave way to something sharper.

'His security guard, on the other hand?' she teased, biting her lip as her fingers danced over his chest. She leaned in until her lips were near his ear and whispered out the next words, her warm breath causing him to shiver in delight. 'Young, fit, *handsome* Raphael...?'

Scott inhaled sharply.

It wasn't the admission alone. It was how easily she said it. No hesitation. No apology. The glee in her glittering eyes as she pulled back and beheld his reaction.

She wasn't done tormenting him, either.

'Turned out old Bernado very much liked to watch...and we gave him quite the show. It made him far more amenable to more...favourable negotiations.'

Scott swallowed thickly as Jean put both her hands on his chest and leaned in close.

'I thought it would be one and done, help the fat pervert get his voyeuristic thrill, then move on. But *Raphael*... oh Raphael...'

When she pulled back, his wife grinned wickedly at what must have been a shell-shocked look on his face. Scott was torn between lust and jealousy, his wife's words conjuring images that made his already too-tight slacks feel even more so.

'I wish you were there honey, just so you could see how *big* his cock was. How *well* he fucked me with it. Right there. On the couch in Bernado's office. We made *such* a mess of that beautiful leather...he made me cum so, so many times...'

This time when she pulled back, her lip was caught between her teeth and she had a look in her eyes that *dared* him to object.

Their marriage had opened up a lot since Logan. More than he would have believed possible even after that initial tryst.

Scott wasn't innocent in this little game of theirs either. When Rogue had come onto him the previous week while they sparred, he'd barely resisted.

If he were being honest, he hadn't even wanted to.

Jean, though... Jean had taken the openness of their marriage to another level.

No longer bound by the weight of their vows, she'd not only been with Logan several more times since—in their own bed, while he either watched or was away on assignment—she'd picked up a handful of other hung lovers too.

Including this Raphael guy now too, apparently.

Jean took her opportunity as he stood there with a stupid look on his face to slip under his restraining arm and dart for the stairs. She turned back to him, and graced him with a naughty wink.

'But *that's* a story for another time. I need to get ready, and, as you've so incessantly pointed out, we're already late enough as is...'

She laughed mockingly at his frustrated growl as she danced away ahead of him.

When Scott reached the master bedroom behind her, he stopped short, the door to the bathroom clicking shut as he processed what he was seeing.

A different white shirt lay folded on the bed, cut differently than the one he was currently wearing—presumably designed to be worn open. Beside it sat a pair of black suede loafers, immaculate, positioned with irritating precision.

He snorted softly as he approached, ignoring the clattering he heard from the bathroom at his wife got ready.

Of course...

Jean placing the clothes there like that was less a request and more of a demand.

Rather than arguing with an obstinate wife who was clearly in no mood to negotiate, Scott stripped out of his shirt and pulled on the new one, tucking it in with automatic efficiency. Muscle memory took over as his fingers went to the buttons, fastening them one by one as he'd done a thousand times before.

He stopped.

His hand hovered at his sternum.

There were no more buttons.

Scott frowned, tugging lightly at the fabric, as if one might reveal itself if he looked hard enough. It didn't. He knew the shirt was meant to be worn open, but *this* open? The buttons stopped below his pecs. Above that, the shirt simply fell open, collar wide, his chest left bare and exposed whether he liked it or not.

He winced, eyeing his reflection in the mirror with open disdain—as if judging the man that stared back at him based on his appearance alone.

He slipped on the suede loafers next, rolling his shoulders once as he straightened and finally faced his reflection properly.

He sighed.

Not because he looked like a damn peacock—though he absolutely did—but because the look, annoyingly, *worked*. He looked like the kind of rich asshole who'd fit right in at a bougie party on some billionaire's yacht.

It also... suited him.

And he hated it.

Jean's just screwing with me at this point.

Musical laughter drifting in from the bathroom let him know that, not only was his wife "listening in" for his reaction, but that he was, annoyingly, right.

He was just about to resign himself to standing there while Jean made them another hour late when the bathroom door opened far sooner than he was expecting.

Scott stepped forward on instinct, already reaching for her hand, ready to get them out the door without any more delays when he looked up and froze.

He damn near swallowed his tongue.

Jean stepped out barefoot, hair loose and somehow dry now, cascading over her shoulders in perfectly style waved. For half a heartbeat, it looked like she was wearing a simple, elegant evening gown that matched his suit—long, flowing, the fabric glittering even in the low light and cut provocatively to accentuate the swell of her large breasts.

Then she took another step forward.

The light shifted.

And the illusion shattered.

The dress clung to her in a way that was almost obscene, stretching and contouring to the generous curves of her body while somehow also reading as flowing and loose, the material drawn taut under her breasts. But it was only when she moved fully into the light that Scott realised just how *sheer* it was.

Not translucent. Not teasing.

Transparent.

The fine, glittering fabric barely hid anything. The smooth lines of her body were visible beneath it, every curve traced clearly enough to leave nothing to the imagination. The faint hollow of her navel. The shape and weight of her breasts. Even the darker shapes of her nipples showed through when the light hit her just right, unashamed and unmistakable.

Scott stared.

The fabric hid nothing.

She may as well be naked! I can see everything!

‘What...?’ was all he managed, his tongue feeling several sizes too large.

Jean didn’t answer.

She turned instead, reaching into the closet, fingers closing around something familiar. She crossed the room with an easy sway, lifted her hands, and slid a pair of red-tinged, circular sunglasses over his eyes.

He blinked behind them, the world tinting immediately.

‘I know you don’t need these anymore,’ she said lightly, fingers lingering at his temples as she adjusted them just so. ‘But you’re wearing them.’

Her lips curved into a slow, satisfied smile as she stepped back to look at him properly.

Jean inhaled, eyes darkening as she looked him over before walking a slow, sensual circuit around him as she admired her husband. Scott didn’t react when he felt her wandering hands groping him, or adjusting his suit. He was instead shocked again when he noticed, upon her coming around, that the sheerness was true for the back of the dress too.

When Jean stopped in front of him and met his gaze again, her smile was slow and satisfied.

‘God,’ she said quietly. ‘You’re so hot...’

Scott swallowed hard.

‘And *you’re* naked...’

Jean looked down at herself, clearly proud and unashamed, before looking back up at him with an impish grin.

‘What?’ she challenged, with a naughty smile, ‘worried people will see too much? A bit late for that, isn’t it?’

He swallowed again, his face flushing as he tried, and failed, to come up with a rebuttal that would make sense.

Jean’s laughter broke him out of his trance and, after slipping on a pair of matching, sapphire stilettos, she grabbed her purse and took his hand.

‘Come on, love. Let’s see if we can sneak in without Ororo biting our heads off...’

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Jean took it all in at a glance and felt her lips curve into an easy smile.

This is exactly what we all work so hard for...

Ororo’s home was impossible to miss. A massive living structure grown into the trees along the lake’s edge, terraces spiralling through thick branches at different heights connected by wide bridges made of thick, sturdy vines. The trees themselves glowed—bioluminescent leaves casting slow, shifting light through the canopy, bright enough to paint everything below in breathtaking colour.

The lake shimmered in kind, reflecting the light. Glistening sap leaked from the branches overhead, scattering across the water until the surface shimmered like spilled starlight, disturbed only by the bodies moving through it.

It was... a lot.

Beautiful. Excessive. Entirely Ororo.

Jean's gaze drifted easily over it all, cataloguing rather than gawking. Compared to the simple and enclosed elegance of her and Scott's manor, this place felt less like a house and more like a representation of Ororo's character—one that made a whole lot of sense once you learnt of her particular lifestyle choices.

Music wound its way through the branches, layered and rhythmic, carried by the open air. Natural lights pulsed in time with it, the trees responding as if they were part of the party rather than just its setting.

And the party was *everywhere*.

Mutants filled the terraces at every level—dancing, drinking, laughing in loose clusters that formed and dissolved just as quickly. Some swam in the glowing lake, bodies cutting slow, luminous trails through the water. Others lounged at the edges or leaned over railings to shout greetings to friends above or below.

No tension. No watchfulness or fear.

Just *people*, celebrating. Loving life and everything it had to offer.

Krakoa at its best.

Jean squeezed Scott's hand as they stepped fully into the flow of it, already feeling the night open up around them.

They wove their way through the party in search of Ororo, offering smiles and nods as they went. Jean returned greetings breezily, fingers still laced with Scott's, but she didn't linger. Neither of them did. Every few steps someone tried to draw them into their own cliques, but they kept moving, slipping past clusters of partiers and up vine bridges without stopping.

She was aware of the looks.

How could she not be?

She'd been aware of them from the moment they stepped onto the first terrace, but as they moved deeper into the crowd and the light shone brighter on her dress, it became impossible to ignore. Conversations stalled mid-sentence. Eyes followed her openly, some lingering longer than polite, others snapping away too late.

A few people didn't bother pretending at all and stared openly, mouths agape.

Jean felt a warm flush creep up her neck. Not out of embarrassment, but something else...

She'd worn daring clothes before. Provocative, even. Heck, some of her combat suits were little better than skintuit sleeves over her skin. But this—this was different. Every part of her was bared, her back and front *barely* obscured by the sheer material. The dress caught the light with every step, the sheer fabric leaving very little to the imagination, and Jean felt every gaze like a brush of fingertips across her skin.

And the more the tiny sapphires glittered and caught the eyes of onlookers, the more they noticed she was essentially naked in a room full of her peers.

It sent a quiet, unfamiliar thrill through her.

She squeezed Scott's hand a little tighter, grounding herself in his presence even as her pulse quickened.

They'd almost reached the next terrace when someone stepped directly into their path.

Sebastian Shaw.

His large frame blocked the vine bridge ahead of them with deliberate ease, forcing them to stop. He smiled broadly, genial and polished, as if his blocking of their path was a mere coincidence.

Shaw was a big man in every sense of the word—tall, broad through the shoulders, and heavily muscled without carrying himself like a bodybuilder. His dark hair was slicked neatly back and his sharp eyes were set in a rugged face that radiated arrogance and contempt as easily as it did charm—he looked every inch the kind of man who took what he wanted as if by right, and to Hell with the consequences.

‘Jean,’ he greeted with a plastic smile, taking Scott’s hand first, giving it a firm shake before turning his attention fully to her. His eyes dipped—flashing hungrily—before he took her hand in both of his and bent to kiss her knuckles. ‘Amazing work today with the Portuguese today. Truly inspired.’

He’s that well informed...? Or does he have someone in my protection detail?

Jean felt Scott stiffen beside her.

‘Does he know...?’

The thought flitted across their link unbidden and Jean resisted the urge to favour her husband with a sultry smile.

Oh, my love... everyone knows how naughty your wife has been.

She didn’t let any of that show. Instead, she squeezed Scott’s hand reassuringly and offered Shaw a polite smile, perfectly composed.

‘Thank you, Sebastian,’ she said smoothly, expertly hiding her annoyance at his casual dismissal and rudeness towards her husband with all the elegance of a seasoned diplomat. She gestured to the party around them and offered him her most charming smile. ‘It takes a lot of work to keep Krakoa running. I’m just happy to do my part.’

Shaw nodded, his gaze lingering a beat too long this time before lifting to meet her eyes. The look this time was less one of hunger, and more knowing.

While it wasn't exactly a secret that she and Scott had opened up their marriage, Jean had a feeling Shaw knew a lot more than most.

The Hellfire Trading Company handled every thread of Krakoa's commerce, and Shaw sat at the centre of that web. If something happened on the island, he heard about it—often before anyone else.

And as much as it irritated her to admit it, he and Emma ran that operation impeccably.

Shaw's eyes flicked between the two of them, his smile never quite reaching his eyes. 'Would you mind if I stole your wife, Summers?' he asked pleasantly, the corners of his eyes crinkling with amusement. 'A bit of Council business. Wouldn't want to bore you.'

Jean bit back an eye roll. The wording was intentional—immature, deliberately provocative and needling—but Scott, the fantastic man that he was, didn't take the bait. He only glanced at her, searching her face.

As much as Shaw's power games annoyed her...Jean couldn't deny a thrill of excitement at how brazenly he ogled her. He was the kind of man that was used to getting what he wanted—and in that moment, it felt evident that he wanted *her*.

She met Scott's gaze and gave him a small nod, a quiet reassurance passed along their link.

'It's fine,' she said softly. 'I'll come find you when we're done.'

Scott nodded once, already turning away. 'I'll keep looking for Ororo.'

'Top terrace,' Shaw said, his eyes never leaving Jean this time. 'Last I saw her.'

Jean felt another wave of warmth bloom under her skin as she became acutely aware of just how closely Shaw was watching her—how his gaze traced the lines of the dress without shame or subtlety.

She straightened slightly, shoulders back, and smiled.

Well, that's the whole point of this dress, isn't it? You wanted people to look.

Rather than shrinking under his gaze, Jean pulled her shoulders back and stood tall and proud. She welcomed his and everyone else's hungry stares.

A sliver of her old self resurfaced in that moment as she mentally judged her own actions, but she quickly tamped down on that impulse.

Krakoa had changed them all—for the better, in her opinion. Shame and self-doubt were shackles they'd cast off when they started their new lives here.

Her chest bloomed with warmth at the admission as confidence and assuredness settled her mind.

I'm enjoying this far more than I probably should.

After Scott ascended to the next terrace and disappeared into the crowd, Jean turned her full attention back to Shaw.

She arched a brow at him, waiting.

He'd been the one to stop them, after all. Let him be the one to break the silence.

Shaw drew in a slow breath, his gaze dropping again—this time without even pretending it was accidental. His eyes lingered on her chest, unashamed and possessive. Jean didn't move to cover herself. Didn't bristle. She simply let him look.

At one time, she'd have hated how much satisfaction he derived from her lack of objection. Now? She found her nipples hardening in excitement under Shaw's naked scrutiny, and rather than be mortified that that was plainly obvious with the dress she was wearing, she found herself even more excited.

She told herself that this was just a game of strategy they were playing. Just politics.

She wasn't sure she believed it.

He stared long enough that the silence began to stretch, thick and uncomfortable, before he finally spoke.

'A year ago,' Shaw said mildly, 'you would have *vehemently* objected to me looking at you like this.'

Jean's lips twitched.

If by vehemently you mean putting him to sleep and throwing him off the tree... he's probably right.

'And yet,' she said lightly, tilting her head, 'here you are, ogling me like a horny teenager.'

'Indeed.'

He inhaled again, finally dragging his gaze upward to meet hers. When their eyes locked, the hunger there was no longer subtle.

'I want you.'

Jean felt her pulse spike despite herself—at the bluntness of it, at the gravel in his voice, at the way he spoke as if this were an inevitability rather than a proposition.

'My,' she replied smoothly, 'that's rather forward. Even for you. I'm a married woman, Shaw.'

Shaw's snort let her know how much he thought of her nuptials.

‘Your work for the Council has been exemplary,’ he continued. ‘You’ve forged international ties faster and more effectively than anyone else. You understand leverage. Influence. The power of desire...and how to wield it.’

His smile sharpened.

‘The Hellfire Trading Company could make excellent use of your... talents.’

Jean folded her arms loosely beneath her chest, amused. ‘Selling miracle flowers not enough for you anymore?’

‘Hardly,’ Shaw replied with a derisive snort at the thought of *anything* being *enough*. ‘There are other markets. Other appetites. The kind of money that makes what we’re selling now look like chump change.’ His eyes gleamed. ‘The kind of money that reshapes *worlds*.’

He leaned in just slightly, lowering his voice.

‘Money that can be used for the betterment of us all.’

Jean studied him for a long moment.

The old Jean might have bristled at the implication. At the entitlement. At the way he framed what he did and why he did it as altruism.

Instead, she felt warmth spread through her chest again—confidence, clarity, the faint thrill of being wanted not just for what she could do, but for who she was becoming.

She smiled.

‘Careful, Sebastian,’ she said softly. ‘You’re starting to sound like you’re recruiting me into your little club.’

He smiled back, his eyes flashing greedily, neither confirming or denying.

Though the implication was obvious.

And somewhere beneath the music and the laughter and the glow of the trees, Jean felt herself leaning—not away, but forward—curious, unafraid, and far more tempted than she would have admitted aloud.

Shaw guided her toward a quieter edge of the terrace, one hand settling at the small of her back with easy familiarity. It wasn't discreet—nothing about him ever was—but it was practiced, confident, as if he expected her to follow.

Jean felt a spark of excitement she didn't bother denying. The audacity of it. The assumption. The way his touch lingered long enough to be improper yet he showed not a single sign of shame.

And yet—surprisingly—nothing untoward followed.

Shaw kept his distance, contenting himself with the occasional glance at her heavy breasts through her sheer dress. He spoke of logistics and leverage, of trade routes made irrelevant by portals, of supply chains that bent around Krakoa like tributaries around a river.

Of how Krakoa's flowers were only the beginning.

'We have something no one else does,' he said calmly. 'A monopoly not just on resources, but on access. *We* decide who gets in. Who gets out. Who thrives.'

What went unsaid but Jean heard loud and clear...

That's real power...

Jean listened, genuinely listened, and felt the idea take root.

Money, yes. Vast, obscene amounts of it. But also influence. Stability. A world forced to negotiate with them instead of threatening and marginalising. A future where mutants weren't tolerated, but indispensable.

'So we never have to fear again,' Shaw said softly, watching her face as he said it.

I doubt Shaw fears anything.

But his message landed, nonetheless.

Jean realised then what truly made Sebastian Shaw dangerous.

It wasn't the ambition—that had always been obvious. Nor the cruelty, or the naked hunger for control. It was *this*. The way he could wrap vision and desire together, and spin them into something that felt not just appealing, but necessary. The way he could use that silver tongue of his to make someone who was usually diametrically opposed to him, align themselves with his world view.

That was a power all its own.

She forgot about Scott. About Ororo. About the music and the laughter and the party unfolding around them. Her thoughts raced ahead instead—visions of what they could build, how much good could be done if the right hands held the reins.

She was so caught up in the fantasy that she didn't notice Rogue and Gambit until they practically stumbled into them.

'Are y'all really talkin' about *work*?' Rogue drawled, eyes flicking between Jean and Shaw. Gambit's gaze lingered on Shaw a beat longer, wary and sharp.

Rogue looked effortless in deep emerald silk, the dress cut low enough to show an obscene amount of cleavage and clinging to her curves like it had been designed with her body in mind. The fabric shimmered faintly in the bioluminescent light, elegant and unapologetically sexy, a far cry from the leather and gloves she wore on missions.

Gambit stood half a step behind her, relaxed but alert. He wore slacks and a well-cut blazer over a completely bare torso. A thin, crimson silk scarf was tied loose around his neck in place of a tie, all swagger and affectation.

He looked...*good*. And that bulge in his tight slacks looked...promising.

Jean blinked, Shaw's spell breaking, and smiled at her friends. 'Work never stops, unfortunately.'

'But that's borin', sugah!' Rogue laughed, eyes dropping unabashedly. 'Whoa. Nice dress. I can totally see your tits!'

Jean barked out a laugh, surprised by herself as much as Rogue's complete lack of filter. She sounded a little tipsy too, having clearly indulged in the wickedly potent Krakoa alcohol she'd seen doing the rounds atop server's trays.

'Sorry, ol' boy,' Rogue added cheerfully, already grabbing Jean's wrist. 'I'm stealin' her. We're gonna go dance.'

'That's quite all right,' Shaw replied smoothly, amusement curling his lips. 'I've accomplished what I set out to do.' His gaze found Jean's again, sharp and knowing. 'I'll be seeing you soon, I suspect. Until then.'

He made sure to let his eyes linger one more time on her exposed breasts as Rogue tugged her toward the dance floor, Gambit falling in beside them. Jean let herself be pulled along.

Her mind was still racing—full of possibilities, of challenges, of a future that suddenly felt wider than it had moments before. And threaded through it all, unbidden and persistent, was the image of Sebastian Shaw's infuriatingly confident smile.

In that moment, sandwiched between two gorgeous bodies on the dance floor and her mind occupied with visions of the future, she completely forgot about her husband or her promise to find him when she was done.

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When Scott crossed the final vine bridge and stepped onto the highest terrace—the one that opened out into a breathtaking view of the forest canopy and the distant glow of Krakoa beyond—he stopped short.

Just... stopped.

At the centre of the terrace, seated atop what could only be described as a throne grown seamlessly from living wood and gold-veined bark, was Ororo Munroe.

She looked every bit a powerful, Nubian queen.

And save for several ostentatious bits of jewellery, a completely naked, powerful, Nubian queen.

And that was the problem.

They'd all lived together on Krakoa for years now. Scott knew this was part of who she was. Her nudism wasn't performative or provocative—it was a sign of freedom, comfort, and a quiet refusal to be bound by anyone else's expectations.

Her home was built around this ethos too. No walls, nowhere to hide. It personified freedom and laying everything bare just as she did.

That didn't mean it was easy to get used to.

Especially not like this.

Nudism, apparently, did not preclude style.

Ororo sat with her back straight and her chin lifted, white hair spilling around her shoulders like a storm cloud. A broad golden torque rested around her neck, flaring outward to cover her collarbones and shoulders in a single, sculpted piece that looked half ceremonial, half divine. Beneath it...

Scott swallowed.

There was no illusion of fabric here like with Jean. No shimmer, no sheer fabric. Her breasts were just completely bare, full and heavy, dark nipples unhidden, unapologetic. The bioluminescent light caught the deep richness of her skin, and for a heartbeat Scott's traitorous gaze lingered far longer than it had any right to.

Heat crept up his neck.

He dragged his eyes upward just in time to catch Ororo watching him, amusement dancing openly in her eyes, her lips curved in a knowing, unbothered smile.

Smooth, Summers. Real smooth.

The rest of her was adorned in gold—bracelets at her wrists, bands at her biceps, anklets that glinted when she shifted—but none of it concealed anything. It framed her instead, elevating her nudity into something regal rather than vulnerable.

When she rose to her feet and began to approach him, arms spreading wide in welcome, the people gathered around her parted like the Red Sea before going back to their mingling.

'I am glad you finally made it,' Ororo said when they met at the centre of the terrace.

There was a faint note of reproach in her cultured tone, but it was drowned out by warmth and genuine affection. She embraced him without hesitation, pulling him into a firm, familiar hug.

Scott stiffened.

In both ways.

Goddammit.

He froze, painfully aware of the bare skin pressed against his body, of the fact that this was Ororo—his teammate, his *friend*—and that none of this was meant the way his body was insisting on interpreting it.

Her nudity wasn't an invitation. It wasn't about sex. He knew that.

His body, apparently, did not care.

Ororo pulled back just enough to look at him properly, one brow arching as her smile widened a fraction.

'Relax, Scott,' she murmured, voice warm and teasing. 'If I minded you looking, I would not be like this,' she teased, motioning to her *outfit*.

He cleared his throat, straightened his jacket, and forced his eyes to stay firmly on her face.

'Happy birthday,' he said, a little stiffly while offering a weak smile.

'Thank you. And thank you for coming. Jean...?'

'She's talking to Shaw,' Scott said with a shrug. 'Work, apparently.'

Ororo's eyes narrowed for a fraction of a second, but whatever was on her mind, she kept her opinions to herself.

Instead, she slipped her arm through his and gently guided him toward the edge of the terrace. From there, the view opened up even more—not just of the forest canopy and glowing lake below, but of the terraces stacked beneath them, alive with music and movement. It felt like they were in a VIP booth at a club watching the revellers do their thing down below.

Even amongst the throng of mutants, Jean was easy to spot.

The dress caught the light with every shift of her body, a glittering beacon in the dark. She stood with Shaw in a shadowed corner, close enough that they looked uncomfortably intimate.

Much to Scott's relief though, nothing untoward seemed to be happening.

They were talking. Just talking.

He'd half expected to look down and find her pressed against the wall, legs wrapped around Shaw's waist, and their lips locked in a passionate embrace—given how things had been lately.

Scott broke the silence.

'Is T'Challa coming?'

'Later,' Ororo replied calmly. 'With tensions as they are between Wakanda and Krakoa, we thought it best my husband not be seen dancing and drinking the night away amongst mutants.'

Scott snorted. 'Yeah... probably a good call.'

She squeezed his bicep, the contact was familiar, platonic and reassuring. Nothing sexual about it.

And yet, the contact still sent a jolt through him.

Because she's freaking *naked*, his traitorous mind hollered incredulously.

Grow up, Summers.

He tried really hard not to focus on the feeling of Ororo's large, soft breast pressed against his side, reminding himself that she was a dear friend, one he'd known for years. Not an object to lust over.

He could tell himself that all he wanted. His pants still tightened at the feeling all the same. Ororo was insanely beautiful, even more so when naked and proud. As they stood in a companionable silence and observed the people below for several minutes, Scott was in a constant war with himself and his traitorous desires.

'Speaking of our other halves,' Ororo said gently, turning to face him. 'How are you doing, Scott?'

He frowned. 'What do you mean?'

'You know what I mean.' Her grip tightened slightly. 'Krakoa has changed us all. Some more than others.'

Instinctively, they both looked down again.

Jean was no longer with Shaw.

She was on the makeshift dance floor now, sandwiched between Rogue and Gambit, her body rolling and gyrating with the music, perfectly at ease grinding between them.

Scott's jaw tightened.

'Do not mistake me,' Ororo continued softly. 'I am not judging. I would be the last to do so.' She paused, considering her words before confiding in him the next part. 'T'Challa and I have

opened our marriage for a time now, as politics continues to keep us apart for unbearable stretches. When we are unable to be together, we are free to seek lovers to sate our desires rather than suffer in silence.'

That landed harder than Scott expected.

Not because of the admission—but because she said it so calmly. And it had made such perfect sense. There was no kink to it as far as he could tell, just an understanding and mutual respect.

It also hammered home that everyone really *did* know about his unconventional love life—because if even Ororo knew, a woman who wasn't prone to gossip in the slightest...?

Guess the cat's out of the bag...

Surprisingly, that didn't bother him as much as the realisation that Jean had promised to come find him when she was finished with Shaw, and that fact had seemingly slipped her mind.

'Has that...worked for you?' he asked.

Ororo smiled sympathetically, crossing her arms beneath her breasts as she leaned back against the railing beside him.

'It has,' she said simply. 'Nothing replaces what T'Challa and I share. But we are not always able to meet each other's needs. When we cannot be together, I discreetly find a lover to spend the evening with. T'Chala does the same. It...takes the edge off.'

Scott exhaled slowly.

He hadn't expected to be discussing his marriage, or the mechanics of his love life—or hers—when he'd arrived tonight.

‘Again,’ she said gently, ‘this is not judgment. I only care for your happiness. And Jean’s.’ Her gaze softened. ‘Freedom is intoxicating, Scott. In a place like this, it is easy to mistake it and excess for fulfilment.’

Something twisted uncomfortably in his chest as he looked back down to his wife, sandwiched sensually between Rogue and Gambit, the lights illuminating her face just enough for him to see her eyes closed in pure bliss, her lips spread in a beautiful, relaxed smile.

He loved Jean like this. Loved her confidence, her hunger, her openness. Loved hearing about her exploits—or watching them.

So why did Ororo’s words feel like they’d found a crack in his armour he hadn’t known was there?

She must have sensed his discomfort, because she leaned in and brushed her shoulder against his.

‘Put it aside for tonight,’ she murmured. ‘This is a celebration. Enjoy yourself. But if you ever need to talk... my door is always open.’

He snorted, glancing around the open-air terrace. ‘What door?’

Ororo laughed and bumped his shoulder lightly.

And before he could stop himself, his eyes drifted down again—past the ostentatious jewellery, and to her dark, heavy breasts.

He noticed the way her nipples had tightened, darkening slightly. His tongue snaked out as he subconsciously licked his lips.

Goddammit.

He groaned quietly, forcibly dragging his gaze away and palming his face in embarrassment.

'I'm sorry,' he muttered. 'I'm being a creep. I don't think I'll ever get used to seeing you like this.'

He rubbed his eyes beneath his glasses, frustrated.

'I *know* this isn't a kink thing for you, I'm just...an idiot.'

Instead of admonishing him, Ororo stepped forward and wrapped him in a firm embrace, chin resting briefly on his shoulder. He stiffened at first, then forced himself to relax when she didn't immediately let go.

'Scott,' she murmured in his ear, voice low and warm. 'Just because nudity is not a kink for me does not mean I am not still a woman with desires of her own.'

She pulled back, and this time her gaze travelled over him openly, unashamed.

Her lips curved into a teasing smile, and Scott felt himself flush under her scrutiny despite himself.

The bioluminescent light dimmed abruptly as a shadow fell over them.

Scott looked up.

Sebastian Shaw stood there, large and immaculately composed, as if he'd always intended to be part of the conversation. He inclined his head slightly toward Ororo, the gesture respectful enough to pass at a glance.

'Munroe,' he said smoothly. 'A delightful evening. Thank you for the invitation.'

'You are most welcome, Sebastian,' Ororo replied, her tone perfectly measured and nonchalant. 'I am glad you could attend.'

'I'm afraid I'll have to depart early,' Shaw continued, already turning his body slightly away, as if the matter were settled. 'After a... very *productive* discussion tonight, it seems I have some preparations to make. I'll be working much more closely with Jean in the coming weeks, it seems.'

The words were polite.

The implication was not.

Scott felt Ororo stiffen beside him.

Her smile and regal countenance never wavered.

'I am pleased to hear it,' she said serenely. 'Krakoa thrives when its people apply themselves with such... *enthusiasm*.'

Shaw chuckled, clearly amused, and reached for Ororo's hand. He lifted it with old-fashioned gallantry, pressing a kiss to her knuckles.

His eyes did not stay on her hand.

They roamed—slow, deliberate and completely unashamed—over her bare skin, lingering with the same proprietary ease he'd shown Jean and her sheer dress earlier.

'Enjoy the rest of your evening,' he murmured, inhaling deeply and straightening after indulging. 'You really do look... *radiant*. Perhaps think about giving me a call next time T'Challa isn't around to warm your bed.'

Scott's eyes widened at the brazen offer. Ororo didn't react, her face a mask of calm neutrality.

He doubted she was as public about the details of her love life as Jean was...

Only then did Shaw turn and glance at Scott.

Just a glance.

A smirk tugged at his mouth.

‘Summers.’

And with that, Shaw turned and strode away, already disappearing amongst the mass of bodies glowing under gently pulsing, bioluminescent light.

The silence he left behind felt heavier than his presence.

Ororo exhaled slowly and pinched the bridge of her nose.

‘I do not like that man.’

Scott huffed a quiet laugh, surprising himself with how relaxed he suddenly felt standing beside her now.

‘He’s... effective,’ he said carefully. ‘The Hellfire Trading Company does a lot of good. He’s more than earned his place.’

She shot him a sidelong look. ‘I did not say he was incompetent.’ Then, more softly, she added, ‘I simply wish he were not so... crude.’

Scott chuckled. ‘That’s like wishing honey wasn’t sweet.’

Her lips twitched despite herself.

They were interrupted as a familiar, jovial voice called Ororo's name—another guest stepping forward with congratulations and a raised glass. Before Ororo could turn fully to greet them, Scott reached out and gave her bicep a gentle squeeze.

'I should probably go find my wife,' he said, once more glancing toward the lower terraces where things looked to be heating up between Jean and her two dance partners. Even from up here, he could see Rogue's face buried in Jean's chest and Gambit's lips pressed to her neck. He turned to Ororo and offered her a sheepish grin. 'Make sure she's not getting into *too* much trouble.'

Ororo nodded, warmth returning to her expression. 'Of course, Scott.'

As he turned to leave, her fingers closed around his wrist, making him pause in his tracks. He turned back to a concerned Ororo, his eyebrows raised in question.

'I mean it,' she said quietly. 'If you *ever* wish to talk. About anything. My door is open to you.'

Something fluttered unexpectedly in Scott's chest at her words—a lightness he hadn't realised he'd been missing. He met her gaze, then his features relaxed when her gaze shifted to the direction Shaw had stalked off in.

Understanding passed between them.

He nodded once.

'Thanks,' he said simply. Unsure of what else to say.

Ororo released him with a final, lingering glance before turning back to her guest, once more the picture of composure and effortless elegance—even completely exposed.

Scott descended the terraces with purpose, his gaze scanning constantly. The music grew louder, the crowd thicker, bodies brushing past him as he moved. When he reached the level where he'd last seen Jean dancing between Rogue and Gambit, he slowed.

She's...gone?

He paused, scanning again. He checked the edge of the dance floor, the nearby vine bridge. The clusters of laughing mutants pressed close together nearby.

Nothing.

His stomach tightened. Did he miss them on the way down? Impossible, there's no way they could have dodged past him unless they were deliberately trying to skirt his notice.

And why would they do that?

Maybe they went somewhere quieter?

He wondered at that as he searched methodically, working his way lower, the glow of the canopy lights shifting with each level. Each time he expected to spot her—that unmistakable shimmer of her dress, the flash of crimson hair—and each time he came up empty.

The longer it went on, the heavier the feeling in his gut became.

Did she really just... leave?

He stopped near the edge of the lowest terrace, hands resting on the living railing as he exhaled slowly and looked up at the gorgeous full-moon above. Below him, the lake stretched out, its surface glittering with drifting sap and reflected light.

Did they really just leave together? Without me?

On a whim, he glanced down.

And froze.

He hadn't paid much attention when they'd first arrived—too focused on finding Ororo, on how his wife's dress drew everyone's eyes—but now he saw it clearly. Along the lake's edge and in the shallow water itself, small groups had gathered apart from the main party.

Not dancing. Not partying...this was something *else*.

Bodies moved freely, nude and unselfconscious, laughter and rapturous moans carrying up through the humid air. People swam lazily through the glowing water, clung to one another in intimate groups, their hands roaming without embarrassment or restraint. Touching, stroking, *pleasuring*.

A very different kind of *celebration*.

His eyes tracked the people instinctively, searching.

And then he saw her.

Scott's pulse thrummed with excitement.

Jean stood at the edge of the water, the glittering fabric of her dress barely hanging onto her jaw-dropping body as Gambit unzipped her from behind. Her arms were flung around Rogue's shoulders, her hands tangled in her wild hair as the two women made out with a ferocity and hunger that took Scott's breath away.

Then Rogue pulled away and a look passed between her and her lover, an unspoken signal.

Jean sucked in an excited breath as Remy casually started to peel the dress off her shoulders, and it no longer mattered that the fabric was completely sheer—because now it covered nothing at all.

Rogue's eyes flashed with hunger at the sight of his wife's bared breasts and, without even hesitating, she dove in, suckling a puffy pink nipple into her mouth while Gambit held the undersides of Jean's breasts up for her like an offering.

From this distance, he couldn't make out the heated words between the lascivious group, but he didn't need to.

Jean not only hadn't come to find him like she'd promised, she looked as if the thought hadn't even crossed her mind.

Despite that sinking feeling in his gut, Scott found his face flush with passion, the sound of his wife's moan doing something to him he couldn't deny.

He didn't hear her approach.

He felt the pressure first.

A presence behind his eyes. Not a voice. Not words. Just a weight, sliding in without warning, without permission.

He stiffened. But he didn't fight it. Years of experience taught him that fighting her was pointless—and even if he did, what was the point?

Emma Frost would *never* wish him harm.

She stood close behind him, close enough that he could feel the rise and fall of her breath against his neck, and could smell the scent of her expensive perfume. She hadn't laid a finger on him yet.

She didn't need to.

She was already inside his head.

He sucked in a sharp breath as the intrusion deepened—quick, efficient, completely unapologetic. Emma didn't knock, it was as if she felt she had a divine right to the space between his ears. She pushed past surface thoughts and straight into the good stuff.

Memories surfaced whether he wanted them to or not.

Jean bent over as he sat on the bed, Logan's burly form behind her, thrusting over and over. His excitement, his lust, her rapturous moans, the way Jean had nearly *ruined* him by forcibly withholding his ability to orgasm.

Then followed on the several other memories of Logan fucking his wife in their home, or of Jean telling him about the times he hadn't been able to see, all while riding his face and moaning in unrestrained bliss.

Another memory followed immediately.

Jean's voice in his head, teasing.

'You should have seen him, Scott, he was so big! So much bigger than you...'

The pride and excitement in her voice were evident, the complete lack of shame or hesitation too. Embarrassingly, his excitement at the teasing was also transmitted, the way his pulse quickened as she teased and talked dirty to him.

Then came the memory of his tryst with Rogue and Scott almost laughed as he felt the spike of annoyance from Emma.

Heat. Sweat. Her hands on him during training. The way he'd barely resisted. The way he hadn't wanted to...

Emma sifted through all his memories with clinical ease.

Scott's jaw clenched as the memories stacked—conversations, confessions, reassurances that had felt solid at the time. Jean promising she'd come find him tonight. Shaw pulling Jean aside. Shaw's needling words. The way Jean had ditched him and snuck off with Rogue and Gambit.

Emma inhaled slowly against his ear as she put the full picture together.

He felt her withdraw—not abruptly, but with a deliberate slowness that made his skin prickle. Like fingers trailing along the inside of his skull before finally letting go.

Her breath was warm.

'I didn't believe it when I heard you'd opened up your marriage,' she breathed, her sensual words like molten honey against his skin. 'But seeing is believing I suppose... I wish you were this interesting when we were together...'

He didn't answer. He didn't know what to say even if his tongue wasn't tied into a pretzel.

Below them, Rogue dropped to her knees as Gambit held his wife up under her thighs and spread her legs wide. Jean's pussy was completely exposed to the gorgeous mutant, and Rogue wasted no time in diving in, her tongue dragging up and down Jean's completely soaked labia with relish.

Not content with being a prop to hold Jean up for his partner, Gambit swallowed Jean's moans as the two shared a passionate kiss, their threesome growing more heated by the second.

Emma's arms slid around his waist.

Not sudden or aggressive.

Reassuring.

It instantly served to calm his nerves, to slow his rapidly beating heart.

'You were supposed to be with Ororo,' she continued softly. 'She told you she'd come find you. You believed her.'

Her hand shifted. And Scott sucked in and bit down on a moan as it slid into his pants without hesitation, her cool, gloved hands gripping his achingly hard cock like it belonged to her.

She probably thinks it does...even after so many years...

Scott's breath hitched. His body reacted instantly, betraying him without mercy. Precum oozed from his crown, and his breathing grew laboured as Emma freed him and started to stroke.

Unlike his wife apparently, Scott was less comfortable with getting it on in front of so many people. His adaptation into their new lifestyle would be a slower one, a journey he'd thought he'd be sharing with his wife—but she was already way ahead of him and speeding off over the horizon.

Emma leaned closer. And Scott moaned as her other hand cradled his balls, her lips pressing tender kisses along the side of his neck.

Despite being happily married to his wife, there'd always be a place in his heart for the woman who'd taken all of his firsts.

And speaking of his wife, Gambit carried their little threesome into the glistening waters, not stopping until the lake reached their knees. Rogue dove right back into Jean's womanhood, her writhing partner wrapping her powerful legs around her shoulders as his wife's cries rang out in the night.

They were drawing attention from nearby mutants, and Scott's cock pulsed in Emma's hand as everyone saw his wife having sex with two people, neither of them her husband.

Gambit once more captured her lips and silenced her cries and, now that she was balanced on Rogue's shoulders, he allowed Jean to lean against his powerful chest and reached around to cup her heavy breasts, earning some more muffled moans and squeals as he pinched her puffy nipples.

'She didn't *forget* because it slipped her mind,' Emma continued in a breathy tone, either the scene below or what she was doing to him having an equal affect on her as well. 'She *forgot* because she didn't need you anymore. Not tonight. She'd already found someone with a *bigger dick* to sate her lusts with. Honestly, in her mind, how can you compare...? Is that what you're thinking...?'

Like she needs to ask...

Her lips brushed close to his ear, not quite touching, but Scott found his body trembling all the same, and not because of what she was doing with his dick.

'This whole experiment was *meant* to be about the *both* of you,' she continued breathlessly. 'Opening things up. Exploring together. But she's *already* running ahead and leaving you behind—and you've only just begun.'

Scott shuddered as Emma essentially narrated his deepest thoughts and fears to him.

Below them, Jean shook as an orgasm overcame her. Gambit had stopped kissing her, eager to let her rapturous cries echo out over the lake unmuffled.

He gently set her down, and both Gambit and Rogue pulled off their clothes, throwing them in a pile on the shore with Jean's discarded dress.

Gambit's cock hung heavy between his legs—not quite as thick as Logan's, but almost. Several inches longer too. As Jean regained her senses, she eagerly reciprocated Rogue's kiss, their arms thrown around each other's shoulders and their hands brushing through each other's hair. In this position, Jean was slightly bent over, her naked behind and womanhood completely exposed to the eager Remy, his huge cock eager and held at the ready.

Emma watched it all with him, continuing to steadily stroke him while also whispering sweet poison in his ear.

‘You’re not angry,’ she consoled. ‘You’re confused. You’re wondering how supporting her, how agreeing to go on this journey together turned into you standing on the sidelines and watching her have all the fun.’ She pressed against him harder, and Scott revelled in the feeling of her large breasts being pressed into his back, her leather-clad hands stroking him harder and faster. ‘You’re wondering how *this* turned into you becoming a *cuckold*...

Both Scott and Jean gasped at the same time. Scott because Emma had finally put words to and outlined the source of the unease he was feeling, and Jean because Gambit had slid that huge cock of his into her eager and ready womanhood, her tight lips spreading wide as she accommodated his girth.

Jean buried her face in Rogue’s neck, her moans echoing out louder and louder as they drew a larger, curious crowd. Thankfully, the music meant that no one up in the terraces could hear what was going on down below unless they somehow stumbled on the scene. However, enough people would see his wife fucking yet another man out in the open and the gossip mongers would be all over it by tomorrow.

Still, he didn’t speak up, and didn’t object.

He also didn’t pull away from Emma’s touch.

Nor did he tell her to stop. She knew just how to handle him. She knew just the way he liked it. Even after all this time.

And she was very much using that to her advantage.

Emma felt the change in him before he did.

Not the physical one—that had been obvious from the start—but the shift underneath it. The way his breathing steadied instead of spiralled as negative thoughts refused to overwhelm him. The way the tight knot in his chest loosened, just a fraction.

She leaned in closer, her mouth near his ear.

'There's nothing wrong with you,' she said quietly, confidently.

Scott's jaw clenched.

He hadn't realised how badly he needed to hear that until she said it.

What the hell is wrong with me?

'This,' Emma continued, her tone calm, almost soothing, 'isn't perverse or obscene. It isn't weakness. You're reacting exactly the way a man would when confronted with something intense, unfamiliar, and intimate.'

The hand stroking his shaft let him go, and Scott only *just* bit back the whine that threatened to spill from his lips at the loss of contact. Out of the corner of his eyes however, he saw Emma bite at the tip of the finger of her glove and pull her hand free from the leather. Now freed, she pulled the opposite glove off and, when she returned to gripping him, to stroking him, it felt all the better to have warm flesh and soft hands caressing him.

To feel her hands on him again after so many years.

Scott almost came undone as Emma gently pinched his crown and rubbed along his glans, all the while continuing to stroke him, to pleasure him.

And as amazing as this all felt, he barely registered her caress.

In that moment, her words mattered more.

'You're not *broken* for feeling aroused,' she went on, her voice barely above a whisper. 'And you're certainly not wrong for feeling left behind.'

That one hit.

Harder than he was expecting.

His throat tightened at the reminder of his arousal, and his gaze drifted back down to the lake. To his wife.

Gambit had hoisted Jean up and rested her against his chest, his hands gripping under her knees as he bounced her on his huge cock. Scott watched as her nether lips spread wide around his girth with every descent, unable to look away until Rogue's wild, brown mane blocked his line of sight as she started to simultaneously lick and suckle on Jean's clit.

He could only assume of course given his lack of viewing angle, and based on how Jean's moans grew in volume and intensity.

Emma's breath brushed his ear.

'You didn't just agree to open your marriage,' she continued, sensually. 'You agreed to take the journey *together*.'

She paused as they watched and listened to the sounds of Jean's cries and meaty slaps barely audible over the sound of the music. Emma allowed the scene to sink in, allowed the moment to heighten the feeling of her hand on his cock.

'And right now, she's blazing ahead. Without you.'

Scott swallowed.

How does she still do this? How does she still know exactly what buttons to push?

It wasn't as simple as reading his mind. Emma knew him on a far deeper level than a quick glance at his surface thoughts and memories could explain.

For years, he'd endured her teasing. The constant innuendo. The loaded looks. He'd always told himself it was performative—something she did to needle Jean, to stir old rivalries and get under her skin.

But standing here now, with Emma's presence wrapped around him like a warm, familiar cloak and her voice like honey in his ear, he wondered if she was as over him as her aloof attitude had always led him to believe.

If she'd ever actually stopped caring.

The way she used to.

Or maybe...the way she still did.

Below them, Jean came undone with a loud, undulating wail and Rogue pulled back with a triumphant laugh, her fingers replacing her mouth as she strummed her clit through her orgasm. With another cry, Jean's pussy started to gush and squirt earning delighted cries from Rogue and Gambit in turn.

That was apparently enough to tip Gambit over the edge too. Stumbling back several steps while keeping a writhing, squirting Jean held aloft, Remy collapsed onto a nearby, large boulder and, with a triumphant cry, unloaded in his wife so much his cum spurted out from the ridiculously tight seal her womanhood held around his girth.

Scott's breath caught as the sounds carried upward, his body responding before his mind could stop it.

Emma felt it. Obviously. She didn't tease him though, didn't ridicule him for being turned on by watching others fuck his wife.

'There,' she cooed softly. 'See? No shame. No judgement. Cum for me Scott, there's nothing wrong with being excited by this...'

Her stroking increased, her other hand fondling his balls. He felt her lips on his skin, kissing trails up and down his neck as his orgasm neared.

Down below, with an incredulous laugh, Rogue hoisted Jean off her boyfriend's cock and Scott groaned as a *river* of cum oozed out of her, down her powerful thigh, and into the glistening lake below. Rogue dropped to her knees in the water and latched on to Jean's gaping pussy, greedily sucking up all her lover's discharge.

That did him in. Scott screwed his eyes shut and groaned, releasing into Emma's cupped hand as his body trembled in her grip.

When his eyes fluttered open several moments later, he turned his head to see Emma admiring her cum stained hand, her eyes glittering mischievously. He groaned again as she slipped the fingers into her mouth and sexily licked them clean.

And he didn't resist when she put a different soiled finger in *his* mouth, urging him to do likewise. They held the awkward position, staring deep into each other's eyes before she gently pulled her finger free.

When she spoke next, her voice wasn't teasing or amused like he'd expected.

'Krakoa exists so we don't have to pretend anymore,' Emma said softly. 'So we don't have to cling to old rules that were built to cage us. Mutants weren't meant to live small, Scott. We weren't meant to deny ourselves or apologise for wanting...*more*.'

She spun him around so his back was against the railing.

And so they could more easily stare into each other's eyes.

'You're not *weak* for wanting this,' she continued, her voice soothing and sensual. 'Not pathetic. Not...*lesser*.'

She pressed closer, her forehead resting against his, her luscious lips so close he wanted nothing more than to reach out and claim them.

'You're perfect exactly the way you are,' Emma said quietly. 'You always have been.'

That landed deeper than anything else she'd said tonight.

And he wasn't quite sure *why*.

'And your wife knows that,' Emma added, smoothly. An unfamiliar emotion flashing in her crystal blue eyes. 'She adores you. She always has.'

Scott frowned faintly.

'Jean's not cruel,' Emma went on, bizarrely, defending her old rival in the moment Scott least expected she would. 'She's not trying to hurt you. She's overwhelmed, flooded with new sensations, new freedoms. A lifetime of restraint suddenly... *gone*.'

Another pause, time Emma took to wrap both her arms around his broad shoulders and bring him close.

Closer, at least.

'Don't judge her too harshly,' Emma said gently, her eyes flashing. 'You're both new to this. You need to set better ground rules, better boundaries.'

The spell was broken when Jean's rapturous cries sounded out from behind them again. Scott almost didn't want to look away from Emma's eyes, but the decision was taken out of his hands when the gorgeous, white-clad bombshell spun him around so they could both look.

Jean was leaning over the rock Gambit had collapsed against, Rogue's mouth buried deep in her pussy as she continued to clean out her recently plundered hole. At the other end of the rock, Remy was gently sliding his rapidly rehardening cock in and out of her mouth until he grew too thick and too long for Jean to fellate him comfortably.

Instead, he switched places with his lover and Jean groaned like a wanton slut as he thrust back into her, his hands gripping her wide hips with delight.

And they weren't the only ones.

Tearing his gaze away from the sight of his wife being fucked, Scott started when he realised the scene down below had essentially devolved into an orgy. Nearby mutants were no longer content with just watching and busied themselves with each other, the chorus of rapturous cries and moans genuinely threatening to be heard over the thumping music.

Before he could lose himself in the erotic spectacle, he felt Emma spin him around again, their bodies pressed together and their faces inches apart.

Emma didn't concern herself with the rabble and their orgy below. She was focused entirely on Scott.

Taking his glasses off, she slipped them into his pocket and stared deep into his eyes, her hands resting loosely at his shoulders now, content to just...hold him close.

'It's a lot,' she said quietly. 'Anyone would be overwhelmed.'

She didn't sound amused. She didn't sound judgemental. Just... honest and understanding.

'You opened the door because you trusted each other enough to try something new,' Emma continued. 'That doesn't make you naïve. It makes you...inexperienced. And there's nothing wrong with that.'

She paused again, and Scott found himself so lost in her eyes, in her presence, the noises from the orgy happening just behind him faded into just background noise.

'You just didn't expect to be left standing on the sidelines, a non-participant in your own marriage. That's...unfortunate, but understandable.'

Her thumb brushed once, absent-mindedly, against his cheek— not possessive, not seductive. Familiar. As if she'd seen an imperfection and casually brushed it away.

'You don't need to decide anything tonight,' Emma said softly. 'You don't need to confront her. Or explain yourself. Or have a fight at all.'

She leaned in just enough for him to feel the warmth of her breath again.

'But don't tell yourself what you're feeling isn't important either,' she added. 'And don't think you don't deserve to be a part of what's going on down there. Make sure you decide on boundaries. Don't try to hide what you're feeling from your wife—nothing good will come from that.'

For the first time since she'd arrived, Emma stepped back.

She gave him a small, mysterious smile, and Scott felt the tension in his shoulders relax.

'Get some rest, Scott,' she said, then, after thinking on it, she shrugged. 'Or don't. Go find someone to spend the night with. Either way, tomorrow will always be there, and you can tackle it then. Together.'

And then she was gone, slipping back into the light and noise of the party without another word.

Scott remained where he was, the sounds of celebration rising around him, his thoughts no longer fixed on what he was seeing below, but on how Emma Frost had so easily put name to the twisting, gnawing feeling in his gut.

He had a lot to think about.

At seeing the strange looks he was getting from nearby mutants, Scott felt a breeze brush his crotch and flushed when he realised Emma had left him hanging out of his zipper...

She did that on purpose.

-

Emma cut through the Krakoan night like a blade of white light.

The air was cool at this height, the bioluminescent canopy far below reduced to a soft, unfocused glow. She let the wind rush past her, cape snapping behind her, arms folded tight across her chest as she forced her thoughts into order.

She had come far closer than she should have.

Closer than planned.

For one dangerous moment back there—with Scott's body rigid beneath her hands, his thoughts laid bare and aching—she'd wanted to take him. To pull him away from the noise and the lights and the humiliating spectacle below and remind him, viscerally, who he *truly* belonged to.

Emma exhaled sharply through her nose.

Not yet.

She wasn't some lovesick girl who threw herself at men and begged to be chosen. She had never been that woman, and she wouldn't become her now. If Scott Summers ever came back to her, it would be because he chose to—because *he* wanted to.

That was how it had always been between them. He chased, and she feigned disinterest while craving his attention.

And it would be all the sweeter this time, when he eventually caved. When his wife pushed him away with her immaturity and stupidity.

The corner of her mouth curled as she thought of her good fortune. When word had reached her that Scott and Jean had opened their marriage, she'd nearly laughed out loud.

The irony was just too exquisite!

Jean Grey, finally unshackled like she'd always dreamed—and with absolutely no idea how to handle all the new emotions.

Emma had seen it the moment she slipped into Scott's mind. The imbalance. The naïveté. The way Jean struggled with her sudden freedom and unshackled desire. She was brilliant, powerful, incandescent—and utterly inexperienced when it came to anything that didn't revolve around emotional absolutes.

She was ruining everything.

And Emma hadn't even needed to lift a finger.

Well.

Almost.

Her lips curved at the memory of Scott's thoughts unravelling for her, the way his reactions had betrayed him long before his thoughts ever could. It had been nice to have him in her arms again, familiar and warm.

He belonged there in a way no one else ever did.

But that was a brief indulgence. A mere trifle in the grand scheme of things, she told herself, desperately ignoring the way her chest bloomed with warmth as she recalled how his body felt pressed against hers once more.

What mattered was the long game.

Emma slowed, hovering above a wide branch, letting herself settle there as the party noise drifted towards her in the distance. She rested one gloved hand against the living wood and allowed herself a small, private smile.

All she had done tonight was put Jean on a pedestal in Scott's mind.

A perfect wife. A radiant ideal. Confused, yes, but well-meaning and in need of understanding and time.

And pedestals, Emma knew better than most, were unstable things.

Jean would knock *herself* down in time. She could see it in the way she was behaving like a lust-addled animal, completely without thought or care for her husband's emotions. Selfish and utterly self-absorbed.

All Emma had to do was wait—to be patient, attentive and understanding when the time inevitably came.

Scott would come to her eventually. Confused. Hurt. Looking for something familiar. Something *real*.

And she would give it to him.

Emma's smile softened, just a fraction.

It would hurt him. That was the part she *didn't* enjoy—the part she pretended didn't matter.

Can't make an omelette without cracking a few eggs...

Emma didn't doubt Jean would mess this up and ruin her own marriage. She didn't *need* to be a homewrecker—Jean would handle that for her all on her own.

And then, after so many years, she would be reunited with the man she'd always loved. A man she'd tried to replace with countless others, all of whom failing to meet the impossible standards he'd set.

In the end, it was only a matter of time.

And Emma Frost was nothing if not patient.