

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

A/N: Wanda makes her request~

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So, Thaddeus now understood why Wanda was so dangerous. That power of hers was seriously frightening and he'd gone and made it stronger. The only saving grace was that these days the initial power he got from fucking any new superpowered woman even once was far stronger than it had been back when he was just starting out.

These days, a single fuck gave him close to the baseline of the woman's already existing powers. As a result, when Wanda had nearly gone too far with her reality warping, Thaddeus had been able to reach out and stop it. Fortunately she'd been too stunned by his ability to do so to try and fight him on that, because he's not sure that he could have continued stopping her if she'd really wanted to make it happen.

Double fortunately, he had Rogue on hand and he could effectively give her the same power, both through her own mutation and his newest ability from fucking Sage so much. Together, the two of them combined were strong enough to halt Wanda even if she DID fight for a specific change... they were even strong enough to warp reality without her being able to fight back.

Obviously, they hadn't done anything to her except try to make Wanda as happy as possible. And so far that was working perfectly given how hard her pussy was clenching down around his cock and how much Rogue was moaning as she rode Wanda's face.

As pleasurable as this all was, the threesome had still taken a turn for the... tense. At least for him anyways. He wasn't sure he felt comfortable giving Wanda much more power than he already had at this point. At the same time, the stronger he could make his own power, the better capable he would be of fighting her if the need arose.

At least she didn't seem to be actively malicious about it. Sure, she was very clearly a little spoiled and used to getting things her way given what she'd tried to do, but once Thaddeus explained things to her, she'd at least understood where she almost erred and how she'd very nearly created a paradox with her first change.

And luckily, she seemed to have at least a small submissive side when it came to Rogue, because once the goth mutant took control and told Wanda how things were going to be, Wanda had all but folded like a damn origami crane.

Now here they were, with him kissing Rogue and Rogue riding Wanda's face and Thaddeus' cock buried in Wanda's clenching, cumming twat. As previously mentioned, the experience is quite pleasurable in every way, especially with Rogue's groping of Wanda's tits and tweaking of her nipples causing her to tighten all the more around Thaddeus' pistoning prick.

Rogue is very clearly enjoying herself too given how hard she's moaning into Thaddeus' mouth. It's all perfectly fine... but Thaddeus has already decided he's only going to cum inside of Wanda one more time. Giving her any more power than he already has just doesn't seem like a very good idea. But he also doesn't want her to get suspicious and realize he doesn't exactly trust her with it either.

Luckily, Thaddeus is well equipped for tuckering out a woman like Wanda. Sure, she can alter reality itself, but she doesn't have the same physical stamina that both him and Rogue can draw upon. And as long as they keep her distracted, she won't even think to give herself that stamina.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

It takes about two hours of fucking Wanda silly before Thaddeus thinks she's too far gone to be much of a threat... or at the very least, she's too insensate to beg him to fuck her more in the event that she's realized she wants more of his power. And so two hours into pounding her pussy into the shape of his cock, having brought her to countless orgasms, Thaddeus finally unloads one last time.

He feels the pulse of power between them, his own copy of Wanda's abilities growing in strength. Truth be told... he's starting to wonder if she's even a mutant. Thaddeus sort of gets this intuitive sense of the powers he gains. Somehow, he almost always knows exactly what they are and how to use them from the very start. No training necessary.

But something he hasn't realized until now is that he can differentiate the source of the powers he copies as well. Some of his lovers have been mutants, others have been victims of scientific experiments, while others still have been injected with enhancement serums. And still more have other reasons for their abilities.

Thaddeus' mutation has never cared about where the power comes from to be fair, but it can still differentiate it apparently. And Wanda... Wanda doesn't feel like a mutant in the same way Rogue does, oddly enough...

Deeming it a mystery for another time, Thaddeus pulls his cock out of Wanda's cunt, leaving the twitching, trembling, shuddering young woman to slowly recover from the onslaught of pleasure he and Rogue have visited upon her.

At the same time, Rogue doesn't hesitate to crawl over and take him into her mouth, staring up into his eyes as she swirls her tongue along his messy prick and sucks down with her purple lips.

Thaddeus groans appreciatively as she blows him right then and there. Oh sure, it starts as a clean-up job of course, but soon enough it graduates into something more. When Rogue tries to pull away, he can sense her reluctance so he reaches out and places a hand atop her head, giving her permission to go all the way.

He doesn't force her to suck him off for two hours though to make him cum. Instead it's about ten minutes of Rogue bobbing her head up and down before he finally delivers a load to her throat, which she swallows every last drop of without failure. Another pulse of power travels between them, causing Thaddeus to let out a slow breath even as Rogue pulls back off of his cock with a pop and sits back on her knees.

The thing is... since this was supposed to be a dinner date, Thaddeus had arrived fairly early in the evening. Meaning that while it's still relatively late at night now that they've finished the threesome, it's not THAT late. In fact, it's just early enough that Thaddeus isn't sure whether he should stay or go.

"Please..."

Blinking, he looks to see Wanda cognizant enough to stare at him and Rogue with tired eyes. Well shit, maybe he should have gone a little longer if she's still begging for more. He prepares himself to tell her no, only to stop dead in his tracks when she continues on.

"Please... help me."

That... wasn't exactly her begging to fuck some more. At least not outright. And Rogue clearly doesn't take it that way either because she's quick to move over to Wanda, lifting the other woman's head into her lap.

"Wanda? What's wrong? What do you need help with?"

Letting out a slow, shuddering breath, Wanda's face remains composed for half a moment longer before breaking and contorting in pain as the tears start to fall.

"M-My brother... I want my brother back."

Rogue's breath hitches and she shoots Thaddeus a look. Thaddeus, meanwhile, is frozen up. On the one hand, all he really knew about Wanda's brother is that his name was Pietro and he died sometime after the whole mess that killed Jean Grey and saw Magneto incarcerated.

On the other hand... he was pretty sure it WAS possible. Frankly, with Wanda's power, it was no longer a question of whether or not something could be done, but rather whether something should be done. It was just that so far, the answer to that seemed to be 'no' most of the time.

Of course, Thaddeus wasn't about to tell Wanda 'no' now when she was at her most vulnerable and in a state of exhaustion. So after sharing a long look with Rogue, Thaddeus makes a call.

"... None of us are in any state to do something about that tonight, Wanda. Let's get some sleep and then have a talk in the morning, okay?"

For a moment he thinks Wanda might refuse. But then, after a moment she slowly nods, her tears drying up a little though she still sniffles.

"O-Okay..."

Luckily it's not hard to coax her asleep from there. Unluckily, this involves Thaddeus being a body pillow. Wanda clings to him from one side and Rogue snuggles close from the other. In the interest of keeping Wanda asleep, he and Rogue can't exactly do anything else together even if they have the energy for it.

Soon, Rogue is asleep as well, both women cuddling into him and squeezing him tightly. Thaddeus on the other hand, can only stare up at the ceiling and wonder how much of a mess he's gotten himself into in the pursuit of unfathomable reality warping power.

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The next morning, they order food and coffee drinks delivered and have breakfast in Rogue's dorm room. For a time, Wanda doesn't talk about what she asked for last night and Thaddeus is left wondering whether it would be a good or bad thing if she didn't bring it up again. Especially since her not mentioning it again did not mean she didn't still want to possibly try it.

Fortunately, in the end she eventually speaks up after drinking more than half of her drink.

"... So I want you two to help me bring my brother back."

Thaddeus and Rogue exchange quiet looks before giving Wanda their full attention. Straightening up and squaring her shoulders, Wanda swallows thickly.

"I know it would... potentially be dangerous. Just like Thaddeus explained how my initial instinct last night could have caused something of a paradox if he hadn't stopped me. That's why I'm asking for your help. I want Pietro back, but I also want to do this right."

Well... Thaddeus had to give Wanda points for that. She definitely could have gone off and tried to do this on her own and given he has no clue how far the range on the sensory part of her power goes, she might have been able to go outside of his and Rogue's range and just... change things without them realizing until it was already too late.

A shudder runs down his spine as he considers whether his own newfound ability to reality warp would necessarily protect him from any wide sweeping changes Wanda made to reality itself, be they accidentally or on purpose. He liked to think he would know, but he isn't sure whether he would be able to put things right or not.

That said... wanting her brother back isn't a bad thing on the face of it. Thaddeus is... tentatively willing to help out. But he has some questions.

"How exactly did your brother die?"

Wanda flinches and then scowls.

"He was killed in his sleep. They had to wait until his defenses were completely down before assassinating him, because when he's awake he's too fast for even the most advanced sniper to take him down."

Jesus. They shot him in his sleep? That was fucked up. Though also...

"Who is 'they', exactly? Who killed your brother?"

Here, Wanda's shoulders slump and she looks down at the dregs of her drink.

“... I don’t know. If I did, I would have already gone after them. But they were professional. Had to be. Pietro doesn’t sleep like any of us. He has what’s called ‘Hyper-Accelerated Metabolism’. As a result, he can sleep for a couple of minutes and have it count as a full rest. For them to be able to get the drop on him in that small of a time frame... they knew what they were doing. They had to have been watching for weeks if not months...”

Yeah, they would have had to have been ready to drop him the moment it looked like he was going to sleep if Wanda is right about how little of it he needed. Still, that’s crazy. Who would want to kill her brother that badly?

“What was Pietro even doing up to his death? What would have prompted his assassination?”

Wanda flinches here, shrugging half-heartedly.

“I... I don’t know. We weren’t exactly on speaking terms at that point. We were... split about our father. Pietro has always been closer to our father than me, but after everything that happened, I didn’t want anything to do with THAT man ever again. Pietro didn’t like that very much and we fought about it a lot. Things got heated between us... and then...”

Wanda’s face crumples and fresh tears begin to fall.

“The last thing... the last thing I ever said to him was how I hated him and never wanted to see him again if he was going to choose our father over me...”

Well. Shit. Thaddeus watches as Rogue places a comforting hand on Wanda’s shoulder... only for Wanda to all but collapse into Rogue’s chest, sobbing messily. From the slightly panicked look on Rogue’s face, it’s obvious that Wanda considered their relationship to be far closer than Rogue did before last night. Now... the goth mutant is just trying to catch up.

Eventually Wanda pulls back and takes a deep breath.

“... But that’s why I need your help. Because if I just rewrite reality so Pietro didn’t die that night, whoever wanted him dead so bad would have just kept trying all these months. And maybe they would have succeeded elsewhere, I don’t know. So I’m not sure how to bring him back safely, is all. So... please help me.”

Okay, Thaddeus hadn’t known that Wanda was capable of pulling out weaponized puppy dog eyes until now. That was just plain unfair. Still...

“I mean, we don’t really have to rewrite reality that far back. We can just bring him back to life here and now. With all three of us working together, it should be easy enough.”

Wanda blinks owlishly.

“... What? We can do that?”

Thaddeus slowly nods. Hang on, had she not known that? Was... was his baseline mutation making him better at using Wanda’s own powers than she was?

“Yeah? Yes. We can.”

He makes sure to sound confident at the end there. Wanda doesn’t seem to have it in herself to doubt him anyways, because she beams like Christmas has come early.

“Please... can we do so right now?”

Well... Thaddeus hesitates and not just because all three of them are still naked. Truth be told, he’s wondering if they should hold off for a second. Maybe get a second opinion on all of this from someone else before they go off half-cocked. The only question is... who if anyone?

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!