

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

Chapter Tags: Polygamy, Polyamory, Hotwife, Swinging, Cuckolding, Exhibitionism, Hedonism, Voyeurism, Teasing, SPH

The bonfire burned high into the night, high enough that even the waves caught its reflection. The music drifted on the wind—slow, low, half-drowned by the surf. Krakoa's pulse ran underneath it all, that faint vibration you could almost feel through your boots.

Scott sat on the dune with a long neck in hand, sand warm beneath him. Logan was next to him, a cigar burning slow between his fingers, a half-empty glass of scotch balanced on his knee.

Down on the beach, Piotr was surrounded—pulled into the kind of dancing he clearly wasn't built for, face red, smile forced but genuine. He looked *alive*.

Much more than the last time I saw him...

Scott gave a quiet laugh. 'Didn't think I'd ever see Colossus this uncomfortable outside a fight.'

Logan's mouth twitched around the cigar. 'Guy's used to bullets. Not the attention of pretty girls.'

Scott's lips twitched in a smile, but it faded quickly. The thought hit him like one of the steel man's punches—Piotr had *died*. There shouldn't even *be* a party.

They should have been having a funeral.

He took a sip, let the beer sit on his tongue, then asked quietly, 'What're they calling these things?'

Logan's eyes stayed on the fire. '*Rebirthday*.'

The word sounded like it tasted ashy on his tongue, more so than even his cigar.

If nothing else, the Quiet Council has nailed the branding...

A faint trickle of amusement in the back of his mind let him know his ever present wife agreed with his sardonic thoughts.

It had been a hot minute since he'd seen that familiar flash of crimson. He wondered if Jean was enjoying the festivities, or if she was still *working*.

If it was the former, he also wondered if she was equally fascinated by Rogue's *antics*, or if she was stuck in the same kind of thoughts he was.

Scott buried said thoughts with another pull, not wanting to disturb his wife with melodrama, and hummed into the bottle. 'As good a name as any.' He turned the drink in his hand, watching the bubbles catch the light.

He wondered what had gone through Piotr's mind when it happened. Was he afraid? Or did knowing Krakoa could bring him back strip all that away?

And was that really a good thing?

What a stupid question. Since when have I been a philosophical drunk...?

'Was it worth it?'

Logan didn't answer right away. His fingers tightened around the glass, the muscles in his arm tensing. Shoulders bunching. A slow blink.

'...Don't know,' he said finally, voice low—almost a growl. 'Ask me when it stops feeling so fucking wrong.'

Scott watched him for a second, studying the worry lines on his face—the kind of wear that didn't come from years, just too much living. He thought about saying something, but didn't.

He reached up out of habit to adjust his glasses, but his fingers found nothing there. No frames. No more ruby tinted vision.

Didn't hear you moralising when Krakoa fixed your brain, Summers...

He took another drink. 'Weird,' he muttered. 'This is gonna take some getting used to.'

Logan grunted. 'A lot of *weird* goin' around lately.'

Scott followed his gaze toward the bar. Rogue was pressed close to a tall, handsome, chisel-jawed mutant, laughing, bare fingers tracing the lines of his chest, a coy smile on her ruby-red lips.

Another miracle to add to Krakoa's ever-growing list...

The man was very much *not* her husband.

A fact *everyone* at the party had taken note of, but none felt the need to address. Especially since her other half didn't seem all that bothered by the spectacle.

Scott's brow furrowed, and he did his best to hide his interest—from Logan and his wife both. 'Hmm.'

Logan took another slow drink, smoke curling past his teeth.

Down the beach, Remy was just as busy—a pair of younger women on his arms, both looking entirely too pleased with themselves.

Scott huffed a breath somewhere between disbelief and amusement. 'Guess that's one way to celebrate.'

'Miracles all 'round,' Logan replied dryly. Sardonicly.

Scott took another long pull from the bottle and looked back out at the fire. The laughter, the dancing, the island's heartbeat under it all.

He couldn't decide if this was utopia, or just another experiment that hadn't gone wrong yet.

He didn't need to ask his friend for his opinion on the matter. Logan had been around too long to be seduced by anything selling itself as a utopia—even if Krakoa was a damn good salesman...

A soft chime came from Logan's pocket. He pulled out his battered phone, squinted at the screen, and his jaw tightened.

He drained the rest of his drink, stubbed out the cigar in the sand, then slipped both into his jacket.

Scott glanced over. 'You heading out?'

Logan grunted. 'Hank called. Another situation.'

Scott frowned, seeing the way Logan's shoulders had tensed all over again. 'You good?'

Logan looked down at him, a grin breaking through the usual gravel. 'Don't worry about me. You just keep watchin' Rogue and imaginin' it's *your* wife slutting it up instead.'

Scott scooped a handful of sand and flicked it at him. 'Asshole.'

Logan chuckled, brushing off his coat as he turned toward the firelight. 'That's the spirit, Slim.'

He walked off into the night, the glow of the bonfire fading behind him.

It took all of Scott's willpower not to let his surprise show on his face, not to let slip just how close to the truth Logan had come.

Before his mind could conjure up the images that Logan had hinted at and make his jeans grow uncomfortably tight, Scott finished the rest of his beer in a single pull before making his way back to the bar to get another.

He threaded through the dancers and revelers, smiling politely, nodding, returning the occasional hug or dap. The air was thick with sweat, salt, and laughter. By the time he reached the bar, the mutant manning it—a broad-shouldered guy with iridescent skin—took his empty bottle and handed him another without a word.

I don't think I'll ever get used to seeing so many mutants...

Going from the tight-knit community of Xavier's school—where he saw the same hundred faces every day—to a living paradise with open doors for any mutant willing to *get along* was overwhelming at the best of times.

He just wasn't used to so many unfamiliar faces. It would take a while before he could really relax here—before Krakoa felt like home.

Still, parties like this helped.

Scott was about to settle onto a stool and resume his quiet people-watching—dancing had never been his thing—when he noticed a familiar shape slumped at the far end of the bar.

Kurt.

The blue, fuzzy, elflike mutant's tail hung limp, his face buried in his folded arms, the faint smell of brimstone clinging to the air around him.

Scott thought he and Logan had cornered the market on brooding that night, but it looked like Kurt had them both beat.

He slid along the bar and took the stool beside him. 'Didn't expect to find you hiding over here,' Scott said with an easy grin.

Kurt stirred, his voice muffled. 'Ah... forgive me, my friend. I did not mean to bring rain to your celebration.'

Your?

Scott leaned on the bar. 'You haven't. Just thought I'd check if everything's okay.'

Kurt hesitated before lifting his head, golden eyes catching the firelight. 'It is... a momentous night, no?' he said, then frowned faintly. 'I am still not sure if that is the right word.'

Scott took a drink, studying him. 'You mean the resurrection?'

Kurt swirled the neck of his bottle, watching the foam slide down. 'It's... difficult to put into words,' he said at last. 'I keep telling myself I should be happy. Everyone is. I just...' He trailed off and gave a small shrug. 'I don't seem to have the knack for it tonight.'

Scott leaned an elbow on the bar, concerned for his friend and longtime ally. 'You're allowed a bad day. Even here.'

Kurt huffed a quiet laugh. 'A strange thing, to have bad days in *paradise*.'

'Krakoa might be perfect, but we sure aren't.'

Kurt's tail gave a faint twitch—almost a flinch—before he managed a polite nod. 'Ja...*perfect*,' he murmured.

Scott watched him for a long, quiet moment. Kurt stared into the mouth of his drink like it held all the wisdom of the universe.

‘You okay?’

Kurt didn’t answer right away. Scott could feel the hesitation, the frustration, rolling off his friend in quiet waves.

‘Kurt, we’ve known each other a long time. If something’s eating at you, you can tell me.’

Kurt hesitated again, his tail flicking once before curling tight around the stool leg. ‘It isn’t one thing. It’s... the way everyone has begun to talk. About what it means to live here now. To live *forever*.’

Scott tipped his head. ‘That’s what all this was for, wasn’t it? No more dying. No more funerals.’

‘Ja. And yet...’ Kurt’s fingers tapped against his bottle, eyes distant. ‘When death loses its teeth, people start to wonder what else was only ever fear in disguise.’

Scott frowned lightly. He had a gut-feeling about where this was going, especially given his friend’s deep spirituality—heck, a part of him still wrestled with that church-fearing side of him too.

‘Such as?’

Kurt gave a soft, uneasy laugh. ‘Sin. Restraint. All the little lines we drew to keep ourselves human. The Council says we are beyond that now—that mutants should live without guilt.’ He looked toward the fire, where the music had slowed into something heavy and rhythmic. ‘Some take that to heart more than others.’

Scott followed his gaze toward the beach. The fire had burned lower, the light softer, more private. Rogue was still there—still dancing, still teasing—but now she was pressed close to the same mutant as before. The crowd around them had thinned, leaving them half-silhouetted

against the surf. Her bare fingers traced lazy lines across his shoulders before finding his jaw, pulling him down into a slow, unhurried kiss.

No one seemed to notice. Or care.

‘Guess everyone’s adjusting in their own way,’ Scott said quietly.

Kurt didn’t answer right away. He just watched, a faint frown working into the fur between his brows. ‘Perhaps too quickly,’ he murmured. ‘Freedom without reflection, without restraint becomes only hunger. *Avarice*.’

Scott took a sip from his bottle, the air thick with heat and salt. A part of him felt guilty for how his pulse quickened at the sight—for imagining Jean in her place.

A familiar trickle of amusement brushed the back of his mind, that ever-present, intimate warmth.

Only this time it felt different.

Charged. Aroused.

The psychic link he shared with his wife ran both ways.

He flushed like a boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He’d tried to keep those thoughts buried, but Jean had felt them—had felt *him*—and instead of pulling away... she’d delved deeper, and been turned on by what she saw.

Scott cleared his throat, doing his best to hide the heat in his face as he turned back to Kurt.

‘You think the Council’s wrong?’

He didn't answer right away, stewing in contemplative silence while swirling the last few drops of his drink.

'I think,' Kurt finally said softly, 'that they are right to celebrate life. I just... do not know if they remember what made it sacred in the first place.'

Scott leaned back, turning Kurt's words over. Krakoa had changed everything. The island wasn't just a home—it was a living nation, a body that fed on mutant life and gave it back tenfold. Every mutant, from the lowest recruit to the Council itself, moved to its rhythm.

For the first time in living memory, mutants weren't fighting one another. Old enemies had become allies under the Quiet Council's firm but distant rule.

In turn, the Council had laid down three core laws to guide them, deliberately vague but non-negotiable. Make more mutants, murder no man, and respect the sacred land. Simple enough in writing, but the first law carried more weight than anyone wanted to admit.

At first, it had sounded like a directive about survival—births, population, the continuation of their species. But Krakoa's thinkers and leaders had started to interpret it differently. Mutants were free now—free from human governments, human morality, human guilt. The old puritanical ideas about monogamy and restraint were... flexible, suddenly. Maybe even outdated. *Dirtied* by their association with humanity.

And as the months passed, the line between survival and indulgence began to blur.

Free from the judgement and oppression of humanity, mutants began to relax. Not just physically... but spiritually too.

Kurt fell silent, his gaze drawn once more to the beach. Rogue was still there, her lips locked with her mutant squeeze, bodies pressed close in the firelight. It was hard to tell in the flickering shadows, but it looked like she had her hands in his pants, a wicked smile on her ruby-red lips.

Not far off, Gambit was having his own fun—the two younger women curled against him in the dunes, laughter half-lost beneath the music. They were taking turns kissing each other, hands wandering without shame or restraint.

Supposedly, just as the Quiet Council intended.

Kurt watched them for a long moment. He didn't look angry or judgmental—just tired. His shoulders sagged, tail and ears drooping with quiet resignation.

He turned back to Scott and managed a small, weary smile. 'Thank you, my friend, for lending me your ear. I think... I will retire for the night. These celebrations are perhaps for younger hearts than mine.'

Scott nodded. 'Get some rest, Kurt.'

The elfen mutant inclined his head, then vanished in a soft *bamf* of blue smoke and brimstone.

Scott exhaled through his nose, staring into the haze where his friend had been. Down on the beach, the music swelled again, louder, hotter, and the laughter carried on as if nothing had changed.

Scott found himself watching Rogue again. He couldn't help it. The firelight painted her in gold and shadow, every movement a mix of abandon and invitation. Around them, the music and laughter blurred into something low and rhythmic.

Kurt's words still echoed in his head, but he couldn't look away even if he wanted to. Every time Rogue leaned into her partner—every time her hand slid lower or his mouth found her throat—Scott's chest tightened. In his mind, the image blurred, replaced by Jean. His wife, free of restraint, free of him, bathed in that same feverish light.

He didn't understand why it turned him on so much, why it made him so *hard*. Maybe it was curiosity. Maybe envy. Maybe just the taboo nature of it all—his decidedly vanilla, church-going upbringing clashing violently with this new reality.

The memory of that long conversation with Jean about what she and the rest of the Quiet Council *really* meant by *freedom* resurfaced. She'd defended it so passionately, painting it as

growth, evolution—something *beautiful*. She'd never said she would live it herself of course, but she hadn't said she *wouldn't*, either.

The implication was always there. Teasing. *Tormenting*...

And since then, the thought had lodged in his mind like a splinter.

Would she be that bold if he gave her his blessing? Would she explore that freedom as completely as Rogue was now? Would she even think to look back at him?

Or would she be too wrapped up in her own feverish arousal to even remember he was there...?

The questions circled in his mind faster than his pulse. Down by the fire, Rogue finally laughed, bit her lip then whispered something to her partner before taking his hand with a coquettish look in her eyes. Then, with a teasing grin and a motion of her head towards the nearby line of trees, they slipped into the darkness beyond the beach, disappearing into the dense forest.

She didn't once look back for the pre-occupied Remy.

Scott exhaled slowly, realizing only then that he'd been holding his breath. His heart was still hammering, a deep, steady drum he couldn't quite quiet.

Scott's head was still spinning when two warm palms slid over his eyes.

'Guess who,' a familiar voice purred directly into his ear, causing delightful shivers to wrack his body.

He let out a slow breath. 'You're supposed to be working.'

His wife had slipped away earlier to take a call. Important Council business, she'd said.

‘I was,’ Jean said, amusement in her voice as she leaned down behind him. ‘Hard to concentrate on logistics and trade when *someone’s* filling my mind with such...*scandalous* fantasies.’

He froze. ‘What?’

He didn’t know why he even bothered. It was hard to pull one over the missus when she was one of the world’s strongest telepaths...

Her laugh was soft, still close to his ear. ‘Don’t play innocent, Scott. You know what I felt. You were practically shouting it through the link.’

She moved around him, settling onto his lap, arms looping around his shoulders until her chin rested lightly atop his head. He could feel the smile in her voice—and the warmth of her against him, familiar and intoxicating all at once.

Even by Krakoa’s impossible beauty standards, Jean still managed to stand out. Loose strands of deep crimson hair brushed his cheek as she leaned in, the rest tumbling in easy waves past her shoulders. Her green eyes caught the firelight, soft but sharp, alive with the kind of quiet amusement that always made him feel loved and seen. The simple blouse she wore was unbuttoned just enough to hint at her *generous* cleavage and the faint edge of lace beneath. Her slacks hugged her wide hips and long legs in a way that wasn’t meant to be showy, but still managed to be distracting. Flats instead of heels—practical, understated—but somehow that only made her look more effortlessly perfect.

His wife was the most beautiful woman on Krakoa, maybe anywhere. And here he was, unable to shake the thought of her in the arms of another man.

‘So,’ she murmured, amusement dancing in her tone, ‘what exactly had my naughty little Boy Scout thinking such filth?’

He couldn’t help but flush at her teasing, knowing tone, and when he tried to turn his face away, she gently gripped his chin, stopping him, before planting a soft, tender kiss on his chapped lips.

‘Talk to me,’ she whispered, and he relented.

Scott swallowed, the words sticking in his throat. He could feel her breath against his temple, the weight of her waiting. He felt like a boy again. Confused, overwhelmed...

'Rogue came with Remy,' he said finally, voice low. 'They split up pretty fast. He's down there in the dunes with some girls he just met, and she...' He hesitated, eyes flicking toward the bonfire, away from his wife's intense, penetrating stare. 'She's been with someone else all night. Dancing. Kissing. Touching. I... couldn't stop watching.'

Jean's brow furrowed, not in anger but confusion. 'Watching?'

He nodded, shame tightening his chest. 'And thinking. About *you*. About if it were you doing what she's doing. Laughing like that. Letting someone else...' He trailed off, rubbing a hand over his chiselled, stubbled jaw. 'It shouldn't have turned me on, but with everything, all that we've talked about...it *did*. I don't know why.'

For a moment she said nothing. Then she drew in a slow, uneven breath, her fingers still resting on his cheek. She was so close her pulse fluttered against his neck.

'Oh, Scott,' she whispered, and there was something new in her voice—surprise, yes, but heat too.

Her gaze flicked toward the beach. Remy was where he'd said, tangled up with his two young hotties. He made out with one while the other feverishly worked at unbuckling his jeans and getting at the prize within. But Rogue was nowhere to be seen.

Jean watched for several moments, holding her breath, but most of the action was hidden by shadows and sweaty bodies, so she turned back to him, eyes questioning.

He tilted his head slightly toward the dark line of the trees beyond the firelight.

Her lips parted—a soundless "oh"—as the implication sank in.

Scott bit his lip to stifle a groan as Jean started to subconsciously grind herself in his lap, staring deeply into the trees Rogue had disappeared into.

He wondered if she was trying to sense them. Sense their desire, their lust.

She probably could, if she tried...

When Jean turned back to him, the look in her eyes took his breath away.

'When we talked about this...you didn't sound all that eager.'

He licked his dry lips and shrugged. While he wouldn't have called their philosophical debate on the nature of sexuality going forward on Krakoa them "talking about this," she wasn't wrong. In his defence, he'd been pretty shocked at the time. Caught off-guard.

'I don't know what to tell you.'

He grunted as Jean hopped off his lap, and yanked him to his feet.

'Let's go!'

'What? *Where*—?' But she was already pulling him toward the tree line, moving with a quiet, hurried urgency. When she turned back to look at him, her emerald eyes were wide with desire and mischief.

'To watch, of course.'

Scott's heart pounded in his chest as Jean unerringly dragged him through the foliage.

She can sense them, she knows exactly where they are...

Naturally, Scott heard them before they saw them.

Jean put a finger to her lips and, even in the dark, he could make out her smouldering stare. She urged him forward, pressing his body into the thick trunk of a sturdy oak and pressed herself into his back.

Scott figured the sneaking was overkill. Though the clearing was bathed in silvery moonlight, he very much doubted Rogue or her lover were in any state of mind to notice a couple of sneaky voyeurs.

'Ooh, Oooh, Oooh, Oooooooh!'

Scott's face flushed with heat. He'd known Rogue for years, and while the beautiful Southern belle had always been flirty, he'd never heard her like *this*.

He could just make out two shapes moving in the moonlight—dark, shifting forms that slowly sharpened as his eyes adjusted to the gloom.

Before he could involuntarily gasp and give their presence away, his wife clamped a hand over his mouth and leaned in so close he could feel her hot breath on his ear.

'Shhh,' she whispered so softly he doubted it could be heard over the rustling of Rogue and her lover's half-discarded clothing. *'Just watch, naughty boy.'*

And watch, he did. Scott watched as a half-naked Rogue bounced atop her laid back lover. Her thin summer dress was pulled down to her waist, her bra discarded somewhere in the dark. It gave Scott an unobstructed view of her bouncing and jiggling tits as she gyrated and fucked a man that wasn't her husband.

Rogue was undeniably beautiful, he knew that for a fact. Rather than impacting his voyeuristic enjoyment however, the darkness only enhanced it. She was built similarly to his wife—pale skin, long hair, large breasts, narrow waist, wide hips, long legs...

It was *oh-so-easy* for his mind to imagine Jean in Rogue's place.

He felt Jean's arousal spike over their shared, psychic link.

'Is that what you want, handsome?' his wife whispered, sounding like a complete stranger to his ears. 'Do you want to watch your naughty wife having sex? With someone else?'

Scott felt dizzy with arousal. Hearing Rogue's breathless moans, watching her body bounce and gyrate...imagining it was his wife...

He didn't fight it when he felt his wife's dextrous fingers unbuckling his belt. He watched, transfixed as she unzipped him, then reached into his boxers and pulled out his achingly hard, leaking cock. He shuddered as her warm hand stroked along his five inches, and his knees nearly buckled when she bit his ear lobe and barely muffled an amused giggle.

Then...she played *dirty*.

The clearing was dim, shapes barely visible through the trees if he squinted. Then something shifted—like someone had turned up the contrast of the world. Shadows deepened, edges sharpened, the moonlight growing more intense as it revealed the two unknowing exhibitionists in all their uninhibited glory.

Then Scott blinked as his wife's stroking grew more urgent. Rogue's figure blurred for a heartbeat, her outline smearing like wet paint—and then her face changed. Red hair. Freckles. Almost glowing green eyes. Skin slick with heat and passion.

Jean.

His *wife*.

Not as she'd been at the bar—composed, playful, perfect, a little weary from a long day's work—but alive and flushed, every breath visible in the trembling light.

Scott froze, his body trembling and his mouth agape as he watched *his wife* get fucked by a stranger, her body undulating and gyrating like a dancer's as *her* moans slipped from her pretty, pouty lips.

Lips he'd kissed thousands of times before.

As Jean continued to stroke him, her breath hot and heavy in his ear, the *Jean* in the clearing turned to look at them, a naughty smile on her lips as she leaned back, supporting her weight on her lover's shins. The psychically conjured *mirage* never broke eye contact. Teasing him, taunting him with that grin, those mischievously glittering eyes, the sounds slipping from her mouth.

It was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen, so hot he could barely think straight.

And his wife, the *Jean* behind him, knew it. She could feel his arousal sky-rocket, his climax drawing near.

'You like that, baby?' she breathily whispered, her words like molten lava. 'Is that what you want? To let me loose? To *watch* as somebody else takes me? Takes *your wife*?'

Scott's words stuck in his throat, but he didn't dare look away from the sight of his wife fucking the mysterious stranger. The way the image looked at him, *teased him* with her eyes, her movements, it drove him *wild*.

'Say it,' she urged, her fist a blur as she pumped him, her free hand supporting his weight and wrapped possessively around his waist. 'Tell me what I already know...'

Even if he wanted to, even if he were so inclined, Scott couldn't find it in him to deny his wife.

To deny *himself*.

'Y-yes...'

‘What was that?’

Scott sagged against Jean, her smaller frame belying her surprising strength as she easily supported his weight. The *Jean* in the clearing screwed her eyes shut and came with a shuddering, explosive groan—a groan he’d ripped from her *countless* times before, the sound forever tainted in his mind by the fact that an imaginary man had caused her to make it.

‘Yes!’ he groaned, too loudly, as his vision turned white and he came all over his wife’s dainty hand. Pleasure surged through him, his orgasm more powerful than any in recent memory.

When his senses returned to him, Scott slowly opened his eyes and started in surprise when he wasn’t met with an artificially over-exposed clearing and two promiscuous mutants still going at it, but Rogue’s grinning, unashamed face only a few feet away from him, a dark shadow beyond likely her lover trying to find his discarded clothes.

‘Well, ain’t y’all a sight. Didn’t think I had an audience.’

Neither Jean or Scott spoke. Jean was busy milking the last dribbles of his orgasm out of his hyper-sensitive member while very much enjoying his discomfort and Scott was completely tongue-tied.

‘I’d ask if y’all enjoyed the show, but...’

Scott’s face turned crimson as Rogue looked down at the puddle of cum he’d shot out in spurts all over the pristine grass.

She looked back up, and Scott wanted to say her eyes were twinkling with mischief, but he was finding it hard to look away from her still exposed, heavy breasts. Her nipples were larger than his wife’s, and still pebbled deliciously. His lust-addled mind wondered how they’d taste before he could stop himself, and he felt his wife tense, then squeeze him, letting him know she wasn’t upset at his errant thoughts.

‘Did y’all wanna join us? Miguel has a *big* one, I’m sure you’ll love it Red.’

Scott's pulse spiked and his heart thudded in his chest as Rogue turned her smouldering gaze on him before biting her lip sensually. 'I've always wanted a taste of *you*, Sugah...'

'Maybe next time,' Jean teased, speaking up for the first time before tucking him back into his jeans and zipping him up with expert ease. 'I think Scott and I need to have a *talk* first, if you catch my meaning.'

Rogue's eyes lit up with understanding. 'Ahh, understood. Well, y'all come find us when you do ya'hear? I know Remy's had his eyes on you too Red...'

Rather than refute the sexually charged mutant, Jean let out a musical laugh and started dragging Scott away. 'I'll keep that in mind, Rogue, but right now I think I need some alone time with my husband.'

Rogue gave them a cheeky wave as they scurried away like misbehaving teenagers. Scott let his wife lead him, dragging him through the brush in silence without saying a word.

Then, with the aid of Jean's telekinetic powers, they took to the air.

The wind rose around them, soft at first, then gathering strength until the sand began to spiral at their feet. Scott barely had time to register the lift before the world dropped away beneath him—Piotr's *Rebirthday* party a mere memory and a glow in the dark beneath them.

They flew in silence. He only had vague glimpses of her thoughts and feelings through their psychic link, but her heavy breathing as he held her body against his revealed more than her well-guarded thoughts ever could.

Ahead, a faint bioluminescent shimmer appeared on the shoreline. The gateway flower. Another miracle of Krakoa and one of the portals that linked this living mutant utopia and all its satellite regions together. Its petals unfurled as they approached, the organic structure glowing with soft gold veins. They passed through, and the world folded in on itself—no rush of motion, just a blink—one heartbeat on Krakoa, the next on the quiet island they called home.

The X-Habitat stretched out before them, a living countryside sculpted from Krakoa's will. Rolling meadows spilled into groves of luminous trees, their leaves glowing faintly like fireflies.

Here and there, homes rose from the land—stone and wood and living vines fused together, each unique, each beautiful in its own quiet way.

The portal opened into a wide green common where winding paths converged on the gateway flower. A few distant lights marked the other manors scattered along the hills, old teammates and friends living close enough that no one ever felt alone, but far enough away to retain a sense of privacy.

Jean took his hand and started down the path—they no longer flew. Scott suspected Jean had a lot on her mind and was happy to take her time. The road was soft beneath their feet, mossy and warm, alive with subtle bioluminescence. They walked in comfortable silence, the night alive with the sound of distant surf and the faint rustle of leaves.

As they rounded a bend in the path, the trees parted and their home came into view—a Victorian-style manor perched on a small hill, its walls wrapped in flowering vines that caught the moonlight and glowed softly in the dark. It managed to feel both intimate and grand at once.

Typically, way out of their price range, but on Krakoa, no Mutant wanted for anything.

The manor greeted them with soft light. Bioluminescent veins threaded along the beams, glowing like moonlight caught in wood grain. The air smelled faintly of cedar and salt.

They moved through the front hall without a word. The living space was wide and uncluttered—warm oak floors, woven rugs, a few framed photos of old missions and smiling teammates. The kitchen opened off the hall, neat and lived-in, the faint hum of Krakoa light running under the cabinets giving the room a quiet pulse.

Upstairs, the hallways were dim. The house seemed to breathe around them—timbers creaking, vines rustling against the glass. In their room, the glow of the moon traced silver edges along the bedposts and dresser.

They undressed in easy silence. Scott peeled off his jacket and jeans, folded them out of habit. Jean slipped off her blouse, unfastened her slacks, and disappeared into the ensuite. Water started, and he followed to join her. Still, neither spoke. Under the spray and as they lathered up each other's bodies, the sexual tension threatened to spill over, but as if by some unspoken agreement, they held off.

For now.

After, they moved through the quiet rhythm of routine. Towels. Toothbrushes. The soft scent of Jean's moisturiser. The house seemed to sense them winding down, its inner glow softening to a gentler amber, shadows stretching in the corners.

Minutes later, the manor had gone still. Scott lay back on his side of the bed, staring at the ceiling. Jean slipped in beside him and rested her head on his chest, her damp hair cool against his skin.

As they settled under the sheets, the lights dimmed of their own accord, leaving only the faint shimmer of the vines along the beams.

Then, the silence ended.

'So... that happened.'

Jean's laugh was quiet, tired, genuine. *Warmth, embarrassment, a spark of mischief.* Scott felt all of it through the bond as easily as if they were his own feelings—a strange sensation that had become second nature after so many years married to an omega-level telepath. The link between them was wide open now, her mind brushing against his without restraint. Every thought, every flicker of emotion, passed freely.

There was no hiding. No dodging or swerving this conversation. No chance for confusion.

'That's one way to put it,' she murmured.

Scott exhaled through his nose, the sound thin and humourless. His chest tightened—*arousal, confusion, guilt*—all tumbling over one another. He didn't say anything, but Jean didn't need him to.

For a long while, they lay in silence. This kind of silence was less comfortable and more sexually charged though.

When Jean finally spoke, her voice was soft and low. 'The last time we talked about this... about mutants shaking off the old human rules and guilt—well...you remember how that went. We had a fight...'

A flicker of memory passed through the link—*raised voices, a slammed door, the way they'd made up after.*

Scott turned toward her, guilt stirring beneath the surface. 'I'd call it less a fight and more a... difference of opinion.'

Jean's amusement rippled through the bond before it reached her lips. 'A *loud* difference of opinion.'

He remembered the angry, feral make-up sex vividly. His wife *was* loud.

Amusement. Embarrassment. Arousal.

He huffed a quiet breath, not quite able to contain the smug grin. 'Maybe.'

Her hand stopped tracing circles on his chest. The warmth of her mind pressed closer to his. The silence grew heavy again—then her thought brushed against his, tender but sharp.

'So... has your opinion differed then? Because from what I felt out there, I'd say it has.'

Scott's throat worked. She didn't just mean his words—she'd felt *everything*. His shock. His excitement. Hell, she'd held his *excitement* in her *hand*.

He hesitated. A jumble of images rose in his head—*Rogue's body, Jean's face replacing it, watching her bouncing, fucking a stranger with that taunting smile on her lips*. He didn't try to hide it. She saw. She felt.

When he finally spoke, his voice was rough. 'Maybe... maybe I've changed my mind.'

A sharp spike of surprise flared across the link—bright and immediate, followed by a low thrum of arousal that made his pulse quicken. She sat up slowly, crimson hair falling over her shoulders like a curtain, eyes glowing faintly with power. 'What are you saying, Scott?'

He met her gaze head-on, letting her see the truth before he said it. *Want. Fear. Excitement.* 'I want it.'

Her breath caught. He felt the jolt of it through the link, her cheeks flushing as the power of her arousal almost overwhelmed his senses. 'This is serious, Scott,' she breathed, her raspy voice like honey in his ears. 'I'm going to need you to be more specific.'

Another pause. His mind was chaos—*desire, shame, confusion*—and she felt it all. He didn't fight it. Licking his lips, he put words to the desires he's been feeling all night. And for a lot longer, if he were honest—maybe ever since their *fight*.

'I want to see you... doing that. *Watch you.* Like we did with Rogue tonight.'

The words were simple, but the images that followed in his mind—*her pale skin, her undulating body, her heavy, bouncing breasts, the teasing smile*—left no room for misunderstanding.

Jean's pupils dilated. Her breath grew heavier, tinged with excitement and disbelief. She didn't speak, but through the link he felt her confusion being replaced by intense desire, her own thoughts flickering—*curiosity, temptation, love*.

'I want to watch you... with someone else,' he added quietly, as if that needed further clarification.

The silence that followed was absolute. Even the house—heck, Krakoa itself—seemed to hold its breath.

Jean's emotions came to him in waves—*shock*, *intrigue*, and then... *acceptance*. And then, perhaps most terrifying and thrilling of all, a slow, dangerous *excitement*.

Her voice was barely a whisper. 'You're sure about this?'

No, he wanted to scream, but his body, heck, even his mind betrayed him.

He nodded once, and she felt the certainty in him—solid, undeniable.

A rush of heat bloomed between them. 'Because I'm not going to lie to you, my love,' she whispered, her tone trembling, desire rolling through the link like a pulse. 'I'm... *excited*.'

Scott gave a shaky laugh, 'I know!'

His chest beat rapidly beneath her palm. Her excitement fed his own, spiraling until neither knew whose feeling belonged to whom.

Beneath it all, a quieter emotion stirred—*trust*. Unshakable, grounding.

Jean smiled then, slow and luminous, and laid her hand on his chest. 'Tonight, we sleep,' she whispered, curling against his side again, her ear pressed against his heart. Her mind brushed his one last time, warm and tender.

'Tomorrow... who knows?'

The words slipped directly into his mind before Jean reigned it in and receded gently from his thoughts, but not before he *felt* her mischief.

Or her terrifying, undeniable *excitement*.

Before Scott even opened his eyes the next morning, he reached over to Jean's side of the bed and frowned when he found it empty.

And cold.

Slowly cracking open an eye, his sleep-addled mind looked around in confusion as the living membranes on the windows thinned, slowly letting in more and more sunlight like an organic dimmer.

What time is it...?

He reached for his phone on the dresser and stared blearily at the numbers on the screen until they made sense in his mind.

I must have been more tired than I thought...

Jean would have left for work already. Knowing he had the day off, his wife had decided to let him sleep in rather than wake him.

That's annoying...

He'd been hoping for a lazy day spent with his wife in bed, after coaxing her to call in sick—as absurd a notion as that was on Krakoa.

Before his disappointment could fester, the door eased open, and sunlight spilled into the bedroom. Scott blinked against the brightness, vision swimming until the blur of crimson sharpened into something familiar.

Jean.

He smiled, the sleep fading from his eyes and mind. She was dressed for a lazy morning—a tight tank-top and yoga pants that instantly had him *perking up*.

He loved those pants. They left nothing of his wife's thick, meaty ass to the imagination. Almost like they were painted on.

'Morning, my love,' she greeted with a mysterious smile on her luscious lips. Narrowing his eyes in suspicion, he felt amusement through their bond and his wife laughed. It was a giddy sound, borderline hysterical, and Scott's senses were suddenly on high alert.

'Don't pout, dear husband. Besides, we have a guest!'

Scott's eyes widened further when his wife cleared her throat and a sheepish Logan joined them in the bedroom.

Now Scott's senses were going haywire. Logan was *never* sheepish. About *anything*. His wife's very obvious amusement—both her giddy grin and the emotions he felt through their bond—didn't help matters.

Then everything came rushing back to him. The rebirthday party, Rogue, his wife, the *conversation*, the agreement they'd struck.

He turned back to his wife, shocked. He couldn't see himself, but he was sure his expression said it all. *Already? Him?!*

Jean was biting her lip sexily, her hands already working at the bottom of her tank-top as she met his gaze with smouldering eyes. A slow nod, and it felt as if a leaden weight had dropped in his gut...

While simultaneously, his cock instantly stood to attention.

This is really happening...

'Yes, my love, it is...'

He shuddered at his wife's gentle mental intrusion, not because of the act itself, but because he could feel her arousal as powerfully and clearly as if it were his own. But beneath that excitement, he felt other emotions. *Tentative. Curious. Afraid.*

Shaking his head, he got a hold of himself. He *wanted* this, he'd said as much last night. And while he thought he'd have more time to reconcile that fact in his own mind, that didn't change the fact that he was insanely turned on.

His wife had gone out and picked up someone to bring home and fuck. With his *blessing*. If that was a sign of the changing times, he didn't know what was.

Instead of freaking out, or trying to take back what he'd said last night, Scott owned it. He didn't try to suppress his arousal from their link. Nor his excitement or contradictory jealousy. His wife squirmed as she got the mental go-ahead as Scott turned to Logan with a raised brow.

'Hey. I thought you were busy?'

He almost laughed at how awkward Logan looked, standing there in their bedroom. Depending on how much his wife had told him, he could understand why. Though a part of Scott laughed at how much their relationship had changed over the years.

Had Jean propositioned his friend when they'd first met, Logan wouldn't have even looked his way before dropping trou. Now, well, "friend" didn't even feel adequate anymore to describe their relationship. They were battle-brothers. Comrades in arms. They held a deep and mutual trust and respect for each other.

Given that context, Logan's squeamishness made a *little* sense...

'I *was*,' Logan growled defensively. Then he looked at Jean and shrugged. 'But, well, you know. *Jean.*'

Scott couldn't help but smirk at his friend. 'What *about* Jean?'

The awkwardness was fading at Scott's seeming chill and Logan squared his shoulders before tucking his thumbs into his belt and grinning. 'No offence, Slim, but when Red calls me first thing in the morning for a *booty call*? I drop everything I'm doing and come running.

Scott's lips twitched involuntarily and he turned to his flush wife, eyebrow raised. 'Is that what happened?'

Jean grinned impishly, almost vibrating on the spot she was so excited and horny. 'What? Did you think I'd ask a *stranger*?'

'The thought crossed my mind.'

His wife's smile dimmed and he felt panic from their bond. 'Wait—are you okay? We're not going to have a problem, are we?'

Instead of answering, Scott sat up and scooted back to rest against the mountain of pillows behind him. 'No. No problem,' he assuaged before turning to Logan and nodding. 'Treat her well, Logan.'

Logan gaped at him, his wide eyes flitting between Jean and himself. 'Hole shit, this is serious?! I thought you two were fucking with me!'

Jean blew him a kiss before turning to Logan, still playing with the hem of her tank top. Her voice dripped out like molten honey, 'We're serious, Logan,' she whispered, now standing so close she could play with the buckle of his belt while looking down at him. 'What about you? Are *you* serious? You've always said you wanted to be with me—well, here's your chance. Are you interested?'

He looked at Jean like she was crazy. 'Does a bear shit in the woods?'

'Don't be vulgar.'

Whatever Logan was about to snap back with was swallowed as Jean leant down and captured his lips in a fierce kiss.

Scott felt like Piotr had socked him in the gut watching his wife making out with his friend—a mixture of nauseous, light-headed and shortness of breath. At the same time, it felt as if his entire body was overheating, and his cock was angrily tenting his shorts, begging for attention.

With a reluctant growl and look of self-loathing, Logan pulled away and turned to Scott with a scowl. ‘Look, Slim, I’m only gonna ask this one more time—you sure about this? There’s no going back after—I know everyone’s gone *sex crazy* since moving to Krakoa, but *this*—’

Before Scott could answer, Jean cupped Logan’s cheeks and forcibly turned his head so he was facing and looking up into her blazing emerald eyes once more. ‘Logan—do you *really* think you’d be here, in our bedroom, if we weren’t sure? If we hadn’t talked about this?’

Before he could respond, Jean took a step back and pulled off her tank top in one fluid motion, her hair spilling back into place like a crimson curtain and her large, naked breasts bouncing free and hanging low on her chest.

‘Now, are you going to keep stalling? Or are you going to *fuck me*?’

Scott nearly came in his pants at his wife’s aggressive tone. Shit, Logan nearly did too. Instead, with his eyes glued to her magnificent tits, he nodded silently, shakily, groaning *deep* in the back of his throat when Jean only smiled wide and slowly dropped to her knees.

Scott’s pulse thundered in his ears as his wife, while still looking up and into Logan’s eyes, unbuckled his belt and unzipped his jeans. When she yanked everything down with a powerful tug, her shocked gasp was accompanied by a meaty thwack as what bounced free hit her on the chin.

Jesus Christ...

Jean was equally shocked, staring wide-eyed and mouth agape at Logan’s rapidly swelling cock. He was *huge*, so thick around that it was like he was packing a tallboy down there. While he’d seen girth in the shower with more length, few, if any, could match Logan’s girth.

A bubble of laughter almost slipped out of Scott's throat when he realised Logan's cock was built very much like its owner was. *Wide*.

Logan's voice dropped several octaves, though there was no hiding his proud grin. 'Are you just gonna stare like a *virgin* Red, or...?'

He felt the flush of embarrassment through their bond and Jean looked up at Logan with an annoyed scowl.

'I'm sure this isn't the first time you've seen a woman have this reaction, *Grandpa*.'

If it were possible, Logan's grin grew even more smug. 'Maybe, maybe not...'

His wife took several deep breaths to calm herself, her pale cheeks a fiery crimson but her burning eyes undeniably locked on Logan's big cock—a cock that twitched angrily and somehow grew even *thicker* as more blood steadily flowed into it, as Jean's hot breath warmed it from inches away.

Scott could feel his wife's arousal growing through their link, her inhibitions slipping by the second as she just stared in shock at the cock mere inches from her face. Finally, after what felt like an eternity where Scott was sure both he *and* Logan held their breaths, Jean mustered up her resolve and looked back up into Logan's eyes before sticking out her tongue.

The Wolverine's smug grin instantly vanished the moment he felt Jean's tongue on his heavy, plum-sized balls. His knees buckled and he would have collapsed to the floor had his hand not shot out and balanced himself against the bed-post when Jean started to slowly, sensually drag her tongue along his absurdly thick length. Tracing a single, mighty vein all the way to the mushroom tip.

The silence in the room felt oppressive, but no one dared speak as Jean continued to give Logan's oversized cock a tongue bath.

Scott couldn't help himself. He couldn't just sit there and idly watch anymore and, as embarrassing as it was, he pulled his shorts down and pulled out his own, achingly hard cock.

A cock far less impressive than Logan's beast.

He started to slowly jerk off, watching on in disbelief as his beloved wife licked another man's cock. It was an intense shock to the system, because he wasn't just seeing the physical evidence of the act, but feeling her own feelings as she performed them. *Excitement. Mischief. Lust.*

Catching the movement out of the corner of his eye, Logan turned and Scott fought down a blush when his friend caught him masturbating. It wasn't like he was trying to hide it, but there was an extra level of spice and humiliation at being caught jacking off by the man who was getting his dick sucked by his own wife...

Logan grinned, his dark eyes smarking with mischief. 'Guess we know why Red was so shocked, eh *Slim?*'

The nickname hit different now, with both their cocks out and exposed.

Scott was too turned on to be more than only slightly embarrassed. He didn't even pause in his jacking off, just watched as his wife's tongue continued to make that journey from the base of Logan's cock to the tip. Though when her blazing, emerald eyes flickered over to look at him, Scott couldn't hold back his flush of embarrassment when his own wife grinned wickedly before going back to licking Logan.

She didn't say anything, but she didn't need to. He *felt* it. *Amusement. Pity. Condescension.*

The degrading emotions only spurred him on, made the taboo moment even hotter. Feeling his own emotions in turn, Jean once more turned to him, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

'Mine's bigger than yours...'

As if it needed any emphasis, Jean cheekily pressed her cheek up against Logan's cock and nuzzled it before kissing the tip and favouring Scott with a naughty wink.

The shock lasted for only a split-second before his muscles tensed, his eyes screwed shut and he came all over himself.

Or at least...that was what was *supposed* to happen, what his body *expected*.

His muscles were still tense, his pulse elevated, his own dick hyper-sensitive and feeling like it was about to spurt but, just...*nothing*.

He cracked an eye open and groaned at the sight of his wife with her lips wrapped wide—wider than he'd ever seen them—around Logan's crown. His friend had his head tilted back, a hand threaded in Jean's crimson locks as he groaned and gently thrust into her mouth.

Logan was lost to the world, so he couldn't have known what had just happened—or *didn't* happen—on the bed right next to him. How Jean pinned her husband with her piercing, smouldering emerald eyes.

W-what the fuck is happening to me?

Jean's mouth was rather full at the moment, so when she spoke, she did so directly into his mind.

'Do you know what a climax really is?'

Even in his mind, even while she was *otherwise occupied*, Jean somehow managed a lecturing, sweet tone that only made this ridiculous situation even sexier. Scott could only sit there, twitching dick in hand, and pay attention as his wife went all *Professor Grey* on him.

She continued, her lips sinking deeper and deeper on Logan's cock, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

'It's just a reflex—a signal your brain sends when your penis is ready to ejaculate.'

Logan let out a long, exultant groan, his other hand joining his first as he carefully thrust deeper

into Jean's willing mouth. His wife winced at his eagerness, but she narrowed her eyes and managed to swallow another inch.

He could feel her pride through their link. It was so *wrong*, so *dirty* that it *should* have made him cum...his wife's machinations aside.

When her eyes fluttered back open, they crinkled at the corners and he felt her amusement going along with her pride. Scott could understand. He must look ridiculous. His skin flush, his muscles tense, his heart beating a mile a minute, and his much smaller dick in hand, his body twitching uncontrollably with every futile stroke.

'I interrupted that signal, my love. You can stroke as much as you like, you'll not finish until I allow it. Until I've...had my fill.'

Scott groaned at the utter filth pouring into his mind, his back arching and his fist pumping furiously. It was no use. There was pleasure, the *sensation* was there, but no matter how hard he tried, regardless of how long he teetered on the edge, nothing came.

Literally.

Could she always do this?!

This time he *heard* Jean chuckling in his mind, along with a fresh wave of amusement.

'I'd thought about it before, never put it into practice. How does it feel, my love? Is your body warm? Muscles tight? Waves of pleasure radiating from your cock? You know, some people practise their entire lives to reach the state you're in right now...'

Scott's groan was half frustration, half incredulity. She'd stopped him cumming, but that didn't stop the pleasure, the tension. As always, *Professor Grey* was right, and his body remained tense, fresh waves of body tingling pleasure shooting out from his cock with every futile stroke.

His wanting, his *desire*, didn't vanish along with his ability to cum. He still felt the arousal every time Jean took more of Logan's cock deep in her throat, and it only grew with every teasing crinkle of her eyes, with every amused, strained grin from Logan.

It was fucked up, but the little stunt Jean had pulled felt somehow equal parts humiliating and sexy. She'd taken control of him in a way no one else could, and she was *loving* it.

Finally, Jean pulled off Logan's cock with a phlegmy gasp and rocked back on her heels. Logan stumbled forward, catching himself on the bed post while glaring down at his wickedly grinning wife.

'I was about to cum, Red.'

'I know,' Jean teased, using both her hands to stroke his ridiculous cock while smiling coquettishly up at the older, wilder man. 'Figured you'd rather finish in me though. Was I wrong?'

Jean let out a sultry chuckle because she hadn't even finished speaking before Logan was hurriedly shimmying out of the rest of his clothes. Jean stood as he did so, turning to Scott before bending over and sliding her yoga pants down her long legs.

Scott's body was still tense and now drenched with sweat. He beat his meat vigorously as Jean bent forward, offering her naked behind to another man with a coy smile. Bracing herself on the soft mattress, she offered Scott one final wink before turning to look at Logan over her shoulder.

'Like what you see, *Grandpa*?'

Logan's nostrils flared and he inhaled sharply, but what finally did him in was what his devious wife did next.

A coy smile, a nibble of her bottom lip, and a gentle sway of that gorgeous, full ass.

The feared Wolverine stood no chance.

Gripping the head of his cock in a powerful fist, Logan shuffled forward with a growl and placed the head against Jean's flower. Even in his frenzied state, he didn't rush in like a brute. Scott figured he'd had *many* years to learn how to properly handle such an oversized tool, so much so that not even his animalistic lust was enough to override common sense.

Scott's stroking picked up in intensity, his body quaking with each pump as his hyper-sensitive, but still aching hard member sent shockwaves of crippling pleasure through him. His wife had made it impossible to cum, and jacking off was borderline painful, but he was too turned on to care.

Seeing Jean's mischievous look freeze on her face, her eyes widen and her mouth dropping open in shock when Logan forced his way into her tight cunt was a surreal experience. It was everything he'd fantasized about and more. A shocked gasp morphed into a surprised grunt, and that surprised grunt transitioned into a prolonged, disbelieving groan that had Scott's balls aching with desire.

'Fuck, you're so *tight*,' Logan growled, before shuffling a little closer, lifting one leg up onto the bed, and grabbing Jean's hips for better leverage and control of his thrust.

'Ooooh, *ooooh*, holy shit! Jesus *fuck*!'

Scott froze when he heard it—the word itself wasn't much, but who it came from made his already dangerously rapid pulse jump. Jean *never* cursed. Not in battle, not in anger, not even in private or when they made love. It had always been her instinct to pull back, to steady herself, to stay in control of everything from her tone to the storm inside her head. But this time, when the word slipped out, she didn't apologize or flinch. He felt it instead—*freedom, exhilaration, joy*—a rush of emotion through their bond that made his chest ache with pride and even a hint of melancholy. She was loosening her grip, bit by bit, letting herself *feel* instead of bottling it all up, live instead of lead.

Fly instead of stutter.

Watching that shift, watching her let go, was like seeing the first crack of dawn after years of fighting through the dark.

It was a beautiful moment, one punctuated by another hoarse groan and shocked squeal when Logan forced another inch of his fat cock into her tight cunt.

‘Oh Christ Logan! You’re too big! *Fuck!*’

Logan had a shit-eating grin on his lips, and though he didn’t pull back, he didn’t stop either. His rugged, aged face was drenched with sweat, but he didn’t look like slowing or stopping.

Not even if the world was about to end.

‘You’re alright Red, just breathe. You’re handling it like a champ...’

Scott couldn’t believe how hot this was, how turned on he was at seeing his wife getting the fucking of a lifetime. Jean finding a lover with a bigger cock than his own meagre five inches had always been a factor in his fantasies, a very real possibility. He’d expected to feel jealousy, embarrassment, feelings of inadequacy, but as Jean’s emotions flowed through into his mind uninhibited, especially once the initial shock wore off—*Liberation, Elation, Guilt*—Scott sent his own in the other direction.

Love. Acceptance. Pride.

Her head snapped in his direction at the strange readings she was getting from him. Instead of clarifying, he gave a proud smile and a nod.

He didn’t stop jacking off though, and his body was making him pay for it. His abdomen ached from prolonged muscle tension—like a wicked case of DOMS—his balls stung from overfilling without release, and his body quaked with the unending pulses of pleasure that he was subjecting himself to.

Pleasure without release.

Seeing Scott’s acceptance though, his enjoyment and arousal caused another emotion to surge in his wife—one that completely dwarfed the tiny smidge of guilt she felt.

Defiance.

'Christ, just *fuck me* Logan!'

Both Scott and Logan started at the uncharacteristic outburst, the older man staring down at the heaving Jean with wide eyes. He looked down at where they were joined before turning his head back up and shrugging.

'Well shit, don't say I didn't warn ya...'

Jean gasped and buried her face in the mattress to muffle a scream when Logan shot his hips forward and buried himself all the way to the hilt in one brutal thrust. Jean didn't stop screaming when he slowly pulled back out, but the intensity returned when he snapped his hips and launched himself forward again.

Let go. Don't muffle your screams, you filthy slut.

Of course, his wife heard his thoughts the second they formed. Her eyes snapped in his direction again and his arousal flared at the glimmer of mischief that shone back.

Flinging her head back, Jean screwed her eyes shut and howled so loud Scott genuinely wondered if any of the other X-men veterans could hear them from their own estates.

'Fuuuuuck! Yes! *Fuck me* Logan! You beautiful, big-dicked stud! *Ooooooh!*'

Scott, already overheating from whatever his wife was doing to him, panted as he watched her body rock, her heavy breasts sway back and forth, her fleshy cheeks rippling with the power of Logan's snapping thrusts. He watched, salivating as his normally reserved wife came undone, screaming profanities as she was fucked deeper and harder than she'd ever been before.

'Cumming!' she screamed, half pleading, half delight. She was meeting Logan's brutal thrusts with eager reciprocity, no longer wincing in pain every time his fat head ploughed against her cervix, but shuddering with pleasure, *shrieking* in bliss.

Scott wouldn't have believed it if he weren't watching it happen with his own two eyes.

When her orgasm hit, it made all the sounds she'd been making previously sound tame by comparison. She froze, her body locked and tense as her orgasm crashed into her. The yelp and the undulating scream that followed had her cheeks flaring red, an emotion only heightened when Logan chuckled and she turned to look at her husband, mortified when she found him grinning in amusement.

Jean didn't have time for embarrassment though. She may have climaxed, but Logan was still chasing his own. All the strength had left her body and she collapsed on the bed, face down. Her lover shuffled in closer, both knees now on the bed as he rutted away like an animal. Jean still squealed every time he bottomed out, but her participation was far more one-sided, her energy leaving with her orgasm.

Her body rocked with the power of Logan's thrusts, but she didn't tell him to stop. Scott could attest—the thought didn't even cross her mind. Instead, she reached for him. Reached her hands out to her husband, as if pleading for his strength, his support.

He gave it, gladly. Jean nuzzled his thigh and interlocked her fingers with his as Logan fucked her within an inch of her life. Each thrust had her burying her face deeper in his crotch, each time he bottomed out, a warbling cry.

At this point, whatever Jean had done to him was taking its toll. His abdominals were screaming in pain, his body aching in exhaustion. He was so slick with sweat it looked like he'd just run a marathon and his balls were ready to burst. None of it was as glaring as his tortured cock, throbbing an angry red. So red it looked like he would pop a blood vessel.

But Scott kept his mouth shut, he didn't want to interrupt his wife's pleasure. Seeing her like this, completely free and uninhibited, filled him with a strange kind of love and affection he hadn't expected to feel.

She deserves this. Deserves to let it go, let it all out.

And let it out, she did.

Logan made her cum *three more times* before, with a victorious cry of his own, he slammed his hips into Jean's thick ass and unloaded like a firehose.

His wife froze as another man filled her womanhood, her eyes wide and locked with Scott's.

'There's so much...'

The shock and awe in her mental voice just made the situation impossibly hotter. Scott, already feeling like a kettle left on the boil too long, felt like he was about to explode with lust—hearing the wonder in her tone as another man, his *friend*, pumped her full of cum almost tipped him over the edge.

'Fucking *hell!*' Logan panted, wiping his brow and stumbling away on shaky legs. 'That...that was better than I ever imagined...'

Jean recovered quickly. Her long, crimson hair was slick and matted to her skin with sweat. Brushing what she could over an ear, she turned and regarded her lover with a smouldering gaze, her hungry eyes dropping to Logan's swaying, still half-hard cock with desire.

'Not so bad yourself, *old-timer*.'

Logan grunted in amusement before turning to Scott with a self-satisfied grin. 'How was that, *Slim*? Enjoy the show?'

You bet your fucking ass I did.

He obviously didn't say it out loud. Even in this ridiculous situation, Scott still felt a need to save face.

'I'm happy if Jean's happy.'

His wife's laughter, he imagined, no doubt had less to do with what he said and instead what he'd thought.

Regardless, Logan gave a proud smirk. 'Sounded to me like she was *plenty* happy. Ready for round two, Red?'

Jean bit her bottom lip, still staring at Logan's cock like a bitch in heat. Instead, and with great reluctance, she shook her head in the negative. 'No. Maybe next time. Right now, I think it's best I spend some alone time with my husband.'

Next time? She's already planning her next fuck.

Rather than reply, his wife sent her amusement at him through their link, obliterating all doubt.

Logan looked put out, but given he'd just had the great pleasure of fucking the woman of his dreams, he didn't look *too* upset.

'Jesus,' he broke the tense silence with a shake of his head. 'Krakoa's turned everyone crazy, but if crazy means I get to fuck you Red, sign me the hell up.'

Jean smiled wide and watched with a hungry gaze as Logan quickly redressed, checked his phone, cursed, then hurried away with promises that there'd *definitely* be a repeat.

It was trite to admit given his current state, but the thought of Jean fucking Logan *whenever she felt like it* drove him crazy. Jealousy, warring with possessiveness, warring with arousal in a vicious cocktail that only added to the strain his body was in.

And his wife *knew*. She grinned wickedly as she watched him sweat, watched him pant with equal parts desire and exhaustion.

'How're you feeling, Scott?'

He didn't need to think. 'Like if you don't undo whatever the hell you did to me soon, I might just *literally* explode.'

'That's not what I—'

'I *know* that's not what you meant,' he snapped, though the words held little venom, only urgency. 'But I can barely think or concentrate right now. If you want to have a serious conversation—'

He didn't even get to finish his sentence. One second he felt like he was about to self-combust, the next every single one of his nerve-endings *exploded* in the most intense waves of pleasure he'd ever felt in his life. All he could remember was letting out a groan so long and loud it felt his voice-box would rupture before everything went black.

Scott came to with his head in Jean's lap, her fingers combing gently through his hair.

It took a second to even remember what his own name was, let alone *where* he was, and what had just happened.

Then, a funky scent tickled his nose. Scrunching his face, he turned his head towards the source of the smell—his wife's womanhood—and *saw it*. Her pussy looked *ruined*. Still gaping wide—wider than it ever did after a round of lovemaking with him—it leaked a steady stream of thick, viscous cum that pooled beneath her on the bed.

Jean didn't try to cover herself, she didn't try and hide anything. She just kept stroking his hair, waiting for Scott's reaction.

Then it all came rushing back—the images of his wife in ecstasy, Logan's huge cock ploughing in and out of her, the way she screamed, her countless orgasms—Scott flushed, but rather than recoil, he offered his wife a small, comforting grin.

Neither spoke at first. The only sound was their breathing and the faint rhythm of the island outside their walls. Through their link, he felt her calm pulse against his own—*love, warmth, comfort*—and for a moment, that was enough.

Even after everything...we're still Us.

Sensing his thoughts, Jean offered him a beautiful smile, her pale cheeks flushing in joy as a delicate hand slid down his chiselled chest and carefully circled his rock-hard cock.

He flinched, and his hand shot out to gently grip her wrist to stop her, but Jean snapped hers away, as if she'd been burnt.

'Sorry, I—'

He let out a slow breath then chuckled. 'No, it's okay. Just... a little sensitive.'

Jean's eyes widened then she let out a sultry chuckle, eyes half-lidded and teasing. 'Was it really that bad?'

'Not *bad*,' he lied in the way all men did to downplay their own discomfort. 'Just... *a lot*. Gonna take some getting used to.'

Her grin widened. '*Getting used to*, eh? You already planning on more practice?'

He gave a weak laugh, then winced as a sharp pain in his abs let him know that it wasn't just his cock that needed some time to recover. 'With how loud you were? I'm just surprised you haven't booked the next round already.'

Jean laughed—a genuine, light sound, and the fact that she didn't even try to deny it, to deny her desire to do so drove him *wild*—but it faded quickly. Her teasing grin turned contemplative, a puzzled frown marring her beautiful features.

Her hand lingered in his hair, then slowed. 'Are we good?'

He frowned. 'Why wouldn't we be?'

Uncertainty. Fear. Hope. The emotions filtered through their link before she spoke, each one intense enough that they would have affected him in the past, had he not had practise filtering out and guarding his own emotions and mind.

The benefits of being married to a telepath...

'It's one thing to talk about something,' she said softly. 'Another to actually do it. I could *feel* your jealousy, Scott.'

Scott snorted. 'I'm surprised you could feel *anything* with all that racket you were making.'

She shot him a deadpan look, though her cheeks reddened and the corners of her mouth twitched in amusement. 'Don't dodge.'

He sighed, sinking deeper into his wife's lap, trying not to wince as he felt the slimy, wetness on the bed, smearing against his skin.

'Fine. Yeah, I was jealous. Watching someone else fuck you like that, make you scream louder than I ever did—yeah, that hit hard. But...it was also the hottest thing I've ever seen. You stopped holding back and completely let yourself go. It was...so hot. *Beautiful*. I sure as heck wasn't complaining.'

Jean's smile faltered. The amusement in her eyes dimmed, replaced by something more reflective.

'That's just it,' she murmured. 'That wasn't only *me*.'

Scott froze. 'What do you mean?'

'When I let go,' she said, voice barely above a whisper, 'I didn't just stop fighting myself. I stopped fighting *it*.'

He didn't have to ask what she meant by *it*. *Phoenix*. The word rose in his mind, and she nodded faintly, having caught the thought.

'It wasn't just *me* feeling good,' Jean said. "It was... *us*. The more I let go, the more its...*presence* filled me. Everything got sharper—every sound, every touch, every breath. At some point, I couldn't tell where I ended and *it* began.' She exhaled shakily. 'It was almost too much. But also—*God*, Scott—it was *beautiful*. Liberating. I felt alive in a way I *never* have before.'

'Ouch.'

Upon seeing his grin, she rolled her eyes and slapped his chest in annoyance.

The words hung between them. Neither moved. Through the link, Scott felt her turbulent emotions—*awe*, *fear*, *confusion*, *excitement*—all tangled together like a wicked nest of vines.

Finally, he reached up and took her hand. 'I don't think that's wrong,' he said quietly. 'You've said it yourself—the Phoenix isn't evil. It's not plotting or scheming behind your back to turn you into a rampaging whore—that's all *you*,' he said with the cheeky grin he knew she loved, expertly dodging the retaliatory flick to the forehead with a shift of his head and earning a sharp spike of pain in the gut for his troubles. A reminder of how much his body still ached from his prolonged edging. His smile dimmed and he continued in a more serious tone. 'It's just a force of nature, right? It feeds on life, on emotions and feelings?'

Jean nodded slowly. 'And amplifies it. It's not conscious the way we are, but it's still... powerful. It doesn't mean harm, but that doesn't make it safe. You don't touch fire and expect not to burn.'

Scott met her gaze, his expression soft. 'There you go then. Don't fight it, just roll with the punches. If it's making you feel better, embrace it. If that ever changes, well, I'll be here. I'll always have your back.'

For a moment, her expression wavered between awe and disbelief... then she laughed, low and musical, the tension finally cracking. 'Careful, Summers,' she teased, brushing her thumb along his temple. 'Keep talking like that and you'll start sounding poetic.'

He smiled boyishly. 'I learnt from the best.'

'The best, huh...?' She said with a sultry grin, her eyes trailing down his body once more and at his aching hard, hyper-sensitive cock begging for attention, despite Scott's sorry state.

'Speaking of the *best*, you're still hard. Already hoping for an encore...?'

Her fingers danced around his groin, tracing a delicate line around his cock without ever touching it.

'This little guy certainly seems eager...'

She bit her lip, as if waiting for his reaction to her tease, her taunt.

Scott didn't disappoint. He screwed his eyes shut and groaned, a pulse of arousal shooting through his aching body, down to his cock, and making it throb in equal parts pleasure and pain.

'Oooh *fuck*,' he groan softly. The brief chuckle that slipped out sent sharp stabs of pain to his abs and he curled over, his face perilously close to the sloppy mess his friend had left in his wife. 'I think...if I'm gonna survive you doing that to me again, I'll need to work on my stamina.'

Jean's grin turned naughty and she gently pinched the tip of his cock like she was picking up a soiled handkerchief. 'Well...at least that's something you can actually work on to improve. Unlike...other things.'

Scott groaned again and begged for mercy.

Jean laughed, her hand finding his again. The silence that followed wasn't awkward this time. It was warm, steady—threaded with contentment, love, and the faintest trace of fear neither of them could quite shake.

But drowning all of that out was the sheer *excitement*. This was still so new to them, a new chapter in their relationship with new boundaries to explore.

Both couldn't wait to see how far they could push them.

With an almost reluctant groan, Jean gently slipped out from under Scott and hopped off the bed. Her naked stretching had him cursing the pain in his body again, wanting nothing more than to throw his wife back on the bed and reclaim her, to ram his dick into her loose, sloppy cunt and fuck until they both passed out.

Sensing his desires, Jean smirked down at him and winked.

'Sorry, love, but I've got a meeting with the Ambassador of Brazil this afternoon.'

He knew about her dealings, of course. None of it was exactly classified. Krakoa offered paradise to mutants across the globe, and every one of them would emigrate in a heartbeat if they could. The problem was, most countries didn't want to let them go. For all their posturing and prejudice, humans weren't stupid. Mutants were *power*—strategic, military assets—and no nation liked giving up their best weapons, even ones it pretended to hate.

To make things even messier, Krakoa had taken an interest in Brazil's jewel—the Amazon. Jean had explained the reasoning once, something about biodiversity and symbiotic ecosystems, but he'd tuned out halfway through. That was Council business, not his. He was a soldier. He let the diplomats like Jean handle the politics.

On paper, Krakoa was asking for a lot. But in return, it offered something humanity couldn't replicate—life itself. The living island's medicines cured diseases once thought incurable, extended lifespans, even eased the mind. Entire nations were tripping over themselves to secure supply deals.

From where Scott stood, Krakoa had the human world bent over a barrel. He wasn't sure that was the best way to win hearts and minds, but that wasn't his problem. He just followed orders. He'd leave the thinking to the people who liked it.

'You want to help me wash up...?'

The question was innocent enough, but the way Jean was biting her lip and cupping her womanhood left little doubt about what she *really* meant. At his deadpan stare, she let out another musical laugh and started to prance towards the bathroom.

Logan's fucking had clearly left her on cloud nine, if the way she *danced* around the room was any indication.

She paused at the doorway to the bathroom and turned to give him a cheeky smile.

'You know...the ambassador is *very* attractive. Do you think—since my beloved husband is currently *indisposed*—he'd be interested in some *non-traditional* forms of negotiation?'

Another long, tortured groan met his wife's teasing and her joyous laughter followed her into the bathroom.

The worst part?

He didn't *hate* the idea...