

Commission 5

To Touch The Sun: Part 3

Fandom: X-Men (The Krakoa Age)

Chapter Tags: Hedonism, Voyeurism, DP, Spitroast, Cuckolding, Humiliation, Huge Cock, Size Queen, Neglect, Break-up

Ororo Munroe tilted her head back and let out a slow, sensual moan as her lover shifted beneath her, his hardness pressing deeper inside with every languid roll of her hips.

The rhythm was unhurried and blissfully intimate. More about warmth and closeness than frenzied desire. Their bodies moved together atop a sprawling nest of silken blankets and cushions arranged beneath the open canopy of her home, the living platforms of her great tree swaying gently in the night breeze.

Above them, the stars stretched endlessly across the heavens.

No ceiling. No walls or barriers.

Just the two lovers, entwined in passion, with nature as their only witness.

The moonlight shone silver across dark skin, tangled sheets, and polished gold jewellery that gleamed softly whenever she moved.

Far below, the lake surrounding her home shimmered with drifting bioluminescence. Krakoa itself pulsed lazily through the roots and branches of the colossal tree, faint golden veins glowing beneath bark and leaf alike, the living island breathing around them in slow, peaceful rhythm. Warm night air carried the scent of freshwater, flowers, and distant rain.

Ororo closed her eyes for a moment and simply *existed* within it.

The fullness in her loins. The warmth of another body beneath hers. The cool kiss of wind against sweat-slick skin. The stars overhead, unspoiled by smoke or pollution.

It was... peaceful.

Exquisite.

A perfect antidote to the endless burdens of leadership, diplomacy, and the future of their species that seemed determined to follow her no matter where she went.

Like Logan, she had once been wary of Krakoa and all the lofty promises attached to it. Paradise. Salvation. *Utopia*.

Such words had always sounded dangerous to her.

Ororo was not naïve enough to believe any nation, no matter how miraculous, could ever truly become a utopia. Not while people remained *people*.

Krakoa did not need to be perfect, however, to feel miraculous.

For the first time in her life, mutants wanted for nothing. They did not hide. They did not apologise for merely existing. They did not fear some knock at the door in the dead of night from frightened humans armed with badges, guns and collars.

Here, mutants were simply allowed to exist.

To be happy and free.

To *live*.

Ororo herself—a naturist at heart—could walk naked beneath the moonlight without shame or fear of condemnation. No whispers or judgement. No expectation that she limit herself to make others feel comfortable.

Krakoa had given her that freedom.

It had given all mutants that freedom.

Though freedom, she had learned, was not always simple.

Her eyes drifted skyward again as she rolled her hips slowly, drawing a quiet groan from the man beneath her. She moaned in turn, his hardness grinding against her most sensitive parts inside her whenever she angled her hips just right.

T'Challa.

Merely thinking his name stirred warmth in her chest alongside a familiar ache, even while she was passionately entwined with another.

Though Krakoa had proven miraculous, its existence and her residency here had made her marriage and status in Wakanda... complicated.

Not because their love had faded. Never that.

But because the world insisted on putting tradition and politics between them.

Relations between Wakanda and Krakoa had become a geopolitical nightmare so tangled that even visiting one another now carried diplomatic implications. Every meeting was scrutinised. Every appearance dissected. Every moment together weighed against the interests of *nations*.

It was an extra, persistent source of stress that she could very much do without.

And so circumstances kept them apart more and more.

Loneliness, however, was a difficult thing to ignore forever.

Thankfully, T'Challa was not a possessive man.

Nor was she a possessive woman.

They had come to an understanding long ago—one built not upon jealousy or control, but trust. When duty separated them for unbearable stretches, they allowed themselves companionship elsewhere. Quietly. Discreetly. Without scandal, cruelty or humiliation.

Neither flaunted such things before the other.

Neither interrogated the other, demanding to know more.

It was never meant to replace what they shared. Merely ease the loneliness... and satisfy certain physical hungers that even kings and queens could not entirely transcend.

Orooro suspected many men would not have handled such an arrangement with grace.

Some would have demanded ownership of the situation, attempting to assert control when the ego was assaulted. Others would have allowed resentment to poison their love until nothing remained but obligation.

She doubted many of her former lovers could have endured such circumstances without bitterness.

T'Challa had.

It was only one of *countless* reasons she remained forever thankful fate had brought them together.

Her movements slowed as another warm breeze swept through the branches overhead, rustling luminous leaves and carrying the distant sound of water lapping gently against the roots of her

home. She moaned once more, deep and sensual as the wind kissed her sensitive, pebbled nipples, providing a delightful contrast to the molten warmth in her core.

For a brief moment, beneath moonlight and stars, with another body wrapped in hers and the living heartbeat of Krakoa surrounding them, Ororo allowed herself to simply be a woman with needs instead of a queen with responsibilities.

Looking down, Ororo bit softly at her lower lip to stifle another deep, breathy gasp as she watched Scott writhe beneath her.

Moonlight painted his broad chest silver where it spilled through the canopy overhead, catching along the sharp lines of muscle in his abdomen and the faint sheen of sweat on his skin. One of his hands rested at her hip while the other brushed the underside of her heavy breasts, fingers reaching for her nipples—almost as a reward—whenever her hips rolled just right.

Honestly, she had not expected him to take her up on the offer for companionship.

Even extending it had felt strange at the time.

Forbidden and lurid, almost.

Ororo had not been entirely certain where the boundaries of Scott and Jean's increasingly *unconventional* arrangement truly lay, nor whether her longtime friend would ever see her in such a light to begin with. They had fought side by side for years. Bled together. Mourned together. Shared victories, failures and burdens together.

Family.

That was what the X-Men became, eventually.

And yet, when Scott had appeared at her home late one evening after an extended mission—exhausted, discontent, and wearing his loneliness on his sleeve—she had found herself welcoming him without hesitation.

Into her home.

Into her bed.

Into *herself*.

At first, she had feared things would become unbearably awkward between them afterwards. That crossing such a line might poison the easy trust and affection they shared after years of comradery and friendship.

Instead, loneliness itself had proved an adequate lubricant.

Not merely physical loneliness, though there had certainly been that too, but the deeper yearning for companionship. For a closeness and warmth that their own cold beds were wholly inadequate in mending.

It transformed what should have felt strange into something unexpectedly comforting.

Natural, even.

Since taking Scott as a lover, Ororo had found little desire to return to the other companions she occasionally invited into her bed when T'Challa was away. Her old friend was attentive, passionate, and surprisingly tender beneath all that hard discipline and stoic charm.

Their shared history changed things too.

With strangers, there was always an element of indulgence to such arrangements. A fleeting, carnal distraction—almost dirty and cheap in its brutal effectiveness, if pleasurable.

With Scott, however, it felt... gentler.

Less sordid.

Less like a distraction and more like... friends comforting one another.

She huffed out a sensual, amused snort in between gyrations, idly noting that Scott didn't even react to the unexpected sound.

It certainly does not hurt that he is an exceptionally handsome man.

Ororo allowed herself a small smile as she looked down at him, fingers brushing through his dark hair while the living branches overhead swayed softly in the warm night breeze. Their carnal pleasures in the process of being sated, while basking in the beautiful environment Krakoa had blessed them with... It should have been perfect.

And yet...

Her expression softened slightly as she studied him more carefully.

Scott was trying. She could feel that much in the way he touched her, the way he responded to her movements, the effort he put into pleasing her. He was present physically.

But emotionally...? Not so much.

There is a distance in him tonight...

It was subtle and understated—though not typically one to wear his heart on his sleeve, he was still *different* that evening.

These were the sorts of things most people likely would not have noticed.

Ororo did.

His eyes drifted too often toward the stars instead of her. His smiles came a heartbeat late. Even the sounds he made felt restrained somehow, as though part of him remained elsewhere entirely.

Not here beneath the moonlight with her.

Not even on Krakoa.

And now that she had noticed it, she found her own enjoyment dimming in turn.

Concern slowly replacing pleasure.

Because Ororo knew Scott Summers well enough to recognise when the man she cared for was hurting silently.

As much as the yearning inside her protested the decision, Ororo slowly slid off Scott's hardness with a mournful whine and curled herself against his side instead, one hand resting tenderly on his chest while she threw a leg over his waist to snuggle closer.

He started in surprise beneath her, clearly not expecting their lovemaking to end so abruptly—especially not without either of them finishing.

Before he could speak, Ororo gently pressed a finger to his lips.

'Shh.'

Moonlight spilled silver across the open platform around them, illuminating the tangled blankets and soft cushions beneath their bodies while warm night air stirred the glowing leaves overhead. Now that the sounds of their lovemaking had ceased, the natural, Krakoaan ambiance took over and became more enhanced by comparison.

Ororo settled onto her side beside him, one powerful leg draped lazily over him while she propped her head against her palm and studied him carefully.

'Tell me what ails you, Scott,' she whispered.

A flash of guilt crossed his features so quickly lesser people might have missed it.

Ororo did not.

Her expression softened immediately and she cupped the side of his face, thumb brushing gently along the rough stubble of his jaw to make certain he understood she was not upset with him. And just to make sure and drive the point home further, she guided his lips to a dark, pebbled nipple and moaned softly when he dutifully started to suckle.

'It is alright,' she soothed quietly as the sound of smacking lips and lustful groans filled the silence, before grinning softly. 'I am not besmirching your technique. I am merely observing that your mind is very obviously elsewhere.'

Scott's laughter was muffled by her breast, and he instinctively tried to avert his gaze, but Ororo's grip on his cheek tightened slightly, refusing to let him retreat from her so easily.

Silver eyes held blue, neither refusing to back down.

Eventually, Scott let go of her teat and let out a tired sigh, leaning into her touch with a quiet nuzzle that made something warm ache inside her chest.

'...Jean should be here.'

Ororo raised a delicate eyebrow despite understanding his meaning immediately.

'I understand many men fantasise about such arrangements, Scott,' she replied solemnly, trying desperately to mask her mirth. 'But unfortunately my preferences do *not* lean in that direction.'

The horrified flush that overtook his face was so immediate and adorable that Ororo nearly abandoned the conversation entirely just to kiss him senseless.

‘N-no! I didn’t mean *literally*—!’

Then he saw the amusement glittering in her eyes and shot her a tired, mock glare.

‘You *know* what I mean.’

‘I do,’ she admitted gracefully.

Scott scrubbed a hand over his face before staring upward through the canopy at the stars above them.

‘I mean all of this,’ he continued quietly, struggling to give shape to feelings that had clearly been festering for some time. ‘We were supposed to do this *together*. Explore it all together. But I haven’t even *seen* Jean in *weeks*.’

His jaw tightened faintly.

‘If she’s not working, she’s... *out*.’ He exhaled slowly through his nose. ‘Honestly, I’m not even sure there’s a difference anymore.’

Ororo’s expression dimmed.

She did not voice the thoughts that immediately surfaced.

Krakoa thrived on gossip almost as much as it thrived on mutant energy, and Jean Grey had become a frequent topic of conversation in recent months. Her increasingly public indulgences, her *notable* closeness with Sebastian Shaw, the endless whispers surrounding Hellfire and just *how* they continued to obtain such lucrative trade agreements—none of it had gone unnoticed or unremarked upon.

Speculation was rife in their growing island nation, and Jean Grey was a notable and powerful enough mutant that *everyone* had an opinion on the matter.

Many mutants already assumed Jean's work with Shaw served as little more than a convenient excuse for an affair.

Ororo knew matters were more complicated than that.

Scott and Jean's arrangement was genuine, however unconventional.

Still...

She was far less concerned with who Jean shared her bed with than what all this hedonistic excess was doing to their marriage *emotionally*.

Because Scott did not sound jealous.

He sounded *lonely*.

Ororo let out a slow breath as her fingers drifted idly across the hard planes of his chest, tracing thoughtless patterns against warm skin.

'I think,' she said carefully, 'you and Jean need a reset.'

Scott frowned faintly but remained silent, allowing her to continue.

'You need time together. *Proper* time. Not merely passing one another in between assignments, or catching one another up on your latest... *escapades*.' Her voice softened. 'You need to recalibrate. To remind yourselves to prioritise one another again.'

She saw the objection forming before he even spoke and gently pressed two fingers against his chest.

'I *know* you enjoy aspects of this lifestyle, Scott. I *understand* you believe Jean is only embracing freedoms you encouraged her to explore.' Her silver eyes flashed, holding his gaze steadily. 'Do not mistake my concern for condemnation. I am not telling you how to live your life. That is the antithesis of everything we've fought so hard to build here.'

Her thumb brushed slowly against his skin.

'I simply think you have both begun forgetting why you walked this path in the first place.'

Scott fell silent beneath her, visibly turning the words over in his mind.

Finally, he let out another exhausted sigh and closed his eyes briefly.

'You were always the wise one.'

Ororo's lips curved immediately.

'Oh?' she challenged lightly. 'Is that all I am? The *wise one*?'

She shifted closer, allowing her muscular thigh to slide up and start rubbing against his eager, slick hardness.

'Is that why you continue entertaining all those young women who throw themselves at you?' she asked with exaggerated offence. 'Am I not sufficient balm for your loneliness?'

Scott did not buy the performance for even a second.

It likely did not help that Ororo could barely suppress her smile.

'I'd be here with you all the time if you let me.'

The sincerity in his voice stirred a deep, dangerous warmth inside her chest.

And for one selfish moment, Ororo allowed herself to enjoy it.

To *fantasise*.

To imagine *not* spending so many nights alone while politics and oceans separated her from her husband.

But only for a moment.

She gently patted Scott's chest before leaning down to press several featherlight kisses against his skin instead.

'I believe... moderation is important,' she murmured softly against him, her hand reaching down to encircle his manhood and stroking languidly. 'Even in a place such as this.'

Even now, Scott's offer tempted her more than she wished to admit.

Especially as the stretches of time between visits with T'Challa continued growing longer and longer.

But Scott was not a replacement.

Nor did she want him to become one.

Their situations were fundamentally different.

Scott snorted quietly. 'I wish you'd tell my wife that.'

'*You* should,' Ororo corrected gently.

Their eyes met again.

This time Scott nodded slowly, letting out a grunt of pleasure as her fingers brushed against his hyper-sensitive crown.

'I will,' he promised, his voice deep and raspy. 'It's our anniversary next week. I'll... talk to her. Bring all this up.'

'Good.'

A comfortable silence settled between them for several blissful moments as they continued to stare into each other's eyes, Ororo stroking his length and Scott hesitantly going back to capture a pebbled nipple in his mouth.

Eventually, and much to her secret frustration, he pulled back once more to speak softly once more, breaking the spell.

'Oh, and Ororo?'

'Hm?'

'Thanks.'

That finally earned a snort from her.

'There is only one form of thanks I desire from you right now, Scott...'

That pulled a genuine chuckle from him—warm, boyish, and painfully rare these days. Deep dimples appeared in his cheeks as he smiled up at her, handsome in a way that made her chest ache unexpectedly.

Ororo realised with some quiet sadness that she had not seen him smile like that in quite some time.

‘Yes ma’am,’ he said obediently, earning a yelp from Ororo when he flipped them around, wrapped her power legs around his waist, and sank back into his friend with an eagerness that had been missing from their lovemaking that evening.

She let out a deep, encouraging groan of approval.

She... *very* much needed this.

But... probably not as much as Scott did.

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The salon perched high along the inner wall of the Hellfire Obelisk felt less like a meeting room and more like a predator’s den disguised as a luxurious suite.

One entire side of the chamber stood open to the impossible verticality at the tower’s core. Hundreds of floors spiralled both above and below in dizzying grandeur, connected by floating platforms, sweeping bridges and translucent lifts that drifted silently through the air like glowing glass petals. Gold-veined black walls pulsed softly with bioluminescent light while music and distant laughter echoed upward from the casino floors far beneath them, blending into a constant sensual hum that made the entire structure feel alive.

The opposite wall, by contrast, was floor-to-ceiling transparent crystal—as clear as glass.

Beyond it sprawled the glittering heart of Hellfire’s domain.

The harbor city shimmered beneath the night sky like a sea of molten gold and neon, alive with movement despite the late hour. Gateway flowers bloomed open constantly throughout the district below, disgorging diplomats, traders, cargo and wealthy tourists into streets overflowing with mutant-controlled excess. Luxury yachts drifted through luminous waters while music rolled across rooftop terraces and private beaches. Further out, the dark ocean stretched endlessly toward the horizon beneath a silver moon.

It was beautiful.

Intoxicatingly so.

And deliberately *designed* to be that way.

A testament to the power of the Hellfire Trading Company and Krakoa all in one.

The two Italian diplomats seated upon the curved velvet couch looked as though they belonged in such surroundings. Alessandro Moretti and Damiano Ricci wore impeccably tailored charcoal suits that hugged athletic frames with effortless elegance, their dark wavy hair perfectly styled despite hours of negotiations and increasingly expensive alcohol. Both men carried themselves with the confidence of old European money—the kind with political pedigree, rather than the product of nepotism.

At least... they had when the evening began.

Now they looked troubled, their handsome features creased in concern.

Across the chamber, Sebastian Shaw lounged at the bar with all the lazy confidence of a king surveying lesser men from his throne. His blazer hung across his broad shoulders instead of being properly worn, gold epaulets gleaming beneath the ambient light while the crimson silk of his half-buttoned shirt exposed bronzed skin and rippling, powerful muscle beneath.

Muscles that Jean was *intimately* familiar with.

She resisted the urge to lick her lips at the erotic memories, a familiar heat in her core blazing to life.

One of his powerful, long legs rested over the other as he smoked a thick cigar with practiced ease, every inch the picture of decadent power.

Jean herself sat beside the Italians, close enough that she could feel their warmth, and they, smell her floral perfume.

Close enough to make concentration difficult and perhaps muddy their judgement by her proximity.

Painted-on black leather clung to her long legs crossed elegantly at the knee and leaving absolutely *nothing* to the imagination, while a loose black blouse disappeared into the ostentatious gold-and-diamond belt cinched high around her waist. Her fiery hair spilled in loose waves across her shoulders and crimson lips curved in soft amusement as she watched the men slowly unravel beneath the combined pressure of Hellfire's *hospitality* and Shaw's relentless demands.

She'd half-slipped one of her stiletto heels off a dainty foot and got a kick out of how Alessandro's eyes followed the way it balanced preciously on her toes, or the way his gaze kept coming back to eye her delicate arch.

It was... painfully easy for Jean to find her mark's weak points.

Jean didn't need verbal confirmation to *feel* Shaw's pride at her display, nor to know the effects she was having on both diplomats.

Though she certainly could, she didn't need to use her powers to manipulate anyone's emotions. In the months since she'd started working with Shaw in building a better, safer world for mutant-kind, Jean had mastered the art of using her body to achieve the same ends.

It was a far less invasive, and far more... *pleasurable* experience for her... marks.

The entire dynamic—the intense negotiations—had long since settled into a familiar, recognizable rhythm.

Shaw pushed.

Jean soothed.

And somehow, without failure, nations would *always* quietly surrender pieces of themselves to Krakoa. Not *just* out of greed, though Jean didn't delude herself in thinking that didn't play a part.

She'd experienced Sebastian's voracious *hunger* first hand, after all.

And not *just* for all things gold.

Alessandro finally exhaled sharply through his nose, rubbing tiredly at his temple before speaking.

'No,' he said firmly with his thick, Italian accent, though uncertainty and hesitation still lingering beneath his words. 'No, this is impossible. Absolutely impossible.'

Damiano nodded immediately beside him.

'Sebastian, with respect, the Prime Minister would never survive this politically.' He gestured vaguely toward the contract resting untouched upon the crystalline table before them. 'Permanent Krakoa gateway districts within Italian borders? Unrestricted mutant movement? Diplomatic exemption from customs oversight?' He let out a disbelieving laugh. 'Do you have any idea what the opposition would do to us?'

Shaw took a slow puff from his cigar.

The ember flared orange in the dim chamber, alighting his features in an ominous glow.

Then he calmly reached for a glass bottle that likely cost more than most people earned in a year and poured himself another measure of amber liquid before taking an unhurried sip.

Only then did he speak.

'Worked out pretty well for your friends in Paris and Brussels.'

The effect was immediate.

Both Italians flinched faintly.

Because that was the uncomfortable truth looming over every negotiation now.

France had agreed.

Belgium had agreed.

Several other NATO nations had quietly capitulated in recent months as well, granting the Hellfire Trading Company exactly the sort of concessions now sitting before Italy.

And *all* of them were already prospering because of said concessions.

Trade had exploded.

Pharmaceutical access alone had transformed entire industries overnight.

Gateway-linked economies were flourishing so profoundly that the rest of Europe was beginning to panic about being left behind.

Because the terrifying truth of the matter was, Hellfire didn't *need* to strongarm anyone. Either the Italians would agree to their terms... or they'd be crucified by their constituents as the gap between their citizens and those of the nations who were already on-board rapidly widened.

Jean might have felt uncomfortable about their brutally efficient tactics, but knowing that each and every deal they struck directly—invariably—led to the safety and prosperity of mutantkind quietly quelled any looming discontent.

Shaw smiled faintly around the cigar.

Not kindly.

Before either diplomat could formulate a rebuttal, Jean smoothly leaned closer beside Alessandro, one manicured hand settling gently atop his knee.

The man went still beneath her touch, his arousal spiking with her proximity.

Jean pretended not to notice, though it was hard to keep her cool when her core *ignited* at the sight of the *generous* bulge in the front of the man's tight slacks.

'Gentlemen,' she murmured soothingly, green eyes sparkling as they reflected the city lights beyond the glass, 'you make it sound as though we're asking Italy to surrender sovereignty entirely.'

Damiano gave her a look that suggested they very much *were*.

Jean laughed softly, the sound rich and melodic.

'Oh come now,' she teased. 'Nothing we are proposing here is unprecedented. Every nation currently partnered with the Hellfire Trading Company received identical terms.'

Her thumb brushed Alessandro's knee lazily through the expensive wool, before her fingers casually danced up his thigh as she shifted closer. She'd expertly disguised the motion as

incidental—almost an accident—but the effect on the man's libido was overwhelming all the same.

She didn't need to manipulate their emotions with her powers, but it certainly made things easier when she could gauge them in response to her actions directly.

'And every single one of them is prospering *exceptionally*.'

Alessandro swallowed.

Jean saw the bob of his Adam's apple, the trickle of sweat running down his temple, the faint reddening of his sharp cheeks.

She didn't know what it said about her that she very much enjoyed the effect and power she had over the men she dealt with these days—where once upon a time, she would have been ashamed to use her sexuality as just another weapon in her arsenal.

'The gateway districts remain mutually beneficial trade hubs,' she continued smoothly. 'Your people will gain direct access to Krakoan pharmaceuticals, instantaneous logistics infrastructure, and priority trade routes that the rest of the world is already scrambling to secure.'

She gestured lightly toward the sprawling city beyond the crystal windows.

'You can already see what access to the gates is doing for global commerce. Entire industries are restructuring themselves around Krakoan transit. Shipping times reduced from *weeks* to *minutes*. Medical exports are moving *instantly* across continents.' Her voice softened further. 'Italy would become one of the primary Mediterranean access points.'

That finally got their attention.

Of course it did.

While *money* was an alluring bauble to distract these political animals with, *power* was the *true* currency of the world's movers and shakers.

That had been the first and most valuable lesson Shaw had imparted on her.

Outside of the bedroom, anyway.

And when you offered these *movers and shakers* the opportunity to *seize* said power...?

Opportunity made intelligent men start rationalizing things they previously swore they would never agree to.

And that was *precisely* where Shaw wanted them.

Jean leaned back slightly, crossing one long, leather-clad leg over the other as her lips curved knowingly.

'And between us,' she added conspiratorially, 'Rome would hardly be the first government to publicly complain while privately enjoying the benefits of Krakoa's... *hospitality*.'

She let the stunning innuendo linger in the stifling silence, shifting her gaze from one wide-eyed, handsome Italian diplomat to the other as if daring them to oppose her.

And through it all, she felt that all too familiar warmth start to blossom and take root. A warmth that she knew was both paradoxically alien in nature... and inextricably tied to her very being.

Jean bit her lip and shifted in her seat as she fought to reign in that overwhelming heat, that burning passion and indescribable sense of freedom.

But as she was coming to find lately, maintaining control was growing increasingly difficult when *letting go* felt *oh so good*.

The silence lingered after Jean's final words, thick and oppressive despite the distant music drifting upward through the Obelisk's vast interior.

Alessandro and Damiano exchanged another uneasy look.

Jean could practically see the calculations and justifications churning behind their dark eyes now. Weighing the benefits and prosperity against political ramifications, public backlash and economic opportunity.

Fear versus desire.

Shaw had cornered them expertly.

Just as he'd cornered the French and Belgian delegation.

It was both masterful... and terrifying.

And Jean had a front row seat to see how *change itself* had its very own momentum that soon... couldn't be stopped.

For several long seconds, nobody spoke.

Then Sebastian finally broke the suffocating tension with an amused hum as he glanced toward the massive watch adorning his wrist—an ostentatious slab of gold and glittering diamonds that somehow managed to look perfectly natural on him.

'Gentlemen,' he drawled lazily, 'I don't believe we need to force a decision tonight.'

Both diplomats looked visibly relieved.

Shaw smirked around his cigar.

'Take the evening. Relax. *Unwind*.' He gestured vaguely toward the sprawling city visible beyond the crystal windows and the veritable pleasure palace within the spire. 'I'm certain the Hellfire Club can provide any number of suitable distractions while you consider our proposal.'

Jean watched the pair hesitate.

Not because they disliked the suggestion.

Quite the opposite.

The city below practically pulsed with temptation, while music and laughter still drifted up from within, reaching through the layers of thick, insulating glass.

Shaw glanced toward his watch again before letting out a soft sound of realization.

'Ah.' He took another sip of impossibly expensive scotch. 'The fireworks should be starting any minute now.'

Almost on cue, distant bursts of gold illuminated the harbor skyline outside.

'You have the best seats in the house up here,' Shaw continued casually. 'Apparently it's quite the spectacle.'

Despite his words, neither Alessandro nor Damiano looked toward the windows.

Their attention remained firmly fixed on the alluring woman beside them.

On the slow rise and fall of her chest.

On the glimpse of pale skin revealed where several buttons of her blouse had "come undone" over the course of the negotiations.

On the long leather-clad legs crossed elegantly beside them.

Jean felt the heat inside her flare hotter beneath their attention.

God.

She *loved* this.

The tension.

The anticipation.

The raw *hunger* in their eyes.

The power of knowing precisely what she was doing to them... and loving every second of it.

It surged through her veins like molten gold, feeding the endless, intoxicating warmth the Phoenix had awakened inside her months ago—that addictive sensation of freedom, arousal and limitless possibility.

With visible effort, Jean slowly rose to her feet.

She offered the diplomats a warm, apologetic smile.

‘I need to confer with Sebastian for a moment,’ she said smoothly before motioning to the window with an outstretched hand. ‘But truly... the fireworks *are* beautiful.’

Then she turned.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Her hips swayed with just a touch more emphasis than strictly necessary as she sauntered toward the bar, stiletto heels clicking softly against the polished black floor. The painted-on leather sculpted her toned ass so perfectly that it left *nothing* to the imagination.

They'd been a genuine nightmare to get on, but knowing the two handsome Italians were staring now and *feeling* their arousal spike had the *warmth* surging and her heart fluttering.

Outside, the daily fireworks show began erupting in earnest across the harbor district, brilliant blooms of gold and crimson reflecting across ocean waters and crystalline towers alike.

Jean barely noticed.

She only had eyes for Sebastian Shaw.

The Black King lounged against the bar like the devil himself, broad shoulders relaxed beneath the draped blazer while cigar smoke curled lazily around sharp features lit intermittently by the explosions outside.

Jean stopped beside him close enough to feel the heat radiating from his body.

'Are they still looking?' she asked quietly.

Shaw disguised his grin behind another sip of scotch.

'They never stopped.'

The approval in his voice sent a pleasurable shiver down Jean's spine.

'Wonderful work as always, Jean.'

Even with the fireworks booming outside and music echoing upward through the Obelisk's immense core, Jean instinctively kept her voice low and intimate.

'Are we done here?' she murmured, with a hint of impatience in her tone. 'Can I fuck them now?'

Shaw chuckled softly and knowingly into his drink.

Dark and amused.

'So bold,' he mused. 'The woman I first invited to work beside me would *never* have been so forward.'

Jean felt heat flood her cheeks at the observation, though whether from embarrassment or excitement she honestly could not tell anymore.

Probably both.

Her impatience must have shown regardless because Shaw laughed again, his dark eyes twinkling merrily as his gaze traveled unapologetically down her body before returning to lock with her bright green eyes.

'If you're going to be the Black Queen,' he said smoothly, 'the first thing you should understand is that we do *not* ask for *permission*. Ever.'

Jean blinked.

'...Black Queen?'

The title hit her harder than expected.

Months ago, the very suggestion would have horrified her.

To hold a position of leadership within an organisation as... *morally compromised* as Hellfire would have genuinely sickened her.

Working beside *Sebastian Shaw* of all people.

Or *beneath him*, as it were.

She had entered this arrangement cautiously, suspiciously, convinced she could help steer the organization toward something better for mutantkind while keeping Shaw's more ruthless instincts in check.

But somewhere along the way... things had changed.

Or perhaps *she* had.

Because now?

Now the thought of holding real authority within Hellfire sent a rush of excitement through her body that made her feel faint.

Not just because of the influence. And definitely not just because of the power—she had plenty of that in spades both literally, and with her position on the council.

But because of everything that came with it.

The freedom... the decadence... the exhilaration of being able to give in to her hedonistic desires and indulgences...

The feeling that she no longer needed to deny herself anything.

‘We’ve discussed it,’ Shaw continued idly, referring to the rest of Hellfire’s leadership. ‘And the consensus is fairly unanimous.’ His lips curled faintly around the cigar. ‘You’re perfect for the role.’

Jean shuddered softly as Shaw’s large hand drifted toward her waist, his fingers popping buttons on its way down until he touched bare, flush skin at her naval.

Then his fingers traced a line higher, splaying as he parted the open edges of her blouse, brushing slowly along the flatness of her exposed midriff before reaching the clasp at the front of her bra.

With one casual tug, the delicate fabric tore apart in his hand.

Jean sucked in a sharp breath.

‘You’ve brought in more money than you realize, Jean,’ Shaw said calmly, his voice deep and seductive. ‘Not even Frost could justify voting against you.’

He rolled his eyes dramatically.

‘And apparently you’ve even done some actual “good” for mutantkind in the process.’

The compliment should not have pleased her nearly as much as it did.

Yet warmth flooded her chest all the same.

A few months ago, Jean would have insisted she had absolutely *no* interest in becoming one of the Hellfire Club’s rulers.

Now?

The thought thrilled her.

She hated *and* loved how much it thrilled her.

Which somehow only made it more intoxicating. And that intoxication was having an... effect on her.

'Are you going to fuck me tonight?'

The question escaped before Jean could stop it, and she mentally cringed as she played it back in her own mind.

She sounded breathless, needy, and almost embarrassingly eager.

She hated how desperate she sounded.

But she didn't take the words back.

It had been *weeks*.

Weeks since Shaw had last taken her to bed.

And Jean knew him well enough by now to recognize exactly what the bastard was doing.

He hadn't lost interest, she saw it in the way he hungrily stared at her in that very moment. Instead, he was denying her intentionally, keeping her simmering like a pot of water, and throwing handsome diplomats at her so she wouldn't boil over.

He'd pushed and pushed until now, where she was on the cusp of begging for his experienced touch if necessary.

Shaw toyed idly with the massive jeweled buckle at her waist while openly admiring the body she had stopped pretending not to flaunt for him.

'I don't know,' he said casually. 'Maybe if you put on a sufficiently entertaining show with those two...' His smirk widened around his cigar, his eyes flicking up to meet hers. 'I *might* be persuaded.'

A powerful shudder tore through Jean.

Her eyes flashed with hungry green fire.

Without hesitation she grabbed the back of Shaw's head and pulled him into a fierce kiss.

He did not immediately return it.

Of course he didn't.

Even now he teased her with maddening restraint, allowing Jean to pour desperate heat into the kiss while he remained infuriatingly composed.

Everything was a *power game* with this smug jerk.

Finally... his tongue reached out to meet hers.

Jean moaned shamelessly into his mouth, her passion exploding out like a supernova within her.

When she finally broke away, slightly breathless, she took two backwards steps—maintaining eye contact with her new “co-ruler” for a few more precious seconds—before she turned toward the two diplomats still seated upon the velvet couch.

Both men stared openly now, the bulges in their groins unmistakable.

Their eyes dropped immediately toward her chest where the torn blouse had slipped wide enough to expose smooth, flushed pale skin, the unmistakable curve of her heavy, bared breasts, and rosy nipples with hardened nubs that *begged* to be sucked.

Jean’s smile was hungry and predatory. She was well aware that her reputation preceded her at this point, and seeing the way both men perked up at the sight of her let her know that they thought it would be their turn next.

She was happy to go along and prove them right.

She unclasped the buckle on her belt and let it fall to the wayside before she began stalking back toward them through the flickering gold light of the fireworks outside.

‘The fireworks are not to your liking, gentlemen?’ she purred, just *adoring* their worshipful, hungry gazes.

Another explosion bloomed brilliantly across the harbor behind them, bathing the room in golden light.

None of them paid it any attention, the light’s incandescence paled in comparison to Jean herself.

‘Perhaps,’ she continued softly, ‘we should make some of our own instead.’

Rather than fumble awkwardly, Jean stepped out of her stilettos then began to levitate, floating out of and pushing down her leather pants with infinitely more grace than she’d slipping into them that morning.

Both men's gazes locked on her bare, leaking womanhood as she gently touched back down to the marbled floor, standing before them in nothing but an open blouse that did very little to cover her heavy breasts.

'I'm starting to feel a little neglected here, boys...'

Alessandro and Damiano shared a shellshocked look, their lips twitching in their excitement before their gazes returned to Jean, who stood there mostly naked before them, her hand on her cocked hip, and an alluring smile on her painted lips.

They burst into action, shucking their pristine blazers and ripping off their ties in one movement before unzipping their slacks and pulling out their hardened members with exultant groans.

Jean bit her lip at the sight, their relief perfectly understandable as two rock-hard shafts rose from their zippers, roughly eight to nine-inches in length both, and as thick as her wrist. Their excitement oozed out of their tips in a steady stream and it was all Jean could do to not pounce on them immediately.

She *really* needed this.

Jean felt the heat building inside her, as it always did. But it was never merely physical. Never something as simple as desire pooling low in her belly.

The Phoenix turned sensation into something transcendent. The more she surrendered to her arousal, the more vividly and overwhelmingly it surged—warmth blooming through her veins, light behind her eyes, pleasure so intense it bordered on a religious experience. Every hitched breath, every racing pulse, every indulgent thought fed the fire, and in return the fire fed her right back.

It was intoxicating. An indescribable and overwhelming feedback loop of euphoria that very nearly drowned out all sensation.

A reward for just... letting go and surrendering to her desires.

It wasn't something as sinister as a voice whispering in her ear. Not temptation in the traditional, snake in the Garden of Eden sense. The Phoenix never pushed her, never demanded anything of her. It simply magnified whatever joy already existed inside her until restraint itself began to feel like a small and distant option—until caution, guilt, obligation... all of it faded beneath the overwhelming immediacy of feeling *alive* and *free*.

And in those moments, wrapped in that all-consuming euphoric rush, everything but her own pleasure became immediately deprioritized.

Alessandro wrapped a strong hand around her wrist and pulled her down into his lap. She fell, gladly, expecting for his lips to crash into hers.

But this man was no *boy*, he wasn't so eager to rush to the end-game. The man pressed his forehead against hers and Jean felt his breath, hot on her lips, was overwhelmed by the scent of his cologne, and driven near to her breaking point by his confidence and restraint.

As Damiano stood and peeled her blouse completely off, Jean whined as Alessandro bit her bottom lip and tugged at it playfully. He played her like a maestro, responding to her every move and countering them with his own, somehow keeping her at arm's length while still overwhelming all of her senses, and stoking the fire of her libido.

Damiano was no mere passenger either, his lips trailing featherlight kisses along her exposed neck from behind as his hands wrapped around her waist and rubbed at her belly.

She desperately wanted him to touch her, either lower or higher. To either play with her breasts or slip a finger or two into her core, but he did neither.

Both men decided not to rush things. They played with her, her naked body sandwiched between them and undulating with her pent-up desires, desperate for release.

When Alessandro's lips finally captured her own, just as she thought the tension and teasing would drive her crazy, he timed it *perfectly*. Just as Damiano *finally* took a hold of her breasts, one hand gently pinching and tugging at a pebbled nipple while he slung around her body and fed the other into his mouth.

The fireworks she'd teased them with earlier lit off behind her eyes and Jean gasped in shock, her climax taking her completely by surprise as the men handled her with a casual expertise that left her reeling, and trembling with her release.

F-from a kiss?!

The men didn't react to her orgasm like they were shocked or surprised, they merely continued playing with her body like the maestros they clearly were, wringing moans and squeals from her lips that Jean had long-since stopped bothering with even *trying* to suppress.

She'd always heard stories about the sexual prowess of Italian men... it was *incredible* to experience such a thing first hand.

It was even better that she lived a life where experiencing such a thing was even on the table.

They took their time playing with her body, sampling her like she was a delicacy rather than devouring her like she'd initially hoped—and the pleasure was all the more intense for it.

Eventually, her own pride as a woman tore through the cloud of euphoria muddying her mind.

Both men had barely touched her and had already driven her to heights of pleasure she'd rarely experienced before.

It was time she returned the favour.

'Sit back,' she gasped, extraditing herself from the disappointed men's bracketing caress. 'I... I want to—'

Words failed her. The *fire* was too overwhelming. Instead, she used her powers to levitate both men back onto the couch, side-by-side, ignoring their startled yelps as they momentarily lost all control over their bodies.

Dropping to her knees, her eyes smouldered, she licked her lips at the sight of the two towering, throbbing erections. When she tentatively closed her fist around both, her body shuddered and she let out a lusty groan as a foreign-born euphoria *surged* through her.

It was almost anticipatory in nature, as if the source knew what was coming.

Jean was more than happy to keep feeding the Phoenix what it clearly, inexplicably desired.

Licking her lips again, her eyes trailed up and switched between both men as she slowly stroked their hardnesses in tandem.

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo...

Her gaze bounced between both men at the childish chant, and when they finally landed on Alessandro, she favoured him with a sultry smile.

The men were sharing a gasping conversation between them in their mother language, but Jean tuned them both out.

The only language she was interested in in that moment was one of passion.

Letting go of their slick and primed members, Jean palmed her heavy breasts and shuffled forward on her knees until she was kneeling in between Alessandro's spread legs.

'Madonna...!'

Jean's lips curled in a sultry smile before she bit her bottom lip and wrapped her breasts around the man's hardness. He was so turned on that she didn't even need to help lube him up, his glistening member sliding effortlessly against her flesh as she ran her breasts up and down either side of his length.

Alessandro sucked in an excited breath when he realised she wasn't satisfied with only that. Even with her large breasts, a not-insignificant amount of his length still poked out of her

generous cleavage—a novel experience she was finding she very much enjoyed in her lovers.

Wanting to give him the full experience, she bent down and swallowed whatever of his member her breasts weren't already stimulating.

Alessandro cursed in Italian, his head flinging back in pleasure as she ramped up the intensity of her ministrations, her smouldering eyes *daring* him to break her intense gaze.

She loved this. Loved the way her lovers would gaze at her in a mixture of awe and reverence when they fucked. Or how they would come *completely* undone with her actions.

And unlike with other women, this wasn't a completely selfless act. The heat inside her blazed like an inferno as her arousal skyrocketed, flooding her system with endorphins that made her borderline insensate.

Of course... she wasn't only entertaining *one* man, and Damiano wasn't satisfied with remaining a spectator, it seemed.

Feeling a fleshy hardness poking at her rear, Jean released Alessandro's member with a gasp and turned to see the other handsome diplomat standing behind her, crouching, his equally immense manhood forced to point down and poised at the entrance of her womanhood.

'Yesss,' she hissed, never stopping the boob job as she watched the second man line himself up with her womanhood.

When she felt his spongy head spread her wide and start to force his way inside, Jean let out a loud, wanton moan, burying her head in Alessandro's lap as inch after glorious inch buried itself inside her.

Gasping and moaning at the sensations, she turned back to the heavily panting Alessandro and offered him a shaky, beleaguered smile.

'Don't worry,' she purred, moaning again as Damiano bottomed out inside her. 'I haven't forgotten about *you*...'

This time it was Alessandro's turn to let out a wanton groan as Jean took him back into her mouth, her own cries of pleasure muffled by his hardness.

She *adored* this.

Two exquisite examples of masculinity, using her body for their pleasure. One of them plundering her womb with his immense length and the other filling her throat in a way that, until relatively recently, she hadn't experienced before.

It was a sensation she'd never grow tired of. The feeling of being stretched to the point where it bordered on that delicious precipice of pain and pleasure. Debauched and somehow intimate as the threesome pulled close, Damiano's front molded to her back and, Jean, bracketed snugly in between Alessandro's trembling thighs.

She shuddered on top of the intense pleasure as the man behind her brushed her hair aside and went back to kissing her neck. He must have felt it a weak spot of hers when he'd done so earlier, and returned back to do so again.

Truth was, he wasn't entirely wrong. Her entire *body*, when she was in this state, felt like a weak spot. Every touch burned in the best way, her arousal and desire flamed like a neverending inferno.

She focused more on swirling her tongue around Alessandro's crown and licking at his glans, her breasts providing delicious, warm friction as she smothered his member in the soft flesh. Damiano's hips, in turn, picked up in tempo, driving harder and faster into her core, touching and grinding places inside her that still felt virginal.

It was too much. With the Phoenix magnifying and enhancing all sensation, and at the mercy of the two gorgeous Italians, there was no way Jean could hold on.

Releasing Alessandro's member, she flung her head back and let out a surprised gasp, a bolt of metaphorical lightning surging through her body as her climax hit like a divine edict.

‘Yes! Yes! Ooooooh!’

Starbursts more intense than any of the fireworks outside set off behind her eyes, bathing her vision in white.

She thought she’d known the meaning of pleasure, but it wasn’t until Jean had learned to let go and embrace her freedom that she experienced it *truly*. For what felt like the first time in her life.

It was like losing her virginity all over again. As if she was learning the *true* intricacies and wonders of sex for the very first time.

Her eyes had been opened, and even if she wanted to, there was no going back. No giving up this intense, mind-numbing pleasure.

Both men paused, marvelling at Jean’s body as she trembled through her climax. When the intense, overwhelming waves of euphoria ceased, she collapsed back into Alessandro’s lap, like a puppet with her strings momentarily cut.

But the men weren’t done with her.

Damiano pulled out and helped a quivering Jean to her feet. She allowed herself to be pulled up and twirled around by the suddenly jubilant and affable diplomat. She didn’t resist when he pushed her into Alessandro’s lap—mostly because she really had no reason to, but also because her attention had been captured by Shaw when she’d been spun around.

The man had unzipped his slacks and allowed his heavy, jaw-dropping manhood to rest free, hanging halfway down to his thigh.

It wasn’t the largest cock she’d ever seen, freed from his tight slacks, that had captured her attention however.

She’d seen it before, of course. While still awe-inspiring—the mere sight of it enough to set off phantom pleasure in her core as she remembered their past trysts—it was what he was doing that snapped her out of the euphoric haze.

He had his phone pointed at the threesome.

No doubt recording.

For what purpose?

In that moment, she couldn't have cared less. He could have been streaming this debauched scene to the entirety of Krakoa for all it mattered, and Jean would have only seen it as more fuel for the fires of her passion.

The Italian's pride wouldn't countenance being ignored however.

Jean let out a delighted gasp as Alessandro beneath her lined himself up with her delicate rosebud.

Even with the shift to this hedonistic lifestyle, that was still an act she was still relatively inexperienced with. She struggled to calm herself as his slick member spread her rear entrance wide and, with the help of gravity and their combined arousal, he was able to slip past the tight ring of muscle and bury himself inside her.

'Ooooooh!'

She felt so hot, so *deliciously* full as Alessandro sank deeper and deeper, but that wasn't all...

Of course, Damiano wouldn't sit idly by when such a delightful tableau was laid out before him.

At first, he pressed his hardness against her painted lips and Jean greedily swallowed the offered, glistening crown, tasting their combined excretions on her tongue.

She let out a petulant wince when he pulled away, both at losing access to Damiano's manhood and the fact that Alessandro was just sitting there like a dead fish, his hardness buried in her warm bowels.

Their hesitation had a purpose however. Because when Damiano pulled free, Jean sucked in an excited breath when he placed the head of his generous endowment at her gaping core.

He teased her, grinning sexily as the anticipation grew out of control. He brushed his tip against her puffy lips, circled her clit, pushed in only the tip before pulling out and robbing her of that delicious fullness.

Jean was moaning, but she wanted to growl in a mixture of animalistic lust and frustration at the treatment.

Perhaps sensing that overly teasing an Omega-class mutant probably *wasn't* the best idea, Damiano quickly folded and sank into her womanhood in one, gloriously brutal thrust—clearly sensing Jean was growing tired with the endless teasing.

The trio let out a simultaneous groan at the sensation, their bodies entangled in a passionate tangle of limbs as Jean caught movement out of the corner of her eyes.

As the Italians started to coordinate their thrusts, sending off spikes of pleasure that pulsed through her overheating body, Jean spied Shaw moving closer, his camera still pointing at the threesome with a satisfied grin on his lips.

Just when she was convinced the man was happy to remain the voyeur, to allow Jean to bask in this incredible fullness as both Damiano and Alessandro worshipped her body, Shaw bent down to her ear and whispered words that struck her harder than her orgasm could ever manage.

'Don't you think it's time to bring your beloved husband in on this Jean?' Shaw whispered, his voice deep, sinful and amused in a way she'd always imagined Lucifer himself sounding.

Scott!

Guilt flashed through her as, for the first time that evening, the fact that she was *married* and had a *husband* pierced the euphoric haze.

I think we might have had plans...?

She couldn't remember. She'd been so busy lately... and then the Italians with their charming smiles and oversized cocks had stolen all of her attention...

He'd love this...

With a sultry smile, and as the two handsome men worked in tandem to bring her to another climax, she reached deep inside herself, to the psychic link she shared with her husband that felt surprisingly elusive in that moment of hedonistic bliss.

Scott might be annoyed that she'd forgotten their dinner plans, but she'd make it up to him by giving him a show he'd never forget...

-

The Summers residence was quiet in a way that felt more stifling than calm.

It wasn't peaceful, it was depressing.

It was the sort of silence that made every small sound fire off like a gunshot in the din.

The faint hum of the refrigerator. The soft ticking of the kitchen clock. The distant crash of ocean waves somewhere beyond the cliffs outside.

Most of the house sat dark, though warm amber light still spilled from the burning candles at the table Scott had spent the better part of the evening setting.

Candles that were almost halfway burnt through by now.

One had already melted down far enough for wax to spill unevenly across the polished wood beneath. He didn't even bother cleaning it, just letting the candles burn out.

Scott sat alone at the table, lazily scrolling through his phone with one hand while the other cradled his forehead, his brightly illuminated face hovering over the blinding screen.

A glass of wine and three bottles of beer, all empty, sat just within reach, a damning indicator of how long he'd been waiting.

He'd changed hours ago.

Dark jeans instead of uniform pants. A charcoal button-up rolled neatly to his forearms. Even a watch Jean had once jokingly accused him of only remembering existed whenever she forced him to dress like a functioning adult.

She probably would have hated his choice of outfit.

Or rather, she would've corrected it immediately.

The sleeves needed rolling higher. The top button should've been undone. The belt didn't match the shoes closely enough.

Jean had always enjoyed fussing over him whenever they dressed up together. Amused by the fact that Scott Summers could coordinate tactical assaults involving dozens of moving parts without issue, yet somehow remained completely helpless when assembling an outfit that didn't scream "hopeless manchild."

He never did learn where her hatred for hoodies on grown men came from.

The memories of the times she'd cussed him out for the fashion *faux pas* tugged faintly at the corner of his mouth before fading again.

The carbonara had gone cold hours ago.

Scott's version barely qualified as authentic anymore. Too creamy according to every angry Italian chef he'd ever looked up online. Too much garlic. Too much bacon. Heavy enough to put a normal person into a coma afterward.

Very Midwestern.

Very *him*.

Jean loved it.

Now the sauce had coagulated into a pale clump atop the pasta while separated grease glistened beneath the dining room light. The garlic bread had gone stiff. One of the nicer bottles of wine Jean liked sat open and mostly untouched beside her empty seat.

Scott's thumb dragged upward across his screen again.

News articles.

Market speculation.

Krakoan politics.

Photos of revellers from the Hellfire district.

Someone had leaked footage from inside the Obelisk earlier that evening. Bright lights. Music. Gold and crimson reflections flashing across crowds packed shoulder to shoulder beneath towering interior balconies.

Scott stared at the video for a few seconds before scrolling past it.

11:53 PM glowed softly at the top of his screen.

In seven minutes, it would no longer be their anniversary.

He leaned back slowly in his chair and rubbed a calloused hand across his jaw, eyes drifting once more toward the untouched plate sitting across from him.

Jean's plate.

Still exactly where he'd set it hours earlier.

The worst part was that he honestly couldn't remember the last time he'd been genuinely surprised by something like this.

At some point over the past few months, disappointment had quietly become the devastating norm. He was long past the point of anger and frustration.

Now... he mostly just felt exhausted.

And lonely.

He started when a notification unexpectedly pinged on his phone.

Not his wife. Not Logan. Not work either...

Shaw...?

Feeling trepidation roil in his guts, Scott hesitantly tapped the bubble and the message screen popped up.

There was no message.

Just a picture.

Jean. Completely naked save for an unbuttoned blouse that hung off her statuesque frame for dear life. Her beautiful, jaw-dropping body exposed before two handsome men. She stood there, her heavy breasts hanging beautifully on her chest under their own weight, her hand on her cocked hip and bottom lip caught between pristine white teeth as she gazed hungrily down at the two oversized cocks poking out of the guys' slacks.

There was no text to go along with the image.

As if there needed to be.

Scott wished he could say he was surprised, but forgetting their anniversary plans in favour of a couple of guys with huge dicks was the most depressing, *new-Jean* thing ever.

The fact that Shaw was there to see it all, and felt the need to taunt him with photographic evidence barely even registered at this point.

And despite it all—despite the humiliation, the disrespect and the hurt he felt, surprising, in his chest...

His dick still instantly hardened at the sight of his gorgeous wife. Even through the neglect, the disappointment and the blatant disrespect.

Scott just couldn't help himself but be turned on by his wife, free, naked and taking charge of her sexuality. It was a feeling that got them here in the first place. A forbidden desire that, to this day, drove him wild.

Even as Kurt and Ororo's words played in the back of his mind—their warnings and platitudes ominous, foreboding and almost prophetic, in retrospect.

Before Scott could keep feeling sorry for himself, another message came through, his dick throbbing even harder with desire when it finished loading.

Jean was now in one of the dude's laps, their foreheads pressed together like they were lovers, while the second guy crowded her from behind, kissing her neck.

She's so beautiful...

Despite it all, despite feeling despondent and lost, Scott still found his leg bouncing restlessly as he eagerly awaited the next update.

This is a new low... even for you...

The next message wasn't a picture. It was a short clip.

It showed Jean making out with the guy she was straddling while the guy behind her played with her tits. Pretty innocuous, all things considered, until Scott watched with wide, disbelieving eyes as his wife *came* just from being kissed. Her head flung back as her deep, sensual groans filled the silence through his phone's tinny speakers.

Hating himself for it, Scott pulled out his own cock and let out a sigh at the sense of freedom, no longer feeling constrained by his too-tight pants.

Feeling as pathetic as he'd ever felt in his life—a feeling only his raw arousal could compete with—Scott started to jerk off at the sight and sounds coming through the clip.

Despite everything, he just couldn't deny how sexy Jean was when she was like this.

He should have been there. They should have been doing this *together*. As embarrassing as it was to admit, he'd have *loved* to be there to watch her let go, to surrender herself to pleasure. To lock eyes with his wife as she gave herself to other men.

Instead he was here, alone, his dick clutched pathetically in his fist as he pumped away to a crappy, low-rez clip on his phone.

The notification went off again. Another clip. The air rushed out of Scott's lungs and he felt faint as he watched Jean give one of them a world-class boob job, while the other lined himself up with her pussy from behind.

The sound of her cries of pleasure as he sank that huge cock in his wife almost sent him over the edge. Scott needed to let go of his cock abruptly, lest he make a mess of their kitchen...

The clips came thick and fast as Scott was shown more images and video of his wife fucking the two men. Her cries of passion, her non-stop pleasure and seemingly endless orgasms.

It was all he could do to not beat off like a horny monkey.

Thankfully, a sensation he hadn't felt for quite some time pulled him out of his depraved fugue, as if snapping him out of a trance.

It was his psychic link with his wife. Genuine, pleasant surprise mixed with dread roiled in his guts at the feeling.

At the very least, she hadn't forgotten him.

But he hesitated.

Jean had pulled his consciousness into hers before... but never during sex.

Or rather, never during sex with another man.

She couldn't force the connection if he didn't allow it...

But he couldn't help himself. He wanted to know. He *needed* to see.

And if he couldn't be in the room with her, experiencing her depravity first hand... he'd settle for whatever *this* was.

Scott accepted the connection.

Immediately, the world lurched sideways.

The dining room around him dissolved so quickly it felt like a dream. Candlelight smeared into gold streaks across his vision while the quiet ticking clock stretched into distant, meaningless noise. For one disorienting moment, Scott felt untethered from his own body entirely—as though the psychic link between them had hooked somewhere deep behind his ribs and violently reeled him forward.

Then came the otherworldly heat.

It engulfed him utterly.

Not warmth. Not arousal. Something infinitely larger and more overwhelming than either. It crashed through the bond in a euphoric tidal wave that swallowed conscious thought before Scott could even *think* to brace against it.

His breath caught painfully in his chest at the shock.

Phoenix...

He knew it instantly.

Instinctually.

Not because he saw it, but because nothing else in existence could possibly feel like this.

Is this what Jean's feeling? All the time...?

The Phoenix had transformed pleasure into something almost incomprehensible. Every sensation burning through Jean's body echoed across the psychic link with impossible clarity until Scott could no longer tell where her feelings ended and his own began. Desire flooded his nervous system like molten sunlight poured directly into his veins, followed immediately by exhilaration so intense it bordered on terrifying.

And underneath all of it—

Pure, unadulterated *euphoria*.

That was the strongest sensation of all.

Not lust exactly, or a perverse hunger entirely.

But a powerful sense of *freedom*.

The intoxicating, dizzying release of abandoning all restraint.

It hit Scott hard enough that his awareness of his own body began slipping almost immediately. The chair beneath him vanished first. Then the feel of his clothes against his skin. The cool night air inside the house. The annoying ache in his shoulder that had been bothering him for the past couple of hours...

All of it drowned beneath the sensations now flooding into his body through the mental connection with his wife.

Or perhaps, more accurately, he was drowning inside *her*.

The psychic connection deepened with alarming speed. Scott felt himself pulled further and further along the bond until perspective itself became... weird and unreliable. Thoughts no

longer arrived cleanly. His own emotions tangled with hers in ways that made separation increasingly difficult.

His pulse thundered violently in his chest—or was it *Jean's* chest.

No.

His. Definitely his.

...*Maybe*.

The distinction blurred alarmingly fast.

Music echoed distantly somewhere nearby. Laughter. Fireworks booming outside. The scent of expensive liquor, perfume and sex filled the air while overwhelming arousal pulsed through every nerve ending in his borrowed body.

And through it all, the Phoenix magnified everything.

Every touch became electric, every breath euphoric, every glance hypnotizing.

The pleasure feeding itself endlessly in a self-sustaining cycle that made rational thought feel slow and unimportant by comparison.

Scott finally understood the tragic reality of his marriage in that moment more clearly than a thousand words could qualify.

He understood why Jean kept disappearing into this state of mind, abandoning him and their marriage for this feeling.

Because the sensation wasn't merely *pleasurable*.

It was *all-consuming*.

A psychic supernova burning so brightly it drowned out literally everything beyond itself.

Responsibilities. Loneliness. Shared memories. Time itself.

Anything that interrupted the endless rush of passion simply... faded into irrelevance.

Scott felt another wave of euphoric anticipation surge through the bond and suddenly the darkness around him peeled away completely.

An opulent room came into focus all at once.

Dim, intimate mood lighting.

The port down below, through towering, crystal clear floor to ceiling windows.

His vision was rocking, unsteady. Like he was on a rickety boat in the middle of a turbulent sea.

Then physical sensation started to bleed through and Scott let out a shocked gasp, not knowing or understanding what he was feeling.

Or rather... not *wanting* to know.

Before any sense of clarity could be cemented and Scott be grounded in his wife's reality, he was forcibly and mercifully ejected, and the overwhelming sensations abruptly ceased.

It was like a cold bucket of water had been dunked over his head—one he was immensely thankful for. It would have been so incredibly easy to lose himself in the sensations his wife had been drowning in.

Death by pleasure.

And he wasn't sure he was all that interested in knowing what it felt like to be fucked by a man.
Multiple men, as it were.

Now, Scott stood as a disembodied wraith in what he assumed to be one of the Obelisk's opulent meeting rooms. Without his mind being overwhelmed by whatever Jean was experiencing, he was able to get a clearer picture of his surroundings.

And desire spiked. *Powerfully*.

His wife, her perfect, pale skin flushed and slick with sweat, was sandwiched between the two handsome men he'd seen in the pictures Shaw had sent, one oversized dick in her ass, the other in her pussy. They sawed in and out of her, the lovers filling the room with their moans and groans and the sound of sweaty flesh clapping against one another.

Shaw towered beside the tangle of limbs, just as naked, the biggest dick he'd ever seen dangling between powerful thighs like an elephant's trunk as he filmed the spectacle of Jean Grey being doubly penetrated by the two men.

Knowing the man as he did, Scott wouldn't have been surprised if the man had a whole *library* of explicit videos just like this, starring his wife. He didn't know who the men were, but given who his wife often worked with lately, he couldn't write off them being important politically.

Which made a video of them fucking someone on the Krakoa council a scandal waiting to happen.

He should have been furious, but in that moment? Scott was too turned-on to care.

It was a strange sensation. He was undoubtedly having an out-of-body experience, but he could still feel his own body as if he were back in his kitchen.

As he reached down to palm his own aching dick, Scott idly wondered if his actions were being mirrored to his body back home, or if he were only imagining the sensations.

Then all thoughts ceased when Jean turned and pinned him with her gaze, her emerald eyes blazing like twin suns.

Of course she can see me.

His wife favoured him with a beautiful smile as her body rocked between the two men, her moans growing louder and more insistent.

And under the watchful, voyeuristic eyes of her husband, the camera, and in between her two lovers, she came undone, screaming out her climax. Scott watched, his hand pumping, as Jean's body writhed and shook in orgasms, a reaction that was only intensified when, with twin cries in what he thought sounded Italian, the two men finished too and unloaded inside her.

Scott watched in mute fascination, his pulse thundering in his ears as these two men unleashed torrents of cum into his wife and, when they stumbled away and allowed Jean to rise, he could only pump harder as twin rivers of cum oozed out of her abused holes.

'Did you enjoy the show...?'

She spoke the words with her eyes locked in the disembodied Scott's position, but Shaw answered nevertheless.

'As always,' he affirmed, his deep voice sensual and sinister. 'You two, *clean her*. I'll take her next.'

There was something in the way Shaw barked out the order that had both men, after only the briefest of hesitations, hurrying to obey.

She let out a surprised, excited squeal as she was all-but tackled onto the nearby couch, the two men eagerly licking and suckling at her leaking holes.

Jean, her face flushed with passion, never looked away from Scott's eyes as she played with her breasts and unashamedly moaned her pleasure out to the room.

When they were finished, having tongued Jean to another orgasm in the process, Shaw brushed them aside and took their place in between his wife's legs.

Jean didn't even hesitate, finally looking away from Scott's intense gaze so she could stare up at the towering *co-conspirator* in the HTC. She spread her legs wide for him, wrapping them around his narrow waist to pull her lover closer.

When Shaw slapped his cock down on Jean's abdomen, it struck with all the weight of a felled sequoia, landing with a heavy, meaty thwack with his tip almost reaching the undersides of his wife's heavy tits.

That's just ridiculous...

'Did you miss this...?'

Jean bit her lip, her eyes glued on the ridiculously oversized cock with a look of hunger that looked foreign on her beautiful features.

'Say it,' he demanded, amused. 'Or this ends here.'

'I missed your *big cock* Shaw,' she clarified, completely without shame or hesitation. 'Put it in me. Fuck me. *Please*. I miss it. Miss *you*...'

A dark, amused chuckle rumbled out of Shaw's chest, but none of it even registered to Scott as anything more than dirty talk.

None of it... until what she said next.

'Who do you belong to?'

'You!' Jean gasped, eyes wide as she writhed beneath him, trying desperately to get Shaw to shove that ridiculous cock inside her. 'I'm yours! Your Black Queen!'

The words were almost enough to pierce through the haze of perverse desire clouding Scott's mind, a feeling of mild nausea worming its way into his guts.

Apparently, having heard what he wanted to hear, Shaw swung his hips back, aligned the head of his cock with Jean's puffy, ruined pussy, then started to force his way in.

He wasn't gentle.

His wife's back arched, her eyes flying wide at the brutal penetration.

She did *not* object.

A half squeal, half groan slipped from her lips as Shaw sank deeper and deeper, all the way until he bottomed out against her cervix, causing Jean to thrash at the sensation.

He held himself there, allowing Jean to bask in the feeling of absurd fullness. His wife had her eyes screwed shut and was writhing in bliss, pinching her own nipples as Shaw basked in the sight of one of the world's most powerful mutants coming undone on his cock.

He then bent down, batting Jean's hands away so he could take hold of her large breasts in his oversized hands, squeezing them like stress-balls before slowly drawing himself out.

'Oh! Oh *fuuuuck*,' Jean cried, trembling as Shaw pulled out, before brutally thrusting back in. 'Yes, fuck me! Oh God, you're perfect! So, *nnggh*, so good!'

Scott was unashamedly jerking off at this point. Seeing Jean like this—free and drowning in pleasure—was the entire *purpose* of them getting into this lifestyle in the first place.

And the *show* she was putting on didn't disappoint.

Shaw fucked her like he owned her, letting out proud, sinister chuckles each time Jean let out a shocked gasp or long, soulful groan of pleasure.

As if this scene wasn't erotic enough, the two nameless men apparently grew tired of only being spectators.

They approached, their large, hard cocks leading the way and, after an approving nod from Shaw, knelt on the couch either side of Jean's head.

His wife didn't even hesitate. She hadn't known what to do with her hands ever since Shaw had batted them away from her flailing tits, but with new targets in reach, she grabbed hold of the slick members and started to absently stroke, occasionally muffling a scream of pleasure by leaning over and slipping one, or *both* into her mouth.

If the men took issue at the unexpected contact, they certainly didn't let anybody know.

As Scott jerked off to the insane scene, his wife came *several* times.

He'd known she liked them *big*, but seeing the way she was acting with Shaw's monster inside her was a humbling experience.

Watching Jean writhe in orgasm again, Scott was forced to suffer one more humiliating indignity.

His own orgasm crashed into him long before Shaw finished—long before he even *looked* like finishing—even while having the pleasure and disadvantage of his wife's glorious pussy milking his cock like a vice.

Scott couldn't stop himself, couldn't control his stroking. The scene was just too hot, too erotic. He jerked like his life depended on it.

He came with a despairing groan, a shock of pleasure shooting through his system as his orgasm crashed into him.

When the sensations eased, his desire no longer clouding his thoughts, Scott opened his eyes and found himself once more in his cold, quiet kitchen, having made a mess on the dining table in front of him.

Scott sat there for a long time afterward.

The silence felt different now.

It felt oppressive and ominous.

The psychic aftershocks still lingered unpleasantly beneath his skin, phantom echoes of pleasure and heat that no longer felt intoxicating now that clarity had returned. The euphoric haze was long gone. The endless rush of overwhelming sensation.

The all-consuming fire he'd *never* forget.

All that remained was exhaustion.

And a loneliness so bone-deep it almost felt physical.

Slowly, Scott plucked a napkin and cleaned up the mess he'd made before letting out a tired breath through his nose. There was no anger. No dramatic outburst. Just quiet humiliation settling into his bones as he tossed the damp, soiled napkin into trash.

The candles had nearly burned themselves out entirely.

One flickered weakly before finally surrendering, smoke curling upward into the dim dining room as its light faded.

He snorted.

What a tragic metaphor...

Scott leaned back in his chair afterward and stared blankly at the cold dinner sitting untouched on the dining table.

Their anniversary dinner.

He wasn't even sure how much time passed.

Minutes? Maybe hours? It didn't matter. Not really.

The house remained silent throughout.

His wife hadn't reached out over their link to provide an apology, explanation or reassurance. She didn't give him a call to offer a sheepish explanation for completely blowing him off.

No sound of Jean returning home to curl against his side and laugh off another reckless night of excess before reassuring him with her heart and body that he was still the number one man in her life. That they were in this *together*.

Nothing.

Just this depressing silence interrupted by the too-loud ticking of the kitchen clock.

Scott rested an elbow against the table and rubbed a hand slowly across his weary face.

He thought about the man he'd just watched fuck his wife into submission—one of them a man he'd *never* expect Jean to surrender to even in a million years.

He thought about the look of adoration and reverence in Jean's eyes as Shaw sawed that oversized cock in and out of her. About the smirk the man wore as he claimed another man's wife.

And somehow, none of that hurt as much as the realization that Jean had genuinely forgotten him.

Not maliciously.

Not cruelly.

Simply because, in that moment, he had become far less important than the non-stop pleasure she was feeling.

That was the part he could not shake.

Scott had spent months telling himself that they were different. That this arrangement served them both. That it both strengthened and deepened the bond they shared.

That they were evolving together instead of growing apart.

But somewhere along the way, this *lifestyle* of theirs had very much stopped being about *them* and only being about *Jean*.

Now it felt like his wife was chasing the sun while he fell further and further behind, forgotten and discarded.

His eyes drifted once more toward the untouched plate across from him.

Then to Jean's seat. Still empty.

The food had long since become inedible.

The wine had turned warm.

And despite everything he'd just witnessed... despite how embarrassingly his body had responded to it... Scott still found himself sitting alone in the dark wishing his wife had simply *come home*.

That realisation hurt more than anything else.

Eventually, Scott let out a long, quiet sigh and pushed himself upright from the table.

The chair scraped softly against hardwood floors.

He stood there for a moment with one hand braced against the table, shoulders slumped with a weariness that was almost overwhelming.

Then he slowly turned away.

Morning sunlight had just begun creeping over the horizon outside, pale gold spilling weakly through the kitchen windows and casting long shadows across the room.

As Scott disappeared down the hallway toward their bedroom, something glinted softly atop the dining table beneath the early morning rays shining through the window.

A simple gold wedding band.

Left behind beside a cold plate of untouched carbonara.