

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

A/N: Instant Loss is fun~

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CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

“Holy shit, holy shit, *holy shit!!!*”

... Look, neither Thaddeus nor Emma were saints by any stretch of the imagination. And yes, they did know everything that Rachel and Sage had discussed, the latter had basically been letting them in on the conversation from the moment it had taken the strange turn it had taken.

Learning that Rachel was from an alternate timeline was quite the interesting revelation. Even more interesting was learning that without Thaddeus, another version of Emma had wound up leaving the Hellfire Club behind and joining Charles Xavier’s Institute as one of the Professors.

Considering Emma had no experience with teaching, she admittedly found the prospect of such a thing as baffling as Thaddeus did. However, neither of them actually thought Rachel was lying. The way she talked, the things she knew, like Sage’s true identity... it made it clear she really did have knowledge of this other timeline.

It was also abundantly clear that *this* timeline had diverged enough from that one that everything Rachel thought should be a thing probably wasn’t going to be. Not that Thaddeus or Emma really considered themselves villains at this point either, but they definitely weren’t going to go and join the X-Men any time soon.

Rachel’s plan to redeem them and turn them to the side of good was doomed from the start... but given her purported powers, how strong she’d been while one of Apocalypse’s Horsemen, and the current crisis that he and Emma were

dealing with regarding Selene... neither of them could afford not to take this opportunity by the horns.

“Nnngh! G-God, you’re so BIG! I can’t... I’m going to... I’m cumming!!!”

Which was why, when Rachel had initiated her oh-so-brilliant plan of seducing them both by offering to have sex with them, Thaddeus and Emma had gone ahead and taken her up on her offer.

That led to the red head’s current predicament. Naked and completely exposed, Rachel is currently held aloft in Thaddeus’ strong arms. Equally nude, he stands firmly in place... while folding Rachel up into a Full Nelson and depositing her down onto his cock. Her pussy is impaled on his member time and time again as he slides her up and down his length, all the while his hands are laced behind the back of her head and his arms are slid under her legs, keeping her trapped in his grasp.

Not that the red head is actually trying to go anywhere to be fair. Even as her abdomen flexes and her entire body shudders, she finds herself trapped between his rock hard cock... and Emma Frost. The blonde, also naked at this point, is standing in front of them both, helping box Rachel in... or sandwich her, one might say.

Emma has one hand on one of Rachel’s tits, her fingers gently tugging at a nipple, while the other is down below, raking across Rachel’s abs from time to time but mostly focusing on ruthlessly frigging the red head’s clit as Thaddeus’ cock stretches her pussy to obscene degrees.

Rachel’s exultation as she cums for the umpteenth time on Thaddeus’ cock makes him snort derisively. It’s obvious that she’s acting up just a little bit... he can tell that she’s only announcing her orgasms because she thinks it’s what she’s supposed to do to make them think they have her right where they want her.

But also... the orgasm is real. As have the last half a dozen that he’s fucked her through. She’d tried faking the first one, only for him to drag a very explosive,

very real climax from her before she was even done moaning. From then on, every time she's cum has been a real release, even as she's somewhat exaggerated things with her words.

... Thaddeus still doesn't let up. Something that Rachel responds to with a slightly exasperated, slightly worried voice as he continues to pound her on her pussy.

"F-Fuck... you're still going?"

Emma is the one to respond to that, her eyes twinkling merrily as she tilts her head to the side.

"Are you tiring my dear? You can take a break if you need it. I'd be happy to take over. Mm, my Thaddeus is quite the male specimen, isn't he?"

Huffing and puffing, Rachel is quick to shake her head.

"N-No, I can... I can handle it. I-*oh god~*"

Thaddeus just snorts derisively as another orgasm ripples through the folded red head. They're coming faster and faster now as her body gets more and more sensitive to things. But to be fair, it's not like she ever had a shot of redeeming them through sex in the first place. Not when they were both tag teaming her like this... but also not even if she'd gone for them one-on-one.

Emma leans in close, until her and Rachel's lips are mere centimeters apart. Rachel's breath hitches, her panting breaths coming out even more unevenly as her pupils no doubt contract from the proximity.

"I think you might be in over your head, darling. I think you've bitten off more than you can chew."

Rachel whines.

"N-No... I'm not... I'm nowhere n-near done! I can keep going! I *have* to! I-!"

She cuts herself off, biting back a wanton moan as Thaddeus' cock hits a particularly deep spot in her gushing quim. Emma just hums, tilting her head to the side.

"You have to, do you? You know we don't expect you to prove anything to us, right? Thaddeus here was quite literally made for sex, as you already know. It's perfectly alright not to be able to measure up to him."

Rachel clenches her teeth for a long moment... and then cries out again as another orgasm rips its way through her sweaty form. All the while, Thaddeus continues to fuck her from below with deep, powerful, penetrating thrusts. There's nothing wild or reckless about his movements here... every stroke has intent and purpose behind it.

"But I..."

Sighing, Emma shakes her head when Rachel trails off again, her tongue loosening but not enough to give her away just yet.

"Poor dear... you don't even realize, do you? Thaddeus is holding back for you."

That makes the red head tense up as Thaddeus continues to drive her down his dick.

"H-Holding back?"

Her voice cracks, both with disbelief and fear... and perhaps just a little bit of awe as well. Thaddeus smirks behind her head, even as Emma giggles and shrugs.

"You didn't really think we'd go all out on you, did you? Sure, you were much more upfront about it than most of our... conquests, but Thaddeus has a feel for what a woman can handle. He knows your limits better than you yourself know them. He's keeping you just at the edge..."

Rachel whines in confusion.

“I-I’ve cum like... a dozen times s-so far...”

Emma reaches up with both hands all of the sudden, cupping Rachel’s face.

“Not that kind of edge, my dear. The edge of madness... the line between sanity and insanity.”

Then, before Rachel can muster up a response, Emma leans in and kisses her. The red head’s pussy walls immediately squeeze down HARD on Thaddeus’ cock, making it very clear that yes, Rachel was indeed ‘Hot for Teacher’ as they and Sage had speculated. His Emma was not Rachel’s ‘Professor Frost’ by a long shot, but it was enough for her in this feverish, delirious moment.

She moans into Emma’s lips as the blonde dominates her mouth, their tongues no doubt swapping plenty of spit. All the while, she clenches around Thaddeus’ pistoning prick even as he continues to drive in and out of her down below.

Finally, Emma pulls back with a sigh, a string of saliva connecting their lips for a moment before breaking, showing just how deep and passionate the kiss was. Rachel pants and gasps for air for a handful of seconds as Emma just stands there with a satisfied smile on her face. And then...

“I-I can take it... I can take m-more. Give it to me... d-don’t you dare hold back!”

Thaddeus exchanges a look with Emma over Rachel’s shoulder. Seriously? After everything Emma had just said and done, Rachel was doubling down? On the one hand, it wasn’t entirely unexpected. On the other hand... if he really did go all out, the red head might not recover afterwards. Or at least, she wouldn’t be able to find pleasure from other sources so easily anymore, he’s pretty sure.

Emma hums, pressing her own naked flesh up against Rachel’s as she looks deeply into the red head’s eyes.

“Are you sure, darling?”

Nodding her head as best she can while Thaddeus has his hands laced along the back of her skull, Rachel moans.

“Yesss... I can take it!”

Well... if she said so... besides, it wouldn't be fair not to give their audience a show... right?

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SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“HOOOOOOOH! NNNNGH! FUUUUUCK!!!”

Lorna can feel the heat in her cheeks to let her know how hard she's blushing, even as she watches Rachel get plowed silly by Thaddeus and Emma's combined efforts. Why the red head thought she could take more when it was so obvious she was barely hanging on by a thread before... Lorna really doesn't know.

Nor does she know why she's spying on the coupling in the first place. She really isn't that type of woman, honest. She's never... she's never been a p-pervert or anything like that. Peeping on a threesome was something she would normally have never done in a million years.

However... there are extenuating circumstances, obviously. For one, nothing about her current situation could be called normal. Being taken and transformed by Apocalypse had turned her entire life upside down and now she no longer had a fucking job because the university she'd been working at had decided to let her go.

They'd rather avoid having another incident like with Apocalypse than standing behind her, the biggest victim of the entire situation. And the frustrating thing was, from a purely objective point of view... she kind of got it. But obviously

seeing as it directly involved her, it wasn't objective for Lorna. It was very subjective. And it just wasn't fair.

She'd done everything to escape her past. To set aside her powers, her status as a mutant, and just live normally. And none of it had worked out for her. Instead, she was right back at square one.

Of course, Emma had given her a very generous offer. If the blonde could get her a job at Empire State University... well, that was an even more prestigious institution than her previous university. It would literally be a step up.

... It would also probably come with strings attached though. Something she suspected that Rachel had realized and was part of why the red head had stepped in the way she had. But to be clear, Lorna wasn't an idiot. She understood that the moment the offer was made.

She didn't need a knight in shining armor in the form of Rachel to come in and tell her to 'sleep on it'. She didn't need Rachel butting in at all, in fact. Especially since, if the red head hadn't seen fit to interrupt when she did, Lorna might have been in her place right now. And... that wouldn't have been a bad thing, she feels. Not at all.

Biting her lower lip, the green-haired woman continues to watch as Thaddeus fucks Rachel with such ferocity she almost fears for the red head's life. But judging by the pure ecstasy on Rachel's face as her eyes roll back in her head and her tongue lolls out of her mouth, the only thing she's really in danger of is losing her mind to the pleasure.

Emma had warned her about that though... she'd been very considerate, offering Rachel every opportunity to back out or even just take a breather. In Rachel's position, Lorna thinks she definitely would have. Taken a breather, that is.

It was obvious the red head needed a break... and equally obvious that she wasn't going to take one unless it was pushed on her by outside forces.

... Outside forces like Lorna? Her blush intensifies at that thought. She almost wants to walk right in there and offer herself up for the taking then and there. The look on Rachel's face alone, when she realized she hadn't managed to 'save' Lorna, would probably be worth it. Or maybe it would just be the icing on a really, really delicious cake...

Lorna's eyes trail along Emma's naked back profile, from her rippling muscles to her shapely ass and long, perfect legs. Then, they slide past Emma to what she can see of Thaddeus' impressive masculine physique. And sandwiched between them of course, folded up and squealing at the top of her lungs, is Rachel.

Fuck... she should just back away. She's always going to take the offer from Emma of course, but that doesn't mean she needs to wind up in bed with them, necessarily. She... she could keep things professional. Probably.

And yet...

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