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

A/N: Storm gets read in on the situation.

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Sitting in her office at the University, Storm is focused on her lectures for the next week. Having satisfied her confusion regarding Madelyne Pryor, the white-haired, dark-skinned woman has put such things completely out of her mind. After all, Madelyne had nothing to do with Jean Grey despite the similarities being uncanny so it wasn't-

Storm goes still as the door to her office suddenly opens up and the last person she expected to see struts in. Smiling wickedly, Emma Frost walks right up to the chair on the other side of Storm's desk, pulls it out, and sits down in it primly, perching on the edge with one leg crossed over the other.

Immediately, alarms are going off in Storm's head, even as she sits perfectly still and tries not to give anything away.

"… Ms. Frost. I have to admit, I wasn't expecting a visit from you."

Emma's smile grows as she shrugs as if to say 'what can you do?'.

"I appreciate you foregoing an attempt at pretending you don't know who I am. It makes this conversation much easier."

Storm's eyes narrow and her jaw clenches as her hackles are raised by the cocky, flippant tone that the blonde takes with her.

“… If you’re here to try and tell me to stay away from Thaddeus, you can save your breath. And I wouldn’t force the issue if I were you either. There are plenty of people who would notice any… tampering.”

She’s not foolish enough to think that her own mental defenses will be enough to protect her from Emma Frost. Maybe in the past they would have been, but she has no way of truly knowing just how many times Thaddeus and Emma have had sex at this point. Which as wild as it might seem, directly correlates to just how powerful of a telepath Emma Frost is now.

The Hellfire Club’s White Queen was said to be decently powerful before. But with Thaddeus’ assistance, she might even be stronger than Charles at this point. Still, if Storm started acting strangely, the X-Men would realize it and help her. While Emma might be stronger than Charles at this point, Storm fully believed that the Professor was the more experienced of the two and should therefore be capable of reversing anything that the White Queen might try to do to her.

Emma just lets out an airy little laugh at her words, however.

“Ah, you’re cute. I’m not here about Thaddeus, Storm. He’s a grown man who can make his own decisions about who he associates with. And yet, despite all of your honeypot schemes and catspaws, you know who he decides to associate with most of all, time and time again?”

Leaning forward, the buxom blonde gives a good view of her cleavage, even as her icy blue eyes dance with delight and cold amusement.

“Me.”

Storm's lips press together in a grim frown because ultimately, she can't exactly deny Emma's words. Laura, Kitty, and more recently Cessily have all made significant progress with young Thaddeus, but there's a reason Storm was sent in.

The problem was, she'd thought she might be able to reason with the young man. Now she's wondering if she might not have made a mistake when she'd rejected his overtures. Someone like Thaddeus Cummings only seemed to really respond to one language… the language of sex.

Huffing, Storm tries not to let too much of her emotions show as she leans back in her chair and raises a single white eyebrow in Emma's direction.

"Is that why you're here than Ms. Frost? To gloat?"

Emma giggles at that and shakes her head.

"No, of course not. That would be so… gauche. I'm here for a much better reason than that, Ororo Munroe. I'm here to recruit you. I'm here to bring you into our shadowy cabal~"

… What? Storm tenses up further, the air becoming literally charged as she itches to use her mutation to blast this bitch out of her office. Instead, she keeps herself under control, even as she snarls and spits out her response.

"I will never willingly join the Hellfire Club."

Rather than get angry or tense right back however, Emma… just rolls her eyes and inspects her nails, letting out an exasperated sigh.

"Did I say anything about the Hellfire Club, Storm? Honestly, you are all so focused on the Club. As though that's the be-all, end-all here."

Furrowing her brow, Storm grits her teeth.

“Because it is. Because you are one of the Hellfire Club’s remaining leaders. You’re not going to convince me otherwise, Emma Frost.”

Emma flicks out her fingers and shrugs.

“I’m not here to do so. I’m not here to discuss the Hellfire Club at all. I’m here to read you in on something else entirely. A secret that certain members of your faction might very well be willing to KILL over.”

Storm’s confusion grows. Kill? Most of the X-Men would never-

“It’s about Madelyne Pryor… and her connection to Jean Grey.”

Oh. Storm goes absolutely still behind her desk. Her mouth opens… and then closes. She wishes she could say she controlled her reaction better than that. She also wishes she could tell Emma that Madelyne had nothing to do with Jean. That she’d investigated herself and found no connection.

… But she’s not an idiot. Emma wouldn’t be here today, sitting across from her with that infuriatingly smug smirk if there was no connection.

“What… have you uncovered.”

The White Queen spends a moment reveling before she finally answers her. Honestly, once she does… Storm almost wishes she’d spent longer gloating.

“Madelyne Pryor is Jean Grey’s clone.”

Well fuck.

“That, however, is where the connection ends.”

Wait, what? Emma’s smirk grows again at the look of confusion Storm shoots her.

“Simply put, Madelyne has none of Jean’s memories. Also, while she IS a mutant, she doesn’t have Jean’s telepathic powers either. Instead her mutation is twofold. One, complete immunity from telepathy… and the ability to heal people of ills and injuries.”

Blinking rapidly as she processes that, Storm can’t help but be a little baffled.

“Those are… radically different powers.”

Emma just raises a sculpted brow at her though, causing Storm to flush a moment later when she recalls exactly what the blonde’s mutation is. Psychic abilities… and for some reason, the capacity to turn into organic diamond. Yeah, given her example, there wasn’t anything THAT ridiculous about what she’d just described.

“I’m sure you can imagine why I’m here telling you this. Thaddeus felt that you would be best suited for being brought into the secret… so that you can run interference on your fellow X-Men.”

Storm stiffens at that, but Emma isn’t done.

“Madelyne wants nothing to do with anyone who will only ever see her as a copy of Jean Grey. Nor does she have any interest in replacing Jean or taking up her life. She merely wants to be left alone.”

That… okay, yeah. Storm wishes she could defend her colleagues, teammates, and friends and say that they definitely wouldn't overreact or do anything to make Madelyne uncomfortable if they found out… but the truth was, she knew better.

There were several people among the X-Men who would definitely freak out if they found out about Madelyne's existence. Their reactions would run the gamut for sure, and the only way to keep Madelyne safe and keep them from going off the reservation… was to keep it all a secret.

Letting out a sigh, Storm slowly nods.

"I understand. And… she deserves the right to be left alone, if everything you've said is true. There's just one thing… why isn't Thaddeus, or even Madelyne, here to tell me this to my face?"

Emma just smirks as she suddenly rises from her chair, swinging around it and standing behind it for a moment as she peers at Storm.

"They're otherwise occupied at the moment. But you don't have to trust me out of hand. Madelyne will be remaining in her position as Professor and Thaddeus will continue to attend your lectures. Feel free to ask them both when Monday rolls around."

Letting go of the chair, Emma steps away to leave… but not before delivering one final parting shot.

"Welcome to the cabal, Storm~"

And with that, she's gone. Storm stares after her for a moment, mouth open to deny it… but no words come out. Fuck. That fucking bitch…

Still, what the hell could Thaddeus be doing right now that kept him from coming to tell her this himself?

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PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

“Nnngh! F-Fuck! Harder! Please! Oh god, d-don’t stop!”

Thaddeus grunts even as Madelyne begs him to go harder. Her arms wrapped around his neck, her legs wrapped around his waist, the red head clings to him like nothing else, moaning all the while as her eyes roll up in her head and her tongue lolls out of her mouth from the ecstasy.

He doesn’t have any reason to hold back this time around. Last time they’d done it was in a coffee shop bathroom and Thaddeus had been very careful not to cum since he didn’t want to trigger his mutation without knowing for sure what Madelyne’s deal was.

Well, now he knew exactly what her deal was and she in turn knew exactly what he was capable of. Was it any wonder then that the first thing Madelyne, or rather Maddie, wanted from him when they were finally alone together was intimacy?

“Fuck, Maddie…”

Thaddeus buries his face in the crook of her neck, listening to her melodic moans filling the air as he plunges his cock in and out of her pussy over and over again. In response, Madelyne clings to him all the harder, her hands splayed across his back and her own moans muffled by his shoulder as she sucks at his flesh there.

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh continues to fill the air as Thaddeus pounds Madelyne into the bed without reservation, giving her exactly what she asks for until neither of them can take it any longer. With a heartfelt groan, he tips over the edge and spills his seed inside of Maddie, even as she comes undone at the same time, arching her back under him and moaning all the more wantonly through her climax.

This time around, since he's cum inside of her and filled her up, his mutation activates and causes them to each shudder even harder as the boost of power adds to the euphoria that they were both already feeling.

Both of them come down from their mutual orgasm around the same time, with Thaddeus pulling out of Madelyne and then flopping over onto his back on the bed next to her. Interestingly enough… he's pretty sure he's just started to develop a version of her newfound healing powers. Which is funny because she didn't even have those a day ago, nor did they even know they were a thing.

Would he have developed healing powers on top of getting a boost to his psychic abilities if he'd cum in her back in that coffee shop bathroom? Or would it not have counted yet? Thaddeus didn't know one way or another to be frank. His mutation was out of this world in terms of power and potential, but even now he didn't fully understand everything. And that was despite having an intuitive grasp on all of his powers usually.

"Mm~"

Thaddeus blinks as Madelyne suddenly rolls over onto her side and lowers her head to his crotch. Without missing a beat, the Biology Professor tucks some of her red hair behind her ear so he can see her face as she opens

wide and takes him in her mouth, beginning to diligently and dutifully suck his cock right then and there.

Smiling, Thaddeus reaches down and runs a hand through her locks, even as he shakes his head.

“You know you don’t have to do that, Maddie. Though the thought is appreciated.”

Flicking her gaze up at him, Madelyne pulls off of his cock with a pop for a moment and gives him a rather lewd grin.

“You know when we went out to that coffee shop, one of the things I considered doing for you was getting under the table and sucking your cock right then and there.”

Thaddeus blinks in surprise, caught off guard by the admission. On the one hand, maybe he shouldn’t be surprised that she wasn’t quite so innocent as all that. After all, she’d foregone that option to instead have bathroom sex with him. And yet, having been in her mind so deeply, Thaddeus… well, he supposes he’s underestimating her. He’ll need to stop doing that and also stop treating Madelyne like some invalid who needs to be tended to.

She’s a full grown woman with a full grown mind… and a particularly perverted one at that. As Madelyne returns to sucking his cock, Thaddeus sighs and runs his hand through her hair some more.

He was grateful to Emma for dealing with Storm, though he was sure the mutant woman would eventually want to hear it from the horse’s mouth so to speak. Still, Thaddeus was confident that Storm wouldn’t want her allies on the X-Men to find out about Madelyne anymore than they did.

Everything he'd heard about Jean's death both from Storm and others told him that things… hadn't ended well, exactly.

She would keep their secret for now. If anyone on that side of the fence did find out about Madelyne, it wouldn't be because of Storm. In fact, the only potential leak at this point would be Kitty, but she didn't have Biology with him and so far as he knew, didn't know that there was a Jean Grey Clone walking around just yet. Hopefully, she wouldn't find out for quite some time…

Meanwhile, Mr. Sinister seemed to have kept his word so far. There was no signs as of yet that the Black Queen knew anything about what had happened between them and the mad scientist. It was only a matter of time before she tried to get his secrets out of Madelyne though.

And then there was the other things he was dealing with, like his promotion within the Hellfire Club, his mysterious Math Professor, and of course She-Hulk of the Avengers making demands on his time.

… But if nothing else, Thaddeus could at least lay back and relax today, while a dutiful red head bobbed up and down on his cock, turning what had started as cleanup into a lustful, enthusiastic blowjob complete with some mild gagging.

"Glughk… Glughk… Glughk…"

Sighing in contentment, Thaddeus lets his eyes drift shut and just… enjoys the moment.

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!