

X-Men: Trigger Scent

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Young mutant Wingbat has had a crush on the beautiful, quiet X-23 for a long time. Now that he finally has a way to get with her, though, he's not so sure it's a great idea...

Commission for [Wingbat](#).

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1 - Dilemma

Wingbat's hand reached for the door, faltered, and fell back to his side.

He couldn't do it.

Blowing out a frustrated breath, the eighteen-year-old X-Man-in-training stepped back from the closed door of his dormitory and rubbed at his temples.

What was *wrong* with him?

Idly punching a closed fist into the opposite palm, he paced up the sun-dappled corridor, then back toward his dorm, back and forth. It was the time of day when everyone liked to be outside or in the common rooms, winding down from a day of lessons and training, and the young mutant was grateful for the silence of his surroundings. The only person nearby, he knew, was the one in his dormitory—the one he couldn't stop thinking about.

The one he wanted, more than anyone else.

The one who, if he went through with this, could end up hating him forever.

Wingbat remembered the first time he'd seen her, on a televised newscast, two years ago, before the X-Men had noticed his abilities and taken him under their wing. The mutant crimefighters had performed some noble feat or other, and were fielding questions from interviewers, laughing amiably and generally putting on a friendly face for the public: *look at us, common folk, and do not fear, for we are on your side, and we are not so different.*

Or, at least, all of them were smiling and laughing, except *one*.

Wingbat—then known only as 'Christian,' his given name—had been instantly intrigued by the mutant girl called X-23. Standing to the side of the others, almost out of sight of the camera, there was no smile on *her* pale, pretty face, a face whose delicate femininity was clearly, to Christian, deceptive. Her vibrant green eyes had scanned the reporters and bystanders coolly, detachedly, lustrous black hair swaying gently in a breeze, and she looked so *stunning*, her black-costumed body so slender and shapely, that he had genuinely wondered why all the cameras didn't just zoom in on her and stay there.

For the next year, as he developed his mutant powers, able to manipulate his body to grow as large or shrink as small as he wanted, and struggling to come to terms with it all in a world where average people still felt uneasy around his kind, Christian followed X-23's career as closely as he could. He learned that she was his age, that her name was Laura Kinney, and scrounged the Internet every day for new footage of her, captured by the smart phones and digital cameras of the people she fought to protect. He hungrily read up on eyewitness reports, reports that spoke of her distant, aloof personality, often

described as 'cold,' of her strangely, faultlessly formal speech patterns, and, rather than put him off, he found that these descriptions only deepened his interest in her.

An interest which, as Christian's teenage hormones raged more and more ferociously, turned increasingly sexual. At first, the attraction fresh, he'd watched footage of Laura with a boyish awe, admiring the fluidity of her motions, her agility, the capable, laser-precise way with which she used her adamantium claws; and then, as he progressed to his junior year of public high school, growing into his adult body—a lean, five-foot-eleven masculine form with an angular, symmetrical face, hazy gray eyes, and thick brown hair—he found that his admiration focused more and more on the soft weight of her perky breasts, the way they jiggled in her sleeveless top with its plunging neckline as she jumped and sprinted about, the way her wide, round ass swayed and wobbled as she walked away from a defeated enemy or an obnoxious fan.

The way her perfect face, with those shapely, soft red lips, would look so good with his cum splattered all over it...

It never occurred to him that the endless amount of jerking off he was doing to image and video of her, to the mere *thought* of her, might one day become a source of embarrassment.

Until, that is, at age 17, he was brought to the Xavier Institute for Higher Learning as a student, and met Laura in person.

In his mind, he'd long dreamt of his first inevitable, destiny-ordained encounter with the love of his life. Their eyes would meet, their breaths would quicken, and their mutual attraction would be so powerful that they'd press their bodies together, making out passionately, his hands roaming the swell of her perfect butt and hers massaging his crotch, together at last—

Instead, Christian had been unable to even *meet* her eye, let alone make a deep, emotional connection through gaze alone. He went out of his way for weeks to avoid her, irrationally afraid that if she noticed him for long enough, she would *know*. She would see in his face just how often he'd emptied his balls in her honor, and she'd tell one of the Institute's teachers what a creep he was, and they'd outcast him forever, at home neither with his own kind nor the general public.

Then, one day, they'd been partnered up during an academic lesson.

She did not smile at him, not even once. But she was polite, her soft voice carried no accusation, and at the end of the class, their hands had briefly brushed together, her smooth, pale skin on his coarser, tanner skin.

It had hit him, belatedly, that he was *going to school with X-23*. She wasn't just pixels on a screen. She was real, and even more stunning in person. He didn't have to watch her from afar anymore. He could get to *know* her.

Ever since, his days at the Xavier Institute had been like living out his high school dreams, albeit a much more PG-rated version of them. He was finally among others who were like him. His confidence grew, as a person and as a mutant, with the guidance of Professor Xavier and the others, and he was not

oblivious to the admiring glances shot his way by a good number of his female classmates. Once, he even caught Laura staring at him from across the sparring room, only to quickly look away.

That had stocked up his spank bank for more than a few days.

Other than those fleeting encounters, though, it was slow going for Christian on the romance front. It never stopped being thrilling just to be in the same *room* as Laura, whenever they shared a class, but, true to eyewitness accounts and the gossip of their classmates, she was withdrawn and hard to talk to. As the months passed, Christian's infatuation with her dominated less and less of his thoughts; he made friends, focused on his studies, and contented himself with admiring the quiet dark-haired beauty from afar, turning down occasional date invites from other girls because he *knew*, as surely as he knew he would eventually fight alongside the X-Men, that he would be with Laura someday. Somehow.

Surely not like this, though?

Christian stopped pacing outside his dormitory, athletic shorts swishing faintly, his lightly sweat-stained muscle shirt tinged orange by the sun's fading rays pouring through the windows. He regarded his clenched fist with a crumpled brow. His fingers splayed open, revealing the small, dark glass vial, capped with a simple spraying mechanism, in his palm.

A week ago, while scrounging the Internet for updates on the away mission Laura had just set off on, to make sure she was okay, he'd found an online merchant auctioning a unique trigger scent that could send X-23 into a mindless frenzy. That made him *mad*. When he'd read the details, and learned that this particular mindless frenzy, induced by an early iteration of the trigger scent, was actually an intense sexual heat, his stomach had flipped. He wanted to warn her about it, but she wasn't scheduled to return to the Institute for days, so he purchased it immediately, determined not to let someone use it to hurt her. Once she returned, he would give it to her, and *she* could decide what to do with it. It was a childish hope, he knew, but maybe she would be thankful enough that he could ask her out for dinner and not instantly get turned down.

A week was a *long* time to sit on such power.

Christian hated himself for it, but he was a *teenager*, for God's sake, and as soon as the nondescript box carrying the trigger scent vial was delivered to his dormitory, he'd quickly started having other ideas for how to handle it. All his wet dreams about Laura came rushing back to him—wet dreams that he could now act out, to his heart's content, if he just sprayed a little trigger scent onto himself.

His mind raced endlessly that week, torn between the notion of doing the *right thing*, and *possibly* earning a little respect in Laura's eyes, as well as a clean conscience; or, doing something objectively *bad*, taking advantage of another human being, one who had already been manipulated, *used*, so much in her life, by turning Laura into a willing fucktoy for as long as the scent's effects lasted. The prospect of finally exploring her perfect, curvy body was too much, *far* too much, for him to resist, and soon the struggle became less whether or *not* to use the trigger scent, but rather how to *live* with himself after using it.

The problem was, he didn't know if he could ever forgive himself for going down that road. Or, more heartbreakingly still, if *she* could ever forgive him for it.

Christian could practically hear Professor Xavier's voice, that deep, resonant voice that never failed to deliver some thought-provoking wisdom or inspiration to him and his fellow students, reminding him that when one is given power, it is easy and tempting to abuse it—but it is *right*, and necessary, to be responsible with it.

The conflicted mutant's fingers wrapped back around the vial, enclosing it tightly.

I know, Professor, I know.

But just once, would it really hurt to do the wrong thing?

And, really, some other voice in his head slyly added, not Xavier's this time but another, seductive and coaxing, would it be so wrong to do whatever it takes to get closer to the girl you love?

Whatever he chose to do, he'd delayed enough.

Christian opened the door to his dormitory and stepped inside.

What he still thought of as *his* dorm, he recently had to remind himself, wasn't really *his* anymore. When he'd first arrived at the school, the fluctuating student population had resulted in a couple of two-resident dormitories being relegated to only one; Christian had been assigned to one such room. He'd enjoyed it, too. The solitude let him choose when he wanted to entertain guests, when he wanted to study, and when he wanted to let off a little steam to the thought of Laura's ass moving around in the skimpy workout shorts she sometimes wore to the gym.

Now, whenever he wanted to partake in an activity like that, he had to find somewhere else to do it.

"Welcome back, X," Christian said.

Laura looked back at him over her shoulder, face illuminated by the laptop she was using. "Hello, Wingbat."

Christian bit back an incredulous groan, felt all the blood rushing from his head to a more southward region of his body—the sight greeting him was *not* making his decision any easier. Laura was reclining on one of the dorm's two beds, the one she'd claimed as hers when Institute construction made it necessary to temporarily embrace coed housing, and she'd been made Christian's roommate. She was laying on her toned, exposed stomach, facing away from him, dressed in full mission uniform—black latex crop top, fingerless elbow-length gloves, and skintight latex pants, absent only her boots, so that her pale feet were exposed. Her round, soft butt was outlined deliciously by her formfitting pants, amply touchable, with the way her position squeezed together her cushiony cheeks...

Christian gulped. He tore his eyes away, closed the dormitory door behind him, and walked over to his

own bed, across from Laura's, sitting down on its edge. He rolled the vial of trigger scent around in his closed hand. "How'd the mission go?"

Laura brushed a strand of long black hair from her green eyes, which stayed fixated on the laptop screen. Christian couldn't help but drift his own eyes toward her glistening red lips as she spoke, the glimpses of pink tongue. "We achieved our objectives, and no one was injured." Then, to his pleased surprise, she turned her face minutely toward him, scanning his face for a moment before asking, almost shyly, "How are *you*?"

Recovering from the immediate, furious fluttering sensation in his stomach, Christian managed a grin that he hoped wasn't too guilty-looking. They'd been made dorm-mates a little over a month earlier, and they'd had time for quite a few cordially friendly exchanges like this, yet here he was, still floored when she directed a common nicety his way. "Good. Uh, great. Thanks." He rubbed the back of his head. "Y'know. Just another week. You didn't miss much." *Damn it, you're blabbering.*

"I am relieved to hear it," Laura said, and she favored him with a small, guarded smile, so subtle that it almost wasn't a smile at all.

For Christian, it shone as brightly as the sun. His heart melted.

I can't do it.

I have to tell her.

Laura turned back to her laptop. Christian opened his mouth, lifted the hand that contained the trigger scent vial, preparing to explain—

The words died on his lips.

The *tack-tack-tack* of Laura's fingers, nails painted a glossy black, on her keyboard seemed to fade into a dull hiss as Christian gaped at the way her breasts, squeezed together and compressed against the bed, jiggled with every small motion of her arms—the stray, errant thought crossed his mind: *Christ, I bet it would feel amazing to bust a nut between those*—and then, even as he tried to regroup from this distraction, and urgently willed, to no avail, his size-altering powers to reduce the increasingly noticeable swelling of his erection in his pants, he noticed that Laura's lower legs were idly rising and falling in the air behind her, causing her bubble butt to sway minutely from side to side, wobbling hypnotically.

Christian felt it rushing to every corner of his body, felt it batter away at his doubts, laying them low; felt dark, bestial lust roaring to life like a furnace in the pit of his stomach, scary in its intensity.

She was here, right in front of him, and he could do *everything* he'd ever wanted to her.

"Sorry," he whispered.

He turned the vial's nozzle toward himself, and sprayed.

2 - Consequences

His heart stopped in his chest, breath still, as he doused himself in trigger scent, watching Laura raptly—how would the scent's effects manifest themselves? Would the scent do something completely unexpected? What if he'd been fooled, and the scent was actually the variety used to send X-23 into a blind bloodlust—what if she *attacked him*—

Tack-tack-tack

Laura continued typing away at her laptop, her expression one of vague boredom, seemingly oblivious to what he'd just done.

Christian couldn't think of many situations that might inspire a powerful relief *and* disappointment, simultaneously. This was proving to be one of them.

His shoulders slumped slightly. His cheeks heated up. The impulsive surge of horniness that had prompted him to pull the trigger, to hell with the consequences, was fading, and he felt like an idiot.

He gave the scent vial a resentful look. It had tempted him, and he'd given in, and he hadn't even gotten anything out of it.

He suddenly became aware of heavy breathing. Christian frowned. He hadn't thought he was *that* upset. This was hardly something to hyperventilate over. He consciously regulated his breaths, listening carefully. The panting continued, joined, now, by rustling noises.

Wha—?

Christian looked up, and his jaw dropped.

The friendly-but-unreachable X-23 who'd been sharing his room a moment ago had been replaced by the X-23 he'd fantasized about for years. The young, curvy mutant girl was cutely biting her lower lip, cheeks reddened; an arm was shoved past her stomach, actively sending her breasts into frantic quaking, and Christian followed the arm to her groin, which was lifted off the bed, now, her hips gyrating sensually in the air while she—

Christian released a strangled noise.

She was *fingering herself*. Through her latex pants. Her slender fingers rubbed furiously over her concealed pussy, its plump lips almost distinguishable as she pressed against it.

Christian somehow tore his widened eyes away for long enough to stare down at the trigger scent vial again, reverence replacing resentment. Right then, he was practically ready to kiss it.

Thank you. Thank you, for letting me see this.

“W—Wing...bat...”

It was barely recognizable as Laura’s voice, low and husky, carrying more than a tinge of desperation. Christian turned his attention back to her, felt his heartbeat skyrocket, his face burn up, his cock strain so powerfully that he didn’t even bother trying to contain it, allowing it to create a glaringly obvious tent in his shorts. She’d rotated onto her side, tits sandwiched together appetizingly under her low-cut top, and now the hand she’d been fingering herself with was slipped *into* her pants, moving about furiously over her crotch as she masturbated directly. Her long legs writhed slowly on the bed, rumpling the sheets more than her impeccable neatness had ever allowed in all their time as roommates.

“I feel...strange...” she ran her tongue over her lips, squeezing her eyes shut. When they snapped open again, they were locked on his, pleading so plainly that it lanced through him more powerfully than her adamantium claws ever could have. “Help...me.”

The vial dropped from Christian’s hand.

Oh, god. You asshole! She’s in pain! What did you do?

“What’s wrong?” He rocketed to his feet, moved to her bedside, hands fidgeting in the air, awkwardly hoping the wobbling erection tenting his pants would escape Laura’s notice. She continued to writhe, gnawing at her lip, breasts trembling in their tight confinement, responding to her continued fingering. Christian looked around helplessly. He had no experience with treating physical conditions. He could think of only one thing to do, and while the thought of involving one of the Institute’s staff in this sent a chill up his spine, he knew that if he’d made a mistake, if this so-called *trigger scent* was actually *hurting* Laura, saving his own hide was the least of his worries. “Just—hang on, X, I’ll be *right* back with help—”

A small, oddly hot hand seized his wrist in an iron grip before he could take a step away. Christian blinked down at it, confusion mounting as his eyes trailed past the hand to Laura’s arm and then to her face. It was impossible not to notice how beautiful she looked this way, with the flushed hue of her cheeks, her parted bangs growing mussed, and those eyes, strikingly green, piercing his.

“No,” she panted. Her slender throat bobbed beneath her black choker, gulping. “*Help...me.*”

“But—” Christian stopped himself, her meaningful tone sinking in. His mouth grew strangely dry, and, near the wrist Laura was clinging to with grim strength, the huge bulge in his shorts twitched.

“Oh,” he said lamely. “*Oh.*”

Biting her lip again, Laura nodded. Her gaze lowered, drinking in his chest, his stomach, his groin...and settling on his erection. Her breaths grew even more ragged, her tits jiggling more pronouncedly yet as she masturbated faster and harder.

She wasn’t in pain. The vial’s contents weren’t hurting her. The trigger scent was just doing exactly what it advertised.

X-23 was a bitch in heat, desperate, if only for a little while, for *him* to fuck her.

This realization sinking in, coupled with the way she was staring greedily at the tent in his pants, fingering herself furiously to the mere *thought* of what the tent concealed...

The primal furnace in Christian's core flared back to life, stronger than ever.

Something warm and soft, impossibly soft, touched his hand. It took what felt like a very long moment for him to recognize that Laura had just planted it on the swell of her chest, and even when he did, his brain had trouble comprehending that he was *touching Laura's breast*.

Tentatively, he squeezed, almost more to confirm that he wasn't dreaming than anything else.

The way her cushiony titflesh conformed to his grip, and the ragged, sultry moan that rewarded him, were, he decided, *very real*. So were the slender fingers that Laura was suddenly using to caress his clothed cock.

"Oh," Christian repeated, breathlessly, this time with a trace of heat, his pulse a drumbeat in his ears, his uncertainty fading into a mounting excitement.

Holding his hand in place on her breast with one of her own, his fingers still digging into its suppleness, and continuing to squeeze and stroke the tent in his pants with the other, Laura rose to her knees on her bed, bringing herself just short of Christian's height, and he barely had time to register her hot breath on his face before she was pressing her torso against him—

And then his world went supernova, because she was kissing him.

No, not *kissing* him; she was *devouring* him, smashing her lips against his lips, hungrily and forcefully, her tongue forging its way onto his and playing slimily against it. Taken aback, Christian stiffened. Of all the dirty things he'd daydreamed about doing to Laura with this trigger scent, he'd somehow never thought his *first kiss* would be involved.

Cool air brushed against his manhood, and, as if the needy kiss Laura was delivering wasn't overwhelming enough, the electric sensation of her fingers wrapping around his throbbing, rock-hard shaft, freed from his shorts, sent a shockwave through him, their bare flesh joined.

It was like her touch had flicked a switch in him. He growled into Laura's mouth, surprising himself with the bestial, predatory sound, and his body jolted into action, reciprocating her desire. His tongue fenced fiercely with hers, his muffled grunts mingling with her muffled whimpers; he pulled his hand from her grip, slipped it under her top, and squeezed her teenaged tit roughly, her hardened nipple in his palm, causing her shapely form to writhe excitedly against him. Her movements grew more lively still as his free hand set to roaming across every inch of her body that he could reach—along the smooth contours of her toned stomach, down the length of her arched back, and then onto the curve of her fuck-me-please butt.

Laura's hips swiveled, as though trying to press her latex-clad ass even more firmly into his hand, moaning between the little wet noises made by the mashing-together of their lips and tongues. Her fingers started to move on his cock, pumping up and down.

X-23 was jerking him off.

Christian broke off the kiss, groaning. He pressed his forehead against Laura's, blanketed by its strands of her soft black hair. Their breaths brushed against each other's faces, hot and damp. This close, her eyes were more than beautiful, they were compelling, fixed on his while she worked his cock steadily faster, their green hue energetic even behind the perceptible glaze clouding over them. It was the kind of glaze Christian had seen sometimes over the eyes of drunks, the kind of glaze that said *I'm not really in control of myself*, and the fact that the only thing Laura was drunk on was *lust*, for *him*, made Christian feel vaguely dizzy.

Those hazy eyes lowered, down toward the fuckrod she'd been fondling unseeingly, and they widened. Laura gasped. The flush of her cheeks seemed to deepen.

Christian indulged in a primitive pride over her reaction, a reaction he knew wasn't undeserved. He hadn't learned to actively control his powers to change the size of individual body parts yet, but whenever he was *really* horny, his already well-hung cock unconsciously expanded to become downright impressive. It was almost as long as his forearm, and as wide as his wrist, thick and veiny and meaty.

It occurred to Christian that he was *actually* presenting it to Laura, the girl he'd wanted for what felt like his entire life—he'd gone from years of stimulating his cock himself while he thought of her, to basking in the sensation of her delicate fingers on its ovenlike hardness, her need for it spelled out on her pretty, blushing features.

He noticed that her breathing had gone shallower than ever. He watched her bring both hands to the base of his shaft, fingers struggling to wrap around his pulsing, twitching girth. She stroked up towards his fat cockhead slowly, experimentally.

Unthinkingly, Christian responded by forcing a hand into Laura's pants—and shoving it between her thighs, skin grazing against her sopping wet pussy.

They both sucked in a breath at the same time; Laura tossed her head back, shivering, her firm thighs clamping down on his hand, and Christian stared down at her covered groin, unable to believe the amount of moist heat emanating from her cunt. If it felt like that from *here*, how would it feel *inside*?

He shifted his hand, aligning his fingers with Laura's pussy folds and rubbing on them.

Her grip on his cock tightened. Her forehead came back to rest against his, her bangs black curtains over glossy eyes, biting her lip and drinking in his powerful manhood as she tremblingly resumed jerking him off. Gritting his teeth against building pleasure, threatening to overwhelm him already, Christian rubbed and stroked, patted and petted her dripping pussy, hoping that he was making her feel as good as she was making him feel. His other hand, the one on her ass, squeezed, rubbed, admiring her shape.

Angling her face, Laura pressed her lips onto his once more, and this was the first kiss he'd envisioned—gentle, affectionate, a simple physical contact to link them together, and, Christian figured,

as reliable an indication as any that his fingering of her fuckhole *was* getting her off. He closed his eyes, enjoying her smell, her proximity, *her*.

Suddenly, they were moving.

Christian blinked, stumbling back as, still kissing him and fondling his cock, Laura maneuvered him back toward his own bed. The back of his knees hit his mattress. Breaking off the kiss, Laura gave his erection one last tug, and shoved him.

Christian plopped down on the edge of his bed, blinking, cock wobbling alarmingly in the air. Laura gave him no time to recover, lowering gracefully onto her haunches between his legs, bringing her face level with his dick. She pulled his shorts down, effortlessly lifted one of his feet so that she could remove them completely, tossing them aside.

Then she stared.

Christian followed her line of sight, all the way to his engorged balls.

His ballsack was no less impressive than his cock, especially when his powers resulted in it swelling to the size of his clenched fist, soft and dark and visibly heavy with the volume of the cum it contained. Christian's heartbeat ratcheted up at the way Laura stared at his semen factory, her lovely lips going slack, and though he couldn't see past her chest, reddened from his fondling, the way her tits jiggled and her arm moved told him she was fingering herself.

He nearly came just watching her mouth lower toward his balls. The gusts of hot, wet air from between her gaping lips got closer and closer until—

Moaning, Laura extended her dripping tongue and lapped at his ballsack, leaving a trail of glistening drool.

"*Christ, Laura,*" Christian croaked, unable to believe, even now, that X-23 was *actually* licking his balls. He was dimly aware that he'd just slipped into referring to her more intimately than she was generally comfortable with, and for a brief moment, he worried that it might upset her, trigger scent or no.

Her only response, though, was to open her mouth wide and take as much of his ballsack into it as she could fit.

Christian decided that if someone had burst into the room and struck him down right then, he would have died with a smile on his face.

Laura made love to his balls with a gusto, maneuvering her mouth to release one part of his voluminous cumsack only to take in another, covering every inch with her slimy saliva. Her tongue caressed his orbs lovingly. Her eyes rolled up euphorically, cheeks caving in as she sucked and slurped loudly and wetly. An image flashed in Christian's mind: the X-23 he'd always known and observed, unsmiling and utterly withdrawn, the cold unfeeling killer—*that* girl was now shamelessly worshipping his balls, his big fat cock bobbing around her pretty face, occasionally slapping against it when she angled it the right way. For the rest of his days, whenever he looked at her, *this* is what he would see: her on her

knees, being a hot little slut for him.

I might be the only guy who's ever seen her like this.

Seemingly oblivious to the fascinated, enraptured way he was watching her, Laura released his balls from her mouth with a watery *pop*, saliva glistening briefly in the air. His swollen sack sagged back to rest between his legs, totally drenched. Laura's glazed, adoring stare roamed up to the meaty, veiny pole twitching over her.

"Mmmn," she simpered, and she extended her tongue, running it along the bottom of his shaft from base to tip, every exhalation a spine-tingling, muggy blanket on his cock. Reaching his throbbing cockhead, she stuffed her facecunt with it, jaw stretching lewdly around his size, tongue moving eagerly, combining its slippery massage with the all-encompassing, mind-blowingly pleasurable heat of her maw.

The fire inside Christian exploded into an inferno.

"*Fuck yes,*" he growled. His hands grabbed roughly for Laura's head, lodged over either one of her ears, curling into her black hair, and he shoved her face down into his lap.

A loud, wet, perverse *gluuughk* resounded through the small dorm as Christian forced almost half of his titanic cock into Laura's unsuspecting throat. Spots flashed in his vision; his breath hitched at the surge of sensation, the vicelike *tightness* clamping down on his manhood, the heat and the moisture enveloping his shaft in a way he'd never experienced, drool pouring in rivers down his length to pool on his crotch and drip down his twitching ballsack. Laura, meanwhile, clutched at his thigh, nails digging painfully into his skin, eyes squeezed shut, her plump lips working desperately around his thickness in an effort to allow air intake, which was, of course, a losing struggle, with a cock as big as his. Giving up, she took a deep, greedy inhalation through her nostrils.

She went stock-still.

Concern penetrated Christian's blazing lust, but a moment later he noticed that Laura's free arm was suddenly moving more frantically than ever, tits in constant quaking motion in her tight top, and he could practically hear the squelching of her fingers against her pussy; her green eyes rolled back, slightly crossed, the blush of her cheeks a brilliant scarlet. Around the cock plugging her throat, she released a gurgling, muffled moan. She inhaled again, even deeper, and her entire body shuddered. The nails digging into his leg relaxed. Her hand slithered down out of his sight, and that arm, too, set to moving frenziedly, squeezing her breasts together.

She was pleasuring herself with both hands.

Christian was at a loss regarding what had brought it on—until Laura breathed in yet again, whimpering around his girth, tongue kicking into hungry motion, and it hit him in a rush.

Her mutant powers included extraordinarily acute senses.

Including her sense of smell.

Forced to breathe deeply through her nose, Christian's scent, the salty musk radiating from his genitals, must have hit her harder than ever, overwhelming her senses in the same way the tight hot embrace of her throat on his cock was overwhelming him.

She was getting off on his *smell*.

That did it.

The next thing he knew, his hips were a blur, pistoning his cock into Laura's slutty gullet as hard and as fast as he could, and all he could hear was lewd wet slurping, her little whimpers, and a staccato *glughk-glughk-glughk* matching his every thrust. Even with his hands holding her head in place, every inward plunge knocked her around, her bangs and the hair draped over her shoulders swaying rhythmically. Her cloudy eyes were heavily lidded, fluttering every time she inhaled, and from her mouth, stretched wide around his rod, droplets of saliva flew sloppily in every direction.

She looked more beautiful than Christian had ever seen her.

Although he'd never fucked another woman's throat, he knew that he couldn't have done this with anyone else. He'd managed to fit almost his entire, forearm-length cock into her throatpussy, and the only indication of strain she showed was the way her slender neck bulged, her black choker straining, whereas he would have barely been able to fit his tip into an average woman's mouth. Average women, of course, did not have X-23's incredible physical resilience—or her miraculous healing factor.

So Christian didn't hold back. Not that he necessarily could have, even if he'd had to—by now, his entire being was dominated only by a total, bestial desire to fill every last hole on Laura's body with gallons of his seed.

Starting with her mouth.

His cum surged up from his heavy, jiggling balls at the same instant that Laura was taking a fresh breath of his musk, thick lashes quivering. Christian released a triumphant sound that was half-roar, half-groan, and both of his hands jerked from the sides of her head to the top. He pushed her down with a burst of strength—“*Mmmmmfglughhk*”—until her nose smashed against his groin, every last inch of his bucking manhood lodged in her tight, vibrating throat as the first spurt of potent jizz pumped out of his cockhead.

“Take it, Laura,” he gritted out hotly, fingers curling and uncurling in her hair, awash in the combined sensations of her throat and the cooling saliva pouring onto his lap, his body tense in orgasm. “Take every drop.”

Laura's frantic arm motions had ceased. She writhed in place, her hips gyrating slowly, body trembling as Christian poured more cum into her stomach than he'd ever spilled in a single go in his entire life, his cock twitching and jerking in her gullet. She reached up, cupping his straining ballsack gently, caressing it, gave it a little squeeze.

Christian slumped, the last drop of his seed trickling into the throat of the girl he'd lusted after for years. A sense of total contentment washed warmly over him. He felt totally vindicated—for using the trigger scent, and for holding on to hope that, one day, he would make it with X-23. Guilt could come later. Right now, he was happy.

He released his grip from Laura's head and eased back onto the bed, propping himself up on his elbows, admiring his vantage point, committing it to his memory. Her hair was a total mess, concealing one of her lovely green eyes, and the one that was visible was half-closed, affixed with a dazed kind of reverence on his cock. She slowly lifted her face from his lap, lips wetly slurping along his shaft, which gleamed thickly with her drool. Christian winced at the curious feeling of slipping out of her tight throat. Her head bobbed back, releasing him with a satisfied little moan, mouth a lewd 'O,' and his cock waved in the air, slinging saliva everywhere. Gasping huskily for breath, she watched it with the air of a cat following a ball of yarn.

God, she was gorgeous. His erection throbbed, still rock-hard—there was no way he was going flaccid as long as *she* was in front of him, perfectly disheveled from the way he'd fucked her face. Not to mention the way she remained visibly smitten with his manhood. Sure, a part of him realized it was all the trigger scent's doing, that she wasn't herself. That didn't stop it from being ridiculously hot to have X-23 admiring his cock and balls, her chin smeared with the drool she'd spilled while it was in her mouth, and his cum, still hot, settling into her belly...

"Oof," he grunted, sucking in a breath. She'd just taken his shaft, ultra-sensitive from his recent orgasm, into one hand. Staring up at it, pants punctuated by ragged whimpers, she sniffed. Her eyes closed dreamily.

Tilting his cock back toward his stomach, fingers roaming toward his tip, she dove her nose into his balls.

Christian sat upright and stared, speechless. Laura's face was buried in his big ballsack, wriggling from side to side, her nostrils inhaling deeply. She wasn't just *getting off* on his musk. She was *addicted* to it.

In all his perverted fantasies about Laura, he'd never envisioned her doing something so depraved as this, something so animalistic and so slutty, and seeing her face shoved willingly and greedily into his balls, after swallowing a load of his cum from them, aroused him so powerfully that, purely by instinct, his mutant abilities kicked in, doing something they'd never done before. The already huge cockshaft in Laura's hand bucked, as though a wave of energy had just pulsed through it, and her shapely fingers became even smaller than they already were in comparison as he grew noticeably thicker and longer. Still breathing in with her nose buried in his ballsack, she gasped and gave a tiny, excited moan as the beefy, heavy semen factory swelled correspondingly, half again as big as it had been a second earlier.

Laura pulled her head back, drinking in his increased size like a child admiring a new toy. Christian had to admit he was just as curious about it. The difference wasn't *huge*, but he'd definitely gone from 'enormous' to 'monster' in the space of a second. Laura gave a tentative, probing sniff. Her eyes immediately rolled back, her entire body shivering in ecstasy. Pumping her hand up and down his newly enhanced breeding rod, breasts jiggling in her latex top, her free hand unsteadily bunched up his enlarged cum-sack, and she brought her face to it, rubbing it all over herself, hungrily marking her

forehead, her cheeks, her lips, her chin, every inch of her pretty countenance with his virile scent.

Christian shook his head incredulously, unable to suppress a widening grin. He'd known academically how much *power* this trigger scent would give him over Laura, but knowing it and seeing it for himself were two very different things. Perhaps it really was a good thing he'd gone through with this, after all. Better that he use the scent all up, and get rid of the threat forever, rather than someone who wanted to hurt her.

He would never hurt her.

But he *was* going to start treating her like the cumdump she'd become.

Laura had stopped rubbing his ballsack against her face, instead massaging it with one loving hand while she ran his pulsing cock over her cheeks and lips instead, looking up toward him. It bucked eagerly in her grip as he observed that her pale, flawless skin was covered in a sheen of the sweat from his balls and the saliva she'd covered them in, a visual manifestation of the way she'd marked herself as his.

If she wants to be mine, then I'm going to make her mine. If only for a little while.

Christian rose to his feet, towering over her. He grabbed a fistful of her hair, jerked her face out of reach of his cock. She gasped, made a needy whimpering noise in the back of her throat, longingly staring at his manhood. Christian took her chin in a firm grip between thumb and forefinger, forcing her reddened, ballsweat-smearred face to tilt upward.

"You want it back?"

Laura bit her lip, hesitating. Her tongue darted out, licking her red lips, and she nodded shyly.

A thrill shot through Christian. Normally, if a man tried such a brazen taunt on X-23, she would have rewarded him with a set of adamantium claws through the chest. Instead, she was coyly submitting, her face glistening with perspiration from his ballsack and his cum coating her throat.

Breathing hard, he brought his cock a little closer to her face. She shifted agitatedly, stuck out her tongue in a vain effort to reach it.

"Beg for it," Christian demanded hoarsely.

Her lidded eyes swiveled up and locked onto his. For a moment, the heat in them was so intense that panic surged in Christian. Come to think of it, he didn't know exactly how *long* the trigger scent was supposed to last. Was she snapping out of it?

"Puh..." she swallowed audibly. "Please..."

If there was a single person on the planet Christian could not turn down, it was Laura.

Releasing her chin, he took the base of his cock in one hand, thrust his hips forward so it

hovered over her face, and set to rubbing it all over her. He paid particular attention to her cheeks, relishing the way his powerful cockhead easily caved in her soft flesh. She moaned, her eyes never leaving his face as he slapped his hard weight against her lips.

He could have easily gone all day marking her like this, making her his hot little bitch, but he reminded himself that his time was limited. He removed his hand from her hair, mind racing with all the things he could do to her next—

Laura pounced on him.

For the second time since using the trigger scent, Christian found himself knocked onto his bed, this time sprawled on his back, staring up at the ceiling. A pleasant weight lowered onto his midriff, and Laura's flushed face suddenly filled his vision, hair draping down around him. He blinked. She smiled, licking her lips, and descended, locking mouths with him.

Christian felt a smile of his own tugging at his lips as he eased into the kiss, allowing his tongue to mash against hers. Even under the effects of mind-numbing pheromones, X-23 was a feisty little thing, and he wouldn't have had it any other way.

She lifted her lips and straightened. Christian craned his neck, saw that she was straddling his groin—and *that her pants were gone*.

His jaw dropped.

Laura's long, curvy pale legs were totally bare, every bit as perfect as their shape, outlined by the formfitting pants, had always suggested. They didn't stand a chance of holding his attention for long, though. Inexorably, his eyes drifted to her naked crotch. It was neatly shaven, boasting only a trim line of black fuzz, almost like an indicator pointing down to her cute pink pussy.

Christian gulped. She was *soaked*. Rivulets of clear lubricating fluid ran from over her plump, symmetrical pussy lips down her milky thighs. It almost seemed like there was enough liquid to suggest she'd squirted at some point during all her fingering, but it was hard to tell.

"Wingbat..."

He dragged his eyes away with great effort and looked up at Laura's face. She was gnawing at her lip, her expression heart-wrenchingly shy.

"Please...touch me."

She pulled her top up over her ample breasts. They wobbled free, perky despite their above-average size. Her areolae were as lovely a shade of pink as her cunt, and her stiff nipples were delicate nubs that begged to be suckled.

Christian's hands were on them almost before they'd finished jiggling into place. Laura's back arched at the contact, hips writhing excitedly over him. He exhaled shakily, the only way he could think, right then, to communicate his approval of her assets. He kneaded, squeezed, juggled her tits, pressing

them together and then, pinching her nipples—“*Aaahn*,” she cried out, throwing her head back—pulling them apart, marveling at their softness and weight.

Excited, his huge cock bucked, and he felt it brush against something just as miraculously soft as Laura’s breasts: her tight, rounded butt. Whimpering under her breath, watching his coarse, blocky fingers molesting her teenaged bosom, Laura reached back and wrapped her fingers around his shaft, holding it against her ass. She moved her hips more enthusiastically, gyrating against his cock. Their eyes locked, and for a small, beautiful eternity, they stayed that way, him fondling her tits and her fondling his cock, lost in each others’ bodies.

Then, clearly having had enough of the teasing, Laura shifted, holding his cock straight up and raising herself to position her dripping cunt over it. Christian’s eyes widened. His heart skipped a beat.

This was going to happen.

He was about to lose his virginity to X-23.

She lowered onto his cock, taking its distended tip into her cunt, stretching her pussy lips wide.

Christian forgot how to breathe, how to think, how to do *anything*—his cockhead was encased in a heat so intense and a tightness so confining that it was just short of painful—and then he registered the bumpy texture of her vaginal walls, their spasmodic contractions as his meaty tool slipped further and further into her depths, and he felt almost on the verge of passing out. There was no way *anything* could feel so good, so perfect.

Gritting his teeth, he focused his blurring vision on Laura. She was staring unseeingly straight ahead, at some point over and beyond him, her eyes distant, more glazed than ever. Her mouth was wide open, working mutely, breaths coming out haltingly, entire body vibrating...and she was lowering herself further and further, inch by inch, onto his massive cock. It *had* to be intense for her, even painful—if it was so intense for *him*, he could only imagine how intense it was for *her*, taking something as large as his erection into her body—but she kept going.

With a little *pfap*, her ass hit his legs, the last of his considerable length and girth lodging itself inside her baby factory. His cockhead rammed against her cervix, and his shaft felt on the verge of snapping off in her tightness.

“*Ooooooh*,” Laura moaned, eyes clearing enough to glance down at her stuffed little pussy. She gave her hips a swivel, crying out in tandem with Christian as his cock stirred up her insides. She collapsed forward, fists balling up on his chest, the scent of her hair strong in his nostrils. Her hips rose, pussy folds sliding up his erection with a lewd *schlick*, and then she slammed them back down, her butt slapping against his legs again. “Yes, yes, yes, Christian—”

Christian’s heart didn’t just *skip* a beat, it stopped dead in his chest. Had she just called him *Christian*? But—she hardly called *anyone* by their given names—

He didn’t have time to dwell on it. A groan burst from his lips irrepressibly as Laura’s cunt clamped down around his cock, throbbing and contracting wildly, the most effective milking tool in

nature, and he became unable to process anything beyond how amazing it felt to be inside her. The gyrations of her hips grew bolder and faster, and soon she was riding him wildly, the soft cushioning of her teen ass *pfap-pfap-pfap* on his skin, crying out loudly every time his cockhead battered against the mouth of her womb.

Her pussy clamped down particularly hard. Christian's hips shot up reflexively, driving his cock hard and deep into Laura's hot wet depths. Her head abruptly shifted to rest her chin on his chest, eyes wide on his face, mouth frozen in a shocked gape. A little whimpering noise emanated from the back of her throat.

His cock had just broken past her cervix.

He was dimly aware, through the haze of pleasure that threatened to drown him, that any other girl would have propelled herself off of him immediately for ravaging her so brutally. Thanks to the healing factor that had allowed him to plow her throat so thoroughly, though, X-23's cunny was every bit the match of his power-infused manhood. Undeterred by his invasion, the lips of her cervix pulsed and massaged around his cock, milking him as surely as her pussy walls were, as though eager to coax his seed directly into her womb.

Laura's warm fingers stroked his cheek. Her face had softened; she was smiling at him, and it was the most beautiful smile Christian had ever seen, tender and affectionate, a little trickle of drool seeping from the corner of her mouth. Her eyelashes fluttered in time with the contractions of her stretched pussy. "Inside...me," she whispered, fingers gathering a fistful of his shirt, hair swaying as she bucked her hips. "Let it out inside me...fill..." she broke off, whimpering, eyes momentarily squeezing shut. "...me up."

Hearing those words from her, the object of his every desire, awakened something deep inside Christian. This whole time, he'd wanted to *use* her, to touch her, to love her—but to hear her begging him to *breed* her was something else entirely, something raw and primeval.

"You want my cum inside you?" He growled, taking a fistful of her hair and tilting her head back.

Laura whimpered, nodded.

It was stupid. He should pull out, or at the very least, use a condom. She didn't *know* what she wanted. She wasn't thinking clearly.

Neither was Christian.

Not letting his cock slip a single centimeter out of her wildly pulsating pussy, he reversed their positions, so that he was on his knees and Laura was lying on her side before him, breasts sandwiched against the mattress, one leg over his shoulder.

She looked up at him, supplicating, hair frazzled across her eyes. Meeting her gaze, he pulled his hips back. She cried out wantonly, head tossing forward, as his cock squelched loudly out of her. Her pussy folds stretched along his shaft, a powerful suction determined not to let him go.

He wasn't going anywhere. Not until Laura's young womb was overflowing with his semen.

He slammed his hips forward without warning, splitting her virginally tight pussy wide open all over again with his throbbing meat, easily penetrating the entrance of her cervix. Laura stiffened—her back arched, her eyes bulged, and her mouth snapped open, perhaps to scream, but no sound came out save a meek, fading “A—Ahhh—Ahhhhh....”

Then she *did* scream, “AAAAAAHN,” because Christian had begun rutting into her like a machine.

Anybody on their floor could have heard her, she was so loud, and Christian wasn't helping; he was driving into her so hard and fast that the bed was bumping constantly against the wall, *THUD THUD THUD*, like a hammer on nails, his panting and Laura's reckless moaning dueling to be heard over the relentless *schlick-schlick-schlick* of his cock brutally pounding in and out, in an out, of her cunt, shaping her insides aggressively around his formidable girth. Christian caught a glance of the way her plentiful tits, bearing the red marks of where his fingers had squeezed and played with them, were quaking tremulously, the way her tongue was lolling dumbly out of her drooling mouth, the way her vacant eyes stared adoringly up at him, and *fuck* was she perfect, and he felt his thrusting somehow grow *more* intense—a discordant metallic creaking mingled with the *THUD-THUD-THUD* of the bedframe banging on the wall—Laura's lithe form suddenly shook like a leaf, and her hips bucked frantically as clear girlcum spurted from her abused pussy, sparkling in the air—

Burying himself to the hilt in her, Christian came.

His cock bucked around in the tightness of her baby factory, spraying so much of his seed that he was fairly sure he could have filled a bucket, and that was only proper because this was *Laura's* pussy, the only pussy he would ever want, and his body, knowing that, wanted to make absolutely sure that he bred her successfully. His fertile balls worked industriously, providing her with every last drop of baby batter he could muster.

Laura cooed happily. She rested a hand over her lower stomach, over her womb, eyeing it as raptly as if she could see through her skin to watch his cum pour into her.

“I can feel it,” she said breathlessly. “It is...warm. So much of it...” Her eyes rose to Christian's face, so bright and loving that she looked like a different person. “So much of *you*.”

His cock twitched in the heat of her cunt.

Oh, god. I just came inside X-23.

She is going to kill me. Like, literally.

Gingerly, wincing at the intense reactive suction, Christian extracted his shaft from her ruined cunt. She gasped as it wobbled free, leaving her pink folds gaping wide. A second later, a trickle of pearlescent jizz trickled out, forging a gooey trail down the curve of her butt.

“Laura,” he began, clearing his throat awkwardly. “Er—X. Listen, I should probably, uh, *apolo*—”

“You are still...*hard?*”

Christian blinked. He looked down at his cock. It was still fully erect, shining with Laura’s vaginal fluids. “Uh—”

Laura sat up, frowning thoughtfully at his manhood. “Would you like to use my...*other* hole?”

Mind reeling, Christian could only stare at her. “*Other* hole?”

She bit her lower lip. Rotating on the mattress, she got on all fours, resting on her elbows—and Christian’s blood roared in his ears. She was wiggling her pale bubble butt in the air, looking blushing back at him past her legs, not quite meeting his eyes. “If it does not...disgust you, you may play with my ass until you are satisfied.”

It was Christian’s turn to pounce.

His hands were squeezing the thick, soft cushioning of her ass as soon as they touched it, moving across every inch with the desperation of a man given one last reprieve before his imminent death—which, considering how Laura was likely to react as soon as the trigger scent wore off, wasn’t far from the truth. He drank in her sporadic, cute little moans and whimpers as he manhandled her teen butt, savoring them like fine wine, determined that, if he got out of this, he would remember them forever.

Might as well enjoy this while I can, right?

His attention quickly fixated on her alluring brown butthole, glistening softly in the dying light of the dormitory. Even after dumping two loads of cum into her, he couldn’t quite believe he was looking at X-23’s asshole, that *she* was offering it to him. He tugged at it with his thumb, spreading it open.

“*Oooh,*” Laura whimpered in a small voice. Her butt backed up jerkily, bumping against his legs—and his cock, grinding it against his toned stomach.

Christian froze, staring down at the way his manhood nestled between her generous buttcheeks while she pressed against it, bobbing it around from side to side. It was a sight he’d dreamt of more than once.

And it was more than enough to push him back over the edge.

He raised one hand and brought it swooping down, smacking one side of Laura’s ass, making it bounce and wobble. She wailed hoarsely, ground her big butt up and down on his hot shaft; over her shoulder, Christian could see her heavily lidded eyes going to that distant point only she could see when her world was *want*, mouth open, tongue probing blindly at the air. He spanked her again, this time on the opposite cheek. Her fingers bunched up the bedsheets. She gasped, the sound transitioning into a distinctly happy moan.

He couldn’t wait anymore. When Laura acted like such a little mutant slut, there was nothing he

wanted more than to fuck her senseless.

He reared back, steadied his cock, and plunged it all the way up her butt.

He'd adjusted to the intense tightness of her pussy, and while this tightness was similar, it was *different*, too; the heat of her asshole wasn't wet like her cunny, and the texture of the walls clamping down on his cock were rougher. But the sensation was almost secondary to the delicious way her buttocks jiggled as he slammed his hips against them, the fierce satisfaction of seeing his cock buried in her asshole, and the way she was reacting.

Her torso shot up like a bullet, supporting herself on her hands, back arching steeply; her hands scrabbled around aimlessly over the sheets, he could glimpse her breasts trembling as they hung heavily from her chest—and she moaned louder than he'd heard her moan the entire time, pain and ecstasy in equal parts.

Compelled by his lust, Christian roughly shoved her face back down into the mattress. She struggled to adjust it until she was resting her cheek against the bed, panting heavily, tongue hanging out. Christian set to thrusting slowly in and out of her asshole, watching the random transitions of her expression from grimace to bliss and back again, an endless rotation mirroring the feelings racking her body.

Getting a firm grip on her wide hip with the hand *not* holding her head down, Christian steadily built his pace until he was fucking Laura's butt as fiercely as he'd fucked her baby factory—and when he noticed his cum leaking down her thighs from that gaping pink hole, his savagery doubled, heady with the realization of how thoroughly he was dominating her. Her fat cheeks quaked wildly, redder and redder from the aftereffects of his spanking and the slamming of his hips against them. Determined to leave them *completely* marked when he was done with her, Christian smacked her cheeks alternately again, twice, three times, the contact of his palm on her previously flawless skin and the accompanying simpering moans resounding through the room over and over.

He noticed that the pain on Laura's face had faded completely, replaced by that blank, slutty ecstasy he'd come to recognize. Lifting his hand from her head, he pressed his fingers into her cheeks and roughly jerked her deeply flushed face toward him as much as he could, in the process twisting her torso on the mattress and giving him a better view of her wobbling tits.

"You like my cock in your ass, Laura?" he panted, voice almost drowned out by the ceaseless *pfap-pfap-pfap* of his hips smashing against her butt.

She nodded dreamily, her glazed, upturned eyes staring at nothing. Something wet touched his finger—her tongue, writhing lewdly in the air, lapping at every part of his hand that she could reach. To reward her, he slowed the pace of his thrusts, going from hard-and-fast to slow and *devastatingly* hard. He slammed into her asshole with so much power that they both shifted forward on the mattress. She moaned, loud and ragged.

"Say it."

Pfap. Pfap. Pfap.

“Y—yes...”

Pfap. She whimpered.

“Louder.”

“Y—Yes!”

Christian spanked her, hard, squeezed her assfat roughly. “Yes *what?*”

Laura’s hips suddenly started working uncontrollably, gyrating and pushing back against him with every thrust, milking his cock actively with her butt, sandwiched breasts dragging up and down on the bed. “Yes, yes, *fuck my ass, Christian, please please please fuck my ass—*”

He exploded inside her. By all rights, after pumping two thick loads into her throat and pussy respectively, he shouldn’t have had much seed left to give, but hearing Laura talk like that, coupled with the snugness of her butthole and the perfection of her ravaged, jiggling body, apparently spurred his balls to empty some secret reserve. He filled her sphincter literally to overflowing, his hot white cum squirting out around his cock to spatter across her raw cheeks.

He collapsed, totally spent. His softening monstercock slipped out of Laura’s gaping, cumstuffed butt with a slimy *shlop*, and he sprawled out on his back, arms spread to either side, her whorish begging echoing in his ears.

Did that just happen?

He felt vaguely like he was waking from a coma. The primal furnace in his stomach was dying to embers, allowing him to *think* again. Scattered images from the period between using the trigger scent and now flashed across his mind’s eye—Laura sucking his balls, Laura with her jaw stretched wide open by his cock as he rutted into her mouth, Laura lowering her pussy onto his cock, Laura offering her ass to him—

Yep. It happened.

He waited, but the surge of fear and delayed guilt that he’d expected to hit him as soon as it was over didn’t come. Maybe he was just tired, maybe it would just wait for Laura’s inevitable fury when she realized what he’d done.

No. That wasn’t it.

It was that he didn’t regret doing it. Not at all. For just a little while, he’d been able to experience what it would be like to be intimate with X-23. He’d seen a gorgeous, sexy side of her that *very few* men—perhaps none—had seen before.

Holy shit. I’d do it again.

His manhood was so numb from its rigorous workout that he almost didn't register the fingers brushing gently against it. The rest of him wasn't numb, though, and registered it just fine as warmth and softness pressed snugly against his side, cuddling up against him; a hand rubbed his chest. Christian rotated his head to stare disbelievingly.

Laura was smiling tiredly at him, body nestled against his, her breasts a pleasing weight on his arm. And that was *definitely* her fingers on his cock, stroking its drooping bulk with infinite care, occasionally fondling his balls.

"Mmmm," she sighed, snuggling closer. "Thank you, Christian. I feel much better." She blinked, as though considering something, and her eyes fixed on him intensely. "Do *you*?"

Christian recovered his ability to speak only after a considerable struggle. "I—Yeah. Yeah, that was...amazing. Really."

That seemed to please Laura. She smiled again, and rested her head against his shoulder, continuing to rub his chest with one hand and his genitals with the other.

This was weird. Was the trigger scent still in effect? But that was supposed to send her into an insatiable sexual *heat*, not make her want to cuddle.

"That stuff does not work, you know."

Even though he'd been preparing to face the consequences for his actions since he obtained the trigger scent, Christian still felt his blood go cold at this proximity to being caught red-handed. "Huh?"

Laura rested her chin on his chest. There was definitely a mischievous cant to her smile now. "That so-called *trigger scent* you thought you were using. It is a scam."

Christian was suddenly rather dizzy. He shook his head confusedly. "You *knew*?"

"I do not mean offense, but you were not very subtle about it." Laura's eyes shifted to the side. Christian craned his neck, following them to the laptop sitting forgotten on her bed. "You did not even delete your Internet search history. I found the store page for the scent, and noticed that you had purchased it." She returned her gaze to him. "Christian, there has never been a version of trigger scent like that. It does not exist."

"Then what was in the—" Christian frowned and shot Laura an indignant look. "Wait a second, you go through my *search history*?"

"I have been interested in you for some time now," Laura said without a trace of irony, unflinching. "I was trying to get to know you."

Christian had a feeling he would be returning to *that* one later. Right now, his mind was still reeling. "If there's never been a trigger scent like that," he said slowly, "then where did all of—" he gestured vaguely. "—*that* come from?"

Laura's smile widened. She lowered her head back onto his shoulder, nuzzling cozily against it. "Like I said, I have been interested in you for some time. I was having...*urges* whenever you were nearby that I did not understand. So I asked someone with more experience for advice." Her thumb massaged the tip of his half-erect cock. "She told me I should try *expressing* my feelings to you. So I did."

Christian wasn't sure whether to laugh or curl up in a corner until he'd processed all of this. "I'm not sure *this* is what they had in mind," he said weakly.

Laura's hands paused. "So you did *not* wish to engage in intercourse with me?"

"No, no," Christian said quickly, and now he *did* laugh, amused by the very concept. "X—Laura—I've wanted to do that with you for a *long* time. This has been the greatest day of my life. It's just..." He paused, and laughed again. He couldn't help it. Her words were starting to sink in. He felt buoyant. Not only had he *not* abused her trust by manipulating her, she had been manipulating *him* because she *wanted* to fuck him. She'd wanted to for a while, just like him.

It had been no exaggeration when he said this had been the greatest day of his life.

"Y'know what, it doesn't matter," he said, maneuvering an arm around Laura's shoulders and using his other hand to gently tip her chin toward him, prompting her to look at him. She obliged, her expression guarded but unmistakably hopeful.

"I love you, Laura," he said quietly, willing every ounce of his conviction into his voice.

The coy smile returned to Laura's face. She leaned in, kissing him. Her hand resumed stroking his cock. Contentment spread to every corner of his body.

Laura's lips left his. She tilted her head to one side. "But, Christian..."

He waited, raising an eyebrow.

"If you *had* used a trigger scent on me...I would have beaten you to within an inch of your life." She brought her mouth to his, nearly touching. "So do not ever try something like that again."

Then her tongue slipped into his mouth, and her hand squeezed his hardening cock, and Christian decided, before he lost himself once more in Laura's body, that those were *perfectly* fair terms.

Emma Frost laughed quietly. She lifted her ear from the door of the dormitory Wingbat and X-23 shared and straightened, casually stuffing her big, pale breasts back into her dress. Her inspection drifted lower. She *tsk*'ed at herself; her white dress was hitched up, and her panties were lowered just past her crotch, revealing her dripping pussy and the sparkling runnels of girlcum running down her bare thighs. Sloppy of her, to get so carried away, especially in a public corridor like this, but she hadn't been able to resist touching herself to the sounds coming from the dorm. She'd known the two young mutants *wanted* each other—it was why she'd arranged for them to share a room, why she'd pressed

X-23 to share her feelings with Wingbat—but she'd still been blown away by the sheer intensity and volume of the lewd noises they made together.

Young love really was so inspiring.

The voluptuous, long-haired blond X-Men mutant glanced around, making sure she was still alone, and daintily lowered her dress. Her fluids were still leaking down her white-stockings clad legs, but the Institute was quiet tonight, and her quarters weren't that far away. She should be able to make it without anyone noticing.

A slight wobble to her step—it *had* been a while since she'd gotten off that hard purely by fingering herself—she started making her way down the hall, humming a little tune. It was always nice when a plan came together. Pairing X-23 and Wingbat together had been one of her more difficult projects, what with the girl's withdrawn, mistrusting nature and the boy's near-inability to even *speak* to her, but she'd known it would work eventually. The two were perfect for each other. And all the subtle telepathic encouragement she'd been giving them probably hadn't hurt.

Cyclops would scold her when she told him about this, tell her that using her powers this way was unethical. She couldn't disagree more. She'd always been inclined to believe that the ends justified the means, and anyway, the students' pent-up attraction to each other had been affecting their performance in the classroom. Better to hasten things along than let them dawdle eternally, or possibly never come clean to each other at all. Now, wouldn't *that* have been a shame, to never hear all the moaning and panting from their dorm as they relieved all that tension?

Hopefully, they'd both be happier and more focused from here on out. Maybe she'd even catch X-23 cracking a smile now and then. Nothing like a healthy sex life to boost a young person's well-being.

Speak of the devil. A cluster of students, chattering idly, were making their way around a corner, moving toward her. Composing herself, Emma put on her most matronly expression and prayed her girlcum hadn't stained all the way down her stockings yet.

She wondered, in the back of her mind, when might be the best time to share with X-23 and Wingbat that *she'd* posted the so-called trigger scent online for him to buy...