

Deadpool and his X-Sluts!

By

James Lucien

Amid a clearing in the Jurassic Park-esque tropical rainforest, beside a bubbling hot spring, I plop down in my crimson director's chair, Deadpool stenciled in black lettering across the back, and shout into my bullhorn. "Wakey wakey, hot and sticky!"

Logan and Laura are first to rise, both of them leaping to their feet, extending their adamantium claws with a *snikt*, scanning the jungle scenery and sniffing the tepid air.

We need to get this show on the road before Cyclops realizes what's happened and tracks us down. His optic blasts sting like a *bitch*. So I give my bullhorn another holler to rouse the others. "Actors on set! Ready positions! Let's move it, people!"

They all climb to their feet on shaky legs as Laura gnashes her teeth and Logan grumbles. "*Wade*, enough with the megaphone. We're right here."

Betsy rubs her temples as the sun shining through a break in the canopy above casts the fleeting shadow of a pteranodon. "What are we doing in the Savage Land?"

Raven dusts herself off. "And how did we get here?"

Logan rumbles, "We're not. Smells alien." He sniffs again, then growls, "Spiral! Which means Mojo."

Remy pulls a handful of playing cards from an inside pocket of his leather duster. "Dis is bad, mes amis."

Tossing my bullhorn aside, I spring from my chair, smiling wide behind my mask. "So ya want the good news first or the *great* news?"

The whole lot of them glare at me. *So* distrustful.

"Okay, so the good news is..." Dramatic pause. "We're shooting a porno!"

The cards in Remy's hand glow pink with explosive energy. Betsy curls her right bicep, emitting a violet psychic knife from her balled fist. And Logan marches toward me in his 'I'm gonna mince ya into tiny little pieces' pose.

I throw my palms up. "Whoa. *Whoa. Whoa!* Can I finish? Let me finish. The *great* news is..." Overly long drawn-out dramatic pause. "A nano-control-virus-whatchamacallit-thingamajig has been injected into each of ya so ya have to obey my commands because I'm the director and what I say goes, so ha."

Kurt exclaims, "Gott im Himmel!" He's always saying stupid German shit like that. I don't know what his problem is.

Logan's angry march becomes a furious charge of impending stabbyness.

With joyful glee, I shout, "Everyone freeze!" And the points of Logan's claws halt an inch from my eyeballs. I reach around his frozen arm and pinch the end of his masked nose. "Boop. Gotcha brain." And he trembles with rage, saliva spraying from his snarling mouth as he fruitlessly attempts to overcome my command.

Raven hisses, "You crazy son of a bitch!"

"Hey, at least I'm a *happy* crazy, and not an Arkham Asylum crazy." I shake my head. "*Those* loonies, ya don't wanna take on a romantic getaway. Let me tell ya. It's all laughing venom, fear toxin, and poisoned kisses with those lunatics. They're no fun at all. Trust me."

Betsy huffs. "Stop babbling nonsense and release us!"

I step around Logan's outstretched claws and rest against his shoulder. "Betts, *baby*, no reason to be upset. You're gonna be the centerpiece of the film. I'm gonna make ya a galactic star. A universal legend. The Shi'ar will be *begging* to crown ya as their new Empress. The only name bigger than yours on the posters will be mine."

Betsy shouts, "I don't wanna be a fucking interstellar pornstar!"

“Ya say that *now*, but just wait until you’re *filthy* rich and famous, you’ll be on your hands and knees thanking me. Speaking of which...” I twirl a finger around before jabbing it toward the ground. “Everyone pop a squat.”

All of them sit down at once, grumbling and growling in frustration, and the two human weapons retract their claws.

“Time to set some ground rules. First, no powers unless I say.” I point to Kurt. “Especially you, Mr. Bamfy McBamferson. There will be *no* escape attempts. Once the movie’s in the can, you’ll all be set free. At least Mojo said that was in the contract. I don’t know. Who has time to read?” I glance at one of the hidden cameras and wink. “Second, no attempts to maim or murder me. Though playful spanking is allowed *and* expected. Third, no complaining. You will give the best performances of your lives. I wanna hear and see unadulterated ecstasy from each of ya. Make me believe this is the best fucking you’ve ever experienced ever. Fourth, improv is smiled upon. I can’t be expected to write every line of dialog. Actually, I didn’t write any.”

Logan rumbles, “Wade, when this is over, I swear, I’m gonna kill you slow and painful, over and over and over again. *But*, if you leave Laura out of this, I’ll only kill you once.”

Remy chimes in. “De same goes for me, homme. You leave Petite out of dis.”

“Look, I’m not unreasonable. Logan, ya care about your little clone. I see that. And Remy, ya got a soft spot in your heart for her as well. So here’s what I’m gonna do. No one fucks Laura but Logan.”

Logan and Laura open their mouths with expressions of horror, but no words come out thanks to rule number three. They share a pseudo daddy-daughter relationship. So it’ll be kinky as fucking hell. This movie is gonna go straight to the top of the charts!

Raven hisses, “You’re a fucking—”

I cut her off. “No more bodily threats, name calling, or special requests.” I put my fists on my hips with my chest puffed out like that super guy from Krypton. “It’s time to film the *greatest* fuckfest of all time! Deadpool and his X-Sluts!”

Raven and Remy roll their eyes. Betsy sneers. Logan spits. Laura appears shocked and awed. And Kurt looks to the heavens and mumbles a prayer.

Since none of my actors have read the script, and I never bothered to write one, I spend a few moments with each of the cast explaining their roles and giving explicit instructions. Kurt swears to me he cannot possibly fornicate with his own mother. I tell him he most definitely will be motherfucking his own mother, but I promise she’ll look like someone else as he does. I think they call that creative collaboration.

I throw my director’s chair into the jungle underbrush. “Bye-bye!” And sit on the moss beside the hot spring with Kurt, Logan, and Remy. “Action!”

Raven’s crimson hair shifts to fuchsia, her yellow eyes to black with pink pupils, her blue skin to tan, her white dress to pure nudity, her ears grow pointed, and she shrinks five inches as rainbow butterfly wings sprout from her back, morphing into Megan Gwynn, also known as Pixie.

I cheer, “Whoa! Daddy like!”

Megan winks and flutters her wings. “You haven’t seen anything yet, *Daddy*.”

I rub my hands together furiously in anticipation.

Laura unlaces her combat boots, pulls them off, and sets them aside. Then she turns around and wiggles her bottom as she shimmies out of her tight black pants, revealing her white thong bisecting her perfect little bubble. She pulls her top over her head and flings it away. She

isn't wearing a bra. She twists around, cupping her breasts, and coos, "Who would be interested in copulation with me?"

Damn, I knew I should have written her some lines. Oh well. "Show us your pretty little titties!"

Her hands fall away, unveiling small peaks tipped with tiny pink nipples, and she *blushes*. I didn't even know she was capable of blushing. Ya learn something new every day.

In true form, Betsy shoves Megan and Laura aside as she moves in front of them. Her almond-shaped violet eyes lock with mine, and she peels off her ninja-esque uniform piece by piece, until she's standing proud in a purple thong, her lean muscled body the epitome of perfection. She also wasn't wearing a bra. I don't know how these X-Chicks fight without proper bosom support, but I'm not complaining.

I wipe the drool seeping through my mask. "Wow, those are the perkiest big old boobies I've ever seen on a hot little Asian body!"

Betsy licks her lips provocatively in reply. Then leads Megan and Laura into the waist-deep hot spring, where they playfully splash each other, giggling like schoolgirls. The afternoon light shining through the break in the canopy reflects brilliantly off the water dribbling down their gorgeous breasts, giving their flirtatious frolic an aura of erotic magic.

I elbow Logan, and whisper, "Bet ya never thought you'd see this, did ya? I'm so excited I could poop!"

Suddenly Megan is flitting her wings wildly as she caresses Laura's young body while kissing her lips and sucking her tongue with blissful girlish moans.

Against my better judgment, I blink, having not done so since all the naked breasticles appeared, and when I finish my blink, Megan is gone replaced by the former White Queen of the Hellfire Club, the cold-hearted beauty, Emma Frost.

Betsy pries Laura from Emma's grasp and shoves her away. "The ice bitch is *mine*."

Emma smiles a devious grin, clutches Betsy by the shoulders, and presses her bountiful breasts against Betsy's. Twisting her shoulders back and forth, Emma rubs their smooshed bosoms together, and my manhood stiffens as I watch them jiggle and bounce.

As Betsy and Emma are kissing hungrily and groping each other's bottoms, Laura climbs out of the spring, turns around before me, bends over and slides off her thong, revealing her pink pucker and slit for just a moment. Spinning around, she wads up her panties and stuffs them in Remy's gaping mouth. Then taking Logan by the hand, she leads him around to the other side of the spring, where she drops to her knees and takes down his pants to lick at his heavy balls and engorged member as he kneads her breasts.

I turn to Kurt. "Am I the only one not surprised Logan's dick has sideburns?"

Kurt mumbles, "Gott ihm vergeben."

Remy pulls Laura's bunched thong from his mouth and casually slips it into a pocket of his duster. Sly dog!

"Hey, Ragin' Cajun, did Laura's little peek-a-boo give ya a ragin' boner?"

Remy growls, "Wit' Petite, it's not like dat."

I turn back to the lesbo show and Betsy is wading through the bubbling water toward me with the fiery redhead, Jean Grey, beside her. They climb out, gather around me, pull my mask up, and dripping all over me, they beat and rub their soft bosoms against my face as I weep with jubilation. I open my mouth and they feed me one breast at a time, allowing me to suckle for a moment before switching for another. This is the *awesomest* moment in the history of the universe!

Betsy purrs into my ear. "I've got a serious craving for a sloppy cock sucking."

I smile as I pull down my mask. "And my cock's starving for your lips like a swollen-bellied Ethiopian kid."

Betsy and Jean slip back into the spring, while Kurt, Remy, and myself move to the edge and dip our feet into the hot water.

Across the way, Laura's fisting Logan's prick with both her hands while bobbing on the head as he grunts and groans and mashes her peaks.

After exposing themselves, Jean strokes both Kurt and Remy's members at once as they squeeze her breasts and she sucks their fingers, seductively teasing them.

Gripping my thighs, Betsy looks up at me with an arched purple eyebrow. "You gonna unleash your rancor or not?"

I chuckle. "Love the reference. It's more accurate than you may think."

Unzipping my fly, I release the Kraken and Betsy's slanted, violet eyes go wide and her jaw drops. "Oh, *Wade*, why didn't you tell me you were packing a footlong? I would have given you the time of day *and* night a long time ago."

"Dammit, Betts, if I knew all I had to do was send ya a few dick pics of cockzilla, I would have skipped the whole kidnapping and Mojo brain control." Of course, I'm sure she's only playing her commanded role.

She winks and pecks the tip with a kiss. Then turning her head, she rests my cock on her cheek as she laps at my balls while dragging her fingernails up and down my thighs.

I moan, "Ahh, Betts, that tickles so nice."

As she sensually sucks my balls I watch Jean jerking Kurt and Remy while going back and forth between both their dicks, sucking them slow and deliberate with soft moans. Cyclops would be so pissed!

Across the spring, Logan's fisting Laura's long hair while thrusting his hips madly, fucking her mouth and throat as he howls, drool slobbering off her chin and his hairy balls.

Betsy spits out my hairless balls, grips the base of my shaft, and glides the head of my monster back and forth over her stiff nipples. "You ready for the greatest cocksuck of your life?"

I clap my hands like an excited child being handed a Flintstones push-up pop. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Please! Please! Please!"

Betsy licks her lips and kisses the head of my prick, swirling her warm tongue around and around. Tilting her head, she rubs the head against the inside of her cheek as she swipes her tongue back and forth along the broad underside. Then she twists her fists up and down my shaft as she glides the head across her lips and cheeks with affectionate moans. Staring up at me with a demure expression, she slides all twelve inches of my thick cock down her taut throat and bats her long lashes as she sticks out her tongue and gags.

I moan, "Holy British mind in a Japanese hardbody, you got skills!"

She pulls back and bobs on the top half of my prick with gradual plunges, up and down, up and down, slow and sensual, moaning and drooling with complete abandonment.

After a few minutes of this wondrous suckling, my balls pull tight, and I groan, "*Ahh*, Betts! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum so hard!"

Wrapping her arms around my waist, she gobbles down the full length of my rock solid cock, smooshing her face against me, and undulates her snug throat with purring moans as I explode directly into her stomach with a howl of bliss. She suckles gently as she continuous to purr, never pulling back, drawing out my orgasm as my balls churn more and more splooge down

her gullet, and I grunt louder and louder, and tremble more and more violently, until finally, she heaves with my cock still spewing, and spunk flows down her chin and runs from her nose.

Gripping her hair, I pull her off my dick and one last spurting stream of jism sprays across her face.

She coughs and pants, then squeezes my prick between her goo splattered breasts and heaves them up and down as she licks her lips. “Holy shit, Wade. In all my life, with all the blowjobs I’ve given, and I’ve given *so* many, with all the spunk of them combined, I’ve never swallowed so much cum as I just did now!”

“Well, I been saving up.”

She laughs. “No kidding.” And then yelps as the stunning dark-haired Greek assassin fond of blind lawyers, Elektra Natchios, yanks her away by the hair.

Elektra thrusts Betsy’s head between Remy’s legs, forcible bobbing her on his dick, and Betsy grips hold of mine and Kurt’s pricks, pumping our cocks as she chokes on Remy’s. “Yeah, you fucking *slut*, gag on that thick Cajun sausage!”

I whistle admiringly. “*Damn*, Elektra, The Hand trained ya *well!*”

After a few minutes, Remy groans something in French about spicy gumbo as Betsy swallows his splooge, and then Kurt reluctantly switches places with him.

Elektra jams Betsy’s head down, again and again. “Choke on that fat Papa Smurf dick you fucking *whore!*”

As Betsy’s gagging on the Elf’s prick and beating my meat as well as Remy’s, I watch the other entertainment. Logan has Laura on her back, his face buried between her thrashing legs, ravaging her pussy with savage gluttony as he brutally fucks her throat. I told him to let his inner beast out of the cage for the scene, I hadn’t realized he’d be uncaging a nest of predaliens!

A few minutes later, Kurt bites his blue bottom lip and his tail shoots straight out as Betsy guzzles down his hot frothy Smurf juice, and then we switch places.

Betsy tugs Remy and Kurt’s pricks as Elektra chokes her with my dick. “Come on, you fucking *slore*, take it all! I wanna see his balls crammed in your mouth along with his girthy prick!”

It isn’t long after my nuts are packed in her mouth like a chipmunk with acorns, that I fire another monolithic load of hot gunk down her gagging gullet, and when Elektra finally lets Betsy come up for air, the Greek assassin receives a gooey blast in her surprised face. Today is a good day.

I give a satisfied sigh. “Alright, cut. Good work people.” I shout across the hot spring. “*Logan*, I said cut! Give Laura a break for fuck’s sake! Ya fucking animal!”

In a flash of surging dimensional energy and six flailing arms, Spiral appears with towels, bottles of water, snacks, and makeup products for my actresses.

“Spiral, *baby*, don’t go dancing off. Mojo volunteered ya as the fluffer.”

She sneers at me, her white eyes searing with contempt. “I’m aware of my *duties.*”

The ladies clean themselves up. Betsy reapplies makeup. Raven and Laura don’t use any. The gentlemen stand around Spiral, munching and slurping, while she keeps each of her hands busy, stroking dicks and kneading balls, occasionally spitting in her palms.

I grumble, “Would it kill ya to put your mouth on it?”

Spiral gives me a twisted grin and jerks me harder. “No, course not, but then you couldn’t finish your movie because I’d have your dick in a fishbowl of *piranha.*”

“*Jeez*, fine. Overreaction much?”

In reply, she grits her teeth and fists my cock even harder. What a bitch!

When my hunger's been sated by the Brood jerky and salted Kree-nuts or whatever this shit is, I send Logan and Laura back across the spring and arrange the rest of the cast around Betsy.

Spiral does her Kālī teleportation dance as Remy casts off his duster and Raven shifts into the top-heavy platinum-blond seducer of nerdy spider-dudes, Felicia Hardy, also known as Black Cat.

Leaving my mask pulled above my nose, I call, "Action!"

Logan pounces on Laura, throwing her to the ground and mauling her neck and face with biting kisses as he plunders her virginity, spiking her delicate flower with his burly manhood as she screams and cries his name in a contradiction of pain and pleasure. The man truly is a feral beast of an animal.

I turn my attention to Betsy's buttocks bisected by her purple thong and drum my erection on her firm cheeks. "Ooo girl, your booty is *spankalicious!* I can't wait to tear dat sweet ass up!"

Looking back over her shoulder, she purrs, "Mmm, Wade, neither can I."

Groping her rump, I snuggle my dick between her soft cheeks and roll my hips gently as I nibble at the nape of her neck, while she kisses Felicia with thirsty moans and tugs Kurt and Remy's pricks as they fondle her breasts and caress her womanhood over her panties.

Reaching around Betsy, I knead Felicia's buoyant bosoms and hump Betsy's silky crack with more enthusiasm, while Betsy sucks Remy's tongue and fists Kurt's dick as Felicia sucks Kurt's tongue and tugs Remy's cock. *Damn*, this is some steamy smut!

I twist Betsy around, shove her to the ground, and beat my meat on her face and tits, and Remy and Kurt join me, cock slapping her silly as she groans. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Abuse me with your big pricks! Make me your cock slut!"

Felicia drops to her knees beside Betsy, shoulder to shoulder, and moans, "Use me too! Give me a taste of your fat dicks! I wanna be your dirty whore!" And she opens her mouth wide and sticks out her tongue.

I smack my cock on Felicia's tongue as she says "Ahhhh," then fist her long hair and thrust my pelvis, fucking her mouth and throat, her tearing green eyes bulging, and Kurt and Remy shove both their members into Betsy's mouth at once, their crisscrossing pricks grinding against each other as they jab at the insides of her cheeks as she fondles their balls and drool dribbles down her chin.

When Felicia begins to turn blue from asphyxiating on my plunging cock, I pull out of her gagging throat, squeeze her slobber slathered big beautiful bosoms together and drive my dick between her ample cleavage as she pants for air. I can't fucking wait to taunt the web-head about this!

Gripping Kurt and Remy by the base of their shafts, Betsy turns them toward each other, presses the heads of their pricks together, and glides her lips back and forth across the full length of their combined cocks, dragging her tongue along the broad underside as they massage her scalp and finger comb her hair.

Feeling a hunger for pussy, I lay down on my back and Felicia lowers herself gingerly onto my face, and I cup her round cheeks with kneading hands as I swirl my tongue around and around her sensitive little button.

Kurt moves above my head and feeds his dick to Felicia's moaning mouth, while Betsy sinks to her hands and knees and swallows my prick, and Remy mounts Betsy from behind, softly pumping her cunt with his big Cajun sausage.

Remy groans, “Ooh, chere, your tight pussy feels so fine.”

Betsy moans louder and louder around my cock as Remy’s pelvis slaps her ass harder and harder, until Betsy’s seizing with ecstasy in the same moment that Felicia quivers with euphoria and Kurt and Remy and me all grunt at once, splooge overflowing from Betsy’s pussy and throat as Felicia takes Kurt’s load across her crying face and shivering tits.

When our blissful aftershocks fade, Betsy turns around and begins to ride my cock reverse cowgirl, bouncing on my dick while Remy cradles her head and fucks her gasping mouth. Remy was right, her tight pussy feels fine as fuck!

Felicia shifts into the African goddess weather witch, despiser of confined spaces, Ororo Munroe, known also as Storm, turns around and leans forward so Kurt can cram his blue prick into her brown ass as I lap at her pussy.

And so I watch blue balls smacking brown cheeks as Betsy’s taut cleft slides up and down the length of my shaft, her firm cheeks slapping my pelvis, as she moans around Remy’s thrusting member and Ororo groans in a paradox of pain and pleasure.

It isn’t long before we’re sharing another glorious climax, gooey goop gooshing and gushing everywhere as we grunt and groan, trembling and writhing in gratification.

As our senses gradually begin to return, we untangle from one another, each of us sweating and heaving, and turn our collective post-orgasmic gaze to the other scene of depravity.

Logan has Laura twisted into a clone pretzel, her little ass in the air, one of his boots mashing her face into the jungle floor, as he pile drives the living *fuck* out of her as she shrieks for mercy the fiend will never grant.

Remy looks away, a real-life actual tear in his eye, mumbling bitterly under his breath. Poor guy must be jealous.

I snap my fingers, cueing everyone to continue on with the scene.

Kurt pulls Betsy’s thong off, revealing a little patch of purple pussy hair. It had simply been pulled aside before. Gripping Betsy from behind, Remy lifts her up and plants her atop Kurt’s cock. She wraps her legs tight around Kurt’s waist and her arms around Kurt’s shoulders, and Remy plunges his prick between her cheeks as she howls. Remy and Kurt roll their hips, fucking her nether orifices in perfect harmony. Standing double-penetration has never looked so fucking beautiful!

Ororo tugs my member as she kissed me stormily, while I fondle her heavy bosoms, which suddenly shrink into mosquito bites as she shifts into an adorable age-questionable Katherine Pryde.

I grin excitedly. “Ooo, *Kitty!*”

She coos in a cutesy baby voice. “Ooh, Daddy Deadpool. Won’t you please pound my teeny-weeny teenage hineyhole?”

My cock throbs in the grasp of her little stroking hands. “Oh, fucking hell yeah!”

I kiss her almost certainly underage lips as I lower her to the ground and fold her in half, crossing her ankles behind her head. I mumble into her kissing mouth. “Well aren’t you a limber lithe cute little thing.”

With a timid expression, she whines, “I want it, Daddy. Give it to me. *Please.*”

I exclaim, “By the power of Galactus The Great Destroyer!”

And Kitty’s hazel eyes stream tears down her cheeks as she grimaces in agony as I gradually burrow my rigid beast into her bantam booty. Her eyes roll back in her skull and her mouth stretches wide in a wail of torment as the full length of my mighty staff is buried in her bottom.

I pause to allow her rectum to acclimate to my intrusion, and reassuringly pet her brunette hair and peck her cheek. “That’s a good Kitty.”

When her eyes finally roll forward again, I gingerly pull back before slowing thrusting forward, and then I work her viselike anus with delicate care as she squirms and squeals.

Eventually Kitty claws at my back, and cries, “*Ooh, Daddy, yes! Ruin my tiny teen hineyhole with your monster pee-pee!*”

Her dirty baby-talk unhinges my restraint, my desire overwhelming, and I attack her clenching rear, ramming her harder and harder, losing myself in the rapture of her screams and the paradise of her elfin asshole.

Kitty cries, “*Ooh, Daddy, fill my hiney with your hot yummy cream!*”

And I cum harder than any Deadpool in any universe has ever cum before, my mind reeling on a Ferris wheel of joy spinning backward through a nirvana of bliss upon a carousel of tranquility.

When I come to, I’m laying spread-eagle. Kitty’s between my legs lapping the cream from my cock and balls with long licks of her tongue. I sit up as she begins to bob on the head, and scratch her behind the ears. “*Who’s my favorite Kitty? You’re my favorite Kitty.*”

She rolls her eyes and shifts into the sexy southern belle, Anna Marie, codenamed Rogue.

Before she can spout anything about long-tailed cats or apple pie, I fist her skunk-striped auburn hair and shove her head down, forcing my dick deep into her throat, causing her to gag and me to chuckle. “*Bet the Cajun’s been ragin’ do this for a looong time, eh cherie?*”

Anna struggles to pull away, punching and pounding at my thighs and hips, and I jam her head down farther, stuffing the remainder of my engorged prick into her seizing esophagus, and then lean back on one palm and thrust my pelvis, throat fucking her.

As Anna fights me to no avail, I watch Kurt and Remy double stuffing Betsy’s oozing pussy in a feverish fit of passion while groping her breasts and sucking her neck. Betsy sobs with exuberance and excruciation as their thick grinding shafts drive in and out like hot engine pistons.

Across the spring, Laura’s bent over a fallen tree, back arched due to the pulling of her hair, shrieking like a stab victim mid-stabbing. Logan’s chewing her neck and shoulder, drawing blood, as he pulverizes her ass with vicious lunges.

I narrate in a deep voice over the choking protesting of Anna. “Deadpool gazes at his masterpiece of mutant flesh in motion and is awed to his core by his incredible demonstration of artistic talent.”

When Anna begins to turn Raven blue I release her, and she shoots up with an urgent gasp. Suppose I’ll save necrophilia for the sequel.

Once Anna has caught her breath, I signal Kurt and Remy to surrender Betsy. And then I position the lovely ladies standing face to face, their bodacious bosoms pressed together, and they both reach back and spread their cheeks wide, exposing their rosebuds for violation.

Betsy glances back with fear disguised by lust. “*My ass belongs to you, Wade. Do with it as you wish.*”

Anna looks back over her shoulder at Remy. “*Come on sugar, give mama some of that back-door lovin’.*”

With a mixed expression of delight and derision, Remy grasps Anna’s curvy hips as Kurt scales a tree, and then Kurt hangs by his tail from a thick branch, his big blue erection and heavy balls dangling between Betsy and Anna’s lips like forbidden fruit.

I grip Betsy's slender hips and continue my deep-voiced narration. "After years and years of carnal longing, Deadpool is about to get a piece of the dat sweet ass that so many have sought. The Holy Grail of puckered assholes is finally within his reach. The Ark of the Covenant of taut anus is at last vulnerable to his raiding. The butthole to end all buttholes lays bare before him for the ultimate anal pillaging."

Anna arches a brow. "Don't overhype it, Wade."

I scoff, "*Impossible*. We're talking 'bout the world-renowned ninja ass of *Psylocke*."

Betsy purrs, "You're killing me with anticipation. *Please*, Wade. Just do it."

I kiss Betsy's cheek and whisper into her ear. "Okay, Betts, but this is gonna hurt ya almost as much as it pleases me." And I forge my cock into the depths of her bowels as she springs onto her tippy-toes and throws back her head, grunting through gnashing teeth as I shudder a blissful groan. "Holy fucking moly, your ass is so fucking tight!"

Anna mirrors Betsy's response with less intensity as Remy pierces her rump, and then she nurses the head of Kurt's dick as Remy works her round ass with gentle thrusts, lightly spanking her bottom with rhythmic slaps of his pelvis as he licks and sucks her ear with heavy-breathed moans.

Taking a brutality lesson from Logan, I gouge Betsy's insides with all the vim and vigor I can muster, my balls smacking her puss with each harsh lunge as she screeches through clenched teeth. "Ooh, fuck! Ooh, fuck! Ooh, fuck!"

A groovy beat enters my mind, and I slow my thrusting to fall in sync with the tune, singing aloud over the grunting and moaning. "Now there was a time, when you loved me so. I could have been wrong, and now you need to know. See, I've been a bad bad bad bad man. And I'm in deep, yeah. I found a brand new love for this man, and I can't wait till you see. I can't wait. So how you like me now? How you like me now?! How you like me now?! How you like me now?! How you like me *nooow?!?*"

And then I curl my toes and bite my lip as I pump her clenching ass with so much splooge it sloshes over my balls and down her inner thighs as she shivers and weeps.

In the same moment, Anna quivers and swallows Kurt's spunk as Remy groans and fills her rump with hot gunk.

With my pulsating prick still embedded between her cheeks, Betsy kisses Anna's soiled mouth in a frenzy of ecstasy, goop smearing across both their faces and dribbling from their chins.

When I extract my dick from Betsy's bottom, it's like popping a cork from a champaign bottle full of jism. I immediately twist her around, bend her over, and jab my cock between her lips.

Snapping my fingers at Anna, I point to Betsy's ass, and she sinks to her knees and laps up the pearly goo running down Betsy's thighs and seeping from her swollen rosebud, as Betsy moans in delight while bobbing on the head of my dick.

After Anna has finished tongue bathing Betsy, I declare, "And now for the grand finale."

Anna lays on her back and shifts into the blue Raven we all know and love, except for one teeny little difference. Can ya guess? I bet ya can't guess. An erect penis so thick and long it could double for a fucking elephant's trunk.

Her violet eyes wide and bulging, tears streaming down her face, perspiration beading across her brow, Betsy hyperventilates like a woman in labor having a contraction as she eases herself down onto Raven's horse cock, taking it into her rear.

Once Betsy is fully seated on Raven's lap, she leans back on her palms, and I plunge my prick into her pussy. Remy straddles her midsection, squeezes her breasts together and glides his cock between her cleavage. Then Kurt tilts her head back and drives his dick into her throat.

All of us groan and moan in bliss as the four of us with penises lunge and thrust, gang-banging the holy living fuck out of Betsy as she sobs and gags. Her every muscle spasms in shock and a sheen of sweat coats her flushed skin. Her fingers claw at the dirt and her feet kick spastically. She doesn't look like she can handle much more. And then she quakes so violently it would be a ten on the Richter scale.

I turn my gaze to the central hidden camera. "Hey, Reader! *Yeah*, you will your hand on your junk! Is this fucking hot or what?!"

I'm so completely enraptured by the utter domination of Betsy, that I almost don't notice the abrupt cease of Laura's painful cries and the increasing volume of Logan's furious growling.

The two of them are halfway around the spring, claws glinting, when I shout, "Spiral, exit stage left!" And with a flare of energy and a waving of arms, Spiral appears, grips them by the scruff of their necks, and disappears. Damn healing factors must have overcome Mojo's brain control. *Shit*, I never got a Logan Laura climax. Guess I'll have to fix it with some CGI magic. Or real magick! I wonder if Dr. Strange is available for work.

Remy groans, "Eh, homme, I can't 'old out much longer."

Kurt moans, "Me, as well."

I huff, "*Fine*." And pull out. "Time for the final money shot."

Us four swinging dicks stand in a half-circle around Betsy, who is on her knees, cradling her breasts and bouncing them up and down as she pleads. "Please, please, give me your cum! I want all your cum! Shoot your hot cum all over me! Shower me in your spunk!"

And that's exactly what we do. The four of us grunt as we jerk our cocks, spraying splooge across Betsy's face, into her gaping mouth, and over her jiggling titties.

When our balls are empty, Betsy fists Kurt and Remy's pricks and bobs back and forth between my dick and Raven's, moaning and sucking in a delirium of insatiable passion. Her purple hair is matted to her face, her violet eyeliner is smeared down her cheeks, and her whole body is dripping with sweat and semen. She's a hot mess!

My stomach rumbles, and I call, "Cut! Damn, I think we all need an extended chimichanga break. This porno filming shit is hard fucking work."

Betsy collapses to the jungle floor, twitching like a dying bug, and mumbles, "We're finished. Finally finished. It's over. Right?"

I reach down and pinch her slime coated cheek. "Yeah, we're *totally* finished...with the first sex scene. After the break, we'll start scene two. And let me tell ya, shit's gonna get weird. Like *real* fucking weird. You'll love it!"