

The Depraved X-Men

By

James Lucien

Emma Frost, once known as the White Queen of the Hellfire Club, now a respected headmaster of the Xavier Institute, is alone in her office reviewing a training session between her squad and Danielle Moonstar's when she senses a dark shroud descending upon the school.

Springing from her chair, her white cape whips through the air as she spins toward the balcony. Tearing the doors open, her icy-blue eyes widen as the bluish luminosity of the full moon shifts to scarlet, casting a mystique of passion and aggression over the grounds. A psychically induced hallucination?

An ominous female voice crackles in her mind, firing a haunting chill down her spine. *"Depravity shall consume you all."*

Emma attempts to psychically probe the menacing presence and is instantly enraptured by erotic desire.

Logan, the wild animal masquerading as a man, plunges from the forest in the distance, and charges toward the mansion, a predator on the hunt.

Emma thinks not of reaching out to her young clones, the Cuckoo sisters, to join psychic forces to attempt to repel the encroaching darkness, or to Scott Summers, her lover and co-headmaster, to warn him of the evil force enthralling her consciousness. Instead, she thinks only of Logan, the hairy brute, stinking of sweat and fury, forcing himself upon her, ripping off her clothing and violently penetrating her every orifice.

The double doors to her office explode inward as adamantium claws slash through the wood and Logan, the Wolverine, bursts inside with a furious roar.

His barrel chest heaves as he breathes hard through flaring nostrils. His tight muscles spasm with pent up rage. His psychic signature reeks of brutality. He's going to savage me!

His claws retract as he takes a calming breath, and then he grumbles. "You've looked down on me since you first laid eyes on me. You think I'm nothing more than an animal. I'm going to teach you your proper place. I'm going to make you my pet. My slave."

Emma can't believe the words uttering from her white-painted pouty lips. "Do it. Break me. Make me your personal property."

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Her brunette ponytail whirling above her head, Sofia Mantega, also known as Wind Dancer, lowers herself to the floor of the Danger Room on a whirlwind of her own creation as the training simulation vanishes.

Miss Frost speaks in an emotionless monotone through the intercom system from the observation control room protruding from the ceiling. "New Mutants, good work in defeating my squad. Hellions, I'll give you private assessments later."

Miss Moonstar gives a cheery congratulation. "Excellent teamwork on both squats." As she begins to give individual praise and pointers, Miss Frost and her Hellions, except Julian and Cessily who linger behind, make their exit.

Throughout the detailed twenty-minute assessment that follows, Julian makes taunting remarks and rude comments under his breath and gives Sofia goofy glances when no one else is looking his way. Cessily struggles to hold back giggles all the while, and Sofia can't help but grin. The rest of the squad ignores him, except for David, who grows angrier and angrier.

Sofia can't resist her attraction to Julian, always responding to his flirtation with her own. Hiding behind his smart-ass attitude and rebellious nature, is a great guy, not to mention his gorgeous blue eyes, thick dark hair, and athletic physique.

After being dismissed, as they're leaving the Danger Room, Julian halts the doors from closing with a telekinetic force field. "Interested in an *unsupervised* rematch?"

David spits, "One on one?"

Julian smirks, a devious but handsome smile. "Yeah, but since your power's utterly *useless* against mine, I was thinking a duel of our leadership skills."

David growls, "*Fine*, let's do this. Send Cess to get the rest of your squad."

"No need. We'll split who's here." Julian grins. "Like dodgeball."

"So three combatants each, but then who'll control the simulation?"

Julian gives Sofia a wink. "Santo should be up in the control room by now."

"And why should I trust your best bud to keep it fair?"

"Because I have no interest in an easy win. Unlike *you*, I want to be a part of the X-Men."

David nods to the doors. "Then let's go."

* * *

Emma squawks a gasp of pain and surprise, as the back of Logan's hand slaps her cheek with enough force and velocity to cause her to wake up with whiplash if she doesn't see a healer before retiring to bed.

He rumbles, "You'll address me as master. I won't warn you again. Do you understand?"

She brushes her long blonde hair from her face and wipes away a trickling tear from her stinging flesh. With an edge of derision in her voice, she replies, "Yes, Master. I understand you perfectly."

He raises his hand in warning. "You'll lose that tone if you don't want another."

All disdain absent from her voice, she jabbars, "Please, Master. I'm sorry, Master. It won't happen again. I promise, Master."

"Good." He yanks off his muddy boots and tugs off his sweaty socks. The vinegar scent is potent. "Now prostrate yourself before me and kiss each one of my toes."

Torn between a need to please and a physical repulsion, Emma swallows hard. "Yes, Master." Then sinks to her knees, bends at the waist, and pecks each of his hairy digits with a wet kiss.

Logan pats her on the head. "Good girl." And she feels an elated sense of pride in satisfying her master.

He wiggles his pudgy toes. "Now you'll suck each one."

She whispers, "Yes, Master. If it pleases you." And seals her lips around his pinky toe, sucking gingerly a moment, before moving to the next digit, her stomach wrenching tighter and tighter with each one.

After she has sucked all ten twice, her stomach in a knot, he presses her face to the carpet and gives a firm command. "Stay."

Her rear propped up in the air, her mouth tasting of foul feet, he leaves her office without another word.

* * *

Cessily Kincaid, codename Mercury, is Julian's second pick for his team after Sofia, which causes her a searing flare of jealousy. Julian's always been Cessily's big brother, her closest friend, but suddenly she wants nothing more than his adoration and affection. To feel him

thrusting inside her, groping at her breasts and pulling at her hair, to hear him groaning her name as he spews his seed into her womb.

Her envy's so compelling, she envisions herself murdering Sofia, plunging her fist down Sofia's throat and filling her lungs with mercury until she asphyxiates. Cessily wants to witness Sofia struggle desperately as she suffocates. To see her pretty face marred by terror. To watch her lips turn blue and her eyes go bloodshot and lose focus. To squat over Sofia and piss on her corpse.

Cessily's jolted from her homicidal reverie when Julian calls up to Santo. "A sex dungeon in the bowels of Hades."

The control room disappears, replaced by a crimson sky scarred by violent bursts of violet lightning. The ground rumbles as lava and fire erupt from rocky terrain. A thick gray ash snows upon them as shackles and stocks and sex swings materialize all around them.

* * *

Emma is about to give up on Logan ever returning, feeling disappointed, agitated, and rejected, when he marches through the ruined doors with a worn rucksack over one broad shoulder.

His pack plops to the floor beside him, and he commands in a snarl, "Crawl to me like a dog."

On hands and knees, her long cape dragging over the carpet, she crawls across her office, her usual air of superiority now a meager grace, eager excitement brewing within her. Is this who I truly am? Have I been living a lie all my life? Why does this simple act of submission and humiliation ignite a conflagration between my legs?

When she reaches Logan she sits on her calves and gives him a beseeching whimper.

He glides his fingers through her blonde hair with tender fondness. "That's my good bitch. Beg for it."

Not once, in all the perilous situations she has ever been caught in, has she resorted to pleading. Yet here she is, groveling to suck the cock of the most uncivilized and uncultured man she has ever met. "Please, Master, allow me the joy of pleasuring you with my mouth?"

"You may in a moment." He fishes a black leather dog collar from his bag. "Bare your throat to me."

"Yes, Master." Tilting her head, she brushes her hair to the side so her neck is fully exposed.

He secures the collar, then attaches a short leash, looping the handle around his wrist. With a sudden jerk, he causes Emma to fall forward, her face pressing against his groin. His member is solid steel within his tight jeans. The realization of his arousal causes her mouth to salivate.

Logan grumbles, "Now you may suck me, bitch."

Her slender fingers trembling from mounting anticipation, Emma unlatches his belt, unbuttons his pants, and pulls down his zipper. Then tugs his jeans down and he steps out of them and brushes them aside with a swipe of a foot.

Snug black boxer-briefs strain to restrain his erection. Grasping the waistband, she pulls them down, releasing a girthy monster jutting from a thick bush of hair. A subtle gasp utters from her lips as she appraises him. His manhood is not nearly as long as Scott's, but at least twice as thick. She gulps with a mix of dread and fervor at the thought of him forcing it inside her.

Logan rumbles, "Don't just gawk and drool. Suck it, bitch."

She wipes the slobber from her mouth. “Yes, Master. Of course.” And reaches for it. He smacks her hand away. “Your mouth only.”

“Yes, Master.” Emma snivels, “Please forgive my insolence.”

“You’re forgiven, but the next time you touch without permission I’ll be forced to punish you severely.” He gives her collar a tug. “Now *suck*.”

She drags the flat of her tongue along the broad underside and closes her wet lips around the fat head with a moan of bliss that reverberates through her mind and flows through her body.

* * *

Laurie Collins, the timid Wallflower of the group, knows she should be terrified. That her normal response to this situation would be a loss of control of her mutant ability. That fear inducing pheromones should be causing her teammates to scream and flee in terror.

Yet as Julian manipulates shackles with his telekinesis, pulling Sofia, Cessily, Noriko and Laurie to their knees, bounding their ankles together and their hands behind their backs, Laurie is dizzy with drunken desire, further intensified when she’s blindfolded and fitted with a ring-gag, which prevents her from closing her mouth.

Without warning, palms clutch the sides of her skull and an unknown cock is shoved into her mouth. The rigid member repeatedly glides through her lips over her tongue and smacks the back of her throat, causing her to gag, again and again and again, bringing tears to her eyes that seep past her blindfold and trickle down her cheeks.

Is it Julian, David, Josh or Jay? She doesn’t know, and surprising doesn’t care. The fact that she’s being used like a suck toy is more arousing than any dream or fantasy she’s ever had. Her nipples ache they’re so hard, and her panties are soaked, probably through her uniform.

The licentious chorus of gagging and choking and grunting and groaning is barely noticeable over the pounding of her heart.

When the mystery dick is retracted from her frothing lips, she desperately screams, “More! More! More!” Until a new prick is jammed into her mouth.

* * *

Hot tears, bubbly snot, and thick drool coalesce to dangle and sway from Emma’s chin as Logan viciously fucks her throat, tugging at the roots of her fist hair and growling like a rabid wolf.

Her eyes bulged when he first crammed his fat cock into her taut throat, and her gag reflex has just now given up all hope of rejecting Logan’s plunging prick. Her sides burn, her lungs starving for oxygen. The insides of her lips are raw and her esophagus is burning from Logan’s savage mouth rape.

On the brink of losing consciousness, her vision going fuzzy, he finally ceases his aggravated assault, and Emma collapses to the carpet, gasping for air and holding her aching sides.

Before she has caught her breath, Logan is yanking on her leash, forcing her to her feet. She wavers, nearly stumbling, but Logan grasps her waist and spins her around. Shoves her forward until she falls over her desk, knocking various items to the carpet.

His rough hands reach around and undo her pants, then pull them down to her ankles with a powerful jerk. Tossing her cape to one side, he gives her ass a loud stinging slap that causes her to yelp. Then grips her white thong and rips it off, snapping the elastic and tearing the fabric.

With a roaring grunt of effort, Logan lunges his heavy hips, punching his prick deep into her gushing pussy as she shrieks in a mind-bending paradox of pain and pleasure.

* * *

Noriko Ashida, otherwise known as Surge, is no stranger to face-fucking. Being drug-addicted and homeless on the streets of New York City leaves little options for a teen girl. She swallowed so much cum during those years that she grew accustomed to the taste, though she never enjoyed the act, merely endured it, until now.

She doesn't gag like the other girls. Her gag reflex was long ago fucked away in a urine drenched alleyway by a particularly harsh customer. With a firm grip of her ears, her head pressed between a reeking dumpster and a brick wall, his fat gut smacking her forehead, he rammed her throat until she nearly suffocated, before shooting his load across her almond-shaped eyes.

As the boys take turns fucking her mouth, all she can think about is how much she craves the sensation of hot spunk spurting down her throat. She hopes and wishes that each of the boys save their splooge for her. The other girls wouldn't enjoy it like she would.

During the short intervals between cocks, she pleads, "Fill my belly with your cum! Please! Please! I want it! I want it! I want all of your cum! Please! Please!"

* * *

Emma yelps as she's flipped onto her back, smacking more items off her desk. Her womanhood feels bruised and battered. Her feminine juices have run all down her legs. Her lungs are on fire. She breathes frantically in ragged gasps. She's never had sex so intense, so primal, so amazing.

Leaping atop her, Logan straddles her midsection, grips her top and tears it open with a snarl. Her big buoyant breasts jiggle about as if in celebration of their freedom until Logan squeezes them together and thrusts his sobbing erection between them with a growl.

Emma moans, "Cum for me, Master, cum! Shoot your hot cum all over my face! Shower me with your splooge!"

Logan halts his furious thrusting and smacks her across the face. "Don't you dare tell me what to do, bitch."

Holding her cheek, Emma whines, "I'm sorry, Master, I'm sorry."

He slides off the desk and marches across her office, digging a dildo gag, leather restraints, and a multi-tailed braided leather whip from his rucksack, before returning. "Turn over. *Now.*"

Shivering like a Catholic school girl about to be whacked with a ruler, Emma rolls onto her stomach. "Please, mast—"

Logan shoves the dildo into her mouth and fastens the gag tight around her head. Then bounds her wrists and ankles with the leather restraints. "It's time for some discipline."

Emma rears up, squealing around her gag, as Logan gives her bare bottom a lash. Her only thought beyond the pain, is give me more.

* * *

Julian Keller, codename Hellion, thrusts his prick deep into Cessily's seizing throat with all the physical strength and telekinetic might he can muster, as her little silver nose is mashed against his lower abdomen and her slobber drips off his swinging balls smacking her chin.

He thinks of her like a cute baby sister, which makes it all the more erotic that she's on her knees choking on his cock and yet offering no resistance. She could turn into liquid metal if she wished to escape, but instead she willingly takes his relentless physical abuse.

Though he's on the razor's edge of orgasm, he's unable to reach it no matter how hard and fast he stabs her throat. It's as if something is holding back his climax. A psychic barrier maybe? Not only him but the other guys as well.

Aggravated that he can't cum, and having already taken a turn with the other three girls, Julian decides it's time to move on. Releasing his grip of Cessily's red hair, he pulls his manhood from her esophagus, and proclaims, "*Enough*. Time to bust some cherries."

With a wave of his hand, he telekinetically unlocks all the shackles, freeing the girls.

Cessily shifts into her liquid form, shedding her blindfold, gag, and uniform, then solidifies with a marauding smile. Unashamed of her nudity, she points at Julian. "My cherry is your's."

He grins. "Of course it is." And cups her small peaks, giving them a squeeze, before kissing her mouth hard.

* * *

Emma chomps and chews at the dildo gag jammed into the back of her throat, her tears splashing her desk, as Logan lashes her bare ass and thighs over and over again with unrelenting fury.

Her muffled cries, his grunts of exertion, and the smacking of his leather whip against her tender flesh echo in her psyche, an enchanting reverberation that dulls the mind-twisting clashing of her incessant lust and terrible agony combating for dominance.

A voice deep within, born of self-preservation, implores her to shift into her diamond form, but the sinister influence manipulating her thoughts and emotions is stronger than her basic instinct to defend herself from harm.

When she can no longer feel the lashes, her skin gone numb, Logan drops the whip. Grasping her cheeks, he spreads them wide and spits warm saliva onto her rosebud. Then he runs her through with his thick fleshy dagger.

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Joshua Guthrie, also known as Icarus, but usually revered to as Jay, has always had a natural charisma with women. He lost his virginity when he was only fourteen, and it was to an eighteen-year-old senior. Her cotton panties crammed in his mouth, she rode him cowgirl under the bleachers until she squealed and squirted, and then sucked him to a glorious finish, two times.

He fucked half the cheerleader squad over the new few years, prior to falling in love with Julia Cabot. Since Julia drowned back in Kentucky, he's had no real desire for any woman, until now.

Jay has never had an Asian girl, and Noriko is the hottest Jap girl he's ever seen in the flesh. Her punky neon-blue hair contrasts the soft features of her face beautifully. Her athletic

build, slim waist, and overproportioned breasts cause his cock to pulsate. Previously Noriko's shady past was a major turn off, but now he relishes the idea of pounding the soiled skank.

After watching her strip, he shoves her backward into a sex swing and secures her ankles and gauntleted wrists so she's in a spread-eagle position.

Noriko surprises him, by moaning, "Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me!"

Jay glides his prick between her wet slit over her swollen clit. "You're a dirty little whore, aren't you, Nori?"

"I was only a suck slut. I've never been penetrated."

He chews his bottom lip at the idea of deflowering her. "Then I guess it's about time you got fucked."

* * *

Emma's heavy wooden desk inches towards the balcony with each of Logan's barbarous lunges. His pelvis spans her welted cheeks with a brutal rhythm echoed by his ferocious groans. His bulky skewer gouges her tight rectum as she screeches around her gag in excruciating joy.

As a point of dignity, out of a sense of pride, Emma had never allowed anyone to violate her sacred jewel. However her love for Scott is so rich, if he had asked permission, she would most likely have granted him the privilege, but he has always been more than satisfied with her womanhood alone.

So when Logan savagely tore into her delicate ass with no regard for her anal virginity, it was the most harrowing sensation she had ever experienced in all her life.

The blinding pain of his first jab was so intense, for a brief moment, the power of the insidious force overwhelming her with lustful yearning was broken, and the unbearable guilt of her betrayal of Scott struck her in the chest like an optic blast. Her tears of agony were redoubled with tears of anguish. Then the moment passed and her horrid feelings of infidelity were perverted into heightened eroticism.

* * *

Joshua Foley, codename Elixir, dated Laurie after Rahne Sinclair was given a position as a teacher and wouldn't give up the pussy any longer. He mostly did it to make Rahne jealous, but he also wanted a taste of the blonde haired, blue eyed beauty.

Joshua licks his lips as Laurie strips off her uniform, exposing her sexy parts to him for the first time. He never got anything more than an over the shirt feel of her perky tits and a handjob with a suck finish when they dated. She was too shy and fearful of her own mutant ability to give him more.

Staring him down, Laurie fondles her spry breasts and tweaks her tiny nipples, her expression all hunger and need. Turning her back to him, she grasps her cheeks, looks back over her shoulder and splays her little bubble, giving him a peek at her rosebud.

Her teasing too much, Joshua grips her by the back of the neck and leads her to the nearest stocks. Bending her forward, he pulls the hinged wooden board down and locks it, her neck and wrists clamped in place, leaving Laurie to his mercy.

Dropping into a crouch, Joshua palms her firm cheeks and spreads them. With a groan of rapture, he swirls his tongue into her bud and she utters a blissful moan.

Heart hammering in his chest, he licks and jabs his tongue with insatiable ardor, until she cries, "Forget about my pussy and fuck my ass!"

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Emma's delirious dichotomy of torturous ecstasy is so all-consuming, she isn't aware Logan's pulverizing ass pounding has pushed her desk out onto the balcony until they're tumbling over the edge.

Her flesh becomes shimmering diamond as they plummet, and the desk erupts on impact into flying chunks and raining splinters.

Like a wet dog shuddering dry, Logan shakes off the effects of the fall as Emma's skin loses its glimmer. Without pause for a moment of recovery, he grips her hips and yanks her bottom into the air. With her face down and ass up, he resumes his sadistic assault.

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David Alleyne, the intellectual Prodigy of the group, is zealously switching back and forth between forging Sofia's snug pussy and burrowing into her viselike ass, when his involuntary telepathic ability to absorb the studied knowledge of those around him evolves.

Deranged memories, incredibly vivid and emotionally intense, flood his mind:

Sofia, feeling utterly alone after her mother's death, and tired of being ignored by her father, peels off her bikini in view of the security cameras, as the pool boy and gardener watch. She traces gentle circles around her clit and caresses her underdeveloped breasts while ogling the men. When she slips a finger into her glistening folds and another into her taut rosebud, the men give into her teasing. She sucks and jerks them both at once, then allows each of them to penetrate her simultaneously, as she squeals up at the cameras for her father to discover later.

Cessily, envious of Julian's love of Sofia and dissatisfied with merely being his cum guzzler whenever he's drunk, convinces Sofia to have a drink with her and slips enough GHB into it to make Sofia weak without rendering her unconscious. At first, Cessily is soft and playful with her, pecking her with kisses and fondling her over her clothing. After the drug takes a stronger effect, Cessily tears off Sofia's clothes, using them to bind her hands and feet, and then forms a colossal cock with her mercury ability. Cessily rapes Sofia's mouth and pussy, and finally, pillages her ass.

Laurie, weary of being a loner due to her mutant ability, after standing in the corner by herself for hours at her middle school graduation dance, gives in to her desire to be popular like she had been for the summer when her empathic pheromone power first manifested. She weaves to the center of the dance floor, closes her eyes and focuses on being loved and lusted after, until every student and teacher, male and female, are stripping each other down and fucking and fighting in a bloody and orgasmic competition for the sole right to be Laurie's dance partner.

Noriko, homeless and supporting her addiction with twenty dollar blowjobs, accepts the invitation of a drug dealing pimp who promises her a warm bed, hot food, and all the poison she can handle in exchange for the unlimited use of her young body. After fucking her senseless with his big black cock for days, while also introducing her to harder and harder drugs, he invites his top pushers, twelve burly men, over for a gangbang. Noriko is savagely fucked by three large dicks at a time, over and over again, until she loses consciousness, and then she's fucked some more.

* * *

As Logan is impaling her with greater and greater ferocity, his balls slapping her cleft, his sweat showering her back, Emma feels her orgasm rising like a current of molten rock dredging towards the surface.

Logan howls as he explodes inside her, and her hot magma of a climax erupts, expelling her soul from her body to explore the institute:

Reclining in his office chair, Mindee's thin legs wrapped around his head, Scott jabs his tongue into her tiny pink asshole, as she and Celeste and Phoebe all stroke and suck his manhood at once.

Soil smeared and tangled in vines in the greenhouse, Hank mauls Ororo's pussy, his gripping claws drawing blood from her firm chocolate thighs, as he rams his furry blue cock deep into her screaming throat.

Their naked bodies splattered and slathered in rice pudding and whipped cream, slipping and sliding on the cafeteria floor, Amara, Danielle, Kitty and Shan, grope, kiss, lick, suck and finger each other in hysterical ecstasy.

Sitting atop the basketball hoop, her pants around her ankles, Rogue madly fingers her clit and pumps her pussy, as she watches Remy below sucking Bobby's tongue as he drills Bobby's ass hard and fast.

* * *

Wade Wilson, the Regeneratin' Degenerate Merc with a Mouth, better known as Deadpool, bodyslides through time and space via Nathan Summers' teleport matrix, materializing on the Xavier Institute's lawn with a flash of illumination and a goofy smile hidden behind his black and red mask.

The sight of Logan and Emma quaking in orgasm gives him an immediate throbbing erection. "Bea Arthur blowing Mister Ed!"

The chronal cowboy, consistent killjoy, Cable, appears beside Wade with a big ass motherfucker of a plasma rifle and a perpetual grimace that would scare Ebola. "The Mummudrai is using Emma as a psychic booster."

"And Logan's using her as a human-size Fleshlight!"

"Wade, put your dick back in your pants! The fate of the future's at stake!"

He continues to stroke himself. "Nate, when isn't it for fuck's sake? With you, it's always blah blah Apocalypse, blah blah Great Scott, blah blah let's do the time-warp again."

Nathan grips the hilt of one of his oversized knives. "Tuck it or lose it."

Begrudgingly, he stuffs his foot-long back in his pants. "You never let me have any fun anymore. What happened to you, man? You used to—"

"Wade, we don't have time for your insanity! The Mummudrai will be incorporating a physical form, using the ejaculatory fluids of everyone on the grounds, leaving it open to attack."

"A semen demon! Why didn't you say so earlier? Never murdered one of them before."

Nathan commands, "I'll search the aboveground levels while you search the subterranean."

Wade gives a mock salute. "Yes, sir, Captain Time-Stream Protector!"

Nathan rolls his eyes with an exasperated groan, before vanishing in a flare of brilliance.

After stealing a few snapshots of Emma thrashing and moaning, Wade bodyslides from room to room of the underground levels of the mansion until he emerges in the Danger Room amongst a teenager orgy. “Spunk-errific!”

One hand pumping his shaft, the other holds his smartphone, thumb thumping the screen frantically, taking rapid fire photos as he drools through his mask while circling the commingled juveniles spasming in an unrelenting orgasm. “Thou shall be worshiped as a God on thy 4chan.”

The proverbial light bulb flickers a moment in his gaga-addled mind. “I must film an X-Babes porno! But how? *Hmmm.*”

His grinding, misshapen, mental gears seize up mid-thought when abruptly the teens cease convulsing and untangle themselves from each other as the hellish simulation dissolves.

Wade stuffs his phone away, then his cock. “*Sooo,*” he rocks back and forth on his heels, “BDSM’s the newest fad with you young whippersnappers?”

Snearing with unblinking eyes, they fan out and surround him.

“I was kidding about 4chan. Just a joke, kids. Though I’ll probably, *definitely*, blow-up your photos to wallpaper my apartment.”

They reply in eerie unison. “Now that the X-Men are mine, nothing will stop my depravity from corrupting the very soul of this world, allowing my kind to pour into this dimension to be ruled by me for all eternity.”

“Well hot damn, let’s party!”