

## **ADULT CONTENT WARNING!**

This story is rated ADULT and contains material that is not suitable for younger readers. Reader discretion advised.

# **Threesome**

The quiet at the Sanctuary was definitely enjoyable, Emma mused. It had been more than a week since the last crisis was resolved. Today, there was no deadly virus on the loose, no New Mutant in need of help, and no sinister Eckhart-scheme to destroy the tranquil peace at the Mutant X headquarters.

In fact, things had grown so calm that Adam decided to use the opportunity to do some long overdue maintenance on the systems in several of the safe houses. He left two days ago, taking Jesse along to act as his assistant. Shalimar, Brennan and Emma were ordered to hold the fort.

Isn't much to hold, Emma thought with a chuckle. The Sanctuary basically ran itself. The mainframe computer took care of their life support systems like air and water. Food was stocked up in such quantities that they could survive a multiple week siege. And the terminals scanned the 'net constantly searching for signs of New Mutant activity that would need their attention.

They had nothing to do but relax and enjoy the good life.

It was the perfect time to study more of those Asian focusing techniques that Adam and Shalimar had taught her. Emma dug up a disk with exercises and popped it into the player. She grabbed a head set and turned off the light before pulling the door to her room closed behind her.

The main hallway was deserted, the dojo silent and dark. Perfect. Brennan was probably in his room reading, and Shalimar was prowling off somewhere in the Sanctuary. Nobody would disturb her, or laugh at her when she couldn't perform one of the figures correctly.

Emma walked up the steps to the dojo and took off her sweater. Dressed in a pair of comfortable sweatpants and an old cut-off T-shirt, she was ready. She adjusted the headphones so they wouldn't distract her and pushed the play button. The voice in her ear was calm and soothing, with a soft, lilting accent. Chinese, or something similar, she thought, not sure what culture the exercises originated from. It didn't matter. She closed her eyes, focusing on the voice and the instructions it gave her.

Soon, she was fully absorbed in the exercises.

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Her concentration shattered when Emma sensed a presence behind her. She lost her balance, ruining the complicated figure that demanded all her attention. Strong arms wrapped around her waist to steady her and for a brief moment Emma struggled. Then she recognized the ring on the right hand as one of theirs and she relaxed.

“Shalimar! You startled me.”

The headphones were pulled from her head. “Sorry.” Shalimar sounded anything but; her voice was filled with thinly veiled amusement and something else that Emma couldn’t quite determine.

“Here, let me show you how it’s done.”

She moved even closer behind Emma. So close, in fact, that Emma could feel the heat come off of her body. Shalimar’s hands brushed along Emma’s arms, touching her lightly, causing goosebumps to pop up all along her skin. Shalimar’s fingers, gentle but firm, entwined with Emma’s and the feral guided her through a series of slow, sensual forms that made Emma relax completely.

She leaned back, resting her weight partly on Shalimar, who seemed prepared to take it. Emma let out a sigh when Shalimar’s hands left hers at last, only to return and place themselves on her waist. The hands were warm on her bare skin, and the feral stroked her finger across Emma’s stomach, the thumb brushing under the edge of the cut-off shirt.

Emma became aware of some strange noise, very near her ear. She listened more closely and realized it was a pleased purr. She giggled, and Shalimar purred a little louder. Something moist and warm touched the side of the psionic’s neck. Lips, a tongue that ran a wet path up to her ear before exploring the rim with its warm tip. Emma shivered in response, resting even more weight on Shalimar as her legs grew weak with want.

oOo

Brennan closed his book with a snap. That was the third volume he finished in the past week, and he was growing bored with reading. Books were fine and all to help a man relax, but only after a hard day’s work. He was a man of action, not one to sit still, and the peace was beginning to grate on him.

He got up and threw the book into a corner of his room. He would go and see what the

girls were up to. Maybe Shalimar would be in for a bit of a workout. If not, he'd amuse himself with poking fun at Emma. A little flirting didn't hurt and he loved the way she blushed when he embarrassed her.

He knocked on their doors, first Shalimar's, then Emma's. There was no reply. Hmm. Where could they be? He grumbled at the thought that they might be off doing something fun without him. Maybe he should call them on their com-links?

No, Brennan decided. He'd go and see what they were up to. With a little luck their activities would provide future teasing material.

He tiptoed through the Sanctuary's halls, peeking around corners before turning them. The labs were empty — as were the gardens. No one was in the kitchen. The Helix was there, having returned on its own after dropping Adam and Jesse off at the safe house. The small plane was dark and deserted, with no sign of either Emma or Shalimar.

He walked along the second level, peering over the wall at the main room below. It was empty also. By the time he approached the vicinity of the dojo, Brennan was growing tired of the game, which offered no entertainment. He was ready to give up and call the girls when he noticed movement on the elevated platform.

He squinted but couldn't make out much more than vague humanoid shapes. The lights at the dojo were low, and the screens from the computer banks around him were wrecking his night vision with their glow.

Without a sound he returned to the stairs, walked down, and started up the steps to the dojo for a better look.

His head cleared the elevated floor and at last he could see well enough in the low light to make out the two girls.

Were they...?

Brennan tripped and barely managed to keep himself from tumbling back down the stairs headfirst. He blinked in disbelief.

They were!

He forced himself to remain quiet so as not to disturb them and ruin the show. Emma was clearly unaware of his approach. Her eyes were closed and her head rested against Shalimar's shoulder. Even in the low light Brennan could see the color in her cheeks.

The feral's enhanced senses were more difficult to fool than Emma's. Shalimar looked up and her gaze turned yellow for a moment.

Brennan wasn't sure how to read the look she gave him. Was it a possessive warning not to come closer? An invitation? A challenge, perhaps?

He folded his arms, playing for time while his eyes feasted. Oh man, Jesse would be green with envy once he told him what had transpired during his absence. To watch two girls play with each other, wasn't that every man's dream?

Shalimar caught his gaze again and once more her eyes flashed golden. This time the flash was accompanied with a little smile and a quick jerk of her head. That definitely was an invitation, wasn't it?

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Shalimar's hands shifted up Emma's belly. The brunette whimpered when the hands disappeared beneath the old shirt she wore. Fingers cupped Emma's breasts through the sports bra, appraising their weight. Emma arched her back, pushing her chest forward, seeking closer contact with the exploring fingers.

A distant voice informed Emma prissily that this wasn't right. But if it is wrong, then why does it feel so damn good, another part of her reasoned.

Shalimar pressed herself tight against Emma's back while her hands never stilled. Emma was grateful for the support her friend's body gave her. With pleasure flooding her system, her knees were dangerously close to giving out.

Without warning, Shalimar tore the cotton shirt away from Emma. It ripped with a soft noise, the cloth old and worn and not offering much resistance. A shiver ran down Emma's spine when Shalimar blew a gentle, warm breath over the bare skin at the top of her breasts.

Emma's hands reached behind her for Shalimar. She tried to turn, to reciprocate the gentle ministrations but the blond woman held her tight and refused to let her move.

"Shal...?"

"Ssh."

The feral was leading this dance, and Emma could only follow.

With one hand Shalimar reached between their bodies to undo the clasp on the sports bra. She pulled the garment down from Emma's shoulders. It landed with a quiet sigh that neither girl heard.

Now, Shalimar's fingers tickled naked skin, brushing over nipples that perked up in response. Emma made a soft noise in the back of her throat, squeezing her eyes shut more tightly when desire raced through her veins, collecting as warm moisture deep in the inner core between her thighs.

Through her daze, she still found time to wonder how a girl's touch was so different from a man's. Shalimar's caresses were softer, gentler, the skin of her fingertips a little silkier. And she knew exactly what would elicit the strongest response from her partner.

Another scent, spicier, more masculine than the sweet smell of soap and perfume and female arousal that was hers and Shalimar's, reached Emma's nostrils. She tried to make sense of this new information but her pleasure-addled brain failed to process it.

Cool hands replaced Shalimar's. The fingers were stronger, rougher, the caresses a little harsher.

Emma's eyes flew open. Brennan was standing right in front of her, his eyes dark with desire as they rested on her face. Blood rushed to her cheeks and she stiffened, unsure what to do.

"It's all right, Em," Shalimar breathed in her ear. "Brennan won't hurt you, and neither will I. Tell me you don't want this, and it stops right here."

Don't want this? Emma's befuddled mind tried to reason with her body. Her brain—the old-fashioned, rational part of it, at least—told her she should say no, that she should put a stop to this before it went any further. But her body, tingling with desire, the nipples that were hard and throbbing, her jellied knees and the longing ache between her legs shouted something else. She did want this.

And why not? Why could it possibly be wrong? They were her friends. She was safe with Brennan and Shalimar. Safe and protected.

Any last vestige of resistance fled to the furthest corner of her being when Brennan dipped his head and closed his mouth around a nipple, suckling on the soft flesh. Emma let out a little mewl of surprised pleasure. Shalimar clucked in her ear, holding her tighter to make sure she wouldn't crumble as her leg muscles turned to putty.

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“What are we going to tell Jesse?”

Emma’s voice was muffled against Brennan’s chest. Bodies still slick with perspiration, the three Mutants lay basking in the afterglow, arms and legs twined around each other.

“Or Adam.”

“What! No! We can’t tell Adam!” Emma’s head whipped up and she stared at Brennan with a frightened look in her eyes. “He’d be so—”

“Shocked.” Shalimar finished the sentence for her with a giggle. She reached up and patted Emma’s bottom.

“Promise you won’t tell Adam,” Emma pleaded.

Brennan studied her face a moment. Genuine worry marred her brow. He nodded.

“Promise.”

“Shal?”

The feral heaved a heavy sigh. “Well, all right, I promise. Shame though. It would have been fun to see his face.”

Emma groaned and put her head back on Brennan’s chest. He ran a hand through her hair.

“Do you want to tell Jesse?”

Emma shrugged. “I don’t know. He’s one of us; I feel like he has a right to know, you know.”

“Better not tell him,” Shalimar suggested. “It’ll be kinder if he doesn’t know.” She giggled again. “He probably wouldn’t understand, and feel uncomfortable around us.”

“You got that right,” Brennan agreed with a nod.

“So, we don’t tell anyone?”

“Nope. It’ll be our little secret.”

And with that Emma took a deep breath, drifting off into sleep.

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