

PAGE 6, PANEL 1:

OVER THE SHOULDER POV of the figure,
now fully revealed to be a Hulked Out
STORM, giving Xavier a titjob.

XAVIER

(Or-ORORO?!!?)

STORM

("Orororo?" Sounds nice.)

(But me, **Goddess.**)

PAGE 6, PANEL 2:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Ororo licking the
tip of Xavier's dick.

STORM

(You, **Professor.**)

PAGE 6, PANEL 3:

MED SHOT of Xavier pulling away,
staggering to his feet while gripping the
trunk from behind to support. Ororo floats
up in front of him. He's looking down at his
thighs in astonishment.

XAVIER

(Ororo, what-**what** has happened?)

(H-how did **we—y-you...**?)

(M-my **legs?!)**

STORM

(**Sister Rogue greedy.** Sister Rogue keep
Professor to **herself.**)

PAGE 6, PANEL 4:

LOW ANGLE SHOT of Storm hovering over Xavier. Her pussy is the main focus while she looks down at Xavier with a devilish grin.

STORM

(Professor have **strong seed**. Goddess want seed for Goddess and **rest of Sisters**.)

XAVIER

(Ororo, this...)

PAGE 6, PANEL 5:

CLOSE-UP of Xavier. His composure is cracking: Nostrils flaring, eyelids flickering.

XAVIER

(We, we need...)

(We...m-must'nt...)

PAGE 7, PANEL 1:

MED SHOT of Xavier throwing himself into Ororo's groin. Ororo arches backward, whooping in delight.

XAVIER

(...Mmmmmppphh...)

STORM

(Mmmm, yesss! Feast!)

XAVIER

[Hrmph.]

[Though I **have** regained my **higher brain functions**...]

PAGE 7, PANEL 2:

CLOSE-UP SHOT of Xavier clutching at Ororo's ass from behind with both hands as he continues to eat her out.

XAVIER

[Certain...**physiological drives** are distracting me from full concentration.]

PAGE 7, PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT OF Xavier and Ororo's coupling, with Ororo floating in mid-air. An astral form of Xavier, which resembles his human form, has appeared. He's standing away from the coupling, but observing it over the shoulder with a raised brow and a finger resting on his chin.

XAVIER (INTERNAL)

[This situation calls for a little...]
[**Disassociation** in order to assess properly.]

PAGE 8, PANEL 1:

Another WIDE SHOT of Xavier eating Storm out, with Xavier's astral form watching to the side. He's standing pensively, with both his hands stuffed in his jacket pockets.

XAVIER (INTERNAL)

[Hmm. A **Gamma transformation**, no

doubt.]

[Though one with far more...**libertine developments** than I've ever seen from Dr. Banner.]

PAGE 8, PANEL 2:

CLOSE-UP of Storm tilting her head back in ecstasy. Xavier's psychic aura flutters around her head, but with a clear buffer that blocks direct contact.

XAVIER

[Damn. Ororo's resistance to psychic probing has only been **reinforced** in this form.]

[And I would be a fool to invoke her wrath, **She-Hulk** or otherwise.]

[The best I can do at the moment is to continue **placating** her.]

PAGE 8, PANEL 3:

MED CLOSE-UP of Xavier's astral form, looking off-panel with a smirk.

XAVIER

[Not exactly an **egregious** undertaking, I must admit.]

[Even as a literal **detached observer**, I find my ego **swelling**.]

[I have long been aware of Ororo's beauty, ever since that fateful day in the **rainswept Kenyan countryside**.]

[For it to be presented to me in such a
brazen fashion...]

PAGE 8, PANEL 4

MED CLOSE-UP of Xavier eating Storm out.

XAVIER

[...it's downright **intoxicating.**]