

# OMEGA PHOENIX



AN ADULT PARODY COMIC  
STORY **TEAM LADY VALIANT** ARTWORK **INKJOEL**  
LETTERING & DESIGN **TRACY SCOPS**  
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# Age of Krakoa

## A KRAKOAN X-SWAP

TEAM LADY VALIANT / STORY  
INKJOEL / ART  
TRACY SCOPS / LETTERING & DESIGN

The Age of Krakoa marks a revolution for mutantkind: one sovereign nation, a living island, the promise of resurrection for every fallen X-Man, and a future shaped by telepaths and powerhouses.

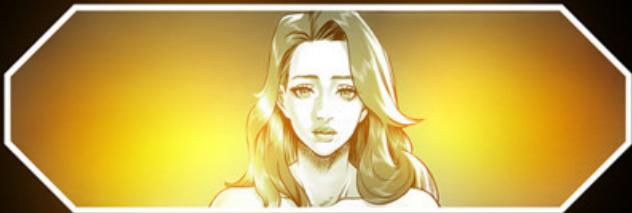
Through the *RESURRECTION PROTOCOLS* deceased mutants return in perfected bodies grown in Krakoan eggs, their minds restored by Cerebro and the talents of the Five.

At the heart of this age stands *JEAN GREY*, the first and most iconic Phoenix host, a symbol of compassion and cosmic fire, forged in rebirth itself... even if each return left her ever so slightly transformed.

And then there's *QUENTIN QUIRE*, omega-level telepath, chaos engine, and professional shit-starter. As one of the Five's most frequent resurrectees and a self-declared god among mutants, he learned every loophole, every exploit, and every opportunity to twist the Protocols toward his own outrageous ideas.

Together, their presence on Krakoa meant evolution, disruption, and the occasional metaphysical wildfire.

Welcome to an island where mortality has lost its meaning, and powerful minds seek new sensations just to keep themselves entertained.



JEAN GREY



QUENTIN QUIRE

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The Hatchery, Arbor Magna.

Krakoa's cradle of  
endless rebirth.

The Resurrection Protocols...  
the crown jewel of Mutantkind,  
safeguarded by the Five.

But as Quentin Quire will happily  
tell you... "safeguarded" is just  
another word for "exploitable."

Which in Omega-speak translates  
to: "Oh, Quentin, please violate  
this tight little protocol."

And a guy can only get  
so tempted, y'know?

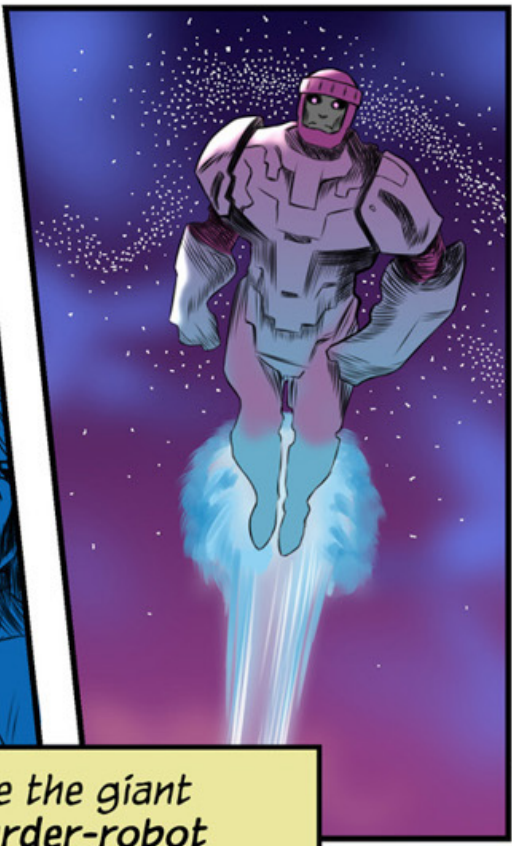




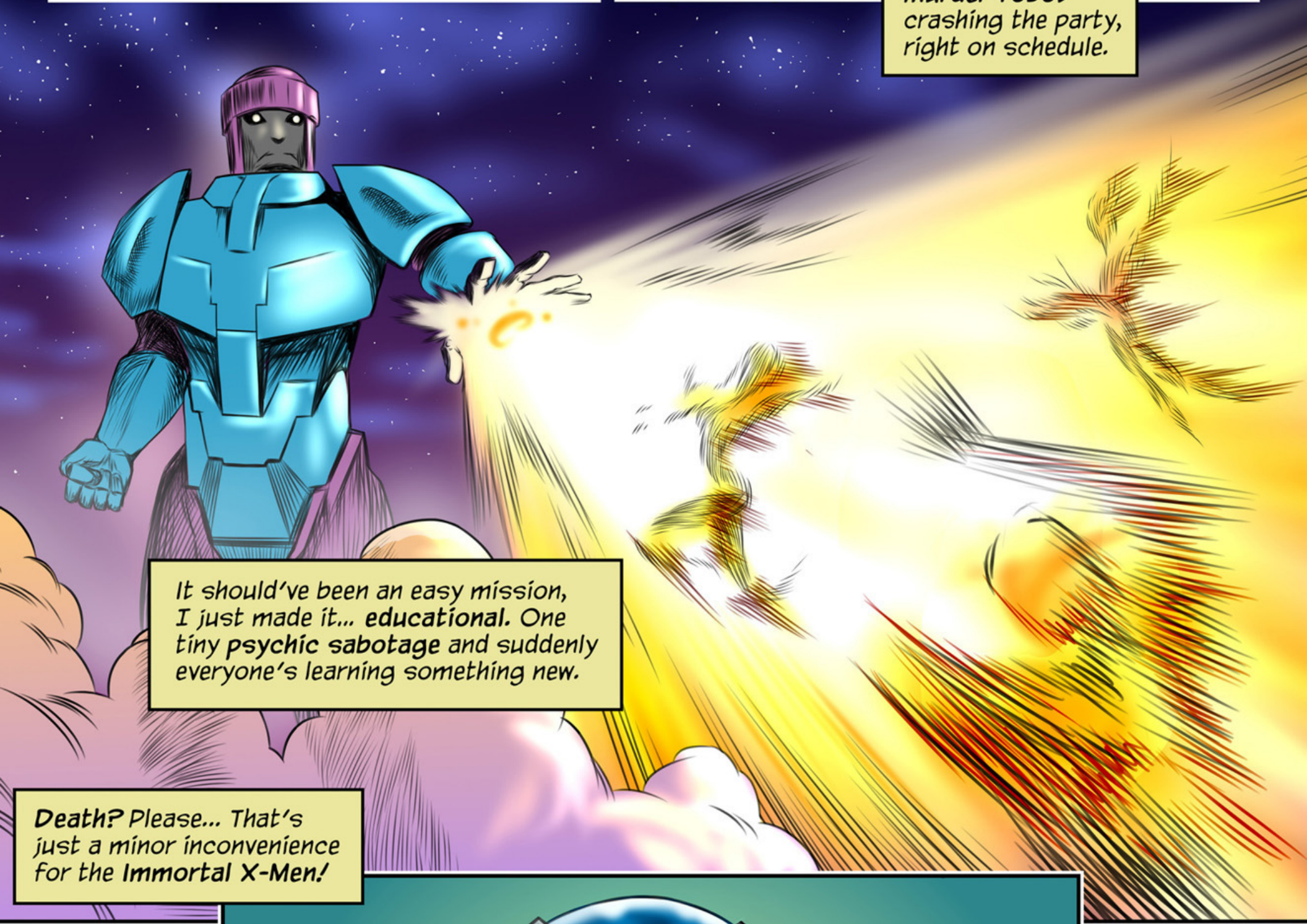
All that was needed was some chaos I could weaponize.



Perfect! Let's light this bitch up.



Cue the giant murder-robot crashing the party, right on schedule.



It should've been an easy mission, I just made it... educational. One tiny psychic sabotage and suddenly everyone's learning something new.

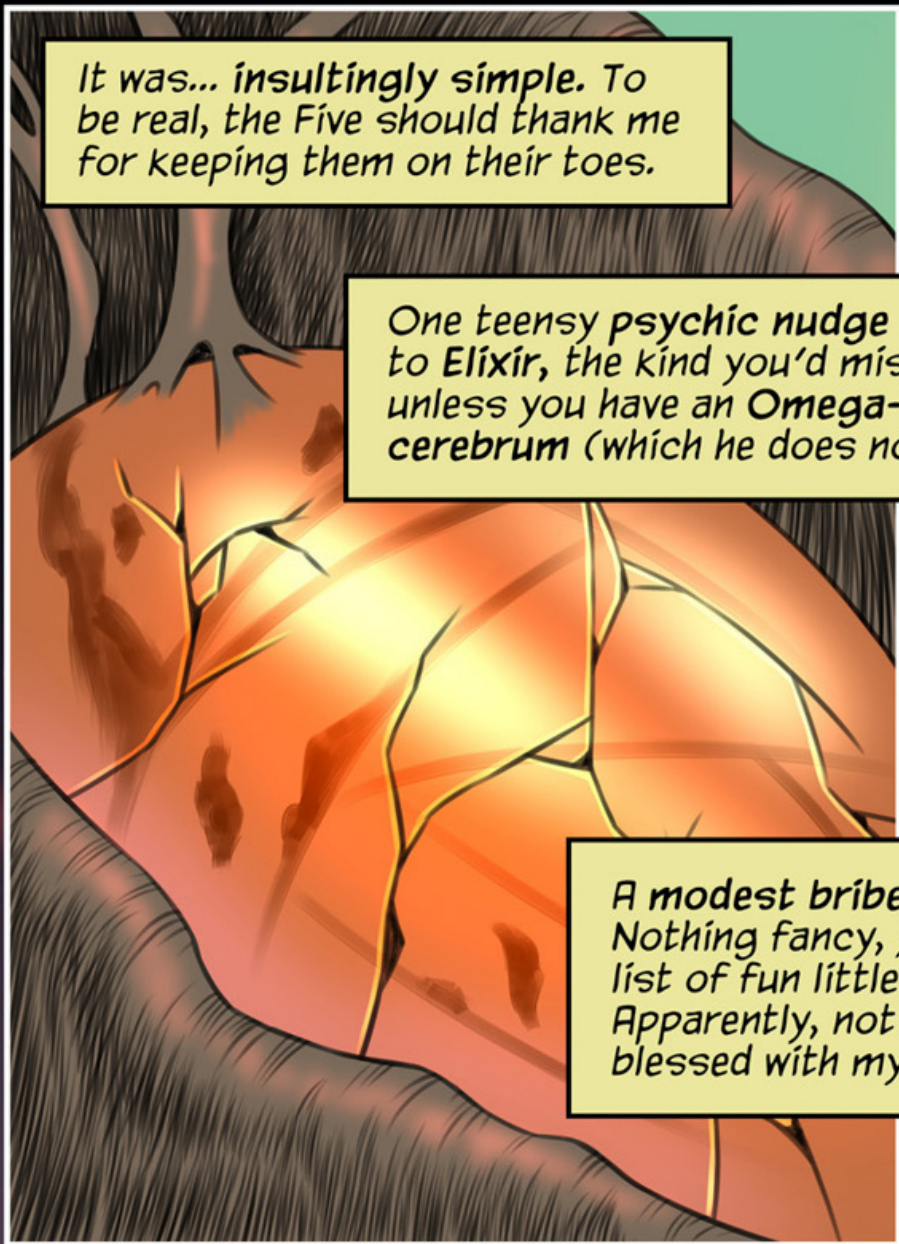
Death? Please... That's just a minor inconvenience for the Immortal X-Men!



Live. Die. Respawn. Repeat.

The Age of Krakoa... a full renaissance of possibilities. Fun, reckless, wildly dangerous, all just begging to be misused!

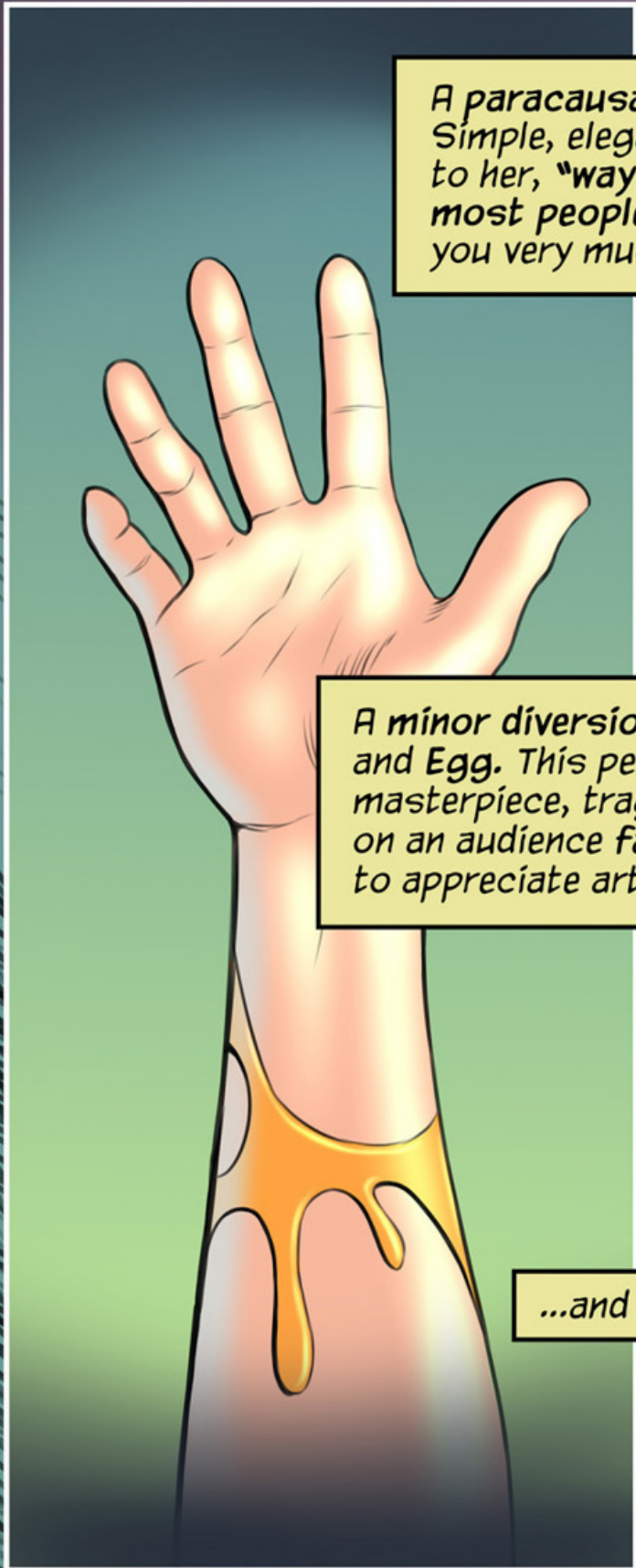
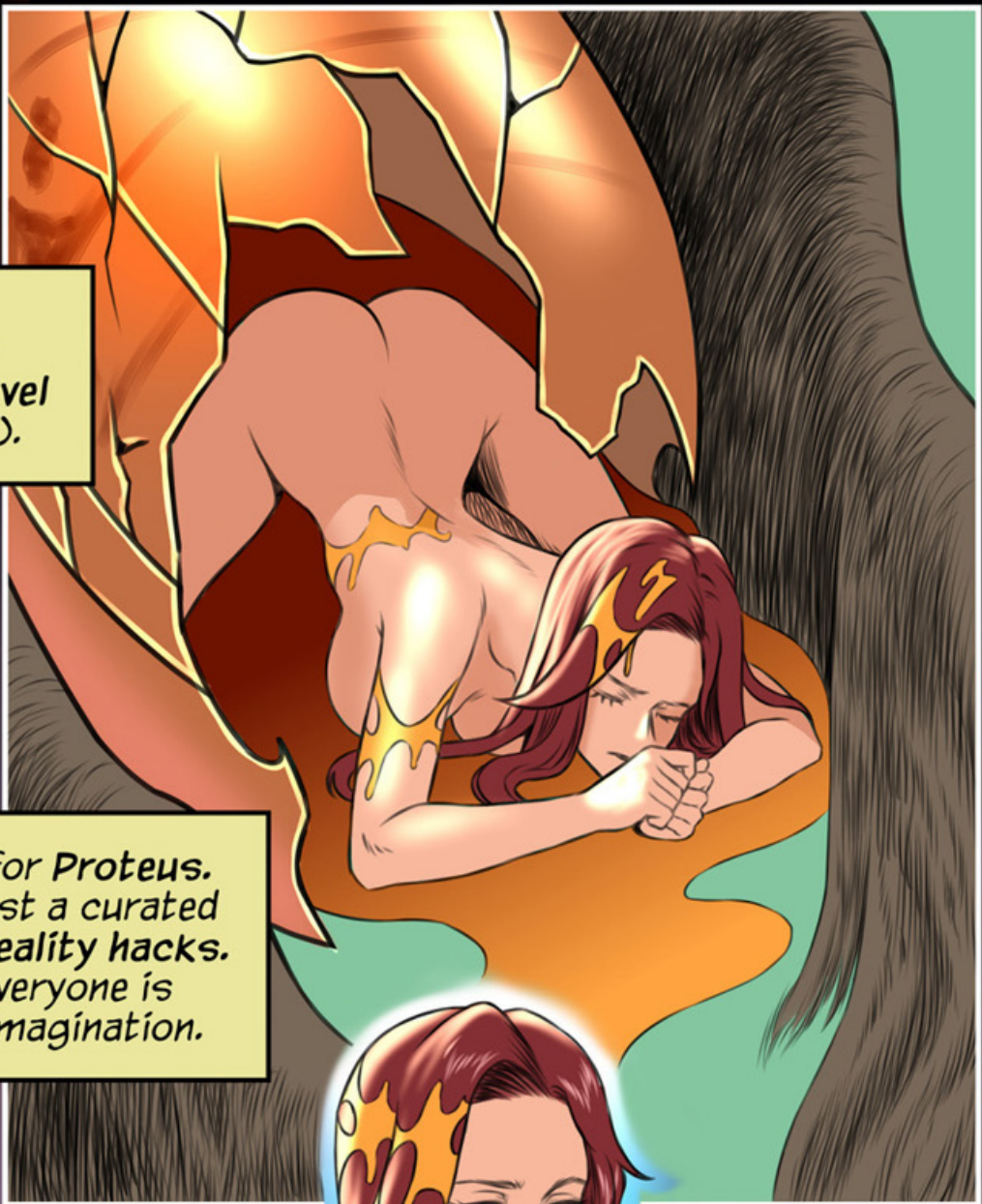




It was... *insultingly simple*. To be real, the Five should thank me for keeping them on their toes.

One teensy *psychic nudge* to Elixir, the kind you'd miss unless you have an *Omega-level cerebrum* (which he does not).

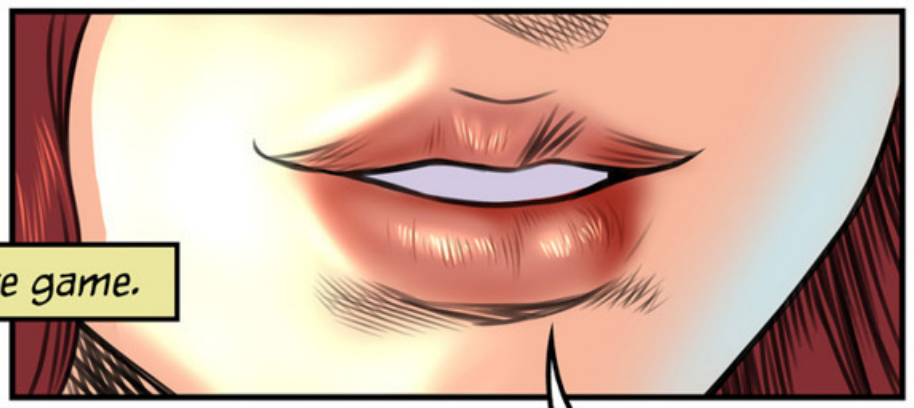
A modest bribe for Proteus. Nothing fancy, just a curated list of fun little *reality hacks*. Apparently, not everyone is blessed with my imagination.



A *paracausal favor* for Tempus. Simple, elegant, and... according to her, "*way more creative than most people's bullshit*," thank you very much.

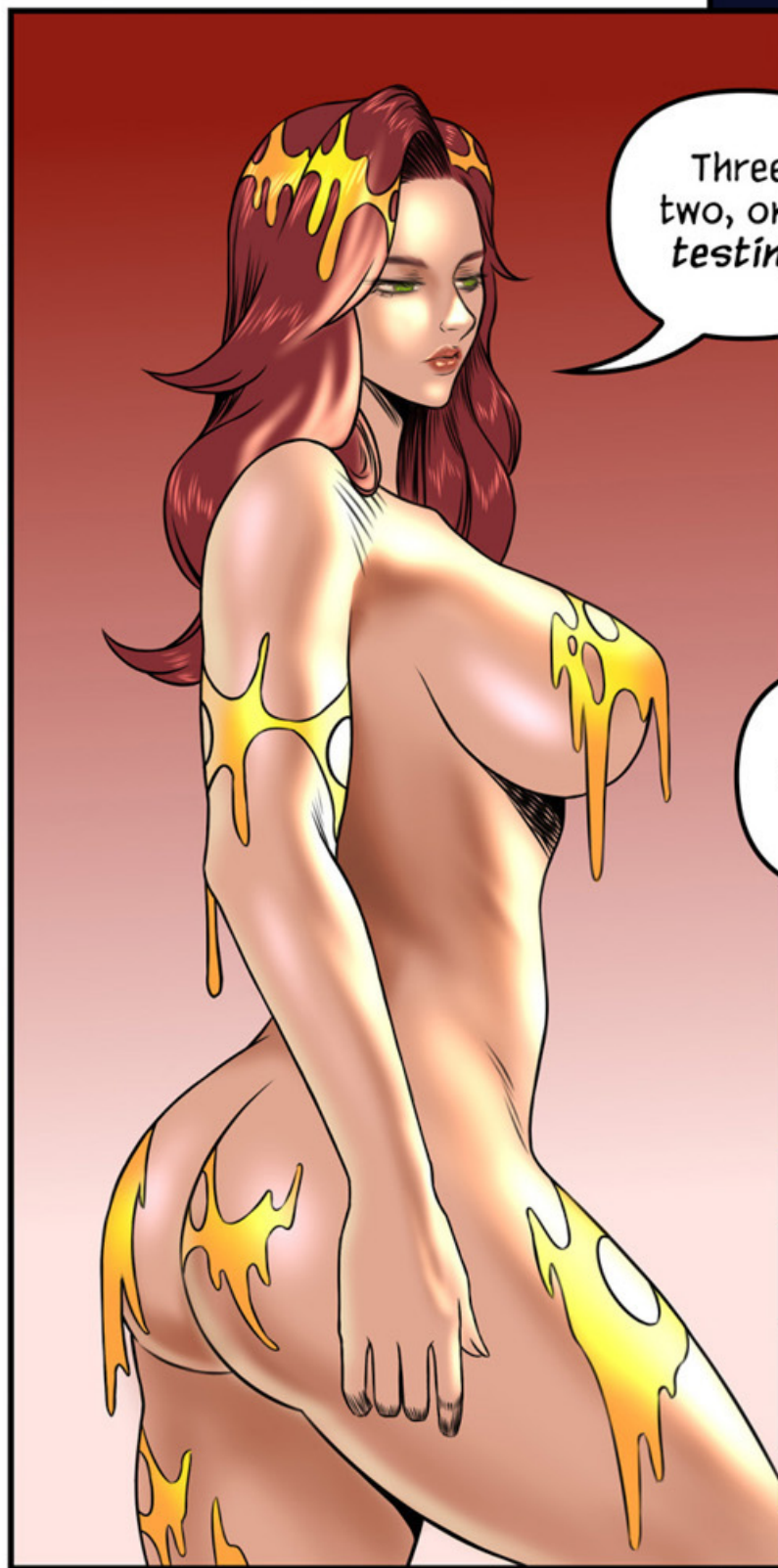
A *minor diversion* for Hope and Egg. This perfect little masterpiece, tragically wasted on an audience far too dense to appreciate art.

...and *voilà!* We're game.



This is friggín' sweet!





Three,  
two, one...  
*testing?*

Off to a  
great start!  
I'm *not*  
dead.



Given she's the  
*goddamn Phoenix*,  
I half expected my  
psyche getting  
*flambéed* on  
arrival.

Any dickhead  
trying to pull this  
shit on *Kid Omega*  
would get turned into  
*cerebral confetti*  
right away.



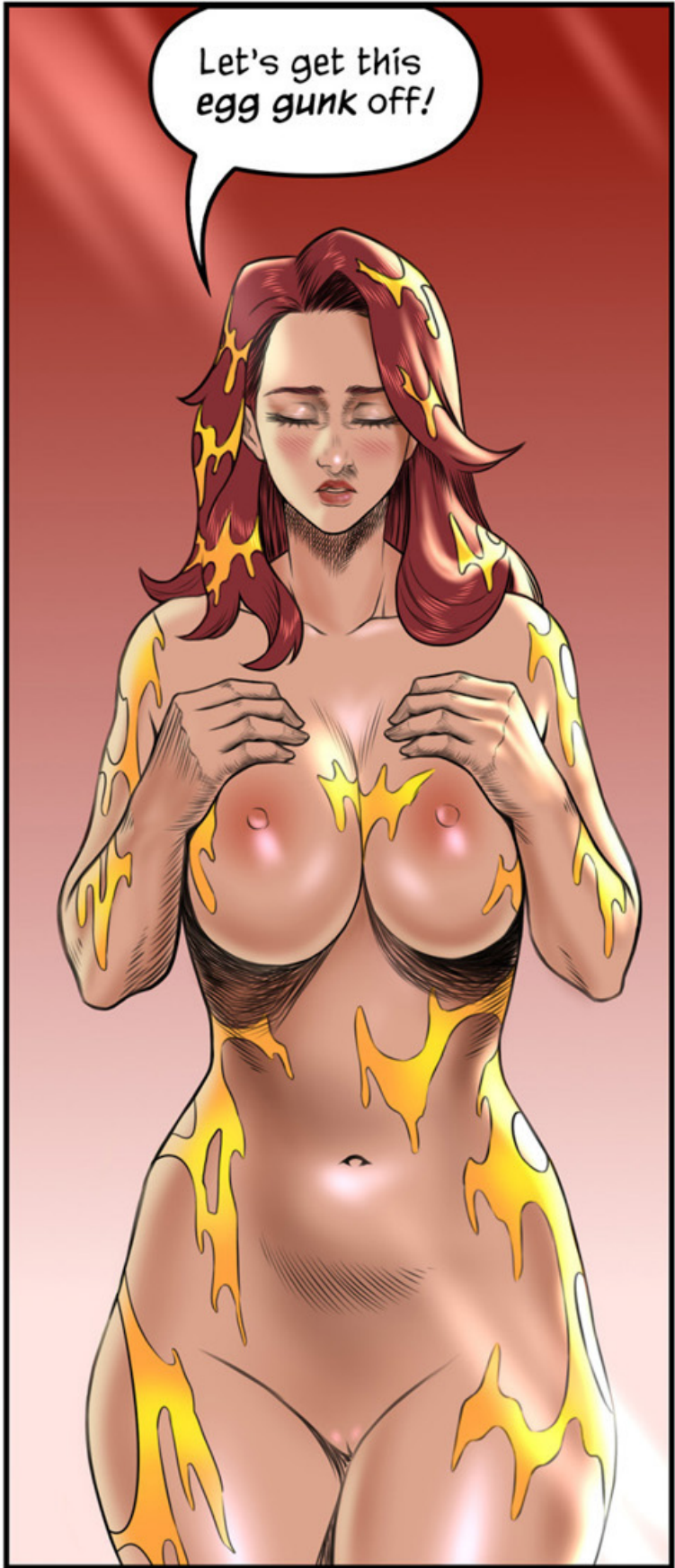
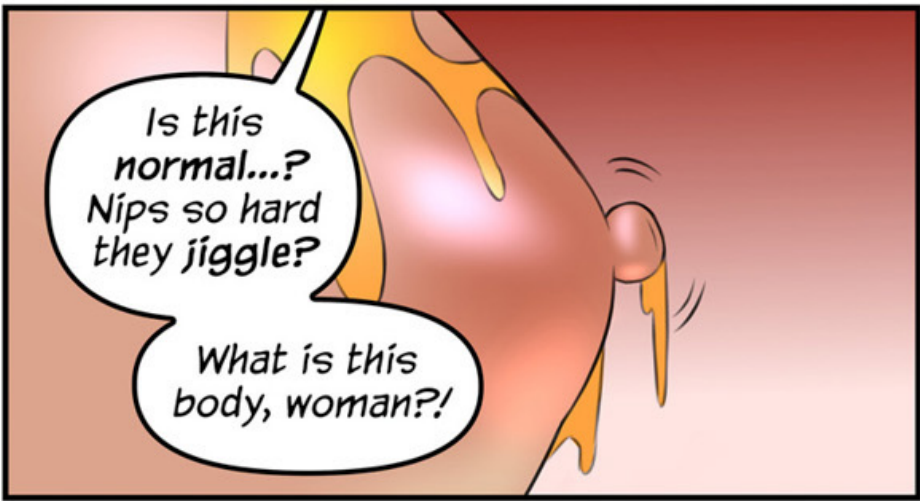
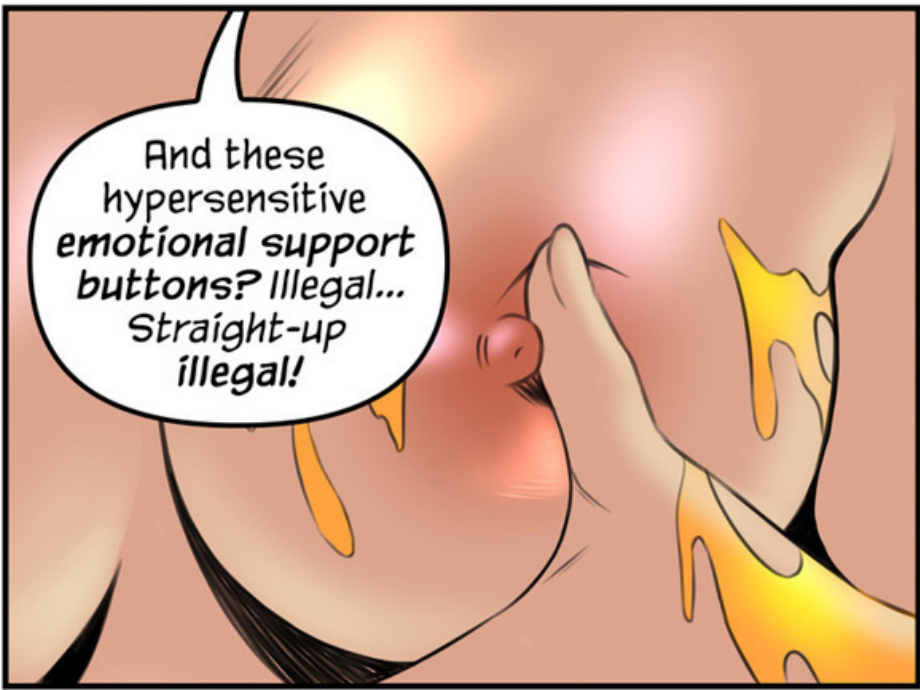
*Fuck me...*



Hah, yeah.  
I absolutely  
*might...*

Now that  
I've got her  
*fuckable piece*  
of ass all to  
myself.





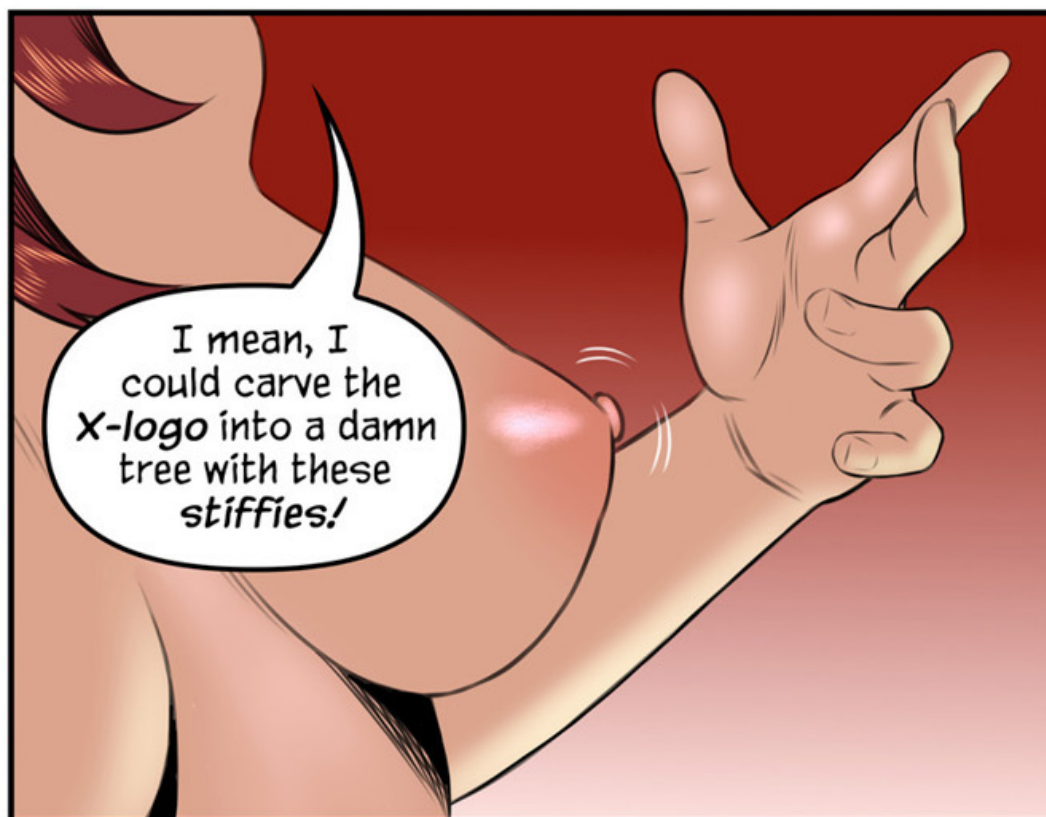




Seriously, how does she lug these *cosmic chest orbs* around without stopping to *Jeanhandle* them every five minutes?



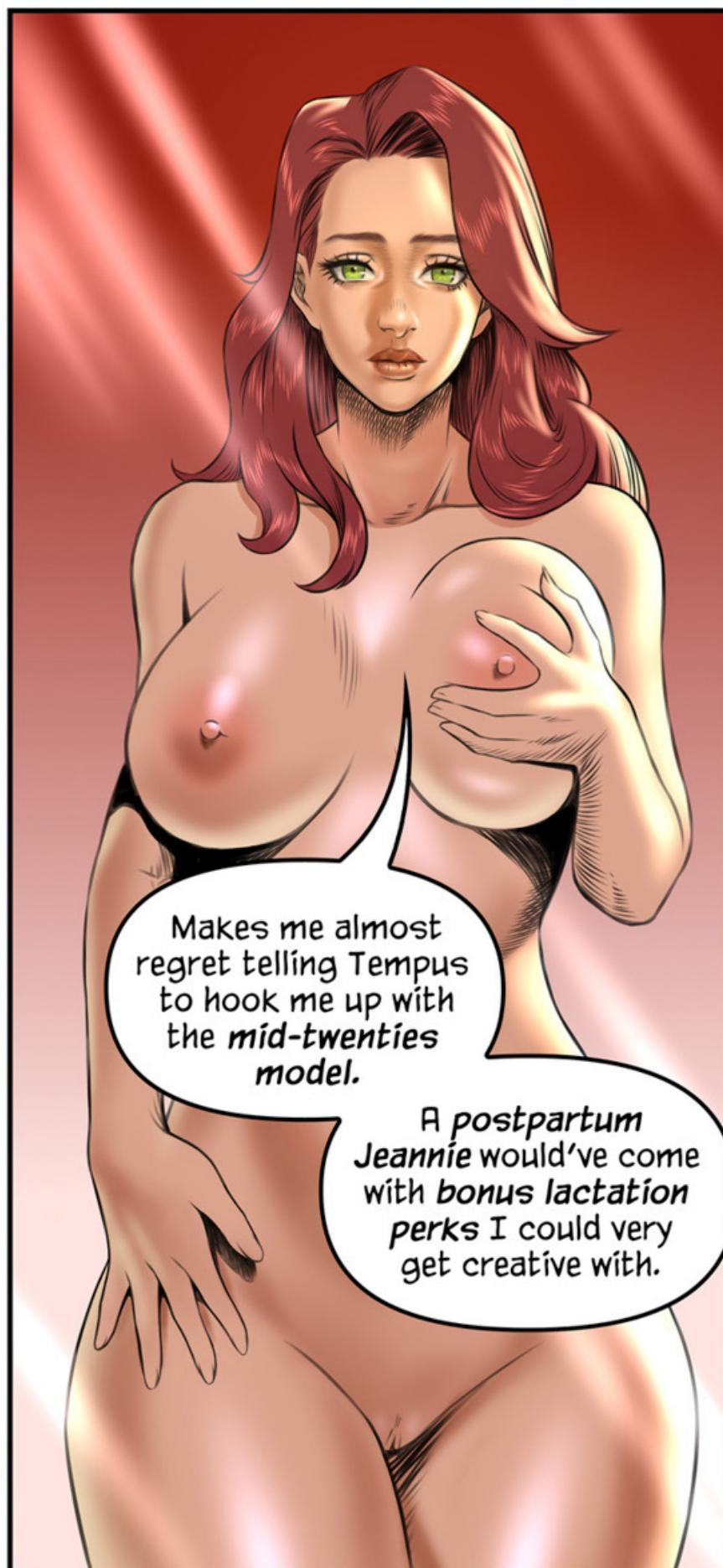
They should come with a warning label... "*May cause spontaneous distraction.*"



I mean, I could carve the *X-logo* into a damn tree with these *stiffies!*



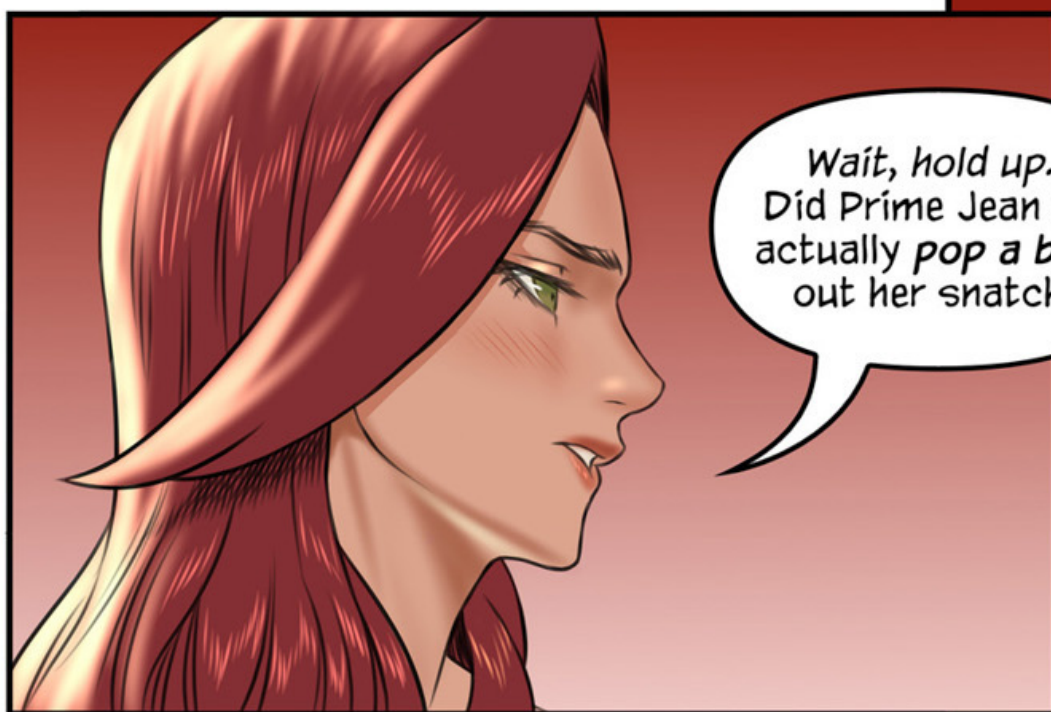
It's like having two *fappable little boners* just begging for a good squirt.



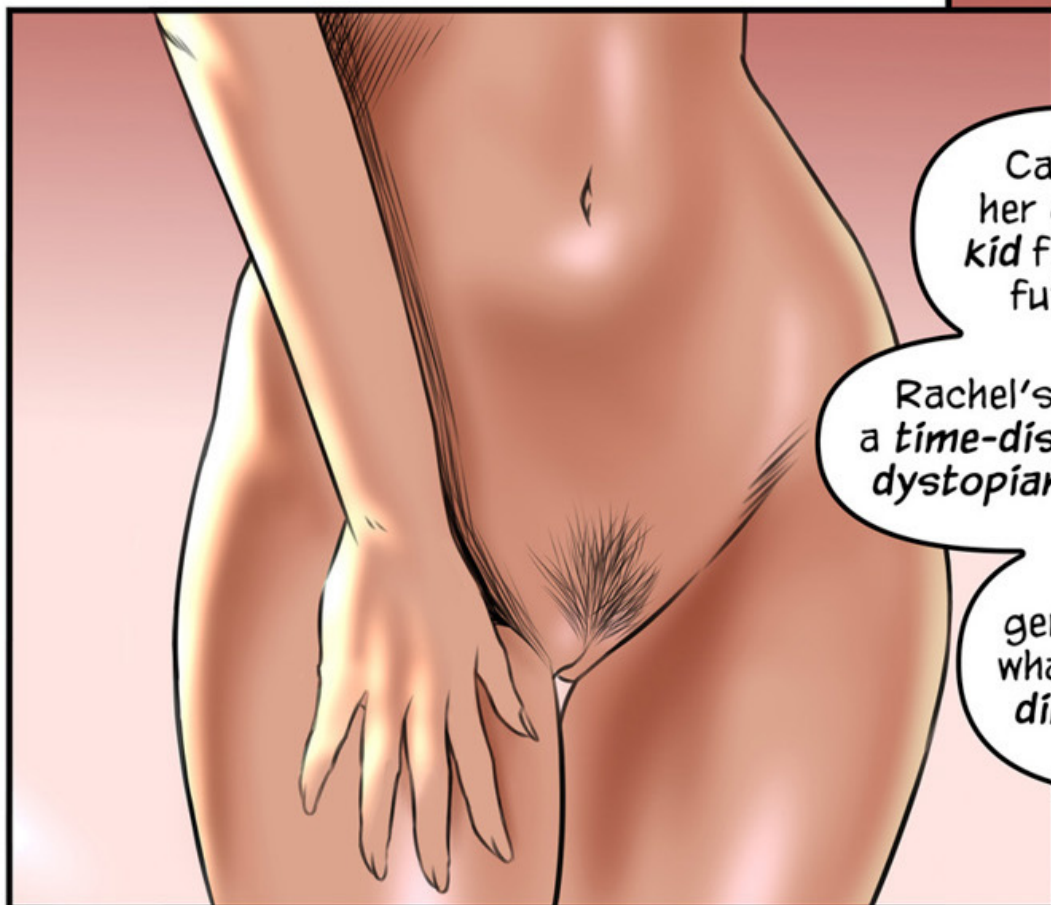
Makes me almost regret telling Tempus to hook me up with the *mid-twenties model*.

A *postpartum Jeannie* would've come with *bonus lactation perks* I could very get creative with.





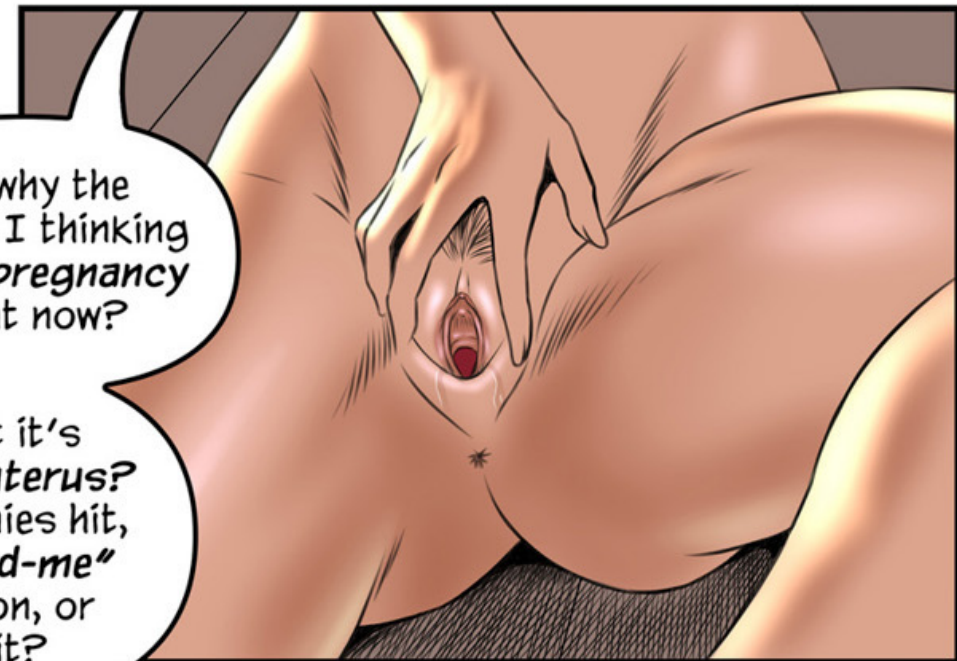
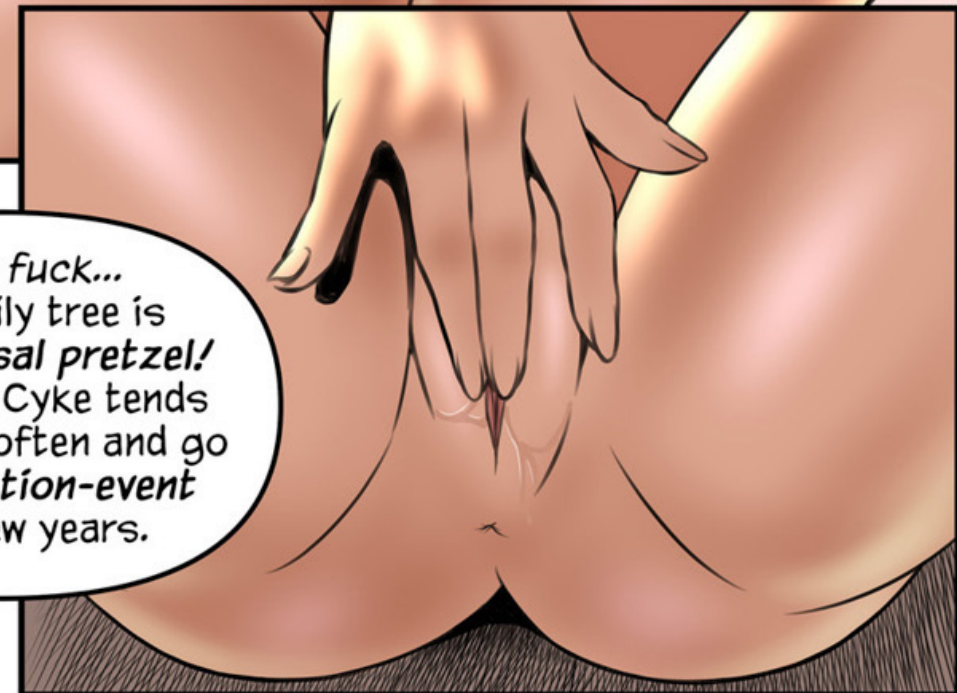
Wait, hold up...  
Did Prime Jean ever  
actually *pop a baby*  
out her snatch?



Cable is  
her *clone's*  
*kid* from the  
future...  
Rachel's also  
a *time-displaced*  
*dystopian brat*.  
Nate is a  
genetic remix of  
whatever *hellhole*  
*dimension* he's  
from.



Jesus fuck...  
that family tree is  
a *multiversal pretzel*!  
No wonder Cyke tends  
to snap so often and go  
*full extinction-event*  
every few years.



And why the  
hell am I thinking  
about *pregnancy*  
right now?

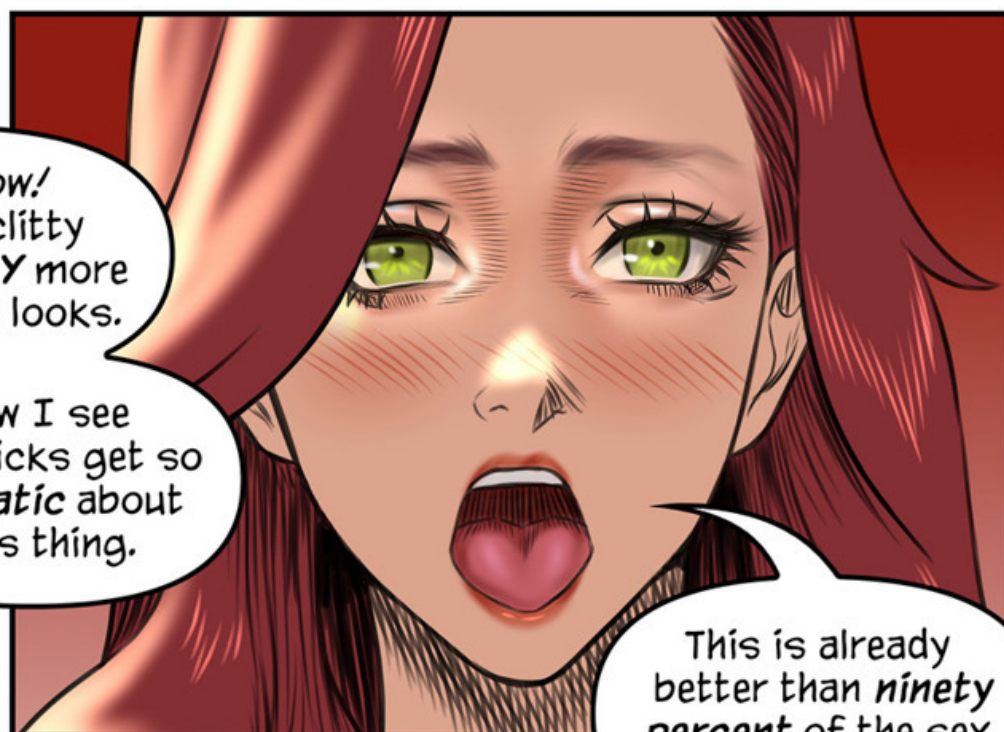
Is this what it's  
like having a *uterus*?  
Once the hornies hit,  
does a "*breed-me*"  
*switch* flip on, or  
some shit?



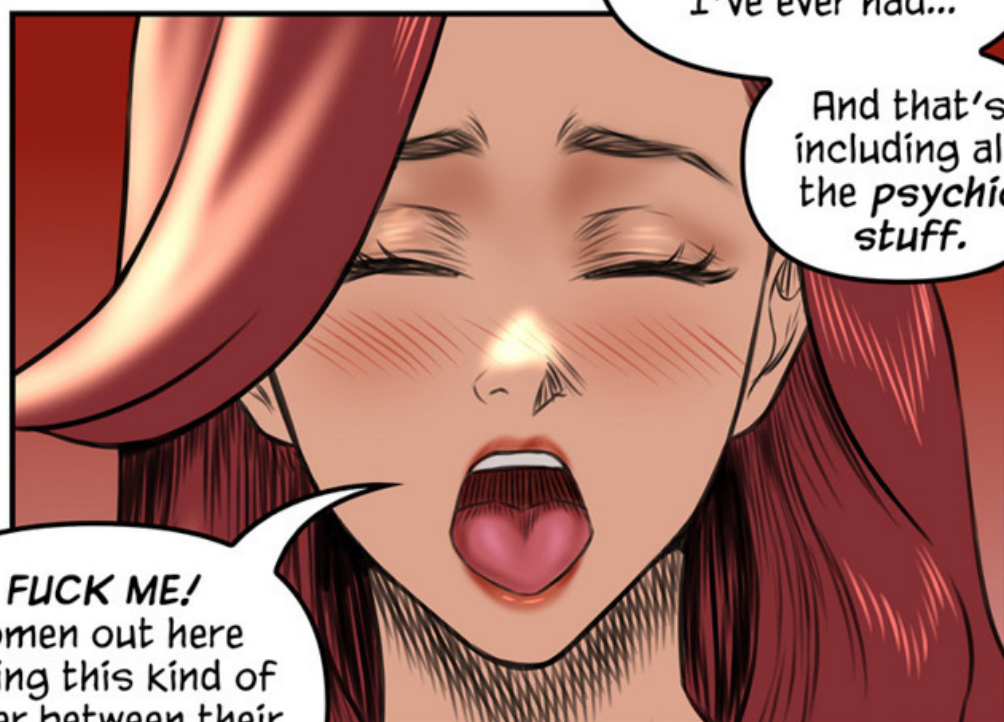


Okay, wow!  
This little clitty  
button is **WAY** more  
wired than it looks.

Now I see  
why chicks get so  
**dramatic** about  
this thing.



This is already  
better than **ninety**  
**percent** of the sex  
I've ever had...

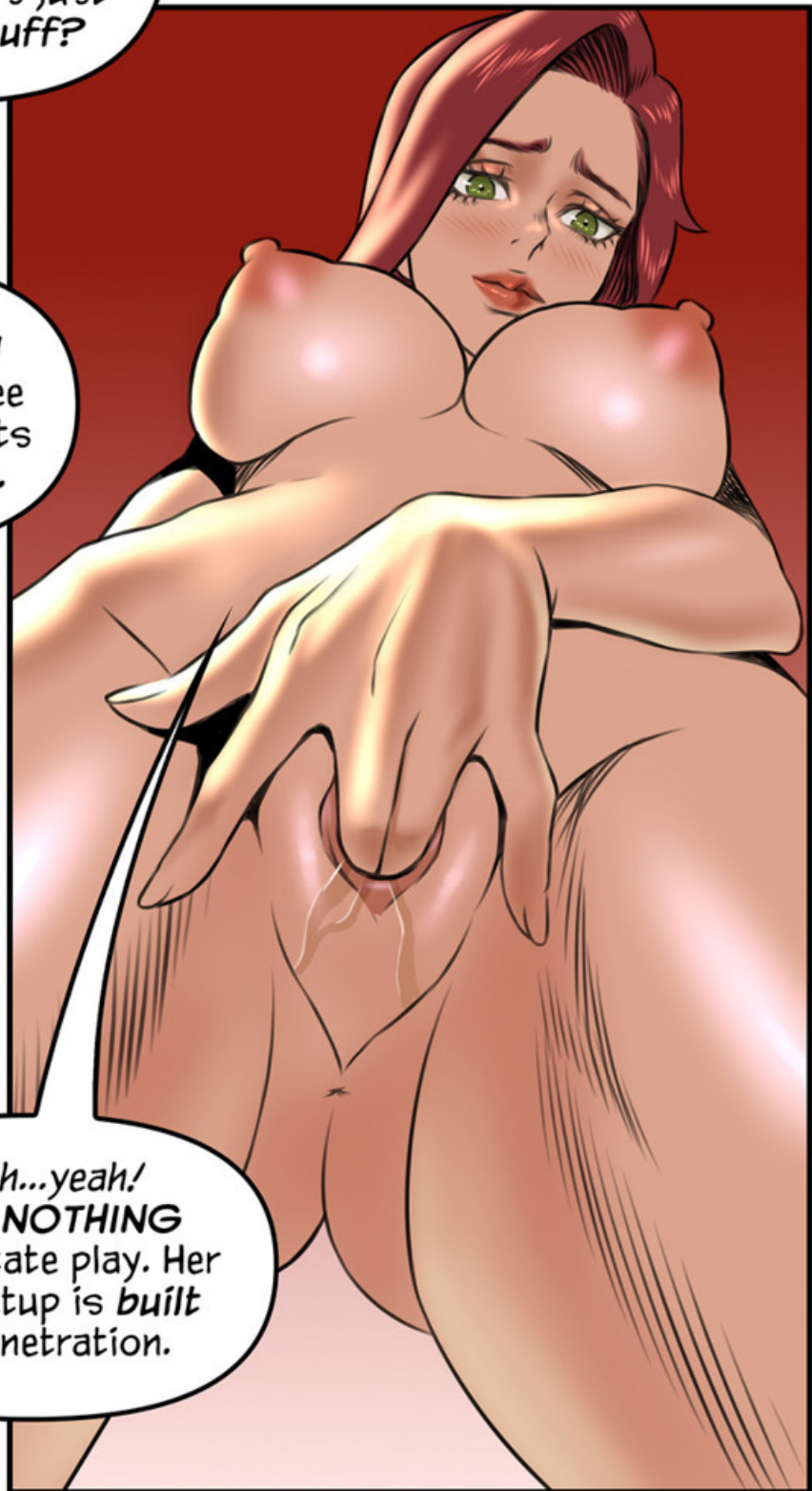


And that's  
including all  
the **psychic**  
stuff.

**FUCK ME!**  
Women out here  
holding this kind of  
power between their  
legs like it's just  
**casual stuff?**



And that's  
only the **external**  
**hardware...** let's see  
how the inside reacts  
to a little **poking**.



Mngh...yeah!  
This is **NOTHING**  
like prostate play. Her  
whole setup is **built**  
for penetration.





Alright...  
time to find  
that *legendary*  
G-spot.

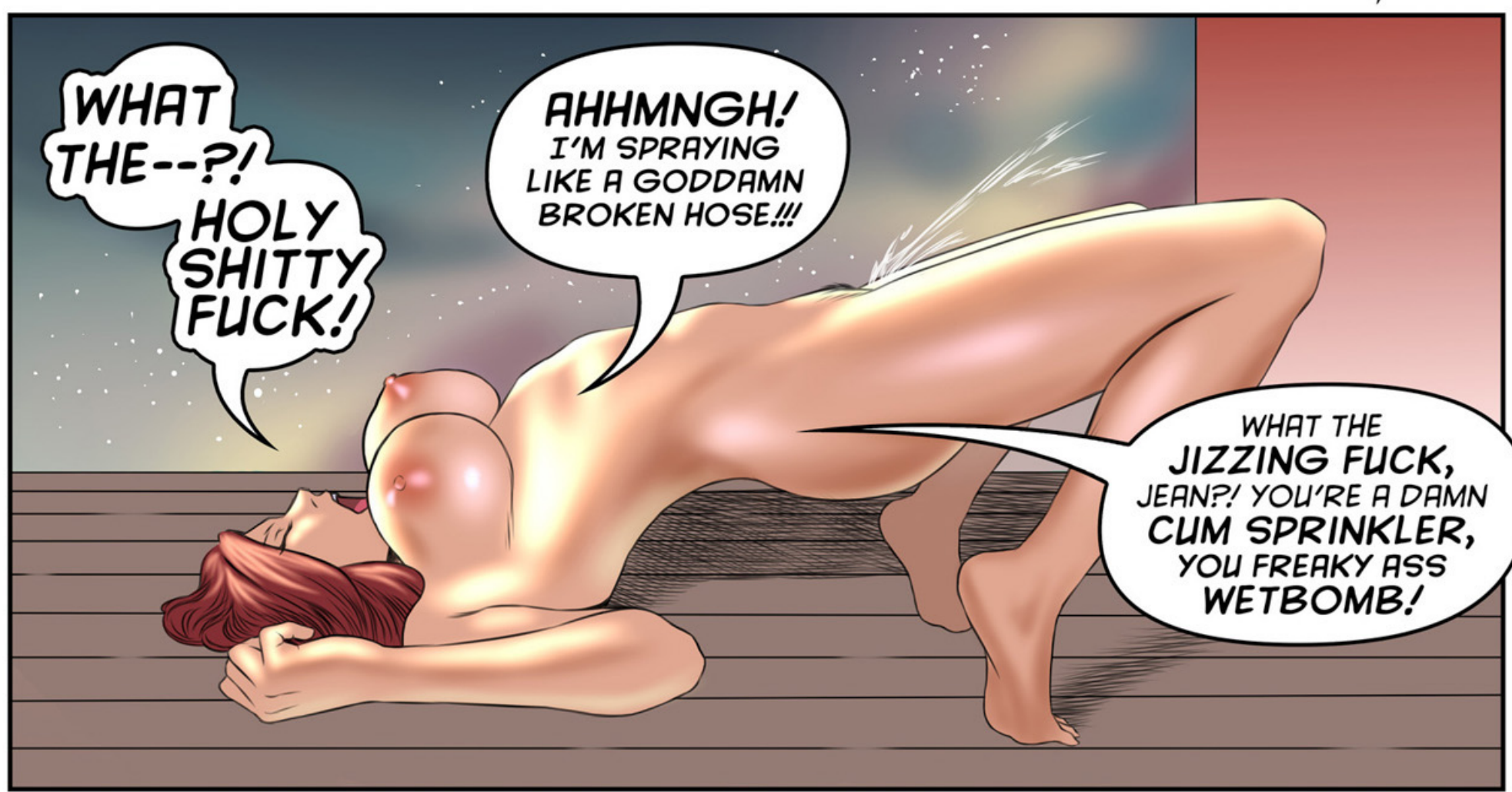
Let's see if  
it's real science or  
just bullshit *feminist*  
propaganda...

Okay, okay...  
Slow now! This place  
is *booby-trapped* with  
pleasure sensors.

Wait, hang on...  
This little *rough*  
*patch*. That's  
gotta be it.

I'll just  
give it one  
little...

=>boop?<=



WHAT  
THE--?!  
HOLY  
SHITTY  
FUCK!

AHHMNGH!  
I'M SPRAYING  
LIKE A GODDAMN  
BROKEN HOSE!!!

WHAT THE  
JIZZING FUCK,  
JEAN?! YOU'RE A DAMN  
CUM SPRINKLER,  
YOU FREAKY ASS  
WETBOMB!



Took me a minute to scrub  
all that squirt off the deck...  
and that's with telekinesis!

If I'm doing  
this, I'm doing  
it *right*. Gotta  
honor the  
brand.

Guess I may as  
well enjoy every second  
I get to spend in this  
absolute *banger*  
of a chassis.

Damn... even  
your back looks  
better with *my swag*  
on it. Not to mention  
that certified *Pixar-*  
*mom ass*.

Now, I'll give  
you *this*, Jeannie...  
you taste pretty  
great in *vanilla*.

But you really do  
need some *Omega*  
*flavor* to complete  
the look, y'know?





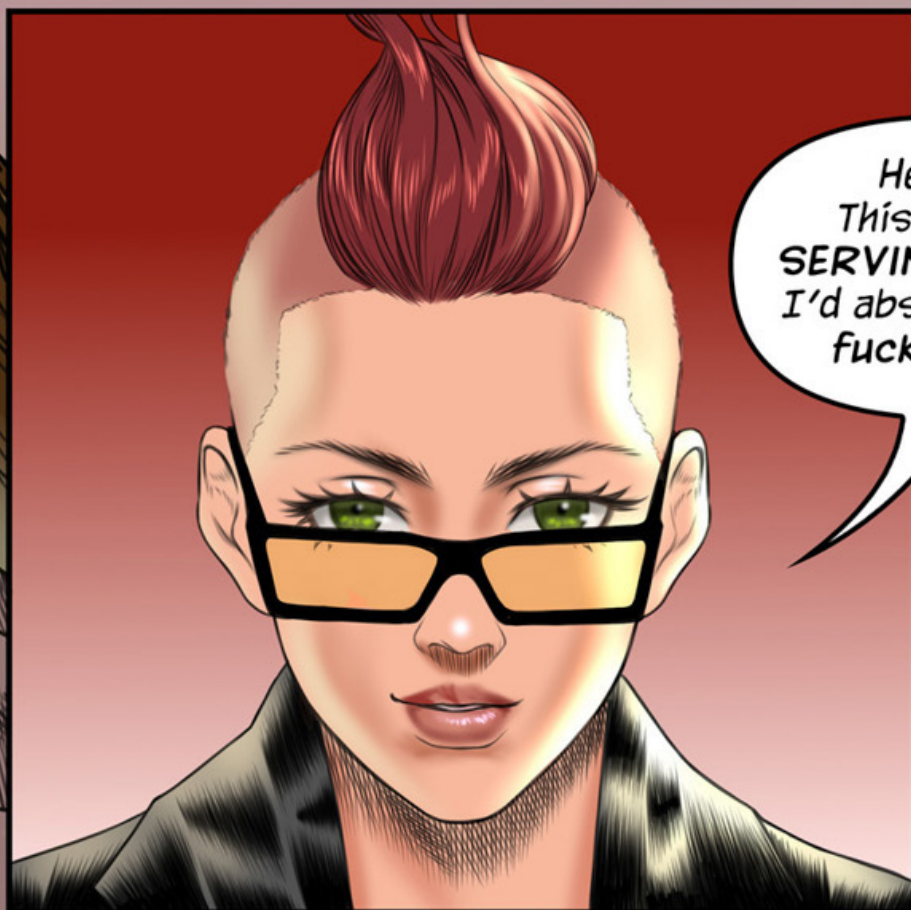
Jesus fuck!  
Even with clothes  
on, her honkers are  
*loud as hell.*

Better buff  
the fit with some  
*layering*, or these  
tits'll *steal all*  
the *aggro.*

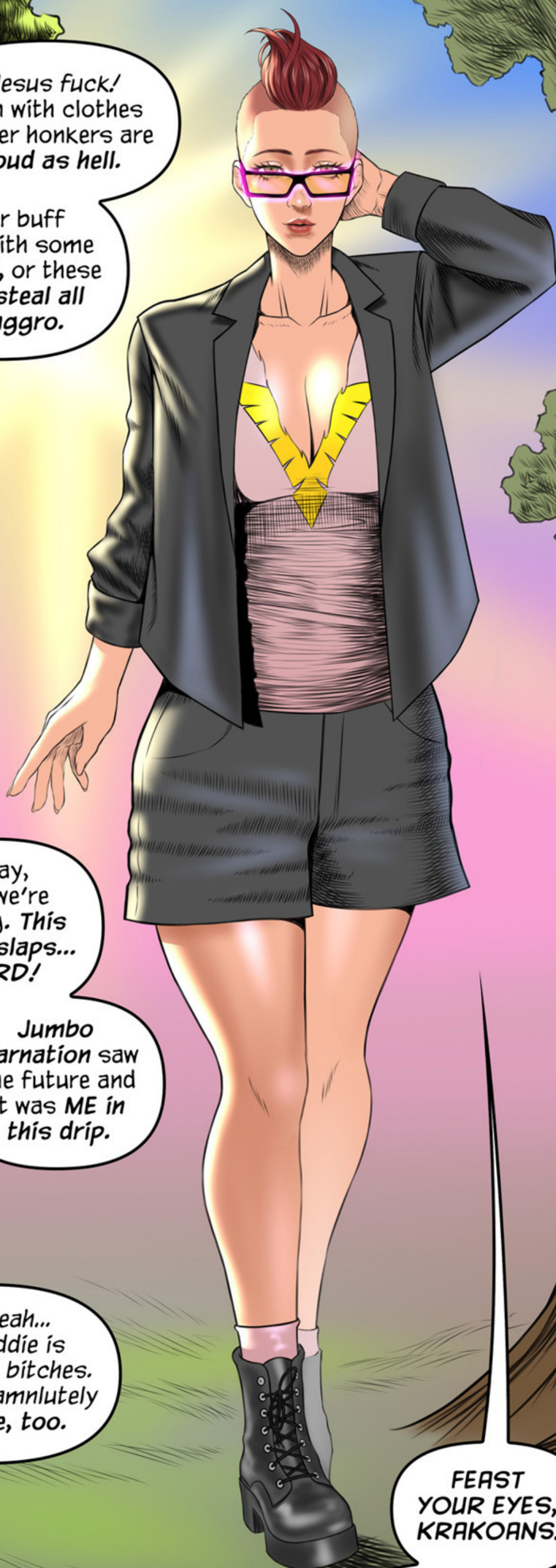


Okay,  
now we're  
talking. *This*  
outfit *slaps...*  
*HARD!*

*Jumbo*  
*Carnation* saw  
the future and  
it was *ME* in  
this *drip.*



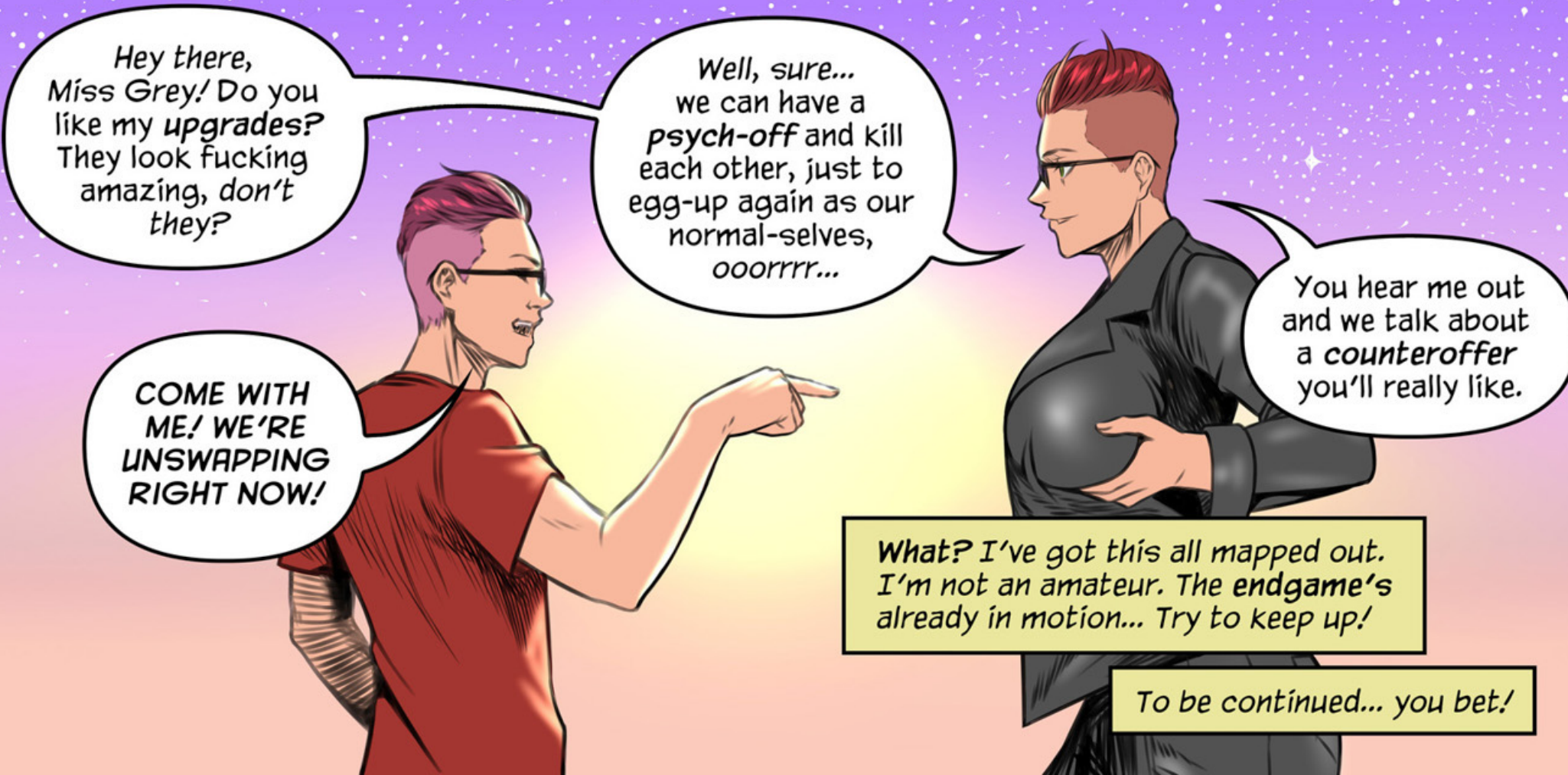
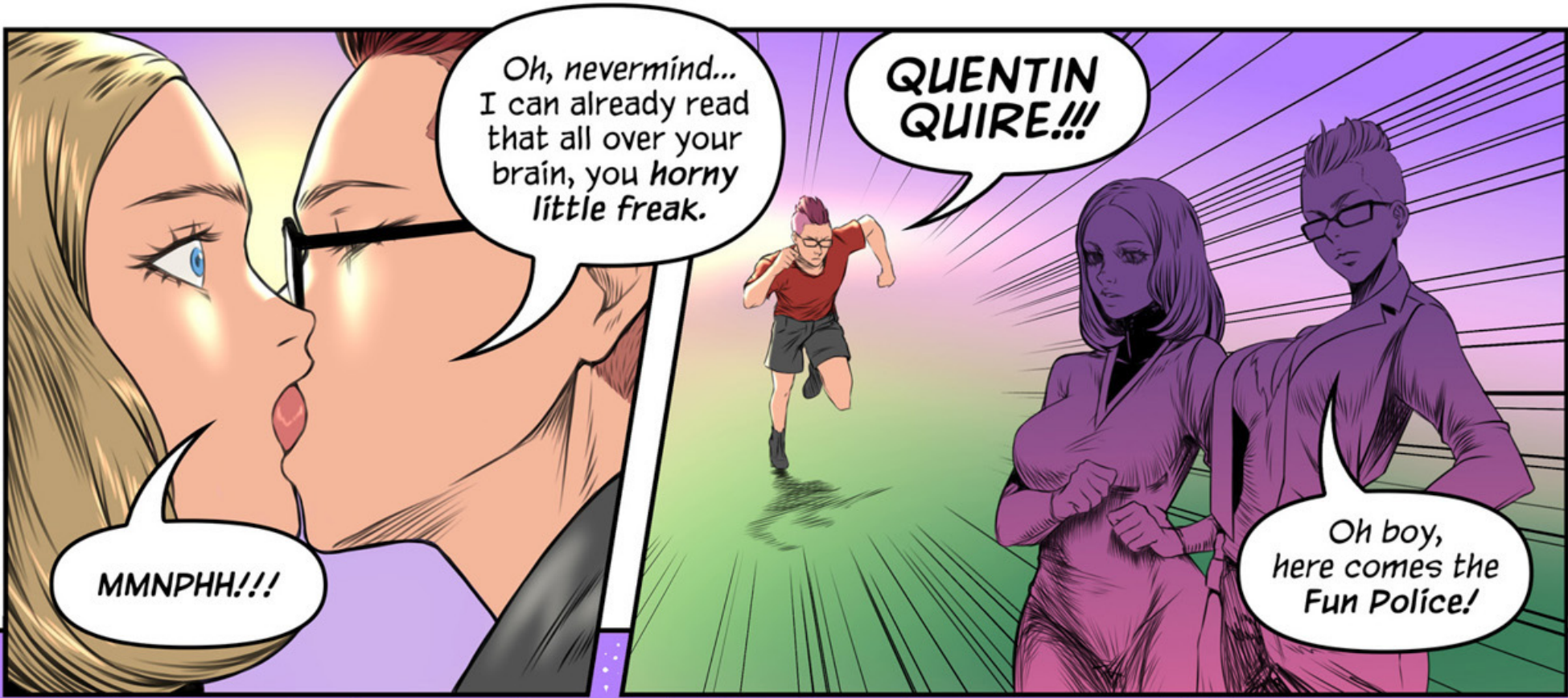
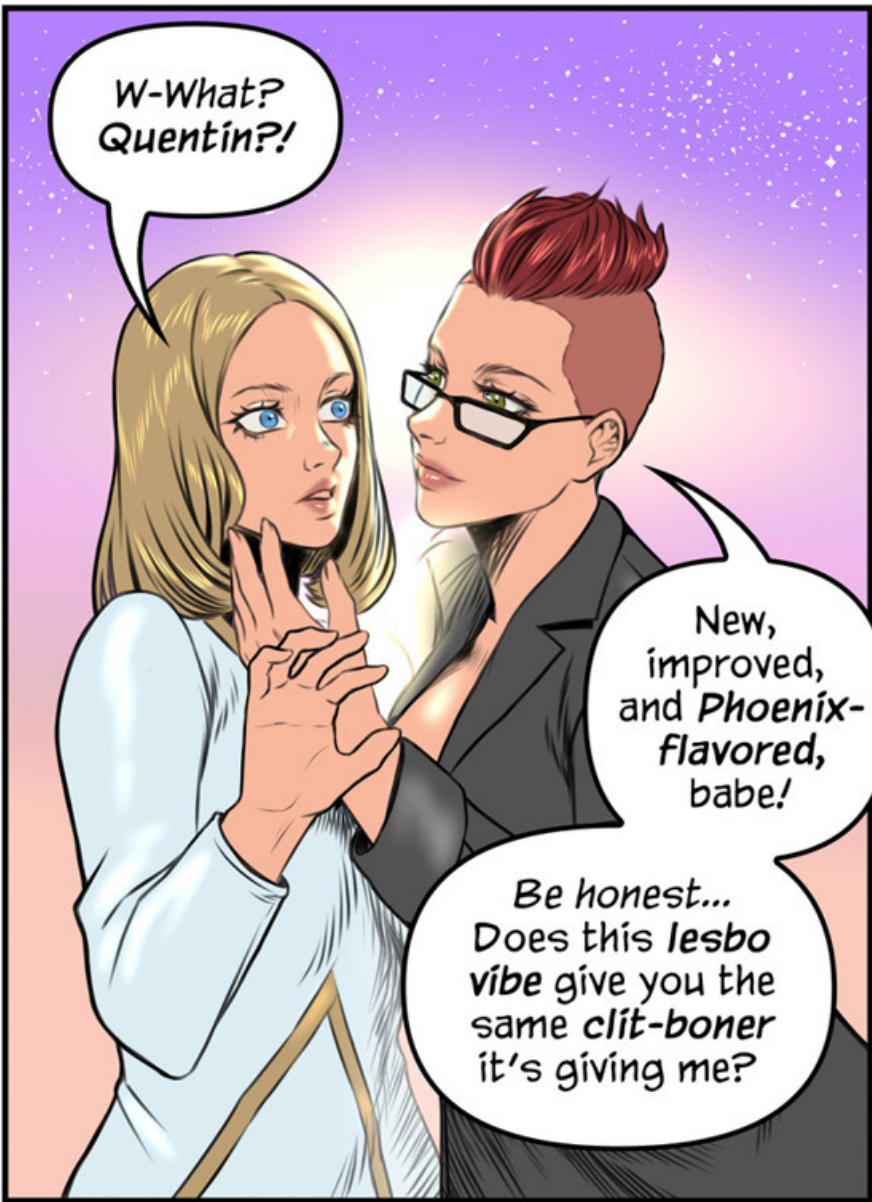
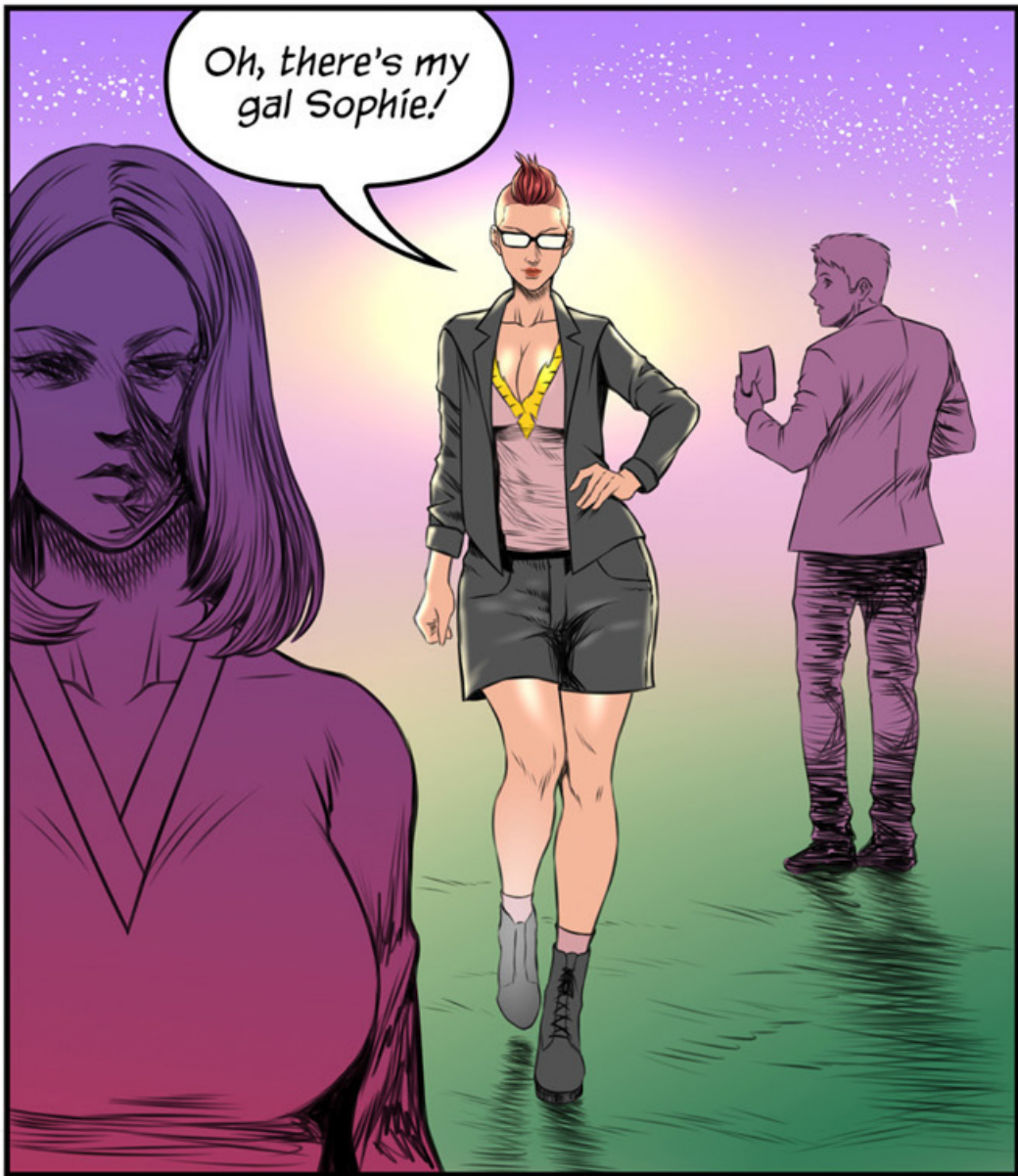
Hell yeah...  
This baddie is  
*SERVING*, bitches.  
I'd *absodamnltely*  
fuck me, too.



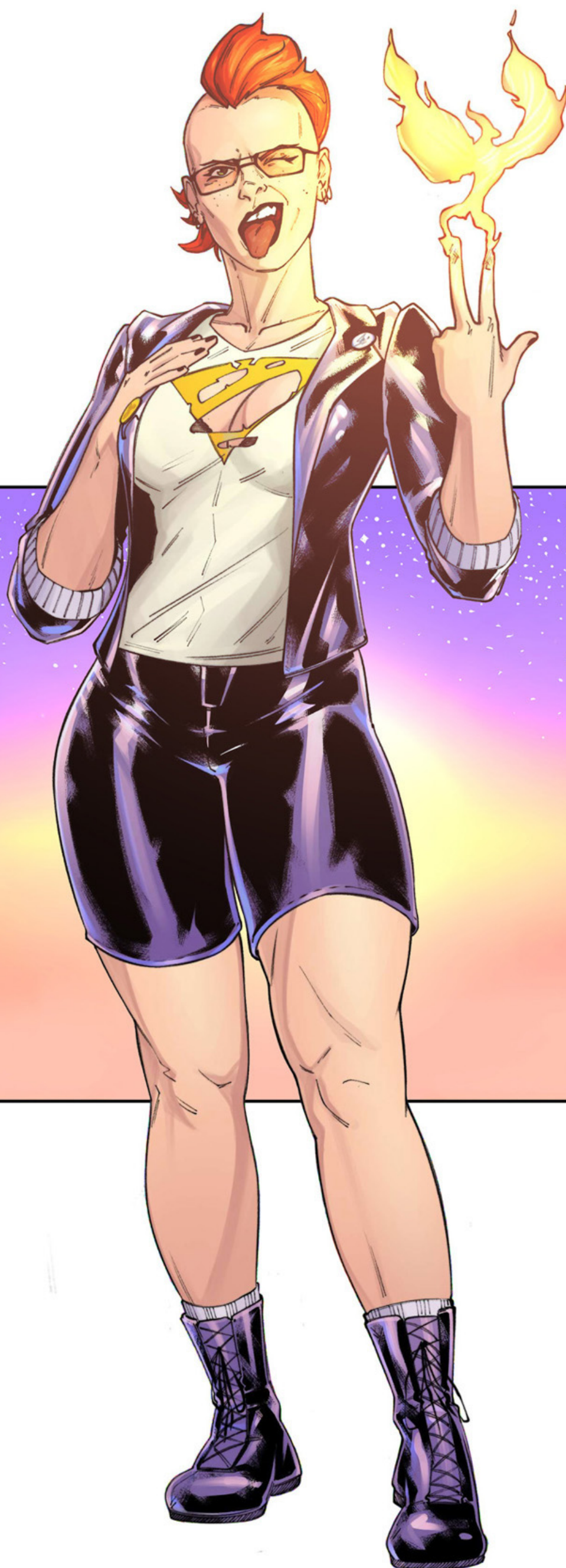
*FEAST*  
*YOUR EYES,*  
*KRAKOANS!*

Look upon the  
*Omega Phoenix*  
and despair... you  
just know you'll  
*NEVER* be  
this hot.









art by @acezdib



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