

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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*I'm new here so bear with me. I got interested in this site because of a story I wrote on another site involving a particular super-heroine and a strong male dog. This is going to be a different version, but similar themes. I hope people like it. And there will be no mention of the younger Fantastic Four members.*

*I do not own any of the characters, this is a parody. All characters are owned by Marvel.*

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### **Issue 1: A villain unlike any other!**

"You'll never stop me," Bentley Whitman, the Wingless Wizard cackled as he attempted to focus his machine at the cosmic storm that was whizzing by Earth. He had wanted to harness the same cosmic force that gave the Fantastic Four their powers. His plan would have worked, had it not been for Reed Richards detecting fluctuations in the trajectory of this cosmic storm. These specific cosmic rays were more than rare, as this would only be the second time since that fateful day when Reed took his wife, her brother, and his best friend up into a rocket-ship and through the cosmic maelstrom.

Reed stretched past the Wizard's last henchmen to grapple his arm around the Wizard. They were on a rooftop in New York City, fighting the Wizard's minions to stall his latest plot. "Sue, create of forcefield in the sky to deflect the beam," he called to his wife, Susan Richards.

The beauty known as Susan Storm-Richards, aka the Invisible Woman nodded to her husband. She didn't need to raise a hand to project her fields, but she always did, as if signifying she was going to use her power. An unseen platform cut off the energy beam pulling in the cosmic rays. The rays deflected off into the woods of Central Park in Manhattan. "DONE!" She shouted, twisting and sending a roundhouse kick to an untrained foe. These henchmen were little match for the Fantastic Four.

Johnny Storm, Sue's brother, was in the air sending a reign of fire onto the large machine, which looked like a proverbial 50's science fiction death-ray. The heat was causing the machine to brighten.

"NO!" The Wizard cried out, trying to free himself from the ever stretching arms that encircled him. "You won't stop me!"

Ben Grimm, the final member of the Fantastic Four, known as the Thing smashed through ten useless henchmen and raised his fist in the air. "It's clobbering time," he muttered, not having used the phrase in a long while. With a swift hit he smashed the heat machine and sent metal pieces flying in each direction.

The fight was over, and the Fantastic Four had defeated the lowly Wizard. But as the authorities, called on by the superhero team, hauled him away, he gave a warning, "You may have defeated me today, but you have not won." Ben Grimm just laughed even as Whitman swore, "YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS!"

Reed took little note, as he made sure that nothing was affected by the cosmic rays that came down from the sky. "Is everything all right," Susan asked her husband, touching his arm. Mr. Fantastic nodded, explaining that only a small section of the woods in central park was hit, and it didn't appear that anything abnormal resulted from the cosmic bombardment. And so, the Fantastic Four

began the trip back to the Baxter Building.

For some reason, as Sue sat in the front of the Fantasticar, she thought about the Wizard's words. "YOU WILL PAY!" Echoed in her head and made her shiver, but she wasn't sure why. So many villains had tested them, and said similar things, she just shrugged it off thinking of what to cook the boys for dinner.

Little did they know how right the Wizard's words would be.

The great and brilliant Mr. Fantastic had not calculated one thing, that there may be a life-form in that particular area that was inundated with powerful cosmic elements. During the battle, a dog, a large male stray was licking his fur, casually thinking about what only a mutt would, eating, sleeping and breeding. It was a day like any other, until a heat scorched the small area where he sat in Central Park. He felt a sensation he had never experienced, and his fur and skin burned. To an unknowing dog, he did what any would and ran off into the woods yelping and afraid. He had moved just in time to avoid the scanners that covered the area, sent by Reed to examine the cosmic after effects.

The mutt reached a small lake, with swans, whom he would normally chase, and jumped in, soothing his aching body. As he emerged he shook his shaggy fur. It was only a matter of minutes, but something had changed. He felt stronger than before. His senses were even more advanced than most dogs, it seemed. He picked up every blade of grass in his nostrils. His eyes could spot an insect in a tree hundreds of yards away. His brain remained the same, a typical dog's, unable to comprehend what had happened. He began to trot through the woods, feeling his stomach rumble. Unbeknownst to him, or anyone around he was moving at lighting fast speeds. The cosmic rays had worked their magic, and enhanced every part of his being. Just as the Fantastic Four had been granted powers by a cosmic storm, so to had this dog. There was so much he could do, and he did not know it yet.

He moved so fast he was almost unseen. He found himself jetting out of the park and into a familiar alley. It was the back of an Italian restaurant where he dined on the trash. Normally, the workers or the cook would come out and shoo him away. Not today, he moved so fast, that he had his meal, and more. Then he was out like a light into another alley. The mutt, smelled something moving down the street. The familiar scent of a female hound. It was a small brown collie being walked on a leash by an old woman.

The dog stopped in its tracks. It smelled the sweet pungent odor of the smaller female's sex. The collie stopped almost immediately, its own nostrils filling with the scent of a mighty alpha male, a stronger scent of male than this young collie had ever known. It turned to take in the large grey furred stray mutt.

The woman noted her dog's reaction, and pulled the leash, seeing a large hound, almost all muscle, with its head low. "Come on, we don't have time for playing with that brute." Yet, her dog didn't take to instructions, and every instinct in the female told it to present itself for the male. Her ass reared into the air, and the stray mutt was on her in a flash attempting to hump into her. The woman screeched and pulled her dog away and down the street as the cosmic powered mutt growled low. It was angry that it had not gotten to breed with the female, but something inside the mutt told him that she was not worthy of his mating now. He needed a prime female for his bitch. He was the alpha, so he needed a top quality female for a bitch. His search began.

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## **Issue 2: A Super-mutt finds a Super-bitch.**

Susan Richards put on her headphones and began to run through the park. The blonde bombshell had a tight body, with a firm ass and large breasts that attracted almost all men, superhero and villain alike. She kept in shape, not so much for the attention paid to her, but to remain fit. She was a superheroine on one of the world's premiere teams. Many men had fallen for this beauty, especially ones like Namor, but she had remained faithful and true to Reed Richards, her husband. Despite the fact that Reed paid more attention to his work and his laboratory than he did to her. Still, she loved him. She had wanted sex this morning, but Reed was already down in one of the lab's preparing for the next invasion of some alien horde, or some villains attack. A run would have to do this morning.

As the young woman ran down her favorite path, she hummed to herself and tried to pick up the pace. She liked this particular path because it cut into the deeper parts of the wooded area in Central Park. There were few people to watch her and follow. The paparazzi rarely left Susan Richards alone. She was not only a heroine, but a celebrity. Here, running down these paths she had a chance to be all by herself. It was a quite peace that she enjoyed.

But not today. Today she was not alone. As the now cosmic powered dog licked his chops from his latest meal, he had begun to lie down, in anticipation for his hourly nap. However, his head shot up when his nose filled with an unfamiliar, yet hypnotic and entrancing scent. It so shook him to the core that he could not ignore the strange aroma. It was masked by an odd scent. The kind of scent that the "two-legged" dogs wore for some reason the mutt could not fathom in its brain. He referred to humans as "two-legged" dogs, as he had once been owned by a family, before running free. He did not like to be caged or walked or fed. He wanted to run, hunt, and breed on his own. He wanted a pack, but he would not let another "two-legged" dog order him around. And he would not be part of their packs. This is how he saw families, as packs of dogs. He understood that other dogs believed the "two-legged" ones to be the master breed, but he seethed at the idea.

He crept through the bushes to find the source of the scent. It grew stronger as he approached an open path. He remained hidden, his large yellowish eyes scanning. The scent was driving him mad with lust he could not hide or ignore, it caused his large phallus to creep from its sheath slowly. Then, he saw her, the most beautiful female he had ever laid eyes upon. Oddly enough she was a "two-leg". He had barely noticed the females of this breed, but this one was different. Behind the perfume and the sweat and the smell of her clothes was an unmistakable scent....that of a bitch I heat. His new heighten senses gave him the ability to gauge that this young female had not been bred today, yesterday, or for about a week for that matter. He watched her and followed her through the bushes, pulled by instinct. He could pick up the scent of her mate on her, but this "mate" was of a lesser stock, a weaker male. The scent made him sick and almost angry that a female of this pedigree was not being mated by an alpha male. He had not noticed but his humongous prick was growing out of its sheath, and hitting branches as he silently chased the female.

At one point, the blonde two-legged female stopped and bent down, tying the strange ropes around the weird covers the two-leggeds used over their paws. Her tight round ass jutted out and up, almost sending the dog tumbling forward with intense desire. An unseen wave of scents came from her sex through her tight spandex and wafted to the dog's blaring nostrils. He couldn't take enough of her sex into his nose, he wanted more. This bitch's heat was almost alive it was so strong. He sensed a need in her, a sexuality calling to him. And there was more, something about this female linked him to her, they shared something he couldn't explain. He could almost sense the cosmic potential in this female, the same cosmically enhanced powers that ran through his veins. It drew him to her that much more. Like it was meant to be. That's when he finally realized what he wanted from this two-legged female. His cock was fully exposed dripping with pre-cum. He had to have her, she had to be

his. She was the finest of bitches and she would be his and his alone. He would wait no longer.

Susan Storm-Richards was bending down to tie her shoe. She pulled off her headphones as she bent down, and secured them around her neck, not realizing the display she was giving to the villainous cosmic powered hound that was mere feet from her small frame. She heard a low growl, the sound sending shivers down her spine. She didn't know what the growl was, but deep in a primitive part of her, she understood that it was a male. Though her mind didn't register this fact.

She turned to see a huge grey mutt, a mix of several breeds, with its head low and teeth bared. Fear filled her body, as she seemed to forget her immense powers. Something about this male, scared her to her bones. Again she didn't know how she knew it was male, she couldn't see its sex, but she just KNEW. Getting her wits about her, Sue held up her hand. "Nice doggy," she called, regaining confidence. "Pretty lady is NOT on the menu," she referred to herself. She shook her head as it advanced still. "I don't want to hurt you." But the dog refused to heed her warning. It approached slowly, and low to the ground. "Fine, have it your way," she said, and she created a large invisible barrier just in front of the mutt. Her heart sank in fear when the dog walked right through the forcefield. She tried again to put a barrier between her and the dog, but it continued its slow movement towards her.

"HOLY SHIT!" Sue shouted, rarely ever swearing, but feeling that this was an appropriate time. The dog was closing the gap between them, and its large teeth seemed to shine in the sunlight. She was getting truly afraid, more so than she could remember, even when fighting strong villains with superpowers. She formed an invisible bat in the air and swatted at the dog, not wanting to hurt it still, just stun it. It was as if the dog was completely impervious to her defensive attacks. Quite simply, her powers were useless against this large muscular canine. She finally did something she hadn't done in years. She screamed. "HELP!" She cried out, hoping someone would hear. She took a small step back, and found her hands hitting a tree. Her back pressed against the tree as the large hound was mere inches from her body. She trembled all over. "NICE DOGGIE!" She repeated. "Go away. Please go away." She was sure this animal was going to attack her....HER...THE Invisible Woman, the supposed most powerful member of the Fantastic Four. He's going to kill me, she thought, closing her eyes, and attempting to all but push herself backwards up the tree and away from this evil stray dog. Just when she thought it would be the end for her, and she expected teeth to sink into her flesh, she felt the hot sensation of his breath on her crotch. She looked down and watched in horror as the canine pushed its snout into her womanhood, covered only by black spandex. Her mouth hung open in disbelief as the animal pushed its nose further into her groin, sending shivers down her legs and around her ass. It seemed to be taking in the smell of her crotch, she reasoned, still unable to believe what was occurring. The dog remained in his position for what seemed like an eternity. Then someone shouted, "HELLO!"

Sue came out of her scared haze and shouted, "I'M OVER HERE!" She waved her hands in the air, the dog stepped back barking. It caused her to push back against the tree. But a group of men came running into the path, and shouted. "GET AWAY FROM HER!" The dog knew it could take these males, but it didn't want to start a commotion. It didn't want to get injured or for that matter, some injury come to its new bitch. This dog knew it had time, so it ran off.

Sue thanked the men, who grabbed her arms, and she nodded that she was ok. When one looked at her funny, and asked if she was the Invisible Woman, she shook her head and began to put on her headphones. "Again, thank you," she said, not wanting to cause a commotion if they recognized her completely. She ran off, her head swirling with what had happened. Had they come a minute earlier and seen what the villainous mutt was doing, what would they have thought. As she ran to the Baxter Building, she thought about telling Reed of the "adventure". What would he say? What would he do? Her powers didn't affect this dog. And it was clear the mutt had not wanted to eat her. Had

he...did he want....the idea made Sue cringe, and she decided not to tell Reed. It was disgusting, and she hoped she would simply never have to see the dog again. She just wouldn't go back to that path or that part of the park. She sighed, feeling better, and began to go about her day, trying to forget the incident. It was over. For good.

But it wasn't. The dog had caught a whiff of her. It would not forget that smell. Even now, it scanned the streets of the city with its powerful nose, searching for its bitch.

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### **Issue 3: Once a bitch, always a bitch!**

Susan Storm-Richards took in a deep breath of the New York City air. It wasn't the most pleasant or clean of ambience, but it sure beat the Negative Zone atmosphere. The team had just returned from another trip into that most vile of places. This time, they had battled a strange race of beings on a primitive backwoods world. Reed had detected anomalies in the vicinity of the strange alien planet. Apparently, a race of sentient, albeit less advanced beings, were being attacked by an insectoid fleet. They were similar to Annihilus's drone army, the Wave, as they had once been called. Yet, Reed didn't believe that their origin was Annihilus's homeworld. They seemed a completely separate, warlike species. Still, the Fantastic Four would never turn its back on people in need, alien or otherwise. The trip had been a short one, but the effects of the world on the minds of the team were noticeable. The team began to revert to a more primitive state, Sue remembered seeing Johnny's prominent brow-ridge, and a similar one on Reed. She cringed, glad she had not seen her own reflection. Luckily, Ben Grimm remained mostly unaffected, due to his rocky exterior. He was able to finish Reed's machine that cloaked the planet and its people from the Insectoids. In time, after returning to earth, the effects of the Zone and the alien planet began to wear off. Reed warned of residual side-effects, but nothing too worrisome.

Still, the Invisible Woman was glad to be back home, even if that was the hustle and bustle of crowded New York City. Today, she wore a tight blue sundress, which had a skirt that came down to her ankles. Her blue strap heels clicked as she walked with a smile, towards her lunch date with one of her dearest friends, Janet Van Dyne, otherwise known to the world as the Wasp. Sue adjusted her brown wig, and pulled her large sunglasses down on her nose, thinking it funny that the Invisible Woman had to be in disguise to avoid being recognized on every corner. She walked across the street as the traffic light turned red, blending in with the rest of the New Yorkers. Save for the fact that she was still a stunning young woman, with an ample chest, long legs, and a firm ass. She enjoyed the eyes of men, and they sure did look. Her smile widened when she saw Janet sitting in the small outdoor café at the edge of Central Park.

Even in her disguise, her friend instantly recognized the young heroine. Janet had on a pants suit, as this was her lunch-break. Even as one of the Avengers, she still needed to maintain a job. Janet was a clothing designer, and to be fairly honest, she loved the job. Maybe more so than being a heroine trying to save the world day in and day out. There was a quiet dignity in her work. She pulled out a chair for Susan who came in to hug and kiss her cheek. The girls sat and sipped coffee catching up on the latest "crisis", the dumbest villains, and even some celebrity gossip, that Sue got to be a part of now and again.

Sue found herself simply basking in the sun. She felt its heat on her face, warming her. She took in a deep breath, and expected to smell the fresh summer grass, but instead her nose filled with an oddly familiar scent. It was strong, and for some reason, it made the Invisible Woman shake nervously. She didn't know why, but she instantly recognized the odor to be that of a male, one that she knew. She couldn't put her finger on how, or who, but she remembered the scent. And it scared her.

"OH MY," Janet said putting her tea-cup down. "WHAT A BIG DOG!" That's when Susan saw the mutt, the one from several weeks ago. She had tried to block the entire incident out of her mind, but the memories came crashing back. The large grey beast, which somehow seemed even larger than before, slowly sauntered from across the park towards the café. It's eyes locked on Susan. They seemed to burn through to her very soul. She pushed her chair back, and instinctively went invisible. She had not tried this in the past, and at that moment chastised herself for being so stupid. She was the Invisible Woman, for Christ sakes. Janet was looking off into another direction, still talking of her newest clothing designs, but Sue couldn't make out what she was saying, she was too scared. Unfortunately, the dog didn't stop moving in her direction, in fact, it never stopped its cold stare. It sensed her, even when she was invisible. How, thought Sue. What was this animal?

The dog had not lost sight of its bitch for any of the many weeks since it last actually laid eyes on her. Even when he hadn't physically seen her, he could sense her, smell her very essence. It had stalked the strange building she retired to each day and night. Taking in every nuance of the building and the weak mate that lived there with her. It knew that it needed to bide its time, to wait for the right opportunity to take his bitch. But as the days grew into weeks, the mutt's nutsac began to hurt and strain with growing amounts of seed. It could wait no longer. Now it had locked in on her, almost alone, except for a skinny stinky bitch who was not a prime piece of ass, like his yellow haired two-legged bitch. He could care less for the presence of this other female.

"Ooooooh, I think he likes us," Janet Van Dyne cooed with laughter, as the large beast came within arms length of her. This was not uncommon, as there were dozens of dog's around. Janet didn't really take notice of any other canines, or any ill intentions of this animal. She put her hand on its head slowly, to pet it.

"I wouldn't touch that dog," Sue stated, still invisible.

"Why not," the Wasp turned to her friend, and finally saw, or didn't see her. "What...what are you doing Sue," she looked around, "you're gonna make a scene. Cut it out, it's just a stray." She reached down to pet the dog's chin. Janet went back to talking about the designs as she rubbed the matted fur of the mutt.

With clenched teeth, Sue came back into view. She looked around to see if anyone took note, but it didn't appear that she had been "outed". She looked around to see several other dogs, some of them, seemed fearful, while others couldn't be contained. They all seemed focused on the large mutt sitting with Janet. There were several dogs bowing there heads in submission, some peeing on the floor in fear. Others, probably females, were lifting their asses and waving them in the large stray's direction. Many owners were trying to control their confusing pets. Sue noted something else, several human women were taking looks at the dog. A lot of eyes roamed over his muscular body. This made Sue wonder what was happening even more. For now, the large grey mutt was content to just sit getting attention from Janet who chatted on and on about things Sue wasn't paying attention to. "So what do you think Sue?" Janet asked.

"Uh..." Sue came out of her haze at the question. "Uh...I don't know...I" She was about to say something when the mutt finally made its move, and came over to Sue. It looked up at her and licked its lips. Sue pushed back in her chair.

"HAHAHA!" Janet laughed heartedly. "I think he likes you better!" Janet broke off some of her croissant and dropped it under the table. A large table mate came down to the girls feet. "Maybe he's hungry," she looked around. "Just hope they don't see me feeding him here." Janet reopened her conversation, again bringing up details of designs. The dog disappeared under the table. Only its hind legs and tail could be seen. The material of the tablecloth draped around his sides, making it



impossible to see his front.

Sue was freaking out, but didn't want Janet to know. She wanted desperately to leave, but also didn't want to make a scene again, and risk having to explain her history with this hound. Her eyes shot up, when she felt the dog's long tongue lick her toes covered only by small straps. The long appendage of the mutt licked up her ankle. This was more of a tickling sensation than anything for Sue. Maybe he was just an average dog, with some strange abilities. Maybe he didn't have ulterior motives. This made Sue calm just for a moment. This was until she felt the large tongue lick her knee, and wash along her inner thigh. Sue closed and crossed her legs. She heard a low but strong growl. Her head shot up to catch Janet eyeing her over.

"Whatever you are doing, I don't think he likes it," Janet waved her hand. "Be nice to the pooch. He probably hasn't eaten in days." She again went back to her story. The details all but lost to Susan Richards, who had a large mutt trying to push its snout between her thighs. "Yeah, but what does it want to eat," Susan thought with a sinking feeling in her stomach. She wanted to fight this dog off, but remembered what happened last time. She wanted to scream to run, but the dog was so close to her inner thigh. He seemed to sense her urge to fight and take flight. With a quick nip, he sunk his teeth into her thigh slightly. Not breaking skin, but showing her that he knew where he could hurt her. What if he bit down and sank his teeth into her femoral artery, she finally realized. He could kill her. The dog pushed its head further again, and this time Sue let up her resistance. For some reason, she couldn't understand, she felt this dog would easily overpower her. That it was strong and dominant, and that she better not make too much commotion. She pushed her chair up, and opened her legs ever so slightly. The invading tongue, which was all muscle, lapped out, and hit her left upper thigh, rubbing against her pink panties. The sensation was like an electric shock throughout Sue's entire frame. The next tongue lap rolled right over her panty covered crotch. Sue's eyes shot wide open. "HOLY SHIT!" Sue cried out feeling the invading tongue rub right over her most sensitive area.

Janet sipped her tea, and had a confused look on her face. "What's wrong Sue?" She stared at the blank gaze of her friend, who seemed to have a thousand yard stare at a point far in the distance. Janet turned her head to find out what Sue was looking at.

The Invisible Woman desperately tried to keep her composure as a strange canine tongue washed over her panty covered pussy. The lapping was increasing in intensity and speed, left and right, and back and forth. Sue felt dirty and disgusting, but was able to come up with a distraction. With a flushed red face she wiped her brow. "I was just thinking that we haven't taken a vacation in a long time." She was about to put her hand down to push the dog's head away, but stopped herself, remembering its warning. "Just me you, Hank and Reed."

Janet laughed, shaking her head. "Yeah, like Reed would take the time away from the lab, or Hank for that matter." She sat back in her chair. "You'd have to drag them out with a leash." Janet laughed, making a casual reference to their shaggy new friend. If only she knew what that "friend" was doing right then and there.

The mighty cosmic powered dog was getting the meal of a lifetime. His bitch had understood he meant business, and would not be denied. At that moment, he was lapping away at his new bitch's crotch. It was covered in some stupid thing the two-leggeds wore to conceal their treasures. But the dog was still getting a great taste of his new bitch, even through the covering. She had the sweetest taste, and he instantly knew that this honeypot was rarely being used if at all. That weak mate of hers was not worthy of this taste. The dog licked and lapped at her womanhood, pushing his snout against the strange fabric. Her thighs closed around his furry head, suffocating him allowing him only the scent, the air, and the taste wafting from her sex. His tongue went at lightning speed, until



he felt her legs tighten like a vice, and her hips pushed forward onto his nose, a large rush of delicious fluid coming through the thin fabric. He lapped it up like it was his last meal. He wouldn't have cared if it was.

Sue's mouth went slack. It hung open, and her eyes rolled back slightly. She tried to contain herself, tried to fight the intrusion against her pussy. This was a fucking dog after all, so disgusting and depraved. But a woman who has gone untouched by her lover as long as Sue had could not win such a fight. It seemed like hours that this beast licked and lapped at her, but it had been but a minute. She had actually had an orgasm, and had cum right into this dog's face. She felt so ashamed, so dirty, even if now one could see, and no one knew. She wanted to cry. She was glad she had on glasses as her eyes welled up. It hadn't just been any orgasm. It had been like an explosion covering her body, from her groin and shooting out to her toes and up to her head. She quite literally had never experienced anything like that in her life. And it made her more embarrassed than ever.

Her mind came back down to earth when Janet's phone rang. She watched her friend pick up the phone. "Ok Cap. I'll be right there." Janet dropped a twenty, and kissed Sue's cheek. "Sorry, I gotta run, Avengers need to Assemble. Ughhh." She slapped the dogs but. "Maybe you can take him home, the Fantastimutt or something." She waved and in an instant, she was gone, leaving Sue alone with the canine.

The dog's head surfaced from under the table. It was licking wetness from its lips, Sue seethed, almost seeing a large smile on the dog's face. It began to walk away from the table. Sue just sat there, unable to move. She thought that it had sated its lust, had its fill, and was leaving. She thought wrong. The masculine dog turned its large head and bared its teeth at Sue. Does it want me to actually follow it, thought Sue. Never! The large canine flew back to beneath the table. Sue hadn't even seen it as it moved so fast. Again, it was on her thigh, pinching the spot above her artery. Oh my god, this beast has superpowers, a terrified Sue finally realized. And none of her own powers affected it in any way. The canine came out from under the table and strode a few feet baring its teeth once again. "Ok. Ok!" Sue rushed to grab money from her purse and put it on the table, walking off slowly behind the dog.

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#### **Issue 4: You gotta teach a bitch to be a good bitch!**

Susan Storm-Richards, the Invisible Woman was once again captured by a villain. It was like the old damsel in distress days. She had thought she had left these moments behind in the past. But here she was following this villainous dog through the park. This was no ordinary experience, however, as something deep inside her, something primitive told her that this dog was dominant. That this mutt, this hound was in control and there was little, at least in her mind, that she could do to stop it. The animal continued to lead her further away from the street into the deeper parts of the park. Each time Sue fell back, it growled and bared its teeth, so she tried to keep pace as best she could. At one point, she found herself catching up to the dog, and it growled even louder than before. It would not let her lead or even be at his side. She had to be behind him. To follow. This was so strange to Susan, as she watched several people walking their dogs. Almost all of them were walking in front. Not Sue. This dog was walking HER.

As Sue followed, learning that trying to go first meant possible death, she spotted two small yorkies in the park. Their owners were talking as one of the small dogs jumped on the back of the other and began to hump. The owners merely laughed and pulled the dogs apart. The scene caused Sue to stop in her tracks and contemplate her ultimate fate. The mutt allowed this momentary hesitation. Hell, it wouldn't hurt this bitch to learn how to present herself when the time came.

Soon, the strange pair was moving again, this time into a wooded area. No more people on phones, or running, or walking the dog. It was just Susan and the large alpha male dog now. A clearing opened, letting a little sunlight in between the trees. Sue watched as the dog stopped and turned, baring its teeth. She had no idea what it wanted now. Her fear was higher than she could remember. In a flash of blurry fur and teeth, the dog shot at her, hitting her stomach, and sending her reeling back. She hit the ground with a thud. The dog was only inches from her feet, and she tried to scramble back on the ground, pushing her dress down to her ankles. "PLEASE NO! PLEASE!" Her cries falling on deaf ears. Or at least ears that couldn't understand, or could care less even if her did understand. This villainous mutt had his bitch, and he wanted her like he had never wanted anything before. This was his bitch, and his bitch alone, and he was going to mount and mate her until she understood that fact.

The large canine moved slowly now, its front paws on the sides of Susan's calves. She had her hands up and in a defensive motion. It was all she could do now, she was powerless against this mighty beast. As it moved up close her hands found its head, and she tried to push it away. The dog growled deeply and glared its massive teeth at her face. It didn't stop its advance and his snout was almost touching her own nose. She still pleaded with this animal to stop, trying to reason with beast. She felt something touch her ankle, something wet, and she looked down. Her eyes took in the massive organ that had grown out of its sheath. It must be eleven inches long and several inches thick. It was red and angry and pulsating, and situated between the dogs back legs. "OH MY GOD IS THAT ITS....ITS....." But there was no mistaking what that massive member was. Her eyes could barely take it all in. "What are you going to do, you can't.....you can't....." the very idea horrified her. She had tried to block it all out before, but now there it was staring back at her angry and red. The dog moved up until his cock was above her crotch. She wanted to scream, but everything inside her told her not to. She could never explain what all this was to anyone. She would never let anyone know.

Just then, Susan was saved by the proverbial bell. A large buzzing came from the communicator on her wrist. She clicked it quickly, before the dog could respond. It was Reed at the Baxter Building. The message was urgent, she needed to head home to help the team meet with the Avengers about a threat from the Moleman in the middle of the city. The dog growled and looked down at her, its large eyes peering into her own. Susan pulled confidence from deep inside her and sighed deeply. She lifted her hands and put them on the dog's face, never breaking eye contact. "Listen," she said sternly. "I have to go, my team needs me, this city needs me." The dog didn't move. She finally did it, and pushed the dog off her to the side. It rolled over and barked with ferociousness as it rolled back to its feet. Sue realized she was still in great danger, and could never outrun this animal.

She ran through different scenarios in her head, and they all lead to her being bitten or worse. She shrugged her shoulders, hoping that one thing, the one and only thing she could do, would work. She looked at the dog as it approached and nodded. "If you let me go, I'll let you mount me another time....I..... I promise." She gulped at the disgusting words. Even pretending to submit to this animal made her cringe. The canine was, well, a dog, and couldn't understand one word, so it continued to stalk towards her. "GOD DAMN IT YOU STUPID DOG!" She found herself reaching down and grabbing the humongous phallus between its legs squeezing it softly. "IF YOU LET ME GO YOU CAN PUT THIS....." She turned until she was on all fours her ass swinging in the air right in front of the hound. All but bent over in front of the mutt. "....HERE!" she continued smacking her ass with the other hand. She let go of the dog's red rod waiting for a response. He was taken aback by the grip on his member, and the display of her ass. But somewhere he sensed what she meant. She was going to give herself to him. He just needed to wait.

Running through the woods, Sue found herself finally alone. She had avoided the horrors that mighty canine had planned for her. But for how long, and would she really live up to her promise. Even though she was freed of his physical presence, she could not shake his scent. It seemed to

follow her even as she fought along side the Fantastic Four and the Avengers and defeated the Moleman. She smelled it everywhere she went for days. He was close, always. The scent grew stronger and stronger. Not of mutt, but of male, the scent of strong male. She often had to shake her head to get it out of her nose. She became distant and distracted. So when another world, this one in a distant galaxy begged for Reed and the Fantastic Four's assistance, she remained at home. She truly needed a vacation, or so the team thought. Her brother told her to take it easy, and Ben Grimm agreed. She kissed Reed goodbye and waved as the rocket took her team far away for several days. , and walked back into an empty Baxter Building.

Sue Richards sat down with a glass of wine, and began to flip through the channels. She wore a loose track suit, and slippers, trying to get comfortable. As she looked through the guide to find something to watch, her heart stopped when the "info" for a show on the Animal Planet channel was titled "mating habits of dogs". Something dark, and deep down sprung to life in her. She was embarrassed when she felt herself moisten slightly at just seeing the title. With shame and embarrassment Sue turned on the show. She found herself mumbling something she never thought she'd say. "Guess I'd better learn."

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### **Issue 5: Finding a bitch is easy, locking a bitch down is harder.**

The prim and proper Invisible Woman found herself watching the Animal Planet special on dog breeds and certain mating habits of canines. She drank her first glass of wine faster than she realized, and poured herself another full glass. She was disgusted with herself, being so suggestive to that terrible mutt who had pushed his way between her legs. The object of many men's desires, from heroes to villains to normal citizens, had actually implied she would give herself to the dastardly beast. In her mind, she knew this wasn't true. Yet, here she was, almost an hour into a program about successfully breeding female dogs. To her shame, she found it rather fascinating, watching how a female in heat would raise its hips and push its tail to the side awaiting a male canine. Though the program was mostly scientific, Susan found it to be rather obscene and pornographic. The actions of dogs mating wasn't "making love" as humans did. It was more primitive, primeval and downright animalistic.

She found herself flush in the face, after seeing a vet actually putting on a glove to help a male dog achieve its erection prior to a breeding attempt with a female. It made Susan cringe, remembering how the dog had forced it's way upon her. This is just gross, she finally thought, standing up, not noticing the small wet spot beneath where she sat. She walked to the large bathroom and sat to pee. When she came back to the living room, she was surprised she had already drank another glass of wine. She poured a small one. Just a little bit more, she told herself. Soon, she was watching an episode of the "Dog Whisperer", still sipping her wine. Every now and again, she'd get up to urinate, rationalizing that she was just peeing because of the alcohol.

Outside, and separated by dozens of floors of the Baxter Building, the mighty alpha dog sat watching the concrete building. The scent was unmistakable to the dog. Each time the Invisible Woman went the bathroom, a waft of intoxicating scent filled his nose. Her pheromone status was changing unmistakably...his bitch was going into heat. He just needed a way in. Something inside his animal brain told him that the very building itself presented danger. It was a sixth sense that all animals possessed, even humans, though they were less attuned to it. Like when animals sensed earthquakes, tidal waves, and hurricanes. No, he had to protect himself. Otherwise he wouldn't get to his bitch.

His senses were right. The Baxter Building was one of the most heavily guarded buildings in the

world thanks to Reed Richards. While few actual humans patrolled as security (mainly in the tourist levels and gift shops and restaurants that lined the bottom floors), there was a defense grid in place with the most advanced technology on the planet. Any anomaly, such as the unknown DNA of this mutt, would set off alarms which would assess the level of the threat. Certain people had access to certain levels, and only the Fantastic Four themselves, and close friends and family had access to ALL levels. Even some parts of the Baxter Building, only Mr. Fantastic himself could access such as his more private and dangerous labs, where he conducted vital research.

The opportunity presented itself finally several days later. The dog remained close to the building. Never keeping its nose or its eyes off the area. It's urge to breed with its bitch was more powerful than any other instinct. On this day, the large alpha canine smelled the morning air and felt his bitch's presence. She entered a strange cart, that the two-leggeds often used for transportation. He thought of following her, but his senses picked something else up in the brisk dawn breeze. He let Susan go, not realizing she was merely entering a limousine to attend a speaking engagement at charity event. His nose picked up the scent of the lesser bitch from days ago. It stung his nose unpleasantly, as his nostrils had become accustomed to the higher pedigree of Susan.

Janet Van Dyne walked to the front desk of the Baxter Building where she was greeted by ROBERTA, the automated robotic receptionist that was part of the buildings mainframe. "Hey Roberta," she smiled widely and waved to the familiar robotic female face. Reed had made Roberta feminine and pleasant to look at, though it was clearly a robot, with metallic hair and skin. "I'm here to pick up the dress prototypes I left with Susan the other day."

"Very well, Ms. Van Dyne, and will your...uh...dog be accompanying you?" Roberta pointed to the large stray mutt behind Janet.

With a gasp Jan turned to see the grey hound from the other day that had wandered up to her and Susan while they had coffee in the park. "Wow," she reached down to scratch the dog's head. "Someone followed Susan home, huh!" It was strange, Janet hadn't even noticed it when she entered. She had no idea, that it moved with lightning speed behind her as she entered the building. She shrugged, "Sure he can come up, maybe we can talk Sue into adopting this big guy. You can protect little ol Sue, can't you boy." She rubbed his ears. The dog hated being treated in this manner, it was more like those house dogs, and not befitting of an alpha such as himself, but he had to play the part, for now.

"Ok, but I must inform you that Mrs. Richards is out at a speaking engagement." Roberta looked at a console in front of her, even though it was just for show, as most of her programming was tapped into the mainframe. Again, Reed wanted someone that guests and tourists could relate to in a human way. So she was designed to act in such a manner. "It appears as if this canine has a significant thr....." But before she could continue to say the words "threat level", Janet cut her off.

"ALPHA TAU ZETA!" Janet huffed, annoyed. Susan had taught her dear friend some of the override protocols. "He's just a dog Roberta." She rolled her eyes. "I'll just grab the dresses and Sue's comments, and leave a note that our little friend here stopped by too." She added. Roberta nodded, and accepted the mutts DNA signature in the system. From now on, it would be considered a "non-threat" entity free to roam any area that did not require further security clearance. This included the Fantastic Four's living quarters. A moment later, Janet was riding the elevator to the upper penthouse floors, the dog sitting watching the blinking lights of the numbers intently. "Such a loyal little mutt," Jan scratched his ear, "Not a terribly good looking dog are you?" She joked. She was taken aback when the mutt snapped back at her attempt to pet it this time. "Ok mister grouchy. I thought you were a good boy."

Janet moved to exit the elevator first when they reached their destination. However, the mutt growled, and Jan stepped back, wondering if she had made the right decision about this mutt. He was off in a flash, running around the living room of the Fantastic Four. "Someone's happy to be here," she laughed, as she watched the dog's tail wag. She found the dresses and began to write a small note.

The dog had plans of his own. He was sniffing the air with renewed vigor, taking in the pheromone signature of his bitch. He was drawn by an overwhelming intoxicating odor to an area in back of the kitchen, where large gadgets were everywhere. The dog had no idea it was in the room with the washer and dryer. It stuck its nose in a pile of garments where the scent of his bitch almost floored his senses. He picked up the scent of her womanhood on a small pink cloth, stronger than anywhere in the house. It was so strong, it caused his cock to poke out of its sheath, and pre-cum began to dribble onto the floor next to the basket of Sue's clothes.

Janet called for the mutt, "Hey....uh....dog....it's time to go." She had no idea what the name of this beast was. It had no tags after all. She watched it trot out of the back room with Sue's panties hanging from its mouth. "HAHAHAHA!" Janet all but fell over from laughter. "I...uh....think you want to get another toy," she reached to grab the panties, but the dog snarled loudly and stared her in the eye. His gaze made Janet freeze with fear. He was NOT giving his new toy up. "Ok...I guess you win. Besides, what is one pair of panties for one of the richest women in New York." She watched the mutt and swore he was happier than any pet she had ever seen, as the pink panties dangled from his jaw. "I'll tell you what, most men would kill to just see Susan Richards panties, let alone get them in their mouth. You're one lucky mutt." She had another hearty laugh to herself. Lord knows what he's gonna do with them, she thought and shooed the angry mutt back towards the elevator.

When they reached the bottom floor, the Wasp stopped at Roberta's desk. "Oh," she recalled, "I forgot to leave a note, tell Sue me and her new best buddy here stopped by." She pointed down to where she thought the canine would be, but the dog was pouncing off with the panties secured in its jaw. "Men," Janet laughed, "all they want is to get in a girl's panties." She waited for a laugh that did not come from the robot.

Hours later, as Susan Richards returned home, she went through her mail, and began to clean up the house a little. A message from Reed on the interstellar communicator told her they were going to be gone for at least two months. It was not uncommon, but Sue still hated being sidelined, and away from her husband for so long. She decided if she was going to be on this extended leave from the team, she would enjoy every moment. She decided to "go dark" as she called it. That meant she would shut down the top floors from the mainframe. No alarms, no cameras, no sensors, no warnings, no daily interruptions from staff, Fantastic Foundation charity workers, other superhero teams, or even Roberta. She was going to basically go back to the dark ages by Fantastic Four standards. Unless an imminent and unavoidable threat (i.e. the end of the world or an alien invasion) came up, she would be on her own upstairs. She would have to set the coffee maker herself, do the laundry herself, set the alarm clock. All the things that normal people did. It was going to be a staycation as was trendy to call it.

She just needed to clean up a bit. Mostly because of Johnny and Ben. Her husband was a perfectionist, always neat and tidy. On the other side of the coin were Ben and her brother, leaving clothes and food everywhere. Secretly, she wanted to get the odor of that large stray dog out of her nose. It was everywhere, and she figured the scent of a clean house would either kill the smell, or mask it.

It was time to get started. First, she could put a load of laundry in the washer. She walked to the back room, and found it strangely relaxing to do such menial tasks. Just being a normal woman,

doing normal household activities without every kind of helper robot one could think of was cathartic.

As she leaned down to pick up the basket of dirty clothes she had collected from Johnny's room, Ben's room, and quite honestly her own dirty room, she noted a strange white and bubbly substance on the floor. She reached down with one finger to scoop it onto her finger. She pulled the strange gloop, which began to run between her index finger and her middle finger, and sniffed it. The odor was pungent. What was it, she thought. Putting aside any notions of caution she would normally have, and any rational thought that it might be something poisonous, she stuck out her tongue and lightly licked the gooey slime. She lapped at her lips as she took the strange droplets into her mouth. It was an oddly familiar taste, salty and warm. Not detergent, she surmised. She shrugged to herself and wiped all the remained gelatinous globs onto her hands, since she didn't have a cloth. She shoved the clothes into the washed and set the machine manually for the first time in ages. Then she went to the kitchen and washed her hands. Time to clean the house.

Susan Storm-Richards put on a light pink skirt, and white top which hugged her lovely curves. She slipped on some flip-flops and put her blonde hair back in a single ponytail. She went to her panty drawer, and then stopped. No one is here, she told herself, and closed the drawer with a naughty smile. She'd clean the living room first. There was still some light outside, and she wanted to get everything done in time to have a nice dinner to herself, and maybe a glass of wine. She wouldn't have to cook much, as Ben and Johnny were away. The very idea of a nice meal alone excited her. She grabbed the remote and clicked on the television. She found nothing she wanted to watch in the background while she cleaned, so she opened up her list of shows she had recorded. There were dozens of "Dog Whisperer" episodes, "Pitbull and Parolees" episodes, "It's Me or the Dog" episodes, and the like. Right now she was big into episodes of "Dogs 101". She clicked on the episode about poodles. She didn't like poodles, as they were weak little things, but there were other breeds in each episode, and she was intrigued to see which other ones would be featured.

She got out a rag and some cleaning solution, then went to pour herself a glass of wine. Why not, it was vacation time after all. As the episode began, Sue took a sip from her glass of wine, and set it on the table, then she got on her hands and knees and began to scrub the floor under the table. She would have to get under the chairs, tables and couch herself. She could use a mop for the larger areas, but she wanted a thorough clean. She was truly happy to be alone for once. This was going to be fun, she reasoned. Her nose cringed when she picked up the scent of that mutt, even stronger under the table. Where was it all coming from? She scrubbed harder to get rid of the stench.

The musk of the dog was not coming from the air around her. In fact, it was coming from the mutt himself. He was in the living room. He had snuck in with the last group of tourists before the end of the day. And with his lightning speed, he went right past the strange metallic female with the strange metal scent at the front desk. He raced up the stairs. It would have been a task to climb all the stairs for any normal animal, but his cosmic powers allowed him to traverse the multitude of floors in seconds. And now, because the system did not register him as a threat, he was all but undetected. He had been waiting, and hiding until she returned. When Susan had made sure to "go dark" on the upper floors, she had unknowingly trapped herself in the upper floors with this beast. If she wanted to call for help, she'd have to reach a console manually.

Now the dog approached its bitch from the shadows of the hallway where it had been hiding, moving each time she did to ensure he wasn't seen. He had watched her for the past hour. He had watched his beautiful bitch even change. Now she was on all fours, swaying her ass in the air. Her womanhood was uncovered by any fabric. It was hypnotizing to his eyes and to his enhanced canine nose. His bitch was presenting herself to him, even if she didn't know it. He could smell the heat from her sex, and the pheromones told him she was ready to be bred. She was living up to her

promise. His instinct ran into overdrive and took over.

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### **Issue 6: Susan Richards is becoming SUCH a bitch!**

Susan Storm-Richards, known to the world as the Invisible Woman, was anything but at that moment. She had not seen the dog, and had only smelled it's strong musky odor. The woman believed it was all mostly in her head, brought about by stress from her encounter with the animal. Her attempt to relax by doing household chores was working wonders. She bent down even lower, to reach under the couch. Her ass lifting high into the air, her crotch exposed to her stalker, inviting him to enter.

He closed the gap between them slowly, as if stalking a rabbit in the woods. His tongue hung to the side, drool forming at his mouth. His cock was extended now, uncontrollably it grew out of its sheath to its mighty length, dragging on the wood floor, dripping pre-cum at the sight of his bitch's display. He expected a fight, but he would be the winner, of that he had no doubt. After he properly made her his bitch, he'd probably kill the other members of the household, especially that weak mate. In his mind, they stood no competition to him. He would easily kill them, unless they accepted his status as the alpha of this den, which he would claim as his home with his bitch. He was close enough to take in the smell of her open sex. The sensation in his nose was like a drug, and despite his want to remain hidden until the last moment, he was a dog after all, and his low hanging tongue rolled over her pussylips.

Susan's head shot up at the intrusion between her legs. She let out a grunt at the wave of heat between her raised ass. Luckily, she hit her forehead on the soft couch bottom. She felt the presence of something large behind her. Her nose told her who the attacker was even before she saw him. The scent of his maleness filled her nostrils. The small blonde turned and shook her head, "No please. No! How did you get in here. The security.....," but she realized her own mistake. The floor was cut off from the mainframe. She made the decision to fight, and put her hands down to push herself up, however, the large hulking mass of the dog was on her back in an instant. He was heavy, much heavier than she expected, and his paws landed on her middle back, pushing her back down. At least the front part of her body. Her ass still raised towards the attacker. "Please you can't." She pleaded, she positioned her elbow to deliver a strike backwards, but stopped when large teeth appeared out of the corner of her eyes. The dog growled lowly and in an intimidating manner, as if to tell her to stop her resistance. The distance between his jaw and her defenseless neck caused fear in Susan. He would bite her in the jugular, if she fought, she surmised. Ideas at her ultimate fate began to run through her head, but only momentarily, as she was brought back to reality by a large poking mass at her lower thighs. She turned her head slightly to see the biggest reddest cock she had ever laid eyes upon attempting to find its way into her cunt. For weeks, she had not wanted to admit what this creature truly wanted, but here and now it was obvious. This dog intended to mate with her.

The large alpha canine began humping instinctively trying to find his bitch's lovehole. Even for a cosmic powered animal, he was still driven mad with instinct and lust. Finally, he felt his large red tip hit a warm wet entrance. He pushed forward, not caring for any pain the bitch felt. He wanted to mate, and NOW. The lick from his tongue had offered a moderate level of moisture, aided by the fact she had not been wearing panties for almost an hour now. Her own excitement at being naughty damned her. He pushed forward again, feeling more inches sink inside his bitch's pussy.

Susan's eyes widened at the feeling of the invading cock. This mutt had entered her so easily, with little obstruction. She bit her lip feeling the pain of the dog's cock as it went inside inch by inch. How could this have happened she thought. For years, she had held off the advances of Namor,



Doom, T'Challa, Kang, Kings, Emperors, and numerous suitors both villain and hero. Here she was being just...well...TAKEN by this flea ridden hound. As the dog shoved more of its cock inside her, the pain became unbearable. Reed's powers allowed him to stretch ANYTHING, but he always remained gentle with her, never over extending in an effort to avoid Susan feeling pain during sex. This dog, on the other hand, was not so sympathetic. He was cramming every inch, and there was more than she could handle. It felt like it was three inches around alone filling her inner walls as it explored her most private area. She thought about calling out the override code to alert Roberta and the defense system. Then, her mind created the image that the computer would see. A dog, raping Susan Richards. How could she ever tell anyone? It was so disgusting and wrong. The world would never look at her the same. What would her husband think? She sobbed softly, feeling the dog's breath on her neck as it humped forward.

Finding its mark, the dog began to plunge its cock in and out of the woman. This bitch was tight, but that would change. He found himself buried to his balls, and pulled out, only to slam his entire length inside once more. The mutts front limbs wrapped around her waist, and pulled the bitch back to him. She was fighting less than he thought she would, hopefully realizing that he was the alpha and she was his bitch, so there was really no use in struggling. His pace picked up as he locked the Invisible Woman in place. His cosmic powers began to supplement his animal instincts and he was pounding his meat deep into this bitch at a break neck speed.

The Invisible Woman cried out in horror as the speed of this dog's fucking became like a jackhammer deep in her womanhood. What the fuck was this animal, her mind screeched. She couldn't move under the massive canine. She still wanted to fight, but simply had no angle to attack. What is happening, she sobbed. This dog was mating her like she was his bitch. Why oh why had she watched so much about these animals, and why had it embarrassingly excited her. She thought about what it would be like to be filmed for one of those shows right at that moment, with the host saying something like "even if this bitch didn't want it, she is going to be mated." It was so wrong on so many levels. But her body began to betray her, as the pumping cock filled her completely. She hadn't had sex in weeks, and honestly, even then it wasn't that good (something she would NEVER tell Reed). She felt a welling of intense pressure build in her abdomen, and she shook her head trying to fight the sensation, but as the dog pistoned in and out of her he literally pushed her mind to the edge of reason. "AAAAAGGGGGH!!" Her arms gave out as an explosive orgasm rocked her from her core. It was so intense and explosive that she curled her toes, and clenched her fists. She was disgusted with herself, for cumming during this attack.

The dog sensed the flow of juices around his cock, lubricating his phallus and allowing hi easier access. When his bitch fell forward, he plunged his cock faster and faster, never letting up. It was soon time for him to enjoy this coupling. He felt the base of his cock begin to grow slowly as he continued his thrusting.

The heroine's breathing began to return to normal, and she put down her elbows to alleviate the weight on her back. She felt something growing now, at the base of this animal's dick. It increased in size until what seemed like a baseball was pressing against her folds trying to gain access. From her "studies" Sue knew what was happening. He's going to knot me, she realized. "NO!" She cried out, "BAD DOG!" It was all she could think to say. "It won't fit...it won't." She pleaded. She felt her walls stretch as the dog's thrusting continued at an even greater pace. The large ball at the base of his cock, just like the dog himself, would not be denied, and it stretched its way inside Susan's pussy. Her lips enclosed around the bulbous knot, locking the dog in place. The sensation of the large knot was too much for her body to ignore, it pulled and pushed on her inner walls, even though it barely moved. Susan's head went down, and her mouth hung open, as an even stronger orgasm crushed her senses. "UNNNNNGGGGH!" She uttered, the noise echoing in the empty room. The dog grunted, and Susan felt a torrent of hot sperm flood her womb. The dog's tip was all but right there

inside her womb, and his seed splashed deep in her filling her fully. Only a few droplets began to ooze out from around the knot, dribbling down Sue's legs. She wanted this dog's sperm out of her, but he was locked in. She sobbed and cried, realizing she had cum again. She was so disgusted with herself, and sick to her stomach. The idea of the dog's sperm swimming inside her made her want to puke. She hoped that he would pull out soon, but after several minutes she realized the knot wasn't simply going to deflate. It was there to ensure that the animal's sperm would remain far up inside it's mate.

The dog had sated its lust....for now. He pulled himself off his bitch, and turned, his cock still buried deep inside the bitch. It would be some time before he deflated, but he didn't care for how she felt right now. He was hungry. So with his brute strength, he began to drag the bitch across the floor by his dick.

Susan clambered to get a hold of something as she was being pulled by her pussy after the foul beast. The large knot was still securely inside her, and it was creating intense pressure around her inner walls as the mutt walked away. It caused her body to betray her a third time, and Susan lost her grip on the rug as another unwanted climax took hold of her frame. This one was powerful enough to make her see stars, and she found herself blacking out into a blissful darkness. She wanted to be anywhere but where she actually was. Unfortunately, Sue's body was still having the fight of its life. As she drifted off into the blackness, her womb was filled with cosmically infused sperm, quite literally billions of them. The dog had built up a lot of seed in the previous weeks, and his powers only increased the sperms ability. Now, billions of cosmically enhanced canine sperm, were looking for a single cosmically enhanced defenseless little egg.

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### **Issue 7: You can take the bitch outta the house, but you can't take the BITCH outta the girl!**

Sue awoke from her dreamless slumber about fifteen minutes later. She found herself lying on the tiled floor if the bathroom. Her dreary eyes trying to focus on dark mass. When she finally came to, she saw the dog lapping at the water in the toilet bowl. It made her cringe. She felt the pain between her legs and looked down to see her stretched cunt, a flood of dog cum leaking out onto the floor in a puddle. It made her gag instantly. She seethed at the dog and wanted to hit him, to hurt him in some way for what he had done to her. But as she gazed upon the mutt drinking water out of the toilet, she sighed. He wasn't Doctor Doom, or even Namor. He was just an animal. Though by Sue's standards, and all of humanity's the dog had raped her, by its own reasoning it had just mated with a female. It wasn't acting with ulterior motives, it was just acting on instinct. It had found a female and done what every fiber of its being instructed it to do. Still it made her angry. Why do it to her, to Susan Storm-Richards, the Invisible Woman, a beacon of womanhood, poise and class. Why debase and degrade HER. She still had thoughts of telling Roberta, and turning on the system, but now, she wondered what the readings of the scenario would entail. Surely the computer would sense her own juices on the dog's cock. Then it would scan her, and be able to tell that the chemical receptors in her brain had released elements found when a woman had an orgasm. She would be shamed and ridiculed, even by Roberta. No, she couldn't tell anyone. She just had to get this dog OUT of her home.

The dog had its fill of water, and began to sniff the areas around the house. It was a strange den, but would make a comfortable home for him and his bitch. He raised a leg and began to pee on the couch, marking his territory. "OH COME ON! WHAT THE FUCK!" Sue shouted, grabbing a pillow and throwing it at the beast. The alpha canine bared its teeth and closed the gap between the two of them. Sue put her hands up and waved him off. "Ok. Ok. Sorry." She was till deathly afraid this dog

would kill her at any moment. A new feeling hit her sore vagina. The girl had to pee. She was in a daze, and thinking of ways to get rid of the stray when she walked towards the bathroom. Maybe it would just leave, she thought, since it had got what it wanted. She lifted the bowl and prepared to sit down. In an instant, the large canine was at her side growling. "WHAT? WHAT NOW YOU ASSHOLE?" She began to sit on the seat, but the dog barked loudly causing her to stand. She looked down at the toilet, remembering he drank out of the bowl. "SO I CAN'T BE IN YOU FUCKING TROUGH! SO SORRY!" She slammed the bowl down, and walked out. It's not even for drinking you stupid fucking animal, Sue clenched her teeth in anger. She was swearing a lot more than usual now. She found the dog clawing at the door. "What you want a walk?" She asked. "What the fuck?" The dog bared its teeth with a low growl, telling her again, that he was in charge. "FINE!" She stormed off to put on some other clothes. The dog cut her off, his growl growing louder. "Like this? What the shit?" A dejected and defeated Sue, walked behind the dog and out to the hall. She pointed to a back entrance with a freight elevator, that would not be connected to the mainframe. She still was NOT going to be seen with this beast. She found herself standing in the back of the elevator as the dog sat and watched the blinking lights of the elevator console. She led the beast, still following BEHIND it somehow, towards the very back alley, where the dumpsters were on the second floor. No one would be monitoring this area because Sue had made it "dark" in case she wanted to slip out. She was the Invisible Woman, she could handle herself if something came up, the notion made her actually laugh a little now.

The alpha dog lifted its leg and peed behind the dumpster. It sat and watched Susan who waited anxiously. "What?" The dog simply watched her. "I'm not going pee here!" She seemed to read its primitive mind. Did it really want her to do as it did a moment ago. The teeth of the animal bared, but it didn't need to make a sound this time, Sue simply shrugged in fear. "FINE!" She walked over to where the dog had peed and lifted her small skirt. "Are you gonna watch?" The dog didn't even move. "Of course you are," she sighed, turning away from its gaze. The proper lady that Sue was would NEVER consider doing something like this, but this beast was INSISTING, and she didn't want to know the punishment for disobeying. And again, the girl needed to pee. She squatted right above where he had relieved himself, and closed her eyes. Remarkably, it didn't take long before jets of pee, mixed with sperm and her own juices dropped onto the floor. Soon, a long stream of pee cascaded down to the ground. The dog reveled in the scent of his bitch mixed with his own. His cock began to spring to life inside it's sheath. The smell was more than he could handle, and he leapt up, pushing the Invisible Woman against the dumpster. His front paws rested on her shoulders, and he began to search again for her now wet and dripping cunt.

"WHAT!" Sue said being brutally shoved forward. "NO STOP! PLEASE DON'T!" Again, no help would come, and the dog would not stop his onslaught. He pushed his cocktip inside her cunt, and re-engaged his magnificent speed of humping. Here she was, THE Invisible Woman, one of the most desired woman in the world, being fucked by a dog against a dumpster. The image or someone seeing them came into her head, and the degrading scene caused her to moisten slightly. The dog was hammering her cunt once more, her walls now accommodating to his massive size. She couldn't stop the feelings that built up inside her. "Oh shit...oh no....not AGAIIAAAAAHHHH!" She gripped the edge of the dumpster as her hips worked on their own instinct and pushed back against the dog. This allowed his growing knot to press against her wide lips. "Please," she begged. "Don't knot me here, wait til we get back upstairs at least." Her words fell on ears that couldn't understand or care for the meaning. In a flash, she was knotted to the dog once more. A new blast of sperm entered her womb, causing another orgasm to make her knees buckle. She waited in that position for several minutes until the knot came free with a "pop".

A tired and exhausted Susan Richards followed the dog back into the elevator. It was leading her now, and she didn't think it wanted to leave. What was she going to do. She had to get rid of this vile

thing. She couldn't outrun it, nor could she beat it in a fight, or at least at this point, she didn't believe she could. It was so strong and domineering, truly an alpha dog. Something inside her told her she couldn't overwhelm this dog with force, she didn't even think Ben Grimm could at this point, though she didn't know why had such foolish notions. It was just a dog.

When they arrived back at the living quarters, Sue wanted to go to sleep. The canine had other ideas, it sauntered to the kitchen and stood with its head pointed towards the counter. Sue saw the small steak she was going to cook. "So now you want me to FEED you to. Just like ALL men." She walked to the counter and threw the meat on the floor. "There, eat. See if I give a shit." The mutt was more than happy to chomp on the meat, though he'd prefer to catch his meals in the wild, he was hungry. Sue's own stomach grumbled, and she nibbled on some fruit and a croissant. After eating, she simply stood there. Now what?

The beast plodded over to the couch, and rolled up in a ball on the rug in the middle of the room. Sue walked by and made her way to her bedroom, contemplating getting a knife or a bat, she was at least going to hide away. Somehow, the animal got in front of her and sat with bared teeth in the doorway. "Ok....so where do I sleep then?" She followed the dog back into the living room, and watched it curl up again, this time watching her intently. She sat down with a sigh, and laid next to the mutt, feeling its breath on her neck. Sue's heart beat with fear, but exhausting got the better of her, and she found the fur of the canine rather warm. She yawned and drifted off into a much needed sleep.

Morning came, and Sue awoke on the floor. She smacked her lips, and yawned loudly. Was last night all a dream? But the warmth of fur, and hot breath told her it was not. She began to slowly crawl away, towards the bathroom. It was time to pee like a REAL woman, and not some dog's bitch. Before she had even moved a few yards, the dog was on her back pushing her head to the ground. It's limbs wrapped around her waist, and pulled her back, this time spearing her right on his cock. The dog humped her with the same fury as the night before, and Sue's eyes crossed as her fourth, or was it fifth orgasm of the past day caused her to scrap her fingernails on the wood floor. Her head went down as she was knotted, feeling the now familiar ball lock her in place to this dog. She had two more shameful orgasms, and lied still while she waited for the knot to cease.

A half hour later, Susan found herself in her dresser attempting to pick out the days outfit. Like with everything now, the dog sat watching, baring its teeth when he disapproved. She was allowed to wear a tight pink top, and matching small skirt, but no panties. Sue put on running shoes. She needed breakfast, and to do some errands, but she couldn't let this mutt come with her. She was also holding in a massive amount of urine. She hadn't been allowed to use the bathroom. A light went off in Sue's head. She had a solution to at least ONE of her problems.

Susan followed the dog to the elevator, and instead of pressing the second floor button to return to the back alley, she pressed the 25th floor. When the doors opened the confused dog simply looked at her, ready to bare its teeth signifying she had made a mistake. Sue pressed some buttons on the console, ensuring privacy, then opened a large door to the right in the hallway. The door opened to a field of grass and trees. It was one of Reed's eco-habitats inside the building. This one was designed to study the environment of forests of the Northeast. It had trees, grass, a small pond, and several small insects, and mammals. Sue was relieved when the dog went about running through the fields. The room was small, about the size of a single bedroom apartment, but it was big enough for this particular function. The dog went about marking the entire area with its scent.

Susan Richards turned to the console to ensure they had privacy. Then she turned off all the recording devices for research. A few days would go unnoticed she hoped. She then walked over to a small tree, and squatted. She huffed, getting up confidence and began to urinate. She was finding

that she was picking up the dog's scent just from his pee. It was powerful, masculine and pungent. The scent of her own pee caused her to take a step back. She could actually smell herself mixed with the dog. It was distinctly feminine. All humans had the ability to tap into more primal instincts, but few did. This animal seemed to be helping her unlock parts of her previously unknown.

The canine watched his bitch pee without prompting. She was learning. Her reward was being pinned up against the tree and mercilessly fucked and knotted. As Susan was fucked literally doggystyle against the tree, she realized that she had sex with this dog in the past 24 hours more than she's had sex with Reed in a year. Then she realized what she had just said to herself. She was having SEX with this mongrel. It cause her to cringe in disgust. He was making her his bitch. And she couldn't stop him.

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### **Issue 8: All Sue does now is "bitch" "bitch" "bitch"!**

The Invisible Woman walked slowly behind the dog back into the living quarters of the Baxter Building. She was desperately trying to figure out a way to get rid of this animal, and hide all indications of its presence in the past few days. The dog just didn't give her a chance. It was always in front of her, or on her, and baring its teeth menacingly. She had no idea that it was trying to teach her how to be a proper bitch. In her mind, this very strong male specimen could kill her at any moment. She would just have to play along, until she could come up with a solution. It knew where she lived, and somehow had gotten past ALL the top security her husband had put in place. She thought of her husband in that moment, and hoped she could rid herself of this canine long before his return.

Susan walked into the living room after the dog, who made a b-line straight for the kitchen. The woman watched, and shook her head. "We don't have any food you idiot, you ate it all last night. I was going to go shopping for food today!" Her eyes remained on the large stray as it moved back towards the front door to the hall, and the elevators. She was surprisingly more in tune with its needs, and that fact didn't register in her mind, all she knew was that this beast wanted food. "Well, can I at least CHANGE, and maybe take a shower?"

Slowly, she stepped on her own towards the bathroom. She was filthy and felt downright rancid from the past days activities. All the heroine wanted was a simple shower. Her footsteps were soft and slow, expecting to be cut off by the alpha dog. She was surprised when there was little commotion at her advances towards the bathroom. Then she noticed a whooshing sensation, and a blur of fur pass her, and the dog appeared by the toilet. That's when she knew, this was no ordinary dog, but how had he received these gifts....or more like curses for Sue. The mighty mutt began to lap at the toilet water. He drinks first, Sue thought. Though she was NOT about to drink from the toilet, even if that is what the dog thought. Distracted by his thirst, he didn't see Susan move to the tub, and turn on the water. The noise caused his ears to perk up and he turned.

"I am just going to clean myself," Sue noticed his attention. "Stay calm, ok," she put water in her hand and rubbed her arm, trying to explain her actions. The dog sat on its haunches and watched with a crooked head. Susan began to lift her small tank top, then stopped, still very much distressed at this animal seeing her naked. Her hand reached for a towel, which she began to wrap around her upper body, but this caused a loud bark and large displayed teeth. "Oh fine!" She chuffed, and dropped the towel. With gritted she whipped off her top, letting her large tits come free, her nipples feeling the colder air. They hardened slightly, and Sue held her right hand and arm against them in shame. The left hand went to her skirt, and pulled it down her legs. She made sure that when she bent, she would not be facing this animal. Her cleanly shaven pussy, with only a small strip above

her folds, was temporarily exposed to the mutt, before her hand covered it. She exhaled with annoyance as the animal's nostrils flared taking in her scent. It remained in place, however, and simply watched with a strange look on its face.

The Invisible Woman reached down and turned on the shower, making sure to cover her behind the best she could with her hand. She then slowly stepped in, never keeping her eyes off the dog who still just watched. Feeling a sense of triumph for the first time, she sighed in relief and began to close the shower curtains. That is when the animal finally moved, lunging forward and putting its paws on the side of the tub, barking loudly. It caused Sue to slip a little in the water below her, and her back hit the wall. "Ok, ok, I'll leave it open....sheesh." She felt exposed to this beast, as the water cascaded down on her. She tried her best to cover her private parts as she poured body soap into her hands. She could still cover her breasts, and since she was turned to the side, there wasn't really TOO much of a show for this vile cur. Susan lathered her legs and her body, using the same soap for her hair. Normally she'd use shampoo, but everything in her told her to get this over with.

The dog remained with its paws on the side of the tub, simply admiring this strange ritual it didn't quite understand. Its nose burned with the fragrant perfume of the soap, as he preferred the normal female smell. These two-leggeds were so strange, he thought. He licked his lips, enjoying watching the hairless two-legged put the smelly substance on her pink skin, first her arms, then her stomach, quickly her two mammaries (two-leggeds only had two for some reason, which to him was foolish and inefficient for rearing offspring). He would have mated her by now, but the raining water frightened even this large creature. His cock tip hit the tub as it extended from its sheath. Then he watched his bitch reach down and apply the substance to her lower legs, bending down ever so slightly. She was only in mating position for mere seconds, but it was enough and instinct took over once again.

Sue realized her folly. She had only let down her guard for a moment, maybe less than a second, but when she bent down to rub soap on her legs, she felt the weight of the animal come crashing down on her. She didn't even see him leap, or position himself. He was that fast. She braced her hands on the wall above the hot and cold shower knobs. Her actions saved her from hitting her head and falling. The dog was trying to pull her closer wrapping its limbs around her. Water poured on them both. The canine humped and humped. By now, it had no trouble finding its mark, but this time, in this position, he couldn't knot the bitch. She felt a bite, a soft one, but a telling one, on her back. "God damn it!" Sue shouted, as she eased herself onto the floor of the tub. It was hard, since she had the added weight of the dog. Her knees touched the tub, and she felt him thrust, his knot entering her with ease now. She gripped the knobs of the shower feeling a hot load enter her womb, her eyes rolled as the warm sensation ignited a climax deep inside her.

The dog remained locked in place, licking at her back, enjoying the taste and the water. Like an amateur pro, Sue knew by now that when she was knotted like this, there wasn't anywhere to go. She simply went about finishing her shower, washing her hair and as much of her body as she could in this position tied to the dog by his knot. When it finally came out with a squishy "plop", Sue reached down to rub all she could out of her cunt, before the dog snarled at her. It was the best wash she could expect right now. She watched all the cum dribble down the drain, knowing that it was only a small portion. The idea of this dog's sperm still inside her made her gag a little. The alpha stray jumped out and shook his coat, sending water everywhere. Sue grabbed the towel, but got a bark in return. "What am I supposed to do?" THIS!" She shouted shaking her head, as her hair thwapped back and forth mimicking the dog's actions. A wet and naked Susan Richards clapped stepped out of the tub, and in her frustration she clapped her hands mockingly "Come on boy," she talked in baby talk, "Time to get dressed all wet."

The animal couldn't care for sarcasm or jokes. It wanted to eat, and the only way to do that was to

go out. It had seen the commotion that came about when two-leggeds didn't wear their coverings, so it scampered to the den where all the silly garments were, waiting for its new bitch. Moments later, Sue was laying out clothes in preparation for trying them on in front of this animal. I'm putting on a fashion show for a flea bag, she laughed at the notion in her head. How had things gone this far so fast.

First, she tried a track suit, and didn't even get to pulling on the pants before barking and teeth. Her attempt to put on jeans was met with the same result. She pulled out a business suit, with a knee length skirt, and presented it before her "judge". Nothing came, but a blank look. "We're getting somewhere," she nodded, pulling the skirt up her still wet legs. The dog turned its head, with a quizzical look. "Well," Sue did a small twirl, showing the full length of the skirt. "RAAAAAAAR" was her answer, followed by a low hung head with large canine canines. "Then what," Sue held out her hands. She went to the back of the closet and pulled out a small purple pleated skirt. She came out, and when she heard no snarl, she slipped it on. The skirt came just below her ass. She did another small twirl, and received no rejecting noises from the mongrel. Then she attempted to put on a bra, the kind she wore to the gym. A louder bark greeted her than ever. When her hand went to the drawer with bras, the dog snapped, and she stopped in her tracks. A small white tank-top, where her nipples could be seen if hardened, was apparently agreeable to this beast.

When she turned to the panty drawer, the dog actually bit her ankle softly, but with intent. She wouldn't be allowed NEAR that drawer t seemed. The dog could smell the sex on those coverings a mile away, and he didn't want them hiding his new lovehole. She then slipped on some sandals, which the cared nothing for. He watched her begin to apply make-up. Then to his confusion, she put on a strange covering on her head, that made her hair brown and short. The stupid bitch finished her two-legged look with large coverings for her eyes. He had no idea that this was a disguise.

Susan did NOT want to be seen with this mutt in public, so she put on one of her wigs, a short brunette bob. Then she put on large sunglasses to help hide her face.

The disguised Sue followed the dog to the elevator. They'd need to go out the back entrance, in order to avoid detection.

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### **Issue 9: Taking the bitch out!**

Sue adjusted her glasses as she walked behind the dog. It's ok, she told herself, it just looks like a woman is out walking her dog. She wanted to run, but know knew how fast this flea-bag was. Could she tell a police officer? Again, the truth was not something that would or could come out. She had to deal with this on her own. She was the Invisible Woman, one of the strongest heroines on the planet. She noted how the dog strutted like he was cock of the walk. Like he owned the world. Arrogant little shit. All they needed to do was to get some food, and then go home, no big deal.

The dog moved fast, and Sue was trying to keep up, to avoid a bite, or something worse. The store she had in mind was only a few blocks down. It was small, secluded, and should have all she needed for a few days. What does HE want though? Could she buy him dog food? She doubted it. She would just get more steaks, and some food for herself. Maybe she could poison the food. Would he know? Probably, dogs could smell a drop in an entire pool. She had learned that. Hopefully her "research" would come in handy.

Her thoughts weighing on her mind, she didn't realize when she almost past the mutt. It had stopped. Strangely, there was no bark. His attention seemed to be focused across the street. She



glanced over to see a small Shih Tzu pulling its owner in the alpha canine's direction. The old lady who held the leash pulled at her toy dog. Sue's mouth hung open, when the small Shih Tzu turned and raised its ass in the alpha's direction, moving its tail to the side. Sue could see now it was female. Her "research" had taught her exactly what that meant. For some reason, this made Sue's face go a slight shade of red, and she found herself growing somewhat angry at the little bitch's display. "You little slut!" Sue said out loud, unable to catch herself.

The old woman muttered, "Excuse me?"

Sue put her hand to mouth and shook her head in embarrassment apologizing, and explaining that she was referring to something unrelated to the two of them. The woman gave her a disapproving "Hmmphhh," and trotted away, pulling the Shih Tzu who tried to claw its way back. Sue looked down to the male dog that had been causing her so much stress and noticed his tip poking from its sheath. It was just the tip of the angry phallus, but it still caused Sue's face to go beat red. "So that's what you like, little sluts," Sue picked her head up and walked past the dog. He was more like human men than she originally thought apparently. As she passed the mutt in anger, she didn't hear a bark. Her senses returned to her. This was her chance, and she took off running. She got about three steps before the mutt whizzed by her and was sitting with bared teeth in her path. "Shit!" She stamped her foot on the ground. With a sigh of defeat, she returned her movements towards the store.

When the odd pair arrived, the dog entered the open door to the shop like it owned the place. "Wait," Sue called, "I don't think you can...."

An elderly man behind the counter yelled at Sue. "Ma'am, you can't have your dog in here." He made a shooin' motion with his hands, as the beast inspected the area with its nose.

"I'm so sorry sir," she pleaded, and reached to grab the dog's fur on its neck. This was a mistake, and it received a snap with his jaws. The dog turned to the old man and began to bark menacingly with fur standing on end at every point of its large body. "Listen, we'll just be a minute, please." The man just stepped back and nodded with fear.

The dog stopped its frustrated mannerisms and aggressive posture. It sat on its ass, and allowed its bitch to grab what she needed. His eyes never left her body, especially her legs, hips, and the ass that came out every now and again as she reached for items. When she bent down, and her skirt lifted, he used every ounce of inner strength to avoid mating her right there and then. It would get them caught, and eventually separated. He did not want to lose his bitch again. His nose picked up another scent beneath the strong smell of her sex that filled the air of the store. It was that of a weaker male's excitement. His head turned to the only other patron, the old man, who stared at his bitch as she went about her business. The alpha wanted to tear his throat out for even having thoughts of looking at his bitch, but again, it would end badly. He let the man witness his bitch's display. Why not, he would never even be near a bitch of this caliber again. It gave him a sense of pride.

Sue filled her cart up with meats, fruits, vegetables, and LOTS of alcohol. Not wine, but vodka, and tequila, and rum. She would need strong drinks to endure. She paid the man, who then asked for identification for the alcohol. "Can't you see I'm old enough," she flashed him a seductive smile. He insisted, stating that it was the law. She was going to be caught. What could she do? She thought about putting the liquor back, but if she needed anything right then, it was alcohol. When she handed him the card he was flabbergasted.

"Is it really YOU?" He asked, trying to get a closer look.

Susan lowered her glasses, showing her face a bit more. She nodded, and threw down two hundred dollar bills, which amounted to three times the cost. "Yes, but please don't tell anyone." The man told her he would keep her secret, and that she could come back anytime. She asked for a paper bag, and grabbed it with haste. What was this guy thinking? She didn't like his gaze, and didn't trust him, but left quickly behind the dog.

The entire time home, and up the elevator, Susan was taking swigs of vodka through a paper bag. In her other arm were the bags of food. Stupid mutt couldn't be concerned with helping her, she guessed. She wanted nothing more than to be drunk. The way she was hitting the bottle, it came on fast. She stumbled as she hit the button. Not to the top floor with the living quarters, but to 25th floor. With a ding, the doors of the elevator opened, and the dog sensed where they were. Its tail wagged of its own volition. "Just a minute," Sue mumbled as she adjusted the bags of food in her arms, and took a large swig of vodka. She hit the console to open the door to the forest eco-environment. The mongrel took off running into the small field in the middle of the room. The Invisible Woman stumbled over to her small tree, she picked up her own scent all around the tree. She braced her hands on the tree, and squatted, her eyes closing as a stream of pee splashed on the grass. It felt good to relieve herself. She hadn't noticed how accustomed she was becoming to peeing in this way, and how she didn't need toilet paper to wipe.

She pulled her skirt down, and began to all but chug the remaining ounces of vodka. She moved towards the door to leave, not thinking of the dog at this point, her mind in an inebriated state. She was drunk. Very drunk. The Invisible Woman slipped and fell into the grass as she tried to walk. "DAMN IT!" She shrugged hitting the glass bottle, covered by a paper bag against the ground. Her nostrils flared, and she knew he was close. She couldn't see him behind her, but she could certainly SMELL him a mile away now. Out of the corner of her eyes, she could see him stalking her. She knew now she was not prey, and it caused her fear to subside finally. The dog sauntered in front of her gaze. "What? What do you want?"

The mighty beast had watched his bitch for the past few hours display her shit everywhere, and now he wanted to mate. There was something strange in her movements, but he didn't really care. Mating was the only thing on his mind. He wanted to breed this bitch day and night if he could, and he did. He licked her feet, which caused the bitch's legs to close.

"OH SO NOW YOU WANT SOME PUSSY?" Sue shouted, trying to get her tongue around the last drop of alcohol as it dripped from the bottle. "Go get it from that little SHITZU BITCH!" The words flowed from her mouth, not registering in her mind why she would be jealous of the little toy-dog. Though she was drunk, the dog was not, and he moved in a flash to her neck. His paws pushing her arms to the ground. Fear returned to her, and it shocked her out of her buzz. The next thing she knew, the dog was between her legs. She looked down to see her skirt covering its large head. She felt the tongue enter her pussy, sliding up and down, and then entering her folds sideways. "YOU'RE A FUCKING ANIMAL!" Sue cried out, licking the tip of the bottle. Damn, no more drinks. The bags with the other bottles were feet away. She wanted to be wasted, to black out. To forget everything, but the tongue between her legs wasn't letting her mind concentrate on anything else. The dog made long strokes with his tongue, licking and lapping at the sweet and salty juices. A sober Susan would have lost the sexual fight, a drunk Susan had no chance. Her pussy was wet and swollen as the large muscular tongue delved inside and out. She shook her head trying to stop the growing and building climax that edged so near. By now, the mutt knew exactly when his bitch was ready to burst with her juices. He sensed the difference in taste, and wanted to take it all in. This time, however, he used his powers to move faster than the eye could catch. It was all in slow motion for him. What lasted less than seconds for Susan, was minutes for the dog, he positioned himself so his paws were at her sides. He beat her climax by milliseconds, and shoved his cock, knot and all right inside her swollen cunt.

“OH MY GOD! OH MY FUCKING GOD!” Sue Richards shouted as the already earth-shattering orgasm became a life changing one, as his cock pushed with one thrust up deep into her in one thunderous movement. “AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!” Her body could barely handle the sensation. She gripped her hands into the soil and ripped up the grass. Her legs raised up in the air and shook wildly. She felt his hot semen blast her womb, and it extended the never ending sexual explosion of her body. The whites of her eyes were all that could be seen as her pupils rolled into the back of her head. Her tongue hung out of her open mouth. She felt the dog’s wet drool hit her lip and mix with her own. Quite simply, she had never experienced anything like this in her life. And it only lasted seconds. Sue, drunk as all hell, was lost. Her mind still reeling from the orgasm. She did what she always did after an amazing orgasm, and lifted her arms around her lover, forgetting that it wasn’t her husband. Her mouth crushed against the dog’s maw, her tongue seeking to tangle with his. Her head was too far in a daze to understand that she was making out with a dog. The inviting blackness replaced the moving stars in her view, and she passed out.

The dog was happy with this mating, it seemed that his bitch enjoyed it more this time. He licked his lips of her juices as he pulled her unconscious form towards the small pond in the back of the room. He dragged her by his knot through the grass. Soon he was gorging himself on water. Mating made him thirsty. He felt a pull at his knot.

“What happened,” a drunken groggy Sue stated rubbing her eyes with soil caked hands. She realized they had moved. The dog was lapping at the pond. Sue took in a deep breath, feeling the after affects of a mind-numbing orgasm. She just lay on her back, contemplating everything with dreary eyes. After several minutes, the knot deflated, and Sue was free. She thought about getting up and grabbing the groceries and going upstairs, but she looked to the flea-bag. He seemed to enjoy drinking the water. “What the hell,” Sue took a deep breath and crawled beside him. She bent down and licked at the water right next to him. Had anyone come in at that moment, it would look so strange. Like two dogs grabbing a drink. Except one was a human female, her exposed cum filled pussy, leaking everywhere as her ass in the skirt swayed while she drank like a dog, right next to a large mutt doing the same, whose extended cock still hung on the ground dripping the same cum that now filled that human female’s pussy.

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### **Issue 10: A bitch gonna LEARN!**

His stomach sated with water, the large alpha male canine began to walk around and pee. It was time to ensure everyone knew this was HIS territory. This was HIS home with his bitch. His bitch just sat there like a stupid bitch does, with her front paws between her legs watching. Something new caught his eyes. Her nose was moving more each time he put his scent down. Maybe she was learning to be a good bitch. He sauntered over to Sue.

He moved to her, and almost gave her a smile as he licked his lips. He walked around Sue, and she felt fear once again at his gaze. At one moment it was lustful, but then it would change. She couldn’t tell his intent. He stopped and came up behind her. She looked back at him, and he barked. and watched as he shoved his snout into skirt covered ass. He took a deep inhale and she felt hot breath on her ass as he exhaled.

The male dog walked in front of his bitch and stopped. He looked back. He didn’t say a word, but Sue understood the intent in his eyes. He wanted her to do the same. He lifted his tail. She shook her head in disgust. She wasn’t going to SNIFF THIS DOG’S ASS! But the dog barked even louder than before. He growled and snarled with a new ferocity that caused Sue’s stomach to turn. “Ok.

Please just calm down." Reluctantly, a fearful Sue crawled up and took a quick sniff. She made a squinting face at the smell. It was horrible. He growled, and she attempted to do it again, with an even quicker whiff. She turned her face in disgust.

The alpha was getting irritated. He would have to discipline her better. He barked at her and bared his teeth then snapped his jaw, the sound reverberating through the room. Sue put her head down. "OK! OK! JEEZ!" She muttered. She walked up behind him and took a few small breaths. "You can do this," she told herself. "Get it over with, make him think it worked." She then exhaled and took in a long and drawn out breath into her lungs. To any normal human, nothing would have occurred, but Sue's DNA was cosmically altered in a similar manner to this animal. This time, when she took in a large inhale the scent was remarkably different. She took in the slight pungent smell as before, but now she smelled a deep and intoxicating musk. Sue found herself closing her eyes as the overpowering scent filled her nostrils. When she opened them, her eyes were dilated. It was as if a wave of instinctual information was past into her form. She could sense just how truly powerful and mighty this alpha dog was. He was old, but still virile and not even at his sexual peak. He was a shining example of health and strength. No doubt a male among males. She crawled back several paces, and allowed all new scents to come alive for the first time. She turned and took another deep breath, concentrating in the same manner as before. She could smell the trees, the grass, the rocks, and everything in this room as never before. What she noted most, was the alpha's scent on rocks and trees around them. His scent permeated the entire floor.

The alpha could see his bitch was finally beginning to gain her sense of smell. Now it was time for her hearing. The alpha mutt just sat, with ears perked up. Sue looked over as the beast scanned the area with his furry ears extended. She shook her head, now what? She just sat in silence for minutes. The dog's head jerked to the right. What could he hear? There was nothing in this room. Curiosity filled her mind. She got on her hands and knees, and just watched him. Her head swung to the side as his did, she couldn't hear a thing.

She sat as she did, with her front hands in the middle of his legs, just like his paws. She did the best she could to mimic the alpha male, and took a deep breath. It had helped her to control her breathing before. This time, she also closed her eyes. She did as he had and scanned the horizon just listening. She began to hear the sounds of the room much more clearly. A previously unfelt breeze whipped over the grass. A frog was making a "Grolp!" noise off to her right. In her amazement, she moved her head towards the sound. She picked up the scampering of an insect on the rocks to their right. The buzzing of the artificial electric lighting filled her scanning ears. It was a hum she had not noticed before. She was on her hands and knees straining to take in the smells and sounds around her. It was actually exhilarating. She didn't flinch when she was mounted by the canine this time, though she heard him coming a MILE away, and could even smell the musk of his cock. She just wanted to take everything in. He knotted her, and she was shocked to smell his cum even before it entered her womb. This was remarkable. She was tapping into something primal, something animalistic. She even smelt her own juices before she came all over his dick. When the knot deflated, she inhaled deeply, the scent of female and male sexual matter filling the entire room unmistakably. She found herself following the male on all fours peeing right after he did, in an effort to continue this new discovery of senses. She laughed, wondering if Reed would be as intrigued as she was. Probably more so.

That night, Susan cooked herself a steak, while the mutt tore at his own on the floor. She was enjoying the strong smell of the cooked meat, almost seeing the trails of scent swirl around the room as she prepared the meal. Of course, the alpha had his desert as he slurped on Sue's "sweet cherry pie" while she sat at the dinner table. Then he mated his bitch before bedtime on the floor. He was happy that his bitch was learning. Even if she was sort of in a trance the whole time.

The next day Sue awoke early, curled up next to the stray dog. A new sensation filled her stomach. She hadn't gone number 2 in days. "Let's get this over with," she huffed, and waited for the dog to rise. She slowly nudged it awake. A half hour later, Sue was squatting in the eco-room, taking her first shit. It felt so strange and disgusting, but she knew she wouldn't be allowed to use the toilet. The dog did the same, and Sue's nose was filled with more instinctual information, but she decided that nature could KEEP those smells. Like the day before, she was mated in the shower. At least, the stray was getting clean, she told herself.

The ritual of getting dressed would be shorter today. Her canine judge had already explained (in the best way he could) what was allowed. She was drinking the bottle of rum today, and had already finished half. Her torment was easier when she was drunk. Today, however, Sue found herself anxious to get out into the world. She was actually eager to go to the park and test her new enhanced senses. When Sue came to her walk-in closet, with more clothes than most small populated rural cities, she found herself drawn to a certain area. She came got dressed and came out in her outfit for the day. The dog's instant erection told her that her "judge" was giving her a ten. She put on her wig to ensure she was disguised and walked behind the dog, ready for a walk. Though, who was walking who was up in the air.

A few minutes later.....

Mrs. Futterman pulled the leash to stop her Shih Tzu, Marnie, from tugging. She had tried to get this little mutt trained properly, but it seemed the lessons weren't taking. She walked the dog a block from her house. The small toy-dog head picked up, and it tried to cross the street. Mrs. Futterman shook her head, "NO!" She glanced over to see the brunette with short hair and large glasses from the day before walking behind that large grey beast of a dog who didn't turn his head even slightly today. The girl's five inch black stiletto heels clicked as she walked behind the advancing dog. "Well now who's being a "little slut", the old lady grumbled looking at the girl who was wearing a tight black leather skirt that barely came down below her asscheeks, topped off with a black leather tube-top. The girl lowered her large sunglasses and stuck her tongue out, and Mrs. Futterman could SWEAR she made the gesture to the Shih Tzu and not her. How strange. "What a bitch!" The old lady stammered, and yanked her dog.

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### **Issue 11: Taking the bitch to the park!**

Susan adjusted her short leather skirt on the bench in Central Park, finally realizing she was in public. Why had she done this? She looked down at her skirt and revealing top. This was something more in line with a girl who rode motorcycles than garb for the Invisible Woman. The small black skirt was constantly riding up, and her heels made her stand above the entire crowd walking the streets of New York. She was in disguise but like this she was ANYTHING but invisible. She had merely wanted to tease her tormentor, the mangy stray dog that was terrorizing her. In all honesty, she had no choice now, as her clothing "judge" would not let her wear pants nor long skirts. It wasn't so much the skirt that made her uncomfortable or all the eyes of everyone on her (especially the men), it was the fact that she wasn't wearing any underwear. The bottom of her crotch kept rubbing against the leather. Not that it would cause her to be any more sore than she already was, thanks to the mutt. She watched him from the bench as he ran about with other dogs. Though he was super-powered, something Sue had finally realized, he was still a simple animal. He roamed and romped with the other dogs in the dog park as if nothing had occurred. As if he had simply taken one of the bitches from this park. He hadn't. He had taken Sue.

"Excuse me ma'am," a voice to her right spoke, and Susan looked over to see a police officer

checking her out. She once again adjusted the skirt. He hadn't identified her, at least. "Is that your dog?" The man asked pointing to the large grey stay beast which was sniffing the butt of a small Yorkshire terrier.

"Ummm...." Susan stammered, not sure what to say to this policeman. "No....I mean....he's a stray and....." She fumbled with her words. What could she tell this man? Could she come clean, and stop any further torture. Certainly not. It would be embarrassing. Society would shun her.

The officer flipped down his glasses and gave her a once over. "Don't lie to me!" He sternly stated. The cop pulled out a small booklet from his shirt pocket. "I'm writing you a ticket for not having a collar on him, and no leash." The officer asked her name and address, luckily not asking for a license. Sue merely lied her teeth off, saying she was Ms. Susan Benjamin, an old alias when she left the Fantastic Four with Reed to settle down. She even gave him her the old address of the house they stayed out temporarily before returning to the team.

"But he's not even my dog," Sue looked over in disbelief.

The man ripped the ticket out and handed it to Sue. "I'm not going to say this again," he shook his head, "get that dog a collar or I'm hauling you downtown." He put his glasses back up, but took another long look at the disguised Sue. "You look familiar," he continued, "Do you live around here?" Sue's face went beet red. Her heart raced, thinking she was going to get caught. Then the cop began to walk away, "Don't let me catch you soliciting tonight," he muttered and kept on going.

The Invisible Woman wanted to ring his neck with an invisible forcefield. "Excuse me?" The nerve of that cop, insinuating she was some kind of street walker.

The cop called back, "Don't get all bitchy. I know you're kind." He waved her off and continued along his path. Sue was livid with anger. She had heard of unkind treatment by police, but it had never happened to her. As Susan Storm-Richards she garnered respect and praise from the city's police force. She thought about reporting the incident. She glanced at the ticket, it was a hundred dollar fine. What the fuck, she thought. Then she had an idea. Something she would have never done a few days ago. She stood up, and walked to the bushes behind the bench. Like always, the mutt was in front of her in a flash. She held out her hands. "Calm down big guy," she held on hand out, and with the other she dropped the ticket onto the ground. "Just gonna get a little payback," she looked to her left and right to ensure no one could see, and then she squatted over the ticket. She lifted her skirt, and closed her eyes, a stream of piss poured down onto the ticket. "That's what I think of your fucking ticket asshole," the normally reserved Invisible Woman shrieked. She stood up, and pushed her skirt back down. The mutt jerked its head to the side, and then moved in to take a sniff of the wet ticket. Smelling the ever intoxicating aroma of his bitch's scent, his red tip poked from its sheath. This actually caused Susan to laugh, now understanding the ways of these animals much better.

Susan emerged from the bushes, the dog running off in a blur at her side. She held the ticket between her thumb and index finger far away from her body. She quietly and non-chalantly placed the piss drenched ticket by a large tree off to the right of the bench. She took her seat, and merely scanned the park. She closed her eyes, and craned her ears the best she could, trying to hone her new abilities. She could almost hear the man and woman chatting, as they watched their dogs scamper with the alpha mutt. She took in a deep breath, taking in every ounce of scent she could. The young girl was wearing a gaudy perfume, and the young man was wearing cheap cologne. They chatted about how often each came to the park. They must have just met, she surmised. Her nose sniffed something else. It was remarkable and unmistakable. The young girl was wet between her legs. Sue could actually smell the excitement of the woman as she chatted with this new suitor.

Her attention was drawn back to her right, as she sensed another dog in the area. A small pug on a leash was sniffing the ticket. An elderly lady was walking the dog and talking on the phone. The dog stopped dead in its tracks when it smelled the ticket. Sue put her head down, to see the clear outline of a sheath and a red rocket growing out from it. She smiled, knowing that her scent was affecting the dog made her giggle. The small pug raised its head, sniffing the air, and like a homing beacon shot its head towards Sue. It pulled the lady over to Sue, and sniffed her black heels. Susan reached down to scratch the dog's ear. The woman smiled at first, but when the dog jumped up and began to hump Sue's leg, she pulled the leash violently. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "He's not like this unless there is another dog in heat. Really he's not." She was horrified by her dog's actions.

Sue just scratched the mutts ear, "It's ok, I understand," She told the woman, as the pug was pulled down the long park path. She did understand now, more than ever. The pug wanted to hump Sue's brains out. When Sue noticed that every male dog in the area was drawn to the ticket and then to her, she realized she needed to be more careful. This game was getting dangerous as the male dogs, big and small were getting aggressive around her. She even saw several human males adjusting their jeans when they came to the area where the piss drenched ticket was dropped. Apparently, humans had better senses than they realized. When a large Collie wouldn't leave her alone, despite the efforts of its owner, she found herself hoping the alpha dog would return. As if reading her mind, a large canine jaw snapped at the Collie, causing it to pee in fright, right in front of Sue. She sighed with relief when the large alpha male stray sat at her side. He had two dogs with him, the Yorkshire Terrier and the Beagle from before. The two owners, the young man and woman were still chatting and laughing together, oblivious to where their pets were.

The large cosmically powered dog wanted his bitch to learn some more. He growled at her as he walked towards the bushes behind the bench. A fearful Sue looked around, and soon found herself walked next to the Beagle and the Terrier behind the alpha stray into the secluded bushes. Sue stopped and watched as the large grey mongrel sniffed at the Beagle's ass. Sue could see it was male from behind. Her muscled tormentor turned his head up to her. "What?" Sue asked in shock. "You want me to....no....not here...." But the large alpha canine bared its teeth. No need to growl now, as Sue instantly got to her hands and knees. Like the day before, she got behind the Beagle, he ass in the air, her skirt pulling up over her ass, exposing her pussy to the warm air. She took some small breaths, and then a deep inhale with her face at the Beagle's ass. The genetic information swirled in Sue's nose, he was a young male, pure bred. Healthy and strong. He would grow a bit larger. These new sensations excited Sue, causing her own womanhood to moisten. It was so primitive and so different. She next crawled behind the Yorkshire terrier. She sniffed the dog's behind, in the same manner, noticing the lack of a sheath, and the large feminine genitals. This was an older female, had several litters, but was not a pure breed. Her owner probably got screwed, Sue thought. The seller probably lied. Sue felt a wet nose hit her pussylips. She peered back to see the Beagle sniffing her own ass and exposed cunt. Knowing the effect that Sue's scent had on male's she felt great fear of being mounted by this young scamp. She felt his paws climb onto her back, and she braced for the worst. A loud bark and snapping of jaws filled her ears, and the Beagle got down. The alpha male was not happy with this indiscretion. Saved by her captor. How ironic. Sue let out a breath of relief at not being taken. She watched the Beagle then mount the Yorkshire right next to her. The smell of their sex caused Sue's eyes to close as she took it all in. That's when she felt her captor's paws push her lower back. She wasn't so lucky apparently.

On the other side of the bushes, Matt Barker, a research technician at Oscorp pointed to a another path at the other end of the park. "Maybe they went over there," he called to Ammie, his new friend. They had been so caught up in talking to each other and hitting it off, that they lost track of their dogs. Ammie walked over to the other path, and began to call out for her dog. Matt heard a commotion in the bushes behind the bench where a girl in a leather skirt and top was sitting



moments ago. He had checked her out, but he was sure she was WAY out of his league. The girl was gorgeous. That was fine, he had met Ammie. He thought about asking her out as he peered through the bushes. His mind took a few seconds to grasp what he saw in the small clearing. He picked his head up and took a step back. Had he just seen that woman in the leather skirt sniffing the Yorkie's butt? No way, it couldn't have been. He checked through the bushes again, to confirm what he was seeing. He was utterly dumbfounded, watching the woman on all fours, sniffing the Yorkie's ass, her eyes closed and her ass arched in the air. His mouth dropped when he saw she was not wearing panties. Her pussy was so wet, it glistened in the sun. He felt his pants tighten, watching her display. The other two dogs, both male, just watched with such intensity, their eyes focused on the same wet pussy that Matt was observing. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He stepped back from the bushes and rubbed his chin.

"Did you find them?" Ammie called,

Matt shook his head, trying to analyze the images. "Yeah, I think they're back there with that...that girl...." He was about to tell her what he saw, but couldn't even find the words to describe the scene.

"The one with the slutty leather skirt and heels?" Ammie walked to the bush. "Mooshu!" Ammie yelled, and pushed into the bushes. She gasped at the sight before her. Then after a moment, she laughed. "Ok....so I guess they're friends." She looked back at Matt. He pushed the bush aside to see his Beagle "Rocky" mounting the Yorkie. The girl and the large unkempt and untrained grey dog were nowhere to be seen. Had he imagined it all. He was lost in his thoughts, when Ammie reached down to hand him a piece of paper. "This is my number," she smiled, then went into the bushes and pulled the Beagle off her dog. He yelled and yapped, but he hadn't knotted the Yorkie. She picked up her dog and called her a little tramp, then walked off.

The young man called for his dog, who came running from the bushes. He was obviously distraught, who wouldn't be, after being pulled right off pussy. The dog ran over to the tree, where a small wet piece of paper laid on the ground and sniffed. Matte rubbed his temples. He heard a low moan, not that of a dog, but a human, a woman. From the sound, it sounded like a woman having sex. He jumped up and looked in the bushes. Again, he saw nothing. Shaking his head, he walked off with his dog.

Sue had gone invisible when she heard the people talking behind her calling for their dogs. The alpha had mounted her, hammering her hard and fast as always, and knotting her. She came almost instantly upon being knotted, and moaned loudly, trying to cover her mouth. Luckily, the alpha may be impervious to her fields, but he could still be turned invisible. She had almost been caught. Again, she would need to be more careful. She waited until the dog deflated inside her, after blasting another heavy load of sperm deep up inside her. Content that no one was around, she went visible again, and the dog came into view as well. It was disturbed and upset, but too sexually satisfied to put up much of a fuss. Sue stood up and watched the dog lick itself clean. She leaned against a tree, and pulled up her skirt, and began to relieve herself all over the tree, cum and piss spraying her scent on the tree. "You're going to get us in BIG trouble mister."

"OH MY GOD!" An elderly man with a cane shouted, as he peered through the bush, hearing some noise. "What are you doing?" He watched the woman simply peeing on the tree while her dog licked his massive phallus. A strange mixture of sticky white goo and piss dribbled down onto the tree, and onto her legs.

At this point, Sue was fully fed up and exhausted. She was caught, finally. So the fuck what. "Can a girl get some privacy! I'll be done in a fucking minute!" She shouted scaring the old man off.

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## Issue 12: Gotta get a collar for that bitch!

The day had been a long and boring one for Karen. The small pudgy girl working at the pet store waited for the clock to wind down, and go home. Her goth clothes, piercings and demeanor were attractive to some, and a turn off to others. Just then, a large grey dog walked right to the front door, where the motion sensor opened the sliding doors. Behind him, a woman, in a leather get-up that even Karen couldn't pull off strode in. The confidence of the large grey dog, and his posture told Karen who was in charge. This was a lifestyle that Karen was more than accustomed to, and she suddenly felt like the day might get exciting. "Can I help you?" She asked the beautiful brunette with large sunglasses. Karen could swear she recognized the girl. She could tell, even with the outfit, this bitch was scared.

"I need a dog tag." The trembling Susan Richards stated. She had no idea why she was here, why she was doing this. Fuck that cop. But she didn't want this dog causing a problem that would lead to everything being exposed. "And what's his name?"

"Uh.....I don't.....I don't really know." Sue answered.

The girl gave her a weird gaze. "You don't know you're dog's name?" Karen instantly knew his was a stray. It happened more often than one would think.

The Invisible Woman went through a myriad of names in her head. From "Baxter" to "Speedy" and the like. She figured that this dog couldn't go by any sort of girly or foolish name. He needed something that would fit with his...personality. "His name is "Alpha"." She heard herself blurt out.

"Fitting," Karen stated. She asked for Sue's number to put on the tag. Then went about creating it in the back. She came back with a shiny gold dog tag. It said "Alpha" and gave the number to call in case the dog was lost or ran away, but something told Karen this dog wasn't the one who wanted to run. The girl fidgeted as she waited, watching the large grey dog every minute, as if it would attack her. Karen picked out a spiked black collar. "This one should be perfect." She handed it to the girl. "Go on, put it on him."

Sue reached down to put the collar on, the dog snapped at her hand almost taking it clean off. Sue jumped back in fright. This dog would NEVER wear a tag. The pet store girl smiled to Sue. "He just needs time to adjust." She tapped her chin with her finger. "You know, if YOU wore one, I'm sure he would. Dog's just think we are dogs as well. If it sees you doing it, that might help."

The Invisible Woman rolled her eyes behind her glasses. What fresh torture now. "Ok. Fine. Just grab me one of the gold ones and I'll pay for them, and this leash." She picked out a long leash, not really believing she'd ever be able to put it on this violent beast. The petstore girl walked to the back. Sue called after her, "I don't need anything on it, just a blank one."

"I have just the thing," Karen responded, walking into the back room.

A few minutes past. Sue began to get more nervous. The pudgy goth girl with all the piercings finally returned holding a heart-shaped dog tag. The words "Alpha's Bitch" inscribed on the tag. She winked at Sue with a strange coy smile. "Just for fun". She attached it to the same exact spiked black collar as the one alpha wore. She moved behind Sue and fastened it in place. Then Karen held out the other tag. Sue grabbed it with annoyance, and bent down to secure it around Alpha's neck. She couldn't believe she was doing this, but she had no choice. She didn't want everything to come out one day. The dog seemed mesmerized by the collar Sue wore, and allowed his own collar to be put in

place.

Karen held up a mirror to the girl and the dog, and Sue noticed the obvious similarities. "Matching collars for the perfect couple." She clapped her hands.

"EXCUSE ME!" Sue gave her an angry stare.

"Oh nothing," Karen stated, ringing up all the items. She asked for payment, and watched the girl search her purse. "We take credit cards." After several moments, the girl produced her card. The name on it made Karen put her hand to her mouth. "OMG! OMG! This is such an honor." She began to light up. "I knew there was something cool about you!"

Susan Richards clenched her teeth, being caught once again. "Listen, I don't know what you're implying, but I would like a little discretion." She spoke in a tone that was rather, well, bitchy.

Karen put her hand to her heart. "I swear by GAIA that I won't tell a soul. You're secret is safe with me." She thanked Sue for coming in, and told her that she was now her FAVORITE celebrity and heroine. That if Sue ever needed anything, anything at all, she would help out. With that, she watched the Invisible Woman leave the pet store with the grey mutt. Karen rubbed herself between her legs, her excitement at its peak.

The walk back to the Baxter Building was one of the most embarrassing moments of Susan Richards life. It was midday and multitudes of people lined the streets. People gawked and gazed at the woman with the dog collar. She didn't believe that anyone could see the words, but it still made her sick to her stomach. All she wanted to do was go home and take a long bath and a nap. When someone attempted to take her picture, she thought of going invisible, but that would expose her. She simply held her head high and walked behind her asshole tormentor mutt. She stormed through the back doors of the Baxter Building, and entered the elevator. A quick stop to the eco-floor so they could both relieve themselves, and then up to the living quarters. She threw the mutt a steak, and cooked a small meal of noodles. She then stripped out of her clothes, leaving them on the living room floor, and walked past the dog and into the bathroom. He beat her to the punch, and sat before the bath watching. She prepared a bath, as the mutt's large eyes followed her every move. She put in some bubbles, and let the water run. When she reached down to feel the temperature of the water, she felt the long tongue cut a swath along her slick folds. At this point, she wasn't shocked anymore. She wasn't so afraid anymore. She knew it was coming. She just put her chest onto the side of the tub, and felt his weight upon her. She wanted to take a nice long bath, and wanted the sex to be over quick. Sex? So that's what she was calling it now, she huffed defeated. The dog groaned and grunted as it entered her. It pushed and humped hard like lightening. Sue's head hit some bubbles when she lowered it from an explosive orgasm. She felt his knot enter her, and squeezed her buttocks tightly. The dog yelped, feeling her inner walls close around his girth, he shot a humongous load of cum into her. Sue was quite happy with herself, and couldn't wait to get in the bath. Just as soon as the tie is over.

Several minutes later, Sue sat in the bath, rubbing her legs with soap, and feeling the warmth of the water soothe her sore body. She laid in the bath, relaxing for the first time in a few hours. Boy did she need the bath. The dog's scent permeated her body, and even after soaping and oils, it still remained somewhat. The dog napped next to the bath, and Sue finally got to clean herself a bit. She could tell the mongrel didn't like the perfume of the soap, but whatever. The Invisible Woman put her hand on the collar she wore around her neck. She hadn't taken it off yet. She wondered what would happen if she did now. She twirled the gold heart. "Alpha's Bitch", Sue spoke out loud. More and more fitting by the day.

The blonde bombshell stepped out of the tub, and over the sleeping dog. She toweled herself off. Her head turned to the mutt. He'd make her sleep there on the bathroom floor. She wanted ONE night of good sleep. Was that too much to ask. She knew that she'd have to trick this dog into letting her sleep on her bed. Hanging her head low, she came up with the only plan that would work.

The dog lifted its head from its sleep sensing that its bitch was moving from the room. It shot fast in front of her, and tried to block her, but the nude bitch sped past to the left, and into the room where she kept her garments. The dog followed with a bark and a growl, lifting its jaw to expose its teeth. When it got to the room, it stopped in its tracks. There was its bitch, on the strange soft loft thing, with her ass in the air, aimed right at him.

Susan bit her lip. It was now or never. She had raced past the dog and into the bedroom, jumping onto the bed. She lifted her naked ass into the air, waving it back and forth, just like she remembered from all the dog shows she watched. The ruse worked, as she felt the weight of the dog sink the mattress. Sue crawled to the front of the bed, and put her head into the pillows. She felt his massive body come down upon her, and like an expert archer, the cock pushed into her lovehole. It was already wet from the bath. At least that's what Sue told herself. The bed creaked as never before, while the dog pushed his entire length inside humping wildly. To the mutt's small brain, his bitch had finally presented herself properly. His paws on either side, he fucked pussy for all he was worth, gripping her waist and pulling her to him.

The Invisible Woman had lived up to her first promise to this beast. She had presented her sex to him for mating. She saw their reflection in the metallic bedframe as her head hit it and pushed it to the wall, causing loud banging noises. Her golden heart-shaped dog tag gleamed in the reflection as did the mutt's. "Alpha's Bitch", she repeated in her head as his knot pushed inside her, securing their tie. The words repeated in her head, even as she curled her toes during an amazing orgasm. His seed hit her womb with a hard blast, causing another climax to rack her body. The mighty Alpha's almost insatiable lust was sated for the day, and he turned only to fall at the edge of the bed fast asleep, still knotted to the woman. Susan Richards put her hands under her head with a smile, knowing she'd be sleeping in the bed. Her eyes closed and she fell into a blissful sleep, a large canine cock imbedded deep inside her. The two remained tied as they drifted off to slumber.

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### **Issue 13: Watch out! Bitch's are devious!**

Susan's dreams were strange. They were wild and hard to put down, one minute she was fighting aliens with the Fantastic Four, except, Reed all of the sudden jumped down onto all fours, and soon, before she could blink, he had changed into the alpha mutt. She laughed seeing the dog in a Fantastic Four uniform. The next moment she was on all fours trotting through a strange alien jungle, she couldn't see "Alpha", but she felt his breath. They were running, and somehow Sue was keeping up. She felt so free, and so uninhibited that it actually scared her, and she awoke with a start. Her eyes focused on the alarm clock. It was 8 in the morning. "Reed", she called out in a husky voice, feeling both satisfied, and fully revived after about ten hours of sleep. She looked down the bed as she blinked to see the mutt, lying on its back, fast asleep. "Oh, you." She muttered. While she didn't feel sore, she desperately wanted a few hours to herself, not being "judged" or "mated" or anything of the sort.

The Invisible Woman simply watched the dog. His left leg was in the air, and it shook occasionally. Even for his super-powers, he was still just a mangy mongrel after all. His back limb flinched again, and Sue wondered what he dreamed of. His front paws were in the air as well, and they moved rapidly now and then. Was he dreaming like she did, of some wild place? Was he dreaming of her?

She looked down to his crotch, to see a small red tip coming out of his sheath. Susan got a rather brazen idea. She didn't want to WAKE the dog, as again, she wanted time alone. The girl only wanted to test this beast. She crawled slowly to its side, and moved against it, making sure not to make too much noise. She leaned her mouth close to his large ears. "Hey boy," she said in an even more husky voice. "What is my big boy dreaming about," she cooed in a manner more tuned to a pet. She looked down to see his reaction, and just as she thought, more of his cock began to creep out slowly from the sheath. This again made her giggle just a tad. "Yeah, you're dreaming of me aren't you?" She toyed with the otherwise comatose animal. Then she lowered her voice to a sultry tone, "Bet you're dreaming of getting some pussy from me, huh boy?" Even this dog seemed to understand the word as his cock began to extend faster. Typical man, Sue shook her head.

As the dog's cock began to take shape right in front of her eyes, Sue was caught in her gaze. Her eyes had never actually seen the thing that had been tormenting her. For some strange reason, Sue rationalized that she at least deserved a LOOK at the thing. Her hand reached around the mutt carefully, and tips of her fingers rubbed the tip of his growing red penis. It was already extended six inches, and continued to grow as she twirled circles over the shaft. His lifted back leg began to twitch wildly at the attention. Sue realized a way to keep this dog asleep, even if for a few hours. She gripped the shaft of the growing red cock, and began slow strokes, not too tight, but not too loose. Her hand traced the outline of this beast's maleness. It was nothing like a man's, but seemed much larger, and had a girth that she could barely wrap her hands around. Her hand hit something large as it reached the base of the shaft. Her eyes trained on the large cantaloupe sized ball that grew above its balls. Susan Richards was an explorer by nature, it was her time in the Fantastic Four that instilled this characteristic. So she did just that, and found herself squeezing and rubbing Alpha's knot. The moment her hand made contact, the dog's leg jerked at an almost imperceptible speed. Seems she had found the dog's special spot. Maybe she should have called him "spot", she chuckled as her hand gripped the large red ball the best it could. She then went back to stroking the shaft, now at a frantic pace. The dog was actually whimpering now, so different from when he was awake. There was a need behind his mewling, a growing need to finish this act. Sue seemed to sense this, and cupped his knot with a tight grip. The dog's angry red cock exploded with a sea of cum that splashed down onto his stomach, and began to dribble onto the bed. His whimpering began to subside, and his tongue rolled out of his mouth and onto the bed. "Sweet dreams big boy," Sue laughed, feeling a sense of triumph.

She jumped off the bed, and turned to see the dog still jerking its leg softly. He's not waking up for a while now, Sue smiled. She stretched her arms and put on a bathrobe with a "4" insignia on it. With a hop in her step, she thought about what she could get done, while the beast slept. She wanted a coffee, and maybe a bagel or something. She walked right by the bathroom, and looked at the toilet. Maybe a stop at the pet store wouldn't hurt. This character couldn't keep drinking out of the toilet. That reminded her of her own need to go the bathroom. The heroine moved quickly past the bathroom, and walked to the hall, she pressed for the freight elevator, and waited. Her mind filled with thoughts of things she needed to do, even if she only had a few hours. As she descended to the "eco-room", she felt excited to actually get a chance to wear pants. As the doors slid open, she began to make a check list in her mind. Sue found a spot in the "eco-room" she could not smell herself, or the alpha canine. She squatted down and pulled the bathrobe aside. As she peed, her mind didn't even register that she had avoided using the toilet. Hell, she was thinking of getting a bowl, so the dog wouldn't drink out of that very toilet. Finished, she pulled her bathrobe over her and went back to the living quarters.

The dog was still fast asleep as Sue put on her purple track suit, with a white top. She zipped up the sweatshirt over the top and looked in the mirror. The long purple pants felt oddly wrong to her. Within a minute, she had pulled the pants off. She found a matching pleated skirt, with the same

material as the sweatshirt, and pulled it over her long legs. She searched her dresser for socks, and found knee-highs with purple stripes. Wow, what luck, they matched. She pulled them over her feet and calves, and then put on running shoes. She looked damned sexy, she thought to herself.

A half-hour later, Karen was working at the pet store. She was bored...AGAIN. No one was coming in today, and the only people who had were uninteresting. Then she heard the bell that signaled a customer, she turned her head and her heart leapt at seeing the brunette with the large glasses from a day ago. Her favorite heroine, Susan Richards was back. It actually made her black panties wet. She was disappointed not to see the large grey mutt, part of her wanted to see the beast take Susan and make her his bitch. She knew that he had before. There was no doubt. The wide smile on Sue's face told Karen that this bitch was learning at least. An aura of confidence surrounded the beauty, just like in the magazines and news reports. Karen had always known there was something freaky about Sue, she just never knew she was THIS freaky. "Hey, where's your mate?" Karen asked walking over.

This caused Sue to stop in her tracks, thinking of Reed for the first time in a LONG time. "He's away for another few months on an exploratory mission of peace with the rest of the team." Sue hoped he would be gone for a while, she didn't know what she was going to do right now.

"That's not who I meant," Karen winked. She had always thought Reed was a fuddy duddy old loser. Alpha was a real male. Better suited for a prime woman like Sue.

Sue looked down and shook her head, "That asshole is still asleep."

"You sneaky bitch!" Karen greeted Sue with open arms. The goth girl hugged Sue tightly. Her joke made Sue chortle slightly. "So what do you need today Ms. Storm". She made sure not to call her Mrs. Richards, to help the courtship along.

The Invisible Woman was too lost in thought to pick up the reference to her as "Ms. Storm". She grabbed something invisible around her neck. The image of the black spiked collar came into view. "First of all, this won't due anymore. It's just.....not me....I mean not....right." The collar was getting her looks. Karen informed her that she would still need to wear it to help "train" Alpha. Though Karen knew who needed to be trained here. She still understood the heroine's distress. Moments later, she returned with a pink collar that had studs that looked like diamonds. "This is MUCH better," Sue nodded, and undid the black collar. She replaced the tag and popped it onto the pink collar, and secured it around her neck. Then, she placed the black collar into her purse.

Karen smiled widely as she watched. Bitch is learning, she thought, bitch is learning. She hoped that the by keeping the black collar, Sue and alpha would bring it out on special occasions. Oh, how she wanted to watch Sue become a bitch. The Invisible Woman's next order was for a bowl, for water, as Sue put it, since Alpha was always drinking out of the toilet. Karen went into the back, and grabbed a black studded dogbowl, similar to the design and colors of Alpha's collar. She then engraved "Alpha" on one side. The left side of her mouth raised into a suspicious smile, and then she looked back to see that Sue was just looking around the store. Karen engraved a word on the back of Alpha's bowl. Then she grabbed a pink bowl, with the same exact colors and make-up of Sue's collar. On one side, she engraved "Sue", and she repeated the process of putting a secret word on the back. She came back holding the two bowls, so the names "Alpha" and "Sue" could be seen only. "You'll have to show him how it is done, he is just a stray remember." She stuffed the bowls into a bag, before Sue could get a closer look. The Invisible Woman flashed the shop-girl a look of annoyance. Karen tapped her finger on her chin. "You know, there is a two-for one sale on collars." Sue attempted to tell her that the pink one was fine, but Karen trotted off to the back. In her hand was a blur collar, similar to the Fantastic Four's colors. She waited until Sue looked down into her purse

for her credit card, before slipping a new “tag” into the bag as well. Karen’s ruse went undetected, and Susan picked up the bag and waved as she left. Karen returned the wave, telling her to “come back soon”. She meant it. She wanted to see them together again. Man, Karen thought, Sue was one lucky bitch.

Sue got her coffee, and her bagel. She checked her watch, and realized she had been gone almost an hour. She found herself anxious to return home. She told herself it was out of fear, but she felt very little fear anymore. She kept telling herself the dog was still able to hurt her, though it had not attempted to in a while. She found herself pacing as she rode the elevator up to the living quarters of the Baxter Building. She caught her reflection in the cold metal of the elevator, and was shocked to see her butt jiggling back and forth. It was barely noticeable, but she could feel it move back and forth. What the fuck was that, she thought. As she walked down the hall, her butt moved faster and more erratically. When she reached the main door to the living quarters it was all but uncontrollable. She just couldn’t stop her backside from jiggling.

She opened the door, and was greeted by the dog whose teeth were bared and he was growling fiercely. There was the fear. Despite the aggressive posture of his front, his backside was waving madly, and his tail wagged back and forth as she entered. He simply couldn’t hide being happy she had returned, she guessed. His ass was jiggling so hard it was laughable. She set the paper bags down, and waved at the dog, “oh stop, I was just getting some stuff.” She pulled out the bowls and walked over to the kitchen. The dog eagerly followed. She dropped the extra bagel she bought right in front of him, “some breakfast, AND....” She pulled the knobs on the faucet and poured water into the bowls, “some return to normalcy.” She added. “No more drinking out of the toilet.” She chastised him softly, so as not to anger the wild beast. Just like Karen had stated, the dog seemed confused when Sue put the black colored bowl with the name “Alpha” in front of him. With a sigh, Sue placed the pink bowl with her own name next to his. She bent down and got on all fours. “Like this dumbass,” she stated sternly. This mutt was an idiot sometimes. Sue on all fours, pushed her head down and began to lap at the water in “her” bowl.

The large alpha male canine watched the ass wave before him, as the small skirt lifted up, exposing her pussylips. He was stuck in an instinctual quandary. Every fiber of his being told him to mount, but there was also the thirst he felt in his stomach. Mating could wait, if only a few moments. Besides, she had come back and she did not have to. He was sure she was never going to return. That he’d be locked up in this stinky den for eternity. But she had come back. He watched her lap at the water. What’s good enough for his bitch, was good enough for him. He sauntered up next to her, and did as she did, lapping at the water in the bowl. It sure was fresher than from that “other” putrid and stinky bowl.

Sue felt relief when she noticed the dog’s presence beside her. No more toilet water. At least that was a small win. The dishwasher had a metallic outer surface. It was basically a mirror for all that was before it. The superheroine looked at herself lapping at the dogbowl right next to the filthy cur. Her eyes caught something in the reflection of the dishwasher. She turned the bowl around and spotted the word “bitch” on the back of her bowl. “What the fuck Karen?” She huffed. Her head craned to see the back of Alpha’s bowl. It read “stud”. Sue clenched her fists in anger, almost wanting to return to the store and give Karen a piece of her mind. She stood up and walked over to the bags of groceries and items she had bought. She sipped her coffee and looked down into the bag from the pet store. At the bottom of the bag from the pet store, a shiny object could be seen below the new blue dog collar. Sue fished out the small trinket, and twirled it in her hand. It was another “tag”. This one read “On All 4’s” and the “4” was in the style of the Fantastic Four’s iconic logo. “Very funny Karen,” Sue bellowed in anger.

She wanted to go back to the pet store and chew Karen out. This little game was wearing thin. Her

hand gripped the coffee cup like a vice, and she sipped it again. Shit, I gotta pee again, Susan thought when she felt the familiar pressure. Karen would have to wait. Sue walked over to the main hallway, and wasn't surprised when the mutt beat her to the elevator. Looks like she wasn't the only one. The doors opened and the canine stepped in and sat, watching the numbers light up as usual. Behind the animal, Sue pushed her backside against the cold metal of the elevator. They were going down to the "eco-floor" to relieve themselves as they had been doing for days. But something was wrong, Sue knew that the mutt would want to mate, and he would probably take her in the small forest area after she peed. She still felt the same sense of anxiety she always did, but like early her backside began to giggle uncontrollably. As the elevator descended slowly towards her inevitable fate, Sue's rear began to move and shake even more violently. It was spastic and unmistakable as the lower floors lit up. The doors finally opened and the dog ran towards the large doors. Sue walked with a purpose trying to get a hold on her wiggling ass. There was no stopping her rump as it danced. She watched the dog's ass giggle and its tail wag as it waited for the sliding doors to the "eco-room" to open. The fervor of his behind mimicked her own as the doors swung open.

The dog ran wild, sniffing and smelling and urinating everywhere as his tail wagged with content. Sue went to her favorite little Spruce Tree, which filled her nostrils with her own scent. Her ass wouldn't stop moving as she tried her best to squat and pee. She finally reached down when she was done, and felt the wetness between her legs, she was soaking the skirt and her legs with her own excitement. That's when she realized that despite her revulsion, her body was responding of its own volition. While her mind reeled with disgust, her body anxiously craved to be mated by this mongrel. "DAMN IT" Sue shouted at the top of her lungs, her ass giggling crazily. She jumped down onto her hands and knees and began a doglike scamper to the center of the room. It was as if her body was betraying everything she believed in. Her ass shot up into the crisp air of the room as it swayed with abandon. She felt his weight upon her, sending signals of utter relief through her body. Like an expert archer his cock found its target in one shot. The thrusting of the dog was primal and instinctual. Susan's arm's gave out when she felt his cock bottom out in her womb. Her face hit the soil and grass. Karen had been right all along. Susan Storm Richards was now "Alpha's bitch", and here she was "on all 4s". Sue's clenched fists ripped the grass. She felt another climax growing. She simply couldn't hold it in any longer. "FUCK ME! FUCK ME YOU STUD!" She screamed at the top of her lungs. "I'M YOUR FUCKING BITCH! OH GODDDD!" Her head dropped as an explosive wave of pleasure tore her mind and soul apart from the inside. "MATE ME!" She begged him. "FUCK ME PLEASE!" She began to sob with joy, letting herself go. "NEVER STOP!" She pushed her hips back when she felt the ball of his knot. "KNOT ME YOU FUCKING MUTT!" Her words drowned out the plop of the knot entering her. Her head shot up, and she let out a shriek, breaking her last shreds of will and dignity. "I'M YOUR BITCH! YOU OWN MY PUSSY! TIE WITH ME AND NEVER LET GO!"

Alpha let out a howl, feeling her walls clench his knot. As he shot his load he heard a return howl coming from his bitch. "OOOOHOOOOHHHHWWWWOWOOOOOOO!" His bitch stretched her neck to howl as loud as she could. All the words she had spoken meant nothing, but when he heard her return the howl, he knew she understood her place as his bitch. His seed filled her womb, splashing deep inside her. In the past few days at least a trillion cosmically altered sperm swam inside her to find one measly little cosmic egg. It was one vs. a trillion, and time was running out for the "underdog".

When they were done mating, Sue refused to stand up. She scampered about and played with the mutt, as if she were a mutt herself. Anyone who looked on would have thought so, save for the fact that one of the two was a human female. For hours they howled, mated, dug holes, chased small animals, and did all the things a female and a male dog would do. Though she had trouble moving in this manner, Sue never wanted to get up. She felt so free, as if her dream had become a reality. Of course, she eventually had to stand. When they returned to the living quarters, it was back on her



hands and knees. Sue wanted to take in all that a canine would. And a wonderful idea came to her when the sun went down. A few hours later, Alpha and his bitch, sat, side by side on the roof of the Baxter Building howling at the crescent moon. Dozens of dogs returned their calls. Some specifically to Sue and Sue alone. She would howl herself and wait for a return. It was like music to her ears. She felt oddly accepted at that point. And soon, all Sue wanted was to fuck her new mate. There was no denying that was what he was. He had taken her as any strong male would take a female. It was inevitable and only a matter of time before nature stepped in and broke the female down. She presented her ass to him in the night air, and felt him fill her. They howled at the moon as they fucked. Sue twirled the small tag on her pink collar. "Alpha's bitch." She smiled. How appropriate.

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#### **Issue 14: Sue's a good bitch! She really is.**

Susan Storm-Richards again awoke from a strange dream. One of running in an open field, nude, and on all fours, trying her best to keep up with Alpha as he chased a squirrel. She looked at the light of the alarm clock, it was still only 7 A.M. She looked down to see the bed a mess with the "mating" session from last night. Her pussy was caked with dry semen, and it was clotting the bed sheets as well. Man, this beast really was an animal. Sue had hated the mutt at first, she thought as she looked upon his sleeping grey form. He had taken her against her will. This wasn't like her flirtations with Namor, or when Kang had offered her a kingdom. This dog hadn't offered her anything, and simply taken what he wanted. No coy flashing of the eyes, or whispers of sweet nothings, no flowers or candies or kingdoms with gold and jewels. This cur knew what it wanted, and it simply took it by sheer force of will. Susan realized now she had not been raped. This was an evolutionary dance as old as time itself. A strong male specimen had sought out its perfect mate. Sue's eyes roamed over his furry grey body, taugth and muscular, the peak example of a strong male. This alpha dog, had found Susan and chose her....HER as its mate. And why not, she thought to herself in the morning light. She was the envy of every female and the object of desire of every man on this planet. She was a prime female, and ALPHA female by anyones standards, so it made perfect sense that this mighty masculine male would want to have her as its mate. It filled her with a new sense of pride she had not felt in a LONG time. And the sex, oh god, the sex. It was constant and never-ending. This mongrel gave her more attention in a week than any man, especially her husband, had given her in her lifetime. She knew this mutt could choose any bitch it pleased, but it had chosen only her. It actually made Sue blush at the thought.

Her eyes caught the cosmically powered dog's leg kick at lightning speed. He must be dreaming again. She wanted nothing more than to know it was dreaming of her. She leaned over to its large grey ear and whispered as she had the day before. "Are you dreaming of me?" She cooed. "Are you dreaming of your bitch's tight pussy." She smiled seeing the reaction of her words. It sure understood the human word "pussy" at this point. It's angry red cock began to grow between its legs, and the dog rolled onto its back, almost presenting its mighty shaft to Sue as it slept. The heroine looked around, checking if anyone was around, even though she knew no one was near. She scooted her body down to his waist. Licking her lips, her head leaned down towards the shaft. God, you shouldn't be doing this Susan Richards, she told herself. But her pink tongue crept out of her mouth and licked the strange tip of the cock. Her left hand reached over to squeeze the large nutsack. She pushed her head down an inch, and took the first portion of the monster cock into her mouth. Like a baton being extended by a cop, the cock jutted out faster than she had ever seen it move. She pushed her head further down and began to hum as she took inch by inch of the mighty member down her throat. She used an invisible force-field to coat her throat and allow her gag reflex to be subdued. This special trick, only experienced by her husband, made her able to extend the walls of her throat and take whatever amount she pleased. She repositioned herself to help the sliding cock delve deeper down her tight throat, stretching it obscenely. Since she had practice with

this "special" technique, she knew to breathe through her nose slowly. It was a secret that until this moment, only Reed had known. That the Invisible Woman REAL power was her ability to give the best blowjob in the world. She could depththroat anything with ease. Like a snake consuming a meal, she pushed more inches into her gullet until her nose hit the growing mass of knot at its he cock's base. It was all the way inside her now, and she continued to hum harder than before. Her pussy was dripping with juices, and Sue's hand wanted to wander below, but she fought the urge. Instead, she used her right hand to squeeze and knead the knot, while her left worked on his balls. Quite literally, Alpha was receiving a "super blowjob". No man, or beast could possibly last long with Sue's "powers". It wasn't a bad thing at all, and it made her happy to know she had such great abilities to please. She felt the dog begin to hump, trying to knot her mouth. It almost made her laugh, which might have killed her at that moment. She eased back on his throttle and pulled her head back, then pushed forward again. She continued this motion, still massaging his knot and nuts. The dog let out a large whining noise as it's cock exploded deep down into Sue's stomach. Again, in this position, and with her force-field, she was able to control the whole experience, as the cum was guided to her belly. Feeling the knot deflate, and the cock begin to shrivel in her mouth, she pulled back, and her mouth came free, a large trail of cum keeping her lips connected to the phallus. She smiled at seeing how her ministrations worked there magic on this male. She slapped his belly softly and said, "Don't sleep all day mister."

Sue walked to the dresser and picked out her bathrobe. She stopped before the large mirror. Again using her powers, she made her torso go invisible. But she made sure to only make her own body, and its parts invisible. A large moving wave of cosmic dog sperm swirled in her stomach. The sight made Sue laugh, and then hiccup. She put her hand to her mouth as a bout of hiccups began to well from her stomach. She was about to leave and go to the bathroom, but something stopped her. Her hand reached down to her stomach, but lower. She made her lower body go invisible. Or at least she tried, because a tremendous amount of semen outlined her entire womb filling it to the brim. Fuck, she thought, that boy cums A LOT!

She felt a lick on her hand, and looked down to see the mutt, staring at the mirror strangely. It barked at the reflection, confused by it all. This made Sue giggle, which then caused another hiccup. The dog plodded off to the kitchen, and began lapping at the water. A moment later, his bitch joined him on the floor, lapping at her own bowl of water. He needed to relieve himself, and began to walk to the hall, to the strange lift that brought them to their "lair". His bitch followed right behind him. A good bitch. Finally. They peed and played and mated in the eco-room for several hours. To anyone who came in, it would have appeared normal dog behavior, except for the fact that one of the participants was a human female completely nude.

Karen, the petshop girl, stood waiting anxiously. She had shooed all her customers away, and turned over the sign, so it read "closed". The store was open, of course, but a special customer had called in earlier. She watched out the window as her heart beat fast. Across the street she saw her favorite customer walking towards the store, the large grey mutt walking before her. Sue had on a black wig today, and a black tube top that read "Bitch". She had a short black skirt, and long stiletto heels that made Sue appear VERY tall. Damn, though Karen, she so gorgeous. Sue wore the black collar with the spikes, her head high with confidence. Much different than before, and this made the petshop girl well with happiness. The chime over the front door jingled as the large grey dog caused the sensors to open the door. Sue came in quickly after and smiled. She even took her glasses off her head, revealing her face, which had a glow about it.

"Looks like someone let the bitch out," Karen smiled and rubbed the dog's ears, as its tail wagged seeing its friend. She walked over and hugged her favorite heroine. "Susan Richards you little slut, how are you." They both laughed. "What can I do for you?"

The Invisible Woman smiled, "I'm good, I was just wondering if you could make some special items for us?" Sue went over a list, that included more "tags" with words such as "Alpha's girl", "Alpha's pussy", and "Alpha's slut". Then some for the dog that read things like "Stud", and "Big Dog", and such. Sue wanted more collars, and even some designs on clothes, very much like the shirt she wore. Karen told her it would take a few hours. When Sue went to pay, Karen shook her head and said it was "on the house", but Sue insisted she give something. Karen just looked at Sue seriously, and asked, "Can I maybe watch you guys sometime?"

Sue laughed, and put her glasses back on, following the dog out of the store with a wide smile. "I don't know, we're pretty private about our sex life." Those last words made Karen almost have an orgasm in her pants. They WERE fucking. It was all true. Such a cute couple, thought Karen as she went about creating the items.

Matt Barker sat on the bench while he watched his Beagle run about with other dogs. Ammie hadn't come to the park today, she had to work. Matt knew this because they had started dating. It was great, and going very well, but Matt's mind kept going back to the day they met at the park. Not because of Ammie, but because of the other woman's behavior that day. She acted so strangely. As if the cosmos was speaking to him, that very woman came into his view as she walked over to the bench. She was so sexy, and today she wore a tight shirt with the word "bitch" on it, and a small skirt, that accentuated her long toned and tanned legs. Her heels clicked as she walked. The large grey stray led the way as they approached Matt. He watched with baited breath as the dog spun off after the Beagle, each smelling the other's butt before frolicking in the park. The woman sat right next to him and smiled. "Hi," she said, "I saw you the other day," she held out her hand, to which Matt politely offered his own. "My name's Sue," she said with a grin. He introduced himself, and they exchanged pleasantries about dogs, and the park and the day.

Susan Richards felt more confidence than she had in years. She loved the way that males of all sizes and species were responding to her "outfit". Her new heightened senses allowed her to even smell Matt's erection as they sat and talked. It was a small cock, well, decent for a human, but nothing like Alpha's. She could pick up the scent of Ammie's vagina on it, apparently, he hadn't showered today. "Where's your girlfriend," she finally asked, since the scent was filling her nose anyways. Matt explained she was working. The conversation turned to his Beagle. Sue asked how the young dog was doing. Matt told her it was acting up and getting rather rough around the house. Sue peered over to the small Beagle and sniffed the air. "He needs a mate." She said nodding her head. "He's about that age."

"How can you....how did you..." Matt couldn't comprehend how she knew ANYTHING about his dog. He shrugged it off. "You're probably right," he added, "he keeps trying to hump Ammie's Yorkie."

Sue put her hand on Matt's knee. "No. No. No. He deserves better than that. He's a good male specimen. If you need some help I have some friends I could...." Sue stopped herself. "I mean I could help."

Matt sighed, the words "male specimen" causing his brain to swirl. "Well, your dog seems behaved in that department. Where's his mate? Did you find him one?"

The disguised Invisible Woman chortled loudly at the implication, realizing Matt had NO idea what was really going on. "His mate is right around here. REAL GOOD LOOKING BITCH!" She shook her head, "But I didn't find him a mate, he kinda just made her his bitch." She winked at Matt. "Maybe you could take a cue with that girlfriend of yours." She stood up and walked behind the bench into the bushes, stopping Matt from beginning to ask further questions. She made sure no one could see her waist, and lifted her skirt. "Could you do me a favor and let me know if anyone is coming." She

stated as she peed several feet from the bench.

The young scientist was blown away, he stood up and jerked his head around, trying to gauge if anyone else could see what this beauty was doing. No one seemed to take notice. "Are you....are you going the bathroom?"

Sue adjusted herself, and came back into plain view. She chuckled. "Stop being such a fuddy duddy," she chided him, "and then maybe you can start getting pussy like that stud over there." She pointed to the grey stray, who was running with its tongue out towards them. The Beagle followed. Sue bent down to pet the smaller dog behind the ears. "You need a mate, don't you boy." Her attention was causing the dog's rocket to poke out of its sheath. Susan giggled and slapped him playfully. "Sorry, this ones taken." With that, Sue walked off with the grey beast in front of her.

Matt Barker just watched the beauty smiling and whistling. "What the fuck was she talking about just then," he muttered out loud. He huffed, trying to get up, then noticed his bulge. He cupped his package to try and adjust it better. He needed to get back to work. When he returned to Oscorp, he signed in at the front desk. The guards were a little peeved that he was bringing his dog to work AGAIN, but they didn't get paid nearly enough to care. He boarded the elevator to his lab. In his arms were his files and a briefcase. His small Beagle eagerly sat next to him. Matt's mind was on the woman, and how he'd love to fuck her...even just once. Had he known how to read a dog's mind, he'd have seen the same scene playing out in the Beagle's head. Just rougher.

The large doors opened to the 40th floor, were a large sign greeted him. "No admittance without security clearance". Beneath that, an even larger warning sign showed "Hazardous materials. Warning: Gamma Rays. Wear protective gear." He slid his security pass into the slot and entered the lab. It was a Saturday, so no one would be there but him. He liked working alone. He was a genius, and wanted things down HIS way. Oscorp had hired him out of school for their special program dealing with Gamma Rays. Matt Barker was in charge of seeing what the effects of this force were on agriculture. Since the emergence of the Hulk, everyone wanted to harness the power of Gamma Rays. Oscorps wanted to use a similar technology that Bruce Banner had once attempted to wield. Of course, this was on a much smaller scale. Matt was testing the effects on strands of fruit DNA. If he could help to accelerate the growth of crops, then he might be hailed a savior, and help end hunger across the world. At least, this is what Oscorp told him his research was doing. The real reason was much more sinister. Matt simply didn't have the pay grade level to know such things. In his mind, he was doing altruistic work. This made him happy.

His mind just wasn't in it today. He fired up the machine, which blasted Gamma Rays at the small samples of different fruits on petry dishes. It was all computerized now, with the program blasting small amounts onto each dish, and then recording readings. He set the program and closed the door. His mind awash with images of the woman from the park. He didn't realize he hadn't secured the door, as he was simply too distracted. He wanted to think of Ammie, but it was that woman that set him off. Hi crotch had been stiff since the park. He began to simply look on the internet, trying to find a distraction. The front page of Yahoo presented him with the image of his favorite actress, Ms. Mary Jane Watson. She was shooting some new movie, and there were dozens of pictures. He loved the redhead, even if she was married. He even had one of her posters on his wall. A sexy pose of her in a black dress from a photoshoot. It was both a piece of art, as it was in black and white, as well as useful image to ogle while he pleased himself.

Matt exhaled deeply, his sexual tension building as he looked at Mary Jane in the photos. This probably hadn't been the best idea to get his mind off the woman in the park. "I need a smoke," he stated. He was trying to quit, but right now wasn't the best time. "Sit", he told his dog. "Stay Rocky, I'll be right back." The normally calm and collected Matt Barker had been turned into a bumbling

erect scientist geek by the woman in the park. Having a smoke seemed harmless, and there was a balcony on one of the lower floors. As he left, he thought nothing would go wrong. Unfortunately, he had no idea that his absent mindedness would set off a unique chain of events.

You see, Matt Barker wasn't the only one who had to stare at that poster of Mary Jane Watson. Each and every day Rocky had to stare at the female twolegged seductively posing on the wall. Just like Matt, as the days past, Rocky had become obsessed with the red-haired bitch. Soon, he wanted nothing more than to make the bitch his. He couldn't even muster an erection for other females. Sure, instinct would make his rocket come out, but he wanted it to be firmly planted in the red-haired crotch of the lady on the wall. He was ashamed at knowing that she was too big for him. He was just a small dog, and could never make such a large busty two-legged his bitch. Besides, no two-legged mated with four-leggeds. That's what he believed until he met that grey mutt. That large dog had made the wonderfully sexy two-legged his bitch, and Rocky watched him mate her. It WAS possible. Now as he jumped up to get a view of the red-head two-legged on the small screen, his cock yearned to enter her womanhood.

Just then, his nose filled with the scent of something sweet. Something akin to the pieces of sugary round globes her often ate out of the trash at home. He followed the scent, pushing the door with his head. It didn't move at first, but a second nudge opened the door. Red lights flashed and a loud nose screamed in his ears. A whirring nose. He had no idea it was an alarm signifying that the room had been breached. He casually walked up to the dishes and sniffed. His tongue rolled down and lapped the sweet juice on the dishes. Rocky didn't feel much as the large laser like machine blasted him with Gamma Rays. He felt a painful rumble in his stomach. It was a burning sensation that rippled through his body. He yelped loudly as the pain increased. The small dog dashed out of the room. The security program sealed the door behind him. The automated machine did what it was programmed to do, when outside DNA was detected, and tainted the samples. A whoosh of neutralizing gas entered the Gamma Radiation zone, and cleansed the area, then a new set of dishes appeared, and the system rebooted. The process began once again, and no one would know a thing, unless they reviewed the corrupted specimen data. To all who looked on, it would appear as nothing happened.

Rocky meanwhile, felt like he was going to explode. His muscles seemed to tighten. His wide eyes grew, as they fixed on the image of the red-head on the screen. He didn't notice, since rage filled his body. His paws gripped the floor, and grew in length. His hair receded and the dog began to glow green. His eyes remained fixed on the beauty, however, and his now glowing green cock plopped out onto the floor. He wanted to mate her then and now. He let out a howl. His growl got a response from his master. This caused him to calm down, and his body receded to normal proportions.

Matt Barker called to his growling dog from down the hall. He entered the room to see the mutt staring at the computer screen, with his paws on either side. He looked so intent at the woman. Matt smiled, "You like her too huh," he checked his watch. "Well, she's shooting something downtown, why don't we swing by and see if we can check her out in person." This caused the dog to wildly wag its tail. So the pair stepped out to ride a taxi downtown.

Unfortunately for Mary Jane Watson, who was known to her husband Peter (the alias of Spiderman himself) as Mary Jane Watson Parker, she was about to have an encounter with this dog. Don't get this dog horny. You wouldn't like him when he's horny.

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## Issue 15

Matt walked his Beagle towards the large crowded street in the Downtown area of New York, there

were several hundreds of people clamoring to get a view of the blocked off street where the new political thriller starring Mary Jane Watson, and some big name actor was being filmed. The young engineer was eager to catch a glimpse of the red-haired beauty. Sure, the world thought of MJ Watson as more of a "B" movie bimbo, with no talent, but recently she had been given larger roles, and it pleased many men, not only Matt Barker. As they approached the mass of people, Matt tried to peek his head above the crowd to no avail. Soon, he heard someone shout "There she is," and lights from cell-phone cameras flashed. Matt could see her hair and face, but he was so far from the set, he wondered if that was her at all.

The Gamma infused mutated dog was reacting rather differently. He could pick up the scent of almost every onlooker. His nose filled with a new scent, a sweet scent of "two-legged" female and the strange substance they splashed on themselves. They were all dogs to him, at least the master race, and the four leggeds like himself. He had smelled it thousands of times, but something in his mutt brain told him this time was different. Though he could not understand the words of the "two-leggeds", he looked to where the commotion was. His eyes bugled and grew large and green, unnoticed by his master, as his acute vision took in the form of his every lust filled dream. She was only a mere several hundred feet away. His paws grew slightly, and claws sharpened as he scraped the ground trying to pull Matt towards the front.

The leash in his hands could barely contain his little Beagle, as Matt pulled back to try and control him. His cell-phone began to vibrate. He picked it up with his free hand, still trying to maintain control of the mutt who pulled with a strange new strength. It was his new girlfriend Amy. "Hi," he stated after clicking "talk". The voice on the other end was young and sweet, she asked if he was going to meet her for dinner. Matt nodded, "In an hour," he smiled, he was briefly cut off, when his dog almost caused him to bowl over. "Sorry hon, it's just that something has gotten into Rocky." He told her and then hung up the phone. It took all his human strength to pull the dog away from the fray.

An hour later, Matt was almost out the door of his small apartment, he would no doubt be late for his dinner date. "Rocky," he looked down at the mutt, "be good ok!" He added, closing the door behind him. Rocky was in another world of anguish, running back and forth. Not out of anxiety about Matt leaving, as usual, but now upset that he had been so close to the bitch that he had lusted after for years. He paced back and forth, barking and snarling at no one. His attention turned to the poster of MJ on the wall. That was his bitch, and he had been SO close. As he stared at the poster, his paws began to grow, and his hair began to recede as muscle upon muscle grew upon his back, and legs. His now green hued skin almost glistened in the light of the apartment. Within minutes, he was a hulking little mass of muscle and lust, snarling and growling with a deep pitch never heard from such a Beagle.

Rocky was going insane with a rage filled lust as he looked upon the small window in the living room. He could not control the instincts inside his green form. He knew that this "den" was several "dens" from the ground, but something inside him urged him to try. The dog lunged at the window, smashing through in one try, and began to fall. Normally, Rocky the Beagle would be scared of his impending death as he fell story after story to the hard ground, but this hulking mutated beast only had one thing in its mind. He hit the pavement in the dark empty alley with a loud "THUD". The ground beneath him cracked around his landing. The dog was not only alive, but completely unhurt. It shook off some stars from the sudden impact and leapt out into the night air of New York, back to where the bitch had been hours ago. His sense of smell guided his every move. She was everywhere in the night sky, and like the expert tracker he followed the scent as it grew stronger.

Mary Jane Watson Parker flipped her red-hair in the mirror of her trailer. Luckily, the day of shooting was finally over. She had just gotten out of the "business woman" outfit she had been

wearing for the last scene. She was more than happy to change into the sweatshirt and pants, and return to her Soho apartment. Hopefully Peter, her husband, and the hero known to the world (or not so known) as Spiderman, would be back from his trip with the Avengers. He was always coming and going. It was especially hard when MJ was away on a film. At least this time it wasn't an exotic location for a "bikini" shoot, or some European country for another "b" movie. Still, she hadn't seen Peter in a few days, and she was getting a little ansy in the pantsy. The thought made her giggle to herself. She desperately wanted Peter to touch her right then and now. She was in a robe, and she had to contain herself. She didn't want to get all excited sitting in this chair provided by the production company. Though, she was sure the sexual juices of MJ Parker would excite any man.

But it wasn't a man who was interested in those juices at that moment. Instead, it was a barreling mass of mutated dog, who's nose picked up a new and intoxicating scent coming from the direction of a make-shift "den". He had been barging across the set. Screams of people seeing this green beast echoed in the night. Only a small crew was left, but no one seemed to want to get into this beast way as it trampled its way through the set. Security tried to follow it, after calling animal control, but they lost it down a street. Rocky, the hulking dog, found the "den", and couldn't be bothered with barking at the front of the door. It sprung head first into the side of the wall, causing a dent in the metal of the RV.

Mary Jane almost fell out of her seat when she felt the impact. She immediately felt a great fear fill her body. Was it an earthquake? In New York? It couldn't be. The idea of a terrorist attack momentarily filled her mind. Oh no, she thought, I have to get out of here. Stupidly, she stood up, trying her best to rush to the door, in her silver heels and bathrobe. She didn't have time to change. She opened the door, and fell back, when a smash hit it wide open, flinging the door aside with a "CRACK". Mary Jane fell back her ass hitting the floor right beneath the couch in the mobile home. She looked at the large beast plodding its way towards her. It was a massive green dog, with no fur, and seemed to be all muscle. Its large yellow eyes trained on her.

She was in utter shock, and disbelief as this large mutated mutt crept closer. "Nice doggy," she held up her hands," but that didn't stop the dogs advances. "SOMEBODY HELP!" She screamed, but this mobile home was on the back of the set, and the security was on the other end, looking for this very beast. She watched as the dog leered, and its large tongue licked its green snout. There was something strange in that look. Mary Jane initially believe this dog would attacked her throat, but as she watched its eyes and noticed how its nose sniffed the ground, she began to wonder just what this dog intended. She looked down to see her robe had pushed to the side, exposing the large left breast. Naked for the world to see, expect there was no "world" to see it, save for this muscular green mongrel.

Mary Jane tried to stand and run, but the back of her legs hit the couch behind her, sending her ass down into the couch cushions. She held her hands up and tried to kick the advancing hulk-dog. "Get away you mangy mutt!" She cried out in anger. Hitting the dog's head with her right heel. The dog was not pleased and it growled, seeming to grow larger at the attack. The low tone of the growl caused something primal to activate inside Mary Jane. As if from somewhere inside her, she instinctually understood the dominance of this male beast. She was all but frozen, as the dog's tongue licked her heel covered feet. "SOMEONE PLEASE HELP!" She cried out again, this time, only in her head, as she was unable to even move her mouth out of fear.

The dog's head then lifted as it approached its mark. The scent was overpowering to his senses, her sweet female lovepot was only feet away. His tongue licked and lapped along her inner thighs. His head buried under the material of the bathrobe. His eyes could see her womanhood, surrounded by red hairs like the ones on her head. Two-leggeds had hair in the strangest places, he thought, as his tongue rolled out and covered the small female slit.

"OH MY GOD!" Mary Jane cried out, finally breaking the unseen chains that bound her movements. "What are you doing?" The sensation of the hulk-mutt's tongue rolling over her pussy was like a lightning bolt straight to her core. She grabbed the large mass beneath the robe, that she believed must be its head and tried to push. The hulk-mutt didn't budge an inch. The tongue began to roll up and down her now swelling lips, causing her to moisten against her will. "Oh fuck," Mary Jane moaned out, not feeling such sensations in days. Her legs flew up into the air and off the couch, she was trying to kick the dog away, but her legs just flailed as the attack on her honeypot continued.

The mutt had waited years for this, and that would prove to be his downfall. He licked and lapped, pushed his tongue hard against her pussy, tasting every bit of his bitch. A bitch he wanted to breed then and there. The thought of mounting her filled his head, and his hind quarters began to hump at the air. His now growing green hulkrection began to burst from its sheath, as angry and intentful as the beast himself. It felt the soft flesh of skin touch the shaft, and instinct again took hold.

The red haired bombshell, Mary Jane Watson Parker, was slack jawed as she watched the dog hump her right leg his snout still buried in her vagina. Her mind raced at the feelings quelling inside her. She tried her best to fight the sensations that began to build, slowly at first, but now like an unstoppable freight train. It had simply been too long since she had sex. The tip of the tongue entered her pussy, and twirled around as the dog tasted her most private parts. Mary Jane could hold on no longer, and her eyes rolled, as her hands went from pounding on the dog's head, to gripping its ears beneath the robe. Her legs wrapped around the mutt, and she climaxed uncontrollably, and fully. Jet after jet of womanly deliciousness greeted the invading snout. "Unnnnnngggg," MJ moaned, her toes curling in the open-toed heels. She felt a blast of hot substance hit her leg. Finally, after what seemed like ages, her body began to ease from the immense and glorious tension of her orgasm. She fell further back onto the couch breathing heavily. The dog's head fell out from under the robe. "What the fuck," she muttered, defeated and exhausted. She looked down and watched the green dog, who was lapping at his own private parts. Its seemed smaller now than when it entered.

"It went this way," Someone called from outside. MJ fixed the robe, and pushed herself up on the couch. She screamed for help, telling the guards it was in her RV. She held the robe tight against her body, and watched in abject horror as the dog turned to the advancing people outside. It lunged on its hind-legs, and in one leap bounded off into the New York night. Like the flash in which it arrived, it was gone.

Guards, and set crew began pouring into her trailer. "Are you ok," one of the security personnel asked. They were trying to tend to the obviously disheveled woman. After several minutes of paramedics taking vital signs, she insisted she was fine. She made up a story about it charging in, but that was all. How could she ever admit the truth? No one could ever know what REALLY occurred. She was relieved when the police and the security guards began the search for the dog. The only description she could give was that it was BIG and GREEN.

A private limo was requested to take Mary Jane back to her loft. She insisted that she be allowed to return home alone. She sat in the back, trying to block out the images of what had just happened. She had been attacked, she told herself. It wasn't her fault. There was nothing she could do. But why, why, oh why had she responded in such a way. She needed Peter. She needed....she needed....a drink. She found a nice bottle of whiskey in the wet-bar of the limo. She reached down for a glass, and noticed the green substance caking her right leg. Without thinking, she dipped her finger in the foamy substance, or at least what was left of it. It was the dog's....the dog's....she couldn't even bring herself to think it. This green goo was physical evidence of what had occurred. And it disgusted her. She wiped it off on the seat, and poured alcohol on the green mess on her leg. Then she used a paper towel to wipe it all off. She'd need a shower more than anything. Unbeknownst to



her, a shower wouldn't help, nor would wiping her leg clean. The dog's gamma-infused seed had been on her leg for a good amount of time. It had seeped through the pores of her skin. Mary Jane's D.N.A. was already beginning to change. The extent of these changes was anyone's guess. But she had been marked by the hulk-dog. Her blood was getting blasts of radiation. Sure, it wouldn't turn her into a hulking herself, but it was going to make her descent into bitch-hood A LOT faster. Even as she attempted to block the images of the attack out of her mind, she found it was difficult. The tongue, the strength of the mutt, the entire experience filled her thoughts.

Damn, she needed a cold shower.

Back at the set.....

Like all men who are too over eager, beast of man, the mutt had "prematurely" excited itself to frenzy. It was in a corner licking and lapping at its own junk, savoring the taste of the female on its lips. When men came with guns, they stopped at the site of the dog.

"That's not the dog," one of them stated. "That's just a little Beagle." And with that, the search party was off chasing a green ghost. Rocky headed home, hoping the next time he'd get to mount his bitch.

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### **Issue 16: Mary Jane is kinda a bitch too!**

Rocky the Hulk-mutt was livid. He was in the living room, listening to the sounds of his master Matt, mating with his two-legged female. All Rocky wanted to do was to mate. And the sounds of that female were driving him nuts, his muscles took on a green hue, and he seriously thought of just smashing through the door and taking her for himself. However, that would cause problems, and this female was no where NEAR as good as Mary Jane, the red-head who was the object of Rocky's obsession.

Making his mind up, he hopped out an open window, crashing on the hard ground below. In his hulking form, he merely wagged himself clear of a few stars from the fall. The scent of his woman filled his nose. He would simply follow it to her location. With a flash, he was off into the night.

Mary Jane Watson-Parker sat in her loft in Tribeca. Her husband Peter was off fighting god knows what villain, and there was a chance she wouldn't see him for days. She worried about him, but right now she simply wanted to be alone after the incident on the set. She guzzled down her third glass of wine, and tried to take a bubble bath to relax her body and mind. The buxom redhead supermodel put a towel on her face as she sank down into the sweet smelling warm water. As if in a dream, she heard a bark from outside on the sidewalk. It caused her to shiver in fear. It couldn't be....it just couldn't.

For some reason, she found herself putting a robe around her body, and walking to the large window, to look down at the source of the barking. She was almost in a trance, hoping that it wouldn't be the dog from the other day. She knew she shouldn't look, but something all but pulled her to the open window. She peeked down into the darkness, and saw a small beagle looking up from the sidewalk several floors down. "Aww....." Mary Jane's heartbeat returned to normal. "You're not the mean old dog who attacked me." She waved at him, and closed the window. She was about to return to the bath, when she heard a slight scratch at the door of the apartment, and then a yelp. She cinched her robe tight and walked barefoot to the door, leaving watery footprints behind her. She hesitated at the door. But the sound of another small scratch brought her from her daze. She unhinged the locks, and open the large door a crack. On the foot of her doorstep was that same dog from the street. It had a sweet little lost-puppy look on its face. Letting her guard down further,

Mary Jane swung the door open further, and bent down to look at the little mongrel. "Hey little guy," she looked down the hall, "how did you get up here?"

The dog's gaze was on the folds of the robe, intently waiting for it to move slightly. This was HER, she was right here, he had found her. Her strong perfume filled his nostrils and burned them. He preferred a more natural smell, and he was getting it from the nether-regions beneath the robe.

The redhaired beauty bent lower and scratched his head. She reached down to grab the collar around his neck. "Are you lost boy?" She checked for the number on the tag, someone name Matt Barker. "Rocky?" She said scratching his ear, "Is that your name?"

The robe fell slightly to the side, allowing the mutt to gaze upon her left breast in all its glory. Then he looked down, and saw the patch of red-hair covering the source of her strongest scent. It was right there, her womanhood, for all the world to see, but only Rocky's eyes were taking it in. His claws scraped the carpeted floor of the hall, and his eyes went wide and green. His muscles began to grow and take on a green-hue, his size changing before Mary Jane's very eyes.

The horrified starlet put her hand to her mouth and gasped. This WAS the dog that attacked her. It had some strange unknown powers, but worst of all, it had found her. She stepped back, and tried to push the door shut, but the hulking beast butted it open with its large green head, causing Mary Jane to fall back. Her robe fell to the ground below her, opening her body to this dog's gaze. This only seemed to cause the dog to grow even further as it advanced with its eyes trained on Mary Jane's exposed body. She tried to crawl backwards, never taking her own eyes of the advancing threat. She was crying "HELP!" at the top of her lungs, but she knew they were the only tenants on this penthouse floor besides the rich couple down the hall, but they were on vacation. If she could only reach the phone to call for help. But she would never make it to the phone.

The hulk-mutt saw its quarry cowering and whimpering. She must have believed he was there to do her harm. No, he only intended to sate the lust that was driving him wild. He jumped at her to stop her movements, and pinned her arms down with his green muscular paws. He wished she wouldn't fight, but he figured this was how all mates were before they were properly bred. In time she'd accept her place, he surmised.

Mary Jane Parker screamed "NO!" as the dog pinned her down. She attempted to kick at the massive hulk-dog, but it did nothing to stop him. He was simply too strong. That's when she felt something large smack against her right leg. She looked down at the green pulsing tool beneath the dog, it seemed to grow larger from its sheath as each moment passed. It was huge and green and angry, and she tried to wedge herself free from the dog to avoid what was about to happen. Once again, she realized she wasn't on the menu for this dog. For some reason, it had chosen her for its lust. "I'm not a dog dummy," she tried to reason with it. "I'm a human." Maybe it would understand.

It did not, and even if it did, the hulk-mutt didn't care. He began to work on instinct, and poked his mighty hulk-cock all around her inner thighs in an attempt to find its target. "PLEASE!" She pleaded, "I can get you food," she again tried to talk to the hulking mutt. " You like that, no.....foooOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAGGHHH!" Her words turned into cries of agony as the dog's spear found her exposed womanhood. It was just the tip of the spear, but it spread her dry lips wide and painfully. The dog grunted pushing further, and then all but flopping his weight onto the female, her legs kicking wildly in the air. The dog's hulk-cock had found its home. He pushed forward, another several inches into her dry cunt.

Mary Jane was sobbing and trying to shake her head clear of what was happening. "This can't be happening," she thought, as she was impaled and pounded to the ground. The weight of the hulk-

mutt was simply too much, and she was suffocating. Maybe she would just die, she thought, and then the pain would be over. More painful than his weight was the burning cock burying itself further inside her. It was impossibly hot and pulsating and didn't stop its advance into her tight pussy. He didn't seem to notice her anguish, as he rested his head on the side of her face and began to pummel his cock into her. Mary Jane didn't want to die like this, she found the strength to reach up and wrap her arms around his large neck, then she did the same with her legs. She tightly wrapped them around his waist as he continued his assault on her pussy. She lifted herself off the ground, hanging off her attacker as he fiercely continued to jackhammer her. In this new position, he was able to ease more of his meat inside her.

She felt a growing pressure at the base around her pussy. Something even thicker than this hulk-dog's cock was trying to enter her most private area. It was the size of a softball, and it was pushing against her pussylips. The cock inside her was causing her body to betray her mind. She had not had sex with Peter in what seemed like ages, and her pussy was beginning to respond to the delving maleness inside her. Her own juices, along with the strange green slime from his cock began to offer lubrication, and allowed him to further entry into her lovehole. She felt the pressure building inside her and at the entry point of her pussy. This "ball" at the base of his cock was rubbing against her walls, until impossibly it pushed through with a "pop". Mary Jane couldn't bear the pain of this new intrusion. "OH MY GOD!" She cried out, and felt a torrent of hot sperm splash deep in her womb. The heat and the sensation caused her to have a mind-shattering orgasm, which she simply couldn't fight. Her eyes rolled and she went limp, passing out from the pain and the power of the orgasm.

Several minutes later she awoke on the floor. In daze she wondered if it was all a dream. Then the pain in her loins burned. Her pussy and body were sore from the assault. It was no dream. The dog was no where to be found. Green sperm poured from her cunt as she stood and splashed in a pool in the floor. Mary Jane found herself crying in the shower. Ashamed at the attack, and even more so at how her body responded. She drank the rest of the bottle of wine. Could she tell Peter? Could she tell anyone?

The next day Mary Jane put on a black skirt, and tight pink top. She fastened the straps of her black high-heels and grabbed her purse. She didn't feel sexy today, but she had a photo-shoot for a magazine, and they had sent over clothes to wear. She put on glasses to hide her face better and walked out of her apartment. She didn't want to take a cab. She was just going to walk. The model new a shortcut through an alley that would save her time. She still felt sore as all hell, and was not looking forward to the day.

"Hey toots," a voice called from the darkness. Two large thugs appeared from behind a large garbage bin. "Pretty thing like you shouldn't be walking all alone out here," The taller man with tattoos on his neck said. He was bald, and looked very menacing, his smaller friend leered at the beauty. She reached into her purse to grab mace, but the larger man grabbed her arm. The other guy brought out a knife. The bald attacker warned her, "If you scream you're DEAD!"

She tried to plead with them, telling them she would give them money. The bald man laughed, "We want MORE than your money." He pulled her to him, and sniffed her hair. "You smell great toots. Why don't you let a real man take care of you." She tried to push away, but he was too strong. He reached for the straps of her top, but was stopped by a bark. The thug turned to see a small beagle several yards away. It was yelping and barking.

Mary Jane looked to Rocky, she knew he had powers. "Help me!" She called to the very mutt that attacked her. "Don't just sit there."

The man holding the knife laughed, "Is that your PROTECTOR!" He walked over to the mutt and

kicked it away, causing it to screech. But the Beagle returned to its position a moment later. "Get lost dog!"

That's when Mary Jane remembered how the dog's powers were....well....activated the night before. She had little choice, it was either get the dog to "turn" into its hulking form, or be ravaged by these thugs. She turned from the bald man holding her arm, and called to the dog. "Hey...Rocky....look!" She flipped up her skirt exposing her pink panties to the mutt. The Beagle's eyes went wide and his tail began to thump on the pavement.

The bald man released the girl in shock. "What the fuck lady, you are one sick bitch."

Mary Jane paid him no attention. She pulled down her panties to her knees obscenely exposing herself to the mutt. "Come get it boy!" The two thugs exchanged confused and shocked glances. Then the man holding the knife screamed as the dog began to grow as it moved towards them. Their jaws dropped when the Beagle began to transform into a hulking green mass right before their eyes. The hulk-mutt smashed the smaller thug with its head, sending him flying. The other man just stood against the wall in fear as the dog trotted towards him with its jaw open baring its teeth. "We don't want any trouble." He held up his hands in submission.

The dog's attention turned to Mary Jane, who was still exposing herself. She held her own arms up. "Ok...ok....that's enough." But that was not enough. Not for the hulk-mutt. The beast shoved its snout into her exposed pussy and began to lap at her, causing Mary Jane to fall against the large garbage bin. "Help," she turned to the thugs for assistance now. "I can't stop him," she pleaded with the men as they simply stared slack-jawed.

The dog barked at her and gritted his large teeth, his eyes trained on her own. What did he want? She thought to herself. Somewhere inside her, a deep primitive place in her mind, she understood. But she couldn't do THAT. Not here...not now. The dog continued its low growl. Mary Jane found herself dropping to her knees her panties still around them, almost in a trance. Soon she was on all fours, facing the thugs who didn't move an inch from their position out of fear and awe. They watched the hulking mutt jump onto her back in a mounting position. The girl's mouth hung open wide as she cried out "FUUUUCK!" Her head dropped and the dog began to hump her right there in front of them. They watched as her hips began to smash back at his thrusts. "You are one FUCKED up lady," the bald man shouted.

Mary Jane picked her head up and bared her own teeth in anger. "What? I thought you wanted to see a real man take care of me?" In the heat of the moment, in her anger, Mary Jane began to enjoy the fucking she was receiving. This mutt was showing these pathetic thugs just how to please a woman. She had no doubt, judging from the small bugles in their pants, that the hulk-mutt beat them out in more ways than one. Her head flung back as an orgasm racked her body, just as the dog sunk its "knot" inside her. The dog's cum flooded her womb. Mary Jane was far too gone in the throes of passion to care who was there and who was watching. She let her breathing return to her as the dog's cock began to deflate and returned to its normal "Beagle" form. It came out of her with a "plop", and a flood of his juices splashed on the pavement. Confidently Mary Jane adjusted her skirt, and pulled up her panties. The mutt was licking himself as his size began to shrink. The thugs couldn't process what had happened. They were stone faced and unable to move. As Mary Jane walked away she winked at them. "It was nice to meet you boys, but as you can see, I already have a boyfriend." She laughed hard as she walked away. "Come on Rocky, this bitch has a lot to do today." The hulk-mutt scampered after her, leaving the thugs behind in shock.

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*Well....I am back...and I am not....this will be the end of this saga (at least for me). I wasn't going to revisit this, even though I sadly wanted to see it end. I simply didn't have the time. What brought me back was the current state of the Fantastic Four in the comics. Currently, Susan's fate is unknown, did 616 Sue, OUR Sue die in the beginning of "Secret Wars", or is the woman know married to Doctor Doom THE Susan Storm-Richards. That, coupled with constant talk of whether Sue and Namor ever hooked up, or whether the Fantastic Four will continue as a comic will continue has led me back.*

*Everyone here KNOWS what happened to Sue. And who she is "with". No one wants to admit it. So its time someone shared 616 Susan Storm-Richards fate...OUR Sue...THE Sue....the REAL Susan.*

*Here is the definitive story of Susan Storm-Richards. Whatever is said after this is some alternate universe. Don't believe the hype out there.*

I AM THE WATCHER! I HAVE SWORN TO NEVER INTERFERE! AND I WILL NOT! YET, THERE ARE SOME WHO DO NOT KNOW AN INTERESTING FACT THAT I HAVE OBSERVED LONG AGO.....HERE IS THE ACCOUNT OF THE REAL SUSAN STORM RICHARDS.

EARTH 616:

As Reed Richards and the rest of the Fantastic Four helped a small band of resistance fighters on a far distant planet, he failed to calculate relativity properly, and this minute miscalculation would cost so much. The Fantastic Four's rocket had just landed in the resistance camp. A mere ten minutes in this planets atmosphere and another ten for landing. Yet, this planet revolved nearer to a black hole than Reed believed and as they set down, and only twenty minutes had passed here, many weeks had passed on Earth.

In these past weeks Susan Storm-Richards had more than changed. The blonde heroine lusted after by the entire planet of people, heroes and villains, was no longer "on the board" so to say. She was no longer available to men. Sure, she was married, and somewhere some man created document stated this, but such notions were pointless now. These institutions men created to claim ownership over human females have been around for almost two thousand years. Something more had happened to Susan, something older and deeper on a primal and natural level. A process of evolution that predated even man's oldest ancestors. The evil alpha dog had mated her. This was far more powerful than any "document" or concept of "marriage".

To understand how he succeeded where all others like Namor (and even Reed to a point) failed, one must understand this creature. Born from a mixed father and mother, this mutt was different from the beginning. Bigger and stronger than his brothers and sisters, he frightened human children early on. His temper and demeanor towards the "upright" two-leggeds was aggressive to say the least. Let them have their world, he would think, the four leggeds can have their own. He ran away at a young age, and never looked back. No two-legged would own this hound. He was too tough for that, too strong, too untameable. He lived hard and he didn't mind that. Always fighting, always taking over whatever area he entered. Leading pack after pack of wild dogs through cities, forests and jungles. Other dogs feared him and rightfully so, he took what he wanted and hurt those that got in his way. When there were females, he took them too. Even if they had mates. In fact, if dogs were jealous, then they were certainly jealous of this mutt. He got what he wanted.

Yet, he yearned for something he had not found. Not until that fateful day weeks ago, when the universe had granted him two things. First, new powers that allowed him to move with speed and precision. Second, they offered him access to the most attractive two-legged on this rock. When he saw her he knew it is what he had yearned for. And like all other things, he simply took her. It was

that easy for this dog. It always had been. Why shouldn't he have the most prized mate. He was truly the alpha canine. Alpha's deserved the best females. Like the powers the cosmos granted him, the universe had also given him this gorgeous mate.

Susan Storm-Richards never really had a chance. She fought and she fought, at first, but it was only a matter of time. This was the will of the universe: to put the two most viable candidates together to begin a new phase of evolution which would advance life on this planet. Sue could fight advances of suitors, but she couldn't fight evolution.

Sue Richards woke up on the grassy floor with glazed over eyes and yawned. She ached all over from last night's "playing" and "mating". She blinked the sleep out of her eyes, and looked over to her mate. This is what she called him now. They weren't married, and he wasn't her husband...he was something more. Sue took her ring off long ago, as whatever notion people had of "marriage" meant nothing. It held no weight to her. Somewhere inside her she knew this dog had taken her. Had made her his. She accepted this, as it was her place as his mate.

She waited eagerly for her mate to rise. She looked down at her nude body. The new tattoo above her pussy that read "Alpha's Only" in cursive style still burned a little. Her stomach rumbled and she wanted to move, but she dared not. He would get up, and then she could. He would eat first, and then she could. If he wanted to mate, she would assume the position on all fours. If this dance was interrupted in anyway, he would growl and bare his teeth, and this still scared Susan. In fact, she still peed a little each time.

Her eyes wandered over her mate's muscled body. He had such wonderful musculature. At first she had hated the sight of him. His visage had disgusted her. Now, since her eyes had been opened and her senses heightened to this new world she was exposed to, she looked upon him much differently. He was older, but strong, very strong, and oh yes...cunning....smarter than most people she knew. His hair was long and gray. Sure, he was not always "clean" and he appeared shaggy at times, but his coat was thick and full. He had all the traits of a male at the top of his species and in the prime of his life. Her pupils dilated ever so slightly when she saw his strong muscled hind legs. Her loins moistened as she took him in. "Damn Sue," she thought to herself, "you're looking at him like some piece of meat." Who would have thought that the Invisible Woman, one of the most pristine heroines in the world would be downright attracted to this canine. She laughed to herself. How could one even conceive of such an attraction, she mused and yawned again, smiling as her mate finally stirred. This notion in her mind, ever so momentary meant more than she understood. Attraction for animals was a desire to carry on the strongest and most beneficial traits down the genetic line.

The alpha woke up and felt the hairless two-legged against his back. His was a good bitch, who finally knew to wait for him. He stretched out on his hind legs and lapped his lips. The female with the sun colored hair observed him the whole time with wide eyes. They drank water and feasted as usual. Though the alpha canine didn't want to go to the "two-legged's" lair with all its needless stuff, he knew they had to. There was no more meat. Both required protein, and Sue more than usual. She would need to eat.

When they reached the upper floors where the living quarters of the Baxter Building were located, the alpha watched her naked ass and hips sway. It signaled in him the age of desire to breed. So he pushed his front paws on her back and she assumed the position. Again, his was a good bitch. This time when he pushed forward he missed his mark, and his large red cock pushed into Susan's tight little star. "WHOA!" Susan jumped forward, hearing him growl. He sensed something was wrong with her, why was his bitch reacting in this way. What was it about that hole. "That's not for entry!" Susan stated with a look of disbelief. "I don't do that...with ANYONE!"

The alpha understood none of this, all he understood was that his bitch had a hole that he wanted to feel, and she would not deny him. So he again mounted her, and this time aimed for the tight opening of Sue's ass. When she denied him again, he growled loudly and bared his teeth. "Ok...ok....can we just....well.....I don't know....I've just never done that, and....." She didn't know what to say. He was going to get what he wanted...again.

Susan Storm sighed, "At least let me do something here....give me ONE thing for ME!" She tried to reason with him. His eyes went low, but he waited and sat. "Finally, SOME understanding," Sue called out and walked out the room. Susan went about setting up, she was actually laughing to herself the whole time as she got out the "outfit". She then set down at the computer and pulled up a program she had helped create LONG ago for a fun event where they had Roberta marry Jarvis.

Ten minutes later, Susan came out and stood in front of her mate. She wore white lace panties, and long lace stockings with white high heels. On her head was a white veil. The music came on, and the "wedding" song played over the speakers in the room. "Wait," Sue called out, and ran to the room heels clicking on the floor. She came out with a bowtie that she cautiously put on his neck. He allowed it, and even the small black top hat. She smiled to him in her garter. "Most men would KILL to be in this position you know! If we are going to do this, you better make a lady out of me." She laughed. This was ridiculous and absurd, but it was fun for her.

The dog had seen these strange displays of two-leggeds before, except the females had many more layers of garments. These were foolish to him, but he let her amuse herself. The idea of entering her hole was more than enough to entice him. He heard words come over the loud speaker in a robotic voice "We are gathered here for the wedding of Alpha and Susan Storm". These words meant nothing to him and he began to get anxious. He started to bark lowly.

"Not yet," Susan looked down, waiting for her turn.

Then the robot voice said "Do YOU Susan Storm take this alpha canine (she had programmed the names in) to be your husband and mate? And to be his bitch now and forever?"

Sue looked down and winked at him. "I do!"

The robot continued, "And do you Alpha take this woman as your wife and bitch!"

There was a pause, as it was alpha's turn to speak. Susan looked over. "You better say something if you want this ass!"

The dog was now upset. "RWOOF!" It barked out loudly in annoyance.

"Good enough!" Sue laughed. She felt his paws push at her back and assumed the position. Her position. The robot voice pronounced them Canine and Bitch-Wife. It stated that the canine may kiss the bride. Sue turned on all fours and took his large mouth to hers. "See that wasn't so bad! Mrs. Alpha! I never thought I'd see the day" She winked jokingly.

That's when the mangy mutt could wait no more, and he pushed his shaft past the small hole. It was too tight to handle his immense cock and it frustrated him, only an inch went inside. To Susan this new sensation was more than painful. But she was his bitch, and now his wife. Even if the ceremony was just fun she would abide by the institution. For her more than anything. She felt another inch sink into her most private hole. She was giving her mate the only virginity she had left, and she felt a wedding would allow this to be more legitimate. It made sense to her.

The alpha had no idea he was consummating a two-legged wedding with his actions. He could care less. The feeling of his cock inside this hole was glorious. He sensed her pain, but this was HIS bitch

so this was HIS hole. Susan used her powers to allow a force-field to create some kind of barrier to accommodate this monster in her ass. Fighting this cock in her ass took all her concentration as it was like fighting the hulk, like a bat constancy beating against the field. Technically the alpha's cock wasn't even touching her anus. But as he built up his pace the constant pounding was too much to hold the field, and it broke down. "FUUUUUUCCCKK!" Sue cried out and grabbed a pillow as she felt the whole cock fully in her ass now. She bit down on the pillow hard. She had never had anal sex before, never wanted to. She felt it was dirty and unladylike. That it was another way for a man to assert dominance over a woman. But now here she was, being dominated again by this mutt. "At least he is my husband now," she sighed. This wasn't a depraved act now, simply because they did abide by the foolish institution of marriage. It was a woman giving herself to her husband.

That is when she finally felt it. The knot. It began to grow in her ass. It was impossibly huge and the pain was unbearable. Susan literally had a grapefruit sized knot in her ass. She thought about how there was no foreplay, and realized her new husband was just like her old husband...at least in that small aspect. Definitely in no other way. She then felt the hot seed explode inside her ass. It was over. Or so she thought. There was no coming unknotted now. Quite literally Susan was speared with a cock in her ass, and unable to get it out. She huffed loudly, realizing they were in for an uncomfortable few hours.

Both napped, until finally the cock slid from her ass, a torrent of seed hitting the floor as he became unsheathed from her. Susan got up slowly, and her legs and lower body hurt. The alpha dog was fast asleep snoring next to the couch. He was on his back and legs in the air, his tongue hanging off his open mouth. "Well look at you," Susan laughed. "Someone got to fuck me in the ass and now you are just the king shit around here aren't you?" She laughed about how if he could talk he'd probably mumble about a sandwich or something.

This nap would allow Sue to get some things done. She put on a tight leather skirt, and a pink to that read "BITCH IN HEAT!" over her large breasts. She put on a brunette wig and large glasses to hide her face. She hated having to hide her new self, and her relationship. She yearned to openly display her affection and her place as the alpha's bitch. Oh well. Society wasn't ready.

Sue put on long strap heels that wrapped around her toned legs. She picked up her purse and walked out the door. The alpha need not worry. She would come back. Hell, they just got married.

With her head high she walked down the street. A lady was walking a small Yorkie. Sue could instantly sense it was a male. She winked at it as it yipped and tried to hump her leg. She bent down and scratched the dogs ear. "Sorry boy, I am WAY out of your league." The lady had the look of utter confusion. Sue just laughed.

All day she ran errands and would sign checks and receipts "Susan Storm-Alpha". She hadn't even realized she was doing it. It was just a joke....right. She walked with a skip and a smile almost as she reached Karen's store.

The young goth girl greeted her. "Mrs. Rich...."

"Mrs. Alpha," Sue said correcting her.

This made the goth girl beam brightly. "Look at you....congrats!"

Sue thanked her and went about getting supplies. "Do you have some like grass or something for my stomach...its been upset lately." She asked Karen.

The young punk girl's head went low. "Oh...ok....how often are you getting sick?"



Sue explained it was nothing, just some nausea in the mornings. No big deal. Probably from the new diet. She thought nothing of it, and purchased her items. Karen seemed to look at her somewhat differently. More cautiously. The heroine was too happy to care. She left with a wave. And Karen smiled and shook her head.

The young heroine was so caught up in her own bliss, she didn't realize she was going through the front door. Roberta greeted her at the reception, and asked if everything was alright. Sue asked why, and Roberta stated that the system must be glitching because it was referring to Susan as Susan Storm-Alpha. She told the robot receptionist to not worry and boarded the elevator to the top floors. This was the first time in ages she had used this elevator, and she forgot about the sensors.

The elevator stopped immediately and alarms started to sound. Susan spoke to the computer, also known as H.E.R.B.I.E., and asked what the problem was.

The robotic, but familiar voice spoke in a confused tone. "Well, there seems to be intruders!"

"Where," Susan asked, her instincts kicking in.

"Well," HERBIE responded, "that's the thing. I am detecting several unknown life-forms with distinct signatures in the elevator with you."

"But I'm alone!" Sue answered, now confused herself.

The computer scanned the elevator. "Well, interestingly enough, I am detecting that these beings are inside you. And they have a D.N.A. pattern that matches yours. Mrs. Richards?" The computer asked. "But they also match that stray dog's D.N.A. as well."

Sue felt her stomach. The shock hit her. "What is it HERBIE?"

"Are you....are you pregnant?" After asking, HERBIE began a scan. A large red beam began to scan Sue's body.

"ZETA-ALPHA-TAURUS!" Sue shouted, shutting down the computer with the correct sequence Reed had taught her in case of malfunction. Sue hit the manual over-ride on the elevator and rode it to the medic lab. She turned the command computer off and began to act fast. She erased the information that HERBIE recorded moments ago. She set about changing the system to accept her current form as "friendly" so as to not set off alarms again.

She found a very old version of HERBIE that had once been on the team in Johnny's absence, and rebooted the entire program to suit her needs. Thank god Reed had taught her all this. She made sure that it was not wirelessly connected to any system in the Baxter Building. It was its own entity. She started the robot up.

"Hello Mrs. Richards!" It said with its large eyes. "What can I do for you?"

"I need a sonogram!" Sue spoke quivering, both scared and excited at what was going to be seen.

"Of course, Madam, I would be happy to provide you a sonogram!" H.E.R.B.I.E. followed Sue to the bed and hovered beside it as she sat down on the edge of it. Susan instinctively began to strip off her clothing after settling down.

"That is not necessary, Madam, I can scan you through the clothing just fine." H.E.R.B.I.E. extended a probe and reached for Susan's stomach. Sue ignored him, and continued to strip down until she

was naked. She felt much more comfortable without the restricting feeling of clothing all around her.

A flutter of excitement shot through her as the probe pressed over her womb and began to stroke up and down her body. She could feel it thrum and vibrate as it scanned her insides. She wondered what it would find. Was she really pregnant? The first scan had said multiple lifeforms...could she really be carrying a litter? Her heart leapt in excitement at the thought. It took her a moment to realize what the cascade of emotions she felt really meant. For weeks it had been in the back of her mind. The idea was impossible, but both she and the dog had been cosmically changed. This was the inevitable outcome. She had been ashamed at the thought that she couldn't bear his young. She was finally honest with herself, once and for all. Since the moment she met the mutt, even when he initially scared her, she wanted him to breed her. From the moment she laid eyes on the alpha, she had wanted to carry his litter. She couldn't fight the urges anymore. She began to cry. She would bear his children.....again and again.

"Madam, please direct your attention to the view screen." Sue turned toward the view screen, and gasped as H.E.R.B.I.E. projected the results of the sonogram. On the screen before her were several moving shapes, a whole litter of children that she would be giving her mate.

But the world wasn't ready. What would she do.

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## **Epilogue**

A year later.

Mary Jane Watson was scared. She was in a helicopter flying over Antarctica. This had all been set up by her new friend "Karen", and some mysterious benefactor. Rocky, her mate was barking loudly. He hated flying in any capacity. The pilot pointed to the horizon, and a lush jungle appeared. IT was the Savage Land. MJ had heard all the rumors, but now she saw this strange place. The pilot set the helicopter down and told her to clear from the rotors. Mary Jane yelped for Rocky to follow.

On a large road a limousine appeared. The kind that was rugged and SUV like in build. The back door opened and Mary Jane saw a familiar face. There, right before her eyes stood THE Susan Storm-Richards.

"Mrs. Richards....but they said you disappeared!" Mary Jane called out.

"My name is Susan Storm-Alpha now MJ, but no, I'm very much alive. Please get in the car." She bent down and rubbed Rocky's ears. "This must be rocky." Mary Jane could tell it took a lot for Sue to bend, as her gray suit was trying to accommodate a VERY pregnant stomach. She escorted the pair into the car and sat next to Mary Jane. "You are most welcome here....to live as you please." The limo drove down a long road until a large wooden gate with guards came into view. "Welcome to the "Ranch" Ms. Watson."

Mary Jane tried to take the place in. There were several women moving about a large resort like structure. Each had smiles on their faces. Many had collars. There were all manner of beasts with them. MJ saw another familiar face. "Is that...is that Kitty Pryde?"

Susan nodded, ushering Mary Jane into a building. "Yes, she stays here with us." Susan brought the actress to a large office. "Let me explain," she said. "This is the Ranch, created with some large donations from several organizations and women who...live a different life." She went on to explain

how the Ranch was created and an unlikely alliance was formed with the owner of the land....Mr. Sinister. Who was MORE than happy to allow them to stay to conduct "research".

A large gray furred mutt came crashing through the doors. He was massive and muscular. He looked over Mary Jane Watson as if she were a piece of meat, but those eyes had nothing of food behind them. Rocky growled. "Is this....is this your..."

Susan laughed, "No...no....this is my son Franklin." Sue went about signing paperwork. "He takes after his father....most of the males do."

Mary Jane watched as the mutt seemingly pulled a cup of water off the table without moving. Sue yelped "Don't use your powers I here Franklin Alpha! Go find your sister Valeria and bring her back." The mutt understood, or appeared to and scampered off. Susan apologized for her son. "He can be a handful. And I should never have introduced him to Janet. Those two don't stop." She handed Mary Jane a paper. "Just please sign here on this non-disclosure agreement and we can get you two a nice loft."

As Mary Jane signed the paper, a young blonde, who looked 17 came in. It was the spitting image of Sue but younger. "Hey mom, Frankie said to come see you."

Susan nodded, "Please show Ms. Watson the grounds while I prepare her place. You are going to be happy here Mary Jane. Trust me. I'm sorry I can't go around with you. I need to please my husband he has..."

"Gross mom!" Valeria Alpha grabbed Mary Jane and pulled her away. "They have like eight kids and they NEVER stop....parents can be so lame."

With that Mary Jane laughed, she finally felt as if she found a home.

*Well....its over...for me. Sorry guys. But I am releasing this story to the world. If anyone wants to add to it feel free.*