

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Based upon the stories featured in the Wonder Woman comic book, Volume Two, issues #17-19, by George Perez and #105-108, by Phil Jimenez. Told now without any damn censoring.

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WARNING: The following story contains adult themes and explicit descriptions of extreme sexual events. NO MINOR SHOULD READ THIS. Hell, most so-called adults shouldn't, either. If you are below your country's age of legal majority, kindly bugger off.

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## **PROLOGUE: OF BEASTS AND MEN**

Wonder Woman stood before the ceiling-high plasteel windows of the Watchtower's observation deck, facing the blue-white orb of Earth, her tall and graceful figure somehow both imposing and crestfallen at once.

The war with Imperix was over, and mankind, with the help of Apokolips and various alien factions, had prevailed, but at no small cost. Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons and Diana's mother, had fallen fighting the Imperix probes, and many other amazons had joined her in death when their whole island was used as suicide weapon against Imperix himself.

Superman walked slowly towards her, unsure of whether to disturb her reverie or not. Krypto, his canine companion, followed at his heels, but the Man of Steel bade him to remain behind with a gesture, and the dog, with unique understanding, obeyed.

"Diana..." Superman began. At loss for further words, he just placed a hand on her bare shoulder.

"Kal," she replied, placing her own hand over his, thanking him in silence.

"From here, Earth appears peaceful," Diana said after a while. "Unblemished, even."

"Yes, it does."

"It's in our hearts and minds where the scars remain."

Superman moved closer, and she turned to take comfort in his arms. It was uncharacteristic of her, always so strong and assured, to seek refuge in others, but her loss was far greater than could be accounted.

"My Mother-" she began, and choked.

"I know," he said, keeping her close.

Krypto tilted his head to a side, staring at them with curiosity. The sweet-smelling female was in evident distress, but he could still sense easily her powerful readiness, and how his master clearly responded to it. Yet they failed to act for no apparent reason.

Humans were strange.

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New York City also showed the scars of war, Superman thought, flying over one of the devastated areas. But buildings and commerce could be rebuilt, unlike lives. Luthor's government was doing a decent job with the relief efforts, but the Man of Steel wanted personally to ensure that there were no live victims still trapped under the debris. Krypto's superpowered senses, even more acute than his, was proving invaluable for this.

He was still worried about Diana, but knew there was little he could do to help her, and his power was more useful here. Having held her again had also stirred things he preferred not to disturb, and there was no one Lois felt more jealous about than Diana, so he always needed to be careful regarding her.

Krypto barked loudly, and Superman followed the noise.

Apparently unharmed, a young girl sat on a clearing, surrounded by tons of shattered concrete and twisted rebar. It was strange that his vision had failed to see her until up close.

"Everything will be alright," he said softly, coming closer to the girl with a wide smile, to reassure her.

The girl looked up, and smiled. She was clean, too clean.

He reached for her, and his hand recoiled at the touch of something enveloping her, a field of strange forces.

It had to be a trap.

Krypto growled suddenly, before purple light exploded all around them, making the dog yelp and then fall silent.

Something fell on Superman, too fast and noiseless to be human. Sharp claws raked invulnerable Kryptonian flesh, drawing blood, and a long prehensile tail coiled tightly around his neck, cutting off his breath. The creature was fast and strong, and magic-powered, which made it more dangerous.

But it was not enough. He was Superman.

Struggling to keep the sharp claws away from his face and stomach, he flew up, and pulling his attacker up with him, depriving him of leverage, before slamming against the concrete slab above them. Grabbing the furry tail at his neck, the Man of Steel, who could survive the airless vacuum of space, pulled the furry being to face him, and struck with a punch that could shake mountains. The bestial foe cried out in pain, and his clawed limbs flailed at the hero again, but Superman dove down and drove his enemy into the ground at supersonic speed.

Superman stood up, removing the now limp tail from his neck, and frowned. The unconscious creature was some kind of were-beast, a fur-covered humanoid with feline characteristics. It resembled the Cheetah, Diana's old foe, but as a male.

"Well done!" a deep, musical voice spoke behind him. Superman turned, surprised, to face a beautiful woman with long, dark hair, blood red lips and purple eyes. She wore a revealing top, tight leather pants riding low on her shapely hips, and a strangely disturbing perfume. Everything about

her exuded sexuality.

“Who are you?” Superman asked, stepping back. The trap had become far more dangerous.

“A damsel in distress, obviously,” the woman said with a wide, dazzling smile, somehow much closer to him now. Her purple eyes were impossibly deep and captivating. “Who must give her hero his due reward.”

She stood on tip-toes to kiss him, pressing her firm body against him, and her lips were sweet like roses just past their prime.

“I’m sorry,” he began, pushing her away gently, confused. “But I-“

“You’re mine now,” she said, lifting one finger to his face, running a long fingernail along his jaw line, while her eyes sparkled with unnatural light. “Should’ve known better than to send a male to do a woman’s work, of course. Though I can see now what the damned Amazon sees in someone like you. Ah, but you could be so much better...”

“Amazon? Wond-? Diana?” Superman asked, confused, while his eyes clouded.

“Oh, yes. Diana. We go way back, you know,” she as darkness claimed him.

#### PART ONE: HELL HATH NO FURY

“And this is Princess Diana of Themyscira,” Professor Julia Kapatelis said in Greek to yet another dignitary in rigorous black-tie.

“Pleased to meet you,” the young black-haired beauty said with a bright smile, extending her hand, her use of newly-learned modern Greek still flavored by the cadences of her Themysciran dialect.

The bald, portly man muttered something and took her hand with what appeared almost like religious awe. His stare was fixed on Diana’s large blue eyes and the perfect face framing them, from the thick eyebrows to the full lips on her small mouth.

Julia smiled. Must give him credit for staring at her face and not her chest, unlike the past two ones, she thought. But then, everything about Diana was really entrancing if you thought about it. Few were prepared to meet a real royal demigoddess in the flesh. And what a flesh it was!

They had been touring Greece for a week now, as part of Diana’s official duty as ambassador to the world, delivering her speeches about peace, understanding, and the improving of mankind. At her age, Julia no longer believed that words could sway mankind into virtue, even delivered by such extraordinary envoy, but she was glad to accompany Diana, and to help her discover the country where the Amazons had once lived. It was for Julia, a return to her homeland, and for Diana, an encounter with her heritage. But for most others they met, it was a just a publicity opportunity, or an item of curiosity.

“That’s the last of the dirty old men,” Julia said. “You’ve given them enough to dream about for the rest of the year.”

“I thought I had dressed modestly enough.”

“Well, you tried,” Julia sighed.

Wearing no make-up, Diana was dressed in a white robe covering her from neck to ankles, bound at

the hips by looped golden threads, with a length of the same fabric draped over one arm. Her hair was gathered high on her head by another golden thread, calling attention to her graceful long neck. It was supposed to be conservative and unassuming, but with Diana's curves pushing the cloth out in all directions, the outfit emphasized more than understated.

"Why must so many stare at my chest or behind, Julia? I understand there is a mammalian fixation, but there are others here with breasts larger than mine--"

"But they're twice your weight, dear, if not more! It's a matter of context. Your curves, in your frame, make quite a different effect, believe me."

Diana's mouth twisted to a side. "I was afraid of it. I wonder how many men actually listened to my speech during the opening ceremony."

"Maybe you just made the message harder to forget."

"Really?"

"Ah, child, you may be the only girl I've known to be sincerely worried about being too beautiful!"

"There are more important things, Julia."

"Oh, yes. But then, these are men. They may never realize that."

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"There she is, Mistress."

"Indeed," a deep, musical voice replied, with both curiosity and disdain in her tone.

"Must she be destroyed, Mistress?"

"Ah, have her buxom charms gotten to you, as well?"

"Mistress? It seems a pity to waste such--"

"For once your taste is true. It would be a pity indeed. I must know more. Does the Kapatelis crone go with her everywhere?"

"It seems so."

"Arrange things, Theophilus. I want to meet her."

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"Ah, we're so glad that you accepted our invitation, Princess," Theophilus Ventouras said with a broad smile as he led Julia and Diana into a room large enough to stage sporting events, where the Amazon's entrance was met by hungry eyes from most of the expensively dressed guests. "You honor us with your presence."

"I hope my being here does help your fund-raiser," Diana said, radiant in plain white again.

"Oh, these are the richest people in Cephalonia and all neighboring islands," he said, gesturing widely. "To meet someone as world-famous as you, they won't mind some fleecing!"

"And here I thought the politicians were bad," Julia muttered, uncomfortable in her sober, out-of-fashion dress. As an archeologist and scholar, she had known her share of obligatory fundraising social events, but as the evening went on, her irritation with the superficiality of it all had increased exponentially, as well as her admiration for Diana's polite patience. She wished that her teenaged daughter Vanessa had already joined them, as expensive parties were for the young, after all. But perhaps this was the kind of party that Julia did not mind Vanessa missed.

"Come, Princess, there's someone else you just must meet," Theophilus said, leading Diana to a secluded corner, taking advantage of Julia being busy at the buffet table.

"I'd rather wait for Julia."

"Will be just a minute," he insisted, and drew back a curtain that led to a small private room. "Let me introduce to you our esteemed Cassandra Colchis."

"Princess Diana, I presume?" the beautiful woman with the purple eyes asked with a deep, musical voice.

\*

When Julia found Diana, the Amazon Princess was busy in fast conversation with someone who was surely a high society heiress, actress or model, a dark-haired woman of indeterminate age, dressed in flimsy silk showcasing the length of her legs and the suppleness of her slender frame. Her long hair was bound in elaborate jeweled braids, with many long curling strands archaically decorating her unlined forehead. Most women, no matter how comely, were easily eclipsed by Diana's beauty, but this woman almost held her own even next to her.

Julia disliked her immediately.

"Sorry to interrupt, Diana, but it's late, and--"

"Oh, Julia, I'm sorry. I just--"

"I'm sure Theophilus will put you... both up for the night," the strange woman said with a wide smile. "You have nothing to worry about." "Thank you, but--"

"Of course! I already had your things brought over from the hotel," Theophilus stated. "And the island ferry left over an hour ago, anyway. I'm afraid you must accept my hospitality!"

Julia frowned. Something told her she should indeed be afraid.

\*

"She's fascinating!" Diana exclaimed. "And so beautiful!"

Julia shook her head. It was not normal to see Diana behave like a schoolgirl. It was the Superman thing all over again.

"I suppose, if you like the slutty type."

"Oh, come on, Julia! She--"

"I'm sure she was all that," Julia said dryly. "I'm just cranky. It was a long day."

"I'm sorry, it was selfish of me."

"Oh, please, Diana! It's fine if you meet new people! You shouldn't hang around an old hag like me all the time!"

"Really? Why not?" Diana asked with a smile, and bent down to peck Julia on the cheek.

"Go on, child, get some rest," Julia replied, smiling as well, her foreboding forgotten.

\*

Diana hardly noticed the luxury of the chambers she was given, her mind full of her latest acquaintance. Cassandra Colchis had engaged her in discussion as deep as her lovely eyes, and Diana had felt entranced by the older woman's words as much as by her dazzling beauty. Even the disagreements on gender politics had been stimulating and thought-expanding to the point of being thrilling.

Julia had become both her friend and surrogate mother in Patriarch's World, while Vanessa was that newfound wonder, a younger sister, but Cassandra promised to be something else, something that Diana had not found yet in this modern world.

Even when the discussion had turned to the gods of Olympus, Cassandra had continued her questions with none of the skeptical unease that all others, even Julia, always showed on the topic. Almost like she already believed in their factual existence, before Diana had even spoken to assert it.

As Diana undressed, a soft knock sounded at her door, and she ran to open, glad that Julia had decided to continue talking, eager to explain in depth her newly rising feelings to her friend and mentor.

"Julia, I'm-!" she began, opening the door, to find a pair of bright purple eyes meeting hers.

"I like your choice of bedwear," Cassandra Colchis said with a smile, her eyes moving down to drink of Diana's nudity.

"Cassandra?" Diana asked, cursing herself for the stupidity of her question.

"What would you think of our hospitality if you were left to sleep in a cold bed, alone?"

After a moment's hesitation, Diana merely stepped back, and the other woman followed her into the room.

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Julia groaned, trying to find a comfortable posture in a bed whose mattress was far too soft for her bad back.

They had a busy week still ahead. Hopefully they would both get a good night's rest.

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Their mouths met slowly, tentatively, neither wanting to rush things, letting lips brush slowly and breaths mingle while hands slid gently over soft skin, teasing, hinting at much more to come.

Next to Diana's perfect balance of lush voluptuousness and taut athleticism, Cassandra was soft and

slender, long-limbed and slightly pear-shaped, with small high breasts and dark nipples, which soon became hard and compact under Diana's tongue. Yet her wiry strength surprised Diana. She had tried to be gentle at first, knowing that even her un-augmented Amazon strength was far above that of a normal woman or man, but Cassandra had a sense of power in her frame that somehow went beyond the physical.

The silken sheets became the battleground for a slow and dreamlike contest of wills and skills, as both women sought to pleasure each other with single-minded devotion, their own pleasures magnified in the mirror of the other's flesh. Unlike the wild urgency of her recent sexual experiences, Diana found instead a soft but powerful assurance of the inevitability of mutual ecstasy that made long to stretch each instant into lasting forever, to obliterate time itself in the delightful oasis of Cassandra's body.

Diana's first orgasm was not an explosion of release, but the first step on a staircase of pleasure that rose higher and higher, and she recognized that her skills at female lovemaking were dwarfed by those of her companion, whose touch seemed to find with magical ease every sensitive spot, to work there with true virtuosity. Even Mala, her fellow Amazon, friend and first lover ever, who had spent centuries pursuing lesbian sex as an art, could have learned many things from Cassandra. Diana normally took the aggressive role during sex with women, but now she relented, allowing her partner to dictate the pace and direction of their pleasures, yielding gladly to be driven to places of vast, uninterrupted bliss.

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Julia stormed out of her room, enraged at the news brought by the telephone call. Despite her better judgement, Julia had allowed Vanessa to stay with her Uncle Stavros in Athens for the weekend, in order to attend the concerts at a local festival, and see one of those noisy Europop bands she loved. Stavros was supposed to bring her to Cephalonia today, so together they would all travel by boat to Ithaca, Zante, and the Arcadian and Mesenian Gulfs, before flying to the Aegean Islands and Lesbos, where Diana said an Amazon city had once stood. It had all been worked out in detail, but now Vanessa called saying that Stavros had become suddenly ill and even needed hospitalization, so of course she could not travel on her own.

Surely Stavros had overindulged on drink or food, and now the whole schedule was ruined, Julia thought as she barged into Diana's room. "We need to reschedule everything-!"

"Oh, hello."

"What? It isn't even noon yet!" Cassandra Colchis complained.

Julia Kapatelis stared.

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"But I should go with you."

"What for? I just need to check on Stavros and pick Vanessa up. We'll be back in no time, and I'm sure you can use the time to get better acquainted with your new friend."

"That is unfair, Julia."

Julia Kapatelis tightened her mouth and held back her answer. Of course an island with no men in it would lead to different practices, and Diana, innocent as she appeared to be, was an adult, and one



with greater responsibilities and powers than most. Even if Diana was like another daughter to her, Julia knew she had no right to contest her sexual choices. But still she could not shake off her disappointment and anger.

They had just met! And the woman was obviously a hussy! Did Diana have no standards at all about who she slept with?

"Maybe we both need a rest," Julia said. "I could use some time alone with Vanessa, too."

She tried to ignore the pain in Diana's eyes as she left.

Vanessa idolized Diana. Would finding out about this incident influence her in any way? Julia did not know if she could accept that.

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Nearby, the woman they knew as Cassandra Colchis smiled.

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"It's all a matter of chauvinistic possessiveness. Men cannot share, so they must own, control, oppress, and ultimately deny and destroy, what they desired. It is their nature."

"But is that solely a male thing?" Diana asked, sitting by her new friend and lover at the terrace of the Ventouras state. Refreshments rested untouched at the table by their sides, and recent calls to attend lunch had gone unheard. "Can women not be equally possessive?"

"Not the same way. A woman may develop a bond, an attachment, perhaps with a sense of entitlement, only as part of a process of sharing, where what is asked is just what is offered," Cassandra stated. "Men have no such capacity for deep involvement. They just seek the superficial sense of power, of ownership. They demand and give nothing in return."

"That's far too broad a statement! I've known-"

"Look at the world, Princess, and tell me if it proves me wrong. Men rule this world, and see how it suffers for it. How can an Amazon not agree?"

"The Amazons tried in the past to supplant the rule of men, and paid for their mistake, for becoming just as extremist and narrow-minded as men. Our philosophy has changed. Balance is needed, not an inversion of roles. And balance is born of understanding."

"Perhaps. But can a man understand a woman, or even himself? See this world of war and greed. Men would destroy their own future. Are they then above the irrational urges of beasts at all?"

"But-"

The words were interrupted by a sudden explosion, as part of the estate burst into flame, and concussive force threw Cassandra off her chair to the stone-paved floor.

"Are you alright?" Diana asked, helping Cassandra to her feet, before rushing off to the burning edifice after receiving an affirmative answer.

"Ah, she can fly indeed," Cassandra said, brushing dirt off her stylish dress, and staring at the Amazon Princess in action.

The explosion had taken place near the dining room where lunch was to be held, destroying a whole side of the building. Entering through the shattered wall, Diana picked up three unconscious guests from behind the remains of the bar and took them outside, to the nearby lawn. Returning to the building, she heard the ceiling above her groan and shake, as the burning structure supporting the upper floor began to collapse. Knowing that others could still be under the piles of debris, she flew up to support the damaged central beam, ignoring the heat on her hands.

“ANYONE STILL HERE?” she asked, as fire continued to spread all around her.

A man groaned in pain somewhere close.

“HELP! SOMEONE PULL HIM OUT!” Diana called, but servants and guests alike dared not to approach, as flames rose and smoke billowed all about.

Not knowing the man’s specific location, Diana did not know if she could leave the beam and find him amidst the smoke fast enough to pull him out safely. Yet the structure continued to break apart and would fall down around them soon. She would survive but he would not. She had to risk it.

“I guess lunch is ruined,” Cassandra said, walking into the ruined place, ignoring the flames. She waved her hands in complex patterns while purple light enveloped her. “Find the poor man, will you? I’ll hold this mess up.”

To her astonishment, Diana felt the weight of the beam disappear.

“But-?”

“I was not hungry anyway.”

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“You have powers? But why-? How-?”

“All in time, my dear,” Cassandra said. “The bomb was likely meant for me, you see. Small people cannot bear anyone better than them.”

“But-?”

“The authorities will be here soon, and our presence may just cause poor Theophilus further complications. Perhaps we’d better continue chatting at my own place.”

“Your own place?”

“Aea, a small island of my own, near here. I can answer your questions there.”

“Aea?” Diana asked, her eyes opening wide.

“Ah, you recognize the name?” the purple-eyed woman replied with a smile.

“The same of Homer’s tale?”

“Yes, I was not called Cassandra Colchis back then, of course.”

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The island was lushly covered by wild vegetation, and the white marble estate sprawled tastefully among the greenery.

"Welcome back, Mistress," said the tall, dour-faced man in the black suit, bowing deeply as the two women approached.

"There was another attempt, Nikkos, at Theophilus's," Cassandra said without preamble. "I expect results today."

"Will be done, Mistress."

"We shall be taking a bath. Arrange it," Cassandra added, and reached for Diana's hand. "Come, let me show you my domains."

"Should I still call you Cassandra?" Diana asked.

"Circe will do," she replied with a narrow smile.

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"-They had been pigs all along, of course. My arts only made it literal. And pigs they were even after I undid the spell," Circe said, approaching the wide and shallow marble pool in the open terrace, already filled with steaming hot water.

"But did you really love him?" Diana asked.

"I believed he was different from all the others," she replied after a moment's hesitation. "But after a year of basking in my attentions, he chose to leave, to return to Ithaca. It was his possession, you see, just like that cow Penelope. Men just cannot give up their possessions, even in the face of true happiness. Odysseus was no exception."

Diana heard the bitterness in those words, and her own disappointments regarding Superman and all other men she had known in Patriarch's World paled in comparison. Feeling more than ever that the sorceress was perhaps the equal she had sought, Diana cast her misgivings aside, and approached Circe, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Circe," Diana whispered, calling out her real name for the first time. Circe turned about and pulled Diana to her. Her hands removed the Amazon's soiled clothing while their lips met, and both moved into the soothing heat of the bath, which soon paled compared to that of their bodies.

Stars and a bright full moon filled cloudless skies, and they continued under that faint light, until Diana finally fell back, breathless, her arms and upper back on the pool's edge, the water level with her heaving chest, and her eyes closed in sated contentment.

Circe then stood up, so the water was at her thighs, and clapped her hands, her eyes shining.

"Let's make it more interesting," she said.

Two tall figures approached from the terrace's sides, broad chests and shoulders and narrow hips marking them as males. After a slight reverence, they moved into the pool.

"Who-?" Diana began, confused.

"They serve me," Circe said, and her hands moved to caress the muscular limbs of the new arrivals,

drawing both to her. "They can serve us both."

"I -I don't think-"

"You think too much," Circe laughed, and pushed one of her servants towards Diana, before turning to kiss the one she held back.

His pupils were large and liquid, astonishingly golden in color. The hand reaching for her was covered by a soft, silken down. He smiled, and his teeth gleamed white under the moonlight, the pointed canines larger than in a normal man.

"No, thank you," Diana said, pulling away, lifting herself off the water to sit on the pool's edge. "I'd rather not."

"Would you prefer another one?"

"No! Sorry, I just can't. Not with a stranger that I-"

"I was a stranger, too."

"I felt like I'd always known you," Diana whispered, though she wondered what she could really believe.

"Watch us, then," Circe said with a smile, and drew the servant back to her, while the other one embraced her from behind.

The sex was rough and frantic. Sharp nails and teeth worried flesh while they struggled in erotic abandon, and the waters churned violently around them. Circe was simultaneously entered from front and behind, and urged her partners on to greater efforts with shrill cries and gasps that joined their grunts and groans in discordant harmonies.

Diana had never been just a spectator in male-female sex before, and as her eyes caught every detail of the feverish tryst, she felt the heat restart in her loins, and needed to fight the need to touch herself.

Strangely, as the sex progressed, it seemed to Diana that the wide, muscular backs of Circe's lovers were now hairier than before, while their noises had become more growl-like. But Circe turned then to stare at her, and Diana felt her whole attention captured by the wild passion held in those eyes. Circe's voiced demands became more and more urgent, but her large purple eyes never left those of the Amazon until they finally closed during her evident culmination.

As her lovers withdrew silently, Circe dove into the water, to rise up with a smile, slicking back her wet hair with her hands. "Good for a warm-up," she said, breathlessly. "Did you enjoy watching it?"

Diana blushed, realizing that she had been touching herself after all.

"Didn't you feel tempted to join in?" Circe continued, as she waded towards Diana, her servants following her, their visages darkened.

"Yes," Diana replied honestly. "But-"

"I knew you would," Circe said. Her hands moved to caress Diana's muscular thighs where she sat, asking them to open with her touch. "You just need to learn to let go," she added, and her mouth dove at the wet junction of the Amazon's legs.

Diana closed her eyes, surrendering to the delicious skills of the sorceress, soon allowing Circe to pull her back into the pool. Their mouths joined and both turned during their embrace, so Circe was back to the marble wall of the pool, and Diana felt another pair of strong hands touch her from behind. She tensed at this, but Circe's touch begged her to accept it, and soon the Amazon Princess relaxed under their combined caresses.

"Now you do me," Circe whispered and moved out of the water to sit at the pool's edge, spreading her legs.

Diana leaned forward, her shoulders and arms above the water, anxious to feel again Circe's intoxicating flavor, and wondered if she would also taste the seed Circe had received from her lovers, or if the waters had washed it away. The sorceress soon grabbed onto the Amazon's hair in appreciation, and whispered soft, loving obscenities. Taking advantage of her position, the servant behind Diana slid his hands from her slender waist to her wide hips, preparing to enter her.

"What? No!" Diana began, but Circe held hard onto her hair, keeping her from moving away, from denying what was to come.

"Accept it," Circe muttered hoarsely. "Enjoy it."

Diana hesitated, looking up at Circe with worry, but she did not pull away, and her eyes then closed with momentary pain as the servant started entering her, the tightness of her sex making the progress of his hot, rigid member difficult, despite the water around them and her own wetness. He began to thrust back and forth, and each motion let him slide deeper into her, until she felt him slap against her buttocks, the wet hairiness of his hips an afterthought in the undeniably rising pleasure of the coupling.

"Nice and big, isn't it?" Circe laughed, and pulled Diana's hair hard, remembering her to continue her oral ministrations. Complying, Diana found that the taste of Circe's sex in her mouth, and the insistent tugging on her hair, all while being taken from behind, made her feel even more excited, more aware of her pleasure. Circe came close to a climax fast, perhaps equally excited at seeing Diana serviced before her, and she slid back into the pool, kissing Diana hungrily before moving to a side, into the arms of the waiting second servant.

Diana's arms reached forward to the pool wall facing her, as her lover increased the tempo of his thrusts, becoming more and more violent in his motions. She then felt Circe press next to her, taking her same position, so both were side by side while taken from behind by their respective lovers. Their eyes turned to each other and their excitement grew higher, mirrored in their locked stares.

Finally Diana's pleasure grew too intense. Closing her eyes, she pressed her forehead to the pool wall, her knees almost slipping on the pool's tiled floor while her lover pounded her with savage strength and speed, his torso pressed against her back now, wet hairy skin rubbing against her smooth own. She moaned loudly, feeling an orgasm approach, but did not want to come yet, wanting Circe to join her in climax. The sorceress was crying out loudly her pleasure, but she was much more vocal than Diana and had been moaning and squealing almost from the start. Diana turned then to look at Circe, and her eyes opened wide in shock and horror.

Circe was lost in her pleasure, eyes closed and head shaking from side to side, arms trembling as she held to the pool wall precariously, crying out her feverish excitement. But what struck Diana was the unexpected sight of the large hairy creature mounting the lovely sorceress. Its quadrupedal body retained suggestions of humanoid shape, but the dark furred frame and limbs, and the elongated head with its open, slavering jaws were clearly, undeniably bestial. Diana realized the mirrored

implication with a cold shudder, and twisted to glance over her shoulder. She beheld her own lover, still more human than Circe's, but obviously becoming more animalistic with each second. Handsome exotic features became more and more bestial and his body changed even while he lay over her, thrusting into her depths with a wild urgency she now recognized as fully inhuman. Like Circe, she was being fucked by an animal.

Diana knew she had to stand up, to stop this awful act, to escape and save Circe from the thing possessing her as well, but before volition could become action, the Amazon's body, momentarily detached from her horrified consciousness, had continued along its own instinctive path, and with an overflow of sensation that almost drowned her fear and shock, Diana nearly climaxed.

"NO!"

Diana pulled away violently, instants before reaching her climax, and threw off her now even more bestial lover in abrupt denial of her body's demands. Just then Circe cried out her own orgasm, and Diana saw that whatever had once been human in her partner was now fully gone, and the sorceress trembled in the throes of her climax while mounted by a massive, savage-looking wolf.

A low growl called her attention, and Diana turned to see the servant she had just thrown off, fangs bared in angry protest, his feline body crouching near her.

"Merciful Hera," Diana whispered.

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"Would you have preferred a canine?" Circe casually asked, stepping away from the pool, as a short man in a dark suit brought her a long silken robe. "I find them best myself, too." "No, no," Diana muttered, standing away from Circe, her eyes following the wet beasts as they were taken away by another couple of apparently human servants. She should have suspected. "I did not-"

"Oh, please, you had mated with animals before, no?" Circe asked with a frown, gesturing for another robe to be given to Diana.

"I-" Diana began, confused, remembering what she had experienced in the Netherworlds of Tartarus, during the Challenge of the Gods, and wondering whether she could consider all that had happened in those magical realms as fully real. But then, Circe's creatures were clearly also magical, though this was the real world. "Maybe I have, but-"

"Then you know no human male can compare to the right beast for a good, hard fuck, Diana. I really thought we could start sharing such pleasures, too."

Diana did not know what to think. She took the robe offered her, and saw that the slender youth who bore it was lightly covered in faint fur as well. He did not meet her eyes.

"Were they men you changed into beasts, or beasts you had made into men?"

"Is there any difference?"

\*

"Didn't your magic work only within this island?"

"So it was, centuries ago, but a small understanding with Hecate increased my power," Circe

replied, as she sat at a large table covered with plentiful delicacies. With a gesture, she invited Diana to join her.

"Hecate? The witch goddess?"

"The Crone aspect of the Trinity of the Moon. Not as popular as Artemis among the rabble, but more helpful of her followers," Circe continued. "In a way, we both are avatars of higher powers, Diana, though the Olympians may have scorned my Patroness, just like men unwisely scorned me."

"The Olympians are not infallible," Diana said, her own words surprising her. Once she would have thought it blasphemy, but the Challenge of the Gods had taught her to see her deities in different sight. "But--"

"Excuse me, My Mistress," a deep voice cut in.

"You'd better have good reason to interrupt us, Nikkos," Circe said coldly.

"You asked for results today, Mistress," Nikkos said, and at his words, other servants entered, dragging in the two struggling young men, their clothes ripped to shreds. "These were the ones responsible."

"Good work, Nikkos," Circe said, smiling mirthlessly. "You'll be rewarded later, at my chambers."

She stood up, her green robes flowing around her, and approached the captives. Both were barely teenagers, and their eyes were full of fear.

"Who organized it?" Circe asked. "Who leads your pathetic little group?"

"You can kill us!" one began. "But we won't--"

"There are worse things than death," Circe hissed.

"What are you doing?" Diana asked.

"She enslaves our people!" the youth cried out. "Turns them into her pets! She-!"

"Be silent, scum," Circe said, and her gesture made his mouth close unnaturally. "These fools, and their ridiculous cadre, sought my death. They must be punished for their crime."

"You only have your man's word of their guilt--"

"Nikkos can never lie to me. Nor can the sentries I have everywhere. I need no other evidence."

"If they are the ones responsible, then you must turn them over to the local authorities."

Circe turned around, and laughed. "You are so naive! I am the only authority that matters in these islands."

"That is not right."

"Please leave us, Princess, if you have no stomach for justice. We can talk later."

Diana stepped forward.

"You cannot kill them. These are not the old days anymore, Circe."

"All days are mine if I wish so, Diana. Do not argue with me in front of my servants."

"I cannot let you kill them."

Circe's eyes narrowed, staring at Diana, and her voice changed as she spoke : "You are not just naive, Diana, you are ignorant. You know nothing about this place, this world. Your people ran away to a hidden island for a reason, Princess of the Amazons. Their ideals just could not survive in reality. Not then, not now. But I've been here, living centuries in the shadow of man's madness and incompetence. I understand reality. I could teach you, Diana. You could be my pupil, my partner, and my lover. Or you could chose to ignore my words and oppose my will. But believe me, it would be better if you ran back to hide at your puny island, than daring to defy me."

Diana spread her legs apart and her blue eyes were unwavering as she matched Circe's stare.

"I cannot let you kill them."

Circe's mouth closed in a tight grimace, and the look of bitter disappointment in her eyes almost broke Diana's resolve. Almost.

"So be it, Amazon. You spurn my love, and my wisdom. As Odysseus did. In my youthful folly, I let him go freely. But I've grown wiser, and you, I now brand my enemy."

"It doesn't have to be like that, Circe. Just let-"

"It must be like that," Circe said, and purple fire sprang from her fingers.

\*

Their fight was as brutal as their lovemaking had been tender.

Circe's servants changed into hideous hybrids of men and beast, and charged at Diana, to aid their mistress in her attack. But their animalistic strength was no match for the full power of Wonder Woman, and were easily defeated. Circe alone was the true threat.

Blasts of unholy fire sought the flying heroine, and garden trees and marble constructs alike came alive, trying to trap her in their reshaped grasps. Diana tore off a chunk of marble from a shattered column to throw as a missile against Circe, but the sorceress blasted it to dust with ease.

"Please Circe!" Diana called out. "We don't have to fight!"

"Yes, we do, you ungrateful bitch!" Circe spat, and her eyes shone with inspiration as she moved to the corner where the bound captives still crouched. Her hands waved and her voice muttered gutturally, and both young men began to shift and change, screaming in pain.

"Once under my spell, they are mine to command!" she shouted. "I can order them to kill each other, unless you come down to me, Amazon!"

The transformed youths pounced on each other, snarling like the savage wolves they now resembled. Blood soon stained their fangs and claws.

"NO!" Diana cried out, and flew down to face Circe.



“Good,” Circe said as her hands unleashed a new blast of furious power. “Die now.”

Diana stood her ground, both arms held up before her, focusing her will on the crossed bracelets, channeling her Olympian-given power to withstand the barrage of eldritch energies. Pain coursed her body and her skin began to burn, but she began to walk towards Circe.

Circe continued her attack, knowing that the Amazon was fast enough to knock her unconscious between beats of her heart if she relented, and the energy discharge rose in power. Seeing Wonder Woman continue her slow approach despite this, Circe mumbled a dozen words, and her animorphic servants woke up and rose all about the ruined chamber. Answering her command, they surrounded the Amazon and began to close in to her, fangs and claws gleaming in the remaining light.

Diana knew she could not resist Circe’s attack while also fighting her creatures off. Gritting her teeth, she had to use all her power and concentration to hold her balance and resistance, as she lifted one leg up, bringing her knee close to her chest. With a grunt, she brought her foot down against the marble floor.

The stomp made the whole palace shudder, making Circe fall to the ground, startled, stopping her attack. Diana used this to free the golden thread she still wore as makeshift belt, as she flew up. The magic lasso sprang from her hands under her will, and its noose surrounded the baffled animorphs, before closing and gathering all of them into a single clump.

“WHAT IS YOUR TRUE NATURE?” Diana shouted, and the fire of Hestia ran through the lasso. As the bestial creatures screeched in response, with a hard tug, Diana threw them all at Circe.

“You devious bitch!” Circe muttered, with what almost sounded like admiration, shaping her magicks into a sphere of protection, as around her the servants began reverting to their true shapes, some becoming men, some beasts, but all turning on her as their bestial minds were momentarily freed from her slavery. Dozens of changing voices growled or yelled at her.

“But your trick will not free them for long!”

To the surprise of both Diana and Circe, loud gunfire erupted from a side corridor, and several armed men and women entered the room, aiming their weapons at the sorceress.

“KILL THE WITCH!” several shouted, and many among the still shifting animorphs echoed the cry, but hands, claws and bullets alike could not pierce Circe’s magic protection.

“DIANA!” called out a voice that the Amazon Princess instantly recognized, and she rushed to embrace the old woman in the incongruous guerilla outfit. It was Julia.

“You’ll all pay,” Circe muttered, and waved her hands at the new arrivals. “I needed a change of service staff anyway.”

The men and women continued their shooting, unfazed.

“Moly, Diana,” Julia explained, showing Diana the improvised bracelet on her wrist, shared by all the new arrivals. “The humble herb that as Hermes told Odysseus, could negate Circe’s transformation power. Being an old scholar has its uses, after all.”

“Moly? MOLY?” Circe asked incredulously, as her magic dissipated harmlessly around her new enemies. Cruder manifestations of power could still work, but Wonder Woman had turned to face her again, and most of her former servants had ran away, escaping the many ricocheting bullets.

Several paces away, Nikkos had fallen in a puddle of blood.

There was no use in fighting a losing battle.

“We will meet again, Amazon, and debts shall be paid,” Circe snarled.

Purple fire exploded, filling all of Circe’s palace, and as it faded, Circe was gone, like all evidence of her presence.

\*

Men and women cried with relief and happiness, hugging nude long-lost relatives. Even those who saw familiar faces among the dead, still joined in the celebration. They were at last free of Circe’s shadowy reign.

“The Resistance contacted Stavros, to try to draw us away from Circe, from this place where she controlled all local officials through her magic or wealth,” Julia explained. “They hoped for your help, but my foolish jealousy almost ruined everything. I’m sorry, Diana, I-”

“You were right about her, Julia,” Diana replied, her voice hoarse. “I was the one being foolish. I hoped-”

Julia shook her head. “Hope is never foolish.”

Diana nodded, and looked away, as tears ran down her face.

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PART TWO: SEASON OF THE WITCH

It came too fast, even for the Flash. He tried to run but his legs refused to work like they should, and he fell on all fours, coarse hair sprouting all over his body. He tried to scream for help, but his mouth failed to shape words.

Women in outlandish costumes surrounded him, and laughed with vicious merriment.

Wally West was no longer the World’s Fastest Man. He was no longer even a man.

*

“Circe has taken over New York,” Wonder Woman stated.

Surrounding the Amazon Princess in the lawn of Liberty Island, under the clear afternoon sky and the looming presence of the island’s famous statue, were dozens of young, often athletic women, dressed in multiple schemes of bright colors. Most wore daringly skin-tight fabrics, and several who could easily rival the world’s best paid models with their spectacular figures, wore little at all, though few could compete with Princess Diana herself.

But the assemblage was not a fashion show, and their looks were trivial compared to the power they wielded. Almost every superpowered heroine in the world was present at this place.

“Every man in the city, including metapowered ones, has been transformed and made helpless by the witch’s magic, and any man who enters the city will suffer the same fate,” Diana continued. “Circe also called for all female meta-criminals to willingly join her in her assault, and many

answered her summons.”

“Who we talking about?” asked the short-haired blonde with the wide, muscular build to match her even wider and more pronounced buxomness. “Small fries or real heavy hitters?”

“We must assume several of all levels, Power Girl. Oracle identified Killer Frost, Silver Banshee, and Mongal among others.”

“Dibs on the last,” Power Girl muttered with a half smile.

“Why would they work together?” asked a lithe blonde dressed in dark fishnets stockings, and tight black spandex and leather. “Is there some kind of larger agenda?”

“Yeah, what Canary said,” Power Girl added. “Why go to such pains to take over New York anyway? Just to loot or ask for ransom, or what?”

“I think it’s rather a grand gesture,” Diana said. “Circe never was this powerful, but maybe she found a way to tap into the residual Imperix energies. She may be trying to draw other magic-users to her, in order to expand her spell even further, perhaps to encompass the whole world.”

“Thus getting rid of all men? Why is that such a bad idea?” someone muttered, and many others chuckled.

“Come on, they have their uses,” Black Canary protested.

“Circe may indeed want to do that,” Diana cut in somberly. “But if her magic starts expanding beyond New York, the government could deploy a nuclear strike.”

“Nuke New York? That’s madness!”

“Circe may trust that, too, but remember who is now president of the United States of America.”

None replied. Lex Luthor had a well known reputation in the superhuman community.

“What about Doctor Fate? Or Zatanna?” asked a thin, young girl wearing tight red jeans and a black t-shirt emblazoned with Wonder Woman’s stylized eagle symbol. “Can’t they stop this, magic against magic?”

“Zatanna is working to monitor the spell and keep it contained, but neutralizing it falls beyond even her powers,” Diana told Wonder Girl. “Fate, like many other members of the Justice Society and the Justice League, was in the city when the spell hit.”

“Like my father,” the green-skinned Jade said grimly.

“And my husband,” said Big Barda, the tallest and most physically imposing woman present, in her scarred Apokolipsian battle armor. “It may be a trap not even he can escape. Why are we wasting time talking?”

“We must not attack blindly,” Diana replied. “We’ll enter the city in groups, relying on teamwork, keeping communication through Oracle. Barda, you, Starfire, Canary, and Troia, will lead a group each. Priority will be to neutralize all the enemy metahumans and locate the transformed heroes. You will carry samples of moly to neutralize the individual transformations, so we can reinforce our numbers with those freed.”

“What about Circe?” Canary asked.

“I will face her myself.”

*

The grotesquely over-muscled woman with the yellowish skin struck Power Girl, and the blonde heroine was sent through the air like a missile, until becoming literally embedded in the thick concrete wall of a building housing a bank.

Panicking women scattered away, yelling.

“I thought you’d be closer in might to the Kryptonian, woman,” Mongal spoke in a sibilant accent, walking closer in long, thunderous strides. “But I see there is nothing more to you than your loose, fat teats.”

Power Girl freed herself with a grunt. Shattered concrete fell around her as she stepped forward, rotating her shoulders. Her eyes narrowed. “Whose tits you called loose?”

*

The Huntress feinted a high kick and dove low at the legs of her opponent, preparing to dodge a possible knee as she shot for the double-leg takedown.

The woman known as Shiva moved down and forward, while turning to a side, hands moving to control the head and an arm of her attacker. Completing the rotation, Shiva threw the Huntress with a desultory grace against a wall several paces away, close to where Black Canary had fallen previously.

“Nice moves,” Vixen snarled as she rushed at Shiva, her speed and ferocity far above that of a human.

Shiva seemed to move just slightly, inching forward and to a side, dodging Vixen’s outstretched nails as she struck with a casually extended ridge hand. Vixen rolled forward, feeling the point of contact in her ribcage burn with sudden pain.

“-Fuck!,” Vixen gasped, rolling to her knees. Only her mystical animal powers had allowed her to twist with the impact and keep her ribs from caving in. Those briefings at the Suicide Squad had obviously fallen short regarding Shiva. Chesire had been a piece of cake in comparison.

“So much talent, so little true skill,” Shiva said with a calm voice, moving in for the kill.

“Desist,” said a nondescript middle-aged woman wearing a shapeless trenchcoat, as she stepped before Shiva.

“Who-?” the martial arts master asked, frowning, her combat awareness, her haragei, baffled by the strange chi of the apparently harmless woman defying her. Suddenly Shiva’s head jerked abruptly, like struck by an invisible blow, and she fell, instantly unconscious.

“Who the fuck?” Huntress echoed, open-mouthed, as she stood up.

The trenchcoat woman’s body began to shift, changing shape.

“Look out! Another trick of Circe!”

>>No,<< a voice echoed in their heads, soundlessly.

"J'onnn? J'onnn J'onzz?" Vixen asked, surprised, recognizing the telepathic presence in her mind.

The woman's skin turned green, and her head grew bald while her skull enlarged. Strong limbs bulged under an outfit of blue boots and a flowing cape fastened to tight, brief shorts by two wide straps crossing over an otherwise bare chest, strategically covering the large, round breasts.

"Damn, J'onnn, you look really hot for a Martian," Vixen muttered. "Should we call you J'enna now?"

"I cannot adopt my usual male shape, without falling under the power of the spell" J'onnn J'onzz explained. "So this is a compromise."

"Well, those're some damn big compromises."

Huntress frowned. Maybe what they said about Vixen was true.

*

Wonder Woman brought her knee up again, and the man bearing the powers of Cheetah fell back, unconscious. He had been very fast, and vicious, but still had lasted only seconds before the Amazon Princess.

As Diana bound her fallen opponent with her lasso, a purple-eyed woman dressed in an extravagant fur coat stepped forward from the shadows, clapping.

"Impressive as always," she said.

"Gender-swapped copies are always inferior to the originals," Wonder Woman sad, turning to face Circe.

"Of course, males are always inferior to females," Circe said.

"Your song has not changed, I see."

"I was curious about a were-beast that I didn't create myself," Circe added with a shrug, and with a gesture the unconscious Cheetah was thrown far from where both women stood. "A pity. He was satisfactory in other matters. But I've always had the worst taste choosing lovers, as you well know."

"It doesn't have to be like this," Diana said. "You could just stop this madness-"

"Madness is what now rules this world of men. Madness is opposing me in saving the world for us, for women."

"By destroying men? What kind of world would you make?"

"A better world! One where women can live and love in peace! Where males become the animals they truly are, in shape as well as in nature, subject to us, living only to serve our needs, as inferior beasts should."

"You would destroy humanity, Circe."

"Mankind had its chance, dear, and they blew it. It's the time of Womankind, now."

"You are insane."

"Insane?" Circe hissed. "Because I dare to speak the truth? And act upon it? The truth you know but will not recognize? I know you, Diana, you love and lust just like I do! You know males are fit for ones like us only if reduced to their true animal nature, to their most honest and pure bestial essence!"

>Oh, please,< Diana heard Oracle mutter through the communicator in her ear. >Sounds like a lit sophomore who's just read Hesse's Steppenwolf.<

"I'd need some privacy now, Oracle," Diana sub-vocalized.

>Now?<

"Please."

>Fine, Princess. Be careful.<

As the communicator went offline, Diana moved towards Circe, lifting her open hands up in the universal gesture of non-aggression.

"Circe, your power could help the world, if only you-"

"I am helping the world. I'm succeeding where you and your kind failed, Amazon."

"The destruction of men is not the answer!."

"I'm not destroying them. I'm improving them."

"Please, Circe, you cannot-"

"I can, and I will!"

"I won't let you."

"You cannot stop me now, Diana."

"I must."

"Yet you know I'm right!"

"I know that I must stop you, Circe," Diana said, sadness filling her voice. Standing close to Circe, the witch's beauty was still breathtaking. "Again."

"Oh, this time will be different, Princess," Circe spat, her voice cold as ice.

"Really?"

"You see," Circe began with a gleeful smile. "I've recently upgraded the quality of my servants."

"The mightiest heroines of the world are bringing down your allies, even as we speak."

"Those scum? Ah, good riddance. I meant him."

A deep growl rose behind Diana. She turned fast, but a massive, white-furred shape rushed her,

faster than a speeding bullet, and she fell before the creature's irresistible power, her eyes filling with the red and gold symbol of a stylized "S" that still covered its broad chest.

Wonder Woman barely lifted her arms in time to shield her throat before the feral creature bore her down, dragging her along the debris-covered floor like a puppet. She winced, and as her foe slammed her with brutal power against a concrete column, she lifted her legs up between them, and pushed him off.

Her attacker struck the farthest wall of the ruined commercial complex with his back, and the whole structure, already damaged by the recent destruction of the Imperix War, shuddered ominously.

"No, no," Diana muttered, seeing her attacker clearly. "NOT YOU!"

Hirsute white fur covered his body where the torn blue and red outfit exposed it. His upper torso and arms remained nearly human, but his lower body and head was that of a canine, and his feral visage showed bared fangs almost too large to fit in his muzzle. Only the remains of his world-famous uniform and an instinctive sense of recognition deep inside her, identified the grotesque creature as formerly being the hero called Superman.

"Quite an improvement, no?" Circe asked with a wide, satisfied grin. "Can't wait to sample him once he's finished with you."

"How could you?"

"I found it quite fitting," Circe replied, shrugging. She snapped her fingers theatrically, and lights and security cameras all over the ruined commercial plaza became active again, despite the lack of electrical power. "And I will enjoy broadcasting to the world how their most admired male hero became a hideous, savage beast who killed poor, noble Wonder Woman."

*

She could not beat him, Wonder Woman realized. Not without killing him.

The transformed Superman charged her with murderous fury, his full Kryptonian power still intact despite his metamorphosis under Circe's magic. As long as she held back, worried about the man beneath the beast, Wonder Woman could not match such strength.

She took advantage of his mindless state and used her superior combat skills to deflect and neutralize his attacks, but her planned counterattacks kept failing to knock him out, and she was afraid of unleashing her own full strength against a foe who had no sense of self-preservation. He could actually kill himself charging her blows if she did not hold herself in check, but he held no such considerations for her.

She dodged another flying lunge, and struck with her foot at his side, sending him to strike an automated escalator, which twisted like taffy under his body.

"YOU ARE NOT A BEAST! FIGHT, SUPERMAN! BREAK FREE OF HER CONTROL!" Diana called out.

He growled and rushed her again.

She could have flown out of the enclosed mall space, to seek assistance from the heroines elsewhere in the city, but the danger of unleashing such a thoughtless rabid powerhouse on the crowded city of

New York made her try to contain their fight to their present location.

She dove under his flight, and slammed her shoulder against his abdomen. Grabbing one of his arms, she threw him down, to strike the floor slab below with a thunderous noise.

“FREE YOURSELF!” she yelled, knowing she had to find a way to nullify Circe’s magic, but Circe had blasted to cinders the strands of moly that she had sought to use to free him.

Her lasso, she realized. If there was a man who had naturally no horrible beast inside, it was Superman, and the fire of Hestia channeled by her magic lasso could help reassert his true nature.

She rushed to where the bound Cheetah had been thrown by Circe, but there was no one there anymore.

“Looking for this?” Circe asked from a mezzanine in the plaza’s opposite side, playing with the golden lengths of metallic rope in her hands.

“NO!” Diana cried out.

“No cheating, dear,” Circe said, laughing, as her magically-controlled slave struck Diana from behind.

*

The loud noises roused him from unconsciousness, and he moved cautiously towards the sounds.

He recognized the unforgettable scent of the female, but was baffled by the smell of the male. It was familiar, but wrong, and it made the hair on his neck stand up.

*

Wonder Woman barely managed to keep him from ripping out her throat, as she rolled in the floor, trying to break free from his unbreakable grip, his Kryptonian invulnerability and transformed anatomy conspiring against her attempts to grapple him off. She focused on her flying power to rise, but he was pushing hard against her, and the floor beneath them shook with the tension of their opposing powers.

She managed to strike at his ribcage with a knee, and used the space created to twist aside and gain his back. His neck had become inhumanly thick, but still she tried to apply a knockout choke with her arms, using her legs to hook around his body, while focusing her flying power to keep them in place. His nails raked at her forearms, and he sought to bite at her, but lacked proper distance. As she tightened her hold, he howled and looked up, and red fire burst from his eyes, striking the roof above them. Thick pieces of a cellular reinforced concrete slab fell on them after the heat-vision blast, and for an instant Diana’s concentration weakened, allowing her foe to fly at supersonic speed against yet another part of the roof slab, trying to dislodge the Amazon warrior from his back.

Diana winced, but held on, and her opponent fell to the floor and rolled desperately on it, scattering debris all around.

“Oh, well, maybe some cheating,” Circe sighed, and threw a blast of eldritch energies at Wonder Woman. The Amazon heroine cried out in pain as the magical struck her back, and lost her hold on her bestial foe.

Diana fell, dazed, and the transformed Superman dove at her, spittle flying from his slavering jaws.

*

The sweet-scented female was in danger.

With a growl, he attacked.

*

“What?” Circe exclaimed in disbelief as the smaller white furry shape struck her slave, taking him off the doomed Amazon, their struggling, tangled shapes flying through a dozen consecutive walls like a rocket.

*

Wonder Woman got to her knees weakly, still trying to clear her head, and her eyes narrowed as she sought to make sense of the savagely struggling figure flying past her, too fast to see at normal human awareness.

“Krypto?” she asked, incredulously.

*

The furry bodies of both combatants was stained with blood as their fangs viciously sought the kill, but even though both held strange similarities in their aspect, Krypto was much smaller than the transformed Superman, and a powerful sweep of a humanoid arm sent the dog flying away, stunned.

The larger creature turned, just in time for Wonder Woman’s fist to strike him, a sonic boom lagging instants behind. Diana straddled her fallen opponent, punching him again and again, and saw Krypto bound back into the plaza.

“KRYPTO!” she called out. “Attack Circe!”

She had not known if he would understand, but the dog obeyed without hesitation.

*

Circe panicked as she saw the white dog fly at her, and jumped aside, throwing up a protective magical shield. Snarling, she unleashed a wide energy blast that threw Krypto down, stunned.

“You will do as my slave, too,” the sorceress hissed, but even as she gestured, Krypto stood up, and began to walk towards her, growling, ignoring the energies swirling uselessly around him.

Circe cursed loudly in an ancient tongue. The dog was a real animal and not controllable under her animorph spell, but somehow also had too much individual will to fall under a standard lower-form domination spell, and unlike with the alien man, she lacked the time to do adjustments.

She blasted again at the beast first, then at Wonder Woman, but the damned Amazon saw her aim and jumped away in time. But Circe’s intent was not that simple. She focused her will, and summoned the slaved Superman.

“KILL THAT DAMN DOG!” Circe ordered.

*

Wonder Woman rushed to Krypto's aid, but had to twist away and dodge more of Circe's magical blasts. She grabbed a massive chunk of debris and hurled it at the sorceress, to shatter on her magical shield. Diana knew that throwing her tiara would be equally useless. Only repeated bludgeoning could weaken that defense.

She flew all around the plaza, dodging blast after blast, while the noises of the furious struggle of Krypto with his transformed master rose in volume.

"KRYPTO! HE'S YOUR MASTER! IT'S SUPERMAN! DON'T HURT HIM!" she cried out, worried, doubting the dog would understand at all, and much less during the frenzy of their fight, but Circe's attacks kept her from joining in to help.

Suddenly she caught a golden glint on the ground, and gritting her teeth, dived at Circe, with arms crossed before her, focusing her power on her bracelets. The blasts struck her violently, but she still rushed forward, until she struck Circe's defensive shield and ricocheted away.

"Your crude strength is useless, Amazon," Circe spat.

"Maybe not," Diana said, holding up the golden lasso she had picked up from where Circe dropped it, during Krypto's attack.

"NO!" Circe yelled, blasting again at Wonder Woman. "KILL HER!" she screamed.

Wonder Woman dodged the blast, and twisted just in time to let her lasso fly and ensnare the transformed Superman as he charged again at her.

"REMEMBER THE TRUTH! YOU ARE NOT A BEAST!" she cried out. "YOU ARE A MAN! YOU ARE SUPERMAN!"

At the other end of the lasso, the Fire of Hestia burned bright, filling the space with blinding light.

Superman screamed loudly, shattering the few remaining glass in the environs, before collapsing, unconscious, but human once again.

"NO! YOU BITCH!" Circe screamed, falling as well, grabbing her temples with desperate grips.

Diana blinked in surprise. She had actually felt the sudden magical feedback erupting from Superman, and knew that Circe's master spell was gone.

"It's over," Diana said.

Circe mumbled curses in forgotten languages, before rising to her knees. "You-You've cost me the world today," she hissed, not even looking up at Diana. "Damn you, Diana, damn you."

With a burst of purple light, Circe disappeared.

Diana sighed, and flew down to where Superman was, kneeling and taking him into her arms.

"Diana?" he whispered weakly, his eyes still closed. "I-I had the strangest dream."

"It was nothing," Diana replied with a smile, and ran a hand through his hair, before letting his head fall gently on her lap. She could never let anyone think of him as she had seen him. That was not

him. "Nothing happened."

"Oracle," she called, activating the communicator again.

>Wonder Woman! Zatanna reports the spell vanished!<

"I know. Circe was defeated, and is gone."

>She got away? Damn. Everything's reverting to normal, and most of the bad girls out there are either fleeing or already ready for prison delivery. Power Girl and Mongal made a big mess, though.<

"Listen," Diana muttered, sighing. "Superman is here, but his strength was spent in the fight, and will need to be taken home to rest."

>Want to do it?<

"Ah, that may not sit well with his... household, so--"

Diana suddenly fell silent, and looked fast around her.

"KRYPTO?"

>Krypto?< Oracle echoed. Diana stood up, pale. Several paces away, a white and red shape rested over a pile of debris, unmoving.

Much of the red contrasting starkly against Krypto's white fur was not that of his cape.

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### **PART THREE: HERO'S REWARD**

The transporter tube filled with shimmering light for a second, before hosting the tall figure of Diana, Princess of the Amazons, and the limp canine form carried in her arms.

Holding the motionless Krypto tightly against her, Wonder Woman rushed out of the transporter bay and through the corridors of the Watchtower, the lunar headquarters of the Justice League, reaching the infirmary bay in seconds.

"Hang on, Krypto," she muttered, concern filling her features as she carefully placed the motionless dog on a cushioned examination bench. Automated devices, hybrids of Thanagarian, Martian, and Kryptonian technologies, activated at once, scanning the canine subject, while Diana began to clean the dark red blood staining his white pelt.

"Please be alright," she whispered, her hand moving softly over his side while deep purple light began to bathe him with energies designed to boost all natural recuperative powers. The Watchtower's medical systems were designed for the wide range of biological forms of the Justice League members, and Diana hoped that Krypto was similar enough to his Kryptonian master for it to work.

Diana waved away a mechanical probe approaching her. She had only minor bruises and cuts, mainly thanks to Krypto. If the superpowered dog had been injured, it was for having rushed to help her, to protect her from the Circe-controlled, transformed Superman, his selfless bravery saving her from possible death and allowing the thwarting of the evil sorceress' plans.

Her eyes left him reluctantly to check the readouts in the control panel by the bench, distressed by the possibility of his having been harmed on her behalf. To her deep relief, the system reported no internal injuries, and the copious blood had been from external gashes already healing fast.

Hearing a soft whimper, she turned to see Krypto lift his head and look at her with bright eyes, his tail wagging and his tongue dangling out as he breathed again with typical canine speed.

"Olympus be thanked! You scared me!" Diana laughed, leaning forward to embrace the dog's head and upper body tightly. Sensing automatically the weight shift, the bench lowered its height, allowing Diana to sit on its side. Ending her hug, she straightened up and placed a quick peck with her lips on the top of Krypto's head.

"I'm in your debt, Krypto. Thank you," she added.

Showing no indication of being hurt at all, Krypto rose up on his forelegs and leaned forward to lick at the Amazon's face with evident cheerfulness.

"You seem well enough!" Diana laughed, turning her face to a side and closing her eyes as the dog's long tongue lapped at her cheek, chin, and neck with unabashed enthusiasm, while she playfully patted his head and rubbed the furry sides of his strong neck, relieved by his obvious show of well-being.

"Yes, yes, I'm happy to see you, too!"

Krypto moved closer to her, and his lapping became faster and more insistent, his tongue moving all over her face and neck.

"OH, stop already, silly! It tickles-!" the Amazon Princess complained with a laugh, trying to avoid his tongue as it danced over her features. But his head twisted to follow hers, and his tongue suddenly ran over her mouth. Surprised, Diana began to voice a protest, but just then Krypto lunged forward and his tongue darted between her opening lips, its wet length briefly brushing her own.

"HEY!" Diana blurted, twisting aside abruptly, away from the probing tongue, leaning back with a shudder, shocked by the unexpected taste of the canine tongue touching hers.

"Alright, calm down, Krypto," she said, trying to push him back gently. "Stop now. That's enough-"

Instead, Krypto lunged forcefully, moving her arms down with his paws, before scrambling up and landing them both on the Amazon's chest. His weight pushed her backwards, and Diana reached for support on the bench behind her, too astonished by Krypto's sudden aggressiveness to think of covering herself. He was then again over her, and his tongue entered her open mouth, darting against her small, delicate counterpart.

She disengaged fast from the brief wet contact, wiping at her mouth with a grimace, her face growing warm with embarrassment. She had been kissed twice by a dog!

"No, Krypto! Stop!" she said, frowning. The dog's eager playfulness had gotten too far out of control. Placing a hand firmly on his head, she pushed resolutely.

"OW!" she yelped, startled. His paws had scrambled over her chest, scratching her and catching her top's golden-plated fabric, so when she pushed him away, the bustier was pulled down her chest in a single tug, exposing most of the full roundness of her breasts.

"WHAT? NO!" Diana barely protested before Krypto took instant advantage of her wardrobe accident, eagerly licking at her revealed pink nipples, his rough tongue rubbing her tender pink nubs into hardness before she could react, making her flush red with embarrassment.

"KRYPTO! THAT'S ENOUGH!" she ordered, pushing Krypto off her torso. Unfazed, the dog dove down instead, aiming for her legs' upper junction, his tongue licking wetly at her cloth-covered mound.

"NO!" she yelped, shuddering at the sudden sensation of the dog's tongue on her sex, surprisingly intense even through the cloth of her star-patterned bottom. "I SAID ENOUGH!" Diana yelled, shoving with her full superhuman strength, sending Krypto across the room to slam noisily against the infirmary's far metal wall.

"Oh, Krypto, no!" Diana cried out, standing up, her outrage forgotten. To her relief, the dog simply trotted back, tail still wagging in friendly fashion.

"Sorry I overreacted, Krypto, but... that was just a bit too friendly," Diana said with an uneasy smile, and blushed slightly when adding: "Can't have you licking and pawing me all over, can we now? That could get too embarrassing."

Krypto looked at her, his tongue hanging.

"Look at what you did," she muttered, while trying with little success to pull her bustier up over the firm abundance of her exposed breasts. "Gods! I can't believe you even got my nipples hard."

Krypto approached cautiously and sniffing loudly, his nose moved towards the intimate spot crowning Wonder Woman's muscular thighs.

"Oh, no, Krypto! Don't start again!" she protested, pulling back and reaching down to cover herself, only to immediately lift her hand back up in surprise, and stare at it. To her amazement, she was wet, very wet.

As she stepped backwards, flustered by the realization, Diana's legs hit the bench behind her, making her sit back on it, while her eyes remained on the moisture gleaming on her fingers, evidence of the warm wetness in the crotch of her star-patterned bottom. Surely it could not be just from Krypto's playful touch, she thought nervously. Maybe she had been too excitable, too sensitive from the adrenaline rush of the recent intense combat, or perhaps confronting Circe had made her become too vulnerable again, too conflicted in her feelings over the beautiful sorceress. Maybe the dog had just reacted to a change in her scent with natural curiosity, and his innocent show of affection just released her accumulated tension?

"Uh-? OH!" Diana exclaimed, her musings interrupted by the sudden sensation of a rough tongue licking the wet area between her thighs, surprisingly intense even through the tight cloth covering her mound. Her legs had opened slightly as she sat, and Krypto had taken advantage of her confusion to dive muzzle-first at her loins. She tried to close her legs at once, but his body was in the way, and would not budge easily.

"Krypto, no! Don't do that!" she gasped, trying to push his muzzle away, but Krypto overcame her attempts at obstruction, and further laps at her core made her squirm uneasily at the disturbingly strong sensation. Nervously, she grabbed his collar, to force him away, but then hesitated.

"Oh, well, what's the harm?" she muttered, and moved her hands back, blushing again. "I must not overreact again, and surely you couldn't... And after all you did, why not... let you enjoy yourself

harmlessly?" Maybe it was nothing to worry about, and he would get bored of it after a while, she thought. Biting her lower lip, she slowly let her legs move farther apart.

Without the interference, Krypto started to lick her faster and more insistently, making her whole body rock with each sweeps of his tongue, and her breathing grew faster in response.

"Oh, Hera," Diana muttered, blushing so deeply that her ears felt on fire. It felt good, very good. She had no idea Krypto could be capable of something like this.

Then, in a moment so sudden it caught her by surprise, Krypto stopped licking and instead his teeth bit at the cloth covering her crotch; jerking his head to a side violently, he tore the damp star-patterned, blue fabric with ease, exposing her vagina before diving hungrily at it.

"Gods!" Wonder Woman gasped, opening her eyes wide in astonishment as the dog's tongue licked directly at the sensitive moist flesh of her swollen labia, making all previous sensations seem faint and weak in contrast. "Ah-Oh! OH!"

She should stop him, she thought, uneasily. It was hardly proper for an Amazon Princess to let an animal lick, taste her sex, no matter how strangely thrilling it may feel. And even if she could or would, this was hardly the suitable place and time, and it was just becoming too effective on her to continue safely, she admitted. She could not let a dog actually arouse her, not even an extraordinary one like Krypto.

"I really mustn't-" she began, starting to push his muzzle away from her trembling loins, but suddenly, before she could react or complain, Krypto lunged up at her, jumping forward so he stood on his hind legs and his forelegs were by her sides on the bench, his head level with her chest. His maw opened and he bit softly on the creamy mound of one breast, fangs raking along the soft skin, before closing in on a large part of the flesh surrounding the erect nipple.

Diana cried out at the unexpected sensation as Krypto literally chewed at her breast and nipple with fangs that could be easily tear her flesh apart, yet still stopped just short of really hurting her. It felt dangerous, just a bit painful, and highly pleasurable.

"HERA! Just how smart are you, Krypto?" she asked, staring as the dog continued to attack her trembling bosom, moving from one drool-covered teat to the other.

"OW! How did you know I'd like that? How-? Oh-OW! No simple animal would do this kind of thing. HERA!"

She started breathing in short, fast gasps, made even more intensely aware of the rough caresses and her own growing response, by her dawning realization that Krypto's actions did not appear innocent at all. The biting grew in intensity until it became painful to endure comfortably, and she leaned forward to pull his head up near hers.

"Krypto, are you trying to seduce me?" she asked in a throaty voice barely above a whisper, looking deep into his bright canine eyes.

Krypto barked once before lunging forward, his muzzle meeting her mouth. Diana did not resist this time, but relished it instead. His tongue darted into her mouth, and she met it with her own, wrestling its probing advance before briefly sucking on it. He withdrew and both lapped at each other, tongues fencing eagerly in midair. Pulling his head closer, she licked and sucked at the dark edges of his mouth, a deep thrill filling her. Despite her past experiences, she had never actually kissed a real animal in the mouth, and was surprised at how much she enjoyed it.

She should have suspected that Krypto actually wanted her sexually. When he fought his transformed master to protect her, he likely asserted alpha male status, claiming her as desirable female, as prospective mate. She knew that animals, even those of other worlds, could lust after her, like most males of all species usually did, sentient or not, and such an interest from Krypto was nothing unusual.

"But I shouldn't be feeling interested in return," she gasped breathlessly, as she drew back from their kissing, their shared saliva in her lips, knowing she was indeed interested, shocking as the idea was.

But she was Wonder Woman, Amazon Princess and Champion of Themyscira, member of the Justice League. Even if she did not feel distaste at being intimately touched by a dog, but rather welcomed it, and even if Krypto was licking her like few creatures of any species ever had, there was simply no way that she could let things continue, much less progress at all beyond this point, no matter how strangely exciting the idea could be. She just could not have sex with him, with an animal, and knew that if she got any much more aroused she would surely do just that.

"I'm sorry, Krypto, but-" she muttered with a grimace of disappointment, pushing him gently off her. As he tried to jump back on her, she pulled her legs up, to hug her knees, offering no access to the anxious dog.

"-I just can't."

Krypto whined loudly, prancing around her impatiently, barking and whimpering with obvious frustration, and her eyes were caught by the rod of bright red flesh dangling stiffly between his hindlegs, mere handspans away from her. Diana's eyebrows rose at the sight of the hard canine penis, already well out of its furry sheath. She knew canines became fully erect only in actual intercourse, but Krypto's sausage-like member was already surprisingly large for a dog his size, and she wondered how big it could ultimately get.

"What am I thinking?" she muttered, shaking her head. She was an Amazon Princess. She could not have sex with an animal. She just should not. Not again. No matter how much she wanted it.

Krypto barked louder.

"I'm sorry, Krypto, I'd really want to-to make you feel better," she said. "Pay you back for what you did for me -against Circe, I mean- but-"

With a dejected whimper, Krypto rolled to his back, like begging for attention. His hindlegs were spread wide apart, and his penis oscillated back and forth before her sight. He began to whine louder, looking at her with sad, soulful eyes.

"Oh, you poor thing," Diana whispered, and moved to kneel by him. She reached to pat him, but drew back her hand, blushing, at the proximity of the quivering dog penis, and stepped back to her feet. "I really should... do something about that, but I'm an Amazon Princess, Krypto. I just can't-"

Diana closed her eyes and sighed, and in that instant, Krypto rose and lunged at her, forcing her backwards with irresistible strength, driving her against the bench again.

"KRYPTO! NO!" she protested, using an forearm to ward him off while grabbing at the bench to stand up. Her legs were spread open in a wide, half-kneeling squat, and Krypto's muzzle dove between them,

Her legs trembled, and she nearly lost her balance “Oh, Krypto, you naughty dog,” she whispered, closing her eyes just for an instant, letting the sensation of his touch flood her senses. Suddenly her breath caught violently in her throat. Krypto’s tongue had found her already swollen clitoris, and intense waves of pleasure instantly flooded her, making her stiffen violently, and keeping her from holding back a long moan.

Krypto appeared to recognize a successful move and focused on working it with frantic devotion.

“Blessed Aphrodite! Oh-OH!” Diana moaned, both hands trembling while grasping the bench’s metal frame as she pulled herself up, Krypto lapping at her even as she rose to her feet. Reaching erratically for the bench controls, she made its surface lower closer to the floor, so she could sit back on it again, and reclining backwards onto her elbows, she slid her hips out over the bench’s edge, pushing her loins out, spreading her legs much wider.

“I-I shouldn’t but- Oh... Krypto! KRYPTO! OH, GODS!” she moaned. She lifted one leg up, bending it so her heel rested on the bench’s edge, and moving slightly to a side, cupping one of her breasts, rubbing its erect nipple between her index and thumb, while she shuddered with the pleasure blossoming at her core.

She knew that she was instants away from climaxing under the dog’s powerful tongue, and that it would be terribly cruel of her to let Krypto please her so much and give nothing in return but a taste of her; that it would not be fair. She owed him more. He deserved more. She wanted more. But she could not.

Suddenly Krypto jumped on her again, forelegs landing on her torso while he humped wildly at her lower body. His paws scrambled over her, scratching her skin, and tearing strips off her bunched bustier, making she yelped in surprise, until she suddenly felt something hard, wet, and hot brush first her upper thigh and then her mound.

The tip of his trembling penis brushed her, too close for comfort, before bouncing rigidly against her buttocks, feeling larger than ever.

“No! NO!” she protested, startled out of her reverie, forcing her mind away from the fire raging inside her as Krypto panted loudly and his hindquarters humped erratically, searching for her loins. A pointed rod struck Diana’s slit, making her wince in shock and pain, but her tightness and abundant wetness deflected the probing shaft so it slid up and along her labia, failing to penetrate her.

“KRYPTO! STOP! NOW!” Diana ordered, her imminent climax now derailed. Without proper leverage to push the dog off, she grabbed instead at him with arms and legs, trapping his furry body tightly against hers, his head caught between her breasts in her embrace, so he could not move. Krypto whined and growled in frustration, squirming in her hold, still trying to hump, and her eyebrows rose at the sensation of his stiff erection pressing against her lower stomach, trapped between their bodies. “STAY STILL!”

He wriggled in her anxiously, and his wet member slid back so it came to rest over her sex, rubbing on her damp pubic hair and mound, and making her gasp as the bulge near its base pressed against her moist slit.

“Gods, you almost had me!” Diana muttered uneasily, knowing how close Krypto had been to entering and possessing her. But the way the thing now felt against her, amazingly hot and hard and big for a creature his size, she even doubted that such a large organ could have ever entered her that easily.



Unless she actually helped him.

Krypto whined loudly, and her large blue eyes locked with the dog's stare. Her breath seemed to get stuck in her throat, and her universe contracted to just this one place and time, to the feeling of the furry body held tight against her and the large hot presence pulsing dramatically against her trembling sex.

It was madness. She could not. She had done too much already. She had kissed a dog. She had let him lick and bite her. She had almost climaxed under him. But she was Wonder Woman, Princess and Champion of the Amazons of Themyscira. She could not fuck an animal. Not again. She could not fuck Krypto.

"I just can't-" she whispered.

Krypto squirmed in her embrace and unconsciously she rocked back against him, pressing with her hands down on his rump, while pushing her hips forward so his hard canine penis rubbed against her. Krypto groaned and Diana continued to rock against him for several unmeasurable instants, feeling the need at her core grow into a raging inferno.

"But Gods, I want to!" Diana rasped throatily, and spreading her legs as wide as possible, she reached down with trembling hands to guide Krypto's thick shaft to its rightful target.

"Hera help me, I shouldn't -Shouldn't want you, a dog, an animal, to take me, to be inside me. But I want to! I need to! I need your big animal cock inside me now!"

Whimpering with desperate need as the tip of his rod pressed on the entrance to her vagina, she cried out: "Yes! Take me, Krypto! FUCK ME NOW!"

With a powerful thrust, Krypto complied.

Maybe part of her still hesitated at the wantonness of her surrender, maybe he was even larger than she had believed, or maybe the sudden inhuman strength of his thrust instinctively made her tense in resistance, but as the canine phallus finally entered her, Wonder Woman cried out with sharp pain, closing her eyes and clenching her teeth, feeling the massive penetration nearly split her asunder, though the invading organ got no deeper in her than just a few inches.

After an instant of apparent confusion from the unique resistance in her tight sex, Krypto just drew back and thrust again harder, with brutal strength that finally drove his phallus all the way into the silken depths of the Amazon Princess, until his still-swelling knot struck the outer labia at her gate, and Wonder Woman was finally joined deep at her core with her animal lover.

"OH, KRYPTO!" Diana cried out, as the resulting pain made her arch her back and grab at his furry sides in a shocking spasm. Krypto tried to start humping her in earnest, but after just two more forceful thrusts that made her yell again in pain, she wrapped her arms and legs around him with desperate strength, managing to keep him in place, with most of him still lodged deeply between her legs.

"Wait! Please, just wait!" she gasped, feeling the hot mass of dogmeat pulsing inside her, while trying to relax around it, to get used to his size, amazed at the magnitude of his endowment as it impaled her. Krypto, like recognizing her distress at his initial penetration, did not fight her, and helpfully stayed in place, just panting.

After several breathless moments, The Amazon's brow unclenched and she slowly began to rock

gently against Krypto, letting his member shift minimally inside her. Soon her hold loosened slightly and her hands timidly encouraged him to move back and forth again, keeping still a measure of control. The feeling as his knot rubbed the swollen clitoris at her vagina's entrance was ineffably delicious, and she began to moan softly until her hands and thighs finally relaxed.

Instantly regaining the initiative, Krypto started to hump into her with a flurry of short but fast thrusts, his furious speed and strength making her cry out in surprise again, while the bench's reinforced frame began to shake and creak under them.

"Oh, Krypto... It's so big! So... good!" she moaned.

After a few seconds, sensing that her continued soft cries of pain did not imply protest anymore, Krypto suddenly doubled the power of his thrusting, and his hindquarters blurred as he started pumping faster and faster.

Soon the Amazon Princess started moaning louder and louder, and her legs pressed tighter around Krypto, all fingers digging on his furry rump, as if unable to get close enough to the dog lying over her. Seconds later, she began to tremble uncontrollably.

"OW! OOH-OW! N-NO! IT'S TOO BIG! HERA! IT HURTS! GODS! IT'S SO-! OH-OOW!"

Diana cried out loudly, grabbing the bench's metal edges to keep from being thrown off. Her body tensed dramatically to keep up with the wild escalation of her pleasure, unable to match Krypto's frantic pace, yet humping back at him with urgent need. Just a few instants later, her pleasure became simply unbearable, and the Amazon Princess could do nothing but wrap her long legs desperately around the dog, her powerful muscles shaking wildly in irresistible delight.

"OH, KRYPTO!" Wonder Woman screamed, climaxing. Her legs stiffened, and her arms hugged Krypto with power that would have crushed an Earth animal, as pleasure filled her like a flood of raging fire, of unstoppable lava burning all her senses to cinders, and she cried out again and again as her whole body shook in ecstasy.

Krypto growled as the inner muscles of her tight sex clenched mightily around his phallus in violent spasms, and he increased the power of his frenzied pumping even more.

With a screech of twisted metal, the bench tore free of its moorings, unable to withstand such power, and it was thrown careening against the wall, pushed by the coupled bodies of the beautiful woman and the frenzied animal possessing her.

Krypto howled as he ejaculated powerfully inside the dazed Amazon Princess, his mighty thrusts holding her pinned in place against the metal wall and the wrecked bench behind her.

Diana's eyes remained closed, amazed at having been driven to such a fantastic climax in mere instants, focusing on the feeling of the continuous jets of hot fluid inside her, the sensation of being flooded with Krypto's sperm, making her orgasm continue coasting, until it finally blossomed into an even greater, much more violent explosion of sheer bliss, that dwarfed all her prior pleasures. With her back on the twisted, fallen bench, Diana hugged Krypto tightly with arms and legs, trembling against him, her body actually supported by his smaller but extremely powerful frame, as her extended orgasmic contractions continued far beyond the duration of his abundant ejaculations, and she could barely gasp her delight in halting cries.

"Yes-yes-OH, KRYPTO!-YES!-Oh, I love it-Love it- I love you-I love you so much-!"

Her convulsions finally relented, and she breathed deeply, still hugging her canine lover tightly.

“Oh, Krypto... That was... wonderful, wonderful,” she muttered breathlessly. She could not believe how fast it had happened, or how brutally intense it had been. It was almost heartbreaking that it was over, and she felt unwilling to let go of him, to let their coupling end.

Krypto however, soon grew restless of the motionless embrace. She had to unclasp her legs from around his hindquarters and seek support of her own, reluctantly letting go of him. As Krypto moved back, his member slid out of her sensitive sex with an audible slosh. Diana cried out in pain when the thick front end slid out last, stretching her sex's entrance much like the original penetration had. Following his exiting penis, a flush of hot fluids fountained out of her vagina, astonishing Diana with their volume.

“Gods! You really filled me up!” she said, knowing how risky such internal ejaculation of paranormal seed could be under different circumstances. But surely not even Krypto's extraordinary power could overcome the biological impossibility of miscegenation between such different species, which made most unprotected sex with nonhumans safe for her. Not that she had even thought of that minutes ago. She had just wanted to fuck Krypto mindlessly, she thought, blushing, and as she sat up, her eyes were drawn again to the dog's dangling phallus as it still dripped jism freely.

“Merciful Aphrodite!” she gasped loudly, seeing that the huge organ must have grown extraordinarily while inside her, becoming a club-shaped, purple-veined, scarlet monster, nearly a foot long from its pointed tip to below an almost fist-sized, irregularly rounded knot near its base, while the tapering shaft, almost was as thick at its largest point as that of Pegasus or a centaur.

“No wonder it hurt!” she whispered, realizing that fortunately the knot had been too swollen already from their initial rubbing to physically enter her during the actual coupling, or she may have been stuck with that monster growing to full size while inside her. “Blessed Aphrodite! That could have torn me apart!”

How could a creature actually smaller than her be so dramatically hung? She had known monsters many times his size that were nowhere as gifted, in relative or absolute terms. As she followed him with her eyes, fascinated by his oversized phallus, which did not appear to be shrinking at all, the dog casually moved between her bent legs and bent down to lap at his own semen from her tender sex, making her gasp anew.

“Krypto! Haven't you had enough?” Maybe he had not. Had she had enough?

She shook her head. Such thoughts were absurd. This had been an embarrassing lapse in judgment, a mistake caused by temporary overexcitement during a moment of emotional vulnerability. Her anxiety and recent grief had made her seek some kind of physical release. It had been certainly enjoyable, but she could not allow it to happen again.

Diana gently pushed Krypto away, and the dog did not resist. He flopped down casually a couple of paces away and began to lick at his own penis, and Diana bit her lower lip, awed at the sight of the quivering rod of still-hard, brightly colored flesh.

“You shouldn't have to do that yourself,” whispered Diana, sliding off the bench to kneel by him again. “I should -Well, really I shouldn't but... Gods, I really want to. And if you already did it for me, I should reciprocate.”

Moving closer, Diana let her hand run over his furry underbelly, before reaching out gingerly to grab his phallus. After pausing a moment in fascination at the feeling of the warm and slippery canine

penis in her hand, she gently began stroking it, and soon used her other hand to massage around his base knob, before pulled a hand back just to lick at the new moisture on her fingers, sampling the strong, rust-like taste. It was not bad at all. She wondered how much of the wetness was from her own fluids.

The Amazon Princess licked her lips nervously for an instant, and before risking to change her mind, she dove fast, to touch the canine phallus with her mouth. Her soft lips brushed the glistening red flesh with quick kisses, and her tongue slid out shyly, to lick in a circular path around its wider contours, before continuing with greater confidence in long slides all along the shaft's entire length. It was still very rigid considering Krypto had just ejaculated, and realizing that it may grow soft soon, Diana decided to waste no time in seeking the full experience.

Opening her lips wide, Wonder Woman took the end of the thick dog phallus into her mouth, sucking the slick flesh with relish, enjoying its taste and the strong musky scent of the animal's proximity, while her hands continued to work on the rest of his shaft.

Krypto growled. He let his head fall to the floor, and panted fast and loud in evident appreciation.

He was not the only one who could use his mouth, Diana thought with an inner smile. To her amazement, his penis, which had been slightly flexible for a moment, started to grow fully rigid once again inside her mouth, while producing abundant watery fluids that spilled from her lips as she sucked and licked. She realized that with such instant recovery, he could be able to ejaculate again, inside her mouth now, and the idea made her body burn with excitement.

She continued with increased enthusiasm, and Krypto became more and more restless. Feeling an urgency of her own growing again between her legs, Diana shifted to rest sideways on the floor, to touch herself while fellating the dog. But his nervousness peaked and he twisted and moved to his feet, forcing Diana to face up and rise on one elbow, to keep him from leaving her mouth. Standing over her, Krypto suddenly began to attempt to thrust into her mouth forcefully.

Diana gasped and choked on the thick phallus, trying to stop Krypto's wild motions by grabbing onto his knob for control, but his instinctive motion grew too urgent and powerful to easily rein back in her awkward position, and to avoid being hurt, she was forced to pull away and relinquish his member from her mouth.

"Krypto! You can't fuck my mouth!" she protested with a frown, angry at having to stop before he was finished, when she had been looking forward to it. She slid aside as he pranced above her, holding his quivering phallus in one hand. "Now stop so I can-"

>>Diana<<

The voice filled her head soundlessly, and the Amazon Princess scrambled to her knees, recognizing it.

"Hello, J'onnn," she vocalized, answering the mind call of the Martian Manhunter.

>>Is everything alright?<<

"Oh, yes."

>>You feel anxious, troubled.<<

"Oh, I'm fine," she replied, blushing, trying to keep from mentally projecting more than she should.

>>And Superman's pet? Is he-?<<

"Oh, he's fine, too. Doing well. Very well. Ah, do you need help down in New York? Should I-?"

>>No, thank you, Diana. Several League and Society members, among others, are helping out. Everything is well in hand here.<<<

"Good. Ah... same here," she replied, realizing she still held Krypto's erection in her grasp.

>>>You can rest if you wish. You probably need it.<<

She doubted rest was her main need at the moment, but she could sense his concern for her. J'onn always was so sweet.

Krypto whimpered loudly.

"Thank you, J'onn. I -I may stay here a while longer."

>>Fine. Goodbye, Diana.<<

"Bye," she concluded and the telepathic connection vanished. She sighed deeply. At least the call had not happened at a more inconvenient moment.

"Maybe I should stop, anyway-" she said, blushing at the idea of having to explain her actions to the sober Martian hero. Only then did the full implications of her indulgence finally strike her.

"Gods, what I have done?" she muttered, running her hands through the waves of her sweat-drenched hair. Despite a recent resolution to avoid unorthodox sexual liaisons, she had just voluntarily mated with a dog, an animal, the actual pet of a friend and peer, a man she still loved in many ways. She had been Krypto's bitch, and she had loved it.

"Oh, Hera..."

Not only was this completely below her station as Princess and Champion of her people, as protector of Earth and role model for others, it also made her recent confrontation with Circe even more troubling. She had just opposed Circe's agenda of replacing men with beasts to be used as servants and improved sexual playthings for women, but had been rutting in heat with Krypto, with a dog, shortly afterwards.

Was she then accepting that beasts were indeed better sexual choices than normal men as Circe said? Was she proving her enemy right, after all? To her shame, she had totally ignored such implications in her lust.

Even now, despite her recent orgasms, she remained aroused and undeniably drawn to Krypto. Intimidating as his penis size had become, she had longed for its taste, and honestly still felt hungry for more.

She sat back on her heels as Krypto approached her. Closing her eyes, she let him lick at her face and neck again.

"I-I'm sorry," Diana sighed and hushed Krypto away, before getting to her feet, and walking towards the infirmary door. Krypto followed her, whining with puzzlement.

Diana saw a torn shred of star-patterned blue cloth on the floor just before the door, and sighed

loudly, knowing that her damaged bottom would be bothersome to fix up. As she leaned down to pick it up, Krypto dove for her exposed behind.

"Krypto!" she protested, startled, as his muzzle dove between her ass cheeks, forcing her to reach for support on the metal door before her. "That's rude!"

Krypto ignored her words and began to lick her eagerly.

"No, don't... Oh! I must not- OH!" Diana gasped as his tongue found her anal sphincter. With a soft moan she pressed her forehead to the metal surface facing her, and arched her back, spreading her legs apart, as his tongue explored her anus and vagina from behind.

"No, I can't!" she rasped abruptly, and marshalling her will, she closed her legs and turned around, placing her back against the metal door, knowing she had to stop before things got out of control again. "Not again!"

Krypto looked up at Diana and whined with a clear tone of interrogation. Among the gifts from the goddess Artemis was Communion with the Beasts, and Diana could nearly understand Krypto's inquiry. "I'm sorry if I... got you excited again Krypto, but I'm afraid I can't go on. I already did far too much."

Krypto growled eloquently.

"Well, you already had me once," she said, frowning. "That should be enough. Many of the most powerful beings in existence have risked lives or fate to have me, and only a few ones ever succeeded. You should count yourself lucky, as I really should have never let you do it."

Krypto barked, and sat back. She saw with unease that he was still fully erect, and closing her eyes, touch the metal behind her with her head.

Perhaps her personal preferences always had proved Circe right. She did prefer soft, sensual sex with women, and rough, violent sex with males, so emotional attachments aside, most of her best lovers ever had indeed been the most bestial or monstrous. How else could she explain having enjoyed in the past coupling with some of her most dangerous and inhuman foes?

Krypto whined, staring at her, and tilted his head to a side.

But surely Krypto was far more deserving of her than many others who had taken her by coercion or artifice. His courage and selflessness had earned him the right to have her, without making her compromise her moral principles. Even discounting his powers, he was far more than just an animal. He was also brave and loyal, and surprisingly intelligent for a dog, besides being as good a lover as anyone she had ever bedded.

"Why did you have to be an animal?" she asked, and sighed. Perhaps as Circe said, sex with Krypto was great precisely because he was an animal. But if monsters and villains had enjoyed her body, why was an animal any worse? When compared to most of her past lovers, he was actually one of her best recent options for a proper boyfriend, she mused with a wistfully smile. If Superman was not meant for her, was Krypto not then the only other Kryptonian hero available?

"If only you were a full sentient..." she whispered. "No matter what shape you were, then I could certainly fall completely in love with you."

She blinked fast, startled for a second.

That was the answer to Circe.

Diana enjoyed unorthodox sex because she was not an ordinary woman, and thus needed extraordinary sex, which Krypto could provide. She had loved their sex, enjoying his power and the thrill of yielding to the primal passion of such a questionable liaison, but she had been seduced by him for larger reasons.

She realized now that the sex had been exceptional because of an emotional connection besides simple lust, because of his truly exceptional heroic qualities: his courage, loyalty and nobility, which had inspired gratitude, concern and affection in her.

She could find pleasure in sex with other, less-noble beasts, like those Circe would create, much like she could do with other powerful, over-endowed creatures she may face as Wonder Woman, but such pleasures would be one-dimensional. Satisfying as such sex could be, she could never really love those partners, and would reject them if given a choice. It was just fucking.

But Krypto was different. She could love Krypto.

Her legs trembled and her breathing accelerated again as she stared at the superpowered dog, who stared back, like waiting for something.

That was why Circe was wrong. Enjoyable as sex alone could be, in all its forms, there had to be more than lust. What you always needed was love.

Diana opposed Circe for more than her misguided take on sexual gender relations. The sorceress was fueled by personal resentment and hate, so nothing good could derive from her agenda. Coexistence was needed, not imposed substitution. Men should improve as men, not by becoming something else reducing them to pets would destroy the balanced nature of humanity. Animalistic sex had its power and value, but it could not supplant all the other nuances of desire and love, and even if she did share some of Circe's preferences, Diana knew that sex should never be oversimplified so blindly.

Choice, it was all about choice, Diana decided with a wave of relief, feeling her guilt vanish.

She had seen something appealing in Krypto and when circumstances had led her to him, she had chosen to act upon it. There was nothing wrong with it intrinsically. And she was likely one of the few beings alive on Earth who could safely have sex with him.

She reached for the control panel by the door, and activating the voice interface.

"Establish highest privacy status," she stated out loud. With a smile, she lifted one leg up and began to slide off the remains of her star-patterned bottom.

If it was her choice, she was about to make it again.

\*

The delicious female again changed her mind, and not only did not resist anymore, she went down as a bitch should, offering herself temptingly to be mounted. He first lapped her sweet wetness until being sure of her readiness.

He mounted her, and she cried out in pain again when entered. Like before, her sex was so tight it hurt to force his way inside her, but the result was worth it. Her depth and heat and softness and

wetness were like no other female he had ever known.

The changes in her cries as he cautiously pumped into her showed that she was ready for the full mating, and he began to hump her as such a delicious mate deserved.

It was his master's loss. Humans were sometimes stupid.

\*

"OH, YES! FUCK ME, KRYPTO! YES! OH, GODS! YOU'RE SO BIG! SO GOOD! GODS! I LOVE IT! I LOVE YOU!"

The Amazon Princess exclaimed her appreciation as the superpowered dog pounded her with speed and strength that would have been unconceivable for humans, and she had to summon all of her Olympian power to endure the physical demands of their coupling. They had started, suitably, in doggie-style, as she offered herself to him on all fours for entrance for behind, and after a couple of minutes of frenzied mating, her hands had left long grooves in the metal floor while being irresistibly driven forward by her lover's furious thrusting. She let her torso fall to the floor for a moment, so his motions made her large breasts rub on the surface, but she soon lost awareness of such marginal stimulation, like she lost awareness of his claws raking her back and hips and upper thighs, or of everything but the impossibly large and hot rhythmic piercing of her core, the center of a continuous barrage of pleasure that threatened to overwhelm her rational mind.

She climaxed with long, high screams, her legs and arms alike threatening to go limp with the brutal delight flooding her, but the coupling did not stop or lose impetus.

Reaching around her blindly, she grabbed onto another metal bench nearby, and with one hand and one knee on the floor, she lifted her other leg to rest on it, seeking to spread herself wider, to better accept his amazing size. Krypto immediately adjusted to her inclined position and kept humping with primal single-mindedness, as she cried and moaned in delight. As her next orgasm struck her violently, her limbs failed her, and losing her grip and support, she staggered forward while Krypto humped her savagely. Driven against a wall, her hands pushed on its metal surface with desperation, to regain a stable position, while her canine lover continued possessing her with unrelenting ferocity.

As Krypto pounded her harder than ever, Diana pushed back eagerly against his thrusts, shaking her head violently from side to side, sweeping the floor with the long cascade of her wet hair, until in a sudden, painful instant, the massive knob at the base of his shaft finally forced its way past the tightness of Diana's drenched gate. She screamed once in shock, finding it nearly impossible to draw further breath, almost fainting with the impossible pain that seemed to tear her apart at her innermost core, to destroy her very ability to feel with brutal sensory overload.

"AAAHH-AAARGH! NO-NO-NO-AAH-HERA HELP ME!" she rasped, fighting for breath. "GODS! IT'S TEARING ME APART!" But she was Wonder Woman, Princess of the Amazons, and had endured inhuman pain and hardships before, so she endured being knotted with her canine lover, until, to her utter astonishment, the oversized intrusion inside her became a sudden eruption of exquisite delight that exploded into a newer and most powerful orgasm.

"OH, GODS! GODS!" Diana yelled in bliss, pleasures of indescribable magnitude rocking her body and mind. Pressure suddenly built inside her, maximizing her delight even further, as Krypto filled her again with his jism, howling his own extended orgasm, until he stopped pumping, and stood still, calmly resting over her trembling body while her climax rode itself out.

"Gods..." she gasped almost inaudibly, much later. "Blessed Aphrodite save me... How did that-?"



Oooh... That was... unbelievable!"

Krypto twisted around, leaving his position over her, and turned to face in the opposite direction while his swollen member remained fully embedded in her sex. Diana winced as the knot lodged tightly in her twisted within her tender cavity, but as Krypto calmly settled in his reversed position, she began breathing deeply in appreciation as the pulsing bulge of flesh seemed to caress her sensitive upper inner wall with each motion. She began to rock slightly back against him, and the smallest shift of the impaling organ and its oversized knot sent new waves of pleasure through her tired body. She knew it would be best to just rest in the aftermath of her multiple orgasms, waiting until Krypto's knot swelled down enough for disengaging, but she could not forsake this further source of pleasure.

"Oh, gods, Krypto... Can't believe you got all that inside me," she gasped softly. "You must be ruining me for all men!"

The Amazon Princess and the Superdog remained tied for longer than she could discern, in an ecstatic stretch of ineffable delight, her gentle rocking bringing her to two further orgasms, soft and slow compared to the violence of her previous climaxes, but not any less enjoyable.

Finally, Krypto moved away, and as the now smaller knot slid out wetly out of Wonder Woman, she moaned with a mixture of soft pain and regret.

"Oh, Krypto, Krypto..." she gasped, falling weakly to her side. She ran a hand on her hair and face, still breathing heavily, knowing that it was time to return to reality. "Do you fuck all girls like that?"

\*

"-And sex, even such fantastic sex, isn't the most important thing, really," Diana said, walking down the corridor towards the Watchtower's central core, with Krypto happily bounding after her. "I am an Amazon Princess, Krypto, and have duties that must always come first, so much as I enjoyed it, this is just not something I can do again casually."

Krypto barked.

"Sure, I love you dearly, but I can't get too deeply involved with someone like you," she continued with a sigh. "For lots of obvious reasons."

Krypto barked again.

"After all, sex that good could become addictive... But maybe once in a while-"

In the Watchtower's control room, next to the monitor array, stood a young, shorthaired blonde wearing a blue cape and white unitard, the circular cut-out in her chest area calling attention to her large bosom. Her eyes were open very wide.

"Uh, hi, uh, were you...?" Power Girl began with a nervous voice. "-Talking to the dog?"

"Of course," Diana replied with a dazzling smile, reaching down to pat Krypto's head. "They are not only man's best friend, you know."

"Uh-"

"Who is on monitor duty?"

"I-ah, asked to filled -fill in. I'm JLA reserve."

"Ah, fine. I'll be going then."

"Going?"

"To Themyscira. I must get this fixed," Diana said, gesturing casually at her torn attire, that barely covered her.

"You really got worked over," Power Girl muttered, staring at the multiple scratches and bruises all over Wonder Woman's smooth skin.

"It was a demanding day," Diana added.

"Oh, I know," the buxom blonde replied, crossing her muscular arms before the abundance of her chest, and looking down nervously. Her face reddened slightly when glancing up at the caped dog. "Ah, and... uh, him?"

"Krypto? I think he'll come with me. There are some places in Themyscira where he can really let loose."

Power Girl nodded, and stared as the Amazon Princess and her canine companion left for the transporter bay. She shifted her stance with some unease, and glanced at the monitor screen she had just recently turned off.

"Damn," she muttered, biting her lower lip.

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EPILOGUE: LOOSE ENDS

In the shadows of the Greek Parthenon, Wonder Woman and Circe finally faced each other.

"You have been in my way too many times now, Amazon," Circe hissed, dark purple fire enveloping her body. "I shall enjoy getting rid of you with my own hands."

Diana lunged forward as Circe channeled her power into a punch that could have taken her head off, if it had connected. Dodging easily, Diana grabbed Circe's arm, slammed her side against the witch's body, and twisting fluidly, threw the witch to the ground. Moving over the stunned Circe, Diana took control of their positions, placing a knee of her foe's stomach, and without hesitation, she started to strike the downed sorceress with the heels of her hands, again and again.

Circe's emotional decision to fight Diana directly, using her magic to match the Amazon's power, proved her downfall. Mighty as she could become physically, her sorcery could simply not duplicate combat skills and experience. Coming close enough for Wonder Woman to control the fight, Circe had no chance to change her tactics before she was battered and bound by the magical lasso, her power dissipated in enduring the punishment Diana had dealt her.

"You think you won?" Circe groaned weakly.

"It was not a game, Circe," Diana said, shaking her head. She had sought to keep her feelings from making her become too rough on the sorceress.

"You know I was right," Circe muttered, her words under the lasso proving her conviction. "You

helped doom the chance for a better world, a world where women and lower beasts exist in their proper roles, a world of better sex-

“Circe,” Diana cut in, allowing herself a brief, one-sided smile. “You still don’t know what truly great animal sex is like.”

THE END