INVASIVE SECRETIONS

001

WHO DO YOU TRUST? VARIANT EDITION

A PORN PARODY BY

STORY TRACY SCOPS AND BLACKHOOD9043

ARTWORK X-GEEK

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INVASIVE SECRETIONS

For years, ***Jessica Drew***, the hero known as ***Spider-Woman***, had been used, manipulated, and discarded by forces beyond her control. After losing her powers, Jessica accepted an offer from ***HYDRA*** to restore them, unaware that her return to the superhuman world was about to make her part of something ***much larger.***

The shape-shifting ***Skrulls*** had quietly begun replacing key figures across the planet, laying the groundwork for an invasion humanity would not recognize until years after it had begun. And their newly anointed queen, ***Veranke***, required an identity that could move among this world's defenders without suspicion.

Which is why Jessica Drew was the ***perfect choice.*** Her face, her memories, her powers, her connections... Everything that made Spider-Woman who she was could be copied well enough to fool friends, enemies, even ***Earth's mightiest heroes*** themselves.

While the real Jessica disappeared into Skrull captivity, Veranke took her place beside Captain America, Iron Man, Spider-Man, and Wolverine among the newly re-assembled Avengers, welcomed as ***one of their own.***

They had welcomed the enemy into the heart of their team.

And none of them had the slightest idea just how deeply this alien queen intended to ***probe their weaknesses...***

TRACY SCOPS & BLACKHOOD9043

STORY AND WORDS

X-GEEK

ARTWORK

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MONTHS AGO...

HYDRA BASE, LOCATION UNKNOWN.

*The **High Priest of Sciences** believes he has accomplished the impossible. But I know better. His success was inevitable. Our people will survive in our new sacred home. **Earth is ours.** As it was written...*

...as it was WRITTEN!

My queen, she's not fully sedated yet.

She should already be subdued enough for me to start getting ***acquainted*** with her taste...

With ***MY*** new taste.

Mmngh... Wht!? Whhht's hhpnng?

*Jessica Drew believed HYDRA could restore the **powers she had lost.** That promise delivered her willingly into our hands. She came seeking her **rebirth**...*

*...but instead, she provided **mine.***

Yhh're nnnt...

Hmm! I am going to enjoy playing with your ***pheromones,*** human girl.

...

She is ready. Let's begin.

Sex will bring us triumph. Their ejaculate will be their fall.

*Human flesh had yielded its secrets to us. Blood, memory, genetic pattern, even the very gifts that made their champions believe themselves **unique.***

*But imitation was **not enough.** That was where science and scripture became one. Technology could help Skrulls reproduce her flesh and powers, but only the ancient rites could consecrate the **enhancements** needed for our infiltration.*

When complete, there would be no mask for human machines to unveil. No hidden shape for their telepaths to uncover. No falsehood for their sorcerers to expose.

And so, I stand here naked. Through arousal of the flesh, I am remade.

The blood of a human. The blood of a female. The blood of Jessica Drew. The blood of the Spider-Woman.

So long as I remain Jessica Drew in mind and body, no power on Earth can know what stands beneath her skin.

I am a human.
I am a female.
I am Jessica Drew.
I am the Spider-Woman.

For the glory.

*Thus, to every human sense, enhanced or otherwise, wherever I stood, there would be only **Spider-Woman.***

As it was written!

NOW...

STARK TOWER, HOME OF THE NEW AVENGERS.

So, this **Sentry** guy? He was a Golden Age hero that everyone simply... **forgot?**

Yeah, Reed and Strange worked out some **techy-hoodoo** and **poof!** Not even the guy himself could remember anything about ever being a hero.

And what about the **glowing whatchamacallit** that suddenly appeared hovering over this building?

Believe it or not, that sphere was here **before my tower.** The spell just **kept us from seeing it.** You'd have to ask Bob how that works in detail, but he's **off-world for the week.**

Well, gotta say...

It's kinda awful when such **extraordinary things** are kept hidden from the **public gaze.**

I think **full exposure** can be so much more... **liberating!**

Holy Christmas!

*Jessica! Your costume! It seems like it... **shrunk?***

It looks tighter than the **skimpy rags** the girls keep struttin' in around the X-Mansion.

If that's Jarvis' fault, please remind me to give the old chap a **hefty raise!**

Mostly because I just got a **huge one** myself.

*That's rich, Peter! I'm standing right **HERE!***

Me?!** What the heck did I do? I just said **"Holy Christmas"!

*It's the **way** you said it!* I can see you ogling that excuse for a **super-stripper suit** even with your mask on! *And it's fucking **MARCH,** you dimwit!*

Heh! Sounds like Jessica ain't the only one with her panties **stuck up her crack.**

You see, Jessie babe... whether or not that's my butler's wrongdoing, I'd like to **personally** apologize and **lavishly compensate** you in **any way** you desire.

Why don't you come by my **penthouse suite** later so we can figure out a way to make you **properly satisfied?**

Feel free to stop by **my quarters** if you need some help getting out of that **vacuum-sealed outfit.**

*The next phase of our invasion requires the collection of genetic samples from our targets, which should prove almost **embarrassingly simple.** Jessica Drew's body is enticing enough... but it's her **pheromones,** further enhanced by Skrull science, that will make resistance all but **nonexistent.***

*The results are immediate, and the men are already **responding** to my presence. Even **Ms. Marvel** appears unable to ignore the rather intimate itch my **aphrodisiac scent** has stirred. An auspicious beginning.*

*The jittery redhead, however, is an **unforeseen variable.** Our intelligence had dismissed her as little more than an attractive entertainer of **modest distinction** who had recently followed Spider-Man into Avengers Tower.*

*I will have to deal with her before she becomes a **nuisance.***

But first things first...

So, for the record, I just wanna make it clear that I'm ***not complaining.*** Your new, ***tighter*** Spider-Woman look is a definite improvement, *but...*

You've slapped me at least a ***dozen times*** for simply staring at you for ***one second too long.***

I'm not apologizing for ***any one*** of those.

You ***absolutely deserved*** every single smack you got.

Screw that! Those were always ***YOUR*** fault because of all your ***chem-bait bullshit*** and, *well...*

The fact that your ***rump and rack*** look fantastic in this ***very fuckable*** costume of yours.

I'm not apologizing for ***that*** either.

And you shouldn't! But pardon my French when I ask... *what the fuck did I do* ***RIGHT*** *this time?*

Because frankly, that was one of the ***weakest pick-up lines*** I've ever used.

I am straddling your ***fucking bare boner,*** Tony... How much more ***clarification*** do you want?

Yeah, I mean... I love engineering, but ***skirt-chasing*** is an art, which might just be my ***real passion.*** I take both pretty seriously.

Y'know, maybe I should try knocking on ***Logan's door.*** He probably won't be so annoyed by my ***moody libido.***

Whoa, whoa! Let's not make any ***rash decisions.*** I was just curious. You can be as mysterious as you want. I can work with mysterious... ***Mixed signals*** can be wildly stimulating.

That's better! Now... you said something earlier about how ***"fuckable"*** my costume is, right?

Yes, I believe I said ***VERY fuckable,*** actually.

So, would you like to fuck it?

"It"? Don't you mean fuck ***YOU*** in it?

No... I meant ***exactly*** what I said!

Holy shit! *That's... wow!* Okay, ***YES!!!***

Where did you get this fabric, by the way? It's so ***ultra-thin,*** it looks almost like it's just ***painted*** on your body.

The secret to my success is the ***secrecy*** of my success, Tony.

I'm not risking you ***patenting*** it. Every heroine and her mom would be using it in a snap.

At least think about it! The commercial possibilities could be endless. I've tried all the ***barely-there*** rubbers on the market...

Your stuff feels ***absolutely intangible.*** If we can also make it ***invisible,*** we'll make billions from it.

Though, I gotta say, banging a hero babe in ***full attire*** does tickle a guy's horny bone.

*Going for Stark as my **first target** will give me a good baseline for how to proceed with the **rest of the team.***

*I may require future genetic samples from each of them, so I must ensure they **remain eager** to provide more whenever I demand it. Which is why an **eccentric approach** works to my advantage.*

*Being a **notorious womanizer,** Tony would probably lose most of his carnal interest in Jessica after a **standard tryst** with her.*

So, you like using my suit as a condom, Iron ***Boy?***

Yeah, I'm not usually a fan, but as far as ***raincoats*** go, this one makes things really... *mngh*

Really, mngh really...

mngh REALLY exciting!

*Maintaining control over the action while keeping him curious, intrigued, and **only moderately** satisfied is fundamentally strategic.*

*Undermining his virility with an overwhelming burst of **airborne orgasmic agents** is just a final flourish... However, an **effective** one!*

Hmm... Now, let's see how the material handles ***friction.*** Get that cock ready 'cause I'm gonna ride it ***harder, faster,*** and for some ***very long*** hou--

Oh, fuck! *Wait, wait...* ***Slow down!*** *You'll make me--*

UHHMM! FUHHCK!

Already?! *Come on, what a joke!* I've fucked ***octogenarians*** who lasted way longer than that.

I, uh... that ***REALLY NEVER*** happens to me. I'm a ***PRO at this!*** Maybe it's your pheromones, or, or...

And you're trying to blame it on me? That's low, even for ***YOU!*** Own your goddamn fumble, ***QUICK-STARK!***

No, wait! *Stay, please?* Just gimme a few minutes and I'll be ***towering*** as high as this building. Maybe even ***glowing at the top,*** too.

You blew your chance, Tony...quite ***literally,*** actually.

I was really expecting you to be more ***invincible*** than that. *Guess* I'll just try my luck with one of the ***amazing, uncanny,*** or otherwise ***mighty*** options across the hall.

*There. A perfect execution. I have my **first sample** running down my legs and Tony will surely come crawling back like a **pet** whenever I whistle.*

*Ugh! Great... it's Parker's **loathable consort** again! Doesn't she have better things to do?*

Oh, hey! It's Jessica, right?

Listen, I think we may have gotten off on the ***wrong foot.***

Uh-hmmm.

I bet you do, don't you?

Yeah, that's fair... I shouldn't have said what I did about your costume. We just moved in, and I think my ***self-defense instincts*** fired up a lil' bit too hard. I guess between adjusting to Peter's identity becoming public and having breakfast every day with ***bombshells in leotards,*** a girl can get crazy about protecting her ***territory,*** *amirite?*

*For the love of the Empire... is silence entirely **beyond her capabilities?***

*Think maybe we could **start over?*** I was on my way to the kitchen, and I make a mean ***bagel and lox,*** so I was wondering if you--

Do I look like I fucking care about ***any of that?*** Why don't you go squat on your man's cock before I decide to have a go at it? ***Shoo!***

Wow! That was all kinds of rude, but sure...

Fuck you very much too, bitch!

Yeah, whatever...

*What in Kly'bn's name is a **"bagel and lox"**? That sounds like Kree fecal remnants...*

And by the way... I am not the one ***shame-strutting*** out of Tony Stark's ***bimbo abattoir,*** drenched in ***stale champagne*** while soiling the floor with--

*Whutda?! **This is NOT champagne!** Oh, gawd, I think I'm gonna hurl! Eew, eeeew...*

*Forget eating! I need a shower... **Or two!***

*That was beneath me. As a **queen** with a responsibility to my devoted people, it was careless to allow myself to quarrel with that woman, no matter how **annoying** she is. I must concentrate on my mission.*

*I cannot let such a trifling pedestrian **trophy wifeling,** who's nothing but a stay-at-home, **hindquarters-heavy mare,** endanger the Skrullian race's fate.*

*Today was a **victory** nonetheless. However, I must find more efficient ways to gather the seminal fluid. Too much of the sample was lost between **ejaculation** and collection. Tomorrow, I will bring the preservation flask with me.*

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

STEVE ROGERS' QUARTERS.

Uh, hello there, miss? I think you may have accidentally entered my--

Jessica?!

Well, hello, soldier! Any chance you've still got room on your **dance card?**

What're... That's, hm... You're...

Yeah, I'm not really selling the **late-thirties lingo,** am I? But I think the cute getup can do most of the **heavy lifting** by itself, right?

I figured you'd be a little mopey after your breakup with that **Sharon Whatshername,** so I thought I'd put on this nostalgic look to help you take your mind off her.

*These feeble humans can be quite **sentimental** over their historical scraps of fabric. Let me see how much cooperation can be attained from this **performative pretense.***

It certainly takes me down **memory lane,** yes...

And I also wanted to show you how thankful I am that you made me an **Avenger.**

You don't really need to...

"Need to"? No. But **I want to!** And you don't have to do anything. Just letting me see you enjoy this **treat** will help me sleep much better.

You do look like a real **knockout doll** in that uniform. I must confess that it was quite hard to resist my **teenage urges** back in those days.

So, Cap... do I have permission to suck your **star-spangled cock,** sir?

Yes! Permission **granted,** pep girl!

*Degrading as it is for a **sovereign monarch** to fellate an enemy of the Empire, I must carry out my assignment with the utmost **enthusiasm.***

*And once again, I rely on Jessica's secretions to expedite the **harvest** of this human's seed.*

AHHMM!

Good heavens! I can't believe you're making me climax so quickly!

Heh! Don't worry. I guess you just really **needed that relief...**

*I only require a moment now to distract him and **secure the produce.***

I think I forgot the **pompoms** in my bedroom. Would you be kind enough to please go there and get them while I **freshen up?**

Absolutely, Miss Rutherford! I mean, ***Miss Drew... JESSICA!*** I'll be back in a jiffy!

Can't wait to see you **jumping around,** swinging those pompoms all over the--

MARY JANE?!

Steve? Is everything okay? You seem all red and--

*Her again?! Does this woman have **unregistered superpowers?** I haven't bumped into her husband even once in this building, but she appears to be an **omnipresent entity,** perpetually haunting these forsaken halls!*

WHADDA FUHCKING FUCK?!

Where the hell are your goddamn PANTS?

And why is your junk LEAKING like that?

Listen, I... I CAN explain! It's kind of a LONG STORY, starting all the way back in 1943.

Before they ever let me see a trench, they had me touring the Midwest in a pair of **silk tights,** selling war bonds with a brass band and a **lot of confetti.** I was doing three shows a day, punching out an actor in a Hitler mask, and smiling for a huge crowd. But there was this time they sent me to **Ohio State University** and that day kinda stuck with me, on an **intimate level,** you see?

Their chorus had about twenty college girls in the **shortest skirts** I had ever seen, cheering my name, and... let's be fair, I was basically an **eighteen-year-old virgin** with more hormones than super-soldier serum running through my veins.

Now, if that wasn't enough, there was this one particular gal who was really obsessed with becoming the mother of **Steve Rogers Jr.** Her name was Milly Rutherford and she looked like a **Hollywood star,** but word among the other ladies was she burned hotter under a **redlight,** if you know what that means. So I

All that racket for a dangling, **flaccid phallus** and a **little seeping?** Would she rather have it all turgid and on the verge of bursting, so she could impale her flappy folds and mewl ludicrously like a **Shi'ar whore?**

Well, at least she is being useful for once... I can take advantage of the distraction to expedite my **harvesting operation.**

The **wilderness** rarely offers its bounty willingly. I have never been deterred by coarse fur, a few thorns, or some **unruly growling.**

:sniff: You smell like **Steve's balls.**

You're right, but turns out our red, white, and blue Captain is still just a **green recruit** below the belt. I ended up with a **dishonorable discharge** in my mouth before the battle had even started.

That's interesting... Given your **savage nature** and that **hot-tempered personality,** I thought you'd show a more **vigorous response** to my mating call.

Maybe if ya held back on that **skank stench,** your childish boy toys would last longer than the time it takes to uncap a **fucking beer bottle.**

Yeah... if ya had wiggled that **hungry ass** my way first, things might have gone differently. But ya didn't and I'm not interested in having those boys' **sloppy seconds...** So thanks, but no thanks, bub.

You mean you're into **firsts,** huh? Y'know, during the surgery that gave me back my powers, they also **retightened** a few loose screws.

A bigger **bra size,** some nips and tucks, and a few stitches down there to make my funholes **extra snug.** But with everything that's been going on, I haven't had the chance to test every single part that was made **virgin again.**

Shame you're not interested. I guess I'll have to wait 'til **Luke** comes back from his honeymoon with his **jonesy wifey** so he can get me all loosened up again.

Luke Cage? Hah! Good luck with THAT! **His Jessica** will rip your damn eyes out before you get a chance to take that **black snake** outta his pants.

But tell you what... seeing as you're so desperate to have your **shit pushed in,** I can do that for ya as a favor. Call it **Avenger-to-Avenger courtesy.**

Just **bend the fuck over** and put that ass **all the way up** so we can get this over with.

I must admit... being so thoroughly subdued by a **genuine alpha male** is quite a singular experience.

Brace yourself, webs... ya asked for this and I ain't the kinda guy who **holds back.**

Virgin pipework or not, you're in for a **rough ride.**

The more I exude my dulcet scent, the harder this **primal beast** plunders my innards. Furthermore, he manages to last much longer than the other **avenging manlets** I sampled before him...

Do your worst, Logan! And **don't you fucking pull out** until those Canuck balls are fully empty!

Is this yer thing? A large prick jammed up yer **gripping guts** and a heavy sack slapping against yer **drenchin' cunt?**

I fucking **LOVE IT!!!**

Is that how your **X-bunnies** at the bordello mansion like it? Having their **perky teeny slits** stuffed with your fat cock?

I bet you glaze their **pink donut holes** every night, don't you? Those poor **cum dumpsters** can't even walk straight in the morning with their sore little asses full of your **mutant spunk.**

You've got some mouth, Jess. Sounds like **YOU'RE** the one in need of a **big load** in your **refurbished crapper!**

I already said I do, you **stupid ferret.**

Then squeeze my dick with those **angry cheeks** of yours.

You're gonna need a whole lotta new **stitches** to get that gaping hole all **puckered up again!**

MNNGH!

C'mon, Drew! Scream your fucking lungs out. Let the whole tower hear you howling like a **bitch in heat.**

Get me in the mood to fill you up with some **thick nuttin'.**

However, even the Wolverine eventually yields to his own **breeding instincts.**

FUUHCK! YESS! RAM IT BALLS-DEEP AND CUM IN MY ASSHOLE!

HELL YEAH, BABE! That's the stuff! Take that jizz like a good slut!

AHMNN...

I did, however, underestimate his **healing factor.** Shortly after erupting in my abused rectum, he resumes his **feral pummeling** and continues to service my weary opening until his **scorching seed** spews again. Only to begin anew, and so on, and on, and on... for the long **remainder of the night.**

This isn't by any means a **complaint.** I have acquired all the genetic material I needed from him and some more. **So much more...**

FILL THA[illegible] GODDAMN UHM ASSHOLE UHAH M OH! DEEPER OOOHHH GAWD OH FUUUCK ME MY... AAHHHHHH HARDER FUCK FUCK FUCK OOHH YYESS

Though this **sacred mission** is paramount to fulfilling the destiny of an Empire, I shall not be denied the pleasure of its **finer moments.**

As a **Skrullian sovereign,** I am more than entitled to relish some **joyful frivolities,** am I not?

MEANWHILE...

PARKERS' QUARTERS.

Yeah... ≥grunt≤ Mm-hmm...

I mean, jeez! We **eat** in that fucking kitchen!

Damn, Red... I don't think I've ever been **this horny** before!

Can you believe that woman?

She knows we can hear her, but she keeps screeching like a damn **seagull!** A **slutty seagull** that likes being railed by the **entire flock of seagulls.**

You see? That's 'cause she's flooding the whole floor with her **stupid sex-stink!**

I wanna put a **baby** in you so bad right now!

I am **not ovulating,** Tiger.

Maybe you are! You look **gorgeous!** And you're **so hot** when you're angry! **Gawd!** Makes me just wanna--

FUUHNNGH! GAWD... FEELS LIKE I'M MELTING INSIDE OF YOU!

Joke all you want, but I wanna see your face when we wake up one morning and find poor old **Jarvis drained to death** on the floor, with a smile on his face, lying in a puddle of his own **cold gunk.**

Wowza! That was really intense, hun. Wanna go another round?

Nah. I'm good.

I can go down there and do "ze **Venus Papillon** zat mizz Pàrkeur likez zo mùch..."

Not in the mood, thanks.

Come on, babe! Jessica's been **through a lot** and now she's just enjoying having her life back. They're all grown-ups and single... No one's getting hurt by **fooling around** a little too much.

She said she'd come after **you,** too.

She'll have to go through a **long line** of chicks to have her shot at this bad boy here.

Like he wasn't already risking that by dating **Aunt May!**

Not funny, Peter!

It's a little funny. You're just grumpy.

Am not!

Love you, babe. G'night!

Ugh!

THEN...

JESSICA DREW'S QUARTERS.

Carol? I didn't know you were waiting for me.

I was having a few beers with Logan and--

"Beers"? Were those before or after he...

≥ahem≤ "Grunt, I'm the best at what I do. And what I do... grunt, grunt, is to **fuck that Spider-Ass...** grunt, grunt."

Oh... so you heard that, uh?

Girl! People in **Wakanda** heard it!

What the hell is going on with you? You've always liked a good lay, sure. But **THIS?** We work here, and you're waltzing around with your **tits out,** for heaven's sake.

That's fucking weird... Even by **Avengers' standards!**

I believe I can handle Danvers better than I have been doing with the **ginger hag.**

You're right... My **sex drive** has been a bit all over the place lately.

Whatever those **HYDRA pervs** did to me and my powers...

It's sent my libido into **overdrive.** I've been climbing the damn walls, and **playing with myself** a few times a day simply isn't cutting it.

That was refreshing. But there may be some **repercussions** from my excessive loudness with that X-Man.

Well, okay. That explains a lot.

Still... you don't wanna be known as the **Avengers' bicycle,** Jess.

Next time those urges act up, come find me. I'll help you **unwind.**

Actually... **NOW** would be good.

Them **lab-coat freaks** really did a number on you, *huh?*

How can you still be so damn horny after being pounded all night by **our team's randy pet?**

You know Logan... his taste matches his personality. **All ass.**

My hymen would still be **intact** if it depended on him.

Figures... Good thing I came **well prepared,** then.

HOLY SHIT! What the fuck is THAT?

Isn't it obvious? It's an **Extremis-powered,** vibrating, strapless, **double-ended dildo.**

Tony gave it to me as a prank last Christmas and got a festive **five-finger thank-you** right across his smirky goatee.

Jessica Drew's gifts are most intriguing. They appear to **amplify** *existing desire rather than create it. Most males prove* **readily susceptible,** *with the females being much* **less predictable.**

The Watson woman displays no sexual interest in me whatsoever. **Danvers, however...** *those playful evenings she and Drew once shared evidently left a rather favorable impression on this* **Kree halfling.**

I wonder... could Spider-Woman's abilities be subtly **influencing me** *as well? An unforeseen consequence of the ritual, perhaps. Each encounter advances our invasion, yet I find myself* **anticipating** *the next. How much does* **lust** *serve the mission, and how much does the mission merely justify my* **own indulgence?**

Funny... for something you **"hated"**, you sure held on to it.

I had to pretend to hate it or I'd never hear the end of it, but... **SWEET FUCKING HALA!!!** Best damn sex toy I've ever tried.

Stark's a prick, but I'll give him this... the man's a genius with his **naughty little gadgets!**

That means something coming from a **spacefaring perv** who's got loyalty cards from adult stores across **three galactic empires!**

Judgmental, much? God forbid a girl should have a **hobby.**

That's 'cause you're such a greedy little **hoarder!** *But I'm glad you're* **finally sharing!**

This thing, it feels like... **WHOA!** *That's really...* **GAWD!** *How is it...?* **DAMN!**

Is it learning? Do you think he... **AHMNGH! YES! RIGHT THERE!** *...put some kinda* **A.I.** *in it?*

Beats me... Extremis is a bunch of **cyber-bio-nano-jumbo** *that I don't really...* **OH, FUCK! FUUUUUHCK!**

All I know is his golden gizmo here hits my... **AHHMNGH!** *spots like a...* **UHMM!** *...fucking Quinjet!*

That may be a **pointless worry,** *though. So long as my desires serve the Skrullian invasion, I see little reason to question them.*

THE NEXT DAY...
STARK TOWER GYM.

Well, well, well... if it isn't **Undressica Screw!**

Finished rehearsing for the **world's loudest fake orgasm,** or should we expect an **encore** tonight?

Oh, get over your--

Whoa-ho-ho-a! What the hell happened to your hair?

Did a **poodle explode** in there?

I spent all day at an **eighties-themed photo shoot.** Not that my hair is any of your business.

And all the while poor Peter stayed home, alone and neglected? What a waste... **I was available!**

Excuse me? Who the hell are you to talk about **MY** husband's sexual needs?

Oh, me? I'm the one who kept his **heartbroken balls empty** while you were busy turning down **BOTH his marriage proposals,** running off to California just to find out Hollywood doesn't give a single damn about your **talentless freckled tits.**

You should thank me, really. I hear you're a big fan of the **Venus Butterfly** trick he learned from me.

What...

Did you just...

SHUT YOUR FILTHY MOUTH, YOU CHEAP WHORE!!!

SLAP!

I may **not have powers,** but I've got enough friends who do.

Go anywhere near Peter and I'll gather **Jessica Jones, Sue Storm,** and every other **pissed-off wife** I can find...

And I swear to god, we'll beat the **living silicone** out of your **fake ass cheeks.**

You are going to regret this, **Mary Jane Watson Parker.**

I only regret I didn't do it **sooner.**

Ohhhh... the insolence of that **human harridan.** *That* **wretched gutter fierken** *dares lay a hand on me? She has mistaken my restraint for weakness. I shall see her arrogant misconception is* **most painfully** *corrected!*

[illegible]

[illegible]

Rl'nnd. You have a new assignment. Highest priority. Effective immediately.

Consider it done, my Queen.

SOME ABANDONED SHIPPING WAREHOUSE...

HUDSON RIVER WATERFRONT, NY.

Hey, Tiger! You sounded **worried,** so I came as fast as I could.

I mean, ugh... This place smells **horrible!** Talk to me, babe.

What's going on is that you **screwed the pooch,** Red... **BIG TIME!**

*It's curious... To become human, I had absorbed **Jessica Drew's memories,** her instincts, even her attachments. What troubles me is how seldom I need to imitate them anymore. **Small irritations. Familiar comforts.** I had assured myself these responses were just consequences of a **convincing infiltration...***

*Earth would belong to us, **as it was written,** but I had never considered that it might claim parts of **me as well.***

"Unprovoked"?! Aren't you even gonna **ask me** what that bitch--

You attacked an Avenger, MJ. **Unprovoked!** We can't just pretend that didn't happen.

Wait! What the hell is happening? **Why am I here, Peter?**

It's time. Let's go. For the glory of the Empire.

GRAB HER!

What? NO! STOP!!!

STAY AWAY!!!

AAAAIIIEEE!!!

FOGGER SHIPPING

*Even when my predecessor, **Dorrek VII,** condemned me to a barren world in a failed attempt to thwart my ascension and silence our most-sacred prophecies, I harbored **no such personal malice.***

*Yet this **unexceptional** human female inspires me with thoughts of cruelty I would once have deemed beneath my station. Her **suffering** would serve no grand purpose. I simply wish to **savor it.***

*Humanity has... **infected me!** And more troubling still is the fact that I find myself inclined yield to its virulent symptoms and **embrace the affliction.***

THEN...

Affirmative. The target is ***secure*** and sedated.

The girl has been ***handled*** according to your exact demands.

She was left convinced it had all been done by her ***very own husband*** along with ***several*** of his teammates.

Excellent!

Transfer her to our ***orbiting ship*** and place her in ***suspended animation*** with all the other captives.

After that, you can carry on with your ***previous assignments.*** *Dismissed.*

Breaking Mary Jane's spirit was satisfying, but ***insufficient.*** *Her* ***cherished reputation*** *must be reduced to ruins as well... and I possess the means to ensure precisely that!*

FUCK, YES! *Work that cock, you* ***cheating little slut.***

When Criti Noll's younger sister, ***Vrixi,*** *came before me seeking a way to serve the Empire, I had some* ***reservations.*** *The Nolls had always favored sexuality as an instrument of deception, a method I considered frivolous, inelegant, and a vulgar excess to the* ***dignity of our cause.*** *But that was before...*

I have no idea what Peter did to ***piss you off so badly...***

But if it sent you to my door looking like ***THAT, literally begging*** for a mouthful of me, I'm ***NOT*** complaining.

You two can sort out the ***spider-marriage drama*** later.

SHLURRRP!

Oh, come on! Admit it, you're at least a ***little curious.***

Well, I mean... most ***angry wives*** settle for some yelling, slamming doors, maybe sleeping on the couch. So you coming to ***ME,*** of all people, feels pretty... ***bloodthirsty?***

But if I were to take a wild guess, I'd say this has something to do with the ***two naughty spiders*** in this tower weaving a ***freaky little web*** together, *maybe?*

Guess that ***genius-level intellect*** isn't just for science, *huh?*

Criti's mission ***enlightened*** *me. Posing as some coy, flirtatious British student, she ensnared* ***Hank Pym*** *almost effortlessly. While the infatuated fool busied himself* ***emptying his boiling seed*** *between her well-practiced thighs, Criti extracted every scrap of intelligence she required. By the time his lust had run its course, she knew enough to deceive and then replace him, becoming one of our* ***most valuable sleeper agents.***

Vrixi will undoubtedly follow her sister's example. Wearing Mary Jane's face, she will ***shamelessly spread her celebrated legs*** *before every useful human in this tower. She will take each one,* ***alone or en masse,*** *sheathing every throbbing member, milking every last dollop,* ***gorging her voracious gullet*** *on as many phalluses, gonads, and teats as necessary.*

MNGH!

Face it, Parker, ***you fumbled the jackpot*** big time, my friend.

Heh! I couldn't have said ***THAT*** any better, Tony!

She will put her ***inner folds,*** *wrinkled rings, and every other warm,* ***contractile crevice*** *of that pilfered body to work* ***depleting the bodily fluids*** *of any human men and women in her path, all while steadily poisoning the vows that bind Mary Jane to her disgraced* ***Spider-Spouse.***

These sordid thoughts... they are **stirring** this borrowed body of mine. Its biology is so... **Alien!** So utterly **unskrullian.** I have never known such yearning as Veranke, but... **as Jessica?**

My **intimate tissues** engorge and moisten. Blood floods the delicate flesh between my thighs, swelling my labia, as slick moisture seeps into the crotch of my costume. My nipples stand **painfully turgid,** aching for a long, hungry suckle. I can feel my vaginal walls swell and quiver, preparing for some deep vigorous intrusion. Oh, by **Kly'bn and Sl'gur't!** I so desperately...

...need a good, hard FUCK, right now!!!

Hrrgh... I am far **too lust-addled** to frolic responsibly with only one partner. That degree of **undivided attention** could prove hazardous to the mission. I require a **third party** to mitigate the risk.

Hey! Quick question? What's your **professional opinion** on Spider-Stud's perky lil' tush?

Jess, seriously... **DON'T!** His home just burned down, along with a **lifetime of memories.** Peter's life's messy enough without you making his marriage your **next hobby.**

How **predictably prudish!** Fine! Parker is strategically inconvenient. Plan B, then...

Relax. I won't have the chance to break the Parkers up.

Mary Just Wantsome is doing that already by bouncing on Stark's loins upstairs right now.

That's not... You're **joking,** right?

Nope! Wanna head there and watch them do it?

What?! **HELL NO!** Why the hell would I...

Oh, fuck it! Who am I kidding? Of course I want to see **THAT.**

And while we're there, maybe he can explain why I can suddenly hear **"Mr. Marvelous"** here whispering I'm his **"spacefaring good little slut"** ever since we used it the other day.

TWO MINUTES LATER...

Wow, Stark! We had such a **special night together,** and now I find you entertaining that **married bimbo's tonsils?** I am almost offended...

ME? I didn't do anything! **SOMEONE** fucked her husband and this poor **heartbroken wife** needed some big, hard comforting. I am a **gentleman,** after all.

"Someone"? Please, don't tell me it was you who--

Listen here, you **shameless horndog...**

We're only here because of how **spectacularly ungentlemanly** you are.

Sleazy enough to perv on Carol through that **spy-rigged trinket** she's been using non-stop since the holidays.

Uh-oh... busted! Guilty as charged. But whatever you think of my methods, you've gotta admit that my **endgame** worked! I've got all your **spandex panties** dripping wet, haven't I?

That's only because you're an **adorable scumbag!**

How readily this feeble blonde yields to Jessica's chemistry. Perhaps their longstanding intimacy stems from Danvers' **considerable trauma** at Rogue's hands, and from Jessica being among those she came to trust afterward. Sentimentality remains humanity's most **exploitable defect.**

Then again, it might be just the **Kree filth** in her blood. Either way, I may claim her for myself after our **triumph.** It would be fitting to see such a powered quim reduced to a **pampered pet at her Queen's bedside.**

How come you're okay with this, MJ? I thought you and Jess **hated each other's guts!**

Well, I'm **not married** to **HER,** am I? In the end, we ladies gotta **stick together,** don't you think?

Good girl, Vrixi. Very good girl.

Let's hear it, Carol... how does the **real Stark experience** compare to that **peeping wand** you've been abusing these past few months?

Honestly? I think the creation may have **bested** its creator. The **dual cyber-ends** can please twice as many ladies as Tony's **single organic piece** ever could.

Okay, that's not entirely fair! That was just the **prototype** for something I've been **tinkering with** for a while now.

In fact, it's probably easier if I just **show you.**

Here's **Mark 29.** As you can see, I've recently equipped it with a rather **specialized** piece of auxiliary hardware.

*That is an important lesson which took me **far too long** to learn from Criti. These self-important human males become **remarkably forthcoming** with their secrets when one strokes their **vain egos** and their **bloated gonads** with equal diligence.*

*So, you put a dick on your armor... **How classy.***

No, I installed a **modular pleasure interface** on it. Big difference, actually.

For what? You expect that thing to **substitute** for you? It doesn't make any sense.

*Not substitute... **Supplement.*** You're missing the big picture here!

Why have a **robot** handle the fun part in your place?

I get ***full haptic feedback*** through Extremis. Whatever my nanites feel... ***I feel.***

Wai-wai-wait! You're saying this Extremis stuff lets you experience ***everything*** your tech touches?

Does that mean every time I've played with **Mark Triple-X** here, you've... ***felt it too?***

Hell yeah! *Every... single... thrust, baby!* ***Even right now!***

I've had to excuse myself from ***three board meetings*** because of you. And once while Cap was giving us a ***mission briefing.*** *Totally worth it, though...*

And considering ***how much use*** you've gotten out of that thing, I'm having a hard time believing you're ***THAT*** pissed about one little prank. *Are you? Honestly?*

Ugh... Ask me after I'm done abusing your ***warranty.***

*How **generous** of you, Stark. This information will prove invaluable for the **virus** we've been designing to infect your technology. You may have just revealed the **final vulnerability** our scientists needed.*

Achieving ***mankind's age-old dream*** of putting one cock inside ***three women at once*** has to count as one of the proudest moments of my life...

Both as a man of science and as a pioneer in the field of ***playboying.***

*Congrats! Humanity can finally **rest easy** now, huh?*

*Fuck, I'm so close! How about a a **kneeling ovation** to celebrate my breakthrough?*

*Yeah! Pop the cork, Tony! Let's see that **bottle of ego** spray its warm champagne!*

*Mmm... That's just how I like my bubbly drinks... **extra splurty!***

UHMM... FUUHHCK!

Holy shit! This is the ***hardest*** I've ever jizzed! And don't get me wrong, you ladies are absolute masters at ***draining balls,*** *but...*

Please admit it, Jess...

This was at least ***ninety percent*** your damn pheromones' doing, *wasn't it?*

Come on, Tony! Jess would ***never puppeteer*** us into an orgy we didn't already wanna join ourselves!

*Especially me... her **bestest friend** in the whole wide galaxy! Right, Jess?*

*Oh, who? Dear little me?! **Abso-fucking-lutely not!** I'd never, ever, **eeeeeeeeeever!***

*As much as it pains me to admit it, this was **somewhat** enjoyable. But considering I had hoped to be thoroughly indulged through a **veritable succession of loud orgasms,** Tony (along with his insufferable arrogance) may not have been the **wisest choice** after all.*

*Hmm, yeah! Lick that cock clean, MJ. I'm not on a **safe day,** and I'm not risking a **loaded ride** when I put it back in for round two.*

Sorry, Carol... not happening. You girls can take the party elsewhere. I've got ***actual work*** to do.

Just as expected... hmph!

*I certainly hope you **enjoyed** this, Stark. Before long, you will be reduced to a mere **jester** in my court, begging permission to lick the **stale remnants of your own seed** from between your Queen's bare, wriggling toes.*

HOURS LATER...

JESSICA DREW'S QUARTERS.

*I suspect Parker, with all his **friendly enthusiasm,** would have proved far more capable of leaving me **luxuriously satiated** between the thighs.*

*I doubt Vrixi will have much difficulty persuading her **"husband"** to welcome both me and the Kree whore into their bed over the coming days while our invasion preparations are **still underway.***

Let's see. Who is next? Which one should I pursue now?

300 MILES ABOVE...

SKRULL SHIP, LOW EARTH ORBIT.

*Soon, my people shall rejoice beneath the blue skies of our promised world. **Every loyal Skrull** shall share in the glory of a destiny fulfilled.*

*I foresee no uncertainty in what comes next. Our **sacred invasion** shall achieve absolute victory, and Earth shall take its ordained place **beneath my splendid throne.***

For the glory of the Empire.

As it is written.

He loves us.

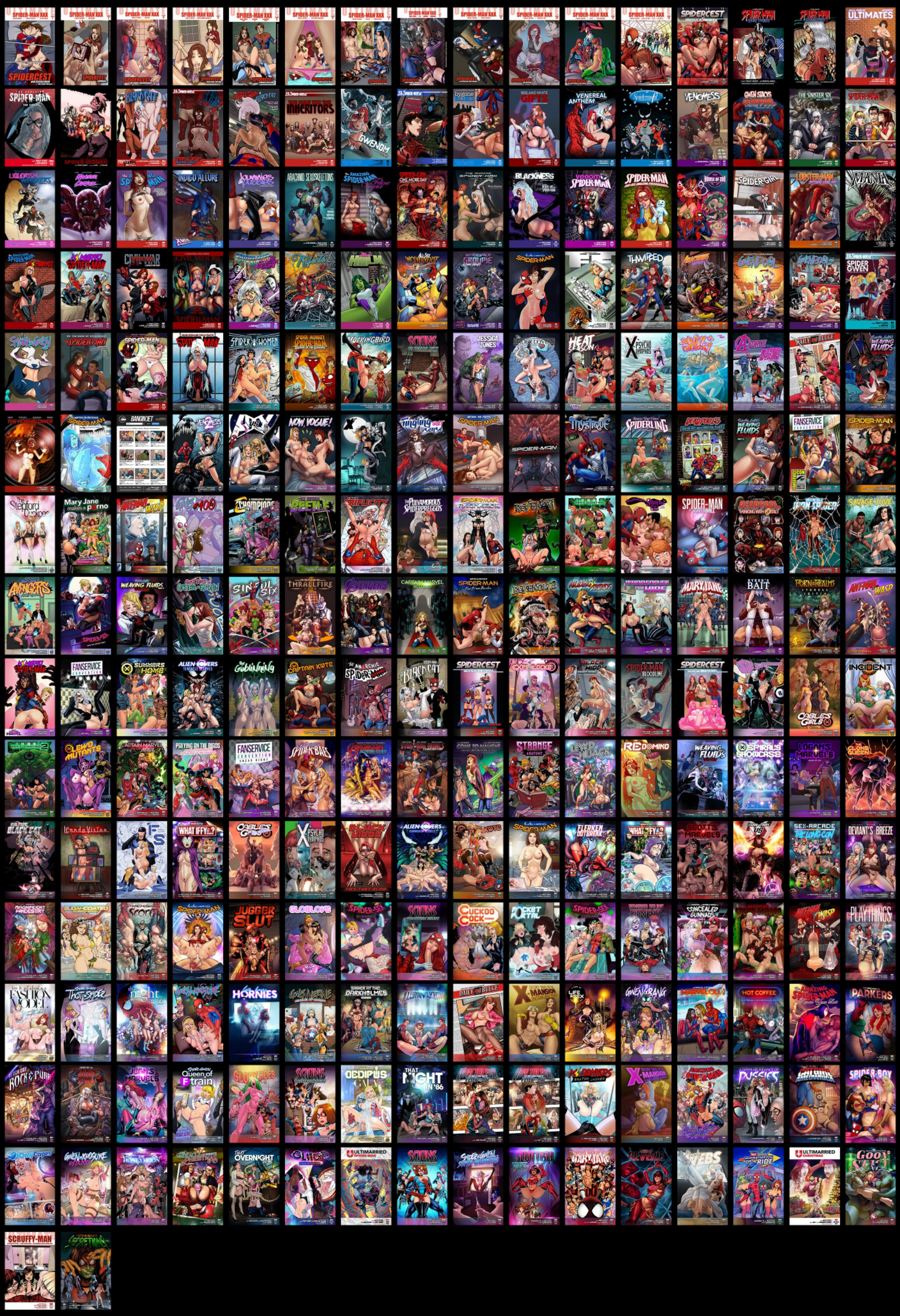
THE END...

...IS COMING!



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