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Summary: After the Time Stream Entanglement, everything changed. Heroes and Villains were working together and to do that, they needed support. Mason signed up, happy to help in any way he could thinking he'd be lucky just to see a hero, let alone ever meet one.

Apparently, he's luckier than he realised.

Tags: OCxSusan Storm, Cheating, Creampie.

Discord Link: <https://discord.gg/xdEby3qHMH>

Heroes and Villains. Aliens and Mutants. Science that could bend reality and magic that could outright tear it in two.

These incredible things weren't just a matter of stories and rumours anymore. Everyone knew about them, hell, they were a part of history. From Captain America and the Red Skull to the X-Men, the Brotherhood of Mutants, the Fantastic Four, on and on and on.

Superpowers were a part of daily life that you just couldn't ignore anymore. After a few planetary invasions from outer space and the occasional outbreak of interdimensional demons, you just sorta got used to it.

Then Doom happened.

More accurately, *both* Dooms happened. The official story was a bit cagey on the details but supposedly, there were two of them. One from the present and another variant from way, way out into the future in some parallel universe or something. Like the geniuses they were, they'd both had the same idea.

Control over the Multiverse.

...and it ruined *everything*.

When they clashed, the walls between realities shifted, merging countless other universes, dimensions, timelines and worlds all into one. No one knew what was going on and everyone was terrified, but the only good thing about it?

Suddenly, Heroes and Villains had to put aside their differences. A collaboration that no one ever thought could have been possible was born, old grudges pushed to the side in the face of a new, overwhelming threat.

The Time Stream entanglement.

Good guys and bad guys came together under the greatest minds and what little scraps of a government were left to do battle against the various Doom's and even *themselves*. Mirror images stolen from other realities only to be brainwashed by the conquering Victors and made to fight against their variants in a long and violent campaign to save not just our world, but EVERY world.

The thing is, a mission of that scale took resources. Heroes and Villains needed to be housed, to be *fed*. They needed cleaners, engineers, doctors, tailors, assistants, you name it.

That was where I came in.

"Hey kid, KID! Over here!"

I had to kick my foot out and hit the breaks just to keep the four wheeled trolley from spinning out of control, feeling the cold weight of heavy steel tugging against the callouses on my palms. I looked over at the unmistakable sound of orange rocks scraping together and saw *The Thing* waving me over.

It was still hard to believe I got the chance to see, let alone talk to ACTUAL superheroes. When I'd applied to the position, I'd just figured it would be in the background. Out of sight and out of mind.

"Yeah, Mr Grimm?" It took some careful manoeuvring to angle the heavy cart over to the set of almost airport-like chairs around a table that were all thankfully made with someone of his proportions in mind.

"Huh, glad I caught you." It was actually kind of impressive seeing the way he so carefully did something as simple as even folding up a newspaper, making sure not to let the pages tear before leaning over with an eager, craggy grin and that unmistakable Brooklyn twang. "Any chance you got that stuff I ordered?"

I had to take a second to find the appropriate package but I caught it on the second row, dragging the clunky metal container out with a strained grunt as he eagerly scraped his hands together before taking it in one giant paw without even the slightest hint of effort.

“Ahh, perfect!”

The container didn’t even buckle as he slapped his hand across the side and managed to press the button, its surface cracking open with a hydraulic fuelled whine before he dumped its contents out into his lap.

Grabbing up the giant hammer, he didn’t hesitate in pushing the point of its matching chisel right into one of his knees before *smashing* it in. “Ahh, see, now THAT’S the stuff!”

The look on his face was one of pure relief but I couldn’t help wincing at the noise it made as he began roughly digging through one of the many orange cracks along his legs.

“I’m telling you kid, that damn Knull world is hazard on the joints. All that dust and crap? Sheesh.”

“Ehehe? Yeah, I mean, I can only imagine...”

Maybe I stuck around a little longer than I should have just watching him hammer away but honestly? It was pretty morbidly fascinating. Besides, Ben didn’t seem to mind. He was cool like that.

Unfortunately, I forgot the golden rule of being around The Thing. Wherever he was...

“Heeey, there you are!”

I choked as a weight hit my shoulders and my knees nearly buckled. I quickly realised it was an arm before almost being shoved aside by the unfairly handsome grin of the Human Torch himself.

“Seriously, Ben, what the hell? You’re hanging with the *Towel Boy* now? What happened, did you scare off everybody else?”

He laughed like it was the funniest thing in the world but The Thing just grunted, more than used to his teammates antics as he continued chiselling away at a spot near his ankle.

“Buzz off, Johnny,” he rumbled. “We’ve only got so much time before the next portal opens and I ain’t about to spend it here listening to you embarrass yourself.”

“Ohoho yeah, *good* one. Might be strange to hear but not all of us have something to be embarrassed about! That reminds me though...”

As tall as he was, it wasn't hard for him to crane his neck around and I froze like a deer in the headlights.

"So?" He prompted, jostling the shoulder he was still firmly holding onto. "Did you do it? Did you give her my number?"

The smile I had to force onto my face was as polite as it was fake.

"I... passed along the message, yes-?"

"Alright, that's what I'm TALKING about, Towel Boy! You see this Ben? This is what you call a *real* wing man!" He finally took his weight off and I almost sagged in relief as Johnny stepped away, pumping his fists. "Seriously, that Snow girl is way too pretty. Oh man, you should have seen her on Krakoa. That chick was totally checking me out!"

"Let it go, coal for brains." Ben rumbled. "I keep tellin' ya, she ain't interested."

"Ha! Like that's possible. Have you *seen* me?!"

You saw it on TV all the time but I don't think many people realised just how intensely cocky Johnny Storm was. On a screen it was oddly charming but in person? The man could be downright insufferable.

I was already trying to sneak back to my cart but the moment I reached for the brakes, his hands were on my shoulders, *again*.

"So, what did she say? Did she seem happy? What am I saying, of *course* she was!" He got a dreamy look in his eyes. "I bet she was making snowflakes and everyth-"

"Johnny, would you calm down and stop bothering people for just *five* minutes? Five minutes, that's all I ask!"

Ben snorted, Johnny flinched and I felt my tongue get caught in my throat.

'*Oh shit...*'

When I finally worked up the nerve to look over, it was to see two of the most recognisable faces on the planet. Or, at least, MY planet.

To be honest, I didn't have much to complain about. I'd been pretty good in school, graduated at least top ten, and I'd had my fair share of dates. Hell, some of them looked me up even after we'd left school. But Reed Richards? Mr *Fantastic*?

Some guys had all the luck.

Smartest man in pretty much every world which had one and good looking to boot, Reed Richards was someone I'd never actually gotten the chance to talk to but I could see how he'd leave some people in awe.

It was also easy to see why he had a wife like *Susan Storm*.

I'd had a bit of a crush growing up, I'll admit it. There were a fair share of posters in my room back when I was younger, mostly torn out of magazines or whatever article she'd shown up in but really, could you blame me? The Invisible woman was a global name... and a complete *smoke show*.

There had to be some scientific explanation for why all superpowered women raised the bar for attractiveness scales everywhere. Each member of the Fantastic Four wore their own versions of the iconic jumpsuit but I *swear* hers was designed with dropping jaws in mind. A face that beautiful and kind with those clear blue eyes, soft round lips and hair that glamorous had no business teaming up with a body *that* curvy.

It was a genuine health risk seeing the way her suit hugged her chest, stretched out over giant mounds that defied gravity before tapering back down onto a washboard stomach and clinging on tight to an hourglass waist with hips so wide they'd make any MILF green with envy.

I had to avert my eyes just to keep from staring too hard and *still* I felt myself go a little lightheaded as all the blood in my skull threatened to rush south.

Johnny's groan was the only thing that saved the day. "Aww, Sis, why try and kill the mood? You know this is just how I get in the zone. Trust me, you're getting nothin' but A-game today! Doom won't know what hit him."

While he punched a fist into the palm of his hand, not a shred of doubt in sight, Reed was still tapping away at some high tech tablet when the two of them arrived. At Johnny's bragging, Sue just rolled her eyes.

It almost seemed like I was going to get away with just awkwardly standing there until a moment to leave presented itself when out of nowhere, the buxom blonde bombshell turned those inviting chips of blue my way.

Direct fucking hit.

"Hey there, sorry about him." She jerked a thumb Johnny's way and his affronted squawking even managed to get a laugh out of Ben.

Ben, who I could see from the corner of my eye shooting a knowing grin my way as I stood there trying desperately not to embarrass myself.

"I know he's a bother but he doesn't actually mean it. I *think*."

Johnny was definitely sulking by that point and when Ben's amusement switched targets, the table he was sitting at quickly devolved into a pit of bickering and I had to shy away so as not to get hit by the stray spark of an ember or the melted prongs of a *hammer*.

Susan Storm was still looking at me, however, and seeing the way she ignored their antics with an ease of long familiarity, I decided to try and copy it.

"You don't need to worry about it, seriously," I tried to reassure her, still awkwardly grinning as I pushed a string of darkened curls back and out of my eyes. "I'm just here to lend a hand, you know? He wasn't causing any problems..."

We both looked over just as Ben let out a shout and fell through his chair, the still molten metal making it clear whose fault it was even as Johnny cackled and sprinted off with a mountain of angry orange boulders chasing after him.

Sue just sighed and dragged a hand down her face as I gave her my best look of sympathy.

"Well, that's *something*, I guess."

She trailed off before quickly managing to shake herself out of it, throwing on another smile that left my heart racing in my chest as she nudged her husband. "Still, we really appreciate everything you're doing. Right, Reed?"

Even if she was just doing it to be polite, it was still nice to hear. Reed grunted but it was pretty clear he wasn't paying much attention.

Sue narrowed her eyes.

"*Right*, Reed?" She said a little more firmly and this time, the smartest man on the planet looked up, blinking himself out of whatever a genius like him was thinking and glanced around.

"What? Oh." he spotted the chair. "Johnny again? We should probably call someone-"

Finally, he seemed to realise I was standing there.

"Ah, excellent! You already got the help!"

My smile almost slipped and Sue must have noticed. A look of embarrassment flushed across her sculpted cheeks and this time, her nudge was *all* elbow and none too gentle.

"Reed!" She hissed.

"What? I'm sure he won't mind cleaning this up-"

Just in time before he could say anymore, a loud and obnoxious alarm rang throughout the space-ship-like hall and the lights overhead flashed red.

"Attention! Jump initiated, Five minutes and counting."

"Oh god dammit," Reed grunted, stowing his tablet somewhere in his suit. "I didn't get to finish my calculations. Ah well, best be on our way. Come on, Sue!"

Then, he walked off without a second thought, not even looking to make sure his wife was following as the two of us watched him go. Sue was already opening her mouth, probably to apologise, and in a moment of boldness I raised my hand to cut her off.

"Don't. It's okay." Her jaw closed into a pout that threatened the last of my composure. "You're all pretty busy and besides, I'd be a poor fan if I didn't cut you guys some slack."

The look of exasperation quickly morphed into a small smile of pure gratitude and it took another battle of willpower not to stare at those lips for too long.

"Still, thank you. I guess it's true what they say." Begrudgingly, she chuckled. "Never meet your heroes, huh?"

"I mean..." Figuring, what the hell, I used my shoulder to give her a nudge that was much softer than the one she gave her husband and she looked over in surprise. "You were always my favourite anyway, and I'm pretty glad I got to meet you."

The look of surprise only grew and she seemed, dare I say it, *flattered*. "Me? Really?"

I shrugged. "Hard to argue with someone who can shield, go invisible *and* fly. I mean, super strength, fire and being able to stretch? Pfft! Chump change."

Was I joking with a member of the Fantastic Four? I was. I *totally* was!

My reward was a bell-like giggle that played sheer *havoc* on my nerves. Clearly she didn't get enough credit because I could have sworn there was a light dusting of red across her face as she slapped my shoulder.

"Flatterer." She teased, and I had to resist the urge to rub the sting out of my shoulder.

Damn she was strong.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think I ever got your name...?"

She sounded embarrassed to be asking, but I honestly don't think my spirits could have gotten any higher as I stuck out a hand.

"Mason. Mason Carlisle."

Looking slightly bemused, she returned the gesture and took my hand in a set of impossibly soft fingers before giving it a warm shake.

"Susan Storm." She offered, like I already didn't know. "But you can just call me Sue. It was lovely meeting you, Mason, I'm sure I'll see you around."

Another warning went off as the countdown reached two minutes and she huffed before I could answer.

"I guess that's my cue. Wish me luck!"

I offered a wave as she walked away, palm still tingling from her touch and almost only when she was across the room, approaching the glowing blue swirl of the portal that heralded the jump, did I let my eyes drop beneath her waist.

'Damn.'

Seriously, The Hulk and Venom could play *basketball* with those things.

Speaking of otherworldly aliens, I felt a small tugging on my trouser pocket and glanced over. There, on the floor, sat a giant puddle of black ooze with a tentacle extended and a giant, diamond shaped eye of pure white looking up at me imploringly.

Huffing good naturedly, I began rifling through my pockets.

"Okay, but this is the last time, you hear me? The kitchens already gave a warning to all the staff that you're supposed to be cut off."

Saying that, I think he knew I didn't mean it. The second I had the little silver wrapper out of my pocket, the tentacle swiped the bar of chocolate straight out of my hands before slurping it back into the puddle with a shiver of glee.

From the depths, an ominous and deeply resonant growl emerged.

"Thank you, Mason. You are a good friend to us."

I smirked because honestly, who *wouldn't* love being on good terms with the symbiote that could devour buildings.

"Don't sweat it, Venom. Have fun kicking ass out there, yeah?"

Another tentacle extended and I didn't hesitate to curl my fingers into a fist before giving it a bump, fondly watching him slide across the floor as he went over to join the others before emerging in all of his terrifying glory.

Then the portal activated and one by one, they all began to disappear. Off to parts unknown for the latest in their battles against Doom. When they were finally all gone, the staging area felt weirdly... empty.

'Back to work, I guess.'

Shrugging off the sense of loneliness, I grabbed a hold of my trusty cart and kicked off the brakes, whistling a low tune.

It was time to enjoy my down time.



"Yo, Mason!"

Grabbing a rag from my belt to wipe the sweat from my neck, I looked up at the sound of my supervisor's voice as he called out from the other end of the warehouse.

"Have you been on since before the jump?" Seeing my hesitant nod, he scoffed and waved his hand. "Take a break, man. *I mean it*. Just looking at you's making my ass tired. Go get some food or something, not like any of this crap is going anywhere."

I would have loved to tell him I was fine and I keep going, staff solidarity and all that but honestly? I was bone tired. He was right too.

It'd been hours since the heroes got back and between sorting specimens and shelving equipment heavy enough to make Captain America wince, I'd heard nothing but bad things. Apparently they'd still managed to get the job done, but it was a rough one judging by all the medics I'd seen running around.

Nodding gratefully, I pushed myself up with a groan from where I'd been trying to straighten out what looked like a cross between a symbiote and a sun flower and waved farewell to a few of the others who were still hard at work carting around space junk.

After typing in the code to be let out into the hall, I had to spend a few minutes just dodging around the various people constantly running back and forth from one destination to another. Each and every one of them looked stressed out to the max and by the time I managed to break free of it all, I couldn't even be bothered making my way to the canteen.

Finding the first quiet spot I could, I distanced myself from all the noise, finding an empty hallway with a door that hissed like an airlock as it slid shut behind me and a window that stretched the entirety of one wall.

Hectic as it might have been sometimes, there was no denying the job came with some perks.

The soft hiss of the door opening behind me didn't even catch my notice until I heard the calming warmth of the voice that accompanied it.

"Enjoying the view?"

I jolted, knocked from my trance as I turned. Blonde hair? Check. Warm but tired blue eyes? Check. Massive tits and a pair of thighs that could crack diamonds? Check check fucking *check*.

"Hey, uh, Sue?" It still felt weird to be on a first name basis. "Yeah, I am. It's just..." Like a moth to a flame, my eyes wandered back towards the crystal clear portal and the giant blue green marble that hung in plain view. "I never really thought I'd ever go to space."

It really was spectacular. A never ending curtain of the purest black dotted with trillions of glimmering stars, all playing backdrop to the beauty of the earth which somehow only enhanced the vast magnificence of such a view.

Sue was silent as she stepped up beside me, sharing in the silent appreciation of what it was to gaze out at our home from the safety of the moon.

"You know..." She murmured softly. "There was a point when I started seeing it so much I kind of forgot just how pretty it really is. Even with everything that's happened."

There was no need to clarify. It didn't matter how far away we were, or maybe it was even *because* of that, but it wasn't hard to see the cracks and new additions that came from the merging worlds. Continents that looked just a bit *too* different from an atlas, colours and biomes that were never supposed to co-exist.

Sad, but... still beautiful.

Once I'd had my fill, I spared a subtle glance towards the heroine. There were small, almost imperceptible bags underneath her eyes and her shoulders hung like they were weighed down.

"I know, I look terrible, right?" She joked, clearly catching me in the act as I coughed and tore myself back to the window.

"N-No! I mean, well, I wouldn't worry. You still look... incredible?"

There was unconvincing and there was whatever that was, but it still managed to make Sue crack a small smile as she carefully raised her brow.

"Not 'fantastic'?" She teased, and I had to fight to keep a straight face as some of the nervous energy just slunk away at her tone.

"Eh, seems overused."

A huff of air blew through her nose and the two of us went back to admiring space. The silence lasted for a few comfortable minutes but before long, her head just seemed to sink.

"... I'm guessing you saw all that, huh?"

I shifted, not quite sure what to say.

Whenever an expedition team went out, most of it was recorded and streamed back to the monitors hung up all around the base. Mostly it was used for documenting new threats or worlds but sometimes, it was just used as a morale boost for those stuck working, waiting for the heroes to return.

She must have seen the discomfort on my face as she groaned. "What a *shit show*."

I grimaced and took a risk, putting a supporting hand on her shoulder as I gave her what I hoped was a look of reassuring commiseration.

"Hey, you got the job done!" I said, trying to pump her back up but all I got was a dry look of disbelief.

"Seriously? I was useless out there. I should have *done* more!"

There was a fierce note of frustration that tugged at my heart strings but honestly, I had to disagree. "It wasn't your fault."

Apparently, that was the wrong thing to say.

A disgusted scoff burst from her throat as she shoved herself off the glass and spun around to glare.

“Oh really? You don’t think I should have gotten that shield up on Cloak in time? Don’t think I should have kept Thor from getting dog piled, blocked the *variant* Thor from separating our frontline, thrown an invis up around Black Panther when he was *clearly* about to-!” She wasn’t even talking to me, it felt like she was just screaming at *herself*, but...

“I don’t think you should have been stuck playing support AT ALL!”

The sudden outburst was in the air before I could stop it and Sue froze like she’d been hit by Luna Snow. Clearly taken off guard, she spluttered.

“You-! You *what?*”

Deciding I was already in for a penny...

“You shouldn’t have been stuck guarding the payload in the *first* place-”

“Reed told me to guard the payload-”

“THEN HE’S AN IDIOT!” I snapped, because though I knew it wasn’t a good trait of mine, when someone started shouting at me I always instantly wanted to shout right back and it seemed to take some of the wind out of Sue’s sails as her eyes went wide while I carried on. “You should have never been stuck on the payload because you didn’t *need* to be. The Thing could have handled the variant Thor and you guys should have had either Johnny or Storm with him on air support. Defense wasn’t your problem, you guys needed to *push*. How many times in that fight did the variant Neymor manage to keep you guys pinned? You and BP could have easily made it around and behind those guys and one shotted him before he even got a squid off. You should have been on offense, hell, even REED should have been back! He couldn’t even get *close* to them, but YOU could! Stick Reed on the payload, you take care of their duelists and let Venom keep harassing *their* backline. It should have been a sweep and the others let it get turned into a slog for no good reason!”

By the time I finished I was out of breath and the way Sue was looking at me, it was like she was seeing a totally different person. *Hopefully* not in a bad way.

It took a moment for her brain to reboot and by the time it did, I was really beginning to regret ever taking a break.

I didn’t get the chance to apologise though.

“You...” Her voice was soft, *quiet* even. “... You really think I could have done that?”

I didn’t even have to think about it.

“Of course I do.” I told her, not an ounce of doubt in my mind as finally, her stance seemed to soften.

When it did, the shocked look faded from her features and it was like the sun had risen right outside the window as her entire face brightened, crystal blue eyes swimming with something unbelievably *vulnerable* as she suddenly lurched forward and practically tackled me with a fierce hug.

“*Thank you.*” She rasped, voice thick as she slid her arms up and around my ribs.

Feeling awkward and thrown off balance, I somehow managed to return the embrace and patted her on the back, only truly leaning into it when she shuddered and gripped me tighter until that body full of lush curves was moulded against my chest.

“You’re, uhh, welcome?” God I hope that voice crack was in my head.

I tried to pull away after what *felt* like enough time but she just ended up holding on harder until eventually, I gave in and decided to just enjoy it.

But oh man.

She smelled *incredible*.

It was hard not to drown in the scent of her shampoo and everything about her was just so warm and vibrant I might have closed my eyes just to enjoy it, forgetting about the rest of the world and all the dangers that awaited us in the multiverse as I felt the wall of her breasts crush against my sternum while her nails firmly scraped across the backs of my shoulders.

Honestly, I don’t know if I ever would have let her go, but eventually I felt her body stiffen.

“Uhm... Mason...?”

It felt like I was exiting a dream as her unsure words tickled my ears and soon, I realised what had startled her.

‘*Oh fuck...*’

Mortification flooded through my veins as I felt the uncomfortable pressure of her stomach against my straining erection. Sue tried to pull away, eyes startled and her cheeks red but maybe I was too slow in letting go because it ended up with us just pushed face to face, suspended in place as her gaze captured mine and my lips were already opening around a frantic and embarrassed apology.

“Shit, Sue! I’m so sorr-MMPH!”

Her finger slapped across my lips just as the door behind us hissed and my stomach *dropped*.

“Susan? Are you here?”

That was when she vanished. Or, more accurately... WE vanished.

It was honestly kind of trippy. One second she was right there in front of me and the next, not only was the space she stood empty but so were my *arms*.

Neither one of us moved a muscle as Reed Richards stepped into the hall and glanced around, brows furrowed as he scanned the walls before scratching at the scruff of his chin as he mumbled.

“Hmm. I could have *sworn* she went this way...”

Slowly, as Reed kept murmuring to himself, her finger slipped from my lips but our bodies never reappeared. The only reason I even knew she was there was that I could still feel her body pressed against me, the tender caress of her breath on my lips a constant temptation that in the end tipped the scales and forever changed my life in what I was about to do.

Sue never saw the kiss coming.

Literally.

“*Mmh!*”

For an eternal heartbeat, I thought that her muffled yelp had given us away. Let it never be said, however, that Mr Fantastic was the most observant of the Fantastic Four as instead of investigating, he never seemed to notice and instead shrugged before turning right back around.

“Maybe in the training room.” He said to himself, pondering out loud as he pushed the button for the door to hiss open before stepping through without a care in the world.

The second he was gone, I’ll be honest, I was expecting a slap. Some screaming, at worst a case of being brutally jettisoned out the window head first as Sue took out all of her rage and disgust on me for praying on her moment of weakness.

Except... none of that happened.

She didn’t move, those plump, luscious lips frozen against mine and hidden from the world. It was the most euphoric moment of my life by far and I could have died right there, happy and content. Hell, maybe I would. There was no possible way it could have gotten any better or at least, that was what I thought. Then?

*She kissed me **back**.*

Those supple curves *crushed* themselves against me, melting into my arms like a rubber band that had just had all of its tension released as she stretched up onto her toes and needily wrapped her lips around mine. It was gentle, sweet, almost loving.

Then her fingers clawed their way into my hair and it was nothing but pure *hunger*.

I'm not even sure which one of us deepened it first but I'm inclined to say it was her from the way my back roughly struck the window. It was like she was trying to tear the skin of my scalp right off of my *skull* with the way her hands kept tugging as I ran my palms down the length of her spine, soaking in her warmth through the suit. I might have even blacked out for a moment because when I came to, I'd finally fulfilled a lifelong fantasy of taking all ten of my fingers and roughly *burying* them in that ass!

"Mmmhhh~!"

Judging by the sounds of her heavy, heated moans, Sue didn't mind. The posters didn't do her justice because I could tell from just one squeeze that it wasn't just thick, it was *fat* with a "ph". That booty could have swallowed my hands whole up to the wrists and if she never gave them back, I wouldn't have even minded, just fulfilled with the fact I got to simply paw away at the canvas of that wobbly dumptruck as I gave into the insanity and swiped a quick lick across the front of her teeth before feeling them open.

From there, it got sloppy. Lips smacking as she gave up on using her toes for balance entirely, hiking up her knee to wrap it around my waist and practically throwing her ass into my hands as she gasped into my lips and I swallowed her moans. At some point, I'm pretty sure I even felt her wrapping that rose coloured mouth around my tongue so she could suck the saliva right out of my mouth and when we finally parted, chests rubbing as they heaved, there was a wet snap as the thread thin bridge of spit between our lips broke, dripping onto our chins as that seemed to signal a break in the lustful haze and the invisibility she'd thrown up around us *dropped*.

A shiver went racing up my spine as I got my first good look at her, those creamy cheeks flushed an effervescent pink and she kept carding her fingers through the roots of my hair before biting her lip.

"We..." Sue struggled to find the words. "We shouldn't have done that."

She was right. I *knew* she was right.

But that didn't mean I wanted to let *go*.

After a long pause of uncertainty I felt her knee squeeze against the bottom of my ribs and when I looked into her eyes, still so astonishingly clear, I caught a glimmer of guilt, yes, but also... *excitement*.

I didn't know what to say and I don't think she did either but words turned out to be unnecessary.

Thankfully, the staff lodgings were only a few doors over.

After a desperate rush where I'm convinced neither one of us really knew what we were doing, we finally reached the cramped hallway holding the entrance to my room. It was totally empty, everyone else still dealing with the madness from the Jump and it meant there was no one there to see as this time, I made sure it was Sue's turn to have her back against the proverbial wall, pinning her to the door and devouring those lips with feverish intensity while clumsily fumbling for the keypad.

"Mmm, fwah! H-Hurry~" She pleaded, forcing out the words between kisses as her fingers dove to start yanking my shirt out of my belt. "We have to-*mmhm!* Go before-*muwah~!* Someone! SEES us!"

Honestly, Doom himself could have walked into that hallway and I wouldn't have spared him a second thought. That didn't mean I couldn't understand her urgency though and with a frustrated slam of my hand against the reader, I finally got the green light as it scanned and accepted my print before unlocking the door with a clunky click as it slid open to let us go tumbling on through.

A part of me was worried when I felt her fingers sliding under my shirt. I was a decently well built guy but when you were surrounded on a day to day basis by literal gods and super soldiers, it was hard not to feel at least a *little* self conscious.

That all disappeared when Susan scraped her nails across the faint lines of my abs and moaned like a woman who'd found Nirvana, exploring across my stomach and slithering all the way up to my chest before thirstily slamming back down to the buckle of my trousers where she almost vibrated as she frantically loosened my belt.

I tried to do the same for her but I couldn't figure out the suit. There were no buttons, no zipper, not even velcro. After a few moments of agonising and embarrassing fumbling, I heard her breathless mumble out the corner of her mouth.

"Th-The collar!" She gasped, breaking the kiss just long enough to finish tugging open my pants before she helped almost rip the sweatshirt over my head until I was standing there bare chested. "In the middle, just *pull!*"

She didn't need to tell me twice.

Curling both sets of fingers into either side of her neck-hole I gave the cosmic level fabric a sharp

jerk and it split down the middle like magic. A thin blue light acted like a sort of nanotech zipper and as it unwound, I learned two very important things. One, after this, I'd never be able to enjoy a "normal" woman again, and two...

For suits like these, you apparently *didn't* need underwear.

I froze, watching on in awe at the veritable sea of porcelain white flesh that came pouring through the gap in her suit as Sue's breasts tumbled out and into the open. She was still fumbling to get my trousers off when she caught me staring, the red in her cheeks blooming out into a vibrant pink as she hesitated.

"What? What is it?"

When she shyly shifted as if to turn her body away, I clamped one hand around her shoulder, cupped the other around her jaw and forced those startled chips of blue to face me head on. She needed to *understand*.

"You. Are. *Breath taking*." I told her, my voice husky with an emotion I couldn't even define as her eyes widened like saucers and she trembled.

Her breasts were perfect. The sweetest pink nipples capped two flawless tear drops made of pure snow, all of it standing high and proud on her chest in a blatant show of disregard to all the laws of physics. For a moment she didn't move. I'm not even sure she *breathed*.

Then, there was a blur of motion as Sue *hurled* herself up into my arms and wrapped those legs around me. We hadn't even finished taking off our clothes but I found it pretty impossible to care when she ensnared my lips in a searing hot kiss that almost immediately saw her tongue trying to burrow its way straight down my *throat*.

I caught her, one hand on that phenomenal ass while the other cupped the back of her head as she mashed those tits against me, the slight scrape revealing her nipples were already stiffer than diamonds as the rest of her chest blanketed mine in a wall of pillowy warmth.

"*Bed*." Came her heated mumble as she somehow formed the words between nipping and licking at my mouth. "Right now, *right now*!"

Who was I to refuse her?

Somehow I managed to kick both my trousers and my underwear off into the corner whiteout ever dropping her, feeling the rock hard length of my swollen cock spring up to slap against the crack of her suit clad ass. Sue mewled at the impact before reluctantly releasing her arms as I dropped her on the bed.

Being just a member of the staff, it wasn't anything fancy. A single bunk in a small room that barely had enough space for a desk on the opposite wall and a tiny black mini fridge. I could only be grateful I hadn't thought to bring any of my posters and honestly, they wouldn't have compared.

The instant her shoulders hit the covers, Sue's legs launched themselves up into the air in a straight line and catching the hint, I finished what I started, grabbing the bottom of her suit and rolling it past those thick thighs to come sliding right off of her feet while the plushness of her ass flooded the mattress underneath her, buoyant cheeks wobbling into existence. Her knees spread and fell to either side, barely managing to fit on the narrow bunk as she craned her neck just enough to look down between her thighs and see the spire of my rigid erection hovering over her naked mound like the blade of an executioner.

Back when I was younger I had nothing to complain about. Decently sized, peeking into the realm of seven inches, *maybe* reaching eight on a good day.

"That's... that's going *inside* me?"

From the way Sue was looking at it though, you'd think she was staring down Galactus himself.

I couldn't respond just yet. Too busy eyeing up the shade of pink sat just an inch beneath my cock and the seductively neat petals of her lips which surrounded it.

There was a wall of fragrant heat pouring off of her core and I couldn't resist grabbing and pressing myself down until it was rubbing flush against the underside of my cock, groaning lightly as I gently sawed while Sue bit her lip and squeaked before a burst of dampness coated her her entrance.

She started stammering. "I've, I mean, I've never d-done this... before?"

It felt kind of safe to assume that she was referring to the fact she was cheating on her husband, not just sex in general.

Trying to look as reassuring as possible while ignoring the fact that I *desperately* wanted to feel that molten little pussy wrapping around my dick, I leaned forward, hearing her breath quicken with excitement as her breasts flattened beneath my pecs until our lips were separated by a single hairs breadth.

"*Me neither*," I admitted, trying not to scare her as I kept my tone low. "*Does that mean you want to stop?*"

If she had, I'd have done it. It would have killed me, sure, but thankfully that didn't seem to be the case as Sue instantly shook her head *no*, one of her hands clumsily clawing around

between us until it could wrap around my burning length while I groaned. Giving it a few languid, entranced tugs, she helped push me into position as I pushed my elbow into the mattress by her head, feeling her cheek nuzzle against the curve of my bicep. She turned her face to give it a short but fearsome kiss before giving me a hooded look full of desire.

“*Do it,*” She whispered, spreading her thighs until her right knee hit the wall. “*Fuck me.*”

That was all I needed. With a sharp jab I sank my cock head first between those glistening petals and *instantly* felt the crushing heat of her walls closing around me as Sue felt herself stretch and sucked in a sudden inhale, the air slicing through her nostrils as she wrapped both arms around my chest and jabbed her nails into my back with a *keening* moan.

“Mmmh! *Mason!*”

It was like diving inside divinity. The pressure dragged a ragged groan straight from my throat as Sue shuddered and moulded to my cock, painting it in that scorching wetness before burying her face in the hollow of my shoulder and using it to muffle her sordid moans as her insides formed a vacuum to stop me from going any deeper.

But I couldn't forget the way she moaned my name and I *needed* to hear it again.

“You're so wet,” I softly murmured, pushing my lips against her jaw as she whined and her eyelids fluttered. “Is this for me?” I wanted to *know*.

Pulling back only slightly, just enough for her hold around my cock to loosen, I waited for the right moment and when it came, I rolled my waist and *shoved* the full length deep into her core so she threw her head back and *squealed*.

“MASON!”

That was my answer.

Her eyes glazed over as I bottomed out, the supple curve of those tits slapping against my chest as she thrust her back off the bed. Sliding a hand along her ribs, I felt them shiver, the echoes of it causing the muscles in her pussy to squeeze and stroke my cock as I reached down and filled my palm with an overflowing amount of that ass before using it to drag her up to my lap just so I could slam her back down onto the bed.

“When did it happen?” I don't know when my voice became so gruff but she seemed to like it, fingers clawing across my shoulderblades as I kept a gentle pace of sawing through her weeping pussy with long, deep strokes.

“Wh-Wh-When you k-k-kissed me~!” She had to choke the words out with every breath and her thighs felt like heaven as they tried to squeeze me closer. “I was so shocked and you were so close, and, and, and-oh, oh, OH!”

Those moans took on a new note as I picked up the pace, spurred on by her whimpered admission as Sue squeaked and clumsily tried to throw herself against me.

“So that’s your weakness?” I teased, pushing my face into hers as her eyes darted towards my lips. “Soft, *sloppy* kisses~?”

She opened her mouth to respond and the moment she did, my tongue was between her lips and tangling with hers.

“MMMMGHHHH~!”

It wasn’t like the kiss from before. It was wet, and *messy*, and Sue seemed to love it even more as I tried to translate the sheer want I had for her body through the sliding of our tongues as they coiled and wrestled between her teeth, the spit from my mouth and hers mixing and dripping across our chins as her pussy squeezed and begged me to go *faster*.

The litany of moans became a chorus as I added more weight until I was plundering her depths, the meaty *clap* of our bodies colliding sending ripples of force through her legs until they were shaking around my hips as I finally broke the kiss and heard her scream.

“OH! OH! OH! Oh, my, god, *Mason!* I’ve never felt like thiiiiiiiis~!”

The ball of her knees slammed against my ribcage before those thick thighs wound their way up so she could cross her ankles against the small of my back, dragging me close into a rib cracking hug that forced me to go balls deep in her mound as she brushed her lips across my ear and mewled. “*You’re filling me so perfectly~*”

I’ll admit it. My pride *surged* at the admission.

I shoved my lips up to her ear as she yelped with every ragged thrust. “The only thing perfect here is this *pussy!*” She gasped and clamped down. “You’re so wet, so hot, so fucking *soft*. This isn’t just biology, it’s pure fucking MAGIC!”

It was like churning through a tunnel of cream with how wet she was, her muscles squeezing out a splash of arousal from the pleasure being pounded through her core. I could feel it coating me, painting my swinging nuts as they smacked against the breadth of that juicy white ass and she howled while wordlessly tugging for me to give her more.

All of that wasn’t enough because I wanted to see her. To know what she looked like in the throes of ecstasy, knowing she wasn’t thinking of anyone but *me*.

“M-Mason?”

Confusion, maybe even a hint of concern slipped from her lips as I forced myself up on my knees to break the chokehold of her legs, but it was all just so I could wrap my arms around those pillowy thighs and pin them against my chest, hooking her ankles around my neck as I looked down, saw her eyes widen and then rammed my hips forward hard enough to make her ass release a deafening **CLAP** as it *slammed* against my hips!

“HAH~!”

Sue’s eyes rolled and her fingers fisted the bedsheets on either side as I started drilling, intent on etching my need for her across every inch of her wet and silky pussy, pounding away while her delicate folds squelched obscenely around my girth as she wailed and eagerly lifted her hips up to get *fucked*.

Roaming eyes cannibalised the heroine from her quivering petals to her flexing stomach and all the way up to those massive, marshmallowy tits which jiggled as I drove her across the mattress, making those plump curves bounce and wobble like she was stuck halfway through a roller coaster ride as she gushed and warbled out a cry.

“I never! Knew! It could feel! This! *Good!*” There was a stroke of wonder in her voice as almost without even realising she was doing it, Sue brought her hands up to her chest to cup those magnificent breasts, rolling and massaging the wobbling globes before teasing the stiffened peaks with the tips of her fingers. “Reed’s *never-*”

She seemed to catch herself at the last moment and her lips snapped shut. Suddenly, she let go of her tits to slap both palms over her mouth but the damage was done.

“*Hmmh~!*”

Smirking as I felt her insides shiver, I started pushing on her legs until her knees were almost digging into her chest and when she tried to stop them, I grabbed her by the wrists and forced her hands to wrap around her own calves so she was holding them up and *open* for me.

“He’s never what?” Her eyes glossed over as she saw the wicked grin on my face, nervous excitement dancing through the blue of her eyes as she pulled her knees even further back while I caressed my way into grabbing her wide hips. “He’s never done *this?*”

There was no other way to describe what happened next.

I just put all my effort into *demolishing* that pussy.

“AH! AH! HAH! *SHIT!*”

The deafening sound of my hips smashing against that upturned ass filled the air and Sue's pupils narrowed into pinpricks as I drummed those doughy cheeks, grunting like a wild beast as they rippled while she screeched and her golden hair fell in wild waves across her burning cheeks.

"MASON! Mason oh fuck, you're so deeeEEEEEEEP~!"

Bruises formed around the flesh of her hips as I used them like handholds, driving into and *through* her molten heat with every thrust until my balls started to clench as I felt the end nearing.

I didn't want it. I never wanted this to *stop*.

"Did he fuck you like this?!" I hissed, her folds tightening into a silken fist as she moaned. "Or was it more like *this*?"

I slowed down.

Glacially.

The pain of my balls protesting the loss in friction was nothing compared to the pure horror in Sue's eyes as she gasped.

"W-What are you...?" She tried to bounce her hips. "C-Come on! Don't stop! I'm so-!"

"*What do you want?*"

Her mouth snapped shut with a clack of teeth and when her eyes met mine, she bit her lower lip, stubbornly holding out despite *knowing* what I wanted as she tried to resist the temptation of those slow, *measured* thrusts.

Eventually, however, it proved too much for her.

"F-... *Faster.*" Those eyes rolled back as I jerked my hips and drilled her sopping pussy. "*Faster!*" She wheezed, clamping down so hard I almost couldn't move as I fought through until I was pounding her into the bed. "Faster! Faster! Hnnh, *fuck*, FASTER you BASTARD!"

"*UGH!*"

I slammed so deep into her guts that Sue's hands slipped from where they'd been keeping a death grip on her calves. There was a chance to dive forward and I took it, practically throwing myself onto the mound of plush, pillowy curves which welcomed me in with an eager embrace as I rammed my lips onto hers and groaned as she tried to slurp out my tongue.

Her legs wrapped around my waist, trapping me in place as her arms coiled desperately around my neck.

"I'm gonna cum in this pussy." I promised her, mumbling the words past her swirling tongue as I took her lower lip between my teeth and licked it all over while she whimpered. When I let go, she shuddered.

"That's a *terrible* idea!" She gasped, but her legs didn't unfold. In fact, they squeezed even *tighter*. "Y-You can't~!"

"That wasn't a no."

"You're making a mistake-!"

"I'm close!"

"Oh god! You're really-?!" She clamped up as her eyes fluttered, before- "Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, YES!"

"CUMMING!"

Throwing myself back into her lips with a roar, I felt her arms and legs turn to steel around my back as Sue *squealed*.

"MMMMMMMMHHH~!"

When my balls jerked and the first spurt of white hit her walls, the floodgates opened. Sue's entire body seemed to spasm as she felt me pouring my seed across her folds and while she wailed her pleasure down my throat, I worked my arms underneath her and wrapped her in a hug that she furiously returned.

I wanted to touch every inch of her, feel every shiver and Sue clearly wanted the same. She touched my shoulders, my back, even grabbing a fistful of my hair as we climaxed together in a heavy rush that saw our bodies and souls melting together.

At some point I sat up and dragged her into my lap, feeling that slick pussy slide all the way down to the root of my cock as she mewled and welcomed the slap of my palm across her ass, hips rolling as the finely tuned muscles of her pussy stroked and milked my balls for every creamy drop of my load while she kept trying to shove herself *deeper*.

When the blasts of cum finally slowed, the air changed.

Ravenous scratching became gentle caresses and eventually, we were just holding each other. No words exchanged, no promises made. Just my fingers rubbing up her spine while she toyed with the curls of my hair, lips still tangled like they were the only thing to keep the moment from ending

I don't know how long we stayed like that.

I don't know if I even missed the rest of my shift.

When it finally ended, I was left sitting on the edge of the bed, watching Sue shove that glorious rear end in my face as she bent over to slip a foot into her suit. She jumped and I stiffened as I saw those curves jiggle while she tried to fit them all into the thin sleeve of fabric, having to wiggle her hips just to get them past her thighs before flicking the hair out of the collar as she slid the sleeves on one at a time.

She turned and our eyes met, but I already knew what she was going to say.

"We..." She seemed so *reluctant*. "We *can't* do this again. You know that... right?"

"... I know."

I just didn't want to believe it.

Sue smiled, a small, frail thing that made my heart ache and before I could even get a word out... she vanished.

Like she was never even there.

But just as I went to sigh, I felt the warm pressure of a delicate hand press itself against my chest before a painfully familiar pair of lips covered mine. The kiss was too short, too sweet but no matter how much I didn't want to, it eventually ended and her whisper found my ears.

"Goodbye, *Mason*."

She pulled away and even invisible, I could hear her feet pad across the floor before the door hissed and opened.

When it closed, I knew without a shred of doubt that this time, she was gone.

Maybe even for good...

"... Goodbye, Sue."

... God I hoped not.

