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Scop

WATCHER OESTRUS

WHAT IFFY...?



STORY **TRACY SCOPS, LETY DOES STUFF AND THE COUNSELLORS**
LINEART **ALEX SILVER** COLOR RENDERS **D R SILVA** COLOR FLATS **MAD MAX**

A PORN PARODY BY

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001
POSTPARTUM
CONCUPISCENCE
VARIANT
EDITION

There exist parallel worlds beyond our own. Within these worlds, each living being faces turning points in their existence, and a choice must be made at every one of these points... Choices that will affect their own destinies, and perhaps that of their own world or even the universe itself. What of the choices they could have made? Call it the 'road not taken', 'the chance missed', 'the decision deferred'... Of what might have been, what could have happened, but for the invisible workings of an incomprehensible fate. Call it...

WHAT IFFY...?

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WATCHER'S CITADEL.
THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON.

In another life I was a man named *Nicholas Fury*. And among my many sins, one stands out woefully... I killed *Uatu, the Watcher*.

And for that I was cursed as the *Unseen*. The one who records life. All its beauty and horror. All its secrets and sins. I am the invisible witness to eternity's most pivotal moments.

Someone whose sacred duty is to record life while observing it from afar. To watch, but never interf--

Oh, my...
Never to interfere!
Such solemn burden!
Poor, poor me...

Enough of those
vain, narcissistic
truisms. My baby is
finally asleep. We
may proceed...

Why must
you deepen
my ordeal,
Ulatana?

Every being
processes grief in
their own way,
Watcherslayer.

You murdered
my husband, left
me a widow, and
made a bastard of
my child.

During his
private hours, my
Uatu catalogued
many *WHAT IF*
S of the infinite
multiverse.

But I...
I've found some
solace in watching
the distress of your
kindred earthlings.

You exult in
observing the
mistreatment
and *abuse* of
humans?

Astonishingly, yes.
Though I cannot
interfere with their
lives, seeing their
torment brings
me some...

...Rapture.

If it gives you any
comfort, I will eventually
forgive your original kind,
this frail race. But for
now... *Humor me!*

As you
please,
Mistress
Ulatana.

You're a
sleazebag,
Katzenberg!

Maybe,
Mrs. Parker.
But whaddaya say?
We have a deal
or not?

NEW YORK, 1990.
PARKER'S RESIDENCE

When I put that camera inside the girls' restroom of the Daily Bugle, I was hoping for some juicy images for my own personal use.

But instead I snapped your loving Peter changing into Spider-Man's costume, then web-slinging away through the window.

Face it, Nickie Boy! You hit the jackpot!

Whatever, creep. The deal is I'll relieve you **JUST ONCE** and you keep your promise, right!?

Yes. Make me cum this one time and I'll give you the negatives.

Okay, ugh! I just need this to end as quickly as--

NNNGHH!

Yeah, babe! Take my hot cum up your tight throat!

Quick? You got it, broad! Here's how you make me finish real fast!

GASP!

URGH! GLHURK!

ARGH!
You piece of shit!

Oh, don't treat me like that, doll.

You should take it as a compliment, ya know?

I could've made a fortune with these pictures, but instead I chose to use all that worth just for this.

FUCK YOU!
Now do as you promised and get the hell out of our lives.

Sure... I am a fair man, Mrs. Parker. You can have all the copies and the negatives of Peter's hero identity.

I don't need them anymore.

Because now I have something much, much better.

A FEW DAYS LATER...
A CHEAP MOTEL IN NEW JERSEY.



You're a filthy, lying pig.

No, no! I didn't lie. We're doing a different deal here. These have nothing to do with your Spider-Hubby.

This is all about the whole new set of photos of your delicious **facefucking** from the other day.

I promise he'll **never** see these, as long as you keep making me happy, Mrs. P.

What!? No! Give me your word that this ends here, or else I leave.

I'll just tell Peter everything.

You know what? I call your bluff, broad!

We both know if ya tell him, your marriage is over. And we don't want that, do we? Now...

WNGH!

AHHH! FUCK!

Wait... Put a condom, at least!

I don't want to get--

A condom? **HAH!** No way! I'm taking ya raw, doll!

We're just gonna have a good time now and... **Nnngh!** Then... **Mmmngh!** **OH, FUCK!!!**

UHHRM!

GAHH!

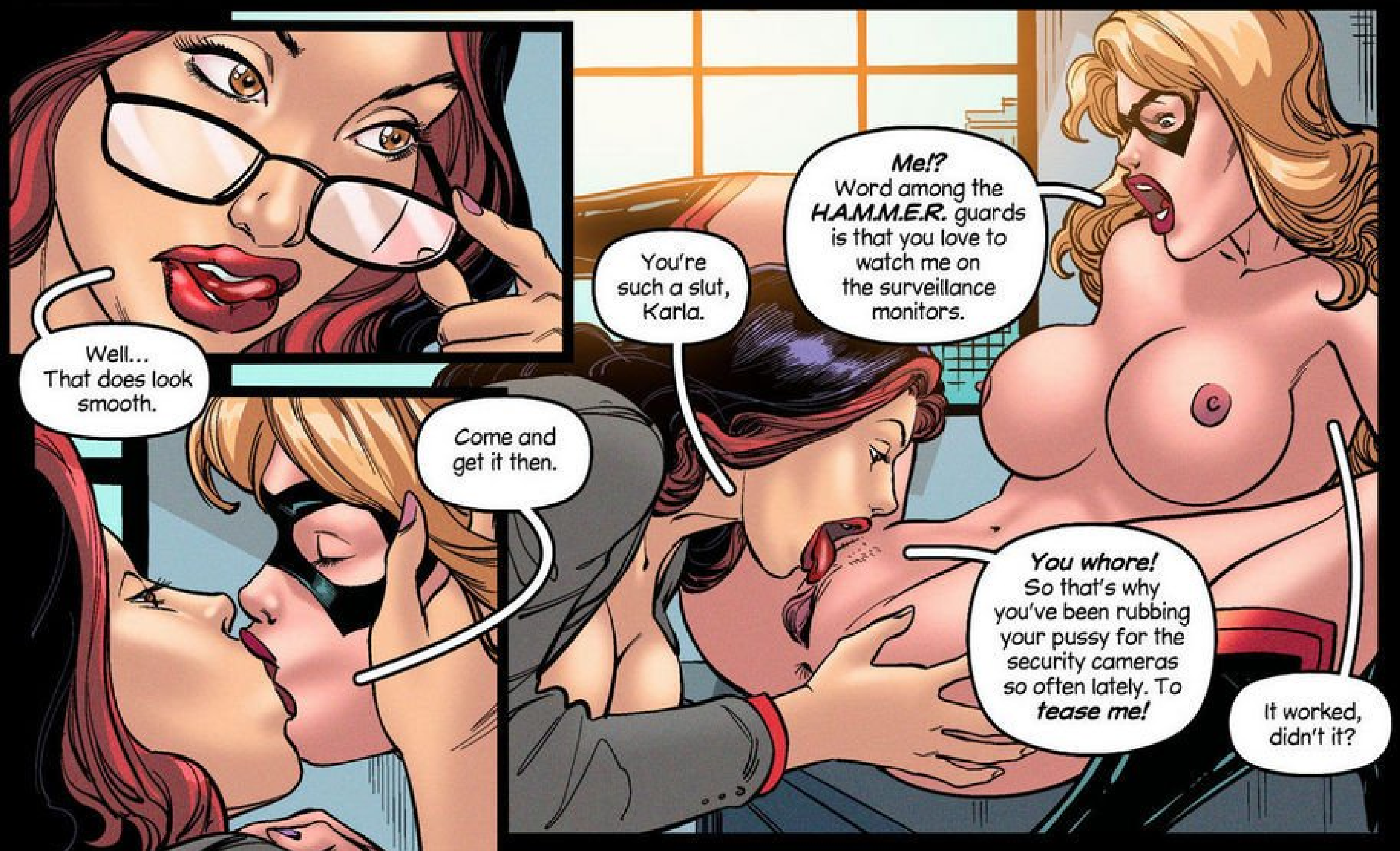
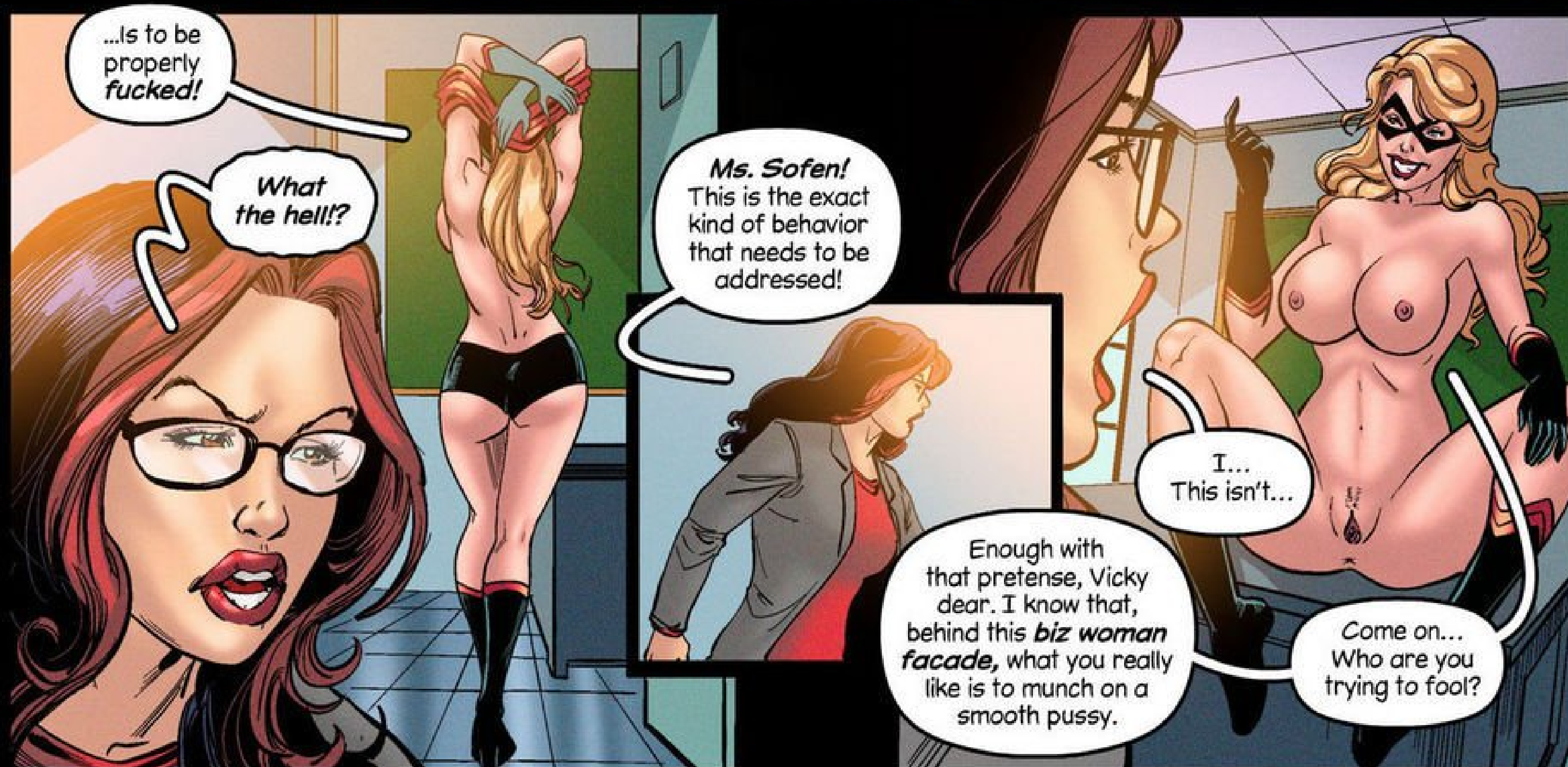
No, no...! Not inside! Damn you!

You're nothing but a douchebag, Nick.

Now, just waltz your way back to that Spider-Hubby of yours and let him have Nick Katzenberg's sloppy seconds.

Oh yes, a **douchebag!** Good idea! Make sure that **butthole** is rinsed for when I see ya next week, doll.

WNGH!





That's quite a display of teamwork, ladies.

Oh, no! Mr. Osborn... I can explain! This isn't what you--

An admirable initiative, Ms. Hand. A *trust-building exercise* with your colleagues seems like a *great idea*.

I assume you two were just *warming up* before inviting us men to join in on this *valuable activity*.

Getting lubricated to better our pleasure.

Erm, No... Mr. Osborn! This was not the--

No lube? I see, playing rough is more my style as well.

Mr. Osborn, please? You don't--

Silence, Ms. Hand! Don't interrupt me.



I thought Vic was a lesbian.

Oh, but she is!

Really? That makes it even hotter!

AAAGHH! Not in my ass! It hurts!

Your anus will do just fine. I don't fuck vaginas I don't intend on *impregnating*.





N-Norman!
Slower... *Nngh!*
You are tearing
me apart.

Quiet, woman.
It's almost over.
Just a little
more and...

NNNGH!
Yes! Squeeze
my manhood
with your
sphincter.



My enhanced
physiology provides
me with long orgasms
and excessive
sperm.

NNNGH!
OHMM!
AHHH!



Now, Ms. Hand!
Suck on my fingers
while my prolonged
ejaculation continues...

HHMMM!

You!
Ms. Sofen!

Stop what
you're doing
and come here
at once!

I want
the rest of my
semen on your
luscious skin.



One minute,
boys. *Boss*
needs me.

Bravo,
ladies!

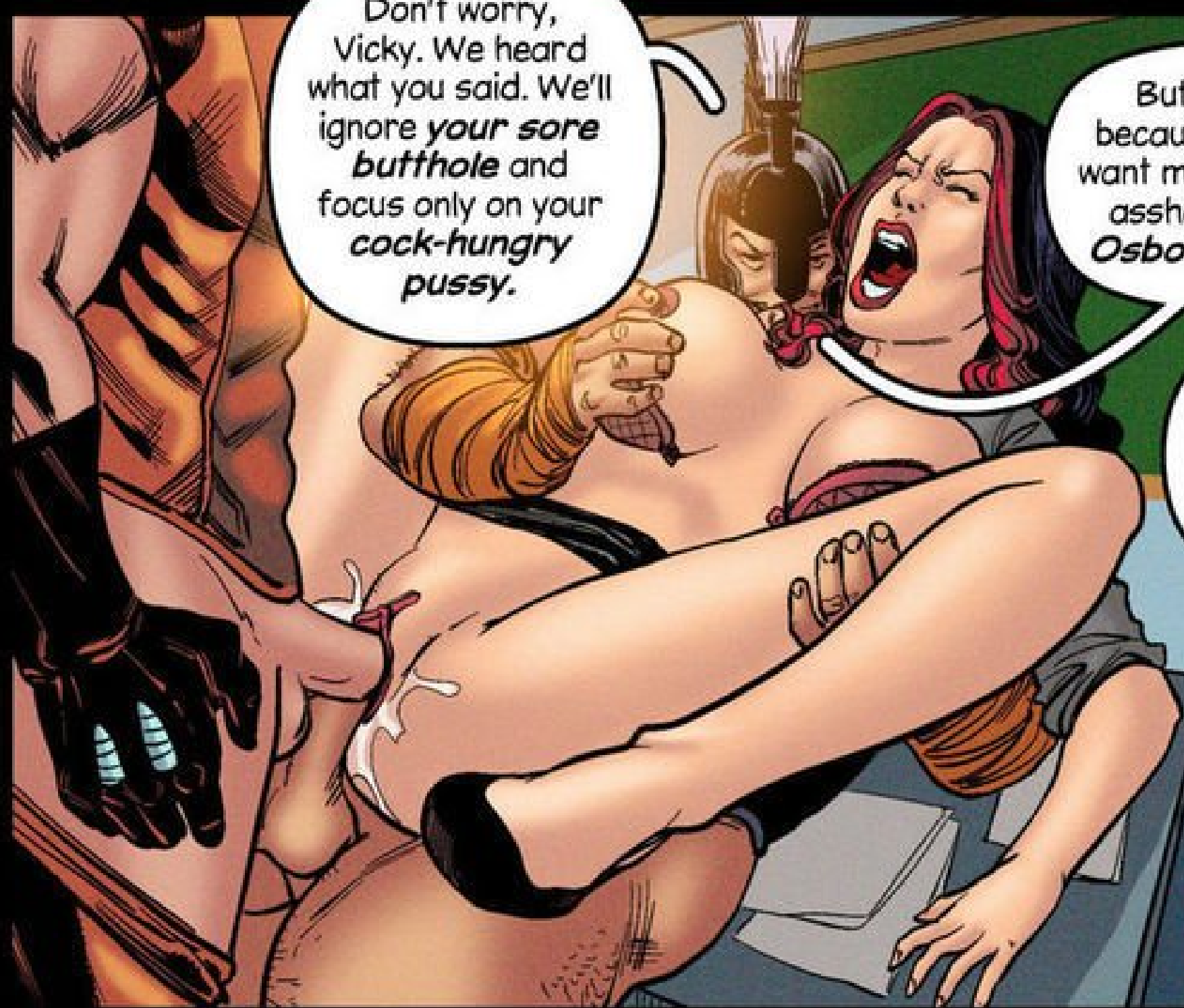
NNNGH!



Terrific
teamwork.

Very well.
Refreshing as
this was, I have
other matters
to attend to.

Proceed
among yourselves
and make sure your
fellow *Avengers*
are as equally
satisfied as
I am.



Don't worry,
Vicky. We heard
what you said. We'll
ignore *your sore
butthole* and
focus only on your
*cock-hungry
pussy*.

But mostly
because I don't
want my dick in an
asshole full of
Osborn's cum.

Those
two are idiots.
Nothing beats a
tight ass, filled
with *two cocks*.

Is that what you
guys are really into?
*Rubbing your
cocks together?*

You do know
you're grinding
more against each
other's skin than
with me, right?



SHUT UP, BITCH!
THIS THERAPIST PSYCHO
BABBLE WON'T WORK ON
A GUY SHARING HIS BODY
WITH AN ALIEN.



G.I.R.L. HEADQUARTERS.
(GENIUS IN ACTION RESEARCH LABS)







Stop it!
What's that?
A cute tentacle
rape story with
a *feel-good*
ending?

That's
NOT what
I need right
now, Unseen!

Please,
Mistress Ulana!
This must end...

In time, it will...
And I see that this
was considerate on
your end, aiming to
bring me some
emotional comfort.

Feeble as it
was, it should
still be enough to
provide me a
soothing climax.

Why
won't this
end...?

Just keep your
phallic rod erect
while I bestride
myself to a--

Why...?

Why...?

Why...?
Wh--

**GASP!
COUGH!**

AHHHMMNN...

Oh, how I
miss my Uatu and
his *exhilarating*
sexual tastes.

The betrayal,
the abuse, the
ravishing...

These deviant
stories just
remind me so
much of him...

Oh, look
at that... I'm
all aroused
again!

I was *wrong*,
Unseen... Get
yourself together
and *erect again!*

There's still so
many *aches* to be
comforted!!!

Why...?

Why...?

Why...?

Why...?

Why...?

Why...?

Why...?

THE END!



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MAD MAX