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As a small child, my favourite aunt and uncle had a pet Doberman. He was my best playmate, and I had been absolutely devastated when the dog had passed away. When my younger sister had been born, and I had finally begun to control my powers, I used to turn into a little Doberman puppy to keep her entertained when my parents weren't looking. So when I was finally back at full health a week and a half of living in the Avengers Tower, I decided to give them a little puppy surprise.

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Pulling on a cute crop top and leggings that Wanda and I had gotten from the store on our shopping trip last weekend, I looked at myself in the mirror. No longer feeling weak, I decided to just go for a transformation. Taking a deep breath and closing my eyes, I pictured the happy little puppy.

The warmth that spread over my body felt comfortable now, as I felt myself change.

When I opened my eyes again, I was thrilled with the turnout. I laughed, so happy to be back in the form, before realising that my reflection had barked.

I forgot about that part...

Nosing open the door to my bedroom, I checked the hallway for Avengers. Seeing none, I went out into the hallway and pulled the door shut with my mouth. Checking once again, I set o down the hallway towards the main room.

Holding my head up I trotted into the kitchen and went straight for my normal seat on the couch. I heard a few gasps and shouts as I walked through the room, but I ignored them, hopping onto the cushion and sitting down. The first one to figure it out was Wanda, who was sitting next to me. Since she could read minds she was able to tell that it was me right away.

"(y/n)! You scared me half to death!" She said. I barked a happy yip and licked her cheek. She laughed and I looked over at the other Avengers who were finally putting all the pieces together.

"(y/n)! Is that really you?" Sam asked, laughing as I got up and put a paw on his knee.

I nodded and barked again, leaning into his hand as he pet my head. When I transform into an animal, I still have my own personality, but I do enjoy many of the things that the animal would. And in this case, getting a pet was fantastic, much like the feeling of someone playing with your hair as a human.

Rhodey, who had been cooking breakfast for the morning turned to me, "Hey (y/n), do you need some dog food or will pancakes su ice?" The group around me laughed and I growled at him, before running over and putting my paws on the counter to smell the delicious batter.

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When the pancakes had finished cooking, Rhodey called Tony, Bruce, Natasha, and Bucky down to the kitchen for breakfast.

Bruce breezed right past the fact that there was a dog in the kitchen and went right for the food. Tony looked at everyone's expectant faces and spotted me eating a pancake o of a plate on the counter, "WHY IS THERE A DOG EATING PANCAKES OFF MY COUNTER?!"

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At the shout, Natasha and Bucky ran into the room, and Bruce turned around so fast he almost knocked over his drink.

I calmly finished chewing the pancake and trotted over to Tony, who hesitantly backed up towards the wall. I smiled at him and the rest of the room cracked up at Tony's horrified face. I ran to Natasha, rubbed against her leg, and then held out a paw for Bucky to shake. Hesitantly, he reached out to shake my paw. As soon as he had made contact with my paw, I popped back into my human form.

Shaken, it took a second for the newcomers to realise what had happened.

"You should see your faces!" I burst out laughing and let go of Bucky's hand to go finish my breakfast.

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