

An Arion Ascends – Part I

By Dru



Author's Note: This fan-fic story is set in a dark and never-before visited corner of the Aurora Multiverse. The Aurora Universe, and the races of people and gods who inhabit it, are property of Shadar, more about which can be found at his excellent Infinity Bridge website. The name Sirren is a tip of the hat to AK's story Julie of Velor, though the character shares little other than the name.

Ky-Noir was not about to let his underling spoil this day with all his talk of religious implications. Today his greatest achievement would be unveiled to the Arion High Command in the first demonstration of his creation outside his lab, despite the endless tirade of 'what ifs'.

"What if they agree with me?"

In spite of his growing irritation, this latest question drew a short laugh from the older scientist.

"Do you honestly believe in this day and age that the High Command fear Skietra herself will descend and destroy us with her limitless power?"

Melv-Yn, who usually had a good argument for anything his boss came up with, could say nothing to that. Religion had long taken a back seat in Arion politics. He knew too well how few still held up the ancient traditions ... even among his fellow Betans.

Seeing a struggle within his assistant for a witty response, Ky moved on with the task at hand. "Of course not Melv-Yn. Nobody honestly believes in that old dribble anymore. Now, I have enjoyed your help...your different views have helped clear many an obstacle from my path on this journey ... but would you please shut up now and check the alignment of the emitter once again?"

As he spoke, Ky-Noir was punching a stream of data into the central console. The cold concrete interior was crammed with a chaos of contraptions, most of which Ky had invented and built himself. At various stages of the preparation machinery around the large lab buzzed into life.

"We checked everything last night. We're ready."

"Just do it."

The preparations went on in silence until there was a loud buzzer announcing the arrival of the inspection team. And Ky-Noir's first Arion-Prime test subject.

"Let them in, Melv-Yn ..."

There was an electronic hum as Melv-Yn tapped the security panel beside the polished vanadium door. The group that entered was even more intimidating than either of the two Beta-class scientists had expected, though there were only four of them. They all wore the customarily brief attire of the Primes ... capes draped over what most humanoid life-forms would call undergarments. But three of them were a little more decorated, their black capes embroidered with elaborate faux-gold designs depicting scenes of war and conquest. The fourth, much younger than the others, wore a simple blood red cape with plain black trimming that matched her bikini-like combat uniform.

“Well then, Betan, I hope you have not wasted my time.”

Ky was beginning to sweat already.

“We are ready, General Karak. The machine is prepared.”

“And working?”

“We could not test it completely without a subject ... but I told you that already, General. I assure you, it will work.”

“But you should ask yourself ... what if you fail? My money ... my time ... your life. All these things will be wasted.”

“Stop threatening the little man, Karak.”

The new speaker was taller, and broader than his grumpy associate. He pushed past and examined the emitter mounted at the end of the room from a robot arm.

“This can change DNA?”

“It can.”

“And you claim to have found improvements to our superior gene sequence?”

“I have been provided with experimental code.”

The red Prime, the low-ranked warrior, swallowed nervously.

“And this will improve us how?”

“It will enhance the subject to the highest level obtained by the current top-secret breeding program, and give them the new ability to absorb the powers of other homo-supremis.”

“How exactly?”

“From what I recall it has something to do with a new theoretical radiation emitted from the eyes.”

“Enough talk!” Karak growled. He gestured at the female Prime, who stepped boldly forward to hide her fear. “Put her in the seat.”

Melv-Yn came around from behind the emitter and saw the test subject for the first time. He was struck by how young she was. And by her deceptive and intentionally disarming physical beauty, which was suddenly on full show as she removed her cape to stand almost naked before him. Her Arion-Prime physique sent a shiver down his spine that he hoped nobody saw. He could usually control himself better, but she was particularly beautiful.

“This way,” he instructed, taking her heavy cape and placing it on a bench. He led her to the seat they had set up opposite the emitter. It was not designed to be comfortable, and had Vendorian steel bands in more places than really required to hold the occupant down.

“What’s your name?” Melv-Yn quietly inquired, more to distract himself from her warm, hard, flesh than out of curiosity.

“Sirren.”

Her voice was sweet, which made his distraction redundant as he fumbled with the straps.

“Hurry up!” barked Ky, having finished his task of preparing the computer.

“Last one.”

“Now get out of the way. Everyone back here with me.”

The three massive Prime males moved behind the large lead screen that shielded the main console. As soon as Melv-Yn joined them, Ky-Noir activated his invention and every single contraption burst into life.

Sirren, unable to see anyone else, was allowing her fear to show as her lip trembled. Sure she'd been disrespectful ... but hadn't her actions on Rygell made up for that? She'd killed over three hundred elite mech-pilots herself in that battle, and it was her first assignment! So what if she raped her drill sergeant? Did she really deserve to be a guinea pig in some Betan's science experiment? She swallowed hard as a purple glow formed at the tip of the emitter. As she drew her next breath her life changed irreversibly and forever.

The purple glow shot out and formed a stream into her chest. For the next three minutes Sirren knew nothing but pain. The experiment was working, and Sirren's body changed. She'd had few flaws before. By the time Ky-Noir's invention had done its work she had none. She had instantly reached the very pinnacle of Arion genetic evolution. It was disappointing to her that the vendorian clamps still restrained her ... she was not that much stronger, yet she could sense a very profound change in every aspect of her being.

“Do you feel different?” Ky demanded eager to hear her confirm what his eyes could already plainly see. Her striking beauty was now somehow perfected, and her skin had a richer sheen to it that all five men were admiring.

“I feel better.” She took a deep breath. She had grown only slightly larger, but felt deep down she was somehow a thousand times bigger.

“It worked,” Karak declared, smiling but only within himself.

Ky could not hide his pleasure so easily, and grabbed Melv-Yn for a very uncharacteristic hug.

“It would appear so,” the tall Arion observed. “She looks much more attractive. Certainly the enhancement has worked. And instantly just as promised. What of the new ability?”

Sirren remembered that she should be able to do something no other homo-supremis could.

Watching her closely as strange gold flecks started to dance around her eyes, Karak was not enthralled as the others were. He had an instinctive spark of realization ... the hairs on his thick muscular neck stood up and his battle training kicked in. In an instant he was behind the lead shield, and in that same instant the other four men were bathed in a rich golden hue that seeped deep into their molecules.

Sirren felt the most glorious rush as the four men were frozen in the light from her widened eyes. Energy flowed into her, slowly at first, then in a rush that made itself known in every fibre of her being. She watched the Betan scientists shrivel up almost instantly, their weaker structure unable to withstand the radiation she effortlessly produced from the new microscopic glands in her retinas. The two Primes had just enough time to realize what was happening as their essence was rapidly drawn into the young warrior before them.

Despite a part of her crying out in horror at what she was doing to her superiors, the rest of her rejoiced in the knowledge that if they had been her superiors before, she was all that and becoming much, much more. Sirren was aware of the tremendous physical power of two elite warriors filling her body, Sirren also clearly sensed their knowledge enter her mind. She was instantly aware of everything the High Command was up to, and had been up to. Freeing herself ... bending the protesting steel now with little effort, she also found that she somehow understood everything Ky-Noir had done to her, and everything Melv-Yn had been complaining about to him that morning. As a hand subconsciously caressed her left breast, and the four unfortunate enough to be caught in her gaze diminished to vapour, Sirren started to think Melv-Yn had had

a point. Maybe Ky-Noir had crossed a line this time ... maybe the Arion race just became a little too powerful ...

Karak was grateful for his reflexes. If not for his sharp instinct he would have died all those weeks ago. Now he stood in anticipation of his greatest victory. For though he had only one of the multitude of super-Prime soldiers he had hope for, he knew it was enough to set his dreams of absolute power in motion. For what Ky-Noir had done produced a weapon beyond Karak's wildest and darkest imaginings.

Finally, a large screen flashed into life before him.

"We await your address, General," the man whose face appeared declared.

"All are gathered?"

A hall filled with battle-ready Arion warriors filled the screen.

"Very good."

In the cold void of space the Arion troop-transport Graza 9 drifted silently. In its path lay a solar system of rare beauty ... its inhabitants unaware of the doom that approached. Within the ship all had gathered in the deployment hanger for their final briefing. Before them was the face of Karak, lit up on a screen above the field officers who stood with cold eyes observing their silent respectful soldiers.

"Warriors Prime I salute you! This day marks the dawn of a new era. An era of new dominion and new conquests! The Enlightenment has no hope of defeating you now! I call forward our newest weapon. Sirren! Front and centre!"

Everyone knew about the special treatment this young female Prime had received. But all had been waiting to find out what the fuss was about. Three-hundred curious Warrior-Prime elite stared at Sirren waiting to be impressed.

She walked with confidence beyond her seventeen years. And all could see why. She was bigger than some of the massive over-developed males. But not bigger than some of the female elite that many had fought beside before. Reaching the front, she ignored the field officers, who had yet to learn whose unit she was assigned to, and swept a disdainful gaze over the crowd.

"The enemy we face today has been a thorn in the side of the Empire since the very beginning," Karak continued over her shoulder. "Today they will be crushed! Theirs is the only barbarian race this close to Aria yet to be annexed. But their fancy high-tech weapons will not save them this time! Their mech warriors are no match for the might of Arion flesh!"

There was a roar of approval. Sirren fought back a smile as she anticipated her General's order.

"My brave warriors! Today your sacrifice will mean the beginning of the end for all Velorians! The worlds they protect will soon be ours! I present to you the next generation of warrior ... but Sirren can't win the day without you. Without your strength, victory is uncertain. But with your power added to hers our enemy will certainly fall. Who is ready to join with Sirren and destroy all in her path?"

The battle cry lacked gusto, but none remained silent and they all cried out in acceptance of their charge.

"Very well."

Karak smiled. And all those who knew their general felt an uneasy twinge. Karak never smiled.

"Sirren. It is time. Do what is necessary then order the captain to take you to your target."

The screen went blank, leaving everyone except Sirren wondering why the general had cut his rallying speech short. One of officers approached the young woman General Karak had just apparently placed in

charge of their operation.

“What’s going on here? That had nothing to do with the invasion plans I was shown.” The officer was clearly annoyed at having to ask a warrior of no rank such a question.

“Like he said: I need your strength to guarantee victory.”

Before the confused officer could press further concern Sirren began carrying out her orders. Everyone present was startled when the young Prime lit up the front of the room with golden light. But they were absolutely stunned when the Betans hit by the light vaporized and the Prime officers began to shrink. Several particularly burly warriors rushed forward to grab Sirren and knock her down, but already it was too late for them. Her muscles had contained nearly four times their individual strength before she started, but as the twelve officers were quickly reduced in her gaze, her physical power was even further beyond their abilities. She completely ignored them as they felt her body become incredibly firm, her impressive muscles gently expanding until the entire staff of officers was gone. Everything they had been now settling within Sirren’s relaxed body. She took a breath, and with no sign of acknowledging the warriors who had begun battering her solidifying muscles, she closed her eyes and enjoyed their mildly stimulating blows and the new strength that was but the beginning of what she would very soon possess.

The room began to empty as panic set upon on those who sensed the extreme danger they were in. Sirren’s incredible hearing and increasingly perceptive mind registered the migration, and the warrior inside her laughed at their folly. There was nowhere to go, and nowhere for them to hide.

She opened her eyes just in time to see a very handsome warrior bringing his forehead into her face with what would have been a crippling blow before her change. Instead of her nose squashing over her face however, his head produced a large red lump and he fell twitching to the floor. She quickly began absorbing him, the gold radiation paralyzing and draining all those caught in its direct path. The full potential energy of another twenty increased Sirren’s appreciation for her unique ability.

“All together!” an order was barked and as her already formidable resilience grew to make their efforts all the more futile, Sirren was aware of a group surging at her back. They managed to move her a whole quarter inch before she tensed herself, her expanding form forcing them grudgingly back two inches.

Not wanting to lose any potential power, Sirren was careful to only break bones as she finally moved to defend herself. For pure enjoyment, she turned and began crippling her victims without mercy. Every warrior her hands touched felt her imperious might and found themselves unable to offer even a token of resistance. Her strength had already become far too much for the mob to overcome. Individually these hardened, experienced and fully battle ready soldiers of Aria were as weak as kittens when compared to Sirren now. But she knew they offered her muscles much more than entertainment, and another group was enveloped by gold radiation from her eyes.

Weapons were now being used as more warriors came at her from behind. A pulse rifle designed to take out unruly Primes was discharged. Gar rifles. She was left alone for a moment to calmly move her eyes to her next victims. Then the air was filled with white flames. Then a female Prime fired an anti-mech shell.

Sirren rejoiced. All the flames, all the energy blasts, all the artillery they had, and there was nothing they could do to cause her pain. She had claimed almost all who had not fled, only a final group of twenty-three remained to take one last charge. She allowed the first few to find out just how much softer they were than her ... allowing their bones to break on her remarkably developed physique. She no longer found it necessary to tense herself, finding that though she was as relaxed as she could be with so much excitement going on, their violent attempts to injure her only served to thoroughly arouse her. But she shook off her growing pleasure and froze the last remaining Primes present in her irresistible gaze, taking effortlessly from them all they had to give.

Now alone, Sirren was free to explore her new physique. In her hands her flesh was still pliable. But she knew that she had already progressed to such a level of molecular density that no other homo-supremis

would be able to do so much as move her skin without the aid of heavy weapons. She smiled and examined the ship for the cowards who hid. Turning on the spot she counted eighty-seven.

Sirren ran her hands over herself one last time and strode toward the wall. Thrusting out a hand she pushed the thick metal aside without slowing and surprised fourteen warriors climbing into an auxiliary shuttle. One of them instinctively jumped at her with a mighty roar, only to be caught and held single handed in a terrifying neck-squishing grip. Demoralized at the ease with which she held him at bay, he went limp. Sirren smiled at him, then tossed him into another who moved to his aide.

“You should be proud to become part of me,” she told the terrified warriors, lighting the group her own special way as she massaged her hair. Sirren let the arousal show, realising with glee that she would NEVER tire of doing this. With every homo-supremis she absorbed she felt better and better.

Sirren cut the flow of radiation and began to choose the next group of targets. But she realised it would take up valuable time going through the ship hunting them all down. She decided on a different course and headed for the flight deck.

As she moved through the ship she marvelled at how clear her head was even though she was intoxicated with sheer power. She could sense her tremendous strength, her bare feet much louder than natural as they hit the solid floor panels ... the feeling of absolute weightlessness despite her feet leaving clear imprints in the steel.

It was during that short walk to the flight deck that Sirren’s new plan began to form. With so much power focused in her flesh already, and exponentially more on the way if Karak’s plan worked, she knew that her time taking orders from anyone would soon be at an end. By the time she stood before the captain of the Graza 9, Sirren’s ambitions had grown far beyond her orders.

“What’s going on out there?” the captain, a rather large Betan who demanded respect from those on his ship, was apparently quite upset. “Who’s letting off explosions? You do realize what happens if we get a breach?”

Sirren loftily ignored him. “Take me to the deployment site.”

“Where is Corporal Ket-Tul? He’s the one i ...”

The captain failed to finish. Sirren had only intended to silence him, but when she grasped him by the neck with her left hand and hoisted him up she underestimated his weakness. The pressure meant to stop his talking crushed his throat with a noisy series of cracks and he swayed limply in her grasp.

Sirren dropped him and addressed the two Betans sitting at the flight console. “Take me to the drop zone. Now.”

The planet Vendor rivalled any in the entire universe for its natural beauty. Like all peoples on planets its age with such unique and diverse eco-systems, the Vendorians also enjoyed rich and unique mineral resources that made them both extremely wealthy and one of the most technologically advanced civilizations in all of history.

This had also made them the target of invasion for many millennia. So when ships with no markings approached and entered orbit, it never went unnoticed.

“They’re hailing us,” the navigator nervously reported to the monstrous brute of a girl who had just killed his captain.

“Are we in position?”

The pilot checked a few instruments. “Orbit is stable. We are within capture range of the planets gravity field.”

Sirren smiled. She couldn't help it. "Hold position here," she ordered, turning to leave.

"They want to know what we're doing. They're going to scuttle us if we don't respond! What if they launch missiles?"

Sirren ignored the navigator and made her way to the engine room. When she got there a hidden trio ambushed her, catching her in a cross-fire of laser vision that made her laugh for the first time since she could remember. She shook her head.

"How pathetic you are," she told them, allowing them to gently warm her skin with all the power they could focus. Without bothering to stop them, even as they started throwing heavy equipment at her, Sirren approached the noisy main generator.

A welding machine bounced off her shoulder as she reached out with excitement toward the tough housing that protected the Betans from the reactors excess energy. Pushing both hands into it she tore a jagged hole and felt the warmth of the ships power crystal flood over her. Even a full-blooded Prime could not stand there long, yet Sirren felt completely comfortable as her hands yanked on coolant hoses and electrical wires. Alarms sounded ... a monotonous digitized voice declared imminent disaster ... and then the crystal exploded with no further indication.

Sirren found she was still comfortable as the explosion tore the ship apart all around her. As the flames faded she found herself in a cloud of debris that was breaking up rapidly. Within seconds she had found all the surviving Arion warriors, and opened up her senses to enjoy what happened next.

Turning on the spot she engaged her special talent, unable to stop a gasp of pleasure as the first new energy coursed into her body and mind. Aware of gravity drawing everything faster and faster toward the surface of Vendor, Sirren tried to see if she could speed things up. Without knowing how, she intensified the gold light from her eyes and suddenly the debris cloud started to vaporize and the influx of power surged into her core. Seconds later she was the only thing that remained to streak into the upper atmosphere, and even though Sirren had taken so much already, she found the rush as enjoyable as the very first time.

Watching the friction ignite the thin air around her skin, Sirren marvelled yet again at her increasing invulnerability to things she once feared. Her first planet-fall had been the most uncomfortable experience she had ever been through. Now she found the rushing winds and the incredible heat more than a little enjoyable. She found the idea of hitting the concrete city far below sent a thrill of excitement through her. Instead of following her training, and increasing her surface area to slow her descent, Sirren pulled her powerful arms in tight and dove headlong at Vendor's biggest city.

With such a remarkable increase in her visual capabilities Sirren searched the city for her main targets. Within three heartbeats she had mapped out the location of every military unit and installation ... noting many not mentioned in the recon report. Just as she shifted and aimed herself at a large group of tanks far from the centre of the city, Sirren was hit hard from behind.

Stunned by the impact she was vaguely aware of two arms wrapped gingerly around her waist. The atmosphere quickly thinned around her as she was carried by those arms back into space.

"How dare you!" a female voice demanded angrily. "Without so much as declaration of hostilities! You Arions don't even follow your own rules."

Fully aware now what was going on Sirren felt a small twinge of fear ... what if Velorians were immune to her power? The arms around her belonged to the Vendorian Planetary Protector. The moment of truth had come before Sirren had even had the chance to test herself against a weaker foe. But all Sirren's doubt faded the instant she noticed how the strong arms around her flexed powerfully to hold her. Watching carefully as she drew in her final breath before they were back in space, Sirren grinned as her strong abdominals gently filled out unhindered by the Velorians strongest grip. Taking the soft arms in her hands,

Sirren was about to squeeze when the slippery Velorian snapped them out of her grasp.

Falling again, Sirren looked around but didn't know where the Velorian had gotten to until she was attacked from the left.

Lyra had never expected to see another Prime dressed in battle garb ever again. Being posted to Vendor had been a reward for a long career of fearless service. Two more years and she would pass her post on to another that deserved the pure luxury and opulence the Vendorians provided their protectors.

The instant that the Graza-9 had been detected the Vendorian Defence Force had contacted her. Since then Lyra had observed the intrusive Arion vessel with mixed feelings. She wanted to vaporize them instantly. Instead she followed and waited. When the ship exploded she had been caught by surprise. But what she didn't understand was what happened next.

Lyra had heard about rare Arion Prime warriors with super-enhanced eyes. But to see one in action scared her a little more than she wanted to admit. One of the warriors drifting in the debris released a wide arc of gold radiation that swept away the existence of the entire ship and its crew. Glad she had kept her distance, Lyra resolved not to let the Arion use that gift on her.

"They're really pushing the limits ..." she mused.

Less experienced Velorians would be terrified ... unsure. But Lyra was a fighter who was up to any task. And experience had taught her that that any obstacle can be overcome with the right plan. Her plan, as most successful plans did, had a simple focal point: Stay behind the bitch. Everything else she built around that.

Coming up behind the Arion as they both fell toward the surface Lyra accelerated beyond the speed of sound and captured the intruder in her strongest embrace. Straight away she sensed something was wrong ... her instincts screamed danger. Speeding up, she chastised the invading Warrior Prime even as she tried to work out just what was setting off her inner alarms.

Then it dawned on her. This Arion was hard. The muscles beneath the tanned skin in her embrace forced Lyra's arms to reshape as she tightened her hold, yet there was very little yield. A pang of fear swept her as Lyra realised there was, in fact, no yield at all. Then the Prime took a breath. Lyra's shaking arms were forced to spread a little.

The instant that the Arion's hands gripped her forearms Lyra sensed their awesome strength. Her super-fast reflexes allowed her to free herself before she found out just how much pressure supremis muscles that hard could produce.

A thousand thoughts rushed her. But keeping her plan in play she stayed behind the Arion's head. Lyra had no choice but to press her attack. It was important not to let the Arion get onto the surface. If the battle went underground Lyra would lose her flight advantage. No. Lyra had to get the Arion into space. She was so close to success already, but knew she didn't want to test this monster's strength. She smiled as an idea occurred to her.

Flying up on the Arion's blind spot Lyra delivered the most powerful kick she had deployed on another living thing in several years. Her plan to send the Arion further into the upper atmosphere was at least partially successful in its intention. Lyra had not, however, planned on breaking her foot. The pain was excruciating.

Her target had moved further into the upper atmosphere as planned. But only a few hundred feet where a few thousand were required. It wasn't just the pain that made the hardened Planetary Protector pale. She couldn't kick the Arion like that again if she wanted to. At least, not with that leg. And if she did it would do no good. The Arion's mass was too great.

Slowly spinning as the kick sent Sirren higher into the Vendorian sky, Sirren saw her attacker for the first time. The Velorian seemed pained. And the awkward angle of her foot suggested why. Glee filled her as Sirren added up what had happened. An elite Planetary Protector, the eternal bane of the Arion race and

most feared and potent of all enemies, had just broken her foot on Sirren's lateral oblique. And all Sirren felt was a mild bump. It was too good to be true.

A very quick debate took place in Sirren's mind. She desperately wanted to flaunt her immunity to the Velorian's assault. But in the end her desire to feel the rush she knew would come with the protector's energy won out.

Righting herself as gravity took hold; Sirren fixed the wounded Velorian in her gaze and engaged her unique ability. It was different this time. As the Velorian was trapped in the golden glow of Sirren's special eyes, the increasingly powerful Arion felt a change within her. By the time the blonde superwoman was completely absorbed Sirren knew what had happened, and her fall slowed until she came to hover in the Vendorian stratosphere massaging her breasts.

The knowledge of how to use the flight organs she suddenly possessed had come just as easily to her, and Sirren was soon revelling in loops and barrel roles as she took her time approaching the city and the people that she intended to conquer.

As she twisted through the air Sirren weighed up the many paths now open to her. With the ability to fly, she could go directly to the Vendorian President and force a quick surrender. She filled with excitement, however, when she thought of testing her new level of power in a long extended battle.

"... against a whole world ..." she mused, bringing a final barrel roll to perfectly controlled stop she stood in the clouds and calmly selected a military outpost far from the capital. She counted several thousand troops there. With no need to end the fun quickly, and General Karak's plans for her assault forgotten, Sirren began her personal invasion.

"Sir, I think it's an Arion!"

"Are you certain?"

"Visual confirmation is available, Sir. Permission to engage target."

"Granted."

The officer did not hesitate, and a barrage of laser beams and missiles lit up the sky above the base.

Dodging the defensive assault from the ground easily, Sirren carefully paced herself alongside a missile. It was smaller than her by more than half, and she knew it would contain orgone or some other toxic energy source. She got as close she dared, much closer than she would have the last time she saw this kind of weaponry, and hit it with a beam of heat to set it off. The explosion washed over her like a warm gust of wind, and she knew without doubt there was nothing to fear.

Picking another, she this time collided head on with it. Bursting from the fireball into a deadly green beam she was surprised to feel the beam was in fact quite pleasant. Unable to suppress it, she burst into laughter and casually allowed their sophisticated defences to exhaust themselves hopelessly against her for several minutes.

Touching down in the courtyard amongst several hundred armed troops, Sirren felt absolutely godlike as her overpowered landing knocked twenty soldiers from their feet and staggered the rest.

"Your people have been weighed and found wanting!" she declared, knowing her every word would reach the admiralty before the base fell. "I declare your government too weak to rule this world. And I will prove this weakness until you beg to serve me."

She began the demonstration in earnest. Every man she touched, even with glancing blows, crumpled or flew. None survived the unnatural force she used to mercilessly rend her enemies asunder. Unfortunately for them, they never stood a chance. She was simply too strong ... too fast. Though they fought back as best they could it was as though they weren't resisting at all as her blows carved through any efforts to

defend.

After three minutes of this, the second in command realised just how dire the situation was. "Commandant, the enemy shows no sign of flagging."

Silent for a moment, struggling to produce words he had never dared even dread to speak on his home-world, the Commandant almost whispered the order to retreat. "Initiate emergency withdrawal procedures. And get those tanks into position on her flank. The bitch won't be able to resist those, and it might just buy our men enough time."

It was like a dream come true. Every Warrior-Prime lusted for such extreme advantage on the battlefield, Sirren herself more than most. Now she had it, she was using her absolute invulnerability and her overwhelming strength to full effect. At first her targets engaged her valiantly, but within the first minute they learned how utterly futile their efforts were.

Every chance it got, one of the best computer systems in the universe orchestrated a barrage of anti-supremis cannons from the battlements all over the fort that would have ground a whole unit of Primes into dust. Not a single projectile missed her. But not a single one was able to break her rhythm as she waded through a-hundred-and-thirty fully equipped Vendorian soldiers.

As she hoisted another horrified Vendorian and his robotic armour over her head and looked about the chaos for something to hurl him at, Sirren felt her happiness increase further as a large tank lumbered into position between two of the large hangers that seemed randomly scattered about the base. Smashing the soldier she held absently into the ground, Sirren made her way toward the not-too-distant tank. Without, she noticed with dismay, further interference from the infantry. They now gave her an increasingly wide berth. Her glowing smile returned as she realised why they cleared the area around her so quickly.

Once it started to move, the oversized turret span with surprising speed in her direction. Before it had even stopped the cannon itself had risen to the appropriate angle and after resting there for less than a second, fired a shell at its strangely gleeful target. Easily fast enough to avoid the incoming round, Sirren instead took the direct hit they scored on her chest.

After taking several hundred direct hits from missiles and larger shells already, she held nothing but contempt for the shell that hit her now. She did, however, experience a twinge of fear as she realised just how heavily the shell was laced with orgone. With trepidation she breathed a little of the vapour that engulfed her in the aftermath of the explosion. Having heard stories of the effects, Sirren was not surprised to feel a sudden heat swell within her. But rather than soaring past a tolerable level, the pleasant sensation did nothing other than give her a small string of orgasms. She shook them off and with a burst of speed stood beside the tank.

Drawing back her fist she let fly with her best punch. Massive overkill, as it turned out. The resulting explosion turned the tank into a giant grenade, reducing the elaborately engineered vehicle into deadly shards of shrapnel none larger than her thumb.

Before she had time to marvel at the sheer force her blow delivered another orgone laced shell was blasted at her from behind. Sirren turned before it was halfway and instinctively blocked it with her palm. The few who could observe the scene watched with horror while the fireball shrank before it grew to half its potential size and entered the mouth of the invader they had intended to kill with it.

"HA! Is that it? Is that all?"

The tank fired again. And again. Not blocking anymore of them, Sirren allowed the shells to give her all the pleasure their precious toxins could deliver as she lifted up and drifted in a haze of bliss toward their source.

Suddenly there was silence enough for Sirren to hear her own moans. Gently touching down in front of the

large tank, a bleary eyed Sirren ran her hand over the armoured surface. Slowly, she pushed her fingers into the tank until she was almost elbow deep in it. Closing her eyes, she tried to gauge the weight as she lifted the entire thing from the ground. She could sense more feel the weight, her muscles acknowledging but at the same time ignoring the tanks existence.

“Incredible.”

Sirren brought her arm down hard, destroying the tank and leaving nothing but a shallow crater behind. Brushing herself off, realising only then that her small uniform had stood up as well as promised, she looked around to discover automated defences were all that remained above ground. Every man left living had made their way within the bunker.

“Like that will help,” Sirren gloated, using the most powerful eyes in the universe to scan the underground structure. Her super-enhanced mind mapped it all in a blink, but it took a little longer to locate everybody and note all points of interest. Deciding against the front door she launched into the upper atmosphere and dove toward the Vendorian earth faster than she, or any other supremis, had travelled before.

With enormous disappointment, she was unable to pierce the structure on the first attempt. In fact, she almost hurt herself. Hovering up into the sky her disappointment became anger. She needed more power. Unknown to her, the very tidal wave she desired was already on the way ...