

by Dru



Sirren could have made the journey instantly. But she had never traversed a wormhole before, and so she was fascinated by the displays of energy taking place all around her in the undulating walls. The memories she had taken from her Velorian victims did not do the beautiful architecture of a wormhole justice, but then none of them had seen it in so much detail. Her new mind was able to reverse-engineer the particle flows, allowing her improved intellect to comprehend how the Velorians opened, maintained, and accurately deployed these immensely useful portals. Thinking of how much the High-Command back on Aria would love to get their hands on such knowledge she allowed herself a smug smile.

The thought of the High Command sent images of faces she had never actually seen flashing through her mind. Stolen images that made her doubt herself for a moment, even with her absolutely ridiculous level of power. What she was about to do would never be attempted by the men and women behind those stern, battle hungry visages. She had learned from her first victims that even if the Arion Empire had defeated the Enlightenment, as she was about to, they would have steered clear of Velor and every planet of its type.

Once upon a time it had been their home-world ... long ago, before what Betan scholars referred to as the Great Division ... but the molten core of Velor was almost pure gold. This gave the magnetic field of the planet a feature unique to such worlds. On planets like Velor, the increased strength enjoyed by all homo-supremis was vastly reduced. All the other advantages such as near-invulnerability and heat-vision were completely nullified. The reason Sirren's ancestors had chosen to live millions of light years away on Aria, leaving behind the splendour and peace of Velor, was the iron core which had the opposite, though far less pronounced, effect.

Even as Sirren wondered just how much the magnetic field would test her tremendous resilience, she saw the end of the wormhole ahead, relaxed a little, and smiled. A stolen memory reminded her that the wormhole generator was stationed above the widest orbiting world in the six-planet system. Safely outside the fields range. Her relaxation turned to excitement as the exit grew closer and the distant orbital station controlling the wormhole came into view. Right beside it another Velorian army had been assembled, waiting now in readiness for the return of their comrades. They had no idea what they faced.

"There must be five legions ..." she thought greedily, tingling with anticipation as she accelerated out of the twisting wormhole.

There was a lot of arm-waving as the first warriors to spot her raised the alarm. Sirren slowed to hover a little over three clicks from them as the first blasts of their heat-vision hit her in the face. She was soon the focus of twelve-thousand Velorians, and the pleasant warmth became a blinding flame that would have drawn a pained scream from Sirren had she been able to give it voice in the vacuum.

Her excitement at the prospect of quadrupling her power was replaced with a primal flight response, her embarrassment nearly as painful as the surprisingly effective Velorian assault. With speed they could not track, she darted down and was instantly at their six-o'clock flank. She gathered herself, shaking off the pain, and prepared to take their combined power for her own.

Before she could fully recover, they spotted her beneath them. And once more the Velorians targeted her almost as a whole, repositioning with practised precision to maximise the front line of the attack. Quick as they were, she was three-thousand times faster. Getting angry now, she swooped out of their beams before enough of them combined to hurt her, and rounded on the nearest combatant.

Bringing her fist home into his stomach, she felt some satisfaction as he was reduced instantly to vapour. His molecules became deadly microscopic projectiles that killed another thirty, reminding her that despite

their early success, she had them wickedly outmatched. Sirren moved through the Velorian army at pace, not caring that she risked losing potential with every Velorian she took down, smashing her way violently through them until she hovered at the heart of the gathering.

The moment she chose a spot and stopped, the Velorian Warriors closed in. They grabbed her arms and legs, two of them teaming up from behind to wrap muscular arms around her waist and attempted to tear her apart. While they failed to as much as spread her limbs, pained confusion overtook those that struck her head-on, their full-powered blows bouncing right off her like rain off a duck. The power they hit her with served to break only the limbs that delivered them. As on the surface of Vendor, no-one was capable of landing a second hit.

Allowing those behind her to continue their attempts to wrestle and crush her, to try and pry pain from her unyielding flesh ... she found her freedom to move completely unaffected by their desperation. Sirren felt her excitement return as her enemy was struck by her favourite and most effective superpower. Lit with a rich golden glow, all those occupying the space in front of her were paralysed. Their fear was intense, their confusion absolute, but they did not wrestle with these feelings long as their molecules vibrated apart.

The rush was more intense than ever ... the pleasure so intense it bordered on painful. And as she turned on the spot, raising and lowering her gaze as required to greedily consume all who had taken the field, Sirren realised that she hadn't known what true power felt like until this moment.

The Velorians still hanging onto her felt their prey change in their grasp. Her body seemed to pulse out, gently enough so they weren't thrown clear yet undeniable in its force, adjust itself somehow to settle back almost to its original size. This process repeated itself as Sirren's body easily adapted to accommodate the inflowing might of their comrades. Their despair mounted when the strange gold light blinked out. The nine Velorian Elite-Guard realized that their entire legion, and four other mighty Arms of the Enlightenment, had just been destroyed. Vaporized in moments ... by a single Warrior-Prime. A Warrior-Prime bearing no rank insignia. Hope left them as she stretched and flexed her new improved physique. Their powers of flight, capable of producing many thousands of pounds of force in outer space, proved useless to resist the almost unconscious movements of their enemy while she felt how her new strength tensed her perfectly proportioned muscles.

They released her in fear, and ran.

"Run along," she thought to herself, her massively increased supremacy calming her ... the enormous power soothing and pleasant. "Run along and get more of your friends ..."

Ma-Tyn turned to look at Eilera as she came out of the lab. He could see past her, and wondered briefly how she had managed the removal of the gore from the lab so quickly. The fact the room was now vacant of any personnel escaped his attention.

"Private, I need you to find your lieutenant. Get her to gather everyone in the mess hall."

Assuming this was to do with announcing Karak's death, Ma-Tyn snapped off a salute and was gone. While he was about his task, Eilera walked the other way toward the bridge.

When she saw three warriors making their way down the hall toward her she could not resist. As they moved to salute, she froze them in her engaging glare and drained their very existence from them. The resulting inflow was far more concentrated than what she gained from the much weaker Betans, even though there had been more of them. She realised with a rush that the strength she had gained from Karak's remains had been merely dregs ... she got exponentially more from these whole and living victims.

More confident than before, she strode toward her destination. Any Betans she spared ... she would need them to fly the ship ... but every Prime, ancillary or warrior, added to her growing power. Their deaths were instant and silent, leaving behind no visual evidence beyond Eilera's slight increase in size.

By the time she walked onto the bridge and assumed Karak's command over the captain, she wielded the

power of an entire platoon.

“Set our course for the nearest protected world.”

“As you wish, Major.”

“When will we get there?”

“Fourteen hours at standard warp,” the navigator piped.

“Not good enough,” Eilera declared, calmly crossing her arms and watching the captain expectantly.

“Set warp for maximum and recompute,” she ordered, not liking the vibe she was getting from Eilera.

“Twenty-three minutes.”

Eilera nodded her approval, and then left the busy Betans to recalibrate the ship. Before she had made it halfway to her next destination her personal communicator beeped for attention.

“Lieutenant Jy-Leba reporting from the mess, Major. Several Warrior-Prime are unaccounted for. Permission to send out a search party?”

“Negative,” Eilera responded, holding down the tiny button just below her left collarbone that secured her cape. “I know where they are.” Releasing the button, she tapped her breasts a few times. “They’re right here.”

Being warriors-prime, and being sent to the mess hall, the hulking men and huge women that Karak’s platinum trimmed personal guard comprised of had already ordered the Betan cooks to produce food. Used to such demands, there were no complaints from the cooks as they busied themselves.

Eilera entered the room without anyone other the officers noticing her at first. She stopped a few feet from the doorway and started on her own meal, before it was properly prepared. The panic that erupted as Arion Prime’s started vanishing in the golden rays from Eilera’s eyes lasted only seconds. By the time any of them knew that they should start to panic it was already too late. For them, the fear was short-lived.

The activity in the kitchen stopped just before the warriors started crying out. Three cooks had been vaporised by passing beams of gold as the hall beyond the counter went from crowded to empty so fast that no-one could believe what they were witnessing. All remaining eyes in the kitchen turned to Eilera with terror.

“Don’t stop,” She told them, aware that her muscles were still shifting to accommodate her exponential increase in physical power. Noting the time, she realised with a warriors pride she had taken down four-hundred elite soldiers of Aria, a force considered sufficient to easily dominate a primitive world, and still had twenty minutes before they would reach the planetary protector whose flight ability she currently craved. “I’m still hungry.”

Calmly allowing the survivors a reprieve, Sirren watched them streak away toward the cold grey ice-world that the station orbited.

Thanks to her freshly updated knowledge she knew this army represented only fraction of the forces held in the fortresses on the surface of the ice-world below. She could not help but smile. They had been getting ready for all-out war ever since the Great Division. For all their talk of peace and tranquillity, the Enlightenment spent a lot of resources on their military.

“They’re as bad us,” she realised, but with flawed insight. Somehow her new heightened ability to reason missed the fact that the army of Velor had been built only because of the threat Aria posed to the many forms of intelligent life throughout the universe.

They would talk, she mused, as the nine vanished below the surface. They would warn their superiors. But Sirren knew the Velorian commanders would not listen. She had about three minutes before they mounted an all out assault at what they no doubt believed a lone, largely drained, overpowered Arion monster. Little did they suspect that she now possessed the power to destroy them all without moving from the spot.

Experimentally, Sirren glanced at the planet's largest moon. Fourteen miles across, the entire surface radiated like a sun under the glare of her heat vision. Even from such a considerable distance, she was effortlessly able to heat the moons core so much, and so rapidly, that the moon almost instantly exploded. Debris hurtled out in an almost perfect sphere.

"Oh my."

Much more effective than she had expected, she continued to use this more conventional ocular radiation to vaporise any bright, rapidly moving chunks of moon that threatened the wormhole station. They had closed the doorway to Vendor, but she hoped to make them open it again. They couldn't do that if she allowed the place to be destroyed.

They seemed to notice her interest in protecting the station. As she finished up, the last approaching piece of moon safely destroyed, the last Velorians manning the base escaped, cleverly using the base to hide their descent path to the planet's surface. Sirren didn't see them go. She only realised what they were up to when the countdown finished and the entire station became a fireball.

As she silently congratulated their tactical victory, Sirren was made aware of thousands of concealed barrage batteries opening up on the planet below. The Velorians had been expecting a fleet, should the Arions attack their home, and they had been ready for one. Simultaneously the batteries released a storm of deadly rockets. It took quite some time for the first deadly accurate anti-frigate missile to reach her, but Sirren didn't mind the wait.

Smaller than some of the others that followed, Sirren still enjoyed the first impact the most. She had seen what missiles like these could do to warships, but to her they brought only bliss. For the next half-hour Sirren enjoyed the carefully timed stream of warheads as their various payloads detonated on her unprotected body. She couldn't help it ... it just felt so good to know how much they were trying to kill her, and how dramatically they were failing. Applying much more force than the Velorian weapons could deliver, Sirren indulged in her own sexual pleasure using their efforts as a platform to euphoria.

When they finally stopped pleasuring her with anti-ship missiles, it because they had fired every last one they had. Sirren straightened her uniform and fixed her cape, expecting them to come charging out of the forts at any moment. They did not. She waited for five minutes, not wanting to spoil the surprise by looking inside the forts. But it became clear they weren't coming.

Disappointed, Sirren checked to see what the hold-up was. Using stolen memories she quickly located and spied on the Field-Marshal's office, discovering a group of men clearly having a bad day. Unable to hear them, she still found it easy to see what was going on. They had no idea what to do. They had already lost more warriors in a single day than in all the history of the Velorian Enlightenment. They had spent the planet's entire reserve of anti-ship missiles without as much as a hint of harming their foe. Sirren understood their reluctance ... they didn't stand a chance. And by now it was dawning on them that they didn't stand a chance.

Not caring that they cowered from her, Sirren shrugged and approached the surface, ignoring the tremendous friction against her skin as she entered the atmosphere.

"Come out and fight me!" she demanded, soaring over a field of immense Velorian forts, each one representing an entire Arm of the Enlightenment. Her voice carried far and wide, reverberating deep into the nearby fortifications. "Cowards!"

Studying the nearest fortress, Sirren admired their sturdy construction. There were no entrances on the

ground. The only way into these massive structures was through narrow openings in the highest towers. The sturdy constructions were built to withstand any conceivable bombardment, and at every opportunity weapon emplacements to repel ground and air forces had been artfully worked into the design. Sirren, unfortunately, represented a force the architects could never have conceived of.

Remembering the devastation she caused when she busted the bunker on Vendor, and not willing to give up any more potential power than absolutely necessary, Sirren approached one of the openings. "Maybe the front door's not such a bad idea ..."

They didn't stop blasting her with cannon fire until she was only yards away. Entering the small tunnel Sirren flew carefully inside, curiously tearing free a chunk of the strange metal wall. Unaware it would have been impossible for a normal supremis; she crushed the special alloy easily in her unforgiving grip. Did they really think taffy forts could protect them from her?

Without warning, the ceiling of the tunnel slammed down with crushing force. It pressed her into the floor and attempted to squeeze Sirren into paste. Amused by their ingenious defence mechanism, she felt the outclassed metal conform around her as her super-dense flesh sank comfortably into it. Unfazed by the surprise, Sirren calmly stretched out and enlarged her metal cocoon. The only real sign to her of resistance came in the form of shrill protests from the overwhelmed alloy.

Using her incredible eyes she looked deeper into the fort and found the main staging area. It was crammed with worried Velorian soldiers, all of them aware that someone had just sealed the base without alerting them. That was a sign of desperation ... any Velorian caught in the exits would have been killed instantly.

Moving slowly, Sirren took a direct path to her quarry. She felt she could have moved much faster through the largely solid alloy between her and her prey, propelled by nothing more than her will and the relentless forces generated deep within her body, but Sirren didn't want to risk exploding from the ceiling with too much force. What if she hurt the Velorians? For the moment at least, that was the last thing she wanted to do.

Looking up in horror, the Velorians watched as Sirren emerged above them, a patch of ceiling glowing red just before it revealed her unnervingly beautiful face.

"Together!" a fast-thinking officer bellowed, blasting the intruder with heat vision. The room lit up as the 3117th Arm of the Enlightenment accurately focused the full force of their eyes at her.

This time Sirren didn't bother to get out of the way of the deadly radiation. Frightening them with her casual demeanour, she let them freely use all their efforts with no sign of anything other than arousal. Not caring what they thought, she moaned and touched herself. Far from being painful, their combined heat-vision felt really, really nice. Within moments the vast hall was flooded with the overpowering scent of wildflowers and honey.

The Velorians suddenly stopped as the sealed fortress was flooded with Sirren's supercharged pheromones, the effects of which were amplified by her unnaturally loud moans. Looking around to see why she was no longer under attack, Sirren was startled to see an impromptu orgy unfolding all around her. Despite their awareness and clear understanding of the situation, the Velorians were simply unable to control their over-active libidos in the wake of Sirren's arousal.

A number of them, both male and female, came at Sirren with confused lust. The first to reach her embraced her firmly and attempted a passionate kiss. Already turned on, Sirren engaged the female Velorian, unintentionally bruising lips and smashing teeth as she sealed the kiss and pushed her tongue mercilessly deep into the horny Velorian's mouth. As Sirren selfishly crushed the woman in her own overbearing form of embrace, other Velorian warriors pressed their bodies up against Sirren any place they could, and massaged her as best as their much weaker strength allowed.

Sirren became concerned that her release might harm her legion of sex-slaves. Beginning with the badly

injured woman in her arms Sirren started the joyous process of draining them. Even as the vast room became empty, the conflicted Velorians found themselves unable to stop pleasing themselves against Sirren's warm flesh. Another even tried to kiss her. They all died as she allowed the growing tension within her to explode. Within the confines of the room the astounding energy released by Sirren's orgasm was much more obvious than in the vacuum of space. There was a blinding flash of light as the air around her ignited, those clinging her to her were instantly vaporised, and a shockwave of unexpected force shook the entire base. For a moment Sirren thought the entire fortress would explode ... but it held up.

"Interesting," she mused, searching the rest of the fort and finding very few survivors. Not bothering with them, Sirren burst effortlessly through the thick, dense wall of the fortress and headed to the next one. The instant she emerged she became the target of heavy mounted weapons once more.

Simply to show them she could, Sirren caught one of the solid projectiles just before it hit her face. Thirty more had shattered harmlessly against her before she tossed her new toy at the empty fort behind her. The metal liquefied almost the instant it left her hand, glowing white as it streaked at the fortress wall. Even though she had used less than half her strength the small foot-long lump tore into the fort and ripped it violently asunder.

Watching the scattered pieces of the once proud fortress fall lazily from the sky, Sirren marvelled at her superiority over her enemy. Stretching her arms out behind her she carefully ploughed into the next fort chest first, not bothering with the entrance tunnels this time. She gently emerged into another staging area crowded with an entire Arm of the Enlightenment. Before they had time react she froze them place and soaked up their very essence. Then she callously accelerated out of the large hall through the ceiling, the combination of her incredible acceleration and the impact of her face against the metal resulting in the entire fort's spectacular demise.

Sirren repeated this process four times, each time gaining the power of thousands more, before the Field-Marshal ordered all Arms into air. Watching fort after fort burst into fragments from within made the Velorian commander realise that the super-dense fortifications offered no safety whatsoever.

"Finally."

Sirren soared up as the horizon in all directions became filled with Velorian legions. The many thousands of forts and anti-warship batteries quickly emptied of all personnel. Gleefully awaiting their assault, Sirren was a little disappointed. Only ten legions had been ordered to engage her, the rest broke away from the surface and made for deep space.

The next ten minutes were the most enjoyable of Sirren's life so far. Even as the large numbers to her rear focused their hot eyes, the heat becoming almost unbearable, Sirren irradiated the throng in front of her and gained immunity to whatever those that remained could muster. The almost painful heat became cosy. Turning to the fifteen-thousand warriors that still blasted uselessly away at her, Sirren giggled. She had never giggled in her life, at least not since early childhood. But the thought that she now possessed more power in her sensuous body than all these angry-faced Velorians collectively was just too much.

Hearing her giggles, the Velorians intensified their assault. Seeing their expressions harden only made Sirren laugh. But the result of her laughter was enough to make her stop and stare. Their powers of flight were overwhelmed by the turbulence she generated, and her assailants were suddenly struggling just to maintain their positions.

As soon as they could, they moved in to engage their arrogant enemy with a war-cry that would have filled Sirren with terror just a month ago. Through a wicked half-smile she unleashed a gale forceful enough to send the legions sailing helplessly in its wake. She turned the tide before she'd even really tried. Realising as the distance rapidly grew that she didn't really want them to leave, and curious to see if she could, Sirren reversed the flow and began to suck millions of tonnes of atmosphere into her lungs.

There were cries of confusion, difficult for everyone but Sirren to hear above the screaming winds, and the

tumbling cloud of physically perfect supremis bodies was hopelessly drawn toward her. Before the first of them hit her Sirren stopped compressing air into her lungs and started devouring her flailing victims with her eyes.

Both hands went to her breasts as she felt the enormous increase in her power. Was it feeling better every time? Sirren wondered if she could handle her next meal ... it was going to be much, much bigger than any before it.

Eilera could have toyed with the Velorian bitch for hours. Nothing in life had brought her more pleasure than watching the fear on the bimbo's face as she realised how far out of her league Eilera was. But there was no time to waste on games, at least ... not yet. If the Major was going to face her real foe and win she needed a lot more power. But with the added advantage of flight, Eilera was confident she could increase her energy levels rapidly enough to gain the edge on Sirren.

Flying was every bit as exciting as she dreamed it would be. Leaving the landing shuttle and its pilot behind, she flew from the now protector-less world and returned to her ship. The battleship grew rapidly in her field of vision until she could clearly see the opened landing bay doors. To the surprise of every Betan present she swept directly from the cold of space to hover before them.

"Seal the doors," she ordered, floating on into the ship and quickly flying through it to the bridge. Letting the captain take in the fact that her feet were not touching the floor, Eilera enjoyed the look of concern she received before issuing her command.

"It's time we went home, captain. Set course for Aria ... maximum warp."

"But the engines can't maintain that speed over such a distance ... especially after the jump we just made. We'll ruin the ship."

"I will have a fleet of ships once we get back to Aria," Eilera informed the reluctant captain.

"And your landing shuttle?"

"There's no time to wait. Besides, I don't need a landing shuttle anymore. Now set course ... or do I need to promote the first-mate?"

Leaving the bridge a flurry of activity, Eilera made her way swiftly and silently to General Karak's personal chamber. Enjoying her domineering strength she easily pried open the sealed vanadium door and entered the one room on the ship she had never been allowed access to.

Unimpressed by Karak's collection of war trophies, dismissing his tasteless decorating skills, Eilera quickly found what she sought ... beyond a small entrance beside Karak's oversized bed. She took one of his formal gold-embroidered capes from the wall of the small room within and then left. Nothing else Karak had was of any interest to her.

She stopped the first Betan she saw and held the cape out to him. "Take this to Qalvyn-Clyn, have him add a campaign bar. And tell him I need it done before we reach Aria."

Not prepared to question this terrifying new version of a woman he had feared for years, the Betan took the cape and ran along the corridor without the customary "Yes, Major."

Returning to the medical lab, Eilera made sure no-one else would gain the terrible ability already shared with too many, Experience combined with instinct allowed her to accurately judge just how much of her improved heat-vision was required to reduce the contents of the room, and the surface of the walls, to molten slag.

With nothing to do now but plan for her impending coup, Eilera went to her quarters with the silent hope that she would receive no word of Sirren's return from Velor before she had achieved her immediate goal.

Sirren was now the only living thing on the entire planet. She drifted above the empty forts, their automated

weapons still wasting ammunition on her, watching hungrily as her next targets made their way straight for Velor. Her incredibly fast synapses allowed her to make an accurate count of their number, and her heart fluttered. 57,986,701. Not remotely uncertain of her precision, she counted the distant mass again just to fully get her mind around the number.

She hesitated. Was that too much? Could her body even cope with that amount of power? It had been able to easily accommodate what she had so far consumed, but ... 57,986,701 represented a boggling difference to that.

Looking down, Sirren took a cloud-rending breath and unleashed a full-powered blast of hot wind through her puckered lips. Using a lot more power than she'd needed to drive back her attackers just minutes ago, Sirren watched as the forts below were torn from their foundations as the very ice sheets they were built into were churned up. Within thirty seconds the entire atmosphere was whipped up into a violent windstorm that swept across the face of the world at tens-of-thousands of miles an hour. Even after she stopped blowing, the dirty ice-laden blizzard continued all around her, picking up more and more rock and ice as it went. It would continue for months. Nothing at all remained of the Velorian forts caught in the direct path of her breath. Through the thick fast-moving debris Sirren could plainly see that miles of the icy surface had been stripped away before she let up. Surely, a part of her thought ... her hair whipping wildly about in the planet-wide storm she had created, surely this was power enough?

"No," she whispered aloud, casting her eyes up through the chaos she had created and to the fleeing Velorians. "I want more." And she would have it.

They seemed painfully slow to her now. They had been given a healthy head-start, but within a few heartbeats Sirren had out-flanked them. She followed along beside the frightened exodus at what she knew was a safe distance. Though she could see the individual hairs on their skin, their eyes were unable to see her at all.

Looking beyond them, Sirren took in the beauty of their solar-system for the first time. There were two more planets just like the one she had just cleared, devoted entirely to housing the Velorian Elite Guard. The other three, the innermost planets to the sun, were home to the civilian population. But even from so far away Sirren could see that Velor itself, despite having the largest oceans of the three green-blue worlds, was home to the largest percentage of the population.

As excited as a kid in a candy store, Sirren wondered just how close she needed to get before her ability would work. Halving the gap, still out of their relatively weak visual range, Sirren irradiated them with everything she had. She had time to feel a little pride, a little smug satisfaction, before that feeling was surmounted by the irrepressible rush of pure power.

Her body burned deliciously as it rapidly pulsed in and out, her muscles bulging and contracting with every beat of her heart. Only Sirren's simultaneous increase in brain power kept her from losing her sanity. Only the increase in her invulnerability allowed her to hold together in one piece. Because she had been trying so hard to account for the distance, she had of course over-done it. The process to anyone watching would have appeared almost instantaneous. The massive burst of unnatural radiation lit them for no more than two seconds before it and they were gone. But to Sirren, her mind rapidly improving far beyond normal, it took days. Six glorious, relaxing, and most definitely satisfying, days. And she thoroughly enjoyed every millisecond, indulging deeply in the agony and ecstasy of becoming a god.

Finally closing her eyes she knew everything about her had just changed once more. This time when her body finally stopped adjusting and her muscles relaxed into their new form, they no longer seemed to require quite as much bulk as before. She felt more alive, her still very impressive physique didn't just look sexier, it felt sexier. And despite shrinking, her muscles still looked much stronger somehow ... she could certainly sense the truly astronomical power they now contained.

Turning back to the devastated ice world still churning itself up far behind her, Sirren decided not to waste her first rapidly approaching orgasm in this new body on the void of space. In a blink she was back in the



swirling high velocity winds, her re-entry angle unaffected by the particle-laden currents. New levels of sensitivity allowed her to feel the super-blizzard battering her warm skin, increasing her lust as it made her aware of every inch of skin. She stretched out and flexed her whole body as her peak arrived. The flash of pure orgone released would have blinded anyone watching, right before her cry of passion tore them to pieces as it did the world around her.

The atmosphere ignited, turning the planet into an instant fireball. The Enlightenment watched on their monitors as the sixth planet apparently became a small red-dwarf, right before Sirren's vocal outburst proceeded to tear through the doomed world. Incapable of absorbing the ridiculous energy of the sound-waves she so joyously produced, the planet was rent apart at the seams. Rather than explode, it disintegrated. As it tore into smaller chunks of rock and scattered away from her, those chunks continued to vibrate apart into smaller pieces until very soon nothing was left but dust.

Sirren moved through the mist of molecules, surrendering herself to her unquenchable passion for several minutes and igniting several more brief fireballs before she was through. Coming out of her daze she saw what she had done. If she hadn't felt the obscene power so intensely, she would have been surprised. Even scared. All she felt was contentment.

Sirren cleared the debris field, adjusting her very tight combat uniform without realising how remarkable it was that the special cloth had survived such a cataclysmic release of energy. Almost as soon as she did, she saw wormholes opening up all around the two remaining outer planets. Before they started to spew out hundreds of thousands of Velorians, Sirren also noticed for the first time that small battle-stations formed an almost Kepler field-like defensive wall around the entire planetary system. She only noticed them because they suddenly deployed their entire arsenal at once.

Sirren suddenly knew their entire strategy. Stolen memories from the field-marshal revealed this to be a regularly rehearsed emergency procedure. The missiles deployed from the base were fitted with warp-drives, meant to be used for targets at much greater distances. Each payload was a heavy thermo-nuclear device. Designed to repel an invasion fleet, the missiles were also meant to be used as a diversion while emergency reserves could be brought in via wormholes and marshalled into readiness to destroy whatever remained.

"How very nice of them," she thought with genuine gratitude. This poorly thought out plan of theirs was going to save her a lot time. "Fools."

Before the nearest of the distant missiles engaged its warp-drive and flashed toward her, Sirren had already counted over twenty million new playthings. And from all across the universe, still more were coming

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