

An Arion Ascends – Part IV

by Dru



As soon as the battleship came out of warp above Aria, Eilera floated out of the shuttle bay and approached the nearest docking station ahead of her transportation. She had not ordered the captain to dock. Very soon there would very likely be no station to dock with.

Her presence escaped everyone's attention as she drifted up to the station's vast gaping maw. Countless times she had passed through these gigantic gates, but never under her own power. Within the huge enclosure she found her goal. Counting nine vessels at various states of readiness, she was pleased to see three of them were ready to depart ... each of them laden with an Arion-Prime invasion force.

Without hesitation Eilera began the first step of her conquest. Approaching the nearest vessel she found the shuttle bay doors and burst through them. Instantly alarms went off announcing the breach, and the computer activated the magnetic field to seal the hole she had made.

Without waiting for the automatic door to open Eilera smashed her way into the corridor and followed it until she reached the door to the bridge. This time she let the door open, before quickly absorbing the Betan officers within the room without going in further then necessary to check that no-one was left to alert the other ships.

Just as she turned to leave three warrior-prime guards came around the corner ahead of her. They snapped to attention, startled by her gold cape. Their salutes faltered as she placed her hands on arrogant hips, revealing her red trimmed combat uniform.

Their attitudes quickly changed, and they moved to grab her. Wearing gold was forbidden in the military. Wearing the gold cape of the High Command unless you were a member was regarded as high-treason. Being on duty they had no choice but to arrest Eilera for her offence, though they didn't get more than two steps before she arrested them with her eyes.

Eilera had found her next targets even before the rush from her first victims had settled, and for next ten minutes she kept moving with ever increasing speed through the ship, maintaining the inflow of power until the ship was emptied of every Prime and Betan aboard.

Her strength doubled, and no longer concerned for the integrity of the ship, Eilera burst directly through the dense outer hull and went quickly to the next ship. She managed to clear the second vessel much more rapidly, again starting from the bridge and working her way through deck by deck. Leaving the hull-breach alarm unanswered behind her, Eilera was starting to realise just how long this process was going to take. Approaching the third ship she scanned it as she had the others, her powerful eyes swiftly revealed everything and everyone on each and every level of the bulky troopship. Eilera sensed the increase in clarity with which she now saw her quarry, and decided to experiment.

Eilera was overjoyed to discover that the gold radiation from her eyes was now strong enough, amplified along with her other visual abilities, to penetrate the hull. This time her victims felt no fear. It was over before they even felt any pain.

Armed with this new discovery, Eilera gleefully emptied all the other ships in the gigantic hanger of their meagre skeleton crews before turning her attention to the station itself. As her gaze passed through the large structure around her she found herself awash with new energy. Within the spaceport alarms sounded, but nobody knew what was really going on as Eilera increased her strength with theirs.

Taking the last of them, Eilera stopped and allowed the massive increase in power to settle into her body.

“That was easy,” she thought, leaving the eerily unanswered alarms of the station behind.

As she passed the battleship that had brought her here she got a surprise. All available weapons suddenly opened fire on her, the particle-beams striking first. Even as the foot-wide rays they fired into her failed to tear apart her invulnerable molecular structure, and the torpedoes and missiles streaked toward her, Eilera angrily unleashed her eyes and absorbed the Betan crew. She gained very little strength from them, but learned that the captain had warned Eilera’s superiors of her treachery before being ordered to kill her.

Cursing herself for not killing them sooner, Eilera moved quickly to destroy the incoming nuclear warheads. She did not think she was ready to test her resilience against one of those yet. The power she had gained made getting to the next spaceport quick and easy. With every orbital station on full alert, and the planetary defence fleet rallying into action and converging on her, Eilera was suddenly feeling a little less sure of herself. She needed more power.

Dodging missiles and energy blasts from the station’s defence system, Eilera tried to take what she wanted as quickly as possible and made the astonishing discovery that she was indeed getting more powerful. Not only had she instantly deprived the spaceport and every ship docked there of all personnel, she had melted the outer skin of the station to the point that the interior pressure tore the huge structure apart.

A small group of Arion fighters sped into view around the wreckage and rocketed towards her. Eilera smiled, her speed allowing her to easily avoid the fire from their weapons. But she did not have to dodge them for long. Instead of turning for another attack, the fighters flashed past and continued out into space with no one at the controls.

Eilera was impressed by her ever increasing speed and agility. She managed to destroy another five spaceports before they managed to land a lucky nuke on her back. It was only one of the smaller ones, but the blast was enough to send her tumbling across the sky of Aria. When she recovered, relieved to be unhurt by the tremendous heat, Eilera found that she been swept right into one of the massive battle fleets that patrolled the system.

Her eyes widened at the number of them, and then she felt a small twinge of fear as she became the focus of their wrath. From nowhere fighters were suddenly pounding her with orgone-blasts. Even as she arched in instant arousal, an anti-ship missile ploughed into her.

“Oh my ...”

Though she hadn’t expected a missile to put her out of action now that she possessed the combined invulnerability of so many. Eilera had not expected the detonation to actually feel good. As nice as it felt though, she knew what would feel better.

The fleet started to drift apart as Eilera weaved through it. Avoiding the distracting, pleasant attacks with no real difficulty, Eilera unleashed the full might of her eyes upon them. One after another the various battleships vanished in her gaze. She was getting very good at taking all she could from each ship before they were reduced to vapour. By the time she had taken out the last one, three more fleets of equal size loomed in from different angles.

Eilera stopped and hovered in place, both hands greedily massaging her burning breasts. She could see the barrage approaching, but Eilera could now feel the might of over seven million Arion Prime and countless Betans coursing through her flesh.

The increased sensitivity of her skin and her heightened awareness allowed her to experience this nuclear blast much differently than the last. Staring into the blinding flash Eilera felt the incredible heat and devastating force, but didn’t even blink as the blast failed to do anything more than wave her cape about.

“Even better I than dreamed ...” she realised, aware that she had only just begun.

Waiting patiently for them to get close enough, Eilera rejoiced in the warmth of over three hundred nuclear blasts before making her next move.

A blinding gold flash lit up the nearest fleet, and almost instantly the fleet was gone. Eilera turned to the next nearest and made herself a glutton of another seven million odd pure-blood Primes.

Remaining right where she was, Eilera closed her eyes and let the third fleet pound her with delightful explosions while countless other fleets in battle formation grew larger all around her. She was glad there were so many. The thought of it drove her over the edge and Eilera had her first orgasm since undergoing her transformation. A shockwave tore through the fleet all around her as Eilera became a tiny supernova in their midst. Very few ships remained intact as she opened her glowing eyes.

“Damn,” she cursed herself silently. “Time for that later.”

Taking what little that remained of them, Eilera streaked toward another cloud of Arion warships. They had just enough time to launch one wave of fighters and a volley of missiles before Eilera consumed them all. She let the fresh addition settle into her flesh and moved on to the next gathered feast.

Eilera lost herself to her greed among them. It had taken millions of labourers countless hours of work to construct the home defence fleets, but it took Eilera only two hours of ever faster work to obliterate them from existence.

Eilera gently glowed in the empty vacuum, waiting for her body to finish adapting to her new strength. The once crowded space around her now devoid of activity, and only then did Eilera realise the fight had drifted far out into the thirteen planet star-system, and Eilera found herself near the ninth planet. Devoid of anything that wasn't built by the Arion military, the planet appeared to be a ball of metal from a distance. Its cold utilitarian exterior hid the presence of vast training facilities filled to the brim with the latest Aria's breeding programs had to offer.

Eilera counted over two-billion on this side of the planet alone, enjoying the fact that her mind could now process so much so quickly. Unable to resist for even a moment, Eilera began taking them all. Not wanting to risk losing the other half of the planet she was careful not to destroy too much or heat up the atmosphere more than a few degrees as she scanned her eyes back and forth over the surface,

Fighting off another orgasm as her already obscene physical strength increased dramatically, Eilera began a slow orbit until she could see nothing more on the planet below that she wanted. Entering the atmosphere she became the target of pointless anti-supremis weapons. The levels of orgone already in her system were far greater than the energy pulses that merely burnt out on her arrogantly displayed flesh.

Eilera ignored the automated weapons and landed on an empty parade ground. Before her was the very academy that taken her and made her into a warrior. The hatred and hostility they had beaten into her through years of abuse burned strong in her heart. Without needing to inhale, Eilera unleashed a devastating hurricane from her pouting lips. The wind left her mouth so fast it appeared to be a roaring flame as it tore through the building and reduced it to base atoms.

“Such power ...” she mused, completely aware that each syllable shook the ground under her feet. She knew she was ready to face the High Command.

Deliberately leaving the surface with far, far too much acceleration, Eilera created a massive crater where she kicked off. Looking down at the crater's increasing size Eilera became curious. Her course arced back around and she ploughed into the planet as hard and fast she could. The planet could not withstand the force and speed, and was instantly destroyed by the impact, Coming clear of the debris, Eilera smiled and turned for Aria.

Long before the grey planet filled her vision she had located the tall, ugly tower that the High Command cowered in. They bickered amongst themselves over responsibility for the loss of the fleet, the Supreme

Commander watching the argument with cool anger.

Eilera entered the atmosphere with great care and approached the tall tower. Her expected greeting came swiftly as she watched an underling in the room relay news of her presence.

“Blast the bitch from the sky!” the Supreme Commander barked.

“Yes, Great Leader.”

Letting the cannons blast at her for a few minutes, Eilera looked down at the vast fortress below and unleashed the golden rays from her eyes. Once she cleared the base of personnel she very, very carefully melted the cannons that fired upon her with a single wide burst of standard heat-vision. Having swept around the tower silencing any activity below, Eilera moved over the tower’s roof and slowly descended through the armour plate as easily as lowering herself into a pool.

The room fell to silence when a large chunk of molten metal dropped heavily onto the polished floor. All eyes went up, and all eyes went wide as Eilera gently descended from the high ceiling.

“Hello.”

Only the strongest and proudest among the Arion admiralty successfully fought the urge to cover their ears. Cautious and controlled as Eilera’s whisper was it still pushed the Supreme Commander back in his massive seat. She waited for their response for some time.

“What is this?” the Supreme Commander demanded, his arrogance overriding his fear. “Treason! You had better explain yourse ...”

“Silence.”

The tower rattled. She allowed the pained men and women in the vast chamber time to recover before continuing at a softer volume.

“By right of strength, I am promoting myself. Accept me as Supreme Commander, or die.”

The gathered generals cowered before her, awed by her mere presence. The Supreme Commander found himself the sole focus of the most powerful eyes in the room. He stood proudly and stepped closer. She had given him no choice ... Arion law required single combat when another Prime challenged for rank.

No fool, he knew what was going to happen if he fought her. He had seen this beautiful super-enhanced warrior take direct hits from every conceivable weapon in his considerable arsenal. He had also witnessed via satellite as she had cleansed the entire star-system of his numerous fleets. Worst of all, he had seen her irradiate the entire ninth planet with that strange gold light of hers ... and he knew what that light did.

“You are just a pup, Major Eilera. You have no idea how to run the machinery of The Empire. What do you know about running a military campaign on a cosmic scale? Do you have any idea how many units we have deployed throughout this galaxy alone? Do you know how many galaxies we’re fighting in right now? Do you ...”

“Do you know?” she asked, drifted closer and almost touching the floor. He stumbled back into his seat. “Do you know what it takes? Do you know how many ... where they all are? Good. Because if you do ... then soon ... so will I.”

With a desperate cry he lunged at her, leaping from his seat with great speed and tremendous strength only to be halted by her single hand.

“Thank you for doing the honourable thing,” she told him, grateful that he had made her promotion official though his assault. And despite the ocean of power she possessed, taking a single warrior more still felt wonderful.

Turning to face her generals, Eilera gloated. Among them was a woman her size. Eyeing her gold trimmed uniform, she issued her first command.

“I want all forces recalled from all fronts, right now. By this time tomorrow, I want each and every combat troop home.”

She had to wait for them to recover from her thundering whispers, and process her words before receiving their response.

“You ... you want to stop the war?”

“The war will be over, soon. If I’m going to lead the Arion Empire to victory, then I need my army here. All of my army. Understand?”

Eilera let them gather their wits once more, enjoying their frailty and knowing she could in fact destroy the entire planet with a loud word.

After looking at each-other for a moment, the eldest of them found all his comrades had converged all their eyes on him. Glaring briefly at a few of those closest with blatant resentment he realised he had been chosen as their spokesman.

“We will obey ... Supreme Commander. Orders shall be given. What of those forces currently engaged in battle? It will be difficult to recall units already deployed on barbarian worlds. You should be made aware; the most distant local front is three days at full warp. Forces in other galaxies will take more time.”

“Just get them here. As quickly as you can.”

They moved as one to obey her.

“Wait.”

Her command knocked them off their feet. She hovered over to the female general she had been looking at earlier.

“Your clothes. Give them to me ...”

The first missile struck home with its warp-drive still engaged. Just before impact the oversized payload detonated with a brilliant flash releasing a terrific wall of force. The impact would have vaporised an Arion battleship instantly.

The next struck before the first nuclear blast had faded, and so it continued as the carefully controlled missiles came at her one after the other. It would have been easy for Sirren to avoid or destroy them, but she saw no need. The onslaught could do nothing to harm her now.

Watching the Velorians spew out of the numerous wormholes, Sirren decided to let their plan play out. Casually holding her ground against the nuclear arsenal, she allowed her enemy to build its forces with increasing anticipation. Twenty million became fifty, fifty became a hundred. As each wormhole deposited its last Velorian, it closed only to be quickly replaced by another. Their number surpassed Sirren’s wildest expectations.

“That’s right,” she thought to herself. “Keep ‘em coming.”

Observing from the safety of Velor’s surface, the worried members of the Enlightenment watched on as their most secret and powerful weapons failed to destroy their target. Every now and then they witnessed a flash of light brighter than the largest nuclear blast, and knew that their destroyer was enjoying the attack far more than they liked.

Even from the outer reaches of the solar system, and through the constant barrage of pleasant warp-

driven missiles, Sirren could see them. They had moved to the bunker beneath their tower, but even six miles of rock could not hide them from her. Had the bunker been on the other side of the planet it would have made no difference to Sirren. Not anymore.

“Soon,” she thought, noting that the barrage was now past the halfway point. Before she crushed the Enlightenment, Sirren intended to improve her negotiating position much further.

Calming the raging arousal within her, Sirren waited patiently until the very last Velorian missile had wasted its payload. By that time both fortress worlds had emptied their legions into the vast forces gathering around them. Sirren was too excited to count them as she headed to the nearest planet.

Hovering before them, she did not wait for them to act. Wanting to make the most of every minute, Sirren was careful not to take them too quickly. She allowed none to get close, and not enough of them mustered their heat vision to do any good as Sirren rapidly increased the hopelessness of their situation.

A new command was signalled through the Velorian ranks and a hasty retreat began. At least, as hasty a retreat as they could manage. Still taking her time Sirren followed along behind the fleeing army steadily improving herself as their numbers thinned. Desperately the retreating throng turned and rushed toward her. Sirren stopped and smiled at them.

Not wanting to risk them killing themselves in their attempts to hurt her, Sirren calmly widened and brightened the gold radiation field and instantly multiplied her potential by a factor of eight.

The intense rush stopped Sirren in her tracks. A few seconds later she released a blast of pure orgone that scorched the surface of the fortress planet far below. Fortunately her next target was safely on the leeward side of the fortress world, or it would have been obliterated.

“Now I really am a god,” Sirren mused, lost in bliss and further aroused by the fact she still had another Velorian army to absorb.

The next instant Sirren was outside the wormhole control station, calmly watching the remaining occupants set the self-destruct.

“Not this time.”

Entering the station through the opened emergency exits she made her way swiftly to the control room. Her increased intellect allowed Sirren to judge perfectly the amount of her boggling power to use without destroying her prize.

“Just what do you think you’re doing?” she asked, floating through the open door and knocking them off their feet with her words. Sirren hoisted one of the fallen officers, his efforts to escape ignored.

“Deactivate the countdown.”

He continued to kick and punch her, even though it was causing him great pain to do so. “Forget it! The countdown’s set and I’m the only one who knows the code ... you’re too late, Arion whore!”

A pleasant yet monotonous computer voice confirmed his threat: “This orbital station has been scheduled for self-destruction. You now have forty five seconds to reach a minimum safe distance. Please have a nice day.”

“And you’re the only one who knows the code?” Sirren asked him.

“That’s right. So there’s nothing you can do ...”

Not bothering to tell him he was wrong, Sirren showed him his error. He was not troubled by his mistake for long as his knowledge became hers. Her hands now empty, she drifted across the room to the main console, everyone else giving her a wide berth. Very gently, she tapped the keypad next to the big red button. As she turned away from the console to face the nearest enemy officer the computer announced

the cancellation of the self-destruct sequence.

“This wormhole generator is mine now,” she informed them. Their eyes widened as her powerful voice reverberated through the entire station. “I don’t need you, however it would be easier if you stayed to operate it for me. Swear to worship me, and I will let you live.”

It was one of the women who spoke first.

“Worship you? Never! You best just kill all of us ...”

One of her comrades cleared his throat. “Now just a minute ...”

Sirren ignored the interruption and focused on the woman. “You have no idea how much I would enjoy that. But even if you don’t want to ... I want you to. And so you will. You will worship me, because I am now your god.”

Sirren closed her eyes and stretched luxuriously; bringing her hands back to her body she began massaging herself. All resistance fell from the Velorians as they were instantly overcome by the shocking voracity of her pheromones. Sirren stopped before she got too carried away, remembering that even a small orgasm would destroy the entire station. Still, her mild arousal was more than the poor Velorians present could account for. They rushed at her, awkward in the haste and unfathomable depth of their need.

Sirren observed closely as it dawned on them what they were doing. Even the defiant woman had found one of Sirren’s breasts before she had been able to think about what she was going on. But even as her eyes met Sirren’s, and the Velorian understood the situation, the blonde was unable to fight her still increasing feelings of lust for the Arion powerhouse.

“That’s right,” Sirren whispered, her hot thundering voice drawing a string of orgasms from those clinging to her. “Worship your goddess. I’m going to have to go now, but I want you all to wait for my return. You will wait ... won’t you?”

Sanity rapidly left their minds as the Velorians found themselves lost in the euphoria Sirren’s wickedly over-powered pheromones induced. Smiling at her slaves, she wondered if she had come on too strong.

“Well? Answer me.”

They leaned back almost as one and nodded.

“Good.”

Confident that they would be lost in their stupor at least as long as the pheromones she had released circulated through the air, Sirren gently pried herself free from her first official servants and made her way back out into space. Cautiously grasping the structure with both hands, Sirren started to push it away from the planet. She gently accelerated until she was moving far faster than a normal supremis could ever hope to go, and maintained a straight course for several minutes. She didn’t want her enemy taking back her prize, so she left it safely removed from their reach. Returning to the field of battle many times faster than she had left, no longer burdened by a fragile cargo, Sirren discovered that the Enlightenment had pulled a fast one on her.

While she had seduced her servants, they had been busy opening wormholes between the last fortress world and Velor. And while she had depositing the station in deep space they had been retreating to the safety of their home-world’s magnetic field. Making planet-fall was a risky proposition for a homo-supremis on a planet with a gold-core. Aiming themselves at the oceans, the Velorian legions dove into the atmosphere as the dampening effects of the magnetic field began to take hold, they had just enough time for the friction to slow their descent before they had lost their invulnerability to the heat, and retained just enough resilience to survive the impact into the water. Those unlucky enough to hit an island, or any other landmass, were severely injured or killed.

The manoeuvre was almost complete as Sirren crossed the distance. As she approached she could feel the magnetic field affecting her much sooner than expected. But she was unconcerned. Though she detected a slight dampening of her strength, and suddenly felt as though she'd consumed two or three of her favourite libations, she knew she still had more than enough of a power advantage.

There was only thirty-million or so still in the outer atmosphere when Sirren was seen. She fearlessly allowed them to form up in front of her and combine their heat vision on her. Looking bored, Sirren scanned the ocean below and felt her power level rise swiftly while the Velorians around her failed to as much as raise her skin temperature.

Before she realised what had happened, a giant wormhole opened up behind her and a fresh flotilla of Velorian legions appeared ... larger by far than any fielded up until now. Rather than blast her with their eyes, as one the mighty Velorian army used their combined flight-power to push Sirren toward the planet below. Holding themselves in place, they unleashed a surprisingly strong wall of force.

Caught out by their unexpected move, Sirren found herself flung deeper into the atmosphere. Her feeling of drunkenness quickly increased as her assailants redirected her tumbling form away from the sea and toward a continent. She could sense much of her vast strength leaving her, and as she tried to engage her ability to fly she discovered it was too late for that. Despite her vast power, the magnetic field had stripped her of that gift just as it would any other homo-supremis.

Frustrated by her inability to stop her fall, Sirren hit the ground with terrific force, the city she hit deeply scarred by the impact. As tonnes of earth and steel rained down on the crater, cautious Velorian home-guards in their shiny hoverships circled the devastation looking for signs of life.

"Can't see her."

"Keep looking ... Command said to make sure nothing comes out of there alive."

"Yes sir."

Beneath the crater, buried deep in the bedrock, Sirren stirred. Everything was hazy, confusing. But not because she was hurt or in pain. She felt completely pissed-drunk. Moving her limbs she found the bedrock offered little resistance to her dampened strength. Looking about, she pierced the bedrock with her gaze and found the surface.

"You bastards ..."

Unable to fly, Sirren began what she assumed would be the long difficult task of reaching the city above. She happily discovered she was wrong. The bedrock parted easily before her as she clawed back to the surface, pushing almost effortlessly through the rock and reaching the surface so fast she flew several hundred feet into the sky before falling back into the charred smoking crater.

"There! She just surfaced!"

"Close in tight. Give her everything we've got."

Forming into an attack formation the hoverships soared down toward her. Having landed comfortably on her feet Sirren watched them approach with curiosity. Looking around briefly at the remarkable damage her arrival had caused, Sirren knew she had nothing to fear from mere cannon fire.

"Direct hit!"

"Don't get excited, she didn't even flinch."

"Again ..."

Sirren had never seen Velorian hover-tanks before. They were only used by the Velorians on gold-core

worlds, and the Arion military never mounted campaigns on such planets.

Once more a brief rain of shells exploded on and all around her to no effect. Sirren smiled. Breaking off a small chunk from a steaming boulder nearby she hurled it at the lead tank, and grinned at the resulting explosion. She reached back to the boulder, and this time ripped the whole thing up from the ground. It felt equally light in her single hand, and travelled just as fast at the target she randomly chose. The boulder sailed through the air with precision, destroying its target with little loss of momentum, and kept going far out over the ocean before it fell.

Sirren laughed at them as they fled, making them fight a sudden and violent windstorm as the crater shook around her. Had her power level not been reduced, her merriment would have levelled the continent. Then she stopped laughing, and gulped as the real reason for their hasty retreat became apparent. High above her a missile streaked across the sky, and arced toward the centre of the crater. Sirren felt cold as it loomed overhead and detonated.

Around her the rock was melted to glass, and then was completely pulverised by the forceful release of the payload's energy. It washed over Sirren's body, her reduced invulnerability almost making the sensation uncomfortable. If the ground had remained stable, Sirren would not have been moved by the blast, but as the rock was torn up under her feet she found herself falling.

The hovertanks returned, this time many more of them, and circled to see the results of the explosion. Surely that would kill her. Surely in the dampening magnetic field even the mighty Arion monster that had displayed so much terrible power would not be immune to the effects of a nuclear blast. Despite being robbed of the vast majority of her new strength, however, Sirren still had the combined might of several billion dampened Velorians. Which was more than enough, it turned out.

Just as the wing-commander finished reporting her survival, he and his tank were vaporised by a flash of gold light. In fact, when the gold light was gone not a single tank remained.

Leaping clear of the crater with terrifying muscular ease, Sirren surveyed the approaching Velorian forces. They would not try another nuke, she was sure of that. It had surprised her to see them deploy one at all on their precious home-world.

Leaving the ruins behind, Sirren ran toward her ultimate goal. The Tower of Light. By chance, she was within five thousand miles of it. A short distance at the speed she could run. Even as the Velorian ground forces continued to advance on the crater, Sirren callously carved a path across the surface of the world toward her destination, consuming any Velorian military unit that her eyes fell upon along the way.

Aware of her impending arrival, the gathered members of the Enlightenment sat quietly while their beautiful home shook violently to announce Sirren's entrance far above.

"Maybe now is the time for prayer," the eldest, and wisest among them counselled her fellows.

"I fear that Skietra has abandoned us, Wisdom."

"You're wrong," the aged Velorian corrected him. "It is we who have abandoned her."

Sirren strode through the building, ignoring the maze of corridors to make her way directly to her goal. She didn't find anyone in military uniform until she reached the sealed door to the bunker's lengthy access shaft. Twelve of the Enlightenment's personal guard laid down a violent barrage of defensive small-arms fire. Their weapons were specifically designed to take down the strongest Arion Prime, at least, the strongest Arion Prime the designers were aware of.

To show them how little their little pop-guns concerned her, Sirren continued at her slow steady pace until she stood just a few yards away accepting their concentrated fire.

"Enough," she declared. She hadn't intended to kill them, just make a point, but in her drunken state she

misjudged herself. Her single word splattered all twelve armed guards against the very door they protected.

The thick blast-door offered little more resistance to her dampened strength than the bedrock had, and Sirren had no trouble at all pushing the unknown metal aside with her breasts. She strode confidently into and beyond the blood-stained surface. Leaning forward through the last foot of armour plate, Sirren poked her head out and looked down the long shaft to where the Enlightenment awaited her. Stepping out of the solid alloy and over the open space, Sirren dropped six miles into planet's crust. She landed gracefully as the elevator platform at the bottom of the shaft disintegrated under her feet. Hopping up out of small crater, she became the focus of small arms fire once more. She gave them enough time to realise their efforts were wasted before silencing the bunker's entrance hall with one grateful glance.

Crossing the empty room Sirren employed what she retained of her normal heat vision to melt a neat glowing tunnel through the five-foot thick door. On Velor, the most a homo-supremis could normally manage to do was light a match.

Walking through the passage she had made Sirren quickly removed any guards foolish enough to engage her and continued on to the bunker's main chamber. Just as she was about to destroy the door with a rap of her knuckles, the smooth polished surface slid silently from her path to reveal the brightly lit hall and the white-robed Enlightenment within.

"Welcome to the Hall Of Light, mighty warrior." The Great Wisdom showed no fear as she spoke. "Will the person responsible for so much death and destruction at least tell us her name?"

Sirren boldly entered the hall, taking in the impressive décor and wondering how much more impressive their main chamber must surely be.

"I am your God," she informed them. "And by right of might, I claim this world and all that inhabit it. Now, who will worship me?"

The gathering was silent.

"Well?"

"We will not worship you," the Great Wisdom told her gently. "However much power you obtain, Arion. You are not divine." The old woman sat back and sighed, aware of what would follow. Sirren smiled.

"I expected you to feel that way. I could make you worship me ... make you beg me to accept your servitude. But I know you'd rather die. So die."

The knowledge that came with their demise gave Sirren much more of a rush than their physical might. All the secrets of the Velorian Enlightenment were revealed to her. Thousands of years of accumulated learning became hers in an instant, and she suddenly knew where she was going next.

Returning to the ruined elevator, Sirren leapt back up to the surface. The force of her launch collapsed the bottom of the shaft in on itself, permanently sealing the bunker behind her. Bursting through the roof of the shaft, Sirren's jump carried her almost all the way through complex above. Coming to a stop halfway up through the facility, Sirren casually walked through wall after wall until she stepped out into daylight and dropped to the ground. Leaving the cracked concrete behind, she quickly approached the main landing pad and the Enlightenment's official shuttle.

Wasting no time she absorbed all the ground crew and flight personnel she could see, but making certain to leaving one alive.

"You live for a reason, Velorian," she told her, threatening to deafen the stunned blonde with her controlled voice. "Fly me back into space."

The diminutive pilot looked up at Sirren's cold yet entrancing eyes.

“Okay.”

Wasting no time, the pilot bolted to the controls and with shaking hands began the take-off procedure.

“Calm yourself,” Sirren told the young Velorian. The soothing tone combined with the raw power of her whisper had a dramatic effect, causing Sirren to smile at the instantly relaxed pilot. Though she had obtained the knowledge to fly the machine herself, with her strength she would likely destroy the controls and crash. But if the pilot was shaking too dramatically they’d crash anyway. Sirren was surprised how easily had ironed out the Velorian’s jitters.

As soon as the engine wound into life and green lights appeared on the console, the shuttle’s anti-gravity units buzzed into activity and they smoothly cleared the landing pad. Sirren could see the pilot being pushed into her seat as they tilted back and accelerated almost straight up toward the heavens. She remained standing perfectly still, unconcerned by the g-forces.

“Where are we going?”

“Just keep going up,” Sirren calmly instructed.

They both sensed the effects of the magnetic field weakening, but only one of them lived to enjoy the return of her full supremis powers. As the pilot could feel her strength returning, she could see Sirren’s reflection start to glow. Sirren moaned, making her companion spasm in orgasmic pleasure as amplified pheromones swept through the small compartment. It was the last thing the unfortunate elite pilot would ever experience.

Sirren’s power then suddenly returned in full force, and her gentle glow became a blinding nuclear flash. Around her the shuttle was vaporised, as was a good number of the Velorian force that approached ready to engage it. Stretching out, Sirren watched the excess orgone dance across the surface of her skin. Comfortable with the return of her unfathomable strength, she watched the Velorians flee once more.

Having seen how powerful their enemy had been on the surface of Velor, no Arm of the Enlightenment was prepared to sacrifice itself trying to fight her. Wormholes started opening again ... but Sirren wasn’t prepared to let her living ambrosia escape.

Seeking out the last military wormhole generator still in the Velorian’s control, Sirren focused a beam of her conventional heat vision across millions of miles to the last fortress world. The judgement she had with her sober faculties was, as she expected, perfect. She used just enough power to detonate just enough of the structure to doom the whole thing. Impressed by her control and accuracy, Sirren got an idea.

As the destabilised wormholes closed, leaving billions of Velorian warriors trapped within easy reach, Sirren flew past and destroyed the civilian wormhole generator with negligent brush of her fingers before it could be commandeered ... and starting her game.

Slowly orbiting planet Velor, sacrificing a small amount of her vast power to get close enough, she carefully picked out the thirty-percent of the population wearing military or domestic security uniforms. Starting with easy pickings in the water, she was a little disappointed to discover it was actually very easy to pick out groups and individuals with her incredible vision. It was just as easy to absorb them, whether they were standing together in a bunch or surrounded by civilians, without taking a single life from the general population. It was during this game that Sirren gleefully discovered that it didn’t matter if they were indoors or outside, the gold radiation was able to penetrate any structure. Leaving the cities below undamaged, Sirren carefully picked out her targets until she had circled the globe and could see no more.

Watching the entire planet erupt into chaos as those left behind struggled to understand what they had just witnessed, Sirren gave serious thought to consuming the lot of them. Their large numbers offered a great increase in her power, and she would certainly enjoy the all-too-easy process of cashing in that potential, but Sirren had a much better use for them. If she was going to be god, she’d need followers ... to serve

and worship her. Yes she would let them live, but not out of any sense of pity.

Having attained the knowledge of the Velorian admiralty, robbing the vast army around her of central command at the same time, Sirren ignored the scattered forces around her. She only bothered absorbing the brave warriors that came at her head on, allowing the other random attacks to go unpunished for the moment. Those who had fled toward deep space would not get far enough to do themselves any good, so she just let them go. None of them would even reach the wormhole generator, those who had seen her leave with it followed the path of her return flight in vain. It would take them hours to cover the distance, if they managed to stay on course. She could overtake them in seconds. This gave Sirren the time she needed to cleanse at least one more planet of military and law enforcement before she pursued them.

Garbed fully in her new uniform, the Supreme Commander of the Arion Imperial Army had left her generals to their assigned task to reap as much from her star-system as she could. Leaving only the populations of Aria and its neighbouring world untouched, she had multiplied her power many times over since assuming command.

Once more the star-system was abuzz with Arion military shipping. And Eilera couldn't be happier with the steadily increasing number of them. Though she had known before they had started to arrive how many there would be, actually seeing them all together almost made her mouth water.

Hesitating in orbit over the last world ... besides Aria itself ... remaining untouched, Eilera pondered her decision to save its young occupants. All Arion children above the age of four were sent to this place to begin their training. Here they would stay, rarely seeing home, until they were sixteen.

Her decision to leave was, like Sirren's choice, nothing to do with kindness. Once Eilera had defeated the last real threat, and completed her military restructuring, she intended to re-write ancient Arion law and declare herself Empress ... a title unused since before the military had taken complete control. As Empress of Aria, she would need those young Arions to help rebuild the Empire in her image.

"The Eileran Empire," she mused, finding the thought to her liking.

Having gained a very comprehensive knowledge of her units from her predecessor, Eilera realised that the most recent arrival would be the last for another few hours. It was time to consolidate her forces, but she didn't want them sitting about like grazing sheep as she did.

The appointed spokesperson of the High Command was actually pleased when Eilera flew back through the large exit she had made in their tower. He had feared she would not bother to return, and that he would not have a chance to try his plan. He had been half-expecting her to absorb all supremis life on Aria the same way she had depopulated nine other worlds. But when she floated back into view he nearly breathed a sigh of relief.

"Report," Eilera commanded.

"The fleets are still returning, Supreme Commander. Our communications have been received in seventeen thousand or so other galactic fronts. We still await a reply from the others."

"Excellent."

He could feel himself moved by the pleasure in her voice. "Do you have orders?" he asked, "Or are you just going to kill them all?"

Eilera smiled. "You know what I'm up to then?"

"I know about Ky-Noir's project. I also know about the genetic sequencing program that really made you what you are."

"Then you know there's nothing you can do to save them."

“Actually ... there is.”

Eilera saw his eyes dart to the side. She followed his glance to see an Arion Prime holding a weapon she had never seen before. Instantly uncomfortable with her lack of knowledge, she moved far faster than the gunman could pull the trigger. Killing him and obliterating his gun from existence, she closed her eyes to enjoy the rush doing so gave her.

She heard a strange thwomp from where the general sat, and turned see he had been hiding a similar weapon. She could have avoided the shot, but her extreme power made her over-confident. Instead she arrogantly put her hands on her hips and waited for the small ball produced by the gun to reach her stomach.

Instantly, she regretted that decision. The ball popped, and from within it a swarm of nanobots exploded forth. Gold nanobots. Overcome by a feeling of inebriation, Eilera stumbled as the swarm went swiftly and efficiently about its task even as the general shot two more of them at her face.

“Oh, did I forget to challenge you? Sorry about that, Supreme Commander.” The general stood and walked over to where she lay. “I’m glad you came back. We haven’t got these things beyond prototype yet ... I had to get you close.”

Eilera felt the nanobots cover every inch of her body in a fine layer of gold. Struggling to think as the effect of the gold took hold, Eilera passed out ...