

# SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 01, Orgone Infection

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## Little Firebug – Chapter 1

### Orgone Infection

by IHCOYC XPICTOC

#### Paradise Island

When Kara came to, she found herself completely nude, and lightly shackled and immersed in a large wooden tank filled with what appeared to be warm, briny water. Her first thoughts were of sly surprise. Whoever did this to me must have surely underestimated me, if they thought something as weak as these chains can keep me here for long.

No one else was in the chamber. She could see vaguely through a plate of glassteel into an adjacent room where there was a similar vat, containing a tall black-haired woman chained in a similar tub, who was apparently also struggling to escape herself. Someone in the same predicament, she thought; not an enemy from whom I would need to conceal my departure from.

So Kara was greatly surprised when, preparing her arms to break apart the shackles and escape the brine, she was unable to do so. She -felt- as strong as she ever was. They seemed to be made of nothing more substantial than vanadium steel. But she felt the edge of the cuff pressing against her skin more painfully than anything like that should have. And the muscles in her arms, once tensed, began to ache as if being asked to perform a much greater exertion, begging to be returned to a relaxed position.

At this futile effort, a loudspeaker broke in from behind her, as if someone was watching her all the time and waiting for this moment. “Relaxing, isn’t it?” a female voice cooed. “The best way to get through this is to just close your eyes and empty your mind, and let the sensations seep into you, and wait for the second part of the program to begin. Don’t try to resist with your mind. That will only make it worse.”

And with these words, the hum of machinery began to make the water circulate and swirl around Supergirl. The warm, swirling brine would not have been all that unpleasant, except for the fact that her apprehension, her failure to understand what was going on, made her unable to appreciate it.

One thing was obvious. The liquid in the tub contained some kind of drug, or drugs, that was relaxing her muscles, making her unable to muster her strength; and that was somehow increasing the sensitivity of the nerves of her skin. And to her sensitized skin, the constant swirling of the fluid felt like she was being caressed all over by gentle and inescapable hands.

Her backbrain insinuated to Kara how nice it would be to simply let herself go, to revel in the sensations of the tub. Both conscious minds within her sought sternly to remind her of the grave danger in such a surrender to an unknown peril. But it became harder.

Then, at the bottom of the tank, two jets opened up, filling the fluid full of myriad’s of air bubbles. As she felt the first of the air bubbles strike her skin, she gasped aloud. One airjet seemed to be targeted at the area between her legs; the other aimed for the small of her back; but the circling liquid carried the bubbles in complicated patterns all over her body. Her sensitive skin seemed to report every touch of an air bubble to her now severely over-stimulated brain. Every one was a tickle, every one a kiss, impossible to ignore, and rendering any further coordinated effort by her body all but impossible.

It was also impossible for her to keep track of how long she was in the tub. Probably hours. There was something about the device that operated it that seemed to sense when she was getting used to one of its patterns of operation, when it no longer surprised her and she was growing accustomed to a pattern of tickles and caresses; for whenever that happened, the flow patterns changed, leaving her as much at their mercy as before. But throughout these strange sensations she was able to keep reminding herself that she didn’t know what was going on, that it was dangerous to yield to the machine. The effort to keep reminding herself of this only focused her attention more and more on the hard-to-ignore sensations that the swirling fluid was giving her.

Eventually, a door behind her opened. Someone put a blindfold over her eyes. By this point, her body was entirely limp; so she was unable to struggle, even, as a woman picked her up and cradled her in her arms, carrying her to another room. The woman said, half-admiringly, "You are a fine catch, you are. You will fetch a fine price on the market at Trondur ..."

At the mention of Trondur, Kara shrieked in alarm, and began once again to weakly struggle against her bonds. No use! her body was scarcely under the control of either of her consciousness then.

She was taken and stretched out on a sort of plush table, and chained at the head and the foot of it. Someone entered and began sponging her nude body with the same drugged, briny fluid she had been bathed in before, using the sponge to tickle her in all the most sensitive places. Then, the blindfold was removed, and she saw two Arion women standing above her.

The first was one she did not recognize; a small, mousy-haired Arion, wearing an eyepatch, and no uniform; probably a rogue trader of some sort.

The second was Kirrin! It was she who was holding the sponge which even now was wetting her inner thigh with more of the briny drug. "Glad to see you," Kirrin said. "Really. The price you bring me will help my plans succeed despite your failure to cooperate ..."

She also saw the device she had been attached to. There was indeed a table to which her shackles had been attached now. Above her stood a complex apparatus, bristling with electrodes, which had been lowered so that the discharge arcpoints were just maybe a foot above her body. One electrode pointed towards each of her breasts. The third, somewhat larger, was targeted at her crotch.

"Oh, great." Kara thought. "The sensitivity drug was just so they would have to use less juice when they tortured me." She attempted to steel her too-relaxed body and prepare her mind for the withering pain she felt sure to be coming next.

"This part is always fun to watch," the mousy haired woman told Kirrin. "You might want to stick around for at least the beginning." The mousy haired woman then threw a pole switch. A pale blue-green glow formed around the electrodes of the device. Her body, starting with the most logical energy discharge points, her nipples and her pubic hairs, began to glow with energy in response. Then, first small and then larger bolts of energy began to arc between the electrodes and her body.

The expected agony never came. Kara even began to relax a little, as she entertained the hope that even in her weakened state her super body might be able to withstand the worst this device had to offer. All it seemed to do was tingle a little.

In fact, her nipples were starting to get a little hard –

And as that thought crossed her mind, she involuntarily sighed a convulsive sigh. Hard – yes! in fact her nipples started feeling like they were going to explode! As soon as her attention wandered towards them, it was as if the sensations inside them had crowded out just about everything else in her consciousness. She then thought, involuntarily, of the state of her clitoris, with the equally agonizing realization that it was going absolutely apeshit with excitement. Her relaxed groin quivered with moist anticipation.

She bit down hard on her lower lip, trying to get a grip on herself. No use. Kara writhed in helpless hominess as her utterly relaxed body had no choice but to open itself up completely to the strange energy pouring into it. She tried once more to struggle, to muster the strength to break free. The very act of trying to move, trying to tense the muscles in her legs, brought her the first of several orgasms, but every orgasm seemed inadequate, seemed only to tantalize her further with the need for more and stronger relief, relief which her shackles denied her.

The last thing Kara remembered was seeing Kirrin standing over her with the feather of a large Terran bird. She was playing with the feather through the energy field against Kara's skin, between her bellybutton and her aching loins. Kara twisted and struggled, half to escape the tickling feather, half to move her hungry clitoris within its reach; but Kirrin kept it tantalizingly out of reach.

"Once your therapy is completed, the slug-miners of Trondur will look as good to you as you will to them, and you will be out of my hair forever" Kirrin purred. Kara could say nothing in response; by this time she was unable to speak. Her breathing was a fast and uncontrolled panting, like that of a greyhound at the end of a run.

She felt like she was turning to liquid inside. Every nerve on her skin now seemed as ready to explode as her clitoris

ordinarily would at the verge of a climax; and the sensation in her clitoris itself seared her consciousness like a white hot supernova. Worse, whatever was doing this to her was apparently capable of keeping her in this state of excited suspense indefinitely. The intensity of desire might have overcome the relaxing effects of the drugs and revived her strength, but for the fact that it also made it impossible for her to concentrate sufficiently to coordinate her muscles against her shackles. She tried furiously to block out the sensations, to think of anything else but her need to be touched. Nothing worked.

Kirrin let the feather fall across Kara's belly, to tease her still as she writhed. She then turned to the mousy haired woman and said, "Come, let us consider the matter of payment." The two then left, leaving Kara alone with the machine, and her thoughts of indescribable excitement and frustration.

Her memories began to fade into an indefinite red blur.

Kara began to lose consciousness, her awareness of the danger stiffening her will to a greater extent, soldiered on bravely against the lust-agony a few moments more. But even her willpower proved inadequate to resist the equally strong will of an overstimulated super-body that had been reduced to a few of its constituent parts.

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The next thing Kara remembered is coming to in a room full of pillows. It seemed to be a stone building, definitely not on a spacecraft. Draped limply over the pillows, at least she was free of those cursed shackles, she thought. There was a large Black woman seated among the pillows between her legs, gazing upon Supergirl fondly but solicitously, with the concerned gaze of a nurse.

Supergirl herself felt utterly weak and exhausted, but despite her exhaustion she still felt the burning desire energy coursing through her veins.

The Black woman was almost half again as large as Supergirl, powerfully built, with broad shoulders, round eyes, and large hands. Her hair was short and tightly curled around her head like a skullcap. Except for two large silver bracelets she was wearing, her body was completely nude. Supergirl lifted her head and saw other nude women scattered among the pillows around the room. All of them were sleeping, apparently from exhaustion. If these are the slug miners of Trondur, they aren't so bad, Kara thought to herself.

The Black woman saw Supergirl stirring. "Hello, Little Firebug," she said gently. "Welcome back to the land of the living. We almost thought we had lost you. Can you tell us your name?"

Supergirl moaned weakly. "I'm not sure," she answered honestly.

Even if she thought it wise to answer truthfully, the remaining spasms of orgone energy still coursing through her body had left her too confused to know how to respond.

"That's OK," the woman replied. "Let's see if we can work a bit more of this out of you, and maybe then you will be able to sleep, and after you sleep you might remember." With that, she placed her strong hands over the muscles of Kara's lower abdomen, and began to massage her gently but deeply. At this touch, intense orgasms once again managed to cut their way through Supergirl's exhaustion. They came rapid-fire, one after another, until they came in an unbroken flood, without pause for relaxation. Supergirl gasped, and she could say no more; and soon her consciousness fell back into the hungry oblivion whence it had briefly arisen.

Eventually, however, the power of exhaustion managed to overcome even the orgone energy charge of Supergirl's body, and she passed from the burning fog of her lust-madness into the healing mists of sleep.

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When she awoke, she felt much stronger. Her first sensation was of a ravenous thirst. Opening her eyes, she saw that someone had placed a pitcher of cold water and a glass of water within her reach. She almost immediately moved to seek it out.

The act of moving, though, shook some of the numbness of sleep from her body. As she gulped down the water, the fire in her loins began once more to burn brightly. She was so aroused that her back teeth ached with lust. She let the empty glass drop and moaned aloud, and moved both of her hands towards her melting thighs.

Her moan brought a chorus of female laughter from a pile of adjacent pillows. She turned and saw four nude women peering over the top. Three of them were laughing gently at her predicament. The fourth, she recognized as the same large Black woman who had spoken to her during her previous episode of consciousness. She was not

laughing; she was too regally serious to allow herself to laugh at Kara's plight, though she was smiling bemusedly. She gestured to the other three women to remain where they were. Then, in a voice used to issuing commands, she said, "Come to us, Little Firebug! Try and stand up, and walk over here."

Something about her tone of voice suggested to Supergirl that it was a good idea to try to obey. As the four women shouted encouragement's, Supergirl attempted to coordinate her arms and legs and rise. This was much harder to do than it sounds. Though her strength was all but fully restored, and though the fires of the orgone energy had been substantially relieved throughout the previous night (or nights?), the mere fact that she was stronger and rested made the remaining sensations all the harder to ignore. Her limbs still seemed slightly stiff from long slumber, but the very act of moving them to shake off that stiffness seemed to awaken sensual deliquescence that urged her to remain.

But at the repeated urgings of the women and the commands of the apparent leader, she struggled to her feet. She sighed and gasped as she attempted to walk the distance of perhaps fifteen feet to the pile of pillows where the women were waiting for her. She was aware as she was never aware before, of the way the act of moving her legs in walking pulled and pushed the muscles and tendons of her groin; and these sensations from moving made her fear that she was about to lose control once more. She made a few quick steps, and then collapsed among the pile of pillows. But she had made it. The women who now surrounded her cheered. "That's a good sign," the leader said. "You are starting to regain control."

All four women fell upon her quickly. While the other three held her arms and attempted to soothe her anxious excitement and confusion, the leader grasped her firmly around her waist, pulled up between her legs and placed her mouth between them. Her lips were large and cushiony-soft, yet powerful, and she busily but gently nipped Supergirl with her teeth and slid her tongue gently between her lower lips. By this time Supergirl at least knew what to expect, and had resigned herself to it even if she were able to resist.

Kara had at last managed to convince herself that, whoever these women were, they meant her no harm. She allowed herself the luxury of relaxing. Her eyes fluttered open; and her gaze met the eyes of one of the women attending her. She smiled weakly at her, and the woman smiled back, with a look that was - mostly- tender concern, but gave at least a hint of sly jealousy.

This time, she was going to remain conscious enough to enjoy this. As she gave herself over to the machine-gun orgasms, she shuddered in her bones, and began to heal further.

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Wrapped in her involuntary bliss, she had no notion of the passage of time. She only knew that the four women were taking turns administering kisses and caresses to her nether parts, while the others either tried to sleep, or cradled her head, caressing her face, arms, and breasts. As she became more aware of her surroundings, their faces became clearer to her.

The large Black woman, taller and much more robustly built than Kara, was apparently a leader of some sort. There was something about her that reminded one of the regal air of a powerful and lean lioness.

The second was almost as large as the leader; she was a busty, frizzy beach blonde with very muscular arms and shoulders. She sported a shiner, and apparently had been in combat with someone or something recently.

The other two could have been sisters. They were shorter than the other two women, shorter even than Supergirl. They both had long curls of brown hair that reached almost to their hips. One was built almost as brawny as her larger comrades; she had a button nose and a shy but impish smile. The fourth had a beautiful, Botticelli face, nipples of a memorable purple colour, and a lean hardness about her that showed her muscles meshing and turning beneath her skin no matter what position she happened to be in.

All four women wore large silvery bracelets on both wrists, and no more, at least for the time being.

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Eventually they were joined by three more women. The first two were naked as everyone else; but the third wore the only item of clothing Kara had seen for some time, even if it were only a purple sash that would not have been considered adequate covering on Earth. The first two nude women were physicians of some kind. One carried a stethoscope, the other a sort of electronic device that looked like an oscillator. All heads rose when the woman wearing the sash came in, but she quickly gave the directive, "Carry on." Kara could sense that all of her companions were paying careful attention to this woman, though.

“Are you making progress, General?” the sash-wearer asked.

The Black woman immediately spoke up. “Amazingly, yes. She must have taken an extremely large dose. I was amazed when she regained normal consciousness. But she has been able to walk, and even speak a little. I think she’s going to pull through this.”

While the General was giving this report, the other two were examining Kara with the devices they had brought. The woman with the stethoscope was moving it all over her torso, and its cold touch brought a different shiver that her body still managed to translate into an intense pleasure. Meanwhile, the woman with the oscilloscope was pointing a sort of scanner head at her, and looking at her screen, and saying, “Amazing. She has incredible tissue density and energy retention.”

“No wonder this is taking so long,” the frizzy blonde replied.

“They told me she is very strong,” said the woman in the sash.

“This is the first time we have had to send a combat team rather than a psychomedical team to assist in one of these recoveries.”

“Don’t I know it,” the frizzy blonde remarked at this.

At this, the medical team and the woman wearing the sash left the room, and the women (combat team?) gave Kara once more their undivided attention. Kara turned to her Black companion, and between gasps and sobs, asked, “You’re a general?”

“Yes.”

“Sorry if I didn’t salute ...”

The General chuckled. “You seem to be able to talk once more.

I think you have realized by now that you are not our prisoner, and we mean you no harm. I don’t want to have to keep calling you ‘Little Firebug.’ What is your name?”

“Kara,” replied Supergirl. “But you can call me Little Firebug if you want.” She was uncertain even where she was. These peoples’ institutions resembled nothing she had seen on Earth before, and she was uncertain whether she was in Earth or space. She decided not to reveal her Terran identity immediately.

“Very good. I am, as you know, a general, General Damasippe, to be exact. She – pointing to the frizzy blonde – is Close Combat Specialist Colonel Solveig.” The woman with the impish smile she now learned was Weapons Specialist First Lieutenant Mikhailovna, and Miss Botticelli’s real name was Martial Arts Master First Lieutenant Natalya.

Great, Kara thought. She was in the Army now, it seemed.

She was not sure what these women were, though. They each seemed stronger than the average Terran female, although by no means her match yet. She asked, “Where am I, and how did I get here?”

“Where you are, Kara, is the Island of Colchica. How you got here – we rescued you from a slave ship. They try to make you go nuts, so that they can sell you as a nymphomaniac who will do anything.”

These words triggered Kara’s memories of her capture and mistreatment, and Kirrin. The General continued, “We are members of a sisterhood that is sworn to resist the mistreatment of women. You had been captured by a space slave trader.” The General obviously did not know who sold her, and apparently had not met Kirrin. If she had it is unlikely that even she would be here to tell the story.

“Was I sold as a slave?”

“Apparently not. You had not been branded, yet.” This told her nothing. It was unlikely that any conventional method of branding would work on Kara.

Kara turned to Colonel Solveig. “Where’d you get the shiner?

Fighting the people who had enslaved me?”

“Actually, you gave it to me. You were thrashing around something awful when we cut you loose from the orgone accumulator. As I told the Queen, I knew that you were very strong.”

“Oh.”

“Are there any men here?” Kara asked.

The General laughed cynically. “Men? Men are weak. Even if there were any here, in your condition you’d probably kill them, and they would do little more for you than tease you.” That wasn’t what she meant, Kara thought, but apparently no.

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The rest of Kara’s recovery was about as uneventful as a lesbian love set lasting several days can be. Now, orgasms are enjoyable by definition; but even they can start to get cloying after about the sixteen millionth in a row. Shortly after she regained consciousness, Kara could be brought to climax simply by stroking the back of her hand; but as the hours wore on, the Combat Team found that it began to take a bit more effort on their part to get Kara off. Orgasmic sessions began to buy Kara’s body a bit more rest; she was able to remain still, wrapped in post-orgasmic bliss, for a few minutes and then for a few minutes more, before she once again began to get uncomfortably aroused. This allowed her companions more time to rest.

She began to show an interest in things other than the state of her pussy. Grapes and fresh fruit were sent for, and Kara began to realize how empty her stomach was. A scented bath was brought in, and Kara and the Combat Team enjoyed that very much together.

But the most encouraging sign was that Kara began to kiss back, and to attempt to return at least some portion of the pleasures the Combat Team was showing her. Whatever suspicion Kara had of the women she was with had all but dissipated by now, replaced by the camaraderie that inevitably arises between a Supergirl and four women who have gotten her off about four million times apiece in the course of a few days.

Kara and Lt. Natalya were curled up among the pillows, and Kara was gently nibbling on Lt. Natalya’s fascinating nipple, which was the colour of grape flavoured Pez. The lieutenant was beginning to coo aloud with obvious relish. The General came over, though, and said, “We’ll have to take you off this detail if you start enjoying this too much.” Natalya disentangled herself from Kara, and went over to pout in the arms of Colonel Solveig, while the General offered her own regal breasts to Kara’s fiery little mouth. Fortunately, all four women soon learned that little Kara was more than enough for all of them.

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It happened during a round between Kara and Col. Solveig. She now knew much more about the four women’s personal lovemaking styles, and Col. Solveig was definitely the most physically aggressive of the four. And this time, Col. Solveig felt even more excited than usual. Kara felt the Colonel’s nipples get hard as the Colonel kissed her forcefully, pressing her deep into the pillows surrounding them, and wrapping her arms around her to caress the small of her back and then to massage Kara’s whole body within her grasp with all her own hard muscles. This treatment usually left Kara gasping but very happy, and it was starting to have its usual effects this time. But it was perhaps a measure of Kara’s recovery that she was feeling as much mischievous as she was aroused.

She decided to turn the tables, to flop Solveig onto her own back and give her a taste of her own medicine. In an eyeblink, Kara was on top and holding a surprised Solveig with equal firmness. Solveig grinned with lust and surprise, and said, “So you want to play rough this time, do you?” And Solveig once again rolled on top of Supergirl, and attempted to pin her to the floor. But no one was more surprised than Solveig was when she found that Kara was back on top in no time at all.

The General, observing these proceedings, cautioned Kara, “You might not know what you are getting into. She was Colchica’s wrestling champion last year.”

But last year’s wrestling champion for the time being was going to remain firmly pinned beneath Supergirl. Solveig had not been overpowered by sheer strength very often before, and she was not at all sure she liked it. Supergirl herself was awestruck to see Solveig’s grapefruit-sized biceps flexing as she struggled against her grip; and even more surprised to discover that while she made only a slight headway against her grip, she was making some. She had never encountered a Terran woman this hard to hold down before.

Solveig, starting out confident that her size would allow her to overpower Supergirl, continued to try the direct

approach until she realized she was getting nowhere. But, she did not earn her championship on sheer strength alone. She had one free leg, and she used it to kick away the pillow that Kara's left knee rested on. Kara momentarily lost her balance, and that was all she needed to break free. Solveig rolled out from underneath Kara and was on her feet in a snap. She then let out a sort of a roar as she charged towards Kara, picking her up and kissing her even more furiously, excited as much by the sheer joy of physical exertion as by desire. Kara, seeing how happy she was in victory, found this joy contagious decided to let her have her way – for the time being.

Solveig held Kara's waist tightly between her legs, and began to vigorously massage Kara's firm, high breasts, massaging her with deep strokes. As she did so, Kara felt a strange sensation in addition to her sheer physical excitement. She looked down in surprise as she saw her breasts were starting to glow with the same greenish energy that had got her into this predicament in the first place. And then, the energy began arcing out and into Solveig's body!

Kara knew what was happening. She knew that her breasts contained a reservoir of energy. Apparently they had taken on a large orgone charge, which Solveig's rough handling had managed to shake loose. Now Solveig was in a milder version of the same predicament Supergirl had been in beforehand.

Almost instantly Solveig's steely grip on Supergirl began to weaken, and she fell beside her – in fact, she collapsed. The look of lustful aggression in Solveig's eyes had been changed into a look of lustful pleading, as her eyes said, "Please. Help. Hurry!" Kara knew what she was going through. But she was going to learn who was boss first.

Kara picked up Solveig and, though the Colonel was much larger than she was, Kara easily slung her over her shoulder. The other women in the room were astounded to see Kara toss the Colonel almost across the room, where she landed on another large pile of pillows. They were even more astounded to see Kara take a flying leap at her, land accurately, and pound her deep into the cushions.

Kara wrapped her arms and legs around Solveig and flexed her muscles, to massage their hardness deep into Solveig's flesh. Solveig squealed and yielded. It excited Kara more than she would admit to see this powerful woman as her helpless prisoner. She worked her way down her body with her hands and tongue, keeping her always in her strong grip. Solveig panted, unable to speak, as she learned that the wine of surrender can be as sweet as the wine of victory.

When Kara finally lifted up her head, Solveig was bruised and sore all over, and a very happy woman nonetheless.

"That was quite a performance," said the General.

Kara sat up. She felt more herself than she had for the last several days, as the dregs of the orgone energy had been discharged into Solveig, who got quite a charge out of it. She said, "OK, then. Who's -this- year's wrestling champion?"

"That ... would be me," said the General. "If you are feeling up to it, perhaps you would like your first lesson in Colchican wrestling?"

"Sure," said Kara. By this time she was starting to want to do something -different- for a change.

The General got up and directed the other women to clear out a space in the roomful of pillows, making a circle around twelve feet across. Kara and the General faced each other in the circle. Natalya and Mikhailovna watched with great interest, and even Solveig was able to lift her head enough to watch this.

Anyone who didn't know Kara would have pegged her as the sure loser in this match. General Damasippe was almost half again larger than Kara, with great broad shoulders and legs like tree trunks. "There are two ways to win. One, your opponent goes out of bounds, puts any part of her body outside the circle. Two, his or her backside or shoulders touch the ground. No punching or kicking. Apart from that, there are no rules. Understand?"

Kara nodded her agreement to the terms of battle. The General faced her in the centre of the ring, bowed incongruously, and then charged her. Her first move was to use her incredible shoulder size to simply press Kara out of the circle and win. The battle was almost over before it begun, as Kara was surprised at the amount of sheer pressure the General was able to generate. Obviously all of these women were much stronger than the average Terran. But Kara caught herself before she was forced outside, set her legs, and began to return the pressure.

The General began to groan in surprise and frustration as she saw herself being pushed back across the circle. Before she reached the opposite border, she dropped to her knees. Kara kept pushing. The General's back and buttocks looked like an ebony mountain range as her muscles strained to resist Kara's incredible strength. Kara

pushed harder. The General gasped, and faltered a bit more, but Kara could feel her digging deeper, trying harder. She might be forced out. But she would not ever simply yield.

Kara grew somewhat afraid of the punishment her strength was inflicting on Damasippe's body, fearful that she might break her back. She knew she could. The General would force her to do so before she simply gave in. She began to understand that these women's strength of will was as mighty a weapon as the strength of their limbs. Fearful that she might inflict some injury in this sport, she gave up that direct approach, released the General, and stepped back. A different strategy was in order.

That was the break the General needed, and she knew what to do to take advantage. Using the pent-up tension in her back and legs, she sprung forward, her head and neck turning into a battering ram aimed directly at Supergirl's stomach. Caught off-guard, Supergirl lost her balance, and she and the General tumbled forward, both of them landing outside the ring. This was a risky move, but after what Damasippe had learned about how strong Kara was, it was the only right one. The spectators' call was fair; it was clear that Supergirl left the ring a split second before the General did. She had been defeated.

"By the gods, you are strong – a lot stronger than I am," the General told her. "Lucky for me I have been playing this game longer than you have." This wrap-up seemed fair to both women. "With some practice I am sure you could easily become next years champion. We really ought to take you to see the Princess. Would you like to have a look around the island?"

Kara was not exactly prepared for the sights outside the building. She expected everybody to get dressed or something before they headed for the door; nothing doing.

Outside it looked like a combination of college campus and boot camp peopled entirely by nude women. Whoever designed this place must have been heavily into Greek Revival. She half expected to see the girls with Delta Gamma or Kappa Alpha pins stuck on their nude bodies, but no such luck. The whole area was built like a park, dotted with statues of heroic women, with cedar, olive, laurel, and pine trees interspersed among grasses and fields of wildflowers.

Everywhere, groups of women were busy at the various activities that make up the Strenuous Life. In the distance, a group of women were fast marching in formation. Nearer, they saw groups of four or five engaged in such things as fencing and polearm practice; climbing obstacle walls, lifting weights, or practicing Tai Chi and martial arts.

And everywhere, the women looked as if this was their chief occupation. Kara could conclude that the women she was seeing along the way were of ages that probably ranged from fifteen to sixty. A few even had heads of silver-grey hair. The others, she could only guess at their ages from their eyes and faces. But from the neck down it was hard to tell; for each one of them was hard and muscular from the neck down. Nothing stooped or sagged on any of them. If anything, the older women were larger and harder than the young ones.

Kara again had to ask, "Are there any men here at all?"

The General replied, "No, not now. It isn't like you might have heard. But we have little need of men here. They aren't good for much. They just make a lot of mess and noise, and the only method yet discovered to cure their attitudes makes them even more fat and useless. Most men simply lack the stamina to please us. The stronger the furnace, the hotter the fire, after all. Even if they are fit enough, the effort burns them out after about four or five years. They age rapidly here, though many beg to die that way. It seems the humane thing to do to discourage them from coming. We both know that men never know what's best for themselves. That much is certain."

As they walked through the compound, they eventually came across groups of women who were practicing more civilized arts; harvesting olives and fruits, repairing buildings, and simply talking. But these peaceful interludes were soon shattered once more by the ring of metal against metal.

They were coming to a park circled by large buildings, again in the same relentless Parthenon style of the rest of them. The noise was coming from this courtyard. A group of women had gathered 'round to watch as four women attacked a fifth. The four women were at least as large as Damasippe or Solveig, and armed with scimitar, broadsword, two daggers, and a net and trident. The fifth woman was unarmed. She was breathtakingly beautiful, with long raven curls that reached down to the small of her back, broad shoulders, full breasts, and a muscular back. She wore nothing but the silver bracelets, same as everybody else around here. Kara wondered what she had done to merit being attacked by these four others, who seemed bent on her destruction.

Kara was amazed to see her singlehandedly, with amazing speed, fend off simultaneous attacks from all of her opponents. She was fast enough to interpose her silver bracelets between every sword and dagger blow, and



strong enough that her opponents' blades gave ground rather than she. The net-bearer, after many unsuccessful tries, managed first to snare her in her net of woven steel links. It seemed, though, that the encumbrance slowed her down only slightly. She kept the sword-carriers at bay with swift kicks until she was able to tear apart the steel net with her hands and break free. Within a few minutes more, she had managed to disarm her four opponents, destroying their weapons with the shock of the impact against her metal bracelets. Undaunted, they tried one last attempt to subdue her, seeking to wrestle her to the ground and pummel her with their fists. This was no more successful than the armed attack, as the lone woman sprung upward, flinging each of her attackers into the applauding crowd.

The lone woman turned to one of her attackers and said, "You are truly improving. It took me almost two and a half minutes this time before you were all disarmed. With more practice you should be able to beat the record and last three minutes." Her attacker bowed and saluted her, as if she had received an impressive compliment. Whoever she was, she was obviously a warrior of great strength and skill, able to keep four formidable women at bay, and setting such a high standard that it was considered remarkable that they were able to stand against her that long while unarmed.

The crowd began to disperse, and General Damasippe approached her respectfully, bowing slightly. "Princess, this is the captive we freed that I was telling you about. The one that is immensely strong. She managed to defeat Solveig quite handily, and if the contest were of sheer strength alone, she would have easily beaten me at Colchican wrestling."

"And?" replied the Princess, her eyebrow arching quizzically.

"I was wondering, if you would be willing to vie with her at one of the conventional tests of strength, to find out what her limits truly are. If that is agreeable to both of you."

Kara wondered what was going on; she was partially relieved to see her own skepticism partially reflected on the Princess's face. The Princess turned to address her directly, smiling graciously. Kara did as the other women did and bowed slightly before meeting the Princess's gaze. The Princess said, "My friend and comrade, it is not customary here for us to see our guests discomfited in public. Should you wish to decline the challenge which our General has saw fit to make on your behalf, you may surely do so without any loss of honour whatsoever."

It was apparently one of the features of this outfit, Kara thought to herself, that they manage to know exactly what to tell you in order to get a 110% effort out of everybody. Kara was by no means certain that she wanted to get into a battle of strength with the Princess – until now. But at the Princesses' ultra-courteous invitation to back down, she decided that she instead would meet the Princess at whatever test these people could devise.

"I would be happy to pit my own strength against you, Your Majesty." Being called "Your Majesty" made the Princess's eyes roll, and lightened her face up considerably.

"Please, call me Diana."

"Thank you, Diana ... But, I would like to make sure if possible that our contest be one of strength, and not a game of strategy like Colchican wrestling."

"I gathered that from what the General told me. Then again, she wouldn't be where she is if she were not an equal master of ruse and battle. But we both would learn very little from the outcome unless the contest was one of strength alone."

"Thank you. It is true, I have not practiced any of your Colchican games or martial skills, and people around here seem to spend a lot of their time on just those things."

"You sell us short, perhaps; but there is much truth in your words."

With this, the Princess's eyes lit on a nearby marble pedestal awaiting a new statue. She gestured towards the pedestal and had two benches brought forward. Sitting on one, the Princess placed her elbow on the pedestal and invited Kara to do the same. "I take it you know how this one is played. There isn't a great deal of room for strategy here. One arm against the other."

Kara found this match reasonably un-suspicious. She sat down on her bench and locked her right hand against the Princess's. "On the count of three, General," the Princess said. And beneath the steely but impartial gaze of the General, the contest began.

The Princess's almond eyes widened with amazement as her arm was forced almost to the bare stone by Kara's initial thrust. But then it was Kara's turn, as the princess slowly but surely began to turn the tide, until they both were roughly back where they started. Both women glanced at each other briefly, as if to acknowledge that this was not going to be as easy as either of them thought at first.

The Princess's bicep was a furrowed mass of living rock, fed furiously by pounding blood vessels that seemed ready to burst out of her skin. She grit her teeth, and began to force Kara's arm towards the surface of the stone.

And Kara grit her teeth, now more determined than ever that the Princess would not emerge the victor from this contest. She too set her teeth on edge and decided that there was no holding back here. Kara began to fight back towards the centre. Her bicep began to glow inside faintly at first.

But the Princess was not about to relinquish the gains she had won with so much effort. Kara was able to force her back up slightly towards the centre. She grimaced and gasped, attempting to increase her leverage. No luck.

By this time, a circle of spectators had begun to gather around the pedestal. Kara became dimly aware that she faced a hostile crowd. One of the women approached the Princess's bench. "Why are you toying with her? Why don't you finish her off?" she asked.

"Shut ... up ...!" was the Princess's only response, her usually elaborate courtesy all but forgotten in the midst of this battle. The other women were cheering for the Princess. Kara, however, had Solveig cheering her on sheepishly, despite the disapproving glances of the other women.

Blood began spurting out of the Princess's fingertips, and trickling down the back of Kara's hand. Her face and forehead were now lined with pain; her backside was lined with rolling sweat, her teeth clenched in a grimace of steel determination, as she rolled her eyes to the heavens, as if she were praying for further strength. Her biceps, already pumped with effort, turned first red and then purple with blood. The burning pain of exertion turned to agony, and then to an achy numbness. Her hand seemed like it was clutching hot iron. She seemed to falter a bit. But not much, and not enough.

Kara closed her eyes in sheer concentration. The glow in Kara's biceps was now noticeable, first turning red, and now at an easily visible yellowish white. A faint but high-pitched whine seemed to emerge from her arms and shoulders. Kara smelled an acrid smell. Her long blonde hair had brushed against her arm and shoulder. It was singeing. The spectators could see the air around Kara's body shimmering with heat. Her shoulder ached and burned with effort. But each woman's effort so far was being matched by her opponent.

There was a loud report! Both women fell forward, on opposite sides; both immediately began clutching their arms in pain. Neither was sure of what had happened, or who had won the battle. It became apparent that the loser, in fact, was the marble pedestal. It had cracked and shattered, unable to endure the force both women were putting into it. The Princess moved her forearm up and down, and Kara shook her own, both women uncertain as to whether their arms still worked or not. The palm of the Princess's hand was blistered where it had touched Kara's skin. But for all that, the Princess was on her feet and helped Kara to hers. "You definitely made your point," was all she had to say to her at first.

Diana leaned over to whisper to her softly.

<"You didn't think I was actually going to -resolve- this, eh?">

<"Perhaps we shouldn't do this too often," was Kara's whispered reply. "It's hell on the furniture.">

The crowd of spectators crowded around them, cheering. They were cheering the Princess for being so mighty. But they were also cheering for Kara, that she had proven herself a worthy opponent to the Princess also. Everyone congratulated Kara for her efforts here. No one had ever been able to go toe to toe with their Princess before.

The Princess invited Kara to dine with her that evening.

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The palace was a place of splendor, but in the midst of the other splendors of the island it seemed only slightly more elaborate. The dining room, by contrast, was positively frugal. Fresh fruit, vegetables, and game seemed to be the chief items on the menu. Kara was surprised to see that the Princess and herself would be dining alone.

They both reclined on couches to eat, as was the apparent custom here. So much the better, this means I won't have to use my arm that much. For Kara was still rather stiff from that afternoon's exertions. So, for that matter, was

the Princess; her arm looked sore and bruised.

The Princess approached her after their Spartan meal and, seeing how sore Kara was, began to massage her arm and shoulder. No one for a long time had been able to massage Kara's body the way the Princess did for a long time; everyone else only managed to move around her skin a bit, but the Princess's powerful grip worked deep, loosening up her still somewhat sore muscles.

"If you would like to leave, we can arrange that; we can take you to Earth or to space. But I would really like it if you could stay with us for a while. Maybe even join our sisterhood. We fight to defend the freedom and independence of women everywhere."

"We are all strong here on Colchica; but my own strength was a gift from our goddesses. Never before have I met an opponent whom I was truly able to test my body against. Our training could teach you to be an even more effective warrior. And we could train together, becoming both of us stronger as we find someone our near equal train with."

Kara met the Princess's gaze. Her eyes were all dewy, and her nipples standing at attention. It was obvious that the Princess would like to test her body against Kara's in more than mere tests of strength. "Stay with us for at least a while, and I will show you why many call this island Paradise ..."