

# SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 04, The Samson Effect

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## Little Firebug – Chapter 4

### The Samson Effect

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#### *Beyond the orbit of Saturn*

Scraelin had done some background checking on her latest “trapper” before she would even bring her into sufficient confidence to make a purchase. You didn’t get far in this business without knowing your clientele, and knowing who to cross and who not to cross. And, the Arions were definitely not an outfit you wanted to have a grudge against you.

The offer of a young Velorian was simply too good to be true. Certainly there would be willing purchasers for such a commodity, if it were possible to train one. But, to find someone qualified to train one would be nigh unto impossible.

*Certain Arions were in fact some of her reliable customers.*

She had favors that she could call, and Arions who owed her. So it came to pass that immediately after Kirrin had contacted her, informing her that she was bringing a Velorian that she had managed to capture on a mission to Earth, she was on a subspace link to an officer of the Arion External Command. This officer had a taste for green-skinned Vegans, of either sex; for after he had spoilt them physically with his attentions, he found they were quite palatable when poached and served with Bechamel sauce. Naturally this was an expensive luxury. He had dealt with Scraelin many times before.

He laughed when she mentioned the name “Kirrin”. “Indeed, I know who she is. A bigger rogue than you are. We both know what you are after. She is completely a wild card, once she got off the homeworld she lost all sense of discipline. Multiple acts of insubordination were reported on her record during her current mission to Terra.

“She apparently -enjoys- showing off in front of the primitives. That is what concerns the External Command most. The last thing we need to do is arouse the suspicions of the Terrans. I know I can speak for the Command on this – she is a wild card, she needs to be removed. If you manage to capture her you will be doing Aria a favor. You can deal with her as you like.”

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When Scraelin finally -met- Kirrin, she could see that the External Command’s impressions were more than justified. Such a flighty, sensual creature. Not at all a sober, goal-directed businesswoman like herself. This may be easier than I first thought.

It rather disgusted her the way she seemed to enjoy -teasing- this Velorian scum. Certainly there were some amusing aspects to the whole business; it is fun to see all that heroic posturing and virtuous talk melt away when you turn their bodies against their minds. But Kirrin was looking at her differently. She was not a piece of merchandise to her. It seemed obvious to Scraelin that Kirrin was actually -attracted- to that Velorian. Now I realize that they’re pretty, if you like that sort of thing; but could there beat in the breast of an Arion Prime a heart so devoid of patriotism and respect for tradition, that you could imagine allowing one of -them- to touch you? After all, even she was no pillar of loyalty to Aria, she had her own agenda; but even she could not imagine such an offense against her upbringing.

It was worse, she soon learned. Kirrin had apparently been cavorting with the primitives. She had a number of them following her around like pets, she said; but from the way she talked, it would appear that the games Kirrin played with the Terrans went beyond “fetch” and even beyond “roll over.” Scraelin had met enough of her share of disgusting customers to keep smiling through this exchange. But it did not improve her impression of Kirrin one whit.

Insubordination could be forgiven. Even the treason inherent in attraction to a Velorian could be rationalized. But bestiality was something else entirely.

So, when the subject of payment came up, a plan began to form immediately in Scraelin’s mind.

“You plan to remain on Terra for some time, and continue to interact with the Terrans, don't you?” She already knew the answer. “So naturally you will wish to be paid in the Terran universal currency, I surmise?”

Kirrin did not realize that Terrans had a universal currency. She thought that they attached value to strips of paper, and that many of their financial affairs were handled electronically. “A universal Terran currency? Whatever is it?”

“You must be familiar with the paper and electronic objects they use on Terra. But each of their tribes has a different system and different designs. One tribe's designs are useless in another's territory.”

*“Yes, I have seen this.”*

“There is fortunately one item that serves as a unit of value that can be used almost anywhere on Terra, regardless of which tribe they are in. Come, let me show you.”

Scraelin led Kirrin to a large safe. After fiddling with the electronic combination pad and passing a hand scanner, the door opened. Kirrin stepped forward, her curiosity whetted by Scraelin's apparent knowledge of a secret about Terra she did not know about. But as she stepped forward, she was pushed from behind and heard the safe door slamming behind her.

*“What kind of treachery!...” she said as she wheeled around to confront Scraelin. But then, in the distance a relay clicked, and the barren metal sides of the chamber slid back to reveal –*

## **Gold!**

Every line of the safe's interior was lined with gold. This worthless metal was dirt-cheap on Arion. But as Kirrin was exposed to the gold, it felt as if something was being pulled out of her body. She looked down and saw waves of shimmering energy being drawn out of her and into the gold, which absorbed it harmlessly. She rushed back to the safe door, intending to knock it off its hinges and escape. It was only steel.

*She could not.*

Then, a golden net fell from the ceiling, enveloping her completely. She struggled to break free from the golden mesh, but she was getting rather unsteady on her feet. The room was filling with a sort of gas.

*A sort of numbness seeped into her mind.*

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When Kirrin came to, she was shackled hand and foot to a sort of operating table. Various complicated sorts of equipment hung from robotic arms all around her. Some bore knives and other ominous looking surgical tools. Others bore electrodes and electronic devices. Kirrin recognized some of them as standard interrogation tools from her Arion training. Others were new to her.

Kirrin's shackles were of steel to which circlets of pure gold had been applied. She was shackled to the table by the wrists and ankles, and held down by a restraining bar around her waist and a steel collar around her neck. Golden circlets had been placed around her waist, her biceps, and her thighs. She was able to wriggle her wrists slightly, but the rest of her body was held completely immobile.

“You needn't try and struggle,” Scraelin said. “We have never had an Arion Prime as one of our guests here. We are going to have to figure out what works best to train you.

“You seemed to enjoy our young Velorian friend's predicament,” Scraelin purred. “Unfortunately, we did not have time to relax and prepare you for a similar experience. This might be a time to try out the new polarized amplification device.” Two electrodes were pasted to either side of Kirrin's head, and plugged into a bank of electronic controls.

One of the robot arms wheeled to a position directly over Kirrin's legs. It bore a relatively simple looking oblong box with a tiny hole in the end. A pale greenish light shone through the hole.

Scraelin pressed a button on the restraining arm, which made the oblong box begin to hum; and one of her slaves brought a hypodermic needle. To Kirrin's utter surprise, the needle was able to penetrate the skin of her arm and find an artery. “This isn't a relaxant – we won't need that. This is, however, a sensitizer and mild hallucinogen. It will help increase your awareness of sensations, and make time pass a little slower for you ...”

The oblong box let out a few greenish sparks, and then a pencil-thin beam of green light began streaming from the tiny hole. This was not like ordinary light, it did not fan out as it escaped; the beam remained coherent until it struck the table.

The robot arm whirred. "The computer monitors your brain state, and automatically repositions the beam for maximum effectiveness," Scraelin explained. The beam moved closer and closer to Kirrin until it grazed her inner thigh. Kirrin gasped, and gasped again as she felt her crotch opening up. Her clitoris, which had remained nestled and hidden in tension and anger, rose to prominence. The fiendish computer sensed this change immediately, and the robot arm clicked and whirred to aim the green beam directly at its sensitive tip and underside. She began gushing with a torrent as intense as it was unexpected.

Every nerve ending within reach of the beam screamed with tense excitement, begging to be touched and brought to release. She could feel the energy of the beam seeping into her surrounding muscles, making them tense and excited. She felt Scraelin's hand stroking and tickling her between her pubic hair and her bellybutton.

"Down!" she wanted to beg, "move your hand lower!" Kirrin tried to open her mouth to plead, but all that came out was a pant and moan. Her tongue seemed paralyzed within her mouth, hanging between her teeth, out of control. Kirrin could feel the drug starting to kick in. If she could concentrate enough, she could count each of the millions of nerve endings in her clitoris shrieking to explode with relief, each one telegraphing a message composed entirely of pure orgone energy up through her spinal cord, seeping into her body and brain.

"You're all tense," Scraelin said with mock sympathy. But it was true. While Kara's body was utterly relaxed and open to the orgone energy that profused her whole body through her skin, Kirrin's muscles were tensed to their utmost. Even though the gold held her great strength in temporary check, her whole body felt like a rigid pillar of steel. Her abs looked like a bas-relief carved in living marble. Her arms seemed to vibrate as they struggled against the restraints that immobilized her. And if Scraelin wasn't having so much fun, she would have noticed the steel portions of the cuffs starting to bend slightly.

"Let's see if we can't do something to help you open up your body more." Kirrin pressed another button on the control panel. A bluish energy field suddenly formed around the contours of Kirrin's body; and the energy almost as quickly coalesced into dozens of tiny sparks that began traveling up and down the surface of Kirrin's skin. They did not hurt; they tickled mercilessly. The sparks soon began to travel deep inside Kirrin's body as well as over the surface of her skin.

They penetrated her muscles, making them writhe uncontrollably, making it impossible for Kirrin to remain tense and try and block out the penetration of burning orgone energy. They seemed to tickle her to the very bones. They tickled her diaphragm, making it hard to breathe, keeping her just on the verge of hyperventilation. They tickled deep inside her womb, making the deepest innermost part that longed to yield to the steel massage of a strong male twitch instead with frustration.

As the tickling stripped away the last vestiges of her self-control, Kirrin began to weep and shriek. To do so in public was the ultimate humiliation of an Arion prime, the one thing she could never live down no matter what the provocation. The vibration in her restrained limbs settled into a slower and more violent rhythm, that still was unable to prevail against her restraints.

*Scraelin began to laugh heartily.*

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Then, Scraelin's amusement was cut short. An alarm blared through the room, drowning out Kirrin's gasps and sobs and Scraelin's chuckling. An electronic voice repeated, "Intruder! Intruder!"

"Damn," said Scraelin. "Just when this was starting to get interesting. Better go see what's going on."

She left Kirrin to drift on autopilot as she went into the next room, which housed the ship's main computer complex. Turning on the monitors, she saw that there were indeed a large body of intruders on board. They must be some kind of primitives, since they were all women, armed not even with a single laser pistol. All were apparently armed with swords and spears and other melee weapons. No doubt another group of primitives on a rescue mission.

Kirrin's ship's defensive systems were actually built to encourage boarders. They were, instead, built to subdue the boarders once they got aboard. She had dealt with rescue parties before, and discovered that they represented an easy way to beef up her inventory without going to the trouble of buying or catching more. Why discourage them from landing?

This group of boarders looked like a valuable catch indeed, consisting mostly of attractive females. We'll soon give them an attitude adjustment, she thought. Nonchalantly, she ordered a single security detail to round up the intruders. Half a dozen Betas and a robot armed with laser blasters and a painwhip, these forces should easily overpower mere terrans.

She watched astounded as her forces were routed. These attackers had shields of some kind on their arms that managed to easily deflect the laser gun fire. The Betas were subdued rapidly despite their superior strength over an ordinary human mortal. Whenever it seemed that her Betas had managed to subdue one of the intruders, there was one with long raven hair, half a foot taller than the other attackers, even more powerfully built, whose arrival made her Betas melt away under a hail of hammer-like kicks and blows.

She directed her robot guard to single that one out and subdue it before any of the other. Soon enough the robot had managed to lash her broad back several times with its neuroshock painwhip. One blow from that thing was usually enough to send a mortal into shock. It only seemed to make this one mad.

The big intruder turned to face the robot. Even Scraelin, with her contempt for mortals, could not help but admire this one, who seemed only more attractive for the scowl of rage and determination that shadowed her face. Again, the agony-dealing robotic whip shot forth. Its electronically controlled reflexes managed several times to make it past her attempts to block the blows with her bracelet shields. She could only imagine the agony this warrior woman was enduring; the neuroshock whip was invented, after all, by the Arion government to subdue rebellious Primes. And every successfully landed blow did seem to slow her somewhat, to reduce the effectiveness of her coordination. But she continued moving towards the robot.

The robot, though, was programmed with what to do in this circumstance. Extending the whip to its length, it struck out one last time, landing it squarely across its victims neck, wrapping it around. The warrior woman sunk to her knees, her face contorted in agony.

*"Oh, no ..."* Scraelin thought. *"She'll never survive that."*

And I wanted -her- most of all." She stood, mouth agape, as she saw that she still lived, though tears and sweat were running down her contorted face. She stood, mouth agape, as she saw that the robot's victim retained enough control to actually be able to force her hands to grasp the neuroshock wire, despite the paralyzing agony that touching it meant. And she leapt to her feet when she saw her tear the wire apart with her bare hands; and the last thing her monitor recorded was another of her hammer blows that knocked apart her robot servant; and the screen went blank.

Scraelin was starting to become mildly concerned. She barked out over the comlinks, "I want -every- security officer and robot to proceed IMMEDIATELY to Docking Bay 2. We have a serious intruder situation on hand."

I'd better get down there myself, she thought. We'll see how well whoever it is down there fares against disintegrator fire. She armed herself with the deadliest hand weapon aboard the ship, one which she kept here for her own use, one she wouldn't dare to trust to her most trusted crew member. She left the computer room and headed for the door.

But as she turned to the door, her eyes went wide with terror.

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Kirrin was free. The steel shackles were shattered on the floor; the golden restraints snapped quickly as soon as Kirrin had flexed her arms and legs.

Kirrin was free, and looking straight at her. She looked much bigger than she did before. Her muscles were pumped up to a degree unusual even for a powerful Arion. It seemed as if they were transparent, for inside them, behind the grain of easily visible striations, behind the purple knots of her veins, she could see her largest and most prominent muscles were glowing with a sort of a greenish glow. Sparks of energy curled and snapped in her hair, which now was spiked and frizzy as if her body contained a strong electrical charge.

The look in her eyes was awful. If Scraelin had just seen rage mixed with steel determination in the face of the intruders below, the look on Kirrin's face was rage mixed with insanity. She was still unable to speak. She took a few steps towards Scraelin and then paused, seemingly confused. She never took her eyes off Scraelin. She was uncertain what she needed more urgently: to kill her, or to fuck her.

Scraelin wasn't going to wait around to decide. She didn't have time for this. Time to cut her losses. Besides, if we capture some of those warrior women below, they will at least make up partially for this loss. She jacked up the

setting on her disrupter to the highest level, and fired it point blank at Kirrin. That was enough to destroy an Arion Prime male in full body armor.

It only made Kirrin mad. She shrieked as the destructive radiation blasted her in her granite-like abs. It should have been enough to fire a hole right through her. Something inside her was holding her together.

Kirrin screamed, or rather, roared with agony. As her lungs let out this powerful sound, her body began to tremble. An explosive wave of greenish energy poured out of her shaking body.

It struck Scraelin, and knocked her against the wall, dislodging the power pack of her disrupter. Scraelin now writhed in anxious distraction as she realized the nature of the energy she had been struck by.

Kirrin shrieked again. Another undirected bolt of energy poured out of her body. This one struck the computer banks. Immediately, the gyro gravity support of the ship was knocked out of kilter, and the floor seemed to lurch to one side.

Scraelin was almost helpless by this point. Kirrin fell upon her. Scraelin's death was less painful than she deserved, as Kirrin placed her hands around her neck and with one mighty squeeze broke her in two. Kirrin looked down at Scraelin's severed head and realized that she was not going to be able to kiss her the way she desperately needed to be kissed. She howled in rage and disappointment, and hurled the head through the computer's CPU units, knocking a hole clean through them.

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The ship now lurched and drifted, out of control. The artificial gravity fluctuated wildly throughout the decks, some decks losing it, others subjected to many times normal gravity.

The computer that controlled the robot guards was still operational; but it was crackling with orgone energy. The energy had a strange effect on the CPU's programming and internal goals. It formerly was motivated to subdue or kill the Amazonian invaders; but now it was content to look at them, and if possible to try and touch them with its sensors. The amazons themselves were easily able to destroy each of the leering robots, which made no effort to harm them, but followed them around like puppies.

Seeing their most powerful weapons had become inoperable, the remaining Betas fled. They headed for the escape pods as a voice blasted throughout the hallways and decks, warning that the reactor safeties were failing.

Amazons had discovered the slave pens. They were busily freeing slaves, mostly young women. All of them had that crazy, pleading look in their eyes. When they found one of them being tormented by a strange machine, they knew why. That one was kicking and wrestling her would-be rescuers, who were able to coax and calm her only with great difficulty.

Kirrin wandered through the ship aimlessly, driven to distraction by the loud alarms that were going off all around her. She encountered a group of Amazons, being led by the tall one, hurriedly herding a group of love-starved slaves off the ship.

*Their eyes met.*

Kirrin stepped forward, her mind filled with the same chaos she confronted with Scraelin. She had no way of knowing whether these people were friends or enemies.

Diana looked back at her with her eyes full of sorrow filled with anger. What kind of monsters were capable of doing such things to people? This one had apparently been tormented to the point of insanity. My magic golden lasso can enable me to make mental contact with her. I can try and calm her by touching her mind, and we can escape before the ship explodes ...

Diana quickly roped Kirrin, who bellowed in rage. All she knew was that someone was trying to capture her again! She struggled against the magic lasso, but found it was unbreakable even with the chaotic strength that now surged through her limbs.

Her rage set off another blast of orgone radiation streaming out of her out-of-control body. Diana saw it immediately, and stood to absorb most of it herself, shielding her sisters behind her from the worst of its debilitating effects. She felt herself puddle. There will be time enough to deal with that later, she reminded herself. First I must concentrate and try and touch her mind.

*But when mental contact was made, Diana had to break it. Trying to touch Kirrin's mind was like touching a white-hot*

*burner! Never before had Diana encountered such a firestorm of lust mixed with anger.*

*Kirrin continued to struggle against the unbreakable lasso.*

She could not free herself, and the thought filled her with even more bitter frustration. She could feel the gold inside it draining off some of the surplus energy of her body; not enough to bring her any major relief, though. Instead, she became even more alarmed, realizing that this effect was going to make it even harder for her to break this new captivity.

Diana, however, was having a greater and greater difficulty holding on to the lasso. It sparked and glowed as, like a wire, it began conducting massive amounts of orgone energy straight into her hands and arms. She almost had to let go. Her nipples felt like they were going to explode. But her mighty physical strength was equaled or perhaps surpassed by her steel willpower. The woman she had roped was emitting an immense amount of orgone energy, more than she had ever been exposed to in her training. Still, she was not going to yield to it. She could not. Lives were at stake.

She struggled back to her feet and began trying to rope in this unfortunate woman. She tried to focus on the memory of the searing pain the neuro-whip had dealt her, and use the flaming discomfort that lingered in her arms, neck, and back to try and block out the orgone effects. But even her mighty willpower was reeling as if under a barrage of sledgehammer kidney punches. She could not tell how long she would be able to hold out. She must try and subdue this woman quickly.

Kirrin saw her captor approaching. Her rage began once more to boil over. She still tried struggling against the unbreakable golden lasso. No use. The frustration seemed to pour out of her very skin, as she started to vibrate. A green egg of pure energy seemed to surround her, and then explode with crackling bolts of orgone energy. Diana fell to her knees, straining with the effort to hold on. When she could open her eyes once more, her lasso was empty. That unfortunate slave woman must have exploded before she could be saved.

Damn, she thought! Whatever they did to her disintegrated her! She struggled to her feet, barely able to walk, barely able to endure the touch of her armor against her skin. She had seen sights of unspeakable degradation and depravity here today. She had been whipped to the limits of her superhuman endurance. And now this. It felt as if her clit had been turned to stone, except that every time she moved it reminded her that it was still very much alive. Now it was her turn to seethe with anger and frustration. As she made her way back to her ship, she vowed: if she ever came across the people who did this, there would be none of them left standing when she was through with them.

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The Amazon craft made record time through the darkness of space as Diana rowed furiously at the oars, her already mighty limbs being further empowered by anger and frustration. The slow burn induced by hard rowing helped keep her mind off her aching crotch. She longed for a warm bath at home with about fifteen of her fellow Amazons, or maybe, a swim in the trained octopus tank. But in the meantime, she knew she had to put a lot of distance between the Amazon craft and Scraelin's slave ship. The wooden spacecraft was several parsecs away from Scraelin's craft as she pulled it through the heavens. In the distance, it exploded in a fury of special effects.

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*But on Aria, an angry voice rattled the comlinks ...*

**“WHERE ARE MY PITUITARIES!!!”**

“I'm sorry, ma'am, we haven't been able to reach your supplier. She has not been responding to our hails ...”

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It was the pain of materializing in the vacuum of space that perhaps saved Kirrin's sanity. Her skin, her eyes seemed to want to explode as they were surrounded by nothing but hard vacuum. She was damp all over with sweat and wetness; on the sunlit side of her it boiled away and on the shaded side of her it froze, in less than a second. Ordinarily, even an Arion could not survive this exposure for long. But the same power that preserved her from the point blank disruptor blast, also kept her together in this. No matter how overheated her other instincts were, the pain of exposure to the vacuum made her instinct for survival kick in.

She saw a blue planet. Instinctively, she began to streak towards it. Her skin burned as she entered the atmosphere. She was not clocking herself, but she was flying faster than she had ever flown before. Must reach the surface! this

was the only coherent thought her over stimulated mind could form. Then maybe she could do something about the intolerable excitement that still made her veins pound ...