

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 06, Diana's Return

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Little Firebug – Chapter 6

Diana's Return

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Near Earth Space

Thanks in part to Diana's efforts born of monumental frustration, the Amazon vessel made it back to its space dock in record time.

But if she thought that the journey home was taking an agonizingly long time, the inevitable debriefings and reports at the end of the mission were worse. One of the burdens of leadership, this duty also had to be discharged before her burning imagination could be set free. It was getting to the point where the worst part of being a superhero was the paperwork.

That, however, eventually too was done. Diana threw down the quills hurriedly, and eagerly went looking for relief.

She passed some of the chambers and bathing pools where the amazons typically resorted when they wished to enjoy each other's company. Some of these were being used by her sisters who had accompanied her on her rescue mission, and been affected by the stray orgone discharges. The most violent portion of their passion had already been expended by the time Diana reached them; and they looked too mellow to really suit her. They were at the point where they were only giggling and caressing each other. But Diana was generally in too foul a mood to be good company for them in any case.

In other rooms, teams of Amazons were busy trying to revive the slave girls they had captured. They were too busy struggling with their charges to pay her the attention she needed.

She did, however, have a third option. She went down to an area of the shore surrounding the island. The beach here was steep and narrow, but she could still immerse herself in the warm sea waters of the incoming tide. She spread her legs and caressed herself, knowing that her own excitement was sending a mental message into the surrounding sea. The motion of the waves and the slight sting of the foam running over her body only increased her excitement.

Soon enough, two golden eyes appeared in the clear green water. A large octopus, almost seven feet long from one tip to another, nestled between her legs and hoisted itself on top of her.

The origins of these very special creatures of the sea are lost in legend. They are intelligent, more intelligent than dolphins; some say they are as intelligent as humans themselves. Some say that the octopuses of Paradise Island are descended from the wizards of ancient Atlantis, who transformed themselves into this shape when they knew their island was doomed. At any rate, they share a psychic link with the Amazons, and by giving them pleasure, they can mentally share in their pleasure.

Wonder Woman opened herself up to the sea creature and began stroking it between the eyes, like a cat. She sighed as the muscular lips of the creature found her stone-hard clit, and began gently moving up and down it with moist pressure, and probing her with its feather-like tongue. She shivered with anticipation as she felt one of its tentacles exploring and probing her nether lips, and beginning to slip inside her.

The octopus was muscular, and yet almost infinitely flexible. It could hold her tightly with the strength of its body, or probe her like a moist fingertip that could bend and reach everywhere, and its eight fingertips could touch her all over, all at once. She could not harm it even when her inner muscles tensed and gripped, because it could fit almost anywhere. Moreover, each of its strong arms was covered with a double row of kisses, in the shapes of its dozens of suction cups that could grip her and release her at will.

She could not help but cry out as a tentacle writhed inside her, probing ever deeper, back into the most secret and sensitive places inside her. It coiled and twisted to fill her, exploring every crevice inside her to test their sensitivity, as the suckers of the very tip found the deep place inside her that made her shudder the most intensely. The coiled

tentacle then began to move gently but insistently inside her in an undulating pattern of grip and release, grip and release; while the tip probed the shuddery place until she could shudder no more, and had no choice but to yield control of her body completely to the cool yet fiery caresses of the mollusk. The other arms began caressing her all over, from her inner thighs to the small of her back, seemingly simultaneously, in time with the movements of the tentacle inside her.

As this probing started, Diana arched her back and shivered.

Her hands cupped her breasts; as she sighed, she seemed to kiss the empty air above her. Eventually, however, the muscles of her back relaxed, and indeed her whole body relaxed, as her body became a passive instrument on which the eight-armed sea creature played a complex symphony of pleasure. Her eyes fluttered in a half open, half closed state; her only movement was of her head, which lolled from side to side as her mouth still sought to kiss someone or something above her that wasn't there. Her arms fell away to her sides and she lay spread-eagle on the beach, her only movements seeming to be a gentle opening and closing of her hands in time with the octopus's pulse inside her.

Her thoughts were filled with faces, and of memories when she had been in this state before, or wanted more than anything to be here. She thought of the first time she discovered the strange excitement that befell her when she touched herself below. She thought of the discovery that her strong sisters could touch her in a way that brought a reaction that was even more intense. She thought of the General's caress; and how she, being the next mightiest Amazon on the island, could bring her pleasure when no one else could. She thought of when she was chosen to become the Wonder Woman. After that, after she became much more powerful than any other Amazon on the island, it seemed that her pleasures became far more intense as her body grew stronger. The vigor in all her limbs seemed to be mirrored by the vigor of her orgasms. She thought, at last, of Kal – and the strange, guilty pleasure of imagining him touching her.

And then, she realized. There was a purpose behind her vow never to allow a man to touch her this way. She could open herself up here, among the disciplined and utterly loyal Amazon warriors of Paradise Island. She could open herself up before its friendly magical creatures. But she was utterly helpless. She could not move to defend herself even if she wanted to. She especially could not defend herself in this state against a being as powerful as a man who could please her in this fashion would need to be. Moreover, she could only do so with a man she could trust: and the lesson of the history she had studied underlined: no man could be trusted that way. None.

There was a reason why the training of every Amazon included a regimen to steel their willpower, to prevent them from being mastered by their own desires; and why before her selection they had taken care to ensure that hers was much stronger than average. Ordinarily, she was the mightiest being on this island – indeed, the mightiest creature of flesh and blood in her universe, as far as she knew. Now, as the spasms and aftershocks of pleasure poured through her helpless limbs, she surely was the weakest. Now, her mind, usually a tower of iron determination, was the plaything of a cephalopod's knowing caresses.

These dark thoughts intruded on the octopus's mental link with her pleasures. It knew how to bring her back. With renewed energy it gently massaged the place it knew would send her back to the clouds. Diana shuddered, and wriggled on her back; the tide washed over them both again, as she drifted away on a current of thrill so intense it seemed half again like pain ...