

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 07, The Jackals

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Little Firebug – Chapter7

The Jackals

by Sharon Best

AUTHORS NOTES:

The Little Firebug series has become a very complicated lately, so I will try to summarize the interconnection of the plots and characters. You should read the FAQ to get an in-depth background on the various races involved. This story has a loose connection to my previous series, *Adventures of Aurora* and *Adventures of a Supergirl*.

The story begins with Kara just after she has been captured by the evil Kirrin, an Arion female. Kirrin and the slaver use a unique form of energy, Orgone, that is one of the few things in the universe that can disable Supergirl. This energy, whose disabling effect is proportional to the physical strength of the person it is applied to, causes extreme, intense and continuous sexual arousal. In Kara's case, due to her immensely powerful physique, the effect of the energy is so extreme that she is unable to resist the demands of her captors. While in this docile state of continuous intense arousal, she is sold to a group of slavers who attempt to transport her to a mining colony for sale as a super concubine who could potentially service the entire colony.

She is subsequently rescued from this horrible fate by a group of Amazons, led by Wonder Woman, who take her to Paradise Island and attempt to nurse her back to health. The unique ability for Velorian women, like Kara, to store immense amounts of energy in their bodies, primarily their breasts, makes it very difficult and strenuous for the Amazons, despite their advanced sexual skills and energetic physiques, to rid Kara of the Orgone energy that now controls her body.

Near the end of her therapy, a massive storm descends on Paradise Island. The immense electrical discharges begin to destroy the island and all the buildings on it as the Amazons, including Wonder Woman, are helpless. Kara flies to the top of the Acropolis, which unbeknownst to her is really a Dimensional Transport Device, and uses her unique ability to absorb massive amounts of energy into her breasts to draw the electrical fury of the storm into herself.

However, the storm is even stronger than she had imagined and the energy rushes into her body faster than she can handle it, eventually triggering a massive uncontrolled energy release. This triggers the Dimensional Transport and sends her to an Earth that at first appears to be like the one she left, but is in reality very different.

She finds, much to her surprise, that there is a man here on this Earth, not an Arion or a Velorian, called Superman who has abilities that are nearly as great as her own. At the same time, this world has never heard of her, the popular heroine from her own Earth. Superman, long frustrated by living among the soft weak Terrans of Earth, and Kara, having many of the same frustrations, discover that they, despite their different backgrounds, ages and philosophies, have a nearly undeniable hunger that is shared between them. This gorgeous Supergirl lands right in the middle of the relationship between Superman and his fiance, Lois, who is ill-equipped to compete for his attentions with this teenage Supergirl.

Meanwhile, Kirrin, the Arion woman who initially sold Kara to the slave traders, is herself captured by them as they try to recover their losses. They attempt to infuse her with Orgone energy the same way, but find out the hard way that Arions respond differently to it. She finally makes an escape, suffused with Orgone energy, and winds up physically crashing onto this same Earth. She is completely out of control due to the effects of Orgone energy, energy that still has the same primary effect on her as it had on Kara, but which also has the side-effect on all Arions of making them much stronger and more aggressive than normal. Superman attempts to subdue her, but is himself strongly affected by the Orgone energy that is radiating from Kirrin.

While all this happening on Earth, there is another story element starting back on the planet of Daxxon, the sister planet to Velor, the planet Kara is from. It involves a woman, named Cassandra, debilitated from being captured and tortured by the Arions, who undergoes experimental drug treatments to overcome a nerve disorder that resulted from

her tortures. The treatments are far more successful than expected resulting in her growing to be nearly 7' tall and becoming massively muscled. However, an unknown side effect of the drug is that she becomes very aggressive and anti-social. After some adventures, particularly that of becoming the first female to win the physique round of a male bodybuilding contest, she escapes Daxxan to avoid imprisonment for her crimes of violence and travels to Earth.

Kassandra lands on Earth in the middle of an incredible land battle involving high technology weapons. On Superman's Earth, the Aztec civilization was not totally destroyed by the Spanish and has maintained a foothold in the South American country of Colombia. The Aztec religion, augmented by the immense drug trade that funds it from Colombia, actually has immense influence across the planet as Aztec believers and sympathizers are involved in government and business in most countries. The true power 'behind the throne' on this world are the Aztec priests.

Due to attempts to control the drug trade by North America, the Aztecs become bolder and muster a huge army, funded by their drug trade and a political union composed of most other South American countries. They begin a military conquest of North America. Kassandra lands in the middle of a huge land battle being fought in Mexico.

Superman and Supergirl, along with a very different Kirin, become involved in first stopping Kassandra, who, as a gigantic pure-bred Velorian, is probably more powerful than all of them combined and then in stopping the war.

There are also a variety of other subplots going on at the same time involving other characters from the Lois and Clark TV series and some new characters of my own invention. Overall, a very complicated series of plot lines. But at least on the bright side, the folks who assist me in developing these stories haven't run out of ideas for this genre yet!

Sulfur Wells, Arizona, late afternoon

(This chapter in the series picks up from the middle of Chapter 3 where Kara had met Pete and Sybil in a town in the Nevada desert. I came up with the idea for a new character, Monica, after looking through a recent bodybuilding magazine. This fantasy character is a fitness competitor and model that has a unique birthright that even she doesn't know about.)

Kara's remaining costumes, and her backpack, were delivered early in the evening, including a replacement for the costume that had been damaged during the testing. Sybil and a few of her friends who used to work at the clothing factory had worked all through the afternoon to tailor the clothes she had purchased at Kitties. Off the shelf clothing just didn't fit her dramatic figure, especially her new bust-line. It was clear it was going to take another couple of days for the three of them to tailor her entire wardrobe for her.

Kara had helped where she could, but despite her nimble fingers and super speed, she didn't have the skills for fine tailoring. Sybil finally sent her off with Pete to enjoy herself while they did the work. She was now 'their' Supergirl and they were going to take care of her. The whispered comments and giggles from the women as Sybil described Kara's reaction to seeing Superman on TV kept them entertained through the long afternoon and evening. They may not be able to meet Superman themselves, but the women knew that this fabulous young girl was about to. In addition, with her physique and powers, not to mention her obvious and strong arousal upon seeing Superman on TV, they figured their hero was about to enjoy some aspects of life on this planet that he had probably missed up to now. The fact that Kara was still very young was forgotten as Sybil mentioned that she was quite 'mature' for her age, despite the fact that she still looked like a teenage girl.

Kara herself had been in an unusually good mood since the episode in the garage with Sybil as this was the first time that any Terran had come close to taking her all the way to orgasm without her assistance, although not without using a bit of 'Tool Time' technology. The fact that she had only needed to use her own strength for the last few seconds was remarkable in and of itself.

The experience had left her with a pleasant buzz as she found that she was in the mood for some music and fun. It was Saturday night after all and Pete said that the TGIF lounge was a great place for dancing. Kara put her short pleated skirt back on and one of the skintight deeply dished tops she had purchased that afternoon at Kitties. The top was cut deeply enough that it barely clung to the edge of her nipples, displaying most of her firm round widely

separated breasts. The bottom came just below her ribs, leaving her stomach and most of her back bare.

Since the absorption of energy back on Paradise Island, Kara had grown from being a smallish C-cup to a very large D-cup. Yet her fabulous physique allowed her to still be as firm as ever. She had studied herself in the mirror before dressing and was surprised that she still had only a tiny hint of a teardrop shape to her large breasts, almost as if gravity had little influence on her. Her breasts were nearly perfectly round and widely separated, sitting unusually high on her chest, although they now naturally touched at the center of her breastbone since she had grown so much larger. She wondered if this was a permanent change in her body? Turning sideways, she took one more look at her now even more breathtaking 40-22-35 figure ... yes, she would be quite a sensation at the club tonight, especially with this top on. She was in the mood to turn some heads and this outfit was going to do it.

She wore the bottom of her new costume, a tiny thong, with the vaporously thin top folded down and tucked into the waistband. She would at least have her essential modesty preserved even though the tiny pleated mini-skirt she was wearing was scandalously short.

Peter's reaction to her as she came down the stairs said that she was truly ready for the club tonight. His open-mouthed stare, especially after seeing the tanned expanse of her large breasts as they mounded well up above her deeply dished top, was testimony enough to his mood. The soft ripples of her flat stomach and her well-tanned skin and blond hair formed striking contrasts with her white mini-skirt. Her long legs seemed to rise forever until finally disappearing under that tiny skirt, a skirt that only tantalized with what it didn't show. She was about to go when Sybil produced a final touch in the form of a piece of jewelry, a 24K gold necklace that her late husband had once purchased for her when his business had been going well. It was fashioned as a delicate woven chain that Sybil attached tightly around Kara's tiny waist.

As soon as she snapped the chain closed, Kara felt a very funny sensation, almost a weakness, coming over her. It disappeared quickly, but left her with a pleasant glow that seemed to accent the buzz she still felt from her earlier exploits. She had learned earlier from Aurora that surrounding her body with a pure gold link like this would dramatically weaken her, interfering with the energy flows in her body, but it would also give her a pleasant buzz, almost as if she was high on pot. She knew she was still stronger than the combined strength of several men and could easily tear the soft metal chain from her waist with just her raw strength if she needed to quickly regain her powers. Her invulnerability was somewhat reduced at the same time, yet Aurora had told her that she would still be able to resist small arms fire or being cut with a knife, although perhaps not without feeling some significant pain.

This was the first time she had ever done this, worn gold, and she was amazed how it made her feel incredibly sexy and alive, full of energy, and a lot more sensitive to touches, sounds and colors. It was a strange combination of feelings, somewhat psychedelic, and extremely pleasant. Her reduced strength also made her feel more feminine as she knew she wasn't going to have to be so very careful in touching people tonight.

She was feeling wonderful as she slipped her arm into Pete's while they headed for the door. The older women, whispering behind them, commented on how striking a couple they were. Their blond hair and strong bodies moving effortlessly down the sidewalk to Pete's car, looking almost like they had been made for each other.

His car, a slightly ratty Mustang, got them to the club on the edge of town. As they arrived, they both noticed a bunch of bikers sitting on their machines in the parking lot, it looked like a gang Kara had seen from the LA area. If it wasn't for her powers, she would have asked Pete to turn around and leave now. But she knew she could always remove the gold chain if she needed to regain her super strength to deal with these characters. She recognized the gang as the Jackals, who had quite a notorious reputation.

The two of them stood in the parking lot for a moment as they saw several other cars drive in, look at the bikers and then leave. It wasn't going to be crowded tonight, Pete thought. He realized he wouldn't be here himself if he wasn't with Kara. It was a weird feeling, depending on your date and such a young girl at that, for protection, but when the girl was a thousand times stronger than any Terran man, it didn't make much sense to do otherwise. With her muscles, she could bend steel beams easier than he could snap toothpicks!

They got a table near the dance floor as Pete looked around nervously at the dozen or so gang members sitting near the bar. They were already giving the waitresses a hard time and they were just now starting to drink. This was going to be a wild night. He was pretty good in a fight, but these guys were huge and mean looking.

The bikers were quickly forgotten as the band started playing and Kara stood up and gave him a tug toward the dance floor. A half dozen couples joined them as Kara quickly showed the benefits of being as strong and fit as she was. Her sensuous and athletic dancing mesmerized Pete as he found that he couldn't come close to keeping up with her. She soon seemed lost in her dancing, eyes closed more than open, as her body moved across the floor

with the gracefulness of a professional dancer.

Kara put all of her long years of dance instruction to use as the music seemed to take over her body. The high from the gold chain seemed to grow far more intense while moving to the loud strong beat of the music. She had never understood why people did drugs until this very moment. Those substances had never had any effect on her super physique, but the gold chain made her feel the way she had often heard good pot described. Maybe the effects from that plus some good coke. Yeah, that was the feeling, she imagined, like the two of them together.

The music finally ended, much too soon, as she felt Pete guiding her back to her chair. Her body was still moving a bit from the music as she thirstily downed the drink the waitress had left. She remembered Aurora saying something about avoiding drugs when she was wearing a gold band, but she didn't remember why now. She leaned closer to Pete as she reached down to place his hand on her firm bare thigh as she leaned over to kiss him.

"Hmmm, Pete, you never did tell me what you thought of my legs. I think I've got the best legs on this planet, I guess I should, I'm Supergirl. What do you think of them ...?"

Pete was surprised by the sudden change in this usually modest girl. But he certainly wasn't complaining. Her warm kisses and the feel of his hand on her gorgeous thighs, as she firmly squeezed it between them, was really turning him on.

"I think you're incredible, Kara, your legs are the most gorgeous I have ever seen." He leaned over closer. "Especially now that I know how strong you really are."

Kara felt even warmer and more comfortable a few minutes after she had finished her drink. She asked Pete to order another, a Whisky Sour, as she leaned against him.

"You never told me you liked my muscles, Pete. Would you like me to show them to you, maybe to everyone here. I bet they've never heard of Supergirl?"

The music suddenly started again as he leaned closer.

"Ah no, Kara, why don't we dance again."

"OK ..." was all she said in a funny high voice.

She was starting to get up when the waitress returned with another drink. Kara downed it in a single gulp as Pete led her back to the stage. Her dancing this time was even less inhibited as she spun around, skirt flying up to her waist giving everyone a view of how little of her rounded ass the thong actually covered. She quickly became the center of attention in the club as she moved from partner to partner, dancing so frenetically that no one could keep up with her for more than a few moments. She finally bumped up against one of the pretty but zoned-out chicks that traveled with the Jackals. She had large saggy tits that were barely covered with a halter top; she was dancing with a couple of the bikers.

One of the bikers turned away from her and started dancing with Kara. He was good, Kara thought, as he struggled yet was barely able to keep up with her. She laughed at him as she danced faster and closer to him as she dared him to keep up with her. She could see that his eyes were focused on her chest as her large breasts kept trying to escape her tiny top as she moved. Only the fact that she was far firmer than other women allowed her top to stay on!

The girl with the bikers saw what was going on. Her man was getting wrapped up with this blond chicky as she saw him staring down at her tits. She suddenly slid herself between them as she pulled her top up and tossed it off the stage. Her large bulbous breasts drew his attention away from Kara as she danced so close to him that her bare breasts were rubbing against his chest.

Kara saw what the woman had done and was pissed that she had pushed her out of the way. This was the first guy she had met tonight that could even come close to keeping up with her dancing, he probably had also trained as a dancer at some point. What he was doing riding with an outlaw biker gang would probably make an interesting story.

Well, two can play at this game. She turned to smile at the other biker as she slowly teased him by pulling her top up just enough to show the underside of her tits. She lithely spun away as he reached for her as she continued to tease him, and everyone else within eyeshot, by tantalizing them with some quick looks at her fabulous breasts. Finally, he got a good grip on her top as she raised her arms at the same time that he ripped it off her body! He swung it over his head before tossing it into the audience! Kara heard a chorus of whistles and claps from the tables, as her dancing, not to mention the dramatic appearance of her bared chest, was drawing quite a crowd. They had never

seen a woman as firm and shapely as this girl! The enthusiastic reaction of the men somehow made Kara feel even sexier. She turned to see that the first biker was staring back at her, lust filling his face, as his girlfriend had only dark fire in her eyes.

Pete looked across the stage as he saw Kara encouraging that huge biker to take her top off before tossing it into the crowd! The resulting catcalls and whistles embarrassed him. What the hell was his date doing stripping up on the stage! His embarrassment became anger as he started to move across the stage to try and retrieve her before she made a complete fool of herself. But before he could get there, she and the other woman were suddenly surrounded by about 20 or 30 cheering, and leering, bikers. The two women were contained in a circle of the men as the two of them danced even more frenetically. Pete tried to push his way in, but was suddenly flung backwards by one of the bikers. He followed the blow with a truly evil and threatening look. Pete lay on his side along the edge of the dance floor as he wondered if he really should try that again.

Kara certainly shouldn't need his protection, hell, she was Supergirl, although nobody here knew that but him. But he still didn't understand what she was doing. He remembered that she had looked like she was completely wasted on some kind of drugs when she went up on the stage and her behavior now confirmed that. He was surprised as he hadn't expected that drugs would affect her, assuming she took them in the first place.

Meanwhile, Kara quickly figured out that this was some kind of competition, she and this other woman. She used all her enhanced abilities to move even faster and more athletically. She tried to fly a couple of times, but for some reason, she couldn't really get off the ground. She ignored that problem as she continued to feel better and looser the more she danced, especially now that she was seeing how strongly these guys were reacting to her. She grabbed a couple of additional drinks from their hands as she quaffed them down.

She began to really enjoy the way their eyes moved and followed her breasts as she danced close to them. She had never let herself loose like this before and was surprised at how good it made her feel. She didn't even need her super vision, it didn't seem to be working anyway, to see the reaction she was causing in these guys. She felt her scalp tingling as she suddenly realized that she was giving off a lot of pheromones, probably enough to fill the room. She danced closer and closer to the men as she flung her silky hair against them as they breathed in her pheromones, and then breathed them back out. The exhaled pheromones began to affect Kara strongly as she felt her libido rising like she had never felt it before.

She stroked her hands up across her breasts as she caressed her hard nipples while she bent backward, her head nearly to the floor, as her large firm breasts pointed up toward the ceiling, her legs spread apart. Her hands sweeping over the expanse of her firm breasts as she enjoyed the tingling sensation that produced. She began to imagine what her normally invulnerable nipples would feel like now if she rubbed them against the hard leather and metal studs of the men's clothing. She had just put her arms out and was dancing toward the man wearing the wildest jacket when she felt her hair jerked strongly from behind.

Kara's legs flew up into the air as she was suddenly slammed down onto her back in the middle of the dance floor. She saw bright spots in front of her eyes for a moment before the other blond suddenly straddled her and delivered a strong slap to her face. Kara smiled as she saw the woman wince as her hand struck her invulnerable skin, yet, surprisingly, she also felt a slight stinging sensation herself. The woman slapped her again with the same result. Kara looked up to see the murderous anger in the woman's face as this was clearly not a game to her. She reached down to grab Kara's tits in her hands as she gripped and twisted them with all her strength; she was a very strong woman.

Cory was pissed that this girl was exciting all the Jackals this way. She had ridden with them for two years and no woman was going to steal her thunder or her place in the gang, least of all a young girl like this. She had been wrestling professionally for the last few years and had even gotten good enough at it to hold her own with some of the guys. She worked out a lot and was nearly as strong as some of the bikers, and they were all strong men. The last thing she was going to put up with was some young skinny bitch with big tits coming in and messing things up for her.

She had been shocked as her slaps had stung her hands yet had not seemed to have really hurt the girl at all. She figured she must be so stoked that she didn't feel anything, although the painful sting in her hand made it clear that she had really hit her hard. She reached down to dig her strong fingers and long nails into the girl's large tits as she was determined to draw blood. Let the bitch dance with her tits half torn off, she thought with an evil grin.

The calls of 'catfight' had brought the rest of the bikers to the stage as Pete found himself increasingly pushed into

the background. Part of him was pissed. Whatever Kara was doing, it had nothing to do with him and he was her date! On the other hand, he was vaguely worried about her, even though he had no idea how anyone could make her do anything she didn't want to do. Not with her muscles! This thought made him even angrier as he realized that whatever she was doing, it was probably deliberate. However, the look in her eyes as she had led him to the dance floor the last time still worried him. She really had looked like she was stoned out of her mind and half drunk to boot!

He heard her melodious voice crying “**yes, Yes, YES**” followed by a new chorus of whistles as he knew something was going on with her, but he had no way to get back on the stage.

Kara cried out in pleasure as the woman gripped her breasts with her strong fingers. The woman squeezed her fingers so hard it almost hurt, but this was overwhelmed by the pleasure of having someone touching her like this, while her nipples were tingling so strongly. She saw the woman's strong muscles flexing as Kara reached up to take the other woman's breasts in her hands. She squeezed her firmly, as firmly as the woman was holding her, as she heard her gasp and cry out. The woman's breasts felt wonderfully soft and sensual in her hands as she massaged her fingers into them and across her nipples. She gradually worked her arms upward to reach behind the woman as she tried to pull her down to herself.

Cory was surprised as the girl started massaging her tits. It was kind of pleasant for a moment before her grip grew strong enough to hurt a bit. She was really shocked when she saw the girl's lips pouting as she reached behind her to pull her closer. Cory resisted with her powerful arms and shoulders, but was quickly overpowered by the girl's strength! Her locked arms were trembling with exertion as she saw the girl's arms flexing amazingly large, her muscles even larger than her own!

Kara was surprised at how much strength she was having to exert until she remembered the gold chain around her waist. This was really neat, she thought, being able to use nearly her full strength this way against another Terran. She finally overcame the powerful woman as her arms collapsed, Kara drawing their chests tightly together. Kara met her lips with her own as she began passionately kissing the woman while rolling her over on her back.

Cory felt the girl's deep kisses as she kicked upward with her strong legs to throw her off. She struggled out of her strong embrace as she staggered back to her feet, wiping off her mouth.

“You god damn lessie,” she spat out. “**Fuck you ...**”

With that, she spun around to deliver a power back kick with her high-heeled boots to Kara's stomach. Kara had just gotten back to her feet when the kick doubled her over. She didn't fall down as Cory had expected, but Cory could hear her gasping, trying to get her breath back for a few seconds. She finally straightened up, abdominal muscles rippling dramatically. The next kick hit solid muscle as the girl remained standing, although she had to step back a foot or so to keep her balance.

The men on either side of Kara grabbed her arms as they tried to hold her still. They were amazed when the slim girl threw them forward halfway across the dance floor to land in a heap. Three more men grabbed each arm as Kara struggled to get free. This time she could not. Several more men interlocked their legs with hers as she suddenly found, for the first time since she had gained her super powers, that her muscles were being overpowered by some Terrans!

Cory reached into her back pocket to take out her razor knife. She flashed it in front of the girl, expecting to see fear but finding none, as she walked closer. A man's arms suddenly covered Kara's head as it was pulled backward and held in place.

“I'm going to mess you up, girl. Nobody embarrasses me like that in front of my man! Feel this bitch.”

With that, she swiped the blade across Kara's chest. The sharp pain shocked Kara as it felt like she had just been torn open. She surged forward to pull her head free so that she could look down. There was not a mark on her.

The woman was surprised that the knife hadn't cut the girl. She walked up, the girl struggling to get free while the men holding her seemed to be working awfully hard to hold on to her, as she touched the knife to the girl's left tit. She slowly drew it across the soft flesh to her nipple as she decided to take a souvenir for her man.

Kara felt the sharp pain of the knife as it felt like she was being cut apart. She looked down to see the knife circling her engorged nipple as it dimpled her flesh while moving across her skin. She cried out from the pain, but saw that it wasn't really cutting her, it just felt like it. The woman seemed to grow frustrated as she slashed the knife across her

chest a few more times before putting it away.

“I don’t know what kind of game you are playing, girl, but since I can’t cut you I am going to let the Jackals fuck you, my old man first of all.”

The catcalls and whistles that followed sent a thrill through Kara’s body. She struggled to get free, yet part of her mind was somehow thrilled that she could not. Her drugged mind connected this to her recurring dream of being sexually overpowered by a man as she suddenly felt an incredible desire rising within her. Part of her mind knew her massive release of pheromones were coming back to drive her crazy with desire, the other parts of her just didn’t care.

She was shocked to hear her own voice rising ...

“Oh, YES, fuck me, all of you, fuck me hard, please ...”

Pete heard Kara’s clear voice rising above the catcalls as she seemed to be encouraging them! He tried to fight his way back on to the stage, but two bikers grabbed him and dragged him halfway across the floor to force him down to the floor while tying him to a pillar near the band. The band members, like most other reasonable people, had actually left when the rest of the gang members had rushed into the building and up onto the stage. The manager had called for the sheriff, but had been told that he was more than 45 minutes away, over on the other side of the county. He was just reaching behind the counter to get his shotgun when the bottle crashed down on the back of his head, dropping him to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

Kara felt them release her legs for a moment as they tore her thong off. Her legs were again pulled roughly apart as she felt a man’s large hands holding her breasts, squeezing them as he pulled himself toward her. Kara was surprised by her own reaction, her body going wild with desire as she cried out again, “

Fuck me, fuck me ... fuck me hard like Superman ...”

She gasped in pleasure as the first man’s cock roughly entered her. He was big and hard and incredible strong as he plunged deeply within her body. Kara’s surged with such passion that it was hard for the dozen strong men to hold her. The man was fucking her hard and rough, just the way she wanted it right now. Her orgasm quickly burst forth at the same time as he cried out in ecstasy. She was still surging with pleasure, the men struggling to hold onto her, wanting more, when he withdrew and the next man replaced him. She felt him plunge into her a few times while she was still enjoying the last waves of her first orgasm. Suddenly, he came again as well and then withdrew as she was just starting to get going again. She felt the next man step up to her.

“Please, please, slow down, I can’t keep up with you ... no, please, stop, no more, NO ...”

Kara was suddenly horrified as she realized she had no control over these men. She struggled harder, tried to use her heat vision, tried to fly; nothing worked. She cried out for them to stop. The men just kept coming!

Cory saw everyone having their fun with the girl as she saw her inner thighs were now wet with cum along with her own juices. He saw her have a couple of strong orgasms, that was actually surprising in a gang rape like this, but saw that she quickly grew frightened and had started to call out to them to stop. This helplessness was the part Cory liked the best!

She ignored the girl’s sobbing cries as she struggled and failed to get free as the men continued to pound away at her. Cory knew they would not stop until the girl was unconscious, probably not even then. Someone would finally figure out how to snuff her and that would be the end of this little bitch. She watched as Pigpen, he was the club treasurer, came up for his turn. He was banging away on her when she saw him reach down to undo the gold chain from around the girl’s waist. Typical, she sneered, he is probably actually more interested in the gold than the girl. Without his financial ties, he wouldn’t last a week in the Jackals!

She was starting to turn away, it was time to figure out what to do with the girl’s body, when she suddenly heard Pigpen screaming. She turned to see him trying to push away from the girl. He was obviously trying to

withdraw from her, but was also clearly unable to do so.

“

God, she’s crushing me, my God ...”

Kara had been revolted and terrified as the men kept coming at her even after she told them to stop. She struggled with all her strength, but the dozen men holding her were too strong for her in her weakened state. Part of her mind remembered Aurora's warning about mixing gold and alcohol, but it was too late now. If she could only get her hands free to undo the chain, she knew she would quickly regain her incredible strength.

She pleaded and sobbed for them to stop, but no one listened or cared and several of them slapped her hard and told her to shut up. Finally, she felt someone's fingers fumbling with the clasp of the gold chain. Her hopes soared as she thought someone, maybe Pete, was going to rescue her. Her hopes were dashed a moment later as the next man began fucking her like all the rest. Nobody knew that removing the gold chain would empower her once again, nobody cared. She felt the man surging within her as he suddenly reached down and undid the chain, raising it over his head, stealing it from her, as he shouted out his pleasure while he came inside her.

Kara felt a long incredible rush of energy flowing out from her breasts as her entire body began a healthy tingle. She had been squeezing her pelvic muscles futilely, trying to prevent penetration, but now these muscles were suddenly super-powered again as they crushed inward to collapse the man's hard penis inside her. His cry of pleasure turned into screams of pain as she momentarily did something she had never done before, she used her full strength to hold a man within her. She had seen how that strength had distorted steel bars, squeezing the half molten steel from her vagina like toothpaste. She grimaced at what she imagined it would do to a Terran man.

She effortlessly pulled her arms forward to throw the six men holding her across the room to crunch them into the far wall. She shoved the man fucking her backward, his screams coming right after she felt the tearing feeling between her legs, the ribbon of crushed flesh finally emerging as she relaxed herself as best she could. She kicked her legs upward, using her flying power to hold herself in mid-air, as the men holding her legs flew upward to crash into the high ceiling before crunching down onto the dance floor. She felt several strong blows to her back and even the sharp point of a knife against her chest. She looked up at another biker chick as she tried to stab her sharp knife into her tit.

Kara looked confidently into the woman's eyes as she reached down to hold the woman's hand as she helped her shove the knife harder against herself. The strong blade dimpled deeply into her breast until the steel blade finally snapped in half. She then tossed the amazed woman backward to land on her ass. She ignored the rest of the bikers while walking over to the gang leader, the first man who had assaulted her. He was sitting with Cory as they both stared back at her with worried and amazed looks on their faces.

She paused along the way to rip the denim jacket off one of the Jackals as she used it to clean herself up. She wiped the sticky stuff from between her legs as she threw the wet jacket back into the man's face. Kara finally marched up the table they were sitting at as she slammed her fist down hard enough to shatter it in half. She grabbed the leader by the collar and lifted him off the floor to hold him over her head, legs dangling in the air.

"Is this where I register my complaint at the way your gang has treated me, asshole."

"Hey, we were just having some fun, weren't we Cory?"

"Yeah, we weren't going to hurt you. I mean, you were asking for it as I recall."

Kara leaned down to her and said in a steely voice, "Then you must have suddenly gone deaf because I clearly said NO ...!"

"Hey, look bitch," the leader gasped out as Kara held him over her head, "nobody got hurt, except maybe the guys you trashed up on the stage. Where do you get off on having strength like this anyway, bitch?"

"You've heard of his Superman haven't you? Well, think of me as his little sister. People call me Supergirl. And just in case you think of using the word again, only people that are ready to die call me 'bitch'."

Kara was having real trouble controlling her emotions, she suspected that she was still suffering the mental effects from the gold and alcohol combination even though she seemed to have her full strength back. She knew she would have to be very careful how she touched any of them while she felt like this.

"I've been told that you bikers value your machines above anything else, even your women. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to go outside and trash every one of your bikes. Don't even think about stopping me."

With that, Kara dropped him back into his chair with a 'THUMP'; she started walking toward the door.

"Hey bitch, nobody threatens me like that and lives, I don't care if you are some kind of super bitch or what! Come

back here AND APOLOGIZE THE RIGHT WAY or DIE where you stand.”

Kara paused at his angry shouted words. She slowly turned around to see that he was pointing a huge 44 Magnum at her.

“I can promise you,” she said, “that if you fire a single shot from that gun that I will put it where the sun doesn’t shine. You just sit still and be glad you have your health, if not your bikes.”

She turned to continue out the door.

The biker stared at the girl85_ what a waste, she was a pretty bitch, damn strong but damn gorgeous, especially topless like this. Best tits he had ever seen! Besides a lot of his bro’s hadn’t had time with her yet. He looked around to see the rest of the bikers staring at him, mouths hanging open; they had seen her lift him from the floor with one hand. He couldn’t back down to this girl, not now, and especially since she said she was going to trash their BIKES! She had sure seemed strong enough a moment ago, she might actually be able to do some damage. No, time to waste her. They needed to get out of here anyway.

The first bullet struck in the middle of Kara’s back. She felt the stinging blow and heard the loud ricochet bounce off the ceiling beams. She stopped and turned around to face him again.

“Excuse me, but are you trying to get my attention again? You know what I said about firing that thing in here. Besides, I thought you guys carried some real firepower, that thing just tickles a little.”

His face was a mask of anger as the next round bounced off her right breast, the spent round plopping to the ground in front of him. She just stood facing him with her hands on her hips, a slow smile spreading across her face as she saw him stare at her wildly undulating breast and then down at the smoking spent bullet by his feet. She began to walk slowly toward him as he fired again and again into her dramatic chest at point blank range, her large breasts jiggling strongly with each powerful impact. He finally missed hitting her tits as a bullet ricochet’d off her hard breastbone before slamming Cory backward from her chair; she lay still on the floor. Kara could see that the shoulder wound wouldn’t be fatal, but she would be out of action for a while.

She finally stood over the man as the warm gun barrel was touching her left breast. She reached down to grab it, his hand still on the grip, as she used her strength to slowly press it against her dramatic chest. Her large breast dimpled inward for a ways before they both heard the groaning of steel as her soft flesh became too firm for even gun steel to resist! She finally relaxed her grip, allowing him to retrieve his mangled gun, barrel bent strongly to the side, his wrist nearly broken.

“What’s the matter, my tits too tough for you.”

He was still staring back and forth between her bare breast and his bent gun when she reached down to take the gun completely from his hand. She proceeded to slowly tear it into little pieces, right in front of the man’s face. Her powerful fingers, tearing the steel like it was made of paper, as she tossed the torn steel fragments back on his table. She finally twisted the barrel of the gun off before reaching down to grab the man’s jacket. She lifted him into the air while laying him over her upraised thigh while she tore the back of his jeans off with her other hand. Bent over her knee, she jammed the torn remains of the gun barrel into his asshole until it was no longer visible. He gasped in pain as he fell on his face across the table.

“I guess you didn’t understand my remark about ‘where the sun doesn’t shine.’ I think you understand now.”

With that, Kara walked over to effortlessly tear the ropes from Pete’s hands before helping him outside. They saw the line of about twenty-five expensive shiny Harley’s.

The newest member of the club, Taildragger, was sitting outside getting high; he was assigned to watch the bikes. He was pissed. Everyone else was inside but him and having a good time, if the screams, shouts and gunshots were any indication. He was sitting out here alone watching a line of damned bikes! His eye suddenly caught a gorgeous young blond walking from the door wearing only a short mini-skirt. Now this was a lot better! He stared at her, amazed at how little her gorgeous bare breasts bounced as she walked; this bitch was in damn good shape, she must work out for a living! He came back to his senses as she strode over to touch the first bike. He saw her starting to swing her leg up to straddle it as he rushed over to get her off it.

“Hey, bitch, get off the bikes. You want to ride something, come over here and I’ll give you something to ride!”

It still felt good to talk like that in public, especially to a righteous bitch like this! He surged with pride; riding with the

Jackals was clearly the high point of his life.

"This bike is pretty," she said, "who does this belong to?"

"That belongs to the meanest biker of them all, the guy who is walking out the door behind you right now."

Wolf saw the girl sitting on his bike. He felt a surge of anger as he quickly ran over and grabbed her hair, trying to pull her off it. Nobody touched his bike, nobody, even if she was some fucking super bitch! He was puzzled that, despite the silky feel of her hair, she didn't budge as he pulled on her hair with all his strength, he was a very strong man. He saw her slowly sliding up a little on the bike as her tiny skirt slipped up above her hips. Her gorgeous legs were now straddling the shiny chrome engine of his new Hog. He stepped back for a moment, staring down at her legs. Now that was an image! Long shapely tanned legs, blond bush clearly visible as it was pressed against the tank, and his newly chromed engine gripped firmly between them. Motorcycles and blondes ... he lived for this!

"I hear they don't make these bikes as good as they used to. Here, let me check it out for you ..."

With that, the biker saw her long legs flexing, muscles growing surprisingly large for a young bitch like this, as his gas tank began crushing! He felt a tearing feeling inside his chest as he saw her damaging his bike ... HIS BIKE! He gasped as her gorgeous thighs crushed inward, the steel groaning and popping loudly as he saw his entire engine and transmission folding up between her long legs. He tried to shout, but only a gurgling choking sound came from his lips as she gave him a big smile just before suddenly crushing her gorgeous legs together until they touched each other! The two halves of the motorcycle, pinched in half by the steely strength of her bare legs, fell sideways onto the ground.

Wolf was so shocked, grief for his destroyed hog causing tears to well up in his eyes, that his legs collapsed, dropping him to the ground. His eyes were glazed over, tears running down his face, as he looked up along the girl's long gorgeous legs. She walked over to the next bike. Oh God, NO, not another one!

She gripped the frame of this bike in both hands as her back exploded into a riot of tight muscles. There was a horrible groaning sound as he saw her rip the bike completely in half with her bare hands! She then tore the engine from the mangled frame and turned around to face him. She slowly squeezed the cylinder heads in her strong hands, her fingers digging deeply into the hard steel until her hands closed completely, the torn steel squeezing from them like putty. A quick twist of her powerful arms followed as the engine was neatly torn in half, mangled pistons, crankshaft and gears spilling out onto the asphalt.

Kara tossed the remains of the engine to land at Wolf's feet as she walked up to each of the other bikes and did the same thing. In less than five minutes, she had completely destroyed all the bikes to such a point where they were only worth the scrap metal they were now made of.

She ignored the impact of several more bullets, pinging off her steel-hard skin, while Wolf tried to stop her the only way he knew. Finally, she trashed the last bike as she turned around to see the entire gang staring at her, frozen in place, unable to move. Their grief for their dead hogs and their growing fear of this young girl froze them in place. Kara, again looking like the cute young swimsuit model that she was, slipped between them to find Pete. Thankfully he had retrieved her top; she slipped it back on. The bikers, staring in shocked silence at their dead hogs, left them alone as Kara got back into Pete's car before they drove down the street, heading home.

They were almost home before Kara's explanation of her actions finally began to sink home with Pete. He finally understood what the gold had done to her as he now became amused at how she had reacted to getting drunk and stoned out. This girl may look virginous, innocent and pure, the perfect blonde Goddess, he thought to himself. But he now had had a glimpse of the heart of a warrior that beat inside her. This was one tough, and very lusty, lady when she wanted to be! He hoped he never pissed her off that way!

He agreed to her request to keep this evenings 'entertainment' quiet, his mom and her friends, putting Kara on a pedestal, would not have expected this from Supergirl. The word would get out, but nobody would believe it was anything but some gang rumble down at the club. The Jackals had trashed the place before, so what if somebody trashed them.

The remainder of the night was uneventful as Kara slept off the effects from the gold and the alcohol. She looked bright and chipper late the next morning when she finally got up, quickly dressing in one of her new costumes; it was finally time to go and look for Superman.

She hugged Sybil and Pete goodbye as she slipped the backpack on. This would be her first trial of both her costume and the backpack during a suborbital hop. The pack, made of the same fabric as her costume, was

heavily insulated to keep things inside as cool as possible.

“Kara, can you show us how fast you can accelerate from a standing start,” Pete asked. “Just out of curiosity, if you don’t mind, that is.”

She smiled at Pete, he never tired of seeing her do amazing things with her body. She floated over to wrap her arms around his neck as she gave him a big kiss, her feet never touching the ground. Sybil and their gathering of appreciative friends giggled as they saw Pete’s reaction to her as she floated a few inches off the ground. She finally floated up a few feet higher in the air.

“OK, guys, here goes. I’ll be in touch ...”

With that, there was a SNAP sound as she suddenly flexed all the muscles in her legs and buttocks while converting that incredible energy into flying power. There was a loud rushing sound as she seemed to blink out of existence right before their very eyes. They quickly craned their heads upward to see a glowing streak shooting upward and out of sight in less than a second, almost too fast to be believed. A sharp sonic boom rumbled across the desert a few moments later as the shock wave from her passage reached the ground.

Kara had to slow her acceleration almost immediately. Accelerating at 500G’s gets you up to some interesting velocities in a hurry! She slowed after reaching about 12,000 miles per hour as she arced upward and slightly out of the atmosphere on a suborbital trajectory that would end in Metropolis. She still wondered why it wasn’t called New York on this Earth.

Her reentry was steeper than normal as she felt her face, shoulders and breasts heating up as she plunged back into the atmosphere head first, arms outstretched in front of her, like she was diving into a pool of water. A glowing halo of superheated ionized air surrounded her body as she gradually slowed down while descending steeply over the ocean just off the Atlantic coast. She didn’t want to approach the city directly from orbit as the shock wave from her body’s passage could break a lot of windows in a glass city like Metropolis.

She finally got down to subsonic speeds as she turned and streaked back toward the city, just above the roof tops, at just over 700 miles per hour. She held that speed as she twisted through the tall buildings of the downtown area until she finally saw the Daily Planet building coming up. She flexed her legs strongly once again to quickly slow herself down as she came to a sudden halt a few inches above the rooftop, legs and buttocks momentarily flexing dramatically as they generated flying power.

Kara hung in the air, eyes closed, as she concentrated on absorbing the heat from her superheated skin. She knew that the tar roof of the building would melt if she touched it before she cooled off a bit. And sticky melted tar was the last thing she wanted on her bare feet right now!

It took a couple of minutes to absorb the energy back into her breasts. As usual, they were the last part of her body to cool as the heat energy was quickly stored in them as chemical energy. She gradually floated over to the roof entrance to find a secluded corner to change in. Pulling the top of her filmy costume down, she quickly slipped out of it before using the pressure of her hands to fold it into a shape the size of a sewing thimble. She reached down to slip it between her nether lips; she would always have her costume with her, safe and warm, no matter what happened to the rest of her things.

The tan business suit she changed into was barely warm from her rapid flight as she unfolded it from the backpack. The insulation was clearly working as expected. A pair of pearl white stockings with black heels complimented the short skirt of the business suit. A pearl necklace and some gold bracelets and she was suddenly dressed properly again. She felt the slight weakening and pleasant buzz in her arms from the gold bracelets as she slipped them on. They took the edge off the strength of her hands and arms such that she could touch Terrans without worrying about accidentally crushing them. Besides, the gold bracelets brought a slight euphoric glow to her mind, just enough to be pleasant without reducing the sharpness of her thoughts; fortunately not nearly as strong as the effect of wrapping that woven chain around her waist had been. She folded the empty backpack up and slipped it into a crack in the ceiling. She was still buttoning the front of her jacket as she headed down the stairs to catch the elevator to the ground floor.