

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 15, Orgone Pollution

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Little Firebug – Chapter 15

Orgone Pollution

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Authors' Note: Despite the focus on Kal and Kara, Kirrin is still on the loose in Metropolis

High Over Metropolis

Kirrin, hurtling backwards over the city, realized that she had probably made less than a completely favorable first impression on Superman. What a Boy Scout! she thought. But she had seen enough of him to know that he definitely had something she needed, though. She intended to find him one way or another.

She had -meant- to make a rolling turn in midair and head back to the building and pursue Superman further. Her timing was for some reason off. She was too slow in pulling up, and instead of moving back into the air once she had regained control of her trajectory, she headed down further. She landed in the middle of a large body of water – the Metropolis reservoir, to be exact – and she found herself buried in several feet of mud at the bottom.

Yeech! she thought when she had fished herself out of the surface. She swam and thrashed about in the water, removing some of the dirt and sweat.

Downstream, that evening and for several days afterward, there was a report of a strange odour and taste in the water. It was a strange smell, salty, almost skunky, somewhere in between the odour of patchouli, musk, and a sun-struck bottle of Heineken. There were few complaints. The citizens of Metropolis rapidly discovered that their municipal water supply was acting as some kind of aphrodisiac, bringing a further note of chaos to the already troubled city. There was an unexplained blackout that cut off the power to almost half the city at the same time, and it seemed impossible to track down any of the repairmen to work on restoring the power; people were too busy fucking each others' brains out in the darkness.

There was a building on the shore. Kirrin decided to swim towards it. The water seemed ice cold, and it felt good against her skin. The freezing water helped shrink her overexcited nipples slightly; whenever she surfaced, her skin dried off immediately, the water sizzling as if it had been cast onto a hot griddle. When she made it onto the beach, she saw a dock and a rather large house built onto the side of a hill.

This was the residence of the elderly Mortimer Gould Lowell IV, heir to the Montezuma Scalp Oil fortune, and no longer the richest man in Metropolis, but damned near the top. Crotchety and ultraconservative, he still managed his financial and political empire from his wheelchair. He was especially irritable today. Several of the people he relied on to manage his businesses had inexplicably failed to report for duty.

And now there was a skinny-dipper outside his house.

Skinny-dipping, no less, in the icy cold waters of the reservoir. Just what -else- could go wrong this morning? He picked up his telephone and began dialing the police department, and also his team of Lexinc security guards. We'll teach this young trespasser who she is dealing with.

To his amazement, the skinny dipper was walking right onto his back porch, towards the back door. Fortunately, he thought, it is solid oak and sealed with multiple deadbolts. He was shocked to hear a sort of crunch, and from the loud thunks of her footsteps on the floor --- my God, she might look like a woman, but she walks like a Clydesdale --- he knew she was inside.

He was alone here apparently. I guess I will have to confront her myself until the guards arrive, he thought. His wheelchair whirred as he moved onto the ramp that would take himself downstairs to confront Kirrin.

Kirrin was going through the now somewhat disused wet bar downstairs. She saw the elderly man in his wheelchair approaching. "Got any tequila?" she asked. "I seem to have misplaced mine."

No luck. The house was quite devoid of liquor of any sort.

"Now see here, young lady," Mortimer began. He pressed the lever and his wheelchair whirred, moving forwards. Even though his eyes weren't what they used to be, he could see she had not a stitch of clothing on, and was quite attractive. But there was something strange about her. The air seemed to shimmer silvery and green about her, like the mirage puddles that form on hot highways, or like the air over a burning grill.

He moved close enough to smell the strange odour she emitted. It was impossible to describe. Something like skunk, something like patchouli, like ozone, something like the smell of an overheating transformer. The odour seemed to burn in the back of his throat. He paused. Something was distracting him.

A visitor who had been absent for nigh unto twelve years had suddenly returned.

He was uncomfortably distracted by this arrival. In his wheelchair, he wore little more than a long smoking jacket and a pair of drawers. When you're rich as I am, you don't have to dress to impress anybody anymore, that's what he always said. But he had an erection. Not just one of those halfway affairs, either, but a full, complete, and quite uncomfortable erection, that was calling attention to itself in a most uncomfortable manner. I mustn't let myself be seen by this strange woman in this state, he thought. He jostled around in his chair, trying to keep his dick from poking outside of his pyjamas. None too successfully.

Kirrin seemed to be amused by the old man's discomfort. She came closer. His ears started ringing. His cock was pounding like it used to when he was a teenager, impossible for him to conceal. He squirmed in the wheelchair, and fell out. Acting on instinct, he grabbed the arm of the chair, put his legs beneath him, and ... he stood up!

"Hey! I am standing," Mortimer cried out, with apparent joy.

"No shit, Sherlock," was all Kirrin had to say in reply, remembering the cliches she had been taught in Terran language class.

Mortimer learned that he was not only able to stand, but to walk as well. He tossed off his robe and strutted around the room, flagpole flying. "I can walk! I can walk!" he exclaimed with joy.

Kirrin just rolled her eyes. She then walked towards him and her hand darted for his dick, which she began to massage as gently as she could. Mortimer stopped talking for the moment, seemingly transfixed by being inside Kirrin's strange aura, until after only a few moments he gasped and shuddered, in an experience he had almost forgotten how good it felt. He slumped back temporarily into a chair.

"Do you have anything around here a girl could wear?"

Kirrin asked. She was already going through the closets. She selected a vintage silk shirt and a grey pinstripe suit that looked like it had not been worn since the 1940's. To her surprise and delight the suit fit her almost perfectly; the sleeves were a tad short, but her shoulders would fill out clothes made for a broad-shouldered Terran male. The pants were a different story. When she tried them on, they were extremely baggy; but some Terrans in the more familiar earth found that fashionable; but the length was all wrong. No problem; in a moment she had torn off the legs until they stopped just below her knees, and secured the waist with a leather thong. She also found in his belongings a broad-brimmed fedora, also of 1940's vintage, and a pair of aviator sunglasses.

Mortimer did not care that she was stealing his clothing.

He was dancing over the patio in his altogether, delighted at his newfound ability to move. Kirrin came to him once more. "I need to find Superman. Where can he be contacted?"

Mortimer now looked at her as if she had just fallen off the turnip truck or something. "Why, everybody knows that if you really want to get in touch with Superman, you should contact Lane or Kent at the Daily Planet."

"I need to do more than just get in touch with Superman.

But thanks ..." Kirrin replied, and sped off into the empyrean in Mortimer's vintage clothing.

Mortimer gasped, astounded, for almost a minutes after she was gone. Soon enough, though, he was back indoors, and on the telephone. "I need a direct connection to Robertson. I need to report a miracle. I'm quite sure she was an Aztec goddess."

Some weeks later, the jaded earth was astounded to learn that an elderly tycoon was engaged to be married to a well known nude model, young enough to be his granddaughter. Reverend Robertson, on the other hand, was busy communicating this apparently genuine miracle to the Aztec leadership.