

# SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 16, Sharil

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## Little Firebug – Chapter 16

### Sharil

by Sharon Best

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*Author's Note:* Continuing from where we left off with this substitute 'Supergirl' in the middle of chapter 14 ...

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#### **Inside the bank**

Sharil, still trying to help the homeless men, slowly tore her way into the massive bank vault as she heard the increasingly loud sound of sirens approaching from the street outside. She turned to look at Sam and Kurt, they were clearly getting really nervous.

She enjoyed the feeling of the hard armored steel pressing against her strong lithe body, the steel groaning and screaming under the unimaginable stresses from her young muscles, as it bent and tore apart. It felt incredible to Sharil to be this strong! She had never exercised this new body of hers like this back on Aria, there hadn't been time. Looking down at herself as she tore into the vault, she was really surprised at how large her muscles were flexing, her remarkably well-defined biceps in particular were clearly visible as they peaked upward under the thin stretching fabric of her top, her arms more than doubling in size as she exerted herself.

She was finding that tearing a bank vault apart like this took time, even if the steel was tearing apart in her hands in a way that reminded her of the firm modeling clay she had used back home. She paused for a moment, realizing that tearing her way into the middle of it with her fingernails was going pretty slowly. She had an idea for a better way as she started forcing her hands into the crack around the door. Burying her fingers in the crack, the steel squeezing to the side to give her fingers room, she finally began pulling outward with both her arms, gradually working her hands in further with each exertion. The thick steel bent and distorted under her small feminine hands, masses of it raggedly bending outward as she used nothing but her raw muscular strength of her slim upper body to force her way into the vault, the strength all coming from her gorgeous arms. At the same time, her back exploded into a maze of tight sharply-contoured muscles as she continued working the steel, the ten-foot thick door slowly tearing open like it was made of nothing except firm taffy.

The front of the vault, now horribly distorted from the strength of Sharil's arms, finally gave her access to the internal locking dogs, each 4" thick. She squeezed her hands into the steel far enough to grip those specially hardened steel rods. She worked the steel further to the side until her long fingers surrounded the first of these super hardened rods. They were designed to resist torches and any kind of cutting too.

Sharil took another approach, one the designers of the vault had never envisioned. She simply squeezed them with nearly the full strength of her grip as the special steel resisted her muscles for only a few moments. The tight blue costume covering her arm stretched outward, revealing the deep strong clefts of her forearm, her amazing muscles flexing large, the tendons on the back of her hand standing up like steel wires. Suddenly, with a loud \*BANG\*, the specially tensiled steel shattered under the force of the young girl's four-hundred-thousand pound grip, the overstressed specially hardened steel, impervious to any man-made tool, finally shattering in 'delicate' hands.

Sharil smiled; she again loved the funny feeling she felt inside her, especially the warm tingly one between her legs, when she strained her muscles like this. Quickly worked her hands up and down around the massive door, she tore three other locking dogs apart the same way. Finally, squeezing her arms as far into the crack of the door as she could, her shoulders finally touching the front of it, she began slowly pulling her arms apart.

The entire 10' thick door began to groan horribly, slowly bending outward, as this young gymnast's body, muscles flexing that had barely been able to support her own body weight on the parallel bars a few months earlier, now

proved invincible. Many a pair of eyes admired her tightly flexing muscles, her skintight costume stretching across the deep contours of her back and shoulders, as the massive steel door tore noisily open. Even her legs and buttocks seemed to be flexing, her gorgeous slim thighs flexing as the strong contours of her muscles rose upward to disappear under that impossibly short skirt. She was using those muscles to generate the flying power necessary to hold herself motionless.

Sam and Kurt were shocked by how the girl's body looked when she tore the 10' thick steel door apart, but not so shocked that they didn't rush forward to brush against her hard muscles as they dashed through the torn opening to begin grabbing bags containing large denomination bills. Sharil stood silently watching them, her body still tingling and flushed from using her strength that way she just had. She was surprised that she felt a little wet between her legs and that tingling feeling was even making her nipples burn slightly now. It was a very pleasant feeling, but also very distracting as she wanted to touch herself, but was in too public a place.

She shook her head, her long blond locks flying upward for a moment, as she made the tingling go away. She turned back to the men, quickly questioning them to make sure they weren't taking any more money than they were entitled. They assured her that the bags they were carrying, each with what they knew was \$500,000, was still far less than what the bank had taken from them. Sharil herself had no concept of money on this planet, she was just a little surprised to see the men staggering under the weight of all those money bags. They must have been very rich at one time!

Sharil slowly stretched her body to eliminate the tightness she was beginning to feel. She lifted her legs up, one at a time, until she was hugging her thigh and knee against her chest, nestled deeply between her large breasts. She had no idea what kind of view that gave the bank employees in front of her, she was not yet used to wearing a shirt this short and had forgotten that she wore nothing under it. She ignored all the strange looks from the bank employees, unsure of why they were suddenly staring at her even more avidly than before!

The men finally ran from the vault and headed for the front door as she started to follow them out to the street. She was shocked to see red and blue lights flashing everywhere. Leaping ahead of them, she grabbed the men's arms, stopping them at the door; she would go out first.

Carefully opening the glass door, she stepped out to see dozens of cops, all pointing guns at her, all lined up behind their cars. A loud amplified voice began shouting from across the street.

"Throw down your weapons and the money, walk down the steps with your hands over your heads. You are under arrest!"

Sharil didn't have to understand much about Terran culture to know that these cops were serious, yet she didn't understand what they were so upset about? She had only helped these two men get back what was owed to them!

Ok, she had damaged the safe, but she had told the people in the bank that she would fix it later if they wanted her to. She just couldn't understand why they were making such a big deal about this. Were the cops working for those cheats back in the bank as well? Yes, of course, that made sense to her. They were probably all working together to steal from these people. Maybe from lots of people! Well, she would put an end to that right now, it would be her first 'good deed'!

"It is you who should lay down your weapons," Supergirl shouted up and down the street, her young girl's voice nearly as loud as the bullhorn had been. "I am just helping these poor men get back what is theirs. I don't want to hurt any of you, but I can't allow you to stop us. It is important that we turn back the tide of homelessness caused by these greedy banks. From this point on, I want all the banks to give the money back that they have stolen from people." She turned to smile at Kurt, proud that she had remembered much of what he had told her in the park.

She saw the man with the loudspeaker talking to an older man next to him. He finally shrugged his shoulders as the younger cop turned back to point the amplifier at her again. "This is your last chance. Leave the money and walk down the steps, slowly, hands over your heads."

Supergirl was really getting pissed now. She was just trying to help these poor homeless men and here was the entire police force, trying to aid the robber barons of this bank! And they didn't even want to talk to her about it. Well, they would soon learn who had the powers here and who didn't.

She decided to simply distract them for now, maybe she could get these men past all those guns that way. Scanning down the street, she focused her heat vision on the gas tanks of two police motorcycles, their riders crouched behind nearby cars. The pale red beams sizzled through the air, the paint blistering from the gas tanks as they heated to incandescence. Seconds later, the motorcycles exploded, showering the street in flaming debris.

Unfortunately, this was all the excuse the cops needed, the men nearest the explosions wildly opening fire, the remainder following within seconds.

Supergirl felt strong stinging impacts over her entire body as the force of the bullets, dozens hitting her in less than a couple of seconds, threw her backward to land heavily on her back, her body laying across the steps. She struggled to get up, but the bullets kept striking her bare legs, which were now bent up in the air, as she tried to get back up. Several bullets ricocheted inward between her gorgeous thighs to smack against her most sensitive place, sending a wave of mild pain and some really funny warm tingles through her body. Sharil gasped as she felt her whole body starting to tingle and burn.

Her eyes opened wide in shocked surprise. They had no business doing THAT, she thought angrily to herself, that was her private area! She clamped her thighs tightly together to protect herself as she continued struggling back to her feet, the task now more difficult as she had to hold her knees tightly together. She raised her head up only to feel several very strong bullets strike her face, one hitting her upper lip and sending a sharp wave of pain up through her nose. A surge of wild anger exploded through her body; that had HURT!

She finally got her balance back and jumped back to her feet, the very young girl in her now angry and out-of-control as she fought back, no self-control left, by lashing out with the first thing she thought of, her heat vision. She knew she shouldn't be doing this, she had been warned about its power, but she was too angry to hold back now. They had actually hurt her, hurt SUPERGIRL!

She let out every ounce of power she had in her pretty clear blue eyes as she swept them slowly from one end of the street to the other, vaporizing everything in her path! It felt incredibly good to do this, the sharp impacts of the bullets dropping off rapidly as her eyes moved, the policemen and their equipment vaporizing into a shimmering glowing plasma before simply disappearing before her. She finally completed her sweep, noting with satisfaction that the street was now completely clear of this nuisance, only the bubbling cherry-red surface of the fused ferro-concrete road surface was left. The cops, their cars, all the spectators, even the signs and mailboxes, were gone. The street was now swept completely clean!

She turned around to look back at the men she was helping. She was surprised at their horror-stricken faces as they cautiously walked out the front door of the bank, looking around at the glowing bubbling concrete. It stretched for half a block in either direction.

Sharil shrugged, they obviously weren't used to her powers yet. She slid her slim body between them and wrapped her arms around their waists as they struggled to speak. Quickly flexing her gorgeous legs powerfully, she leaped high into the sky carrying the three of them with her. Quickly flying across the glowing bubbling concrete surface of the street, she set them back down in the park.

She shook her pretty head as she watched their faces, still in shock, their mouths hanging open. Yet they still clutched their money bags as she waited for them to thank her. After a few moments, she realized they weren't going to say anything, the men clearly too grateful for her help to even thank her. Spinning around, a satisfied smile on her face, her long blond hair flying, she leaped into the air to fly off into the darkening sky.

Sharil felt really good inside now, glad that she had at least helped these two Terrans get back what was theirs! It was a good start for her career as Supergirl. Now, she had to find Carr, he should be getting to the city soon. She let herself drift upward as she scanned for him with her super vision, the late afternoon sunshine casting soft glowing shadows between the tall buildings. She gave up looking for Carr after a few moments, she would let him find her when he arrived. She relaxed her body and just floated high in the air, feeling wonderful as she viewed the huge city, the majestic skyline; it was so beautiful!

Her peaceful calm was disturbed fairly quickly though as the noises of the city started to intrude on her mood. Floating high above the city streets, her sensitive hearing started picking up an amazingly confused tangle of sounds. She could hear hundreds, perhaps thousands, of conversations at the same time. This was mingled in with the sounds of machinery, trucks, busses and cars, music ...! She had to suddenly put her hands over her ears; it was all too much, too confusing! She tried to block out most of the noises, to concentrate just on the sounds of people.

That helped a little, but there were still so many conversations going on at the same time that her super hearing could pick up! She concentrated once again, this time trying to narrow her hearing to listen only for the sounds of Terran's who might be in trouble; listening for screams, violent shouts, etc. After all, she was here to help make this planet a better place to live. To stop crime and greed and selfishness. To help the church solve all these problems and to bring the power and peace of the Aztec religion to all people everywhere. And most importantly, to remove

the enemies of the church; there were so many of them!

She flew higher over the city, the sounds less confusing now, as she listened for particular sounds that suggested someone needing her help. It was only moments later when she heard the first call for help; a woman's scream followed by a man's loud shouts. She spun lithely in mid-air, her young body soaring gracefully downward, following the sound. It was coming from a seedy looking apartment building, from a window near the ground floor. She flew rapidly toward the window, finally smashing through it to land in a darkened room.

Her sensitive eyes saw a woman on the bed, her ankles and wrists bound to the corner posts with leather straps, her eyes blindfolded, as a man surged and thrust between her outstretched legs. The woman was screaming for him to stop, the man was shouting that he was going to fuck her to death! Meanwhile, Sharil saw that he was thrusting into the woman again and again with THAT thing, his male thing. Sharil was disgusted, this man was obviously forcing himself on this defenseless woman while he ignored her screams of terror.

She quickly leaped forward to grab him, roughly withdrawing him from the woman, before lifting him above her shoulders. She lifted him high over her head for a moment before throwing him down hard on the floor.

The man was shocked and stunned, who in the hell had broken into their bedroom and who the hell was strong enough to lift his weight over their head like that? He staggered against the bed as he quickly picked himself up. His fists bunched, he saw only the blurry outlines of someone before him; his glasses still on the bed stand. He was half blind without them. He knew only that someone had smashed into his bedroom and interrupted him. Well, whoever it was, he thought to himself, they didn't look very big, maybe he could take them out with just his hands. He made a fist and threw himself forward, swinging his fist into what he assumed was a man's face. He put everything he had into the blow, throwing the entire weight of his strong body into it.

\*CRUNCH ...\*

He screamed in pain as his hand smashed into the blurry indistinct face. The sudden sharp blow racing up his arm as he felt his wrist bend backward and his forearm snap. He crumpled to the floor, staring down at his shattered knuckles, broken bones pushing through his skin, feeling for all the world like he had just smashed his fist into a cement pillar!

Sharil had seen the blow coming and had flexed her neck muscles, holding herself so rigid that she didn't move at all under the blow. His fist had smacked against her cheekbone and eye socket, two particularly hard places on her beautiful face. Her eyes never blinked as she heard the cracking of bones, clearly his and not hers, his wrist breaking cleanly, his hand folding back against his shattered forearm. He collapsed onto the floor screaming in rage and pain.

The woman on the bed stiffened, "What the hell's going on, Jim. Did you hurt yourself. Ok, God, I need you ... don't stop, Oh baby, fuck me!"

Sharil quickly turned to walk toward the woman, to see if she was OK. She sounded really upset, so much so that she was using the f\*\*\* word! She had only taken a couple of steps when she felt a sharp pointed blow against her side. Sharil turned slowly while looking down to race her fingers across the place on the smooth fabric of her invulnerable costume that he had just tried to cut. She turned slowly to look at the man as he staggered back to his feet, holding a knife in his good hand, waving it at her.

Sharil quickly reached out to grab the knife, afraid he might hurt the woman with it, while quickly running her thumb along the sharp edge, turning the hard steel edge dull as it merely creased her invulnerable skin. She then snapped the blade in half before looking back at the angry man and then again at the nude woman tied up to the bed. She was disgusted at what this man had obviously been doing to her! She felt her fists closing in anger as she made a very quick decision. Punching her small fist strongly outward, she smacked the man in the center of his chest. The loud 'CRACK' of shattering bones filled the room.

Sharil felt the man's ribs and breastbone crack and shatter as his entire chest collapsed under her blow. His body flew backward, crashing halfway through the plaster and brick wall, his arms and head hanging outside the building. Looking down at her small hard fist, she smiled in satisfaction; he would certainly never hurt a woman again!

Turning now to the woman, Sharil saw that her eyes were still covered in the blindfold. She was still moaning and trying to free herself from her restraints, her nude body covered in glistening scented oil. She was especially wet where the man had been hurting her. Sharil's hand reached down to touch her, to make sure she was OK. She was shocked as the woman bucked upward, pressing her moist bush against Sharil's soft hand, moaning softly, urgently. Sharil could feel the copious wetness between the woman's widely spread legs as the woman began to beg her to

touch her, to fuck her!

“Oh, God, yes, Jim, YES ... you are torturing me, taking so long, need you now ... oh baby, fuck me hard like I like it!”

Sharil had no idea what to do, the woman sounded like she was in pain! She had seen pictures of men and women making love before, so she did the best she knew how. Maybe she could calm the woman from the trauma of her near rape. She floated down to sit cross-legged between the woman's widely spread legs while gently slipping two steel-hard fingers inside the woman. The warm fragrant wetness inside the woman comfortably surrounding her fingers, she began to stroke her hand back and forth inside her. The woman's cries grew louder and more urgent as Sharil moved faster, suddenly pleased that the woman actually seemed to be enjoying this! She felt a hard protrusion near the top of her slit, so she leaned forward and began stroking that very gently with the fingers of her other hand. She was amazed as the woman suddenly bucked upward when she did that, her cries growing even louder, shriller. Sharil moved her hands gently, yet faster and faster, as the woman's cries kept pace with her. Suddenly, she felt the woman's sex gripping her fingers a bit more tightly than before as her body vibrated and surged upward violently on the bed. Her strong legs and arms flexed as she lifted her body completely into the air, her moist bush nearly touching Sharil's face, as her sharp passionate cries filled the room for a few moments. She surged upward against Sharil's strong hands again and again before finally exhausting herself, eventually sagging backward to lay limply on the bed.

Sharil slowly withdrew her fingers and wiped them off on the sheets. She walked around the bed, her muscles flexing momentarily as she tore the restraints loose. She then quickly turned away and flew back out the broken window, somehow pleased that she had saved that woman. She was also glad she had been able to comfort her by giving her the touches that she seemed to need. She was also a little surprised by her own reaction as she realized she had actually enjoyed helping that woman this way, especially the last part where she had cried out so loudly!

Back in the bedroom, the woman finally managed to get her breath back. She had never felt Jim using his fingers as gently nor as delicately as that before, even though he knew she liked him to do that sometimes. She pulled off her blindfold to look around the dimly lit room. At first she didn't see him, her eyes partially blinded by the ray of late day sunshine that was shining in the window. She blinked, her eyes watering while looking around. She gasped as she suddenly saw her husband, his crushed body smashed halfway through the wall!

She rushed across the bedroom to hold her beloved husband's crushed and lifeless body in her arms, their little afternoon fantasy game somehow coming to a tragic end. Her wail of grief and mourning filled the room; a cry fortunately not heard by Sharil. She was already on the other side of town, feeling proud of the good deeds she had done already that day! She now knew why Superman liked it so much here on Earth; there were so many things that one could do with these powers to help these poor Terrans!