

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 18, Escape

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Little Firebug – Chapter 18

Escape

by Sharon Best

Inside the steel mill

The crucible of steel was finally ready to pour, the long night of furious heating over. The overhead crane reached down to attach to it before straining to lift it from the furnace and carry it across the factory floor to the ingot line. The chain on the back of the crucible then began straining, tilting it so that the white-hot molten stainless steel began flowing into the ingot molds as they came down the line. A riot of bright sparks filled the dark room, the workers eyes sheltered behind dark goggles, their bodies sheltered by thick leather clothing.

A hundred ingots had been poured, the crucible nearly empty, when the flow of steel was disrupted, coming out in spurts for a moment. The crane operator tilted the crucible further and further to complete the last of the pour. Suddenly, a large glowing object fell from the lip, smashing down on the ingot line, splashing molten steel everywhere!

The workers jumped back to avoid getting burned from the splashing steel, only to look down to see that the 'object' that had fallen was actually a human body, a body that somehow could withstand the incredible temperatures of being immersed in molten steel!

They moved closer only to see that it was not just a person, but that it was a young woman, her body completely coated in a shiny layer of stainless steel. Obviously not an ordinary woman; the temperatures above 1000F would vaporize Terran flesh and bones.

The shift supervisor pulled a card from his wallet and walked over to make a phone call. He had met a woman from the Daily Planet once who had asked him to give her the scoop if anything really unusual happened regarding Superman or any other aliens. This woman definitely was 'unusual' and 'alien' was the best description he could think of!

He asked for Lois Lane before leaving a message on her machine when told that she was out. He slowly turned back to join the men surrounding the apparently dead girl, her body still glowing cherry-red, as her limp arms and legs lay splayed among the scattered ingots.

Carr was sitting at Lois's desk, waiting for her to return when he heard the message come in on her machine. The description was obviously that of an alien woman, probably a Velorian, and Sharil would be the only person who now fit that description in Metropolis, now that the real Supergirl had been captured. Getting some quick directions from a couple of people, he ran to the roof and began stripping off his clothes while standing in a shadowy corner. He was sliding his pants off when he looked up to see a woman watching him! She was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt and was carrying a toolbox, apparently a maintenance person. He shook his cape free while soaring across the roof to take the woman in his arms, a quick press with his fingers in the right spots and she fell limp in his arms, unconscious. He carried her inside the elevator hut and laid her out behind some machinery, he would decide what to do with her later. Superman clearly had a secret identify and he wasn't about to change that right away. He finally stuffed his clothes in a hidden corner of the elevator control room before running back out on the roof.

He stood for a moment at the edge of the building, looked down to the street so far below. Taking a deep breath, he leaped from the side of the building, falling for a bit before he could stabilize himself and began flying awkwardly across town. He squinted his eyes, searching ahead for the large steel mill. Fortunately his super vision was working well. After all, unlike flying, his amazing eyes were part of his birthright.

He finally found the right place; a large foundry, the glowing steel ingots, a group of men gathered around the slim

glowing body of a woman. A quick glance confirmed it was Sharil. He felt a stab of concern, what was she doing there and why was she unconscious? Given her enhancements, that should not be possible!

Soaring down, he crashed through the sheet metal ceiling, landing awkwardly behind the men, taking a moment to regain his balance. They quickly parted, letting 'Superman' through as he knelt down beside little Sharil. He saw that she was not breathing, but that was not too ominous a sign for her, she could go for days in that state. Being unconscious was a concern though ... it would have taken a mighty blow to knock her out.

Carr scooped her up in his arms as he flew back upward and through the ceiling, her head accidentally tearing a gash in one of the thick support beams as he missed the middle of the hole he had made earlier. The strong blow seemed to startle her, to awaken her, as Carr felt her stirring in his arms. Pivoting quickly in mid-air, he flew downward, smashing through the roof of a big warehouse, fortunately an empty one.

Setting her on her feet, he saw her trying to move, obviously very uncomfortably, as the thick coating of steel around her body groaned and bent as the powerful muscles of her young body flexed. He saw her chest muscles expanding a bit, the steel encasing her chest expanding outward as it cooled and solidified; she was obviously trying to breath. Looking upward, he heard the screaming groan of tortured steel as she opened her mouth, shiny steel bending all across her face. He looked inside her mouth to see the same glimmering reflections from the nearly cooled steel. He realized with a start that she was full of the metal! My God, she had probably drowned on it and it was now solidifying inside her!

Carr was smart, it took him only seconds to realize that he had to resuscitate her and to do that, he had to melt the steel once again. He quickly stepped back before opening his eyes wide and unleashing his heat vision, starting at the top of her head.

The steel quickly softened and melted, running down her face, dripping from her long blond hair, as she reached her arms up, steel groaning and squealing around her powerfully flexing shoulders, while beginning to wipe it away from her face.

It took him nearly fifteen minutes, but he finally melted most of it off her, her costume and exposed skin now glowing softly in the dark room, the nearly white-hot molten steel puddling around her feet. He finally began to stare intently at her chest as she reached down and slowly pulled the bottom of her tight costume loose from her skirt. She gradually pulled it up, revealing her flat slightly rippling stomach, as his heat vision heated the lower part of her body, her softly rippling abs glowing brightly. She paused for a moment to look back at Carr before finally raising her arms to uncover herself, realizing that she needed to do this.

She finally pulled her costume the rest of the way up, baring her perfect breasts for Carr. He smiled in silent appreciation, his super vision had not been able to see through her special costume before so he had not really seen her like this. She dropped her blue top onto the floor, the big 'S' so prominent on it, as she put her hands behind her head and flexed her chest gently, her breasts now wonderfully uplifted on her perfect body. Her eyes had a playful twinkle in them as she stared back at him, the steel inside her body apparently not worrying her very much.

He turned on his full heat vision now, his eyes roaming across her chest, his vision spending concentrating on tracing the wonderfully rounded contours of her gorgeous breasts as they began to glow so brightly. He kept the heat coming, her breasts soon glowing cherry-red, sparks flying from her hard nipples, as her body heated so brightly that it lit the inside of the dingy warehouse. She turned slowly around and around, his intense heat vision tracing across the strong muscles of her back and then back to her dramatic chest as he evenly heated her body, her skin finally glowing white-hot.

Finally, after many minutes of this intense heating, she began to gag and cough, spitting blobs of white-hot molten steel onto the floor. She gasped and coughed harder and harder, slowly clearing her lungs. She finally leaned way over, her back to him, his heat vision tracing lower down her back to concentrate on her gorgeous ass, as she lifted her tiny skirt upward while clearing the remaining steel from her lungs and throat. He saw additional molten steel running down between her legs as he heated this lower part of her body as well, the beams peaking between her upper thighs to concentrate on the blond bush that was barely showing!

By this time, Carr was feeling extremely weak. His energy level had already been reduced by his long flight, the extensive use of his heat vision now weakening him to the critical point. It was time to draw power from Sharil for the first time. He felt a thrill through his body as he thought about how he had to do that, about how she had been subliminally conditioned to allow it. Blinking his eyes and shutting off his heat vision, he stared down at the girl, her glowing blond hair falling on the filthy floor as she was on her hands and knees, her tiny mini-skirt rising upward over her gorgeous tight ass, her long legs facing him.

He quickly knelt down and leaned against her gently as she turned her face toward him in surprise. He quickly brought his lips close to her ear as he opened his mouth to grasp her earlobe between his teeth at the same time as his large strong hand closed about one cheek of her tight ass. She started to pull away, surprise and anger registering on her pretty face at his unwelcome touch. But before she could push him away, he gripped her earlobe tightly in his teeth. He felt her muscles flexing, her immensely strong yet feminine body preparing to overpower him, her buttock turning to living steel under his hand, as she suddenly hesitated for a moment. Her entire body felt like sculpted steel now, pressing firmly against his side, her muscles flexing far harder than mere steel. She seemed frozen in place for nearly a minute before he finally felt her muscles relaxing, a long sensual sigh coming from her lips, her body gradually melting softly against his.

He released her ear, smiling as he looked into her bright blue eyes, seeing the warm but vacant look, her subliminal programming suddenly activated. Still on her knees, she raised her upper body until she was facing him, her hands slowly reaching up to try to surround her large breasts. She ran her hands slowly, almost erotically, across them for a moment, Carr strongly aware that her hands were too small to contain her remarkable breasts. He watched as her arms began to flex stronger and stronger, the tendons on the back of her hands suddenly standing out like steel cables, her forearms exploding into hard-cut muscles. He knew she was starting to use all of her incredible super-strength against this softest part of her body, preparing her body for the energy release he so desperately required. Her eyes closed, a small smile on her lips, she kneaded herself strongly, her fingers lost in the deep softness of her remarkable breasts, her body seemingly coming alive as he saw her face flushing, her nipples gradually hardening.

Carr felt his own body becoming incredibly aroused, the sight of her using that much strength against so soft and delicate a place was arousing, especially as he saw how she was responding to it. As he watched, Carr saw a strong bluish glow starting to come from between her fingers as her breasts seemed to suddenly come alive with crackling energy. She released herself now, her warm glowing hands reaching up to gently caress his face as he looked down to see sparks arcing between her widely-spaced engorged nipples. Her breasts glowed with a bright blue hue as waves of shimmering energy flowed outward from them.

Her powerful arms flexed once again, more gently this time, but insistently, as she drew his face inexorably downward, her youthful arms so much stronger than his own, her soft hands pulling his lips down to surround her hard engorged nipples!

His body shuddered in pleasure and need as her left nipple, now well more than an inch long from her arousal, slipped firmly between his moist lips and the energy transfer started, his mouth eagerly 'milking' the energy from her breasts, his body gradually coming alive with her powerful energies. She wrapped her slim arms around his head while resting her cheek against his soft hair, her eyes closed, her silky blond hair falling down to cover his upper body. His hand began tracing idly upward between her strong shapely thighs, a wonderful wet tingling feeling growing within her, her arms holding him even tighter as his fingers found that moisture. Sharil spent the next half hour letting him feed hungrily on the energy that only she could store in her body.

Coco's Restaurant, Manhattan

Meanwhile, across town, Monica was still having breakfast with the search and rescue team. They had been joined by another woman, Janissa Blaine, who had been working at the command post, this being her first time out. They were going around the table, each person introducing themselves as they filled her in on their background.

Janissa, having just joined the team, went first, her striking appearance setting off the other end of the table from Monica. She was tall, nearly 6', very athletically built with long startlingly white hair. Her stunning beauty, an exotic mix of Oriental and Caucasian, combined with her green eyes and her amazing white hair, would have drawn every eye in the restaurant if it had not been for Monica sitting at the other end. She quickly described how she had just finished college, a physical therapy major, and was working on the team while looking for a job in her new field.

Mark Ryan, the Search Team leader sat beside her. He was a very large man, a rugged but not handsome face, a lifetime bachelor, a man used to being in the company of other men. A man used to danger. He was a smart man, knowing how lucky they were today to have had Monica join them when she did, knowing that they could easily have lost someone in such a dangerous rescue without her. He was about 40 years old, having been in the rescue business for more than 15 years. He had recently lost some good will with the team for refusing to allow a well-regarded husband/wife team to join them. Despite his public reasons for refusing to accept them, his real reason was that he could not bear to tell a surviving partner the bad news after an accident, like what had happened once before. Despite his rugged appearance and manner, Mark was a sensitive man.

Sojo, the smallest man on the team, was their computer expert, he was about 26 years old and had been working with the team for the last 3 years. His strong sense of humor often lightened the mood on a difficult job.

Sally was their Technical Search Expert. She was very short, even shorter than Sojo and barely 90 pounds soaking wet. She and Sojo often slid into places too small for the other team members. She was 27 years old and was secretly married to Sojo. They were also both secretly swingers, their behavior off duty as dramatic and unusual as their contribution to the team during a job.

Craig, 29 years old, was in charge of their command post vehicle and equipment as well as their driver. He was also the person who handled the search dogs.

James Loram, 25 years old, was the Team's ex-paramedic and self-proclaimed lover. He was sitting close to Monica now, his charm turned on, as he was actively imagining the other attributes, besides that of phenomenal strength, that this super woman might possess. He had a very expansive imagination, honed by years of experience being around gorgeous women.

Ken Palicer was next as he explained that he was only working on this team to earn enough money to go to school, studying on his days off. He wanted to become a lawyer some day, something the rest of the team was always hassling him about.

Ryan Van DeBlock, 27 years old, a German national here to learn about rescue techniques, was the strongest man on the team at 6'8" 302 lbs. He handled the heavy equipment needed to tear apart concrete walls and structures to allow the team to enter a building.

Dick Tellson, the oldest man on the team at 45yrs, a 'been there done that' type of guy. Married and divorced twice. He was the other dog handler.

All eyes eventually returned to Monica as she sat beside Jim, her borrowed t-shirt clearly stretched too tightly across her incredible upper body. She described how she had moved to LA recently, has been doing a lot of modeling for bodybuilding and fitness magazines while preparing for competing in the new Pro Fitness contests that were being planned. She also talked briefly about her other background, her 'special' background, sharing what little she had learned from Kara about herself, as the team hung on her every word. Yet she did not share that Kara was her sister, the shame of what had happened earlier tearing at her insides. She described instead how she had been abandoned on Earth, her powers depleted, for 17 years until Kara had restored them, causing the big electrical blackout they had had recently in the city.

It was now an hour later, everyone had run out of questions and it was time to go. Jim and Ryan had been talking to Monica about her getting some kind of costume, something that she could slip into, or even wear under her clothing, when she needed it. Something sexy but sturdy, as Jim described it. This suddenly became the team's project for the morning as Craig drove the huge RV down the street to stop at an exotic swimwear store that Jim had told him about. They all climbed out and walked into the store with her as they were determined to help her, despite her protestations.

Monica looked at the sales clerk as she walked in, a little embarrassed to have nine other people, mostly men, here with her. She finally shrugged her shoulders and quite being self-conscious about it as she began flicking quickly through the racks, finally stopping at a fire-red two-piece swimsuit. Pulling it out, she held it to herself and looked in the mirror. Yes, that would do nicely. Grabbing some ankle boots, she slipped into the changing room.

The swimsuit turned out to be a bit tight, especially the top, but that felt all the better. Ever since her powers had returned so dramatically, she had enjoyed the feel of very tight clothing hugging her strong body. She looked at herself now as she pulled the suit up over her beautifully rounded and firm hips. She then squeezed her large breasts very tightly under the shiny fabric, sending a little tingle of pleasure into her slightly engorged nipples as they rubbed against the cool satiny fabric. It was a deeply cut halter top, rising up to a choker to leave her shoulders, arms and back completely bare. The top of the suit, actually a little small for her, revealed a touch of the rounded bottom of her firm breasts as her glowing tanned skin was visible all the way down to the tiny bottom of the suit. Her bust expanded the halter almost to the breaking point, only her incredible firmness keeping her breasts from bursting out from the sides.

Looking in the full length mirror, Monica was delighted at the result. The very sturdy material was stretched so tightly over her breasts that the shape of her dramatically firm nipples were slightly visible. She had already learned that it would take a lot more than fabric, more than even a steel halter, to contain her prominent incredibly firm nipples!

Slipping on the boots, she stood with her hands on her hips, swiveling around to look at the view from all sides. Her ass looked incredibly firm and very exposed by the high cut of the suit, barely more than a thong! She felt very sexy as she saw how the cut of the fabric made her legs look never-ending as they disappeared down into the ankle boots!

Side on, her chest looked huge as the bright red material strained outward over her breasts and then back in sharply to hug her ribs. Her bare abdomen, rippling dramatically with even the slightest movement, combined with the low cut of her bottom, left nothing to the imagination. The bright red of the costume was also set off nicely by the black boots ... yet she felt there was something missing.

As she stepped out of the changing booth, her eyes caught sight of the missing ingredient. She pulled a pair of black fingerless leather gloves off a shelf and pulled them on. Yes, that was it. Perfect! Now she looked the part, the part of a SuperWoman!

Walking around the corner, she saw the team staring at her, their stunned reaction freezing them in place once again. She walked into the middle of them, enjoying showing off a little, as she smiled at each of them in turn while turning around so everyone could get a good look.

“Well, Jim, isn’t this what you were imagining when you were daydreaming about me back in the RV?”

The sudden embarrassed look on his face, so uncharacteristic on his normally confident face, betrayed his thoughts as everyone laughed at his sudden silence. He had no idea how she had known what he had been thinking! Could she read minds? If so, they were all in a lot of trouble!

“Well, guys,” Janissa finally said, “let Sally and me help Monica get some other stuff and we’ll meet you back out at the RV. Now go, get out of here, and quick gawking at poor Monica here. Scoot!”

The men left reluctantly, talking as men do, while Janissa began picking out a fairly complete wardrobe for Monica, a wardrobe that was limited only by the selection available in a swimsuit and beachwear store! It was all clothing that was perfect for Monica’s perfect body.

The Interrogation Chamber, On Board the Arion Command Ship

Kara slowly became conscious of the faces around her as they swam in and out of her consciousness, the dimly lit room barely visible due to the strong light that was shining on her body. She felt Lois’s mind still screaming within her, her untrained mind not yet able to combat the effects of the wonderful pain of the Orgone energy that was coursing through her body. Kara herself had been in this state before and knew that the slightest movement, the slightest touch, would send her over the edge into an incredible orgasm, the extreme vitality of her body literally feeding on the Orgone energy. She sought to remain completely still, struggling to ignore her body as it tingled violently inside, screaming silently for release, seemingly continuously on the very edge of an incredible orgasm, as she concentrated on not giving in to it. It was hard work but she was experienced at this and knew she could hold out for some time.

The sharp teeth of the clamps biting into her breasts were the main problem, her hard engorged nipples tingling violently as the sharp points tried to dig into them. It was all she could do to resist this pain/pleasure as she felt the wetness flowing between her thighs, knowing it must be visible for all to see!

She saw two Arion women and a Kintzi male approaching. An involuntary struggle to free herself suddenly wracking her body, the sensations from her flexing muscles sending her over the edge, her body immediately exploding into an incredible super orgasm! Her loud passionate cries filled the room as every muscle in her body flexed, thrusting her pelvis forward again and again, finding only empty air to try to satisfy herself with. The Arion’s and Kintzi paused, watching her long athletic orgasm as it went on and on, only the gold band around her waist containing her remarkable strength as the restraints held. She cried out to them, pleading with them to touch her, to hold her as her powerful orgasm was so excruciatingly unsatisfying, the intense tingling not relieved in the least by her exertions. She finally sagged limply, hanging from her restraints, as she was again just tingling on the very edge of her next orgasm. The sweat ran down her face and stung her eyes, yet she knew that this was just the beginning.

Kara felt Lois’s emotions, the strength of them so great that they were intruding upon her own consciousness, as she felt her body soaring upward with intense sexual excitement as the Arions and the Kintzi approached even closer. The Orgone energy controlled her body, making her again beg for them to touch her, to satisfy her, even when Kara knew, deep inside her, that satisfaction could not be had while she was infused with this evil energy. She despaired,

feeling helpless and weak, a combination of feelings that this most powerful of women, this Supergirl, was not accustomed to feeling.

Wild emotions raced through her mind, a mind nearly out of control, as she knew they could do anything they wanted to her, she had no control over her body, could only crash from one intense orgasm to another. Her last experience with Orgone torture had been brief, the Amazons rescuing her quickly and then spending many days nurturing her, burning the energy from her system the only way it could be removed, by literally experiencing hundreds, perhaps thousands, of orgasms!

Kara almost screamed, able to endure the memories of that previous time only by biting her lip, as those memories of being turned into a helpless sex slave ran through her mind again. Her nipples tingled even stronger, the incredible mix of pain and pleasure exploding within her as those same nipples grew harder yet, expanding the sharp teeth of the clamps outward.

She shuddered as she saw the Kintzi coming toward her with an Orgone probe, nearly ten inches long and 3 inches thick. She gasped as she saw that the smooth rounded head was followed by a shaft that consisted of the glittering points of sharp diamonds that had been formed to cover the length of the shaft. She shuddered and squirmed helplessly, both in anticipation and disgust, as the Kintzi's soft paw patted her lightly on her naked stomach as he walked around her, tracing a line along her skin with his hard claw. She was shamed and embarrassed as she heard her own voice, coming from inside her as if in a dream, begging him to fuck her, to release her. Wild and powerful orgasms again wracked her body as she tried to move, exploding her conscious thoughts into a white haze of oblivion.

It was many minutes later before she regained some control of her body, a dozen wild climaxes having crashed through her. She felt the Kintzi's soft paw sliding between her legs, guiding the huge diamond-edged probe upward, pressing it against her soft labia! A first she pulled her pelvis back, trying to delay the crude violation of her body that she knew was coming, as she suddenly felt another pair of hands reaching around her, soft feminine hands, as they gently surrounded her soft breasts, running across her soft skin. Her body exploded into orgasm again, the touch of those soft hands on such intimate skin too much for her to resist. This time she could not help but to press her pelvis forward, hungrily desiring the probe now, wanting it, needing it, even though she knew its evil purpose.

An incredible sense of fullness flooded Kara's mind as the probe spread her nether lips apart and began a long slow slide into her moistness. The Kintzi's toothy smile was in her face, his foul breath smelling of cat, filling her senses, as he slowly stroked it in and out of her, deeper on every thrust. The sharp edges of the diamonds stimulated her in ways that she had never experienced before, her love muscles closing tightly around it, forcing the Kintzi to use his own super strength to continue his powerful strokes. Her orgasms grew stronger, her body completely out of control, the white explosions of passion again taking her away, wiping her senses, orgasmic delight being her only sensation.

This continued for many hours. She occasionally could see those around her, the sweat and tears filling her eyes, tears of humiliation and unwanted sexual need tearing her mind apart. Her body seemed to explode from inside each time she saw the Kintzi pressing the button, sending a blast of Orgone energy deep inside her, the resulting orgasm, her crazed screams, seeming to please him. He did it again and again, the Arions laughing with him now as they watched the young woman's body explode into indescribable pain and pleasure so many times, each time at their command. Every time Kara thought she was going to black out, hoping for release from her torment, they would ease the pleasure/pain only enough to let her gasp for breath, her struggles gradually weakening as the gold restrained her energies.

The Arion woman noticed this. Putting on her lead shields, she walked forward, carefully removing the clamps from Kara's breasts and then even the gold girdle about her waist. Kara gasped as she felt her full super-strength rushing back into her body as it suddenly reinforced the Orgone energy, sending her crashing into her strongest orgasm yet, her enhanced vitality only strengthening the effect of that hated/loved energy. She threw her head back, her tousled blond hair now tangled in the gold and steel chains still binding her, her eyes closed as she fought for control, fought to focus her strength on breaking those chains. Every time she began to gain even a little control of her muscles, another incredible surge of energy blasted her into orgasmic oblivion as her body thrashed about in mid-air, the long energy cable, reaching so deeply inside her body, now flying wildly from side to side.

Another set of clamps were suddenly attached, this time just to her nipples, as Orgone energy began coursing into her breasts, filling them, as they began to grow and expand slowly to contain it. The explosions of her orgasms now set up an energy flow, entering her body at her breasts and discharging through the rod so deeply inside her, as her body began the next phase, the continuous orgasmic phase. Kara cried out in terror, knowing that they were now harnessing the full power of her incredible body, her powers fully unleashed and turned inward on herself, the Kintzi

now using them for a single purpose, that of keeping her in the throes of a long continuous orgasm, an orgasm that could last for days, even weeks! An orgasm that would eventually kill even a Velorian woman!

Kal watched though narrowed eyes as the hated Arions and Kintzi tortured Kara, tortured Lois, his love! He hoped that Kara was in control, but knew that Lois would feel anything that happened to her body anyway. He wondered if Lois's mind could survive as he saw Kara's gorgeous body exploding into nearly continuous orgasms. He was disgusted with himself, but could not stop himself from becoming partial erect as he saw the probe inserted into her, saw her body responding so eagerly, yet with such disgust, as she thrust herself upon it, screaming for release. Yet he saw it did not give her release, it only intensified her powerful surging orgasms. He felt shame at his reaction, not fully understanding the influence that the gold intoxication was having on his body, not understanding how it was influencing his thoughts, his feelings.

He came abruptly to his senses for a moment when he heard her piercing scream, the same scream that lovely Kara had issued back when they had made love, the scream and cry of her final orgasmic release. But this time, it didn't stop, her cry going on and on as her body was frozen at that exact peak of her climax, the probes adjusting to her body, not allowing her any release, any weakening of her climax. He closed his eyes, tried to block it out, but her cry of passion/pain continued without stopping, minutes turning into hours. Her never-ending cry penetrated the core of his soul, the sweat and slippery liquids of her passion combining to form a pool beneath her as the long orgasm went on forever.

His eyes were wild as the Kintzi interrogator, an elderly female, fur gray and ragged, finally entered the room. She walked toward him, stopping just in front of him as she smiled sadistically, her jagged yellowed teeth showing. The Kintzi woman was very old, partially crippled, but incredibly evil looking, a creature corrupted and rotten to her very core. An Interrogator, the most evil of all Kintzi.

"Well, Superman, I hope you are enjoying watching your little playmate over there. She is finally experiencing the pleasures that even your body could not bring her, the pleasure, and the exquisite pain of continuous orgasm. She is strong that one, you found a good partner. She may last for a week like this before her mind finally dissolves, leaving her body a mindless hulk, perfect for us to install our own consciousness."

She walked around Superman, her furry fingers fondling his strong muscles, her blunted claws largely worn down by age.

"I am excited today, Kryptonian, for I have been selected to inhabit her strong young body. When this is all over, I will be your passionate lover, Superman, and you will not remember any lover before me."

With that, Kal cringed as he felt the long strong fingers of the Kintzi's paws gently holding him, stroking softly downward over the hard ripples of his stomach, claws tangling slightly in his thick dark pubic hair. Her fingers slid lower, slowly surrounding his partially erect manhood, both hands needed to come close to containing him even now. Kal gasped at both the intimate touch and the sudden bright green energy beam that burst into his eyes. The weird pulsating green light was clearly that of Orgone energy!

His body exploded in pleasure, his huge cock surging out of control, becoming erect in the Kintzi woman's hands. He was instantly so aroused that he cried out, his moan filling his half of the room.

The Kintzi smiled, turning to admire the young woman across the room, the woman that she would soon become, imagining the things she would be able to do with this Kryptonian's body, with this wonderful organ that she held in her hands. She was impressed even now as Superman's huge organ grew far larger, his head thrown back, his body surging beyond his control, as the woman began stroking her soft fur along the length of his shaft, feeling him grow so hard, so huge, so wonderful!

The Kintzi gasped softly, praying that the girl would succumb quickly, her own passion for this man filling her as some of the Orgone energy flowed out through Superman's hard cock and into her own body. Energy that made her feel suddenly young again!

She finally had to force herself to let go, knowing that too much Orgone energy would kill her, her body too old and too frail to contain it. She turned and walked away, knowing that she would be summoned back when the girl was ready, when she was ready for her mind to fill the void in her, her own body finally dying as she took on a new life as this young Velorian woman, as Supergirl!

An Abandoned Warehouse, Foundry District

Sharil's slim arms, the curves of her strong muscles clearly visible, held Carr's face increasingly tightly to her breast. His tongue swirled across her hard nipple as the powerful energies flowed from the hard tip of it to energize his body. His fingers, having slid slowly upward to find the wetness under her tiny red mini-skirt, had proceeded to explore further, his fingertips stroking gently across her soft labia as she gasped softly, feeling the strange wetness rapidly increasing. The strong tingling warmth between her legs combined with a feeling of irresistible joy as other wonderful sensations flowed through her body from her breasts. She felt herself instinctively opening her legs a bit further, freeing his hand to explore further, deeper, in a way she had let no man do before. She gasped as he took her breast even deeper into his mouth at the same time that his fingers eased her moist nether lips apart and began a wonderful exploration of the pink softness inside!

Sharil moaned softly, her body experiencing the most incredibly warm and tingling sensations that she had ever felt, such exciting sensations, as her nipples began to burn with desire. Her powerful arms held him even tighter to her breast as her pelvis began to rock back and forth, encouraging his fingers to stroke more deeply into her. She suddenly thought of how Carr had looked that one time when she had seen him staring at her, his huge 'thing' clearly visible under his tight costume. She now had a wonderful mental vision of that organ, what men called their cock, imagining that it was replacing his fingers, imagining that it was sliding deeply into her, so large, so hard! Her soft moans became louder, wondering what she could do to encourage Carr to really do this for her?

Carr would have smiled if Sharil's soft breast wasn't so deeply inside his mouth and if her arms weren't holding him so tightly. He felt her body surging, pressing her hot pussy against his fingers as she tried to take them within her, her soft chest rising and falling excitedly against his face as her soft moans filled the room. He tried to pull away a bit, to show her the way that a man and a woman should act to satisfy these longings, but her arms were too strong for him, holding him with almost painful strength. Strength that overcame even his powers as 'Superman'.

He felt her wetness flowing over his hand, her body responding as only a mature woman could, her young mind not full comprehending the capabilities of her more mature body. Yet her reflexes were clearly proving adequate to guide her as he felt her pressing herself even more firmly against his hand. He felt the red trunks of his costume expanding between his own legs, knew that he was ready for her, his mind filled with the image of her gorgeous body, her tiny red mini-skirt, the dramatic firm breasts that were even now pressed so warmly against his face, yet he could not break the hold of her strong arms. He struggled gently against her superior strength, his arms flexing strongly, wanting nothing more in the world right now than to show this Supergirl the most special of the powers that he possessed as Superman!

He stroked his fingers upward, stroking them across her hard clit, as he felt her body shuddering with pleasure, her moans becoming cries as her arms suddenly relaxed, his kisses beginning to slide lower across her soft chest. He rose from his knees, lifting her body off the floor as he felt her legs spreading around him, pulling him deeply between her gorgeous thighs. His fingers were struggling to remove his red trunks, knowing he was only seconds away from pleasing Sharil as only a man could do.

Suddenly, there was a loud crashing sound from over his head! Pieces of torn steel roofing and tar paper crashed down on the two of them. He had not even had time to turn his head before he felt a strong tug on his cape. He tried to ignore it, his mind and body focused on only one goal now, Sharil's blond hair flying as she frantically urged him onward. He was finally freeing himself from his trunks, his huge cock rising upward under Sharil's cute red skirt, when he was suddenly and violently pulled backward by his cape, his body torn from Sharil's arms to smash face first onto the filthy floor more than fifty feet away!

Carr quickly jumped back to his feet, his energy level fully restored by Sharil, his body nearly as strong as the real Superman had ever been, as he looked back across the room. He saw Sharil standing in a beam of sunlight, her body so stunningly attractive, wearing only her tiny red mini-skirt and red boots. Her gorgeous upper body so tantalizing, her tanned skin contrasting strongly with her long blond hair as the sunbeam made her hair gleam brightly, looking like a beacon in the middle of the dark dingy room. He was frozen in place, still staring at Sharil, not understanding who or what had pulled him from her, when another woman stepped into his line of vision. His eyes focused on her as she slowly walked toward him.

She was slightly shorter than Sharil, her raven black hair hanging long over her shoulders, her slim body moving with the gracefulness of a dancer. She had a funny smile on her lips, almost a predatory look, as she stared back into his eyes while moving closer. He saw her reach up to cross her hands over her chest, her fingers slowly tearing downward to noisily rip the strange clothing from her upper body! He couldn't help but look downward, her perfect breasts suddenly revealed, as he saw them pulsing with a weird green light. Her fingers stroked back upward, green

sparks arcing from her engorged nipples as her fingers surrounded them, energy shooting out into the air around her!

Carr was confused as he stepped further to the side to look around this dark-haired woman, again catching sight of Sharil as she still stood in the sunbeam, looking confused and aroused at the same time, one hand sliding under her tiny skirt, the other finger touching her lips, her erect nipples pointing slightly upward, moisture still glistening on one of them. He saw the puzzled look on Sharil's face fade as it slowly turned to a look of anger and frustration. His view was broken a moment later when the strange dark-haired woman again stepped between them..

Carr saw a blur of motion behind her as Sharil moved at super speed across the floor to slide between the strange woman and himself, the soft warm skin of her back pressing against his chest, her silky mini-skirt swishing against his nude lower body, the skirt quickly covering him. She put her hands on her hips, her proud breasts jutting upward defiantly, spreading her legs for a moment to capture Carr between them, as she made it clear, the way a young girl might, that he was taken, he was hers.

A slow smile wrinkled the corners of the dark-haired woman's lips as she paused for a moment, the dark nipples of her nude upper body almost touching Sharil's, her breasts equally impressive, also seemingly unaffected by gravity. Carr felt his body surging with desire, the two of them looking so sexy, Sharil's silky blond hair softly brushing his face as he turned his head to the side.

"So, Kara, we meet again," the stranger said. "I thought the slavers had you under control. Yet you continue to surprise me, showing up at the most inopportune times. But this is one too many times, girl, and you are between me and the man I have been searching for ... a big mistake, my little Firebug."

"Ah ... just who are you," Sharil stuttered, "and when did we meet? And I am certainly not your 'Firebug', whatever that is!"

"So ... its true, they say an overdose of Orgone energy can sometimes create amnesia ... the last time I saw you girl, you were on a slave ship heading for the mining colonies. You surely remember the unique way that we controlled you, the way we controlled your sweet strength?"

The girl simply looked confused as Kirrin carefully considered how to kill her. The girl was relaxed, not prepared for what was obviously coming. She had never been a good fighter, relying on her raw strength instead of skill, but Kirrin had thought she would have learned at least something from their past encounters! Apparently not. Well, you know how blondes are, she thought to herself with a smirk.

She clinically considered the right killing blow, her years of martial arts training guiding her, as another part of her mind seemed to whisper to her, telling her to not hurt the girl. Kirrin struggled, these strange thoughts had been driving her crazy lately, almost as if she was losing her mind. Every time she got ready to use her strength to destroy someone, these words whispered to her, telling her to go easy, to just subdue them, not to kill them. The words were very loud now as her hands unclenched, reaching upward instead to gently surround the girl's large breasts as the full power of her super muscles was suddenly unleashed. The tendons of her wrists and the backs of her hands turned to steel cables as she felt the softness giving under her fingers, hearing the girl gasp loudly, both in pain and pleasure, as she used strength that would crush any manmade object on Earth. Kirrin pulled her powerfully toward her, slowly and firmly rubbing her firm nipples against the girl's before she released a blast of Orgone energy directly into the girl's bare breasts!

Sharil gasped as the woman reached up to hold her so intimately, so powerfully, as she pulled her to her own breasts. A wave of dizziness filled her as she looked down to see a green glow covering her chest. The tingling feeling that had been growing between her legs was suddenly a hundred times stronger as her cries filled the room and her legs collapsed beneath her! She fell to the floor, her hands frantically reaching between her strong thighs, her young body immediately wracked with one orgasm after another as the Orgone energy did what it had been intended to do. In Sharil's case, her extreme vitality and strength, combined with her inexperience, caused her to lose all control of her body as climax after powerful climax wracked through her, her mind exploding into whiteness as she forgot everything around her, everything except satisfying the incredible longing between her legs!

Kirrin kicked her toe into the girl's side, the powerful kick sending her body flying through the air to crash into one of the huge steel beams of the building, her invulnerable body leaving a deep impression of itself in the steel. She slowly slid down the beam to collapse onto the hard concrete again, legs tangled beneath her, her mind still oblivious to everything around her. Kirrin quickly dismissed her as she turned her gaze back to Superman. Her strong arms reached up to surround his neck, pulling him close, her lips meeting his.

Carr had no idea who this woman was, but it was likely that she was an Arion, a woman of his own race, maybe even a Kryptonian! While not as exciting as young blonde Sharil's gorgeous body, he was too aroused to be choosy now, his body surging with passion. She pulled him close, her soft lips meeting his. He felt an incredible surge of energy as an unfamiliar form of energy flowed from the dark-haired woman. His body exploded silently inside, his cock growing harder than ever before as he felt it rising between her legs, lifting her off the floor! His hands felt the muscles on the woman's back flexing as he was forced backwards, his body bending, as she overpowered him, forcing him onto his back on the floor, his knees bent beneath him. Her own knees gripped his hips tightly as green sparks flew from her nipples, striking all across his steel-hard chest. He raised his hands to enclose those soft breasts, the energy discharges immediately coursing painfully downward through his arms and seemingly straight to his cock! An incredible electrical arc, green energy crackling loudly, caused sparks to fly out nearly a foot from the end of his cock, striking her body, each impact bringing a loud gasp from her lips.

Kirrin floated above him, incredible energy flowing from her large breasts through his body, loud crackling sparks of Orgone energy exploding from his cock to strike all over her stomach, working their way downward. The sparks began to concentrate against her dark bush, her legs spreading as the wetness between them drew the lightning strokes downward, the energy suddenly striking her sex, her body arcing upward as she cried in pleasure. She floated lower, her sex moving closer to the source of the discharges, as all the green lightning now struck her wet nether lips, blasting them apart, reaching into the pinkness inside. She came closer and closer, the discharges growing shorter and thicker, before she suddenly lowered herself over him, crushing him to the hard floor, the glowing end of his cock suddenly sliding between her moist trembling lips. The sizzle of glowing hot steel dousing in her wetness was so strong that it shook her entire body! They both cried out as the Orgone energy began a closed loop between her breasts and back up her sex, each wave of energy exploding within their bodies as she plunged downward, the force of her thrust shoving his ass against the concrete hard enough to send a spiderweb of cracks outward from under his body!

Kirrin took all of him into herself, her cry of pleasure shaking dust from the walls of the old warehouse, the wild thrusting of her body crushing his body deeply into the ferro-concrete beneath him, the foundation of the very building shattering as the energies of this super woman were FINALLY released as she made unrestrained love to her long sought Superman!

Meanwhile, Sharil, still strongly under the influence of the Orgone energy, staggered back to her feet, her body flushed and tingly. She threw her head back, her hands holding the massive beam so tightly that her fingers were making impressions in the steel, her long hair flying wildly as her head swayed in tune with her body's movements. She slowly raised her long legs, reaching them around the thick upright beam, gripping it ever so tightly between her thighs as she pulled herself to it, the beautiful curves of her legs flexing gently while her strength began distorting the hard steel of the massive beam. She hugged it tightly to her tingling wet sex, her hard pubic bone actually cutting into the steel, while pulling herself downward. The sound of her passion filled the room as that hard protruding bone carved a long jagged slice of steel, nearly three inches in width, from the beam. The steel forced its way into her delicate sex, filling her like some massive steely organ! She slid lower and lower, her pubic bone ripping the ragged steel from the beam to allow it to penetrate ever deeper into her sex. She rode the beam, rode it like it was some crazed bronco beneath her, the force of her super strength beginning to shake the entire building.

Her gorgeous legs began flexing out of control, a portion of the huge steel beam now deeply within her, as she began experiencing nearly continuous climaxes, one after another, as they crashed into her body! The huge beam crumpled and tore as her hands and legs ripped it apart, her body using the steel in a failed attempt to satisfy her passion, the steel within her proving too soft to meet her needs. Sharil's frustrations grew ever stronger, the steel clearly proving to be too soft to satisfy her longing for penetration, the beam nearly tearing in half between her powerful thighs. Yet each powerful orgasm burned off some of the Orgone energy. But even then, her brief exposure to Kirrin had given her more energy than a few climaxes could burn up, not even such earthshaking climaxes.

The entire warehouse was shaking now, the force of Sharil's slim body, her lower body shaking the support beams apart, combined with the powerful shattering blows being delivered to the concrete floor as Kirrin drove Superman's body powerfully into the foundation itself. The concrete floor shattered, the steel re-bars within it torn apart by the force of Kirrin's Orgone-induced passion, passion that now also exploded within Carr's body as he responded in kind.

The old warehouse could only take so much, the beams buckling under the extreme forces from the passionate star-born strength of these two young women, forces easily equal to a large earthquake. The building began twisting and tearing, the strong vibrations starting to shake the connected office building. The people at their desks in that building were shaken off their chairs, falling to the floor, the windows shattering around them. They struggled from their desks and ran for the doors, the people on the lowest floor having the best chance of getting out. The powerful

thrusting vibrations grew ever stronger, faster, the street itself cracking outside as the masonry shattered and fell from the front of the building. The old foundation, build before the days of steel reinforcement, finally passed the failure point as the building began to shudder and collapse, the office workers diving beneath their desks in a vain attempt to protect themselves as the ten story building crumbled and slowly settled to the earth.

The incredible shaking continued for several more minutes before the people outside, the ones lucky enough to escape, saw a sudden explosion from the roof of the warehouse next door. A woman and man, holding each other tightly, exploded from the tangled metal and soared up into the air, quickly growing tiny before disappearing completely into the gray sky. The observers were left with a startling vision of a woman's shapely tanned legs, muscles flexing so strongly, as she seemed to be carrying a man wearing a blue costume into the air. It didn't take much imagination to realize that this was Superman. But who was the dark-haired woman, her body so gorgeously nude, and why was she carrying him away? They needed Superman now, perhaps more than ever before!

Many a pair of eyes stared into the sky, waiting for Superman's return. Eventually they began to look downward and move around to help rescue people themselves, Superman obviously not returning anytime soon. They continued to feel a softer vibration, one that built slowly for several more minutes. The near continuous sound of tearing steel still came from the old warehouse, the sound of steel being tortured and bent under incredible forces. Finally, the twisted steel frame of the warehouse gave a final shudder at the same time as a high pitched muffled cry came from inside, the sound of a girl's cry! The sounds of tearing steel stopped when the cry did, the building suddenly silent again, silent except for the groans and cries from the people still trapped in the crumbled debris from the collapsed office building.

Ten Thousand Feet Above Metropolis

Kirrin soared upward into the sky, totally out of control, as she wrapped her gorgeous legs around the man she obviously thought was Superman, the man who wore his costume. The Orgone energy infected both of them now, their bodies acting on reflex alone, their super muscles out of control. They tumbled through the air as each powerful orgasm crashed in on them, their bodies losing even the power of flight at those moments. Each passionate explosion brought them closer to the ground, their bodies tumbling, finally crashing down onto the hard concrete of one of the wide runways at JFK airport! Carr was on top now, pounding Kirrin's cute ass into the pavement with the force of his mighty thrusts, her arms holding him so tightly he couldn't breath, her legs crushing him into her as she wanted more and more from him. The Orgone energy crackled and shot out twenty feet in all directions on every climax, the wildlife in the grass along the runway suddenly struck dumb by the discharges, suddenly running back down their holes in pairs. Yet these two Arion's saw nothing, cared for nothing, as they thought only of their wild fucking!

Pan Am Flight 811

"Gear down!". Carol Thompson, first officer on Pan Am flight 811, an Airbus 340, descending toward runway 18L at JFK, reached forward to snap the gear lever down. The three lights turned red, indicating the gear was cycling. She looked back up, the runway barely visible through the murky air ten miles ahead of them. She glanced at Captain Tormey, Jim, as he disconnected the autopilot and took over manually. As opposed to most of the crews today, she and Jim liked to hand-fly final approach, landing the huge aircraft with their own skill, not the 'skill' of some electronics system.

"Full flaps, Carol." She moved the selector to 40', the huge aircraft surging upward slightly as the flaps increased the lift.

"Flaps 40 Jim."

Her thoughts wandered briefly to the upcoming night. She and Jim had become something of an item, sharing a room together on most layovers. They were both based in San Francisco, both married to other people. Yet they had just finished spending two wonderful nights together in Paris and Carol was looking forward to yet another night with Jim, even if it was just at the airport Hilton in Metropolis.

Her thoughts came quickly back to the cockpit as the gear lights turned green.

"All down, in the green," she said, referring back to her checklist.

They worked together very well in the air, their personal life not interfering with their professionalism in the cockpit, as they completed their pre-landing checklist. Carol rang the bell for the flight attendants to take their seats as the runway gradually became clearer, Jim flying as smoothly as he usually did.

They were just crossing the runway threshold and starting their flare when Carol thought she saw something right near the touchdown point. She quickly leaned forward, her sharp eyes suddenly recognizing two people laying on the runway, right in front of them, laying on top of each other, almost as if they were ...!

“PULL UP, JIM, RUNWAY ISN'T CLEAR!”

Her hands met his on the throttles as they fed full power to the massive engines, fuel flow soaring as the aircraft slowly gained speed ... too slowly. Their eyes were wide open as the people on the runway suddenly disappeared under the nose just as they felt the mains hit hard. There was a sudden lurch as the massive aircraft turned slightly to the right side as their feet both jammed the left rudder pedal down, straightening out the aircraft as it struggled crookedly back into the air again. Carol milked the flaps up as her eye saw the right main gear light glowing red, not the green that she expected.

“We got a problem ... right main gear shows unsafe.”

“Cycle it, Carol.”

She pushed the gear lever up, all gear lights turning red for a few moments. The aircraft seemed to pull suddenly to the right as they had to apply full opposite aileron to stop the roll. They felt a tearing shudder as the force pulling them to the right suddenly stopped. They quickly centered the controls, Carol staring again at the gear warning lights, all of them blinking yellow for a moment before going out. The gear was stowed.

“Looks like a good retract Jim, but I have no idea what that vector was that tried to roll us to the right. I'm going to cycle the gear again.”

She pushed the lever down as the lights all turned red. They could feel the thumps as each gear extended into the air stream. Each light turned green, starting with the nose gear. Each gear except the right main; it stayed red.

“Right main is still unsafe! I'm also getting no reading on the brake temp's for the number two main truck. ”

Carol and Jim looked at each other, the concern clearly showing in their eyes, knowing that there was no way to land if a portion of the wheel assembly had torn loose; the aircraft would only flip over and explode.

Runaway 18L AT JFK

Neither Carr nor Kirrin had seen or heard the massive Airbus approaching until it was nearly upon them. Carr only had time to turn his head to the side before the massive main gear under the right wing smashed into the two of them, moving at nearly 150 miles per hour. Kirrin's legs, wrapped so tightly about him, his cock held so deeply inside her by her powerful love muscles, kept them tightly together as their bodies were suddenly smashed into the massive shock absorber assembly of the wheel train, their bodies instantly accelerated to the speed of the aircraft. The incredible blow dazed them both, their invulnerable bodies crushing into the steel and aluminum of the landing gear assembly, imbedding themselves, tearing the left half of the wheel train completely loose. They simply hung there, echoes of their near continuous orgasm's filling their bodies. The strong wind blasted against their bodies, the screaming engines only a few feet away, as these new sensations gradually distracted them from their lovemaking.

Carr in particular became concerned when the landing gear started to move upward into the dark gaping wheel well in the wing. He pulled strongly away, his flying power directed downward, as he felt the huge aircraft wing starting to bend toward him, following his body. Kirrin added her flying power to his, the two of them pulling hard for a few moments before they managed to rip two of the huge wheels that made up the four-wheel main truck from the aircraft. Their bodies, still tangled between the huge tires, tumbled into the filthy cold water of the harbor. They quickly ignored what had happened, ignored the stinking water surrounding them, as their attention again was focused only by the Orgone energy in their bodies. They sunk deeply into the muck at the bottom of the harbor, only the boiling turbulence of the water above them gave evidence of their continued attempts to consume that most intimate of energies.

Inside the US&R Team RV, Metropolis

Craig was driving back to the FEMA headquarters building after Janissa, Sally and Monica had rejoined them. Monica was wearing a pair of cutoffs and a tight Lycra sleeveless bodysuit top, her strong tanned shoulders bare, while sitting at the dinette with Mark. He was explaining some basic principles of urban rescue, especially how Monica could estimate the strength and weight carrying ability of a beam. This would be crucial for Monica to know if she had to make a decision about which beam to lift, especially if none of the engineers were nearby to advise her. Lifting the wrong beam could be worse than lifting no beam.

In the meantime, he was still trying to come to grips with this beautiful woman sitting next to him, her stunning body and fitness model looks an effective disguise for the strength he had seen her display earlier. His eyes kept glancing at her beautiful blond hair as it partially covered the glowing tanned skin of her strong shoulders.

He was running some calculations on his laptop computer, trying to figure out how she should hold a concrete beam, her hands necessarily exerting a lot of force per unit area. He started to enter the force values into the computer when he realized that he really had no idea how strong she was. He had seen her lift more than a half million pounds a few times, but had no idea if that had been difficult for her or not.

“Monica ... I still don't know how strong you really are and I need to have a fairly good idea before I can run these calculations. How much force do you think you can lift with each hand, lets say above your shoulders?”

“Hmmm ... I'm not really sure, Mark. I've never really tested myself. I know that when I tried to lift most of that one side of the building, when I was trapped in the basement, that it was really difficult. There were ten floors on top of me, but I was only lifting one side of the building. How much would that weigh?”

“Gosh ... each floor was a half million pounds. That would be five million, but you were only lifting one side. Lets say two or three for the sake of argument. Was that easy to do.”

“No way ... I thought I wouldn't be able to do it at first. I guess I would put my safe lifting ability safely at about two million, so that is one million per arm. Not bad for a lady, huh!”

She smiled at him as she made a muscle, her right arm and shoulder literally exploding into hard curves of muscles that would put a body builder to shame. His quick and appreciative glance down at her body was not lost on Monica. Seeing the look of wonder on his face, she leaned closer to him.

“Mark, would you like to feel what I'm like when I flex that hard?”

Mark looked up at her smiling face, her sparkling blue eyes, as he swallowed hard. He felt more than a little embarrassed at feeling the way he was, but he noticed that everyone else was either napping or busy writing their reports. He raised his hands to surround her upper arm as she slowly flexed her dramatic bicep again, her eyes watching his.

Mark was surprised as he felt how amazingly soft her skin was, yet was awed as he felt the muscle beneath. It seemed like it was made of living steel as both his hands were required to surround her upper arm, there being no give no matter how tightly he held her. He felt himself getting really turned on, his jeans suddenly feeling way too tight, as her big blue eyes met his. He remembered the huge concrete slabs he had watched her lift during the night, lifted using nothing except the muscles he was now holding.

“God, Monica, that ... that feels incredible!” His voice was soft, his breathing fast as he leaned closer, lips almost touching her ear. “I never imagined a woman could be as beautiful and as strong as you.”

She turned to whisper in his ear, smiling. “Well, I guess that is why they call me SuperWoman now. So, you are really impressed are you?”

Monica sighed softly and leaned closer to him, his appreciative touch making her feel sexy for some reason. A quick narrowing of her eyes followed by a quick glance downward confirmed he was definitely feeling the same.

Mark looked in her eyes, unsure if he wanted to ask what was on his mind as she finally relaxed her arm. He felt her leaning toward him a little, her soft breast pressing gently, but very noticeably, against his arm.

“Ah, Monica, one thing I've been thinking about. It's kind of weird, but I just have to ask it; you don't have to answer if its too personal. I was wondering what kind of man can, ah, be with you now, you know, given your strength and invulnerability and everything?”

A funny mischievous smile lit her face as he leaned more firmly against him.

“Why would I need a special man, Mark?”

“I mean,” he almost stuttered, “with all your muscles, I mean, all of your body is probably ‘super’ isn’t it?”

“Well, what kind of man do you imagine I need now?”

He hesitated ...“Ah ... maybe Superman..?”

Her soft laugh sounded very sexy as she melted softly against him, her bare leg touching his as he felt the swish of her silky hair on his shoulder as she whispered softly in his ear.

“Yes, Superman would probably be a very satisfactory lover, at least physically. But I don’t think he has the experience to really please a woman, at least one who isn’t simply infatuated with him. After all, he has only been dating Terran women up to now. But he at least has the muscles and ,ah, the ‘physique’ for it, he could probably learn pretty fast.”

She touched her lips to his ear as she whispered in a more serious voice. “But my little sister, Kara, is the one who seems to be infatuated with him and he with her in kind. I guess he likes teenage girls, although to be fair, she looks more like a woman in her early twenties, Velorian girls do mature quickly. And speaking of teenagers, there is this incredible guy, only 17, who is a Velorian like I am. We ... ah, we have been close a couple of times. But he certainly isn’t my boyfriend or anything, we just are ‘compatible’ in some ways. Beyond that, things are a little ‘difficult’ for me here. My potential lovers will just have to be a little more ‘creative’ now than in the past.”

Mark didn’t know what to say for a moment, wondering what she meant, various wild and unspeakable fantasies filling his head. He suddenly found himself in some extremely intimate territory with this SuperWoman, veiled references passing between them as to the mechanics of making love. Yet Monica didn’t seem shy about it at all, almost like she was flirting with him, challenging him! He was the one who suddenly felt shy. Shy and more than a little inadequate.

However, the more they talked, the more she seemed to be melting into his arms, encouraging him, the less concerned he seemed to be. She obviously knew what she was doing even if he was not sure what to do or say to her.

He realized that if he hadn’t been in the RV with the rest of his team, the interior still fairly brightly lit in the setting sun, he would have taken her into his arms right now to explore his own limits with her. Maybe he wasn’t the man for her, but he would at least like to hold her, to see what they could do to please each other, to let her teach him.

They didn’t say much as the RV grew darker, yet their thoughts were anything but quiet as Monica shifted softly in his arms as her lips touched his.

Her lips traveled across his face until they were softly touching his ear again, her soft kisses caressing his earlobe this time as she whispered, “You don’t seem as intimidated by me as most men are, Mark. I like that. Would you like to take me into the back bedroom for a little while? Maybe calibrate your calculations a little further.”

Mark couldn’t breathe for a moment, an explosion of fire in his chest, another one further down, freezing him in place. Her unexpected request, the sexy yet clinical way she phrased it, fulfilling his wildest fantasy. He suddenly sensed her wonderful perfume, a wonderful mix of honey and flower fragrances. His head felt light, almost dizzy, as she slid silently from the dinette, holding her hand out to him. He took it as she effortlessly pulled him to his feet. He came to his senses quickly as he caught up to her and guided her down the hallway, one arm around her tiny waist, unseen by the other team members. Unseen by everyone except for Janissa.

Janissa’s sharp eyes, much more capable of seeing in the dark than the other team members, had missed nothing. She had seen and heard everything they had said during the last hour. Her talents and knowledge, a body of learning that went back dozens of centuries, passed from one ‘sister’ to another, enabled her to sense things that most people clearly could not.

She closed her eyes now, her body slumping into a dark corner, as she invoked a small but very special spell. Her spirit quickly rose from her body, unseen but capable of seeing, as she floated through the wall of the RV and into the enclosed bedroom at the back. She floated downward toward Mark, slipping comfortably into his body as he shivered for a moment, a coldness momentarily coming over him before he felt normal again. Janissa now floated within his body, seeing and feeling as he did, as one very strong sensation filling her senses. The sensation of the

wild tingling arousal that was coming from inside his suddenly tight jeans!

Inside the Collapsed Warehouse

Sharil gradually awoke, an immense weight pressing against her body. She noticed that the wild tingling warmth was gone from between her legs; whatever that other woman had done to her was now thankfully over. Despite the way that she tried to act, and the way that she knew she looked in this body she now owned, Sharil had no illusions about how inexperienced she really was. She smiled slightly now as she remembered how wonderful she had felt just a few moments before, understanding that what she had felt were sexual orgasms, many of them. She had only felt that once before, back when she had crushed that Kintzi when she had first awakened on Earth. How someone could make that happen to her now, without even touching her, she had no idea. She had always thought that sex took two people, a man and a woman, to do it.

She tried to move, but the massive beam laying across her chest, plus a very funny sensation deep inside her, inside her sex, made her stop. She vaguely remembered what she had done to the steel beam; parts of it must still be inside her! The idea suddenly made her feel a little sick as she couldn't understand why she would have wanted to take THAT inside her. Her grimace quickly turned into a smile though as she began remembering how it had made her feel. She was just beginning to understand the difference that her passion could momentarily create in her thinking and behavior; she was taking the first steps to understanding what it was like to be a woman.

She tried to reach downward to remove it now, but the beam across her chest was trapping her arms, pinning her to the floor. Struggling to bend her arms, she was eventually able to put both hands under it. She started to press it upward, her fingers distorting the thick steel simply from the force of her strong grip. The beam creaked and groaned for a moment before anything happened, Sharil suddenly pushed even harder.

The beam rose slowly, a loud tearing sound coming from all corners of the building. As she lifted it, a large part of the building, obviously collapsed on top of her, seemed to move upward at the same time. Her muscles strained, her incredible 'Velorian' strength now fully released, as the massive beam creaked slowly upward. She smiled slightly as she saw two perfectly round depressions appearing in the bottom of it, obviously from where it had fallen across her chest. It still amazed her how different her body was now than that of the young 13 year old gymnast she had been when she had started the program. Not only did she have these large gorgeous breasts, but the fact that they could do THAT to a steel beam still amazed her!

She felt a bead of sweat on her forehead, it was taking a lot of effort to lift the beam, but she finally got her arms extended and elbows locked. She now tried to scoot out from beneath it, but the vertical steel beam between her legs, parts of it inside her sex, was trapping her, her thighs spread open about a foot. She struggled a bit before she found she could bend her lower legs around it and hook her ankles together. Doing that, she began squeezing, the thick beam bending inward, the steel collapsing as the harder than steel muscles of this young Supergirl's thighs began crushing it with irresistible force, the steel deep inside her moving slightly, making some of those tingles come back!

Finally, after several minutes of straining, the steel groaning as it was pressed even more firmly into her sex, even deeper inside her, her body starting to tingle more and more in that funny way again, she managed to press her thighs completely together, the hard steel finally squeezing like toothpaste from between them! She then twisted her slim hips while rubbing the inside of her thighs together, tearing the remaining sheet of steel that was between them in half. She now found she could work her way a bit lower, even though the rough torn steel beam was scraping firmly between her buttocks, spreading her cheeks. She felt a tingle rushing through her body as the huge steel sliver shifted deeply inside her, tearing away from the remains of the beam where it was encased in the concrete floor. The tearing sound grew louder as she raised her pelvis high into the air, the steel beam imbedded inside her resisting her as it was anchored into the concrete.

The steel finally tore apart, her pelvis and her sex proving stronger than mere steel could ever be, as she began scooting her way low enough to clear her head from under the massive beam, her upraised arms starting to tremble from the massive weight. She gratefully let it crash down just above her head as she curled herself in a ball, her fingers reaching deeply between her legs to remove the huge fragment of the steel beam from inside her. She gasped as the thick ragged sliver, nearly a foot long and as thick as her wrist, gradually slid from inside her, her gasps coming in tune with the incredibly exciting sensations she felt even now. She had not known that she had that many nerves in that area, that that grotesque thing inside her could feel that good! She decided she would have to explore this much further in greater privacy!

Finally, tossing the wet torn steel 'dildo' to the side, she stretched her long legs out straight, once again flexing her remarkable muscles. She focused her attention upward, activating her flying power, her powerful leg muscles propelling her upward toward the daylight above. Huge pieces of steel and concrete flew in every direction as she thrust her fists upward, smashing her way to freedom, finally exiting on the opposite side of the debris pile from where the firemen were starting to work.

Feeling the cool air flowing across her body, her nipples tingling a little, she realized that she had lost the invulnerable blue top to her costume! It was buried somewhere back in that massive rubble pile. She paused only for a moment before deciding there was no way she was going back into there just for that! Pivoting in mid-air, she flew off over the city, heading toward the cold wintry ocean so that she could wash off.

The bottom of Metropolis Bay

Kirrin's exuberant lovemaking was eventually starting to tell on Carr as his energy reserves began dropping again. Four hours of continuous lovemaking, trying to keep up with Kirrin's incredible Orgone-induced passion, his own body reacting to the Orgone energy as well, had been too much for him. He did not have the unique energy reserves of an Arion female, nor those soft wonderful organs that stored such energies. And Kirrin had no way to transfer any of her energy to him now except Orgone, and that only made things worse!

His body finally collapsed limply in Kirrin's arms, shriveling inside her such that he was no longer useful to her. She groaned in disgust realizing that her physique and power had been too much for even Superman! She swept him into her arms before launching herself upward from the muck at the bottom of the bay, streaking outward toward the clear water of the open ocean. Her legs, so gorgeous, so powerful and so tireless, accelerated the two of them to many hundreds of miles per hour beneath the water's surface, a huge rooster tail blasting more than a hundred feet into the air as she zoomed past the ships in the crowded channels of the harbor. She finally reached open water, the stink of the harbor rapidly rinsing from their bodies before she soared upward into the cold winter air. Arcing back toward Metropolis, she finally dropped Carr off on a bench in Central Park, among the other homeless men living there. His exhausted body collapsed on the cold bench, sleeping soundly. She glanced around at the men in disgust, their wide-open eyes staring back at her, before soaring back up into the clear cold air over the city. The frantic desires from the Orgone energy were momentarily tolerable as she enjoyed the feeling of the cold air on her skin. She soared higher and higher, into the stratosphere, the air temp dropping to -40F, the cold air feeling wonderful on her invulnerable skin, cooling her body, relaxing her mind.

The Interrogation Chamber, On Board the Arion Command Ship, Earth Orbit

Supergirl's continuous screams tore like a knife into Kal consciousness, her voice sometimes sounding like Lois, sometimes like young Kara herself. The woman he loved and the young woman he was so taken with were both being tortured, their deaths imminent unless he did something. He heard Supergirl's voice getting hoarse, her body bathed in sweat as all the fluids were drained from her body by her incredible exertions.

Kal still felt the effects of the gold band about his waist, reducing his own strength, confusing his mind. But he knew what he had to do, hoped only that the Arion's had miscalculated his restraints, had prepared them for an Arion male. He bided his time, waited until the observers in the Interrogation room had been reduced to one, probably during the sleeping hours. His body began to slowly strain, the muscles that made him Superman leaping into play as he struggled with a madman's strength, Supergirl's screams energizing and empowering him.

The first hour of struggling availed him nothing, the bonds seemingly impossible to break, his perfect body now covered in beads of sweat from his exertions. Yet he continued to hope beyond hope that the Arions had miscalculated, had not adjusted for his strength, gold bands notwithstanding. The Arions would have no reason to know that he was to an Arion what a world-class bodybuilder was to a normal man. Huge muscles swelled and strained while he felt a strong new sensation, one he never had felt before. For the first time in his life, true violent anger burned through his blood, his pacifist nature now forgotten. He clearly knew he would now kill if necessary to save his lover, the thought giving him even more strength as he struggled harder!

Slowly, gradually, the bonds restraining his massive legs and arms stretched, his incredible thighs and biceps bulging larger than any Terran bodybuilder who had ever lived, far larger! He slowly and deliberately strained his body, twisting from side to side as pain shot through his wrists and ankles where the bonds held him. He struggled like a man gone completely mad, knowing he would only get one chance at this.

With a loud groan, the massive bolts attaching the shackles to the wall slowly gave way, his entire body now glowing red-hot from his continuous exertions, every muscle in his body quivering from strain. He despaired as he saw that the gold-coated shackles on his wrists and ankles were still tightly attached to him even as they tore from the walls and floor.

He heard Supergirl's screams pausing for a moment, the technician adjusting the machine to another setting as her limp body hung loosely in the restraints, her wet hair stuck against her face, hiding her eyes. He shook himself while tearing the chains from the gold-alloy bracelets that still surrounded his wrists and ankles, looking up in time to see the Kintzi pushing yet another button. Supergirl's body suddenly snapping backward as the probe inside her suddenly began glowing with white-hot heat. The incredible heat spread outward from her sex, her thighs and abs, her cute buttocks, all suddenly glowing cherry-red, as the incredible heat was combined with quick bursts of green Orgone energy. Wisps of steam came from inside her as the white-hot probe vaporized her wetness as it began to suddenly vibrate as if it was alive! It was as if a switch had been thrown inside her, her body suddenly arching backward as far as her restraints allowed while the incredible pain/pleasure ripped through her, her screams far more frantic, far even more desperate now.

Kal cursed silently as her torture drove him mad inside, made him want to lash out even now, in his weakened state. But his strong disciplined mind knew better as he found he could barely stand. He knew that he could not rescue her by himself in his current condition, he had to get help! Help that could defeat the combined power of the Kintzi and Arion warriors aboard this ship.

It took all of his will power to turn away from his lover to begin his escape from the ship. The gold bands on his wrists and ankles still weakened him severely, but he had fortunately been able to remove the larger band from his waist. His invulnerability was now back nearly to normal, but his arms and legs were still very weak, only a few times stronger than a Terran man. Yet Kal looked like no Terran man, his massive musculature eclipsing that of a heavy-weight bodybuilder.

He crouched low in his chamber, watching how all the attention was directed at Kara's 'interrogation' as they tuned the machines to her body, attempting to break her more quickly than ever. He slipped quietly toward the door, feeling self-conscious about being naked, yet knowing that he had to escape no matter what. He opened the door, thankful that no alarm sounded, as he began walking rapidly down the hallway, toward where he assumed the airlocks would be, near the end of the ship. He suddenly flexed his massive thighs and calves as he ran rapidly down the corridors, toward the airlock assembly. He had to get outside the ship, get back to the surface, to get help. Yet he knew that even an Arion or Kintzi child could probably overpower him now.

One corridor led to another, the ship quiet this time of night, until he finally neared the end of the massive rotating cylinder. He knew that he would have to climb the long ladders up the central core where there was no artificial gravity. All the living areas were around the inside of the walls of the rotating cylinder, access to the outside being at the zero-gravity center of the massive cylinder.

He was moving faster and faster now, his confidence growing that he would meet no one, when he tore around a corner, only to find himself face to face with two young and pretty Arion girls, maybe 15 or 16 years of age. They were both wearing the tiny hotpants and tight stretchy tops, almost like Lycra, that made up the uniform that the Arions universally wore when exercising. They were giggling about something, talking about someone called Jerol, as they apparently returned from their early morning workout.

He braked to a stop, pausing a few feet from them, as they blocked his way, their shocked eyes running down his nude body. He felt like covering himself to protect them, these girls were pretty young, before he remembered that despite their age, they were probably several times stronger than he was right now. He forced himself to remember that they may look young and innocent, but their slim arms were easily strong enough to hold him until some adult Kintzi or Arion came along. He saw the girl on the left slowly closing her fists, her long black hair still sweaty from her workout, as she whispered something about a 'Kryptonian' to the other girl. Damn ... they must have announced his capture throughout the ship!

No sense now in just pretending to be an Arion 'streaker', Kal thought to himself, not that sexual deviancy was common among the regimented Arion society. Instead, he launched himself forward, hoping to break through between them. He almost made it before the other girl, the slender one, straightened her arm in front of him, his body folding around her thin arm as the air was knocked out of his lungs! He staggered and fell heavily onto his knees before the girl lifted her arm, throwing him up in the air like a rag doll. He bounced off the ceiling and crashed heavily against the side of the steel corridor, his legs crumpling beneath him.

"Ariel ... go get some help," the girl shouted to her friend. "I'll keep him in the hallway here until you get back!" With that, she spun around to walk a few steps down the hall, unfortunately in the direction Kal wanted to go, while her friend ran off the other way. She put her hands on her hips, her gorgeous legs slightly parted, her tanned and shapely thighs and calves already showing the promise of the woman she was blossoming into. Kal staggered back to his feet without any hesitation, his massive fist immediately flying forward with all his strength and his weight behind it. It smashed heavily into her pretty face only to send a sharp pain back up his arm, his body thrown backward to land on his ass. He looked up at her as she just stood there with a little amused smile on her face, her head barely moving from the massive impact. He tried to get up, but his knees collapsed, dropping him onto the floor again, holding his bruised hand against his stomach, as he experienced the same kind of frustration and pain that his adversaries always had when fighting him!

Gritting his teeth and ignoring the pain, he threw himself forward again, his huge shoulder smashing into her stomach this time. This time it felt like he had just thrown himself against a steel column, her flat stomach and tiny waistline not yielding an inch as his shoulder was jolted and bruised, his body bouncing off the steel of hers to fall onto his face on the floor. He rolled over to see her looking down at him, her beautiful green eyes looking amused.

"And I thought Kryptonians were really strong ... at least that is what I have read. You certainly don't seem strong, hardly more than a Terran I would guess. Too bad, I just finished working out and still have a lot of energy left. It would have been a glorious day if I could defeat a Kryptonian in a fair fight!"

Kal hissed while cursing the warlike training of the Arions, always wanting to test themselves against each other, and against foreigners, whenever they had the chance. Why couldn't he have met an Arion pacifist ... if there were any!

Kal waited for a moment before he slowly got up again, all the while watching her eyes looking down at his manhood, her smiling face changing a little as her tongue traced quickly across her lips. He knew Arion girl's were sexually active at an early age and she certainly didn't seem surprised to see him this way. In fact, she was actually a little turned on if the two sharp points appearing under her stretch top meant anything. He decided he had nothing to lose now, knowing that he was more like a Velorian than an Arion, at least as far as endowment went. If she had some experience, she would clearly recognize the difference, a difference that was reportedly the ultimate sexual fantasy among Arion women.

His eyes rose up along her gorgeous legs, imagining her strength, imagining what those smooth legs would feel like under his hands, seeing her beauty, as he tried to force himself to become aroused. His thoughts returned to Kara for a moment, the way she had looked and felt as he had held her in the hot tub only a day before, as he suddenly felt the tightening and tingling that foreshadowed his erection. He rose slowly back to his feet as he saw her eyes growing larger, her gaze concentrating between his own legs and his memories, and the view of the girl's gorgeous legs, worked their magic. He smiled at her as she stepped a little closer.

"I guess we Kryptonians are only good for one thing, aren't we, just like your friends have said. You know that we are the most dramatic men in the universe, able to please a woman in a way that no other man can. Can you now see why that is, can you see the true power of a Kryptonian man."

He heard her breathing coming faster, the tiny bumps on her chest suddenly becoming huge as her nipples grew erect, engorging the way only a Arion or Velorian woman's nipples could. He stepped even closer to her, his hand gently stroking himself, lifting himself higher, not looking down but realizing how he must look to her now. Her tongue moved more quickly over her lips, her eyes large and moist as she stared down at him, her arms crossing tightly under her budding breasts, making them rise slightly on her chest. Kal waited until he had her full concentration, her body responding strongly as he had hoped she would, before suddenly throwing himself forward, the back of his left hand striking her neck, striking a delicate pressure point, as his shoulder shoved the stunned girl to the side.

He ran down the hall, a backward glance showing that she was on her knees, holding her neck, her glazed eyes trying to follow him. He ran for all he was worth, finally reaching the ladders as he started the long climb up that network of ladders to reach the airlocks.

Kal had climbed less than two hundred feet up when he felt the ladder vibrating strongly beneath him. Looking down, he saw the young girl climbing after him, climbing a lot faster than he could! He used every ounce of his strength, knowing that her far greater strength would be essentially nullified by the lighter gravity above, that is, as long as she didn't lay her hands on him before he got there!

He felt his body getting lighter, thinking furiously about Arthur Clarke's 'Rendevous with Rama' SF novels as he tried to remember the kinds of strange physical effects, coreoleous forces from the rotation and so forth, that Clarke had written about. He needed an edge to stay ahead of the girl, and he could see that raw strength wasn't going to do it

for him, she had so much more of that!

He saw a parallel ladder, nearly two hundred feet away, as he felt the gravity weakening to perhaps a sixth of Earth normal. He decided to jump for the other ladder, knowing that the Coriolis force was going to twist him away from his target, he would have to adjust his jump accordingly. He recalled everything he could of how that force would distort his path, finally pausing to make his jump. He aimed at a spot about 20 degrees to the left of the other ladder, remembering how the force would twist him to the right. He glanced down, the girl was only 50' below him now, coming on fast, her strong arms flexing dramatically as she used her star-born strength. He envisioned the likelihood of his having some broken bones in a few seconds if this angry and embarrassed girl actually laid hands on him!

Bending his legs, he aimed toward a point in space, well to the left of the other ladder. He shoved with all the strength in his legs, the light gravity sending him soaring through the air toward the other ladder. He glanced back, seeing the girl pause at his jumping off point, obviously preparing to jump after him, He hoped against hope that she would miscalculate, would not understand the weaker secondary forces involved in a rotating ship like this. Hopefully she had spent most of her time down on the rim of the ship!

Turning his head forward again, he was suddenly afraid he had actually made a serious error himself! His path looked like it was going to take him well to the left of the ladder. His arms and legs thrashed in mid-air, more to make him feel like he was doing something rather than having any effect on his path. He reached out frantically for the ladder as it drew closer, the ladder seeming to gradually move closer to his path as the expected forces bent his trajectory toward it. He turned his head around again to see the girl launching herself toward him, shoving off faster than he had been able to do. He saw her launching herself straight at his body!

Kal felt like laughing, knowing that she had miscalculated, his body having already drifted to the right. He turned around just in time to grab the other ladder as his body soared close to it, the ladder barely in reach of his arms. He held it tightly as he saw the girl floating closer, her legs suddenly blurring as she kicked them at super-speed! She was drifting far to the right now, but the rapid fanning of her bare legs was counteracting a portion of the force, her path nearly intersecting with the ladder. He stared, frozen in place by the specter of his re-capture or worse if she reached his ladder. His face finally broke into a big grin as he saw she was going to miss it by two arm lengths, her flailing body drifting into the open spaces beyond. He waved to her and blew her a kiss.

"Bye honey ... sorry you missed me. Have a nice fall ..."

Her look of dark anger and the glimmering red glow in her eyes concerned him for a moment, but the restriction on using heat vision inside an Arion vessel, a restriction punishable by death, was strong enough to restrain her as she drifted helplessly out of reach.

Kal felt ecstatic now as he turned and began running up the ladder, somehow knowing he was going to make it now. It was another 500 meters to the hub, but he made it in two minutes flat. He floated onto the upper platform, his body very familiar with zero-gravity, as he floated over and hit the buttons to cycle the airlock of one of the scout ships.

Entering and sealing the lock behind him, he quickly programmed the controls for a fast planetary re-entry with the landing point near Metropolis. His study of Kryptonian spacecraft from his history crystals, combined with observations that he had made while being transported up from Earth in one of these ships, proved adequate to the task. Releasing the grapples, he hit the ENGAGE button as he felt the drive engine firing, the tiny craft decelerating as it fell into low orbit.

Meanwhile, Ariel had finally reached the main security kiosk and had breathlessly described the naked Kryptonian wandering the halls. She described how her friend Petra had stayed behind to restrain him.

The officer was just calling for a security team when he saw the warning signal from an unauthorized scout ship launch. It took him less than a second to connect the events, quickly notifying Defense Control of the launch. Defense Control in turn notified the Phaser Fire Control station which in turn immediately targeted the craft. Several challenges on the comm circuit going unanswered, the Phasers were ordered to fire, bright beams reaching out to converge on the tiny ship as it raced rapidly away.

Kal's eyes were suddenly blinded as his little ship was bathed in bright violet light, sparks exploding from his panel, the scream of whistling air signifying a hull breach. The walls of the tiny unarmed ship seemed to melt away, the blackness of space appearing as holes quickly melted in the hull. He suddenly felt the same powerful beams shining on his nude body as the remains of the ship melted away around him. The heat was incredible, his skin sizzling and turning white-hot for a moment as it felt like his body was going to be vaporized just like Beryllium hull of the ship! He curled into a ball, seeking the shelter of the armored engine compartment before he felt an incredible

final explosion as it flung his body toward the blue Earth below! The space drive engines exploded behind him, the incredible force propelling his body away from the remains of the ship, propelled him downward and out of the Phaser beam!

His invulnerability essentially intact despite the gold-alloy bands on his hands and wrists, Kal felt the hard vacuum sucking all the air from his lungs as he suddenly felt completely out of breath. He concentrated on emptying his lungs until he began to feel calm again, his body switching from metabolizing energy using oxygen to using his stored energy reserves. He knew that he couldn't stay in space too many days this way, but quickly saw that he had the opposite problem, he was coming down too fast!

His trajectory was very steep, too steep, entering the atmosphere at an angle that he knew would promote an extremely violent re-entry. Hoping that his invulnerability was more than just partially intact, he curled himself into a ball. He plunged downward, his skin heating to white-hot incandescence as the ionized air surrounding him generated a long white streak across the sky. His body was still moving at several thousand miles per hour when it finally smashed into the hard weathered rock of a peak in the Appalachian mountains, his steel-hard body tearing huge pieces of weathered Gneiss rock from the cliff face. He was left hanging, body imbedded in the glowing half-melted rock, hanging a thousand feet from the valley floor below.

High Over the Ocean Near Metropolis

Kirrin was flying over the cold wintry ocean, light snow falling from the dark gray clouds overhead. She was feeling much better now that she had burned most of the Orgone energy from her system, wishing only that Superman had been a little stronger, able to keep up with her demands for another few hours. An additional few hours that would have rid her of this wonderful/terrible energy.

Her eyes were suddenly startled by a huge burst of violet light in the dark sky as it appeared through an opening in the dark snow clouds. She instantly recognized the spectrum as that of Arion Phaser fire, the resulting white-hot explosion as that of a ship that had been destroyed. She turned upward and streaked toward the source, quickly climbing above the clouds, only to see a small object re-entering the atmosphere, the meteoric passage of the object leaving a glowing trail of super-heated ionized air behind. She flew after it, accelerating to many times the speed of sound, racing through the stratosphere, as she saw it finally impacting against a mountain in Western NY state. She flew downward, back into the snow storm, her super vision having seen that this was no spaceship. It had, in fact, been a man, obviously a super man, a man whose nude body could somehow survive a fiery re-entry to the atmosphere, someone who could perhaps finish the job that Superman had started!

She paused in mid-air for a moment, realizing that the Arion Empire had just tried to destroy whoever, or whatever, this thing was. Her empire! Despite recent events, she still felt a twinge of loyalty to it, perhaps more from nostalgia and reflex than anything else. But having been outside its control for so long now, and also knowing how they had tried to sell her into slavery the same way that she had done to Supergirl, she decided that old loyalties were not enough anymore. No, she owed them nothing now. She was on her own now, a free agent!

Her sharp eyes once again scanned ahead through the thick snow clouds to see where the man had crashed into the cliff face. She saw his gorgeously muscled body as he was buried halfway into the hard rock, saw how he now moved, cracking and crumbling the hard rock around him while trying to extract himself. He was ALIVE ... and obviously as strong and invulnerable as Superman had been! Her body surged with arousal, the remaining Orgone energy exploding softly, intimately, inside her, like a sexy bomb, as she soared downward, her naked body glowing red-hot from the air friction, adding the glow of her superheated skin to his, their nude bodies coming together to light the dark face of the snowy cliff.

Pan Am Flight 811

Carol left the gear down while remembering the tearing and shuddering vibration they had felt from the last retraction. Jim circled the field, finally passing low over the tower as the two senior controllers stepped outside on the balcony to examine the right landing gear. They stared at it with their binoculars as the massive Airbus passed slowly over them, making notes about the damage to the wheel truck.

They looked at each other after the plane had passed, the damage far more severe than they had guessed, knowing that the exposed steel strut assembly would dig into the pavement and flip the aircraft if they tried to land

this way! One of them picked up the mike and calmly explained to the flight crew what they had seen. The momentary silence before the woman's 'roger' came back was all they needed to understand that the crew realized how much trouble they were in.

"Why don't we try a belly landing, Jim ... at least that strut won't dig in and cartwheel us?", Carol said as she struggled to keep her voice calm.

"Yeah, I guess that is the best we can do, Carol, but these Airbus's are very poor candidates for that. Not as solid as the old Boeings were. All that composite carbon-fiber stuff has a way of coming apart violently on that kind of landing, unlike old fashioned aluminum. But I guess it is our best chance, why don't you transfer all the fuel from the belly tanks to the wing mains."

They flew a racetrack pattern around the field while the fuel transferred, all other traffic diverting to neighboring airports. Finally, the fuel transferred, Carol retracted the gear one last time as they swung around for a long slow flat approach. The right gear made a really funny sound this time, the red gear unsafe light glowing brightly after the other wheels had been stowed.

"Pan Am 811, we see your right main still down, repeat, still down. It didn't retract." The tower's message was startling; one gear down was even worse than the previous situation.

"Cycle it again, Carol." She hit the lever several times, the gear extending and retracting each time, all except for the right main. She finally left the gear down, they had no good options left.

They climbed back into a holding pattern as the snow began falling, a huge nor'easter storm forecast to hit within a couple of hours. That was the least of their problems, they would be out of fuel in slightly more than one hour!

The senior controller picked up the phone and made a call to the Daily Planet. Somebody there always seemed to be connected to Superman, or knew where he was. His message was simple ... either find Superman or there were going to be a lot of dead people on the ground soon.

A Park In Long Island

Sharil swam for more than an hour in the cold wintry ocean water, twenty miles offshore, swam until she felt clean again, her skin tingling from the icy cold water. She finally rose into the even colder air to fly inland, over a large island north of the city before sweeping down to land near the edge of a deserted park. The sun was setting, the park benches quickly becoming covered in fresh snow as the storm grew stronger. She sat on one of the snow covered benches, her warm bare legs melting the snow, as she contemplated where she was supposed to go now. Carr had supposedly had an apartment arranged for them, but he had disappeared once again after meeting that super woman, whatever her name was.

She was feeling a little sorry for herself now, arms crossed over her bare breasts, feeling the big soft snowflakes landing on her skin before quickly melting from her warmth. The snow and cold breeze still felt good, yet she longed for being around some other people, to relax, to not be Supergirl for a while.

Looking through the gathering gloom, the dark bare trees overhead, she saw the bright window of a house near the park, a television screen glimmering. She zoomed her super vision in, the screen filling her view, as she saw an image of Superman on the TV. Brushing the hair from her ear, turning her head slightly, she tuned her incredible hearing into the distant sound of the TV.

"... and if anyone has any knowledge of Superman's whereabouts, please have him contact the control tower at JFK airport immediately. Many lives are at stake and only he can save the people on this ill-fated flight, Pan Am Flight 811. And now for a word from our sponsor."

Superman's image was suddenly replaced by two identical looking girls, both chewing gum, DoubleMint gum, and looking very happy about it for some reason. She had no idea what gum chewing and a rescue by Superman had in common, nor why these girls were so happy at a time like this! The previous announcement had sounded really serious! But the girls blond hair at least reminded her of one thing. It reminded her that she could certainly perform this rescue as Supergirl! Besides, she needed something better to do than just sitting in this dark and gloomy park while being buried by the falling snow!

She stood up, shaking the water and half melted snow from her shoulders, before flexing her calves to leap high into

the air. Flying rapidly just above the housetops, remembering the map Carr had shown her of Metropolis, she headed straight for the JFK airport.

It was only a few moments later when she swooped down to land softly on the snow covered balcony surrounding the observation cab at the top of the tall control tower. She turned to the door, opened it and walked inside as everyone turned to stare at her.

She had a sudden urge to cover herself, but decided that she was getting tired of being modest just to keep people from staring. Their stares certainly weren't going to hurt her and she was starting to enjoy the freedom of having her chest bared this way! She took a moment to look around for the person who looked like he was in charge before walking up to him and extending her hand.

"Hi, I'm Supergirl. I heard you needed some help here."

Chuck, the chief controller, stared at the young woman, her long hair wet, melting snow running down her tanned skin as she stood dripping in the middle of his tower, her body nude to the waist! Her lower body wasn't much better clothed, her tiny red mini-skirt covering very little of her long legs, as his eyes swept down to her calf-high red boots. How in the hell did this bimbo get into his tower?

"Ah, look Miss, if this is some kind of birthday prank or some singing telegram or whatever, we are a little busy right now. Why don't you run along and entertain somebody else."

He turned away to call across to one of the controllers. "Sam ... what's the fuel state on 811?"

"45 minutes, more or less. No response from Superman yet."

Sharil suddenly realized she was being ignored as the controllers gathered to look out the window as a huge airliner began a long slow pass down the field.

"Ah, guys, I hate to interrupt, but I don't think you are going to find Superman tonight. But I'm here, I can save these people. Just tell me what I need to do."

The chief controller shrugged over his shoulder. "Sam, get her the hell out of here and find out why Security isn't doing their job. This is last God damn thing we need right now, some singing telegram bimbo!"

Sam grabbed his own coat and walked over to put it around the girl's shoulders, giving her at least some modesty. He held her shoulders gently as he tried to head her for the door. She didn't budge. He tried to turn her a little harder, but it felt like he was trying to move one of the statues in St. Peter's Park! He struggled harder ... same result. He finally bent down, trying to lift her over his shoulder, but she felt like she weighed as much as one of those same statues, he couldn't budge her! He finally saw her hand rising up to grab the top of his shirt, his jacket sliding off her shoulders to fall to the floor, as he was suddenly lifted high off the floor.

"Look ... read my lips ... I'm Supergirl, Superman's cousin ... I'm at least as strong as he is. And quite ignoring me before I get REALLY PISSED OFF HERE!"

Her loud shout filled the control tower as Chuck finally realized where he had seen that red costume before. Her skirt and boots were like Superman's costume! It was just her nude upper body that had made him think she was some party joke from one of those 'modeling' agencies. Maybe, just maybe she was who she said she was. They were running out of time anyway; he decided to go for it.

"Ok, Miss ... Supergirl did you say your name was? There is an Airbus 340 out there, circling over the field, the right landing gear is badly damaged. I need you, or Superman if he can be found, to support that side of the aircraft while we land it. Otherwise, the steel strut of that landing gear is going to dig into the pavement and flip the airplane as soon as it hits. Can you do that?"

"How much will I have to lift to hold that side up?"

"Ah ... in landing config, fuel as low as they are, maybe 100,000 pounds ... max."

"Oh ... that will be easy ... just point the plane out to me."

Chuck still had his reservations, feeling like he was the object of a sick joke, the girl's blond party looks and gorgeous bare breasts so visible. He shrugged, looking around at all the serious faces in the tower. He knew that nobody here would pull a stunt like this at such a time.

He finally put an arm around her bare shoulders and led her out onto the snowy balcony, still not completely sure that this wasn't some elaborate hoax. He stared into the thick falling snow, suddenly pointing to a huge plane as it dropped out of the clouds while making another low pass over the field. He turned to see her eyes focusing on it for a moment.

Sharil watched the plane for a few seconds before turning back to face the man, his strong profile suddenly reminding her of her father. She couldn't resist the sudden feeling she had, almost like she was a little girl again, as she wrapped her arms around his chest while hugging him close. She gave him a quick kiss on his cheek while whispering in his ear.

"Thank you for finding a way for me to help ... it is so hard trying to figure out what to do here."

With that, she stepped back before soaring up into the air almost faster than his eyes could follow. The memory of her soft wet breasts pressing against his chest, her lips softer still as she whispered in his ear, confused the hell out of him. Why was she thanking him, she was the one they were depending on? Rolling his eyes, he muttered ... "Women!"

Sharil flew rapidly after the aircraft, the snow falling more heavily now as it stuck to her body, collecting faster than her warm skin could melt it. She heard the incredible roar of the engines as she approached from the rear, staying low and out of sight of the passenger windows, as she slid up under the right wing. She saw the torn landing gear, two wheels still attached but dangling, almost falling off. She matched speeds with the plane while reaching up to squeeze her hand around the axle, the steel shaft slowly giving way under her immensely powerful grip. The axle shattered as the suddenly wheel came free to drop it into the bay. Doing the same to the other wheel, she then flew under the huge landing strut as she eased her back up under it. Raising her arms over her head and bending her legs at the knee to grip the rear of the strut with her heels, she began to lift the wing gently. The entire front of her body was exposed below the strut, her firm breasts and pubic bone the lowest parts of her body. Holding on tightly, she felt the plane banking back toward the airport, the flight crew obviously having been informed by the tower that she was on the job!

Cockpit, Pan Am Flight 811

"A young woman is doing what ...?" Carol asked in an incredulous voice as the tower described the plan to her.

"Ah, 811, she is going to hold up the strut for you as you land."

"Ah, guys, this is not time for humor. We are almost out of fuel." Carol's voice started to sound a little strained, they were indeed running out of time.

"Ah, we're serious down here ... turn on your inspection light and check it out. She said her name is Supergirl and that she was Superman's cousin!"

Carol swiveled in her seat as she switched on the side light. She had to wipe the moisture from the window, but could just make out a blond-haired woman, hardly more than a girl, pressing her back up against the strut. Her wet hair was whipping around in the wind, her firm bare breasts jutting out into the airstream as snow was building up along the front of her body!

Carol turned back around, pausing for a moment before speaking, hardly believing what she was saying. "Well, Jim, there is indeed a gorgeous young woman, nude upper body, holding onto the right strut. The other two wheels are gone, so she is the only thing that is going to hold us up. I don't know what to say, but she certainly wasn't there the last time I looked. Perhaps the tower is right, maybe she is Superman's cousin."

Jim grunted in return, he had no time to do anything but act now, this plane was coming down, flying women or no flying women! He circled around, setting up a long approach, as he felt the aircraft roll response becoming a little strange. Undoubtedly the girl was trying to lift even now, despite the fact that the wing was supporting them while in flight. No problem though, he could still steer the plane, it just felt funny as she was always responding a little behind the aircraft, obviously guessing what he was trying to do.

The plane finally approached the snowy runway, the long flat approach skimming them low over the approach lights, as he began the flare. He and Carol were both gritting their teeth as they felt the left main hit, the plane tilting slightly to the right before they felt a funny soft scraping feeling as the right main touched down even more softly. Carol hit full

spoilers and reverse thrust as they both kept their feet off the brakes, relying just on the engines to slow them.

Sharil had seen the runway coming up as the plane slowed, the nose tilting upward a bit, the left wheels striking first. She struggled to keep her body just above the runway, but the hard arrival jammed her downward, her breasts, hips and protruding pubic bone scraping firmly against the pavement as a hundred thousand pounds of force crushed her steel-hard body against the ground, sending sparks flying upward from the harder points of her body. She felt her nipples tearing a long pair of twin grooves down the pavement, her pubic bone grinding even deeper as it sent a trail of sparks up from a third groove. She gasped at the strong sensations while struggling to fly again, to lift her body, and the massive aircraft, just off the pavement.

She finally succeeded in flying again as the plane gradually slowed, eventually relaxing a bit to let the wing sag a little as it came to a complete stop, the weight of the strut squashing her against the pavement. She lay still for a moment, the massive weight feeling comfortable on her back, her breasts and pubic bone tingling something fierce both from the hundred mile per hour grind down the rough concrete runway and the force that was pressing them into the pavement now. Turning her head upward, she saw two fireman standing beside her, fire extinguishers in hand, as they were prepared to douse the hot metal from the strut. But there was no hot metal, just a young Velorian girl whose tender body had substituted for the massive wheel assembly!

Sharil put her arms out to her side as she did a long slow pushup, lifting the hundred thousand pounds of her side of the aircraft with just her arms. She slowly pulled her knees under her as she bent her back upward while reaching behind her shoulders to grab the strut. She stood on her knees, arms behind her head, chest flexing with her firm breasts clearly visible, both of them glowing slightly as the snow flakes sizzled against the hot skin, the two fireman staring with mouths hanging open. The Captain had been right, this was not going to be an ordinary rescue!

Sharil held the same position for a while until two mechanics drove up and unloaded some massive jack stands. They slid them under the strut as Sharil slowly lowered her arms until the jack stands took the weight from them. She then scooted out from under the landing gear as she began stretching to relieve the tightness in her back and shoulders. She was still stretching her nude body, rapidly gathering a pretty good crowd, when one of the fireman put his red jacket over her shoulders. Sharil closed it in the front with her hands as she gave him a little smile.

She looked around now, feeling even more lonely as everyone was talking about her, but no one was talking to her, when she saw Chuck's face, the chief controller. She couldn't help but give him a warm smile as their eyes met. Turning toward him, she ran over to slide her arms around his waist. She held herself close, his warmth feeling so comforting to her, as he looked around at the staring faces while slowly shrugging his shoulders, acting like he didn't know her! After a moment, he reached down to hold her to him as well when he felt her trembling a little, somehow feeling so vulnerable all of a sudden.

Walking her over to his car, he sat her in the front seat while he returned to find the flight crew. Guiding them to the car, they climbed into the back seat as he drove them back toward the tower, the plane now safely in the hands of the maintenance crews.

Carol stared at the girl in the front seat, her long wet hair hanging over the seat back, as she turned around to meet her smile. Her bright blue eyes and gorgeous smile, the deep dimples of her cheeks so striking as Carol was suddenly at a loss for words. She remembered looking down out her window during the landing at the girl's body, her 'soft' breasts scraping along the concrete sending a riot of sparks up behind the plane. Yet she looked so cute now, a slightly lost and needy look on her face, that Carol could not fully comprehend what she had just done nor how she could have done it. She forced herself to speak.

"Ah, Supergirl ... I want to thank you. You saved our lives, along with the 300 people in the cabin. There was no way we could have landed safely without your help."

Carol saw the big grin, the look of embarrassed pride crossing the girl's face. It suddenly occurred to Carol that this girl might not have done things like this before! Carol at least had certainly never heard of her before!

"It was nothing ... I can do a lot bigger things than that. But I was still glad to help you guys."

The conversation stopped again, no one quite knowing what to say for a moment. Carol eventually started asking where she was from, what her real name was, and so on. She was surprised when the girl seemed confused, unable, or unwilling, to answer even such simple questions.

The car finally reached the tower as Jim and the chief controller went off to finish their report. Carol headed into the women's bathroom with Supergirl, she wanted a few minutes alone with her before they joined the crowd in flight operations. The press would surely be here by now.

“Supergirl, you need to level with me, something fishy is going on here. You are about to meet the press and they will be incredibly pushy and nosy. If you can’t give them some good answers, actually even if you do, they will hound you to no end. Why don’t you get out of here, through that window, and meet me for dinner later tonight. Here is the address of the hotel we are staying at, ask for Carol Thompson. How about three hours from now ... we should be done here by then.”

“Ok, Carol, by the way, my real name is Sharil. Can you do me a favor, let me borrow some of your clothes? We are about the same size.”

“Sure, honey, let me see what I have here.” Carol quickly opened her carry-on bag, handing Sharil a pair of Levi’s and a yellow blouse. “How about these ... not much but they should fit you even though you’re a little bigger across your chest than I am.”

Sharil smiled and thanked her as she rolled them up under her arm while handing the fireman’s coat to Carol. She turned, a quick twist of her fingers tearing the normally sealed window open. She floated off the floor, her calves flexing slightly, giving Carol a quick wave and a smile, before disappearing into the night.

Lieutenant Anders and a contingent of SWAT team members were waiting in the hall when Carol stepped out of the restroom. Their rifles were immediately pointed at her as two of the men swept behind her to enter the restroom. They returned a moment later, empty handed.

“OK, lady, where is she?”

“Where is whom”

“Supergirl, we heard she went in there with you. We have a warrant for her arrest, first-degree murder.”

“Well, you won’t find her in there, she flew out the window, heading I don’t know where. I certainly couldn’t stop her.”

“Damn ...” the Lieutenant cursed. “She is always getting away. Do you have any idea where we can find her?”

“None at all, officer, perhaps you should contact Superman, she said he was her cousin.” With that, Carol turned and walked away, leaving the frustrated cops standing in the hallway.