

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 19, Kassandra

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Little Firebug – Chapter 19

Kassandra

by Sharon Best, Steve G. and Pete H.

Anderson's Steak House, Metropolis

Carol and Jim sat talking at the table while working on their second drink and some appetizers. Jim glanced at this watch again, it was 8:20PM. Carol had told him how she had invited Sharil, the girl who had saved them today, to dinner. But it was getting late and she hadn't shown yet.

He had made a few phone calls earlier and had been more than a little shocked to learn that the girl was wanted for murder. To be specific, the murder of nearly 50 policemen and a dozen or so civilians only a few days before! He and Carol had debated calling the cops, but Carol had finally talked him out of it after describing her conversation that afternoon with the girl. It was her opinion, one admittedly formed without any real facts, that Sharil was not an evil or dangerous person, at least not by deliberate intent. She had only seemed confused and very naïve when Carol had talked to her. She had in fact acted like she was homeless, with no place to go, not even any clothes to wear. It was Carol's theory that if she had hurt anyone, it had been by accident or misuse of her powers, not by intent.

Jim finally went along with it, but wasn't very happy about. Harboring dangerous criminals was not his thing at all!

It was now 8:35 and they were about to give up on her when Jim caught sight of a striking young blond who suddenly appeared at the entrance to the dining room. She was wearing jeans and a yellow top, just as Carol had predicted Sharil would wear if she showed up. The girl didn't look around at all, but rather walked straight toward their table, almost as if she had known where they were sitting.

Jim thought about Superman's x-ray vision as he realized that if this girl really was a relative of his, she probably had the same abilities. She must have located them before even entering the building!

He stared intently over Carol's shoulder at the way she walked toward them, her slim lithe body moving so smoothly, with so much control, much like he would imagine someone who was both a dancer and a gymnast might walk. His eyes dwelled for a moment on her long shining blond hair as it seemed to almost glow in the soft overhead lights, her large blue eyes also sparkling back at his as she stared steadily back at him while crossing the room. He couldn't help himself as he slowly traced his eyes down her body as she approached the table, immediately noticing how much more exciting Carol's clothes looked on this girl, fitting more snugly than he was used to seeing as her gorgeously firm body filled them out so dramatically!

Carol noticed the look in Jim's eyes as he stared intently over her shoulder; it didn't take much of a detective to figure out that Sharil had probably finally arrived. She smiled warmly at his reaction before turning to see Sharil walking up to the table, just as she had expected. She somehow looking a lot more confident and controlled tonight than she had looked earlier in the day. Jim quickly stood up to slide her chair back as Carol introduced them.

"Hi, Sharil, glad you could make it. This is Jim, he was the Captain on our flight today, we usually fly together on the Paris run. Sharil of course is the person who saved our lives today."

Jim held out his hand to take shake hers, immediately noticing that while her hand was small and soft, her handshake was as firm as any man's; almost too firm as he struggled to meet the strength of her grip. He held her hand longer than was normal as she pulled her long shining hair to the side with her other hand while at the same time seeming to float smoothly into the chair. He finally released her hand, a little embarrassed at how he had held it, still amazed at how smoothly she had moved, her body seemingly weightless. There was a moment of awkward silence before he was able to get his voice back.

"Ah, I guess we both owe you our thanks, Sharil, there was no way we could have landed in one piece today without your help. You're OK aren't you? They told us the runway was damaged a bit from where you slid along it for a bit?"

Her melodious voice, surprisingly well modulated and mature sounding, reminded him of a tropical waterfall as she spoke. She had a hint of accent, one that almost seemed to be a impossible mixture of French and Russian.

"I'm fine, I was just surprised by what I heard one man call an 'abrupt arrival'. I had been expecting you to touch down gently and I wasn't ready for that hard hit. It didn't really hurt me or anything, but I'm afraid the, ah, the front of my body was a little rough on your runway when I was smashed against it ... it wasn't damaged too much was it?"

"Ah ...no ... but, I mean, we were all wondering, ah, how could you do that to, I mean, how could you damage concrete like that and still be OK?"

"Well, I am Superman's cousin. My skin, really my whole body, is invulnerable just like his; I'm just as strong as he is to. If he is the Man of Steel, I guess you could say I'm the Girl of Steel. Even the, ah, softest parts of my body remain completely invulnerable, even when forces as great as your airplane are pressing those, ah, parts of me against the ground."

Jim stared at her, his eyes traveling down the front of her tight blouse to her prominent breasts, remembering the pattern of deep scratches down the runway, now convinced that his suspicions of what had caused those twin grooves were correct. He tried to imagine how her breasts could have become firm enough to tear into hard concrete like that! He could have sworn he saw them jiggling a little as she had walked toward him tonight.

He shook his head, there was no way he could even begin to imagine what she must feel like under those clothes, her body now looking so soft and sexy, so normal, as she sat across the table. He saw her following his eyes down with her own as she noticed where he was absently staring, a quick blush highlighting her cheeks. He quickly looked up at her face again, feeling a little embarrassed at his thoughts, wondering how old this girl really was. Her face and body said she was in her late teens, maybe early twenties, but her manner suggested she was a lot younger than that. Damn, now he really needed another drink! Turning around, he motioned the waiter over.

"Ah, Sharil, I'm going to order another drink, can I get you something?"

"Sure ... whatever you guys are drinking."

Jim smiled at her, a funny look lighting his eyes, as the waiter arrived. He thought Sharil looked barely old enough to drink, but what could a little alcohol do to Supergirl; hopefully the waiter wouldn't card her. Looking up as he arrived, Jim quickly ordered another round of double Jack Daniel's on the rocks plus one for Sharil. They didn't have to fly the next day due to the weather and their broken aircraft; they were simply celebrating the fact that they were alive tonight.

He turned back to Sharil just as he saw Darrel Grimes walking up to the table. He was also a Captain with Pan Am and, like them, was stranded in Metropolis for the next day or two by the weather.

"Well, if it isn't Jim and Carol ... good to see you guys. And who is this lovely young lady you are having dinner with. This wouldn't be your daughter now would it Carol?"

"No, Darrel, Jenny is home in SF and besides, I'm not old enough to have a daughter this age yet! Jenny won't be turning 15 until next month. Actually Darrel, this is our special friend Sharil; we met her today during our unusual landing. Darrel is a Captain flying the London route with our airline. Would you like to join us for dinner?"

"Thanks, I thought you would never ask ..."

He slowly took Sharil's offered hand in both of his as she looked up at him with those big blue eyes of hers. A slight smile touched her lips as she was obviously pleased at the attention she was receiving, actually being with some real Terrans in a social situation for the first time. The man

seemed very charming to Sharil as he softly and gently held her hand for a moment before sliding into the chair directly across the table from her. Sharil's eyes held his for a long moment before she felt herself blushing a little as she observed the appreciative way he was looking back at her.

"Well, Darrel," Jim began as he broke the long silent stare between Sharil and him, "I assume you heard about our malfunction today."

"

God, hasn't everyone! I mean how many people have to have their butt saved by some nude flying bimbo? You

really need to learn to land all on your own one of these days, Jim! And as far as the little super chickie goes, her picture is all over the TV tonight, although the pictures of her face are a little fuzzy. Didn't seem to matter though as she certainly seemed to be more interested in showing her tits off. God, the way she was sticking them out there while holding up your right gear up behind her back; we need to give her number to Penthouse or something. Good thing the maintenance crew finally came over with the jacks so she could set your Airbus down. Besides, since when do you guys need a blonde super bimbo to land your aircraft? Of course, with tits like those on that bimbo, she can come and grab my 'strut' any day! Do you need some more time in the Simulator doing gear stuck procedures maybe? I could fix that up to help you guys get it all together."

He noticed how Jim and Carol suddenly looked uncomfortable as he went on and on. He knew that his crude language had still not improved much despite being out of the military for a couple of years now, and everybody should have become used to his merciless teasing by now. Well, maybe the drinks he had had at the bar earlier weren't helping much. He finally realized he had better cool it when Carol put her soft hand on his and interrupted him.

"Ah ..., Darrel, before you make too much of an ass of yourself, at least more than usual, I want you to know that our young dinner guest, Sharil, goes by another name in public. She tells us she has started to call herself Supergirl, especially after getting so much exposure today on TV!"

Darrel froze in place, his eyes opening wide in shock as they turned back to meet the girl's as she stared at him. He swallowed hard, suddenly very aware of what he had been saying about her. Surprisingly, she didn't look upset, just a blank look on her face, almost as if she had not really understood what he had been saying.

His eyes moved down over her bare arms, suddenly noticing how fit they looked, as he suddenly realized that she could easily tear him into little pieces with those hands, at least if the stories about her were true. His eyes moved back up to dwell on the dramatic curves of her chest, the blouse appearing to be a size too small on her, as he remembered what she had looked like on TV as the camera zoomed in on her bare chest. Even now, he could clearly make out the firm points of her nipples under her blouse. Despite looking so firm, she was obviously not wearing a bra.

She stared in his eyes as she said in her unusual accent, "Darrel, you called me a 'bimbo' and were talking about my 'tits'. I haven't heard those words before, what do they mean?"

Carol looked at the sudden shocked and frozen look on Darrel's face as he tried to slide lower in his chair. She had trouble keeping from laughing as she turned to him. "Yes, Darrel, explain to Sharil here about her tits and how she looks so much like a bimbo to you. I'm sure she would appreciate your teaching her about such adoring Terran terms as those. She is, after all, from another star, probably just visiting us here on Earth, and she doesn't understand our slang very well."

Darrel's mouth didn't seem to work at first, his lips moved but no sound came out. He cleared his throat several times as all three of them stared at him intently while he squirmed in his chair. He glanced at the amused look on Jim's face before it was clear he was not going to get any help from him to get out of this one.

"Well, Sharil, a bimbo is, ah, it means, I mean, I, ah, use that word to describe a very pretty and very strong girl who helps other people. You definitely did that today and I thank you for helping out my best friends here," he said as he reached out to put his hands on Jim and Carol's arms. He heard Carol muttering something about 'wimp' under her breath.

Sharil looked pleased as she smiled back at him. "What about my tits then, Darrel, you said you liked those and wanted me to grab your strut, is your airplane broken too?"

Carol couldn't stand it anymore as she laughed out loud, the painful look on Darrel's face suddenly becoming too much. He definitely needed help now!

"Sharil," Carol said as she turned to face the girl, a big grin lighting up her face. "He was talking about your breasts and how much he liked what you were wearing, or rather, not wearing, when you landed our aircraft today. Just ignore him, he's just a dirty old man who never learned how to talk properly in the company of women; he spent too much time in the Marines. We all just ignore him, you should too!"

Sharil looked down at herself as she heard Carol's words, realizing with a start that they had all been talking about her breasts of all things! Her face flushed a little and then lit up with a big smile as she reached her hands up to hold herself firmly, squeezing them together as her hands proved to be too small to completely surround them.

“Yes, they are so much larger now, that’s for sure. I’m glad you like them, Darrel, I think they are beautiful now. You will have to hold them sometime when I’m not wearing my top, they are very soft despite how they might look sometimes. They are the only part of my body that doesn’t feel like it is made of steel. But not right here, some people get really embarrassed by me when I take my clothes off.”

Jim sprayed Jack Daniel’s all over the table in front of him as he suddenly swallowed wrong and started choking. Darrel, for probably the first time in his life, had nothing to say as he simply stared at her hands as she gently fondled herself, her fingers squeezing deeply into her dramatic tits. He could see her nipples growing larger as they protruded from between her fingers!

Carol suddenly looked really concerned as she realized that this girl had no idea what she was saying, nor the impact of her words and actions on these men. Or for that matter, any of the other people in the restaurant who were now staring at her as she openly fondled herself. She suddenly stood up to take Sharil’s elbow in her hand.

“Sharil, lets go to go to the powder room for a moment. Jim, Darrel, if you will excuse us, we won’t be long. Just go ahead and order for us if you would, you know what I like Jim and I think Sharil would appreciate just about anything you might order for her Darrel.”

Sharil smoothed out her blouse as she dropped her hands back to her sides. She looked really puzzled as Carol urged her to quickly follow her. A quick downward glance, looking through the table with her x-ray vision, confirmed that both men seemed to like her, their pants bulging slightly as they were getting bigger down there, their eyes still staring at her breasts. That made her feel good; these Terrans were actually accepting her among them now as they appreciated her abilities; they actually seemed to like her! She took Carol’s arm in her own as she suddenly felt very warm and safe for the first time since she had come to Earth.

One Thousand Feet Above the Valley

Kal struggled to extricate himself from the hard black Gneiss rock, the metamorphosed granite nearly as hard as marble, his right arm slowly coming back to full strength, the heat of his re-entry had fortunately melted the gold band from his right wrist. His strong fingers squeezed and fractured the hard rock as he gripped them deeply into the Gneiss, slowly tearing the rock apart with his good arm. Reaching down, he slipped his fingers under the ankle bracelets before effortlessly ripping the metal apart with his steely fingers.

He suddenly gasped loudly as he felt the warm waves of his super strength flowing back up his legs, his body reacting very healthily as he suddenly had a gigantic erection, stimulated both from the rush of power flowing through his entire body but also the wildly sensual feeling of massive strength that flowed up his legs and into his crotch!

He heard the rock cracking in front of him as it proved to be far softer than the protruding ‘steel’ that was suddenly pressing so firmly against it! He smiled, reveling in the wonderful tingling sensations that meant he had truly become Superman once again!

Meanwhile, Kirrin swooped downward through the thick snow clouds as the icy flakes sizzled and vaporized from her superheated skin. She broke out of the clouds just above the cliff, floating slowly downward in the rapidly falling snow. She drifted toward the faint glowing spot that she knew was the partially melted rock of this ‘superman’s’ impact. She watched as his powerful body struggled to free itself as he suddenly stood back up, two glittering gold bracelets falling from his ankles to tinkle down the cliff face. She heard a loud gasp as he threw his head back, the sound of cracking rock suddenly very loud, as he cried out softly, almost passionately.

Kirrin flew closer as she saw him reaching up to tear his fingers deeply into the rock, obviously in an attempt to free his other hand. Her eyes traced down the incredible muscles of his back and legs, muscles so much larger and better defined than Superman had been. She had no idea who this man was, but the sight of his immensely strong body made the Orgone energy explode softly inside her.

She spread her arms outward as she flew up to press her wet nude body against his back! Her soft breasts compressed against the steel muscles of his back while her slim arms closed about his, adding her super strength to his own, the two of them quickly ripping his trapped arm loose from the rock.

She suddenly felt him twisting violently around, actually overpowering her tight embrace for a moment, as she felt herself being pushed more than a foot away from him by something that pushed against her stomach. She looked down to see the largest cock she had ever imagined as it created a huge dimple in the steely contours of her flat stomach!

A small nuclear explosion seemed to go off inside Kirrin as she realized that this man was clearly more 'super' than whoever it was that she had been with earlier. She had been disappointed with Superman, surprised that she had been able to overpower a Kryptonian, assuming at the time that the Orgone energy had super-energized her. Yet he had almost felt as if he had been only an uninteresting Arion male.

This man, however, seemed far different as she felt his incredible muscles flexing underneath her hands, muscles that were far larger and clearly much stronger than Superman had been!

She felt her arms being slowly pushed backward, despite using all her strength, before she was suddenly shoved back against the snowy rock wall, the man's huge organ feeling so wonderful as it slid down across her lower abdomen, finally crunching into the wall between her legs. She gasped loudly; feeling, for the first time in her life, the sensation of being overpowered by a man! An incredible wave of desire raced through her as she realized that this man could do anything with her that he wished, that she was not in control of the situation for the first time. It felt so strange, so wonderful. She was also suddenly very conscious of the breadth of his massive organ as she squeezed her legs closed, surrounding him, trapping him between her super muscles.

"Who in the hell are you?" he demanded, his voice menacing.

Kirrin couldn't answer at first, she felt so lightheaded with desire, her eyes nearly closed, the throbbing sensation between her legs driving her crazy with desire. She was barely aware of the grip on her arms, now almost painful, as she finally opened her eyes and relaxed her body, enjoying being weaker and softer than this super man.

"I'm called Kirrin. My God, you are so strong, far stronger than Superman was. Who are you and where do you come from?"

"Stronger than Superman', what are you talking about, I AM Superman!"

"Then who was" Kirrin suddenly realized that he was right, the man she had been with earlier could not be Superman, he should have had a lot greater strength than she did, strength more like what this man was displaying! She felt a surge inside her chest as the air suddenly was crackling with energy as green bolts of Orgone energy arced between her nipples, each strike of that green lightening sending a burning tingle through her breasts. She suddenly pulled him closer, her hard nipples touching the moist bare skin of his chest as the force of the energy exploding from her breasts was sufficient to force her body even more strongly against the cliff.

She suddenly twisted her body around, all her strength and flying power combined, momentarily overpowering Superman as she now pressed his back against the cliff. The impact was so violent that the hard rock cracked behind him as she pressed her soft breasts so powerfully against him, the Orgone energy behaving differently than ever before as incredible force fields began projecting from her chest, a cone of force spreading out symmetrically from each rounded breast. Kirrin smiled, slowly releasing his hands, putting her own on her hips, as his body was smashed deeper into the rock, the forces coming from nothing except the Orgone energy inside her large breasts. She leaned back and laughed with pleasure, her breasts rising slightly to force Superman's body to crush upward against the roof of the small cave. Deep fissures ran outward from his head and shoulders as his body was suddenly torn free of the hard rock as Kirrin merely shrugged her shoulders, her breasts wiggling enough to throw his body around wildly. She laughed again, feeling sensations and powers she never knew were possible, as she drew his body closer, his huge cock touching the soft ripples of her stomach again as his body seemed to be completely under the control of the Orgone energies she contained!

Superman was shocked as he felt completely out of control, the beams reaching out from this strange dark-haired woman's breasts and throwing his body around. He tried to use his flying power to oppose her, but his arms and legs refused to work, seemingly paralyzed from the strange energy. He felt himself being pulled strongly against her as his cock slowly slid up between her large breasts, the green lightening bolts often striking his cockhead now. Each strike sent a surge of blinding arousal through his body as he felt himself getting even bigger and harder, swelling with hard desire.

Kirrin raised her hands to begin squeezing her soft breasts against his cock as she held him tightly between them, the green energy now rushing into his body as he grew amazingly larger. He finally reached a length that he guessed was nearly 18", a diameter that was nearly a quarter of that, as he felt her leaning down to touch her lips to his massive cockhead. There was a sizzling crackle as the moisture from her lips was vaporized, the tightly stretched skin of his cockhead having been heated to hundreds of degrees from the energy being discharged between her breasts. She opened her lips as wide as she could, yet he proved to be impossible to surround with her soft mouth!

Kal was struggling, feeling the last of his willpower fading, as Kirrin filled his body with what he immediately recognized was that damned Orgone energy! But he seemed to have some immunity to it this time, having just been lightly infused with it back on the Arion ship. He forced his thoughts back to Kara, to Lois, as he struggled with every ounce of his mental energy to maintain control. He knew that forgetting himself now would be a death sentence to his lover; Kara had so little time left!

He suddenly wrenched his body free of the Orgone forces as he smashed back up against the cliff, his lower body cracking the rock once again. He jammed his feet against the cliff face and shoved outward with all this strength, his shoulders smashing into Kirrin, throwing her backward at more than a thousand miles per hour! She tumbled through the air as he launched himself upward toward the dark snow clouds, scanning ahead with his amazing eyes, searching for the location of the Arion mother ship in orbit so high above him. He raced upward, knowing his full strength was now restored, confident that he could save Kara and Lois.

Kirrin smashed heavily against the opposite wall of the valley, nearly a mile away, as she slid down the snowy rock face, stunned and dazed by the force of his blow. She looked upward just in time to see the real Superman flying into the clouds, obviously trying to get away, a green crackling trail extending behind him from his Orgone infection. She had no idea how he could fly away from her when so full of Orgone, but she knew she had to follow. Her long gorgeous legs flexed as she launched herself into the sky, the scream of tortured air filling the valley as she accelerated at more than 100G's in an attempt to catch up with him.

Central Park

Meanwhile, Carr had woken up on the Park bench, covered in snow. He got unsteadily to his feet, his body feeling very weak, shivering with the cold, as he crunched through the deep snow to reach the nearest street. He stood in the falling snow, wearing only his boots, his blue top and his cape. His lower body was completely nude and clearly visible, his dramatic super manhood flapping in the cold wind, still partially erect from the Orgone, as he tried to flag a taxi down.

He tried one after another, but they all swerved around him, the drivers honking and sometimes shouting obscene things at him.

He grew angrier and angrier as he realized no one was going to pick him up, yet he definitely didn't feel strong enough to fly right now.

He finally jumped in front of one of the cabs as it crunched against his lower body, a wash of pain between his legs as the chrome bumper smashed into his very sore balls. Yet he was still strong enough to stop the cab, his body, even such a sensitive area, was still a lot harder than merely a steel car bumper!

He managed to grab hold of the front of the cab, his arms and legs crushing the bumper and grill a bit, as he wrenched the cab to a stop, the car skidding across the snowy street to finally smash his back up against a power pole. He quickly pushed the car away from him while walking around to open the back door to slide in, shoving the two women who were already sharing the cab roughly to the side. The warmth of their soft bodies, not to mention the moist air of the cab, felt wonderful to him as he shook the partially melted snow from his shoulders.

He turned to look at the women, smiling for a moment as he saw them both staring down at him, staring at his more than human dimensions. He was glad they were impressed, but was too weak to do anything else as he lay back in the seat, exhausted. Unfortunately, the cabby started to yell at him, telling him to get out before he called the cops.

Carr cursed, slowly leaning forward to grab the Plexiglas shield between the seats, effortlessly tearing it apart as he leaned even further forward, his hand firmly surrounding the cabbie's neck. He told him to take him to the Daily Planet, NOW! The cabby said no more, all his energy now required to simply gasp for breath, as he drove off down the street, bumping over the snowy ruts that were rapidly forming from the heavy snow.

They all rode in silence for a few minutes as Carr relaxed again, slowly turning to look at the two women with his x-ray vision. Despite their heavy clothing, his amazing eyes revealed that they were both in their mid-thirties and still very good looking, their bodies looking like they worked out a lot. He saw their eyes slowly growing larger as the residual Orgone energy in his body caused him to respond more strongly to the intimate view he had of their bodies, the Orgone spreading through the cab to gradually sweep away their inhibitions as well. The woman next to him leaned closer, her soft leather-gloved hand soon intimately surrounding him, her head moving lower as she undid her long red hair. The blonde beside her did the same as she crawled across the seat to force herself down

between his legs. The cabby tilted his rear view mirror as he stared into the back seat, his eyes not believing what he was seeing!

It was nearly fifteen minutes later and Carr was thoroughly enjoying the gentle adoring touches of these Terran woman, their hands and their mouths so soft and comforting after Kirrin's strong demands. He reluctantly pushed them away as he climbed from the cab, both of them begging him for his phone number. He simply told them that his real name was Clark Kent, and asked them to call him soon at the Daily Planet.

They both stepped into the snow to kiss their Superman goodbye, thrilled that he had told them that they were the only people to know his secret identity, the only ones to know of this special aspect of his amazing physique. They finally climbed back in as the cabby drove rapidly away, glad to be rid of that freak!

Carr watched them drive off before walking around the side of the building to take the freight elevator up to the roof. He retrieved his clothes from the elevator machinery shed as he noticed that the woman he had subdued earlier was now gone. He shrugged, not caring who knew about his secret identity now as he walked slowly to the elevator, his legs feeling very heavy. He searched his memory, finally punching the button for the floor he remembered contained the Daily Planet newsroom.

Daily Planet Offices

A rather disheveled, distracted, and not quite himself "Clark Kent" arrived at the Daily Planet offices. Carr surely didn't feel like doing this. He had been recharged for a while through his contact with Sharil, but all of that power had been dissipated through an entirely unanticipated turn of events after meeting Kirrin. His dick hurt, and hung like a damp dishrag now, his exertions in the cab had nearly finished him off. His hips hurt. Carr felt like a limp shirt that had just been bleached and through the wringer fifty times over.

As he walked through the doors, he was silently muttering to himself, cursing the Arion high command for their obvious failures at intelligence gathering. He did not know there would be other Arions here, especially not an Orgone-charged female! No one had told him so.

Carr stepped from the elevator on the floor owned by the Daily Planet and began making his way down the hall. He had been briefed on the layout of the building, and the nature of the rather peculiar job that Clark was alleged to do here: he was to be a "journalist," a strange sort of public spy these people had. Though it had been explained to him several times, he still could hardly believe that the Terrans would create such an extremely strange institution as the "Planet" or such an odd occupation as "journalism."

He could understand the first part of the duties. A journalist was like a spy, who went out and sought out evidence documenting the misdeeds of famous people, rich people, and powerful government officials. Gathering that kind of information was something he had experience in. But the data so carefully gathered was not used by the journalist to advance his or her own career directly, nor was it used to place the targets of the investigations in the uncomfortable position of owing you a favor. That would make too much sense. It wasn't even turned over directly to the ruling authorities, as if journalists were ordinary police agents.

Instead, the journalist typed up histories of the wrongdoing they uncovered, and printed them in ephemeral documents for no more apparently serious purpose than the entertainment of the public. This was ridiculous and as such a typically 'Terran' thing. But, for the time being, it was Carr's job, like it or not.

As Carr entered the building, a woman behind a desk labeled "INFORMATION" called out to him. "Clark! Surprised to see you back so soon ..."

"Uh, hi," was Carr's less than inspired reply.

"You're back from your vacation early. What's the matter?"

"Oh, well, I had some things that were important that I needed to take care of ..."

"Where's Lois?"

"She stayed behind ..."

"Anything wrong?"

"No, nothing really ..."

"You have an accident or something in Colorado? You're walking kind of funny ..."

"No, nothing like that ..."

At this point, Carr decided to break off this unexpected and unplanned encounter and make his way to Clark Kent's desk. The newsroom was a busy place, full of people. Carr was momentarily nervous by all the milling people around him. It was hard enough to maintain his pretense among the rest of them. However how was he going to manage to snow all of these people?

He managed to make his way to Kent's desk. It seemed to him, walking through the crowded newsroom, that every eye was on him, everyone whispering behind his back about his curious gait and tired, hang-dog appearance.

He pulled up to Clark's desk and began looking through his belongings. The scanners had definitely identified Clark Kent as this "Superman." But Carr would definitely need more information if he hoped to keep up the pretense. His X-ray vision, though not at its best, was able to find the spare house key in Kent's desk. It was locked in a drawer, but the old lock was no match for Carr, even in his weakened state, who yanked it open, spilling some of the contents onto the floor. Carr was even more embarrassed as he paused to pick them up. So this is what Kent keeps in his desk, he thought to himself!

He zeroed in immediately on a small red booklet. Might be addresses of some sort. Need to find out who and what Kent knows, who knows he's Superman, that sort of thing. Turning the booklet over, he found the curious title:

"THE BOOK OF PSONGS" Placed by the Colonel Parker Society

Opening the cover, Carr was disappointed to find that it contained no addresses or other information. He was puzzled by the strange language the opening paragraph contained:

1. Thou art like unto naught but an Hound Dog; thou criest day and night ...

"Thou art like unto naught?" What the devil did that mean? He had been trained extensively in the language of the Terrans of this time and place, but it appeared that his training here was inadequate. Damn the Arion high command! What is this?

Leafing through the booklet further, he was able to determine that this was a holy writing of some sort, created by the old religion that was the chief, and now waning, rival to the Aztec faith.

In his pawing through the mysterious text, he was startled and distracted by a gruff voice.

"Getting religion on us, Clark?"

"Uh, no ..." Carr turned to see a face he recognized as Perry White, the commanding officer of the Daily Planet. "No, sir," he quickly corrected himself.

"That's too bad. One of these days I was hoping you'd get to know the King. I knew that book would be a good influence on you ... Hey, you're back early, aren't you?"

"I got tired ..." Carr said distractedly. Didn't he just have this conversation? "At any rate, I figured I might just as well come back. Lois should be back shortly ..."

"How's the Texcoco Oil story coming?"

What's Texcoco oil? Carr's nervous exhaustion was slowly turning to panic.

"Just fine, thanks ... I just got back in, and I still need to get back up to speed on it. When Lois gets back ..."

"That's OK, son. We won't need it before tomorrow morning anyway ..."

Everybody seemed to be bustling around in such a hurry around here. No wonder. Luckily for Carr, someone burst into the newsroom and shouted for "Mr. White! Mr. White!"

Perry turned and left. Carr breathed an inward sigh of relief.

"Mr. White! I just got through airbrushing these pictures from the airport." Carr recognized the person brandishing the

8x10 black and white pictures as Jimmy Olson. From the distance, he could see Sharil beneath one of the Terran airships, looking like she was holding it up. Olson was gabbing excitedly about the apparent rescue by the new "Supergirl" of a passenger plane with three hundred people aboard. But she was wanted by the authorities for murder, still. And she had just saved three hundred people, who would have died otherwise? Isn't her score with them even yet? He knew he just didn't understand these people or their customs nearly as well as he should.

Carr turned on Kent's computer, and began looking through it for clues. His mind seemed so foggy. It was hard to remember the strange looking signs of the Terran alphabet, and they all looked the same to him any ways. Texcoco? What is Texcoco, how do you get oil from it? The online dictionary was no help. He began trying all of the programs he found on the menu on Kent's computer, looking for clues.

A chill ran up his spine at about the fourth or fifth program he tried. The screen came alive, and displayed a text that startled Carr almost out of his chair. For this program apparently contained data on:

... SPACE INVADERS ...

And, as the text displayed on the screen, alarming sounds began to emit from the machine itself. People across the newsroom started looking to see where the noise was coming from. "Clark," now pale with fear, immediately shut the machine off.

Obviously this file was somehow linked with an alarm system to alert Kent if anyone tried to access it. And, it contained information about space invaders. Carr could put one and one together. There must have been a leak of some kind. Kent must have -some- knowledge of the Arion presence and plans on Earth. We more or less knew this already, but we only know that he knew who Arions were. But this file was proof that he knew more! and since this information was at the Daily Planet, it was almost certain that the Terran authorities did too, and the Terran population might be informed about this very shortly. The High Command must be notified of this at once!

Carr bolted up from his desk and left for the door. It was the most socially couth thing that he had done since he arrived there. No one acted as if this was unusual behavior at all.

As Carr left, Jimmy and Perry were conferring, going over pictures of Supergirl and the airplane, both of them snickering over the un-retouched photos that Jimmy had handily saved prints of. Jimmy finally asked Perry, "What's wrong with Clark? He seems so pale and wore out. Is he coming down with something?"

Perry said, "I'd recognize that walk anywhere. I think Clark is going to be all right ..."

The Back of the US&R RV, Metropolis

Monica stood beside the bed, wearing her jean cut-offs and her Lycra stretch top, her tanned shoulders and arms glowing and bare. She took Mark's hands in her own as she felt him shudder for a moment, a funny aura momentarily visible around his body. Monica blinked, her eyes apparently playing tricks on her, as she felt his arms reaching around her tiny waist, pulling her close.

She leaned her head gently forward, her silky blond hair falling across his shoulders and chest, enjoying the warmth of his body as he held her so tightly. He was not gentle, he knew he did not have to be, should not be in fact, as she traced her lips along the side of his neck, her kisses traveling up until her soft full lips found his earlobes. She nibbled playfully on them as she felt his body surging with his arousal, her tongue tracing gently inside his ear as she whispered.

"How does it feel, Mark, to hold me in your arms, knowing that I am a woman who can lift entire buildings with the body you are holding so tight. Does that excite you, turn you on, make you hot?"

Mark could hardly speak, his body surging with wonderful arousal, his jeans so tight they were almost painful across his crotch. He felt her fingers tracing lower, finding the buttons of his 501's as she tried to ease his discomfort. Her kisses traveled across his cheeks, touching his lips as he felt her strong fingers undoing the first button of his fly, a portion of the painful pressure suddenly removed.

He kissed her eagerly, her wonderfully soft full lips melting into his as her fingers undid the second button. He felt like he was going to explode as his hands swept up, feeling the soft skin and firm muscles of her sculptured arms as she slowly undid the third button while her lips kissed him ever more firmly.

Her fingers found the fourth button, the pressure suddenly relieved, as he felt her opening his briefs, her soft warm hands suddenly surrounding him as she took him out, felt him throbbing in her hands. He felt so hard and so big, her warm hands surrounding him as he suddenly remembered how she had crushed those massive steel beams with these same fingers. His body nearly exploded as the images of her strong hands as they had torn into that hard steel and concrete filled his mind again, those same hands feeling so soft and warm on his cock now.

“Oh, God, Monica, show me your powers, let me see you, feel you, as SuperWoman!”

Monica smiled, stepping back from him a couple of steps, her gentle hands circling and sliding along his length, her fingertips tracing through the wetness that was now appearing as she ran her fingers across the throbbing head of his cock, pausing briefly as his body shook softly with his excitement.

Meanwhile, inside Mark's head, Janissa was in trouble. She had never entered a man's body before, had not been prepared for the strength of his arousal, nor for the incredible sensations his body was feeling as Monica's soft hands circled and caressed him this way! She sensed Mark's thoughts as he remembered how her fingers had gripped one of the concrete slabs the previous night, tendons very pronounced on the back of her hand as her fingers had crushed and shattered the hard ferro-concrete while she tried to hold the slab off the ground. That thought, mingled with the soft reality of those same hands now holding him so gently, caused wildly divergent and equally arousing images to explode inside his body. The power of his arousal was almost more intense than Janissa could bear! She felt his wild passion so strongly, her own mind reeling, that she was hardly able to remember herself, remember the vital task of keeping herself apart from his mind, as she felt his body preparing to cum!

She found she was suddenly looking forward to that, fascinated with his bodies reaction to Monica, wondering how his orgasm was going to feel, how it would be different than the feminine ones she had felt so often when lying with her lover, her Mike. However, Monica seemed to sense just when to remove her hands as his body paused, straining for a moment, nearly out of control, before receding from that wonderful cliff that it had been so poised to fall from!

“Would you like me to put my costume back on, Mark, you seemed to really like that earlier?”

“Oh, God, Monica, yes ...” he breathed, his body still barely in control.

She turned her back to him and reached down into her bag to take out her bright red costume. She kept her back turned as she seemed to blur for a moment, her Lycra top and jeans suddenly appearing on the bed, neatly folded, as she turned back to him, seeming to magically appear before his eyes in her red costume! Mark gasped, realized he had just seen her move at super speed, a soft breeze flowing over him as her rapidly moving body fanned the air in the compartment. He reached up to turn on the overhead track lighting as the warm soft light shown on her firm gorgeous body.

She put her hands on her hips as his eyes roamed across the soft cuts of her incredible muscles, curves that were so feminine yet so strong. He stepped toward her, his hands rising up to touch her strong shoulders, feeling the warm soft skin, the strong muscles, under his hands. He felt her arms moving as she slowly raised them, gradually flexing both of her biceps as his hands slid downward before rising up over the largest, most perfectly rounded biceps he had ever felt! His hands could not come close to containing them as they grew larger and larger, feeling like warm living steel, a feeling he knew was far from being adequate to describe the true power of what his hands held.

“Mark, I am now generating more than a million pounds of force in each of my arms; can you feel the energy, feel the power, flowing through my muscles, my tendons?”

“Oh, yes, yes, I can,” Mark breathed as his fingers traced downward, his fingertips following the strong tendons across the crook of her elbow and then back up to her hard bulging muscles. He thought again of how she had saved those people, these same muscles holding the floors of a concrete building over their heads as his team had dragged the survivors from the building.

“I'm going to keep them flexed Mark as I hold you again, but this time I don't want you to hold back, I want you to feel the power of my body as I use my strength to please you.”

The living steel of her muscles remained fully flexed as she slowly bent her flexed arms downward, her soft hands contrasting wildly with how her muscles felt to his own hands, as she again surrounded him, encircling him with her strong fingers as his hands continued to trace the hard curves and clefts of her sculpted arms. She spread the wetness down from his head, covering him with it as she firmly stroked him, his rapid breathing turning to gasps as he squeezed her steely biceps with all his strength. They felt so wonderfully warm, smooth and infinitely firm as she

continued to stroke her soft hands over him faster and faster, his mind hardly able to comprehend the millions of pounds of force he held in his hands, the softness of her hands stroking him so wonderfully. His hands explored wildly across her arms for a moment as he leaned down to touch his lips to her soft wonderfully upraised breasts, the contrast between that soft flesh and her powerful biceps suddenly becoming too much for him. He did not last more than a few more seconds, leaning forward to press his cock against the soft steel of her flat stomach as he cried out, exploding his warm seed over her soft tanned skin as he rose back up, his lips finally finding hers, her kisses finishing his wild orgasm.

Janissa was shocked, almost unable to maintain her separate identity, as she felt a man's body this way, his wild orgasm so much stronger than she would have ever imagined. She felt his legs collapsing as he staggered to his knees, Monica sliding to the floor with him, holding him so gently as she relaxed her arms now, his head falling against her soft breasts as she held him tightly. Janissa felt embarrassed that she had not left earlier, that she had been like a voyeur in his body, satisfying her own curiosity about what a man's body would feel like. She felt a calm warmth descending over his body as she noticed how wonderful Monica's soft skin felt to his hands, how exciting and wonderful her breast felt against his cheek. It took all of her willpower to tear herself away as she floated out of his body and back through the door to find her own sleeping body. Her own body now seemed cold and dull now as she entered it, the heat of Mark's arousal still so strong in her memory, the contrast with her own sleeping body so great, that it was all she could do to not return to him, to again feel that wonderful glow seeping through his body.

Meanwhile, in the back bedroom, Monica had felt Mark's body shiver again at the same time as her clear blue eyes had caught sight of a faint glimmer and aura surrounding his body for a second. The aura seemed to move through the wall, her eyes not really seeing it, not really not seeing it. She blinked several times, still not sure if what she had seen for the second time was real or her imagination.

She brought her attention back to Mark, his body feeling so soft against her own now as they sat on the floor, her back to the bed, her legs surrounding him, holding him to herself. She leaned her head down to let her silky hair cover him as she laid her head on his shoulder, her body feeling so warm and wonderful now as well. She was contemplating lifting him up onto the bed, exploring his abilities as a man further, when she was startled by the sound of a radio, the speaker in the back bedroom crackling to life.

"Rescue 7, this is Rescue Central, come in please."

"Rescue Central, this is seven, what's up?" Monica recognized Craig's voice, responding from the driver's seat.

"Seven, we have a building collapse, warehouse district of Queens, 1275 Stanway. Masonry structure, reported total collapse, many people reported trapped inside. We need you to respond."

"Ah, roger Central. We are on the way. ETA is ... ah.. about 30 minutes or so."

Mark snapped wide awake now as he quickly stood and buttoned up his pants. Monica grabbed a towel to clean herself up as she quickly put her street clothes back on over her costume. Mark was all business now, the last half hour seemingly from another time, another place, as he hit the switch to turn all the lights on. He rushed forward, calling for everyone to meet him in the dining area. He started briefing them right away, detailing the hazards of Metropolis masonry buildings, preparing everyone for what he expected to find when they got there.

Monica put on some coffee and quickly heated some sweat rolls she had found, her heat vision softly lighting the kitchen with a violet glow she played it across the pan. The team needed to be alert and on their toes when they arrived and they had less than half an hour to do that.

Anderson's Steak House, Metropolis

Carol and Sharil walked together to the women's restroom as Carol tried to explain a few of the rules about Terran male/female public behavior, rules she clearly didn't seem to understand. She nodded her head at the right places, but Carol was pretty sure that she wasn't really getting through to her.

Sharil listened to her, but thought it was silly for her to have to be as restrained and modest as Carol was asking her to be. She was Supergirl, why shouldn't she be exciting, flamboyant and sexy? Besides, she knew she had a better body, not to mention a vastly stronger one, than any Terran female who had ever lived, so why shouldn't she show it off, why shouldn't she use it to arouse these Terran men? It made her feel so good when she used her x-ray vision to see them getting so big and hard under their pants. Besides, it wasn't like anyone could arrest her or give her any

real trouble about it; she didn't acknowledge Terran laws in any case and the cops couldn't make her do anything she didn't want to.

Her thoughts drifted for a bit before suddenly coming back to Carol again as she remembered how late she had been.

"By the way, I'm sorry I was late tonight, Carol, I had to go back and retrieve the top of my costume from a collapsed building and then wash and dry it. I found that while it doesn't bother me to not wear a top, I don't get cold or anything, it seems to bother a lot of other people, especially men. They just stare at my chest and get embarrassed when I stand close to them."

Carol nodded, she could certainly understand that. She found that Sharil was even affecting her a little, and she had never had any real erotic thoughts about a woman before. There was just something about her, her perfect skin and hair, her dramatic figure, her unbelievable powers, even the innocent look in her eyes. Yes, this girl was appealing, in ways that seemed to cut through the usual boundaries that people put around themselves.

"Yes, I can see that. You are rather 'dramatic' looking as I recall, although I haven't seen what the rest of your costume looks like."

"Would you like to see it, I have it with me?"

"Ah, no, Sharil, this is not the place, unless you are going to rescue us again or something." Carol smiled warmly at her. "I hope you realize that the thing you did today, which you don't think is a big deal, probably saved my life and many more. I wish there was a way to thank you."

"Well, there is perhaps a way you could help me. I don't have any place to stay now and the only clothes I have are my costume and the ones you gave me. I can go into a store and just take what I want, but it creates a lot of confusion and I don't know what to really get anyway. Can I stay with you a while and then we can go shopping together?"

Carol was shocked by her request. Here was this Supergirl, able to physically accomplish any feat of power she wished, yet she hadn't solved the most basic problem of shelter and clothing, probably not food either. She suddenly felt protective of her as she realized that despite her awesome abilities and her mature looks, she was behaving like someone far younger, someone even younger than her own daughter!

"Yes, no problem, Sharil, I would love to help this way. But you have to realize that I really live in San Francisco. We might be here in Metropolis for a few days, but this isn't home for either Jim or I."

"Do you guys stay together when you are here?"

"Ah ... yes, we do, but that is a private matter between Jim and I."

"Oh, I know about secrets. And speaking of secrets, I am getting tired of hiding under these clothes that you gave me. Jim and that other man know who I really am, why don't I just wear my normal clothes again, my costume?"

Before Carol could say anything, her body seemed to blur and she was suddenly standing in front of her wearing her bright red and blue costume. She was putting her neatly folded jeans and blouse back in her bag.

"Come on, Carol, I'm starved, lets get back to the table."

Carol turned, stunned by how the girl suddenly looked in that skintight costume, really no more than a second skin, her impossibly tiny skirt barely covering her firm perfectly rounded glutes, the bottom of those cheeks momentarily visible as her skirt swished with her movements. She led the way to the restroom door, her long tanned legs so stunning that Carol couldn't look away. She finally swallowed hard and followed her, the girl's impetuosity too strong to stop, resigning herself to the fact that they were not destined for either a quiet nor an inconspicuous evening after all.

A Thousand Light Years Away, On the Other End of the Vendorian 'Worm Hole', the Well-Known Gateway to Earth

Taknal stepped out on the balcony and looked out onto a bright Daxxanian morning. The view was quite

spectacular from here. He could make out the familiar Barquaflix cityscape in the distance, shimmering under the hot sunshine. Closer at hand, the surf pounded the shoreline of his private lake, and he could hear the shrill call of a male trivnik in the distance. But what caught his eye, and nearly took his breath away was the sight of a half-naked woman, familiar, yet different, sunbathing beside his pool. He looked down at her perfect tanned body, relaxed and sublime, with mixed pride and longing, and remembered how it had all began, almost two years agoHe had been on his way to visit a friend and, to save some time had cut across a deserted back alleyway, when he noticed a pale, huddled shape in behind some rubble. He approached slowly, and was shocked to find an almost nude young woman. She was wearing the remnants of a coarse shift or uniform of some kind, and her hands had been shackled behind her back with a massive steel chain. In the dim light it was hard to make out her features, but he could tell she was definitely female. She looked extremely thin, and the torn uniform barely covered her.. He approached her cautiously, but she had screamed in terror when she saw him, her eyes wild, her pupils distended. He had always been a kind man, too kind, some said, and his heart went out to her, as she lay there, shackled and sobbing. He approached her again, and this time she offered no resistance. He stooped and gathered her gently in his arms. He grunted with the effort: he was not overly strong, but he managed to carry her with difficulty to the nearest hospital, doing his best to ignore the stares he got from curious passers-by.

At the hospital he got his first good look at her and he was shocked by her condition. In the bright lights of the hospital, it was obvious to his trained eye that this woman had been to hell, and might not make it back. Her face was bruised and blackened, as was most of her body. Her head had been crudely shaved and there were ugly, regularly-spaced puncture wounds across her skull. Her arms had been cruelly pinned and shackled behind her back, and they were covered with hideous cuts and scabs. Her uniform, hardly more than a crude shift, was torn and tattered, and looked to be some kind of prison-issue gear, but surely not from any prison on Daxxan or Velor. Taknal had never had any military training, but he watched the holos, and it was obvious that this girl was some kind of prisoner of war.

Taknal knew that there were Velorian protectors, invariably young women, their bodies specially bred for off-planet adventures, on many planets in the galaxy. How this woman came to be back on Daxxan, alive no less, was a mystery. She carried no identification, no one knew who she was or where she had come from. When questioned, she claimed to remember nothing about herself or how she had come to appear in the alleyway. In fact hospital tests soon revealed that she suffered from severe memory loss, probably as a direct result of her torture. Hospital doctors speculated that the evenly-spaced puncture marks found on her skull were probably caused by some sort of memory probe, used to erase or supplant her memory.

The hospital, as part of their routine, informed the authorities of her case. Surprisingly, two officials flew in from Velor within the day, and promptly examined the young woman. They did a bioscan to identify her and came up with a positive ID, based on their own records. Her name was *Kassandra572* in the Velorian custom of using only a first name with a number denoting how many people of the same name had been born before her. The low number indicated it was an unusual name. They privately whispered to Taknal that she was a protector they had installed on Earth, and had subsequently lost track of more than a year ago. An intensive debriefing immediately commenced, they were very concerned as to why a Velorian protector, sent to Earth, had been found in an alleyway on Daxxan wearing Arion prisoner-of-war clothing! The obvious implication, that Arions were secretly visiting Daxxan, was very alarming!

Questioning the woman turned out to be useless as she didn't seem to have any memory of either her mission or any of her experiences as a prisoner. After several days, the officials gave up and returned to Velor to write their reports, but not before telling Taknal that they would keep in touch to stay abreast of her progress. He had heard from them several times after that, but eventually, as she grew worse, they stopped calling altogether. Velorian beaurocracy at work again, he thought wryly.

For his part, Taknal visited her every day, and ensured that she received first class treatment. Eventually , Kassandra gained some strength, enough to walk painfully up and down the hall, until she was finally released into Taknal's care about a month later.

Taknal owned a luxurious home on the good side of Barquaflix, the provincial capital. His status as primary researcher at BioTech Research afforded him luxuries not available to the average Draxxanian. He had taken her in, and nursed her back to some semblance of health. He got her a job as a technician at BioTech. He also paid for her medical treatment. She seemed to be suffering from some form of debilitating nerve disorder, as well as extensive long-term memory loss, that continued to get worse over time. All she knew about her past was that she thought her name was Kassandra. She recalled specific incidents of torture, and previous to that, some kind of battle, but nothing else, although sometimes she dreamt of two lovely blond-haired little girls. She wasn't sure if the dream was about her or someone else; but sometimes she found herself thinking of them as 'her' little girls, her heart

wrenching as she felt an incredible sense of loss, loss for something she could not even remember!

Try as he might, Taknal could not help her recover any of her memories, although it was obvious that much of it was being suppressed by her subconscious. It seemed obvious to him that while there was a lot of real memory loss, Cassandra was also blocking out some very painful experiences. Luckily, her memory did not seem to affect her mental acuity. She picked up her new job extremely quickly, and soon became a valued employee, despite being almost completely ostracized by her co-workers, mostly because of her thin sickly appearance. The Velorian race, either on Daxxan or Velor itself, was a proud and beautiful race and tended to cast out the weak or the ugly, regarding them as nothing more than failed experiments, obviously failures of the gene-master's skill.

Taknal had always been a bit of a loner himself, but eventually Kass, as he called her, and he became friends. It was never anything sexual, he shuddered even thinking about that, although occasionally when he looked at her, he thought, just for an instant, that maybe there was something there, some spark of determination, or some hidden strength of will that made him think that maybe there was more to her than met the eye.

For her part, Cassandra never did anything to encourage sexual relations for a couple of reasons. She felt terribly self-conscious about the way she looked, and deep in her subconscious she remembered that once she had been a beautiful, confident, and supremely powerful woman. She could make heads turn on Earth, Oronius Prime, or any place where there were sentient beings. But in her present state, reduced to weaknesses long forgotten, she felt vulnerable and insecure.

Furthermore, Taknal could tell that Cassandra was beginning to feel a growing bitterness toward men. She had told him of recurring dreams wherein she was tortured sadistically by men who gloated over her inability to defend herself. Her bitterness was reinforced by memories which confirmed the horrifying visions of her dreams, and her hatred toward men grew, even as her strength diminished.

These changes surfaced most cruelly during a recent trip to the local gym, where she went as often as her tired body allowed. Taknal had recommended that she should not go, but she insisted. She didn't do much strength work; her body wouldn't allow it. She went primarily to maintain some flexibility and to ride the exercycles. She wore loose, baggy clothing in an effort to remain inconspicuous.

The workouts rarely helped. She was in constant agony most of the time, and it showed on her face. Sometimes she could tell that the men made jokes about her, occasionally behind her back, but frequently right in front of her. A group of them, bodybuilders mostly, would stand close to her exercycle, joking and clowning around, glancing at her occasionally and laughing out loud at the skinny, white-haired shrew. A couple of them in particular, bigger than most men there and with the arrogance to match, went out of their way to torment her. Occasionally, one, or both of them, would wait for her to begin using a piece of gym equipment and then deliberately come over to her and tell her to move on, because they needed it. Once, when she protested, one of the goons just nudged her off the bench onto the floor. He leaned over her and hissed, "beat it hag, this is our gym!"

When she had complained to the gym manager, he brushed her off and said, "look lady, if you don't like it, why don't you join another gym, ok? I don't need no trouble here." Jabbing his finger in her face, he said, "maybe you should just stay the hell outta here!" Cassandra stopped going.

Kassandra's condition continued to deteriorate rapidly after that. She came into work each morning looking just a little more haggard and ragged than the day before. Her hair had grown back, but it remained scraggly and short, almost as if her body had decided that it couldn't expend precious energy on anything as frivolous as hair. Her face remained gaunt, and drawn, almost skeletal. She hobbled, rather than walked, due to her bent and corkscrewed back. All in all, she was not a pretty sight. Taknal had actually seen people cross the street to avoid her, and in some ways he could understand that. Velorians, and to a lesser degree, Daxxanians as well, had encouraged and worshiped physical beauty for eons, and there was little room in their society for cripples or misfits.

Worst of all, Cassandra's memory remained in limbo, despite Taknal's best efforts. The rest of her mind was actually quite healthy. She could reason logically, and solve problems efficiently, but her long-term memory prior to her rescue by Taknal seemed to have been completely erased. This was incredibly frustrating for Cassandra. She could see her body literally wasting away, while her mind remained completely healthy and active. As a result her mood became increasingly morose, and she was constantly depressed. Taknal wondered how long it would be before she began to entertain thought of suicide.

To his credit, Taknal did not give up hope. As chief researcher for BioTech, he was uniquely qualified to help Cassandra. He had access to the latest bio-medical data, and had a state-of-the-art research facility at his disposal that was light-years ahead of Terran technology. He began to spend long, frenzied hours investigating the

dibilitatiing nervous disorder that continued to sap her strength and drain her energy.

Nine months later, Taknal finally got a break. He had entered his private office early one morning, and as always, the computer nexus had sensed his presence, bringing his research systems on-line. He began the routine task of scanning the results from last evening's experiments, and stopped, incredulous, as he came to Viewer 4. The holoscreen had a single symbol suspended in three-dimensional space, a pyramid, the Terran equivalent of an exclamation mark. Taknal stared. The symbol was his own personal icon for "the preliminary results of this experiment have produced results beyond expected projections". Excited now, he slipped on his headgear, jacked himself into the node and adjusted his mic. Subvocally, he quickly relayed queries and commands to the nexus.

After reviewing the data, Taknal frowned. The results were a mixed blessing.. On one hand, it appeared that there might be hope for Cassandra after all. On the other hand the computer had noted some abnormalities in her physiology that could not be explained. It's AI had concluded that they wer due to the extensive torture she had been subjected to, and had altered the formulation to compensate. It looked like there might be a 60% chance that the drug would be effective, but alarmingly, the computer predicted that if the drug failed, the contraindications could cause death!

Taknal drummed his fingers thoughtfully on his console. In a moment he made up his mind. He would finish formulating at least an experimental batch of the drug, as a checkpoint sample, and continue work on refining the formula. Having made up his mind, the rest was child's play, really. A subvocal command instructed the robotic lab to mix the appropriate compounds, and quickly he had enough sub-cutaneous injectable capsules to show Cassandra.

That night, Taknal carefully explained the results of the experiment to Cassandra. She questioned him acutely., acutely. . He explained that there was about a 60% chance that the drug would work. Success would mean a reversal of the catabolic infestation, but would do nothing to restore her memory. There was also a good chance that it would suppress her constant pain. If the drug did not work, he had no idea what would happen, given the unusual aspects of her physiology. Chances were that she might die. But if the first treatment was successful, chances were excellent that she would recover, provided that she kept well within the recommended dosage. He showed her the first samples, and warned her that this drug was still in the early experimental stages, a lot more testing needed to be done before he could administer it to her. Finally, he told her that in the end, she would have to be the one to decide to try the drug or not.

She listened intently to all he said, all the while examining the vial of capsules in her hand. Before he could stop her, she twisted open the lid, grabbed two of the capsules and immediately held them to her neck, where they were absorbed through the pores of her skin, into her body. What choice did she have? She knew she was dying anyway, why should she prolong the agony?

At first she felt nothing. Then the pain hit her like a thousand silver spikes, all at once. She writhed in agony, as the pain spread from her neck at incredible speed to the rest of her body. Taknal tried to grab her, and hold her tight, but she was completely out of control, kicking and screaming madly. And then, as suddenly as it began, it was over, as she lapsed into unconsciousness.

When Cassandra opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was Taknal. He had put her to bed but not before he had hooked her up to his own bio-med monitor system. She smiled up at him. He looked up at the monitor, and then reached over and kissed her gently on her lips.

"You're going to be ok, Cassandra, just relax", he said.

Suddenly Kass realized that for the first time that she could remember, the pain was gone! She was elated, for she had not really believed that this would be possible. She slowly got out of bed, stretched carefully and was amazed when she felt no pain at all, just some muscle soreness. She kissed Taknal in gratitude, as tears flowed down her face.

The nature of her kisses gradually changed as Kass found that her body, finally free of pain, discovered a form of ecstasy that she had thought she had lost forever.

So, for the first time in many years, Taknal spent the night with a woman as Kass showed him that there were some aspects of her memories, memories of when she was a beautiful and desirable woman, that she had not completely forgotten.

With Taknal's approval, Kassandra decided to start training. She was determined to get better. She also sensed that at some point in her distant past she had been a lot stronger than she was now, maybe even stronger than most other people. She wanted to regain that feeling of strength and power. She also began to feel more aggressive than before. She initially related this new-found aggression to the fact that she no longer lived in constant, debilitating pain.

With some trepidation, Kassandra began to go back to the gym where she had been abused in the past. It was really the best-equipped gym in the city. She began slowly at first, but she quickly discovered that she seemed to have a natural affinity for weight training. Without any coaching she seemed to know exactly how to perform each exercise, and was amazed at how quickly she made gains. Her strength increased almost daily, and the *rate* of increase actually accelerated with time. Kassandra now began training with a vengeance.

Her entire body was responding, now that she was taking the drug twice a day, despite Taknal's protestations. Not only was she getting stronger, her height was also increasing. Sometimes, lying in bed, often in Taknal's arms, she could almost feel her whole body changing. Her bones were strengthening and elongating, even her internal organs were rearranging themselves to take advantage of her increasing size and height.

Taknal took x-rays and frequent holographs to record her progress. Her spine straightened out almost completely after which she was surprised to find that she was over six feet tall! Even her hair began to grow at an accelerated rate. It seemed thicker and more lustrous, although it remained nearly pure white. She didn't mind. Most people would think that her hair was really a very light blonde color. Since all Velorians and Daxxanians was blond anyway, she looked completely natural.

Best of all, the changes appeared to be permanent. Early on, Taknal had persuaded her to stop taking the drug for two weeks, expecting her progress to reverse. Instead, she had continued to improve, although at a slower rate. Taknal was extremely pleased. His biggest concern had been that this drug would produce serious side-effects like those of an anabolic steroid. His biggest fear was that the animal studies could not tell him about personality changes, only about physical changes. He walked out from his lab to the balcony that looked down upon the ocean surf below. He smiled, not surprised at all to see Kass lying on the beach in the hot Daxxanian sun, working on her tan, her body gaining vitality each day as her skin grew darker, her body grew stronger.

The Dark Sky, Above Western New York State

Kal soared upward, his nude body tearing through the snow clouds as he went supersonic, his massive legs flexing as they generated his flying power. He felt an incredible tingling sensation, realizing that the Orgone energy was keeping his erection at full force, the hypersonic shock wave of his turbulent passage through the storm clouds causing that sensitive part of his body to glow dull red from air friction.

That tingly achy glow was soon joined by a warmth that spread down his arms and over his shoulders as he slashed above the clouds, climbing at Mach 5 into the cold stratosphere. His eyes began to scan among the bright stars, looking for the distortion pattern that signified an Arion ship, knowing that they were cloaked from normal radar or visual imaging from Earth. He squeezed his hands closed, flexing his biceps as he added their immense power to his flight, suddenly clenching his ass to channel even that power down through his legs. His cock felt like it was going to explode, the tingling growing stronger the more he flexed, that damn Orgone energy confusing his body, equating muscular exertion with sexual arousal! Despite that, he finally reached Mach 20, soaring above most of the atmosphere, as he began approaching orbital insertion velocities.

The air whoofed out of his body, a stream of vapor coming from every orifice, as he was again exposed to hard vacuum. He had always enjoyed the combined sensation of weightlessness and hard vacuum, his body feeling so free, so light and ever so maneuverable.

Kal orbited the planet, climbing higher toward the orbit he knew the Arion's used, as his sharp eyes kept scanning for that unique distortion field.

Kirrin also soared into space, her eyes fixed on Kal as he soared ahead of her, unable to match his acceleration. She almost lost him a couple of times, barely able to keep up before he disappeared over the edge of the planet, every muscle on her body flexing, looking like a massive body builder, pouring all her muscular energies into her

flying. Her breasts glowed cherry-red from generating so much energy, her sex so moist and warm between her legs, as both parts of her body were used to generate flying power. As opposed to Velorians, who had developed an innate flying ability after they had split off genetically with the Arions, she had to rely on the special enhancements that the Arion scientists had recently made in her body. The techniques used today, stealing Velorian genetic material, much to the demise of the donor, and then infusing it into a young Arion, were vastly more efficient. Kirrin, however, had only artificial enhancements, her breasts and sexual organs having been surgically enhanced to allow her to fly.

The thin energy beam, normally invisible, that projected from her sex, the beam that lifted her body and let her fly, was now so strong that it was visible, the bluish light glowing strongly between her legs. The force of the beam tickled her clitoris, driving her nearly mad with arousal, the Orgone energy still flowing deeply inside her. She squeezed her thighs inward against the vibrating beam, the force of it preventing her from completely closing her legs, the beam pinching upward to vibrate her clit even harder as she struggled to concentrate on catching up to Superman.

Kal was on his third orbit when he saw the starfield above him shimmering momentarily, instantly recognizing what it was. He twisted his body, flexing his massive thighs once again, accelerating toward the spot as he began to scan it with the limited range of his x-ray vision.

It was nearly 15 minutes later and Kal was growing impatient, afraid that he had missed the ship. Suddenly, a flair of light spread before his eyes as his x-ray vision clashed with the cloaking field of a ship, the resulting energy discharge clearly visible. He turned slightly, soaring toward the bright flash he had seen, suddenly feeling his body tingle as he flew through the cloaking field itself.

His stomach fell away, he would have gasped if there had been air to breathe, as the huge Arion ship suddenly swam into view less than a mile ahead of him. It was massive, awe inspiring! More than five miles long and a mile in width, the entire length of it bristling with weapons, launching ports and hangers. This was a man-of-war, a ship that could lay waste to an entire planet such as Earth if the Arion's dared use it openly. The only thing that restrained them was the knowledge that the Ancient Ones would destroy their own race if they acted so far outside the tenets of the Prime Directives they had been given. They were not to interfere, least of all destroy, an alien civilization that was outside the Arion and Velorian empires. The fact that Velorian and Arion agents were operating on Earth was a technical violation, but the involvement was too small to be noticed by the Gods, they having so many other things to attend to. This would hardly be the case, however, if they unleashed the massive armament of this ship!

Kal was flying closer, scanning for the place where he had exited the ship earlier, knowing that he could find his way back to the Interrogation Chamber from there. He was suddenly blinded, his body thrown backward, as a blue-white energy beam struck him, his body instantly heated to thousands of degrees! He suddenly found himself outside the cloaking field again, his x-ray vision causing sparks to fly from it as he tried not to lose the ship.

He suddenly felt two hands grabbing his feet, pulling him backward, his body twisted powerfully around to press against the soft flesh of a woman! He saw that it was Kirrin again, her breasts still crackling with Orgone energy discharges, a glow coming from between her legs as she held him close, one hand surrounding his hard cock again, her kisses finding his lips. He almost lost control, the Orgone energy combining with her soft hand as it fondled him so intimately, so powerfully, reminding him of Kara! It was that memory, in fact, that pulled him back from the abyss, allowed him to reach down to take her hand, his more powerful hand pulling hers from his throbbing cock. They faced each other, Kirrin's gorgeous face shining with such desire, Kal trying to resist.

He tore himself free, flying for all he was worth toward the Arion ship, passing through the tingling cloaking field again, converging on the hanger bay so fast that the energy weapons could not target him this time, the brilliant beams criss-crossing in the air. He had just landed when he saw two beams converge, capturing Kirrin between them, her body instantly flaring as bright as the sun, trapped in the beams! He knew that those energies would eventually even destroy a Kryptonian such as he, an Arion such as Kirrin would not last for more than a minute in the grip of such energies! He looked toward the back of the bay, Kara/Lois only a short dash inside the ship. He knew that Kirrin did not deserve to die this way, he knew nothing of her except the torture the Orgone energy was putting her body through. He hated himself for it, feeling he had no choice but to help her, as he thrust off the deck with his powerful legs, flying back toward Kirrin.

Kirrin's silent scream went unheard in the hard vacuum, her body heating up, approaching the point where even an Arion woman would be injured by the energies. She struggled to get free, but the energy beam between her legs no longer seemed to work, the machinery obviously melted from the heat of her body.

She was drifting helplessly, her body glowing brighter, when she suddenly felt someone's strong arms grabbing her, pulling her downward, moving so fast that the beams could not track her. She opened her dazzled eyes, seeing Kal's face so close to her as he carried her in his arms, flying back toward the Arion ship.

Kal set her down in the hanger deck and he wrapped his arm around her waist and helped her toward the airlock. Her skin was still glowing white hot, the steel deck melting into puddles of molten steel wherever her feet touched it. Her legs seemed weak, his strong arm holding her up, as he carried her into the airlock.

He hit the button to cycle it, the plastic melting immediately after he touched it from the extreme heat being given off by Kirrin's body. The entire inside of the airlock began to melt, the lightweight metal, much like aluminum, melting and flowing down the walls as he held her close, her superheated skin feeling only warm and soft against his invulnerable body. He knew that the ship would be badly damaged and many Beta Arion's killed if she entered the ship in this superheated state. Only an Alpha Arion could withstand such heat and it was unlikely he would find only Alpha's on the other side of the airlock door! In fact, he hoped to find NO Alphas on the other side of the door, the woman in his arms certainly being one herself, her strength a substantial fraction of his own. Two or three well-trained Alphas could easily overpower him!

He knew there was only one way to draw this energy from her body as rapidly as he needed to, a way that he had been trying to deny for the last hour. His erection was still huge, the Orgone energy giving him no rest. He sighed, reaching down to slide his hands behind her thighs to grab her tight ass, spreading her legs against his body as he lifted her body up against the soft metal of the wall behind her. His massive cock found its way quickly enough, sliding between her legs, finding the wonderful moistness of her sex!

He felt her legs coming alive now, squeezing him, pulling herself down over him, his cock beginning the long slow slide into her vagina! He could not help himself, his body surging forward, desiring the deepest penetration, as the softened metal behind her back bulged outward, finally tearing apart, air blasting into the near vacuum of the airlock.

The two of them flew backward from the force of his initial thrust, crashing into the wall of a nearby corridor. It was fortunately empty, the hour being late. Kal could not restrain himself now, his orgasm rushing toward him as he drew incredible amounts of energy from her body, all of it coursing through her sex and up his long cock, filling his body. Her skin rapidly cooled, the massive energies now safely stored in his Kryptonian body, as their fucking took on a new thrust, their mutual pleasure now replacing the urgency of cooling Kirrin's body down.

It was only moments later when two passionate cries, one a deep male voice, the other a soprano woman's, filled the hallway, a superman and his superwoman finally breathing air again, their bodies climaxing so very quickly under the Orgone influence.

They finally collapsed in a tangle of arms and legs, Kal lay quietly beside Kirrin for a moment. He finally remembered his urgent mission, slowly pulling himself away from her, her arms resisting him for a moment as she clearly wanted to continue their intimacy. She slowly pulled him toward her, her arms suddenly very powerful now, her strength greatly increased in typical Arion fashion as she became orgasmic again. Kal struggled to push her away, but could not, her slim arms exploding into such massive muscles, muscles momentarily stronger than his own! The mating instinct of an Arion female, able to overpower any being, even a Kryptonian, now fully unleashed as her body demanded his attention until she was satiated. With Kirrin, her body infected with so much Orgone, that could be a very long time, a longer time that Kara/Lois had left to live!

The Gym, Planet Daxxan

Taknal continued his reminiscence. A year had passed, and Kassandra was now spending all her spare time training, exulting in her new-found strength. She noticed that her flexibility and balance were also improving rapidly. Vowing to never let any man take advantage of her, ever again, she decided to take martial arts training as well. Her progress at those classes was even more astounding. Her instructor couldn't believe that she had never trained before. She displayed an immediate and instinctive grasp of most of the movements, learning far faster than any of the other students. This, combined with her new-found strength, precise balance, superb flexibility and fueled by an aggressive killer instinct that sometimes got out of control, soon forced her instructor to be hard-pressed to hold his own against her in mock combat exercises. But she was his best pupil, and soon he began to train her one-on-one.

At the gym, she began lifting weights that were way beyond that of all of the other women who trained there, and surpassed that of some of the men. She still dressed in large, oversized clothing, to avoid drawing attention to

herself. While she was still smaller than most of the men, she was making progress rapidly and her presence, compared to any of other women in the gym, was dramatic. Most of the men were now leaving her alone, except for the group of hard-core bodybuilder's who had abused her in the past. Instead of intimidating her they now began to harass her, as they couldn't help but notice the changes in her physique. The scrawny, sickly crone that they had ridiculed in the past, has suddenly started to look half-decent. Cassandra also found her sexual desires increasing, nearly exhausting Taknal each night when they returned home.

Late one night, when the gym was nearly deserted, just her and the abusive bb's, they taunted her into showing them what her body looked like. She had been working out heavy for the last 2 or 3 hours, and was a little overheated anyway.

Smiling, she pulled her sweatshirt over her head to stand with her upper body bared, except for her sports bra, before them. Her huge torso, massive sculpted arms, wide shoulders, and surprisingly tiny waist shocked them. She twisted and flexed her biceps slightly. She had found that gentle flexing gave her the same size as most ordinary body builders, but once she applied real resistance to her muscles, they seemed to expand 3 or 4 times beyond normal! This continued to shock her as she had no explanation for the sudden, almost miraculous increase in size that she was able to effect sometimes!

To compensate, she wore sweats most of the time as she didn't know what other people would think of her. Even then, massive mounds of muscle seemed to rise from her arms, occasionally ripping the seams of even her oversized sweats.

She had never really done any posing, but it felt incredibly good now show off her body in front of the very same men who had always ridiculed her. Dribzan, more brazen than the rest, walked forward and ran his hand over the top of her ballooning bicep. Cassandra felt a sense of pride, especially since she knew that he was seeing less than half of what she was capable of.

"Not bad, for a crone", he said. His buddies laughed. In response, Cassandra bent her forearm up quickly over his hand, trapping it between her huge bicep and pumped forearm. He gasped in pain, and tried to pull his hand away, but it was trapped completely by her massive bicep. He struggled harder, but each time he pulled away, her bicep grew even larger, squeezing his hand even harder between her seemingly steel-hard muscles. He reached back and landed a solid left fist toin her kidneys, but was surprised to find that it seemed to have no effect, other than to make his hand sting.

Dribzan couldn't believe what he was seeing as the woman's bicep kept growing larger, now far larger than his own! It squeezed his hand so tightly that he was afraid she was going to crush it as he called for his friends to help him. They landed several strong blows to Cassandra's stomach as she just flexed her abs and felt their fists bouncing off her. Finally, one of them grabbed a bar and smacked her in the back of her head, dazing her and knocking her to the floor. She was still on her knees as Dribzan pulled his bruised hand away, kicking her in the side hard enough to smash her painfully into the bench next to her. She felt a sudden blind rage growing inside her; she had been here before. This time, she would not accept this fate nor this abuse!

She staggered back to her feet, bright spots still dancing before her eyes from the strong blow to her head, as she looked at the three of them. "Leave me ALONE, I'm warning you," she shouted, as she felt her body exploding in rage. But the men continued to taunt her as one of them stepped forward, swinging his fist at her. Cassandra, still too dazed to react quickly, felt his fist smacking into her left breast, sending a wave of pain across her chest. Slapping him with the back of her powerful arm, his body was thrown backward to land on top of one of his buddies. Rubbing his face, he got back up, murder in his eyes.

Kass barely had enough self-control left to restrain herself as she knew that she was now too dangerous in this state of mind, especially with her newly gained strength, to be fighting these men. Fragments of her long lost training, training she now remembered had dealt mostly with restraining herself when she got angry, came to her aid. She remembered what she had been taught about restraining a non-lethal male opponent like this by showing him how much greater her strength was than his. She also remembered how she could confuse men by giving them contrary images of power and sexuality to confuse their minds. A man, both highly angry and highly aroused, can be easily overcome.

With that, she shrugged her upper body as she slowly and deliberately tore her bra off, the strong fabric ripping loudly as her muscles flexed. Her huge perfectly symmetrical breasts, DD-cups, were suddenly revealed along with her unusually large nipples. The sudden and completely unexpected display of Cassandra's beautiful, bared breasts had the desired effect. The men's eyes lowered to stare at her gorgeous chest as she reached down to pick up the steel bar that one of them had hit her with only moments before. Her mind became very clear now as she

stared back at them while placing the bar across her breasts, the bar lifting up slightly against her huge nipples. She began to flex her biceps, pulling the bar inward against her chest as her soft breasts gave way before it. The bar made a deep impression in each breast as it was soon buried in her soft deep feminine flesh. Her arms kept flexing larger as her back exploded into a riot of hard muscles, more curves than could be counted. There was suddenly a creaking sound as Kass felt the bar pressing painfully into her tits. Slowly, amazingly, her biceps maxed out as the bar began to bend ever so slowly! The creaking of overstressed steel grew louder as she watched their eyes moving from her muscles to her breasts as, incredibly, the 1" thick bar continued to bend, opposed only by the soft flesh of her dramatic breasts! With a last sudden flexing of her back, she bent the bar into a double U-shape, the imprint of each firm breast clearly visible in the bar, before she dropped it to the floor with a loud clang. She pulled her sweatshirt back on as she reached down to toss the distorted bar to one man, who barely had enough wits left to catch it, her bra to another.

"You 'boys' had better rethink your attitude now that you have met a real woman. I wear a bra yet I can bent steel bars across my chest. I'm softer but harder, gentler yet stronger than any of you. The next one of you that hassles me will have to deal with that, and I won't be paying for your hospital bills!"

With that, Cassandra left the gym, her body still boiling with energy as she realized how close she had come to violating the Velorian laws against murder and mayhem! Only her training, training she now suddenly and clearly remembered was part of her role as a 'protector', had enabled her to restrain herself. Cassandra had only told Taknal about this recently. They alone would know how close she had come to destroying those men with nothing but her bare hands! Coming back to the present, Taknal looked down on her beautiful supine form. She shifted slightly, like a cat might under a sunbeam, and he admired her with unabashed pleasure. Sighing deeply, with obvious pleasure, Taknal made his way down the staircase to say good morning to his bronzed beauty.