

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 20, Sharil's Rampage

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Little Firebug – Chapter 20

Sharil's Rampage

by Sharon Best and Pete H.

THE US&R RV, METROPOLIS

Mark was still briefing the team when he heard Craig cursing from the drivers seat. The RV slowly came to a stop, the honking of horns surrounding them.

“Mark,” he called on the intercom, “we’re stuck in a massive traffic jam, all the way across the bridge here. I don’t see any quick way out, either in front or in back. You better radio in to get another team rolling, this could take an hour, probably more, to get through.”

Mark looked at Monica as she paused while trying to serve some quick breakfast to the team. Their eyes met as she took off her apron and handed it to Sojo. This was perhaps another job for SuperWoman!

Sojo was starting to go over the floor plan of the building as he looked up to glance at Janissa. She was sitting in a dark corner of the RV, her eyes following Monica’s every move. He shivered involuntarily, there was something creepy about that woman, he thought, especially when she stared that way at Monica, her eyes almost glowing behind her white hair as it half covered half her face.

Monica was still dressed in a pair of jean cut-offs and a tight T-shirt, her red costume hidden underneath those clothes. She stepped out the door of the RV, the late day sunshine nearly gone now as the sky was almost dark enough for drivers to put their headlights on. She looked behind the RV only to see a line of massive semi’s, the tops of the trucks almost up to the steel bridge girders that rose above them. Turning, she saw the same to the front, a solid line of traffic up over the bridge and down the other side leaving no room above it for her to carry the RV.

She looked up over her head at the mass of huge steel beams above her; there appeared to be no way to fit the RV through up there either! She was still looking around, feeling pretty well trapped, when Mark joined her. He described what the firemen had told him on the radio, that there were a lot of people trapped in the collapsed building. His concerned eyes joined hers, searching for a way to get off the bridge.

“There might be a way up there,” he finally said as he pointed high above them. “That cross-beam is not load-bearing, it only handles wind loads and there isn’t much wind now. If you could take that beam out and then replace it, I think we could fit the RV through, but you would have to be very careful to not destabilize the bridge structure.”

Monica didn’t like the sound of that. She had no idea what held what up, the grid of girders far too complicated for her to calculate. Fortunately, Mark’s civil engineering background was just what they needed now. He knew a lot about what held things up and what made them fall down!

“How do I remove the beam, Mark, I don’t want to just tear it apart? I’m not very good at using my strength yet and I might not be able to put it back together very well.”

“Yeah, I know, I’ve seen,” Mark said with a smile as he remembered how she had accidentally torn apart some of the concrete slabs at the first building collapse she had worked at.

“Tell you what, take me up there with you, and let me look around. I think I have an idea for a way to do it.”

Mark stood close to her, locking his arms around her neck, her strong arm reaching around the small of his back to hold him tightly to her. He was very conscious of her lips as they nearly brushed his, her silky hair blowing across his face in the tiny breeze. He felt her body becoming slightly firmer, her arms holding him a little tighter, as he suddenly felt himself floating upward. He ignored the startled stares from the people who were parked all across the bridge, many of them rushing from their vehicles to stare upward while following their progress.

The massive I-beam beam in question was 30 feet above the RV. It was three feet in diameter and about 50 feet long. As they flew close, Mark saw that it was formed from 2.5 inch thick steel; as far as I-beams went, this was a monster. It would take a full day for two welders just to cut it apart with torches!

Monica set Mark on top of it as he quickly crawled to the far end, hoping to find that she could press the rivets out.

“Damn, Monica, this isn’t going to work as I’d hoped. The rivets holding this beam are holding two of the load bearing beams together as well. I had hoped you could press them out to get this end free. I guess you’ll just have to cut it somehow. Can you use your heat vision that way?”

“Well, its certainly strong enough. I can try to use it, but I haven’t had much luck using it precisely yet, it’s really hard for me to control it for things like this. It seems to either be too strong or too weak; but let me give it a try anyway. Stay at that end while I work on the other end.”

Mark watched as Monica flew along the length of the massive beam, finally pausing a few feet before the other end as she floated in mid-air, a rather large crowd quickly gathering below her. She didn’t look down as she squinted her eyes, two violet beams suddenly shooting out to touch the steel beam.

There was a sudden massive flurry of sparks, molten steel flying everywhere, as the people beneath her ran for cover, dime-sized droplets of white-hot steel falling on them! She began to slowly move her focus downward, the steel exploding outward from anyplace she looked, the beams themselves invisible to her as usual. She had only been at it for a few seconds when she heard Mark calling frantically to her, telling her to STOP. She closed her eyes, her eyelids momentarily trapping the massive energies within her eyes until she could stop the flow of energy up her optic nerves. Her breasts tingled wildly, the sudden release of energy from them flowing through her incredible nervous system, millions of watts of energy pouring into her eyes. She finally turned to look at Mark as he yelled once again for her to stop. She following his glance downward, seeing the people below cowering and running for cover as the molten steel splattered against their cars, one small boy crying loudly as his mother wrapped her scarf around his arm. She looked up at Monica, shaking her fist at her.

Floating over near Mark, she looked a little sheepish. “Well, I guess that wasn’t too good of an idea, there are some very big holes burned through the tops of those cars below, I guess I can’t focus narrowly enough to keep the droplets of steel small enough. Looks like I’m going to need to do this the hard way. Here, hold these.”

With that, she unzipped her cut-offs and slipped them down her long gorgeous legs, handing the soft warm fabric to Mark. He glanced down as the crowd gathered again, their eyes focused clearly on Monica’s bare legs and her tiny thong bikini bottom. He felt a little funny for a moment, almost jealous, as if these people were violating his girlfriend in some way. He pulled himself back to reality, remembering that Monica certainly wasn’t his girlfriend! Despite their intimate encounter, they had just met! Besides, she had chosen this costume herself and obviously wasn’t shy about displaying herself this way.

She lifted herself up a bit, spreading her long golden legs apart as she slid downward, gripping the massive beam firmly between them, unable to bring her ankles together it was so large. She leaned forward, her lips almost touching Mark’s as she took his hands in hers, lowering them down until they were holding the soft warmth of her thighs.

“Would you like to feel what my legs are like as I crush this beam between them, Mark,” she said with a smile. She was pretty sure she knew the answer!

With that, she reached her arms up to embrace his neck, her soft lips touching his as his hands felt her legs suddenly flexing, the living steel of SuperWoman’s legs suddenly growing larger under his hands, the thick steel of the beam groaning softly at the same time as her lips began to firmly kiss his!

He suddenly wanted to see what her legs looked like as she flexed them this hard, the sensations from his hands amazing him as he felt her super muscles overcoming the strength of the cold steel beam. He tried to pull back, but her arms held him tight, a soft giggle coming from her.

“No, Mark, you can feel but not see this time. Just enjoy what your hands are telling you and use your imagination. Besides, wouldn’t you rather do this instead...”

With that, he felt her tongue reaching out to his, her deep kiss sending a wild tingling through his body as his hands traced over her thighs, feeling them moving closer together, the steel groaning and squealing from the immense pressure of the muscles his hands were holding. The living steel of her muscles exploded massively beneath his hands, the curves and clefts of her dramatic thighs firing his imagination as he knew she was crushing the massive

beam between them, knowing it was also pressing up against her most delicate of places. His deep kisses met hers, his body soaring upward with arousal, as he felt the inside of her thighs finally touching again, the steel squeezing noisily out on each side of them.

Monica finally released him, as he looked down to see her legs pressed tightly together, the massive beam squished out on either side of them. She flew upward a bit, her gorgeous legs still a little pumped from squeezing that huge 3 foot thick beam, as his eyes saw how the bronze skin between her legs was now coated with flakes of rust. He looked down to see that the steel beam was now paper thin where she had squeezed it!

He stared at her as she drew one diamond-hard fingernail down across the thinned out steel, the two halves of the beam separating with a soft 'click'. Grabbing the ragged end of the beam across her broad shoulder, she slowly flew upward, the massive beam bending upward from the other end as she flexed her legs stronger and stronger, generating her massive flying power. The beam screamed loudly as she slowly bent it totally up and out to the side. She then floated down to the other end to wrap her gorgeous legs around it as well. Mark stared with rapt attention this time as she looked down at her legs while squeezing them. The steel flowed from between her beautiful thighs as she flexed them hard enough to hook her ankles around each other. She looked up at him with a mischievous smile as her legs suddenly exploded into the most incredible muscular ripples he had ever seen, his hands still feeling what they had felt like when she did this a moment before. Her legs closed smoothly and quickly before she gave her hips a little twist, the thinned out steel snapping. She leaned forward a bit, suddenly holding the entire beam in her hands from one end! He saw her fingers distorting the thick steel as she had to grip it with extreme strength to keep control of it.

Quickly dropping down the side of the bridge, she set the beam down on the roadway underneath. She then flashed upward almost too fast for Mark to track with his eyes as she suddenly appeared in front of him. Wrapping his arms around her neck again, her strong arms lifted him up at the same time as he felt her legs wrapping around his. Her blond hair covered both their faces as she kissed him gently while flying back down into the crowd, Mark thinking all the while of how her legs felt as they were wrapped around his, knowing what she had just done to that massive beam with them!

He took a step back as he felt his feet touching the roadway, quickly forcing himself to remember that they were on a job and he had a team to organize.

"OK, everybody, back in the RV. Monica, I assume you can handle this yourself now?"

She said nothing as she walked around to the rear of the RV, casually leaning down to grab the bumper before effortlessly lifting the back of it into the air, slowly walking her hands along the bottom to find the balance point again. The spectators fell back, speechless as they saw the cute blond flexing her arms and legs so powerfully as she slowly and carefully lifted the huge RV above her head, flying upward, pausing momentarily where she had removed the beam, the ends of the RV barely clearing the ragged ends where the huge cross-beam had been.

Monica flew more rapidly now, skimming across the water before flying low over the rooftops as she approached the cloud of dust that she saw in the distance. It took her only a few minutes to fly the distance it would have taken them 30 minutes to drive, even under the best of conditions. She finally lowered the vehicle onto a street a few blocks from the disaster site. Craig was just starting the engine as she quickly climbed back in, only to be handed her cut-offs back in front of the whole team. She smiled, slipping them back on, as she saw Sojo waving one of those 'Thighs of Steel' exercise ads in front of her.

"Ok, guys, its Ok to be impressed. And yes, it felt really cool to do that. I still get an incredible kick out of being able to do wild things like that with my body, this super-thing is nearly as new to me as it is to you. But lets talk about it later, we have some work to do now. Mark, where are you going to need me first?"

The RV finished the journey as Mark briefed the team with the info that the firemen had radioed to him, the entire team piling out the door a few seconds after Craig braked the vehicle to a stop in the parking lot. They were met by a dozen firemen as they detailed where they thought people were trapped. The team quickly began to pull out their heavy equipment as the dogs started barking, knowing they were about to work again. Mark talked briefly with a couple of firemen before dashing over to take Monica's hand.

93"Come on, there are a bunch of people over on this side that I think we can get to right away." He started to run off, Monica trailing behind him as he held her hand tightly, the firemen struggling to keep up as they carried their heavy equipment, the view of the blonde's long legs momentarily lightening their spirits. Yet even with SuperWoman here, it was going to be a long hard night.

* * *

WEELDAR ENTERPRISES, The Largest Fitness and Bodybuilding Supplies Company on The Planet DAXXAN

The meeting at Weeldar Enterprises was not going well.

Ban slammed a finely manicured fist down hard on the fine oarlock wood table. "By the seven balls of Haldrook, Jor, there's no way a woman is going to enter the StarBright! We'd be the laughing stock of all Daxxan, and Velor!"

"Ban, you're not thinking this through", said his brother evenly, from behind his desk.

Ban Weeldar slammed both hands aggressively on the table, and yelled, "I'm not thinking it through? What's to think about! The answer is no, no and NO!" His normally red face turned a couple of shades darker.

Jor stepped his hands thoughtfully. My brother is an idiot, he thought, and if he keeps this up, I'm going to have to tell him. But Jor had not become owner of the most lucrative sports and fitness enterprise on Daxxan by losing his cool and freaking out, even on his idiot brother. He leaned forward, and said forcefully, "Look Ban, don't act so overwrought. Either leave right this minute or take your seat, and discuss this rationally." He indicated the plush trivnik-covered lounge chair directly behind Ban, and raised his eyebrows commandingly.

Ban sighed deeply, and visibly relaxed. "Yes, you're right", he said as he began to lower himself into the chair.

"It's just so patently ridiculous, Jor, and the dumbest thing I've ever heard of. What the hell does this broad think she's trying to prove anyway?"

Jor said, "Come on Ban, what's the big deal, just tell her no. That can't be so tough, can it?"

What's she gonna do, call Illegal Affairs?"

Ban's eyes flared for an instant, as he grasped both armrests and began to rise from his seat. "Call Illegal? She's done more than that. She's already registered her application with Illegal, for Haldrook's sake! I tell ya Jor, we've gotta do something! I don't need Illegal breathing down our necks!"

Jor noticed that Ban was standing again, and regarded him with thinly veiled amusement. He'd seen his brother do this time and time again, but it never failed to fill him with glee. Ban's emotional control seemed to be directly related to his ability to remain seated. As he became more and more agitated, his body would rise higher and higher out of the chair. You knew that by the time his voice had reached a whiny crescendo, he would be rocking forward on his tip toes, the veins in his red neck and face distended as if he were some cheesy lounge singer, screaming at the top of his lungs.

Breathing down our necks indeed! Don't you mean breathing down my neck ... brother.? At least Ban was right about that. It wouldn't do to have Security Force's legal arm initiate any kind of an investigation into Weeldar Enterprises. This would not do! Jor's amusement turned to anger as he suddenly realized what was at stake here.

He had spent years building this business into what it was today. He had turned Daxxanian's natural love of physical beauty into a multi-million fhenig empire, and he'd done most of it without his bumbling brother's help. Ok, so the supplements didn't supplement, the instant growth may as well have been Velorian pond water, and the exercise equipment was chrome-plated garbage. Big deal. They bought it didn't they? He told himself that he was in the business of making dreams into realities for Daxxanians, and had he sold a lot of dreams! People believed in the Jor Weeldar Method, especially when promoted by the stable of Weeldar body building stars. Buy Weeldar products and you too can look like Dragnor the Great or seven-time Mr. StarBright, Yarl Tork-Nat. He had even convinced most people that he, Jor Weeldar, had once been a competitive body builder, although the truth was he only touched weights for publicity shoots, and rarely ever exercised. He often thought about the irony of it all with some relish. Here he was, owner of the biggest fitness conglomerate on Daxxan, promoting health, youth and vitality, and he was as flabby and wheezy as Daxxanian bork-hog. Yes, body building had made Jor a rich man. And he'd be damned if his idiot brother was going to ruin things for him.

His brother indeed! Sure they were brothers if you consider two babies born out of the same test tube lot as brothers! Ha! Jor decided to put his foot down. But first he needed the facts. He put on his best "brotherly" smile.

"Ok, Ban, just relax, tell me everything, from the top. And for Narlid's sake, sit down!"

Ban sat down and inhaled. There was that smell again. He wrinkled his nose, in distaste, just for an instant. How he hated the smell of the fuzzy, lime-green trivnik chairs. Disgusting creatures, those trivniks. And of course his brother had to have not one, but two of the damn chairs stinking up his office. The man really had no class at all.

"All right", he started, "here's the story." He paused and took a deep breath.

Jor rubbed his mustache in irritation. "Get on with it, get on with it!"

"Two weeks ago, this broad, Cassandra wins one of our Fitness Extravaganzas, you know, the Tits and Ass shows?"

"Yes, yes, I know", said Jor impatiently, "they were my idea, remember?" Daxxanian women were always going on and on about how they were such wild free spirits. Jor had devised the show essential to demonstrate to the whole planet what they really were: just ornamental cheesecake! The fact that the shows were such instant hits, mostly among men, of course, proved that he was right, didn't it?

"Ok, anyway the shows", his brother continued, "are a huge Holo hit. Mostly targeted at men, of course – nothing like a bunch of half-nude bimbos strutting and bouncing around in high heels to pump up the ratings."

"I'm familiar with the concept, Ban, get on with it" Listen to him, Jor thinks, the man really has no class at all.

"Sorry. Ok, so we throw a few fhenigs at the winners, and everyone's happy, right? The Holo networks, the sponsors, the ..."

"For the love of Haldrook's beard, Ban, get to the point!" shouted Jor, slamming his fist on the desk.

Ban, not to be intimidated, begins to rise from his seat again. "Pro cards! The bitches get their Pro Cards if they finish in the top three!", he screamed.

Jor absorbs this for a minute. "Yeah, so what, so they get a Pro card? What does that do for them, except let them enter a woman's body building event? Big deal. Nobody pays any attention to those shows. In fact we don't even sponsor them anymore. What's the problem?"

"The problem, dear brother", says Ban, on his way back down to the chair, "are the StarBright rules. I've had our legal chumps go over them, and ..."

"Oh sweet mother of Narlid", says Jor, as everything suddenly fell into place. "The rules don't prohibit women from entering the male competitions, do they?"

"No! Why should they? What kind of half-baked, fever-brained female would think she stands a chance against the biggest male body builders in the freaking solar system? She'd have to be an idiot, or some guy dressed in drag!"

Ban was standing again, but this time Jor didn't notice. The thought appalled him. Who was this woman? Had she no shame? Didn't she know that women were only ornamentation, pretty things for men to play with, and ogle?

He leaned forward. "And you're sure, I mean the Legal chumps are sure that the rules don't explicitly prohibit women from competing in the Starbright?"

"Of course I'm sure, it's the first thing we checked. I run the contest, remember?"

Yes, Jor thought, and you also wrote the contest rules, you idiot, don't you remember? Still ... Jor leaned back and thought for a moment. Still, a woman in the StarBright? I wonder. "What does she look like?" he asked.

"I don't know. She must have some muscle tone, to win a T & A show. Probably not bad I guess. Why, what are you ...?"

Jor looked down and adjusted his solid gold wrist chain. Ban looked at him in concerned silence. He had never understood his brother's attraction to that cheap metal, it was as common as sea sand. He had seen Jor make this gesture a hundred times before, whenever his mind was finally and incontrovertibly made up. His mouth suddenly became very dry. "You're gonna let her complete, aren't you?" he whispered.

Jor shrugged his shoulders. "Why not?"

"But it's a men's event", he protested, "how can we let some bimbo compete? She'll look like an idiot on stage next to Tork-Nat!"

Jor shrugged again. "So? Look, for one thing, what choice do we have?" He looked at Ban earnestly. "You say she's already filed her intent with Illegal. If we let her compete, they've got nothing to investigate, do they?"

"Well ...", said Ban hesitantly.

"No they don't", snapped Jor, poking a finger at Ban, "and you know it. Besides, brother, this is gonna make us richer than ever!" Ban stared back at him expectantly.

"Look, we'll hype this for all it's worth. Think of the headlines: 'Weeldur Breaks Down Sexual Barriers', 'Weeldur Promotes First Trans-gender Contest'! We can bump up ticket prices. Think of the ratings. The networks will love it! It's brilliant! We'll make a freaking fortune, brother! And our poor little Ms. Fitness will get smashed as flat as a wafer! Beautiful!"

A smile suddenly spread over Ban's face as he understood. Yeah, this was going to work out better than he could possibly have imagined.

* * *

Anderson's Steak House, Metropolis

Sharil opened the door of the restroom, her tiny miniskirt swishing softly across the tops of her shapely thighs as Carol tried to catch up with her. She saw every eye, male and female, focusing on Sharil as her legs flexed so sexily, her red boots accenting her tanned legs and her tiny red skirt. Her bright blue top fit like a second skin, hiding nothing, accenting everything, the bright 'S' on her chest clinging to her dramatically firm breasts. Carol had never seen anyone with breasts as large as hers who had a fraction of the firmness she was displaying, her breasts showing only the tiniest trace of a teardrop shape, despite being nearly a 'D' cup, as they sat high and proud on her upper chest.

Her vaporous red cape completed the costume, her nearly waist length blond hair covering most of it as it swished while she walked. Carol felt embarrassed at the looks that Sharil was getting, the entire restaurant pausing, suddenly quiet, as she was the clear center of everyone's attention. She wasn't sure if it was the stunning way Sharil looked in her costume or the fact that the whole town was buzzing with her exploits in helping land their plane. Maybe it was her very nude pictures on the TV or the fact that she was the most wanted criminal on the planet for murdering those policemen! Carol cringed as she realized that it was probably all of those things! She cursed under her breath, why hadn't she found a way to restrain this impetuous girl!

Sharil smiled broadly at Jim and Darrel as she walked toward them, their bodies seemingly frozen in place except for their eyes which were busy tracing up and down across her body! Carol caught up to her just as she reached the table, the enraptured look on both men's faces confirming her worst fears about Sharil's effect on the rest of the men in the restaurant!

"Oh, good, the drinks are here," Sharil said as she slid into her chair. "I've been thirsty all day."

With that, she drained her double JD in a single gulp, wiping her lips with the back of her hand.

"MMm, that's good, can I have another?"

Jim stared at her for a moment, the strong whiskey seemingly tasting like Koolaide to her as he weakly raised his arm to call the waiter over. He handed her his own drink while waiting; Sharil downed it the same way.

"That tastes a lot like the breakfast drink that we had back when I was a kid," she said, "maybe just a little more watered down. Well, what did you order for me, Darrel, I'm starved."

Nobody seemed able to talk for a moment, the waiter fortunately appearing with Sharil's drink. It disappeared along with the other two as the waiter finally showed up with their salads. No one could eat as they watched Sharil plow through her salad and yet another double JD, truly drinking it like it was Koolaide!

She finally looked up at them, brushing her long blond hair from her face as she realized that no one else was eating, they were all staring at her. She looked quickly around, realizing, in fact, that everyone was staring at her.

"What's the matter, am I doing something wrong? Why is everyone staring at me?"

Carol leaned over to whisper to her. "Ah, Sharil, that costume of yours doesn't leave much to the imagination. And

the bright colors, exactly the same as Superman's are certainly eye catching. You should know that most of the women on this planet are secretly in love with him, especially with the way he wears that tight costume of his. I think you have just balanced that out by having the same effect on the men of this planet!"

Sharil paused, hardly believing what she was hearing, people 'in love' with her. What did that mean?

"What do you mean 'in love', they don't even know me?"

"Well, perhaps a better word is 'infatuated'. You probably have doubled the blood pressure of every male in this room, a few of the women too if my eyes don't deceive me."

Sharil paused, finally getting the idea of what Carol was talking about. She squinted her eyes a bit, looking through tables and trousers as she scanned the room, amazed to see that most of the men were swelling a bit in their pants. She suddenly felt all tingly herself as she realized that all of these men were thinking about her in 'that' way! She felt her breasts tingling the strongest, suddenly looking down to see that her nipples had become erect!

Darrel's eyes almost fell out of his head as he saw the girl's nipples suddenly snap erect, her skintight costume clinging tightly to them as they easily grew an inch long and half that in width. He suddenly had trouble breathing, the force of his arousal so great! He had never seen nipples like those before, realizing quickly that every part of her body must be super, not just her muscles!

Sharil raised her hands to cover herself, her nipples innocently protruding between her fingers as she did nothing to hide herself, her hands making her look even sexier as they looked so small compared to her dramatic breasts as she squeezed them firmly.

Jim finally came to her rescue as he reached out and invited her to dance with him. Sharil looked up at him, a little confused for a moment until she saw other couples dancing closely on the dance floor. She was bright enough to realize that she could at least hide her current situation that way.

Jim held her close, her body amazing him as she moved so smoothly and lithely against him as they walked to the dance floor. She quickly wrapped her arms around his neck, her fingers tracing through the hair along the back of his head as she held herself close to him, her chest firmly pressed against his.

They had only danced for a few moments before Jim realized that this might be helping Sharil, but it certainly wasn't helping him. The feel of her firm nipples, centered in her large soft breasts, pressing so wonderfully against his chest was more than he could ignore. He felt himself surging upward, his huge erection pressing against her firm lower abdomen as she held herself firmly to him. He felt her pause for a moment before leaning her head back a bit, her blue eyes dancing as she giggled softly.

"Jim, I had no idea you felt that way about me! Does Carol know?"

He thought she was serious for a moment before he saw the little smile on her lips as she teased him. Maybe she wasn't as naïve as she seemed! He suddenly gasped a little as she held him closer, his hard cock surging at full erection as she pulled it tighter against the warmth of her amazingly firm lower abs. His hands traced lower on her back, tracing the wonderful curves of the firm muscles that were so pronounced under the tight silky fabric of her top.

He was just starting to relax again, to flow with the music, when a spotlight landed on them, his eyes turning to noticing that all the other people had left the dance floor, the eyes of the entire restaurant now just on them. He chuckled; so much for getting out of the public eye!

Sharil didn't seem to care, resting her head on his shoulder, her silky blond hair flowing down his chest, touching his cheek. He snuggled closer, smelling her wonderful fragrance, both from her breath and her hair, almost like a mixture of honey and flowers. His body soon felt like it was floating on air, his arousal stronger than he could ever remember. He knew he should be concerned, all eyes on the two of them, his body, his arousal, out of control. Fortunately one tiny part of his mind was still able to laugh at him, observing that he was not doing a very good job of being a stable adult influence on this girl. Quite the opposite, he was now clearly under her control!

Carol watched the two of them for a few minutes as she grew more and more concerned. Jim was acting really funny, almost like he was encouraging Sharil! Her fears were quickly realized as he saw the two of them beginning to kiss passionately while the entire restaurant watched! She immediately felt angry and embarrassed, both at Jim's inability to control Sharil and at the sense of betrayal she felt herself. After all, they were lovers!

She suddenly stood up and walked toward the dance floor when she saw Jim's hands sliding under Sharil's tiny

skirt, lifting it slightly, holding her bared ass in full view of everyone, the spotlight seemingly focusing on his straying hands! This was going WAY to far!

Carol angrily walked up to the couple, both of them obviously lost in their arousal, as she slipped her arms between them, an angry tone in her voice as she called Jim's name! Nothing happened at first, the two of them so lost in their intimate dancing that they ignored her.

She reached up to grab Sharil's hair as she tried to pull her head back while calling Jim's name, sounding angrier and angrier. Jim suddenly broke his intimate embrace and looked down at Carol's angry face, a startled look spreading across his face. He seemed confused for a moment as he looked between Sharil and Carol, suddenly realizing what was going on. My God, he had been ready to almost rape this girl right in front of Carol!

He tried to push himself away from Sharil, her eyes still closed, her lips searching for his. He lowered his lips to her ear, speaking softly.

"Sharil, stop it. I don't want to dance anymore, please let go of me!"

He saw her eyes blink open, seemingly coming from somewhere far away, as she looked first at him and then at Carol. She closed her eyes and pulled him closer, her soft kisses finding his ear. Her tongue traced inside his ear as it started to make him feel nauseated, her body no longer arousing him. He fought back with all his strength yet he couldn't move, her arms proving to be vastly stronger.

Sharil finally felt Jim trying to push away from her, his hard erection against her lower abs suddenly softening. A sudden wild anger filled her as she realized that he was rejecting her! She opened her eyes to see Carol still standing next to him, trying to help Jim pull away from her! So that was why he was rejecting her, it was Carol's fault. She was the one who had disturbed them!

Her hand flashed out, moving too fast to track with the naked eye, the back of it catching Carol full across her face, throwing her body backward so hard that she flew halfway across the restaurant, crashing into the middle of a table of Japanese businessmen. She tightened her embrace on Jim, holding him close as she began to feel the music again, began moving to it, carrying his body around the stage as her feet floated up off the floor, his body now no more than a rag doll in her arms.

Darrel dashed over to the table that Carol had landed on, suddenly sick to his stomach as he saw her head twisted back at an impossible angle, her neck clearly broken, her body lifeless. He turned and dashed toward the dance floor, determined to remove his other friend from this girl's clutches before he suffered a similar fate!

Sharil was feeling more and more turned on as she remembered how Carr had touched her earlier that day. She was growing frustrated that Jim's hands now felt so much softer, almost tickling her, even now as he was trying to push her strongly away. She felt herself growing more angry, more frustrated, as her body desired what her mind did not know how to get.

It was just at this moment when Darrel arrived, grabbing Sharil's long hair and pulling it, trying to move her away from Jim. She spun around angrily, the shock wave from her quick movement nearly knocking him over, her hand grabbing his shoulder.

Sharil felt a crunching sound as she held Darrel tight, realizing he was trying to stop her as well. She saw his face grimacing in pain as she realized she was crushing the bones of his shoulder. She didn't care. She thought these Terrans had liked her and now they were treating her this way! Her hand crushed harder against his shoulder as she suddenly punched out in frustration with her other fist. Her fist moved at supersonic speed, the blow collapsing his ribs, pulverizing his internal organs, the explosive shock wave from her fist arriving a millisecond after the blow, throwing his body across the floor, breaking every glass in the restaurant.

Sharil turned to see people standing up, heading for the door as she was suddenly angry with all of them. They had seemed so appreciative of her earlier, had enjoyed looking at her. She had seen how the men were even getting excited by her body. Now all they wanted to do was to leave, to not help her feel the same way about them. She was 'human' too, she needed to feel wanted as well, to feel that she was appreciated, to be able to feel toward them like they had initially felt toward her.

She was disgusted with them now, watching the pathetic Terrans running for the doors as she stood on the edge of the dance floor! She slowly reached up to pull her blond hair from her face, tucking it behind her head as she twisted her long hair together a bit to hold it. She looked to the left side of the room as she turned her heat vision loose again, feeling much as she had when she had used it on the police officers earlier. She focused her eyes as wide

as she could, the brilliant violet beams first setting a woman's dress on fire, her body mercifully turning translucent and vaporizing a moment later. She slowly swept her eyes across the room, the people, tables, chairs, everything vaporizing as she let it all out once again. The people on the right side of the room had nearly twenty seconds to watch the beams coming closer, a few of them actually managing to escape with only mild burns before her eyes reached that side of the room.

Finally, the entire restaurant swept clean, the walls fully involved in a huge fire, she turned back to stare back at Jim, his body on his knees, an agonized look on his face as he stared at where Carol's body had just been vaporized! The bright flames were coming closer, the entire building on fire now as Sharil walked toward him.

"Now, Jim, I need you to show me how a Terran man makes love to a woman. I have selected you to be my first love, you and I are going to have a wonderful time together as you get to be with the most spectacular woman on this planet... you will be the first man to make love to Supergirl!"

* * *

The Mag-Lev, The Planet DAXXAN

It was very early in the morning when Cassandra got off the Mag-Lev and began to follow the crowd toward the exit. Her large suitcase, the one that the bellboy had been unable to lift back at the hotel, felt comfortable in her hand as she walked easily in the middle of the crowd. Her height let her see over most people's heads to read the signs as she edged toward the Firth Street exit from the station. She felt excited now that the competition was finally at hand. A year of hard preparation had gone into getting ready for this. She had resisted competing in lesser contests, except for the small regional fitness event that had landed her a Pro card. She had carefully chosen the smallest contest on the planet, to avoid drawing any undue attention and publicity to herself. Well, that was about to end, wasn't it! After this competition she'd be a household name on both of the twin planets, and richer beyond her wildest dreams!

The StarBright contest was the premier bodybuilding event of the system and was held each year in Orentia. The competition was always fierce. Men and women from all over the twin planets competed each year and many of the winners went on to make their fortunes as Pro's. Well not quite, Cassandra thought. Prize money for the men's contest was phenomenal, but not for the women. The women's contest was treated as something of a joke, really. The event got little coverage, and female competitive bodybuilders were treated somewhat like freaks by the media. Cassandra had at first considered entering the women's event, but when she noticed how abysmal the prize money was, she changed her mind. As her training progressed and her size and strength increased almost daily, she decided that she wanted to do something that no woman had ever done before and now she was ready!

This had been Cassandra's goal for the last six months, months of day and night exercise as her body had responded in amazing ways to the genetic enhancement drug supplied to her by her friend Taknal. Taknal's savings had almost been exhausted to pay for not only her drugs, but also for the intensive training and special equipment she had needed during the last year.

However, the results now seemed worth every fhenig spent as she enjoyed the startled looks from the other passengers when she got on the anti-grav. Her tanned legs and short skirt had mesmerized more than one man as she had sat facing them during the two hour long trip. The fact that her legs had more curves and clefts from her hard muscles than even a Velorian Wildebeest was something she was proud of. She loved to watch how men couldn't keep from staring at her. They would eventually gain the control to look away, but the slightest shift of her position in her chair, revealing new shapely contours in the powerful muscles of her legs, would pull their eyes back to her. She finally got comfortable as she read and re-read the contest rules for the hundredth time. Her left hand idly tracing the hard outline of her fabulous quads as she unconsciously did amazing things to the man across the aisle who was secretly watching her.

The rules were very clear, only women could enter the female contests, yet there was no stated restriction on the male contests. She knew it was assumed that only men would enter, but the rules said nothing about it one way or the other. Cassandra smiled to herself again as she realized she was about to make history as the first woman to win the male division!

No one who looked at her sitting on this train would doubt that she was a gorgeous, sexy, well-developed woman, and because of her height, people tended to mistake her for a model or fitness competitor, rather than a body builder. Unflexed, she wasn't much larger than some of the more muscular fitness models. What no one except Cassandra and Taknal knew, was that the range of muscular expansion that she was now capable of was more than four times, maybe five times, that of any other competitor. Her strength had also increased to match the incredible size of her flexed muscles. She strongly doubted that any Velorian woman had ever had the strength she now had.

Nor any man for that matter.

She had recently become used to the constant stares her looks engendered from everyone who saw her. The combination of her extreme height, and the startling promise of her muscularity, hinted at so tantalizingly in her every movement, combined with an exquisite face that would make many a fashion model face envious, all framed by long, lustrous, glowing hair, always literally stopped people in their tracks. Her long, platinum-blond hair, green eyes and beautiful face were classically Velorian, in other words, totally normal. It was just her muscles that were so different. Most men just didn't believe that women were supposed to develop themselves this way, especially on Daxxan, which tended to be rather more backwards and primitive than Velor, it's twin planet.

She was nearly to the street when the man walked out from the food kiosk and ran right into her without looking. He bounced backward from her hard muscular body, but not before he had thrown her far enough off balance to trip over her heavy suitcase. The painful blow to her right knee pissed her off as she saw the man getting up to walk away without even saying he was sorry. Running into her by accident was one thing, walking away without a word was quite another!

She grabbed his bicep as she jerked him to a stop. He turned to face her as she slowly lifted him off the ground. His legs jerked as he tried to pull away, but he saw only the angry green eyes of this huge woman looking down at him.

"Don't you have something to say after running into a lady like that?"

"I don't see any lady here," he said with a snarl, looking up at her, "only some woman who wishes she was a man. Don't you have any shame woman?"

Kassandra felt the anger building up inside, she had heard this argument before. Her grip continued to increase as she saw the pain in his eyes as she started to hurt him. She smiled at him as she watched his face contort in pain. She sometimes liked to hurt people with her strength, particularly men. He reached out to punch her in the stomach as he tried to fight back. He was a strong man, but his fist simply bounced off her firm stomach; she now had just what she needed, an excuse to hurt him. She continued to increase the strength of her grip until he began to groan in pain. Her fingers were digging deep into his bicep now, as he angrily tried to pull free of her grip. She laughed, almost gleefully, and grabbed his other hand, quickly bending his wrist backward. She felt an audible little 'snap' as something gave, something that made him cry out in pain. She could have set him down, as his eyes fluttered shut from the pain of his wrist snapping, or she could have shoved him against the side of the building and been on her way, but instead she felt her rage increase. Men! They were all the same! Rude, pathetic, weak creatures like this one never learned. Well she'd teach him a lesson he'd not soon forget! Without consciously being aware of it, she increased the pressure on his upper arm. If anyone had been watching closely, they would have been amazed to see her index finger and thumb meet briefly around his arm, as his humerus snapped cleanly in two and he passed out.

She glanced quickly around the station, but nobody seemed to be paying any attention to her. Good! Lifting him lightly off the ground by his now crushed and broken arm and his snapped wrist, she flung him effortlessly into the wall, where he collapsed in a crumpled, broken heap. As her rage subsided slightly, she reached down to pick up her suitcase again, and turned on her heel, but not before she stopped and took a good long look at her handiwork. She often did this, though she had no idea why, except that it seemed to make her feel good, in an odd, liberating sort of way. She sighed, and discovered that the tension she had felt when getting off the train was gone and the rage had passed as suddenly as it came. She somehow felt a whole lot better as she walked up out of the station into the bright sunshine.

* * *

THE ORENTIA SPORTS COMPLEX, The Planet DAXXAN

The Orentia Sports Complex, like most architecture on Daxxan, was a curious mix of modern Velorian designs and older, almost haphazardly constructed frontier-style buildings that still dominated many of the more mature urban centers of the planet. Spread awkwardly across the side of a low hill, near the center of Orentia, it was the traditional site of the annual StarBright contest. It boasted training and housing facilities for a wide variety of sports, a modern hotel complex, a huge special events hall, and a state-of-the-art broadcast and communications center, from which athletic events were beamed to the twin planets.

After Kassandra checked into the hotel she changed into large, baggy workout clothing and made her way to the Hall of Grandness, the uniquely Daxxanian name for the special events hall. She thought it would be better to check in very early for the contest, in order to leave lots of time to prepare for the preliminaries, which would begin later

today, and to avoid the media dogs who had been hounding her since shortly after she decided to compete. Gymbag in hand, she strolled easily through the huge ornate double doors. Spotting the prominently marked Contest booth, she crossed the wide spacious lobby in long, easy strides.

The Contest Registry clerk first noticed her when she was about a quarter of the way across the lobby but he was not the only one to gape at her in open-mouthed surprise. All about the lobby, men and women stopped and stared at this tall, platinum-haired vision, who while only dressed in sweats, seemed to automatically command first a look, and then, a double-take. Watching her, the clerk thought that it must be something about the way she carried herself; no one of that height and size should be able to move with such lightness and grace. Her gait was easy and carefree, and to the clerk she almost appeared to float above the quartz-tiled floor, even though each step she took was nearly twice the length than that of a normal man.

The attendant's eyebrows rose as he finally recognized her. Quickly, he picked up Ban Weeldar's personal line. Weeldar's instructions had been clear: if and when Cassandra arrived, they were to make her wait until Weeldar or his assistant told them what to do.

Kassandra reached the booth just in time to watch the attendant turn his back on her and begin speaking furtively into his comm unit. After a moment, he put it down, turned, inhaled deeply, and, looking up at Cassandra gave her a brief smile. "I'll be right with you", he said, and before she uttered a single word, turned to help another person who had approached the booth.

Kassandra did not like being snubbed, but bit her tongue. It would do little good to cause a scene at the hall. Already, she could see a couple of media technicians setting up their holo-recorders across the hall from her.

While she waited she watched the attendant as he helped another patron, and barely suppressed an involuntary giggle as she looked him over. He was dressed in standard hotel livery, a cranberry-colored, double-breasted jacket, with gold lapels and imitation epaulets. A matching pillbox hat perched at what he probably hoped was a rakish angle on his head. She thought the overall effect made him look a bit like a street-vendor's pet monkey.

After what seemed to Cassandra, an extremely long time, he eventually turned back and looked up at her. Before she uttered a word he again held up his hand and said, "Hi, you must be Cassandra, right?"

She smiled sweetly down at him. "Yes, hello ... Brink, is it?", she said leaning over and examining his tin-plated name tag closely. "I'm here ..."

"For the Starbright", he interrupted. "Welcome! You're here quite early, but that's ok. Here are a couple of forms for you to fill in, and then I'll show you to your dressing room". He smiled, ingratiatingly, Cassandra thought, and pushed a small notebook computer across the counter towards her.

"Thanks", said Cassandra, and began filling out the forms, while Brink turned his back on her for the second time and began serving another customer.

Kassandra finished the forms quickly and attempted to hand them back to Brink. He ignored her instead and began to serve yet another man, a tourist, by the look of him, who wanted some information about something or other. Cassandra could not escape the feeling that the mousy little attendant was making her wait deliberately, but did her best to keep her self-control. Lately, she found herself having more and more difficulty controlling her temper. Startled, she recalled the incident at the Mag-Lev station this morning, and for a brief moment, the thought crossed her mind that as recently as just a week ago, she wouldn't have handled the situation with such violence. But no, he had it coming, he was a male after all. They all had it coming, didn't they, after what had happened to her?

Breaking her reverie, she reached across the counter and tapped Brink forcefully on the back with the notebook. He turned, a look of annoyance crossing his face, but took the proffered notebook, and said tightly, "I'll just be a minute". Cassandra smiled, and looked brightly at the open-mouthed tourist.

It took Brink another four or five minutes to finish with the tourist and call someone over to watch the desk for him. Taking the lead, he walked quickly through the main hallway, past the silent stares of the few hotel guests up at this time of the morning. They made rather an unlikely couple, the oddly dressed little hotel clerk, followed by a tall, gorgeous, golden-skinned blonde. They passed the entrance to the main event hall, and continued on past scores of meeting and event rooms. Eventually Brink turned down what seemed to Cassandra to be an employee-only access-way.

A minute later, they stopped at an ordinary, unmarked door. With a flourish, Brink opened it and said, "there you are madam, your dressing room."

As the lights came on, Cassandra looked into the room with disbelief. The “dressing room” seems to be the size of a large storage closet. In fact, from the smell, it probably was a storage closet. She wrinkles her nose in distaste, as the smell of cleaning solution hit her. Someone probably cleaned it out, just for her, she thought grimly. Blankly, Cassandra looked down at the attendant, who was doing a poor job suppressing the smirk that had begun to spread across his face. Cassandra felt her temper beginning to rise.

Brink shrugged his shoulders while rubbing his hands together quickly. “Well, madam, I hope you enjoy your stay in Orenta, and good luck in the contest today”.

Kassandra’s eyes narrowed as she watched Brink turned on his heel to walk away. “Excuse me?”, she said.

Brink turned around, and the smirk returned maddeningly to his face. “Oh yes, the tip. Of course”, he said, holding out his hand.

This was the last straw for Cassandra, who, furious now, reached over and in a single motion, picked Brink up by the top of his head with one hand, lifting him into the air high above her. His head almost touched the ceiling, and what’s was left of his cap was crushed down over his left eye. He wriggled futilely in her grip, and Cassandra giggled up at him. “Awe, Brink, looks like I cwushed your widdle hat”.

“Put me down, put me down”, he yelled, and grabed her arm in an effort to dislodge himself. To his surprise, he found that the forearm he grasped seems like it suddenly had grown not only much larger and harder, but was as immobile as if it were made of iron.

“Your choice little man”, Cassandra snarled, “do I crush your skull, or do you take me backstage? You know, the room with the bodybuilders in it?”

Terrified, Brink squeaked, “This is your dressing room! Please, put me down!”

Kassandra squeezed slightly, and Brink howled in pain. She lowered him until they were eye to eye. “Listen ... Brink. Scream all you want, there’s no one around here anyway. Now, do I crush your skull like a bug, or do you take me backstage?”

“Ok, ok”, he yelled, “just put me down.”

“That’s a good boy”, she purred. Bringing him closer, she kissed him full on the lips. Suspended in mid-air, Brink began to squirm and flail about like a cat that doesn’t want to be held, but his efforts were futile. Just for fun, Cassandra slipped her long, supple tongue between his lips. Brink actually stopped squirming, obviously beginning to enjoy the sensation of being kissed by this Amazonian beauty. Just as he began to return her kiss, Cassandra released her grip, and dropped him, very unceremoniously. He landed hard on his tail bone, and sat there for a moment in stunned silence. Cassandra leaned down, and picked him up by his head again, set him back on his feet, and straightened his crushed cap. “Come on ... Brink, let’s go, I’ve got a contest to win”, she said.

Brink gulped and looked up at her face. She smiled at him slightly, as if nothing had ever happened and brushed her platinum hair out of her eyes. Brink gulped again and said, “this way”.

He headed back the way they came, a touch quicker this time, Cassandra thought. Arriving finally at the large double doors to the backstage prep area, Brink scurried away as fast as his legs could carry him. Cassandra watched him go with amusement.

Kassandra opened the double doors to a large, cavernous room. She could see that she wasn’t the only one who wanted to get an early start on preparations, this morning for there were already a fair number of body builders warming up. On the left side of the room, by the huge floor to ceiling mirror, she noted Yarl Tork-Nat, the reigning StarBright Champion holding court, amid a couterie of reporters, fans and groupies. As she stood in the doorway, looking for a good spot to set up, all activity in the room seemed to come to a halt. Nearly everyone in the room stopped what they were doing to stare at her, and the room suddenly became very quiet.

Kassandra looked them over coolly and ignored their stares. Spotting an empty section of the huge room, she walked lithely and confidently to the empty area, opened her bag, and began to set up her Gravitec weights. She noted that a couple of the holovid cameras trained on Yarl swung away and tracked her.

She had just began to do some stretching exercises, when someone yelled “Hey bitch!”, from across the room. Cassandra ignored the taunt and continued to limber up, but the heckler wasn’t finished. “Hey slut, I’m talking to you!”, echoed through the now-silent room.

This time she looked around to see who it was. She saw him and smiled. She should have known Turk-Blat would try to intimidate her. She looked at him carefully. He looked just like his WheelDar publicity stills, blonde flat-top hair, double earrings, square jaw, set atop a massive muscular frame. Not bad, she thought. Too bad I'm going to kick his sorry butt all over the stage.

Yarl stalked over to her, followed by a trio of other bodybuilders that she recognized from the holos networks. They in turn were followed by an eager assortment of media types, who sensed a confrontation. They really were like trivniks on a blood trail, Cassandra thought. The other competitors hastily made way for him and his entourage, and in a minute, Cassandra found herself surrounded by the foursome.

She regarded them mildly. "Hello Yarl", she said, smiling.

Yarl seemed a bit taken aback, but recovered quickly, "Yeah, guess you heard of me then?"

"Oh sure, Yarl, everybody's heard of you", she said, still smiling, "didn't you win the Junior Pussywillow contest down in Flamp Flats once?" A couple of the body builders laughed under their breath. Yarl was not one of them.

Instead, his jaw clenched and he bunched his fists in anger, causing his massive arms to flex involuntarily. This display effectively stopped the outburst of giggling. Enraged, Yarl spat out, "Fuck you bitch, I'm seven-time StarBright champion. I've got more muscle in my little finger than you do in your whole body. Look at you, where's the muscle? You're like a beanpole. And you want to compete against me?"

Kassandra regarded him mildly, a small smile curling her lips. Dribzan, one of Yarl's companions, looked up at her in quiet amazement and swallowed. If he didn't know better, he'd swear he'd seen her before, but where? She reminded him somewhat of a woman he had a run-in with at a gym about a year ago, in Barquaflix, but there was no way this could be the same woman! Kassandra was easily head and shoulders taller than the bitch who had nearly kicked the shit out of him back then. He studied her anew. Yet, there was definitely some resemblance. Maybe they were sisters or something. Or maybe he just had her mixed up with a cover model from one of Daxxon's countless fashion magazines.

She was certainly stunningly beautiful. Her face was framed by thick, luxurious, platinum-blond hair that fell in gentle waves down to the middle of her back. Bronzed, smooth skin, high cheek bones, a small, pert nose and full, luxurious lips formed an intoxicating combination, but at this distance it was her eyes that stood out the most. They were a brilliant shade of green, and seemed, from where he was standing, to actually sparkle. More remarkable was the fact that her exquisite face was part of an equally remarkable body. She easily stood at least head and shoulders above any man in the room, and these were some big men! Dribzan could tell that despite her extremely baggy clothing, she looked to be quite well muscled, Yarl's insults to the contrary. But it was more than just her physical appearance that grabbed his attention. He sensed an almost palpable aura of barely controlled power that seemed to emanate from her. Suddenly he was not so sure that he wanted to be here right now. She looked like she was more than capable of looking after herself. Involuntarily, Dribzan took a step back.

Yarl continued. "Who the hell do you think you are, competing against men, you piece of shit!" He glanced around at his buddies, who, except for Dribzan, continued to stare at her with undisguised contempt. Encouraged by this show of silent support, he yelled at her again. "Now, do you get your skinny butt out of my contest, or do we kick it out?"

Kassandra roared with laughter, which served only to anger Yarl further. "Look Yarl, save your breath for the stage, you're gonna need it. Once I beat you on stage, we can come back here. Then you can show me how much of a man you are." She laughed again and shook her head in wonderment.

This was finally too much for Yarl. Without warning, he slammed his fist into her mid-section with all his power. His punch would have probably had more effect if he had hit a brick wall. In a final nanosecond of misguided clarity, Yarl wondered if she was wearing a plated girdle beneath her bulky sweatshirt. The moment passed as quickly as it came, replaced with anger and surprise. He delivered a left jab to her kidneys, but with even less effect. She didn't even flinch. Enraged now, he sent a blistering overhand right, arcing at her face. To his stunned disbelief, she caught his fist with her left hand, and squeezed it painfully. All trace of a smile vanished from her face as she whispered, "Not the face, Yarl".

In a flash, Kassandra extended her long left arm and lifted Yarl, all 265 pounds of him, straight up, much as she had lifted Brink scant minutes ago, except that instead of holding him by the top of his head, her left hand was now closed almost entirely around his bull neck. Her extra reach was an advantage here, for Yarl's frenzied punches now hit nothing but air. He began to gurgle slightly as Kassandra squeezed down, contracting his windpipe and cutting off oxygen to his brain.

Fridnak, a perennial runner-up to Yarl in the Starbright, known for his impressive bicep development, and who had accompanied Yarl in his attempt to intimidate Cassandra, had been standing directly behind her. He now moved toward her in an attempt to free his friend. Before he could reach her, Cassandra, still holding Yarl's entire weight at arm's length with one arm, pivoted her entire body ninety degrees and delivered a swift, stunning open backhand to Fridnak's face that sent him careening into a stack of iron weights. Cassandra glared at the two remaining men, who both backed off quickly.

Kassandra looked around to be sure she wouldn't be ambushed, bringing Yarl's now semi-conscious body closer. She eased her grip slightly and said, "Now look ... Yarl. I'm going to put you down now and let you go. Consider yourself lucky, and consider this a warning. Your only warning. Don't come near me again. Get it?"

Yarl, still bugged out from lack of oxygen, tried to give her a defiant look, but Cassandra simply tightened her grip. Incredibly, from where Dribzan stood, it looked as if her fingers and thumb actually met at the back of Yarl's neck. Wow, this was a big girl! Yarl issued what sounded like a muffled "ork-ork" sound, and Cassandra released her grip long enough to hear him squeak, "Ok, ok!". In disgust, she dropped him violently to the ground, and turned back to her weights, ignoring the glares of the other contestants.

Things settled down a little after that. It seemed as if some sort of internal pecking order had been questioned, broken and then quickly reset. In an odd way, it made sense. Competitive bodybuilders understand and appreciate strength, and Cassandra's demonstration had asserted, if not her domination of the room, at least her right to be there. Dribzan helped Fridnak onto his feet, keeping a wary eye on Cassandra, while a couple of guys walked Yarl back to his corner. Of course no one was foolish enough to believe that this confrontation was over, but most realized that nothing could be settled until after the contest.

For her part, Cassandra didn't dwell on the incident much. She had a contest to win, and wasn't about to let this minor distraction interfere with her concentration. She was becoming increasingly used to using her strength to get her way, when her looks failed her, which she knew wasn't often. Her height seemed to be a bit of a mixed blessing. On the one hand, it never failed to get people's attention. On the other hand it often intimidated people, especially men, doubly so once they found out how strong she really was. Still, she wasn't remotely concerned about it, if she wanted something she would just simply take it. If someone wanted to stop her, well, let them try.