

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 22, Ariel

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Little Firebug – Chapter 22

Ariel

by Sharon Best

ON BOARD THE ARION MOTHER SHIP, ORBITING EARTH

Ariel stood in the locker room of the special gym, reserved for Arions who are part of Project Flare. The program she had joined had as its goal the mutation of a few young Arion girls, the mutation driven by genes from captured Velorians or Kryptonians.

Ariel was very confused as she stood in front of the mirror, a strenuous training session just completed with her martial arts instructor. This was her first day in the new gym, in that special gym that she had only heard whispers about before. The treatments she had been undergoing previously as part of Project Flare had clearly begun accelerating the changes in her body, those changes nearly completed now.

She stared at her image in the mirror, her long flaming red hair, unheard of for an Arion woman, cascaded down the front of her body, tickling her nipples slightly. She parted that silky hair, her dramatic breasts thrusting forward between the lustrous strands, her chest far more dramatic than she had ever dreamed she would have, especially as a young girl!

She smiled at herself as she remembered going shopping at her favorite clothing store with her friend that very afternoon. The dramatic change from a training bra to a D cup, the amazing changes to her body occurring during that one session in the immersion tank, had shocked both of them. Ariel had tried on the most outrageous and dramatic clothing while her friend watched her and giggled, Ariel's girl/woman body suddenly far more mature than her age, the sensual visual effect of such revealing clothing on her mature body beyond either of their experiences.

She thought back on the journey that had brought her here, all the months of preparation that would culminate in two explosive periods of mutation, the first one now having been completed. She knew the retro-virus had been spreading through her body for weeks before that, making her feel like she had a bad case of the flu, barely able to drag herself around while she waited for the chemical triggers to begin the massive mutation of her body. Her hair had fallen out, her body had become slim and gaunt, various diseases had sickened her as the virus went through the first stage. Her doctor had said her symptoms were much like a disease that was currently afflicting people on the planet below them, a disease called AIDS.

She remembered meeting the girl who had first gone through this program, a girl named Sharil. They had met back when she was on Aria some months ago.

Ariel hadn't seen her since her second transformation had completed, but had seen her pictures and a brief video of her using her powers. Her incredible beauty, her body athletic and blonde, had been such a shock for Ariel to see, especially as compared to how she had looked before the virus had been introduced into her body. The excitement of seeing the video of her when she was tearing that Venduran-alloy armor apart with her bare hands, the metal behaving like soft clay in her powerful grip, had excited Ariel in a way she had never felt before! It had been what had convinced her to go forth into the program herself. The promise of having such a gorgeous body, of having such incredible powers and strength, had made the painful progress of the virus worth bearing. But she still knew that what she was doing was incredibly risky, a dozen young girls having died before the scientists finally succeeded with Sharil, their bodies succumbing to one disease or another before the virus was triggered properly to begin the mutation.

She had also heard the stories about Sharil's attitude and personality changing dramatically after the transformation, her arrogant and superior attitude had become insufferable, the misuse of her new strength having broken at least one Arion Prime's arm when she wanted to get her own way. Ariel had been told by her own doctor that the scientists had been desperate to succeed, especially after all their failures, and Sharil's genetic structure was uniquely suited

to the mutagenic process. The fact that she wasn't mentally very well equipped for the job had been secondary at that time.

Ariel clearly remembered the short dumpy girl who had been Sharil. They had gone to school together for a month at the beginning of the program. Sharil's anger and impatience with her teachers had made her impossible to teach, her grades being the lowest in her class, her attitude disruptive of the other students. Even outside class, she always had to have her own way or she started to have tantrums that reminded Ariel of a spoiled little girl. That wasn't too far off, her parents had been very rich, her father very highly placed in the military leadership. Ariel had wound up avoiding her, as had her classmates, leaving Sharil spending all her time either practicing gymnastics, which she was pretty good at, or alone in her room, playing video games.

Ariel also remembered the indoctrination tape as it had shown a man who had been part of the program, a man named Carr. They had been unable to infuse Velorian genes into him, a hundred men having died during earlier futile attempts. They had finally been able to give him some artificial enhancements so that he could fly, but otherwise he was not much different than any other Arion Prime male. The fact that both he and Sharil had disappeared at the same time was the subject of gossip even now. Were they on a mission or had Sharil's body finally rejected the changes brought about in the transformation, as had happened so many times before, Carr perhaps undergoing some other type of setback?

Her thoughts suddenly came back to the present as she remembered how her instructor told her that she now was gaining many of the attributes of that rare Kryptonian spy they had captured, her physical appearance now a blend between a 15 year old girl and a mature Kryptonian woman in her mid-thirties! She knew how unusual it was for a Kryptonian woman to be off her home planet, her capture being a first for the Arions. Of course, she also knew all about the history of the Velorians, about the way Velorian women were routinely recruited to be planetary protectors; everyone knew that. But Kryptonian women were different and still a big mystery to everyone.

Very little was known, even today, about the Kryptonians, the Arions having had little contact with them since they became reclusive so many generations earlier. In fact, the false rumor of their planet's demise was still believed by most races throughout known space.

However, Ariel's special training had taught her far more than was generally known. She had learned that Kryptonian women, like the males of that planet, rarely traveled through space. Yet the women were physically more like Velorians than Arions, their powers often even greater than a Velorian, far greater than an Arion. The primary difference between the Kryptonians and the Velorians was that Kryptonian women usually were very tall, their figures even more dramatic than the beautiful Velorians, their height always significantly greater than 6'. She knew that the women on Krypton had been bred for different purposes than the kind of planetary protection the Velorians selected its women for, the Kryptonians practicing a very selective but natural reproductive program, one where only the most attractive women were allowed to mate. She had read about their infamous beauty contests, held for both men and women, where the winners were paired off to bear children, always showered with both money and the attentions of the most fit men on the planet. The losers were relegated to finding ordinary jobs to sustain themselves.

Ariel knew it was another attempt to control and improve their genetics much as the Velorians did, but using more natural reproductive 'technology', much as her race did. But Ariel felt disgusted by the Kryptonian approach to genetic selection, the contests and pageants almost as contrived and clinical as the test-tube approach used by the Velorians. She wished they were more like her own race, or even the wild race beneath their ship, the Terrans. Both of those races believed that it was up to each individual to select who they wanted to mate with, not some contest or even some scientist slicing genes in a laboratory!

She thought back to the story she had read of the woman whose genes were even now becoming her own, about how that woman had been near death when she was captured, a nearby red sun having weakened her as she had been trying to save an Arion ship whose power plant had failed. The ship's orbit had been decaying down toward that large red sun when this woman had appeared from nowhere, her dramatic body wearing only fragments of clothing, apparently having been exposed for long periods to the hard vacuum of space.

The Kryptonian had grabbed the massive ship in her bare hands, the ship nearly half a mile in length and width, a gross weight of millions of tons, and had increased its velocity just enough for it to escape the gravity of that sun. The fact that she could obviously fly had proven once again that the Kryptonian race was more closely allied with the Velorians than the Arions! Yet she did not appear to hate the Arions as the Velorians did, in fact, Ariel had been told that she had no desire to fight them at all, her nature being very gentle and friendly. She had in fact saved that ship without any thought for her own safety.

Anyway, Ariel remembered reading how she had appeared to be very weak after rescuing the ship, the military team

onboard easily capturing her and putting her in gold restraints while they returned to Aria. Ariel cringed as she realized what they must have done to her to grow the virus inside her, the virus that had ultimately been infused into her own body, the virus now trained to change another person's genetic structure into that of this particular Kryptonian woman. She knew the Kryptonian had died during the 'treatment', but that the Arions now had enough of the virus in cryostorage to mutate many young girls like herself. They now had the ability to create a virtual army of identical Kryptonian super women!

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The previous stage of Ariel's mutagenic transformation had come upon her quickly and painfully as she had spent a full week in the immersion chamber, the cool fluids being required to control the heat from the billions of cells in her body as the transformation had swept through her. She knew she had one more session to go, probably in a few weeks, after which she would no longer have any of her original cells; she would then look and be, at least physically, a Kryptonian woman in her early thirties!

But today Ariel was still a 15 year old girl, but one with the figure of a far more mature woman, especially her long hair and the incredible breasts she was now staring at. She was already a lot stronger than before, easily overpowering her Arion Prime instructor today, his body reacting so strangely to her as she had done that! She remembered how their long violent wrestling match had almost turned into something else as she had smelled such sweet flowers, the odor seeming to come from her own hair when she had used her full strength to overpower the huge powerful man. The fact that his behavior changed completely when she smelled those flowers, when she overpowered him, had changed when her own body suddenly felt tingly, almost like she was kissing her boyfriend... it had scared her a little.

She slipped the rest of her exercise outfit off now, the tiny hotpants sliding down her long legs as her eyes noticed that her legs were changing a lot as well; she was now 8 inches taller than before and most of that was in her legs. She looked back upward, her hands following her gaze as they traced over the large mounds of her breasts, the softness more than filling her hands as she felt her nipples growing firm, getting a lot bigger than she had ever seen before! It felt so good to touch them, squeezing them gently with her fingers, a strong and wonderful tingling traveling down over her stomach to reach her broad hips and thick waist. That part of her body had not changed yet from the awkward and slightly dumpy teenage girl she had been.

Her fingers traced the tingles downward as she stared into the full length mirror, her fingers sending yet more wonderful tingles as they moved ever lower, finally sliding between her legs, touching her moist nether lips. She noticed how they felt different as well, somehow larger and softer at the same time, her body changing so rapidly and in so many ways that she couldn't keep up with it! Her index finger slid between those moist lips, a surprising amount of moisture immediately coating her hand as she gasped, a hard little protruding knob brushing against her finger, the touch sending an incredible surge of warmth and electric tingles to every corner of her body. She spread her legs wider, a second finger joining her first as her other hand closed around one breast, her fingers stroking her wonderfully firm nipple! Ariel was glad the changing room was empty, her body clearly needing to be touched this way now, her soft yet immensely strong hands creating stronger sensations in her sweaty and pumped body than she had ever felt before!

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Garren, the grizzled old martial arts instructor, smiled lecherously to himself as he stood in front of the one-way mirror of the changing room, the young girl's body almost touching the other side. His own hand slid down inside his shorts as he stared at the girl as she slowly touched herself, her large moist breasts almost touching the mirror, the glass only a fraction of an inch from his own body. He knew she could not see or hear him, his perversity finding yet another release as the gorgeous girl/woman closed her eyes and threw her head back, her muscles flexing magnificently from her intimate exertions. Her arm moved faster and faster, impressing Garren with the strength of the muscles he saw flexing along her slim shapely arm, her sweaty body suddenly shuddering as she slowly collapsed to the floor, her long legs crumpling beneath her, her fingers still deeply within her. Her head leaned forward, touching the mirror, her long hair covering her face, only the dramatic curves of her muscular back visible to Garren as he looked down on her.

His own dramatic moment came quickly now as he remembered the strength of this young girl's body as she had overpowered him earlier when they had wrestled, the gorgeous muscles he saw before him proving to be far stronger than even an Arion Prime male like himself! He had never been overpowered by a female before and he had found the experience to be intensely arousing, especially after his face had been buried beneath her long silky red hair, the wonderful flowery fragrance of her body overpowering him along with her muscles.

Garren himself had secretly collected pictures of Velorian women for many years, the photos dangerously illegal and oh so expensive to obtain on Aria. He had been entranced by their blonde hair, their dramatic physiques; their bodies so much more beautiful than Arion women, at least to his eyes. The fact that a Velorian woman was also the most dangerous being in the universe, at least to their hated enemy, the Arion, had made it somehow even more intensely exciting. His forbidden picture collection portrayed an array of blonde superwomen who would kill him in a moment if they actually met him. Somehow, their dangerous beauty had become the force behind his powerful his libido for the past twenty years! His wild fantasies included scenes of how they would use their powers to subdue him, humiliating him with their greater strength, taking advantage of his uncontrolled reaction to their dangerous blonde beauty... all these things had sustained him over the years, even on lonely and dangerous assignments where there were no suitable females around.

He grimaced now as he remembered the assignment he had just finished on that dirtball planet beneath them, the females being too weak to bring him any pleasure, his commander having to dispose of several of their torn bodies before he understood that they were only to look at, not to touch. This had reinforced his own fantasies, often imagining that the more impressive blond Terran women were really Velorians, his pictures of real Velorian women looking little different from them, yet his knowledge of their radically different powers and abilities drove him crazy with desire.

The fact that this young girl he was training was slowly transforming into a Kryptonian, a woman very similar to the Velorian women he had lusted for all these years, was almost more than he could bear! This new assignment he had received was the most thrilling of his career, his commander obviously not knowing of his wild fascination for Velorian women, not realizing that a Kryptonian woman would affect him exactly the same way.

His job was to train the young Arion girl as she was undergoing those mutagenic treatments, to train her to have the fighting skills of an Arion combined with the awesome physical powers of a Kryptonian woman! It was a dream come true for Garren, knowing that she would soon be the incarnation of the type of woman he had always dreamed of, yet knowing that her mind was still that of a naïve young Arion girl of 15.

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Ariel's rapid breathing finally slowed, her body flushed from her exertions as she realized that she had touched her body, particularly her sex, with a great deal of strength, her arms shaking a little now from the exertion. She was amazed at how strong she had felt a few moments ago, knowing that she had used less strength than she had just used against the most delicate parts of her body when she had lifted that huge weight down in the lab. And that solid steel sphere had been more than ten feet in diameter and immensely heavy! How she could use that much strength against this part of her body was almost too incredible to believe! Yet it had felt so wonderful!

She gathered her long graceful legs under herself as she stood up and stretched. Her breasts, so moist with sweat from her exertions, lifted upward to gently touch the mirror. She suddenly leaned forward, her soft breasts flattening against the glass as she spread her legs and pressed her moist sex to it as well, the coolness feeling wonderful against her moist bare skin. She suddenly had this irrational thought that someone could see her! Quickly pulling back to look around, she saw no one.

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Garren gasped as he saw the girl stretching her tall nude body, her gorgeous breasts lifting upward, her muscles far more dramatic and beautiful than he had dared believe. His hand circled his hard cock, the comfortable grip of his Arion Prime muscles strong enough to have crushed tensile steel, yet his cock felt so hard and so wonderful in his hand. He gasped loudly as the girl suddenly leaned forward, her breasts flattening against the glass a fraction of an inch in front of his face, her large brown nipples exactly centered in them. His eyes ran down her young yet wonderfully mature body, seeing the red hair of her untrimmed bush touching the glass as she spread her legs out to the side, effectively doing the splits! This unexpected sight was more than he could resist, his exploding climax nearly shattering the mirror as it covered the inside of it. He saw the girl suddenly jerk backward, almost as if she had seen or heard him!

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Ariel looked around, sure that her increasingly sensitive ears had heard the noise of several soft impacts against the wall. She still didn't see anyone, but suddenly felt embarrassed by what she had just done, suddenly terrified that someone could have seen her.

Relieved that no one was around, she walked quickly to the privacy of the showers. She moved quickly now,

surprised at how fast she could move her hands and body, emerging only a minute later to get dressed equally quickly. She was late for class now, her private little release in the locker room had stolen the time she needed to get to her next class on time.

She slipped on a tiny pleated skirt, one so short that she knew it would get her in trouble if the headmaster saw it, and a tight top that was dished very low to reveal most of her suddenly dramatic breasts. She knew that her friend Rolan would be very impressed today as he sat across from her as usual at the learning kiosk, his adolescent eyes trying to be polite as she leaned toward him, the shape of her rapidly changing and maturing body would now certainly cause him to fail completely! He had seemed completely mesmerized by her yesterday, Ariel keenly aware that he had watched her every movement during the long class, his eyes staring down her top most of the time as she shifted innocently in her chair, knowing she was giving him a very good view. She felt tingly again now, just the thought of the reaction she knew this deeply-dished top was going to create inside him today was incredibly exciting to her, the thought of his strong reaction, the bulge in his pants, somehow making her feel warm and wonderful.

A quick glance in the mirror showed her very long shapely legs, so strong yet so beautiful, the legs of an athletic woman in her early thirties, her hips and stomach, however, were still those of a young girl. Her chest was also like that of a mature woman, yet her face still clearly mirrored her real age, only her long lustrous red hair giving a clue that she might be older than her face said! Ariel saw the promise in her body, but hoped that the second transformation would hurry up and start, this combination of being a young girl and mature woman at the same time was confusing to her!

Ariel grabbed her bag and ran down the hallway, the wind rushing by her as she ran far faster than any Arion Prime should have been able to do, the strength of her long legs surprising her once again! She bounced off the wall as she turned a corner, suddenly seeing a man and woman holding each other while laying on the floor, the man on top. She braked to a stop about twenty feet away, embarrassed yet fascinated as she saw that they were fucking, my God...really fucking, right here in the hallway. Ariel staggered against the wall, her long fingernails tearing off the steel trim around a doorway as she came to a sudden stop. She stared at the woman for a moment, the man's hands holding her breasts, squeezing them as he seemed to grow more and more excited. She gasped as she saw him sliding his huge cock between her legs, the size of his organ looking nothing like what she had been told a man would look like; he was so amazingly big! The size of him shocked her as she was unable to understand what a woman would do with such a thing, finding out only a moment later as she saw it forcing the woman's sex open incredibly widely as he pressed it into her! She saw the steel floor bending behind the woman's butt, the man's organ obviously pressing her downward with incredible force!

She was further shocked a moment later as she looked up to see that it was that Kryptonian man, the one that her friend Petra had run into earlier as he was escaping! Petra's angry description of how he had tricked her while escaping made Ariel wary, this was a clever and dangerous man!

The woman seemed to be in some kind of pain as the man entered her all the way, moaning softly as her legs wrapped around him, squeezing him, probably trying to crush him. The man now seemed so much stronger than Petra had described him as he overpowered this poor woman.

She suddenly remembered her training plus the fact that she had overpowered her own instructor today. He had looked nearly as strong as this Kryptonian, maybe she could do the same now, maybe she could rescue this woman. After all, she was almost one of his own race now, and she knew that Kryptonian women were often stronger than their men!

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Kal was struggling as hard as he could, his massive Kryptonian strength focused on extracting himself from Kirrin, but her amazingly strong arms and legs still held him deeply within her, the entire length of her vagina rippling and gripping him in a way he had never felt before. His Orgone infused body betrayed him again and again as he found himself responding to her, powerful orgasms ripping through his body in tune with hers, the steel framework of the corridor twisting and tearing behind her powerful yet feminine shoulders as he shoved her backward, penetrating her using his full strength, his full erect size!

He wouldn't have been able to stop himself now even if she had released him, his body now under her physical control, the Orgone energy finally reaching the center of his brain, creating a mindless passion that washed away all other thoughts in a wave of white heat.

* * *

Ariel felt an incredible anger, a white-hot knife of fury tearing through her body, every muscle flexing as her anger consumed her. How dare this man violate a woman like this! He was going to PAY, GOD DAMN IT HE WAS GOING TO PAY!!

She walked quickly toward them, intending to rip the man from the woman before crushing him, her new strength finally put to some use. She had almost reached them when she was staggered by a sudden incredible surge of power as it rushed through her body, the force of it making her stumble, driving her to her knees. An aching pain began deep inside her, a familiar pain, as she suddenly realized with horror that the next phase of her mutagenic transformation had just been triggered!!

She knew she was supposed to be in a therapy immersion tank when this occurred, and under the care of her doctor. Yet here she was, on the wrong side of the ship, the billions of cells in her body exploding in fiery heat as the last traces of her Arion genetics was swept away by the more dominant Kryptonian genes she had been infused with, the virus attacking all the remaining Arion cells in her body at the same time! The virus apparently triggered by her unrestrained anger!

Ariel quickly realized that while this transformation was far less intense than the initial one, her body still crumpled into a fetal ball on the floor as unbelievable pain exploded from inside her. If anyone had been watching her, they would have been able to see her body changing before their very eyes, her facial features thinning and becoming far more mature, her legs growing even longer and shapelier, her waist narrowing and her chest expanding dramatically, the muscularity of her entire body growing far more dramatic until she looked like one of the Terran fitness models or bodybuilders whose pictures were so popular with the men on Arion ships!

But Ariel was no fitness model, she was no longer even an Arion, she now was gaining the full genetic birthright of a Kryptonian woman, her benefactor's body having been torn apart cell by cell to obtain the information needed to program the retro-virus that was now completing her transformation. Nearly an hour passed, the couple in the corridor still hopelessly lost in their passion, Ariel fortunately unconscious most of the time as her body grew so warm from the rapid genetic change that live steam rose from her skin, the mist quickly filling this section of the corridor.

The hour finally passed, the dramatic transformation finally completed. Ariel's eyes, now unusually large and bright blue, blinked open as she started to straighten her body out, tried to get back to her feet. Her balance seemed funny for a moment before she realized that she was much taller than before, her longer legs feeling really funny at first. A feeling of awesome power surged through her as she realized that the final stage of her transformation was over, remembering the pictures she had seen of the Kryptonian woman who had been sacrificed to make her. She had been extremely tall, 6'6" and beautiful, her high cheekbones and dimpled cheeks had been stunningly beautiful in the pictures, images that had been taken in those happy days before the Arions had told her what they had in mind for her!

Ariel remembered now how tiny her waist had been, especially compared to her DD breasts and her broad feminine shoulders. She also remembered how dramatically strong and shapely her arms and legs had been.

Her own hands reached down now, finding that she had that same tiny waist, the fabric of her stretch top clinging to it as it also tried to expand dramatically over her chest. She saw the curve of her amazingly large and firm breasts, her relaxed nipples straining against the fabric as it surrounded and hugged them so tightly. She raised her leg to see the dramatic contours of her rippling muscles as her hand slid over her thigh, the deeply clefted muscles of her forearm accenting the equally dramatic muscular curves of her leg!

The power that was flowing through her body suddenly reminded her of the couple that had been in front of her, the steamy mist clearing a bit as she squinted her blue eyes, the mist seeming to disappear completely as she used her super vision. She saw that the man still held the woman to the floor, his body still surging powerfully as he raped her again and again!

Ariel felt the anger again, suddenly knowing what she had to do; her training had clearly described the strength of the woman who was her benefactor. She knew that her Kryptonian strength now made her a true super woman, even as compared to the immensely powerful Arion Primes she had grown up with! She suspected that she was now even more powerful than this Kryptonian male!

Ariel dashed forward, almost tripping and falling as she tried to get used to her far longer legs, her body otherwise moving so smoothly and powerfully that it startled her. She finally stood behind the man, her rippling thighs pressed against the massive steel muscles of his back as she reached down to slide one powerful but feminine arm around his neck, the gorgeous muscles of her back and shoulders suddenly flexing massively, exerting her newly gained

Kryptonian strength for the first time.

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Kal was suddenly aware of his surroundings again as he felt himself being painfully ripped from Kirrin's arms and legs, a force so powerful that it freed him from even her Orgone-enhanced strength. He had a sudden wild and wonderful thought that perhaps Kara had escaped and was rescuing him, the strength he felt in the arm around his neck easily the match of his own, just as her arm would be!

The strong arm moved down to join another as he felt his chest being squeezed with impossible strength, his ribs protesting the pressure. He suddenly had to flex the muscles of his upper body with all his strength just to protect his ribs from being broken! He was shocked as those two arms still did not yield to the steely muscles of his chest and back! In fact the powerful grip grew so strong that it actually hurt him!!

Looking down, he saw the slim fingers and soft hands that clearly marked his new attacker as a woman! He surged his upper body forward, the woman's strength unfortunately containing him yet again, the only reward for his efforts being a riot of long silky red hair that fell forward to cover his face. Ariel stood up on her toes, the reach of her long legs greater than the man she held as she lifted his body from the floor, spinning him around to shove him up against the side of the corridor. She slid her arms down, surrounding his as she twisted him into a tight restraining hold, his hands now trapped behind his back. She heard her top ripping, her firm breasts pressing against the rippling steel of his back so strongly that the fabric could no longer resist the strong steel-on-steel forces her firm nipples were exerting. She felt a tingling feeling from those same sensitive nipples as they seemed to grow far larger than normal as she felt her muscles slowly overpowering the man!

Kal felt himself lifted from the floor, yet there was no sense of the buzzing sensation in the soft breasts that were so firmly pressed to his back, no hint of that uniquely Velorian and Kryptonian power of flight. He realized with a start that the woman holding him had to simply be much taller than Kara, perhaps even taller than he was! He had no time to reflect on this as the stranger shoved him against the wall, bending the steel outward in front of him, especially where his dramatic erection crushed into it, his organ tearing a ragged slash through the steel wall!

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Meira had been awakened several times in the last hour from the passionate thudding sounds in the hallway outside her room. She was irritated now, her final exam in Stellar Mechanics scheduled for tomorrow morning. She was one of the few Arion Primes who had studied engineering, the technical staff of Arion warships normally consisting entirely of the weaker Beta's. Primes were generally warriors, their physical strength and nearly complete invulnerability making them perfect for hand-to-hand combat.

Meira had been dreaming of being with this guy in her class, her body somehow beautiful and attractive to him in her dream, not the short dumpy appearance that she had in reality. They had been doing impossible and wonderful things with their bodies when her dream had been rudely interrupted once again, her bed suddenly thrown sideways, the steel corridor beside it bending inward as she heard a ripping sound, like that of tortured steel. She flicked on her bedside light only to see the most incredible male penis she had ever imagined sticking through the wall into her room, hovering just above her head. It was even larger than the impossible image she had been enjoying in her dream! Being half asleep, half in and out of her dream, she did not even think, her hands suddenly reaching up to grasp the huge organ, her Arion Prime strength released in a way that was unusual for her, her grip suddenly greater than what would be required to crush mere steel!

Yet Kal was not made of simple steel! He gasped loudly, the painful grip of the woman's arms behind him suddenly joined by the wonderfully firm touch of a woman's soft hands as they surrounded his cock, as they clearly began caressing him! He was shocked a moment later as he felt a soft mouth against his cockhead, a tongue exploring him, the strength of those soft hands nearly matching that of Kara's hands!

The damnable Orgone energy exploded in him again, the sensation of being overpowered by this tall red-haired stranger combined with the wonderful blow job he was suddenly receiving succeeded in washing away his thoughts once again, to bring on his mindless Orgone-driven passion! His last deliberate thought being that things were never dull on these Arion warships!

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Ariel heard the man moan, thinking with satisfaction that she had nearly subdued him. She twisted him strongly to the side, feeling a surprisingly strong resistance. She twisted her slim but powerful hips again, his body tearing sideways as the entire steel wall in front of him ripped inward, the sudden vision of a short dark-haired Arion woman

appearing. Ariel was shocked to see that she was fondling and kissing the Kryptonian's sex organ, her body hanging in mid-air as his dramatic cock was so hard now that it supported her full weight!

Ariel was infuriated, her naïve mind somehow thinking he was raping yet another Arion woman! Everywhere she turned, this cursed Kryptonian was sexually assaulting Arion women! She spun him around harder, the woman flying free, tumbling down the corridor to land in a heap nearly fifty feet away. Ariel twisted the man all the way around, his amazing organ sliding between the soft skin of her own powerful thighs, his cockhead sticking out well behind her ass as she felt it nearly lifting her from the floor, a throbbing sensation making her feel tingly from head to toe! She squeezed her powerful thighs together, the inner muscles of thighs easily the equal of Superman's as her muscles became nearly as hard as diamond, Ariel barely aware of the forces she was now angrily applying with the sweet strength of her newfound Kryptonian muscles!

Kal gasped, his cock suddenly held in the powerful grip of the woman's thighs, the pressure so great that it was clearly uncomfortable, almost crushing him, truly hurting him; and he was Superman! He looked up at her face, her eyes an inch or two taller than his own. This clearly wasn't Kara, it was a woman he had never seen before, a woman easily as beautiful as Kara herself, just taller, bigger and stronger in every way! His eyes were startled by her flaming red hair, the silky strands cascading down her body nearly to her waist. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted as he felt himself being bent painfully backward, the strong grip of her thighs holding such a critical part of him rigidly immobile at the same time, the force nearly tearing him apart. He struggled back, his stomach exploding into a maze of super muscles, the woman's strength momentarily matched by his own. He felt the soft spread of her breasts as they were forced against the steel of his chest, the firm points of her huge hard nipples triggering the damned Orgone energy again!

Despite his strength, he slowly felt his body being forced to the floor by this beautiful stranger, somehow realizing that she had to be a Kryptonian like himself, the red hair, the Velorian-class strength, only a Kryptonian would have both those traits! He could not understand how a Kryptonian woman could be working with the Arions, it was such a violation of everything his culture stood for! He had to stop her! He knew that she could lay waste to the entire planet below him if they unleashed the powers that were contained in her amazing body!

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Ariel crushed the man to the floor, overconfident of her own strength until she suddenly saw a glint of fire in his eyes, his muscles suddenly flexing larger than she had ever seen on a man, her own arms already looking like that of a female bodybuilder. But since they shared the same genetics, the even larger muscles of his upper body allowed him to slowly overpower her, a situation that was very different than what she had been told to expect. She felt herself being forced backward, quickly reaching up with her legs to squeeze his waist, her body crashing backward onto the floor with him on top.

She hooked her ankles together and turned her muscular legs into something as hard as diamond, the force squeezing the man in a scissors that she knew from her training would be impossible for him break. She grinned in satisfaction as she saw the real pain in his eyes, her long legs exploding into a maze of muscles that were larger and stronger than even she knew she possessed. Yet her arms were still pinned to the floor, his chest against her own as she felt the steel floor bending beneath her back, her buttocks creating two deep depressions as the tortured steel squeezed upward between her cheeks, the sensation suddenly and inexplicably making her feel tingly and warm.

His massive cock started throbbing upward against her buttocks, spreading her cheeks apart as she realized that this was not working out at all as she had expected!

Kal struggled painfully to pin the woman to the floor as her legs felt like they were going to pinch his body in half, his invulnerable Kryptonian muscles barely able to withstand her squeezing grip, and even then, not for long! He was suddenly shocked and relieved as two small fists crashed down on the woman's face, the force smashing her head and upper body right through the thick steel floor! The grip of her legs was momentarily loosened as Kal looked up into Kirrin's angry green eyes, her rage now directed at the red-haired woman who had distracted her man from his vital task of burning the remaining Orgone from her body!

Kal ripped himself free of the woman's legs as he flew backward, soaring down the hallway toward the Interrogation chamber as he hoped the two women would take a few minutes before they started to come after him. He needed only seconds to rescue Kara, but he knew that a Kryptonian woman could move VERY fast! He hadn't been lucky yet this day, perhaps now was the time.

He soared from hallway to hallway, colliding with the walls more often than he liked, his body still charged with

Orgone, a riot of sparks filling the hall each time the steel walls were struck by shoulders and hips that were harder than simple steel alloy.

He finally saw the armored door of the chamber coming up fast as he jammed his fists out in front of him, smashing through the armored door like a hot knife through butter. The force of the impact tumbled him to the floor as he landed heavily on his face, rolling twice before he was on his feet again, crashing through the transparent wall into Kara's cubicle.

He quickly noticed that her body was now limp, no longer moving despite the strong Orgone and mechanical stimulation that was still being provided. He hoped he was still in time as he grabbed her in his arms, the attached probes and cables tearing from her body as he smashed through bulkhead after bulkhead, racing outward toward the hull of the ship. He finally reached it, the explosive decompression from the hard vacuum outside feeling wonderful as he was suddenly freed from those damnable Arions! Free to fly downward to Earth with his lovers.

He flew fast, twisting and turning as the violet beams of the automatic defense systems missed him most of the time, protecting Kara's body with his own from the scalding heat of the beams that did find him. He finally crossed the boundary of their cloaking field, flying back into normal space as he dropped down toward the beautiful sunlit blue globe below him, finally taking his love back home!

* * *

STILL ON BOARD THE ARION MOTHER SHIP

Ariel turned to face the Arion woman, a woman nearly a foot shorter than she was. She was relieved that she had been able to save her from the Kryptonian, even though he had gotten away for the moment. Yet she was very puzzled as she saw an angry look on the smaller woman's face, her fists tight, her muscles flexing surprisingly large, even for an Arion Prime, her face a study in anger as she walked toward Ariel.

"Are you OK," Ariel asked as she reached out to her. "I hope I was able to get him away from you before you were hurt. Are you going to be OK by yourself for a moment, I really need to go after him and try to capture him; a Kryptonian man is very dangerous."

"CAPTURE HIM... you stupid fucking bitch, I had him captured! What the fuck do you think I was doing, giving him a gentle back rub? I needed him to fuck me, to fuck me as hard and as powerfully as only a Kryptonian can, to burn this damn energy from my system. Now you've messed all that up, you stupid bimbo! He had been trying to get away for the last hour, unsuccessfully until you intervened!"

Ariel looked puzzled. He had been trying to get away? Wasn't he trying to rape her? She was suddenly completely disoriented as she stood confused in the hallway, shifting from one foot to the other, looking down at the shorter woman.

Kirrin's anger peaked, her frustration getting the best of her as she swung her fist around in a roundhouse punch, her arm moving at several times the speed of sound, the full power of an angry goddess behind it. Her fist struck Ariel right in the middle of her stomach, a blinding flurry of sparks filling the corridor as her steel fist met Ariel's abs of steel, Ariel's tall body suddenly propelled backward at nearly a thousand miles per hour! The incredible shockwave from Kirrin's blow bent the walls outward, the over-pressure smashing doors open at both end of the corridor, setting off alarms throughout the ship. Meanwhile, Ariel's body flew headfirst to the rear, slicing through steel bulkhead after bulkhead, finally exploding outward from the hull into hard vacuum.

Ariel gasped for air that was no longer there while she felt her body expanding slightly, especially her large breasts. She felt a number of embarrassing sensations as air escaped from all the openings in her body, the young girl in her smiling momentarily as she realized that the only saving grace in this situation was that no one can hear a fart in space!

Her lungs were also suddenly exposed to hard vacuum, a long violent sigh tearing from her chest followed by a moment of panic as she gasped uselessly for her next breath. But she quickly remembered her training, all Arion Primes being taught to survive for a while in hard vacuum. She remembered the technique, quickly pretending she was holding her breath, the panicky sensation quickly subsiding.

She relaxed her body enough now to notice that her blue eyes were suddenly able to see the stars without any distortion, the vacuum right against her cornea. She turned her head to look down at the massive blue planet as it rotated below her... God, it was beautiful, almost close enough to touch!

* * *

Ariel tumbled for a while in space, enjoying the view as the massive Arion ship receded rapidly behind her, moving away at many hundreds of miles per hour, shrinking to a dot in mere seconds due to her huge relative velocity. She knew that Kryptonians could fly and she suddenly had the genetics of a Kryptonian woman, but she had only read about how to do it, had not, in fact, been able to do it after the first part of the transformation. She frantically searched her memory now, thinking of that article she had read, remembering how she was supposed to make her breasts feel light and tingly while she flexed muscles in her lower body.

She wasn't at all sure she knew how to do it, but she knew one way to make her breasts feel tingly. Squeezing her long legs tightly together, her strong thighs squeezing against each other with her newfound strength, she slowly reached up to fondle her large breasts, closing her eyes and thinking some private erotic thoughts about that boy in her class as her strong hands stroked both gently and then firmly across her large nipples.

It was hard at first, floating nearly nude in hard vacuum, temperature near absolute zero; certainly not her idea of sensual surroundings! Yet her body was not uncomfortable despite being in such a harsh environment, the amazing tissues of her skin taking this mild environment into stride. The corona of the sun might be uncomfortable for such a woman, but certainly not this!

Her fingers felt the sudden firming of her nipples, a tingling warmth also signaling the beginning of her arousal. She focused her eyes back toward the dot that was now the massive ship, imagining herself flying toward that object, the remainder of her flying instructions now clear in her mind.

She no sooner thought this than she felt a sudden strong acceleration, powerful enough to bend her arms and legs backward, arching her body. Her chest was now leading the way, her breasts tingling wildly from her flying power as the dot that was her home suddenly stopped receding. Instead, it started growing rapidly larger. Ariel quickly relaxed her legs, immediately realizing she had overdone it, the massive ship suddenly appearing to race back toward her as she swept by it, missing it by a quarter of a mile.

She continued to fondle her ever hardening nipples, her flying power becoming more and more efficient as she became even more aroused. Her nipples were soon huge and erect, shocking even her with their size, her entire body tingling as she flexed her muscles more gently now, trying to match velocities with the ship.

It took her more than ten passes to finally match velocity with the ship, her fingers gently stroking her amazingly large nipples the whole time, each of them now the size of her thumb! They rose dramatically from her large breasts, her thighs and buttocks flexing to provide the raw power of flight, her intuitive understanding of orbital mechanics not serving her very well as she missed the giant ship again and again.

Finally, an hour later, she crashed into one side of it, her strong fingers released from their tender task, muscles still flexing, the strength of those same fingers now tearing deeply into an armored duralleum-steel beam as she hung on tightly. After waiting for a bit of vertigo to subside, she began to work her way toward the nearest airlock, not wanting to create another hull breach from a forced entry. She finally reached it, pushing the buttons to cycle it as she re-entered the atmosphere of the ship.

She was nearly ready to close the airlock when she saw an explosion of sparks and molten steel exploding into space. Her super vision saw that it was the woman she had just confronted, her body accelerating downward toward the blue planet below.

CLARK AND LOIS'S APARTMENT IN METROPOLIS

Kal soared through the fiery re-entry into the atmosphere, traveling faster than normal as he felt Kara/Lois's limp body in his arms, his concern growing as she remained unconscious.

He finally dropped down through the skylight into their apartment, laying Kara on the bed beside Lois's body. Turning to Lois's body, he quickly noticed that her skin was too hot, her body in the grips of a fever, her lips cracked and dry. He realized that she had been without water for days, her body near death due to dehydration! He grew frantic, Lois's mind trapped in Kara as long as she was unconscious!

He scooped Lois up in his arms and flew her to a hospital, the staff quickly realizing the situation as they started her on some IV's. He stayed with her for the rest of that night, knowing that her ordinary Terran body was far more in need of his support now than Kara's invulnerable body as she lay unconscious back in the apartment. Finally, in the

early hours of the morning, Lois's fever broke, the liquids they had infused finally restoring her electrolytic balance, her body now in a coma, sleeping with no soul, no consciousness inside.

Kal finally left her side to fly back to the apartment, soaring down through the skylight to the shocking view of an empty bed, the bedclothes strewn all around it! He dashed into the other room only to see Kara slumped unconscious against the back of the couch, Kirrin sitting calmly in the chair across from her! His eyes looked downward, seeing Kirrin's powerful hand surrounding the neck of the ten year old girl who lived next door as she was clearly struggling to take a breath.

"Well, Kal, we meet again! It looks like your young woman is nearly awake again, since when do you like to fuck girls who are young enough to be your daughter? And how do you like the little friend I found next door?"

"Kirrin, God damn it, let that little girl go, she hasn't hurt you. And as far as Kara goes, who I associate with is none of your business!" The unusually harsh and impatient sound of Kal's voice pleased Kirrin, she knew how to handle him now; he was angry! She slowly tightened her grip on the little girl, feeling her struggles growing weaker as she ran out of air.

"Don't talk to me that way, Kal, or this little neighbor of yours is going to get her neck broken. Now apologize to me so that your young friend here can take another breath."

Kal saw the girl turning blue, realizing he had no choice.

"I'm sorry Kirrin," he said with tight lips, "please let the girl go, I will do what you want."

"Will you really, Superman. What if I ask you to destroy your lover, destroy Supergirl. She is weak enough now that you could do it. And what if I ask you to swear to be my lover, to help me conquer and rule this planet? Will you agree to that as well?"

"Damn it Kirrin, you can't do this. Don't you have any respect, having to force me to be your lover, unable to find one on your own!"

Kirrin remained calm this time, his obvious attempt to anger her so obvious.

"I want you Kal for only two reasons, your invulnerable super cock and your muscles. You can do what no one else can do, you can fuck me the way I like it. Besides that one skill, I think you are a wimp and a pussy!"

Kal bristled at her suggestion, knowing that compassion and weakness were not the same, his love for the people of this planet even stronger than his own needs. That same compassion handicapped him now, not wanting to sacrifice the bright young girl that Kirrin held so tightly.

"Ease your grip on the girl, Kirrin, she is turning blue. A brain dead hostage isn't going to help you get my support."

Kirrin smiled while slightly easing her grip on the girl. Superman really was an incredible wimp, she thought to herself, trading this one Terran girl for his own freedom. He would never be able to help her rule, but he would be a very useful stud to have in her bedroom, pleasing her whenever she wished. He may be a wimp, but one with an organ of Kryptonian steel!

"So, I am getting your support, how romantic of you to phrase it that way, you bastard. Tell you what, why don't you show how romantic you are by fucking your sleeping beauty over there one last time, but this time, when you come, I want you to crush her neck with your hands, I want you to destroy her!"

"Kirrin, I can't do this, you must reconsider. This isn't just Kara, it is also Lois, her mind is trapped inside her as well."

Kirrin's evil laugh filled the room. "Oh Superman, this will be even more fun than I had hoped, trading the life of both of your lovers for this sweet young girl. Come over here and let me get you ready to fuck her, let me taste that Kryptonian steel of yours again."

Kal had a desperate look on his face as he found he was forced to walk closer, Kirrin's tight grip on the young girl's neck giving him no choice, he could not get her away in time. He closed his eyes as he felt Kirrin's soft lips surrounding him, the inevitable rush of arousal making him grow so hard, his body filled with shame as his huge organ grew so large, growing right in front of the eyes of his young neighbor!

* * *

Sharon saw all that was transpiring, sickened and revolted by Kirrin's violent and abusive behavior. Her soul had been trapped in Kirrin's mind since that day they had met in the desert, Kirrin's stronger mind and familiarity with her body had kept Sharon confined to the background, Kirrin not even truly knowing she was there.

Yet she had been testing Kirrin's mind these last few days, looking for a chance to confront her, learning that her own mind was nearly as strong as Kirrin's. She knew that now was the time to take control if there ever was a time, Kirrin's evil intentions so clear now, plans running through her mind that were even more terrible and humiliating for Kal than any she had verbalized to date.

As always, Sharon felt what Kirrin felt, feeling her body now growing aroused once again as she took Kal so deeply inside her, felt him growing so big and hard. The previous days of wild lovemaking while Kirrin had tried to burn the Orgone from her system had been amazing for Sharon, Kirrin's body easily as sensual as the one she had shared with Kara. She looked at the unconscious body across the living room, the body that had once been her own as Carol had transformed her body into Supergirl. It all seemed so long ago, so vague, the changes in her life so confusing now.

She forced her thoughts back to the present, waiting until Kirrin seemed lost in her arousal, waited until her guard was down before she suddenly struck!

Forcing her consciousness suddenly forward, she drove toward the motor control centers of Kirrin's brain, sweeping Kirrin's careless consciousness to the side, gaining control of the billions and billions of neurons as she swept through her brain, trapping Kirrin's surprised soul into a corner, building a wall of sympathetic neurons around it, trapping her.

Sharon's soul was now wonderfully in control of Kirrin's body, the actual effort of taking control of her body proving far easier than she had expected.

Her first conscious act was to release the young girl. Her second act was to ease Kal from herself, pushing him gently away as she reached down to help the nearly strangled girl to breathe, her lips closing over hers as she breathed fresh air into her lungs. She felt the girl suddenly gasping, crying out as she tried to crawl away, Sharon releasing her as she rose to her feet to face Superman.

She saw his hands closing into angry fists, her own hands reaching down to hold his wrists as she tried to restrain him, his awesome strength shocking her as she was unable to keep him from moving, but she was at least able to keep him from hitting her.

"Kal, relax, I am not Kirrin now, my name is Sharon. You don't know me, I am not even from your dimension. I have been trapped inside Kirrin since before she arrived on your Earth. I used to be in Kara's body, or rather she was in mine which I got from her... damn it, this is all so confusing!"

She saw the frown on his face, the sense of disbelief clearly displayed.

"How do I know you are telling the truth and how could you be Kara before? Supergirl's real name has always been Kara, not Sharon. Why should I trust you?"

"Well," Sharon said, "the main reason is that I just released the young girl. I don't think Kirrin would do that, and I don't think you would expect that either. I am also no longer asking you to hurt your lover, your, and my, Kara and your Lois. Damn, this is confusing."

"Why don't you just try to explain it to me, Sharon, start from the beginning."

Sharon settle back to the couch, crossing her, or rather Kirrin's, long legs. Kal hesitated for a moment, watching the neighbor girl run out the front door as Kara remained sleeping next to him. He finally sat down as he stared at Sharon, or Kirrin, or whatever her name was!

"OK.. well, it all started when I met this woman on this flight, LA to New York. She seemed to be hiding something yet she had this incredible power, she could take or give any physical or mental characteristic from a person. Anyway, I later found out that that the Arion's had used her to help kill Kara, Supergirl, back on my Earth. But this woman, Carol, had absorbed the genetic structure and soul of Kara inside herself before her body was destroyed. Are you with me so far?"

"I'm not sure, but keep going..."

"Well, the Arion's were after Carol when I met her, she must have realized that they were getting close because she

transferred all of the genetic structure and Kara's soul to me, transforming my body into a perfect duplicate of Kara's, right down to the last cell. I had all her powers, her full Velorian birthright. Anyway, to make a long story short, I became Supergirl and was now fighting the Arions back on Earth, an alternate dimension Earth, when I started to have these blackouts. Eventually it turned out that Kara was taking over my body, our body I guess, in times of stress, using her knowledge of how to fight the Arions."

"Eventually I met and fought this creature named Flaxon, he was even more powerful than an Arion. I wound up trapped in his sick mind for a while before he was finally destroyed in a terrible battle with Kara. Kirrin found Flaxon just before he died and I managed to slip from his mind to hers a moment before his brain actually died. I've been trapped in her mind ever since, unable to influence her yet seeing and feeling everything that she felt, at least until now. The tables are now turned and she is in the background now."

"Can you keep her there, prevent her from breaking out again?" Kal asked.

"I'm not sure, this feels a lot like when Kara and I shared one body, there may be times when she is dominant again. Sorry, I can't guarantee that I can control her."

Kal tried to sort all this out in his mind; despite the astonishing tale, it made a kind of crazy sense. Kara had mentioned doing this mind transfer thing before, this must be the consciousness she had shared her body with. It made sense in another way, Lois's transfer to Kara had been done the same way. He was just shocked at how many minds had been floating around these bodies, realizing there may be a lot more to reincarnation and many other things that he had always considered as myth.

He looked back at Kara, the concern clear on his face. Sharon began to reassure him, knowing immediately what was wrong with her.

"She is just low on energy, Kal, but I can help her. Please take her top off for me, I need to have a skin to skin contact to do this."

Kal turned back to look at Kirrin, or Sharon, as she stood up, the woman quickly pulling her top off, the bright crackle of energies visible as little lightening bolts flashed between her widely spaced nipples. She raised her hands to modestly cover herself, her fingers holding her very firm nipples, a wild explosion of sparks jumping out from between them.

Kal's hands quickly reached out to Kara, opening the nightgown he had dressed her in to reveal her gorgeous young breasts, Sharon floating graceful across the room, her shiny black hair contrasting so strongly with Kara's bloneness. She lowered her hands, a continuous explosion of sparks now coming from her breasts as she touched them to Kara's, both of their bodies exploding in violent energy discharges as Kirrin gave Kara the energy she needed to live.

Amazingly, Sharon felt none of the Orgone energy in Kara's body, quickly realizing that it had been drained somehow.

"Kal, she has no Orgone in her, that would be very unusual given Arion torture techniques. Something is wrong here!"

"They must have drained her in preparation for transferring the intelligence of this evil woman to her. We must have gotten there just in time!"

Sharon reserved her own judgment, not sure whether Kal had gotten there just in time or barely too late! They would know when Kara regained her consciousness.

Sharon transferred all the energy she could spare as she carried Kara into the bedroom, laying her out on the bed. Turning to leave, she paused for a moment to slip on a pair of shorts and a nearly sheer bodysuit top, the closest things she could find in Lois's wardrobe that would fit her. The shorts were a little loose around her smaller tighter hips, the top a little tight across her fuller upper body. She paused for a moment to look at herself in the mirror, her tall slim body, startling bright blue eyes and black hair contrasted with her deeply tanned skin and her otherwise Scandinavian features. She had always been blond, both back before her transformation when she had just been Sharon, and even more blonde when she had been transformed into Supergirl's dramatic body. Her body was now nearly the physical equal of Supergirl's, yet she was physically now a full-blooded Arion Prime, albeit one with some genetic enhancements that gave her rudimentary power of flight.

Staring in the mirror now, she was not displeased with her appearance, Kirrin's body being truly gorgeous in every way, her dark hair reminding Sharon of the time she had briefly had dark hair, during that play she had acted in back

in college. It had felt exotic to change her hair color then, it now felt even more exotic to exchange bodies once again. She was almost getting used to this, this being the third body she had been in since her own had been so dramatically transformed into the girl laying on the bed behind her. Yet this body was good, perhaps not quite as dramatic or strong as Kara's, but she knew she could still bench press a few million pounds; she wasn't exactly weak!

She walked over to tuck the covers tighter around Kara, feeling a slight pang of loss, remembering how incredible it had been to be Supergirl! Yet Kirrin's body was only slightly less powerful, the long hours spent holding Kal in her arms, most of the time against his will, had shown her the true powers of this body. She suspected she may be nearly as powerful as Aurora when her libido was fully released, her strength maybe three fourths of Kara's when she was not aroused. The easy doubling of her physical powers when she got turned on was something she would have to be careful of, that was for sure!

She sighed while taking one more look at Kara before walking back into the living room. Kal had his back turned to her as he stood at the bar, making a couple of drinks for them. His powerful legs drew her eyes, the hard cut muscles so visible under his running shorts, his short T-shirt leaving his waist bare. Sharon felt a funny twinge as memories of their shared escapade on the Arion ship returned, her body still clearly remembering the feel of a very significant part of his! She felt Kirrin stirring within her as these thoughts ran through her mind, trying to get free, the image of Kal and the hormones that image released was clearly stimulating her. Sharon had to close her eyes and concentrate for a moment, realizing that she didn't really have Kirrin under all that much control. It would not take all that much of a shock or crisis to let her slip free!

Floating lightly across the room, she silently slid up on one of the barstools, crossing her long bare legs as she turned to face Kal, her foot brushing lightly against his bare leg for a moment. His startled look as he turned to see her was followed by a quick movement of his bright eyes as they traveled down her body. They both smiled awkwardly at each other, the memories they shared being confused by the fact that the previous owner of her body had been intent on forcing herself on Kal, Sharon herself having had no previous contact with such a man as this Superman, yet both of them having such strong memories of Kirrin's 'lovemaking'.

Only during her brief association with David, Aurora's long dead lover, had the original Kara felt the presence of a man who was her physical equal. Sharon had shared that memory with Kara many times while they had shared her body, especially Kara's regrets that that previous encounter had not truly been consummated. Aurora's jealousies had prevented her from sharing David with her. And now, it was even stranger, the body she now possessed still having such powerful memories of his body, his lovemaking, the feel of him so deeply inside her. She remembered every minute of their lovemaking, yet it had not been her, she had only been a kinky and unwilling voyeur inside Kirrin's body.

Closing her bright blue eyes, she tried to make the thoughts go away, taking a long drink from her glass before starting to talk about his lover, his two lovers actually, Lois and Kara. They talked hesitantly, the tension between them so thick that it seemed to color the air around them.

It was a half hour later, the two of them laughing at some joke, when a soft sound came from the next room, two pairs of incredibly sensitive ears hearing it at the same time, the sound breaking the easy tension between them. They both rushed to the other room to see a groggy looking Kara sitting on the side of the bed.

Kal was overwhelmed with emotion, rushing over to take her in his arms, lifting her into the air, her feet dangling as he hugged her, his kisses meeting her own. He finally set her down, the affectionate way they whispered to each other making it clear that Lois had awoken first, Kara now the passive member of the duo.

Sharon felt a pang of regret, wishing that Kal felt that way about her, knowing that he had two lovers who came before her, suspecting his less pleasant memories of Kirrin were still clouding and confusing his thoughts of her.

But it didn't matter now, Kara was back, more correctly Lois was back, her bright blue eyes and quick smile lighting the room as she reached out to hug Sharon to her along with Kal, somehow sensing that both of them had had a hand in rescuing her.