

# SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 26-1, The Orgone Assault

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## Little Firebug – Chapter 26-1

### The Orgone Assault

by Sharon Best and Tex Beethoven

#### *The Canyons between the Skyscrapers, Metropolis*

The glass and stone walls of blurry Metropolis skyscrapers flashed by only yards away as the two alien women accelerated to nearly a hundred miles per hour, Jimmy gasping as he tried to breathe, his eyes still mesmerized by the tantalizing things that Nikki's skirt was doing! He felt Monica's body flexing gently beneath him, the understated power of her firmly voluptuous body absolutely stunning him! She had always been stronger than he was, even before she regained her powers, but this was now completely different, so alien, so wonderful! In fact, her body now felt a lot like Kal's had when Jimmy had flown with him, except that the steely curves he felt beneath him were tempered by a softness that lay just on the surface, and felt so very warm and feminine! And Kal's chest had never felt at all like the wonderful softness he now felt beneath his cheek as Monica held him securely against her energetic body.

But the sensations of her alien muscles surging against his body, the effortless power flowing through her flesh to keep them soaring through the air took him back to a sudden memory of his early infatuation with Kal, his own hero-worship of the mighty Kryptonian coming so close to developing into something far deeper than just friends. The explorations of his super powers that the two of them had shared temporarily distracted his thoughts, his thoughts moving back several years to when they had first met.

Suddenly, he felt Monica's body flexing even more firmly beneath him, his body crushed to hers as she started to pull some serious G's. Each flex of her body beneath his caused a change her flight path.

His thoughts drifted back to Kal's new enthusiasm for the Velorian who had visited from another Earth, some kind of weird parallel dimension. Her name had been Kara and she had been a Velorian Protector, one living on an Earth where Superman was only a comic-book legend, not a real man. Yet now that Kal had Nikki to keep him company, joining with him in a way that no Terran, male or female could, he realized that he and Kal would never again share that special loneliness that they had explored. The loneliness of never having anyone, except Jimmy and more recently Lois, who knew his true abilities. The loneliness of never being able to show other people all the attributes of a Kryptonian man.

Jimmy's silent reminiscence was suddenly broken when he saw the waterfront coming up beneath him, the mangled wreck of Ramoan's ship hanging partially sideways, supported by the massive hawsers that secured it to the dock. The quay itself was in a shambles, shattered concrete from the pier was piled everywhere, slabs as big as small trucks piled crazily on top of each other. The entire bow of the ship was melted away, the superstructure looking bent and distorted. It was clear that the ship was now fodder for the scrap welder's torch and nothing more.

Monica's body softened beneath him as they fell rapidly toward the ship, his eyes finding Nikki's young body again as she fell downward feet first, her skirt flying up above her waist to let him confirm his earlier suspicions about her underclothing, or the lack of it. He was thrilled as his eyes ran up over her black stockings to the tanned skin so visible above them. He had always had a 'thing' for skimpy lingerie, and he had often dreamed of Kara modeling such things for him! While those dreams were unlikely to ever come true, especially since Kara had returned to her own Earth, the quickly flashed view of Nikki in exactly one of his fantasy poses, one knee raised high, her skirt blowing higher yet to show the bottom of her black lace garter belt, was enough to confuse and excite him once again. She looked so much like Kara that he had moments when he wondered if she really WAS Kara. Staring down, he saw her body disappearing beneath him to drop through one of the huge holes in the deck.

Monica's body suddenly turned to living steel as she generated the power to arrest their downward progress, his

feet gently touching the deck at the same time as her own. Stepping away from her, he was just getting his balance back when his ears were assaulted by an incredible explosion of sound, almost like a mix between a Mike Tyson punch and a train wreck, a sound reminiscent of fleshy ringing steel. He saw a flash of blond hair as Nikki was propelled upward at incredible speed, her body rapidly shrinking to a dot, then disappearing into the blue sky high above his head!

Monica suddenly released him, her body barely more than a blur as she sped toward that same opening in the deck. As she ran, she tore her street clothes off, strips of shredded fabric floating in the wind behind her, suddenly revealing that underneath she wore only a tiny black skirt and an exercise halter of the same material. She paused momentarily before dropping through the deck, her nearly waist length blond hair blowing wildly in the sea breeze. And then, in a blink of an eye, he was alone again.

After looking around the suddenly deserted deck, Jimmy decided to walk back toward the rear of the ship, toward the bridge. He passed several huge openings in the superstructure, including a place where the steel was bent outward around the edges of a gaping hole. Looking up, he saw that the railing above him had been melted, the steel looking like hot wax dripping in the sun, the metal drooping down to form long 'icicles' hanging from the deck above. He was just turning to enter the closest hatch when he heard a loud 'CLICK'. He froze, the sound of an automatic rifle being cleared was one he unfortunately knew very well!

An unseen hand suddenly grabbed him and pushed him through the hatchway, tossing him violently onto the floor. His forehead bounced off the steel deck, stars blinding him as he nearly passed out from the blow. Blinking furiously, he lifted his head from the floor just far enough to see a pair of man's shoes not four inches from his nose, looking brown, old and worn. He was just about to roll over to discover who was wearing this decrepit footwear when he saw another pair of feet, smaller and wearing a pair of what looked like red ballet slippers. Lifting his eyes, he followed the distinctive contours of a woman's legs upward. A pair of legs the likes of which he had NEVER seen before, despite having the privilege of being 'friends' with two Velorian women!

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Ariel stood in the dingy compartment next to Ramoan, occasionally glancing upward to follow the progress of the young Velorian bitch she had punched, her unconscious body now far outside the atmosphere, heading for the Moon. The young idiot had arrived out of nowhere, crying gleefully "Now I've got you!" before Ariel had dispatched her with a single uppercut to her undefended jaw!

Ariel had flown the length of the ship immediately after disposing of the intruder, the radio she carried crackling with news of another person on the ship, a man this time. She had first assumed it was Superman, but this man was much younger.

Reaching down, she grabbed his hand in her strong grip, pulling him roughly to his feet. Squeezing with a significant portion of her native strength, the crackling of bones and squishing of pulverized flesh immediately disgusted her as she felt her hand closing effortlessly around his. The man screamed in pain, and it became quickly apparent that he was only a Terran!

"God, these weak Terrans are so soft," Ariel thought to herself once again, "even an ordinary Beta would feel firmer than this!"

Twisting her wrist cruelly, his shoulder tore apart in her grasp, his legs collapsing in pain as he fell back to the floor. She released him and averted her eyes in disgust, the mere touch of a Terran's soft pasty flesh making her feel a little sick to her stomach. She still remembered how that sailor had tried to fondle her when she first came on board, and her instant revulsion to his disgusting touch. His body had exploded violently across all four walls of the compartment a few seconds later, his soft Terran flesh melting away like wet goo before her instinctive outburst of unrestrained power!

Ramoan had forbidden the men to clean the resulting gore from the walls, leaving the compartment door open as a lesson to the rest of the men. His rough crew had to know in unmistakable terms that Ariel was to be respected and obeyed, but never, EVER, touched!

Bringing her thoughts back to the present, Ariel started to open her eyes wide as she concentrated on changing the spectrum of her eyes, feeling the familiar burning sensation that signaled the onset of her heat vision. Glancing down at the man, she focused her eyes between his legs, smiling grimly as she prepared to burn him alive slowly, starting with that most intimate, yet laughably weak, spot. She was just about to release a mere megawatt or two of energy when she heard the steel wall groaning behind her, a soft feminine voice suddenly speaking into her ear.

"Oh no you don't, bitch, that's my boyfriend you're staring at. You want to flame something, flame this!"

With that, Monica shoved her arms through the steel wall to cover Ariel's eyes with both hands, the massive energies lashing out from the woman's eyes just as the other's fingers closed tightly over them. Monica's invulnerable hands suddenly exploded into flame, brilliant violet beams trying to escape between her fingers. Yet her Velorian flesh was nearly invulnerable to such forces, her fingers burning with pain yet still able to contain the massive energies, reflecting them back into Ariel's eyes.

Ariel's entire head suddenly exploded in light, the raging heat waves reflecting back through her optic nerves directly into her brain, the massive energies seeking release, sparks flying outward as her long red hair stood straight out from her scalp, a miniature beam exploding outward from each strand to arc across the room, burning the paint from the walls and igniting the clothing of the two men in dozens of places, burning deep narrow holes in their Terran flesh!

Ramoan screamed in pain and literally dove across the room to grab the fire extinguisher from the wall. Smashing his finger on the trigger, he flooded the room with the cold CO2. The flames were instantly snuffed out and the violet beams were absorbed by the thick gray cloud. At the same time, hidden behind the veil of cold gas, Monica tried to twist Ariel's head violently to the side, holding nothing back, knowing that Ariel was at least her match in terms of raw strength. After all, a Kryptonian woman was a truly awesome adversary for anyone, their natural strength clearly at Protector levels!

Monica wrapped one of her legs around one of Ariel's, twisting the taller woman's body backward and down, her other hand gripping her around the waist, millions of pounds of force straining against her invulnerable body. She thought she was gaining the advantage until she suddenly felt the woman's body flexing unbelievably beneath her own, every ounce of her own power suddenly required to just hold onto her! Monica gasped, beads of sweat breaking out across her face, finding for the first time since she had regained her powers that her strength was not easily able to overcome an adversary. For the first time, she had to consider the impossible thought that she might not be the strongest woman on Earth!

That thought was both frightening and thrilling at the same time, a tingling burning sensation growing inside each of her hard-flexed muscles. She knew that she was really starting to feel the unusual and often distracting characteristic of her birthright. The act of fully exerting herself, of holding nothing back, was producing pressure levels that were unheard of by Terran standards. Yet as always, this simple act of using her full strength also released massive energies of another type, the energies of arousal! It also released her pheromones, chemical messengers that even a Kryptonian was vulnerable to, pheromones that were not selective of which sex they affected!

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The incredible tearing pain of Jimmy's crushed hand and torn shoulder ligaments was suddenly forgotten as he breathed a wondrous fragrance, the incredibly strong smell of wildflowers and honey suddenly filling the compartment and flooding his nostrils. He glanced up to see Ramoan's eyes also open wide, both men suddenly heedless to their own danger, to their mutual enmity, turning to stare in mindless lust at the two women as they struggled among the dissipating mists from the fire extinguisher.

Muscular definition that would awe the top female Terran bodybuilders now exploded across both women's bodies, tiny costumes stretching beyond all reason, beyond sanity, as their slim bodies exploding into living steel, every muscle standing out in bold outrageous relief!

The strain was incredible, Monica's black halter being the first thing to show signs of the tremendous powers being expended by these super adversaries, the fireproof and bulletproof fabric smoking and almost igniting as the soft flesh it contained heated to hundreds of degrees from the rapid energy release that fueled her sweet strength. Ariel's body began to glow as well, Jimmy's eyes most fascinated by the glow that lit up the inside of her thighs, the bottom of her leotard seemingly struggling to contain some immense energies. The glow spread down the long pronounced muscles of her inner thighs as she struggled against the awesome power of Monica's legs, SuperWoman's legs!

Just the fact that his ex-girlfriend called herself that, SuperWoman, and that she had been featured in more than a few magazines lately, albeit not in her secret role as SuperWoman but 'merely' as a fitness model, had filled his mind with conflicting emotions of pride and pain. As with many men, there was a 'trophy' aspect to having such a stunning woman as his lover. And despite her recent lack of interest in him, he still felt an incredible surge of arousal, maybe even something he had once called love, the emotions striking him with an intensity that seemed to wash away everything else, erasing even the pain of his serious injuries, washing away even the constant pain of her rejection. His male pride and the overwhelming aroma erotically filling the compartment now displaced his normally

well-placed fear of his own inadequacies.

Fortunately for Jimmy's and Ramoan's survival, Monica suddenly flew upward, her body wrapped around Ariel tightly, the two women smashing through the deck above them to emerge into clear air, both of them struggling desperately as they spun end over end, their momentum carrying them toward a construction site on the next pier.

Monica was struggling to find a place they could fight without Terran casualties, every ounce of her strength and flying power focused on that goal. Yet it was not enough, Ariel's flying powers were easily as great as her own, and the Kryptonian's powers caused them to veer off and tumble inland toward a huge expanse of concrete. The two of them finally crashed back to the Earth in the middle of the busy Harbor Parkway, landing beneath a double-level overpass.

The two invulnerable women smashed into the hard concrete at more than three hundred miles per hour, the violent impact momentarily separating them. Monica rolled desperately one way, trying to get out of the way of the heavy traffic, most of it moving at 80 miles per hour. Yet Ariel did the opposite, standing up to stare calmly at a huge bus that raced toward her in the fast lane. She didn't flex a single muscle as she watched the driver slamming on his brakes, the huge bus barely having time to slow even minutely before it slammed into her head on, her Kryptonian body proving once again harder than steel as her legs and hips tore through the steel bumper. She then bounced off the harder steel of the forward frame, her body flying backward at 70 miles per hour to smash into a huge concrete column, the damaged bus twisting sideways, tilting to one side, threatening to roll over.

Monica flashed across the road, dodging several high-speed cars as her strong legs accelerated her to nearly 200 miles per hour in less than a second, her hands grabbing the tilting side of the bus just in time to keep it from rolling over. Using her flying power, she twisted the bus until it was straight, the driver finally able to slide to a stop in the breakdown lane, tires throwing up clouds of blue-black smoke!

The bus had barely stopped when Monica felt it lifting straight up into the air, a violent kick launching out from beneath it to smash into her lower abs. She was thrown backwards directly in front of a huge semi, two sets of wheels running over her body before they locked up, trapping her between the rubber and the road. Her body ground along the concrete, trapped beneath the quad wheels at the back of the tractor.

Meanwhile, Ariel lifted the huge bus over her head with a single arm, more than fifty terrified passengers screaming in fear. Flexing her calves to thrust her body into the air, she cocked her strong right arm behind her, a mighty flex of her arm flinging the bus upward, the 100G's of violent acceleration from her gorgeously powerful arm instantly sealing the fate of the unfortunate passengers, the bus itself flying straight upward to disappear in the blue sky, the top of its trajectory topping out at more than 75,000 feet!

Meanwhile, the semi that had trapped Monica beneath it finally screeched to a stop, her body grinding deep into the soft pavement as the tires shuddered and bucked on top of her. Quickly pulling herself from beneath the wheels, the entire truck tilted wildly as she stood up and staggered back to her feet, twisting her head to search for Ariel. She saw her standing a hundred feet away, a twisted smile on her face. Yet there was no sign of the bus she had been holding over her head!

Walking slowly toward her, Monica looked around, surprised that the bus could have driven off after receiving so much damage to its front end from Ariel's inflexible body! Fortunately the traffic had now stopped, dozens of minor collisions having choked off the roadway another hundred feet or so up the road. Standing in the middle of the tangled wreckage of a dozen cars, she heard a faint whistling sound, and quickly turned to look behind her. Nothing.

The whistling grew louder, her super-hearing finally discerning that it was coming from above her. Looking up, she was horrified to see the bus falling straight back toward a car containing a young mother and her children, not fifty feet from her. Her powerful bare legs turned to a blur as she ran toward the impending impact site, hoping against hope to blunt the force of the collision somehow, to deflect it from the delicate cargo before her! Yet she was too late, her outstretched arms contacting the bus only a millisecond before it smashed down on top of the car, the incredible 200 mile per hour impact smashing her knees into the concrete, the fuel tank of both the car and bus bursting open to intermingle diesel and gasoline. Monica did manage to partially shelter the occupants of the car, her steely body crushed only as far as her knees as she held her straining arms out to her sides, the young family momentarily protected by her invulnerability. However, the violent explosion that occurred a moment later defeated her best attempt at saving the people who cowered beneath her powerful arms, her brave rescue attempt coming to a ghastly conclusion as the gasoline tank exploded, the flames spreading across the road as Monica finally collapsed, the mass of bus wreckage crushing her to the pavement as the car was crushed flat, the entire crash site suddenly strewn with torn steel and burning diesel fuel!

The shocked bystanders stared in amazement as the taller woman calmly walked directly into the face of the burning inferno, casually braving the flames as they licked upward along her long shapely legs, her impossibly exotic body seemingly bursting into flames, her long red hair whipping upward in the heat, the violent flames lighting it from inside as it twisted and blew in the violent blaze.

Ripping her way through the crushed remains of the bus with her powerful arms, ignoring the small Terran bodies crushed beneath her, her flying hands split the bus into section after section until she found Monica laying crumpled on the roadway, knocked unconscious from the crushing impact and the fiery explosion. Grabbing her long blond hair cruelly in one hand, she walked from the wreckage, the eye of every Terran staring at the two of them. Ariel's incredibly tall body was only a glowing silhouette of flaming diesel fuel as she strode down the roadway, dragging the unconscious blonde behind her.

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## **LOW EARTH ORBIT**

Meanwhile, a hundred miles above the Earth, Nikki slowly came back to consciousness, shaking her head to dispel the stars in front of her eyes; yet they didn't clear! She tried to take a deep breath as she opened her eyes wide, however only the emptiness of hard vacuum greeted her lungs. Gasping, feeling like she was out of breath, she discovered that she didn't like this sensation of breathlessness at all, although it didn't really hurt. A tiny cloud of water vapor escaped from her mouth as she tried to breathe out, the cloud drifting along with her.

She twisted her body while looking around, surprised to see that she was racing away from the Earth at what appeared to be escape velocity. Suddenly remembering how she had gotten here, the single punch from Ariel's fist having accelerated her to these incredible velocities, she squinted her eyes to stare back at the Earth. It took her a few minutes, but she was able to adjust her remarkable eyes to home in on the ship in Metropolis harbor, the steel decks seemingly melting away as she looked through layer and layer of steel. She finally saw Monica's and Ariel's nearly motionless struggle, their bodies pumped to proportions so much larger than the pictures she had recently seen of female bodybuilders. Two men were staring at them with rapt attention, seemingly mesmerized by the struggle. Suddenly, the two women burst through the upper deck, flying a twisting and tumbling path toward the nearby expressway!

Focusing in closely on Jimmy's face, she suddenly wished that he had looked at HER that way. And she wanted to be back down there helping him! After all, she was supposed to be getting a story, not flying halfway to the moon! Squeezing the silky inner steel of her thighs tightly together, she flexed those same muscles as their power accelerated her back toward the Earth, the violent corona of her re-entry causing people to stare upward in surprise across the entire Eastern seaboard of the US.

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## **IN A PARK HALFWAY ACROSS TOWN...**

Kal felt himself starting to wake up, one eye opening as he looked upward at bright blue sky framed by the deep hole that he was laying in. Rapt faces punctuated the perimeter, young boys circling the entire pit, laying on their stomachs to stare down at him.

The boys quickly scrambled back to their feet as he started to rise, their enthusiastic cheers encouraging him as he finally stood upright again, his head just above the surface of the ground. He rubbed his jaw, very impressed that Nikki had been able to land such a blow. He couldn't remember ever being hit THAT hard before by anyone!

Leaping back into the sky, he raced back toward the Planet, quickly changing back into his street clothes after landing on the roof, his body still a blur as he ran down the stairway. Stepping into the City Room only a few moments later, he saw Perry sitting in his office arguing with Cat Grant. Since he didn't see Nikki anywhere, he walked over to join them in Perry's office, taking a seat for the usual 4:00 City Desk assignment review.

He had barely sat down when Perry looked up to see him, his voice croaking for a moment before he started yelling at the top of his lungs. "Clark, GODDAMN IT, what are you doing sitting there? I sent you and Nikki down to the pier to interview that madman. I told her to stay there until this thing is over, and that included you. Don't tell me you let her go down there on her own?!"

"Ah... no... I mean yes, chief. Actually, she didn't say anything to me, I was, ah, running an errand."

“An errand! Clark, this is the end of the fucking WORLD, man. You don’t have family here, so what could be so important that it takes precedence over doing your job?”

“Ah... nothing, I guess. I’ll get right down there. Kar’La... Lois... I mean Nikki, probably needs me.” “Oh hell,” he thought. “All this mind switching is fucking impossible! And where is Lois?!!”

“No shit, that Ramoan guy sounds like a fruitcake. And Clark, take Cat here, she has some unconventional ideas on how to get onto that ship, ideas that you probably would never think of. Now get out of here, both of you!”

Cat took Clark’s arm in her own, thrilled that she was working with the big guy again. He had been avoiding her ever since that ill-fated assignment they had been on together, her thrill at the sudden discovery of his true identity, and her joy of seducing Superman himself, tempered by her painful injuries from his intimate attentions, his attempts to make love to her in that massage parlor having put her in the hospital for nearly a week! She had learned a lot about this Superman that day, and her surgeon had been very busy ever since.

She had been so fascinated with Superman’s powers and his physique, especially that one thrilling part of his body that she had aggressively discovered, that she had undergone several very unusual connected implants in an attempt to make her body ‘dramatic’ enough for him. If they met that same way again, she would be ready. The fact that ordinary men were no longer able to satisfy her was secondary, she had eyes only for Kal, for Superman, now.

They were barely out of Perry’s office when Clark pulled her off to the side. “Cat, you can’t come with me, I have to fly there and I can’t have you slowing me down. Besides, Ramoan is a mad-man and you wouldn’t stand a chance with his crew. No, you should definitely stay here. I’ll phone the story in to you and you can write it.”

“No way, Clark. You can’t get rid of me that easily. Besides, you need to be nice to me. I’m the only person who knows who you really are, Superman. You don’t want to see an interesting exposé by Cat Grant in your own paper!”

“Damn it, Cat, that’s blackmail! Look, I’m doing this for your own safety. A lot of people have already died down there. Let Nikki and me handle this.”

“Nikki.” Cat said, “how come she can ‘handle this’ and I can’t? What is she, SuperG... wait a minute. This all makes some kind of crazy sense... finally! Except for that reddish hair, I thought I’d seen her before. And I knew her French accent sounded phony. So... Clark, don’t tell me you’ve dumped Lois for that young little clone, Sharri or whatever her name was. My God, Clark, you’re having an affair with that little teenage alien girl, that young SuperGirl! Clark, or should I say Kal, no wonder you’ve been acting funny lately. And what did you do to Lois to put her in that asylum? Damn, you’ve got everyone fooled with that Kansas farm boy image of yours,. but you’re just as devious and scheming as I am. I’m very impressed, guy!”

“No, Cat, it isn’t like that at all. I mean, yes, Nikki is Sharil, sort of, but it’s not Sharil’s mind anymore, so it isn’t really her. I mean, she’s Lois now, her mind at least.” He still found all of this very confusing. And he was supposed to explain it?!

Cat stared at him with a shocked look on her face as she tried to imagine what he was trying to tell her. Then the realization of his words crashed in on her and she was suddenly filled with wild envy for Lois. She felt tears forming in her eyes, and a tingle between her legs, as the realization of what the two of them had done suddenly rushed in on her! My God, to be that young again and to have THOSE looks, not to mention those muscles, to have that incredible body! And Kal, oh MY, the things they must do together! Her shocked and uncharacteristic silence was just what Kal needed to slip away, a red and blue blur crossing the sky over the city only moments later.

As Kal flew across town, Cat slumped into a corner of the hallway, her long slim dancer’s legs crumpling beneath her as she realized that Kal was lost to her forever. She had always thought that her own stunningly blonde athletic looks, not to mention her recent Superman-sized surgical implants, would enable her to steal him away from the far less attractive Lois. But she now realized that she could not possibly compete with Nikki, she could never compare to Lois in a Velorian’s body! Damn, and after spending all that money on her surgeries! And what other man could POSSIBLY satisfy her ever again?

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## **JFK AIRPORT**

*(Editor’s note: See Aurora Chapter 27-0 for background on the military Black Ops team that Katarina Unger leads. This team, and their weapons, are much the same in this parallel universe.)*

Katarina and her team were landing at JFK airport just as Cat was slumping to the floor in that corner back at the Daily Planet. The members of the Black Ops team ran from their specially-equipped C-141 StarLifter, their all-terrain vehicles soon racing through the city streets, the GPS systems leading them toward the waterfront. They carried the new weapons that they had just completed testing, ones that they had been issued only a few short weeks ago.

The devastating power of the alien weapons they now carried had astounded them, the beams having melted through all the targets that they had tested them against. The dozens of melted Army tanks on their test range, not to mention the sunken ships out in the middle of the Pacific, were a mute testament to the power and efficacy of these modified Arion weapons.

They were racing down a road, still on the airport property when one of the men pointed upward towards a faint blur of red and blue racing across the sky.

Katarina smiled encouragingly at the soldier. "No, 'Dorothy'," Katarina shouted over the roar of engines and wind, her words profane in the best traditions of the Army, "we aren't in Kansas anymore. This is the land of the fucking super-freaks!"

The grim smile that answered her communicated a great deal. The entire team had been training hard ever since that girl had shown up, the one who had called herself SuperGirl. They had repeatedly seen the tapes that showed how she had brutally wiped out half the police force of Metropolis, an event that had made the front page of every newspaper in the world!

The team had subsequently learned a great deal about her from a strange man named Carr, a man who had asked the US government for immunity. The State Department people were very confused about him, it seemed that he was some kind of alien himself. Unfortunately, they didn't have any established protocols for granting residency and immunity to someone who wasn't even a native citizen of Earth! To someone who wasn't even human!

What was even scarier than his confused political standing was that his physical powers were also very dramatic! While he claimed he wasn't nearly as powerful as this self-proclaimed SuperGirl, who he said was supposed to be his companion, he was still nearly a thousand times stronger than any Terran man!

Yet despite the government's cool response to his immunity request, he had been very cooperative in describing the girl, whose actual name was apparently Sharil, telling them of her origins, her powers, emphasizing that her true mental age was only 14 and that she possessed a total lack of maturity. He had even helped them tune their weapons to the most destructive wavelength settings for attacking her, his own body serving as a test target for them at reduced power.

The team's training had been pushed ahead very rapidly, the bloody one-sided encounters between this 'SuperGirl' and the police had granted their team the highest priority for requisitioning resources in the entire military. And now here they were, racing toward their first combat encounter with one of these alien women, also toward their first actual combat experience using the full-power version of their new weapons!

Unfortunately, they were not going after the target they had trained for. They now had a new target. The satellite-based radar and visual imagery of the terrorists' ship had shown a very tall woman, one who was reported to have even greater powers than Superman, at least based on some of the rumors that had reached them from a man who had escaped the ship and been captured by the police!

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## **THE HARBOR PARKWAY**

A thousand staring eyes were on Ariel as she stood calmly in the middle of the roadway, her eyes staring upward as the woman she had been dragging behind her still lay encompassed by burning diesel fuel. Her eyes seemed to glow with their own light for a moment as she stared high into the sky, narrowing in apparent concern, seeming to see something no one else could.

Whatever it was, it caused her to break into a run, her long legs flying as she sprinted over toward one of the huge vertical concrete columns that held up the two levels of overpass that ran high above them. Shouting to a group of men to come and help her, she began to smash her fists into the bottom of the huge column, a spiderweb of cracks immediately appearing as her steely fists struck deep into the hard ferro-concrete, her skin and knuckles so much harder than mere Terran cement! The first three men she had called to turned and ran the other way even as she ordered them closer. Their cowardice was rewarded a moment later when a quick burst of heat vision lanced out from the tall woman, the men's bodies instantly bursting into flames as they fell onto the ground and writhed in pain.

“Does anybody else want to die the same way?” Ariel shouted angrily at the dispersing crowd as she continued to smash her fists into the huge column. “I want two men over here NOW! If you come to me now, I won’t hurt you. If you turn and run like those cowards, I’ll roast you like the chickens you are!”

Her voice sounded strained, her hands tearing frantically at the massive column, chunks of concrete flying in all directions. Two men reluctantly began to shuffle toward her as she kicked out toward the column with her leg, the massive spans above her trembling as if in an earthquake! Her powerful kicks began to shatter the bottom of the column, and more than a ton of shattered concrete finally exploded outward from its base as she tried to tear it free from the foundation that was buried so deeply in the earth.

Circling the ten foot thick column like an enraged ostrich, she narrowed it further and further with powerful kicks and the crushing grip of her fingers, the massive dual spans above trembling from her devastating destruction until they were eventually supported only by the two foot thick steel center beam buried deep in the column. The entire column seemed poised to collapse as Ariel narrowed the base of it more and more. She finally turned to the two very nervous men who stood beside her.

“OK, when I tell you to, I want you to slide this woman’s body under the column. Make SURE that her chest goes directly beneath the center of the steel column after I lift this thing clear. And then if you want to live, get out of here fast when I say to RUN. Do you understand?”

Both of the men stared down at the gorgeous blonde laying beside them, her fingers twitching slightly. She was obviously starting to come around. One of them asked, “But... I mean, that thing will crush her, won’t it?” Looking up above him, he saw cars and heavy trucks stopped all along the tall spans.

“Of course it will, you IDIOT,” Ariel growled, “why do you think I’m doing this? To make her feel better? Now are you going to do as I tell you or would you rather just die right now?” She could barely contain her frustration! God, these fucking Terrans were so dense sometimes!

“NO... I mean, Yes, we’ll do it,” the other man stammered. “Just tell us when.”

In response, Ariel just glared at the pathetic Terrans and walked over to slip one gorgeous shoulder beneath the edge of the partially collapsed column. Her legs bent down into a deep knee bend as she pushed her arms up under the base of the massive column.

She gradually started to strain her body, pushing upward, her legs exploding into incredible curves of hard muscle. Every muscle on her back also jumped out in strong relief as the two men stared at her in disbelief, the size of this super woman’s physique growing beyond their wildest imaginations!

At the same time, Ariel’s own thoughts were drifting as she felt her body surging upward, her strength increasing geometrically every second. She thought back to the way she had looked not that long ago, her scrawny 14 year old body so thin and frail. She remembered what her skinny legs had looked like then compared to how they appeared now, her nearly 38 inch thighs exploding with limitless power as she pushed upward against the bridge with literally millions of pounds of force.

She felt so strong and invincible, the insecurities that had plagued her for all her young life now vanished, the unfettered application of her star-born strength now always seeming to make her feel so mature, so truly grown up, making her feel like a true woman! And equally importantly, she didn’t even have to think at times like this, she just had to use her muscles, muscles that could conquer anything or anybody... flexing just her gorgeous SUPER muscles she could do whatever she wanted!

Looking toward the crowd of observers, she saw their eyes staring down at her legs and up across her back as she continued to build her strength, a loud creaking noise starting to vibrate outward from the core of the cement column. The people standing on the bridges above suddenly had to hold on tightly as this young girl, barely 14 years of age in one way, a mature Kryptonian in another, began to lift well more than three million pounds of bridge with just her bare hands and massive thighs! To those who watched her, she became a Goddess incarnate, her body glowing with pulsating energies, her muscles flexing to dimensions that would be impossible for any human woman. Powerful veins stood out on her arms, her legs growing so large at the same time that they eclipsed any female bodybuilder anyone had ever seen, her slim body transforming itself into a Kryptonian super woman before their very eyes!

The steel core of the support column could not long withstand the uniquely feminine forces that were straining against it, the steel tearing noisily apart as she lifted the entire overpass nearly a foot up into the air, the dozens of stopped cars and trucks on the bridges not even daring to move now as Ariel slowly and deliberately brought her full stolen



birthright to bear, the earth shuddering beneath her feet as a gap slowly opened between the torn sections of column.

“NOW!” Ariel gasped as she struggled to speak. “Put her under it... GASP... put her under NOW! Her chest... under the column!”

The men moved quickly, the impossible strain so visible in the tall woman’s body. They grabbed the blonde roughly and began to drag her body beneath the column. Her slender body was far heavier than they had expected it to be, but in fear for their own lives, they found the strength to move quickly. The doomed woman’s arms and legs were moving weakly as she tried to awaken, but it was clearly too late for her, the men accomplishing their task too rapidly for her to take any action to stop them. The one-foot gap was barely enough for them to drag her dramatically rounded chest into, but they managed to position her left breast directly beneath the ragged steel core of the immense column.

“NOW!” screamed Ariel. “Run for your lives!” The men suddenly threw themselves to the side and bolted desperately as this former Arion, now enhanced into a full Kryptonian super woman, released the massive column directly onto the blonde woman’s chest. The earth shuddered for two hundred yards in every direction, a sudden hail of huge concrete chunks shaking loose from above by the mighty impact of the column’s landing. Everyone within sight gasped and struggled to keep their footing against the shock waves, expecting to see the young beauty’s torso crushed into a bloody ruin! Yet, although her firm breast flattened under the incredible weight of two overhead highway spans, under three million pounds of concrete and steel, her chest was not crushed, and in fact she even continued to breathe, though very weakly!

Ariel fell back onto the ground beside the column, her legs so pumped up that she could barely fold them beneath her, her lungs gasping for air, a few concrete boulders crashing unnoticed against her supine body before bouncing back onto the roadway. She lay there for a couple of minutes, weakly massaging her painful arms and legs, her dramatic muscles relaxing as she again began to look like a tall fitness model, not the impossibly buffed super bodybuilder that she had appeared to be only moments before. This effort had been way beyond simply ‘Super’, and she was almost out of it!

Finally she staggered to her feet to inspect her handiwork. Amazingly, the young Velorian woman had NOT been crushed, but she wasn’t going anywhere, either! Ariel noticed that the muscles all up and down her torso were flexing dramatically, the girl holding two overhead highways just barely at bay with only the soft steel of her chest and her arms, struggling with all her remaining strength simply to breathe, her chest not moving up and down at all noticeably, her eyes dimming.

“Give her time,” thought Ariel. “Once she passes out, her muscles will relax, and that will be the end of her.” She glanced upwards again, nervously, her eyes searching near-Earth space. “I really shouldn’t have spent as much time with her as I did!” Turning away, she flexed her gorgeous musculature once again, her powerful legs effortlessly thrusting her nearly a mile upward into the bright sky!

\* \* \*

Monica was barely conscious, she was under such incredible stress from merely trying to stay alive, to keep from being crushed! She would have moaned in pain, but she didn’t have the breath to spare for even that. Dimly she noticed Ariel flying off, and she began attempting to move her arms and legs around to gain a better purchase on this huge column so she could try to lift it away - something she hadn’t dared attempt while that rogue Kryptonian bitch was still present. If she had shown any remaining signs of spirit while that woman was still there, the Kryptonian would have found some way of finishing her off for sure. “That is, if she hasn’t already!” thought Monica sourly and with growing desperation.

There appeared to be no way she could bring her most powerful muscles into play: there was no room for her legs between her chest and the column. At least not until the column was raised high enough by other means. Struggling, she finally managed to get her hands under parts of it. Her arms burst into huge chords of bulging muscle as she applied all of her native Velorian strength to the task of lifting the massive column. It didn’t move!

She quickly realized that the fight with Ariel had taken too much out of her. She was just barely able to take a slight amount of the weight off of her chest, barely more than half a million pounds; the lessened pressure allowed her to breathe, or rather to gasp, more easily, but that was all. And in such a position, it didn’t look like she was likely to recover her strength anytime soon either! Her desperation grew stronger as she looked around for help, remembering that Nikki had been knocked out of the battle earlier.

Suddenly and shockingly, she felt a man's rough hands touching her back, his hands slowly sliding downward until they opened to cup her ass, to feel her hard muscles as she continued to flex them solely to survive. She knew she must feel like she was made of steel to him. Strangely, instead of being upset by his touch, she found it pleasant, his light tickling touch seemingly making her stronger.

She suddenly felt his lips close to her ear. "I know you, your name is Monica. Can you get yourself out of there?"

"... no... way." Monica groaned, barely able to gasp out a few words. "I can... can barely... hold this!"

"How can I help you? I know something about rescuing people. How long can you hold on?"

"Not... not long...." Monica gasped. "Give it... give me... sex strength!"

The man thought quickly, the reference to sex and strength in the same sentence reminding him of the articles he had read in MuscleMag about Velorians. The one veiled reference to how their strength increased sometimes.

"How can I do that, Monica? You're so strong. What is it that you need me to do?"

Monica strained to get one more word out, her body sagging, her power fleeing her second by second, the massive steel column bending her ribs inward. She could but say one word, one that she hoped the man would have the skill to react to.

"...Org.. Orgasm!"

He hesitated for only a moment, that word confirming what he had suspected already. "So, Monica, or SuperWoman, you want me to excite you, to bring you to orgasm, right here in front of all these people, in front of their staring eyes?"

Monica felt a flush traveling through her body as the man whispered to her, his touch feeling better and better as he teased her with his fingers, as they momentarily eased between her slightly spread legs. The sweat was pouring down her body now from her exertions, the massive dual-span bridge seemingly impossible to lift. Yet her head filled with a picture of people eagerly watching her, watching his fingers excite her intimate flesh, responding to her own arousal, and it was almost as if her own words were emerging from another woman as she turned her head toward the man, a sudden burst of strength from her arms taking enough pressure from her chest so that she could speak almost coherently for a moment.

"Yes, YES... you can make me so strong, show me what...you... Terran man...can do for SuperWoman!"

"Anything I like?"

"God.... YES! Show me... arouse super... give me all...but tell...your name....?"

"My name's Mike, and I used to see you at the gym all the time and lately in the pages of all those pictorial magazines. I've always had my eye on you, but you've changed. You're so much more beautiful now than you ever were before!" Mike began running his hands over her arm, feeling the warm rounded steel of her dramatic muscles surging under his grip.

"You're strong. So wonderfully strong. Such soft skin, such powerful muscles. You're a beautiful woman, Monica. So many contrasts, such wonderful delights everywhere. I've dreamed of you, and I know now that I'll dream of you many times again. You're so exciting!" Mike leaned his head closer to this SuperWoman and nibbled strongly on her earlobe.

Monica gasped in response, a tingling rush moving down her neck. "YES... bite... ear...can't hurt me...use...all your strength! Turn...on, Mike! Let yourself...show me...Terran power!"

Mike really bore down with his teeth now, interspersing his strong bites with gentle probes as his tongue invaded her ear as deeply as he could reach, breathing warm moisture into her sensitive flesh, exciting her, amazing her that a Terran could have such a stimulating effect on her.

Her gorgeous sweaty face turned to Mike, strands of damp hair half covering it as she admired the strong lines of his face; this was obviously a man who cared for his body, a man of strength, but of compassion as well. He wasn't just a guy looking for a quick thrill, he was a man with real heart and imagination who really wanted to help her! Unable to move her head more than a few inches, she offered him her mouth as he leaned in closely to kiss her deeply.

As their tongues sparred with each other, Monica felt his hand again reaching down to touch the hem of her short skirt, and slowly raise it above her waist. He withdrew his lips from her own and said, "Such a strong, powerful body, such soft sweet lips. But you have another pair of soft sweet lips. Do you know how many dozens of people are thrilling to see them, even as I speak?"

Monica couldn't see beyond the column, fearing to use her super vision lest she weaken herself further, but looking sideways over Mike's head, she could see several people moving rather hurriedly to the side, apparently towards a better vantage point, as Mike continued.

"These people have never seen a woman like you before, Monica. There's over three dozen people down there beyond your outstretched legs, watching as closely as they can. Shall we show them what you look like as I excite you?"

One of the things that had drawn Monica into competitive fitness modeling in the first place had been the idea of people getting off on her body! "Oh GOD....YES... show them...all them... make me so...so wet! Kiss me!"

Mike's lips pressed against hers with such force that he would have bruised any normal woman's, then he bit and kissed her lips eagerly as his fingers began to trace teasingly through the spun honey of her soft bush.

Monica felt her labia begin to swell and part on their own as his hand traced itself nearer and nearer to the growing gap between them. After making her wait on his leisurely approach, he finally began stroking three fingers up and down the length of her slit, seeming to turn a tap deep inside her body as she felt her pussy first moisten, then gush with her womanly lubricating fluids.

"You're flowing now, Monica," Mike said as he looked down past her body at a gathering crowd. I can feel you, and your fluids are SO hot and wonderful. I can barely keep my hand on you, you're so boiling hot down there. But I can't bear to remove it either, you're so slick and wonderful! Three men in particular are staring intently, their eyes riveted to your hot sex, and two beautiful women are moving closer, their bodies so clearly aroused by you, Monica. I don't think any of them realize what they're doing to themselves with their hands, but they're all clearly responding so strongly to you and your incredible body that they've forgotten where they are, forgotten the people surrounding them, forgotten everything BUT you!"

"Oh...GOD!" Monica cried. "So tingly... words alone... I can almost see... people. Is one... wearing red... red skirt...dark stock...ings?"

"Very close. Red mini-skirt, dark nylons with a garter belt and no underwear. I can see because she's just raised her skirt!"

Monica felt a new surge of arousal, and her hands, which had never stopped pressing against the column that was trying so hard to crush her, now forced it to retreat a half inch into the air. "Get her... over... HERE! Oh GOD ... I need ... !!"

She sensed rather than saw Mike's gesture, and within moments, she felt a soft pair of feminine lips pressing demandingly into her wet sex, felt the familiar touch of a woman's sensitive tongue running up and down her labial lips, felt teeth nibbling at her erect clit, felt warm breath stirring her pubic hair and stimulating her response and her sensitivity even further. So wonderful, so knowing, so unmistakably feminine, and exactly what she needed to take her one more step into ecstasy. She felt her strength surge, and the column rose another half inch.

"Your cock, Mike. Show me your cock! Hold it in your strong hands for me!" Mike thrilled as he opened his pants for a real SuperWoman this time instead of his ever-present fantasy one, his amazing arousal now so visible inches in front of this Velorian woman, his throbbing head almost touching her lips.

Simultaneously, Monica's emotions soared to the wonderful unknown mouth that worshipped her cunt, to the fingers invading her slit, to the teeth that grasped her clit so firmly, grinding back and forth on her invulnerable, sensitive femme erection. She leaned her head forward until her lips gently kissed the manhood before her!

Rapidly approaching her own climax from the expert femme who nestled between her powerful legs, her strength suddenly blossomed to new heights, yet she somehow didn't want to leave now!

"Oh, you wonderful woman, whoever you are! Eat me! Show me your passion! Get me OFF!" she cried. Yet she needed more, so much more, her climax eluding her as the massive weight on her chest stole her concentration!

"More...HARD...er...", she gasped through gritted teeth! She barely heard as the man spoke softly to the other

woman, Monica crying out, begging for more, as the woman paused between her legs!

The Terran woman rose from her knees as she reached down to grab a long half-inch thick steel rebar that had been torn from the concrete. Placing it across her bent knee, she tried to bend it! Biceps and shoulders that had been toned for years in her home gym now were put to their ultimate use, the woman straining with all her strength as she slowly bent the rebar in half, her strong hands finally bending the two jagged ends together until they almost touched. Kneeling back down, she continued to use the strength of her firm body as she ungently forced those jagged ends against this superwoman's gushing sex, her strong arms and back thrusting it inwards, penetrating this young alien woman to a depth that astounded her, her strong upper body now straining as she thrust the ragged steel back and forth with all her energies.

Monica screamed in pleasure as she felt the wonderfully hard deep penetration, her body suddenly experiencing what it needed as her release rushed in upon her. Her body seemed to explode from inside, the trigger coming from her wildly sensitive G-spot, her clit scraping along the ragged concrete-encrusted steel bar! Simultaneously with her unrestrained orgasm, the steel dildo now frozen immovably inside her from the contraction of muscles that had no Terran analog, the column moved upward! Seemingly by itself, 3 million pounds rose a full foot above her chest as she straightened her arms, her powerful muscles so huge and energized, the man's adoring hands surrounding her rippling triceps and moving towards her suddenly available breasts! With a burst of orgasmic strength, she was finally able to twist her body to the side, moving almost too fast to see as she pushed Mike away from the column, scrambling away from it herself as she wrapped her other arm around her femme lover's waist and carrying them both twenty feet away from the column in one fluid movement! Still lost in her powerful orgasm, still coming violently, she barely felt the mighty impact as the huge column crashed back into the highway beside the three lovers!

Finally, she came down the backside of her wonderfully powerful release, the wet steel bar clanging to the concrete as she released her two intimate lovers from her firm grasp. She felt a shock as she found that she had unconsciously reached out to hold the man's hard manhood in one hand, her other hand under her own black skirt to manipulate the ragged steel, finishing her powerful climax, reveling in the strength this wonderful and fearless man and woman had given her to achieve the impossible!

Finally flopping onto her back as her body relaxed further, the tingles turning soft and warm now, she turned to look at the woman, noticing for the first time that she was a stunning redhead, her body totally nude, her face so beautiful as she grinned back up at her. "Mike was right, you're a real SuperWoman," she said. "And I've never tasted anyone so delicious in my life! Hi, I'm Laurie, Mike's wife."

"Monica, I'm Monica" said the glowing superwoman rather absently, looking around, her body still tingling so strongly. "I'm pleased to meetcha. Real pleased! But where are all the people you mentioned?"

"Oh," Laurie replied airily, "the police finished escorting them all off the highway just as you and Mike were getting started. As you know, it certainly wasn't safe to be under the bridge right now!"

"Maybe I should explain what we did, Monica," Mike continued as he zipped his pants back up. "I'm the civil engineer who did this whole overpass system we're under, and when the police began ordering everyone away, I managed to convince them I could help you free yourself, since I know all the forces and vectors concerned. Of course I didn't tell them what vectors I REALLY had in mind!"

Laurie added, "And since I'm the big lug's wife, I posed as his assistant, and they let me stay too!" She was still nude, and Monica absently admired her body as they all three lay curled together on the pavement, Monica just so glad she was still alive! Yet Laurie was obviously still quite aroused, and she idly ran her fingers through her bush as they talked.

Monica was very attracted to the lovely woman, and to Mike as well, and she noticed Laurie's eyes studying her up and down as she spoke, and as she touched herself. In spite of the urgent situation at Ramoan's ship, she decided this lovely couple deserved at least a few more moments of her time. And she was still curious as to where they were coming from.

"But you said we had an audience?"

"Laurie and I have always had a fantasy of sharing a SuperWoman, of sharing YOU with each other, and we've had endless conversations on what you might be like. We decided that any gorgeous woman who had nothing to fear from ordinary people would have the confidence to allow full rein to any exhibitionist tendencies. And when we saw you in that daring costume, and I remembered the flair you always put into your posing routines at the gym, we knew we were right! So I invented a crowd of people in my head and described them to you, hoping you'd get off on it."

"Besides," added Laurie, "you did have an audience: ME! I was less than three feet from you the whole time, and I could see everything you did and hear every word. Mike lied to you though about my lifting my skirt. As soon as everyone was gone, I couldn't get naked fast enough, you were so exciting to watch. I didn't want to scare you off so I kept my distance and didn't touch you, but I couldn't take my eyes off your wonderful body! And besides that, there's something about your non-physical presence that is very powerful too; your emotions and passions broadcast themselves, if you know what I mean. I came just as you did, and by that time, I wasn't pleasuring myself, I was only touching you! It was heavenly," she sighed.

Monica replied dryly, "I don't think there was much chance of my going anywhere." This couple was very hot! "Listen, folks, you're a terrific couple and I really owe you one. And I LOVE the imaginative way you both think! I'd love to stay, but there are some lives that depend on my being somewhere else in a hurry! Maybe we could get together later: how can I contact you?"

"We're staying at the Metropolis Sheraton while our home is being remodeled. Room 1327," Mike said.

"Room 1327," Monica echoed. "Assuming I'm still alive tonight, I'll get in touch with you." She stood up, and Mike and Laurie followed suit, moving in very close to her in response to her gesture. Monica gave them each a warm kiss, and touched Laurie's breast longingly. If there was only more time! She reached down and playfully squeezed each of their asses before saying:

"Gotta go! And thanks for the 'strength'! You may have saved more lives than you know with your erotic imaginations today!" With that, she stepped back, flexed her flying muscles, her breasts filled with power, and she leaped into the sky.

\* \* \*

Arm in arm, they stared after her until she was out of sight. "What an amazing woman," said Mike. "Do you think we'll hear from her?"

"Count on it!" replied Laurie, kissing her husband. "A woman knows these things. But we'd better get dressed and out of here ourselves! Your emergency crews are going to be showing up anytime to try to start fixing the mess that other woman made of these overpasses! Do any of your books about 'stress factors' or 'strengths of materials' have any pointers on how to make highways 'Super' proof?"

\* \* \*

## **THE METROPOLIS DOCKS**

The Black Ops team raced across the city, heading toward the docks. They had no sooner turned onto the Harbor Parkway when Katarina started cursing, a swarm of red brake lights extending as far as she could see!

"Goddamn it, Sam," she said to her driver. "There must be an accident or something up ahead, this looks really solid. Can you get around this mess?"

"Yes ma'am, this here vehicle can go anywhere you want, even over the tops of those cars."

"Well," Katarina said, "let's try the right shoulder instead, up along the grass. I don't want to pay for crushing some civilian's car. Think you can make it?"

"Hm, maybe, hang on."

With that, the driver squeezed off to the right, the vehicle tilting steeply as it ran along the side of the steep grassy embankment. The other four ATV's followed.

The going was good for about a mile, their vehicles finally stopped by a huge crowd of people who covered the side of the embankment. Kat jumped out of the vehicle and strode through the crowd, out of sight of her team, as she began to shout for them to move.

"Everybody, please move to the side, this is a military convoy and we are coming through. This is a national defense emergency!"

Some of the people began moving to the side, but two very large men on Harleys turned to block her path. "Hey bitch," one of them called over the rumble of his engine as he saw the rank symbols on her shoulders, "since when does a cunt get off on playing soldier? Don't tell me you think you're leading those men back there. God damn, the

fucking Army has gone to the bitches hasn't it, Frank? There sure weren't no bitches in charge back in Nam, I'll tell you that! Why don't you go home and have babies like all good bitches should? Now get the fuck out of here and leave us alone! One of your kind has done enough damage here already today!"

Kat stood her ground, her fists closing tightly as the men drew closer. This wasn't the first time that her leadership had been challenged just because she was female. She hadn't backed down yet, and she wasn't going to now.

"I'm sorry gentlemen, but we are coming through. I am coming through! Now move aside before you get moved!"

Both men were grinning broadly as they parked their bikes in front of her, killing their engines as they dismounted to confront her.

Kat sighed as she saw a small crowd gathering. She wasn't too worried, these were just two more assholes who wanted to do this the hard way. She wished she hadn't walked out of sight of her team, but these two bikers were hardly going to be a challenge for Katarina Unger!

She reminded herself to take it easy on them. Ever since she had decided to seduce that Arion, the man named Carr, in hopes of gaining more information from him about these alien races, or perhaps just a better idea as to whether he was telling all he knew, (or honestly to see if she could keep up with a real superman), she had been far stronger than a human woman had any right to be. As it turned out, she didn't learn anything at all of military significance, but she had spent a night she would never forget!

She had visited Carr the next day and had talked to him about the changes she had undergone, the apparent side-effects of her having made love to him. He had seemed surprised at first, but had offered a heartfelt apology when she told him that her strength had increased nearly fourfold after spending that one wild night with him. He felt bad about causing these changes in her body without warning her, but he had forgotten his briefings about how Terrans reacted to the alien hormones that infused his body, not the least his semen! She had really gotten to him, this woman, especially for a Terran, and he apologized again, this time for the danger he had subjected her to from his sexual energies: he would never know how he had managed such a gentle ejaculation that he hadn't torn out her insides with its force. Yet his apologies had hardly been necessary. As a soldier, Kat was ecstatic about her new muscles; she could always use the extra strength. But as far as the broken arm of her martial arts instructor went, her new strength having surprised her during sparring early that morning, that was going to take a long time to heal!

Recalling the urgency of her current mission, she decided to get this over with as fast as possible. Moving quickly, she got inside the reach of their arms before they could react. Her strong hands then grabbed the front of their greasy jackets, and a quick flex of her powerful arms threw both of them ten feet to the side. Before they could get back to their feet, she reached down to grab one of their bikes, her arms and back straining impossibly as she tried to pick it up. At 900 lbs, it was almost too much for her, but Kat was a fighter and wasn't about to let a mere Harley defeat her. Besides, she had to show these men a thing or two so they would back off before she had to hurt them!

Biting her lip, she struggled and finally lifted it over her head, her strong arms tossing it five feet down the embankment, the bike tumbling end over end until it smashed into the pavement below.

Turning back to face the men, she put her hands on her hips as she glared at them, the large biker looking like he was going to cry!

"God DAMN it, bitch, you'll pay for that! That Hog was worth more than 10 grand!" Yet despite his bluster, he held his ground, afraid to move closer to her. He and his buddy had just watched those two superbitches fighting up the road, and he wasn't in any mood to mess around with any woman who could throw Harleys around with her bare hands!

"There are just too many of you goddamn bitches with muscles nowadays, since when do you get off on being stronger than men? You and those fucking alien superbitches. First we see two of them damn near tear down that whole fucking bridge up ahead and now you trash my Harley." There were real tears in the big man's eyes now as the emotions poured from him, his eyes staring longingly at his broken Hog. "Goddamn it, can't you bitches learn to respect the beautiful things in life? I mean, fuck, LOOK at what you did to my Hog!"

Katarina stared at the two of them for a moment longer, their tear-filled eyes making it clear that all the fight had left them, both of them smart enough to know that they couldn't win against an obviously enhanced female. Turning quickly on her heel, Kat jogged rapidly back to the lead vehicle.

"Sam, let's haul ass. There was a big fight up ahead that involved some aliens. I'm told a bridge is down or damaged or something. Lets get up there NOW!"

The ATV lurched ahead as the driver began swerving through the crowd, the vehicles nearly running several people over as they traveled the last half mile to where the police had everything cordoned off. The cops quickly opened the barricades when they saw the military convoy approaching.

She raised her arm to stop the team just short of the damaged bridge, quickly sending her engineer, Lt. Conway, over to look at the foundation. He walked carefully around it for several minutes, reaching down to pick up pieces of shattered concrete and steel.

Kat was getting worried, the bridges over her head seemed to be tilted a bit, an occasional grinding noise coming from the foundation as it shifted slightly. Calling one of the cops over, she told him to get everyone off the bridges. She saw Conway jogging back toward her.

"Captain, the support column has been sheared all the way across. I don't think it'll hold long, but if we hurry, we can get past it before it goes."

"Sam, you heard him. Lets move, the aliens aren't here now. Head under the bridge, the next exit will take you off the Parkway and down to the docks. MOVE IT!"

The five vehicles raced forward, everyone holding their breath as they drove under the huge tilting spans of concrete, the vehicles racing at their top speed of 90 miles per hour as they screeched around the corner and down the exit ramp.

Turning off the expressway, they were shocked as they saw the freighter docked near the highway, their eyes staring at the horribly damaged hull, the ship visible behind an entire parking lot full of emergency vehicles, a hundred flashing lights emphasizing the seriousness of the situation before them.

\* \* \*

Ariel stood on the ship's bridge and watched the military convoy arriving. They didn't concern her, what she was worried about was the other Velorian girl, the one Superman called Nikki. She was even now re-entering the atmosphere over Africa, headed straight for Metropolis! Launching herself skyward, she raced toward the girl, knowing that the Velorian would not be able to see her coming while in the middle of re-entry. The glowing ionized air surrounding the girl would block her vision.

She accelerated to Mach 5, making careful corrections in her path as she tried to predict where Nikki would be just after she came out of the blackout period. She intended to deliver an incredible blow, maybe even a killing blow, to the young Velorian!

Things were moving very fast now, her course corrections more critical as the two women closed on each other at fantastic velocities. Two glowing streaks approached each other, crossing the sky from horizon to horizon in mere seconds. The two streaks intersected high over the Atlantic. But nothing happened!

Ariel swore as she missed Nikki by more than ten feet, even her superfast reflexes too slow to make a final adjustment at the last moment. Flexing every muscle in her body, she slowed rapidly, pulling an incredible 50G turn as she slowed from Mach 5 to 0 and then accelerated back up to full speed to chase Nikki.

\* \* \*

Nikki remained completely oblivious to how close she had come to colliding with Ariel, totally unaware that the two of them had nearly annihilated each other. Neither a Velorian's nor a Kryptonian's body could withstand the forces of a Mach 10 collision against another superhuman body, something Ariel didn't understand. Ariel was starting to make some serious mistakes, led astray by her growing belief that she was invincible!

While she may have been the closest thing on Earth to just that, she was still truly flesh and blood, she was still 'human' in a very exotic yet superior way. And being human, her body could take just so much before it would crush or tear, even if that point was normally beyond the reach of any Terran weapons or forces. It was a lesson she should have learned, especially after she had witnessed Elle's demise in the powerful arms of this very same Velorian girl! However, she believed that her own body was so superior that nothing could hurt her!

Despite her mature body, Ariel was mentally still very young. No amount of genetic manipulation and no amount of specialized training could truly make up for her lack of experience, especially when she was operating independently like this.

\* \* \*

## THE DOCKS

Kat had deployed her team as soon as they had reached the ship. Four men carried advanced particle weapons, and the fifth was in Kat's own capable hands. Fanning out in a line from one end of the ship to the other, they took shelter behind shipping containers and vehicles, waiting for a good target to appear. They had been trained to keep their distance from the aliens, one hundred yards was the minimum closing distance allowed, and they were to seek shelter even then. Between their awesome strength and heat vision, close in encounters with these aliens were a recipe for instant disaster. Even a casual blow, or a momentary stare, from one of these women, could be fatal. Not to mention what would happen to one's body if any of those women got their hands or arms around them!

Sergeant Williams, 'Will' to his friends, was hiding behind a container near the stern, his eyes scanning the superstructure of the ship. Blinking for a moment, he looked upward, startled to see the red and blue costume of Supergirl floating down from the sky! Reaching for his radio, he tried to raise Captain Unger. The radio was uncharacteristically silent!

He leaned out from behind the container, trying to see the next man in line, but he was too well hidden. Looking up again, he saw the alien girl descending rapidly toward the ship. Remembering his long training for this very target, he suddenly decided to act. Despite the fact that she was no longer the primary objective, this girl was within range and she was deadly. The hundreds of dead Metropolis cops testified to that, the vaporized body of his older brother being one of them!

Flipping the safety off, he squinted through the sight, trying to track the girl as she flew down through the rigging and masts of the ship. Just as she was about to touch down, he squeezed the trigger to the first stop, an incredible humming vibration building from inside the weapon. He heard the beeps that indicated that it was adjusting itself to the reflections from her body, tuning the particle generator to the most destructive frequency. It seemed to take forever, but he suddenly heard the steady tone that meant it was calibrated. He immediately pulled the trigger to the second position and a greenish beam of Orgone energy shot out of the weapon at light speed, a cascade of sparks ricocheting from the target. Then the main beam kicked in, a dazzling burst of reddish energy exploding against the upper deck of the ship!

He couldn't tell what he had hit at first, the girl had disappeared in an explosion of molten steel and flying debris. Then he saw it happening, the entire main mast of the ship beginning to topple toward the dock, the top of the bridge glowing red hot and melting. Releasing the trigger, he threw himself back around the corner of the container, taking shelter as the huge mast fell toward him.

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Nikki's feet had just touched the upper deck of the ship when she felt an incredible burning sensation down the front of her body, a green glow nearly blinding her for a moment. She reacted at superhuman speed, her powerful legs flexing to throw her to the side a brief millisecond before a dazzling reddish beam lanced through the space she had just been occupying, a tremendous explosion of greeting her ears as the violent energy beam sheered off the mast and started melting everything around her!

Immediately an incredible burst of arousal exploded inside her body, the force of it making her knees collapse, her body crumbling into a corner of the bridge. She suddenly wanted more than anything in the world to have sex, with anyone that was near, with only herself if that was the best she could do! Her body was instantly poised on the very edge of climaxing, her mind screaming for release! The wave of arousal and desire had hit her so fast and so powerfully that she was stunned, her hands moving beneath her tiny skirt as she found that she could not resist touching herself!

Rolling her eyes upward in pleasure, she suddenly saw the huge mast falling toward the men who were hiding down on the dock! Taking a deep breath, she proved that she was indeed Supergirl as she put her own 'problem' in the background and flashed upward to grab the massive tower in her strong hands before it killed anyone!

Yet she barely caught it in time, her silky thighs so wet, so hot against each other when she flexed them, the sensation of wild uncontrollable arousal almost disabling her with pleasure! She felt stronger than ever as her arms flexed, her body working at superhuman levels as she lifted the huge mast upward, her moist thighs flexing and sliding against each other as she generated her superhuman powers, power that let her carry the massive structure upward and out over the bay!

Flying back toward the ship after tossing the huge mast far out into the bay, she was shocked as another of those



greenish beams struck her a glancing blow, the accompanying reddish beam missing her shoulder by inches as it tore the very air apart, the thunderous roar of its passage greater than that of the most powerful lightning stroke!

For the first time in her life, Kar'La was afraid! She was no longer Nikki, she was now just a scared 14 year old girl in a grown woman's body. And everyone was trying to kill her! That crazy Kryptonian woman, the police, the soldiers. And now they had these weapons, with energy beams that hurt like hell from just a near miss! And those green beams... they made her so FUCKING HORNY!

Squeezing her legs needfully together even while she tried to hold them apart, she tried to control her escalating libido, her breasts tingling and burning, her young body on the very edge of an incredible earth-shaking orgasm! Yet she couldn't let go, couldn't let it control her! NO... she was Kar'La, Princess of Agro City, and no force, no power was going to defeat her!

Falling back onto the deck of the ship, her legs collapsed beneath her, her tiny skirt no longer providing her any modesty. Her nipples were protruding nearly two inches from her skintight top as she staggered toward some of Ramoan's men, her fingers gripping the steel bulkhead beside her, every grasp distorting the steel in her fabulously strong grip. One of the men raised his rifle, his eyes meeting the young girl's for a moment, her blue eyes meeting his black orbs, before his finger closed on the trigger.

The machine gun began stuttering as a riot of bright sparks flew from Kar'La's stomach, the bullets and sparks slowly moving upward, moving from the steel of her invulnerable abs until the punishing impacts begin striking against her soft breasts. Holding onto the railing beside her to keep her balance, she felt some of the bullets striking her hard burning nipples, this final assault on her body pushing her over the edge, blasting away the final vestiges of her self-control.

With a high scream that shattered the windows near her, her young body exploded into the most powerfully violent orgasm of her young life, her Orgone-induced machine-gun climaxes becoming anything but releases, her body surging into continuous orgasm! Crumpling to her knees on the steel deck, she screamed in intimately wonderful agony, her inexperienced body beyond any human control. Falling on her back, all modesty lost as her tiny skirt flew up above her waist, her body pounded powerfully against the deck as she soared upward from orgasmic delight to orgasmic convulsion, her arms thrashing around her, ripping huge strips of ragged steel from the deck and the bulkheads beside her.

The men's eyes were bugging out as they saw her reaction to the bullets that had marched up her slim body, the deck heaving beneath them as the girl lost all control of her super powers. Violet beams exploded from her eyes, a blaze of sparks showering down over them as the steel deck above them melted violently, one errant beam slicing a man cleanly in half. The rest of the men dove down the nearest stairway to land in a crumpled heap below, quickly grabbing and pulling at each other as they stumbled down the passageway, running for their lives!

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Ariel flashed downward through the thick clouds of smoke as her perfect eyes saw everything that was going on. The green glow from the girl's breasts were a sure sign that she had been infused with Orgone, yet Ariel had no idea how. She had been fully briefed on Orgone by the Arions, but had not been told that there were any Orgone generators on Earth!

But she did know one thing, and that was that the girl was now incapacitated, all muscular control to her body lost as she soared from one powerful orgasm to another. Depending on the amount of Orgone infection she had received, she could be in that state for days!

Yet she was also extremely dangerous to Ariel, her touch could infect anyone she touched, her breasts literally radiating that hellish green power! As much as Ariel wished to finish her off with her bare hands, she knew she dared not.

Landing twenty feet away from her, she saw that the girl was not going to be any threat for some time. She was clearly inexperienced in controlling such passions in her body. She could not struggle and push through the powerful burning tingling warmth that was exploding between her legs, it was all she could do to stroke her fingers frantically and deeply between her legs, every muscle of her body flexing at her full strength!

Ariel suddenly jumped closer to the railing of the ship, shocked as one of the green beams pierced the air where she had just been standing, a reddish beam quickly following it, a huge cargo hoist on the far side of the ship exploding into sparks, the entire hoist disappearing before her very eyes! The crashing thunder that followed the beam knocked Ariel to her knees as another beam, this time coming from a different direction, crackled just above

her, the heat and then the smell of burning hair shocking her. Reaching up, she realized that it was a few strands of her OWN red hair that had burned, her invulnerable Kryptonian hair! Terrans weren't supposed to have weapons like THAT!

Her heart was racing as she lay on the deck, the powerful heat pounding through the steel deck beneath her. A reasonable woman would have been afraid, an experienced one would have flown to cover. But Ariel was neither reasonable nor experienced, she was mentally as young as Kar'La! And she was violently angry, totally pissed that her hair had been frazzled like that! Ripping two pizza-pan-sized disks from the inch-thick deck with her fingers, she leaped to her feet and threw them one after the other like Frisbees. But this was no beach game, the ragged steel flew at hundreds of miles per hour toward the soldiers. A soldier who was concentrating on setting his sight on her was suddenly cut in half, the alien weapon flying from his hands to splash into the filthy waters of the bay.

Down on the dock, Kat dove for shelter as the steel disks began to fly from the ship. A burst of heat vision followed quickly after, and she stared in horror as her team Engineer exploded into flame, his body suddenly glowing violet-red before he simply faded away, a tiny puff of smoke the only reminder of the capable man that had been standing in front of her!

She screamed in anger as she squeezed the trigger on her Particle Weapon, her hasty aim vaporizing the entire bridge of the ship. She cursed at herself, knowing she had missed the alien! The woman had moved with incredible speed, flying sideways faster than Kat could swing the weapon!

She listened to the whine of the generator recharging; it would be 30 seconds before she could fire again. The alien meanwhile stood up again, and this time it was a glowing ball of steel that flew as fast as a cannon shell from her arm, Kat's command vehicle, her driver still in it, suddenly exploding behind her. The breath was knocked from her as she was thrown forward by the blast, only her quick reflexes allowing her to roll with the punch, a spear of steel clanging against the concrete, the riot of sparks coming from the exact spot where she had just been standing! Staring at the charge indicator on her weapon, the numbers seeming to count down in slow motion, she knew she was rapidly losing her team. That alien bitch was slaughtering them one at a time!

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Monica flew a broken-field path back toward the dock, avoiding the flashes of flame and clouds of smoke rising from near the ship, dodging the dangerous punctuation's of these mysterious and energetic green and red beams. She was nearly over the quay when she saw the unmistakable flash of the twin violet beams so characteristic of her own eyes, but these beams flashing around wildly and setting off riots of sparks whenever they touched something solid!

Her own eyes sparkled as she looked through the smoke to see Ariel standing on the ship, casually ripping handfuls of steel from the bulkheads to form them into balls and throw them at supersonic speeds at the soldiers below. She saw first one and then another Army vehicle explode, the drivers torn apart by the violent kinetic energies of the impacts. She saw a tall dark haired women running behind the cargo containers, trying to rally her team, the remaining three men suddenly tackling her and throwing themselves on top of her body as a glowing streak of supersonic steel just missed her head.

Monica pivoted in mid-air and flashed down toward a huge clam-shell loader that was in the construction area. The three cops who were hiding behind it stared at her as she gripped the front bucket with her powerful hands, her gorgeous fitness model's arms flexing and the steel instantly screaming in protest, muscles that had been born on a distant star prevailing as the woman tore the huge bucket from the frame of the loader!

Lifting the open bucket over her head, she flew toward the dock with it, slowing to scrape it along the concrete and neatly scoop up Katarina and the remnant of her team. Reaching up to slam the bucket closed over them, she lifted it up, her arms flexing with true Velorian femme power! She had just flexed her legs to leap back into the air when one of Ariel's supersonic projectiles struck her in the back, the explosion of cold steel against living Velorian steely flesh lighting the air around her with brilliant sparks. Her grip slipped from the bucket as her body was thrown one way, the bucket the other.

Stunned and disoriented by the incredible blow, Monica lost her balance, the huge bucket free falling fifty feet to splash into the bay! Knowing that the soldiers were trapped inside it, she twisted her body to fly down and rescue them. She had almost reached the water, the bucket sinking like a rock, when she felt an incredible blow against her side, a powerful pair of hands suddenly squeezing her waist with unearthly power!

\* \* \*

## **BACK ON THE SHIP**

Kar'La panted and screamed as her body continued to explode in sweet painful ecstasy, the insides of her cute thighs literally glowing from the energies she was exerting on her body in a futile effort to complete her never ending orgasm. Yet she was making some progress, her heat vision was now under control, her eyes looking around wildly as she saw the terrible battle unfolding in front of her. Struggling again and again to rise to her feet, she would almost make it before another violent orgasm contorted her body, driving her back to her knees, smashing her to the deck. As if staring out through a pink cloud of erotic pain, she saw Ariel launch herself from the deck to tackle Monica in mid-air just as the huge steel bucket containing the soldiers sank into the dark smelly waters of the bay.

Looking up, she saw Monica and Ariel locked in mortal combat as they crashed through the wall of a warehouse, their bodies glowing from their exertions as they smashed through a rack of flammable liquids, a huge explosion billowing flame upward to obscure her view of the warehouse. Despite her violently compelling spasms, she knew that if anyone was going to save those soldiers it was going to have to be her!

Thrusting upward with her long legs, she got nearly a hundred feet above the deck before the next sweetly painful orgasm wracked her body, her breasts exploding in wonderful agony as she tried to channel her flying power through the acute distraction of the Orgone infection. The sudden burst of flying energy simply augmented the Orgone effect, her flying power turning inward to explode inside her sex, the strongest orgasm yet sending her tumbling head over heels. She crashed down a few seconds later on the fantail of the ship, her steely body denting the deck from the force of her impact. A dozen of Ramoan's soldiers surrounded her as she writhed on the deck, the white-hot heat of a Velorian orgasm wiping all thoughts from her mind once again.

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It was pitch black inside the steel bucket as Kat felt it sinking under the cold waters. Shouting for her men to get to the top of the bucket, they were fortunate to find that there was a foot high air bubble trapped in it. Gasping in the darkness, feeling the air quickly growing stale from their desperate breathing, she knew that they had only a few minutes of life left if they kept breathing like this!

Wrapping her arms around the men, she found that her voice was somehow unearthly calm as she spoke to them, calming them, her icy control and presence of command convincing them she could get them out of even this situation.

The bucket eventually bumped to a stop on the bottom of the bay, the uncomfortable mental image of the stern of that huge freighter looming over her almost brought Katarina's panic back, but she knew that she had to find a way to save her men, to save herself. Telling everyone to stay where they were, she took a deep breath before sinking down to the jaws of the bucket, her fingers gripping the tightly closed front edge of it. She knew she had the strength of four men in her arms as she grabbed the edges of the bucket, straining with every ounce of her enhanced strength as she tried to open it. She felt it move!

Struggling once again, she managed to move it another inch before she had to come back up for air. Gasping and sputtering to the surface, she quickly outlined a plan to the men, her gasping voice almost inaudible as she felt the air running out. On the count of three, all four of them dove down toward the front of the bucket. Four pairs of hands began to try to pull it open, the equivalent strength of seven strong men suddenly applied to it. It started to move!

\* \* \*

Kar'La raised herself up onto her hands and knees as she looked up through her tousled blond hair, her face covered in sweaty strands of gold, the unstable molecules that had colored her hair red had been deactivated by the energy blasts. She had barely harnessed enough self-control to begin standing up when two of the men began to unload their weapons on her once again, her body curling into a fetal position as she was suddenly blown halfway across the deck by the powerful impacts. A hundred burning bee-stings seemed to cover her body, her mind suddenly exploding with a different emotion, one that could almost compete with the forces of her Orgone infection: **ANGER!**

Rolling onto her side, she took no pity on the men this time, her gorgeous blue eyes suddenly blazing with the heat of the sun, two violet beams sweeping along the deck at just below waist height, the bodies of a dozen men suddenly sliced apart, separating into two parts! The middle of their bodies were suddenly vaporized by her eye beams! Their disjointed bodies fell writhing to the deck, their violent spasms lasting for only a few seconds before their death was upon them.

Unknown to Kar'La, a small electronic device about the size of a calculator had fallen from the lifeless hand of one of the men, the impact with the deck suddenly enabling it. Green glowing numbers began to count down. 30:00, 29:59, 29:58...

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Katarina was straining with all her enhanced strength, her men right beside her, as the huge bucket opened a few more inches. Yet it was not enough, all of them running out of air as they felt the opening grow to a mere six inches. Not enough! First one man and then another pushed back upward to surface in the bubble, Kat straining for another ten seconds as her enhanced physique had more endurance than the men. Yet the bucket clearly wasn't going to open, and she finally pushed powerfully upward to join her men in the dark nearly lifeless air above them.

They all gasped as fast as they could, the CO2 level now high enough to saturate their blood, a blaze of bright flashes seemingly lighting the absolute darkness of the steel bucket, flashes that represented the last spasms of their oxygen-starved brains.

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The wild anger that now filled Kar'La's body had an amazing effect, it seemed to give her strength and self-control, it helped her fight back against the Orgone! Realizing what was happening, she tried to remember everything that had ever made her angry, working herself into a rage. Paradoxically, the angrier she got, the more control she had. Standing slowly and carefully up against the side rail, she stared down into the black water, her eyes piercing the filthy surface to penetrate the very steel of the bucket she saw on the bottom. She saw two of the soldiers floating face down in the water!

A sudden burst of determined energy filled her chest as she rolled her body over the rail to splash into the water. Afraid to use her flying power until she truly needed to, she let her dense body sink under the stern of the ship, using her arms to propel herself toward the sunken bucket.

Landing in the black oily muck that formed the bottom of the bay here at the docks, she shoved her powerful arms beneath the massive bucket, her gorgeous biceps flexing as she lifted two tons of steel over her head. Tightening her buttocks, she felt a surge of power flowing from her glutes to her breasts, both tits lifting strongly upward on her chest as this Supergirl began to fly once again, the huge bucket held effortlessly over her head. Exploding from the surface of the water, the two tons became many tons, her fabulous muscles flexing easily to match the new weight, the bucket now totally full of water. Racing low over the docks, she felt another incredible orgasm rising inside her, the wild tingling of her flying power having once again triggered an Orgone attack! Crashing down into a parking lot and mangling two empty cars, she twisted the bucket onto its side, the water quickly draining from it. She then collapsed into a heap on the pavement, her loud cries of painful pleasure carrying for hundreds of yards as she totally lost control of her body once again.