

# SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 26-2, The Conversion

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## Little Firebug – Chapter 26-2

### The Conversion

by Sharon Best and Tex Beethoven

#### *The Sky over Metropolis*

Kal flexed his arms to generate enough power to accelerate to supersonic speed while crossing the city, knowing that the shattered windows and ringing ears from his low-level supersonic shockwave paled in comparison to the damage the city would experience if he didn't stop this terrorist madman who called himself Ramoan!

He felt a familiar warmth as his face and shoulders heated from the air friction, his Mach 2 sprint lasting only a few seconds before the waterfront suddenly appeared between the two towers of the Trade Center. The red and blue streak of his body was nearly invisible as he lanced between the twin towers, the shattering explosion of his shockwave sending visible ripples out across shining towers of glass, the violent concussions stopping every conversation in both buildings! Flexing his legs with his full strength, he decelerated at nearly 100G's, coming to such an instantaneous stop that he seemed to materialize instantly from thin air just above the sea of flashing lights from the emergency vehicles.

Relaxing his body, only the tense grip of his hands generating sufficient flying power to allow him to float 50 feet off the ground, Kal felt a now familiar queasiness in his stomach. His normally handsome face now became a grim mask as he surveyed the scene in front of him, the sparkle of Superman's brilliantly blue eyes disguising the sick disgust that he felt inside. His remarkable eyes took in the entire scene in seconds, moving first to the smoking wreck of Ramoan's mortally wounded ship, the upper decks mostly on fire now, its uppermost deck grotesquely deformed and twisted, looking a lot like hot melted wax.

Hovering in mid-air, Kal was surprised to see dazzling green and red energy beams flashing upward from the dock at irregular intervals! Each time one of the beams struck the damaged freighter a shower of sparks rose from the ship, the steel near the impact site quickly taking on the appearance of melted wax.

He had never seen such energy projectors before, and a cold knot in his stomach told his instincts what his mind took longer to accept--these weapons were clearly alien! The battle against the Arions was escalating to a new level, that of the aliens equipping the people of Earth with their superweapons! Until now, the battle between Aria and Terra had been fought hand to hand, the awesome physical abilities of the Velorian Protectors and his own powers against a growing contingent of Arion Primes and Kintzi.

His eyes followed the beams upward a thousand feet and a half mile out over the bay, the owners of the weapons obviously aiming at the two women he saw struggling high over the ship, their bodies darting from side to side, dodging the beams while they silently struggled against each other's strength. Squinting slightly, his eyes sparkled brilliantly blue yet again, allowing him to recognize that the aerial warriors were Ariel and Monica, the two of them locked into what looked like a fairly even battle of raw strength!

Turning away from the awesome spectacle over the bay, he scanned downward toward the burning vehicles on the dock, feeling another sick flutter in his stomach as he saw the burning wrecks of several military Hummers. His keen eyes quickly saw that he was far too late to help the unfortunate occupants, their bodies were torn and burned beyond recognition, and only white bones and charred flesh marked where a number of brave men and women had fallen in battle!

He finally scanned his eyes across the parking lot beneath him, surprised to see Nikki, or rather Kar'La from Agro City, the young girl's body curled into a tight ball, her tousled blond hair obscuring her face. She seemed to be in terrible pain, one hand holding her chest, the other squeezed between her legs. Suddenly concerned about the kind of force that could disable a full-blooded Velorian like that, he began to fly cautiously toward her.

He felt a pang of sympathy for the young girl as he dropped down toward her, the events of this awful day had been so confusing for her. If ever a body existed that could be said to be truly cursed, it was the one now occupied by the mind of this refugee Kryptonian princess. It had arrived on the Earth a few months ago as the vessel for the consciousness of Sharil, a very young Arion girl in the synthesized body of a Velorian Protector. Her physical age and appearance was a nearly exact duplication of Kara Matthews, the remarkable girl from a parallel dimension who had briefly visited his world, and who called herself "Supergirl" on an alternate Earth.

But Sharil had hardly been even the relatively mature 17-year-old that she appeared to be, her mind was that of a 14 or 15-year old Arion. Mature in some ways when compared to a Terran girl of 14, yet her emotional stability had been that of an even younger girl. The bad-tempered and impatient young girl had waged a war against the Metropolis Police, one that unfortunately had been very one-sided, Terran weapons being ineffectual against a girl 'born' with the full powers of a Velorian Protector.

A woman named Janissa had fortunately intervened and effected an incredible transfer of minds, Sharil's synthetic body having little preference for one mind over another. Janissa subsequently did Kal an incredible favor, transferring the mind of his lover, Lois Lane, into this young supergirl's body. Kal and Lois had been able to share and explore his full physical abilities together for the first time, most of their explorations taking place between the sheets back in the apartment they now shared!

Kal had helped Lois fashion a new persona for herself, that of Nikki Bertrand, a young French reporter who was visiting the Planet, working as Clark's partner while Lois was out on indefinite medical leave. Indefinite was definitely the right word. Kal grimaced as he thought about it even now, about how Sharil's violent mind was now harmlessly contained in Lois' old body.

Yet the seeming curse struck again, and Kal's newfound joy at finding a lover whose mind was that of his soulmate Lois, yet who had a body easily as powerful as his, was short-lived. Just a few hours ago, a very inexperienced Nikki, appearing in the red and blue costume of Supergirl for the first time, had been easily defeated by Ariel. The climax of that battle had been a blast of energy that somehow exchanged Lois' mind with a young Kryptonian girl, Kar'La, from a place she called Agro City. The girl, who Kal had discovered was rather spoiled and totally unabashed at flaunting her Royal status, was barely 15 years old, meaning another young girl was living in the mature body of a fully grown Velorian Protector. Kal was terribly worried about Lois, and he knew he had to find a way to bring her back. But now was not the time for reverie, so he forced his thoughts back to the urgent situation currently at hand.

Looking down at Kar'La now, her body in such obvious agony, he felt a surge of compassion, knowing the incredible confusion, outrageous pleasures and ultimate disappointment that Sharil's former body continued to bring to its temporary owners!

His feet had nearly touched the ground near where Kar'La lay when he saw a group of fireman struggling to open what appeared to be the bucket from a clam-shell loader. The huge bucket had obviously been torn free by someone with great strength, the shattered steel of the hinges making that very clear. The bucket itself was laying on its side in a huge puddle of water. Squinting just a little more, his blue eyes looked right through the thick steel to see several soldiers inside it, their bodies tangled together and unconscious on the bottom.

His overwhelming compassion, and penchant for protecting the Terrans of his adopted world before all other obligations, now guided his actions. His legs and arms flexed mightily as he twisted in mid-air, flashing to the side to land in front of the torn steel bucket. Supergirl would just have to wait. Besides, like himself, she was virtually invulnerable to any force or weapon that originated on this planet!

"Stand back, please," he announced to the firemen as he walked confidently up to the steel bucket, "this is a job for Superman!"

"My God, Superman, are we ever glad to see YOU!", one of the firemen blurted out, his voice singing with relief. "There's superpowered weirdos all over the place down here, and some soldiers with some freaky ray guns over there by the ship."

He paused when the pained look on Kal's face suddenly made him actually look vulnerable. Regretting what he had just said, the fireman realized that he was talking with one of those 'superpowered weirdos' at this very moment. He had read enough about Superman to know that he was not the tough guy that his muscles made him appear to be!

Screwing up his courage, appalled that his excited and careless words had appeared to hurt the feelings of this Man of Steel, he continued. "There's no way we can stay alive down here on our own, Superman! I wish you were

here earlier when that bitch redhead over on that ship was slaughtering these soldiers. The only survivors, except the two hidden behind that warehouse over there, are trapped in this bucket!"

"Don't worry men," Kal said, forcing a smile that he didn't feel back to his lips. "I can handle this. After all, I'm Superman!"

Without another glance at the firemen, he grabbed the two sides of the bucket and began to rip it open, his famous muscles flexing to their familiar yet awesome dimensions, mounds of steely power rising up to stretch the fabric of his skintight costume. The jammed steel hinges immediately shattered under such otherworldly power, tearing apart as if they were made of wet paper, the unconscious soldiers suddenly tumbling out onto the pavement as he lifted and tilted the bucket.

Tossing the two ton bucket across the parking lot to splash into the bay, Kal looked down at the soldiers, scanning their bodies for serious injuries. He could see and hear their hearts beating weakly, their clothes and their very flesh melting away before his clear blue eyes, and a moment of surprise registered on his face when he saw that they were not all men! They needed instant help, they had gone too long without breathing, only seconds remained before permanent brain damage was inevitable. Yet before he could say a word or move to help them, a dozen firemen rushed forward and began to work on them, their training and constant practice now put to good use.

Realizing that he had done enough here, Kal turned to the side to walk slowly over towards Kar'La, his long cape barely brushing the grease-stained asphalt as he finally looked closely at Kar'La. His eyes opened in shock as he saw her laying on her back now, her tiny red skirt nearly above her waist, her legs spread wide open, the spun gold between her legs visible to all!

Glancing around nervously, he saw that she was the object of many a pair of eyes as she openly and sensually fondled herself, her soft passionate cries filling the air as her hands fumbled mindlessly to pull her tight blue top up above her breasts. Once she finally accomplished that task, her fingers flew up to fondle her now bared breasts, stroking her nipples at superspeed before traveling downward between her legs, her amazingly large Velorian clit clearly visible to all observers as it protruded far from her soft nether lips! She was openly masturbating, lying right here, in front of a hundred pairs of eyes and a dozen TV cameras! This was highly inappropriate behavior for any young woman, let alone a Supergirl!

Rushing over, he blocked the gawking views of the bystanders with his huge body, spreading his cape outward around Kar'La's body as he kneeled down over the distracted girl, whose eyes were tightly closed. She was so completely lost in her passion that she was oblivious to everything around her, even to the handsome Superman who now leaned over her!

"Kar'La," he whispered urgently as he brought his lips close to her ear, "come on now, snap out of it girl, there are people WATCHING you!"

With that, he reached out to take her hands in his, pulling them gently from her body, holding them tightly as he forced her to pause in the middle of her soaring passion, in the midst of her approaching orgasm! Her blue eyes suddenly snapped open, and her eyes filled with passion and anger as they met his!

The anger quickly became only more fuel that took less than a second to augment her passion when two pairs of perfectly clear blue eyes met, the needful look on her face achingly beautiful. Kal could hardly breathe, she was so stunning, her body in such need. "Oh, GOD, Kal... you came! I knew you would... I need you, now... that energy... I'm SO... I mean... I NEED YOU!"

With that, the muscles of her powerful young body flexed in ways that no Terran woman could dream of matching, muscles that had already proven to be stronger than Superman's once this day. Her aroused strength was even greater now, easily enough to tear her small hands free of his, her slim arms wrapping around his neck while pulling his face toward hers, her enthusiastic and powerful embrace catching Kal completely off guard!

Their moist lips met before he could react, a warning bell ringing loudly but too late inside his head, a sudden crackling of hellish green energy exploding from the moistness of her soft lips to fill his mouth.

An involuntary moan escaped from Superman's lips as he suddenly felt a wild surge of arousal, green lightning flashing from every orifice of Kar'La's body to strike his, a silent explosion occurring inside his loins as the girl's body beneath him suddenly became nearly irresistible!

The part of his body that a million women had fantasized about, at least according to a poll in Cosmopolitan, now surged out of his control, the organ that was as dramatic, as powerful, and clearly as hard as the muscles of this

Man of Steel, now expanded to its full Kryptonian size!

Kal reacted with the last vestiges of his self-control when he recognized the danger of holding Kar'La in his arms: after all, he was no stranger to Orgone. He still carried the painful memory of the time Kirrin had almost killed him with her wild lovemaking after she had infected him with that terrible energy only a few months ago. And now he had just gotten zapped with another large dose of it! FUCK!!!

Using all his fabled strength, he was barely able to overcome the girl's impassioned embrace long enough to tear himself free. The force of his violent struggle to free himself threw his body up in the air, his flying power out of control as his shuddering body landed in a heap fifty feet away from her, almost at the feet of a news team who had just begun broadcasting a live feed on the air. Rolling himself onto his side, he shook his head, struggling to clear away the Orgone, the dizziness, and the god-awful NEED staggering him.

Rising awkwardly to his knees and then shakily to his feet, he watched in surprise as the tall woman reporter in front of him stepped closer, a sound mike in her hands. He was still alert enough to see her eyes growing wide as she looked down at him, her cameraman instinctively following her gaze with his lens. Staring back at her, Kal was initially puzzled by what they were staring at. But when he snapped his eyes downward, he was shocked to see that his thin costume was once again proving completely incapable of hiding his sudden, Orgone-induced, enthusiastic superhuman reaction to the young Supergirl he had just held in his arms!

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Despite her years as a street reporter, Shayna couldn't help herself as she felt her eyes drawn irresistibly toward the part of Superman's body that she and many other women had fantasized and giggled about on numerous occasions. The part of his body that was now proving capable of exceeding even her most extravagant midnight fantasies!

The largest and most perfectly erect penis she had ever seen now bulged forth from his famous red trunks, at least 18" of steely cock sticking nearly straight out from his body. His invulnerable skintight costume was straining outward to cover and outline that impossible organ and looked exactly like a huge red condom!

For the last several minutes Shayna had noticed a faint flowery fragrance in the gentle breeze that was blowing from the direction of the blonde supergirl performing her solo sex show, and for some reason had been growing increasingly aroused. Now, faced with the most erotic sight she had ever encountered, she could only gasp in shock, her professional demeanor utterly blown away. Completely captivated by Superman's erect manhood, she totally forgot that she was on the air, and that she and the Man of Steel were not alone in the privacy of her bedroom!

Continuing to gasp in aroused amazement, she stepped ever closer to the trembling Superman, his face looking confused and needful as her soft hands instinctively reached down to surround and cover him. Her words were captured for posterity by the camera, just before she dropped her mike. "Oh Superman, is THAT for ME?"

Kal swayed unsteadily, his body surging out of control, the heat from the wild continuous rush of his impending orgasm silently exploding inside his body, the Orgone rushing from every part of his body toward its resting place, the flesh of his loins! The urges he felt were suddenly more than even Superman could control, the last vestiges of his self-control leaving him as he felt the attractive reporter's soft warm hands closing about his pulsing cock! Yet she possessed her own strength, and her hands grabbed the top of his famous red trunks and pulled them down, the soft skin of her strong hands suddenly holding bare, throbbing, Kryptonian steel! A flash of green energy traveled up her arms to infect her body as well as his, but she was only Terran, and the Orgone could have little effect on a woman whose arousal was already totally out of control!

Kal's mind screamed for him to STOP, but he was beyond such restraint, a white-hot surge of Orgone racing up to explode in his mind as he felt her soft hands holding him. Oh GOD... NO...not NOW!

A part of Shayna's mind was also screaming at her to STOP, but her body reacted instinctively and surely, knowing exactly what Superman needed now. She had always been more than just a little confident of her gorgeous sensuality, and knew that she was considered immensely attractive by men. She was tall, beautiful and single, and a long list of lovers had pleased her passionate body on many, many occasions. Yet she felt sensations now that she had never felt before, as her strong hands held the ultimate man, not restrained for the first time. His throbbing steel thrilled her as a wild energy seemed to rush up her arms, her body tingling more strongly than she had ever felt before as she sank to her knees. Being a woman, she knew exactly what she needed to do to help this Superman. She knew exactly what all men needed of her when they were like this!

Shayna, however, had no idea of the destructive power that she was holding in her hands! If she had been able to

look up at Superman's face, she would have seen that he was struggling painfully with himself. But she was aware only of the approach of his orgasm, knew only that Superman was about to cum in her very hands! Moving her hands faster and faster, both of them coated with his amazingly copious pre-cum, she stroked them along the inhumanly hard shaft in front of her! She knew he needed to be released, and she was just the woman to help him!

She smiled broadly when she felt an incredible surge of power rippling upward, her last conscious thought was one of awe as she felt the start of his super-ejaculation. Her body suddenly felt so light and funny as she saw a wild pulse of white semen explode from his huge cock, the ejaculate striking her directly between her breasts!

A sound like the bursting of a small bomb exploded across the parking lot, the mangled halves of the gorgeous reporter's body flying in two different directions. Two police cars were caught in the explosion of white cum, both of them spinning wildly backward as they flipped over onto their roofs. The entire news team was killed outright from splattering hypersonic invulnerable sperm, a thousand small holes piercing the electronics of their cameras, the images on a million television sets blinking out just as the lives of the news team blinked out as well, their bodies, and the shattered torn steel of their truck, raining down a hundred yards away. A huge area was swept clean in front of the Man of Steel as he knelt in the parking lot, his own hands closing about his surging organ as the woman's lifeless hands fell from it, her body having been ripped from her arms by the tremendous explosion against her chest.

Kal cried out in painful remorse as his keen eyes saw the destruction that his wild uncontrolled orgasm had caused, the woman's body seemingly coming apart in slow motion in front of him! Throwing himself to the side, he knew how incredibly dangerous his body was right now. He also knew that he was about to explode once again, a Kryptonian male ALWAYS had at least twin orgasms, more commonly a half dozen!

He tried to fly upward, but he managed only to stumble and fall onto his face on the grease-stained asphalt, his muscles far too uncoordinated to fly, his awesome organ tearing into the pavement beneath him as his pelvis unconsciously fucked it into the pavement. He knew more innocents were going to die in the coming seconds from the massive explosion that even now was welling up inside him!

Lifting his head, his blue eyes met those of Kar'La's, her body far less dangerous to bystanders than his, yet she was clearly as out of control as he was. His eyes raced downward to stare at her gorgeously moist thighs, his body surging ever closer to orgasm as he saw how beautifully strong her legs were, how wet her open thighs were! He suddenly knew that there WAS one place on Earth with the power to contain the immense powers of his super-ejaculation, and that place was deep in the invulnerable folds of this young Velorian's body!

Kar'La seemed to realize this at the same time, but the two of them were now completely uncoordinated by the wild power of the Orgone. They were reduced to crawling, albeit rather quickly, the fifty feet separating them, before they finally met in the middle of the parking lot, surrounded by emergency vehicles and their occupants. Green bursts of Orgone arced between them once again as Kar'La enthusiastically rolled Kal over onto his back. Her young athletic body moved down over his, her gorgeous legs spreading widely as she demonstrated yet another of the unique powers of her birthright.

Her superhuman body, the form everyone now called Supergirl, took the massive organ of this Superman between her legs, his remarkable cock stretching her soft womanhood to dimensions Kar'La had never known in her young life! The Orgone energy now exploded like white-hot shrapnel inside them, the older alien man and his young teenage lover consummating their superhuman intercourse, the young girl's high passionate cry piercing the air for miles as she took all of him deeply inside herself!

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Kar'La had experimented with sex during the few tender years since she had come of age, but always with another young femme, her cousin sharing her nubile body with her. Now she was suddenly living in the body of an adult woman, but had never before had a MAN inside her, and especially not a man like this Superman! Yet her body seemed to move with a practiced gracefulness, with an urgency that drew its power from the oldest memories of the human race, her instincts serving her very well.

Plunging up and down, more than a foot at a time, her body moved so fast that her gorgeous upper body was just a blur. It took less than a minute before a sudden rumbling shock knocked the closest people from their feet as the even more powerful second ejaculation of a Kryptonian male now exploded, the beginnings of such power urgently thrusting forth nearly two feet inside the young blonde girl. But Supergirl's body was clearly born to contain such power, which, far from obliterating her, now thrilled her beyond all imagining!



The energies that Kal expended were still, however, extreme, and Kar'La's young body jerked violently backward, her long blond hair flying wildly about her face as a force equal to hundreds of pounds of Plastique exploded intimately inside her! Gripping her lover tightly, Supergirl flexed her gorgeous legs with all of her enhanced strength. As she knelt over Kal, her body suddenly began glowing, waves of orange-hot energies flowing upward from her lower body. Superman's massive energies were expended again and again inside her super vagina, her body glowing as that wonderfully explosive power had no place to go inside her soft yet invulnerable body!

Fortunately, the frantic energy consumption of such a coupling began to rapidly burn off the Orgone energy. Lightning bolts of greenish power exploded between Kar'La's erect nipples, arcing down to strike the Man of Steel's far smaller nipples. A wild circuit of energy formed between their two bodies as Superman exploded inside her yet a third time, his power coursing intimately, wonderfully, and deeply inside her slim, responsive and so very fertile body!

The public's image of this world's Superman and his young lover, this Supergirl, changed forever on this day. The wild power of their star-born lovemaking was burned into the minds of a billion awestruck viewers watching the live broadcast of the scene. After all, the battle at the docks, and the possible nuclear destruction of Metropolis, was the news story of the year!

\* \* \*

### **A half mile above the harbor...15:25...15:24... 15:23**

As Kal and Kar'La explored the power of their unique birthrights, , Monica and Ariel were still locked in mortal combat high above the dirty waters of Metropolis Harbor. Ariel's Kryptonian powers were surging through her slim flexing arms as she squeezed Monica's waist, her eyes blazing with the heat of a distant sun as she seared the woman's back and head. Monica's nearly-invulnerable costume finally burst into flames and disintegrated as her skin reached temperatures that even a super fabric could not withstand. The woman beneath, however, suffered only slight discomfort, the soft skin of a Velorian Protector being much stronger than the fabrics of Velor!

Monica struggled against Ariel's strength with all of her own power, their arms and legs intertwining as they tumbled head over heels in mid-air. Both women finally lost control of their flying powers and they tumbled toward the ground. They landed with a bone-crushing CRUNCH in the middle of a huge amusement park along the water's edge, less than half a mile from where Ramoan's ship was moored. Monica landed on her knees, and Ariel on top of her. The blow was so intense that Monica's bare joints were smashed through a concrete sidewalk, and an unfortunate man was crushed beneath Ariel's legs when she toppled into him with incredible force. Terran flesh possessed no defense against the invulnerable steel of a Kryptonian's struggling body!

Staggering back to her feet, Monica had barely pulled her tangled blond hair from her face, looking down to see if she could help the unfortunate man, when she felt an incredible blow against her stomach, Ariel's nearly invisible back-kick striking her at supersonic speed.

The stunning blow sent Monica flying backward, her muscles flexing wildly as she tried to stop herself with her flying power. She could not, however, control her tumbling enough to get her bearings, and finally smashed backwards into a brick wall at more than two hundred miles per hour. Cinder blocks gave way easily before her firm body until she suddenly found herself laying flat on her back on the floor of a bathroom--a men's bathroom. It was standing room only in the smelly washroom of this workingmen's bar, a dozen men's shocked eyes turning from the long pissing trough to stare at the bare breasts of the most perfectly beautiful woman they had ever seen! Monica's view upward between a dozen pair of legs was something that would have been wildly humorous to her under any other circumstances.

An amused smile crept across her face nevertheless as she rose back to her feet in one lithe movement. She had barely gained her footing when Ariel smashed in through another wall, her powerful hands closing about the necks of the two men closest to her. Her shoulders flexed only slightly as she lifted them from the floor, their legs kicking like children they dangled from her upraised arms, their surprise such that they continued to pee!

"So, SuperWoman, or would you prefer I use your real name, Monica; you must realize by now that you cannot defeat me! I am easily as strong as you, and I'm trained in a dozen fighting disciplines. Trust me, I know half a dozen different ways to kill you before you could even attempt to defend yourself!

"But you and I don't need to fight, Monica, we're both the same, our powers so much greater than these pitiful mortals, especially these soft men. We are Goddesses, you and I. We may come from different suns, but the same blood courses through our veins, our muscles are enabled by the same genes. Join me and we can conquer this

backward planet and show these Terran men how to worship us properly! We'll bring them peace and order in return. How can you care so little for the planet of your upbringing that you ignore the chance to bring peace to every corner of it?!"

Monica stared at her for a moment, Ariel's sudden mood change catching her completely by surprise. But what was even more disturbing was that she knew Ariel was right in a way, together they COULD bring peace to this planet, starting by ending the reign of men and installing women, compassionate women, in all positions of power. She had indeed entertained such thoughts in the months since she regained her superhuman abilities, and knew her powers would be sufficient to assure success.

But she had quickly decided that it was a false dream. It would only be removing one kind of tyranny and corruption and replacing it with one that would ultimately become equally corrupt. 'Absolute power corrupts absolutely'. Those words has been written centuries before, but they were still as true today as the day they were first spoken! And the truth of those words did not discriminate by gender.

Yet the thought of being a virtual deity did cause another small grin to light up Monica's face. While she had no desire to be a Goddess to the masses of Terrans, she did enjoy being one when in the arms of her new lover, a man who was the creation of her own body, but was most certainly not her son. A man that only she knew about so far. A young man who was not yet ready to be presented to the world!

"No, Ariel," Monica said, her voice calm and quiet despite the pounding blood in her veins, "it doesn't work that way here on Earth. We must let these people govern themselves, even if they are truly terrible at it. I... no, WE, must not intervene this way. Haven't you learned anything from watching how Superman, Kal, operates? He helps where he can, but he's not a savior to these people. He's just a man with great powers, powers of good!"

"SUPERMAN!" Ariel screamed in anger, "you use HIM as an example! He was raised among these weak people, he thinks like them. What a waste of a magnificent man. Even now, he's so weak and helpless that he's over fucking that little blonde slut. He's using her to protect the bystanders from his own foolishly out-of-control powers. Look back at the ship and you can see it with your own eyes!"

Squinting a little, Monica did just that, the walls and the distance melting away as her stunning blue eyes focused on Kal and Kar'La, the two of them doing precisely what Ariel had said! Kal was on top of her now, the girl's tight buttocks shattering the pavement beneath her body from the force of his thrusts, a wild glow shining from between her widely spread legs as the wild explosions of a Kryptonian male's orgasms heated her young body to incandescence! Looking around a bit, Monica saw a half dozen TV cameras focusing on them. Suddenly angry at such a violation of Kal's privacy, a burst of violet light flew from her eyes as she focused on each camera in turn. The men holding the cameras suddenly threw them from their shoulders as they began to glow red-hot!

Satisfied for the moment, Monica turned back to look at Ariel, eyes of sparkling blue meeting ones of deep green, a fleeting sensation of sisterhood passing between them as they exchanged thoughts that did not need to be verbalized to be understood. They saw that they were far more alike than different, their abilities almost identical, their perfect genes both ultimately coming from the genetic laboratories of Velor. They also knew that they could fight like this for days and neither one would be able to overcome the other. Uncounted Terrans would die from the side-effects of such a battle! Not to mention the threat to the entire city from Ramoan's terrifying weapon!

And what were they really fighting over... a dirty Terran city, one so crime-filled and rotten that it nauseated both of them! Ariel acted in response to her Arion masters, Monica to her conscience.

Taking a deep breath, Monica started to speak softly yet urgently. She knew that unless Kal and Kar'La could bring themselves under control, Ramoan's evil weapon would open a new and frightening chapter in the history of mass terrorism! She knew that she could not hope to extricate herself from the evenly matched battle with Ariel in time.

Her voice was soothing and soft, her eyes compelling, her voice sounding like a dream.

"Ariel, we don't have to rule this planet to influence it. Why should we restrict ourselves by taking on all the little problems that occur each day? Let these Terrans govern themselves, our role as Goddesses should be to inspire them and to protect them. Destroying this city, even this planet, will not make you any greater a woman than you are already! The measure of true power is in your compassion for weaker species, in your restraint. Anyone with our powers can be destructive and misuse their abilities, but only the strongest of our races can use these energies for good!"

Ariel paused, slowly slackening her grip as she listened to the hypnotic flow of Monica's voice. Her hands slumped

and she allowed the two men to sag to the floor, their lips blue from lack of oxygen but they still lived, if only barely.

The innocent and idealistic girl inside her heard Monica's words, and they rang true. Her enthusiastic use of her newfound powers suddenly seemed trivial, her ability to destroy Terrans whenever she wished was no longer interesting, it was not challenging... it was somehow wrong!

Forbidden thoughts began to form in Ariel's head. She had, in fact, been away from Arion influence for several weeks now, and she was starting to get used to thinking and operating independently. The tight control that the Arion High Command always exerted over its soldiers was now rapidly weakening inside Ariel's mind.

Her masters had assumed that her fascination with her new body and her super powers would keep the very young girl in this woman's body from questioning what she was doing. They had therefore relaxed the constant reinforcement that they had used successfully to control other greater-than-Arion superbeings in the past.

Ariel's thoughts were now moving freely, a heavy burden seeming to fall from her shoulders as she let her spirit soar. She knew that with her powers she could not really be controlled by anyone if she didn't wish to be, she was far more powerful than any Arion Prime who had ever lived. And yet here she was, helping one group of Terrans destroy another, simply because she had been ordered to do so! Why?

Her unspoken question was not immediately answered, so her thoughts continued onward, the fleeting feeling of sisterhood that she had just felt suddenly growing stronger as she stared into Monica's eyes.

"I... I don't really know why we are fighting, Monica. I was ordered to help Ramoan with his goals... yet I don't know why. He's a disgusting man, the worst of the male Terran scum. I can't believe that the High Command wished to empower him this way. You couldn't know this, but I was also ordered to return him to his own country when this is over, ensuring his safety so that he can serve us again."

Monica controlled her breathing very carefully, her eyes holding Ariel's in her nearly hypnotic gaze, observing the changes that seemed to be occurring in Ariel's thoughts, knowing that she had to handle her very carefully. She kept her body deliberately loose as she saw Ariel lowering the men to the ground. Ariel's body relaxed at the same time, her muscles once again assuming the slim contours of an unflexed Kryptonian woman.

Taking a deep breath, Monica opened her arms, stepping forward to embrace her 'sister'. She saw Ariel's face soften, and raised her arms to surround her body. The young girl in the woman's body melted against her, her head coming to rest on Monica's shoulder.

"Oh, Rao... please hold me, Monica! It's been so long since anyone held me, since anyone cared for me!"

With that, the two superwomen stood in the middle of the filthy men's room, arms holding each other with their star-born strength, a small tear gliding its way down Ariel's soft cheek. She felt warm and wanted for the first time since she had left her family on Aria for this eventful mission to Earth. Somehow, on this distant and dirty planet, she was home, and among her own kind once again!

\* \* \*

10:14... 10:13... 10:12