

# SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 26-3, The End of the Beginning

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## Little Firebug – Chapter 26-3

### The End of the Beginning

Authored by Imurill with edits by Sharon Best and Tex Beethoven

10:21.....10:20.....10:19

#### *The Subway in Metropolis*

Katherine Grant smiled at the large man. She could see the resemblance, the features that his Arion superiors had decided would make him a convincing double for SuperMan. He looked so much like Clark, or Kal, that it was eerie, and Kat found that resemblance incredibly arousing right now, especially since her ego was still stinging from the discovery that Kal would never be hers. The hurt had still been fresh when Kat had stumbled back to her condo, intent on getting violently tanked and waiting out the end of the world. Instead, in the lounge across the street from her home she had encountered the Arion Prime by the name of Kar, also morose, and vainly trying to intoxicate himself on the Terran drink, Everclear. Kat was well aware of the inadvisability of falling for somebody on the rebound like this, but frankly, at the moment she didn't give a damn about what was wise and what wasn't! All that mattered was that she was feeling unhappy and the company and intimacy of this massive man made the unpleasant feelings fade before the shivering pleasures of the flesh.

Kar had also been upset, he had just received word that his requests for diplomatic immunity had been denied, and even after he had been so helpful to the authorities. They had not even given him the courtesy of informing him to his face of the denial, only telling him over the phone like cowards, although judging by his reaction their caution had most likely saved many lives. And now he was chugging the strongest drink the Terrans possessed, it tasted unpleasant, but it did faintly remind him of some of the intoxicants of his own home, a home he would likely never see again. Stuck on this mudball of a planet inhabited by weaklings with tissue paper for flesh wasn't his idea of a proper future! All his dreams of becoming a Captain, or perhaps even admiral one day had disappeared the moment he had lost control of that little blonde bitch. The Arion empire rewarded operatives such as he well if they where successful, and punished them just as gratuitously if they failed.

Kar knew there was a supposed to be a madman with a bomb somewhere in the city, but he wasn't particularly worried. As of yet, the Terrans had shown no real ability to harm him with their meager explosives. And when the beautiful woman had asked him if the seat next to him was taken, he had quickly assured her it wasn't. Kar may have been unhappy, but gorgeous, forward Terran women often had a way of making that feeling take a back seat.

\* \* \*

Katherine stroked her loins forcefully downward yet again, feeling Kar's massive shaft stretching even her new surgically enhanced sex to its very limits. Unwisely she had not waited long enough after the end of her surgeries before doing this, and to be engaging in sexual activities, especially with a Prime, was an extremely dangerous prospect at any time. She could feel the weak points within herself, the tissues not yet fully healed, threatening to tear, but she didn't give a f... well actually, that's exactly what she was giving. Kat had never felt anything remotely similar to this bulk within her in the past, the absolute fullness of it astounded her. If anything, Kar even better endowed than the dramatic sex of Kal'El, SuperMan. She found that she was becoming more than a little infatuated with Supremis men and the things they could do to her body! And if anyone suggested to her that what they kept doing was putting her in the hospital, then they could just go take a flying f... no, she was definitely going to reserve that pleasure for herself! She'd been trying to be good for far too long now, and now she was going to live a little! Damn that Clark, anyway! No man had ever refused her body before Clark, who did he think he was, she could bring pleasures beyond anything that bitch Lois could manage, even in that new blonde bimbo body of hers.

Kar smiled as well, his orgasm was still quite far away, and would remain that way. He did not want to kill this

beautiful woman, who had indeed surprised him with her outstanding Terran good looks, her exciting sexual aggressiveness, and her very un-Terran physical capacity. She was the first Terran he had encountered or even heard of who could take his massive Arion sex within her own, something generally accepted as impossible without injuring the fragile beings.

\* \* \*

### **A Sleazy Bar Down By the Docks, the Smelly Men's Room**

Ariel held the woman close to her, the powerful scent of old urine overwhelmed by the wonderful aroused scent of Monica's silky hair. She found it so wonderful to be held, to be soothed by a gentle voice and caressing touch, to feel safe, especially in the arms of someone so strong, possibly even stronger than herself. After weeks of indulging her battlelust as she had been taught, of allowing the orders to override her emotions and good judgment, she finally allowed her young mind to drift, and found herself revisiting scenes she had witnessed so blatantly displayed on this backwards planet. She remembered the obvious affection that some of these people held for one another. It was nothing like the physically powerful but emotionally shallow sexual encounters that proliferated on her own homeworld. It was affection, pure and simple, not based on sex or greed, but sheer caring. The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to be cared for like that! More than anything else in the universe, she wanted someone to care for her unconditionally. On her world, Primes were almost forbidden to form emotional attachments with anyone. It was a violent society, and death rates among Primes, though much lower than among Betas, were very high.

Monica, or SuperWoman by her public title, felt the formidable and unpredictable Girl/Woman in her arms finally melting against her, the genetically enhanced, harder than steel muscles of the body that had been combating her so effectively until just moments ago seeming to turn to warm goo in the mentally older woman's arms.

Monica's hold on the mentally immature Kryptonian didn't falter, she knew instinctively this was a very sensitive time, but she did not have time to play mother or even sister to this person. There was an immensely powerful nuclear weapon still ticking away teasingly nearby. She had to see if she could help stop it, and this potentially very rewarding dalliance could possibly take up far more time than she had. She couldn't afford to have this woman trying to stop her though, she was just too powerful to have running around on the side of the enemy. If this girl was still opposing her, causing mayhem, then Monica knew she would be unable to disarm the nuke, and probably would be unable even to approach it. She felt the girl shifting in her arms, the massive muscles of her back repeatedly expanding and solidifying, then relaxing trustingly with her every shift. Monica felt herself lost in the feeling, the sensation of holding a beautiful, strong, vulnerable woman in her arms was intoxicating. She quickly snapped herself out of her daze, the life of millions hung in the balance!

\* \* \*

The men surrounding the two most gorgeous women they had ever seen never even considered the danger they were in. They watched, mouths open as the two women held each other, more than one violent erection evident through an open fly, understandable given the ordinary purpose of this location, coupled with the very extra-ordinary ladies who had literally burst upon the scene, crashing through walls to do so! The violence of the erections, although flattering, were not particularly noteworthy compared to the company these two were used to. One or two men recognized the blonde from her recent exploits on the news, her valiant attempts to stop the SuperGirl gone berserk had not stopped dozens of police officers from being slaughtered.

\* \* \*

Even as Monica tried to decide on a course of action, Ariel was attempting to decide on one of her own.

Ariel was examining herself, trying to come to grips with herself, thoughtfully considering all of the horrible things she had recently done to these mushy, weak Terrans, and to the Velorians, sister race to her own, both to her original Arion race and her new Kryptonian one. She thought of that other Kryptonian, that SuperMan, so very handsome, and she did not truly understand the emotions that ran through her body as she remembered what he looked like, her near perfect memory revealing every sinew, every pore, every hair. That smile, it had never been directed at her, but she had seen it, maybe through six layers of hull plating and a bulkhead, but she had seen it, and it had drawn her eye like... she'd never felt a reaction within her anything like that before, it had shook her. And most especially she thought about the things she had done to this woman who was now in her arms, the same woman who now seemed to be promising friendship, sisterhood, compassion, things that Ariel so desperately needed, not just for the moment, but always! She wanted to continue this hug forever. She knew from her short life on Aria and in space, living among her people, that nothing came without a price. Her youthful experiences had never, could never have

shown her that such an item would be paid for simply by returning it in kind. She considered what she could do, how she could show SuperWoman, no, Monica, that she was worthy of such caring. Such... such loving.

It came to her in a flash, she glanced up suddenly, looking through the ceiling with her incredible vision, she located this world's sun. She performed some 'simple' comparisons of its position and hers and the same some time ago, the triangulation virtually perfect. There might still be enough time!

She knew how to win Monica's permanent affection, she knew what Monica seemed to prize most. She formed a rough plan.

"I will save this city, I will save the millions of soft weak Terrans, that will show her that I am worthy."

Ariel spoke softly, a voice nothing like her previous commanding, conceited tone, "We have perhaps five minutes before the explosive detonates. I can show you where it is, but I do not know how to disarm it."

Monica smiled warmly as the girl spoke, for the first time her beautiful voice showing no hint of hostility. She was glad that she had not been the first to break the silence, knowing that it would have created doubts in the girl's mind, doubts as to her motivations. As the implications of the girl/woman's statement sank in, her smile dropped.

"Well, one step at a time, lets go!"

Ariel's body instantly exploded into an absolutely awe-inspiring display of muscularity, more dramatic than any true Terran that had ever lived, more dramatic than even most Kryptonians were capable of, by far more dramatic than her adolescent and slightly pudgy Arion Beta body had ever been capable of. She channeled all of the stresses of her muscles into her flight power, the same immense power that she had found so useful in the recent past serving her easily yet again. She struck right up through the roof, smashing a hole through the roofing, casting debris for hundreds of yards. In her wake remained only a massive vacuum, so powerful that as air rushed in to fill it, the men in the room were pulled to the center, along with all the various liquids pooled nearby and even the loose door of one 'shitter'.

Monica knew in her heart that the men would probably be suffering from exploded eardrums and perhaps worse, but at the moment she had millions of lives to save, perhaps more if the winds were wrong. She cast one quick glance around, not happy about leaving these men in such a state, but the world came first, at least this time. She flew nearly twenty feet up, careful not to create such a devastating wake as her youthful/mature companion, who was, Monica could see, even now landing on the ship's bow. Twenty feet above the roof, she accelerated, flying powerfully towards the boat, her acceleration every bit as powerful as the Kryptonian's. Her muscles, beautifully formed, showing no signs of vascularity, were if not greater, then at least equal to Ariel's in size.

\* \* \*

### ***Down Next to the Dock, Kal and Kar'La, Lost in Their Own Passion***

Even as Kal, the renowned SuperMan, pounded his massive cock into the impossibly tight, glowing white-hot vagina of Kar'La's young Velorian body, his fevered mind was trying to fight the urges of his body. The people of this world, this world that he helped to protect, were in critical danger, in this, the city he called home. The powers raging against his deepset heroic instincts though, were very powerful, the overwhelming amounts of pheromones that Kar'La was producing flooding his senses with lust, even his own mighty physiology not immune to their sybaritic allure. And the terrible Orgone energy, still burning in his system, seemed to drain his willpower, forcing his body to act in ways he did not wish it to.

As yet another orgasm washed over his body, he felt his organ pulsing within her irresistible molten heat, felt himself literally blasting another volcanic load of his semen into the seemingly soft folds of the young girl beneath him, overwhelming him yet again with passion. The Orgone energy continued to be burned away by each orgasm, by the massive consumption of energies that such infinitely athletic sex included. But it would take many more hours before it was totally gone. In that moment, the intensity of this newest orgasm sent his willpower once again retreating into the background, his body's pleasures regaining the forefront of, if not his innermost thoughts, at least his outermost attentions.

\* \* \*

Kar'La was in no better condition than her lover. Never in her life had she been exposed to this evil green energy that had taken control of her desires, and since her entire young life to this point had been spent surrounded by servants and courtiers eager to toady to her every whim, she was completely unprepared to discipline herself, to

fight these raging hungers that were consuming her own body! This, her first time ever with a man, bore not the slightest resemblance to the tender and romantic tryst she had always envisioned for herself. Never in her craziest nightmares could she have imagined herself losing her virginity naked, exposed, insanely horny and screaming out her lust before a crowd of gawking bystanders, coupling publicly and violently with a male whose size and virility was every bit as super as her own extravagant capacity to receive him!

As the earth shook and the concrete continued to pulverize beneath her, her body was literally glowing from these energies that she was both expending and that she was victim to. Occasionally flickers of evil green energy would flicker between her nipples, these engorged organs having absorbed the energy instantly, storing it within her.

\* \* \*

### **8 minutes and counting.**

Ramoan was on board the remnants of his ship in what still remained of the medical bay, treating the dozens of deep fine furrows that had been burned into his skin. As SuperWoman had reflected Ariel's eye blasts back into her eyes, Ariel's hair had stood out on end, tiny filaments of energy flying out, cutting deep into his left arm and shoulder like white-hot splinters. The terrorist glanced at his timer watch, cursing loudly in his native tongue -- seven minutes and thirty seconds before the warhead exploded. Where was that accursed Kryptonian woman, she was supposed to fly him to safety before it exploded, but instead the whore had disappeared in another fight with one of the Velorian bitches, and hadn't been seen since! He had no remaining options other than her, every other means of transportation he had at his disposal was far too slow even to remove him from the projected area of total destruction, much less the shockwave, radiation, or any of the other results that were about to occur from the events he had personally set into motion.

The irony of his bringing about his own death escaped him. Instead, he smiled. If Ariel did not return, then it would be time to join his god. It was fate; his glorious destiny. He knew that he had served Allah's cause well and would be greatly rewarded as one of the greatest warriors of his culture's history, striking the mightiest blow to date against the infidels. He decided to pray; during his last minutes on earth he would proclaim his loyalty to his god.

\* \* \*

### **The Top of the Luthor Building, Downtown Metropolis**

Lex Luthor, genius, billionaire, criminal mastermind and no stranger to the frustrations of coping with a SuperMan, sat in his office, watching his viewing screens, watching calmly as the great SuperMan was reduced to helplessness by the simple attraction of a pretty girl. At last his arch-nemesis was completely vulnerable, but Lex could do absolutely nothing to take advantage of such a long-awaited state of affairs. He hated to admit it, but he needed SuperMan's help right now, needed that power on his own team, or else this city, this city that he, Lex Luthor, liked to call his own, would be reduced to a sterile desert of radioactive ash and glass.

He spoke calmly into the intercom, his cold voice betraying none of his trepidation, "Is that team ready yet?"

The intercom responded, "Power sources are on-line sir, they will be ready for your command within the minute."

"Don't wait for my order, have them launch the very moment they are ready."

Lex sighed, leaning back, everything was now out of his hands, his team would either get in, destroy the opposition and neutralize the bomb, or he would die, and there was approximately eight minutes before the results would be in. He would not run, he had the resources available to potentially get himself to safety even at this late stage, he had already evacuated all of his staff except those needed to get the team up and ready, and those would be evacuated soon as well. Lex Luthor would not abandon His city in its time of need, it had been His city for a lot longer than that caped freak had been around, probably longer than his traditional foe had even been alive.

He squeezed his fist, feeling the onset of arthritis, the years telling on him the way they never would on that man he watched on the screen. Watched through cameras he had arranged to have put in place as soon as this Salvation/Armageddon conflict had begun. He felt a peaceful calm, for once he knew he could not directly influence the events that were about to unfold in this, the end game. It felt eerily pleasant to let events take their own course, to let the super-powered beings do their work. He wondered if this was how SuperMan made the people of Metropolis feel. He quietly made peace with himself, taking a toll of everything he had done. As he summed things up, his life did not paint a very pretty picture, his years of obsession with SuperMan and the extreme measures he had often taken in fruitless attempts to defeat this indefatigable Kryptonian thorn in his side had perhaps condemned him

eternally, and there would be no time for repentance. It suddenly occurred to him that SuperMan, the blonde bimbo he was ravishing, and the other blonde woman, with the help of his team, were not simply destined to save or doom his life, but they might easily damn his soul. Somehow, his unusual tranquillity was not disturbed by this thought. SuperMan had overcome his own genius often enough, so he could overcome a madman with a bomb, that was for sure. At least it would be sure if he ever got around to extricating himself from this bimbo and got back to work! But Lex wasn't depending on that happening all by itself, he had plans of his own.

\* \* \*

Finally fully equipped and powered up, Team Red launched from their secret base beneath Metropolis, their metallic red experimental powerarmor nearly glowing with newness, and unfortunately, also with untried potential. They flew fast, seemingly without propulsion, the short wings along their backs holding only fine steering rockets. At almost half the speed of sound, special inertial dampeners within the suit protected the pilots from being crushed by the violent accelerations. Technology stolen from a crashed Arion ship had given LexCorp the edge in technology that it had needed for Lex's "trump card", the edge that until today he had been intended for use in the destruction of SuperMan. Now their power would first be used to save the same foe they had trained to kill and then to save the city, neither task a function that they had been intended for, but a task that the pilots intended to undertake with all the skill they could muster.

\* \* \*

Commander Trask, leader of the Red Team, piloted his armor with the same skill with which he had exhibited on all previous versions of LexCorp's powerarmors, to wit, perfectly.

"All righty boys, time to lock and load, Sound off!"

All fourteen members of his troop sounded off, each using his or her personal call sign. They all knew the stakes, they each had the flight capabilities to get outside this explosion within the six minutes they had remaining, but they would not run. Their families were being evacuated even as they flew, they knew it, but it was unlikely they themselves would escape, they would likely be caught in the radiation, to face a slow, painful rotting death. Their entire world was on their own shoulders and the shoulders of the various beings they were going to respectively assist, stop, or even kill if need be.

Not a single voice wavered, not even young Felicia, the rookie of the group. Her six sisters had not yet been located, and her mother and father, while at the moment being rushed out of town, would likely still be well within kill range if this bomb detonated. Despite her fear, despite her lack of experience, she was one of the best powerarmor pilots to date, and if she was going to die, she was not going to die because she lost her cool.

\* \* \*

Ariel looked down through the hull of the partially melted freighter and pointed to a spot. "It's three decks down, surrounded in lead."

Monica looked to where her Kryptonian companion had pointed. She instantly saw the area, or rather, was prevented from seeing into the area that Ariel was speaking of. Monica could see an instant change in Ariel's disposition, she had been like a spoiled violent young girl, and now she seemed to be trying to make amends. She sincerely hoped that this was not a temporary state. She hoped that this formidable woman/girl could be a friend, an ally, perhaps even more.

The two flew down through the corridors of the freighter, towards the area that resisted their enhanced visions, the area where the bomb would be held.

\* \* \*

### **A pretty little house, 10 miles from the docks**

Janissa sat quietly with her husband, feeling his arms around her, feeling so safe in that confident embrace. The hands that knew her body so well, the arms that had wrapped themselves lovingly around her on countless nights, now again drawing her against the solid chest that she adored, close to the man that she so loved. He was clicking through the channels slowly, they had both slept late, resting after the ceremonies of the night before, the ceremonies that had told them what no manmade science yet could, that it was a boy. Their friends didn't yet know, and it was far far too early in the pregnancy for standard procedures to even tell that there was anything at all in there.

She felt her husband stiffen, she shifted her attention to the television, it was a porno, wait, she recognized that...

It was a replay of SuperMan and Kar'La in the throes of passion. This was CNN??!!

"This footage is a replay of the live transmission taken less than two minutes ago, and following the tragic death of our reporter, we have now also lost contact with our camera crew there. Who is this mysterious woman that has monopolized SuperMan's attentions in this, our time of most urgent need? While a madman holds the city hostage with a thermonuclear weapon, set to detonate in less than ten minutes, it is inconceivable to us how SuperMan could have cast us aside for such petty carnal pleasures!"

Janissa stood. It was time to use her own powers once again!

\* \* \*

### **Inside Ramoan's Nearly Destroyed Freighter**

Ariel and Monica stood before the seemingly innocuous section of wall, behind which lay the weapon. Monica reached out to the wall.

Ariel grabbed her hand in a flash, "Don't! There are sensors that will instantly detect you if you damage the wall."

Monica frowned, "So we can't get at the device without detonating it?"

"No, I don't think we can."

Monica nodded, still not positive she could trust the same woman who had stuffed her under the support for a highway overpass so recently. The girl now seemed to have a truly noble heart in that chest, one that had been masked by so many years of Arion influence, the training of Primes eliminating much of her potential for revolt, and her even greater potential for kindness. "If we can't get at it, then we'll have to get it away from this city. We'll have to move the ship itself."

"We can't do that, if it moves too quickly, it will detonate."

"We don't have enough time to debate this Ariel, we have to get it away from here NOW!"

"Monica, please listen to me, if we try to move this boat away fast enough to get it to a safe distance, it will explode, and if we are moving it, we will be at ground zero."

"Ariel, we can't get at the bomb, we can't move the bomb, we can't even SEE the bomb, you're not leaving us many options here!" Monica's voice was becoming very distinctly laced with hysteria.

"Wait!"

"Yes?!"

"Ramoan!"

Monica followed Ariel's reasoning instantly, "If it has to be triggered, then he will be the one who can, and if it's on a timer that has to be shut off if his conditions are met, he will be the one who knows how. And it has to be one of them because otherwise this would be a suicide mission with no potential for gain."

\* \* \*

At that moment, said terrorist was in the very front of the ship, patiently waiting down the timer. Praying to his god to bless this, his hour of greatest triumph. He would strike a blow deep into the heart of the infidels and at the same moment he would join with his god, prepared to receive his hard earned rewards.

\* \* \*

Again Kal'El struggled against himself, his years of control, his lifetime of dedication to the people of Earth, all straining to bring his raging lusts under control. The unearthly pleasures of a Velorian female were once again proving to be too powerful, he simply could not bring himself to pull free of her. Even as he made one final desperate, hopeless pull from her superhuman sheath, a powerful pair of hands gripped his shoulders, adding their own pull to his. So powerful was the combined force that it managed to overcome the grip of even the sex of a

Velorian aroused past all reason.

Kal looked up from where he landed five feet from Kar'La, her face a picture of abject confusion, showing no true understanding of what had just occurred. And between the two of them now stood a tall armored figure. The sleek red chrome of the ultratech armor glittered in the sun that was rapidly approaching the doomsday position of high noon. The armored figure spoke, amplified and slightly metallicized through the speakers of the powerarmor suit.

"SuperMan, get control of yourself, we need your help, we have to stop this warhead from exploding. We need to know exactly where it is, we are trained in disarming this sort of device, but we need you to show us where it is." The voice was male, powerful, confident, whoever the pilot was, he sounded like he was used to being obeyed.

Two pairs of hands grabbed his shoulders now, lifting him to his feet from where he lay, his mind still a blur, "Who are you?" he managed.

"SuperMan, Kal'El, is that really important right now? More important than disarming this warhead? There are a lot of people in mortal danger."

\* \* \*

Kar'La felt her lover pulling back for another thrust...and pulling back further and pulling... Out?! She waited for the powerful resurgent lunge that would soon come. And she waited and waited. Her eyes flew open, finding that Kal was no longer with her, he was lying uselessly on his butt some ten feet away. What possible good was he going to be over there?! They were surrounded by tall figures that looked something like futuristic knights, two were lifting Kal to his feet, a third talking with him, as she attempted to focus on the words. Her mind hovering in the funk of arousal, crying to her to continue incredible coupling. Her fingers suddenly seemed woefully inadequate after her virginal experience with a man so dramatically endowed as Kal. She struggled to stand, intent on forcing Kal to continue their activities. She absolutely refused to be abandoned while she was still so desperately unfulfilled.

\* \* \*

Kal spoke slowly, "Yes... warhead... I know where it is."

Kar'La swept aside Commander Trask, moving so fast that his sensors had barely registered her movement before the blow struck. The blow was light, light compared to the true power of an oversexed Velorian female in full arousal. Barely a tap really, but weighing in at less than a ton, the 7 foot armor was cast two hundred feet before he could regain control, using his own flight systems to stabilize. His life was saved by the same fields that Arions used for artificial gravity aboard their spacecraft. The researchers of the LexCorp foundation did not really understand why the system worked, but it did. Such acceleration would have mangled the insides of an unprotected Terran, even if the blow itself had not struck. The internal systems of his armor showed no serious damage, the ultrathin force shield, patterned after the flesh-hugging shield that the Velorian, Kryptonian and Arion races all naturally possessed, had absorbed the impact without complaint.

"Secure that female!"

One suit, 'RazorFox' by call sign, grabbed the woman by the shoulder even as she snatched for Kal.

Kar'La struck by instinct.

Every display overlapping RazorFox's vision flashed for a moment, the elbow striking at full force into his visor, the blow was spread across the entire body by the force shield, an impact that would have torn his head from his body instead casting him to one side, he impacted the hull of the freighter, indenting into it, some one hundred yards traversed in a fraction of a second.

Felicia swept in, moving with the computer enhanced responses of the armor, backhanding the girl right in the nose, the actuators and servos of her armor straining, the force field expelling the impact against her hand throughout her body. Kar'La's head rocked back, not having tensed against the blow, she fell to the ground twenty feet away, grasping her nose, it hurt badly. She glared at the armor, angry now. Ugly violet beams struck out from her eyes at the ultra-techian knight.

Felicia knew what was coming before it impacted, she held up her hand, triggering the forceshield generator within the gauntlet. The beams seemed to arc around a globe surrounding her body, continuing on into the ocean behind her.

Kal started to move forward, but the armor next to him spoke, "SuperMan, please show us where the bomb is. We

don't have time to wait for you to calm the girl down."

Kal nodded, feeling a bit woozy, but coming back to himself, "Yes, you're right, follow me." He tensed his biceps rather softly, flying quickly towards the freighter, eight of the power-armored Terrans following him, two more remaining with the girl, one pulling himself free of the freighter's hull, and one returning quickly to join with the main mass of His team.

Kar'La dashed forward, so fast that she seemed to blur, her incredible muscles pushing her forwards so hard that she tore deep groves in the ground. She body-checked the powerarmor to the left, simply trying to get past them.

Felicia barely saw the Velorian approaching, she moved so fast, and before she could grasp knew what was happening it was all over, and she found herself flying past Kal's escort, who had already landed on the deck of the ship. She suddenly stopped, held in the arms of the Kryptonian superhero, his reflexes far faster than any Terran's. For a moment her view was filled with his incredibly handsome face, his innocent boyish good looks, and she felt her heart skip a beat.

Kar'La ran past the other armor, only to feel her hair yanked.

Ron was a veteran of the powerarmor, he had fought many times against aliens, criminals, and even SuperMan once in an older model. His combat reflexes were coming back on-line as his hand flashed back to grab the girl's hair. Gripping laser-boring spikes drilled down into the ground, giving him the traction he needed to stop the girl. He yanked hard, the mechanical power of his armor flipping the girl up over his head, and slamming her violently into the street. He straddled her prone form, twisting her arm behind her in a submission hold, using all of the superhuman power that his armor was capable of. She cried out, the application of that much pressure in such a way was enough to hurt even her starborn flesh.

Ron was aghast as her body seemed to become a living anatomy lesson beneath him, her muscles tensing powerfully, expanding violently, the slim girl showing far more range of muscular size than any Terran ever could. She flexed larger and larger, and even in this position, his full body giving him leverage against her arm, and her in such a vulnerable position, his systems began to strain against the power she was pouring against him.

Kar'La strained, the pain in her arm slowly fading as her arm flexed to incredible size. The muscles, so much harder than steel, pressed against the pirated Arion technology.

To his credit, Ron did not pause, though he wanted badly to watch the incredible body of this young woman, he knew a losing battle when he felt one. No matter how strong the armor was, it could not fight a Velorian female as she approached her full strength.

Kar'La heard a whirling sound, then a click.

Felicia flew back towards the fight, feeling a bit giddy from her recent proximity to SuperMan. She saw Ron 'Ronbo' holding the girl down, her arm twisted into a hold Felicia had felt during training not so long ago, she knew the crippling effects of the hold, incredibly painful, and with but a little more pressure the arm would come out of its socket. She was shocked to see the girl pressing back so hard that Ronbo was unable to keep the hold.

She saw Ronbo extend his left hand, pointing against the back of her head, the arm of the armor now expanding oddly, components shifting and reconfiguring, revealing the micro rail-cannons in the wrist guard, rather delicate, but devastatingly powerful, the explosive rounds two centimeters in diameter and accelerated to speeds at which relativistic effects began to make themselves known.

\* \* \*

A shock wave rocked the freighter! Ariel looked out through the hull, searching for the cause, and saw a large cloud of smoke expanding from a point one hundred yards off to the side of the ship. She turned her attention back to the door in front of her, opening it quietly and looking in at Ramoan. Monica stepped in behind her. Monica looked around, looking through the walls and furniture, searching for hidden traps and surprised to find nothing. As she glanced back to where they had come from, she saw the approaching combat team, they were at the same wall she had almost touched so recently.

Her eyes went wide, and Ariel, sensing her sudden tension, followed Monica's gaze, suddenly realizing the danger. She leaned over and whispered to Monica, so silent that no human could hear her, much less Ramoan, who kneeled, praying quietly to his god, who he was intent on soon joining. "I've got to stop them. You get him."



\* \* \*

Ronbo sat up, looking around, the dazed look on his face would have been the target of many taunts had the situation been less dire. He had not been prepared for such a powerful explosion at such close range. He focused on the damage display that overlapped his view, all systems were down to at least 80 percent, with the force field reduced to 20 percent. The rounds had never failed to go through a target, the explosion usually originating from deep inside a target, so the only explanation for an explosion of this intensity was...

Kar'La lay fifteen feet deep in the ground, the incredible kinetic power of the shot blasting her through the old concrete, so soft in comparison to her own body. The shot had not penetrated her skin, though the point of impact was turning quickly into an ugly purple bruise. She lay there, unconscious.

\* \* \*

Kal watched the team as they scanned the wall. What his eyes could not see because of the lead shielding, they could detect with their scanners. Lead was not a problem for them, and though they could not see nearly as much detail as he would have been able to, it was more than enough to serve their purposes.

"Commander, we have motion sensitives, tampering restraints, what looks to be a radio receiver, a timer, and three more devices that I do not recognize, but that don't appear to be of human design. And Sir, there is some sort of energy field around the entire collection, running off the controlled fission source. It looks like a force field Sir, I don't think that we can just blast it. Sir."

Kal's spirits dropped, this did not sound good. Then things immediately got worse, the Kryptonian woman, Ariel, flew around the corner, red hair flying, eyes flashing insanely, charging at them, crying loudly, "Don't you dare touch that!" Ten armored visors and 22 eyes turned to focus on her, and hell itself unleashed itself. The standing orders to sanction this female with extreme prejudice was obeyed without hesitation.

\* \* \*

**2:00....1:59....1:58**

In the Metropolis Sheraton, Room 1327, Mike and Laurie sat on their couch, holding one another, in this, potentially their last minutes on earth.

"Laurie, I love you."

"I know Mike, I love you too."

\* \* \*

Felicia checked Ronbo over carefully, his armor was battered, but there where no breaches. "I'm OK Kitty, we've gotta get in there now, they might need our help."

\* \* \*

Monica grabbed Ramoan by the shoulder, lifting him high into the air, "Shut it off Ramoan!", she slammed him into the wall with a bit of extreme prejudice of her own.

"God help me, if you don't shut it off, I will make these last minutes of yours in this world more painful than anything you can possibly comprehend."

Ramoan didn't respond, he kept praying.

\* \* \*

Lex looked at his timer, less than two minutes left. "Please SuperMan, just this once I need you to succeed." He reached up to his eyes to brush away something he had not felt in many years. Lex Luthor to weep, for himself, but for His city, His Home.

\* \* \*

Ariel was struck by literally dozens of energy blasts, so strong that her flight was stopped, and then overwhelmed by the pure amount of power. Her body heated instantly to thousands of degrees, then tens of thousands of degrees, the corridor around her distorting from the heat. Her skin turned mirrored, she could not absorb nearly this much

energy so quickly.

"Cease fire, she is reflecting our own beams back at us."

The reflective phase of a Kryptonian's skin was a rarely encountered but known event, beyond that point, energy weapons became virtually unusable.

Commander Trask aimed his wrist, the micro railcannon revealing itself.

\* \* \*

Janissa teleported in, space and time violated in a most intimate way before her skills, materializing right next to the boat, and saw two armored figures flying towards the freighter. She took a moment to look at it, the details seemed blurred, like candle wax after it was exposed to great heat.

\* \* \*

Monica tried a new tactic, "PpppIIllleeeasee Ramoan, don't let me die, I don't want to die." As she spoke she deliberately expelled massive amounts of her super pheromones, she pressed her suddenly soft, ever so feminine and inviting body against Ramoan's, her large breasts seductively rubbing against his chest. She breathed huge amounts of the pheromone into Ramoan's face, hoping to enhance the effect.

\* \* \*

Ariel didn't even see the projectile coming, it traveled faster than even she could see, her adrenaline-enhanced senses seemingly making time slow down. The special armor-piercing round was made for exceptional penetration at incredible speeds, but did not explode like the other types, an explosion in this place would be devastating.

Her body heated to unfathomable temperatures, the walls starting to collapse and melt around her as she stood fifty feet down the passageway from the armored combat team. What she saw was like a flame-thrower, only so very thin a flame, and perfectly straight. The projectile moved so fast that it ignited the air around it, she felt something for the first time in her life, never as a Prime nor later as a Kryptonian had she ever felt her skin break, but the skintight field of energy around her was at an all-time low from the incredible energies that had just been poured into her. The heat didn't really hurt, although it wasn't pleasant, but virtually no amount of energy could truly injure her. She reached up and cupped her shoulder, she could feel the cauterized hole, amazingly, she felt no pain. Ariel couldn't understand, these couldn't be Terrans, they didn't have technology like this. She collapsed to her knees, her mind refusing to comprehend what had happened. She looked up at the group in confusion, and saw the leader taking aim for her head.

\* \* \*

Ramoan's loyalties, his years of fanatical beliefs flushed themselves down the toilet, leaving only lust, lust for this woman, this SuperWoman. He spilt the beans, told her everything, told her of his remote control and the deactivation sequence, and how the deactivation had to be done from within six feet of the warhead.

Monica nodded, smiling seductively as he started to fondle her breasts, then she reached up and snapped her finger against his forehead. He went out like a light. A serious concussion, in the way of a dent, formed and a slash that would require several stitches. She set him down, confident he was not going anywhere soon.

She ran with the remote control, back towards the place where Ariel would be stopping the combat team. At least in a perfect world that would be the case.

\* \* \*

Ariel tensed all over, flying straight up even as Commander Trask fired. She felt something hit her thigh as she flew upwards, the projectile tore into her leg, through muscles and slamming into bone, unable to break bone although amazingly it succeeded in tearing skin and muscle.

The projectile itself converted to a gaseous substance, disintegrated by its own energy being expelled.

Monica heard the commotion and knew exactly what was happening as she turned the corner, damnation, she should have come here herself, she should have let the girl trick Ramoan, these people thought she was still an enemy.

\* \* \*

The people of Metropolis were in a daze as they stopped wherever they were, the silence was overwhelming as everyone completed their evacuations, their good-byes, their crying, as they watched the countdown, being broadcast on every TV channel, every radio channel, and seen on every clock in the city.

Those that had decided to stay made up most of the population, their trust in SuperMan shaken by what they had seen on TV, but SuperMan had never failed them when he was truly needed, he would succeed now. Around this man, this man who was more than a man, this SuperMan, they had found something they could all believe in, something that they could all stand behind. When the stars and stripes of their own country's flag meant very little in this day and age, there was one symbol that did mean something, that gold, red, and blue symbol, that stylized 'S'. That was one symbol that would never fall. One that would never betray them.

\* \* \*

34..33..32..31