

## **CATWOMAN GETS FRISKY:**

**(Oops, someone shrunk the Superheroes)**

Lois Lane the Daily Planet's Pulitzer Price Award winning reporter would soon be heading to California to cover a Homeland Security symposium scheduled to begin at noon the next day. She and Superman were relaxing at a secluded lakeside mountain clearing outside Metropolis, enjoying the unseasonably warm weather, savoring a late afternoon meal while sharing a vintage bottle of French Pinot Noir Corte d'or Burgundy.

Basking in the sun Lois was enjoying a light repast consisting mostly of fruits and veggies and cheeses with Italian Focaccia bread, while Superman was treating himself to a monstrous sour-dough Submarine sandwich slathered with a black olive Kalamata tapenade spread, with Italian Salami, mortadella, prosciutto, and an assortment of deli cheeses including Havarti and Provolone complete with all the fixings and sides; including a tub of macaroni salad, a hearty eight-inch dill pickle and jalapeno infused potato chips.

Without preamble a burst of multi-colored vibrating lights erupted from behind. The couple spun around just in time to see a drone like object rising from a clump of bushes. Superman moved between Lois and the drone. It briefly hovered in place twenty yards away from the couple, several feet above the ground. It was emitting a single yellow colored laser beam from the object's one headlight, a beam that bathed the couple in the glistening pulsating soft glow of a golden ray of light, and with that the drone abruptly sped away.

Not wanting to leave Lois alone, Superman elected to not chase after the suspicious soaring object. A decision he would soon come to regret. Instead he used his X-Ray vision to perform a cursory cat scan inspection of his wife's entire body, immediately determining that she hadn't been deleteriously affected by the beam. He of course was impervious to whatever the ray may have been designed to do.

So, they both shrugged and dismissed the event as just another one of the many weird often unexplained occurrences that pervaded their lives in Metropolis. In the coming days Superman would reflect back on this incident and regret not investigating further. Together man and wife finished their respective meals and headed for home. He disposed of the leavings by using his heat vision to incinerate the leftovers and debris.

That night he and she engaged in an evening of passionate love making, twice to be exact and then again in the morning. Superman, who was strutting about the condo like a preening peacock was still aglow from his night of self-indulgence and unbridled passion.

He grinned appreciatively as he watched Lois admiring her own body in the full-length bedroom mirror. Wearing only a hot-pink G-string his generously endowed wife was flexing and squeezing her golf ball sized biceps when she saw Superman looking at her.

“My daily workouts seem to be paying dividends.” She flexed some more again. “I’m getting pretty damn big, right?”

“Very big ... Very impressive and very sexy.” He adjusted his protruding package. “Keep up the good work.”

“Tee-hee-hee, tee-hee-hee, hee-hee.” Her girlish laughter and muscular ass excited Superman. “Maybe I should work-out twice daily.” She teased.

Eschewing the commercial flight his wife had booked days earlier Superman took Lois into his powerful arms and flew above the clouds at hyper-speed to Southern California which allowed sufficient time for another passionate dalliance, this time while soaring over the Sunshine State; the very definition of a ... *flying fuck*.

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For the past several weeks Catwoman had been planning a daring heist of an extremely popular but obscenely expensive jewelry boutique. She had expertly disabled the sophisticated alarm systems and surreptitiously entered the shop on little cat-paws unseen and without leaving a trace. Selina was grinning from ear to ear much like Luis Carroll’s ubiquitous Cheshire cat.

The Cat was surveying the numerous display cases and the jewels housed within, salivating like a ravenous alley cat peeking into a tropical fish emporium when she was unexpectedly interrupted by Batman. The aging tight-assed self-appointed citizen crime-fighter had been making a habit of interfering with her chosen line of work, theft.

He was vindictively messing with his former lover; like a smitten school boy tugging on her pigtails but in this case, he was interfering with her livelihood and costing her money.

“Selina, I’m afraid I must arrest you.” He moved closer to her.

“You best be afraid.” She hissed at him.

The notorious cat burglar was feeling extra frisky that night so she didn’t pussyfoot around with her very first lover; the man who had taken her virginity. She hissed at him twice more before lashing out with a skillful, well-practiced, perfectly placed powerful spinning back kick to his esophagus taking his breath away.

The muscular conduit that connects the throat and the stomach immediately betrayed The Batman leaving him breathless, gasping and wheezing for air sending the distraught winded asthmatic-like panting and aging crime fighter flying across the show-room floor before crashing into one of the larger display cases.

As a plethora of precious multi-colored gems cascaded down onto the man’s prone body Selina pounced on him with catlike quickness. The ferocious formidable fighting feline femme fatale landed on Batman’s chest with her hands and knees, taking his breath away from him some more.

Executing a classic schoolyard pin, Catwoman dropped her pert muscular peach-shaped buttocks on his chest. With her knees pressing down hard on his biceps she controlled his arms, ironically rendering the Bat as helpless as, what else, a little kitten.

Selina mischievously tore off Bruce's cowl partially exposing his face. With one deft maneuver she unclasped his utility belt and tossed it and his crime fighting gadgets across the room, rendering him virtually helpless against her youth, superior strength, and well-honed fighting skills.

As an aside the statuesque Selina Kyle suggestively reminded her first lover how often a younger she had performed, much to his delight, that particular maneuver in his bedroom.

Catwoman bared her faux claws and playfully scratched the struggling man on the right cheek drawing a trickle of purplish blood. Selina leaned forward presumably getting ready to kiss her former boy-friend, but instead she grabbed his head with both hands and sensually flicked out her tongue and licked his face clean.

She forcibly pulled Batman up onto his feet and licentiously rubbed her *pur-fect* body against the Dark Knight's hip and leg and groin before displaying her amazing strength. The five-foot-eight-inch, 130 pound, Selina easily hoisted the slightly punchy but still muscle laden 240-pound Batman off the ground executing several standard military presses, raising the struggling delusional faux superhero high over her head several more times like the human dumbbell he had so often proven himself to be.

"Batman." As was her want Catwoman purred sexily. "I've warned you before to not get in my way."

Rather than slamming the helpless quasi-superhero down to the ground, she unceremoniously dropped the big lug at her feet allowing him a brief moment to re-cover his face, protecting his secret identity from the security cameras.

Catwoman thought back to the last time Batman attempted to intervene in one of her capers. She had stolen a courier's briefcase containing a number of flawless diamonds belonging to a mob boss. The Dark Knight had surprised Selina in a Gotham City back alley by macing her in the face.

Initially the notorious cat-burglar emitted a caterwauling screech as she rubbed her burning eyes. However, once Batman grabbed at her wrists and attempted to handcuff her, she quickly regained her bearings and easily turned the tables on him. She pulled her muscular arms free and swiftly moved behind him. Slipping her strong right arm under his jutting chin she locked her left arm in place. She held him in an unbreakable rear-naked choke-hold until he lost consciousness.

Selina didn't really want to hurt him but she needed to dissuade the man from ever again intervening in another one of her capers. So, she did the only thing she could. Cat pulled him to his feet and beat the livin' shit out of the helpless pseudo want-to-be-superhero, pummeling his head and body, breaking his nose, blackening his eyes, cuffing his ears with both hands until they were black and blue ... His ears not her hands ...

In addition, she delivered numerous right and left-handed hooks to his body, cracking a couple of his ribs while bruising his kidney. The disabled crime-fighter pissed blood for a week. He cringed in pain each time he moved or coughed or laughed. Fortunately for the Bat it would be weeks before he had reason to laugh again.

“Holy CAT-astrophe Batman.” Selina giggled as she perfectly mimicked a catch phrase from the 1960’s campy Batman primetime TV show. Why not? Afterall, in addition to being a cat-burglar Selina was an accomplished copycat. With the palm of her calloused palms she playfully cuffed Batman around his head while mouthing aloud the appropriate cartoonish noises.

“Pow ... Thwack ... Zwap ... Kapow ...”

“Bruce ... Oh, Bruce ... Dear Bruce ... What am I to do with you?” Just for fun she meowed and purred at him.

Selina placed her thigh revealing knee-high left-boot in the middle of his chest and flexed her well-toned 13 1/2” biceps. As always Catwoman found herself admiring the mesmerizing prominent protruding cephalic blue vein that ran up the side of her arm and her bicep continuing up to her shoulder pulsing through her sinewy muscular arms; a fitting testament to her two-hour twice daily strenuous workout sessions.

“Hey Bruce, look at these babies.” She proudly flexed her biceps. “They’re even bigger than the last time I kicked your ass.”

She was effortlessly controlling Batman’s movements with her booted foot while contemplating how badly she would hurt the Dark Knight this time. Before Batman could respond to her verbal barbs and her heel pressing down hard on his heaving chest, Catwoman’s ears perked straight up. She was hearing sounds she didn’t like, sounds of heavy breathing and concealed whispers.

“Not this time Selina.” Batman whistled. “This time I didn’t come alone.”

Responding to his whistle seemingly every police officer in Gotham City raced into the store all pointing their weapons at Catwoman who was still standing triumphantly over Batman. The red beams from the laser pointers dotted her spectacular body, making her look very much like an unimmunized child with a severe case of the measles.

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Superman was getting a little worried as he intently watched Lois’s spectacular metamorphosis via skype. Wearing only high-heels and a lime-green G-string she was showing Superman her new physique. She pranced around her hotel room flexing and posing, posing and flexing, showing off her muscular body, a body sporting washboard abs, bigger than usual D-cup breasts and what looked to be 14” rock-hard biceps.

“It must have something to do with that Laser Beam.” Superman very much liked what he was seeing. However, he was concerned and upset with himself for not investigating the drone further.

“I’ll be right there, honey.”

“NO! Stay home.” She was adamant. “There’s nothing you can do here. Besides I like how I look now and how good I feel.” She smiled while flexing her muscles. “We’ll deal with this later, when I get home, but for now, let me enjoy this.” She de-skyped and went to bed.

Superman, still dreaming of her return, dutifully ventured forth out into the night on one of his regular nightly patrols. He was flying over Metropolis, the city he had vowed to serve and protect, when suddenly he heard his name being invoked and what sounded like a distress call coming from an exclusive high-rise high-security condominium complex located in an upscale affluent neighborhood. Superman immediately decided he needed to investigate.

Usually his nightly patrols were uneventful which gave Superman ample time to reflect on the direction of his life.

Needless to say, the Kryptonian born superhero was extremely grateful for his superpowers and his extraordinary physical gifts, gifts that allowed him to protect the citizens of earth, his adopted home planet.

More importantly he was extremely happy with his home life. Until his relationship with Lois Lane blossomed, Superman had, for the most part, remained celibate.

Kryptonian law forbade premarital sex as well as masturbation. In his heart Superman was now and would always consider himself to be Kryptonian and those holy laws were very important to him but clearly impossible for a virile man to abide by 100% of the time. Superman was doing the best he could and strayed fewer times than one would expect but it was getting much **harder**. (No pun intended ... okay, that’s a lie ... the pun was intended)

A Kryptonian man was expected to control his libido but as of right now Superman felt as if he were experiencing something akin to the Vulcan mating ritual called *pon farr*; a need to mate or risk death; every knows how kinky the Vulcans were.

Superman was in a quandary. He knew he could easily seduce and charm most females on earth and yet he wasn’t allowed. Unfortunately, adultery, as well as virtually everything and anything that might be fun, was strictly prohibited under Kryptonian law. However, he kept telling himself he was no longer a citizen of Krypton. Had he been a Facebook member his status would have been complicated.

He loved his wife and their relationship and his recently improved sex life was more than just satisfactory. However, sadly for him, until the last couple of nights of passionate love making, the intense fervor he desired had been lacking from their coupling.

The unrestrained wantonness and the fiery frenzied passion he craved was missing, absent from his life and from their relationship. He was attempting to convince himself he should wait for her return. However, right now he wasn't in a position to leave; a man with a hard-on can convince himself of almost anything.

Superman needed to stop watching Syfy films and rom-com movies and the Life Time Channel. The Man of Steel definitely needed to stop reading the fictional stories about female domination on websites such as ... *Diana the Valkyrie and Deviant Art and Her Biceps* ... He enjoyed reading stories featuring strong Amazon like women and even young self-serving girls who dominated their male counterparts with their fighting skills, massive mega-muscles, and their phenomenal prodigious power and strength.

He particularly enjoyed reading fictional stories that featured Superman himself being pummeled and humiliated by, subservient to, and subjugated by fierce female femme fatales, stories that seemed to be ubiquitous on the popular Fem-Dom sites. Inexplicably the Man of Steel was even being sexually stimulated by the very thought of being confronted by a domineering female.

He even penned a Superman story of his own entitled 'Down Goes Soupy' under the pseudonym: Fem-Whipped. A sexually explicit fictional story in which he was totally humiliated, overpowered, sexually abused, and ultimately vanquished by a Goddess like female who after beating Superman to within an inch of his life tosses his broken beaten bashed bloody body away as if it were nothing more than a used tappoon.

The Man of Steel was torn away from his lascivious thoughts. Apparently something untoward was going down or had already gone down or was about to go down in this normally quite crime free part of the city.

"Superman ... Oh My God ... Help me ... Please, Superman." His super Kryptonian hearing kicked in the moment he heard his name being invoked. "Please, help me." Her voice which was husky and guttural and a bit raspy and very sexy conveyed distress. Uncharacteristically but perfectly understandable Superman who was feeling sexually driven that night felt a powerful stirring in his loins, a stirring that, while considerably short of pon farr, dominated his mind, engendering irresistible sexual desires that didn't include Lois.

The most desirable man on the planet was, at least in his mind, becoming a want-to-be Lothario of sorts. Until recently the Man of Steel had always been able to control his sexual urges but now his hormones were getting the better of him, often surging out of control. Superman had yet to cheat on his wife, with the operable word being ... yet.

He confidently descended onto the spacious balcony serving one of the luxurious penthouse apartments. Before entering, he cautiously looked inside the double glass doors; he never wanted to be accused of being a peeping Tom, but 'sometimes' Superman really needed to peek into a woman's apartment just to see what was going on.

What was going on here was the presence of a seemingly comatose naked blonde female lying face down at the foot of a wall-mounted 64" flat screen television set. The sight of her well-toned, well-tanned, well-developed, overly-muscled naked feminine body reminded him of the new and improved Lois Lane which only served to further stimulate his already heightened libido.

She appeared to be very strong which triggered his one sexual fetish; being ravished and made love to by a beautiful overpowering dominate female. He and Lois had role-played that particular scenario a number of times and right now this *Kryptonian Kock* was rock hard, pulsating, and ready to explode.

His blood boiled and his loins were instantly on fire fulminating with intense desire. His 15" unusually thick rigid penis was already straining against his tights sensing even before he did, that tonight was gonna be a good good night.

In fairness to Superman, even as he was looking at the incredible body of the naked female before him, he was daydreaming about being alone with his fantasy woman, longing to touch her, wanting to massage her muscular body, anticipating the joy of squeezing her rock-hard biceps, all the while imagining himself entering her.

The woman still lying on the plush carpet of the condo appeared to be crying and Superman immediately rushed to her side. When she sensed someone approaching, she managed to sit-up. Offering a quick smile of recognition, she wiped the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand before tentatively reaching out to him.

"Miss, are you alright?" Superman readily returned her smile hoping to charm the lovely damsel in distress. He graciously took her trembling hand into his, caressing her tenderly with both of his hands ready to help the pretty lady up onto her feet all the while fantasizing about where this chance encounter might lead; hoping she would be as amenable as he to the coupling of two perfect bodies.

He was reminded of one of his recurring erotic dreams, dreams that brought him in close contact with a hugely muscled female space alien who completely dominated him both physically and sexually. She would force him into repeated perverted sexual acts over and over and over again until he was completely sated rendering him unable to protect himself, feeling puny and completely helpless, and barely able to move. At that point the alien would begin to tenaciously and persistently pummel his distressed body, inexplicably causing him to experience actual pain before he eventually passed out.

The moment he and the seemingly distressed female touched hands Superman immediately began to feel out of sorts; light-headed, woozy, and nauseous. Naturally his immediate thoughts turned to Kryptonite but this feeling of weakness was completely new to him, entirely different than that of Kryptonite poisoning, this felt more like lust.

Superman soon realized he was inexplicably drawn to and overwhelmed by the female's sexuality. Rather than he being the one helping the naked lady up onto her feet, it was she who was taking the initiative. Surprisingly the beautiful muscular blonde was the one holding Superman up ... keeping him from falling ... firmly pressing her power-packed heat-radiating naked body against his ... hugging him tightly to her

bosom ... his heart was beating in unison with hers ... she was seducing him ... wantonly rubbing her inviting lady parts against him ... Superman didn't know it yet but her embrace was the only thing preventing him from collapsing in a heap.

She was nearly as tall as he ... the very embodiment of his dream girl ... his fantasy fetish ever since the onset of puberty had come to life. Her biceps were not only considerably larger than his had ever been but also more defined, deeply cut, and ripped. The woman was more than just shredded, her body appeared to have been chiseled from the hardest of all earthly materials, diamonds. Her more than generous double-D breasts defied gravity and her impossibly erect nipples and saucer sized pinkish areolas seemed to be calling to him.

The bodacious blonde had brazenly wrapped her powerful arms around Superman's torso and was hugging him affectionately rubbing her huge fully aroused fun bags against his chest causing the normally stoic Kryptonian to sport the world's most impressive chubby.

"Doesn't that feel nice Superman." Superman remained silent but had no cause to disagree. "I'm considerably larger than Lois ... right?"

He gazed longingly at her gorgeous, adorably cute super model face complete with the requisite high-cheek bones and pouty lips with a seductively dimpled smile; a smile displaying extreme confidence and whiter than white perfectly straight teeth. She exuded an aura of raw sexual dominance as her body released powerful sexually stimulating pheromones, stimulants that permeated the room, stimulants that deeply affected and overwhelmed an already amorous Superman.

The big busty blonde was a walking, talking wet dream. Her blatant overtures were consuming him, his every thought was of her. He couldn't resist her allure. His ever expanding enormous unusually thick 15" Kryptonian penis grew uncontrollably to never before reached heights of near 18" which had seemingly drained copious amounts of blood from his brain.

energy level plummeted and ennui engulfed his entire body. He was enthralled by the woman. What could he do? The woman had the power of thrall over him. The Man of Steel felt helpless, bereft of free will. An inner voice cried out to him warning the fully engorged superhero he had best be careful for what he wished.

All too often for Superman's peace of mind his erotic dreams manifested into nightmares, nightmares foretelling the arrival of an army of amazoneseque space aliens led by an all-powerful outrageously overly muscled female, a female determined to pillage the planet's natural resources for use on her home planet. The alien Goddess planned for her people to dominate the citizenry of earth and in the process intended to completely ravish and destroy the legendary 'superman' who supposedly protected the planet. Each night he would awaken trembling in a cold sweat vowing to stop his late evening spicy snacks of tacos and burritos and jalapeno peppers.



“Hello Superman or would you prefer I call you Kal-El, or maybe you would like it better if I were to call you Clark or Kent or Clark Kent?” She laughed an evil laugh. “That’s right ... I’ve been doing my due diligence. I know everything about you sweetie ... even your sexual proclivities.”

“My name is Betty Jean and judging by the impressive bulge in your tights you like me; you really really like me.” She brushed the back of her hand across his groin lingering for a short moment before flexing her impressively deeply cut extraordinarily peaked biceps, each displaying numerous protruding striations a clear tribute to her rigorous workouts or her superior genetics.

“Do you want to touch these babies?” She teased, pointing to her biceps. “Come on Sparky, touch them. You know you want to.”

“Yes.” Superman had surprised himself when he whispered under his breath. “Yes, please.” He was consumed with lust. He had never experienced this level of desire.

“Yes, I do.” Superman massaged her massive right bicep with both of his trembling hands resisting the urge to kiss the impressively peaked throbbing muscle. He traced the shape of her bicep. He even squeezed a bit, amazed at how hard and unyielding it was ... He even used both of his still trembling hands as he unsuccessfully attempted to encircle her hugely peaked bicep.

“Impressive ... very impressive.” Superman was indeed impressed and bordering on speechless.

“Big and hard, huh?” When she flexed her pecs her breasts noticeably expanded beyond comprehension and his eyes rolled back in his head. “Do you want to touch the twins?”

Before he could decide for himself, she decided for him. When she forced her right hand under his tights he didn’t resist. When she massaged his rock-hard-cock he wouldn’t resist. When she began pumping his penis like a jackhammer he couldn’t resist.

“Damn Superman, your dick is harder than Chinese arithmetic.”

Superman was so excited he blew his wad within seconds. However, he was somehow suspended on the verge of sweet relief until his entire body began to experience violent unrestrained spasms as his long strong schlong savagely shuddered until he violently exploded with a seemingly never-ending, satisfying, powerful, wet orgasm; one of Superman’s best releases ever.

“Thanks, quick-draw.” She mocked his premature ejaculation and held her hand in front of Superman’s tearing eyes displaying globs of his surprisingly sweet sticky schlong schmutz shocking him when she licked her hand clean, while sucking on her long strong fingers. But she wasn’t finished yet and surprisingly neither was he. She returned to kneading his fully erect erupting erection, again savoring every drop of his creamy sperm. She repeated the process for a third time, amazed by the amount of ejaculate he produced.

While she was still in her shared prison cell Betty overheard Sue telling Catwoman that ingesting a subject’s DNA could accelerate the absorption process by somehow establishing an enhanced personal

connection. So, Betty was relishing every last drop knowing that Superman's pure unadulterated DNA could exponentially enhance her burgeoning physique and her power.

"I accept this to be a serious complement." His penis was still spurting some post sticky stuff. She spotted small spots spreading across his groin but said nothing more; content with licking her lips and flashing her dazzling smile of triumph.

"Most folks refer to me as B.J. ... but you shan't ... I insist you call me ... Bulging Betty." She laughed that same evil laugh making it clear to Superman she wasn't kidding about that.

"Okay then, if you insist." The completely sated Superman nodded and replied smugly. "Bulging Betty it is, babe." Still feeling disoriented and a bit embarrassed by his three quick ejaculations Superman responded to her quasi-threat by being flippant.

"Thanks so much for **coming** to my rescue, thrice." She emphasized the word 'coming' as she slyly smirked and whispered under her breath. "You poor clueless bastard."

"Huh?" Superman hadn't heard her comment but when he gazed into her expressive blue-green eyes, eyes, eyes that were not only sparkling with joy but actually exhibiting pure unadulterated triumph, he noticed she hadn't blinked even once. It was at that point he realized that even after three ejaculations the Man of Steel was still as hard as a rock.

Betty was feeling unimaginable power coursing through her veins feeding the embryotic stages of her body's spectacular muscular metamorphous. The big beautiful blonde returned to affectionately massaging his massive love muscle. However, now she was beginning to pump and squeeze his cock so vigorously the startled stunned superhero surprisingly shrieked several serious shrill screams simultaneously with the onset of pain and ecstasy as his coming orgasm lingered interminably came for the fourth time again in a matter of seconds.

The feeling of actual pain was new to Superman reminding him of his dreams. Inexplicably this young woman who had treated him to four fantastic orgasms was demonstrating incredible power and strength. She manipulated his thumb forcing it as far back as it would go. Superman was beyond confused the woman was inexplicably introducing him to real pain by twisting his thumb as she attempted to crush his hand while at the same treating him to multiple orgasms of immense pleasure. She was hurting him, hurting him a lot, hurting him for real. Apparently, his heretofore impervious Kryptonian defense mechanisms had somehow been compromised by her.

Trying to mitigate the unexplained pain he was experiencing Superman attempted to twist his arm away from her and demanded she release her grip.

"Woman, please release your grip." He demanded.

Instead she chuckled and increased the pressure. He grabbed her under her chin with his one free hand and throat-lifted the big blonde more than a foot off the ground. He held her in the air shaking her around like a rag doll ... all the while choking her ... seemingly without effect.

Her unmistakable look of triumph never waned even as a frustrated Superman violently slammed her body against a wall several times. He leveled punch after punch deep into her collapsing midsection before he eventually dropped the wounded wheezing woman who was gasping for air onto the floor. Despite her obvious discomfort she seemed to be amused.

The smirking busty blonde behemoth managed to genuinely guffaw girlish giggles grunting gnarly guttural grimacing gasps gulping for air. He stomped down hard on her wrist but Inexplicably Bulging Betty never relinquished her hold on his hand. She was back to squeezing his hand; still hurting him.

“Are you finished with your macho crap.” Another arrogant look of absolute triumph flashed across the smiling face of his fully naked female protagonist. “Superman, don’t fight it.” She offered up another condescending laugh, a haughty laugh that worried and annoyed Superman almost as much his discomfort, almost.

“Come on Superman. You know you like this.” Days earlier she had hacked into his computer. She had searched his history, found, and read his story about female domination. “I know how much you long to be dominated.” She offered a knowing smile. “So, let loose and enjoy this.”

Superman punched her in the pit of her stomach but quickly discovered that he hadn’t hurt her, not even a little bit. He knew he had to ratchet it up a bit. He finally decided that he needed to be more forceful. He unleashed a veritable thunderbolt of a right hand to her solar plexus. He had never even come close to hitting anyone that hard before, the prodigious blow would have stopped, maybe even killed a full-grown charging rhinoceros.

However, Bulging Betty had tightened and flexed her abdominal muscles and stood her ground apparently unfazed. She didn’t so much as blink ... or let out a woof ... or display any discomfort whatsoever. Inexplicably the formidable female femme-fatale hadn’t bent over gasping for air as Superman had expected. Instead, the arrogant seemingly invincible mega-woman just stood there looking bored while effecting that pouty snarl young girls are so good at ... that arrogant look of self-assured superiority ... *‘don’t even think about it, asshole.’*

The bemused blonde leveled her gaze with his and offered herself to him, daring Superman to hit her some more.

Superman hesitated because now he was the one experiencing pain. His powerful punch had landed solidly enough but had failed to penetrate her now seemingly impassable thick rock-hard bricks of abdominal muscles. Superman was amazed and shocked by how dense, thick, and hard her abs had become. They were every bit the equal of his own impenetrable Kryptonian body.

“What the hell ... your abs ... They are so much harder than before.” Her chiseled abs were a wonder not to be believed ... he used his fingers to trace the rugged robust ridges that defined her solid impenetrable abdomen. He knew not what else he could or should do or say other than ... “Amazing.”

The impact of his fist connecting with her suddenly unreal densely compressed eight-pack had resulted in a broken hand. Nonetheless, he resumed firing a barrage of additional right and left hooks at her body

and her head each of which she skillfully slipped or ducked or blocked with her powerful arms or simply absorbed with her impenetrable abs.

“Put Em Up.” The amazing awesome Amazon raised her hands with her left extended slightly forward. He didn’t realize it yet but the big busty blonde was now as tall if not a tad taller than he. She danced in place on her toes in a classic boxer’s stance.

“Put Em Uuuuup.” She was whimsically quoting and mimicking the Cowardly Lion character from the Wizard of Oz. “I’ll fight you with one hand tied behind my back.” Demonstrating that she could do it, Betty fired three quick hard left-handed jabs to his nose all the while condescendingly chuckling, chortling and cackling.

“Pathetic.” She laughed at his feeble attempts. The big blonde flexed her abdominal muscles some more, and her veritable eight-pack materialized. “I thought you would be more of a challenge for me.” She unexpectedly unleashed a short but powerful right-hook to his face fracturing his jaw following up with a penetrating straight right hand to his gut dropping him to his knees.

“You’re exactly like the wishy-washy woeful weeny whining wretched whimpering weak wimpy wussy wimp in your story.”

Superman was in a world of hurt ... he was racked with serious pain ... experiencing agonizing agony and alarming dizziness. An all-encompassing feeling of weakness was consuming the strongest man in the world.

He couldn’t clear his head as he descended into an abyss of darkness falling back into a veritable vortex of unconsciousness. He could feel soothing air and a gel like liquid swirling around compromising his mind. His head and body were being pelted with unseen and unidentifiable flying objects. His movements were ponderous but he still managed to duck away from while deflecting most of the objects. His mind cleared in time to witness the incomprehensible Bulging Betty flexing her biceps that swelled like overinflated footballs.

She was experiencing an unfathomable surge of power flowing through her body. She could actually feel herself growing stronger. Inflicting pain on the Man of Steel was a dream come true for her, as well as a powerful aphrodisiac. She briefly released his hand and performed a double bicep pose accentuating her massive biceps and flaunting her miraculous muscularity.

She was thrilled by the look of fear spreading across Superman’s clearly demoralized blushing face. With lightning like speed, she grabbed his hand again and began squeezing some more. Superman was frantic, hysterical really.

Who was this woman? Did she have super powers. How come he was unable to hurt her? How come she could hurt him. Did she have super powers? How come he felt so puny? How come he had no answers?

Bulging Betty tightened every muscle in her massive frame. She joyously flexed and posed and preened in front of the full-length mirror she liked so much. She couldn't believe how much she had grown, was still growing. Now she understood his look of absolute fear spreading across Superman's ashen colored face.

"Superman you need to remove your head from your ass." She was beginning to realize that the Kryptonian creep was an anachronism, a Neanderthal who was so steeped in nostalgia he still dreamt in black and white.

"Superman, females are getting bigger and stronger all the time. Not as big as me of course ... but still. Have you ever been in a gym? Females are more than capable of holding their own against most men." She pulled out her smart-phone, transferred the images of big-teen-bicep girls onto her 64" flat-screen and watched Superman watch the future generation of women. Betty couldn't resist slipping in a number of big-dick-she-male videos which seemed to shock an easily shocked Superman.

"E-gads!" The obviously intimidated Kryptonian superhero diverted his eyes from the TV back to Betty's muscular pose and whispered under his breath. "You're unreal."

"Superman." She flexed her massive muscles yet again. "On the contrary I can assure you I'm real, these babies are real ... and in the short time it takes you to cum ... I am going to treat you to a real beating."

The muscular Kryptonian pumped up his own muscles and lashed out at the big blonde with lightning fast fists connecting with her head and body driving her backwards. After the initial shock Betty easily caught her balance, stepped forward, and unleashed a barrage of rights and lefts of her own.

Unfazed by his punches Bulging Betty flexed her entire muscular body and laughed so hard she nearly pissed herself.

When Superman observed the seemingly unlimited power pulsing through her veins, he involuntarily cowered away from her. She peered down at the diminished distraught superhero with laughing eyes; eyes that were expressing an utter disdain for the most powerful man on the planet. She displayed a combination of triumphant pride in herself and poorly disguised pity for him.

Extending only two of her fingers she pushed Superman down onto his back as if he were nothing more than a child's inflatable bounce-back toy, only the so-called Man of Steel didn't bounce back up, couldn't bounce back up, wouldn't bounce back up.

He simply remained inert, lying flat on his back helplessly looking up at the beautiful busty blonde beast who had assumed a dominate stance straddling a stunned, shaken, shocked sexually stimulated Superman still sporting a stupendous sizeable stiffy.

Betty Jean noticed his prominent pulsating perturbation and gleefully engulfed his enormous erectile erection with her huge right hand. She vigorously pumped his penis again bringing the man to a fifth colossal creamy climax in a matter of seconds. The gorgeous grinning girl greedily gulped globs of cum indulging in yet another feast of copious amounts of sweet super seamen.

“Down Goes Soupy.” She laughed at the shocked look on his face. “Yep, I read your story and I promise you I will replicate the ending for you.”

Superman felt extremely violated by this woman who had invaded his privacy. Forgetting for the moment she had forcibly jerked him off in effect raping him while she was easily kicking his ass. He was embarrassed that she knew his innermost sexual proclivities fearing what she might reveal to the public.

For the first time Superman was taking a real close look at the woman who was hurting him a lot for real. He was surprised, no, actually, he was shocked by the extent of the muscles being flaunted by the naked young women now looming over him; the woman who was now effortlessly but ruthlessly pulverizing the broken bones in his right hand with her iron vice like grip.

Searching for a plausible explanation, Superman briefly thought of the drone and the laser beam. He wondered if the beam were somehow responsible in any way for his weakness and for the appearance of Bulging Betty. However unlikely it was that the drone could be related in any way to Betty he still regretted not pursuing after the drone if for no other reason but to have eliminated the damn thing as having any relevance.

Setting that notion aside for the moment, Superman was beginning to realize he was in trouble, serious trouble. He looked at Betty Jean with fearful trepidation and utter astonishment as he witnessed her biceps inexplicably growing larger and larger, quickly approaching if not surpassing 38 inches of peaked pulsating perfection. Her entire body throbbed displaying incomprehensible muscle definition. Not only did her biceps exceed his they were actually beyond rational description, ineffable and seemingly still growing.

Superman understood it was metaphysically impossible but there was no denying the woman was somehow getting bigger and stronger by the minute. She possessed an unfathomable combination of muscularity coupled with an irresistible feminine appeal. The strongest man in the world could only gape in open mouthed astonishment at the towering mountain of deeply cut and curvaceous muscularity standing menacingly over him.

Superman was now convinced the ruthless woman who was effortlessly beating the living-shit out of him had to be a Goddess or an alien or a demon or maybe even a witch ... so he utilized his X-ray vision to scan her massive body and in the process learned she was a 100% earth born human being without any enhancements.

Each time the smiling clearly superior female exerted additional pressure, such as squeezing his aching hand a little harder, her enormous bulging biceps burst forward in gargantuan splendor literally exploding like oversized softballs resembling small animals scurrying around her upper arm attempting to break through her smooth taut skin.

The pain of the broken bones and torn cartilage that were radiating up his forearm to his bicep all the way to his aching right shoulder was nearly unbearable and far exceeded anything Superman had previously

experienced. Even as the excruciating pain intensified Superman's libido never waned and incredibly the aptly named man of steel was again fully erect.

The big buff brawny bawdy bodacious busty bosomy bemused bicep-blessed beautiful blonde bombshell brazenly brandished bountiful breathtaking boob-a-lisious breasts as her fully naked body was wantonly flaunting her sexy muscle laden fabulous fantastical fascinating formidable female form and her large perfectly proportioned pulchritudinous powerful physique. Preening proudly, Betty Jean caressed her generous firm breasts and her perfect perky pert pinkish sexy saucer sized areolas. She shuddered as she tweaked her impossibly erect nipples. She had perfected the pec bounce and decided now would be the perfect moment to *titillate* Superman. After Superman witnessed her massive breasts undulate one at a time he blushed until he was the color of a stoplight.

The ruthless female had not only aroused herself but she had sexually stimulated the super-prudish now fully aroused normally prissy puritanical prudish stodgy stuffed-shirt with her overt sexuality. The Man of Steel was not only intimidated by her awe-inspiring beauty, dancing breasts, and her muscular body he was transfixed by the triumphant look in her indecorous deep blue-green eyes.

Superman was acting like a prissy little fan-boy such was his fascination with and admiration for his protagonist's physical perfection. He was irrationally imagining himself as her constant companion always at her side adoring and obeying every whim of his Goddess and yet he wanted to kick her ass, wished he could kick her ass, dispirited because he knew he couldn't.

As B.J. rose to her full height of plus six-foot-two-inches she latched onto to Superman's fully erect penis and his big balls and he was again unable to resist her advances. She playfully kneaded and massaged and fondled his testicles and gently stroked his rock-hard manhood continuing to send extremely exciting exhilarating electric shocks throughout his body, melting away any reservations he may have harbored.; at the moment Lois Lane was a distant memory.

Superman audibly gasped when this aroused attractive amorous angelic appearing Amazonian angel pushed his head between her legs so he could experience a whiff of the musky scent of her wet vagina. He didn't know for sure what she wanted him to do, but whatever it was he would be willing.

Betty Jean lovingly rubbed his shoulders while she kept her right hand inside his tights massaging his manhood. He wasn't entirely sure he was going to like what was to come next but today was the day he was finally going to be ravished and dominated by a beautiful femme fatale; a female obviously stronger and more powerful than he.

Superman was mystified by her dominance. His fear of her bone crushing power was overwhelmed by the overwhelming sensations in his overwhelmed pulsating penis. Whenever he found himself at the precipice of ejaculation the mean muscle maiden would gently squeeze his penis punitively preventing his sweet release. He begged and pleaded with her to let him cum. Finally, he demanded to be allowed to cum.

"Please let me cum." He begged.

“Please permit me to cum.” He pleaded with her.

“God Damn it woman ... let me Fucking cum!” He demanded.

“Superman, you need to relax and enjoy the moment.” She continued to knead his ever-expanding throbbing penis. “Why shouldn’t two genetically superior beings fully enjoy and appreciate great sex together.” She began to laugh.

When she nonchalantly referred to herself as a genetically superior human being, Superman finally accepted as fact that this woman was much more than just a sexy hugely muscled female, a female with an extraordinary ability to inflict pain on his previously invulnerable body. He feared she was an actual threat to him, someone who could incapacitate him on a whim, someone who should she wish could easily kill him.

“If not great sex, how about this?” She grabbed the back of his head, pulled him forward, and planted a long-wet French kiss on his unsuspecting mouth. Before he knew it, she was sucking on his tongue causing irresistible sensations exciting him yet again. My God he thought to himself, even her damn mouth is stronger than his.

Suddenly the merciless malicious mighty muscle maiden began to forcibly squeeze his cock and his aching testicles, triggering terrible traumatic tremors and waves of unspeakable agony, causing the defenseless Kryptonian to discard her tongue from his mouth and cry out in pain.

“Great Caesar’s Ghost.” He cried out.

In the reality of the moment Superman was finally beginning to realize that his fanciful fantasy fetish of a feisty formidable female forcibly flogging a defenseless him might be more than even he could handle. Superman was irrationally hoping he would awaken from this all too familiar nightmare, putting an end to this nonsense.

“What? Who?” She looked at him funny. “What ... Great who?”

Still squeezing his neck, still inflicting pain, she mercifully released his cock and balls and within seconds he blissfully spewed his schlong juice high into the air. She again greedily devoured every bit of his sweet tasting cum for a sixth time; she was beginning to crave his semen; her appetite for his creamy cum was insatiable. She switched her vice like grip to Superman’s left hand controlling the fully sated man with surprising ease. Her overwhelming strength and her unbreakable iron grip bewitched, bothered, bewildered, befuddled, baffled and flummoxed the Man of Steel.

“Face it, Superman, ain’t no ghost coming to rescue your sorry miserable ass. Ain’t nobody coming to rescue your sorry ass.” She smiled broadly at the distressed Superhero. “Do you know why?” She shrugged her shoulders. “it’s because nobody can.” Betty stuck out her tongue revealing the remnants of his semen.



“Mr. Kent?” Jubilantly rejoicing in her unquestioned superiority Betty Jean cupped her huge breasts in her hands and asked. “Have you ever been titty fucked?”

For her own amusement the bemused busty blonde whacked Superman across the face, first with her right breast and then with her left one. She was shocked by the fast materializing black and blue marks on his cheeks. She shoved his head between her huge breasts. Using only her strong powerful prominent pectoral muscles she squeezed her boobs together smothering him while forcing the Kryptonian prude to motorboat her.

“Mmm.” Without really thinking he began to suckle on her swollen left nipple like a new born.

“Not yet Superbaby.”

She wagged her finger in his face and placed his cock between her breasts. She squeezed them together and began pumping his cock with her massive boobs until for the seventh time in the last few moments he once again spewed ropes of ejaculate. She sucked his still seeping cock, licked globs of his sticky sperm off her tits, suckled her own nipples, and laughed uproariously at Superman who was simultaneously crying and drooling.

Betty Jean continued to laugh as she watched a clearly embarrassed Superman divert his gaze away from her intimidating muscles by staring directly at the floor instead. She had been dreaming of and working towards this one-on-one confrontation with Superman since her formative years at the school and now that the moment had finally arrived the fiery fierce female decided she may as well have some fun at his expense.

For the eighth time in the last twelve minutes the insatiable Bulging Betty massaged his flaccid penis until it amazingly stiffened up, way up. He spewed another huge load, a load she devoured with joyful glee. His numerous ejaculations were not only feeding her ever expanding body but also draining him of energy while leaving him sans rational thought.

“Damn.” Betty Jean seemed impressed and said so ... “Superman I am impressed with your equine like manhood but also with your potency, if not your staying power.’ She pumped her closed fist up and down simulating a hand-job. “Superman, from now on I will be calling you Sperm-man.”

Superman was beginning to understand the concept of intimidation and absolute domination. He cringed each and every time the woman moved in his direction or even gestured at him. However, he desperately wanted her to grasp onto his penis at least one more time and massage his big dick until he spewed forth another shit-load of sperm.

It was becoming abundantly clear to him that Bulging Betty held sway over him. Not only did she want to inflict unspeakable unbearable pain onto his suddenly submissive squishy sagging body but she also wanted to embarrass and humiliate the heretofore beloved, universally admired strongest and most powerful human in the universe.

He dreaded how the tabloids would depict this evening and how historians would chronicle this fateful night and the unceremonious transformation of his super powers to her ... The phrase ... 'there's a new sheriff in town' ... seemed apropos.

The once proud Kryptonian was extremely grateful there were no witnesses to his piteous defeat. But then it occurred to him. His narcissistic self-absorbed conqueror would definitely want her victory preserved for posterity; available for viewing twenty-four-seven. With trepidation and dread Superman scanned his surroundings for the first time noticing the myriad of strategically placed mini-cameras that covered every inch of the condo. The entire world was about to bare witness to his shameful cowardice defeat.

Superman managed to conjure up one comforting thought ... at least the viewing audience would be treated to and astounded by his sexual process ... eight powerful ejaculations, even though quick, were more than just impressive and worthy of a true Superman.

Realizing he was out of options Superman resorted to the one last disparate act available to the frightened overwhelmed superhero. In desperation he carefully and precisely leveled his searing heat vision engulfing Bulging Betty in a visible radiating glow of the Kryptonian laser beams emanating from his eyes. To his utter astonishment she basked in the 5,000,000-degree flames engulfing her exquisite body. She was reacting as if she were enjoying an invigorating sauna.

"Hey ... that felt nice ... but don't do it again." She rubbed her skin, enjoying the warm sensations. "You could inadvertently burn down my condo, understand?" Superman clearly understood the hopelessness of his situation. This Amazonian goddess like female was indestructible, impervious to pain. He noticeably slumped as he fought through his tears of resignation.

"Clark, you should look at the bright side .... take a good look at these beauties ... best tits ever, right?" She thrust her chest forward. "Which one do you like best?" She smiled at him with her eyes. "Is it ... Miss Righty ... or ... is it ... Miss Lefty?" She didn't wait for an answer.

"Get ready for it, Superman." After releasing her grip on his left hand, the big beaming blonde beast viciously pounded her fists into his solar plexus with such force his muscle laden abs grudgingly disintegrated and surrendered to her. Her powerful prodigious punches penetrated so deeply she considered ripping out his spleen.

Superman turned an alarming shade of deep purple as copious amounts of baby-shit-yellow-brownish bloody bile gushed from his mouth all over the carpet and onto his bare feet. A bemused Bugling Betty belly-laughed before belittling Superman by forcing the mighty super-wimp down onto his knees pushing and smushing his blushing, bruised, brutally beaten battered bloody face into his own vomit insisting he eat his own puke while licking her carpet clean.

At first, he resisted her outrageous demand but when she grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and stubbornly pushed his face down into his own vomit effortlessly holding the struggling Man of Steel in place until he finally succumbed. She squeezed his neck inflicting pain beyond his capacity to endure.

“Superman I expect you to slurp it all up, every morsel.”

He understood she would win this and any other tests of will. Knowing he had no choice and unable to envision any scenario in which he could successfully oppose her, he submissively complied as best he could. All the while he was resisting the urge to throw up again. She laughed some more as she watched the disgusting upheaval of barf drip down his chiseled chin seemingly in slow motion.

“Super-Slurper.” She roughly positioned his face directly in front of one of the cameras. “Smile ... You look marvelous.”

“If you were to write a Fem-Dom story about a girl like me what would you call her?” She tensed her muscles and her entire outrageously proportioned body exploded beyond anything anyone had ever witnessed or had even imagined were possible ... “Give me a name Superman and you best make it a good one.”

“I would call you Awesome-Girl.” When he saw her smiling, he took a deep congratulatory breath of relief. At least for the moment he had managed to avoid another horrible beating. “Because that’s what you are girl ... AWESOME.

Superman had been awaiting his chance and for the first time he attempted to fly away from the temporarily distracted Awesome Girl but he didn’t get far. Displaying her super-enhanced reflexes, she easily plucked the surprised Superman from the air with one hand and admonished him to not try that again.

“Superman ... try that again and I will mutilate and kill your precious little Lois Lane on national TV while you watch ... Understand, wimp?”

“Yes.” Tears rolled down his cheeks. “Yes, I do.” He wiped his eyes. “Please.” He begged. “Tell me the truth. Are you a Goddess?”

“Nope ... Just a big bicep blessed bitch.” She ran her fingers through his hair. “Superman you amuse me. Now I’m thinking about keeping you alive long enough for you to watch my edited version of the film of our **little** mano-a-mano confrontation.” When Betty bellowed a deafening traumatizing guttural laugh of triumph a startled Superman actually pissed himself.

Awesome Girl laughed some more again before she delivered an earth-shattering uppercut to his already fractured jaw, lifting Superman a couple of feet off the ground sending the barely conscious man across the room depositing him on the floor where he instinctually assumed the fetal position.

“Superman?” She kicked him in the ribs. “You look as if you want to return to the womb.” She kicked him again. “Shall I bring your mother here?”

“Oh God ... No ... Please.” He crawled on his belly to her and kissed her feet. “Please.”

Superman was beginning to accept the inevitable improbable ignominious ending of his life as a fait accompli. He had heard of major depression but he had never experienced the feelings of anxiety and worthlessness he was experiencing at that moment.

He fully understood and accepted as fact there was absolutely nothing he could do to stop her; nothing any one could do to stop her. She was indeed the very essence of Awesome Girl. He would never again be the protector of the earth and its people. Should Betty Jean allow him to live, the world would see him as nothing more than an unfunny clown. This female was beyond ruthless obviously intent on not only destroying the Man of Steel physically but humiliating him as well.

“How do you like me now?” Her emotionless laugh was actually terrifying to him. He recognized an absence of empathy and a lack of humanity and he feared for humanity

“Superman. by now you must realize you can’t hurt this body; no one can.” Awesome Girl flexed yet again. This time she twisted her clinched hand and rotated her fist causing bowling ball sized biceps to dance along her upper arms.

“Superman ... I like the name Awesome Girl. Do you think you might write a femdom story about the two us?” Mocking him with her derisive laughter she suggested a title for the book. “How about ... Awesome Girl kicks Superman’s ass.”

“Using your considerable creative writing skills and your grammatical acumen how would you describe this baby?” He watched her flexing her massive right bicep until her growing muscle once again exploded from her upper arm like an over-sized bowling ball. He was certain her biceps were as big as his head and getting bigger and stronger each time she flexed.

“Big?” He managed to force a laugh. “Awesome.”

“I am torn, unable to decide how and when I should kill you.” She grabbed him around the throat and squeezed until it was clear he couldn’t breathe. “Ah no ... not yet ... that would be too easy ... I need to think on this”.

“I want to inflict so much more pain ...” She held Superman’s anguished face in front of the camera and throat-lifted him off the ground, holding him there until he began gasping for air. “I want to watch our film together.” The big blonde released her grip allowing the man to succumb to gravity and drop face first to the floor.

Bulging Betty lifted the trembling Superman to his feet yet again, gripped both of his wrists, and forced a struggling but completely overmatched Superman’s hands together. Out of habit he tried to resist but he knew it was futile. He couldn’t even begin to slow her down. Even using what remained of his superior Kryptonian strength he couldn’t prevent this uber-woman from enveloping both of his hands into her large right hand.

Just before Superman was about to collapse to his knees again, she grabbed the back of his neck with her now free left hand and sadistically head-butted the man's already damaged face several times, breaking his nose, fracturing his jaw, and shattering several of his front teeth ... nearly knocking him out.

He was in serious trouble. He knew it, she knew it, even his enormous Kryptonian penis knew it. His once proud potent perfect prodigious pulsating prick recognized the imminent peril and retreated inwardly like a frightened turtle.

"Come on sissy boy." She thrust her breasts in his face again. "Which one is best ... left or right?"

"Definitely the right one." Superman had no real preference; each boob was magnificent unto itself. He just wanted the ruthless female to stop hitting him, stop hurting him. Predictably Betty Jean slapped Superman several times across the face with her left breast.

"Do you wish to reconsider?"

The extremely confident chiseled 300-pound Amazonian female gripped his hands and pulled him close to her body, keeping him from falling. She applied indescribable pressure, pressure that easily exceeded 2,000 PSI to his hands before finally allowing a writhing wrenching worried Superman to unwilling crumple to the floor yet again.

Both he and his tormentor had felt the bones in each of his hands being crushed by her one hand as an embarrassed Superman screamed as she laughed triumphantly.

However, the big blonde amazon-esque muscle maiden wanted to do more than just inflict pain on the saddened struggling squirming Superman. She wanted to totally humble, embarrass and humiliate the arrogant asshole. When she was finished with him, she would delight in selling the home videos now being captured by the many hidden cameras that covered every inch of her condo.

Superman had always been impervious to pain, until now, but now was now and now he was experiencing first-**hand** the pain of broken, crushed, and fractured bones.

The feminine narcissist felt compelled to yet again demonstrate her omnipotent overwhelming power one more time ... again

Using only her left hand she lifted Superman's sagging body high over her head, purposefully bouncing his head off the ceiling. She paraded the humiliated hapless helpless humbled He-Man around her condo stopping in front of the full-length mirror long enough to allow the Man of Squeal to watch as she gleefully demonstrated the very personification of total domination.

"My God." He squealed as she slowly lowered his naked body until he was perpendicular with her grinning face which allowed her to suck and lick his engorged penis once again. She could feel her massive set of muscles reacting to the ninth dose of Superman's creamy DNA. They were both hoping for a tenth time; double digits seemed attainable and a good selling point for the soon to be released DVD featuring Awesome Girl.

“Are you even human?” Conveniently forgetting for the moment that he had already thoroughly scanned her body and determined she was indeed human. Superman was in denial, deep denial so he continued to deny and he still refused to believe the undeniable.

“You are a witch or a demon ... right?” Superman would feel better about himself if he knew for certain he had been defeated by magic or by an actual deity ... So, he began to verbally perform for the cameras. “I know you’re not human.” Superman’s rambling mind was rationalizing her unquestioned dominance. There would be no embarrassment succumbing to a Demon or a witch or a Goddess ... right?

“Superman ... I am none of those things and you know it.” She clasped her intertwined fingers behind her head and flexed her incompressible biceps and laughed. “I am Awesome Girl who is so much bigger and so much stronger than you. You know that to be true ... right?”

Thankfully he could already feel his unique Kryptonian healing powers beginning to mend his ravaged body and regenerate his superpowers. He took some solace in knowing that his broken bones and the torn cartilage and his shredded ligaments would heal quickly enough and the pain would eventually subside. More importantly he expected his superpowers to return fully intact sooner than later.

However, at the same time, an obviously defeated, impotent, compliant, confused, completely demoralized, and helpless Superman was left to ponder what else this heartless pitiless all-powerful female intended to do to him next.

Deep in the recesses of his mind he could hear the dulcet tones of a radio voiced narrator, Bud Collier, intoning the requisite ramping-up of a cliff-hanger ending ...

*Has Superman met his match ... Will Truth, Justice, and the American Way once again prevail ... Will the Man of Steel redeem himself against the forces of evil? Tune in next week for the further adventures of Superman ...*

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Lois Lane attended the first day of the Homeland Security conference dressed rather conservatively wearing a beige mid-length skirt and a matching jacket over a clinging powder-blue short sleeved blouse; even so she felt as if every eye in the auditorium had been trained on her and she hadn’t been wrong.

Men and women alike were mesmerized by her muscular diamond-shaped calves which undulated with each and every step she took. Her hour-glass figure and her imposing physique were evident even when covered by her less than flattering business jacket.

It was unreasonably hot in the auditorium which gave Lois the perfect excuse to remove her jacket, something she had been wanting to do ever since she arrived.

She breathed deeply accentuating her spectacular breasts and caught the eye of a good-looking security analyst, so she brushed her hair back causing her bicep to erupt into an almost incomprehensible 14” rock-of hard bicep.

Superman's wife had no intention of sleeping with the very good-looking man who was ogling her from a distance with his lustful eyes. However, Lois wasn't above acting a little naughty that night, having some fun on this trip wouldn't really be cheating. After all, she didn't know how much longer she would be blessed with her massive muscles.

As the conference was letting out for the day Lois surprised herself by brazenly inviting her good-looking admirer to join her for a drink at the hotel bar. They each had two before he invited her to join him for dinner. She readily agreed but she invited the enamored analyst to accompany her to her room so she could change into something a little bit more comfortable.

Lois excused herself so she could change. She stripped herself naked and admired her new body in the mirror. She was actually turning herself on, feeling her juices flowing she decided she should wear her sexiest most revealing available outfit.

Lois, AKA Mrs. Superman, exited the bathroom wearing a pair of impossibly tight-fitting cut-off-jeans, jeans that hugged her muscular thighs and showed off her long-tanned legs and her shapely calves. Her tight pink T-shirt did little to hide her large boobs and protruding nipples.

Lois mischievously stepped in front of her 'date' and flexed her biceps which now exceeded 14" of pure female muscle. She grinned at the man enjoying the massive bulge in his pants and the astonished look on his face; a look that alerted Lois that this young man sitting on her couch was ready to live up to his unfortunate name.

She encouraged the man to remove all of his clothing. She teased him with her spectacular naked body and forbade him from touching either her or himself. Lois joyously watched as his engorged penis uncontrollably spazzed back and forth as if waving at her as he spewed forth copious amounts of semen in one long steady stream until he was completely sated.

Lois sent Mr. MeHoff on his way home but not before admonishing the man to never speak of what had happened that evening ... The admonishment had been a clear warning.

"See you tomorrow Jack."

Each succeeding evening Lois brought a different man back to her room and repeated her striptease and muscle posing routines until the man ejaculated unaided by touch.

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"Wake up shit head." Awesome Girl placed her big hands on his shoulders and squeezed causing him to wince from the pain. She sidled up to him and rubbed her body against his.

"Didn't you use to be taller than me?" She made it painful obvious to him that she now needed to lower her gaze in order to look into his eyes. "How did this happen?"

As if he hadn't already been totally intimidated by her totally intimidating self, now he was well beyond being totally intimidated. Now he was too terrified to even contemplate what was really happening ... Was she actually growing taller and bigger and stronger or was he shrinking; could he actually be shrinking?

Betty Jean sneered at him as she joyously pumped up her huge biceps watching as her upper arms reached unfathomable proportions now exceeding 40" of pulsating feminine power; a bicep that was seemingly growing as they spoke.

"Which one is your favorite? Which one is bigger?" Grinning from ear to ear she asked the question she knew he would dread having to answer. "Is it Ms. Righty or is it Ms. Lefty?"

"How can you be hurting me?" He decided it would be best for him to not answer. "Please stop ... Who are you?" He shied away from the big blonde fearing that his quivering sphincter and suspect continence might betray him.

"Why ... How?" Superman continued stammering incoherently as his blinking eyes rolled back in his head. "How can you ... To me ... Big muscles and strength." He wiped his tearing eyes with his forearm. "I'm helpless against you ... You're un-be-fucking-lievable." Superman's normally politically correct usage of the English language was now replete with expletives.

"Are you getting bigger and stronger or am I shrinking?"

"Good question." Her answer was ... "That may not be a simple yes or no answer." She smiled mischievously. "Which would you prefer it to be?" To that he had no answer.

"Damn it, woman." He wasn't sure which he preferred to be true, so he dismissed the thought from his mind. "You're so strong ... I am nothing but helpless." He wept openly as he mumbled even more disjointed nearly unintelligible babbling utterances of reverence. "Are you a Goddess? Please, stop hurting me ... Shrinking me?"

"How can ... Your muscles ... So damn strong." He wiped his tears away. "Go Away!"

She hid her broad smile with her hand, much like an embarrassed Geisha.

Superman was feeling more and more unsettled. He unapologetically feared the woman who was treating him with such utter disdain. However, at the same time he admired her unworldly physicality and her unmatched power ... He didn't realize it yet but he was swiftly becoming a fan-boy.

Nonetheless, the ever-prideful Man of Steel mustered up his resolve and with one Herculean effort managed to rise to his feet. Despite having been subjected to so many painful head-butts and titty slaps Superman inexplicably felt the need to confront his tormentor face to face ... He needed to know if he were shrinking. But now he was having difficulty breathing, let alone standing ... so he returned to begging for mercy.

"Maybe if you say ... pretty please." She tweaked his cheek.



“Yes ... yes ... of course ... pretty please.” Not understanding her sarcasm, he pathetically begged some more. “Pretty Please.” Tears rolled down his face.

“Wimp!” She twisted his fleshy cheeks and laughed.

Ever since Superman’s arrival on planet earth as a new born baby, he had led a charmed life. He was discovered and adopted by two loving and nurturing ‘parents’ who taught him right from wrong and stressed the importance of hiding his superpowers; avoiding scrutiny from outsiders.

Consequently, as a child he actually took pleasure when he refrained from using his super strength to ward off school bullies. He knew his parents were proud when he would passively accept the many taunts that came his way. He was happy because he was acting just as his parents wanted.

As a young child he was often harassed by young girls many of whom would wrestle him to the ground and ‘overpower’ him, something he actually came to enjoy. A psychiatrist would rightly attribute those early encounters to his current obsession with being dominated by mega-females.

His parents instilled in him the importance of using his unworldly gifts for good. He matured into adulthood as a superman who selflessly utilized his Kryptonian gifts for the benefit of humanity.

Until now he had never faced any form of adversity. He had always been the most powerful being on the planet, a believer and practitioner of truth, justice, and the American way, impervious to pain, admired by the multitudes, and recognized as an all-around good guy.

And then, from out of nowhere this abomination of a mega-super-woman arrives and immediately demonstrates her unquestioned indisputable undeniable superiority and absolute dominance over him. The big bad beautiful blonde belligerent behemoth boisterously bellowed battle-cries derived from Amazonian lore as she easily and ruthlessly beat the shit out of her little toy Super boy, causing broken bones, black and blue bruises, a bloody nose, as well as bleeding ears. The strongest man in the world was ill equipped to deal with this new reality and he broke down and wept again some more.

“Superman ... get your act together.” She punched him in the stomach taking his breath away. “Be a man.”

“Stop ... Please ... Oh please. He continued to unashamedly plead with her. “The pain ... I can’t ... You are too damn strong for me ... Stop hurting me.” All the while thinking about it disregarding the cameras and the embarrassing videos that would result. The strongest man on planet earth couldn’t help himself as he unashamedly begged the young woman to stop hurting him until his words trailed off to a pitiful barely audible sob of true anguish.

“Stop hurting you?” She smirked incredulously. “Nooooooooooooo way.” She was having too much fun to stop and she said so. “This is way too much fun.” She said.

“Clark, you look terrible.” She feigned sympathy. “Would you like to sit down for a bit?” She gestured towards her dining room table. “Can I get you a chair?” He began to stagger and wobble from the

agonizing pain. “Oh honey ... You should sue your legs for non-support.” Betty Jean laughed at her own joke and winked at one of cameras.

Not surprisingly Superman didn’t laugh. He was feeling more and more exhausted; pitifully impotent against this imperious female’s overwhelming dominance.

“I felt your x-ray vision scanning my body so you know I’m 100% human.” She gently slapped him across his unhappy face, a face he feared would never again show happiness.

Try as he might a humbled and embarrassed Superman couldn’t extricate himself from her clutches. Still searching for a plausible explanation for her dominance Superman convinced himself that Bulging Betty was an actual Goddess, a Goddess who had been dispatched to earth in human form by an even more powerful deity in order to personally exact revenge on him for some real or perceived act of disrespect; the Gods could be like that.

She certainly had the look of a Goddess resembling a supersized classically beautiful Victoria Secrets Super Model with mountains and mountains of muscles with cleavage for miles. Superman had never seen a woman more beautiful. Maybe she was an Alien linked in some way to the drone. He again scanned her muscular body with his X-ray vision performing another cursory MRI. He was surprised to reaffirm that she was still a 100% earth born human with no obvious unnatural enhancements but that didn’t mean she wasn’t a goddess in human form; the Gods could be tricky.

Regardless, the domineering young woman was now controlling him using only her right hand while proudly flexing her big left upper arm displaying her enormous vascular bicep. Despite the pain Superman could hardly contain himself from reaching up and touching her throbbing bicep. She was savoring the unimaginable pleasure of seeing Superman’s tearing eyes as she simultaneously admired the absolute awesomeness of her own still developing body.

Perplexed and confused accurately described the current state of his addled Kryptonian mind. Superman, who until this tortuous night had always been impervious to pain was now being completely overwhelmed by this unidentified woman’s unremitting display of power. Inexplicably, the unquestioned strongest man in the world was being rendered completely defenseless against and vulnerable to this overly muscled female. He was completely helpless against this cold-blooded brutal berserk big-boned blonde babe-like beast’s baffling power. The big female seemed to be gaining more and more strength.

Unaccustomed to being bested, Superman was paralyzed with fear. He was standing almost motionless facing this all-powerful haughty seemingly omnipotent female abomination who he was irrationally hoping would lose interest in him and forget he was there.

He cringed and cowered away from the woman, a woman who was clearly his superior in every way imaginable. The elation on B.J.’s pretty face was evident. She joyously recognized the diminished man’s despair, feebleness and vulnerability. The buxom blonde beauty deliriously delighted in *her* obvious dominance over the Man of Steel; so much so she orgasmed without touching herself.

“Superman, look at me. I believe I’m getting bigger and stronger by the minute.” The bemused Bulging Bestly Betty tensed her muscular body displaying each and every muscle group to the fullest extent possible. “Have you noticed?”

Superman averted his eyes away from her body, but yes, he had noticed and she had noticed him noticing her noticing. How could they not notice; her amazing muscular metamorphous would have been noticeable to the likes of Stevie Wonder and Ray Charles.

Unbeknownst to Superman, Bulging Betty’s muscular body was still in the embryonic stages of development. She couldn’t wait to see how much bigger and stronger would get. More importantly she couldn’t wait to flaunt her magnificence muscles in front of whatever remained of the diminished Superman.

“Super-turd, look at me.” For no apparent reason other than to inflict even more pain on the clearly defeated man, the ebullient big bouncy blonde behemoth suddenly fired two quick left-handed jabs and a solid right hand-cross to his face, breaking his nose again, some more, again.

“Superman, now you know for certain.” She stretched to her full height of six-feet-four-inches. “Size really does matter.”

The sound of more breaking bones, cracking cartilage, and the welcomed sight of the reddish deep purple blood spurting from his mouth and his nose sent Betty Jean into a state of ecstasy. She threatened him with a raised righthand before lowering her fist she puckishly playfully pinched his bloody nose. What’s life without whimsey she thought.

Her growing narcissism consumed this all-powerful omnipotent female and compelled Betty Jean to further disgrace, embarrass, humble, humiliate, and demoralize the ersatz ‘strongest man’ on the fucking planet.

With her bare hands she ripped the preposterous now loose-fitting blue costume top with its big red S off his body. She demanded he flex his own biceps for the enjoyment of the people who would be buying the soon to be released homemade CDs.

Fearing painful reprisals if he refused, Superman immediately acquiesced to her demand and flexed as hard as he possibly could watching as his bicep rose to an unimpressive 21 inches of quivering muscle; a couple of three inches less than what had been normal for him. His worst fears were being realized; he actually was shrinking.

“Is that all there is?” The enormous buxom blonde flicked at his disgraced bicep with her index finger and giggled before flexing her own ever growing fast approaching 44” biceps, biceps that were easily more than double his current size. Are you beginning to accept the undeniable truth? I am growing bigger and bigger while you seem to be shrinking?’

‘Do you think there may be a correlation?’ She flexed and lovingly caressed her enormous undulating right bicep.

“You have the unmitigated gall to refer to yourself as Super-Fucking-Man; there are teenaged girls frequenting the city’s health clubs and gyms with larger biceps than yours.”

She realized she was exaggerating, but not by much. Teen body-building-babes often achieved twenty-inch biceps. With one hand, Bulging Betty grabbed his still flexed bicep and began to squeeze so violently he fell down to his knees screaming in pain.

“Superman you are so stupid ... not just because you believe you can somehow prevail over me ... but because I’ve been told it takes you a full ninety minutes to watch CBS Sunday night’s edition of Sixty Minutes.” She jubilantly winked at one of the hidden cameras.

If vanity and arrogance and egotism and narcissism and sadism were actual crimes, Betty Jean would have been taken into custody, convicted, and sentenced to a minimum of ten consecutive life sentences such was the extent of her hubris.

How would you like to have been the lucky police officer assigned the unenviable task of taking Bulging Betty into custody?

Without warning the cocky curvaceous comely condescending contemptuous all-powerful female could feel her muscular legs trembling beneath her, causing her more than just a modicum of concern. What the hell was happening to her?

At that moment in time Betty Jean was wobbly, barely able to support her own weight. Had she absorbed too much muscle and bulk too soon. Was her massive growth becoming more than her body could assimilate? Was her dream of world domination just a silly pipe-dream coming to an ignominious disappointing and an unceremonious end?

Superman sensed her concern and her unstable bearing but since he had yet to regain his strength, super or otherwise, he was forced to bide his time. He begged the heavens for just a few more minutes ... He hoped to regenerate his Kryptonian super powers ... However, the hopes of a resurgence of his burgeoning super powers deserted him as quickly as a melting ice cream cone in a sauna.

Suddenly Bulging Betty realized what was happening to her. She felt a delicious stirring sensation developing between her unstable legs. Her muscular body shook, shivered and shuddered with immense pleasure. Her senses were being overwhelmed by an **oncoming** freight train entering a tunnel ... Freudian much?

Betty Jean wiped beads of sweat from her forehead and struck another double bicep pose. Her muscular body was throbbing with seemingly limitless power as she achieved sexual Nirvana. It was then that Superman realized that this big blonde abomination exuded an aura of invincibility far beyond just her physical superiority. Maybe she was a Goddess; a Goddess who craves cock juice?

Bulging Betty smugly watched Superman using his elbows and knees to laboriously crawl on his belly to worship at her feet. In the last few minutes Superman had climaxed nine times but Betty Jean had just climaxed twice with such intensity she had barely been able to remain standing; all of this without ever

having had to touch any of her naughty parts. Now the big-bodied bemused bawdy beautiful blissful busty blonde bombshell could feel yet another spasming climax *coming* on.

B.J. laughed derisively and enjoyed side splitting laughter as she watched the sobbing, clearly defeated Man of Steel struggling to muster enough strength to crawl towards her in abject subjugation. She watched him with amusement as he struggled to hoist himself up onto his knees. Groveling submissively at her feet Superman obsequiously rocked back and forth on his haunches as he reverentially starred up at Bulging Betty with puppy dog eyes awaiting a command from his new mistress.

“Superman, you have no idea how ... **GREAT** ... it is to be me.” She moaned a moan of pure unadulterated victorious pleasure. ‘Seriously, you have no fucking idea ... she caressed her huge right bicep and disrespectfully cackled ... I bet it sucks to be you though.”

“Speaking of sucking which rhymes with fucking ...” Betty Jean greedily if not affectionately grabbed onto to his still colossal cock, craving still another dose of his Kryptonian DNA. She lowered herself onto his throbbing penis. It was clear to him ... she was about to fuck his brains out.

A completely intimidated Superman seriously doubted his ability to perform well but he promised himself he would deliver a super performance. To relax his mind he would think about baseball and recite the names of the world champion 1960 Pittsburg Pirates ... at catcher there was Smokey Burgess and sometimes Hal Smith ... at first base there was Dick Stuart and sometimes Smith ... at second base there was Dick Mazerowski ... at third base there was Don Hoak ... at shortstop there was Dick Groat ...

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Most of the city’s civilian citizenry was surprised, if not fascinated, to learn that Bruce Wayne the wealthy philanthropist who in the past had been rumored to be romantically linked with the beautiful and exotic looking Selina Kyle, had managed to convince Patty Hughes, a high-profile, high-priced corporate attorney, who had recently won a huge settlement against Wayne Enterprises. to represent Ms. Kyle; AKA ... Catwoman.

Initially the young woman had been charged with one count of felony robbery, one count of attempted robbery, one count of breaking and entering, one count of criminal trespassing with ill intent, and numerous counts of resisting a citizen’s arrest, as well as one count of aggravated assault and battery on a citizen.

When at the arraignment the criminal findings were presented to the Gotham City Criminal Court System Hughes successfully argued that since her client, a well-known aficionado and collector of precious gems, hadn’t actually stolen anything nor had she even touched any of the jewelry she couldn’t very well be charged with robbery or even attempted robbery because in reality Selena had entered the boutique through an open door simply to admire the collection of precious jewels and prepare herself for a well-publicized upcoming auction; an auction to which she had been invited to attend.

The prosecuting attorney at the urging of the District Attorney reluctantly dismissed those charges ... Like virtually every other DA in the country (an elected position) he knew the cardinal rule – it's better to retreat than to lose.

Next, Hughes convinced the judge that since there was no evidence of a break-in, the front door had been found wide-open, and no points of forced entry could be found that charge could not be legally substantiated. After all, Ms. Kyle had an invitation to attend auction in her pocket; she was only guilty of arriving early. Consequently, the judge had no alternative but to agree with Ms. Hughes and encouraged the District Attorney to drop that charge as well.

The assault and resisting arrest charges were quickly dismissed because Bruce Wayne was refusing to press charges.

Hamilton Burger, the prosecuting attorney managed to get the Judge to allow him to charge Selina Kyle with one count of criminal trespassing with ill intent. In exchange for the dismissal of all other charges, Patti agreed to have Selina Kyle plead 'no contest' and accept a relatively light four-month sentence with credit for time served.

The experimental Federal prison to which Selina Kyle had been sentenced was one of a kind, consisting of a large building complex comprised of four completely separate wings; one for extremely violent offenders, one for high-profile white-collar and celebrity criminals, and one for run-of-the mill scofflaws, while the other wing was maintained exclusively for females offenders; no matter what their crime no matter their status in society.

The common areas and exercise yards were fully enclosed by the four imposing five-story buildings all of them looked out into the yard which was divided by a cyclone fence into two sections; separating the male and female populations.

The prison officials were less than thrilled with the presence of Catwoman. Her light sentence, her arrogance, and her celebrity status had pissed off everyone in authority. As a form of punishment Selina Kyle was being assigned to one of the few three-person cells even though there were a number of less crowded accommodations available. One of Selina's cellmates was a very big, extremely violent female repeat offender, while the other woman was a certified nut job.

Selina had been subjected to an invasive strip search, her second of the day, before being directed to take the mandatory prison shower. Still dripping wet the statuesque Catwoman flashed her celestial blue eyes at the matron and accepted a towel along with her prison clothing; an orange jump suit, usually reserved for convicted murders and celebrities, as well as the few pieces of personal clothing allowed.

Just for shit and giggles the hard-nosed bi-sexual female warden assigned Selina her own personalized prison ID number; 36-26-36 to all of her clothing. If truth were known the warden was hoping Catwoman would demand the warden personally measure her body.

"That should be twenty not a twenty-six." When Selina saw the numbers stenciled on all of her clothing, she went ballistic

“Look at me you morons.” The guards and the matrons, without having been prompted to do so, were already doing just that.

“Do I look as if I have a twenty-six-inch waist?” Still naked CAT raised her hands over her head and took a deep breath accentuating her tiny waist and her impressive six-pack abs.

“Well, do I?”

“Dear, you have an extraordinary body, a body with which you can take great pride but you should be aware of this ... *a waist is a terrible thing to mind.*” The matron in charge smiled at her clever one-liner but she continued to ignore Selina’s rant, missing Catwoman’s appreciative smile.

The Matron handed Selina the rest of her clothing before leading the still furious fiery feline femme fatale to her crowded three-person, cell.

From day one Selina began an arduous workout regimen, a continuation of her normal daily workout sessions, but much more intense, a work out that soon became the stuff of legend; can’t miss viewing for the inmates and the guards. Catwoman began working-out three times a day usually wearing her sports bra and cut-off jeans.

When the warden saw how much Catwoman enjoyed flaunting her body she attempted to prevent her from exercising while wearing non prison issue clothing, the inmates, men and women staged a non-violent but effective protest by walking around shirtless.

Within forty-eight hours Patti Hughes had filed and won an expedited EEO discrimination complaint rightfully pointing out to the Prison Board that male prisoners were allowed to exercise while shirtless; score one for the concept of woman’s rights, free expression, and exhibitionism.

Early each morning one of the smitten matrons would take Selina to the guard’s private bathroom where she would perform her morning ablutions before enjoying a long hot shower; the matron’s only reward was being allowed to watch her bathing. Refreshed, Selina would return to her cell and drink a large sixteen-ounce glass consisting of six egg yolks, two large table spoons of raw honey, with a generous splash of jalapeno Mexican hot sauce.

Each morning from nine to twelve, Catwoman would begin a not-to-be-believed three-hour exercise program consisting of at least ... one thousand traditional pushups ... hundreds more of one-handed pushups ... hundreds of sit ups ... hundreds of leg squats ... at least a thousand traditional pullups coupled with numerous one-handed pull ups ... hundreds of bicep curls using mostly light weights ... running in place for an hour in fifteen-minute segments.

Selina routinely followed her muscle building exercises with another fifteen minutes of Tai Chi calisthenics, an ancient Asian relaxing technique, consisting of choreographed sequences of very slow controlled movements.

From noon to one in the afternoon Selina showered again and ate a contraband meal provided daily by a smitten guard; a lunch that almost always consisted of several deviled eggs topped with generous strips of smoked salmon and/or smoked oysters ... an entire loaf of warm sourdough French bread slathered in garlic butter ... along with cans of anchovies, sardines and/or tuna, ... raw garlic gloves, ... a generous splash of ghost pepper hot sauce, and lemon zest ... accompanied by a selection of marinated artichokes and sweet red peppers on the side ... the meal was topped off with a warm slice of apple pie with several wedges of cheese all of which she generously shared with her cellmates.

Next Kyle would make her way to the weight room where she would lift bar bells, alternating between light-weights and heavy-weights and very heavy weights. She would work out for well over an hour not only to maximize her strength by building muscle but also to develop an erotically pleasing and intimidating athletic appearance.

From three in the afternoon until seven in the evening Selena would satisfy her four-hour a day work requirement in the prison library delivering books to both male and female inmates in their cells. Ever since Selena began wearing a sleeveless custom-made prison outfit sewed together for her by one of the female prisoners the number of inmates requesting book deliveries more than quadrupled. Selena enjoyed showing off her muscular arms. She flexed her biceps as well as flashing the occasional boob to the delight of the inmates.

Her evening meal was more pedestrian, generally limited to the prison food of the day; usually some sort of mystery meat, an ill prepared potato dish, grossly overcooked mushy vegetables, a slice of bread unfit for pigeons, and for dessert the prisoners were served small chunks of diced fruit encased in a purplish grape Jell-O concoction ... she rarely ate any of it.

The rest of the night was spent in her cell under lockdown with her two cellmates. Selina and her big blonde cellmate began to exercise together. However, because of the cramped quarters their routines were limited to sit-ups, leg squats, pushups, make shift pull ups as well as a number of isometric disciplines.

Almost every night a whimsical guard would playfully provide Catwoman with a saucer of warm milk at bedtime and sometimes cookies, which she always shared with her cellmates.

Catwoman's exercise sessions and muscle building routines seemed much easier for her after a number of private conversations and training sessions with her crazy cellmate; the girl named Sue. While her weight remained relatively constant Selina's biceps had increased a full three inches to an astonishing 16 and 1/2 inches of pure intimidating female power.

Selina had never thought herself as a narcissist but now she was so proud of her amazing body she would without hesitation chase her own reflection into a reflective pond

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The Man of Steel never made it to the outfielders' names because he came within a few short seconds of entry but he had never experienced anything to compare to the sexual bliss Betty Jean had bestowed



upon him. He knew not how he could reciprocate because he still couldn't last longer than a few seconds while he was within her. Premature ejaculation had never before been an issue for him but now ... now it was.

"Ten times in just over twenty minutes is beyond remarkable. But dude you must work on your staying power." She had been holding back long enough. Now was the time for her to truly embarrass the Man of Steel. She lifted him so he would be eye-level with one her cameras allowing the viewers to focus on his face.

"You really are faster than a speeding bullet." She refrained from laughing or chuckling or snickering or even smiling. She just leveled a piteous look of disdain and began to fondle her own private parts. "A girl has needs." She winked at the camera.

Early on Superman had made a solemn promise to protect the people of earth against all manner of disasters both natural, terrorist inspired, or extraterrestrial invaders. However, the appearance of Bulging Betty had planted a seed of doubt in Superman's reeling mind. Even though he could feel his Kryptonian super-powers returning to him he feared it would make no real difference. If this woman was actually getting bigger and stronger and more powerful before his very eyes then ... then ... He abandoned that thought as being too terrible for him to even contemplate.

"OH MY GOD!!!!" Tears of unbridled joy filled Bulging Betty's expressive blue eyes and rolled down her cheeks. "Superman, you've got to believe me when I tell you ... it's really **GREAT** to be me ... while ... it must really suck to be you."

Still basking in the afterglow of her self-induced multiple orgasms, Bulging Betty, mostly for her own amusement and to feed her growing narcissism decided to demonstrate her dominance over Superman yet again. She subjected the clearly helpless, hapless, humbled, and demoralized Superman, her new boy toy, to a perfunctory rear naked choke-hold exerting only minimal pressure; anymore and she feared she may have inadvertently killed him on the spot and it was much too soon for that.

The Man of Steel was defenseless; unable to stop her and powerless to break away from her. He squeezed her massive forearms, exerting every ounce of his regenerated Kryptonian strength desperately clawing at her impenetrable biceps. He could feel his breath slowly deserting him. The mind-numbing fear of death had taken the place of embarrassment because Superman had finally come to the realization that even if he were at full strength, should this formidable fearsome fiendish female wish she could easily kill him where he stood.

At that moment in time Superman's superpowers had deserted him as quickly as they had reappeared and he wasn't certain that a quick death might actually be preferable to more pain and more humiliation, and more degradation. Superman rarely contemplated his own death but now his unsettled mind was inexorably plunging the Kryptonian visitor into a deep feeling of hopeless depression; plummeting him into a bleak pitch-black despair from which there would likely be no return.

He was devastated knowing that his now fragile life depended on the whims of this muscular somewhat flighty blonde abomination. His life on earth was most assuredly coming to an end and with it his tenure as Protector of the Planet was but a memory. Knowing he would no longer be able to watch over the good people of earth he had sworn to protect from the unscrupulous and the evil was now an unquestioned reality, a reality with which Superman could not deal.

He could feel her unusually long diamond hard nipples digging into his back actually breaking skin and as she applied unfathomable pressure droplets of blood dripped down his back all the way to his puckering asshole. B.J. lifted him off the ground simply because she could and more importantly because she enjoyed causing and witnessing Superman's anguish. She squeezed his ravaged body before she slammed his sorry ass off the ground.

He silently remained on his back, arms pointing straight up into the air, a clear sign of head trauma.

Betty Jean giggled as she watched with amusement as the obviously defeated man tried to stand but only succeeded in churning his arms and legs like a helpless upside-down turtle. She laughed so hard she nearly wet herself.

When she lifted him to his feet Superman tried to punch her. However, all he could manage was a painfully pathetic pitiful attempt that resulted in nothing more than some shockingly shameful shitty silly sissy slaps.

Betty Jean smiled inwardly as she contemplated how she could best edit that portion of the video onto a continuous loop for viewing on You Tube; a perfect teaser for her soon to be released full length video of the destruction of Superman.

Superman continued to paw at her impervious self in a courageous but clearly misguided and dreadfully inept attempt to fight back. He had neither the strength nor the skill nor the will to do otherwise.

The pained but still proud Kryptonian continued with his feeble attempts to resist her; struggling to get free, struggling to regain his courage, struggling to stop the all-encompassing unrelenting pain; struggling to regain his resolve and defend his ideals of 'truth, Justice, and the American way,' struggling to breathe, struggling to no avail.

"It's time for you to give it up little man."

"Never." He mumbled unconvincingly.

"We'll see." The unworldly female abomination teased him even further. He could feel the heat radiating from her naked body pressing against his hungry pulsing ready to explode member which she took full advantage of for the fifth time.

Waves and waves of incredible power thundered through her ever-expanding body. Staring down into his tearing eyes Betty Jean could feel her body welcoming Superman's immense superpowers, powers that were slowly but inexorably deserting him and flowing directly into her spectacular body. She spotted

the wet spot at his groin and mischievously winked at the little dweeb, all the while reminiscing about her salad days in Las Vegas as a well-paid dominatrix.

Superman had yet to come to the realization of the inevitable unalterable dreadful outcome of this confrontation. Bulging Betty couldn't wait to see the look of shock and defeat and despair in his eyes when he finally accepted the complete feeling of hopelessness.

For the first time in his life Superman was experiencing severe crippling anxiety. Anxiety that was exponentially increasing with each passing second. He felt as if he were leaning back in a straight back chair with only the back legs of that chair touching the ground; fearful that any second he would lose his precarious balance, imagining he would fall backwards into a bottomless abyss

"Why are you doing this to me." A humbled Superman was unable to cope with his own impotence and sobbed hysterically. He had ceased to wonder how she was able to do what she was doing to him, now he was primarily concerned with the why.

"Why?" Her deep guttural laugh was maniacal. "Superman, I hate you, I detest you, and I don't like you very much either." Enjoying her own bit of wit Betty Jean winked at one of the cameras and snickered condescendingly before she bitch-slapped him so hard his fleshy cheek skin vibrated uncontrollably as he nearly passed out.

"Not only do I wish to destroy you, I want to smear your reputation and tarnish your legacy. I wish to erase every vestige of your pristine image. I want to obliterate any positive memory people may have of you."

"When I reveal my poignant (totally made up) story of my life to the media and the tabloids detailing how you, Superman, ruthlessly caused the death of my parents and my baby brother and my twin sisters simply because as a twelve year-old child I refused to copulate with you.

"Ha." Superman was acting defiant because he knew the people loved and admired him and they would never believe this female abomination. "No one will believe you."

"Superman the people will believe me because by then I will have subjugated you to my will and I will have demonstrated my God like powers over you." She giggled a giggle of triumph. "When I release the edited version of these tapes you will be vilified worldwide and I will be enthusiastically cheered by the masses Imagine the shock and the outrage when I reveal to the public how I was dumped into the wretched foster care system for no reason ... because of you."

When I chronicle my many years of dedicated workouts; visa vie nearly twelve years of exercise and weight training and body building and the study of all of the martial-arts disciplines, developing the skills and the muscles and the strength I would need to confront you, they will understand my motives and admire my resolve.

When I reveal to the media a false tale of a devastated but determined self-made young girl's vengeance finally realized. I will be universally adored by the masses and you will be hated and pilloried. When I'm

done eviscerating your mind and your body, you will not be pitied. You will be vilified, hated by the masses. Imagine the reaction of your fans when they see videos of this night ...

Should I wish it you will be shown to be nothing more than a slow-witted, slow-minded useless drain on society. I will strip you naked, shackle your hands to your ankles, and I will parade you around in disgrace. You will hear the crowds emulate Game of Thrones inspired chanting .... shame, shame, shame ... as you are spat upon.

More importantly when I reveal to the citizens of the world the full extent of my extraordinary powers, they will not only adore me they will fear me ... just as you do.

“Superman, only you and I will ever know the real truth, will ever know that the scenario I am putting forth is a load of pure unadulterated crap. Only we will ever know it to be an elaborate fabrication, but everyone will know how I dominated you and how I subjugated you to my will.” She smiled coquettishly. “Superman, if you really want to know why I’m doing this to you, I will tell you but you’re not going to like it ...

You might remember that you actually were solely responsible for the incarceration of both of my parents, not they didn’t deserve it. You rounded up the remaining members of my extended family and claimed they had committed or were about to commit terrorist acts.”

“The why is simple ... it’s because I don’t like you. I never have and I never will. When I was a young child, I really was dumped into the foster care system partially because of your total disregard for the disadvantaged young child left parentless who was confined to a care-facility, a boarding house for “troubled children.” She double hammer fisted him atop his head.

“it was a horrible place for a child, a place run by sadistic despicable civil-servants, a place where I was forced to live out most of my teen and pre-teen years as a lonely unloved, and sexually abused child. The saving grace for me is this ... when the press and the media research my background they will discover that I actually did spend countless years in that facility and they will assume the rest of my bullshit story is true.”

“As an overly developed sixteen-year-old girl I had had enough.” She flexed her entire muscle packed body just to remind Superman just how overly developed she was. “I killed two guards with my bare hands before I physically raped the warden with a large pointy trophy ironically proclaiming her to be the civil-servant of the year. Not surprisingly because of its configuration the trophy hurt much more coming out of her then it did when going in.”

“I left, leaving the loathsome sobbing warden and her bleeding rectum curled up in the fetal position. I stole her money and her car and escaped that horrible place eventually settling down in Las Vegas where I worked as a stripper, a prostitute, and eventually as a dominatrix.

“Fuck you.” She double-hammer-fisted the back of his head again. “I have always resented and detested you not only because you sent that despicable collection of scofflaws to prison but because you are a

fucking fraud. What I resent most about you Superman is the supercilious goody-two-shoes persona you have falsely manufactured for yourself.”

“Even as pre-teen I believed that if I were ever given the chance ... I could dominate you ... I would dominate you ... and now I have dominated you ... and I will continue to dominate you.” She punctuated her little diatribe by saying ... “Superman, in case you haven’t guessed yet my Merriam Webster’s Word of the day calendar defines the word ... DOMINATE.” As if to emphasize her point she once again lifted the demoralized sagging Superman over her head and held him in place until she felt his actual tears dripping down on to her shoulder.

“I so wanted to grow up to be big enough and strong enough to cause you serious pain because I knew I would relish hearing the sound of your voice begging for me to stop shoving the damn trophy up your asshole. Hurting you just like the bitch warden who had enjoyed torturing me. I understood how much I would enjoy watching your squirming, suffering, sniveling, simpering, sobbing self.”

“But ... I ... Err.” Betty Jean delivered a forceful slap to Superman’s head followed by a wicked back handed blow to his face, silencing him.

“Shut up you namby-pamby sissy.” Betty Jean was running out of derogatory names to call him, so she slapped him again. “Don’t presume to interrupt me again.”

“Where was I ... Oh yeah.” She double hammer-fisted him across the back of his head some more again, dropping him to his knees for the umpteenth time. Hay Superman, you look natural on your knees. When you were young were you a sissy or an altar boy or a *full-blown* faggot.

“I dedicated myself to developing my body and my fighting skills twenty-four-seven. I searched through all of the religious texts and prayed to every God and Goddess I could find. I knew I was destined to render the mighty Superman helpless ... more importantly I knew that torturing you would be ... hell-a-fun ... for me.” She made a mental note of the importance of editing the tapes of this night.

“And then I met a special woman in prison, a woman who albeit unknowingly taught me how I could realize my dream of world domination. My prayers had been answered.” Betty raised her clasped hands to the heavens. “I only wish I knew which of the Gods I should be thanking.”

“You are so finished super wimp.” The narcissistic blonde giantess released her vice like grip and quickly flexed her mighty biceps before leveling a barrage of rapid fire left and right hooks to his already devastated body.

In the beginning every time Bulging Betty struck Superman her fists recoiled from the pain as she connected with his invincible, invulnerable, impenetrable iron-hard body ... but not anymore ... Now that her continuous onslaught of rat-a-tat piston-like traumatizing punches had collapsed his once muscular body into a deteriorating quivering disgusting mushy blob of goo her ferocious flying fists embedded themselves into his flabby body. When she hit him, she no longer felt any pain at all, but he did. Now when she hit him, she left countless yellowish, brownish, blueish, and reddish bruises all over his body. She stepped back and admired her handiwork which engendered ecstatic pleasure.

“Superman, you belong to me; bruises and all.” She cackled. “Maybe later on you and I can count them together.”

She wondered when super wimp would figure it out. She had already provided him with enough clues. When she suggested to him that she was getting bigger and stronger and he wasn’t he should have put it together.

She knew he had noticed but when would he notice that his muscles were beginning to atrophied. She was beginning to understand that along with his diminished physicality he might be suffering from brain drain.

When would the diminished Man of Steel put it all together and take notice of his ever-diminishing physique? She really wanted to capture the moment of realization on camera but she didn’t want to tell him outright ... better if he were to figure it out for himself.

Betty Jean wasn’t really surprised by how much she enjoyed kicking Superman’s Kryptonian ass from here to Sunday, so she maliciously continued to do just that, pummeling the clearly defeated, demoralized, and distressed male’s already battered, bruised, beaten, and bleeding face as well as his pathetically soft, shuddering, sagging body.

Now she was concentrating on pounding his lower back, his kidneys and his liver before she brutally and spitefully began to smash her fists into his muscular thighs, and his forearms, pounding his biceps and shoulders until they hung uselessly at his sides.

“Betty ... Bulging Betty.” He corrected himself. “Please stop – you have won – you have humbled and defeated me ... Please stop hurting me ... I am helpless ...Please.” He begged her without shame. He knew not what else he could do.

“Well, well ... ‘Never’ has arrived sooner than you anticipated.” She relished reminding him of his earlier pronouncement.

What Bulging Betty enjoyed most relative to her unquestioned dominance was knowing that Superman had finally come to his senses accepting his unrelenting punishment as a naughty child might accept chastisement from a parent. There was nothing he could do to stop her ... nothing he could ever do to stop her ... nothing anyone could do to stop her spectacular metamorphosis ... abso-fucking-lutely ... nothing ... he had been unquestionably defeated by this impudent all-powerful goddess-like creature.

The beleaguered Man of Steel was finally coming to the realization that each time this relentless female grasped and squeezed, and/or enveloped his body with her mighty arms or punished him with her unrelenting powerful, potent, piston like punches, her body seemed to grow to nothing short of gargantuan in stature.

She was actually getting taller, wider, stronger, more muscular, more intimidating, more haughty, more contemptuous of him ... or could there be something else afoot ... something even more sinister ... something other than the drone’s laser beam ... again he wanted to dismiss that possibility as something

too terrible for him to even contemplate. He was beginning to believe that her obsession with swallowing his seaman might have somehow fueled her incomprehensible muscle growth. Maybe assimilating his DNA was a catalyst for her super-powered development.

“Take a look around, Superman.” She seated him on a dining room chair directly in front of the full-length mirror, forcing him to look at her magnificence while at the same time at himself. He was devastated by the contrast, by what he was seeing because what he saw was a clearly defeated man; a man without hope.

He saw a magnificent gargantuan female body standing behind him flexing her fabulous female form exuding supreme confidence. He saw thick snake like veins creeping along her upper arms ready to explode. He saw the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, possibly the most beautiful woman to have ever walked the face of the earth. He saw a veritable goddess radiating absolute power.

“Superman, surely you can see the limitless power that is my body ... I feel as if I can move mountains with my bare hands; maybe even a well-directed strong exhale would do the trick.” As if to prove a point she flexed one more time, orgasming as she pictured herself ripping a massive mountain from the ground, lifting into the air, and effortlessly hurling it into the nearest body of water.

“Do you like what you see?”

“No, he mumbled.” In stark contrast he saw his own image, an image of a completely demoralized and defeated man, a man with despair written all over his face ... in capital letters.

“Superman, can you envision any scenario in which you will ever be able to defeat me?” Clark Kent realized he was no longer a Superman. He was no longer Kal-El, son of Jor-El. He was no longer the Man of Steel. He was no longer a Kryptonian Superhero and he was no longer the self-anointed protector of the masses.

“No, I can’t.” He bowed his head acknowledging defeat. Even as he heard his words, he maintained a thread of hope that Truth, Justice, and the American way would prevail in the end.

Superman was barely able to move a muscle, raise a finger or even wiggle a toe. He was little more than a woeful whining, wailing, whimpering, weeping pathetic pitiful pleading paperweight.

He was barely able to move which left him little to do but think. So, he began to search for an explanation; what did he know?

He knew that the woman was bigger, faster, and stronger than he ... What he didn’t know was why he was no longer impervious to pain ... He was beginning to believe the laser beam might be responsible. If it were the case then what could it possibly have to do with this ruthless bicep blessed bitch who was kicking his ass at will. Lois had been enhanced physically. Could the beam have somehow reduced him, robbed him of some of his physical gifts?

Was it possible that Lois may have absorbed his power and strength? Was it unreasonable for him to hope that she might come to his rescue? Intellectually he understood the likelihood that any of that was nil.

Superman's mind and body had been weakened, weakened completely. Thoughts of his ultimate defeat consumed his very being. He was ashamed to admit it to himself but he feared that there was no chance of him ever defeating her or even escaping from her.

As Superman's depression worsened, he averted his eyes from the mirror, pretending what was happening to him wasn't, what had already happened to him hadn't, and what was about to happen to him wouldn't.

Without warning Bulging Betty's power-packed legs began to noticeably tremble and shudder beneath her as her massive body began to explode uncontrollably expanding her dimensions to preposterous proportions, proportions that her body seemed unable to accommodate.; it appeared as if someone was inflating a balloon, a balloon that seemed ready to burst.

She began to fear that her body was incapable of supporting her massive muscle assimilation. Her body's rate of absorption was increasing exponentially with every passing moment. Bulging Betty began to noticeably shudder, shiver, spasm, shake. She stumbled forward before collapsing unconscious in a quivering heap of undulating muscle at Superman's feet.

Simultaneous with her collapse, the Man of Steel began to feel faint. With every passing moment his body seemed to be shrinking in direct proportion to her expanding muscular body. He could feel a darkness descending over him as the blood rushed from his head, a darkness that was a precursor to him being plummeted into a state of oblivion. He had collapsed into a quiet stupor before finally slipping into a dream like state.

Within a period of less than five minutes Superman had arisen from his stupefaction feeling *super*, revitalized, and filled with explosive energy, reinvigorated by the return of his Kryptonian strength. The mighty Man of Steel could feel his superpowers brimming within him. Superman wanted to shout to the heavens and he did.

"Baby I'm back."

When Superman saw his ruthless tormentor lying flat on her back, still unconscious. He wasted no time. Without giving it a serious thought, he abandoned all Kryptonian tenets of fair play. He pounced on her inert helpless form with vengeance in his heart. He reigned a myriad of devastating bone shattering punches and elbow strikes, powerful and vicious kicks and knee drops as well as double-hammer fists down onto the body of his ruthless merciless tormentor, demolishing her pretty face and breaking her body bone by bone. Along with his pride his Superpowers had been restored; *Truth, Justice, and the American Way* would prevail.



Even though there is no corresponding word for 'revenge' in the Kryptonian language or in its culture Superman somehow felt completely justified exacting his own personal revenge on this ruthless human abomination.

Superman continued to unrelentingly pummel her with lightning-bolt like strikes with each of his fists and his elbows and his knees. He found himself concentrating on destroying her pretty face; the face that had unremittingly teased him and mocked him and taunted him as she condescendingly smirked at him, demeaning him seemingly just for her own personal amusement. A face that by then resembled an unappetizing plate of shredded and ground-up raw hamburger meat piled high and smothered with oozing ketchup.

His massive erection was pulsating with anticipation as he tried to decide whether he should permanently disfigure this woman, cripple her or simply kill her, kill her a lot. He decided that a quick death would be too good for her and he contemplated fucking her inert body. He decided that the first two options would have to do.

He had already disfigured the woman's once pretty face beyond all recognition and repair so he settled for leaving her a quadri-pelagic destined to eat all of her future meals thru a straw. Hatred for the ruthless woman consumed him, suddenly he had a new lease on life and from now on he knew his personality would change ... No more Mister Nice Guy.

Superman who just a few moments ago had given up all hope of ever being happy again; unable to envision a scenario that would lead to what he was now experiencing, feelings that were well beyond ecstasy; something akin to blissful elation, something approaching rapture, something he should be ashamed of but wasn't. He knew that he would eventually ass-rape the blonde amazon.

His feelings of blissful elation were suddenly tempered when he realized he was in pain. He was certain he had broken both of his elbows at the biceps brachii joint as well as countless bones in his hands. He inspected his bleeding knuckles and was filled with dread.

"What the hell are you doing little man?" She brushed Superman aside with her mammoth right arm and pulled him to his feet.

They were both standing, facing each other, sort of. He looked up and up and up at Bulging Betty in awe. He was embarrassed to be staring directly into an area well below her belly button. That's when he realized how much bigger and taller and how much more muscular Bulging Betty had become; she was beyond simply magnificent in every way imaginable.

"Clark, I thought we had a mutual understanding ... me big, you not .... me strong, you not ... me indestructible, you puny ... delusions of grandeur no longer suit you."

She rested her huge hands on Superman's shoulders, gently lifted him off his feet, and turned him one hundred eighty degrees to face the full-length mirror. She wanted him to see his own pathetic self up close and personal.

He refused to believe what he was seeing in the mirror was real, because what he was seeing in that mirror was incomprehensible. the very antithesis of real.

Superman saw what appeared to be a three-foot tall child with his own gaunt face wearing an oversized Superman uniform, a uniform that hung loosely around his shoulders with his tights billowing out as the pant legs dragging on the floor obscuring his bare feet. While he was passed out the Man of Steel had shrunk at least three additional feet in height. He was now less half his normal size.

“Back from where super-dwarf?” Her derisive laughter cut deep and he tried to divert his attention away from the mirror and Betty’s imposing unworldly physique.

Superman had been a dream state; a delusional dream that had seemed so real to him probably because he had wanted it to be. He managed to look around the room at the furniture which now appeared to be changing shape, getting larger and larger. That’s when Superman finally realized and accepted the utter hopelessness of his situation. Not only was this big blonde woman getting bigger and stronger, he was actually shrinking proportionately, getting smaller and weaker by the moment.

“Super-child.” She executed a perfect front lateral spread, a pose that highlighted every muscle group in her extraordinary body. “Do you get it yet?” She looked down contemptuously at the clearly beaten and demoralized still shrinking little ... *Man of Steel*

“Look at Awesome Girl. Try using your brain. I’m considerably taller than when we first met ... I’m considerably bigger than when we first met ... More muscular than when you first arrived at my condo ... I’m considerably stronger and more powerful than the naked girl you were hoping to seduce.” She condescendingly patted him on top of his head before punching him in the nose again. “Have you figured it out yet?”

Superman was beginning to accept what had happened to him, what was happening to him, and what he feared was about to happen.

Superman was terrified by the reality of his plight. He craned his neck way back in order to look-up and up and up at the muscular blonde’s triumphant condescending smirk. He knew it was game over ... not only for him but likely for humankind as well. When her metamorphosis was complete and her super powers were fully developed Superman feared this female abomination would rule the world with a callous uncaring iron fist.

Betty Jean stood over him and looked down at the diminished superhero with obvious contempt. She arrogantly mimicked his iconic power stance, hands on hips with her legs spread apart; legs that resembled giant oak trees.

She ripped off his pants and undies before sliding his iconic uniform top over his boney shoulders exposing his shrunken chest. She fondled his little boy penis until it grew to just under four inches in length. She laughed before using her thumb and index finger to jerk him off one last time. She held him in place as

he struggled to get away from her. She didn't even bother to lap up his pitiful discharge. She graciously handed the naked little guy a child's Superman Halloween costume.

"Here, try this on." When she saw him hesitating, she screamed at him ... "NOW."

The all-powerful giantess was already bored with teasing her diminutive disgraced, doofus. While she was more than exhilarated with and thrilled by her absolute dominance over the once strongest man to the world. She was beginning to realize that after what she had already done to him, the man had been so diminished that what she was doing to him now meant nothing. Any normal human being, even one possessing less than average strength could dominate this, weakened, diminished, shrunken, and completely defeated three-foot tall piece of shit.

Awesome Girl was compelled, obsessively compelled to display her incomprehensive strength, flaunt her muscular body not only to the shrinking little Man of Squeal to the hidden cameras, but also for her own self-aggrandizement. As the narcissism lurking within Betty Jean dictated that she showoff and perform another feat of strength. She stretched out her long muscular arms and grabbed both ends of the sofa and began to squeeze it from both ends like an accordion.

The sofa turned out to be much more than just a sofa, it was a 600-pound hide-a-bed consisting of a heavy metal frame and extra-strength thick dense springs and a queen-sized mattress, as well as the cushions and the materials of the actual sofa. B.J. held the convertible-bed at arm's length and squeezed using only a fraction of her strength compressed the sofa-bed down to an unidentifiable piece of junk about the size of a standard Rubik's cube; such was her power and her strength.

'Superman – here – catch this ... if you can.' She flung the tiny compressed 600-pound cube at the physically diminished Superman who stumbled backwards as he managed to catch and hold onto the object with both hands. He was barely able to clutch the cube against his tiny chest for a short moment. His legs buckled as his arms trembled from holding a mere six hundred pounds. He dropped the cube to the ground with a resounding thud.

"Oh shit." He muttered under his breath. "Oh shit." The realization that his less than three-foot self could barely hold six-hundred pounds aloft had rendered the strongest man in the world speechless and to coin a new word *strong-less*.

Superman was finally ready to admit to himself what he had refused to believe yet knew was true, what his mind had dismissed as too terrible to even contemplate. It was now undeniable, abundantly clear to Superman that Bulging Betty was continuing to somehow siphon away most if not all of his strength, his muscles, and his superpowers, absorbing everything unto herself.

He would learn later that his DNA had acted as an accelerant in the absorption process and now Betty Jean had somehow evolved into something completely new, something unprecedented, something destined to evolve into the most dominant species on Earth maybe even the Universe, something unstoppable, something to be feared.

Perfecting the ability to absorb another's strength and power and unique essence hadn't come easily for the bemused blonde but now it was second nature to her. Bulging Betty was employing a technique she had secretly gleaned from spying and eavesdropping on her clueless unknowing cellmates Catwoman and Mr. Leach's only daughter, a girl named Sue.

"Superman, it's time for you to get over yourself." As the all-conquering Bulging Betty continued to gleefully watch Superman shrinking away, she was unable to keep from laughing with unmitigated triumphant joy.

"Superman ... Have you ever thought of yourself as inconsequential before?" She rose to her full height and flexed her muscles harder than she ever had before and watched as her biceps exploded to incomprehensible heights, biceps that were already taller than he.

"By now you must understand that I'm your superior in every fucking way imaginable; I'm bigger, faster, stronger, much bigger, much stronger than you, and that's only the beginning because even as we speak, I'm still getting bigger, faster, and stronger and you know what ... **you're not** ... In fact, it's abundantly clear to me and to you that you are heading in the opposite direction, growing smaller, weaker and yes, maybe even a little dumber." She offered another derisive laugh.

"Tee-hee-hee ... I wonder how that could have happened." Her silly laugh signaled complete triumph. "Dude ... this process seems to be accelerating. Can you feel it?"

"An unexpected benefit for me, in addition absorbing all of your physical gifts I am also absorbing your knowledge and your capacity to learn." She moved to her bedroom and returned wearing a pair of eye glasses. "Do I look smarter to you?"

Several times in the past week the sexy muscular blonde had visited local health clubs. She seduced many of the most buff guys and the hottest girls in the health clubs inviting them to her condo. As she touched and kissed them, she was draining them and transferring their strength and beauty to herself. It had been so easy for her, being beautiful and all, but it had been far less satisfying than she had hoped.

Even though Betty Jean had managed to easily drain a personal trainer, several weightlifters, gorgeous fit girls, and a bunch of body builders, among others, down to a virtual numb. She disposed of them as one would an old broken toy. Her muscle growth, while significant, had been a little disappointing to her. She had expected more, wanted more, needed more; her pathological appetite for power was insatiable and her obsessive need for more was growing within her.

Draining Superman of his powers had been ridiculously easy for her. All she had to do was hold his hand, suck his dick and wallah; she strong – he weak.

In addition, draining and absorbing Superman's superpowers was much more satisfying than her experiences with normal humans. Consuming Superman's power was orgasmic in its intensity but slow to achieve. Betty felt unimaginable powerful surges flowing into and through her ever-growing muscular body.

She felt as if she were an active volcano as her muscles erupted unabated. Power cursed through her veins and Betty Jean's extraordinary growth was clearly visible as her impossibly peaked biceps continued to explode from her upper arms, rising up to and beyond 48" of hard steel.

She was constantly demonstrating her unbelievable strength and power, further demoralizing the uncomprehending, disempowered and mortified Man of Steel. Betty Jean was cementing in the humbled superhero's mind the futility of even contemplating resistance or even escape.

Superman as well as every member of the Justice League had heard the seemingly apocryphal stories and rumors revolving around an ostensibly fictitious made-up character known as Mr. Leach; an individual, who, it was said, had the ability to absorb the strength and muscle from an opponent simply by touching them, rendering that foe helpless, if not dead. Superman had never given any credence to those stories which were too terrible to even contemplate. Until now that is ... Clearly this big blonde bicep blessed bitch had somehow learned the secret of muscle absorption and muscle transfer and even muscle enhancement.

"Superman ... feel my strength." As she flexed her huge right bicep the shrunken Superman dutifully watched in amazement and filled with trepidation as her muscles bunched up and inexorably rose higher and higher stretching her tight supple skin ... resembling unfettered rolling bowling balls trying to escape from her taut upper arms.

"Feel them." She screamed at him.

He reached high and tentatively lay one hand and then the other on top of her impossibly peaked bicep, feeling their steel like hardness he began to weep uncontrollably because he understood that what he was feeling rightfully belonged to him. She had stolen his Kryptonian gifts, gifts that had been his birthright. Superman's muscles and power had always been his to command and now he was without them. If he still wanted to live, he would forever be her subservient shrunken slave. Even worse he understood that soon the entire world would be subservient to her.

"Come on wimp. Use two of those tiny hands if you must." She giggled knowing the shrunken dwarf could never fully encompass her bicep. No matter how many of his tiny hands he used he could never even come close.

"Up, up, and away." Betty reached down with her right hand and easily plucked the now way less than three-foot-tall ... 'not very super'... superman, up to her eye level. Until that moment he hadn't fully realized just how much she had already shrunk him, how much she had taken away from him.

One saving grace, Superman's healing powers were working some. He had recovered somewhat from seeing his own disturbing image in the mirror. His physical pains had been lessened some, but his height and weight and strength continued to desert him.

"Now, what the hell shall I do with you little man?" Her muscular body was pulsating with indescribable power; multiple orgasms were now the norm for her ... not only multiple but intense.

“Please Betty ...” She squeezed a little harder reminding him ...

“Oh ... Yes ... Sorry ... I mean ... Bulging Betty.” He stammered subserviently as he continued to wither away. Even when she stopped squeezing, he continued to shrink. “Please stop. What more do you want from me? You’re already the strongest woman on the planet.”

“Strongest person.” She corrected.

“Yes, of course, my bad ... Strongest person.” A humbled and still shrinking Superman averted his eyes from his undisputed conqueror. “Please stop shrinking me. Leave me some stature, leave me some strength so I can continue to protect my adopted planet; as little as 5% would likely be enough.” He begged her. “You know I could never be a threat to your omnipotent power.”

“NO!! NO!!! NO!!!! Why would I?” She flippantly flipped the tiny man high into the air, catching him with her other hand.

“No way ... not now ... not never.” Simulating an actual slap, B.J. flicked his cheek with her pinky finger drawing just a hint of blood. She continued to juggle him from hand to hand tossing him higher and higher each time

“I will not stop ... not until you are nothing but a distant memory.” But then she began to consider the possibilities of owning a miniature Superman. “At least not yet.” She added. Her maniacal laughter was less than encouraging. “I might have other plans for you, after all.”

The giant woman mischievously wrapped one of her long fingers around Superman’s neck and throat. She slightly bent that finger, squeezing just hard enough to take his breath away. Betty Jean laughed some more, clearly enjoying the incongruity of this current scenario, envisioning a Tabloid headline; *big woman strangles tiny man with one finger; film at eleven.*

Bulging Betty was running out of interesting things to do with him, so she held the diminished man upside down between her thumb and forefinger. The now 18” tall 20.4-pound Superman screamed like a frightened little child when the giantess used her long warm wet tongue to lick his tiny body from head to toe.

Still using only her index finger and her thumb she held Superman upside down by his tiny calves and ankles before deep-throating the little man head first all the way down to his waist and further. When he unconsciously opened his eyes, he saw her uvula hanging directly in front of him. Using both his left and right hands he punched her saliva producing organ as hard as he could like a punching bag ... until she finally removed the wheezing gagging puny, pint-sized, picayune from her mouth; licking him once again from head to toe when he, for no apparent reason started kicking his tiny legs. If she had even felt his punches, she didn’t give him the satisfaction of knowing.

“Damn, that was fun.” Betty Jean smacked her lips together savoring the sweaty salty taste. She briefly considered using the 18” tall Kryptonian as a human dildo but decided that would amount to nothing

more than an unsatisfying ... icky, sticky, quickie ... which would be a great title for the worst county song ever.

“Superman, I’ve decided that a quick death would be to good for you. By the time I’m finished you’re your sorry self, you will be in a state of perpetual terror fearing everything that moves and I mean everything ... fleeing from those pesky ever-present nasty rats will consume your every thought; be the norm for you. You will even be petrified by cute cuddly cotton-tailed bunny rabbits as well as little kittens ... and most anything else with teeth and an appetite.”

“She handed him another tiny Superman custom she had taken from a one-foot tall action figure statue.” She flipped the tiny Superman into the air several times and vigorously clapped her hands together before catching him. If she had miss-timed even one of her claps Superman would have been reduced to nothing more than unidentifiable spot of mushy gelatinous, gooey greasy gunk on the palm of her hands.

She began to assess what her new powers meant to her and what they would mean to an unsuspecting world... She now possessed all of the superpowers that had once belonged to Superman, who until now had been the mightiest being on the planet. Unfortunately for the rest of the unsuspecting citizens of the earth she would be lacking only his pesky compassion.

Betty Jean now possessed the combined strength of several million humans and counting, just as he once had.

She now enjoyed Superman’s super vision and super hearing which proffered her the opportunity to eavesdrop and snoop willy-nilly; which would likely be informative, as well as hell-a-fun.

Betty Jean had acquired the Kryptonian creep’s super-heat-vision which allowed her to emit fiery optic blasts. Estimates varied, but previous blasts were purported to have reached temperatures between 5,000,000 to 50,000,000 degrees, able to incinerate anything in its path. From 500 miles away she was capable of heating a target to millions of degrees in less than a second ... She had read up on Superman’s powers on Wikipedia; which meant it had to be true. She was now the most lethal weapon on the planet maybe even in the universe and when the time was right Bulging Betty would post that entry to Wikipedia herself.

As an added bonus Betty Jean now possessed Superman’s Kryptonian brain power, making her the most intelligent and most knowledgeable being on the planet.

Putting the proverbial icing on the cake Betty Jean was not only impervious to pain, she was omnipotent; all powerful and indestructible maybe even immortal.

Big Betty now possessed unlimited power and she knew it, and unlike the Kryptonian creep she would never be reticent to use it on anyone or anything at any time. In short, the girl was a world-class badass chick ready to assume her rightful place in the Universe as ... the Mistress of the World ... or some such thing.

However, no amount of adulation would ever completely satisfy Betty Jean's pathological growing level of narcissism and her unquenchable thirst for unconditional love and respect ... but that didn't mean she wasn't going to try.

She refocused her attention on the vanquished tiny little Superman, estimating the poor excuse of a man to be just a tad over one foot tall; maybe fifteen pounds. She was easily more than a hundred million times stronger than anyone on earth (Supergirl not withstanding) and at least a billion times stronger than Superman; he knew it, she knew it, and soon the entire world would know of it

Bulging Betty proudly began to enlighten the shrunken superman of her plans for world domination and the subjugation of the citizens of earth.

"Listen up ... you little turd." Betty had raised her voice just enough to frighten him some more again. "In a few minutes I intend to pay your cousin a LITTLE visit and I will double my strength and my power ... not that I need it." Betty Jean laughed as she emphasized the word *little*. "I understand that the mighty Maid of Might has some pretty big muscles of her own."

"At least for now. Right?" She giggled girlishly.

That's when she kicked the little 'man of squeal' out of her condo, depositing the weeping little man on the grounds of her gated community.

Just to demonstrate how big a bitch she could be she lay down on the grass blocking Superman from moving forward by whimsically placing her massive crooked arm directly in front and alongside the terrified shrunken little man. She was forcing the 13" tall shrunken Man of Steel to look up at a plus 40" bicep that was more than three times his current height.

"Damn you!" Superman screamed at her. "Is there no end to your cruelty?"

"Apparently not, little man." When he reached up and grabbed at her arm she tensed up and flexed her muscle which rose another several inches.

He felt her rock-hard bicep and forearm encircling him and he was unable to make the slightest dent in her muscles. He was incapable of moving forward or sideways or even gain purchase. He dropped to his knees in total subjugation and began to openly weep; yet another embarrassing moment for the Kryptonian guardian of the planet to endure.

"Bye-bye Super Wimp." She removed her arm from his path and gently flicked her index finger against his backside sending the woozy, whining, weeping, whimpering wussy weakling and the oh so vulnerable homunculus stumbling a hundred yards or more across the grassy field into the bushes.

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Once he was removed from the dominating presence of Bulging Betty, Superman decided to stop feeling sorry for himself and contemplate his options. Which hadn't taken long because that's when reality



jumped up and slapped him across his face like a catholic nun catching an altar boy adjusting his junk in church.

When he began to consider his limited options, a deep dark depression descended over the 13" tall 16-pound Superman because other than joining a circus nothing came to mind except maybe approaching Disney World for a job at ... 'It's a Small Small World' venue.

The sulking shriveling shrunken Superman began to think about self-preservation and swiftly surveyed his immediate surroundings, quickly assessing the ground on which he stood; no bunnies or kittens or rats were evident but plenty of birds, worms and large bugs were evident, each a possible predator, each seemingly eyeing him suspiciously, each of them seemingly licking their collective chops. He picked up a rusty two-inch-long sewing needle which seemed surprisingly light to him.

Judging by the ease with which he wielded said needle he had apparently retained some semblance of his super strength. Why not he thought ... It's a well-known fact that an ordinary little ant can carry up to 50 times its own body weight and run 800 times its body length in less than a minute; he must remember to avoid them, give them a wide berth.

Bulging Betty had ruthlessly snuffed out Superman's purpose for living and the 13" tall Superman couldn't think of a good reason or any reason for that matter why he should continue living. Nevertheless, he intended to use the needle as a weapon should it become necessary for his survival.

Maybe something unexpected, something good would happen to him ... maybe the shrinkage wasn't permanent ... maybe someday things would turnaround ... Maybe someday one of Earth's other Superheroes would come to his rescue and restore his former self. Superman realized he was postulating a hell of lot of maybes ... but like those plucky little ants ... he still had high hopes.

At least for the moment Superman found it within himself to actually laugh at his current predicament; maybe the Man of Steel had lost his superpowers but at least for now he possessed **super-ant-powers** which would have to do.

Curiosity had finally gotten the best of the Man of Steel, so he took a quick peak at his shrunken genitals. He was less than happy. For the first time that day he thought about his lovely wife, Lois Lane, and began to cry uncontrollably. Superman was still concerned about her sudden muscle growth, but was hoping for the best.

However, putting that aside, he was ecstatic to learn he could still fly; so, fly he would and fly he did. Avoiding a couple of curious birds before finally having to use the rusty nail to stab the biggest and most aggressive of the birds in the throat. He alighted on top of a telephone pole to seriously consider his limited options, which hadn't taken him very long; because he had none.

Superman was in a deep state of depression; ashamed of himself and his inadequacies. In a few short hours he had been toppled from atop the pantheon of world leaders, VIP's, and influential celebrities to nothingness. His fall had been the most improbable of all. The OG Superhero had always been indestructible and now he would be nothing more than a curiosity, an inconsequential insect.

While surveying his surroundings, he saw the big body of Bulging Betty leaping from the balcony of her apartment flying in the direction of Supergirl's downtown condominium.

The thirteen-inch tall man flew after the frighteningly ferocious fabulously fast flying fit female fighter knowing he had little to no chance of catching up. Nevertheless, he had to make an attempt. He wanted to warn his cousin of the impending dangers Bulging Betty represented. The tiny superman landed on Supergirl's balcony just in time to watch Betty clutching Supergirl in her big right hand, licking her tiny body.

Only minutes ahead of Superman, Bulging Betty had flown directly into Kara's condo. When big Betty flexed, her entire body exploded into a veritable mountain of spectacular muscle. Not a word was spoken between the two, nonetheless Kara sensed that the intrusion of the mighty massive miss muscles was hostile.

Unfazed by the female's size, but sensing real danger, Supergirl literally flew across the room preemptively striking out at her uninvited muscular guest. Ignoring her sacred vow to never kill a human Kara raised her fists and uncorked a prodigious powerful punch directly at the intruder's head.

Supergirl was not only stunned but completely demoralized when her devastating righthand hook bounced off the big blonde's chiseled chin causing Kara to grimace from the unexpected pain. Betty Jean laughed at the Maid of Might's feeble attempt to hit her again and grabbed Kara's damaged right hand in hers and began licking Kara's bloody knuckles before delivering several devastating right and left hooks to Kara's head and ribs. Then she began to squeeze Kara's damaged hand applying intense pressure causing her blood to flow. Betty greedily sucked every ounce of Supergirl's Kryptonian fluids immensely enjoying the surge of power circulating within her.

As soon as the monstrous woman started to squeeze and crush Kara's already injured hand, Supergirl began to feel herself going limp. Mesmerized by her attacker's massive biceps she realized the futility of fighting her. Unable to stand Supergirl collapsed to her knees and watched as the gorgeous giggling giantess fastidiously licked Supergirl's bruised and bloodied body clean as the intruder's beautiful muscular body seemed to expand in size.

Superman watched helplessly as his confused and terrified cousin who now appeared to be less than three feet tall and still shrinking. He could hear her whining, wailing, whimpering, and weeping. While watching, the distraught sobbing shrunken Superman stood sans strength unable to help his cousin.

Even worse, Superman realized he would always be nothing more than a puny impotent insignificant impish little joke; powerless to help anyone ever again. He would soon be nothing more than a punchline for the many late-night talk show hosts: *Superman is so small ... How small is he? ... He's so small it isn't even funny ... Ba-da-boom.*

"Oh ... Hello ... Teeny-weeny man." The ruthless mountain of a women's laugh was becoming truly evil. "Come to join your little cousin, have you?"

“Betty ... Oh I’m sorry ... I mean Bulging Betty.” He raised his voice. “You need to stop this right now.” He had unintentionally assumed his iconic power stance; hands on hips with legs spread - causing the big blonde, who now stood a smidge over six-foot-four and approaching three-hundred-and-fifty pounds of rock-hard muscle to laugh uproariously at the delusional little man; a 13” tall man whom she was now stronger than by a factor of a at least a billion.

“Is that a threat?” Still holding Supergirl in one hand, the ruthless woman grabbed Superman up with the other. “Are you feeling lucky, punk?”

Betty Jean was so excited and pleased with herself she orgasmed yet again. She had never dreamed her muscle growth and dominance would be so erotic, fraught with sexual tension. Sudden unexpected arousals with multiple orgasms were becoming more and more the norm for here, not that she was complaining. She devilishly placed the frustrated Kryptonian between her thighs allowing him to get a whiff of the enticing musky scent of her damp vagina.

Betty Jean had achieved sexual nirvana; extreme unequaled orgasmic bliss ... a delicious gratification that had momentarily left her unable to function properly; unable to speak coherently or think properly leaving her staring blankly into nothingness. A bit unnerved Betty shuddered before returning her attention back to the pathetic puny panicky picayunish pulsating person peering up at her all the while hugging his shrunken cousin presumably seeking comfort.

“Stupid Man, let’s play a little game. Shall we?” The muscle syphoning and absorption rituals were becoming tedious and boring; much too serious for her taste and right now an ebullient Bulging Betty wanted to punctuate her pleasure moments with a good laugh.

She placed the two tiny superheroes in her right hand together, and playfully began to fondle the blushing man’s crotch with one of her long fingernails until the Man of Steel became aroused. Betty could barely feel his miniscule pee-pee hardening and she began to giggle like a schoolgirl as she further humiliated the Kryptonian creep.

“What’s up, Teeny-weeny-man. It’s certainly not you.” She continued to manipulate his teeny tiny throbbing tool. “Is that all of it?” Betty pulled down his pants exposing his mini-micro-member as well as his red, white, and blue briefs.

“Oh my God, is that all you’ve got?” Big Betty playfully saluted his patriotic undies, making sure his minute, miniature, microscopic mini-member was clearly visible to his equally embarrassed cousin. “Teen-weeny indeed.”

“Supergirl, to me Superman’s dick looks like a little clit.” She measured his “manhood” against her little finger. “Am I right or am I right?”

“Dropper Man, you have nothing to be embarrassed about and I mean absolutely **nothing**.” Her derisive laughter tormented him, crushing what remained of his already diminished self-worth. “So much for the once mighty shrinking ... **man** of steel.”

Enjoying her own caustic wit, Bulging Betty doubled over with laughter but the lady wasn't done playing with him yet. She continued to rub his crotch with her fingernail until his rigid but teeny tiny thing began to spasm and pulsate before he unwillingly released a negligible little squirt of dripping ejaculate, a pathetic emittance of cum that did nothing more than ooze from the head of his penis.

"Superman, you are currently smaller in stature than your original 15-inch penis."

"Oh my, women of the world, beware." She smirked, mercilessly mocking him.

"Teeny-Weeny man is on the prowl." She clapped her hands together.

"Citizens of the world, you best hide your wives and lock up your daughters." Teeny weeny man is on the loose.

Watching his oh so pitiful impotent performance with glee, Betty achieved still another powerful orgasm of her own. Superman's obvious embarrassment was an aphrodisiac for the hugely muscled blonde Amazonian goddess. She ruthlessly allowed her pussy juices to cascade down on the diminished little superhero reminding him what arousal and a true orgasm looked like.

Superman had been deeply disappointed with his own pleasure moment, such as it was. It was quick and weak and unsatisfying. It was at that moment Superman began to analytically put things into perspective. He grudgingly accepted as a fact that he was now smaller and shorter than his legendary abnormally thick, 15" long Kryptonian cock had once been.

Superman's wife, Lois Lane, was still in California covering that Homeland Security story for The Dailey Planet. She wasn't expected home for a number of days. Superman thought back to the moment Lois had been exposed to the laser beam that had somehow imbued her with quasi-superpowers of her own. She was nowhere near as big or as strong as the big three but formidable nonetheless. He fully understood that the prospect of her coming to his rescue was remote but hope, even unreasonable hope, was all he had left.

Superman prayed to Rao his Kryptonian God that he would regain his size, and his musculature, and his previous stature before Lois returned. He never wanted her to see him like this and he never wanted Bulging Betty to know about his wife's transformation because she would pounce on Lois Lane's new muscle packed body like a starving gorilla at a Chiquita banana plantation.

Relatively sated from multiple orgasms, the grinning Bulging Betty began to compare the relative sizes of her new friends determining that the two tiny superheroes were approximately the same height; each a little over one foot tall. An amused Bulging Betty placed the cousins in a large zip lock bag; each too embarrassed to look at the other.

Betty Jean had consumed unto herself all of Supergirl's strength and power, neutralizing her, eliminating, the second strongest being on the planet. Now nothing and no one on earth stood in her way with the possible exception of Wonder Woman and maybe that damn Catwoman. Betty was looking forward to manhandling Batman, who she knew posed no real threat. She never even gave Mr. Leach a thought.

B.J. positioned herself in front of a full-length mirror, taking ample time to admire her own incomprehensible physique. She laughed out loud knowing full-well that Diana Prince didn't stand a chance against her mountains of muscle and her invulnerable self.

"Have fun kids." Still standing in front of the mirror Bulging Betty proudly stretched out her muscle laden body, treating her little friends to a fantastic big-girl double bicep power pose that even amazed the amazing Amazonian temptress.

She held a smaller mirror directly in front of the two skulking shrunken superheroes strategically positioning one of her fully flexed biceps ensuring it was visible to them and the camera. The juxtaposing images would once again demonstrate to her captives her absolute dominance over not only the two of them but now with the combined strength of both Superman and Supergirl every other creature now living on planet earth.

Bulging Betty flew directly to her condo and placed her two-miniature human 'action figures' in a little cage at the foot of her bed.

"Goodbye for now little guys." She placed a computer-generated photo of her diminutive captors standing alongside each other staring up in awe at her huge bulging bicep. "Right now, I have some work to do."

"By the way, do either of you little buggers happen to know the home address of Wonder Woman? Diana Prince isn't listed in the phone book." Betty Jean winked at her little friends. "I want my body to be infused with some Amazon DNA."

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Catwoman continued her daily exercises but now with less fervor. The girl named Sue had taught Selena how she could absorb people's muscles and transfer them to herself without them even knowing. She had tried it a few times and it had worked. All she needed to do was just touch and/or grab someone, get her mind right, and absorb as much as she wished. Sue had cautioned Selena to be responsible and limit her muscle draining activities to small doses. A little from each person would likely go unnoticed while still accomplishing so much for her.

Surprisingly Sue was placed in solitary confinement for incapacitating a guard; a charge Sue vehemently denied, a charge Selena never believed. When Selena made a fuss, she was reprimanded and sentenced to seven days of solitary confinement.

After a few days of not being able to feed on the energy of others even minimally as was her want, the girl named Sue passed away from what was being called severe dehydration and acute malnutrition when in fact a secret visit from Bulging Betty had led to Sue's death.

Selena mourned her friend's passing, forever grateful for the blessed gift Sue had bestowed upon her. Catwoman was thankful Betty Jean hadn't learned the absorption technique. How many ways can one be

wrong? How about ... incorrect, erroneous, inexact, false, untrue, inaccurate ... Unfortunately for Catwoman, both she and the entire world would soon learn the horrible truth.

Catwoman returned to the exercise yard for the last time wearing much less than very little. She put on a muscle and boob show flaunting her fabulous body that awed her fellow inmates ... her five-foot-eight-inch, now one hundred-forty-five pound lithe and sensuous body consisted of nothing but sexy solid muscle. Her biceps which had grown far beyond any reasonable expectation were now approaching 18" drew applause from the gawking inmates and her exposed breasts caused many a con, both male and female as well as most of the guards, to unabashedly rub and fondle their respective genitals many to completion.

Her big blonde cellmate had been granted early parole three weeks earlier and now Betty Jean was promising, actually insisting, that she pickup Selena at the gate upon her was release.

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After successfully draining Superman and Supergirl of everything they had to offer; not only had she gained muscle and strength she had absorbed Kara's physical beauty as well. Bulging Betty so wanted to locate the Metropolis home of Wonder Woman quickly, but where to start. Above all else these Justice League types cherished their privacy. It took Betty Jean two entire days of searching the city, bullying citizens (draining only a few) before she hit upon an idea.

Using her newly acquired super vision (thanks Superman – thanks Supergirl) she scanned the streets of Metropolis and saw a number of seedy looking vendors all selling their wares on the sidewalks in the touristy part of town.

She could feel the eyes of everyone on the street, man, women and child, following her every move. B.J. was wearing an impossibly tight fitting micro-mini-skirt that hugged her massive thighs and a sleeveless much too small halter-top. Simply by walking the fabulous female flexed the full array of her magnificent muscles while displaying deep cleavage seemingly without end.

The big busty bodacious blonde ostentatiously sashayed her resplendent six-foot-five-inch physique down the street as if she were strutting on a runway. Betty Jean purposely tensed her abs, and her calves, and her thigh muscles making them ripple with unfathomable power causing most of the gawking males and some of the smiling females to unconsciously fondle their respective genitals right there in the open; some to completion.

The now six-foot-five-inch giantess was so elated with the reactions of the awe-struck onlookers she nearly forgot her mission but then she spotted what she had been looking for.

"You." She stopped in front of a tacky little metal table with a hand written sign sitting on top ... MAP TO THE STAR'S HOMES: two dollars, cheap. The vendor was transfixed by the site of the beautiful muscular blonde uber-woman standing in front of him which only served to further reinforce Betty's growing narcissism and her feelings of entitlement.

“Do you have one of those with the home address of Wonder Woman?” Big Betty had pointed at a stack of maps but the scuzzy vendor remained completely silent, it was as if the man had been rendered mute, which he had.

“Well, do you?” When she forcibly grabbed his hand, he began to experience that queasy sinking feeling, coupled with dizziness and nausea.

“Yes.” He nodded his head up and down as his distraught face turned green. “Yes, I do.” He pulled a map out from under the table.

“This one is a little more expensive than the other ones.” She squeezed his hand just a little. “But lady, for you it’s free ... no charge.”

“Thank you.” She leaned forward displaying her abundant cleavage before releasing his trembling black and blue hand which she proceeded to place between her massive boobs. Flexing her pectoral muscles, she proudly pushed her breasts together squeezing the vendor’s hand until she could feel his gnarly fingers breaking, spurting copious amounts of blood.

“But, if this map isn’t legit, I’ll be back and I won’t be happy.”

“Lady, it’s legit. He looked up at her towering self, afraid to look at his hand. “I promise.” He was already contemplating relocating and finding another line of work.

Betty Jean surreptitiously flew to the address shown on the map and knew immediately the three-story mansion belonged to Wonder Woman. The front of the building was partially obscured from passers-by by trees and bushes but it was clear to Betty Jean the Amazon Demigoddess felt she had no reason to hide from anyone. The ersatz gold infused ten-foot high statues of Athena and Artemis and Hera standing guard at the entrance revealed as much.

The big blonde circled the top floor. Using her X-ray vision, she looked through the permastone walls delighted to not only find Diana but also her next intended victim. Batman. Both were enjoying afternoon tea and what appeared to be raspberry scones; in the retail sales business this is what’s known as a *two-fer*.

Wasting not a moment, Bulging Betty crashed through the outer-wall alighting directly in front of the two surprised superheroes. Without a trace of fear, they both alertly leaped to their feet confronting the uninvited Giantess; ready for anything or so they thought.

Before the hugely muscled nearly invincible crime fighter and Batman could even begin to react, the lightning fast blonde who was now imbued with the collective super powers of both Superman and Supergirl grasped their respective necks and shoulders easily forcing them both down to their knees. Bulging Betty exerted overwhelming pressure causing devastating back-breaking pain as she began to callously absorb all of their power and strength.

B.J. quickly released Batman realizing almost immediately that the faux superhero was nothing more than a mere human, a mere human who was now almost completely depleted and had little more to offer her. So, Betty matter-of-factly dropped what was left of the Dark Knight into a zip lock plastic bag for safe keeping.

Draining Wonder Woman proved to be a much more daunting task, but pure ecstasy for Betty Jean. Unlike Batman the Amazon demi-goddess was managing to maintain her height and size and much of her strength ... Diana was attempting to fight back. However, once Betty had wrapped her muscular arms around the weakening warrior Princess, Diana felt her very essence deserting her.

Betty Jean had deftly removed Wonder Woman's golden girdle of Gaea, the source of much of her power. Next, the big blonde forcibly removed Diana's magical bracelets of protection.

The woman was overpowering a now defenseless Diana with her unbreakable bear-hug; gleefully squeezing Wonder Woman's God like power out of her. A gasping Dana was shocked when she felt the woman's much larger breasts pushing against her now deflating ones.

An aroused Bulging Betty Jean locked lips with a frightened Diana and forced her long probing tongue into the Amazon queen's mouth and down her throat. Within seconds Diana, imbued with passionate heat, began a reciprocating response, sucking on Betty Jean's probing tongue.

"My God." With her legs wobbling beneath her Wonder Woman was barely able to stand. "Are you a Goddess?" Diana stared at the big blonde who was dominating her with ease?

"No, not a Goddess ... not yet anyway."

As Betty absorbed more and more of Diana's delicious saliva, she could feel her own muscles and strength increasing exponentially. Diana's Amazon genes and her DNA were feeding Betty Jean's body with more and more power at an accelerated rate while still stimulating her already overly charged libido, another orgasm had not been unwelcomed.

Betty Jean had stepped away to watch as Diana Prince began to shrink away to nothing. B.J. finally took notice of Wonder Woman and was alarmed to see that Diana had fainted and had already been shrunken down to just over a foot tall. The concerned giantess immediately ceased her draining process just in time.

The maiden of muscle quickly and carefully placed Diana's shrunken body into the family sized zip lock bag alongside a weeping Batman. B.J. giggled as she watched the two of them cowering in fear while hugging one another searching for some solace.

The arrogant superpowered narcissistic bicep-blessed giantess was overjoyed with her new glorious self. Betty Jean looked back in retrospect to the night it had all started. The night she learned the absorption process and the subtle techniques as she was surreptitiously eavesdropping and spying on Catwoman and the girl named Sue while they discussed the intricacies of the absorption processes.



She immediately took action and cautiously drained and killed a prison guard while managing to shift the blame to the girl named Sue. Later Big Betty employed the absorption technique which ultimately led to the death of the girl named Susan B. Leach.

From the very beginning Bulging Betty felt confident she could subdue and indiscriminately drain any man of her choosing, even Superman. And that's when she hatched her perfectly plausible plan for world domination

"I'm back!" The elated woman returned to her condo, lifted the top off the cage, and unceremoniously dropped her newest conquests, Diana Prince and Bruce Wayne, into the cage alongside Superman and Supergirl.

"Oh darn." Betty laughed at her captives. "I bet you two (Superman and Supergirl) and you two (Wonder Woman and Batman) were hoping for the same thing, hoping that these two (Superman and Supergirl) or those two (Wonder Woman and Batman) would eventually come to your rescue." Bulging Betty wagged her index finger signaling to the forlorn detainees that the cavalry wouldn't be coming to their rescue any time soon.

Now only one human being stood in her way.

"When I get back home, I'll bring you guys some additional company and maybe some food."

Betty Jean repositioned the mirror in front of the cage and took a number of photos of the quartet making certain her fully flexed bicep was visible in the group photos. Soon she would be selling her exclusive photo collection of the miniaturized superheroes and DVDs to her admiring soon to be adoring subjects.

"Do any of you sad somber shrunken superheroes have any relatively realistic requests for me?" The giggling gorgeous giantess left without waiting for a response.

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Betty's next two targets would be ridiculously easy for her.

The next day she left an e-mail message for Jimmy Olson claiming to have information about Superman's whereabouts, telling Jimmy they should meet in the underground garage serving the Daily Planet.

It was late in the day, past closing time so the parking structure was nearly deserted. He saw a huge blonde woman heading his way. She was unbelievably gorgeous, stunning really. She was wearing a sleeveless t-shirt and when she brushed her hair from her eyes, her extraordinary well-toned biceps erupted.

"Jimmy, is that you?" Olson was surprised that the extraordinarily beautiful young woman knew his name. When she moved closer to the boy reporter the enormous female squeezed his bicep and laughed. "Puny and squishy ... you must be so proud."

“Owe!!!” He cried out in pain but the uncaring female didn’t seem concerned. The more the arrogant female squeezed his arm the more he could feel himself shrinking; smaller and smaller and smaller until the woman finally picked him up in her hand. “Please.” He cried out. “Stop whatever it is you’re doing to me.”

“No way, wimp.” Just for fun Betty carefully balanced the terrified Jimmy Olson on her muscular arm and flexed her massively peaked biceps licking each of them, being extra careful to not dislodge him.

“Great Caesar’s Ghost.” Jimmy knew not why he had screamed what he had screamed but scream it he had.

Little Jimmy Olson could see in her huge deep blue eyes that this woman had no intention of stopping whatever the hell it was she was doing to him. Bulging Betty cradled Jimmy in her right hand until she was certain he was just under two feet tall; twice the size of the others. Like the others, she placed the little cub-reporter in a zip lock bag.

Next, Bulging Betty easily rounded-up Dick Grayson, Batman’s live-in ward, Robin. It was ridiculously easy for her to grab and drain the little man; shrinking him down to about two feet as well. She drooped the shrunken guy in the same bag as Jimmy. Enjoying the nearly identical surprised looks on their faces had tickled Betty’s funny bone and the giggling growing giantess couldn’t wait till she returned home and dropped these two much bigger little guys into the cage with the four already drained miniature superheroes, their reactions should be priceless.

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When Betty deposited the two much larger non-superheroes in the cage with the quartet of superheroes, it was clear to everyone that the new additions were both at least twice the size of the shrunken superheroes. Before anyone could ask her why, Betty provided what to her was the only acceptable reason.

“Jimmy – Robin - say hello to my little friends.” She snickered enjoying her unquestioned authority. “What’s life without whimsey?”

“Listen up people. Over the years all of you, except for you two tall guys, have enjoyed universal adulation, incomparable physical gifts and/or obscene wealth.” Bulging Betty Jean held the mirror up in front of the cage. “I want each of you to take a close look at your puny selves because I have taken all of that away from you.”

“Look at me.” Betty grinned. No person on earth, man or woman, could have been more pleased with herself than she was at that very moment. She held a mirror in front of their cage. “Your lives have been permanently REDUCED to this.” Her emphasis on the word ‘reduced’ hadn’t been lost on any of them nor was the ominous proceeding 11-letter adjective.

“Soon the most powerful person on the planet, ME, will be traveling around the world putting my conquered miniature superheroes, YOU, on display for the world to gawk at. When I demonstrate my

God like superpowers to the apprehensive populace, my loyal and adoring subjects will have reason to fear me.”

Bulging Betty proudly rose to her full height which had reached six-feet-seven-one-half-inches and pumped up her incomparable muscle laden body proudly displaying her triple D gravity defining solid but soft boobies and her biceps which now exceeded 52” of deeply cut rock-solid muscle.

She plucked Superman from the cage and shoved him between her huge breasts into her deep cleavage; it was comical watching the tiny tike trying to hold onto her erect nipples with his tiny hands, attempting to keep himself from plunging into the abyss and out of sight. Betty Jean enjoyed the tinkling sensations in her breasts and again contemplated using the 13” Superman as a dildo but decided to wait. Lucky for him she convinced herself it would be better if she were to save that for an in-person demonstration in front of billions of her subjects.

She returned him to the cage and curtseyed in front of her clearly defeated, distraught and demoralized detainees.

“Do my creepy crying captives have any questions for me?” It had been over a week and her grim griping guests were going stir crazy.

“Yes.” Superman spoke first. “Can this shrinking process be reversed.”

“NO!!!” She smiled and shook her head emphatically. “NO! ... No, it cannot ... not never ... no fucking way.” Bulging Betty’s evil laugh boomed throughout the room.

“Even if I could change you back ... which I can’t ... why in the hell would I want to? I will never allow that to happen.” A triumphant look spread across her beautiful face. “Guys ... It is what it is ... and ... *you is what you is.*”

“Can you at least provide us with better living quarters?” Supergirl asked demurely. “Bathrooms would be nice?” Kara managed a little smile. “It’s getting a little rank in here.” Betty Jean occasionally hosed down the cage but apparently that gesture hadn’t been enough for this group of pathetic, previously pampered, privileged, puny punks.

“Yes ... of course ... I plan to do just that.” She patronizingly returned Kara’s smile. “Afterall, I’m not a slum lord. Is there anything else?”

“Food ... How about some decent food ... Something other than water to drink ... Maybe some ice cream and cookies ... Beer would be nice? How about some fruit?” They were all talking at once, requesting meager amenities for themselves which delighted Betty no end because that meant her puny pouting pets were adapting to and accepting as inevitable their plight.

Even before big Betty had captured and shrunk the superheroes, she had pre-ordered a custom-made fully functional dollhouse. She went to her bedroom and returned with the mother-of-all-dollhouses. A three-story structure built to her specifications which included two spacious living rooms each with a TV,

three separate eating areas, six bedrooms each with a TV, a fully equipped working kitchen fully stocked refrigerator, a freezer, a stove, and a microwave, four bathrooms, and an exercise room with adorable tiny weights, an outdoor patio complete with a sun lamp, a swimming pool, and a hot tub, and an actual home movie theatre with a 24" screen.

When Betty Jean ushered her captives into the opaque glass structure, they actually appeared to be happy; thankful for the upgrade. They all ran around their new furnished quarters; pleased and grateful that all of the new furniture was appropriately sized for them. They were all extremely tired of sitting and sleeping on the floor and the complete lack of privacy when they urinated or defecated. The six of them had no trouble deciding among themselves who would get which of the six bedrooms.

Together the intrigued superheroes and the two tall guys inspected the kitchen and the adjoining party delighted to learn it was stocked with food and drink including those little airplane sized bottles of soft drinks and liquor, which were each 4.5" tall, about a third their size. The six of them were just as excited to see the four-bathrooms and elated to learn they were all equipped with bathtubs and showers, happy they were all functional.

"Listen up people ... Elvis Presley had Graceland to call home. Michael Jackson loved living out his strange fantasy life in his Neverland Mansion. While Hugh Hefner lived out his depraved some would say blessed life in the Playboy Mansion." Bulging Betty was looking proud and satisfied with herself as she addressed her still sad shrunken superheroes.

'Now each of you perfectly formed homunculi have a home you can be proud of, a home you can call your own, a home everyone else will call ... Smallville.

Random thoughts, delicious thoughts, thoughts of world domination, were speeding through the depraved mind of Bulging Betty.

If all went well, Betty Jean was only days away from revealing her all powerful omnipotent self to the entire world ... days away from displaying her incompressible mountainous biceps on National Television to billions of rapt viewers ... days away from demonstrating her soulless nature and destructive capabilities by easily and vindictively toppling historical structures ... days away from displaying her collection of sullen shrunken superheroes to an unbelieving and uncomprehending world ... days away from unveiling and demonstrating the never before seen power of an actual Super Woman. ... days away from announcing to the population of earth there was a new sheriff in town and Bulging Betty Jean would soon be the undisputed ruler of the planet.

Now only one person on earth stood in the way of her total domination of the planet ... Catwoman was scheduled for an early release tomorrow (for good behavior? Really? Good behavior) and the big blonde Amazon couldn't wait for the inevitable confrontation.

But first Bulging Betty wanted desperately to create and popularize an appropriate nom de plume; something fun and catchy, something memorable, something flattering, something that succinctly described her magnificent self.

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*"I gotta feeling ... That today's (sic) gonna be a good day ... That today's gonna be a good day ... That today's gonna be a good good day."*

Bulging Betty was in a great mood, singing out loud as she flew over the state of Virginia. Along with everything else, her singing voice seemed to be improving with each melodic refrain. She'd been planning her introduction to the world for some time now ... and now was now. Her arrival and her display of superhuman strength would soon be broadcast all over the world ... Today was definitely going to be a good good day, at least it would be for her.

Betty Jean was wearing a bright yellow colored lone-ranger type mask and a deep purple colored hooded cowl and a form fitting sleeveless day-glow fluorescent chartreuse colored ninja-like outfit that hugged her body contours leaving very little to one's imagination while at the same time covering her imposing six-foot-eight-inch physique from head to toe, everything but her arms. Her ever expanding muscular 54" biceps pulsed with power demanding everyone's attention.

She had been detected on radar circling the skies, often exceeding the speed of sound. Sonic booms reverberated throughout the region announcing her presence to much of the Eastern sea board. She hovered over the Norfolk Naval Shipyard before slowly floating down to the ground, landing at precisely at 0800 Eastern Standard Time.

The warning alarm sirens sounded signaling the arrival of an unidentified flying object, or flying person, or flying creature, or a flying something.

"Take me to your leader." Betty Jean had managed to deliver the iconic movie-line to a number of cautious but curious sailors and shipyard workers without laughing and then she flexed one of her mighty biceps and screamed ... "NOW!"

Captain Don Winslow was the highest-ranking naval officer on the base that day. Following established protocols, the Captain had already notified the United States Central Command who had immediately scrambled several squadrons of fighter jets, ordering them to surveil the Naval Base. Central Command also dispatched Army infantry scouts and a special reconnaissance platoon followed by a number of light-armored tactical Army and Naval units all converging on the base from several directions.

The Captain hastily assembled a "greeting party" consisting of a number of other high-ranking officers; Captains, Lieutenant Commanders, Lieutenants, and their attachés, as well as a dozen well-armed combat trained Navy Seals who were currently bivouacked at the naval base. Riding together in two heavily armored Jeeps the military men cautiously approached the imposing green clad ninja.

"Gentlemen." Betty bowed politely. "Today I'm not here to speak with you nor do I intend to lecture you." She flexed her biceps and smiled. "There will be ample time for dialogue later, but not today." She flexed some more. "Today, I am here to introduce myself to you and to the entire world. I'm here to amaze you, I'm here to entertain you." She flexed some more, again. "And I'm here to scare the living shit out of all of you ... and gentleman ... of that I can assure you."

She easily pushed her way past a phalanx of Navy Seals, throwing the men aside as if she were discarding unwanted packages of bacon at a Bar Mitzva. She approached the jeeps, dispatched the drivers with a head nod, and then effortlessly lifted both vehicles high over her head, one in each hand. She briefly juggled the 2,500-pound jeeps in the air switching from one hand to the other until it became boring for her.

Captain Winslow and his entourage silently starred at her incomprehensible display of astounding power and strength. With mouths agape the military men were all hoping and privately praying that this fabulous female would turn out to be an ally, would turn out to be on the side of the good old U.S. of A. or at the very least the fabulous formidable female would turn out to be Swedish.

The military men understood that the combined weight of the two vehicles was well over 5,000 pounds and yet, while she was still holding the vehicles aloft, this super-human female was beginning to squeeze the two jeeps together easily compressing them into one single object.

Betty Jean's face and hair were still concealed. She carefully lowered the compressed vehicles onto the ground while continuing to squeeze and mold the distorted metal into one large rectangular piece of deformed metal still weighing over 5,000 pounds.

The awe-struck military men watched in stunned stupefied silence as the unidentified giantess stooped down and using only her right hand lifted the 5,000-pound fused object off the ground. Holding it at her side she spun around once, twice, thrice before flinging the two now compressed army jeeps into the heavens as if it were nothing more than a really-really-really big discus.

Betty had every intention of sending the two-and-a-half-ton chunk of metal skyward breaking through the atmosphere and introducing the gigantic piece of metal into a permanent Earth orbit; serving as a never-ending reminder to the world of her power.

Unfortunately for everyone, while the large impossibly dense rectangular deformed piece of fused metal was on its way to space the hurtling projectile slammed into one of the jet planes circling the navy base. The plane instantaneously disintegrated, exploding into a huge ball of fire instantly killing the pilot while the flaming two-and-a-half-ton object and what remained of the plane plummeted harmlessly into the Atlantic Ocean.

One of the veteran Seals, Lieutenant Bobby DiPietro, misinterpreted her intent and assumed the big green clad woman had purposefully targeted the plane, so he felt compelled and justified when he broke with protocol. DiPietro aimed and quickly fired his standard issue Colt M4A1 Carbine Assault Rifle emptying the full magazine of 900 rounds at her head and her body in just over a minute.

As an interesting aside, the Internet exploded as hundreds and hundreds of gun enthusiasts attempted to purchase on-line the M4A1 assault rifle. Presumably these American need the weapon for home defense. After all, one never knows when a horde of nine-hundred immigrants might invade one's home.

The giantess stood motionless with her hands on her hips. She smirked defiantly as she deflected all nine hundred bullets with her face, head, and impenetrable body and simply laughed at the Seal and the astonished gawking military men.

She flicked a single finger into the chest of the combat trained Navy Seal knocking him off balance and sending him stumbling, staggering several feet backwards. She ripped the weapon from his hands and twisted the lethal assault rifle into a veritable pretzel and handed it back to him, wagging her finger clearly warning the Seal to not do that again.

“Don’t do that again.” She warned.

Betty Jean apologized to Captain Winslow assuring the man and his astonished entourage that the destruction of the plane and the death of the pilot had not been her intention but rather an unfortunate accident, purely unintentional.

The still purple hooded giantess ominously promised to return soon with a list of comprehensive demands and then she surprised everyone and herself as well.

She casually discarded her mask and her hood revealing her gorgeous face framed perfectly by her feathered cascading strawberry blonde hair, hair that was both wavy and curly and a bit messy in a planned sort of way. She grinned at her awe-struck audience displaying an alluring smile. Her penetrating blue eyes stuck fear in the gawking cadre of military observers many of whom were fully aroused.

Calling her beautiful didn’t even come close to adequately describing her unapparelled beauty ... Betty now possessed a combination of the best aesthetic qualities of both Supergirl and Wonder Woman. The most loquacious poet to have ever live would have been unable to conjure up an adjective or a combination of adjectives that could adequately do justice to her mesmerizing beauty.

With that Betty Jean took to the skies where she was immediately attacked, actually ambushed, by three AF-35A Joint Strike Fighter Jets, each hoping to avenge the death of their colleague. Bullets and rockets and missiles bounced off her like rain drops off an umbrella. She was infuriated by the sneak attack so she swatted two of the combat fighter-jets away as if they were nothing more than common house flies, killing two more pilots (soon to be three) in the process scattering chunks of flaming debris over the Atlantic Ocean.

All the while Betty Jean’s fertile imagination was visualizing herself to be a modern-day King Kong of sorts. She snatched the one remaining plane out of the sky holding it motionless with both hands stopping and controlling the jet which had been traveling at a speed of well over 1,000 miles per hour. She could see the panicked look on the pilot’s terrified face as he managed to eject himself from the plane. She squeezed the jetfighter until nothing solid remained; only blazing hot molten metal fell from the skies.

“Don’t do that again.” She screamed even louder. “Don’t ever do that again.”

With her right-hand Bulging Betty snatched the parachuting pilot from the skies. Using both hands she squeezed his five-foot-ten inch, one hundred eighty-pound man until he was reduced to nothing more

than a gelatinous blob of flesh, blood, and bone. She scattered his remains over the grounds of the shipyard below.

Betty Jean immediately descended from the skies, landing amongst the terrified military men. She grasped both of Captain Winslow's hands and proceeded to squeeze ever so gently. She emitted a scary guttural laugh that freighted everyone within earshot. Her powerful voice echoed throughout the naval shipyard causing many a man's sphincter to loosen; keeping her promise to scare the shit out of them. No one on the base would be looking forward to laundry day.

The captain began to noticeably shrink before their eyes and within seconds his clothing lay in a heap. Two of the Navy Seals, Jim Moran and Elmer Singleton, rummaged through the uniform and lifted the clothing revealing a weeping naked 10" tall man.

"Don't fuck with me."

She ascended and hovered over the Navy Base ready to exact her revenge for the sneak attack. She mercilessly conducted a sneak attack of her own. Employing her searing heat vision, she sent a short but powerful fiery optic laser beam exceeding 5,000,000 degrees directly at the USS Harry S. Truman a Nimitz Class Aircraft Carrier, scorching, melting, and penetrating the ship's flight deck killing twenty-three men, seventeen civilian shipyard workers and six naval personnel, as well as causing tens if not hundreds of millions of dollars in damages.

Bulging Betty, showing no sign of remorse, pounded her chest with her fists like a posturing gorilla. She briefly considered defecating and flinging the resulting pooh at a gathering of sailors but that would be inappropriate for a Goddess. She was thoroughly enjoying this opportunity to demonstrate her omnipotent powers to the military men and soon to the entire civilized world.

Believing another impressive display of her power would be fun if not necessary to draw maximum worldwide attention to herself, Betty Jean again dismissed the idea of pooh flinging as being beneath her, and focused her eyes on one of Virginia's most historic monuments.

From nearly 550 miles away, the naked giantess unleashed her heat vision again, this time at the James Madison Montpelier Plantation House instantly incinerating the celebrated structure and twenty-two innocent people, bringing her total for the day to forty-nine dead human beings; had she counting she would likely would have opted for fifty.

All in all, today had turned out to be a good good day, for her if not the forty-nine dead people and not for the tiny naval captain. Betty Jean realized that the videos of the day's events were already being transmitted around the world over the Internet.

The traditional Network News Shows, as well as the cable news channels were all excitedly airing the exact same videos ... all posing the same questions ... first, generically eulogizing her many victims ... then speculating who this powerful woman might be and from where she may have come ... was she a terrorist or maybe even a space alien who possessed magical powers ... how could she shrink a man ... all agreed the woman was undoubtably the most lethal weapon on the planet as well as the most beautiful creature



to have ever walked the face of the earth ... she had to be an actual Goddess ... when and where would she reappear ... why was she here ... were there more like her on the way ... and most importantly what would her demands be ... An anxious and frightened world breathlessly awaited.

The networks all showed close up pictures of the fully naked Super Woman in action; eschewing any thought of censoring the video. Computer analysts were all speculating on her height and weight as well as the size of her biceps and her breasts; the consensus settled on six-foot-eight and 320 pounds with fifty-inch biceps and fifty inch boobs, remarkably accurate except for her weight which because of the unnatural density of her muscles she weighed considerably more than estimated.

Despite outward appearances Betty Jean weighed nearly six-hundred-fifty pounds of solid muscle with less than four percent body fat. But the biggest question of all still remained ... Could this woman be an actual Goddess?

Across the world multitudes of religious people gathered together in congregations welcoming this Goddess like female. Most forgave her for the atrocities in Virginia rationalizing that she was provoked, rationalizing that she needed to display her Godlike powers, and further rationalizing how it would be better for them if they were acolytes and not doubters.

Meanwhile, back at the friendly confines of Smallville the dainty dwarfish detainees were all huddled around the television sets attentively watching a local news story about two M.I.T. engineering students who were being detained by the authorities for perpetrating an elaborate hoax, a hoax that involved an intricately designed drone made-up to look like an alien spacecraft, a spacecraft that emitted a harmless yellowish laser beam that engulfed innocent on lookers.

Superman was angry with himself. When he was looking for an explanation, he should have first considered Occam's Razor which postulates that all things being equal, the simplest explanation was usually the correct one. He had seen a drone like object shining a light on he and his wife and he immediately assumed it was an Alien device or some kind of military gadgetry or one of Lex Luther's diabolical weapons, while he failed to consider the most plausible explanation.

Reasonable prudence dictated that Superman should have first considered Occam's Razor because these days drones in Metropolis were as common as baldheaded men at Hooters restaurants. Many hobbyists owned and flew their own drones just for fun or to spy on friends, neighbors, and strangers or to ogle and photograph or take videos of attractive ladies.

Superman was flummoxed having not a clue what could have caused Lois's metamorphosis, but other than worry about her --- what could he do.

The local news broadcast was interrupted to focus on the bizarre and disturbing events taking place in Virginia. Every one of the shrunken superheroes immediately recognized Bulging Betty.

They watched as she swatted the jet fighters out of the sky, killing the pilots seemingly without remorse. Betty Jean's callous disregard for human life and her wanton destruction of property were surely portents

of future atrocities she would foist on the terrified citizens of the world. They all began to lament their dismal futures

When the collection of homunculi witnessed the damage inflicted on the warship and the total destruction of the historic James Madison Montpelier Plantation House, the shrunken superheroes were consumed with feelings of dread. They empathized with the shrunken naval officer trying to imagine what the billions of world citizens must be thinking

The tiny man of steel was particularly distraught, once again confronting the realization that Superman was no more. He was unable to keep his solemn promise to protect, defend and safeguard the people of earth.

World leaders were stunned by the appearance of this Super Woman. Everyone, from Presidents around the world, to the self-appointed strong men, to Heads of State, to the tyrannical despots, as well as the Emperors, Kings, and Queens of the world were all huddling with their policy makers and military advisers, considering their options.

The Network and Cable anchor persons and the various talking heads, all with their perfectly quaffed hairdos and their impossibly straight white teeth, were displaying forced smiles wondering aloud where the hell was Superman and Supergirl and Wonder Woman when they were needed most. None of them had been seen for ten days ...

Internet conspiracy theorists and bloggers were postulating and publishing unsubstantiated stories claiming that all of earth's Superheroes ... Superman, Supergirl, Wonder Woman, and even Batman had been somehow comprised or even worse killed by the newly arrived Maga-Superwoman.

Of course, at that moment in time only she and her six shrunken detainees could answer that particular question with any specificity. After her meeting with Catwoman, Betty Jean intended to do just that. The more Betty Jean thought about introducing and displaying the tiny little superheroes to the world the more excited she became which brought on yet another powerful orgasm.

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On the day of her release from prison, Catwoman turned in her orange jumpsuit and other prison paraphernalia. That being done, she was allowed to shower and change into her own civvies ... extremely short tight fitting cutoff blue jeans, a body-hugging wife-beater T-shirt, and her knee-high leather boots which showcased her muscular thighs.

Many of the inmates using prison issue tin cups (cliché much?) rattled the bars of their cells, sounding their goodbyes by shouting ... Meow ... Meow ... Meow ... The very definition of catcalls.

The minute Selina Kyle stepped out of the prison she was greeted by a new model SUV with tinted windows driven by Big Betty. As the passenger door swung open Catwoman reluctantly slid into the front seat and high-fived her former cellmate. She understood she would eventually need to confront Betty about the death of her friend, the girl named Sue.

“Girl, do I have an extra special day planned for us.” Betty Jean was wearing an oversized Gotham City Rebels’ football jersey that hugged her contours. She succinctly laid out her plans; first up was a catered gourmet lunch, followed by some recent TV footage of her, a couple of home movies, and then a big ‘little’ surprise. “I guarantee a fun filled day.”

“Great, I can’t wait.” She licked her lips. “I’m famished.” Selina neglected to share her concern with the lunatic female with whom she was about to view movies and share a lunch.

Catwoman had immediately noticed Betty Jean’s enormous physique. Obviously, the big blonde had somehow mastered the absorption techniques and had clearly been using them extensively more likely than not indiscriminately.

“By the way ... You seem to have grown quite a bit. How tall are you now?”

“Six-foot eight. At a stop-light Betty using her hands casually ripped and tore apart the Rebels’ jersey revealing her big bad bodacious bulging biceps and her gravity defying perfectly proportioned 50DDD breasts.

“Pretty damn big, huh?” Her staining sports-bra left nothing to the imagination. They rode the rest of the way to her condo in relative silence.

Betty Jean had pulled out all the stops in order to present her guest with the perfect meal: The ruthless Blonde giantess hired, okay kidnapped, the terrified world-renowned chef, Giada De Laurentiis. The famed gourmet chef and TV personality and her unnamed sous chef were commissioned to prepare a fantastic, very specific, dinner. When Giada was ‘hired’ she was provided with a menu and with only the very best ingredients for that specific dinner combination.

Betty Jean had personally flown to Reykjavik, a small town in Iceland, and selected a dozen lobsters from among the very best tasting lobsters on earth ... She selected Sea Salts from the Brittany coast off France ... She flew to Iowa for a couple a dozen freshly picked ears of sweet corn and to Idaho for the best potatoes for roasting ... She traveled to Mexico for the best most juicy lemons anywhere on the planet ... Then to Gilroy California for fresh garlic cloves ... For the butter she traveled to the famed Minerva Dairy in Ohio ... and finally she flew to San Francisco for fresh loaves of Sourdough French Bread. At super-hyper speed it hadn’t taken Betty Jean very long.

The two famished female femme fatales sat down together and devoured everything on the table leaving tons of food for later, food that was properly stored in the frig by the sous chef. Betty graciously counted out and handed six two-inch high stacks of hundred dollars to Giada and dismissed her and her assistant to a waiting limo; admonishing both to never speak of that evening to anyone; flexing her intimidating 57” biceps she offered the dismissed chefs a terrifying smile.

“And now for your viewing pleasure.”

Betty Jean used her remote to switch on the TV DVR ... Which began with an edited video of a green clad Superwoman terrorizing the Norfolk Naval shipyard ... It showed the jeep juggling and the fusing together

of metals ... the faux-discuss throw, the destruction of the jets, the evisceration of the aircraft carrier's flight deck and the burning of the historical building followed by the shocking act of shrinking a naval captain down to one foot in height.

Betty paused the video right at the moment she had removed her mask and hood. Had Catwoman ever harbored any doubts they were gone now. A frozen image of Betty's remarkable body and gorgeous face stared back at her.

"My God how have you managed ..." Catwoman let her words trail off. She wasn't certain she wanted to know.

"Let me show you, dear." Betty restarted the DVR which showed a condensed video of Betty's first confrontation with Superman. The several cameras that had been hidden and strategically placed throughout her condo had captured for posterity every moment of Superman's ultimate defeat.

Selina watched in mesmerized horror as Betty Jean grew and grew and Superman shrunk proportionately. The big blonde brazenly dismantled and tortured Superman in every manner possible, pummeling him without mercy with devastating right and lefts to his face, to his head, and to his sagging body. Once she caused him to projectile vomit spewing the disgusting bile down to his shoes. Humiliating the humbled the superhero further, she rubbed his face in his own vomit.

Once the shrinking process was nearly completed, she lifted the shrunken man up with her right hand. Using only her thumb and forefinger she dangled Superman upside down by his tiny legs before proceeding to deep throat the terrified imp.

The moment Selina saw that video she wanted to beat a hasty retreat. But how? She knew if she requested to leave or tried to run, Betty wouldn't allow it.

"What have you done with him?" Selina couldn't hide her concern. "Where is he now?"

"Ta Dah." Betty triumphantly raised her hands over her head, interlocked her fingers, and tensed her powerful body again flaunting her unworldly muscularity to a clearly intimidated Selina Kyle. Betty Jean coquettishly grinned as she flicked on the video once again.

This time the video flickered a bit before coming into focus revealing what appeared to be a picturesque three-story building, a building identified by signage as ... SMALLVILLE ... a building that surprisingly rested atop an oaken table on which stood an elaborately constructed opaque dollhouse, a dollhouse populated by miniature people, presumably people Betty Jean had previously drained and shrunk.

When the camera zoomed in closer, a stunned Catwoman recognized each of them ... Superman, Supergirl, Wonder Woman, Batman, and two slightly taller individuals; Jimmy Olsen and Dick Grayson; AKA Robin ... Batman's ward.

Sensing this was the moment Betty would strike out at her, Catwoman attempted to get her mind right and prepare herself for whatever was to come next. Selina understood that this would likely be the

moment of truth, not only for her and for the shrunken superheroes and quite possibly for the entire human race.

However, Betty surprised Selina once again. She retrieved a shoebox from a cabinet and motioned for Catwoman to follow her into the guest bedroom where Selina got her first in person look at the dollhouse and the shrunken superheroes.

“Selina?” Batman was the first to see her. “Can you help us?”

Betty waved her finger at her dainty detainees demanding silence.

She opened the shoebox revealing still another shrunken individual; Superman’s wife Lois Lane. Draining and absorbing the surprisingly buff reporter had been ridiculously easy. Betty grabbed her off the street at the entrance to the Daily Planet. She forced Lois into her SUV, and effortlessly clutched her wrists. Betty gleefully syphoned and absorbed the incredulous woman’s strength until Lois stood about one foot tall.

Betty Jean deposited Superman’s whimpering wee wife down on the Smallville patio right next to her weeping wishy-washy wimp of a husband. Everyone gathered around the couple not knowing whether they should be happy for them or distraught by Lois’s shrinkage.

Betty Jean took advantage of the distraction by grabbing and squeezing both of Catwoman’s shoulders. She used her long strong fingers to manipulate the axillary and thoracic nerves causing Selina insufferable pain not only to her shoulders but to her hands, biceps and arms; arms that now hung immobile at her sides.

The ruthless giantess was cognizant, fully aware, that Catwoman did not possess the regenerating healing abilities of a Superman or a Supergirl so the normally ruthless muscle maiden was being extra careful with the Cat, not ready to break anything of her just yet but not so careful as to not inflict unbearable excruciating pain.

Catwoman was apoplectic ... Betty Jean was easily controlling her ... Selina Kyle was furious with herself for not thinking things through ... This Superwoman now possessed the combined muscle, strength, and superpowers of Superman, Supergirl, and Wonder Woman ... The blonde giantess was clearly making certain to not hurt her too badly, at least for now ... Selina admonished herself again ... what the hell had she been thinking?

“Pretty damn big, huh.” Betty had pushed Catwoman down on her back and was sitting on her chest. She placed her flexed right arm on the table on which Smallville stood while drawing additional muscle fiber away from Cat. Betty pumped her right arm several times and joyously watched as it grew another full inch, to a full 58” of pure feminine power.

“Well guys, you should keep looking because it’s about to get even bigger.”

Catwoman was too feeble to even resist Betty Jean's powerful prodigious physical superiority which left Cat Incapable of moving a muscle. She began to experience an overwhelming queasy puny feeling, a feeling which could only mean she was being drained of her physicality.

Even before the confrontation began Catwoman understood she could never compete with Betty Jean on the physical plane. However, she could at least try to engage the omnipotent musclebound blonde by using her mental acumen by using the absorption techniques taught to her by Susan A. Leach, her now dead friend and mentor.

Bulging Betty could feel Catwoman's essence flowing into her ever expanding incomparable body. From her past draining experiences B.J. realized that since Selina Kaye was a mere mortal the process shouldn't take much longer. Nonetheless, for some reason the progression was taking longer than expected, much longer.

Betty Jean could feel the draining process increasing exponentially and yet Catwoman's size was not being diminished in any way. If anything, the Cat seemed to be getting bigger, more muscular and stronger. Catwoman used her now 30 plus inch biceps to easily lift a disoriented Bulging Betty off of her. She sat atop Betty and began to reign powerful punches down on her once invulnerable face and body. Every one of the diminutive detainees could hear the cracking of bones and cartilage, and see the copious amounts blood flowing from Betty's mangled nose

The seven shrunken homunculi cheered wildly and began screaming with delight and when Lois began to sing, everyone joined in ... *'Ding Dong! The witch is dead. Which old witch? The wicked witch. Ding Dong. The wicked witch is dead.'* Betty wasn't actually dead ... but it was close enough for the detainees. They cheered loudly, jumped up and down, hugged each other clearly expecting that something wonderful was about to happen.

"NOOOOOO!!!!!!!" Betty's anguish was evident; her superior size and muscle definition were no more; her dreams of world domination were shrinking away, gone, way gone. "How ... Why ... What is happening?"

"The how was relatively easy." Catwoman laughed contemptuously at the distraught diminished bereft Blonde bombshell.

"You remember Sue, the girl you killed back at the prison." Catwoman squeezed Betty's hands so tightly everyone could hear the cracking sounds of more bones being broken.

"Sue taught me how to reverse the shrinking and absorption proceses while still in progress without the aggressor being aware until it was too late." Selina assumed a double bicep pose and proceeded to flex her ever expanding 36" – 38" – 40" biceps. Betty Jean whelped, wheezed, and wept uncontrollably. "She's the one who taught me how to use your absorption powers against you."

"You have the audacity to ask me why?" Cat continued to pummel Betty's already beaten bruised and bloody face, breaking her nose some more and her jaw, while shattering most of her front teeth. For her

own amusement Selina maniacally cuffed Betty's ears with the palms of her hands, simulating the actions of a deranged derailed demented symbols player on methamphetamines.

"The reasons are myriad ... But my motivation was fueled by revenge, you shouldn't have killed Sue." Catwoman cuffed Betty Jean some more. As they say in the movies, karma is a bitch ... and today that bitch is called Selina Kyle.

Catwoman punched Betty Jean in the gut and watched as the woman turned a disturbing color of purple before spewing forth copious amounts of bile onto the floor. The Cat shoved Betty's face down into her own vomit and smushed it around.

"Betty, you asked me what happened to you ..." Catwoman laughed some more again as she watched as B.J.'s vomit dripped down her face seemingly in slow motion. "What has happened is this ... I've gotten really big and really strong and you haven't." Selina grabbed and virtually crushed Betty's shrinking bicep in her hands and watched as the diminished Goddess-want-to-be ... or better yet ... 'Goddess-want-to-have-been ... shrunk down in size to around one foot tall.

"Selina, please put that bitch in the house with me." Superman wanted to kick her ass and said so.

"I wanna kick her shrinking ass." He told her.

"Not a good idea Superman." Catwoman warned. She still has the power and the knowledge to absorb your strength for herself and she would likely kill you within seconds."

"Okay ... Door number two it is."

"First, we all want to thank you for neutralizing that abomination; removing her as a threat to the planet." They all moved closer together; hoping for good news. "Now for the big question. Can you restore us to our normal size?"

"Yes ... yes I can." Selina moved in front of the full-length mirror and admired her unequaled beauty and spectacular muscular body and her omnipotent power.

Selina thought back to her formative years living on the streets of Gotham City, fending for herself; scamming tourists, stealing from crooks, and sponging off rich kids like Bruce Wayne, never imagining that someday she would be in such an enviable exalted position ... Mistress of the Universe should she wish it so.

"Let me assure each one of you that I possess everything you once possessed; everything that made you, you ... everything that made you guys superheroes; your unique gifts; power, strength, muscles. I possess all of it. Were I to wish it, I could literally identify, separate, compartmentalize and redistribute your individual DNA attributes and restore each of you to your former genetically blessed selves.

"Should you wish it?" Batman as well as all of the shrunken others looked anxious and worried. "Selina, please."

“Yes ... Should I wish.” She smiled ambiguously as she admired her imposing image in the mirror.

To be continued ...

*Will Catwoman do the right thing and return the shrunken superheroes to their former size and status or will Selina Kyle retain her newly acquired physicality for herself and aspire to be the ruler of world.*

Tune in next time ... Same Cat Channel ... Same Cat Time ...

Catwoman Gets Frisky ... by the Elder Barry ... 31,000 words (mostly different)