

SUBMISSIVE SUBSERVIENT SUPERMAN

(Introducing Normal Man & Amazing Guy & Nice Girl)

Superman was addressing an enthusiastic crowd of more than fifteen thousand adoring fans from atop a ten-foot stage when suddenly he was no longer there.

When awareness returned to the Man of Steel, he found himself in a large empty rather sterile looking room cuffed and strapped on top of what appeared to him to be an operating table. He tested his restraints distressed to learn they were Superman proof.

A bank of several TV monitors lined the room, each of them in full view of a now trembling Kal-El from Krypton. A door opened and two overly muscled blonde demi-goddesses entered the room flanking him and his bed. He'd seen these Amazonian women before, recognizing them as Hippolyta and Semele, neither was to be trifled with.

Superman was doing his best to not scream or cry or do both.

He immediately recognized that the girls were serving as members of the elite-palace guard charged with the responsibilities of caring for and guarding the Goddesses, not that the Goddesses needed guarding. Each of the Deities was immortal and invulnerable possessing the combined strength and power of over a million earthmen.

"Hello Superman." Princess Penthesilea (The Queen of the Amazons) and Athena (Goddess of Wisdom and War) entered the room together and greeted Superman warmly. Athena had been the first to speak.

"Nice to see you again." Polly added.

"Oh no ... please ... not again ... please.

Superman's nascent memories were being restored. Tears flowed unabated from his eyes. He bowed his head as best he could, demonstrating his absolute reverence for and fear of the two exquisitely beautiful hugely muscled and powerful Goddesses who reigned over a myriad of dimensions of both time and space ... including the numerous alternate planet earths.

"Kal-El, surely you wouldn't wish to deny your two biggest fans the pleasure of watching you squirm and struggle against and cower before superior females. You know how much we both enjoy seeing and hearing you suffering the indignities foisted upon you by powerful woman and young girls with their intimidating muscles

Hearing your pitiful whining and the delicious sounds of your pathetic begging is such an aphrodisiac for us.

“Look.” Penny pointed to one of the monitors, a monitor that was currently showing Superman being pummeled and humiliated in a boxing ring by an eight-foot four-inch teenage girl with biceps rivaling the Grand Tetons in size and grandeur not to mention her rock-hard massive girl-cock.

Superman, you should continue watching monitor number one because in a couple of minutes that big girl will ass-rape you.” Your many fans can read all about it on the internet in a story entitled ... ***Superman is Scared and Humiliated.***

“Kal-El, I direct your attention to monitor number two on the left.” Penny was flushed with excitement. “There you can watch an actual film of another Internet short story entitled ... ***The Mean Teen Ozark Queen*** where a tiny but very muscular teenager kicks your miserable ass all over a different boxing ring, enjoy.”

On monitor number three you can watch two films depicting two short stories each about burgeoning Superwomen entitled ***The Mighty Quinn*** and ***Maria ‘Muscles’ Marinara*** ... you’re not in either one but you might enjoy seeing them anyway.

“Superman.” Polly chimed in. “I believe you will love that which is now showing on monitor number four.” She smiled knowing full well he wouldn’t. “Prepare yourself for your ultimate humiliation. The story depicted in ***Catwoman Gets Frisky*** is longer than most but sure to entertain everyone, everyone but you.”

Superman, with no memory of his past humiliations or his rendezvous with the two Goddesses was immediately transported to yet another version of planet earth not knowing what awaited him there.

Eighteen-year-old Guy Marshall who fancied himself to be a magician, albeit an amateur one, remained curled up in his bed much longer than he needed to or should have. He was wistfully going over in his mind the newest Superman comic book, the one where the Man of Steel’s superpowers were inexplicably transferred into a nerdy teenage scientist. Oh, how he wished he were that nerdy scientist.

The high school senior didn’t want to be late for the first day of the new schoolyear but he wanted to avoid Betty, his twin sister, at all costs. As soon as he dragged himself out of his bed, he peered at himself in the mirror and as always he was less than satisfied with the skinny kid he saw looking back at him; five-foot-eight, one hundred thirty pounds with pipe stem arms sans any semblance of a muscle which unto its self was pretty damn pathetic as well as an ironic cosmic joke of epic proportions

Whenever friends or classmates or acquaintances or even passersby compared his body to that of his popular excessively muscled twin sister, which of course people were want to do, they couldn’t help but laugh at the disparity, the dichotomy rife with irony.

Even as a pre-teen Betty Jean delighted in tormenting her weaker brother. These days she picked on, mistreated, and unmercifully bullied him almost nonstop. His sister exerted and flaunted her physical superiority every chance she got making Guy's life a living hell.

No matter how often he exercised, how many miles he jogged, how many weights he lifted, how many vitamin supplements and protein-shakes he ingested he could never gain any weight or put on any muscle. His doctor explained to him that his quasi-anemia was a product of his extremely high metabolic rate.

Guy had always accepted with unquestioned metaphysical certainty that he was now and always would be physically inferior to his twin sister but that didn't mean he had to like. In fact, if truth were known, every day Guy would pray, wish, and beg ... *The-Powers-That-Be* ... hoping they would transform him into the bigger, the stronger, and the more dominate twin; then he would show her.

Apparently, that eventuality was never meant happen because once she had experienced her muscle enhancement episode her cruelty towards him had only worsened. He couldn't wait for his graduation when he would likely be accepting a scholarship to an out of state college, a college as far away from his sister as humanly possible.

Betty possessed unworldly strength and lorded it over him with great delight. His only respite from the constant physical and mental abuse she heaped upon him was when he told her a joke she liked or when he was performing his sleight of hand magic and card tricks.

Amuse me monkey was her credo, so amuse her he did. Then and only then would Betty Jean reward her pathetic brother by not tormenting him for the rest of that day.

Years earlier, on her first day of high school, a then diminutive freshman girl named Betty Jean Marshall announced her arrival. When the unassuming five-foot-one, 110-pound strawberry blonde overheard a number of football players critiquing the incoming freshmen girls she tried to ignore them.

However, she took notice when she heard herself being referred to as 'Spaghetti Betty' and 'Ever Ready Betty' and 'Sweaty Betty' and worst of all ... the sexually charged name ... B.J.

Betty Jean sidled up to the biggest and loudest of the group, a 300-pound All-State offensive tackle, aptly named Blake 'Big Bruiser' Blocker. She grabbed at and then viciously squeezed his nut-sack dropping the 'Bruiser' down to his knees.

"Please no!" He screamed in pain. "Stop."

"Sweaty Betty says no to that." She giggled to herself because that was the first time Betty Jean had referred to herself in the third person. She squeezed even harder making her point crystal clear to the Bruiser.

Betty then proceeded to beat the living shit out of the biggest, toughest, meanest dude in the entire school. Using her well-honed fighting skills, her tiny little fists as well as her lethal feet,

her elbows, and her knees she blackened and closed both of the Bruiser's eyes, broke, fractured, and shattered the guy's jaw, separated him from a number of his teeth while delivering several piston-like right crosses and left hooks to his body in the process breaking at least four ribs while lacerating both of his kidneys.

Solely for her own amusement and to add to the big boy's misery a totally out of control Betty Jean Marshall broke 'the bruiser's' right arm at the elbow. The now former football player spent the next several weeks eating all off his meals through a straw. He pissed blood for nearly a month crying every time.

She justified her alleged 'assault' to the school dean, claiming the boy had sexually harassed and abused her stating she was only protecting herself. The football player's sketchy reputation and previous indiscretions had weighed heavily against him and in her favor. Consequently, little Betty received only a slap on the wrist for her actions.

When the 110-pound then fourteen-year-old Betty Jean Marshall tracked down the now grossly out of shape 350-pound former football player. She 'apologized' for the beating she had inflicted upon him. Even though he was literally three times her size he quivered in her presence and physically wretched the moment she left.

Sweaty Betty, had not so subtly suggested to Blake 'the bruised' Blocker that he should consider transferring to another school because, as she put it, 'the mere sight of you sickens me and could set me off again.'

Needless to say, no one ever referred to her as Sweaty Betty again.

The preceding four years had passed quickly and her reputation as someone not to be fucked with only grew. Betty Jean had arduously continued with her rigorous weight training regimens and her grappling and striking disciplines; mixed martial arts including both traditional and kick boxing, Jujutsu, Krav Maga, etc.

Even though she had packed on a number of impressively huge muscles she remained short in stature. Consequently, Betty was still dreaming of the day she would finally achieve her hoped for second growth spurt.

She was grateful for the first enhancement but in her mind a second spurt was long overdue. She worked out 24/7 and now for her own gratification she was admiring the fruits of her labors, preening in front of the bathroom mirror; flexing and admiring her massive 14" biceps, her generous 36" C-cup boobs, and her hour glass figure.

Her life would have been near perfect if were not for the existence of her nerdy good for nothing pain in the ass twin brother.

Nature was not only calling out to that pain in the ass bother the bitch was yelling at him. Requiring immediate relief, the boy hurried to the bathroom hoping for privacy when he ran

smack dab into his imposing five-foot-four-inch 125-pound bicep-blessed sister. He bounced off of her as if he had crashed into an impenetrable brick wall, which in a way he had.

Betty Jean was more than just a little annoyed by her brother's interruption but at the same time she was grateful for the opportunity and the excuse to teach him yet another lesson. Using her lightning-fast reflexes, Betty wordlessly applied an approximation of the Vulcan Death Grip. She took hold of his face and the top of his head with her powerful hands and began to squeeze until her brother dropped down to his knees crying out in pain.

"Ow, stop. Please. You're hurting me." He impotently attempted to pry her strong fingers away from his face. "What are you doing?"

"Relax." She released her hold and flexed her numb fingers. "I just wanted to see if I could make your brains seep out of your earholes."

She laughed indicating she was only kidding. However, this was more than just a run-of-the-mill normal brother/sister scuffling and bantering. This was the outrageously bicep-blessed Betty Jean Marshall once again demonstrating her clear and overwhelming superiority over her taller but much weaker brother. Her physical acts of unquestioned dominance never ceased to bring the 18-year-old vixen to orgasmic bliss.

"Damn it, sis." He wiped tears from his eyes. "Why can't you be a nice girl?"

"Yeah ... Okay ... Maybe I'll give that a try but first tell me a joke." She demanded.

"Sure." He thought for a second knowing he had better make it a good one. "I think you will like this one." He prayed she would.

"A lawyer returns Mickey Mouse's phone message ... Mickey he says ... you can't divorce Minnie because you say she's crazy ... Mickey replies ... I didn't say she was crazy ... I said the bitch was fucking Goofy."

Guy was both pleased and relieved when his sister laughed out loud.

"Morning wood?" She giggled as she pointed at the bulge in her brother's underpants. "Is it my big girlie muscles or my wonderful breasts that turn you on bro?"

"Don't flatter yourself sis." He adjusted his more than adequate package loath to admit to her that it was both; her breasts and her muscles never failed to excite him.

"I'm eighteen-years-old." Shamed by the truth he shot back. "I don't need you to get me hard. The mere thought of a topless manikin can do that."

Why he had chosen that day to verbally spar with his muscle-bound sister he would never fully understand but he knew he was about to pay a price.

“Sorry, sis.” He knew he should retreat to his room but he desperately needed to pee. “Just give me a quick minute alone, please.” He was shuffling his weight from one leg to the other. “I really really need to piss.”

“Go ahead piss or are you too embarrassed or ashamed to show me your peepee?” She flexed her impressively peaked biceps and laughed at her blushing brother. “I’m not ashamed to show you these.”

She puffed out her chest removed her clinging nightshirt displaying her gorgeous teen breasts squeezing them together displaying their massiveness. She pressed her overwhelming well-tanned naked self against her brother’s spindly colorless milky-white body effortlessly pinning him to the bathroom wall.

She had always been much stronger than he. Ever before her first muscle growth surge but since then she had more than tripled her own strength, increased her sexual appetite, while escalating her unrelenting teasing.

Enjoying her brother’s feeble attempts to escape from her overwhelming superiority was surprisingly arousing for her. Betty Jean had always loved tormenting her wimpy brother but today it was sexually stimulating her big time. She could already feel an orgasm building within her.

Betty Jean pressed herself even harder against her brother grinding her chiseled body and her lady parts all over his malleable body. Guy was helpless against his twin’s powerful muscles. He was trapped in the vortex of his eighteen-year-old sister’s muscular embrace.

Finally, he felt her entire body begin to quiver, shake, shudder, and spasm. He feared she might be experiencing her second muscle enhancement. Her knees seemed to be buckling beneath her. Nonetheless, Betty Jean continued grinding herself against him even harder laughing as she did so.

She pressed even harder some more taking his breath away. Her eyes were squeezed shut and the look on her face transformed from intense to serene to bliss. However, her enhancement would have to wait because at the moment her orgasm was an all-consuming, euphoric delicious feeling of utter bliss.

“Thanks! I really needed that.”

Her legs were a bit wobbly as she slowly sashayed her naked self down the hall towards her bedroom contemptuously looking back at her brother. She cupped her right breast in one hand and with the other tweaked an erect nipple before finally issuing him a stern warning.

“Stop looking at my ass, you perv.”

Guy slammed the bathroom door shut and relieved himself, twice. First, he urinated a river in spite of his steel-like erection that insisted on pointing up at the ceiling. Then he jerked off because of his steel-like erection. The image of her lovely breasts and her impressive muscles

unwillingly dominated his mind. He jerked his large penis so furiously he splattered the mirror with copious amounts of his cum but rather than attaining a feeling of bliss he felt nothing but shame.

He knew he should clean up the mess but he was so late. Mom would understand she would do it without complaint before leaving for her visit to grandma's house ... *back home again in Indiana.*

Today was a very big day for the students of Jefferson High School. Superman was scheduled to speak to the student body about the ever-changing roles of males and females and the growing number of enhanced women in today's society.

It hadn't happened overnight it only seemed that way to the male population. Seemingly without so much as a 'how-do-you-do' most earthly females were experiencing unprecedented unexplained subtle but noticeable strength and body enhancements while a select few experienced extreme growth spurts, while one in a million was suddenly endowed with male genitalia.

Within the span of a single generation most females had grown stronger, most only marginally. However, nearly five percent of the women on planet earth, an even higher percentage in America, had developed and were still developing unexplained significant physical superiority over most males; Superman not with-standing of course.

Some females, usually teenagers, even approached heights of seven-feet or more while many developed intimidating stupefying muscularity while a select few were inexplicably endowed with a male penis; most were of normal size but some girls sprouted appendages equal to or exceeding that of most horses.

Medical researchers from all over the world who were studying the phenomena discovered a heretofore unknown self-replicating gene unique to females which, until now, had lain dormant likely for eons. When triggered, usually at the onset of puberty, the gene facilitated the conversion of estrogen into super-charged testosterone promoting unnatural muscle growth in females.

To date, the researchers have been unable to find anything that may have spurred the gene to life nor any process that could retard the growth spurts.

Doctor Geoffrey 'Bobo' Bezos, working with an elite team of geneticists was the preeminent cytogeneticist credited with discovering and identifying the novel gene found only in women, a gene that was immediately medically catalogued as 'AMD1' ... More commonly known to the public as the Amazon Effect.

Most females gladly accepted their unexplained physical gifts and went on with their lives; a little happier, a little more sexually aggressive, and considerably more confident. However, a

small number of 'AMD1' ladies abused and capitalized on their physical superiority; some becoming professional athletes. Some used their overwhelming strength to accost and rob weaker males for both fun and profit.

Guy arrived for his first class of the day just as the bell rang. He dropped his sorry ass in his assigned seat and surveyed the room. Although he dreaded what he knew he was about to see while at the same time he couldn't wait to see that which he dreaded seeing; girls with big boobs were always a welcome sight and Guy assumed he was about to get an eyeful.

His twenty-eight classmates were split nearly evenly; 15 girls and 13 boys. Several of the female students, kind-of-sort-of-dwarfed their male classmates. Naturally they were all busty, they all knew it, and they loved flaunting their biceps as well as their boobies. The girls were clearly more muscular than their male counterparts, a perfect microcosm of the world in which they all lived.

It was clear to Guy Marshall that only one of the girls had achieved her growth spurt over the summer. Eighteen-year-old Cindy Ryan stood an astounding seven-foot-two inches tall with muscles on top of more muscles, the epitome of female preeminence. For no reason at all, other than to show off, Cindy stood up in front of the class and flexed her massive 26" biceps which if one were to believe the ubiquitous comic books, measured at least two full inches larger than Superman.

Ms. Mildred Minnie Madison, their twenty-seven-year-old homeroom teacher was nearly as big as Cindy her first and only enhancement having occurred two years earlier. Her large breasts strained against her clinging purple and green stiped blouse her large biceps evident beneath her long sleeves. She was unconsciously trying to upstage Cincy with her large pendulous breasts. Mildred admonished her student telling her in no uncertain terms to sit her ass down.

"Cindy, sit your ass down." She demanded.

Guy Marshall averted his eyes from the busty bickering females just in time to see the girl sitting next to him, Jenny Jean Jones, experience a spontaneous female growth spurt of her own. At first, the eighteen-year-old senior seemed to be in some pain then in real pain until her face took on a beatific blissful smile of satisfaction. Jenny pumped up her biceps watching them grow and grow.

An extremely tired sleep deprived Guy Marshall inexplicably allowed his eyes to close as he slipped into the inviting arms of Morpheus, the God of Dreams or he may have simply fainted. Either way he was experiencing an erotic dream, a fanciful delusion featuring an amatory tableau revealing his most bizarre of fetishes.

The now seven-foot-three-inch soon to be completely naked girl's crotch was only a foot away from his face when it happened. Guy estimated the girl's biceps to be at least 22" but that wasn't the half of it. Oh no ... There was more, much more.

A titanic bulge was straining against her quickly disintegrating her designer jeans as an imposing girl-cock burst forward scaring the living shit out of a startled and intimidated Guy Marshall. Once the damn thing fully unfurled it sprang forth with such force it actually struck his forehead much like a steel rod.

To Marshall it looked like a third leg; long and thick and veiny. Jenny Jean took her 14" long monster into her hand, pushed it aside allowing herself to inspect her seemingly intact lad parts. She was now one of the less than one percent of the enhanced girls to sprout a penis. She proudly waved her big dick at her classmates.

Everyone was filming the event with their cell phones. The girls were all standing offering envious appreciative applause while the angst-ridden boys were more restrained, many thinking to themselves ... 'Jesus Christ, if they all grow cocks there will be no need for us whatsoever.'

The seven-foot-two-inch Cindy Ryan casually moved closer to her new muscle-mate and planted an open-mouthed wet kiss on her lips. She grabbed her classmate's girl-cock with both of her large hands and masturbated the mammoth appendage until it had gushed massive amounts of her viscous 'she-men' everywhere ... half of the class applauded while the rest unabashedly fondled their own genitalia.

Guy awoke with a start blinking his eyes admiring the extraordinary physical attributes of his two spectacularly enhanced (dick-less) female classmates who were cavorting directly in front of him oblivious to his existence.

He attributed his weird dream to his hugely all-encompassing anxiety relative to an irrational fear that when his sister's second enhancement arrived it would include a girl-cock, a big girl cock she would use to ass rape him whenever the mood struck her.

Superman was walking down the hall when he witnessed the two huge female teenagers engaging in what could only be described as pornographic acts. The prudish Kryptonian watched the naughty girls fondling each other longer than he should have, surprised by how aroused he had become watching the girl-on-girl action. He could feel his Kryptonian penis twitching in his pants begging for release.

Down the hall an exhausted and completely spent 'AMD1' enhanced Missy Adams had fallen asleep in an empty class room. Her spontaneous growth spurt of nearly a foot and well over 100-pounds of female muscle had scared the hell out of her. She was sexually stimulated like never before and she was obsessively compelled to masturbate, so masturbate she did (twice).

Scared or not Missy was thrilled. She had just experienced the full Amazon Effect; seven feet tall, massive muscles, and a sexual stimulation never before attained. She smiled knowing she would be the envy of the school and her neighborhood.

She climbed to her feet and surveyed her magnificent new body estimating herself to be at least seven-feet-tall, maybe two-hundred ten pounds of pure lady muscle. Her one-minute old

biceps were beyond huge, at least 26" when flexed. Her entire body, including her twitching snatch, tingled with sexual tension.

When the door swung open, she was shocked to see a gawking Superman looming in the doorway. Ignoring her own nakedness, the teenaged girl smiled at the Man of Steel immediately noticing that his eyes were laser focused on her massive breasts and her perfectly manicured pussy. Her saucer sized pinkish areoles and her erect nipples were beckoning him. Unknowingly Missy's body was exuding powerful irresistible pheromones sexually encouraging and enticing an almost helpless to resist Superman to abandon his inhibitions.

He immediately noticed that her huge flexed biceps were not only better defined than his but likely surpassed his 24" Kryptonian biceps by at least two full inches.

Just the thought of encountering a physically superior looking female fulfilled one of Superman's sexual fetish fantasies and Superman's penis was pressing against his tights. Uncharacteristically he ripped them from his body suggestively displaying his own unusually long and thick Kryptonian cock.

Missy who continued to flaunt her muscles could not have been happier nor hornier. She guided him onto his back and sat on his naked chest. She leaned forward and passionately kissed his lips forcing her tongue deep into his mouth rubbing her breasts all over his muscular body while sexually kneading his throbbing erection.

Neither of the physically superior humans had any control over their respective sexual urges. She engulfed his massive tool into her wetter than wet vagina and rode the man like a bucking bronco. While the girl was by no means a virgin, these wanton sexual acts were foreign to her.

She inexorably inched her vagina up his naked chest towards his quivering mouth. He knew not her age nonetheless he was helpless to resist her and he forcibly pulled her against his body. Emulating the best and most sexually proficient of his past female partners Superman skillfully utilized his tongue. He licked and sucked her engorged clitoris triggering an almost immediate discharge of a voluminous thickish, gooey, sticky liquid; a pint of the sweetest most pleasant tasting liquid one could ever imagine.

Superman's entire body had reached sexual nirvana; all of his nerve endings felt as if they were on fire causing intense sexual pleasure, a pleasure he had never experienced before. He wanted to experience some more of the same, again, right then and there ... again and again and again.

But that was not to be because a sexually satisfied but extremely embarrassed and blushing Missy Adams abruptly rose to her full height and bolted from the empty classroom leaving Superman unfulfilled.

However, the moment he touched his own penis he excitedly gushed his schlong juice all over himself. For well over an hour the sexually satisfied Man of Steel lie helpless on the floor of the classroom drenched in his own odorous perspiration and his own sticky semen dreaming about her intoxicating sweet discharge.

Superman cleaned up as best he could. He dressed before he finally exited the classroom. Almost immediately he encountered the giant girl who was now wearing a large blue and gold trimmed robe taken from the football team locker room. A frowning Missy Adams rushed up to him and surreptitiously handed him a folded piece of paper before running away.

The ominous words written there on frightened the Kryptonian superhero to his core. He quickly found an exit and flew directly but unsteadily towards his Fortress of Solitude to reflect on his tenuous future.

Guy and Betty Jean Marshall quickly sidled up to the new and improved Missy Adams their eighteen-year-old next-door neighbor. The trio wordlessly decided to walk home together eventually discussing the events of the day. Guy so wanted Missy to take off her robe or at least flash him, disappointed when she did neither.

Missy kept her encounter with Superman to herself. The giant girl had huge and far-reaching life-altering decisions to consider.

The medical staff at the school had tested her discharged bodily fluid. Apparently, Missy Adams was among the less than one percent of the female population who was cursed with potentially deadly emanations.

The big teen represented the one enhanced girl out of a thousand females who produced a sometimes-deadly elixir; a sweet tasting addictive strength sapping life-threatening discharge of a bodily secretion that required frequent additional doses to keep the recipient from suffering serious illnesses often with deadly consequences.

While it was totally unfair to her, Missy immediately realized that she had a number of life changing decisions to contemplate:

1. She could deny the Man of Steel her juices and allow him to wither away and possibly die and forever be branded by the world as a selfish bitch ...
2. She could devote the rest of her life to keeping the man alive by supplying the "Protector of the Planet" with the substance he needed to stay alive ...
3. She could disappear and simply ignore the man and his needs allowing the cards to fall where they may ...

"Damn it." Betty interrupted Missy's thoughts. "I wanted my Amazonian growth spurt to happen for me before you."

Guy Marshall dreaded that possible eventually with nervous disquieting trepidation. He realized that should his merciless twin sister's second enhancement include a penis (a dream of hers and a fear of his) she would likely ass-rape him just to hear him weeping, whimpering, and whining.

Besqueezed Missy's bicep shocked by its size and hardness. She parted her friends robe getting a glimpse for her breasts.

“Wow girl.” Betty Jean deftly cupped her giant right boob. “You’ve got it all going on.”

“Yeah.” Missy flashed a knowing smile.

“No matter.” Betty Jean whispered to herself. “My time will come.”

“The times.” As Bob Dylan once told us. “They are a changing.”

Batman was no longer patrolling the streets of Gotham City. Sadly, the aging crime-fighter was physically incapable, unable, and unwilling to protect the citizens from the seemingly omnipresent enhanced female miscreants. They roamed the streets with abandon raising hell; reveling in the mayhem they caused.

Selina Kyle, AKA, Catwoman was, unbeknownst to Batman or the police, unofficially filling-in for the erstwhile Caped Crusader doing what she could to combat the insalubrious criminal element terrorizing the citizens of Gotham; the irony of which hadn’t escaped the notorious former cat-burglar.

The thuggish hoodlums and miscreants who delighted in using their newly acquired mega-strength were causing havoc and Selina decided she should intervene whenever and wherever she could.

In the last few weeks, the Cat had hunted down and incapacitated a substantial number of the hooligan-ettes (as she liked to call them) turning them over to the police. The enhanced muggers were painfully aware of a vigilante type who had been terrorizing the terrorizers; their own personal Boggy Man akin to how vampires feared ‘Buffy’.

That night a nattily dressed Selina Kyle had been searching the city for much of the day looking for Batman when she herself was accosted by three members of the worst of Lex Luther’s female gangs ... Gang Green.

Luther (In this parallel universe) was nothing more than a glorified mob boss who had managed to cajole and convince large numbers of ‘enhanced superior women’ to join his crime syndicate. He stressed to them that while the authorities would look the other way (for a stipend) and unofficially condone a certain level of violence; muggings, harassments, and the like.

However, they would balk at any hint of savagery and brutality that resulted in injury. Real violence would not be tolerated. The girls had been admonished to temper their aggressiveness. Lex Luther was demanding pussy cat behavior vis-a-vie ally cat nastiest.

Each of the girls confronting the bejeweled woman was dressed in skintight olive-drab jumpsuits. Clearly, the leader of this gang was the six-foot-ten-inch tall ‘super enhanced woman’ who the others referred to as Venom. She was flanked by her two six-foot-tall muscular acolytes; a blonde named Malice and a brunette called Spite. The ‘ladies’ encircled their prey

hoping to score money and jewels; the \$17,000 Rolex watch on the woman's wrist and the expensive looking necklace had caught their notice.

Selina immediately realized their intent, so she wasted no time and took the fight to them. The Cat leaped into the air and delivered a spinning well-practiced karate kick to the blonde's throat dropping Malice to her knees gasping for air. The moment her feet reacquired the ground Selina fired a vicious right-handed karate-chop to the brunette's throat followed by a reverse elbow smash to her temple knocking Spite out-cold.

The surprised nearly seven-foot-tall Venom mindlessly attacked and threw a powerful right hand that Catwoman deftly side-stepped and ducked under. The Cat skillfully positioned herself directly behind the obviously enhanced assailant and quickly wrapped her own heavily muscled right arm around her neck. Selina administered the wildly popular unbreakable rear naked-choke hold cutting off the air supply of the surprised unhappy *'jolly green giant'* until Venom's complexion matched the color of her jumpsuit as she passed out.

Selina had rebuffed the attack by the three girls in less than a minute. She constrained the lady 'evil doers' using plastic flex zip cuffs on the girl's wrists and ankles. The Gotham City Vigilante anonymously (as was her want) contacted the Gotham City Police Department (G.C.P.D.) and reported the attempted mugging, conveying the details of the incident as well as the whereabouts of the 'sleeping' ladies.

Meanwhile, Bruce Wayne who was getting increasingly more and more uneasy about being alone on the streets of Gotham. The Bat was stealthily hurrying home; hiding in the shadows. A number of city streets were being monitored by muscular super-girls who took great pleasure in teasing and robbing smaller weaker males as well as an occasional woman.

While it was true that these despicable acts were being perpetrated by only a small percentage of Gotham City's enhanced females resulting in just five to ten incidents per night. It was nevertheless becoming a real problem for the authorities and more importantly the 8.5 million citizens of Gotham.

The G.C.P.D. now consisting of mostly enhanced female patrol women had their hands full combating the outbreak of criminal activity predominately female on male crimes. Many of their arrests were gifts provided to them by an unknown vigilante citizen.

These days Bruce Wayne rarely left his home anymore but tonight he had felt compelled to attend a secret meeting of the male members of the fledgling Justice League of America (J. L. A.) to discuss their options.

He understood all too well that were he to be captured, he would be a prized prisoner worthy of a huge ransom. The obviously preoccupied Dark Knight was only a few blocks away from his home, Wayne Manor. He was preparing himself to consult with medical personnel working at Wayne Enterprises and search the internet for information pertaining to Superman's 'medical' problem.

Bruce was just beginning to feel safe when suddenly he was snatched up into the powerful muscular arms of what was likely an 'enhanced woman' ... The Amazon affect was evident ... As he feebly struggled to disengage himself from his much stronger captor, Batman could hear the disquieting sounds of a giggling female.

He was being squeezed so tightly he actually lost consciousness. The female considered the old bromine; *she didn't know her own strength* to be apt. Sure, it was a cliché, but nonetheless in this case quite accurate.

The billionaire philanthropist was immediately whisked away to a mid-town luxury condominium. The female wasn't as yet sure what she was going to do with him or to him or for him but she knew whatever she decided to do, it was going to be hell-a-fun, at least for her.

Superman was hoping and praying that his unique Kryptonian physiology would protect him from the toxic effects of the girl's poisonous elixir. However, the Man of Steel was racked with unrelenting fear; fear of the unknown. He offered a quick prayer to his God, Rao, before phoning his closest friend.

He had spoken with Batman who had immediately put him in contact with medical experts working at Wayne Enterprises promising not to reveal his circumstance to the other members of the J. L. A.

Superman was encouraged to learn that the researches were familiar with the effects of the vaginal discharged elixir and were already in the process of synthesizing and duplicating the natural occurring tincture as a possible antidote the efficacy of which had yet to be tested.

He arduously studied the many articles on the Internet learning much. Chiefly because the affected female carriers were so few in numbers and the transferences so rare it was not generally known to the public nor publicized extensively.

All of the available data, sparse as it may have been, indicated that an affected individual would begin to feel weak and feeble within the first twenty-four hours of ingestion, often experiencing an unrelenting longing for the sweet tasting nectar. The addiction would become all-consuming dominating the affected individual's each and every thought.

One overriding concern leaped off the pages. If one were to ignore the craving for seventy-two hours the physical need could begin to destroy the mind and leave the man a blithering idiot unable to care for himself.

At the very same time Missy Adams was pursuing many of the same articles; learning that her actions or non-actions could very likely determine the life or death of Superman; naturally that burden weighed heavily on her.

The responsibilities thrust upon her overwhelmed the teenager and that night she cried herself to sleep only to be interrupted by a phone call from Superman suggesting a meeting at her

home immediately after her school let out, reminding her that time was of paramount importance to him.

“Okay then, it’s a date.” Not wanting to sound flippant about the meeting she apologized. “I will be home not later than 4:00 PM.” Her divorced mom was attending an out-of-town work conference for the next several days so the teenaged girl would be home alone. She hesitated for only a moment.

“I promise.” She promised.

The diminished Superman was experiencing an actual epiphany ... being un-super really sucked. He was experiencing the foibles of being human ... the aches and the pains and the insecurities he had heard so much about but had paid so little attention to were real and debilitating.

If he managed to retain his super powers Kal-El from Krypton promised himself he would be more sensitive to the human plight.

Throughout that night Superman slept fitfully tossing and turning before finally falling deep into the normally comforting arms of Morpheus, the God of Sleep and Dreams. However, that night the Last Son of Krypton’s dreams were anything but comforting. In fact, Kal-El experienced the most vivid, most terrifying, and what proved to be the most prescient nightmare of his heretofore nearly perfect life.

His dream, nightmare really, began ominously.

An otherworldly green-skinned outrageously proportioned nine-foot-six-inch-tall naked alien female warrior was taking full advantage of Kal-El from Krypton’s weakened state. With just one hand clutching the nape of his neck she was affecting a painful and embarrassing reverse throat lift holding the struggling man three-feet off the ground, laughing at him as he feverishly churned his legs hoping to accomplish who knew what.

Lady Demeter, the Greek Goddess of the Harvest, was beating him as one would a red-headed step child. She treated him as if he were an up-rooted plant intent on forcing him back into the ground as if she were re-seeding a garden.

“You know Superman ... It’s not easy being green.”

The giggling Green-Goddess grabbed the top his head and forcibly pushed Superman into the ground feet first and then proceeded to screw the helpless man deeper and deeper and deeper into the fertile ground. He was powerless to extricate himself from his preposterous imprisonment. Before Lady Demeter was able to spread the buckets fertilizer (manure) meant to nurture and cultivate her prize and before she was able to water her soon to be blossoming trophy by pissing on him the tableau abruptly changed.

Superman found himself sitting on an unfamiliar bench in what appeared to him to be a rather sparse home-exercise-room complete with a number of barbells and some rudimentary exercise equipment.

He wasn't alone; a grinning intimidating muscle-flexing Missy Adams towered over him proudly flexing her huge muscles while haughtily glowering at him shaking her pretty head indicating no way ... not now ... not again ... not never.

At least that's what Superman was reading into it.

Standing alongside Missy was a much younger looking smaller but well-muscled teenaged girl who was using one hand to hoist a dumbbell over her head with ridiculous ease while disdainfully sneering at him.

Standing next to her was a rail thin young man reading a comic book who only occasionally looked over at Superman.

Superman was ravenous but not for food, he was desperate for a different form of sustenance. He was feeling puny and discombobulated hungrily craving his 'fix' as he begged Missy with his eyes; please – they pleaded with her – please.

He rose unsteadily from the bench intending to approach Missy when the smaller girl who was clearly 'AMZ1' gene blessed flipped what turned out to be a two-hundred-fifty-pound barbell to him.

He had barely managed to catch the weight. Falling backwards he placed his puckering asshole back down on the bench, tightening his sphincter muscle determined to avoid a most embarrassing happenstance. Inexplicably the weight was too much for him to handle and his arms began to tremble noticeably and uncontrollably.

"Oh sorry, let me." The child's condescending smile was so disrespectful the Man of Steel was instantly frightened of her ... fearing what she might do ... what she could do ... what she about to do.

"Superman?" She taunted him with a snide smile. "Is this little old 250-pound barbell too much for you to handle?" She pinched his cheek and laughed as he winced.

The smirking little girl still using only one hand easily lifted the weight off of him. Her upper arm exploded displaying her formidable over-sized biceps. She impressively performed a number of stunning barbell presses before effortlessly raising the 250-pound weight over her head.

The 'child' was easily holding twice her body weight motionless over her head before gingerly placing it on the overhead rack. She arrogantly turned to face a cowering Man of Steel and gleefully flexed her upper arms revealing two massive biceps which rose to impossible peaks of enhanced teenaged feminine power.

Adding insult to injury the preening teen mercilessly teased the incredulous Kryptonian by using her left hand to massage her unworldly pulsating right bicep as she silently mouthed the words 'pretty damn big, uh.'

The Amazon Effect was obvious as she tensed her entire body some more. Everyone in the room watched as each one of her muscles grew to outrageously cartoonish like proportions.

She grabbed Superman's cape with both of her strong hands, effortlessly lifted the man off the ground, and swung the helpless Kryptonian male over her head finally flinging the 'man of steel' into the far corner of the room. She was arrogantly flaunting her strength while ignoring the warnings postulated by the late great Jim Croce in an old rock-and-roll song ... 'You don't tug on Superman's cape.'

Bathed in his own sweat Superman awakened from his way too realistic dream still hearing the three of them laughing at his diminishing self, even the once nerdy looking boy chuckled derisively as he had inexplicably grown to a size that was every bit the physical equal of Superman himself ... 6'4 ... 240 pounds ... with 24" biceps.

Superman had never felt more helpless and thoroughly exhausted. He was sans energy; ennuui was the word of the day. He lazily looked over at the clock distressed to learn it was nearly 4:00 PM. He had slept for nearly fourteen hours. He 'quickly' but unsteadily flew to the home of Missy Adams only to learn no one was home. He tried calling her only to get her voice mail. His message to her while frantic was simple:

"Where are you ... I need you ... Now." He didn't leave his name; she would know it was he.

"Superman?" A familiar looking young boy approached him. "Hi, I'm Guy Marshall ... Are you here to see Missy? When Superman nodded his head in the affirmative. "She's my neighbor." Marshall let his hero enter her home through the basement and ushered him into her exercise room.

"She's been delayed at school; you know, dealing with the TV people, the reporters, and the medical people." He looked amused by it all. "Everyone in town with a microphone or a pencil wants to talk with her. Missy should be home soon."

Superman was immediately experiencing de ja vu. The room was all too familiar to him and the presence of a muscular young girl lifting weights actually frightened him, dread consumed his very being. He knew one thing for certain this was not a dream. He prayed hoping she wouldn't toss him a weight he couldn't handle.

He needn't have worried about that because Betty Jean Marshall the devious muscle enhanced girl so reminisce of the vixen in his dream was formulating a much more Machiavellian plan for Superman.

"What do you want from Missy?" Betty asked suspiciously.

"That's between me and her." He thought for a second. "Her and I?" Superman seemed to having an argument with himself and he seemed to be losing. "She and I?" His brain functions were addled and his grammatical acumen seemed to have been compromised.

Superman was trying to look strong but instead he was sweating profusely, barely able to hold his head up.

“Bro, you should leave right now.” Betty was issuing a command to her brother and he knew all too well it would be prudent for him to simply obey. Still hoping to impress Superman, the boy hesitated.

“Make your useless self useful you useless little piece of useless shit.” She laughed at her own turn of a phrase. “Go look for Missy ... NOW ... Right fucking NOW.”

“Hey big guy.” She softened her voice. “Are you okay?” Betty asked feigning concern. “You don’t look very Super.”

“I’m just a little out of sorts, that’s all.” He had never been more unsure of himself. He could feel his entire body slumping forward.

“Good to know.” Sensing his obvious weakness Betty moved closer to the trembling man who stood a foot taller than she. Betty Jean flexed her imposing enhanced 14” biceps which to her seemed to be getting larger (she would need to measure later).

Even though this girl was nowhere near the size of the one in his dream she was nonetheless extremely intimidating and the fearful Kryptonian cowered away from her.

“I think you may enjoy this.” She flexed hard. “I want you to feel my big girlie muscles.” She paused for only a second. “Right fucking now.”

She literally forced an uneasy super-less Man of Steel to lay his shaky hands on her upper arms. He squeezed as hard as he could, surprised that his diminished self couldn’t even penetrate her granite like muscle. She again flexed furiously some more and ‘accidentally’ bumped him off the bench to the floor. She quickly pounced on his prone body pinning his upper arms down to the floor with her knees; a dominating classic schoolyard pin.

At full strength the Man of Steel would have easily lifted the little girl off of him. However, try as he might in his current state, he was unable to even budge the 125-pound girl which for him was an embarrassment of epic proportions.

Betty could feel the once mighty Superman helplessly juddering beneath her. His feeble attempts at trying to escape from her were laughable. She pulled him up onto his feet and much as she had done with her brother in the bathroom, Betty Jean pinned his body against the wall controlling the ‘strongest man in the world’ trapping him in her overpowering embrace.

She wordlessly smirked, enjoying his pained facial expressions as he was quickly coming to the realization just how helpless he really was against her devastating lady strength and how he was totally at the mercy of a girl who likely had no mercy within her.

Superman was helpless, he knew it, she knew it, and anyone who may have been watching would have known it as well.

She released her devastating bear-hug and forced him to ground. He latched onto a one-hundred-pound barbell and began to repeatedly curl the weight, all the while watching her left bicep rhythmically bounce up and down while traversing along her upper arm; an action that *never didn't* dampen her panties.

For leverage the five-foot-four-inch one-hundred-twenty-five-pound teeny bopper was resting her powerful right forearm on the Kryptonian creep's thick neck just below his jutting chin. She could feel him gulping for air ... The Man of Steel feared he might actually swallow his own Adams-apple.

Even though Superman was thrashing his legs all about and struggling with all his might in a futile and pathetic struggle to get away from the teenaged dynamo, his efforts were barely noticeable to Betty.

The crazed fanatically over-heated determined teen was in need of a sexual release. She was 'accidentally' choking him out. The act of denying him the ability to breathe was an aphrodisiac and her over active estrogen levels were stimulating her libido resulting in a delicious orgasm.

She was hoping to establish her place in history as the girl who rid the world of its biggest 'male' oppressor and she pressed on with her advantage.

Much like Jamie Lannister the fictional character from HBO's Game of Thrones was known as the 'King Slayer' soon Betty Jean Marshall would be known world-wide as the 'Superman Slayer.'

It was against his Kryptonian nature to surrender but Superman could feel himself aimlessly floating. Actually, he was sinking into a deep dark foreboding abyss, a void from which he could find no escape.

Contrary to conventional secular thinking and popular religious beliefs Superman, who felt himself to be near death, had yet to encounter the promised bright light. The light of salvation that was supposed to lead the worthy to the promised land was absent; an apparent ecclesial myth concocted by religious people to give hope to the hopeless, help to the helpless, and strength to the strength-less.

At that moment in time Kal-El who was facing his mortality was questioning the continued existence of Rao, his own God. The Kryptonian born man was beginning to rationalize what should have been obvious. Krypton, his home planet, had been literally obliterated out of existence along with all of its inhabitants. Which begged the question ... What of Rao ... Was he gone as well?

A vast nothingness was consuming Kal-El devouring his unique essence and he was helpless to do anything about his circumstance. The young girl was so strong so powerful so filled with hate and determination while he was currently so much less than that. He was so weak so defenseless, resigned to his imminent fate and yet Superman found himself still praying to Rao for his salvation.

Betty, simply because she could, shoved her hand into his trousers and massaged his massive throbbing Kryptonian erection to completion. For some reason the teen sex-pot wanted the man to cum before he went bye-bye forever.

For her own amusement she wiped her hand clean of his Kryptonian cum on the big 'S' adorning the creep's chest.

A distraught and super-less Superman didn't know if he were coming or going. Random meaningless disjointed thoughts rolled around in his head ... I regret I have but one life to give ... I'll be back ... Rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated ... Ba de Ba de Ba de that's all folks ...

Suddenly he found himself breathing normally again; well, to be a bit more accurate he was gulping and gasping for air with every labored breath he managed; hardly normal but good enough for now.

The cavalry, in the guise of the seven-foot Missy Adams had arrived just in time. She forcibly pulled the maniacal Betty Jean off the struggling Superman and flung her half way across the room where she silently remained alone with her thoughts.

This was the first time the newly anointed superior female had cause to demonstrate her overwhelming power. She displayed her stunning muscularity by disposing of Betty Jean as if the overly muscled teen terror were nothing more than a half-empty bag of marshmallows.

The enhanced Amazonian like girl had metaphorically ridden in on a white horse lifting Superman to his feet where he wobbled precariously before quickly gaining his footing, sort of.

He remained almost motionless until she assisted him into the locker room where, without hesitation, she spread her legs and held his head in position allowing the desperate weeping man to greedily suck in her life-saving juices.

"Thank you, Missy." He wiped a tear from his eye. "Thank you so much.

Almost immediately the Last Son of Krypton had regained his super strength if not his pride; those feelings and emotions of self-respect were likely gone forever. His first reaction was to confront and punish the 'AMZ1' blessed girl in the other room who had tried to choke him out but he thought better of it and let it slide.

"Missy, you should realize that in the last couple of minutes you saved my life twice."

"Here, take this." She spoke unemotionally as she opened her gym bag and presented it to Superman. "This contains nine one-pint vials of my bodily fluids. You can imagine how embarrassing and troubling that was for me to produce."

"In my religion masturbation is a sin. Self-gratification is one thing but those acts were not only lamentable but deplorable. If it works for you and if used judiciously the elixir should last you several weeks."

“Yes ... If it works ... If it retains its potency ... Thank you ... We’ll stay in touch ... Right?” His tearing eyes were begging her.

“Yes, of course.” Misty feared the big freak was destined to be her life-long burden. Nonetheless, she graciously leaned forward and compassionately kissed the distressed superhero on his forehead all the while contemplating her eventual escape.

When the previously unconscious Batman finally awakened, he found himself securely bound to a bed situated in a what appeared to be an extremely well furnished bedroom setting. The superior woman had strapped him down on the mattress so tightly he could barely move.

His worst fears were being realized; he was the prisoner of a masked, very tall, very muscular, very naked, young female who had earlier deposited the helpless ex-superhero in what he assumed was a guest bedroom. He hoped the woman would be content with ransom money; which he was certain would be an extremely large amount. He was more than just positive that the C.F.O. at Wayne Enterprises would not quibble over money.

The Bat was glad to have been ‘rescued’ from the streets unharmed. However, given his current circumstance he was more than just a little concerned. He was actually terrified being at the mercy of the ‘enhanced woman’ who held sway over him. He had heard the stories of the mutilations and the rapes and the severe beatings and the RAPES.

The still masked bicep flaunting female standing before him was proudly displaying her favorite full-body muscle pose, a pose that optimally showed off her powerful Amazon body to the naked awe-struck Batman. When the women finally removed her hood, he experienced unequalled anger and relief.

“Very fucking funny.” He shouted at his former lover. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“Bruce ... If that were to happen you would be the one to clean it up.” She flexed her enhanced biceps again announcing she wasn’t kidding.

Selina was clearly one the sexiest enhanced females of her generation. When tested the presence of the ‘AMZ1’ gene was off the charts; more dominant in her than most. She was only a couple of inches taller now and while her muscles were thicker and more defined, size-wise the differences while clearly noticeable were not outrageous in proportionality.

For example, her flexed biceps had increased substantially but not outrageously by a little more than three inches, from 16” to nearly 20” of powerful peaked perfection. The differences needed to be measured in the strength her muscles engendered rather than just size. When, not if, Selina experiences her second enhancement, she will likely achieve unprecedented growth; her ‘ADZ1’ levels virtually guaranteed as much.

Nonetheless, Selina Kyle never tired of flexing her new and improved ‘lady guns’ over and over again.

More importantly Selina Kyle was easily three to four times stronger than she had been before her enhancement and she couldn't have been happier about that. Her strength when coupled with her extraordinary fighting skills was what had allowed her to easily eviscerate the ladies of Gang Green.

The Bat's large penis was proudly standing at attention surveying its surroundings.

Selina effected the Crab Pose, a pose favored by most complete body builders. She began by clasping her strong hands together at the same time contracting her obliques, anterior deltoids, biceps, forearms, and abdominals all the while watching the Bat's cock waving at her.

Cat also flexed her quadriceps and calves displaying outrageous definition. At the same time, she flexed her pectorals causing her breasts to sexily expand and contract accentuating her wasp like waste.

Batman couldn't believe what he was seeing. Selina Kyle had always been beautiful, sexy, strong, fit, and well-built; did anyone mention sexy? However, everything about her new self was vastly 'superior' and sexier than her former self.

When he imagined being alone with her again, touching her, kissing her, stroking her exquisite body, being inside her he became overly excited and his pulsing penis prematurely exploded depositing his huge load onto his chest and her onto luxurious bed sheets while puddling on her expensive carpet causing her to laugh uproariously.

"Look ma, no hands." Selina laughed at him some more enjoying the effect her now body was having on her former lover.

"I'm not cleaning that up either." She laughed again but she wasn't joking and he knew it.

"Get to work." She untied the man and pointed him towards the laundry room.

"Give me a minute."

He grabbed his cell and noted several missed calls from Superman. Bruce immediately phoned his friend and learned about Clark's deteriorating physical condition, his life-saving session with Missy, and the vials of her discharges. He offered to have Wayne Enterprises medical researchers examine him and test everything.

"Clean-up on aisle nine."

The once proud Dark Night felt he needed to add a little levity to his menial mundane chores. So, as the Bat began to wash and scrub away his own emanations, he happily sang ... 'Heigh-ho ... Heigh-ho ... It's off to work I go.'

"Don't quit your day job." Selina critiqued his musical talents. "You may have a career in the house cleaning business in your future but singing is not your forte." They both laughed, she considerably more than he.

Selina hugged her former lover close, her extraordinary strength evident to him while his weakness saddened her. They could feel the passion welling up inside as they made love, twice, as if both of those times had been their first time together.

Catwoman, as always purred with delight.

“Now, tell me about your friend Superman.” She demanded. When the Bat finished neither he nor she were laughing, not even a little bit.

Having completed their extensive tests and exhaustive examinations a cadre of doctors and medical researchers all from Wayne Enterprises accompanied by Batman and Catwoman gathered together in Superman’s master bedroom ready to impart their findings.

A very pale, very tired, very exhausted, very anxious Superman was propped up in his customized made emperor-sized-bed patiently waiting to hear from the team of medical experts.

“Relax Superman.” Doctor Person, who had apparently been elected spokes-person for the group, looked dower as he began to deliver the news. “We have some good news for you and some ...”

“Spare me the bullshit.” Superman interrupted. He was clearly frightened and eager to hear the latest prognosis, his fate hanging in the balance. Nonetheless, the Last Son of Krypton managed to deliver a little joke.

“What’s up Doc?” He joked.

“Actually, Superman. You are not sick, not even a little bit.” Doctor Person noticeably gulped clearly uneasy to go on. “Your vital signs are pristine. I am, however, at a loss to explain what is happening, has happened, to you.”

“Doc?” Batman encouraged the man to cut to the chase.

“Cut to the chase.” He encouraged.

“Superman, you are perfectly healthy, for a human.” The doctor paused before continuing. “We have no explanation for what has happened to you. Inexplicably you seem to have lost all of your Kryptonian superpowers as well as your invulnerability.” He frowned before continuing.

“The reason you are feeling so tired and weak is easily explained. The differences between your former impervious to pain super-self and the human you are today is so disparate it makes you weak in comparison.”

“Understand, you were once nearly a million times stronger than you are today.; a million times stronger than the average man. It will take sometime for you to adapt but soon you will be able to function as any normal human.” Dr. Person sighed. “Naturally, we will continue to

explore every available avenue and devote every asset at our disposal to finding a 'cure' for your, eh-eh, circumstance.'

"Superman." Batman looked and sounded concerned for his friend. "You can stay with us until you acclimate yourself." The Bat and the Cat hugged. "You can stay with us for as long as you wish."

"Thanks."

"No thanks needed, Superman."

"Stop it. Both of you, just stop it." Superman frowned. "It appears that at least for now Superman is no more. I guess from now on you and Cat and everyone else on the planet should refer to me as ... **Normal Man.**"

Guy Marshall was as excited a starving alley cat sneaking into an exotic fish emporium or a nymphomaniac with a sack full of dicks or a weak nerd anticipating the acquisition of super-powers.

The aspiring boy magician couldn't stand it any longer. So, rather than wait for the guy in the khaki shorts to finish his cigarette the boy sprinted across the street to the double-parked UPS truck.

Guy was afraid the book he had ordered entitled ... 'Best Magic Tricks Revealed' ... would turn out to be nothing more than a rip-off but Guy had the money to spend and with not much of a life to speak of he had nothing else to spend it on. He decided his outlay of \$49.95 would at least provide him with some form of entertainment.

In addition, Guy had been intrigued by the promise of a bonus gift. The magazine ad claimed the gift was something that could change one's life and alter one's destiny forever, in perpetuity or even longer.

The hard-cover book was a pleasant surprise. The contents of which appeared to be as advertised; detailed illustrations of classic magical illusion, sleight of hand card tricks, clever on-topic antidotes, as well as numerous additional well-written and interesting stories exploring the dark arts.

However, the bonus gift was a bit of disappointment to him. It was nothing more than a small polished stone that was referred to by the vendor as a talisman or an amulet, a charmed stone purported to possess properties that could grant the owner with a wish, a single wish that would immediately be granted with only one caveat.

The instructions clearly stated a proviso; the wish-maker must be worthy. A caveat that likely meant it wouldn't work, a caveat that absolved the company of any fault or liability should the

wish not come true. Still, the stone was pretty cool looking, presentable in appearance ... likely a synthetic multi-colored faux opal.

Initially Guy Marshall placed the stone on his desk top near his computer and tried to put it out of his mind. Eventually he put the stone in his desk drawer embracing the theory that out of sight out of mind.

Almost immediately Guy began to play a 'what if' daydream game.

1. What if the claim were true?
2. What if Guy actually did have one wish coming to him?
3. For what should he wish?
4. Would Guy Marshall be worthy?
5. What if the enclosed stone was an actual functionable talisman with magic properties?
6. What if he had a pig that could fly?

He understood the absurdity of a magical amulet and yet he picked it up, stared at wistfully, and rolled it around in his hands. He fully realized that a talisman although purported to avert evil and bring good fortune to its owner was likely nothing more than fantasy. In Western European folk lore, a legitimate talisman was and is believed to possess miraculous powers; praise la vie.

A pensive Guy Marshall knew one thing for certain he wanted to be stronger, much stronger than his overbearing sister. Any wish he made would shield him from her bullying, teasing, and embarrassments he has lived with for most of his life.

However, Guy was smart enough to know that when a wisher proffered his/her wish, that wish must never be ambiguous, must never leave any room for misinterpretations. The wish must always be concise and clearly stated.

For instance, a wish like the one he just postulated in his head could result in his sister's strength be diminished to be less than his but not necessarily increase his. He jotted down a number of ideas and put them aside.

Guy wisely decided to sleep on it.

Betty Jean was not only an overly aggressive hugely muscled teenaged girl; she was also more curious than a nine-lived kitty cat. She surreptitiously examined her brother's newest purchase, thumbed through his book on magic, and laughed uproariously at the preposterous bonus gift, a magic amulet that could grant wishes.

Nonetheless, Betty Jean committed to memory his notes pertaining to his possible wish.

"Hello." Caller ID was blocked but Missy answered her cell anyway, interrupting her newly programmed musical ditty ... *Big Girls Don't Cry (they don't cry)*.

“Good evening Missy Adams. My name is Lois Lane I’m an investigative reporter with the Daily Planet.

“Not interested.” Missy was curious so she didn’t immediately hang up.

“Please allow me a minute of your time. The Planet is planning to run a very important story in the morning edition, a story in which you are a major participant. We wish to provide you with an opportunity to comment on the veracity of the story and its details.

“Hold on.” Missy was curious but she didn’t want to talk to the lady reporter. “Isn’t this where I’m supposed to say no comment?”

“Of course, that is your right.” The paper only had the one source and they were reluctant to go to print without some sort of calibration. Lacking that, the lawyers would feel better if at least the girl didn’t deny the story. “Why don’t you listen to what we are about to print before you decide whether or not you want to challenge any of the facts.”

Missy remained silent unconsciously kneading her massive girl-cock enjoying the sensations, sensation that were fast approaching the point of no return. She reached for the designated beaker that would facilitate the filling of the glass vials meant for Superman. In her mind Missy was saying to herself, ... Oh, hell no ... not this time ... this one is for me.

“Okay?” Lois didn’t wait for a response and laid out the story in chronological order.

Missy listened closely but continued the manipulation her of her now throbbing member, quickly spewing her she-men into a had towel. She collapsed on the couch in a happy stupor while still trying to concentrate on the reporter’s words.

Lois began thusly ... We at the paper have learned that Superman has lost all of his superpowers. We have learned that you were recently transformed into a seven-foot girl with a penis; someone who is now commonly being referred to as an enhanced woman. We have learned that you and he performed fellatio on one another.” Lois heard Missy gasp. “Don’t worry. We at the Dailey Planet are not judging you or he ... The crux of the story will focus on Superman and his current condition.”

The enamored reporter who had always had massive crush on the Man of Steel refrained from asking the questions most paramount to her ... How was he as a lover? Is he a considerate lover? Is he large in the pants?

The reporter continuously prodded Missy to embellish, comment, or deny any of allegations or details of the story.

“In addition, we at the paper have learned that your secretions have somehow drained the man of his super powers effectively rendering him ...” She paused searching for the right word ... settling on ... “Normal.” Lois then asked a question the answer to which was paramount to the paper.

“Missy, do you wish to deny the veracity of the story or would you like to add clarifying details you would want included in the story?”

“Stop it.” Missy screamed. “Just stop it.” Not knowing what to say she repeated her earlier response. “No comment.”

Lois was quite pleased with herself. While the investigative reporter hadn’t received confirmation, she hadn’t received a denial either and that would be sufficient enough for the paper to publish.

Missy immediately called Superman learning that he had already been notified of the story. He assured her that she needn’t worry about any of it. He had been promised that Missy’s name would not be revealed.

Superman had been promised by a comely ‘ADZ1’ enhanced young reporter named Lois Lane and the paper’s Editor in Chief, Perry White that if he granted them an exclusive interview, they would keep Missy’s name a secret.

Superman who was attempting to put on a good face trying to appear strong and super but managing to do neither. He greeted the duo while still seated in a large leather chair looking anything but confident. He ushered Lois Lane into the den where they commenced with a serious discussion of the sordid details and ramifications of the story.

Bruce Wayne and Selina Kyle vacated her condo together; giving Superman space while he spoke with the people from the Daily Planet.

The billionaire philanthropist was looking dapper in his custom made \$43,000 three-piece suit from the Brioni Vanquish collection; a suit that appeared to have never met a wrinkle. On the opposite end of the spectrum, Selina was a little more casual wearing her form fitting Dolce Gabbana Daisy Duke styled cropped blue jeans and a sleeveless Versace T-shirt that showed off her supple gravity defying breasts and her massive recently enhanced biceps.

As ‘the couple’ was leaving they encountered three somber looking gentlemen who were entering the condo ostensibly to meet with Superman.

“Who the hell are those guys?” Selina was curious.

“How would I know?” He paused. “Did I get here before you?” Batman offered an amusing possibility. “The Three Stooges?”

“More like the Three Musketeers.” Selina wanted to play too. “It’s your turn now.” The challenge was a foot.

The former Superhero and a current giggling She-Hero rapidly exchanged the names of other well-known threesomes.

“My Three Sons ... The Three Wise Men ... Huey, Dewey, and Louie ... Three Blind Mice ... Three Little Pigs, the Magi (Selina was proud of the one), The Three Tenors, The Three Bears, The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly.”

The two very bright, very knowledgeable, and very competitive quasi-superheroes were running out of trios to offer.

“The Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria.” Selina laughed as she delivered that one.

“Okay then.” Batman offered up another non sequitur. “Sex, drugs, and rock-roll.” Selina countered with ‘Bacon, Lettuce, and tomato.’”

The duo began anew with legitimate offerings.

“Crosby, Stills, and Nash ... The Kingston Trio ... The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, ... Kukla, Fran, and Ollie ... Peter. Paul and Mary ... Alvin, Simon, and Theodore ... Snap, Crackle, and Pop ... Larry, Curly, and Moe ... Tinkers, to Evers, to Chance.”

“What?” Selina knew not of that reference but followed up the with ... “The Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

“I challenge that one.” Batman puffed up his chest claiming victory in a contest that had no actual rules.

“Selina, there were four horsemen of the Apocalypse not three.” He applauded himself and continued.

“They’re alternately called ... Conquest ... War ... Plague ... Famine.” He added that some people substituted in the names with Pestilence and/or Death. “In any event there are always four Horsemen not three ... You lose.”

“While technically that may be true.” Selina was thinking on her feet. “However, I know for a fact that Famine is currently taking a break from evil doings and is now on a break eating lunch at an ‘In-and-Out-Burger’ joint.”

The three men to whom Perry White was speaking with, well listening to, made a compelling case to delay printing the story coupled with terrifying governmental threats if he and the paper didn’t acquiesce promising numerous audits with warnings of the decertification of the paper’s license to continue publishing.

Bradley Omar Patton, the oldest and tallest of the three men was the current Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; the highest-ranking member of the United States of America’s Armed Forces. Perry White recognized Jason Bond James as the Acting Director of the CIA’s Intelligence and Logistic Bureau. The third man was introduced, sans a name or a job title, as a close adviser to Superman.

For years, unknown to the general public, Superman representing the American Government had been brokering and enforcing cease-fires and actual peace treaties in the Middle East, South and Central America, much of Africa as well as the Bloods and the Crips in America.

When Perry learned that Superman was, er, had been surreptitiously working as an enforcer, stabilizing tensions and keeping the peace throughout the world he reluctantly agreed to hold the story for the foreseeable future. At least until the Government had time to prepare for the inevitable world-wide chaos that would soon engulf the planet.

Perry White broke a journalist's cardinal rule to never reveal the identity of a confidential source and did the unthinkable, he named his source.

Two six-foot-five-inch tall well-built C.I.A. agents dressed in matching all black three-piece suits approached Betty Jean Marshall with caution. The young girl was known to possess classified highly sensitive intel that she was promising to sell to the highest bidder. If thwarted this girl threatened to divulge everything she knew to the media. The agency directed that the girl needed to be stopped at all costs.

The highly trained veteran agents had been warned about her abnormal strength had been cautioned to be at the ready.

"Miss Marshall?" The guy asked her again. Betty Jean Marshall? "You need to come with us."

Agent, Craig Daniels, presented his Government I.D. to the girl and placed his hand on her shoulder and inappropriately massaged and kneaded the soft supple area between her shoulder and neck. The agent was impressed with and turned on by the hardness of her muscular frame and the macho jerk wished to test her.

"Anyone ever call you B.J.?" He asked creepily.

"Yes." She flexed her right bicep. "But never twice." She playfully punched the agent in the arm. An action meant to distract him.

"Hold on a minute, sparky." Betty laughed aloud, ducked away from the agent, grabbed his left hand forcing his arm behind his back pushing it further up his back than any arm was designed to endure.

Next, she spun the well-trained agent around, deftly removed his gun (a Glock-19) from his side holster, aimed it at his startled partner, and issued a stern warning. "Don't do anything stupid ... B.J. is an excellent shot." She lied.

"You have a name?" Still holding the Glock at the ready Betty forced agent Daniels down to the ground on his stomach. She released his arm while placing her booted foot on his back grinding her heel into his back.

"Well, do you?"

“Yes. Yes mam.” He and his voice trembled. “It’s Frazier ... My name is Frazier Jackson.” He took hold of his gun by the barrel; ostensibly ready to surrender his weapon to a five-foot-four-inch teenager.

“I’m a father, please don’t shot me.”

He suddenly grabbed her right wrist attempting to wrest the gun away from her but she retained her firm grip. Even as pulled on her, her forearm remained rigid, unmoving.

“Really?” Betty was incredulous. “Really, dude?” She looked at the agent as if he had two heads but only one hat.

“What is you don’t understand about enhanced Amazon power girls?” She squeezed his hand until he began to beg her for mercy.

“Mercy.” He begged.

“Are you really a father?”

“No.” He admitted.

She delivered a devastating left hook to the man’s crotch, dropping him to the ground. The agent was holding his balls writhing in pain.

“Down goes Frazier!” She quipped.

“Let’s go.” Betty commandeered their car, a black SUV with government plates and tinted windows. (cliché much)

“Daniels, you drive.”

“Where to?” He asked.

“Just take me to your leader.” She laughed and poked him in the ribs with the Glock. “Come on, that was hell-a-funny.”

Together they walked into the lobby of the luxury hotel. Agent Daniels presented his credentials and they were granted access to the exclusive elevator leading to the presidential suite. Frazier was hurting, walking as if he were wearing a much too tight thong. Just before the door opened, she knocked the two agent’s heads together rendering them a little dizzy, a lot woozy, and nearly unconscious.

“Here’s Johnny.” Betty entered the stateroom populated by a bunch of startled old white guys. She had slipped her hands under each of the agent’s belts inadvertently caressing their buttocks while effortlessly holding the two spooks off the ground like bags of groceries.

“You wanted to see me?”

“Yes, welcome Miss Marshall.” A stoic unimpressed James Earl Greer, the current Head of the Central Intelligence Agency was sitting cross-legged on a couch. He patted the cushion nearest him, inviting Betty to sit.

“Sit.” She unceremoniously dropped the agents, Daniels and Ryan, to the ground as if she were a rap-singer dropping the microphone.

“Why am I here?” She flexed her right bicep which was now, after another mini growth spurt coupled with numerous strenuous weight-lifting sessions, measured a little over 16” in diameter startling all of the old white guys in the room, each of whom had sprouted a chubby; including the two gay guys.

“I’m missing valuable gym time.” She flexed again enjoying the many lustful looks.

Director Greer solemnly explained in great detail why Betty Jean Marshall had been summoned into the inner-circle of the highest echelon of Government higher-ups for a reason of paramount importance. Her callous reaction and seeming indifference were not what the Director had been expecting nor hoping for.

“So what?” When Betty began to rise four heavily armed federal agents entered the room blocking every avenue of egress.

“What’s that got to do with me?”

“Sit your little ass back down, NOW.” The Director of the CIA’s tone was one of no nonsense.

“Believe this. You are not going anywhere young woman. For the foreseeable future you will be the guest of the Federal Government. You will be treated well, housed in a luxury hotel, afforded gourmet food of your choosing, as well as the most sophisticated exercise equipment on the market.”

“The information you possess, Superman’s diminished capacity, is a matter of National Security and you will not be allowed to make any of it public.”

“Capisce?” “He restated his edict in case she didn’t. “Understand?”

“Whatever.” Betty returned to her seat and defiantly crossed her legs and folded her big arms across her chest. Her body language said it all ... fuck off.

“Did you not under-fucking-stand me?” Greer shouted in her ear.

“Yeah.” A seemingly humbled Betty Jean Marshall silently nodded indicating she did. At that moment in time Betty decided to bide her time, lay low, and avail herself of the Government’s larges.

For most of her adult life Lois Lane had been five-foot-six-inches tall fluctuating between 120 and 130 pounds blessed with full breasts and a miniscule waist. Now, after her one and only

growth spurt Lois stood nearly five-foot-ten-inches, weighing close to 140 pounds of solid feminine muscle, the best kind of muscle, muscle that had increased her strength and her sexual appetite three-fold.

She had always harbored a secret crush on the Man of Steel not only fantasizing about an unlikely coupling of their bodies but hoping for marriage and children, complete with the obligatory white picket fence. The woman reporter had a very high opinion of herself

She realized that if she were ever to actualize her fantasy now was her chance. She flirted with the diminished man as she had never flirted with anyone before.

“Check this out big guy.” The clearly ‘ADZ1’ enhanced female slowly removed all of her clothing proudly revealing her slim but extremely fit athletic body flaunting her spectacular 38” DD breasts while flexing her enhanced 18” biceps.

Superman was enthralled by her beauty and the muscularity of the spectacular female posing for his benefit. It was as if their chance meeting had been fated by the Gods (or in this case by the Goddesses). It was as if their serendipitous opportune meeting was meant to compensate him for the loss of his super powers.

The strikingly beautiful newspaper reporter realized she was considerably stronger than he and she feared that being with a woman stronger than he would be a turn off for the once strongest and most powerful man on planet earth.

Lois immediately realized she needn’t have worried about that. He was looking at her with lust in his steel blue eyes, a look she welcomed with all of her heart.

Superman couldn’t believe what was about to happen ... what was happening ... what had happened ... and ... what was surely going to happen over and over again.

He had never experienced a moment of blissful love making that even approached the level of ecstasy and passion he felt in those moments. For the first time ‘Normal Man’ had been allowed to give it his all and he energetically unleashed his unbridled ardor as never before. Superman had always needed to be careful because if he were too rough on his mate de jour, he would likely kill her.

He replayed in his mind the exquisite moment of their simultaneous orgasms. She was sitting on top of him, his large Kryptonian cock engulfed by her vagina; the internal muscles of which were intermittently tightening and contracting first with vigor and then by tenderly lovingly manipulating and gently kneading his penis.

She rose up revealing her perfect bouncing undulating breasts which were now in full view of the awe-struck Kryptonian. She flexed hard intent on showing the full extent of her fully enhanced 18” spectacularly peaked female biceps causing both she and her life-long crush to climax in unison.

It was as if his penis had taken on a mind of its own. Everything else was comfortably numb except for an indescribable blissful penile sensation. While his pleasure moment had been all too brief, Superman took great solace in knowing that he was already rock hard ready and aching for round two.

Lois greedily caressed his manhood with abandon rubbing her perfect breasts and her muscular self against him devouring his penis with unmatched passion. Finally, she took his cock in her warm mouth watching him as his eyes rolled back in his head as he joyously spurted and spilled 'buckets' of his Kryptonian cum.

Superman was beginning to suspect that in his current super-less condition his penile nerve endings were actually more hypersensitive, tender, and responsive than ever before, not altogether a bad trade off.

Completely sated Superman luxuriated on his Emperor-sized bed. He was beginning to reevaluate his circumstance mentally regurgitating the pros and cons wondering if the loss of his superpowers was an altogether bad thing. As Normal Man he was now able to make unrestrained passionate love.

More importantly Normal Man had come to realize that his penis was now much more sensitive than ever before. While in the past his 15" Kryptonian cock was often as hard as a steel rod but his massive tool hadn't been all that sensitive to the tactile touch.

In addition, he was now relieved of the tremendous burden and back breaking responsibilities that went hand to hand with being the 'Protector of the Planet.'

"Lois, that was the most exciting sexual experience of my life." His smile spoke volumes. "Is it wrong for me to thank you?"

"Oh, God no. Superman, er ah, Normal Man. I've been in love with you ever since I was little girl. Today, all of my dreams have been realized." She giggled girlishly. "I should be thanking you; thank you."

"But Lois. I'm not the same man with whom you fell in love ... I am no longer Super ... That man is likely gone forever."

"Oh darling. I didn't love you for your Superpowers." She kissed him on the lips and continued. "I love you because of who you are ... A man who made it his life's mission all about helping the helpless, protecting the world from natural disasters, from both terrestrial and alien threats, a man who enforced mutual defense pacts. A man who exhibited compassion and empathy for all. A man who never asked for anything in return. As far as anyone knows you don't even possess a wallet."

"Wow Lois, you have no idea how much that means to me."

Normal Man decided to humbly accept her effusive praise. She didn't need to know the truth. She didn't need to know that he was addicted to the reverence, adulation, and the love

afforded to him by the citizens of earth. She didn't need to he was a mega-narcissist who was obsessed with and dependent upon their god like worship and he knew he was going to miss the adulation.

She certainly didn't need to know that his bank account rivaled that of the Saudi Family. He had more money than God, a tad less than Bill Gates, so he and Lois could live comfortable secluded lives together.

"Lois?" He cried out. "Where the hell are you girl?"

For Guy Marshall this was facing the moment of truth head on. This was the moment when wishful thinking likely takes one small step to nowhere while accepted conventional wisdom takes one giant step towards reality.

The boy had nearly managed to convince himself that the amulet could have magical powers and that his wish could actually come true

He peered out his window hoping to see pigs flying past; disappointed but not surprised by the pig-less skies.

Guy had carefully crafted his words in a manner that left no room for ambiguity. He had opted for short, clear, and concise; essentially wishing for all of Superman's super-powers sans his allergy and vulnerability to Kryptonite poisoning and any other substance that could be deleterious to his health and rob him of his super-powers ... Further stating and promising that he would adhere to and comply with Superman's solemn vow to uphold the tenants contained in his motto ... Truth, Justice, and the American Way ... and yes, he aspired to, whenever needed, substitute for Superman as the "Protector of the Planet."

He clutched the stone in the palm of his hand squeezing as hard as he could and waited and waited; hoping for something to happen ... five minutes – ten minutes – fifteen minutes passed and nothing happened.

He smiled to himself knowingly and laughed a sad disheartened laugh of bitter disappointment.

In a display of utter frustration and a little anger Guy forcibly slammed his foot down in disgust. He immediately stopped the downward thrust of his foot but not before he was knee deep in the flooring immediately understanding that he was now super.

The boy could feel unimaginable power surging through his enlarging body.

Almost instantaneously Guy Marshall was considerably taller than before (6'4) heavier (240 lbs.) stronger (24" biceps) and happier, elated really.

In order to test his super-human strength, he moved to the kitchen and lifted the refrigerator off the ground with both hands and began to squeeze the appliance in earnest, compressing the

300-pound unit into a small rectangular piece of junk the size of a 300 pound Rubik's cube. His next order of business was to reach out to Amazon and purchase a replacement frig.

He raced to the bathroom, ripped off his now much too tight shirt, and flexed his huge biceps which had reached superman proportions. When he dropped his trousers, he gasped at the size of huge still flaccid penis. Now he knew for certain he was indeed super and he immediately set out to prove it to himself. He vigorously yanked, tucked, and jerked on his ever-expanding cock until he spewed forth a massive load.

Sated and satisfied, he raced to his sister's bedroom and commandeered several of her spandex outfits. He ripped them apart into useable pieces. Using a skill he didn't know he possessed he sewed a multicolored superhero costume from the stretchy spandex materials

He thought to himself ... this is awesome ... I'm awesome ... It was then and there he dubbed himself *Awesome Guy*.

Guy fashioned a large "AG" that would stretch across his chest reminiscent of the large red "S" on Superman's chest.

He willed himself to rise and float around the house. Testing his flying skills, he flew out of the door and circled his home several times at supersonic speed.

He had never had so much fun. The only thing that would have made this day more perfect for him would be having his twin sister around to tease and squeeze until 'Sweaty Betty' begged her big brother for his mercy. Oh well, at least now he would no longer be subject to her torturous ways.

He was ready ... so damn ready ... but he knew not for what he was ready ... but he knew he was ready. He slumped down in his favorite chair and switched on the TV. He was reminded of an old French saying ... the more things changed the more they stayed the same; *plus ca change*.

Awesome Guy mindlessly began watching an episode of TMZ escaping for the moment into the world of celebrity nonsense replete with the obligatory panty covered crotch shots.

He needed to determine who he should notify first; his mom (of course), his twin sister (if he could reach her), someone at the Defense Department (to offer his services) - and - and then ... then what ... Then who?

Guy began to tear up a little as he realized he had no real friends with whom he could or should share the news of his extraordinary gift of superpowers.

TMZ was running exclusive video of Bruce Wayne (rumored to be Batman) and Selina Kyle (rumored to be Catwoman) entering the lobby of the luxury Gotham City Towers, a building that was home to numerous other celebrities.

Guy Marshall decided he would stealthily and clandestinely fly there, engage the duo in witty repartee, reveal his superhero persona (Awesome Guy) and explain that he now possessed super powers equal to or even greater than Superman. He would ask if they could arrange a hook up with the man himself.

“What’s you doin’?” Missy’s knock had been cursory at best. “I saw you.” She had seen him flying around the house. She clapped her hands together. “Tell me ... HOW.”

“Can you believe it?” He stood and flexed his 24” biceps ... I’m super ... I mean super-fucking-super.”

“Yeah. I can.” She smiled and flexed her own over-sized biceps. “Given what’s happened to me and now you, I can and do believe almost anything.”

When she asked him about the “AG” embossed across his chest he proudly stated ‘Awesome Guy’ ... He was happy when she didn’t laugh at him.

They sat together on his couch discussing their current circumstances. They discussed and weighed their options. She claimed to love his multicolored makeshift superhero costume with the “AG” sewn on the chest. He revealed his intention to offer his services to Superman assisting the man every way he could.

Missy handed her friend a sealed enveloped addressed to Superman which was clearing annotated with the words ... for your eyes only.

Lois wasn’t answering her cell and a worried Superman briefly contemplated flying around the city to search for her but then he remembered that those days were long gone, likely forever gone ... He needed to familiarize himself with the workings of Uber.

Within the hour Lois happily skipped back into Superman’s bedroom, grinned voraciously while lifting him off his feet. She engulfed him in her strong arms and planted a loving kiss on his lips forcing her tongue into his mouth while rubbing her rock-hard body against his.

‘I have good news big guy.’ She made a mental note to stop referring to him as big guy because in reality he was anything but. “You now officially exist.”

She handed him a number of forms of Identification ... including a Social Security Card, a passport, a driver’s license, military discharge papers, insurance forms, as well as every other form of ID imaginable. All of which bore his new name ... Norman Alan Mann ... Norm Al Mann was now alive and kicking.

Government computer gurus created and established an unassailable internet identify for Norman Alan Mann. For all practicable purposes Norm was a thirty-eight-year-old retired military man with a background with the Intelligence Service; much of his time in the service was highly classified making it easier to create his false identity.

The newest celebrity power couples, Bruce and Selina with Lois and Norm, were gathered around a table in the large dining room. They were sipping on Dom Perignon champagne while noshing on Petrescu Caviar with diced onions spread on Blini (Russian Pancakes) along with strips of smoked salmon, warmed lemon wedges, and deviled eggs along with mini-mounds of crème fraiche. Why the hell not? No need to skimp, Bruce Wayne was obscenely rich and this was a celebration of sorts.

“Let’s make a promise to one another to do this every year on this date.” Selina was suggesting the four of them make this an annual event; a birthday party of sorts.

There was a knock on the door and a security guard stood at the entrance silently awaiting instructions.

“What is it Mr. Stockton?” Selina made it a point to know the names of the apartment complex’s personnel.

“I have a sealed envelope from a Missy Adams for Superman and we have a young visitor here who wishes to speak with him.”

“Okay, John. You may show him in.” The security guard immediately acquiesced and led the young man into Selina’s suite announcing the young man by name. “Guy Marshall, here to see Superman.”

Guy couldn’t contain himself; he literally flew across the room, hovered in the air for a brief moment before he alit directly in front of the power couple. He had hesitantly landed in front of Norm Al Mann, who he immediately recognized as Superman, handed him the envelope, and retreated to the entrance where for maximum affect he hovered a foot off the ground next to the security guard, John Stockton, and awaited further instructions.

Normal Man read the note and informed everyone that Missy Adams had left town wishing him the best of luck. She emotionally explained to him that two days earlier she had been taken by government agents to a secure ‘medical facility’ where she was examined by a team of doctors who poked and prodded her body for hours on end.

They took blood, urine, and stool samples explaining to her that everything they had done to her had been necessary to ensure National Security. They scheduled additional tests for her next week.

In the letter she begged Superman to not look for her emphasizing her desire and need for privacy.

“How?” The two power couples turned to the boy hovering off the ground all asking the same question.

They had been expecting a long convoluted back story explaining the boy’s origins, his flying ability, his muscle growth, his aspirations and his goals. None of the four were unhappy at the brevity of his explanation.

“I made a wish.”

Guy Marshall related his improbable story to the power couples ... The arrival in the mail of the talisman in the form of a stone, the promise of a life altering experience, the promise of a wish fulfilment, he had wished for Superman like super-powers and voila Awesome Guy came into existence.

“The stone disintegrated in my hand its essence absorbed into my body, leaving not a trace.” He had taken it upon himself to answer the unasked question.

Early the next morning Archie along with Normal Man met with high-ranking officials from most every one of the Government alphabet offices ... DOS, CIA, DOD, DEA, ATF, DOJ, DHS, FBI, NSA, et al. Interestingly enough, each of the government representatives was wearing a hat identifying the agency they represented.

Awesome Guy was subjected to every test imaginable ... His display of unworldly power and strength wowed the testers and the onlookers. He lifted a several ton tank over his head using but one hand holding in the air for a full minute. He bent enormous steel pipes and tied them in knots. He crushed heavily reinforced army jeeps into unrecognizable pieces of junk. In addition, Guy was subjected to extreme heat (they set him on fire) and to sub-zero environments. In the end Awesome Man withstood every one of the indignities foisted upon.

Finally, using only his bare chest as a quasi-shield Awesome Guy stopped a number of rockets being fired at him from, what else, a rocket launcher. The impact with his invulnerable body left the head of the shells blunted and flattened.

Eventually the alphabet people were convinced that the good old U.S.A had another Superman on whom they could depend.

For the next several days those same alphabet people and their underlings alerted their allies, neutral and adversarial nations that Superman was retiring from public life, alerting each and every one of 195 independent sovereign nations in the world that a Superhero named Awesome Guy would be taking his place as the U.S. enforcer and the Protector of the Planet ... Promising that nothing would change, warning dire consequence should any nation deviate from previously negotiated non-aggression pacts and treaties.

State Department officials explained to both allies and advisories alike that Awesome Guy was physically every bit the equal to Superman. However, he was young, inexperienced and impulsive and would likely take punitive action more quickly than Superman may have ... A not so veiled threat.

Betty had been spending an inordinate amount of time in the bathroom when her handlers became concerned. They urgently knocked on the door getting no response. Using a pass-key,

the bodyguards and the attendees entered the restroom together only to be greeted by a whirlwind of flying female fists and elbows and lethal feet as well as two quick well-practiced chokeholds.

Before leaving the room Betty Jean surveyed her surroundings and smiled. Seeing the six incapacitated agents strewn all about the room excited her.

She headed to the U.N. building to witness the retirement of Superman where she suspected she would be even more excited.

The United Nations General Assembly members were gathered together at U.N. Headquarters in New York City. The event, the retirement of Superman, was being televised world-wide, shown on every platform imaginable. Nonetheless, thousands and thousands of New Yorkers were gathered outside the U.N. Building anxious to watch the historical event on the recently installed Jumbotron.

The retirement of Superman and the introduction of his replacement Awesome Guy was worldwide news and 'must see' viewing.

After a number of pre-recorded Superman tribute videos voiced by world leaders; Kings and Queens, Prime Ministers, several presidents, including the U.S. president who made a lame joke proclaiming there's a new Sheriff in town named Marshall.

Superman himself spoke briefly, limiting his remarks to giving thanks to the world for affording him the honor of serving them for so many years before introducing Awesome Guy to the world as the new 'Protector of Planet.'

"I call bullshit!" A forceful booming female voice sounded from the balcony and echoed throughout the hall. "Was there an election I missed?"

"Why him?" Silence filled the hall, everyone searching out the speaker.

Heavily armed U.N. Security personnel protectively encircled the dignitaries on the stage. All eyes in the hall were focused on the balcony area, searching for the audacious female with the booming voice.

"Here I am."

Simply by virtue of her intimidating size, she stood out from the folks around her. At first glance the scantily clad female appeared to be approximately six-feet-six-inches tall and extremely well-built, extremely well-built didn't do her physique justice.

The impressive girl placed one hand on the balcony rail and casually vaulted over the metal bar ostensibly preparing herself to fall forty-five-feet or more to the floor of the hall.

Both Guy and Superman's initial impulse was to fly to her rescue. Awesome Guy hesitated too long and Superman was no longer capable. So instead, together they watched the woman defying gravity by hovering in the air; displaying her impressively muscled arms to the crowd while waving to everyone.

She floated above the masses showing off her ability to fly. She displayed her remarkable overly muscled body with obvious pride.

She was wearing a Metropolis Mets baseball cap and cut-off jeans that displayed her well-muscled diamond-shaped calves and her massive thighs. She proudly wore a clinging sleeveless halter top that accentuated her densely slabbed eight-pack abs, her gravity defying 44" DD breasts, and her cartoonishly large 46" biceps.

"Hi there." She had allowed herself to land on the stage directly in front of Awesome Guy who was staring at her with a combination of awe and trepidation, his eyes focused on the letters embossed on each of her breasts.

"What's the 'NG' stand for?" He really didn't care but he couldn't think of anything else to say or ask.

"The 'NG' stands for Nice Girl, that's me." She disdainfully smirked. "A young man I know suggested I try being a nice girl."

She flexed her pecs causing her boobs to expand and bounce sexily. Her spectacular breasts spilled out the top of her over-matched halter-top mesmerizing Awesome Guy.

"Pretty nice huh?"

Awesome Guy was speechless. He was every bit as over-matched as Nice Girl's halter-top had been when trying to contain her massive breasts. She removed her baseball cap allowing her well-coiffed strawberry blonde hair to cascade down engulfing her pretty face.

When Awesome Guy's eyes finally rose above her cleavage he was awestruck by her beautiful face, a familiar face ... It was the face of his now much bigger more muscular contemptuously sneering twin sister.

"Happy to see me, bro?" She couldn't resist a playful wink.

The night Betty Jean snuck into her brother's room and read the literature pertaining to the supposed talisman she memorized the address of the company and purchased a stone for herself, just in case. Betty had always been pragmatic and on the outside chance the stone might be for real ... she wanted in.

The moment she came into possession of her stone she began to theorize what her brother might wish for ... She had read his notes and was assured he would wish for something that would make him stronger than her ... She assumed her brother would likely wish for considerably more than just that.

Postulating that her wimpy brother would likely wish for super-powers akin to those of Superman and she couldn't abide that. She couldn't live in a world where her spastic brother was her physical superior able to lord his power over her. Accordingly, Betty Jean decided to wish for more, much more.

"Guy, this must be so incredibly difficult for you." Nice Girl lowered her booming voice to little more than a whisper so that only her brother could hear.

"A moment ago, you thought yourself to be the most powerful human on the planet and now ... well now ... not so much ... right?"

"Surprise." She flexed her biceps displaying power well beyond human comprehension. "You're not the strongest ... I am ... and it's not even close." As if to prove her point she again flexed her peaked biceps

"I know this how, you ask." She laughed a confident laugh.

"I know this because ... Whatever you wished for ... I demanded the same but ten-fold; which means I am ten times stronger than you and if you know what's good for you, you won't ever test me."

"Yes Guy, I knew all about your wish."

Guy Marshall's mind reeled. He knew he should say something ... but what? All the boy could think of was ... *Mommy*.

"And as for you Superman, you can relax. I no longer have the need nor the desire to kill you or even humble you." With a wave Nice Girl dismissed him as if he were a lowly cockroach or simply a normal man.

"Lois Lane, right? Betty Jean Marshall condescendingly smiled at her. "You can pretend to be the protector of the former protector of the planet if that's what floats your boat, but you and I both know that Nice Girl is large and in charge."

She embraced her brother in one of her all too familiar hugs squeezing just hard enough to cause her tearing brother some real damage to his ribs while simultaneously denying him the ability to breathe normally.

She clasped his right hand in hers and lifted their intertwined hands into the air ostensibly signifying to the world the existence of an unbreakable partnership, a gesture that thrilled the cheering crowd.

To the onlooking world-wide audience it seemed as if the Man of Steel was being replaced by two powerful Superheroes; Nice Girl and Awesome Guy. However, Guy Marshall knew better. He understood that his sister, was still considerably stronger than he which meant that his tormented life would continue unabated.

He realized that although he still possessed all of the powers of Superman, he also understood that he would always be vastly inferior to 'Nice Girl'. She would continue to tease and torture him whenever she pleased.

He hoped and prayed she would allow him to combat crime. He hoped she would allow him some dignity and limit her teasing to non-public occasions but he knew better and sensed that public humiliation was in his near future.

He realized that nothing had really changed for him except now he would be subjugated to the whims of Nice Girl instead of those of his vengeful sister; a difference without a distinction.

"Tell me a joke." She demanded

"Okay, let me think on it." His mind was a blank. The rolodex of jokes for all occasions had gone blank. And he knew why. If he didn't deliver a joke of her liking, one that made her laugh, 'Nice Girl' would likely show the world her true colors and embarrass him in front of the whole damn world.

"An old woman walked into a dentist's office and removed all of her clothes and spread her legs. Taken a back the dentist said I think you have the wrong room. No, I don't. Last week you put in my husband's teeth. She continued. "Now you need to take them out."

He anxiously awaited her reaction grateful for the slightest hint of a smile.

to be continued ...???

Submissive Subservient Superman ... by the Elder Barry ... 18,250 words – mostly different.