

# THE MEAN TEEN OZARK QUEEN

(Superman's worst might mare)

The much ballyhooed, over-hyped and anxiously awaited 'ultimate female fighting championship' match between Superman and the winner of the yearlong 'Elimination Tournament' was about to begin. Superman had been persuaded by Lois Lane and the promotions department at the Daily Planet into accepting the 'exhibition' match; egged on by the promise of an enormous \$5,000,000 donation to his wife's charity of choice, he reluctantly accepted.

Daisy Mae, dubbed by the media as the Ozark Queen or the Mean Teen Ozark Queen, was the preverbal last woman standing. Over the last eighteen months the young female won thirteen consecutive matches; five by forfeit and eight by knockouts three of which resulted in the deaths of her opponents. In her penultimate tournament match the five-foot-six-inch teen killed Annika 'the animal' Leiviska her heavily favored seven-foot-six-and one quarter inch-tall four-hundred-twenty-five-pound adversary the Russian born heavyweight Mixed Martial Arts champion of the world in less than ten seconds by easily and brutally snapping the massive woman's massive neck.

Now it was Superman's turn to face the undefeated teen killing machine. The pretense of exhibition matches had long since been debunked. Each of these fights which now carried a winner-take-all five-million-dollar prize had predictably evolved into literal mano-a-mano death matches.

As was customary the two combatants met in the middle of the ring with the referee and listened to his instructions. At six-foot-four and two-hundred-forty-pounds Superman dwarfed the one hundred-thirty-pound Daisy Mae.

"Don't worry girl." Superman spoke softly. "I won't hurt you."

“Do I look worried?” Superman took a long hard look at his relatively tiny adversary and had to admit to himself that his diminutive opponent didn’t; her confident smile and demeanor belied any hint of fear.

They touched MMA style gloves and retreated to their respective corners.

Superman’s plan was to immediately overpower the scantily clad eighteen-year-old girl, without hurting her, ending the debacle as quickly as possible. The girl oozed sex as she flaunted her remarkable muscles and gravity defying breasts. Superman didn’t want to pitch a tent. So, he had no intentions of dragging out the match by putting on a good show for the paying customers.

However, the moment the bell rang the ‘Ozark Queen’ wearing hot-pink booty shorts that rode up high revealing her muscular derriere and a skimpy overmatched bright-yellow halter top that revealed ultra-deep cleavage rushed to meet Superman in the middle of the ring. To the astonished of spectators in the arena the girl was a veritable blur. The speed of her approach had even shocked Superman.

Her lightning fast strong hands grabbed his chin, cross handed, and jerked in opposite directions generating a seemingly impossible level of torque easily exceeding 7,000 RPMs. The sound of the Man of Steel’s muscular neck cracking echoed throughout the stadium and was clearly audible to everyone in attendance as was his brief window shattering scream.

“Oh my God.” The stunned television announcers watched in relative silence until the FOX Network’s lead announcer, Buck Nepotist, said what everyone was thinking. “She broke his fucking neck.”

For a long moment the strongest man in the world just stood there motionless staring cockeyed at Daisy Mae who by then had clasped her fingers together over her head displaying amazing muscularity. She triumphantly stepped away from the teetering Man of Steel, grinned impishly, pulled down her top, and flashed her perfect breasts to the stunned crowd as she proudly flexed her impressive biceps.

The eighteen-year-old dynamo gracefully pirouetted on her toes finishing with an exaggerated flourish by demurely bowing to the crowd and pointing to the ring clock, essentially proclaiming another ten second victory.

The muscular teen laughed and stepped further away from the staggering Superman. His head dangled grotesquely to the right and his long lean but muscular arms hung lifeless at his sides; a sure sign of a catastrophic death inducing fracture of his cervical vertebra.

She used an index finger and a thumb to simulate a pistol. She feigned shooting the reeling unstable superhero by jerking her hand back as if firing a gun at the stricken Superman. She then blew on her presumably red-hot fingers the force of her exhaling breath was sufficient enough to cause the strongest man in the world to topple over face first like a denuded felled mighty oak.

His hands and lifeless arms never moved to break his fall and now a substantial pool of Superman's blood encircled his head where his skull had nearly embedded itself into the canvass.

Superman's body unceremoniously bounced off the matt face first several times finally coming to rest facing up, arms pointing skyward. Daisy Mae quickly rushed to his side and checked his neck pulse and pointed thumbs down.

"I win." She announced matter-a-factly. "Superman is dead." She motioned to the ring doctor. "Come on!" She proudly flexed her biceps and flaunted her flawless breasts for the entertainment of the stunned but roaring crowd. "Come see! Come see!"

"Wait, Superman is moving." One of the stunned TV announcers had detected some movement. Superman's Kryptonian healing powers had instantaneously regenerated his spinal cord which at least for the moment had staved off his death.

"Oops, rumors of the Man of *Heal's* death have been slightly exaggerated." Daisy Mae laughed out loud. She briefly contemplated killing him where he lay but decided she may as well have some fun first.

“Give me a little time.” She was speaking directly to the two incredulous TV broadcasters. “This should be hell-a-fun for everyone, everyone but this pathetic bleeding Man of Squeal that is.”

The heavily muscled eighteen-year-old 130-pound Ozark Queen placed her right foot in the middle of the groggy nearly kaput Kryptonian creep’s chest and flexed her incongruously huge deeply cut 30” biceps again. Her biceps rose majestically skyward belying her relatively small stature.

With one hand she lifted the flailing Superman over her head, effortlessly exhibiting the epitome of absolute dominance. She laughed derisively as she felt his enfeebled powerless fingers clutching at her intimidating rock-hard biceps. She flexed even harder before slamming his limp body face first to the mat.

The increasingly imposing mean teen grabbed Superman just below his chin. Using only her left hand she throat-lifted the sagging gummy armed man off the ground yet again. She giggled joyously as she watched her biceps and triceps pulsating. He was still clutching at her ever-expanding biceps and triceps the density of which further stunned Superman and the already flabbergasted crowd.

Initially Daisy Mae was bummed out that Superman had “risen” from the dead; presumably guaranteeing six additional weeks of inclement weather. The muscular teen had been hoping to kill the strongest man on the planet in less than ten seconds; her personal best.

She wished she could kill the Kryptonian creep where he stood. However, Daisy Mae now realized that she was being presented with an opportunity to demonstrate her absolute dominance over Superman which she quickly realized was infinitely more preferable than the quick death she had had planned for him. Demonstrating her vast superiority to the viewing audience bordered on orgasmic for her.

While standing in front of Superman she leaped into the air, grabbed the back of his neck and viciously head butted the surprised Man of Steel so hard he immediately collapsed to the ground as his entire face began to spurt buckets off blood.

The confused Man of Steel had been magically transported to the land of cartoons. Multi-colored chirping birds and flapping butterflies, and buzzing bees encircled his head. He shook his head, blinked several times, and when he finally forced his eyes open, he was face to face with a realistic image of Bugs Bunny asking ... 'What's up Doc?'

Ellie Mae laughed as she continued to blithely orbit the now fallen Superman who was either unable, uninterested, or unwilling to stand up or sit up or even raise his head off the mat. She strutted around the ring, Connor McGregor style, enthusiastically continuing to stomp on and pummel his inert body which was now curled up like a discarded shriveled-up leftover cocktail shrimp.

As Superman climbed to his feet random thoughts sped through the man's still addled brain faster than an escaping Roadrunner fleeing the ubiquitous coyote.

Once he felt and saw the unworldly biceps and the hardness of her magnificent body, he recognized the presence of superpowers; powers he realized, that despite her relative tiny size, were far greater than his had ever been.

In his mind Superman had described this child's biceps, triceps and other muscles as being rock-hard when in reality describing her body texture as being simply rock-hard was giving short shrift to the solidity and density of her tightly packed muscles.

In the past the Man of Steel had easily disintegrated rocks and even boulders to dust using only the strength of his fingers. However, this young girl's muscles were beyond impenetrable; stronger than anything the Kryptonian had encountered on earth or anywhere else in the universe for that matter.

Suddenly the unworldly female took his hands in hers and relentlessly squeezed so hard Superman dropped back down onto his knees. He actually screamed loud enough to shatter many more of the arena windows. Now that he had felt the excruciating pain her power could engender Superman was no longer concerned with ascertaining who the girl might be or from where she may have come.

Whether she was a human or a space alien or a demon from hell no longer concerned the embarrassed, pained, and weeping Kryptonian. Either way this vengeful 130-pound busty bicep-blessed beauty was effortlessly and ruthlessly kicking his ass all over the ring. She was no doubt preparing to kill him all over again ... some more ... one more time ... at least.

He tried to convince himself he no longer cared how she had come to possess superpowers far greater than he had ever possessed or why this teenaged-girl had such a vengeful hard-on for him or was it just the money she craved.

Superman, realized he was incapable of hurting her nor defending himself against her. He fully accepted his inadequacies and her total dominance over him. Accordingly, he was nearly resigned to his plight and accepting of the things he could not change.

Now, his only real concern was how, not when, this ruthless uber-child planned to kill him. If the truth were to be known Superman hoped and prayed to Rao, his Kryptonian God, that this abomination of a girl would take pity and show him some mercy; hoping his demise would be sooner than later and painless.

The television announcers continued to praise the Ozark Queen's strength and masterful fighting skills. Both talking heads were clearly disgusted with the Man of Steel, castigating Superman for giving up so easily, scolding him for not providing the paying customers with a better show never mind that she had already killed him once.

Daisy was getting bored tired of Superman's stalling tactics so she lifted the man onto his feet and leaned his body against the ring ropes preventing him from falling. She gently slapped him several times across his face bringing the nearly catatonic wimpy wimp back to a state of awareness.

Through it all Superman had managed to maintain a modicum of pride and refused to surrender to her so easily. Even knowing he was powerless against her seemingly omnipotent power he weakly flailed at her, embarrassed by his own feebleness; a feebleness the crowded arena seemed to relish.

Amused by his pitiful attack the mean teen peppered his face with stinging finger flicks to his already bruised and battered face. She was using his head like a veritable finger-only punching bag, all the while hysterically laughing at the pitifulness of the man once thought of as the strongest in the world.

The pained Kryptonian had been patiently biding his time waiting for his superpowers to be restored. Satisfied he was finally at full strength he unleashed a powerful lightning fast right hand to her chin which actually lifted Daisy Mae off the ground. The startled teen stumbled backwards and grabbed the ropes to keep from falling. She had grossly underestimated the man's healing powers. She was shocked by his sudden resurgence and the power he still possessed, a power he dispatched with elan.

Confident now, Superman forged ahead and pounded her faltering teen body with super-powered blows. Even though the child seemed to be smirking at his efforts he knew he was hurting her; hurting her a bunch. He continued throwing punches at Daisy who was now artfully dodging or blocking most of his blows with her arms protecting her rock-hard body from his furious onslaught.

"Okay, big guy." The resilient eighteen-year-old quickly regained her composure and arrogantly lowered her hands to her side presenting her unprotected face and body to him. "I'm ready for you now." She tensed her body. "Hit me with your best shot, shithead."

She raised her arms over and behind her head. She intertwined her fingers and flexed her vascular biceps and triceps and quadriceps displaying unfathomable muscularity. She wanted to and did demonstrate her absolute superiority not only to the viewing audience at home and in the arena but more importantly to the still sniveling Man of Steel.

With his Kryptonian superpowers finally fully restored the strongest man in the world unleashed the most powerful punches of his life to her face and body; cringing each time he connected with her impenetrable dense slab of abdominal muscles. Nonetheless he continued with his ferocious unrelenting attack until it became obvious that if not impervious to his

punches, the tiny teen titan was easily absorbing his best efforts seemingly without significant effect.

For the first time in his life Superman found himself totally exhausted; unable to raise his arms. The thoroughly humbled and beaten man dropped to his knees and wept openly. He was in shock. Her overwhelming stamina and strength were an anathema, an abomination that defied all reason.

“Okay ... You win.” He lowered his eyes. “You can do with me what you will.”

“Oh, don’t worry Superman.” A wicked smile ensued. “I plan to.” She bent her arm and flexed yet again. “By the way, I don’t need your permission.”

Initially Ellie Mae had been disappointed by his miraculous resurrection but now she was ecstatic watching the sobbing Superhero weeping at her feet like a baby with poop in its diapers. She was glad he hadn’t succumbed too easily. She was thrilled by how easily she had humiliated the man; grateful she had been afforded the opportunity to demonstrate her vast physical superiority over the man once thought to be invincible.

Using her left-hand she grabbed Superman under his jutting chin and throat-lifted the pathetic sniveling weakling off the ground again and began smashing him in the face with her powerful righthand and elbow. She watched as his eyes crossed as the clearly defeated man drifted into a virtual state of unconsciousness drooling uncontrollably.

She gently slapped him awake and rubbed her perfect breasts in his face. Using only her index finger Daisy Mae gleefully pushed *the strongest man* in the world down to his stomach in a neutral corner.

He was shaking uncontrollably, bathed in his own sweat. A disconsolate Superman looked up at the gorgeous child as she assumed yet another triumphant stance over his beaten, battered and blood-soaked frail looking body.



“Game over, asshole.” Daisy screamed at him. “Game fucking over.” The crowd not only heard her they believed her. She held her hand up to her ear. “Superman, can you hear the fat lady singing?”

The five-foot-six-inch dynamo spread her pulsating muscular arms far apart before she viciously clapped her hands together over and over again around his head like a demented symbols player on crack.

She continued smashing him about the head cuffing his ears with the palms of her lethal hands until they bled; his ears not her hands. The weakened superhero began to slide down the ropes until he was again lying flat on his back helplessly looking up at the dominate demonic child.

She wrapped her powerful hands around his throat and began to squeeze so forcibly her biceps threatened to crash through the taut skin of her upper arms. His complexion was quickly changing from well-tanned, to an unhealthy ashen hue, to corpse like white.

When she realized he was no longer breathing she leaped onto his prone body, grabbed his head, lowered her mouth to his, and began to perform CPR.

“Not yet. Super wimp.” She had mercifully eased her grip and expertly administered mouth to mouth resuscitations. “Not fucking yet.” Grinning as he spewed forth a disgusting glob of bloody bile as well as huge gulps of air as she allowed the stricken man to breathe.

“How about that Superman, within the last ten minutes this tiny little girl has killed you twice.” Her laugh was melodic but not in any way soothing. “Warning – Warning ... the third time will be the charm.”

“Don’t get any ideas.” She looked deep into his eyes. “If you fly away, I will visit your wife, Lois Lane ...” She let her words trail off, but her meaning was clear.

The Mean Ozark Queen rained numerous rights and lefts down on the clearly defenseless Superman. She had straddled his prone body and had begun to flex her powerful thighs and calf muscles ... heel-toe, heel-toe ...

A perplexed Superman and the crowd watched in awe as the young girl's leg muscles exploded displaying incomprehensible slabs of pure muscle. Still lying flat on his back Superman unconsciously yet impressively tensed his trunks. She slapped away his erection with contempt. Nonetheless, he felt compelled to reach over and caress her spectacular diamond shaped overly muscled calves.

"Please." He whispered to her. "Who are you?" He deferentially asked with reverence. "If you decide to kill me, I think I have a right to know."

"Superman." She again flexed her biceps. "You have you no rights." She kissed him on the forehead. "By the way I have already decided how you will die."

"Why?" Using his elbow for support Superman was barely able to raise his upper body slightly off the mat. His weakened voice was raspy, barely more than a whisper. "Why, why are you doing this to me?" He asked through flowing tears.

"The obvious answer to your insipid question is because I can." She winked. "And because you can't stop me." She winked again. "No one can stop me." She winked yet again some more. "And finally, because it's soooooooooooooooooo much fun."

"More importantly it's because you killed my father." She knelt at his side, tweaked his still throbbing dick briefly contemplating fucking him to death. Instead, she flicked out several sharp jabs to his nose enjoying the sight of more and more purplish blood spurting from his already broken nose.

"Your father?" Spitting blood from his mouth the obviously demoralized and clearly defeated faux-superhero looked more closely at the youngster's pretty face but couldn't discern any resemblance to anyone he may have known, let alone killed.

"I'm sorry." He wiped tears from his eyes. "Who was your father?"

"General Zod!" She double hammer-fisted his chest, taking his breath away. "That's right Superman my daddy The General trained me well. Pure Kryptonian *warrior* blood courses

through my veins distributing strength and power well beyond your mundane comprehension flows throughout my body.”

Daisy Mae was not so subtly implying that her father was a powerful well-trained soldier with extraordinary fighting skills with the DNA of a warrior. While Superman was the son of a diplomat. On earth, solely because of his Kryptonian genes, Superman was a superhero. Back home on Krypton he would have likely been a nerdy accountant rocking a pocket protector and she a super-soldier.

“What ... Who?” He pushed himself up closer to her and held his hand up to his bleeding ears. “Please tell me his name.” He pleaded with her.

She confidently leaned forward taking care to announce clearly, she restated her dead dad’s name for him and that’s when Superman using his elbow as leverage managed to raise his upper body slightly off the mat and in one swift motion using the last vestiges of his super-powers Superman grasped the back of her head roughly pulling the surprised Daisy Mae down to him.

Targeting her carotid artery Superman enthusiastically chomped down on her exposed neck and viciously dug his strong Kryptonian incisors into her exposed jugular vein. He locked his powerful jaw muscles tightly in place and began to twist his and her head back and forth, back and forth, back and forth much like a ravenous wolf.

Daisy grabbed the back of Superman’s head and pulled hard on his hair instantly disengaging from his teeth. She desperately clutched at her throat attempting to stem the steady flow of her precious life fluids but by then copious amounts of blood had already gushed from her neck wounds.

Before the ring doctor could arrive Superman tenaciously clutched her neck in his strong hands and squeezed with every ounce of his remaining superstrength continuing to drain all of the blood from her inert body ensuring that her recuperative powers would be incapable of resurrecting her.

By the time the doctors arrived her blood was no longer spurting from her neck but rather it was barely seeping and puddling which could only mean one thing. Her heart had stopped beating ceasing to pump blood to her brain but that wasn't nearly enough for Superman, he needed to ensure that her recuperative powers were permanently snuffed out.

The onrushing doctor abruptly stopped in his tracks and waived for the gurney. The EMT's rushed to her side, attempted to push superman away from her. When he finally allowed, they covered her in a sheet and wheeled the body of a very dead Daisy Mae out of the ring heading for the coroner's office.

The reaction of the crowd was mixed. Some cheered ... some booed ... while the majority watched silently mouths agape.

Two ring attendants helped Superman to his feet and lifted him into a wheelchair but before they could usher him from the ring to a waiting ambulance, one of the TV announcers stuck a microphone in his face.

"Congratulations Superman. We had all pretty much given up on you." He silently clapped his hands together. "How did you come up with that final tactic?"

"Well ..." Superman took the mike into his own hands and paused for effect. "She suggested it to me herself." He paused again, this time to catch his breath.

"She did?" The TV guy looked skeptical. "Why would she ..." The announcer let his words trail off.

"When I begged the bitch to stop hurting me, she just laughed and said – *Bite me.*" Superman was continuously picking pieces of her bloody skin from his teeth. "So, when I got the chance, I did just that."

Superman dropped the mike rapper style before motioning for the attendants to wheel him away to a private hospital room being prepared for him.

“Good morning Superman.” The petite smiling brunette nurse was wearing typical green scrubs top, dark colored pants, and white shoes. “I have your lunch order ready for you sir.” She smiled enthusiastically.

“Thanks honey but I don’t recall ordering lunch.” An ebullient Superman smiled back. “What will I be eating today?”

“Today you will be having a garlic infused grilled ham and cheese sandwich on brioche bread with chopped and diced marinated red sweet peppers, marinated artichoke hearts slathered with brown butter, jalapeño chips, and a chilled coke.” Her devastating smile broadened.

“A fitting last meal for a condemned murderer, don’t you think?”

“Murderer?” Superman looked concerned and confused. “What?”

“Let me introduce you to your biggest fan.”

The nurse slipped out of her uniform proudly flaunting her amazing DD breasts before displaying her entire muscular body to an increasingly concerned Superman. She placed her bulging left arm on his throat holding the still weakened Superman in place. She dropped her firm young breasts onto his face affording him with one last moment of pleasure.

“I’m Ellie Mae.” She forcibly squeezed and crushed his nose breaking it yet again. “You remember my cousin Daisy Mae, right?”

“Superman ... Look at these babies.” She flexed her massive peaked right bicep which was every bit as large as her cousin.

“Pretty fuckin’ big, right?”

“I’m the daughter of Zor-El, General Zod’s older brother, Ellie Mae’s nineteen-year-old sister and I am here to kill you.” Her laugh was calm and self-assured.

She again pumped up her bicep until it reached nearly 28” of incalculable power. She pushed her spectacular breasts into his face some more again before unleashing several powerful

lighting fast open-handed palm punches to his still broken nose, pushing the nasopharynx bones back into his skull causing the quickly circulating blood flow to suffocate him.

The vengeful nineteen-year-old powerhouse was delighted to hear the gurglingly sounds emanating from the stricken Kryptonian Creep-a-zoid. She proudly watched the dying Superman feebly trying to pry her muscular arm from his throat while desperately gasping for air.

Just to be absolutely certain General Zod's youngest daughter grabbed Superman's pillow and placed it over his face. She smothered the pathetic squealing squirming superhero until he stopped struggling and stopped breathing for more than a full five minutes ... long enough to ensure there would be no chance of another amazing resurrection ... this time ... dead was dead ... Ellie Mas made certain there wouldn't be another remake of ... 'A Weekend at Bernie's'.

She shuddered uncontrollably as she experienced the most intense orgasm of her young life quickly followed by a second and then a third. As she exited the hospital room her muscular legs trembling beneath her. Nonetheless, she grabbed the scrumptious grilled ham and cheese sandwich and devoured it all with only four bites.

Finally, the destruction of Superman was a fate accompli ... or was it?

