

SUPERMAN IS SCARED AND HUMILIATED

(an X-rated parody ... not for the squeamish)

This was the moment the entire civilized world had been eagerly awaiting. Well over two and one half-billion pay-for-view customers had already signed up ... THE FIGHT was only moments away. The streets of the world were virtually deserted. The bell rang and the capacity crowd of well over 150,000 rose as one erupting into a full-throated roar.

As Superman moved in close the Crimson Avenger retreated looking nervous. Using her imposing size and superior reach she managed to ward him off. The big teen, looked like an actual boxer as she cautiously flicked out two sharp crisp jabs. Back pedaling to her own corner, she followed up with two right crosses and an unexpected but powerful reverse elbow strike to the face which stunned Superman sending the capacity crowd of mostly females into a euphoric frenzy.

Superman quickly silenced the capacity crowd by countering with a barrage of devastating right and left-handed hooks to the girl's exposed ribs, kidneys, and liver. The muscular teenager immediately collapsed to her knees and Superman could hear Batman exhorting him to finish her.

"Finish her." He exhorted.

Before Superman could react, the undisputed strongest man in the world inexplicably found himself bleary eyed shockingly sitting on the bottom strand of rope with his hands covering his bloody face. Despite the Man of Steel's unworldly superpowers, the girl had managed to withstand his powerful body shots and deliver seven lightning fast unseen devastating blows of her own.

The first two unseen punches resulted in eye socket fractures eliminating Superman's heat vision as a possible weapon. The succeeding three powerful blows to his face bloodied his nose, fractured a cheekbone, and shattered his jaw dislodging several teeth while her two

crushing body shots had broken a number of his ribs. Everyone in the stadium sensed that Superman was in real trouble.

Was it possible? Could the rumors be true? Could this overly-muscled nineteen-year-old eight-foot-four-inch girl be an actual Goddess?

SIX MONTHS EARLIER

At the behest of Batman, the Man of Steel was reluctantly walking down the halls of the prestigious Gotham City High School heading towards the auditorium wishing he were somewhere else, anywhere else. The recently formed Council of Women (C.O.W.) had invited Superman to speak at a gathering of female high school students all of whom had recently undergone the extraordinary transformation.

The “new woman phenomenon” as it was now being called had actually begun rather quietly several years earlier. An elite team of medical experts including neurologists, immunologists, geneticists, pathologists, auto-immune specialists, as well as two on-call English challenged uber-drivers working together developed a medication commonly known to a grateful world as *Immudyne*, a fast-acting super-antibiotic that increased the human body’s immune system ten-fold and more.

Immudyne when taken orally not only cured preexisting medical conditions but also eliminated all of the deleterious effects of virtually every infectious and debilitating disease indigenous to the planet. Extensive scientific and medical tests as well as diagnostic laboratory screenings had been successfully conducted on animals and volunteers from the prisons and the homeless communities.

When the medication was administered to the global population through the world’s freshwater supply systems, serious diseases like cancer and leukemia went into remission. Cirrhosis of the liver, and heart diseases as well Alzheimer disease, dimension, and HIV (AIDS) vanished. Psychosis and phycological illnesses including physical and psychological addictions,

alcohol and drug addictions were almost immediately eradicated. Debilitating diseases like diabetes, Parkinson, kidney diseases, et al were things of the past.

The efficacy of the miracle drug was proven to be nearly 98.4% successful in both curing and preventing disease as well accelerating the healing and mending of broken bones.

The results of the tests were so successful that without a single objection being proffered by any nation on earth, other than North Korea, the World Health Organization (W.H.O.) immediately insinuated *Immudyne* directly into the world's fresh water supply including rivers, lakes, streams, glaciers and ice-caps, as well as ground water and as some had joked even most puddles.

The overwhelmingly positive effects were meticulously documented and far exceeded the medical community's most optimistic expectations. The human race had never been healthier or as some people preferred to say ... 'more healthy.'

The United States had been one of the last nations on earth to ratify the United Nations' resolution. The first-term U.S. President Wolfgang Von Trump who was being called the "Boy King" by his critics, along with the Republican controlled Senate disingenuously insisted that further study was required.

The GOP without disclosing its true motives were following the dictates of paid lobbyists and big money donors who were all worried about what the negative impact a completely healthy, disease free, American populace would have on the bottom lines of the all-powerful Pharmaceutical cabal and the liquor Industry, the Insurance Companies, the American Medical Association, the Health Care Industry, not to mention the Apple Growers of America.

First and foremost, U.S. Senators and members of Congress were and are and always will be political animals almost pathologically obsessed with their own reelections. They were intimidated by the talking heads on the Sunday Morning News Shows as well as the influence peddling paid political hacks appearing on FOX, CNN, MSNBC, and the fledgling "MAGA" Network.

More importantly they were swayed by the newest public opinion polls and the numerous ever-increasing nation-wide passionate demonstrations demanding the legalization of Immudyne. Accordingly, the Senators and Representatives voted in mass in support of the legislation authorizing the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations to vote in favor of the resolution.

Trump the Younger furiously tweeted out several warnings threatening to veto the bill until his closest adviser, Jefferson Beauregard Sessions the Third, assured the President that if he were to even try, his veto would be overturned and he would be impeached (twice) in a New York minute just like his daddy.

The introduction of *Immudyne* into the ecosystem worked perfectly. However, a slow developing but soon to be significant side-effect would lay dormant for a couple of years before eventually coming into play. When active that virus would affect only females as they reached puberty but had yet to experience menopause.

Doctor Catherine Hardy was an unassuming 100-pound, five-foot two-inch female geneticist who had been sexually abused by her father, her three brothers and her two uncles. Catherine was grateful for the academic scholarship she received from the prestigious John Hopkins University which allowed her to escape her home environs sooner than later. In a cruel and ironic twist of fate, she was quickly abused and raped by her first college boyfriend in a fraternity house.

An embarrassed Catherine Hardy retreated to the laboratory and vowed to develop a muscle enhancing treatment designed specifically for females. As soon as the woman had an opportunity, she purposefully but surreptitiously introduced the mutating virus she had discovered, developed, modified, and customized directly into the Immudyne formula, a virus she called *Fem-Dom*.

When finally activated the virus would produce a cocktail mixture of estrogen hormones and undetectable Human Growth Hormones (HGH) that had been released from the females' pituitary gland producing an enhanced mitochondrion membrane compound that

independently sensitized and replicated aggressive enzymes and androgenic hormone levels which acted as a catalyst for muscle growth. That unique combination resulted in a permeating strain of muscle building testosterone in females.

Dr. Hardy understood that estrogen hormones were instrumental to maintaining and increasing bone density in females. The virus that Dr. Hardy developed altered and improved upon those natural processes by not only strengthening and rebuilding bones but by actually accelerating muscle growth in women.

With the best of intentions Catherine Hardy had seriously fucked with the natural development of the female body on a grand scale; the consequences of which would affect the planet for decades, if not in perpetuity or maybe even longer.

The good doctor's only objective had been to level the playing field for women by making females stronger allowing them to compete with males on an equal footing. No one knew it yet but Dr. Hardy's unintended payback for her many years of suffering at the hands of cruel, abusive, and physically stronger men would accomplish much more than simply leveling the playing field for women, **so much more.**

In the early stages of development Fem-Dom would lay dormant long enough to not be linked to the miracle drug, Immudyne. In time, unexpected overly aggressive and artificially enhanced estrogen and the undetectable HGH hormones began to overwhelm the female body's natural processes aggressively converting into super-charged testosterone.

Almost unnoticed most of the world's female population was slowly and gradually developing considerable muscle mass growing stronger with each passing day. Every female on the planet who drank water was being inexorably physically enhanced.

No one seemed to give a rat's ass or even take notice until in less than a generation the average women who by then was as strong if not stronger than their male counterparts began to take full advantage of their superiority.

Working women were quickly rising to new heights (no pun intended) in the corporate and political worlds as well as in the blue-collar workplaces but most notably in the lucrative fields of tech, the computer sciences, and the entertainment industry while also excelling and dominating in the arenas of high school, college and professional sports. Football, basketball, baseball, soccer, tennis, track and field, even boxing and Mixed Martial Arts (MMA) matches were fast becoming the exclusive purview of the 'new women.'

The physically overly-developed females of the world were no longer interested in seeking equal rights or equal opportunities in the work place or equal treatment under the law or equal hiring practices or equal pay or equal anything.

The 'new women' were superior beings and they all knew it. They intended to reap the social and financial benefits now available to them. The newly physically blessed females of the world were about to obliterate the 'glass ceiling' and take their rightful places atop the food chain.

It hadn't happened overnight it only seemed that way to the male population. However, before anyone had actually taken notice women had clearly evolved into the dominate sex on the planet.

Middle Eastern and other Moslem countries were in turmoil unable to accept the reality of the superior new woman. Arab women discarded their traditional Hijab veils, their cloaks, and their head-to-toe black chador style form of dress. The newly liberated Arab females, particularly the younger ones began to parade around displaying their suddenly muscular and bodacious womanly bodies in front of sulking unbelieving cowering comparatively smaller Arab men who for centuries had treated 'their' women as mere chattel.

Only one generation removed from the onset of 'New Women Phenomenon' the new Arab women took swift action taking full advantage of their new found physical and psychological superiority. In less than a generation, females throughout the Muslim World began to dominate the political spectrum.

The now obscenely muscular Semite women arrogantly flaunted their superiority over the suddenly docile males. They proffered varying interpretation of the Qur'an relative to the status of Islamic women. They began changing laws, reducing males to second class citizens relegating and limiting them to the most menial of jobs, embarrassing and emasculating the 'weaker sex' at every opportunity. The Islamic women of the 'new world' vindictively assaulted males often without provocation reminding the sulking males that Karma was indeed a bitch.

Here in the states the now rapidly maturing self-entitled muscular younger American girls were making their presence felt by becoming more and more aggressive and domineering as they grew into womanhood. The already mature women got taller, sexier, bustier, and more muscular cementing their positions of power.

Without knowing exactly what had happened most American men were begrudgingly accepting the reality of the new physically and mentally superior women. At first, most males were turned-on by their suddenly well-endowed and sexually aggressive mates. The average man enjoyed ogling the ever-increasing numbers of attractive flirtatious females with their generous breasts and their prominent biceps.

The new women all seemed to be naturally uninhibited exhibitionists all of whom delighted in flaunting their extraordinary new bodies, teasing and intimidating men everywhere they went: out on the streets, at the schools, at the malls, at the office, at the gyms, at the pools and at the beaches, particularly at the pools and beaches until one day the entirety of the earth's male population finally came to the startling realization that they now had real reasons to fear these uber-women.

An extremely popular YouTube video with well over 30 million "likes" entitled ... 'Just the Beginning' ... The video featured a tiny but well-developed strawberry-blonde four-foot-eight, eighty-pound, pony tailed 11-year-old girl flexing her insanely overly developed 12" biceps while grinning from ear to ear. She forcibly led her crawling and clearly embarrassed and frightened father around the mall on a leash. If one were to look closely at the video one

would see the father's two blackened eyes and swollen jaw. The popular video was but one of many similar You Tube offerings.

Men and boys alike were regularly being intimidated, humiliated, and even beaten up by their much stronger and more powerful female counterparts; co-workers, subordinates, wives, sisters, mistresses, girlfriends, lady friends, daughters, et al. seemed to revel in the one-sided confrontations.

It was even worse for the beleaguered teenaged boys who were being embarrassed, bullied, and tormented by their bicep flexing female classmates and their vindictive and spiteful overly-developed younger sisters.

These significant changes to the very fabric of gender roles occurred well before the advent of what was being called the Sudden Growth Syndrome, a phenomenon now effecting the entire world. In the past five years ever-increasing numbers of young girls (estimated to be about one in every twenty-thousand or so) were experiencing a new phenomenon commonly referred to as sudden growth syndrome (SGS)

Many of these newly transformed SGS girls (approximately 150,000 in total so far) usually between the ages of 14 and 17 but sometimes as young as 13 or 12 or like the girl in the video 11, acted as if they had been given license and tacit approval, and in some cases actual encouragement from the increasingly more powerful Council of Women (C.O.W.) to terrorize males whenever and where ever they pleased. Causing pain, humiliation, and embarrassment to men was no longer considered sexual harassment but rather it was now looked upon as a sport; justified by the all too familiar refrain ... 'girls will be girls.'

As if the inequality between the sexes hadn't already been disparate enough teenaged SGS girls were inexplicably being transformed into astonishing physical specimens endowed with incomprehensible muscles while often rising to new heights by as much as a foot. It was not unusual for these same girls to experience a second growth spurt when they turned eighteen.

On rare occasions many of the newest SGS girls experienced even more extraordinary growth sometimes achieving heights of seven to seven-feet-six-inches with musculature definition easily outdistancing the most muscular male body builders on the planet.

Until recently Superman hadn't paid much attention to the 'new women' phenomenon. He was oblivious to what was really happening in the world unaware of the paradigm shift profoundly effecting the long-accepted male/female roles. To Superman, it hadn't seemed as if it were a big deal. He was tone deaf to the actual shift in the traditional male/female dynamics that had prevailed throughout time and memorial.

What the Man of Steel thought he was hearing was ... Girls were getting bigger and stronger and guys were being threatened by it. He assumed that girls were becoming more body conscious, nourishing their bodies by eating more healthy foods, working out more, religiously exercising, lifting weights, while developing and sculpting their bodies while their male counterparts were lounging around the house, indulging in junk foods, obsessing over the latest video games, and watching Internet porn.

However, everything came into perspective for Superman when in the guise of Clark Kent, he wondered into a mall and found himself staring in utter amazement at a television set showing the finals of that year's Miss Olympia contest. Each girl representing a different country from around the world was even bigger and more muscular than the one who had preceded her onto the stage.

Superman learned that veteran contest organizers had reluctantly discontinued all manner of performance enhancing drug testing. With the emergence of the SGS girls and the new women phenomenon testing for anabolic steroids and Human Growth Hormones and the like seemed rather pointless.

To the countless numbers of ardent fans of female body-building the contests were becoming a sham because the physical development of SGS girls was so random and had nothing to do with a participant's work ethic and yet, ratings wise, the contests were more popular than ever.

The many television cameras were focused on Miss Spain the eventual contest winner twenty-year-old Rosalia Maria Lopez who she herself had recently achieved her second growth spurt. She smiled broadly for the cameras clearly fascinated by her own physicality. The near seven-foot-tall muscular female slowly raised her coffee-colored arms effecting a spectacular double-bicep pose earning enthusiastic applause from the appreciative spectators.

Rosalia was tightening each and every muscle group in her body and the Spanish beauty's biceps bunched up and began to rise and rise higher and higher easily exceeding 41" of imposing female muscularity. Superman averted his eyes from her spectacular barely covered 40DD breasts. The Kryptonian Superhero was astonished that an ordinary woman, albeit a seven-foot-tall SGS girl, could possess considerably more muscle and more definition than he ever had.

Clearly these young women were the next step in the evolutionary development and a portent of the eventual overwhelming supremacy of the female gender. The uber-girls were proliferating worldwide at an alarming rate but predominately in the United States. Superman was astounded to learn that their numbers currently exceeded 300,000 confirmed cases; nearly one percent of the U.S. population, two percent of the overall population, and well over five percent of the females between the ages of twelve and twenty.

An increasingly more amused young girl named Barbara had noticed the man watching the female muscle contest with his mouth agape. Baby Doll was extremely proud of her imposing still developing physique and she just couldn't resist showing off for the creepy mouth-breathing lech.

"Impressed much?" Barbara 'Baby Doll' Anderson, A six-foot-ten-inch teenaged SGS girl wearing a much too small white wife-beater type under-shirt displaying an abundance of deep cleavage with basketball sized breasts moving freely beneath her loose-fitting top with unabashed abandon sans bra displaying her impossibly erect nipples.

She had sexily sidled up to the business man and flexed her huge 30" massively peaked biceps, preening and posing for him. He didn't know where to look or where not to look. The girl was

stunningly huge, her body could have been chiseled out of Italian marble. When she tensed up her youthful 38" DD breasts burst out from atop her staining halter top peaking at the astonished Superman. Her pinkish saucer sized areolas and erect nipples seemed to be beckoning to him.

"Well." Baby Doll flaunting her six-inch height advantage peered down at the relatively tall well-built man fully understanding that she was intimidating the shit out of the guy who was unaccustomed to being intimidated. She pressed him anyway, demanding an answer. "Are you?"

"Impressed?" Superman, still in the guise of Clark Kent, was not only impressed he was awe-struck and the stunned superhero said as much. "Yes, I am." Uninvited he unconsciously squeezed her flexed bicep amazed by its hardness. Naturally he hadn't used his super strength nonetheless he was more than just impressed that her nineteen-year-old muscle had no give to it whatsoever.

"Pretty damn big, huh." She flashed a winning smile. "They seem to be getting bigger and harder every day." She pulled her arm away from him. "Horny much? That's enough you creep."

His first encounter with an SGS girl was enlightening and the Kryptonian male was well-beyond saddened. He couldn't even begin to imagine how the smaller earthly males could co-exist with these new super women. He envisioned a kind of world-wide caste system spreading across the planet where females dominated.

The Kryptonian could sense the beginning of an arousal in his pants so he proceeded to beat a hasty retreat before he inadvertently showed the impressive young Baby Doll just how impressed he was with her impressiveness.

As he removed himself from the area, he could hear her six-foot muscular girlfriends who were no doubt awaiting their second growth spurts laughing loudly while the smaller boys were more subdued. Superman was certain they were all laughing at him. He was beginning to fully understand the dismal plight of the physically inferior males. The Man of Steel was flooded

with emotions that were new to him. His feelings of empathy for his fellow males distressed him.

Superman had always cherished and nourished his pristine image. He was a man who generously devoted himself to protecting those who needed protection, defending those who needed defending, and safeguarding those in need of safeguarding. The Kryptonian asked for nothing tangible in return.

However, the self-proclaimed protector of the planet had long recognized he was a fraud. Even if others didn't understand his motivation, he realized how much he craved and needed the people's respect, adulation, and worship all of which fed his fragile ego ... Superman knew of only one truly selfless modern-day altruistic person and she was the sainted Mother Teresa; a woman who didn't even own a wallet.

Superman, among others had been slow to understand the consequences of the new paradigm but now that he recognized the ramifications the Kryptonian born superhero wanted to help his male comrades by somehow equalizing or at least partially restoring the balance of power. However, Superman didn't even know how or where to start but he feared it was already too late.

No one seemed to know how or why this was happening but once the transformations were completed one thing was certain the effected teenaged uber-females proudly and shamelessly strutted around wearing increasingly more and more revealing outfits, brazenly flaunting their generous breasts while arrogantly displaying their smooth sleek muscles and their well-defined biceps, daring men to not look at them – punishing them if they did ... punishing them if they didn't ... talk about a rock and a hard place.

The ever-increasing numbers of SGS girls, the first of whom was now nearly twenty-four, all had one thing in common. They all seemed to delight in exhibiting their overwhelmingly superiority over much smaller and weaker men. These young girls looked at their new found superiority as a birth right and unmercifully teased, bullied, and dominated males; often just

for shits-and-giggles. The young men, all of whom had grown up in this female dominated world, fully accepted their circumstance.

Nearly all of the SGS girls were quickly evolving into superior beings destined to rule the planet. They were rightfully prideful and their unconstrained arrogance was understandable. These unarguably superior beings enjoyed comparing their own spectacular bicep-blessed bodies to other SGS girls' bodies often coercing reluctant and terrified men and boys to judge the impromptu contests.

Confronted with the unexplainable growth disorders affecting young females and the undeniable increasing musculature of all women the medical community didn't know whether to shit or go blind. They all agreed that finding the source of the SGS phenomenon should and would-be medical community's highest priority. Three sides that were diametrically disparate surfaced.

Not surprisingly men and women differed on this issue. Male doctors and medical researchers wanted to find a way to halt the spread of these unexplained and unnatural sudden growth eruptions. Their female counterparts wanted to find a way to accelerate the phenomenon; increasing the number of enhanced females was their stated goal. The third group passionately urged that nothing be done arguing that the planet should be allowed to evolve naturally. Estimates ranged but the consensus among statisticians calculated that the SGS phenomenon would more than triple within the year fast approaching a million in the U.S. alone.

The hypocritical hugely muscled women of the "me too" generation now embraced their sudden largess. Females of all ages almost immediately adopted a new self-serving credo commonly referred to by male as the 'she first' generation. Muscular adult women along with the younger even more muscular SGS girls gleefully intimidated and frightened their male family members both at home and in public.

'The new women' enjoyed bullying their male classmates and teachers. At private and public gatherings SGS girls would embarrass and sometimes injure boys and adult males simply because they could and because they liked it; they really-really-really liked it.

Hubris among the distaff set was limitless and the 'new women' not only flaunted their unquestioned physical superiority over men they abused their power by exhibiting a mean-spirited spiteful comeuppance towards all males simply for their own amusement and self-aggrandizement.

Many of the SGS girls justified their abhorrent treatment of males by reminding everyone who would listen to them ... that payback is indeed a bitch ... that size does matter and might is right ... and ... if you're large you're in charge.

Females regularly outperformed men in the work place often earning and demanding promotions that in the past had always been reserved for males. Females wielded their power by physically and sexually dominating their submissive mates in the bedroom, usually without complaint.

Superman recognized that the dawn of the SGS girls was a significant game changer. When their numbers increased and they would, life would be increasingly more untenable for the male population. The very thought of which triggered an internal moral dilemma for Superman. Even if the Man of Steel could somehow intervene, did a Kryptonian born 'visitor' have the right to interfere with the natural evolution of the planet.

He realized it was long past time for him to investigate this genetic alteration to the very fabric of life on the planet. He understood that first-hand knowledge of this inexplicable development was essential. Accordingly, he decided to take a closer look at the new women phenomenon.

Maybe he should talk with a couple of these SGS girls; see if they were all as feisty as 'Baby Doll.'

In the guise of Clark Kent reporter from the Dailey Planet, Superman decided to visit the expansive newly constructed shopping mall serving downtown Metropolis. He rode the escalator to the second floor which according to the directory housed a number of women's clothing stores as well as boutiques catering to young women. His search for insanely well-developed young women hadn't taken him very long. Muscular well-endowed women of all ages paraded around the mall in revealing outfits displaying their bodies. They exuded extreme confidence and they seemed to be ubiquitous.

Even a cursory look around the mall revealed that almost all of the females, while a far cry from the hugely proportioned SGS girls, were much bigger and stronger than the relatively few males who were either out shopping that day or accompanying their mates. The men all seemed to be cowering away from the females, a sight that saddened Superman.

Superman could easily envision the near future of his adopted home planet, a future where females would dominate every facet of life, a future where males would be relegated to second-class citizens, a future where males would be completely subservient to their mates, lovers, mistresses as well as their nieces and daughters and eventually even their granddaughters.

A despondent Clark Kent spotted what he had been searching for; the true uber-women of this generation were anything but shy. Superman was drawn to three giant, scantily clad, outrageously proportioned young girls who were harassing a number of smaller boys. The teen vixens were every bit as impressive as 'Baby Doll' maybe even more so. Each of the girls who had recently experienced their second growth spurts were brazenly flashing and flaunting their stupendous gravity defying firm double and triple D breasts while simultaneously flexing their enormous, impossibly hard pulsating biceps.

The girls were each dressed in revealing sports bras and skin tight booty shorts displaying their long muscular legs and their tight butts. The three SGS girls were teasing some high school boys, mischievously demanding that the much smaller boys touch and caress their breasts and squeeze their hugely peaked biceps. The teasing girls were demanding that the boys judge

them and determine which of the three gigantic giggling girls had the best body parts; legs, butts, biceps, and boobs.

The five average sized teenaged boys were recoiling in a corner against a wall. Naturally each of the kids wanted to cop a feel but they were all clearly terrified by what these teasing girls might do to them; they had all heard the stories.

When the largest of the three SGS girls began to twerk her tight muscular ass in the face of a terrified boy, Clark Kent decided it was time for him to step in and put a stop to the nonsense. The boys gratefully seized the opportunity and ran directly to and then down the up escalator, free for the moment.

“Not yet.” The youngest of the SGS girls grabbed the biggest of the boys and stopped him in his tracks. She flexed her massive right bicep in his face. “I want you to squeeze my muscle with both hands.” She snickered because even with two hands the boy couldn’t even come close to completely encompassing her pulsating 34” bicep. She kissed him high on his forehead. “I want you to tell your friends how big and hard an eighteen-year-old girl’s muscles can be.” She pulled down her top down revealing her huge but perfectly proportioned breasts forcing his head deep into her cleavage.

Superman had been planning to introduce himself as a reporter from the Daily Planet seeking to interview the girls. However, the mild-mannered reporter immediately realized he had just made a huge mistake.

The girls who were visibly upset by the interruption shifted their attention towards the adult male who had disrupted their fun. He was a tall muscular man but a prissy bespectacled looking guy, a guy who now realized he couldn’t use his super-strength without revealing his true identity.

The oldest and prettiest of the three girls who stood nearly a foot taller than he grabbed at his crotch but Superman was too quick and instinctually stepped away from her while secretly chastising himself for having done so.

The other two equally muscular and busty seven-foot-tall girls flaunted their undulating mounds of flesh while rubbing their voluptuous bodies against his like feral cats in heat. He could feel the warmth emanating from their breath-taking bodies. He could feel himself getting sexually aroused as they pressed and grinded their lady parts against him. His large Kryptonian penis was becoming clearly visible, straining against his loose-fitting suit trousers which only served to encourage the now interested girls.

“Hi, I’m Amy.” The twenty-year-old giantess feinted at his crotch area but instead snatched his glasses from his face. She pumped up her right arm and flaunted her huge bicep. “Hey guy, you look familiar to me. Are you somebody?” The virtual giant of a girl tilted her head and like a curious puppy and took a closer look. “Should I know you?”

“No.” He replied.

“That’s okay. I’ll come to me.” The apparent leader of the pack of uber-girls reintroduced herself coyly by effecting a double-bicep pose asking. “You like?”

“Yeah.” He snatched his glasses back faster than he should have. “You should be proud of yourself.”

“Thanks. I’m usually a nice girl.” She smirked wickedly revealing her duplicity. “You’re rather large for a male, aren’t you?”

She looked at his crotch some more but didn’t wait for his response. She simply but swiftly grabbed his engorged penis and began to sensually massage his pulsating manhood. Before he realized what was happening, she had deftly unzipped his trousers, liberated his surprisingly large penis, and began jerking off the moaning man’s member alternately using each and then finally both of her big hands.

The stunned Superman was ashamed to have intentionally allowed the child to grab his junk. However, for the moment Superman couldn’t bring himself to pull away from her strong but velvety touch.

The Man of Steel had no way of knowing how old this girl might be so he was knowingly being aberrant and sinful. In the eyes of the many onlookers, he was helpless to stop the Amazonian child but he knew he was acting like a pedophilic jerk. He was wrong to permit the young girl, no matter how mature or how big or how sexy she might be, to massage his junk. By allowing her, no encouraging her, to fondle and tug on his penis the horny Kryptonian was breaking so many earthly mores and Kryptonian obscenity laws he was reluctant to count them.

“Your interference annoyed us.” She glanced at her fellow SGS girls who were each nodding their heads in agreement while still rubbing their imposing bodies against this most intriguing of men.

“You’ve made me want to break something.” Amy squeezed and tugged on his penis even harder.

“Be careful.” Superman, unwilling to extricate himself just yet, feigned concern.

“By the way, I am proud.” She flexed her mighty 32” bicep in his face demonstrating just how proud she was. Telling Superman that during her second growth spurt she had more than doubled the size of her biceps; she was more than capable of breaking whatever it was she might eventually decide to break.

The Man of Steel was incredulous not only because the vixen’s flexed biceps were at least eight-full-inches larger than his own but because the other two SGS girl’s arms seemed to be even larger than hers.

All that remained now was for this Amazonian teen to determine which of the little man’s body parts she wished to break.

Obviously, Superman wasn’t intimidated by her threats of physical harm. However, he wasn’t immune to their sexual charms and overt advances. He was beginning to reach the point of no return. He pushed the other girls aside and forcibly disentangled himself from Amy’s powerful and sensuous manipulations.

Clark quickly decided it was long past time for him to beat a hasty retreat before he allowed the Amazonian temptress to successfully beat him off, he instead opted to split the scene. He surprised the giant SGS girls with his strength when he pulled away from their clutches and followed the frightened boys' example.

The Man of Steel was still dribbling dabs of pre-cum from his still dripping penis, the pre-cum was embarrassingly running down his leg. He followed suit and ran down the up-escalator steps intending to exit the building with his metaphorical tail between his legs.

However, Superman's egress was obstructed at the bottom of the escalator by a fourth imposing SGS girl; this one was Amy's newly transformed younger sister who now stood seven-foot-seven-inches-tall and she seemed intent on keeping him from leaving the mall. He sensed the other three fast-approaching girls behind him.

"Pretty damn big, huh?" She smirked at the wall-eyed man. "I can't wait for my second growth spurt."

"No way." An incredulous Superman was stunned; how big might this girl become.

In an effort to distract him the precocious woman-child puffed out her chest displaying her amazing 42DD breasts and her peaked 42" biceps. He didn't wish to hurt the girl so he quickly sped past and around her.

But not before Superman had a revelation. He realized then that he had to stop thinking of seven-foot-tall women as extraordinary. He had to stop thinking of 30-32-34" biceps as huge or massive. He had to stop thinking of 40-42-44" double and triple D breasts as being exceptional. Because in reality those dimensions were more and more becoming the norm for the ever-increasing numbers of 'new women' and the stunning SGS girls and it would be best if he and all males accepted that as reality.

Had Superman not been blessed with his Kryptonian gifts there was no telling what those sexy upset muscular SGS girls might have done to him or for him. Nonetheless, his sojourn to the

mall had been informative. He learned that SGS girls were indeed superior to males in every way imaginable and they were becoming more and more superior with every day that past.

He was beginning to understand the newly enacted law lowering the age of consent for females to fourteen. Law enforcement and the courts rationalized that if these mega-teens wanted sex or didn't want sex it was entirely their call.

The Man of Steel had acquired a strong sense of empathy for the physically inferior males of planet earth who would be forced to interact with and acquiesce to the wants of these vastly superior beings.

Superman flew directly to Gotham City for his meeting with the Council of Women. He had been lost in his own thoughts when he encountered a commotion in the corridor directly in front of him. He hung back trying to remain out of sight. The students were clearly excited speaking among themselves while pointing and gesturing towards two extremely tall and astonishingly muscular naked young girls.

"Superman, what are you doing here?" A male student, Billy Marshall, was looking up at his hero quizzically.

"Never mind that son." He spoke. "Just tell me what's going on." Superman had immediately deduced that the two naked seven-foot-tall students had to be recently transformed SGS girls but he asked anyway.

"Who are those girls and why are they parading around naked?" He asked.

"Today is an epic day Superman." The boy was almost apoplectic. "Two almost simultaneous SGS transformations in one classroom." The boy shook his head in disbelief. "'I'm so glad I was there to see it. There'll be Television cameras and reporters here any minute." The boy used his right hand to pat down his hair, hoping no doubt to be interviewed. "Pretty cool, huh?"

Billy explained to Superman that earlier that morning while he was sitting in his classroom the transformations had begun. The boy admitted he had been lustfully staring at his secret crush,

Cindy DeLuca, the prettiest and hottest girl in class maybe even in the whole school. Without warning the five-foot-two-inch teenaged blonde beauty began to convulse and shake uncontrollably.

Initially Billy was worried for her well-being. He immediately suspected what was happening and watched intently as his classmate's perfect natural 34C breasts instantly began to peak out over the top of her already overmatched halter-top.

The girl whose body was still shaking, vibrating, and convulsing stood up and up and up until she reached her new height of six-feet-eleven-and-one-half inches. As Cindy's evolving young body enlarged to Amazonian proportions her expanding musculature began to shred her clothing.

Finally, the over-taxed seams of her already skintight blue-jeans and her revealing clinging halter-top predictably surrendered and within seconds all of her shredded clothing succumbed to gravity and cascaded to the floor in a surprisingly neat pile next to her shredded shoes leaving the beaming newly anointed SGS girl completely naked; sans a stich ... some might say stich-less.

Miss Brooks, the bookish homeroom teacher, immediately bolted from the classroom incoherently babbling nonsensical utterings clearly upset but intent on reporting the incident to her superiors.

Cindy smiled with her eyes and sensually bit her lower lip as she began to twirl around joyfully flaunting her glorious new body to her classmates. All the while the girl was unconsciously releasing potent and intoxicating pheromones saturating the room stimulating everybody's already heightened libido.

The ecstatic schoolgirls who were now all wondering when their respective turns might come applauded wildly. As one, the distaff side was on their collective feet cheering wildly, while the boys were in a less celebratory mood contemplating their preordained dismal futures as inconsequential puny males. Nonetheless, overcome with lust the boys compulsively and unashamedly fondled their genitalia.

Not knowing what else to do with herself Cindy continued to flex her massive biceps making them bounce up and down while proudly exposing her enormous but perfectly proportioned breasts to her astonished classmates. She tweaked her erect nipples because the sensations were intoxicating.

An admittedly aroused little Billy Madison confessed to Superman that he had continued to knead his own rock-hard erection knowing full well that whatever chance he may have had with Cindy, slim as that may have been, was now long gone.

“Hey Cindy.” The biggest asshole in the four surrounding counties felt compelled to make a move on her, he wanted to be her first. He needed to maintain his image.

“Nice tits.” Bruce ‘the bruiser’ Stevenson was the biggest meanest and most arrogant jerk in the school. At six-foot-six the three-hundred-twenty-pound consensus all-state defensive end strode confidently towards Cindy and arrogantly attempted to fondle her naked breasts.

“No way ... Not even.” She shocked the elite athlete as well as herself when she deftly and roughly grabbed his hand at the wrist and twisted it up behind his back.

“Please no. Sorry, Cindy, my bad.” The varsity football player was grateful when she released her hold and shoved him towards the door.

“Bad move Bruce, bad move.” She spit out the words. “Take a hike you puny runt.”

“Puny runt?” He couldn’t abide that.

That’s when the embarrassed macho football player made the mistake of his life by turning to face her. He foolishly leveled a powerful right hand to her gut encountering slabs of impenetrable abdominal muscles. He was surprised when she simply laughed at him and even more surprised when the giant girl punched him in the face with such force that she bloodied his nose dropping him to the ground.

The entire class began to count him out ... one, two, three ... Bruce the Bruiser scurried away to where ever it is embarrassed macho jerks scurry off to when they are embarrassed enough to scurry off.

Suddenly another Italian American female student the five-foot-six-inch raven-haired Cathy Marino began to uncontrollably convulse and gyrate as her new body began to morph beyond measurable proportions. Her enlarging fingers literally snapped her class ring into two mutilated pieces sending the gold-plated band and her rose zircon birth stone flying half way across the room.

Before this burgeoning eighteen-year-old Amazonian child could rise from her chair her desk began to splinter and shatter around her expanding self. Cathy's expensive clothing literally disintegrated at the seams while the attention of the class was now being drawn to her. The students were all dumbfounded. Two separate SGS transformations in one day, in the same classroom, was unprecedented.

Cathy had reached her stunning new height of seven-feet-two-and-three quarter inches, nearly four inches taller than Cindy. The girl's breasts and musculature were every bit the equal to that of Cindy's with one major difference. Cathy was now endowed with a penis; an actual penis, an enormous girl-cock that while still flaccid hung down approaching her knees. She was one of the less than 0.6% of the SGS girls know to have grown a penis.

Cathy cautiously pushed her new toy to the side please to see that vagina was intact. She took her expanding penis into her hands and playfully waved her lady cock at her classmates. She watched as her big dick grew even longer and thicker and harder enjoying the delicious new sensations she was experiencing; sensations she would no doubt enjoy for the remainder of her life.

Her envious female classmates were all praying that their desire for an SGS transformation would arrive sooner than later. Many were ambivalent about growing a dick. However, most would be more than satisfied with the increased height, the muscular biceps, and the beauty.

The two-imposing high-school seniors easily maneuvered their way past, between, and around their now much smaller classmates inexorably moving closer and closer to each other like predatory animals until they were finally standing eye to eye; others might have said boob to boob. They appeared to be sizing each other up readying themselves for the inevitable confrontation.

The sexual tension in the classroom was palpable. Everyone was wondering if the two stunningly beautiful, overly muscled, and outrageously proportioned naked teenaged girls were about to fight with one another or would they about to make nice-nice.

Much to the relief of everyone in the room, well almost everyone, the newly transformed uber-girls rather than fight or test each other's strength began caressing each other's chiseled bodies.

They began their explorations by sensually almost hypnotically touching and caressing and squeezing each other's sexy muscle-laden calves before moving their trembling hands up to the other's awesome well-developed thighs.

The girls skipped over Cathy's massive erection (neither girl was ready for that yet). However, Cathy couldn't resist slapping her new toy off her inner-thighs several times enjoying the new sensations.

Their big hands moved upwards in unison momentarily lingering on each other's washboard abs culminating with a slow and sensual massage of the other's breasts and biceps. As the two amazing specimens of the fabulous female form were engaged in exploring each other's bodies they exchanged probing passionate wet kisses that lasted nearly a minute before they breathlessly terminated their sensual embrace.

Cathy, the one with the big girl-cock, leaned forward and grabbed a gawking fellow student by the scruff of his neck carefully hoisting, Darryl Johnson, her startled and now freighted 16-year-old classmate off the ground until he was level with her eyes.

She was amazed and turned-on by her own strength and her twitching bicep. She was amused as she intently watched the boy's long legs comically flailing and thrashing about while she purposefully dangled him a foot or more off the ground.

"Darryl, find me a ruler." Cathy commanded. She smiled to herself realizing that this was the first time in her life she had ever commanded anyone to do anything; delighted at his unhesitant acquiescence.

As soon as she released him the boy stumbled forward oafishly. Catching his balance, he ran directly towards the absent teacher's desk where he found a standard 12" wooden ruler. Looking back at Cathy and her now throbbing and twitching erection which unaided seemed to be waiving and beckoning to him.

He immediately realized the standard ruler was going to be way too short. Not wishing to incur the wrath of a newly ascended SGS girl, particularly one with an imposing erection, he continued rummaging through the cluttered desk until he found a seamstress's cloth measuring tape.

"Here you go." He reached up and handed the giant girl the cloth tape.

"Perfect." She giggled as she effortlessly lifted the six-foot-three, one hundred ninety-five-pound varsity point-guard a foot off the ground with one hand. Rewarding Darryl with an enthusiastic open-mouth kiss Cathy flexed her spectacular peaked bicep which he silently watched in stunned admiration.

The new and improved Cathy Marino was naturally impressed with, amazed by, curious about, and intrigued with her imposing new self. She watched the prominent superficial bluish colored worm like vein running up her forearm to her pulsating bicep. She gently let the excited boy down. He looked up at her in awe. He teetered a bit before fainting. The smile on his face was priceless.

The penis waving grinning eighteen-year-old girl leaned forward and held the measuring tape out in front of her clearly offering one of her classmates the opportunity and the honor of

measuring her now fully erect penis the head of which was now amazingly nuzzled between her pendulous yet gravity defying boobs seemingly peeking out from under in order to get a better view of its surroundings.

There was no shortage of volunteers but Cathy selected her best friend Ginger who gingerly measured her gigantic appendage while still managing to gently massage Cathy's girl-cock. Unable to resist the urge Ginger puckishly reached up and pinched her best friend's erect nipples.

"14 ½ inches." She announced to the class as she raised her eyebrows to meet Cathy's gaze. "Four-fucking teen and a one-fucking-half inches!" Ginger announced each syllable clearly as she continued with her sensual massage.

"Really ... 14 ½ inches ... it looks bigger?" Cathy grinned at her friend and moaned audibly enjoying Ginger's manipulations. Then the big-dick-blessed teen reached down and replaced Ginger's hands with her own.

"Taking matters into your own hands, are we?" Ginger quipped.

The entire class were using their cell phones to film her as they watched Cathy energetically jerking her enormous inexplicably already circumcised girl-cock, first with one hand and then with both. She had done this with Santo, her Italian boyfriend, many times in the past and but now she better understood why he requested it so often.

He had a really big dick but nothing like this one. She was amazed to discover that there was still more than enough length left on her cock to accommodate at least one more or HER hands; with the head still uncovered. She laughed when she came to realize that four normal sized hands might be enough. She couldn't help but wonder what her macho Italian Stallion would think of her now.

Everyone watched her using both of her hands furiously jerking on her girl-cock like an out-of-control jack-hammer. She couldn't take it any longer ... she was crazed ... then a feeling came over Cathy like a tidal wave ... she had never felt so good ... she had never felt so right.

Suddenly she began to ejaculate copious amounts of sperm, shooting rope after rope after rope of white viscous goo, goo that spurted all over her classmates including Ginger who now appeared to have been slimed.

Cathy had never experienced an orgasm quite like that before; an ejaculating penis was new to her and when coupled with a strong simultaneous vaginal orgasm redefined erupting euphoric ecstasy for her. The girl was totally spent and beyond mere ecstasy. She was approaching sexual nirvana. Cathy was no longer concerned about her boyfriend. However, she wondered if his ejaculations were anywhere near as exciting to him as it was satisfying to her.

She was jubilantly looking forward to the rest of her sure to be blessed life knowing her potential was unlimited, knowing she could duplicate the powerful and seemingly never-ending orgasm any time she wished.

Cindy together with her new Amazonian muscle sister as well as the rest of her adoring cum splattered classmates joined the towering twin teen titans and headed out the door to the now crowded corridor.

Before she reached the door, she was waylaid by a trembling male classmate who handed Cindy her birthstone and what remained of her deformed class ring. She thanked the boy by kissing him on the forehead before blessing him with an open-mouthed smooch.

Word of the transformations had spread fast. Much of the student body had gathered in the hallway and was excitedly repeating Ginger's mantra of the day; 14 ½ inches, 14 ½ inches, Four fucking teen and one-fucking-half inches.

Superman smiled inwardly sarcastically thinking to himself ... 'On a good day I've still got her beat by a full half inch.' However, he noticeably reddened in embarrassment as he realized that having a penis one-half inch longer than a teenaged girl is what passed for a triumph to a male in the changing world of the NEW WOMEN.

“That’s all of it Superman. That’s when you showed up.” Billy looked up at the Man of Steel, hoping for some sign of approval from his hero but none was forthcoming. The Kryptonian visitor was otherwise occupied.

Concerned didn’t adequately describe his state of mind. Two SGS transformations in one day, in one school, in the same classroom was a statistical anomaly that required further investigation and analysis.

Digesting what he had just learned Superman was envisioning an even more dismal future for males, males who were already being reduced to second-class citizens. At the same time, Superman was contemplating what his involvement should be, triggering yet another moral dilemma for Superman.

Did a Kryptonian born ‘visitor’ have an obligation to investigate and if appropriate intervene with what now appeared obvious to him to be a manipulation of the natural order of things. Superman was certain that someone or something had somehow altered reality propagating the unnatural evolution of the females populating his adopted home planet.

The Kryptonian vowed to himself to uncover the cause of what could only be massive manipulations causing the mutation of existing genes; genes exclusive to females. This extraordinary feminine genetic leap forward belied the normal evolutionary chain of progression. Superman seriously doubted it was a natural occurrence and vowed to look into it.

Superman receded into the background and walked away from the crowded hallway. He was hoping to find an inconspicuous place where he could be alone with his thoughts. Not even bothering with his x-ray vision he opened a door expecting an empty room but to his dismay a strong female hand reached out and grabbed his uniform shirt and guided him into the empty classroom.

How different would the rest of Superman’s life have been had the Man of Steel simply by-passed that particular door ... by-passed that particular classroom ... by-passed that particular girl ... and resisted his inevitable but undefendable indiscretion.

Standing before him in an otherwise empty room was Angelica Maria Martinez an extraordinarily beautiful young girl who was using this empty classroom for her obligatory forty-five-minute morning workout; push-ups, sit-ups, lunges and squats, crunches, and isometrics.

Angel's luxurious flaming red hair framed her lovely face accentuating her almost perfect symmetrical features, a beauty that immediately captivated Superman. Her combination of a dazzling smile, high cheek bones, cute pert nose, and her sensuous pouty lips was absolutely stunning. Her long hair caressed her shoulders looking a bit messy but in a planned sort of layered and feathery way. Her freckled yet well-tanned complexion was a stunning combination that and her penetrating blue-green eyes belied her Latino heritage.

Her mother was Spanish born, her father was an Irish American, and her step-father, whose sir-name she had taken, was Mexican. Angel was only nine-years-old when her real father who was a drunken Irish asshole, an asshole who had regularly beaten her mother with closed fists, sometimes using belt. He abandoned the family for a slutty bleached-blond silicon enhanced teenaged stripper. Together the drug addled duo stole her mother's engagement ring and everything else of value, including the computer and the TV set.

Nine years later a buffed-out eighteen-year-old girl tracked down her dirtbag father and killed him with her bare hands, slowly and painfully. The *cabron* never had a chance. Even at five-feet-four Angel was already that skilled and that powerful.

She had entered his house through an open window. Hearing a familiar clanging sound coming from the basement she silently walked down the stairs and entered a well-equipped weight room. Her deeply tanned but sill freckled dirtbag birth father was much bigger and more muscular than she remembered; clearly, she had inherited his genetics.

"Hey pal." She was initially intimidated by his size and muscularity. Angelica forced herself to move closer to him. "I heard you were a big workout guy." The womanly-child took a deep breath accentuating her spectacular breasts.

“Mind if I join you?” Angel had dressed rather provocatively wearing an impossibly tight-fitting belly shirt that displayed her amazing abdominal muscles and her 32D breasts while still managing to at least partially conceal her intimidating biceps from him.

“Sure, I would like that.” The obvious lurch was actually salivating, drooling really. Trying to impress the sexy little teenaged girl who was presenting herself to him, the sleezy mouth-breathing bastard pumped up his massive 16” right bicep.

“Pretty damn big, huh?” He smiled as he winked at her. “If you like you can feel them.” When she seemed to hesitate, he tried to put her at ease and asked her name.

“What’s your name little girl?” He asked.

“Angel.” Without further hesitation the tough teen shattered his jaw with a 10-pound barbell. Daddy dearest went down faster than seventy-five hot dogs at Joey Chestnut eating competition or a presidential intern during the Clinton administration or the DOW Jones average during the Bush administration.

“That’s what everyone calls me.” She had slowly and sexily removed her shirt and flexed her intimidating biceps for his viewing pleasure.

“Pretty damn big, huh?” From his prone position on the basement floor Daddy dearest looked at the kid’s muscular arms with a combination of awe and fear.

“By the way, my given name was Angelica Maria O’Conner but now I go by the name Martinez.” She slammed the barbell into his face, breaking his nose and shattering several teeth. “Does that sound familiar pops?”

She never let him rise to his feet or even speak. Angel leaped into the air landing on his chest with both of her knees and began pounding on him with her fists smashing his face and body relentlessly. She loved hearing him cry and plead for her to stop.

“Okay Papa.” She angrily pounded his face again some more. “Let me hear you say please, stop daughter.”

“Pu lese top daw ta.” Angel had already knocked out most of his front teeth. She laughed so hard at his lisp she had to squeeze hard to keep from pissing herself.

“Oh ... What the hell, why not?” She pulled her pants to the side, squatted like a *lady*, aimed a steady stream of urine onto his face and chest and laughed. “Just marking my territory, shit head.”

“Ugh ... Yuk ...” He wiped his mouth and spit all over himself. “Gross ... Ick ... Yech ...” He spit some more again. “Bitch.”

“What the hell are you trying to say to me?” Angel held her sides and laughed some more again.

“Are you weally my dawta?”

“Yep.” She picked up the ten-pound weight again and started using it on his body. She used her hands and feet to hit and kick him nonstop for what seemed like hours but had actually only been a couple of minutes.

With the help of the barbell, she proceeded to break and smash every bone in his worthless body, at least twice. She had not only broken most of his bones she had pulverized many. Once Angel was satisfied her deadbeat dad was really a dead deadbeat dad, she lifted his broken dead deadbeat dad body over her head and dropped the man’s corpse in a large garbage bin located in the corner of the basement.

Before leaving Angel stripped herself naked, lifted some heavy weights, and admired her pumped reflection in a full-length mirror. She showered letting the scolding hot water cascade down her formidable teen body for at least ten-minutes before devouring several slabs of surprisingly tasty microwave bacon as well as four toaster waffles each slathered in real butter, maple syrup, and fresh blueberries.

An impartial observer would have immediately concluded that someone capable of preparing and then eating a complete breakfast immediately after bludgeoning one’s father to death,

essentially with her bare hands, was an unquestioned psychopath prone to abnormal violent social behavior with a complete lack of empathy for others, no matter the justification.

Angel noticed a washing machine in a far corner of the basement so while she washed and dried herself, she washed and dried all of her bloody clothes. Before heading to the nearest ice cream parlor, she searched the man's house looking for his wallet hoping for some money; \$66 and change was to be her inheritance. Not much, but more than enough to get two scoops of her flavor of choice, Cherry Garcia; a homage to the lead singer of the Grateful Dead ... which, on that day, somehow seemed to be appropriate to Angel.

Later that week two burly homicide detectives arrived at the Martinez home to inform the family of her dad's murder. Angel was concerned. Had she left any incriminating evidence? Had she been seen? Was there a witness?" Were her finger prints or traces of her DNA found at the crime scene? Angel was grateful she had had the foresight to burn all of her bloody clothes but still ...

When Angel's mom insisted the detectives provide the details surrounding his murder the cops shuddered before answering. He was found in a garbage bin. Every bone in his body had been shattered or broken or crushed adding that the beating was slow and methodical. The assailant or assailants wanted to cause the victim as much pain as possible and the cops were pretty sure they had succeeded with that.

"Good." Angel's mom smiled broadly.

The cops surmised that the murder was either drug related or extremely personal. When the cops finally left the apartment, Angel's step-father caught her eye and offered a fist bump ... He knew.

Superman didn't know it yet but this gorgeous little teenaged spitfire named Angelica Maria Martinez had been preordained to be his destiny. Because of her he was fated by the Gods to endure ignominious calamitous humiliations; too many to count.

Angel, as she was known to everyone in school was a scholarship kid from the poorest part of town. She had demonstrated an extremely high IQ approaching 160. Her psyche-evaluation had been administered by an overworked, disgruntled, and underpaid school psychologist who had completely misdiagnosed the girl's many emotional problems identifying the youngster as being moody, a little neurotic, and confrontational; a product of her environment. When in truth the girl who was about to brutally murder her father was actually a cruel vicious violent pathologically narcissistic delusional sadistic paranoid kid; as well as a psychotic emotionless busty bicep-blessed brutal belligerent bitter barbarous bullying beautiful but bitchy ball-busting brat.

For much of her young life Angel had been preparing herself for a tough existence in the ghetto and the inevitable confrontation with her yet to be dead deadbeat dad.

As a young girl Angel had managed to avoid the neighborhood gangs by frequenting the local gyms instead. Lifting weights to build up her muscles became her sole passion. Sculpturing her body, increasing her strength, enlarging her biceps, and perfecting her Martial Arts skills were her goals.

As a nubile five-foot-four-inch, 110-pound teenager Angel's bust had already developed into an impressive 32D while her biceps measured an incredible 13 ½ inches which given her slight stature looked all the more impressive. Ever since puberty the girl had been using her body and strength to tease, solicit, and then brutalize lewd men.

The still developing eighteen-year-old was cheaper than a box of two-buck Chuck and tougher than a dollar-ninety-eight steak. She would achieve delicious tingling sensations in her nether regions whenever she hurt, embarrassed or extorted money and favors from lecherous weaker men of which there were many.

The motivated child was practicing no doubt for her ascension to SGS status which Angel had no doubt would come to her sooner than later but that was not to be the case. She waited patiently for her transition, never doubting her destiny. However, the extremely confident

delinquent-in-waiting had never imagined that her growth spurt would occur in the presence of Superman.

Superman finally realized that this nearly naked schoolgirl was in the midst of experiencing a sudden growth spurt of her own. Her transformation had begun seconds after he entered the classroom and now the girl's entire body was beginning to tremble as she continued to vibrate as the smiling teen grew taller and taller and taller. She quickly shed her over-matched clothing until she was completely naked except for a tiny patch of pink panty that bravely hung on.

When the kid finally stopped growing, she measured an incomprehensible seven-feet six-inches in height and well over 300 pounds of nothing but solid muscle. Angel found herself smiling her wicked little grin, a grin that in the past warned anyone and everyone nearby, not to be.

Even before Angel had reached puberty the girl never doubted that an SGS transformation would someday happen for her.

Angel was ecstatically reveling in her new superior physique visualizing who she would brutalize first knowing there would be no shortage of viable candidates both in her neighborhood and at her school. Only one thought dominated her mind ... assholes best beware.

Superman was embarrassed and crestfallen. Lusting after a teenaged girl was against Kryptonian law and lusting he was. He couldn't stop staring at the girl's stupendous gravity defying breasts unconsciously focusing his attention on her erect youthful nipples and her perfectly proportioned saucer sized pinkish areolas.

Both he and she were definitely becoming seriously aroused.

The Man of Steel realized that reasonable prudence on his part dictated he act like an adult and immediately exit the room before something, anything, untoward were to happen. If only the Man of Steel had paid attention to his instincts and his own cautionary warning.

However, he couldn't take his eyes off those enticing nipples; each one seemed to be beckoning to him. Superman was so enchanted by the spectacular Amazonian eighteen-year-old he couldn't bring himself to leave.

Superman hadn't been in a sexual relationship with a woman since his wife had belatedly transformed into an SGS girl. When Lois Lane, his heavily muscled fiancée, began to find other women attractive Superman was taken aback. While Clark Kent's secret identity remained hush-hush Superman and Lois's nuptials were well publicized and constant fodder for the media.

When Superman expressed his deep-seeded displeasure with her proclivities, Lois decided she needed to follow her heart and to the surprise of the entire world Mr. and Mrs. Superman separated.

Months later Lois initiated a torrid affair with Kara, Superman's Kryptonian cousin, AKA Supergirl. The Internet, the tabloids, and TMZ were all having a field day reporting the salacious story, ad nauseum.

Videos and even innocent candid photos of the two women together were in great demand. The entire world was obsessed with the details of their ongoing tryst. The media was consumed with a possible Lane/Superman/Supergirl tete-a-tete. Pornographers were offering payments exceeding eight figures for an intimate video of the three of them cavorting together.

The girls were more than willing to negotiate a price. Each wanted an excuse to show off her sapphic love making techniques while displaying their spectacular bodies to the public. However, with Superman on board they knew they could more than double or triple their asking price, not to mention the fun, so the girls were willing to hold out a bit longer.

Clearly Lois Lane's sexual mores and needs had evolved but not surprisingly the puritanical Superman could not accept what he considered to be her aberrant penchants. Superman considered homosexual acts to be abominations, aberrations from the norm.

As the evolving female population developed into more and more muscular beings, they were inexorably drawn to one another and Lois Lane was no different. The 'new women' who were increasingly bi-curious unabashedly embraced lesbianism or at the very least enthusiastically practiced bi-sexuality.

Dr. Catherine Hardy who observed from a distance endorsed the mad rush towards lesbianism which she firmly believed was a likely but unintended and delightful side effect of the Fen-Dom virus.

The prudish and sexually frustrated Superman couldn't condone any deviations from the heretofore accepted Kryptonian and Judeo-Christian ethics and norms relative to homosexuality. To him these were all unnatural acts and perversions and abominations and they always would be. No doubt Superman would embrace the Catholic bible particularly certain passages found in the teachings highlighted in Leviticus.

The Kryptonian fuddy-duddy wouldn't even consider engaging in the proposed Ménage a Trois with Lois and his naughty cousin no matter how often the women pleaded with him. It's not as if he hadn't considered such a liaison in the past but in practice the proposed incestuous union would be an ecclesiastical anathema to Superman.

Regardless of how naughty Supergirl had become and much to Superman's chagrin the Mighty Maiden of Might had become pretty damn naughty, it would still violate Kryptonian law for him to lay with his cousin and she with another woman.

For a time, Superman feared that Supergirl might force him into capitulating. Ever since the onset of the new women phenomenon Kara, like nearly every other woman on the planet had grown a little taller and much stronger.

Initially Kara's every physical enhancement had come with no effort on her part which was nice for her but Supergirl wanted more for herself. She knew if she dedicated herself and worked extremely hard, she could do even better, be even better, be the very best. She understood that in no time she would easily surpass Superman in every way imaginable. Afterall, Supergirl was a female.

Long before Supergirl had arrived on planet earth Superman had already been using his extraordinary Kryptonian gifts to protect the inhabitants of his adopted planet. The Man of Steel not only embodied his personal belief system and the citizenry of the world understood that the mighty Kryptonian personified Truth, Justice, and the American Way. He had selflessly defended the planet and its populace from the effects of natural disasters, from invading space aliens, from supervillains, et. al.

Supergirl knew long before he did, she was actually considerably stronger than he. She did her part defending the planet but out of respect for him she always deferred to her older cousin. No matter how much Supergirl accomplished the world still thought of her as Superman's little cousin. Her jealousy had been simmering over the years. Soon Supergirl would be compelled to step out of his shadow.

His little cousin who was already the second if not the strongest person on earth had secretly taken full advantage of the new women phenomenon. Supergirl was at ease with her body and her Kryptonian strength, nonetheless she compulsively dedicated herself to develop and re-shape her entire body into the most muscular being on the planet, growing stronger in the process.

She arduously studied and trained with martial arts experts across the world until she was proficient in all of the fighting disciplines. Soon the Kryptonian female would not only be exponentially stronger than her cousin she would also be a much more lethal fighter.

Exercising and lifting weights on earth had posed no challenge for her and did nothing to add muscle to her lithe frame. So, Kara periodically traveled into outer space working-out on planets with much stronger gravitational pulls. For hours and hours Supergirl dramatically pumped herself up by dead-lifting actual mountains and bench-pressing enormous boulders while running for hours wearing gravitational shoes increasing her calves from her normal 16" dimensions to a still shapely but preposterous 22" of hard muscle.

Kara had dramatically increased the size and definition of her body particularly her biceps which were now twice their previous size expanding from a modest 14 1/2 inches to a little

over 28-inches. In less than two months Kara had managed to more than triple Superman's strength and far out distance him when it came to fighting skills.

The Man of Steel's little cousin was finally ready for her great reveal. Even though hubris was an anathema to a Kryptonian she broke the mold. Kara felt herself tingling with anticipation. That night in her apartment during one of the cousins' family dinners and training sessions, Kara couldn't contain herself any longer. She had developed her incomparable physique so she could show-off and display her killer body in front of an unsuspecting Superman

It was time for the new and improved Supergirl to flaunt her newly sculptured body. She was still a little timid but flaunt her body she could, she would, and she did.

Without uttering a word, the Maiden of Might stepped out of her superhero uniform proudly flexing her naked body which radiated extreme feminine power. She was fully aware that Superman in keeping with his Kryptonian values relative to casual sex had remained mostly celibate life since separating from Lois. He had never blamed Kara for the break-up but she wished there was something she could do for him.

When Kara performed her double-bicep pose in front of Superman mountains of heretofore unrealized feminine muscle erupted forming the most gorgeous biceps he had ever seen. Superman, cousin or not, instantly became aroused and fully erect. When she noticed his throbbing fifteen-inch penis straining against his pants she smiled but said nothing.

Kara had been aware that her nakedness would embarrass and excite her prudish cousin. She was hoping she could make her uptight cousin cum without ever touching his naughty bits. God knows the boy really needed the release.

Kara was noticeably taller now somewhere between six-foot-two and six-foot-three. She was nearly his height so she looked directly into his unbelieving eyes just because now she could. Her sexy calves and thighs and abs and breasts and even her back muscles were now extraordinary. She literally dwarfed Superman in every way imaginable. His big little cousin proudly flexed her imposing rippling 28" biceps enjoying the uncomprehending panicky look on his face.

He looked at her incomparable body with both adoration and trepidation and shame; yes shame. Superman had arrived on earth as a baby with gifts. Without any effort on his part the Kryptonian developed into a Superman but he never bothered to improve his body.

Exercise and body building were an anathema to him and seemed unnecessary and somehow beneath the last son of Krypton. The Man of Steel as he was called believed he would always be the strongest being on the planet. Superman never had anything to prove to anyone, until now.

This was the day Superman had been dreading. While the female evolution was still in its embryonic stages he had anticipated and feared that Kara would eventually surpass him; God forbid she would ever transform into a Kryptonian SGS girl.

As Superman acknowledged his cousin's entire physical package to be a reality the Man of Steel nearly crapped his pants. He was deeply ashamed of himself for involuntarily ejaculating copious amounts of semen into his shorts. It was better that than pooh-pooh he thought but still mega-embarrassing.

He was demoralized and intimidated and a little bit frightened not to mentioned sexually aroused by her extradentary biceps, and her sexy diamond shaped 22" calves, and her overly muscled thighs, and her astonishing 8-pack of abdominal muscles, and of course her large perfectly proportioned breasts, breasts that not only defied description but gravity as well

He grudgingly admitted to himself that he was no longer the strongest person on earth and neither was he the master of his own domain.

Still not noticing the growing wet spot at his crutch Kara guided her blushing, clearly intimidated cousin, reluctantly over to her dining room table and placed her right elbow down demanding that Kal-El do the same. Kara understood why he didn't want to challenge her. Just by looking at him she knew that defeating her in any test of strength was as unlikely as Jessica Simpson winning a spelling-bee.

They locked fingers. Supergirl's smaller hand squeezed so hard Superman sensed his bones were about to be crushed. Looking for an advantage, an advantage he knew he would need to even compete with her Superman jumped started the process.

Without offering Kara proper notice he started to push and strain against her heavily muscled arm, an arm that refused to budge even an inch. Watching the pulsating vein in her cousin's forehead and his straining bicep amused Supergirl who mischievously asked Superman if he were ready to begin.

"Are you ready to begin?"

She was laughing more than she should have. Kara enjoyed watching his already weakened and trembling overmatched arm as she slowly and methodically pushed his arm down before viciously slamming his hand through the solid oak tabletop shattering it into a pile of wooden slats and splinters.

"Maybe next time Kal-El."

The impressively muscle maiden stifled her almost uncontrollable desire to laugh some more. Knowing she was unnecessarily feeding into her cousin's insecurities she condescendingly patted him on top of his head.

Thankfully for him, Superman's cousin had retained some of her Kryptonian ideals so he believed her when she promised to never use her overwhelming strength and power to force him to compromise his Kryptonian values or do anything against his will. However, she reminded her uptight cousin how much fun it would be for the both of them if they were to lay together.

Kara wordlessly pointed to a clearly embarrassed Superman's still bulging crotch and the now spreading wet spot and giggled sexily, happy she had provided him with the release that she knew he needed.

"Dude, remember I'm still your cousin." She playfully massaged her well-tanned breasts and squeezed them together seductively accentuating her spectacular 38DD breasts. Then she

pinched and licked her erect nipples before bouncing her fleshy playthings up and down for Superman's benefit. She could feel a delicious stirring between her legs and smiled with the anticipation as release arrived like an uncapped oil gusher; a clitoral orgasm that could only be described as a blowout of biblical proportions.

"Hey, if you ever change your mind big guy you know where to find me." She pointed at his massive erection and shook her head. "It would be a shame for you to continue to waste that thing."

Supergirl was as horny as a girl could possibly be not because she lusted after her cousin but rather because she became aroused while demonstrating her complete dominance. Enjoying the moment, the Maiden of Might decided to show-off her new muscles and her awesome strength while having some fun at the expense of her perpetually embarrassed cousin by demonstrating her clear superiority.

She grabbed his crotch 'accidentally' brushing her hand against his erection. She effortlessly lifted him high over her head with just the one hand, the epitome of absolute domination. She power lifted the disheartened superhero a couple a dozen times nearly bumping his head on the ceiling just for the fun of it.

The diminished Man of Steel was both humiliated and enraged not to mention embarrassed by his raging hard-on and his inability to even compete with his younger vastly more powerful cousin.

Kara was ecstatic. These few moments of domination and his realization of such were well worth the many hours of training. She joyously paraded him around the room stopping in front of a full-length mirror allowing Superman to witness her unquestioned superiority up close and personal.

She held her blushing cousin upside down by his ankles and forced the humiliated man to nuzzle her perfect breasts. Finally, almost as an afterthought the Maiden of Might gently lowered her helpless cousin down to his feet.

It went without saying that from that moment on Kara would become the de facto protector of the planet and Superman would remain in the background just as Supergirl had wanted for years.

Superman couldn't help comparing Angel's physicality to that of his muscular cousin who could physically dominate him at her whim. He was both embarrassed and extremely excited by the powerful goddess like body now towering over him.

Angel's sheer size and uninhibited nakedness intimidated the Kryptonian grouch. The release of the powerful pheromones emanating from Angel no doubt contributed to his sexual excitement, that and his general horniness. He couldn't take his eyes off the redheaded sex-kitten's amazing body.

At an impressive six-feet four-inches and two hundred and forty pounds of solid Kryptonian muscle Superman was unaccustomed looking up at someone. However, today he unashamedly needed to do just that. The imposing three-hundred-plus pound, seven foot-six-inch-tall, green eyed teenager stood at least two feet taller than she had a few short minutes ago and the schoolgirl couldn't have been happier. Her preposterously huge biceps were like a parody of the morphed muscle girls depicted on the popular Fem-dom sites on the internet.

Angel was furiously pumping her stunning arms intent on inflating the size of her biceps even more than her current 40" feminine wonders. Angel was her name and intimidation had always been the powerfully-built teen's game. Even before her transformation this eighteen-year-old girl from the barrio had already achieved 16" biceps and a generous 38" bust complete with a 20-inch waist. This woman-child was more than comfortable showing off her powerful physique, intimidating men had always been fun for her. She loved watching the guys flinch with her every move.

Watching Superman's lustful reaction to her exquisite tits and her throbbing muscles made Angel realize that this guy was nothing more than a horny, mouth breathing, muscle head. She really wanted to dominate his alien mind and diminish his waning self-confidence even further; that's who she was – that's what she does.

Angel decided to demonstrate her front double-bicep pose by menacingly displaying her massive upper arms directly in front of Superman. She took a deep breath minimizing the size of her already miniscule waist accentuating her visible and sensual ribcage. She thrust her fantastic breasts forward as she struck still another intimidating muscle pose.

“flex for me Superman.” She laughed derisively when the Man of Steel looked away from her. “Come on baby.” She grabbed his right bicep with her giant left hand and squeezed hard. “Wow, muscles of steel.” She had never felt anything quite so hard. “Let me see those super hard biceps.” She attempted to roll up his sleeve.

“Okay girl you win.” Superman played along. He removed his shirt and flexed as hard as he ever had achieving his biggest bicep flex ever. He proudly displayed 24” of solid Kryptonian bicep knowing that even his best flex ever would pale when compared to hers. Inexplicably Superman was being turned on by the very thought of this girl having a bicep nearly twice the size of his.

“Oh my God!” She covered her grinning mouth with both hands like a geisha girl. “Superman, is that all you’ve got?”

Angel was enjoying her magnificent new physique condescendingly smirking while looking down her nose at the much smaller Superman. She snickered audibly when the obviously self-conscious and embarrassed superhero quickly put his shirt back on.

“Superman, look at these puppies.” With each flex her gorgeous biceps rose like mountains and then retreated as if they had a life of their own. “Oh, wait.” She continued flexing. “Puppies doesn’t adequately describe these huge guns.” The teenager was trying to be clever. “Instead of puppies how about we call them **my** guns of mass destruction?”

Angel was intrigued with her immense size and the undeniable power lurking within. Her haughty expression revealed her growing confidence and arrogance. She was beginning to wonder if she might even be stronger than this so-called Man of Steel. The girl with the high IQ was so infatuated with herself she could no longer spell the word hubris.

Suddenly her concentration was broken as she felt something foreign growing inside her; something big and sensuous. For the first time since her transformation began, Angel felt afraid.

“Cock-a-doddle-do!” She screamed with unbridled excitement. What little had remained of Angel’s little pink panties ripped apart and slowly floated to the ground revealing her massive new girl-cock that had magically appeared between her legs. She chuckled out loud to herself. Well actually the excited schoolgirl laughed triumphantly and let out a satisfied full-throated roar; crowing like a barnyard cock in heat ... no pun intended.

Angel never doubted that this moment would arrive for her. The girl had always known she would become one of the few females in the world with an enormous girl-cock. This was the moment she had been dreaming about, the moment for which she had been hoping and praying.

“Pretty damn big for a girl ... No?”

“Pretty damn big for anyone.” Superman surprised himself when he almost reverently paid tribute to Angel’s magnificence. “Be sure to use your powers well, young lady.” He added sanctimoniously.

The girl from the barrio cautiously clutched her growing member with one hand and moved it to the side so she could inspect her vagina which seemed to be intact except that now her previously prominent clit was dwarfed and nearly obscured by her obscenely gigantic new she-cock.

She was both surprised and grateful that her unusually thick 7 ½ inch in circumference, 18” long monster cock had somehow arrived circumcised. Angel hated the anteater look and the teen vixen was elated she had been spared. A naturally circumcised penis was no more implausible than a sudden growth spurt, so she stopped thinking about it.

Angel began fondling her clit while jerking her big dick just a little bit, and then a little bit more, and then even more. She moaned in the obvious throes of ecstasy as a few drops of

pre-cum dripped from her big girl-cock. Angel was experiencing heretofore unmatched sensations. She decided to slow down a bit. She needed to save herself for Superman. Afterall, there was no point masturbating when she had the strongest man in the world at her disposal.

The girl from the barrio fixed her attention on Superman who was now laser focused on her enormous girl-cock. She knew it was only a matter of time before she'd have the mighty Superman down on his knees sucking her big dick. Even if he didn't know it yet she owned his pathetic little ass which she hoped to forcibly enter.

A clearly uncomfortable Superman was perving out. He was compulsively staring bug-eyed and slack jawed at Angel's imposing erection. She used her huge hands to choke-up on her preposterously long cock as one would do with a baseball bat. Angel laughed when she realized she would need at least four of her large hands to fully encompass the length of her cock and reach its head.

Angelica Maria Martinez knew she was incredibly strong. The big teen was past wondering about it. She now believed she might actually be stronger than Superman. Afterall, she was more than a foot taller than he, out-weighed the horny little twerp by well over one hundred pounds, and her superior muscles were evident and suggested as much.

Impulsively, this now extremely confident and determined young Amazonian like girl reached out with both hands. Using her powerful forearms, she shoved a startled Superman off his feet and onto his backside. When the fallen Kryptonian hit the ground he uncharacteristically let out an audible groan.

Angel flexed her powerful body some more and giggled. She was purposely switching her persona from childlike to haughty Amazonian dominatrix. While Angel may have been psychotic, she was also very perceptive and pretty damn smart. The girl was not only trying to demoralize the man she was attempting to diminish him in every way possible.

Angel arrogantly spread her powerful legs apart and straddled Superman who had remained on his back. Initially he had fixated on her powerful legs, comparing her calves to those of

Supergirl's until the precocious teen began waving her enormous cock in his face. Watching the man blush and purse his lips and sweat profusely alerted the girl from the barrio that this Kryptonian prude might be hiding latent homosexual desires. Many of the most macho dudes back in the neighborhood were homos, maybe Superman was like them.

Angel had heard Superman groan. Damn, did I really hurt him? Wasting no time, she aggressively jumped on top of the man trying to exert her newly-found power testing her strength against his. Sitting on his chest had placed her in a dominant position. She inexorably slid her giant penis up his chest moving closer and closer to Superman's noticeably quivering mouth.

Superman was certain he could use his super strength to easily lift this 300-hundred-pound naked girl off his still prone body. But he didn't even bother to try. The Kryptonian was reluctantly admitting to himself that he didn't wish to deprive himself of this beautiful Amazonian child's touch.

He was finally ready to shed his inhibitions, explore his many sexual opportunities no matter where they might lead him. He desperately wanted to resume what was once a relatively satisfying sex life. Supergirl understood that masturbation was against Kryptonian law, (wasn't everything) so other than an occasional nocturnal emission and the few accidental ejaculations he experienced while watching Kara's compassionate well-meaning teasing routines Superman hadn't manually ejaculated in nearly enough. But right now, the sexually frustrated Man of Steel not only wanted to experience what Angel had to offer; he desperately needed to taste her.

Still sitting on the chest of the only remaining symbol of male relevance in the entire world Angel began stripping away his dignity by casually ripping off his clothes. Superman didn't resist, he wanted the fiery redhead's hot naked body and her enormous cock grinding against him.

First the shirt with the big red “S” was removed and dismissively castaway followed by his uniform pants and his red, white, and blue underwear were torn off and discarded. The girl clearly had no reverence for the iconic uniform.

Free from the confines of his undies his engorged cock rose majestically. He watched proudly as the girl with the emerald green eyes stared intently at his legendary fully erect and abnormally thick 15-inch Kryptonian dick.

Angel, continued to wage her psychological warfare against Superman’s psyche by attempting to deflate what little remained of the Man of Steel’s ego. She wanted to mind-fuck the man. Even though his penis was by far the largest she had ever seen, she pointed at his erection and laughed contemptuously before slapping him across the face with her own much larger rock-hard eighteen-inch girl-cock.

Superman harkened back to his thoughts from just a few moments ago when in the hallway he had experienced a small modicum of pride when learning his cock was a FULL half inch longer than the recently ascended 18-year-old’s girl-cock.

Angel leaned forward grabbing at his wrists while she placed her huge throbbing erection directly on his chin inviting the trembling Creep-tonian to do whatever came (no pun intended) naturally.

Superman’s moral compass was being tested. He couldn’t allow himself to be seduced by this teen vixen. However, his resistance was collapsing much like the L. A. Dodgers during post-season play.

Hesitating only slightly, Superman used both of his quivering hands to grab the base of Angel’s monstrous cock and carefully inserted as much of the damn thing as he could into his mouth, something he never imagined he would ever do.

He couldn’t begin to list the number of Kryptonian taboos he was about to violate. As humiliated as he was, he energetically kissed, licked and sucked on her big girl-cock twirling his tongue around its head like a pro emulating Lois’s more than satisfying technique.

Angel felt as if she had just won the lottery. However, she was getting overly excited way too soon. She wanted to prolong his humiliation for as long as she possibly could but she knew she was fighting a losing battle as she succumbed and experienced her first penile climax. The sensation was overwhelming. She couldn't hold back much longer. She was about to cum, so cum she did.

She released copious amounts of her semen or should cum from a girl-cock be called ... *she-men*? Before Angel had finished spilling her schlong juice she pulled out of his mouth and gleefully splashed her sticky goo all over Superman's chest and his blushing face.

Her girlish giggles only added to his humiliation; reminding the Kryptonian prude how young the girl was.

If only she had her cellphone nearby. A video or even a picture of Superman's cum splattered face and body would be priceless. For the moment she had to put those thoughts aside. While still sitting on the man's chest she turned herself around and faced Superman's raging erection.

Angel was no stranger to a quick blow job. She knew exactly how to get a man off quickly but she wanted to dominate this man, so she took her time and teased the horny little Kryptonian creep. first the sexiest of all the sexy SGS girls leaned her body forward allowing the jerk-wad to fondle her breasts, kiss and lick her perfect pinkish areolas while he enthusiastically suckled on her impossibly erect nipples.

She squeezed and gently fondled his balls sensually licking the head of his dick a number of times before aggressively shoving it into her mouth. She sucked, licked and stroked, licked, stroked and sucked, stroked, sucked and licked until she sensed he was about to blow his wad. She continued with the sucking and the licking but the mischievous teen stopped the stroking and instead began to gently squeeze his penis preventing his sweet release. Superman begged and pleaded with her to let him cum.

"Please Angel, let me cum." He pleaded.

She unmercifully continued to stroke then squeeze his pulsating cock bringing him to the edge of climax over and over and over again. While frustrating the anticipation of his climax was beyond ecstasy.

“Please Angel, let me cum ... please.” She could hear him begging her. His dick seemed to be chafing turning a scary blotchy reddish-purplish color. She was both amused and a little concerned.

Angel finally released her firm grip. She didn't want to damage the damn thing. She felt his spasming cock exploding releasing great globes of his gooey white semen as Angel hungrily swallowed down every last drop.

Superman's eyes rolled back in his head until he was nearly unconscious but Angel wasn't quite done with him yet. She continued to yank on his schlong until it began to get hard again. When Angel placed his dick back in her mouth Superman's eyes shot wide open. He felt his cock beginning to react to her hands and her tongue and her full lips and her soft warm mouth.

Superman surrendered yet another massive discharge as he produced more and more semen. He noticeably shuddered, visibly spasming, from the intensity of his orgasm. Angel swallowed and swallowed until she purposefully pulled his cock out of her mouth and pointed his still spurting member directly at him.

“In your face Superman ... In your face.” Angel laughed as massive amounts of cum dripped down his face. In her mind the humiliation of Superman was a fait accompli.

Angel grabbed her back-pack intending to retrieve her smart-phone. She was determined to shoot a video or take a number of photos of a naked, cum soaked, Superman. She knew they would be worth a fortune and would blow up the Internet.

“No pictures.” Superman sprang to his feet in a Nano Nano second. (a nano nano second is the speed at which a superhero on the planet Ork travels)

There was a momentary but audible BOOM when his hand moved slightly faster than the speed of sound as he snatched the phone from her hand. Using only one hand the Man of Steel crushed the damn thing beyond all recognition leaving only a tiny rectangular piece of plastic junk.

“I’ll buy you a new one.” He promised.

Angel attempted to push Superman off his feet as she had done earlier but he didn’t budge, not even an inch. The furious teenager attempted to kick him in the balls but failed. She tried to punch him in the face but he caught her right hand with his left. He squeezed just hard enough to gain her attention. Superman knew she was in some pain and he admired the girl for not letting it show.

“Okay Angel. That’s enough with the nonsense.” Superman lifted the struggling overly muscled three-hundred-pound schoolgirl over his head and performed twenty-five quick military presses. He switched to one hand and balanced her over his head. Using his free hand, he began to twirl her around as if he were a circus performer spinning plates. She was silently gritting her teeth as he continued to spin her around faster and faster and faster until he took pity on the girl and gently laid her down in a corner.

“Fuck you!” She was livid. “Fuck you.” She was livid some more. “Pretty pathetic seduction move asshole.” She gave him the finger, a really big finger. “Why did you make me believe I was stronger than you?” Angel raised herself up onto her knees and screamed at him yet again. “Fuck you, faggot.” She gave him the finger again. She was turning white feeling nauseous and dizzy from all the spinning. She was about to throw up.

Superman noticed the giant girl’s ashen complexion so he placed the one trash can in the room right in front of her. Angel immediately began retching violently before vomiting into the basket.

Surprisingly the uptight prudish Kryptonian had a secret fetish of his own; no, he wasn’t into puking girls. However, he had always craved and fantasized about being dominated by a powerful woman probably because it could never happen.

Other than his cousin, Kara, he had never encountered a woman who could dominate him. That's likely why he participated in this farcical dalliance with this preposterously heavy muscled young female Amazonian like teen goddess.

Nevertheless, when he was still living with Lois, they often roleplayed. In one scenario she became a very sexy powerful and ruthless super-human vixen who would take advantage of him by brutalizing and raping a weakened and helpless Superman. His dalliance with Angel had briefly reminded him of those intimate moments with Lois.

As Superman was getting dressed, he spoke to Angel as if she were the child she was. He politely apologized to her over and over again for his moment of weakness explaining to her how deeply he had grown to care for her and how much he had enjoyed their intimate moments they shared together; particularly the strength related role-playing moments.

He stressed that what had transpired between them was a wonderful experience for him and hopefully for her as well. It was something he would cherish forever. Superman stressed that everything that happened between them needed to be kept confidential or else he could be in trouble. Word of this would be a public relations disaster for him and could even lead to legal jeopardy.

Superman promised the Amazonian child he would use all of his considerable influence and powers to help with her future endeavors. He would guarantee her life-long successes in any field she chose.

"That's cool." The seven-foot-six-inch girl with the 160 IQ had quickly and thoroughly assessed and weighed all of her options before promising. She didn't want Superman to get in trouble, at least not yet.

She certainly didn't want him as an enemy. She understood how it would be beneficial for her to have Superman as a friend and benefactor. However, this deeply paranoid and delusional psychopath vowed to herself that somehow, someday, she, Angelica Maria Martinez, would exact her revenge on the little faggot.

“Sorry I called you a faggot.” Picturing her big dick in his mouth it felt disingenuous for her to say that but she said it anyway.

“No problem.” Superman nodded. “We should leave here separately. We shouldn’t be seen together.” The two imposing figures were getting ready to exit the room. “I need to go first. I’m late for a meeting with the Council of Women.”

“Say hello to the COWS for me, Superman.”

“COWS ... what who ... huh?” A very confused Superman looked very confused and said as much. “Angel, I’m very confused.”

“You know. The Council of Women.” Angel giggled. “COWS. That’s what everybody calls those old bats.”

Ignoring Superman’s request that he be allowed to leave first Angel, flaunting her nudity, defiantly strolled out the door ahead of him. Not only was she eager to showoff her new body to her friends and classmates, she needed to take a leak and she was anxious to try out her new toy. In addition, Angel wanted Superman to understand that she would never be his ‘YES’ girl. Angel wanted to plant seeds of doubt.

Surprising himself, Superman began to sing under his breath the words to Al Green’s R&B classic *Let’s Stay Together* ... Inexplicably thinking of Angelica Maria Martinez the Man of Steel mouthed the words ... *“you made me feel brand new ... I want to spend my life with you ... whether times are good or bad ... happy or sad ...”* He didn’t know which he should be. After waiting an appropriate length of time, a conflicted Superman proceeded to his meeting.

“Hey Superman, wait.” Three male students wearing varsity letterman jackets stood in his way. “Will you give us a minute of your time?” Without waiting for an answer from the Man of Steel, they all started talking to him asking him questions for which there were no good answers.

“Why is this happening ... it’s just not fair ... we have no future ... what the hell are we supposed to do ... the girls, even some preteens, are so big and so strong ... they beat us up for

no reason ... they've taken our positions on the football team ... we can't compete with them ... things are getting worse ... what happens when we graduate ... no scholarships for male athletes ... there will be no college, no good jobs, no nothing for us ... our dads are already losing their jobs to women ... Superman, we are being subjugated ... can you do something?"

"Guys, get out of the way." Superman, always ready to provide a helping hand, made an opening as a phalanx of E.M.T.'s urgently pushed a gurney down the hall. Superman grabbed up an E.M.T. and the gurney and the patient and deposited them at the dispensary. He was concerned for the occupant but also thankful the uncomfortable conversation with the boys had been interrupted.

"Get ready for the truth guys." Superman hadn't wanted to but he returned anyway. "You're entering the no bullshit zone." He shrugged his shoulders. "What the hell do you want me to do? What? What?" Superman was frustrated and he let it show. "Really guys, what can I do?"

"The world as we knew it is gone, likely forever. Your expectations need to be lowered. You need to accept this new reality. Adapt and fit in as best you can. Try to enjoy the little things life affords you." Superman hesitated. "The best advice I can offer to you guys is for you to find yourself a good woman, one who will take care of you." He lowered his eyes in resignation. "By the way you might want to learn how to bake; women love guys who can bake."

Superman knew his words were tactless and sounded hollow but he also knew his words to be true. He felt sorry for the boys, for all men really. He knew that multiple SGS transformations in one day was an ominous portent of things to come and he suspected things were about to get even worse.

"Hi, Superman." Three stunningly beautiful muscular seven-foot-tall girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty stepped out of a bathroom laughing. He could smell the sweet pungent scent of marijuana. One girl had bright green hair and wore a matching extremely revealing green halter-top that barely covered her stunning breasts.

One of the giant giggling girls had turquoise bluish green hair and equally impressive mostly uncovered breasts, while the other girl had a shaved head and cartoonishly large breasts that approached 48EE dimensions.

“We came here to hear you speak.” They were all giggling.

“Here – hear ... redundant much? The girl with the turquoise hair giggled uncontrollably, stopping only long enough to pull up her top, doing little to cover her deep cleavage. She grabbed a handful of Screaming Yellow Zonkers from her economy sized box of Screaming Yellow Zonkers and shoved a handful of Screaming Yellow Zonkers in her mouth. Each of the girls had her own box of Screaming Yellow Zonkers.

“So, speak.” The big bald girl motioned for Superman to follow them into an empty class room.

“Rather than lecture you, I’m going to ask you some questions.” He remained standing while the still giggling girls spread out and squeezed their massive bodies into the small desk chairs and sat down while munching on their crunchy little yellow treats.

“Why do all of you girls beat up and humiliate smaller and weaker males?” Superman wanted to know so he asked. “There’s no real challenge there for you, so, why?” He asked again. “Why do all of you do it?”

“Okay.” The green haired girl seductively cupped her left breast exposing a nipple. “It’s supposed to be hush hush but I’ll tell ya why.” Karen, the tallest of the girls brushed her hair from her lovely face revealing her matching green eyes while displaying the bulge of her massive bicep. She spoke for the others.

“Even before we all got really really big, whenever we hassled or frightened or humiliated or beat-up a guy we would experience a tingling between our legs, orgasms were not uncommon nor unwelcomed”

Maybe because these girls were all stoned, they spoke candidly.

“The COW women want us to keep it to ourselves but ever since we got SGS big our orgasms increased in both frequency and intensity. Superman, we are not mean girls. We’re just horny girls.” She high fived her girlfriends and continued speaking. “You’ve heard the song *girls just wanna have fun*. Well, you may have heard ... orgasms are Hella fun.”

They spoke among themselves for a few more minutes. Karen envisioned a perfect life not only for herself but for every one of the SGS girls as well as the older growing number of new women, too.” Her only complaint was because of her new size she required so much more weed to get high.

“Superman.” As they were leaving the classroom the girl with the shaved head and the EE cups removed her shirt revealing her remarkable pendulous breasts and asked the Man of Steel a question.

“A doctor told me my breasts were Brobdingnagian.” She puffed out her chest. “Do you know what that means?”

“Yes, I do.” He snickered. “Brobdingnagian is a word the describes something of colossal size.”

“Like these?” She pulled down her shirt revealing the largest breasts he had ever seen. She smiled broadly and tried to kiss Superman but he wouldn’t permit it.

As he headed for his meeting, he found himself paraphrasing in his head the words from another song, an old rap song ... *men had ninety-nine problems but the cost of weed wasn’t one of them*.

“You’re late.” Carla, the pretty receptionist rose from her seat revealing her six-foot-two-inch height and her impressive physique. Clearly the gorgeous well-muscled female was one of the new women but considerably smaller than an SGS girl. She led the Man of Steel into a small conference room where six professionally dressed matronly women were sitting around a circular table drinking glasses of a purple liquid of some sort while scarfing down Burger King Whoopers and curly fries.

The normal sized ladies who were too old to be new women each remained seated as they introduced themselves to him. (three Gertrudes?)

People were usually in awe or at least showed deference when they met Superman for the first time but not these ladies. These ladies seemed bored with and inconvenienced by the man's presence. A seventh middle-aged woman arrived. The six-foot four-inch white haired female carried herself well. She had an aura about her and when she spoke, she exuded supreme confidence.

"Welcome Superman, my name is Dr. Catherine Hardy. I am the current president of the National Council of Women. Thanks for joining us today." She grabbed a fistful of fries dripping with ketchup from one of the Gertrude's plate. "We've been looking forward to this meeting." She brushed her hair back displaying a bulging bicep. Her infectious smile displayed arrogance. "A lot has happened since we last spoke." She enthusiastically sucked ketchup off her fingers.

Dr. Hardy who was now a full sixteen-inches taller than she had been while attending medical school, explained to Superman that earlier that day five (5) school girls from Gotham City High School had experienced sudden growth syndrome transformations. Each of the girls was quite muscular and approached seven feet or more. Until today the most transformations recorded in one day nation-wide was only four.

Today this state alone has reported twenty-three SGS transformations and as of an hour ago six hundred and thirty-one transformations and still counting have been documented world-wide. Should this trend continue the world as we know it will be ... oh ... I don't know, quite different for men."

"See you guys later." Two of the women named Gertrude abruptly left the table carrying their food and drink with them. They headed for a small adjoining anteroom presumably to eat and talk in private.

Superman overheard the Gertrude twins whispering to one another.

“The world as we know it will be different for men, quite different. Now that’s hilarious.” The matronly old crones laughed together. “Oh yes, so very very different.” They continued to eat and laugh. “Before long men will be little more than pets.”

The Man of Steel was appalled by what he was hearing. He remained silent as he continued to watch and listen to the matronly crones droning on and on. Using his ex-ray vision Superman scanned, copied, and saved into his mind the contents of all the documents on the tables, on the desks, and in the file cabinets, as well as the computer hard drives. Using the power of his ever-evolving Kryptonian mind he downloaded everything in those files to Bruce Wayne’s computer.

“Doctor. The girls are here.” five pretty young girls were ushered into the conference room by the receptionist. The little girls were all wearing white Gi karate-style robes. None seemed to be surprised by the presence of Superman nor did any of them seem to care.

Without being prompted each girl discarded her Gi robe. The girls, who all appeared to be around twelve, were wearing modest looking sports bras and shorts. The girls proudly displayed their well-toned tanned bodies, their impressive six-packed abs, and their burgeoning biceps.

In unison the girls began a well-practiced karate themed choreographed routine. Each of the girls, with fists tightly clinched forcefully thrust their arms straight out from their bodies and yelled ... Hi-ah. The girls continued with their synchronized routine exhibiting highly technical taekwondo and Kung Fu hand movements; punches and chops ... Hi-ah. They demonstrated very advanced Hapkido kicking techniques; Mawashi (roundhouse kicks) and Ushiro Geri (back kicks) ... Hi-ah. Without prompting, the grinning girls picked up their robes, flexed their little biceps again, and silently bowed before exiting the room.

“Sorry about that Superman, the girls were previously scheduled to perform for us today.” I own and operate a Martial Arts Dojo for pre-teens; in this ever-evolving world of ours, it’s never too soon for fitness.”

Superman remained silent all the while wondering if these were the same girls who had beaten up the boys in the hall, the ones who had been wearing the letterman jackets. Never too soon for fitness, indeed.

“Because of everything that has transpired today we will be postponing your scheduled lecture.” Without even waiting for a response from the most powerful man on earth Dr. Hardy issued an edict to Superman. “We will reschedule your little talk for another day at a time we deem to be more appropriate.”

Showing his utter disdain for these seven arrogant and condescending women who were actually giving him orders, Superman without saying a word departed the room faster than fast, taking a burger with him. One second, he and the burger were there, and the next they were not.

He devoured the burger in three bites and headed down the hall looking for a convenient exit when he heard whimpering sounds. He turned the corner just in time to see one of the karate-girls struggling with two senior boys. Well, struggling was the wrong choice of words. Actually, the little girl was kicking the crap out of the older and much bigger boys.

Superman watched as the confident little girl punched one of the boys in the stomach causing him to bend forward. She grabbed him around the neck and placed the kid in a debilitating rear-naked-choke hold. The other boy was already under her control writhing in distress with her little foot firmly pressing down on his throat.

“Stop.” Superman was concerned the karate girl might kill them. He stepped forward and gently pulled the girl away from the boys. “Why are you tormenting these guys?” The boys began to breath more normally. They cleared their heads before running away.

“Hmmm.” The girl, who turned out to be a smart ass, shrugged her shoulders contemplating his question. “Because I can?” She flexed her little biceps, shrugged her shoulders some more, and giggled like the child she was. “Beating up boys makes me feel good; you know ... I tingle down there.” She grinned and pointed to her crotch. “It’s Hella nice.”

Superman really didn't know what to say to that, but – *un-fucking-be-fucking-lievable* – came to mind. Shaking his head in dismay he simply waved his hand dismissively, sending the girl on her way. Showing no signs of remorse, the tiny tike skipped her way down the hall singing ...

'Take it easy baby. Make it last all night. She's an American Girl. Oh yeah, make it last all night.' Superman realized that expecting females of any age to forego instant gratification engendered by their aggressive behavior would be next to impossible.

The increasingly troubled Kryptonian visited the mall for a second time this time in full uniform. He wanted to visit with another SGS girl. The perfect specimen appeared before him in a nano-second.

It was almost as if this uber-child had been waiting there for him. She was wearing a skimpy pink bikini thong and a skin tight body hugging white wifebeater t-shirt; an outfit popular with the biggest and most intimidating of the SGS girls.

A cadre of awe-struck men of all ages were surreptitiously milling about individually staring, leering, ogling, gawking (take your pick) at the stunning nineteen-year-old mega-child who was proudly and arrogantly displaying numerous muscle poses flexing her massive biceps until they approached forty-four-inches of pulsating peaked perfection

When Miss Muscles spotted the ever increasingly concerned Superman, she approached him laughing. He was prepared to allow the girl to do whatever she wished to him. Without uttering a word, the smirking giantess grabbed the Man of Steel behind his head, held the shocked man in her firm grip, and delivered three quick powerful right hands to his face followed by a left upper-cut under his chin. She hadn't actually hurt Superman but she sure as hell shocked him.

The girl began to shake and glow, her orgasm obvious.

"Thanks Superman." She laughed with satisfaction and scurried away singing the Beatles classic ... Come together. Superman shrugged and called Batman knowing that the "new" girls would never stop terrorizing males.

“Bruce, did you get my download?” When Superman flew into the Wayne mansion, he was surprised to see a number of smart looking people (all wearing glasses), some dressed in lab coats, all huddled around a large conference table reading through reams and reams of paper documents. When the files arrived, the team was already at the mansion enjoying a working-lunch.

“Yeah, we’re reading and sorting the files now. An analysis will take some time.”

Superman had been aware for years that Bruce was assembling a “Think Tank.” Today each member of the team was assigned to review and analyze documents specific to his area of expertise. Because the team was in part assembled to study the new women phenomenon, Batman had excluded females from the team. The team was expected to return in four hours with summaries of their findings. Next, the summaries would be merged in chronological order into one cohesive report.

“Listen up guys.” Bruce Wayne presented the findings himself. “The muscular development of females wasn’t a natural occurrence. Along with the wonder drug *Immudyne*, a slow-acting mutating virus (developed by Dr. Hardy, a female geneticist) was secretly introduced directly into the earth’s fresh water supply. It took years but simply put its properties converted estrogen and HGH into super-charged testosterone which exponentially increased muscle growth in females. Given this information the team has determined that the effects of the drug are irreversible. Unless in the unlikely event an equivalent male muscle enhancing formula can be developed and universally distributed, women will remain the dominant species on earth.

Superman added to the discussion by revealing to those who didn’t already know that Dr. Hardy was the current president of the powerful National Council of Women and the files he had “borrowed” came from her office.

As an aside he added that the elderly woman had enrolled in college as a five-foot-tall, one hundred-ten-pound teen and currently stands six-foot-four and is built like the proverbial brick shithouse. Then he dropped a bombshell telling the team that Fem-Dom accelerated the

intensity and frequency of the female orgasm. Apparently, the new women can easily orgasm by simply hassling males.

“That’s game over.” The analysts were all speaking amongst themselves in hushed tones. “There’s no way any chick is ever going to forego an orgasm.”

“The files indicate that Ms. Hardy has been experimenting with genetic engineering for years. Sudden Growth Syndrome is a direct result of her work. She has finally perfected her formula and yesterday’s proliferation of SGS transformations is a freighting example of what the future holds, and now for the worst part. For years the Council of Women has been selling and endorsing Fem-Ade an energy drink designed specifically for females, young females. The product, which contains doses of Fem-Dom that when ingested in large quantities for an unspecified period of time triggers sudden growth after a girl reaches puberty.” Bruce shook his head and sighed. “We are looking at a bleak future, a future where the next generation will be dominated by Super-Women.

Bruce Wayne immediately recruited a number of medical experts and genetic specialists to join his “Think Tank” with one clear objective to neutralize or reverse the effects of Dr. Hardy’s muscle building formula. The team worked together at the mansion for three consecutive days and nights looking for answers. Wayne kept the team members well-nourished, providing gourmet meals, imported beers, vintage wines, and for the younger members marijuana, cocaine, and amphetamines.

Three full days of closed-door information gathering study sessions and intense meetings accomplished nothing of consequence. The team returned looking dispirited. Optimism had suddenly taken flight or maybe they had just run out of the good drugs.

“We need to make a deal with this woman.” Superman felt skepticism percolating throughout the room. “Relax guys, I’ve been giving this a lot of thought. I have an Idea.” He grabbed his cell.

“Catherine, this is Superman.” She had provided him with her private line so he assumed she would be willing to talk. Wasting no time, he cut to the chase. “We have copies of all of your files.” He waited for her to react. When she didn’t, he continued. “Can we talk?”

“Yes, when you return our files.”

“Sorry, it’s too late for that. We know everything. We know all about the origins and the effects of *Fem-Dom* and your complicity. We wish to make a deal.”

“Really? What kind of a deal?”

“There are only two options open to us.” Superman took his time as he laid it all out for her:

option number one ... Through the media we will disclose everything to the public. We know about Fem-Dom the virus created by you, the current president of the National Council of Women. The virus that triggered the new women phenomenon. Knowledge of your complicity will likely result in a bloodbath. Clearly women are stronger than men but men still have all manner of guns and ammo hidden away. Men are already pissed off and they have access to almost unlimited firepower. When they learn that the president of the Council of Women purposely caused this imbalance they will not hesitate to go to war.

option number two ... We can work out a compromise. We can keep quiet if you establish a multi-billion-dollar trust fund. Provide men with monetary compensation for pain and suffering. Provide men of working age with a guaranteed living wage in perpetuity. Most importantly the government will protect males by making it a serious crime maybe even a hate crime with mandatory jail time for those women and girls who abuse men.

“Do we have any room to negotiate?” She asked.

“Yes, of course. However, know this the objectives and goals of this agreement are pretty damn clear.” Superman and Dr. Hardy debated some of the details and finer points for some time until she interrupted the discussion and offered rather attractive settlement terms.

“Subject to the approval of the council we will use our considerable influence to ensure that the necessary laws are passed. Of course, there will be need for a crystal-clear definition of the term abuse.”

“Sure, that’s fair.” Batman readily agreed

“We have one additional proviso.” Catherine smiled to herself. “We would like to arrange an exhibition match between you and one of our newest SGS girls. Full disclosure Superman our girl happens to be quite muscular and over eight feet tall. We think the public might be intrigued. All of the proceeds will be dedicated to the trust-fund. Other revenue streams will be required but that shouldn’t be a major obstacle.”

“Well ...” Superman was immediately suspicious. He knew that securing billions of dollars to subsidize men would be a major obstacle. The female dominated congress would be hard pressed to agree to the funding. Nonetheless, Superman tentatively agreed to the proposed terms.

“Lady, I think we have the makings of deal.” Superman surveyed the room enjoying the smiling faces belonging to the members of the Think Tank. “Naturally, we will require a substantial good fait donation to the MET fund.”

“I will arrange it ... NO problem.” Still skeptical Superman agreed.

“As soon as humanly possible my team and your team need to get together and draw up the necessary papers.” Bruce Wayne was quite pleased. In his mind this agreement potentially offered the best possible outcome for mankind. Plus, he really wanted to see Superman kick some female ass.

The night of ‘The Event’ as it was being billed was fast approaching. What Dr. Hardy had originally characterized as an exhibition match between Superman and an unidentified SGS girl was now being described as the fight of the millennium or the battle of the sexes or simply ...
THE FIGHT.

The media had hyped this fight as they had no other. The world population was excited beyond all reason. All it had taken was the incessant media blitz spearheaded by the woman owned FOXY Network and its stable of numerous satellite cable stations. All of which catered to a prominently *growing* female demographic.

The still unnamed girl was being showcased every night on the Internet and on virtually every TV channel in the world, not just the FOXY channels. The girl who was now being called “The Crimson Avenger” was estimated to be at least eight-feet-four-inches tall, with a 48” bust, biceps approaching 56” and an enormous girl-cock that hung down nearly to her knees estimated by many to be twenty inches or more. The entire world was infatuated and obsessed with the girl.

The Avenger’s face and head were always covered with a crimson-colored hood, otherwise the girl was always completely naked. Videos of her workouts had become must see T.V. However, most of the population understood that a human being even one as impressive as the Avenger would have zero chance against Superman’s unworldly superpowers and yet they eagerly awaited ... “THE FIGHT.”

“Superman, Dr. Hardy is up to something. Her objective can’t be to get this girl’s ass kicked. She may be hoping to make you out to be some sort of villain but what would that gain her? What the hell is the woman’s angle?” Superman and Batman were relaxing in the Bat Cave watching one of the avenger’s exercise sessions.

“Jesus, that girl is impressive.” She was lifting massive amounts of weight seemingly without exerting any effort. Even Superman took a deep breath when the girl switched to lifting the weight with one hand and then the other.

She appeared to be completely relaxed but when she flexed, her muscles took one’s breath away. Layer after layer of deeply cut sinewy muscle literally erupted from her upper arms forming incomprehensively huge perfectly peaked biceps straining against her smooth taut skin.

“Damn, maybe Dr. Hardy thinks this girl is strong enough to win or at least hold her own against you. She looks to be tougher than a two-dollar steak.” Batman looked intently at his friend. “They know you’ll hold back.”

“I won’t hurt her.” Superman looked pensive. “However, Dr. Hardy is a genius when it comes to genetics. Maybe she’s found a way to enhance the girl’s strength to a point where she thinks it may equal or even surpass mine.” Superman unconsciously flexed and massaged his right bicep. “Given Hardy’s history we can’t rule that out.” He looked pensive some more, suppressing a laugh.

“I’ve allowed my body to atrophy a little. There’s no reason for me to take any chances. I’m going to fly myself to your yellow sun and spend a couple of days there recharging my Kryptonian body.” Superman’s cells act like solar batteries. They absorb solar energy from the sun and the Man of Steel wanted to be in peak physical condition, just in case.

It was the night before the fight and Superman had been dreaming the same freighting nightmare over and over for the past several days.

He was standing in the Gotham City High School auditorium speaking to several hundred, mostly female students when suddenly an extremely muscular SGS girl leaped up onto the stage and confronted him.

The grinning sophomore was half his age but nearly a foot taller and a hundred pounds heavier than he. She wasn’t quite the size of the Crimson Avenger but intimidating nonetheless. Without speaking a word, the heavily muscled teenager proceeded to pummel the inexplicably freighted nearly paralyzed Superman about the head and body.

Utilizing her powerful lightning fast unstoppable punches she collapsed the Last Son of Krypton’s heretofore impenetrable body. He moaned audibly while sustaining her bone crushing blows. The seven-foot-plus teen titan held Superman at arms-length joyously performing bicep curls

lifting the two hundred forty-pound man with ease before viciously slamming him to the ground.

The most powerful and strongest man in the world suspected he was dreaming but try as he might he couldn't awaken himself. Dream or not the beating she was inflicting on him was real enough to cause him excruciating pain.

"My God Superman, you must be a special kind of stupid to believe you can stand up to me." She laughed a scary and evil laugh.

"Man, are you fucking blind?" She smashed his broken body to the ground once again, mercilessly stomping on his inert body as the teen titan happily watched as she bounced his body several times off the mat.

"Superman, look at these rock-hard biceps and my amazing body and the strength and power it suggests." She smirked condescendingly as she reigned another barrage of powerful punches to his bloody face and bruised body.

"Girl Power ... Girl Power ..." The assembly of mostly teenaged girls chanted loudly as the remarkable teen, who Superman feared was a portent of things to come, stopped hitting him only long enough to flex her incomprehensible pulsating 48" biceps; showing off for her friends as well as to further diminish an embarrass and humble the now weeping Superman.

"Girl Power ... Girl Power ..." Her classmates stood as one and cheered wildly. Looking up in fear at the ruthless child, Superman tried to speak.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Tears streamed down his face. "Who are you?" He asked meekly.

"Well, you little dip shit." She flexed some more as a satisfied grin spread across her beautiful face.

"I'm doing this to you because I can, because I want to, and because you can't stop me." She flexed her right bicep again and held her right fist high in the air before punching him in the nose with her left hand.

"Fooled you." She laughed impishly. "What's life without whimsey?"

"From this moment on you will carry out my every wish. You will faithfully serve me and my family twenty-four-seven and together we will rule the world. You will follow me around groveling at my feet like a pet." She raised her voice and asked a rhetorical question of him.

"UNDERSTOOD?"

"Yes." He responded weakly. "But who are you?"

"My name is Lisa Lexa Luther." She mischievously tweaked his bloody and broken nose and laughed some more. "Daddy says hello." With that she delivered a devastating right hand to his jutting chin.

Superman immediately entered the whimsical world of cartoons. Multi-colored birds and butterflies and bees and even wasps circled his head ... tweeting and buzzing with wings flapping loudly. He eventually sunk into unconsciousness knowing that his destiny was hers to decide.

A nervous and pensive and less than confident Superman awoke in a pool of his own flop sweat ...

This was the moment the entire world had been eagerly awaiting. Nearly two-and-one-half billion pay-for-view customers had already signed up. At an average cost of between \$200 and \$250 per viewer the trust fund would share in an estimated six hundred billion dollars and be solvent for many years to come.

"THE FIGHT" was only a few moments away.

Superman and Batman were each wearing their iconic uniforms. The two crime fighters were already standing in their assigned corner patiently awaiting the arrival of the “Crimson Avenger.” The girl was unquestionably the star of the show so the two Superheroes didn’t mind waiting for her to make her grand entrance.

The stadium was filled to capacity. Over 150,000 standing room only fans who had spent on average \$500 for a single seat began to roar. The delirious crowd knew not what to expect. Would this fight be akin to a predetermined pro-wrestling match or would THE FIGHT be a legitimate MMA style contest?

The Crimson Avenger slowly walked down the main aisle which led to the ring. She was completely naked except for the crimson hood. The crowd was cheering wildly and the noise was deafening

Rather than entering the ring in the customary manner by simply stepping through the parted ropes she scooped up two cheering SGS girls and effortlessly vaulted her way into the ring landing gracefully on the mat still cradling the delirious teenagers in her powerful arms. The wildly exited crowd consisting of well over 80% women enthusiastically shrieked their approval.

Superman was upset his enormous opponent was being allowed to fight in the nude. He may have been the only one in the stadium who felt that way. The Kryptonian fuddy-duddy vehemently protested demanding that at the very least the female should be made to cover her nipples and wear a codpiece. The lady referee reminded Superman that there was nothing in the contract prohibiting nudity adding that should he wish he too would be allowed to disrobe.

“Okay, Superman.” She whispered breathlessly and motioned to one of the SGS Girls in her corner to bring her a jockstrap. She clutched her huge girl cock with one hand and waived it at Superman. “If my ‘little’ girl peepee intimates you, I will put it away.” She stepped into what her trainer called a ‘banana hammock’ and snickered at her prudish Kryptonian opponent.

“Are you happy now, shorty?”

Mindy Greene the ring announcer was a female icon. The extremely muscular seven-foot-two-inch young woman was the face and voice of the most popular FOX Network's prime time news show, FEM-VIEW. The pretty blonde commentator who was known for her intimidating muscles and her biting caustic sense of humor didn't disappoint.

"Ladies and gentlemen in the far corner representing the males of earth is the Kryptonian born six-foot-four-inch, 240-pound ... fully clothed ... Superman. A scattering of applause rippled through the stadium. "I can only assume that all of the planet's earthborn males were busy washing their hair tonight."

"And in this corner proudly representing the females of the world is the earthborn Crimson Avenger. This eighteen-year-old girl stands an impressive eight-foot-four-inches in height with 56" biceps and a 16" penis. That's right folks, fifty-six-inch biceps and a sixteen-inch-long almost perpetually hard penis. I'm sorry ladies and gentlemen that's all you get tonight a lady never willing reveals her weight."

The referee was a smallish woman who motioned for the fighters to meet in the middle of the ring. She immediately directed the Avenger to remove her hood.

"Hi Soupy." Superman was shocked. "Do you recognize me?" The naked girl standing opposite him in the ring was Angelica Maria Martinez. "I've grown a little bit since last we met at the school. Actually, I've grown quite a bit, nearly a foot." She stood on her toes and slapped Superman on this ass.

"This time I am going to take you apart." She thrust her massive shoulders back rising to her full height of 8 feet 4 inches. She towered over the 6-foot 4-inch Kryptonian by two full feet. Rather than the customary hand shake Angel tousled his hair a little and gently patted him on the top of his head.

The incongruity of a giant heavily-muscled teenage girl towering over a seemingly diminished Superman was not lost on the standing room only crowd, the billions watching on TV, and all of the various available viewing devices, as well as on Superman himself who was beginning to understand the validity of the unknown sage who once postulated that ... size matters.

To put the two-foot size differential in perspective you should think of six-foot-tall women carrying her four-foot-tall child under her arm. To the audience Angel looked like a doting mother tending to her smallish petulant child.

Angel had reluctantly acquiesced and allowed Dr. Hardy's renowned Hollywood make-up artist to give her a professional make-over. Angel's beautiful face with her devastating smile was perfectly framed by her newly dyed flaming red hair. Her image dominated the many Jumbotron screens ringing the stadium.

At first the crowd in the stadium grew silent quietly gazing up at the screen in awe. They were astonished and mesmerized by the girl's beauty. As one, the entire audience leaped to its collective feet and applauded enthusiastically.

The referee quickly recited the rules of the fight which were minimal. Each fighter would wear open-fingered MMA style gloves. The only rule of importance was that this fight could only end when both fighters agreed to end the match or in death. Verbal submissions needed to be offered and accepted by each party or the fight would continue ... *Mors Gratia Mortis*.

"Don't worry Angel I won't hurt you." Despite everything that was happening Superman was extremely confident that his Kryptonian superpowers made him invincible to any earthly power; even a heavily muscled eight-foot-four-inch tall super SGS girl.

"Do I look worried?" Angel turned her back to mankind's last hope and sashayed her way to her corner blithely waving to the delirious crowd.

"Superman, she's much bigger, stronger, and more agile than I expected. She's been coached and she's trying to intimidate you. I don't trust Dr. Hardy; she is a fucking savant when it comes to genetics." Batman was massaging Superman's shoulders

"This fight was her idea and what's with this death caveat? That clause must have been added later. Be careful, this could be a trap." Batman appeared to be worried. "You need to be aggressive early on. Don't pull any punches; kill her if you must. You need to take her down

quickly. The fate of the M.E.T. fund is likely at stake and the future of mankind could hang in the balance.”

Hopeful males from around the world gathered together in countless organized viewing-parties defying the recently enacted federal law prohibiting large gatherings of males. The despondent and angry males were anticipating an over-whelming Superman victory, a pyric symbolic victory to be sure, but a victory nonetheless.

In addition, males were collecting and storing large caches of weapons and ammunitions preparing for the revolution. They were seditiously planning a resistance movement with the goal of reinstating civil-rights for males.

When Superman forced the issue and moved in close Angel appeared to be nervous but she took advantage of her superior size and reach to temporarily ward him off. She cautiously flicked out two sharp crisp jabs. Retreating to her own corner she was holding her hands high to protect her pretty face. She followed up skillfully with two stinging right-hand crosses and an unexpected but powerful reverse elbow strike to his face which stunned Superman and sent the predominantly estrogen charged crowd into a euphoric frenzy.

Superman was momentarily dazed and stopped in his tracks. He had been surprised and a little concerned by her skill, her speed, and her surprising power. Undeterred Superman pressed Angel against the ropes. He opened up with a barrage of devastating right and left hooks to her ribs, kidneys and liver. He wasn't exactly adhering to the Marquis of Queensbury rulebook but he wasn't exactly punching with 100% full force, either.

The Crimson Avenger immediately collapsed to her knees and Superman could hear Batman exhorting him to finish her.

“Finish her.” Batman exhorted. “Finish her.” He exhorted some more.

“Oh shit.” Superman chivalrously stepped back and chided himself for hitting the girl too hard. His initial concern waned a bit when he heard audible sounds, sounds that sounded like sounds of crying. “Angel, I'm sorry.”

“No, no you’re not.” Using her left-hand Angel reached for the top rope. “But you soon will be.”

As she slowly pulled herself to her feet her massive bicep erupted, stunning Superman. It was one thing to see pictures and view videos of her muscles but it was eye-opening and intimidating to actually see a throbbing pulsating 56” bicep up close. It was then that Superman realized the muscular teenaged girl hadn’t been crying, she had been laughing, laughing at him.

“Is that all you’ve got Soupy?” Her confidence was soaring and she smirked contemptuously before slapping Superman across his face so quickly he couldn’t react. “Seriously wimp. Is that it?”

Inexplicably the undisputed strongest man in the world found himself bleary eyed, sitting on the lower strand of the ring ropes with his hands covering his bloody face. Despite his unworldly super-powers, she had managed to deliver five powerful unseen lightning-fast jabs and right-crosses to his unprotected face plus a combination of two additional devastating right and left hooks to his ribs. The Man of Steel incredulously blinked his eyes open and shut trying to rationalize what had just happened to him.

In the beginning Angel needed to gage how much of his power she could endure and how much power she actually possessed. Her first two punches resulted in blackened eyes and eye socket fractures. Dr. Hardy had stressed to her protégé how important it was to damage the man’s eyes preventing him from using his searing heat vision against her. The succeeding three powerful blows to his face had broken and bloodied his nose, fractured a cheek bone, and shattered his jaw while knocking out a number of his front teeth. Her subsequent body shots had broken a number of his ribs as well.

Much of the crowd laughed as the mighty but dazed Superman crawled around the ring on his all fours retrieving his teeth. Everyone was wondering if what had happened had actually happened or were they all being treated to an elaborate choreographed ruse. If this were nothing more than a show, a charade if you will, then it was a damn good one.

When she entered the ring, Angel understood she might be the strongest human on earth. Dr. Hardy had assured her of that but Angel hadn't been 100% convinced that she could actually compete with Superman and his super powers. Over the last several years the kid had witnessed so many of Superman's exploits and his awesome displays of super-human strength and power she couldn't help but be apprehensive.

However, once she knocked him down so easily, cut him, and broke his bones she was fast becoming a believer. The sight of a bleeding and battered Superman crawling on his belly retrieving his teeth had buoyed her growing confidence.

Superman immediately realized that his Kryptonian invulnerability had been compromised by a teenaged girl. Shockingly, he was no match for this girl's extraordinary power. He was immediately demoralized, concerned, and frightened.

He was in shock because the gigantic teenager's punches had already compromised his natural defenses.

He was demoralized because her punches had resulted in broken bones not only causing him to bleed but to feel actual pain as well.

He was concerned because the Crimson Avenger was so big and so strong and so quick. He had already concluded he couldn't control her.

He was genuinely frightened because the girl was clearly carrying out a vendetta and because her powerful devastating punches were so fast, he hadn't been able to see any of them coming and more to the point they hurt, they hurt a lot.

He was in awe, because for lack of a better word, the giant female was awesome.

Initially Superman suspected the presence of Kryptonite but when his extraordinary healing and recuperative powers began to revitalize his body, he set that possibility aside.

“Hang on Soupy ... Soupy hang on.” Angel was singing a version of a song her maternal grandma had enjoyed singing to her before bed. “I’ll give you a few minutes to recuperate.” She slapped Superman across the face stinging his cheek, a slap too fast for him to see coming.

“Wake up little Soupy, wake up ... wake up little Soupy ... it’s time to weep. And it’s time for all of you good people to watch the Amazing Angel’s Awesome Gun Show.” She couldn’t suppress her laughter. “People, prepare to be amazed.”

Superman, still sitting on the bottom strand of rope along with the standing room only crowd watched, he between between his trembling fingers. The screaming crowd was astonished as the eight-foot-four-inch stunning teen strutted around the ring arrogantly exhibiting her voluptuous body while flexing her massive biceps and flaunting her remarkable breasts, displaying her impossibly erect nipples. For the first time in his life Superman felt inferior and intimidated by a human, a human who he was beginning to suspect possessed superpowers of her own.

“Okay, Soupy. I think you’ve rested long enough.” The flame haired Amazon beauty flashed her dazzling smile while continuing to prance semi-naked around the ring. The big teen stopped directly in front of a startled Superman and mischievously mocked him and imitated his iconic power stance, ... legs akimbo – hands on hips ... Her enormous erection straining against her banana hammock was threatening to break out.

Wanting to emphasize her feminine side the girl from the barrio flexed her overdeveloped pecs. Using nothing but muscle control she was squeezing her magnificent breasts together making them dance while pushing the twins up to her chin. Just for fun Angel suggestively stuck her tongue out while seductively licking her impossibly erect nipples.

Superman mustered up all of his Kryptonian super powers and delivered several lightning fast punches to her face and body causing her to stumble backwards. Suddenly he was feeling better about himself. He could tell that his punches had hurt her but then ...

She forcibly grabbed his hands and locked their fingers together above their heads, a long-recognized test of strength. Inwardly Superman was confident that his superpowers would

immediately overwhelm this cocky muscular child. He understood that at least for the moment he wouldn't need to contend with her quickness and her punching power.

Not wanting to prolong this contest any longer than need be, the strongest most powerful male in the world used every ounce of his Kryptonian strength and began to inexorably push Angel forcing the delusional teenaged Amazon girl down onto her knees. Superman was experiencing feelings of renewed vigor, confidence, and gratification as his id swelled with pride. He was finally overpowering the big bicep-blessed teen until he wasn't.

"Nice try wimp." Angel continued to grasp his hand and began to squeeze until she recognized pain in Superman's distressed face. Once she stopped her descent Angel wouldn't budge; not even another inch.

"I hope you enjoyed your little moment of triumph?" She smirked. "Because it's never going to be that good for you again."

The big teenager was matching his Kryptonian super strength, seemingly without effort. Superman was stunned when she rose to her full height of eight-foot-four-inches pulling him up with her. She smiled broadly and began overpowering him some more, relentlessly pressing him back down. He resisted as best he could but soon realized that the oncoming ignominious defeat was inevitable. She effortlessly forced him down to his knees. He couldn't believe the extent of this girl's strength, strength far beyond anything he had ever encountered.

"Superman?" Angel faced the screaming crowd and laughed. "Superman my ass."

The moment Angel released his hands Superman leaped to his feet and began punching her anew. He fired a virtual thunderbolt to her stomach and winced in pain when his fist connected with her seemingly impenetrable dense slab of abdominal muscles.

Angel shrugged and lifted Superman to his feet and punched him in the pit of his stomach several times laughing as he doubled over in obvious pain clearly struggling to breathe. She delivered several more earthshaking rabbit punches and double hammer fists to his neck and

to the back of his head driving the embarrassed overmatched superhero down to his belly yet again.

Each time Superman attempted to rise she pounded him on top of his. She was treating him like a carnival wack-a-mole all the while flexing her lady muscles.

She inhaled deeply displaying her prominent rib cage before slowly exhaling. She began to tense her muscular body and with each flex her swelling biceps sprouted forth achieving goddess-like proportions.

At first the crowd was stunned by the flame haired girl's power and her youthful exuberance and her clear dominance over Superman but then they began to roar their collective approval cheering the teen's efforts. Angel ... Angel ... Angel ...

Superman attempted to regain his feet but she easily pushed him down as if he were an invalid. Shaking with fear and bathed in his own sweat he stared up at the fiery flame-haired incredibly beautiful teenager as she assumed a triumphant stance straddling his weakened body.

In the eyes of Superman, the eight-foot-four-inch-tall mega-teen embodied the very essence of an imperious Goddess, one carved into a cold hard marble statue standing over him. Angel had somehow developed into, evolved really, into something the Man of Steel feared was a portent of a female dominated future society where males would be relegated to second class citizens.

His recent confrontations with the stunningly overly-muscled giant-like SGS girls had been eye opening. However, nothing he had encountered had prepared him for the magnificence of this over-powering uber-teenaged titan.

She roughly pulled Superman to his feet. Grabbing his hands, she forced his powerful but inexplicably trembling arms down, pinning them to his sides. Try as he might he was helpless to stop her. He attempted to extricate himself from her classic and painful bear hug but he

couldn't move his arms, not even a little bit. He could feel her huge but soft breasts pressing against him, her hard nipples burrowing into his skin.

His eyes blurred and he could feel himself growing faint from exhaustion and oxygen deprivation; he feared that Angel was preparing to kill him.

His mind was unable to comprehend what was happening to him. He felt as helpless as a newborn child struggling in the arms of his mother. Without warning she head-butted Superman in the face surprisingly drawing blood from his forehead and his already broken nose forcing him to stagger backwards into the ropes.

The Man of Steel immediately entered into the colorful world of fantasy and cartoons. He could hear faint sounds of chirping and buzzing as well as the flapping of wings while he could simultaneously see multicolored cartoonish birds and bumble bees and butterflies circling around his head. Superman was overmatched and in deep trouble. He and everyone watching knew it.

The impressive teen stretched her body to its full height and smirked defiantly as she easily forced her humbled adversary's right and left hands together and engulfed them both with her mammoth right hand ruthlessly tightening her grip while squeezing the utterly defenseless Man of Steel's relatively puny hands until the distressed Kryptonian felt serious debilitating pain. He was helpless and could do nothing to stop her from joyfully crushing the bones in his hands using only one of hers.

Angel flexed her now free left arm proudly displaying her 56" guns yet again and then with a mighty scream of triumph the Amazonian sized girl using just the one hand forced a truly humiliated Superman to crawl on his knees in absolute subjugation but she wasn't nearly done with him yet. Angel knew exactly what was coming next for Super wimp and she couldn't wait to demonstrate just how ruthless she could be.

The mostly female crowd was cheering wildly, chanting ... Angel ... Angel ... Angel. However, a large segment of the audience was skeptical still wondering if THE FIGHT were for real or just

an elaborate pre-planned choreographed show being orchestrated by these two powerful beings just for the benefit of the paying customers.

It mattered not to them, whatever was happening in the ring was fun and exciting to watch and the thoroughly entertained audience couldn't wait to learn the truth.

With each of her powerful hands Angel gripped Superman's shoulders so tightly she penetrated his heretofore invulnerable Kryptonian muscles. Just as she had been taught by Dr. Hardy and her little Asian lady trainer, Angel's prodigious strength allowed her to compress extremely sensitive pressure points while she ruthlessly squeezed Superman's cervical nerve roots while forcibly manipulating the sacral nerves in his spinal column, triggering excruciating pain forcing the perplexed and defenseless Man of Steel to subserviently drop back down onto his knees.

He wasn't totally paralyzed but it mattered not, he was for all intense purposes totally helpless. Superman just like all the men Angel had practiced on screamed and cried and ultimately passed out from the pain. She shook Superman awake and now he was painfully aware that this girl did indeed possess super-human strength.

Superman had experienced pain before. However, this pain was different, this pain was real. These feelings were much more intense. His previous experiences with pain had been minimal when compared to the excruciating pain and anguish he was now suffering.

In the past Superman had always been under the influence of Kryptonite poisoning which had not only weaken the Man of Steel so as to render him helpless but had apparently dulled his senses deadening his pain receptors mitigating the intensity of said pain.

Much of the crowd's attention was now focused on the many jumbotron screens. Seeing Superman's grief-stricken face and tearing eyes convinced nearly everyone attending, that THE FIGHT was for real.

Looking up at the screen the powerful teen loved watching her own pulsating biceps expanding higher and higher. She was grinning from ear to ear as she enjoyed watching

Superman's once powerful arms going limp. When Angel released her vice like grip on Superman's shoulders, he slumped face down on the mat curling up like a discarded stalk of wilted asparagus.

For the moment Superman was free from the mind-numbing shoulder pain. A smiling Angel could hear Superman's grateful sighs of relief. She giggled like the schoolgirl she was, before she started kicking him the kidneys and his ribs. When he reluctantly turned towards her, she ruthlessly leveled a vicious kick to his nuts.

"Oh boy, Superman." She bent down and cradled his testicles in her hands and screamed for the benefit of the crowd. "I bet deez nuts hurt. Right?"

Dr. Catherine Hardy was hosting a small viewing party at her mansion watching with amusement the event on her ninety-inch TV screen in her home theatre. Before THE FIGHT Cathine had assured Angel she was more than strong enough to take Superman down. The hugely muscled girl wanted to believe but she had remained skeptical.

The Doctor had reminded her young protégé that a simple beat down would not be sufficient for their purposes. Angel needed to completely humble and totally humiliate the man in front of the entire world. Doctor Hardy had emphasized the importance of providing the people with an entertaining show, one they would never forget. The doctor was happy ... so far, so good.

"Upsy daisy." Shocking the crowd again, as well as a surprised Superman Angel grabbed him by his signature "S" and his crotch and in one single motion effortlessly lifted the obviously distressed Kryptonian high over her head. Angel's confidence was soaring. She was beginning to believe in herself; believe in what Dr. Hardy had promised, believe she was the most powerful person on the planet.

The big teen quickly executed not just twenty-five, not just fifty, but one hundred perfect military presses in a machine-like manner before she bounced Superman's ravaged body off the mat several times effectively dribbling his inert body across the ring.

The grinning teen easily lifted the 240-pound man off the ground yet again this time with just one hand. Using her extremely affected power grip Angel triumphantly held the Man of Steel's clearly sagging body high over her head, the epitome of absolute domination.

In a desperate attempt to extricate himself from her powerful debilitating grip, a diminished addled Superman vigorously twisted his body left and right, left and right to no avail. He furiously kicked out his legs hoping to accomplish who knew what, and in lieu of throwing actual punches Superman helplessly pawed at her arm and her neck and her head. His total absolute helplessness was not lost on Angel and was obvious to everyone in the Stadium.

She gently laid Superman down on his back, straddled his prone body almost forcing the distraught over-matched superhero to look up at her as she affected still another dramatic 56" double bicep pose which inexplicably caused the aptly named Man of Steal to pitch an impressive tent.

Her unquestioned dominance over the most powerful man in the world almost embarrassed Angel while at the same time stimulated her recently awakened libido allowing her enormous twitching lady-cock, which dwarfed Superman's erection, to escape the confines of her banana hammock and discharge a hands-free huge load of female ejaculate. She moaned in ecstasy as she spewed copious amounts of her she-men all over the face, head, and shoulders of an embarrassed Superman.

"In your face Clarky boy ... In your face." On the outside Angel remained stoic hiding her growing feelings of ecstasy. The ravenous teen's beautiful face glowed as she experienced back-to-back earth-shaking female orgasms coupled with her simultaneous penile orgasm ... double your pleasure indeed.

"Oh, you poor dear." She grinned. "Superman, let me wash all of that lady sperm gonium off of you." And with that she sprayed him with a powerful stream of warm urine.

She basked in the afterglow of the pleasurable release of sexual energy all the while laughing derisively at the pitiful male wiping her lady juices and piss from his chest while he hopelessly struggled against her teen muscles.

The powerful redhead ignored Superman's feeble attempts to escape from her and again lifted the demoralized man into the air holding the squirming weakling high over her head with just one hand. Most of the stunned crowd cheered wildly but many more watched silently, mouths agape. Contemplating the girl's ruthlessness.

The Man of Steel was in shock, demoralized by his utter and complete impotence. He was in awe of this young girl's super-strength; a strength with which he could not cope, a strength from which he could not escape.

"Hey asshole" she gleefully clapped her hands together and laughed. "Remember this?"

To the crowd Angel was now being whimsical when she used her free hand to spin him round and round and round ... faster, and faster, and faster as if she were a circus performer spinning plates. However, Superman knew she was being vindictive by duplicating what he had done to her in the classroom. The flame haired teen beauty really wanted to see Superman puke his guts out. So, she spun him round and round some more this time in the opposite direction while the crowd continued to scream her name ... Angel ... Angel ... Angel.

Angel grabbed the defenseless Superman by his throat. He fully recognized his futility as he hopelessly attempted to pry her fingers away from his neck. He was wheezing and gasping for air, devastated by the realization that even using the super strength in both of his hands, he couldn't dislodge even one of her fingers. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't break away from her one-handed grip. She was that much more powerful than he. However, he still pridefully believed in himself, convinced that he would somehow prevail.

A stunned Batman watched from the corner getting ready to throw in the towel. The only thing stopping him was the realization that the disrespectful giant of a girl would undoubtedly refuse to accept his gesture of surrender further embarrassing an already embarrassed Superman, if that were even possible.

Lifting the struggling Kryptonian off the ground yet again, she forcibly slammed him down over her left-knee traumatizing his back and spine, taking his breath away. She placed her big left-foot in the middle of Superman's back and mercilessly compressed his body to the mat forcing

the air from his lungs. He was beginning to turn a whiter shade of pale. She repeatedly stomped her big foot down on his back flexing her huge biceps while waving to the adoring mostly female crowd.

Angel throat-lifted the clearly enfeebled Superman off the mat before leaning his teetering body against the ropes. She pointed to the crowd while menacingly clinching and lifting her massive fists into the air. She wind-milled her muscular right arm over her head before delivering three quick but powerful left jabs to his nose bringing tears to the eyes of the Kryptonian and laughs from her growing number of adoring fans.

‘Knock him out ... Knock him out ... Knock him out.’ The crowd was experiencing an exuberance well beyond rational thought bordering on euphoria.

Grinning puckishly the Crimson Avenger was dancing about the ring like a young Mahammad Ali as she joyously unloaded a number of devastating punches to Superman’s unprotected solar plexus all the while savoring the delicious sounds of his deep guttural groans. She held her hands up to her ear evoking more and louder chants from the audience ... Angel ... Angel ... Angel.

The teen titan meticulously grabbed the emasculated man around the waist and effortlessly flung the 240-pounder at least twelve feet into the air. She lithely pirouetted a hundred and eighty degrees and caught the plummeting Man of Steel in her arms. She flung him into the air once again, this time achieving a height of nearly fifteen feet. The big redhead pirouetted once again but this time Angel pulled back her arms and shouted ... ‘OLE’ ... letting the disheveled wimpish wimp crash face first to the mat to the delight of the crowd.

“Oops.” She waved to the crowd offering an impish smile.

Superman was experiencing shock, pain, and disbelief. Nonetheless, as if to prove a point to himself and the watching billions he forcibly grabbed the metal ring stanchion, exerted his super strength, and twisted the reinforced metal supports like a pretzel, crushing it into a distorted unrecognizable piece of junk thus proving, at least to himself, he still retained his superpowers; powers that unfortunately were in no way the equal of hers. Nonetheless, he

hurled what remained of the distorted stanchion at Angel's head which she grabbed from the air with one hand.

"Oh boy, a puzzle." Just for fun Angel Maria Martinez gathered up the demolished misshapen pieces of the ring stanchion and with seemingly no effort at all untwisted the distorted pieces of junk and reassembled the stanchion to its fully functional original configuration.

The ruthless ultra-powerful teenager couldn't care less about his demonstration of his 'male' strength. She was clearly unimpressed with his physicality; yeah, he was still super-strong but she was to coin a phrase clearly ... super-stronger.

Angel was effortlessly demolishing the Man of Steel, taking him apart just as she had promised. She continued taunting the big blubbering baby with her girlish laughter playfully teasing him as would a cat with a dying mouse.

Superman had always been the most powerful being on the planet, maybe the universe. However, the now humbled superhero was beginning to accept that which was painfully obvious to everyone watching. Against this eighteen-year-old uber-child the strongest man in the world was inadequate; in teen speak he was ... *way weak*.

However, he knew that if he were to surrender or lose to this seemingly indestructible fiery teenager, he would not only tarnish his already damaged legacy he would likely doom mankind to a lifetime of female domination. Superman understood that if he were out of the picture, neutralized or even killed, Dr. Hardy and the Council of Women would redirect the Men's Equalization Trust Fund (the M.E.T. Fund) away from the male population it was intended to help.

Feeling overwhelmed by his huge responsibility to mankind and his clear impotence Superman fought back a tear. Over the years he had managed to defend his adopted home planet against the loathsome Lex Luther and his diabolical schemes and his army of cyborgs and his enhanced goons. He had prevailed against various super villains and powerful reprehensible alien invaders; both male and female, as well as countless fiendish scoundrels and run-of-the-

mill bad guys as well as various groups of 'evil doers' ... a term popularized by the second dumbest, second worst, second least competent U.S. president in history.

Encouraged by the memory of his past successes Superman summoned up his indomitable will and redoubled his efforts to stand up to this remarkably powerful child.

Superman could feel his Kryptonian strength surging through his body. He leaped to his feet intent on confronting the teen abomination. Eschewing his sacred vow to never kill another human being. Superman surprised his advisory by unleashing a thunderbolt of a right-hand-cross delivering the most devastating punch of his life.

The prodigious blow was traveling faster than the speed of sound shattering windows throughout stadium while causing a sonic boom to reverberate not only throughout much of the city as well. He understood that the force of his blow would stop and kill a charging rhinoceros or shatter a fully armored sixty metric ton military tank into pieces or even destroy a fast-approaching comet. He was sentencing the girl to certain death and he knew it and he felt justified.

The self-proclaimed planet protector's goal in biblical terms was to smite this super-human demon-like creature. He was mortified when Angel, in mid yawn, easily and nonchalantly stopped the forward momentum of his prodigious punch by simply deflecting his powerful righthand in mid-flight as if she were swatting away a common housefly.

He had followed up with an equally powerful left-hook to her chest but that blow never even reached the grinning female's body. The invincible uber-child had easily snatched his fist out of the air with terrifying ease.

She squeezed that hand just a little bit. Exerting only a minimal amount of pressure surprising herself by how easily she had unintentionally crushed several more bones in his still healing hand.

A distraught Superman involuntarily dropped down to his knees and hung his head essentially admitting to himself and everyone watching THE FIGHT that to resist this all-powerful super-human freak of nature was pointless.

He understood that his complete defeat was either inevitable or had already arrived. He was briefly tempted to simply fly away. Only his misguided Kryptonian pride kept him from doing just that.

“My God women, are you even human?” Superman stared at her in disbelief.

“You know I am.” Angel laughed

“How the hell did you do that?”

“Very well, I thought.” She double flexed her biceps. “Are you blind Superman.” She laughed some more and tensed her entire body displaying every one of her outrageously proportioned muscle groups.

“Does that answer your question?” She smirked.

“Yeah.” He admitted. “It does.” He admitted some more.

Superman looked down at his feet, to ashamed by his weakness to confront the massively muscled teenager standing before him. He stole a quick glance at the girl’s stunning 56” biceps and her remarkable breasts. Despite being filled with dread and fear his prominent erection strained against his shorts.

Almost from the very beginning Angelica Maria Martinez realized that Dr. Hardy had been more than just way-right. She was Superman’s physical superior in every way imaginable. However, it wasn’t until that very moment that Angel fully understood for certain the full extent of her physical superiority.

“Game over, Superman ... Game fucking over.” She laughed arrogantly displaying not a hint of doubt. “You are way hell-a-done. I can hear the fat lady singing, can you?”

For the first time in his life Superman was experiencing unbearable excruciating pain and genuine debilitating and paralyzing fear. The girl was so much bigger than he, so much stronger than he, and so much faster than he. He understood that he couldn't hurt her nor could he defend himself against her punches and her awesome strength.

He watched in utter amazement as her teen biceps continued to explode into unfathomable bulging mountains of rock-hard muscle. Superman felt completely helpless standing before this mighty teen to whom he now knew himself to be inferior in every way imaginable.

"Look at me you little wimp." She stuck her tongue out. "Behold my magnificence."

The utterly humiliated Kryptonian needed to crane his neck way back just to look at the eight-foot-four-inch teen's condescending smile and the look of triumph spreading across her beautiful face. Angel was reveling in her unquestioned superiority, experiencing yet another vaginal orgasm.

"Kneel before me you insignificant little cockroach." Angel smirked justifiably displaying well-deserved hubris, she double fisted him on top of his head a number of times as if she were playing her own private game of whack-a-mole.

How could this be happening to him. He was still Superman. His superpowers were still intact and yet he was completely impotent against her. Somehow Angel's mega-strength had been exponentially enhanced, magnified far beyond anything Superman had ever possessed or even imagined.

He suspected that Dr. Hardy was likely responsible. Actually, he was absolutely convinced the Doctor was totally responsible for her powers. The Doctor was a genius relative to genetics and instrumental in the SGS growth phenomenon. She was the one who had insisted on this fight. The Doctor must have known all about or assisted with the development of Angel's extraordinary strength and power. Superman felt certain the doctor had seized upon this opportunity to set a trap for him. Had the doctor somehow gifted Angel with superpowers, powers far superior to his?

Angel had no compunction about using the full extent of her powers to not only hurt and defeat the strongest man in the world but to achieve the ultimate goal, the goal that both she and the doctor shared and that was to humble and embarrass the arrogant asshole who had humiliated her back at her school.

Superman had ruined the greatest day of her life. The memory of her transformation to SGS girl would always be tainted knowing how he had used her as his personal teenaged sex toy and how she had felt diminished by his arrogance.

“Superman, you took advantage of me back at school.” She unleashed her enormous throbbing appendage from her banana hammock and waived her monster tool at a wide-eyed Superman implying that he would soon be reacquainted with her now eighteen-inch girl-cock. She was slowly stroking it, readying the monster for who knew what.

“Now it’s my time for my sweet revenge.” Her laugh conveyed absolute confidence in herself and utter disdain for the little super-turd now groveling before her.

Superman was beginning to better understand the world of the New Women. He felt puny and insignificant alongside Angel the eight-foot-four-inch epitome of the evolution of the superior sex. Understanding that women had become all-powerful Superman placed his broken and bleeding face into his hands and began to whimper like a child.

He quickly realized that now this his invulnerability had been completely compromised and he was no longer impervious to pain; he was a coward. The excruciating pain that now ravaged his weakened body was, well, excruciating. Experiencing unbearable pain was, well, unbearable and too much for Superman to endure. Without his gifts he was indeed a coward much like a sniveling frightened little child.

His heretofore indomitable spirit along with invulnerability, had deserted him. He was losing his will to fight the imposing teenaged giant. He recognized his utter helplessness and his inability to accept Angel’s overwhelming dominance shamed him and he wept openly.

“I’m so sorry Soupy.” She pried his hands away from his face. “I couldn’t hear you over your groans and your sobs and your prissy whimpers and whines.” She kissed her own fully flexed throbbing right bicep that now approached 60” of unmatched female power ... Angel laughed contemptuously.

An anxious apprehensive crowd began chanting her name ... Angel ... Angel ... Angel ... But now with much less fervor. They recognized how superior the flaming red-headed giant was to the man she had horrifically beaten to a pulp, the man she had nearly killed on several occasions, the man she was thoroughly humiliating. Somehow, watching this mismatch was considerably less fun than before.

Angel forced Superman to take her enormous she-cock into his mouth but withdrew almost immediately. Sensing the Man of Steel was getting ready to throw up Angel motioned to her corner and an extraordinarily busty, long-legged young SGS girl bounced across the ring with bucket in hand but she was too late. Superman had spewed voluminous amounts of disgusting yellowish-brown bile all over the mat. The mostly female crowd laughed uproariously when he slumped forward and Angel smushed and rubbed his face into his own vomit.

“Superman, are you retarded or just super-stupid?” Angel decided it was time to put on another muscle show. She posed and preened for the entertainment of the gasping viewing audience. She quickly moved her jock to the side again giving the crowd and Superman a quick peak at her giant girl-cock.

Still experiencing unfamiliar paroxysms of pain and trembling with fear, Superman watched as the girl’s gigantic biceps began to rise higher and bulge even thicker. She abruptly stopped her preening and mischievously tweaked his nose, inserting her thumb between her own fingers simulating his nose. Holding her clinched fist in front of his face, the grinning schoolgirl asked Superman if he wanted his nose back.

“Hey look, you Super Simpleton.” Angel doubled over and clutched her sides while laughing uncontrollably. “Do you want your nose back?” She asked.

“It’s all over for you little dude.”

The Amazon girl had muscles on top of muscles on top of peaked muscles. Angelica Maria Martinez looked like a caricature drawing featured on Deviant Art, one of the popular Websites devoted to muscular women; muscular women who joyously dominate men. It was only a matter of time before someone wrote a story about this night, about this fight, about the emergence of a super-female, and Superman's ultimate defeat. The Diana the Valkyrie website would no doubt publish.

"You're yesterday's news little man." Superman watched in awe as the big bad beautiful redhead showed off layer after layer of sinewy young muscle that literally erupted from her entire body; her calves, her thighs, her abdominal muscles, her pecs, her muscular arms, her neck and her shoulders all pulsed with each breath she took.

Not only had Superman's Kryptonian strength and super-powers had been exponentially surpassed by this mere mortal, his own capacity for shame had been correspondingly diminished.

"You like? She laughed at Superman's incredulous expression as her massive 60" guns of steel rose a couple of inches more, easily dwarfing his meager 24" biceps. Her biceps were more than twice the size of his and seemingly getting bigger and more cut each time the fabulous female flexed. Still smirking she grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and forced him down to his knees, belittling earth's last male hero.

"Bend a knee before your Goddess, you wimp." The enormous teen had already completely humiliated Superman physically. Now Angel wanted to ridicule the man verbally. "Hey there Supes ... did you know ... you're so stupid blondes are telling jokes about you ... revealing that it takes you ninety minutes to watch sixty-minutes on TV."

The Caped Crusader had seen and heard enough. Superman was beyond additional embarrassment. So, the Bat leaped into the ring and tossed a white towel of surrender towards Angel's corner. He was hoping against hope that she would show a little mercy and accept his surrender. Before the towel could even land a purple clad masked woman leaped

into the ring and intercepted the rag. She offered it to Angel who laughed and emphatically shook her head ... NO!

“Cat Woman!” Batman, recalling the last time they had met recoiled from her displaying clear and obvious fear.

“Bruce ... you know the rules ... no retreat baby, no surrender.”

At a watch-party in Mobile, Alabama, increasing numbers of incensed good old boys were planning an armed insurrection. They, as well as thousands and thousands of defiant males around the world were frustrated with and annoyed by Batman’s decision to offer a surrender. The still macho men believed that any form of capitulation symbolized the surrender for all males. If Superman was unable to stand up to a girl what chance did any of them have.

Ray Ray Rosen, the leader and organizer of the Mobile Male Militia group was preaching the need for an armed rebellion. His plea was being cheered by everyone there. His rhetoric rang true ... just because the New Women were now considerably stronger than men it didn’t bestow females with the right or any justification to strip males of their constitutionally guaranteed rights. The rumblings of war echoed throughout the land and a true battle of the sexes loomed.

Batman hadn’t seen Selina Kyle since the fateful night when he interrupted one of her daring jewelry robberies, the night the feline goddess had proven how much stronger and more powerful she was than he and how proficient a fighter she had become. She had been relentless as she mercilessly and literally beat the living shit out of him. He had spent eleven days in the hospital attached to a colostomy bag and another two weeks convalescing at his home.

He knew that a fight between the two of them would turn out to be even worse for him now. Just like every other woman on earth the Cat was bigger and considerably stronger than before the dawning of the age of the “new women.” Selina now stood six-foot-two with impressively peaked 22-inch biceps which she proudly flexed for his benefit.

“Bruce, if you like em you can kiss these babies. They’re easily six to eight inches larger than when last we met.” She flexed some more, enjoying the panicked look on his face as he eyed her rippling muscles. Her form-fitting Cat-suit hugged her hour-glass figure leaving little to one’s imagination.

“Come on Batman. Touch them you know you want to.” Selina didn’t have the appetite to hurt nor the desire to embarrass her former lover in front of the TV cameras and 150,000 people. So, she simply tossed him out of the ring.

The laughing feline female leaped over the top rope, caught up to the Caped Crusader, cradled him in her powerful arms, flipped Batman over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes, and lazily sauntered up the center aisle out of the stadium while still carrying her former lover she fondled his genitals. Cat was fully intending to reintroduce Batman to carnal pleasures and her feline urges.

As soon as Superman had finished vomiting a quick cleanup had taken place. The leggy girl, bucket in hand, was already calculating how much cash she could get for a vile of Superman’s vomit on E-Bay.

Angel resumed her ruthless and systematic destruction of the Kryptonian representative of the male gender. Without encountering any resistance at all from the enfeebled obviously weakened Superman, Angel wrapped her gargantuan arms around his chest, locked her fingers, and pressed her massive breasts into his back. He could literally feel her erect steel-like nipples attempting to penetrate his back and her massive erections impatiently pressing against his ass.

Angel roughly enveloped and crushed the tearful Superman’s pained 240-pound body with her powerful unyielding arms. She easily wrapped the hopelessly overwhelmed Superman’s torso tighter than an airport sandwich. Try as he might he couldn’t move a fucking muscle let alone breathe comfortably.

The amused teen could feel the Man of Steel's legs going limp as the air escaped from his lungs. Still squeezing his pliable body, Angel dropped down on her back and placed him between her python like legs executing an unbreakable body scissors squeeze.

Ignoring his groans and moans and his labored attempts to breathe she leaned back, arched her powerful body, and lifted Superman into the air before viciously bouncing his sorry ass off the mat numerous times jarring several vertebrae, doing even more harm to his already damaged spinal cord.

Feeling Superman's lifeforce beginning to wane and leave his body Angel released her dominating hold just as the man passed out. Angel felt his neck looking for a pulse but when she failed to locate one, she covered his mouth with hers and expertly administered CPR. She was elated when he began to noticeably choke up lots of blood and yucky phlegm allowing him to breathe. She wasn't done with him yet and said so.

"I'm not done with you yet." She assured him.

The appreciative audience stood and applauded her clear act of compassion for the man she had been and was now destroying almost without effort.

His tortured groans and moans of relief suggested she had indeed nearly killed the pathetic little Man of Schlemiel but it was much too soon for that. It would have been boring to kill him now. She still had interesting plans for him.

"Flex for me little man." The Avenger pulled Superman up onto his knees. "Let's see those super biceps of yours."

Angel immediately realized the capacity crowd was reacting oddly. A noticeable murmur was circulating through the stadium. People were standing and excitedly pointing into the air. The Jumbotron cameras captured the image of a blue and red clad woman hovering overhead. It had to be Supergirl coming to rescue her cousin.

Not knowing what to expect some in the crowd cheered wildly while others watched in total silence. Angel, acting as if she were a little kid hearing *Turkey in the Straw*, the ice-cream truck song, did a little happy dance and clapped her hands together.

“This should be hell-a-fun.” She whispered to herself.

Leading up to the match Kal-El had assured Supergirl several times that “THE FIGHT” was a sham nothing more than an over-hyped exhibition match designed to raise money for the newly formed male’s equalization trust fund. He assured his cousin the match was comparable to a professional wrestling match with choreographed moves and a pre-determined outcome. He had lied to her. Like nearly everyone else on the planet Kara and her long-time lover Lois Lane were watching the big match on pay-for-view TV while curled up naked in their luxurious circular bed.

Kara had been sensually massaging Lois’s biceps when she realized what they were watching was some serious shit. This was a real fight and Superman was clearly being overwhelmed by the 8-foot-4-inch teenaged genetic freak. Kara feared the girl would eventually kill her cousin. Supergirl knew she was considerably stronger than Superman and a vastly superior fighter. Kara knew she was capable of at least holding her own against the powerful teen at least long enough to scoop up her cousin and fly him out of the stadium to safety.

Kara slowly descended into the ring alighting on the mat directly between Superman and the remarkable flame haired Amazonian teenager who had been tormenting a clearly over-matched Superman.

“Oh ... Hello dear.” The visibly unconcerned teenager stepped closer to the Maiden of Might dwarfing her, dominating her with her overwhelming size. “I was hoping you’d show up tonight.” She flexed one of her massive biceps. “Do you want something little girl?”

“Yes ... Yes, I do.” Kara sneered at the much bigger woman. “First, I want you to use my given name, Kara.” Supergirl knelt down next to her distressed cousin and tried her best to comfort him. She kissed him on his cheek and gently began to massage his neck and shoulders. Even

as his battered body was incrementally recuperating Superman continued to weep. Kara wiped the tears from his eyes. “Relax cuss, I’ll get you out of here.” She promised.

Kara understood that her Kryptonian superpowers had been greatly enriched and amplified by her New Women enhanced female muscles. She was now anywhere from ten to twenty times stronger than Superman. So, she felt extremely confident that she could handle the huge teen.

“Angel, you’ve thoroughly beaten and humiliated Superman something no one believed was possible. You must be extremely proud of yourself.” Supergirl continued to stroke the girl’s ego, complimenting the powerful clearly attention craving narcissistic teenaged Amazon.

“The entire world is in awe of you.” The audience gasped in appreciation when Kara slipped out of her uniform revealing her overly muscled but perfectly proportioned body. If Supergirl needed to fight she wanted to be unencumbered by clothing.

“Angel, you’ve demonstrated complete unquestioned dominance over Superman and you’ve demonstrated to the world your undeniable superiority.” Supergirl tensed her entire body accentuating her remarkable muscles. An unconcerned Angel didn’t seem to notice.

Superman had always taken for granted his extraordinary gifts; his ability to fly, his unmatched Kryptonian strength, his invulnerability, his recuperative powers, his X-ray vision, et. al. Over the years Superman had done nothing to improve upon those gifts.

He never trained or worked-out or lifted weights. Now Superman was ashamed of his arrogance and his laziness. He had never even considered learning how to actually fight. He had always relied on his invulnerability and his punching power but now he was looking on with envy at the two most muscular women on the planet; women who with proper training and hard work had sculptured their amazing bodies into invincible fighting machines; he knew he was looking at the two strongest **people** in the world.

“Angel, you have nothing more to prove. You have physically overwhelmed and dominated Superman. Supergirl continued to plead with the grinning Amazonian teen. “You have

humbled and demeaned the strongest man in the world in full view of over three billion people.”

“Hey girls ... I’m right here.” Superman was unaccustomed to being spoken off in the third person.

“Come on Angel.” Supergirl tried to establish a rapport with the smiling 18-year-old-uber-child. “Show some appreciation for the man who for years protected this planet from all manner of space aliens and super villains. He protected billions of people; among them you, and your friends, and your family members. Won’t you show the man some compassion because if you don’t you will be demonstrating to the entire world you are nothing more than an uncaring self-centered bully.” Kara glanced toward her cousin and smiled. “Please allow me to take Superman with me to a hospital. Your fans will praise you for your compassion.”

“Not a chance.” Angel yawned as she pumped up her massive biceps and waved Kara away, dismissing her as nothing more than an insignificant annoyance. “I still have use for him, more pain to inflict.”

Now Supergirl fully understand that her only chance of getting Kal-El out of this mess would be for her to abandon her deeply etched Kryptonian ethics and use the element of surprise to ambush her gigantic foe.

The Maiden of Might knew exactly what she needed to do so she did it.

She literally flew at the Amazon quickly punching Angel in her throat several times. Her confidence soared when she heard the muscular teen gasping for air. When Supergirl followed up with several thunderous body shots and uppercuts and knee lifts to her face Kara could hear Angel grunting as her entire body constricted.

Using her super quickness Supergirl circled behind the big redhead. Before Angel realized what was happening Superman’s cocky cousin had managed to wrap her python like legs around Angel’s steel-like torso while she simultaneously applied a rear naked choke hold by

wrapping a powerful 28-inch pulsating Kryptonian bicep under Angel's chin and around her thick neck.

Kara quickly locked her other arm in place cinching down the unbreakable hold. She torqued her body way back creating the necessary distance to remain clear of any retaliatory options and to amplify the pressure required to strangle the life out of the surprised teenaged amazon while at the same time using her legs to crush Angel's ribs further restricting her ability to breathe.

Supergirl was bound by the same vow as her cousin ... to never kill another human ... but she realized that this monstrous girl was a potential killer, too dangerous to ignore. Supergirl needed to rescue her helpless cousin from this diabolic unrelenting monster or the girl would surely kill Superman.

Supergirl using her superpowers and newly enhanced New Women muscles was in complete control. In another minute or so Kara was certain it would be all over for this giant genetic freak. A normal human being would have already been dead. Just to be certain Supergirl leaned back even farther applying tremendous pressure on Angel's throat while at the same time squeezing her powerful legs, crushing Angel's ribs further restricting the big freak's breathing even further.

Angel was in serious trouble and she knew it. She could feel her powerful body deflating as she desperately gasped for air only seconds away from asphyxiation. Angel had attempted to stand but Supergirl exerted her super strength and forced her back down. Angel had been reduced to using only her fingers as she hopelessly attempted to pry Supergirl's muscular arm away from her throat.

The powerful flame-haired teen felt as helpless as Superman must have felt when he was in her clutches. Angel was resigned to her ignominious fate and had essentially succumbed to an actual extraterrestrial superbeing who was exponentially more powerful than her disgraced male cousin.

As her last dying breath was escaping her collapsing lungs, Angel had an epiphany and her survival instincts kicked in. Using her strong righthand the teen titan simply grasped Supergirl at the elbow and vigorously exerted every ounce of her unmatched power. As she forcibly squeezed Supergirl's muscular arm, Angel could feel bones breaking, tendons and ligaments snapping and disintegrating. By literally crushing Kara's biceps into a gelatinous mushy blob of tissue she forced the Maiden of Might to reluctantly surrender her hold allowing Angel to free herself and breath normally.

Then, in the blink of an eye the big redhead spun around to face Supergirl. Using her left-hand Angel grabbed the startled and unbelieving Supergirl by the throat completely cutting off her air supply with just one hand. Kara who was in excruciating pain was mesmerized watching Angel's throbbing bicep expanding into a massive block of pure female muscle until achieving its mountainous 60" of peaked perfection.

Looking back Kara would forever second guess herself. She should have released her hold on the overly muscled freak of nature and swept up her cousin, flying him to safety. However, Kara understood that she was likely the only being on earth who could save the world from this demented monster the over-confident Kara had made her decision to rid the planet of this creature.

Angel lifted the struggling superheroine more than a foot and a half off the ground allowing her to peer directly into Supergirl's terrified eyes. Angel couldn't resist offering a bemused little wink.

"Hey little girl, for a moment there you had me worried." Still breathing heavily, the flame haired Amazon reigned several piston-like right hooks to Kara's pretty face breaking and bloodying her nose while fracturing her jaw.

For the first time in her life Supergirl was completely helpless, in terrible unrelenting pain, and terrified, terrified not just for herself but for her cousin as well. Angel casually released her vice like grip allowing the defenseless Supergirl to breath.

Supergirl was experiencing the pain of broken bones and dropped to her knees sobbing. She felt as if she might vomit. Still trying to fight Kara pathetically crawled to and pawed at her tormenter's bare feet.

Even in defeat Superman was immensely proud of his cousin. Angel was equally impressed but amused by the girl's tenacity nonetheless the cruel teen ruthlessly stomped down on both of Supergirl's hands.

Angel was in no hurry to dispatch the teary-eyed superheroine. The big redhead loved hearing Supergirl's wailing, whining and whimpering. The teenaged muscle goddess moved behind Kara and pulled her lifeless arms straight back. The crowd couldn't help but notice Kara's damaged elbow hanging grotesquely at her side and collectively winced.

Angel meticulously placed her large left foot in the middle of Supergirl's back flexing her biceps in a display of unquestioned disrespect. Grasping Kara's wrists Angel mercilessly stretched her arms as far back as she could and then she stretched those arms back a little bit further. Paying special attention to Supergirl's damaged elbow Angel was ruthlessly causing Kara to scream from the unrelenting unspeakable debilitating pain.

"Oh, my. I'm so sorry dear." She looked over a motionless Superman. "Dude do you think that hurts her?" Angel enjoyed hearing the shamed and frightened Supergirl begging and pleading for mercy.

Like her cousin Supergirl's body had always been invulnerable and impervious to pain: capable of healing and regenerating injured bones and organs and even limbs. What she was experiencing now was her first taste of real agony coupled with unrelenting fear. She thought back to the many times she had caused other's pain and was ashamed.

"I thought you were Supergirl not Stupid girl." Angel released her devastating hold and chided the Maiden of Might. "You watched me easily destroy your big cousin. What the hell made you think you could successfully intervene?" Angel shrugged her shoulders.

“I’ll give you this little girl. You put up a much better fight than your wimpy ass cousin.” Angel paused for a moment. “Oh wait, I bet you regularly beat up on your cousin. You are considerably stronger than he. Right? I’m right, right?”

“Soups, by now you must be accustomed to having beautiful strong girls with big guns kick your puny little ass.” Angel looked down at the humbled Superman with disdain and contemptuously slapped him across the face. She giggled as she slapped him across the face again but this time she employed her flaccid but still enormous girl-cock.

She grasped the front of Superman’s shirt and lifted him off the mat with one hand. Holding him straight out at arms-length she joyously began to bicep-curl Superman’s body like the pathetic 240-pound dumbbell he had proven himself to be. After several impressive curls Angel dropped Superman on his butt and turned her attention back to Supergirl who was still on the mat writhing in pain, struggling to breath.

“Admit it you little pip-squeak.” Angel flexed her massive biceps, yet again. “These babies are even more impressive up close. Am I right or am I right?” Angel was a true narcissist deeply in love with her own muscular body. The girl just couldn’t stop showing off. Angel forced her enormous girl-cock into Kara’s mouth and forcibly face fucked ... ‘slurper girl’ ... until she began to gag.

Angel lifted Kara off the mat and faced her towards the nearest camera. The crowd gasped as they focused their attention on the many jumbotrons that ringed the stadium, each clearly showing Angel’s *she-men* dripping from ‘slurper girls’ mouth and down the humiliated superheroine’s face.

“You’re a naughty little thing, aren’t you?” Angel addressed the crowd. “What should I do to this impudent little child.” The voice of one female audience member could be heard above all others ... ‘spank her little bitch ass.’ ... Angel pumped her fist at the crowd. “Perfect, she deserves a spanking.”

The big redhead effortlessly hoisted Kara up onto her lap and bends her over her knee preparing the Kryptonian slut for the ultimate humiliation; a public spanking. Raising her huge

right hand straight up in the air Angel swung her huge right hand powered by her muscular arm down on Kara's bare ass and shouted ... 'one' ... before forcibly striking Kara's bare bottom again.

Supergirl understood that in the eyes of the world she was being spanked over and over again by an eighteen-year girl as if she were nothing more than a naughty little pipsqueak brat.

Angel raised her hand again and the crowd shouted two, then three, then four until Angel stopped spanking Kara at twelve. Supergirl's buns of steel had already turned a bright blistering red and Angel was enjoying Kara's embarrassed weeping.

"Supergirl, I need for you to feel my power." Angel pumped up her biceps. "Here you go little girl, caress my biceps, squeeze them, kiss them, adore them, worship them." Angel pushed a deeply ashamed Supergirl down to her knees and screamed at her. "Bow down before your Goddess, you insignificant little twit."

"Stupid girl you're beginning to bore me." Which of course wasn't true. Since Supergirl's arrival Angel had orgasmed more times than she could count. Destroying Superman and Supergirl, the two mightiest beings on the planet, in front of three billion people, all in one night, was beyond her wildest dreams.

The enormous eight-foot-four-inch-tall redheaded teen reached down and grabbed the still sobbing Stupid Girl by her right ankle and began to violently swing her over her head ... round and round and round ... after several more rotations, Angel slammed Supergirl face first onto the mat. Supergirl's terrified screams of unrelenting terror could be heard throughout the stadium as well much of the area surrounding the stadium.

"Listen up child. Your Goddess is about to give you a new name. From now on you will be known as the Maiden of Freight."

Angel renewed swinging Supergirl over her head several more times until she contemptuously released her vice like grip on the frightened girl's ankle and with one prodigious final fling, she propelled Stupid Girl into deep space.

“There goes the Maiden of Flight.” Angel laughed at the newest nickname she had just bestowed on Supergirl. “Bye, bye baby. Say hello to Uranus.”

Angel couldn't take her eyes off the summersaulting Supergirl as she disappeared into the night sky. For the first time Angel realized she had developed super vision; thank you Dr. Hardy. She was able to focus on Supergirl's glum and gloomy facial expressions as she struggled to regain her ability to control her flight.

It was then the big redhead noticed that a paparazzi camerawoman had crawled over the ring apron and was now leaning into the ring. Angel ripped the big video recorder away from the frightened woman and began to squeeze her camera with both hands. The sounds of the constricting metal and plastic were audible enough to be heard by much of the crowd. Angel continued to squeeze until all that remained of the expensive camera was a rectangular piece of junk which she politely returned to the petrified camerawoman dismissing her with a wave of her hand.

“Now, where were we?” Angel turned her attention back to cowering Superman. “Oh yes. Please flex those pathetic puny biceps for me little man. The Man of Steel's Kryptonian strength had not fully returned but he felt he was nearly there. So, while still on his knees, Superman half-heartedly flexed his right arm displaying a much smaller bicep than usual. Laughing derisively the 8-foot 4-inch teen loomed over the still kneeling Superman. Reaching down she engulfed and squeezed his bicep joyously pinching the nerve roots with her large right hand causing unbearable pain.

Angel never tired of flexing her own gigantic biceps watching as they bunched up growing larger and harder. She forced her docile opponent to kiss and lick them and then feel her massive guns. Even using both of his hands Superman was unable to get his fingers completely around her plus 60" biceps

“Pretty damn big, huh?” A contemptuous smile spread across Angel's lovely face as she dismissively kicked Superman in the lower back just for fun. “Think about it Superman. My 60" biceps equal five-feet in circumference; five fucking feet.

The capacity crowd was more and more in awe of Angel but were collectively beginning to feel sorry for Superman. After all, the man had been the protector of the planet; saving countless human lives, averting epic disasters, both natural and alien induced, and being an all-around good guy. Even if he now lived in a woman's world, a world that felt nothing but contempt for the helpless males who had once held sway over the populace ... a world that had no room for a Superman.

Superman's heretofore unmatched Kryptonian strength had returned to him along with a resurgence of confidence and yet he was still inconsolable. He was still in deep physiological despair physically paralyzed, and openly crying. He was no longer impervious to pain. Every part of his body was in a world of hurt.

The broken bones in his face were still throbbing. His biceps screamed unremitting pain. His damaged and wobbly legs could barely support his weight. His several broken ribs ached each time he took a breath; fortunately for him it was unlikely he would find any reason to laugh any time soon. His upper back and neck were on fire. His lower back was on fire. His entire ravaged body was in agony.

Worst of all, the most powerful man on the Planet couldn't stop himself from crying; openly weeping for all to see, knowing full well that this ruthless superhuman-teen wasn't finished inflicting more pain. Superman doubted she would ever be sated.

"Rao, please." He called on his Kryptonian God for help.

"Superman, sack up." Her powerful voice boomed throughout the stadium causing the terrified superhero's sphincter muscle to weaken, releasing what could only be described as anal leakage; an embarrassing seepage of yellowish-brown mucus was running down Superman's right pant leg clearly visible to much of the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen." When Angel realized she had literally kicked the shit out of the strongest man on earth, she pointed to the asshole and doubled over with gut wrenching laughter. She stood on the bottom strand of ropes, held Superman up displaying his backside to the crowd, and yelled. "Behold the Crap-tonian."

Ever since the Man of Steel's arrival on earth Superman instantly became the most admired and recognizable person on the planet. He used his superpowers for the good of mankind, protecting the planet from natural disasters, otherworldly threats, terrorists, and homegrown bad guys. He was admired by children, teens, adults, and seniors alike for his many contributions to society and his unquestioned selflessness.

Superman had treasured his pristine reputation as a worthy superhero, a reputation he now knew had been tarnished beyond repair. After all, an embarrassed Superman had pulled his pants down and was currently wiping his dripping asshole with a towel in front of three billion people, courtesy of a blushing SGS corner girl. He realized that if Angel allowed him to live, not a given, and he returned to society, he would forever be known as the Crap-tonian.

Tonight, Superman had been deeply shamed by the vindictive muscular teen's complete dominance, his pitiful cowardly performance in the ring, and for the humiliation of openly weeping at her feet. To the world-wide audience his deportment had been despicable, unworthy of his cherished status as a Superhero; better to have simply died with honor than grovel at the feet of the big teenager.

A large group of disgruntled men calling themselves the Greater Milwaukee Militia had gathered together for a group-watch-party anticipating a glorious victory by Superman, a victory that for at least one night would provide males with a modicum of hope and joy

However, from the outset the disappointed unbelieving males were experiencing the same debilitating emotions as much of the world-wide male population. Superman's disgraceful performance in the ring had more than just disappointed these men. His undignified begging and shameful groveling had embarrassed the entire gender. To the man they were ready for the inevitable revolution.

Earl "The Pearl" Turley a retired Navy Seal and the De Facto leader of the group was distributing all manner of state-of-arts weapons to the hyped-up militia men all of whom were determined to fight for more equitable rights. Each realized that females were bigger, stronger, faster, and more skilled in the art of fighting. However, these pissed off men also

understood that these women were still vulnerable to bullets of which they had an endless supply.

Superman knew that his inability to have gracefully accept defeat had disturbed and shamed his many fans. His disgraceful deportment in defeat was an anathema to his image, something his fans could never be able to reconcile. Angel may not have killed him yet, nonetheless deep down inside Superman felt dead and his tears flowed yet again.

“Come on Pooper-man there’s no crying in the boxing ring.” The amused and thoroughly entertained crowd stood as one and cheered and laughed and applauded and chanted ... Angel ... Angel ... Angel ... followed by a new spontaneous crowd chant ... Pooper-man ... Pooper-man ... Pooper-man.

There was no longer any doubt in anyone’s mind, this teen powerhouse, Angelica Maria Martinez, was by far the strongest most powerful being on the planet and like any narcissist Angel wanted to prove it.

“Pooper-man, I’m disappointed in you. I expected so much more from the Man of Squeal.” Her pointed insults and mocking laugh had deeply pierced Superman’s soul as he accepted as undeniable ... he was now no more significant to her than a lowly cockroach.

“Throughout this match, I can’t bring myself to call this an actual fight, you have failed to land one punch of significance. Look at me Soupy. There are no marks on my beautiful face, no marks on my magnificent body; no broken bones, no cuts or lacerations, no bruises, no nothing. I haven’t even broken a sweat.”

“Like every other male on earth you’ve shown me nothing but weakness. Your little cousin put up a much better fight than you. You are too weak and too timid to stand up to a real woman; even if that woman is an eighteen-year-old child.” She smirked at the thought of her being an actual child.

“Superman, you’ve failed to land one decent punch.” She smirked some more. Sneering at the cowering coward Angel made him an offer he couldn’t refuse. “Well, here’s your last

chance little man.” She stuck out her chin and started to sing. *“Hit me with your best shot ... fire away.”*

The big teenager planted herself in the middle of the ring. Angel spread her legs apart, each resembling a majestic California oak. Her feet were solidly rooted to the mat. She locked her fingers together behind her head and flexed every muscle in her stunningly beautiful body, a classic body-builder’s pose known as the front-lat-spread. Her body and her pose would win every body-building contest she chose to enter. Each time the teen dynamo posed and flexed for the awe-struck crowd her muscles and her vanity grew in concert.

Superman, believing that his Kryptonian strength had fully returned but instinctively understood that even so his punches would likely be ineffective against the muscular teen’s inexplicably invulnerable impervious body. Nonetheless, the Man of Steel summoned up what remained of his resolve and convinced himself that “Truth, Justice, and the American Way” could prevail, would prevail, must prevail.

He understood that the Male’s Equalization Trust Fund (M.E.T. fund) was at stake. He was still depressed knowing how little of his legacy remained but for the sake of males everywhere he needed to battle against this new breed of super-woman.

Without hesitation Superman literally flew across the ring attacking the big redheaded teen launching one powerful punch after another. Sonic booms again reverberated throughout the stadium. He targeted her weakest areas, areas that could not be strengthened with exercise, areas like her esophagus, her vagina, and her ears.

He viciously attacked her kidneys and liver with powerful hooks. He even karate chopped Angel across her throat several times. He gauged at her eyes. He unloaded countless lightning bolts to her face repeatedly smashing his big fists into her nose and her jaw and her mouth and her cheekbones, while viciously cuffing her ears. The paragon of Kryptonian power and virtue even resorted to questionable tactics, hammering Angel behind the head, kicking her kneecaps, punching her gorgeous breasts and her groin.

He actually hurt his hand when he smashed a big fist against her abdomen. Her eight pack was akin to an impenetrable wall of graphene which is 2,000 times stronger than steel. He quickly resorted to hitting her below the belt again. He karate kicked her in the groin, side-kicked her in the face and hammered her head with his fists. He even kicked her shins and targeted her Achilles tendons. Even though he knew Angel wasn't Greek he was irrationally hoping the Amazonian mega-girls heal would be her weakness.

The Kryptonian's mighty blows would have leveled buildings and toppled mountains, but Angel never stopped smiling. She stood unmoving, invulnerable to his best efforts. After a few more minutes of constant punching Superman mentally and physically shut down. His entire body noticeably deflated as if someone had let the air of the balloon. He slumped forward sobbing in abject subjugation. Had he not encountered Angel at the school, Superman would have been convinced she was an actual Goddess, he still wasn't unconvinced that she wasn't a goddess.

Back in the day Superman visited an unknown star-system dominated by the Planet of the Goddesses. His only encounter with an actual Goddess had not gone well. When he objected to the way an overly muscled female was treating her acolytes the unnamed Goddess quickly grabbed him by his left ankle, lifted him high over her head, spun him around several times before flinging him into the vast nothingness of outer space where he ultimately crashed into the dominant planet of an unknown galaxy. It had taken Superman five full days of flying at supersonic speed to get back to earth vowing to never again challenge a Goddess.

Angel had been amused, clearly enjoying Superman's derisory efforts. The Amazon relaxed her breathtaking pose and waved to the capacity crowd evoking still more chants ... Angel ... Angel ... Angel. She jumped into the air and drop-kicked Superman in the chest lifting him several feet off the ground sending the Man of Steel flying through the air across the ring until he crashed into the ring stanchion. Superman immediately curled up in the fettle position gasping for air.

“Soupy, you are truly pathetic. I counted well over two hundred maybe even three hundred landed punches and kicks but I didn’t feel any of them, not even one.” You may as well have been hitting me with a pillow or better yet with a feather.

Angel stood over him joyously flaunting her voluptuous body while starring into his tearful eyes forcing him to focus on her magnificent pulsating muscles. She reveled in her own dominance enjoying his befuddled look and his pathetic pitiable sobs of humiliation.

Angel was barely eighteen-years-old and just coming to terms with being the most powerful human being on the Planet, maybe even the Universe. So, her arrogance could be excused and her massive ego and growing vanity understandable.

Meanwhile, in the auditorium of an abandoned armory in Chicago nearly two-hundred very motivated and pissed-off members of the newly formed all-male Second City Militia a resistance group that had secretly convened a viewing-party to watch Superman kick some female ass and to make plans for the first step towards the revolution.

The men were all tired of, disgusted with, and pissed-off by the increasingly oppressive officers of the Council of Woman each of whom seemed intent on stripping males of more and more of their constitutionally protected civil-rights. Males everywhere were fearful of the domineering ‘New Women’ and terrified by the emergence of the vindictive ever-increasing numbers of SGS girls with their power and influence.

The males of the Second City Militia were all armed to the teeth and to the man understood it was well past time for them to fight back, well past time for them to regain some semblance of normalcy.

Many if not most of the original SGS girls were now experiencing extraordinary second growth spurts achieving heights often exceeding seven-feet. All woman were getting considerably bigger and stronger physically as well as more powerful politically controlling both the House and the Senate as well governorships, and most mayoral office holders.

A female president was all but assured and a number of pending bills to criminalize the position of firearms were to be introduced in the next session of congress so it was now or never for disgruntled persecuted male population of earth ... and they all knew it.

THE FIGHT was still in progress and the militia men were disconsolate unable to believe that Superman had been thoroughly demolished and humiliated by a teenager, albeit an extraordinarily massively muscled SGS girl. They were all disgusted by his refusal to accept lot with honor, disgusted with his constant begging for mercy, and his embarrassing groveling and weeping and blubbering. For Christ sakes the man had shit his pants.

The leader of the group 'Captain' Bubba Phillips stood six-foot-eight tall and packed enormous muscles onto his three-hundred-fifty-pound frame was fomenting unrest with his rhetoric, calling for the immediate enactment of the nuclear options; an indiscriminate armed assault on females ... to paraphrase an American patriot he was calling out for ... Give us equality or give us death.

"Guys, it's now or never. Women are getting stronger every day."

He was interrupted by a cadre of females consisting of a mixture of 'new women' and outrageously proportioned SGS girls. The females, who were all unarmed and naked each flaunting massive biceps and large breasts. In a ploy aimed at intimidating the males within the bicep-blessed females were all screaming like banshees as they entered the auditorium using every available egress including through windows by rappelling from the roof using military-grade nylon cords. They took great delight in twisting a myriad of rifle barrels into dozens of misshapen pretzels like objects.

Despite being outnumbered by a ratio of at least eight to one the female warriors in a flurry of flying fists and feet quickly and easily established control over the now beaten, bruised, bloodied, terrified and cowering militia men.

An amused fourteen-year-old seven-foot-two-inch three-hundred-pound well-muscled girl named Karen had been put in charge of the unit simply to make a point. She confronted Bubba who appeared to be every bit her equal physically. He stood tall flexing his nearly

inhuman sized -muscles. Bubba wasn't intimidated by the female at all. Using his well-practiced martial-arts acumen he executed a perfect 'arm-drag' judo takedown technique which had never failed him before, until today. Today he failed **'bigley.'**

Laughing disdainfully at his feeble efforts the big child, who was patiently awaiting her second growth spurt, immediately began to beat him down with ridiculous ease. She throat-lifted Bubba off his feet and giggled girlishly as he ineffectively pawed at her 34" bicep until she finally face-planted Bubba at her feet, where he silently remained.

Mini skirmishes had broken out throughout the auditorium leaving a trail of badly beaten weeping, wailing, and whimpering males who were being shackled and chained together. The suddenly naked militia men were submissively made to obsequiously crawl behind the laughing clearly superior females who had subjugated each and every one of them without having broken a sweat or even a nail.

Meanwhile back in the stadium, most of the jumbotrons serving the audience were showing the live feeds of approximately two-hundred embarrassed looking naked shackled together militia men being dragged along by a group of twenty-five or less females; more than enough to handle the weaker males. Countless similar scenes were being played out in a myriad of major cities across the world.

"Hi there, little buddy." Angel directed Superman's attention to the scenes being live-streamed on the Jumbotron. Angel adlibbed a statement for the ears of Superman and for the mesmerized audience members as well.

"Witness the beginning of the end for your kind Superman ... or even better stated ... This is the end of the beginning of man's ill-advised revolt." Angel tensed her pectoral muscles causing her stunning breasts to bounce up and down.

"I'm beginning to realize that males are not only weak but they're stupid as well." She patted the Man of Steel on the top of his head and tousled his hair. "Face it, you little shit head. You cannot compete with these." Angel flexed her amazing biceps and laughed contemptuously. "None of you can."

“Superman, stop your moaning.” Angel gleefully reached down and again squeezed Superman’s comparatively meager mushy right bicep until he began to scream in pain. “I know it can’t be a muscle cramp, you don’t seem to have any of those left.” Her contemptuous laughter pained him almost as much as his failing ravaged body, but not nearly as much as the discouraging scenes he had just witnessed.

Angel’s arms were hanging at her sides and she allowed her biceps to rest naturally. Her unflexed biceps would likely still measure in the high 40 plus inches.” Even so, they still displayed bluish worm sized veins pulsing along her arms suggesting real power. She slowly began to lift and bend her arms and flexed joyously watching her amazing biceps begin to grow and grow and grow until they crested beyond her normal but unfathomable 60” dimensions.

Superman watched her muscular metamorphous with unbelieving awe, awe bordering on reverence. The clearly defeated Kryptonian who has always had a big female bicep fetish was beginning to think of her as the manifestation of a true goddess, his goddess, a goddess worthy of his adoration.

Suddenly without preamble the extraordinary Amazonian superchild exited the ring by vaulting over the top rope. Every SGS female seated in the front row leaped to her feet stood tall extending a hand hoping to touch their newly discovered Superheroine.

Angel grasped the hand of a random SGS girl, pulled the burgeoning Amazonian teen towards her and hoisted the giddy child up into her powerful arms and in one continuous motion Angel bent her knees and leaped into the ring deftly stationing the grinning SGS girl in the middle of the ring.

Angel found Superman exactly where she had left him; leaning against the ropes with his gummy like arms still intertwined between the two top strands. He stumbled a bit when she extricated his unstable body from his rope prison but he managed to regain his balance before he fell on his face.

“Wake up little soupy, wake up.” Angel placed a strong hand on his chest and whispered a few words to the SGS girl and listened closely to her responses.

“Ladies and gentlemen, tonight this young lady will be acting as a surrogate for all of the girls and young women around the world. Tomorrow will be this beautiful still developing young girl’s fifteenth birthday.” Angel peaked down the girl’s halter-top admiring the teen’s endless cleavage. “Very nice.” Angel whistled appreciatively.

“In deference in her age and the applicable child pornography laws in this state she will remain clothed at all times so tonight we will all be deprived of the pleasure of viewing her spectacular breasts.” Angel took another look for herself and whispered ... “Wow.”

“You can believe me when I tell you they are spectacular.” Angel gently placed her hands atop the girl’s eye-popping boobs, squeezing ever so gently and smiled. “This gorgeous child already stands seven feet two-and three-quarter inches tall and weighs well over three hundred pounds of pure still developing teen muscle.” Angel grinned at Superman. “Ironically, her name is Lois.”

Every male watching THE FIGHT fell into a deep state of despair. The males of the planet had been confidently preparing to cheer for Superman who they had fully expected to provide mankind with a triumph, a pyric victory to be sure but still ... and now he was being confronted by a fourteen-year-old girl who stood a foot taller than he.

Seeing Superman being destroyed by a girl. and watching the hundreds if not thousands of humiliated militia men being unceremoniously paraded around like helpless docile lambs was demoralizing to the nth degree, and now having to watch a still developing hugely muscled fourteen-year-girl with cartoonishly large biceps towering over Superman was more than most could bare. The entire male population of earth could hear the fat lady singing and they knew it was ... GAME OVER!

“Superman, this well-muscled and busty child represents this new female dominated world in which we now live.” She coaxed the girl to present a double-bicep pose. Angel smiled at one

of the cameras. "You all best get used to this because for the lot of you it's never going to get any better."

A steady stream of depressed, demoralized, disgruntled, dispirited males began to exit the stadium en masse with their eyes down trying to ignore the boisterous cheers of the predominately female audience who as one began to sing ... *na na na na, na na an na, hey hey, goodbye.*

Lois who was wearing impossibly short tight fitting denim booty shorts and a revealing halter top strode confidently towards the walleyed former Superhero. She forcibly grabbed his hands, intertwined her fingers with his, and locked their respective wrists over their heads in the ultimate test of strength.

At first a straining Superman, nearly sans superpowers, was relying on muscle memory and managed to hold his own against this youthful teen titan until his already exhausted arms began to tremble. The uber-child's incomprehensible biceps bulged and expanded to an incredible peaked 32" of feminine teen power as she mercilessly squeezed Superman's hands inexorably forcing his body down to his knees eye level with her crotch which she pretended to grind into his face. Stepping back, she smashed her right knee into his unprotected face and winked at Angel, hoping for approval.

As a side note this girl's 32" bicep was more than equal to the largest male bicep ever recorded.

Feeling sexy and horny Lois so wanted to expose and display her magnificent 42DD breasts but had been admonished not to. Even so the precocious overly endowed child tugged on her halter top briefly revealing the totality of her spectacular breasts taking great care to keep her nipples covered at all times. Chants of Lois ... Lois ... Lois ... rang out.

She covered up and spread her arms far apart and as if she were playing the symbols, she violently cuffed his ears with the palms of her hands over and over again until his ears began to bleed some more, again.

Wishing to emulate Angel's every move Lois effortlessly lifted the 240-pound man high over her head and executed several squat-lifts and bench presses. The crowd was screaming her name again ... Lois ... Lois ... Lois.

A confused Superman couldn't understand why everyone in the stadium was chanting his wife's name. He scanned his surroundings hoping to see her hoping she might be able to save him.

The appreciative chants encouraged the hugely muscled SGS girl. Every man still watching the debacle was horrified as they witnessed her extraordinary display of feminine strength as the mighty teen while still holding the 240-pound Superman aloft ultimately leaped into the air achieving an incomprehensible 63" vertical leap, nearly 20" more than Michael Jordan's best. At the apex of that leap Lois arched her back, flung Superman even higher into the air, reacquired him in her strong hands, and sadistically body slammed the pathetic excuse of a man face first onto the mat.

Lois knelt down alongside Superman's near motionless body. She grabbed a fistful of his hair lifting his head off the mat before forcibly slamming his face down to the floor again. She enjoyed the warm feeling circulating through her body and loved seeing the blood spurting from his mouth and his nose.

The beautiful but sadistic teen experienced a beguiling crescendo finally achieving her first real orgasm. She shuddered deliciously. She smirked as she flexed her impressive biceps in his face one last time.

"Pretty damn big huh?" She brandished her huge right fist in his face, wind-milled her right arm before firing three strong left jabs to his nose. "Bye, bye baby." She actually giggled before vaulting the top rope enjoying the delirious cheers from the rabidly enthusiastic audience.

She pumped up her massive biceps and paraded herself up and down the aisles acknowledging the cheers of the crowd as she orgasmed for a second time while exchanging high fives, occasionally flaunting her remarkable cleavage.

The Kryptonian superhero couldn't believe nor understand what had happened to him, what was happening to him, nor what was about to happen to him. Shame no longer adequately described his state of mind. In a matter of a few agonizing minutes Superman had descended from atop the pantheon of revered world leaders, influential politicians, captains of industry, celebrities, and exalted superheroes to a humbled and humiliated insignificant costumed panty waste.

"Superman." Angel couldn't wait to say what she about to say. "I'd say you are as weak as a kitten but that would be an insult to baby cats everywhere."

Superman couldn't disagree with her and shuddered as he vividly pictured his dismal future as a broken-down former superhero mopping around Times Square begging literal strangers for tips while posing for pictures and videos with sightseers, visitors, tourists, and teasing children as well as the ever-increasing covens of SGS girls all insisting on lifting the pathetic costumed joke of a man over their heads.

"Angel, I can't take any more of this." He felt puny and as his superpowers deserted him, he felt weaker than the weakest of men and his tears flowed unabated. His unabashed shame and embarrassment and humiliation as well as the unrelenting pain consumed him but that no longer really mattered to him. The jumbotron screens captured Superman's despondent image. The entire stadium could see his shameful tears and hear his words, words he never thought he would utter.

"Angelica Maria Martinez." Superman bowed his head and whispered her name not just with respect but with a kind of reverence. "I surrender to you." He submissively crawled on his belly to her feet. "You have defeated me. Your beauty and your muscles are incomparable." His pride was gone and he was no longer ashamed to beg.

"Angel he begged her, please stop hurting me. I don't want to die." He kissed and licked her toes. "I am clearly defenseless before your powerful unworldly and overwhelming strength."

She had thoroughly beaten him to literal pulp. His muscles had been reduced to mush and no longer obeyed his wishes. He bowed his head again and clasped his hands together as if he were praying to her.

“Angel, I worship you. I see it now. You are not only my conqueror you are truly a Goddess; my Goddess.” Even his addled brain understood he needed to placate her arrogance if he had any chance of mercy from the demented teen muscle girl.

Males all over the planet wept openly admitting to the total subjugation of their gender to the “new women”.

Watching from her mansion Dr. Hardy nearly orgasmed hearing the words of surrender coming from the clearly diminished Man of Steel’s bleeding mouth. She understood that to males everywhere he was metaphorically speaking for the entire gender.

In the Doctor’s mind this was the best-case scenario. Man’s last remaining hero was not only completely defeated but humbled and humiliated in the process. His ignominious defeat coupled with the decisive victories by her secret well trained army of female warriors had most assuredly crushed the collective will of most males and with it any thought of pointless resistance.

“I am your loyal but undeserving servant. Just as males are inferior to females, you are my superior in every way.” He had unabashedly sold out his male comrades and totally humiliated himself in the process. At least for the moment he no longer cared what the world thought of him.

“Goddess, what more do you want from me?” Superman kissed her feet.

The audience awaited her words.

“I’m so glad you finally got around to asking.”

She straddled his prone body showing off her muscular calves. Superman hadn’t worshiped her legs yet and she wanted that from him. She raised her toes and pressed her heel down on

the mat several times flexing her calve muscles. Angel encouraged the little shit to run his trembling hands over the incredible hardness of her legs, each of her calves resembled a peaked bicep.

From his still prone position Superman helplessly looked up at his imposing eight-foot-four-inch tormentor's unsheathed enormous girl-cock dangling only inches from his face. He feared what she would do to him next, knowing that whatever it was, he would be completely powerless to stop her.

"First, you must refer to me as your mistress at all times or if you prefer you may substitute Goddess. Next you can kiss and lick my spectacular ass." She put her face close to his and whispered. "Better yet Superman, you can lick my pussy and suck my big dick." She let her girl-cock brush over his quivering lips and whispered. "You've done it before, remember?"

"Yes, mistress." Superman didn't have the inclination nor the will to disobey her so he obediently crawled on his belly to his mistress. She bent over and mooned the pathetic excuse for a man. She laughed as he kissed and licked her bare ass. He moved her gigantic penis out of his way before inserting two fingers and his tongue into her dripping vagina.

The girl was only eighteen-years-old and even though she had been granted dispensation from any and all applicable obscenity and pornography laws, many in the crowd were appalled. They were all stunned by the carnal acts they were witnessing while the pay-for-view customers were grateful they were recording the show. Some in the audience were shouting at Angel, begging her to show mercy.

Superman, in a hypnotic like trance, grabbed her enormous erection tenderly massaged her girl-cock until it grew even more. He guided as much of it as he could into his mouth while still fingering her. Angel was already approaching orgasm and now she was about to achieve a simultaneous female/male climax. Just as her big cock was ready to explode, she removed her pulsating pride and joy from his mouth and released rope after rope of her white viscous *shemen* all over the humiliated Kryptonian.

Angel felt certain that nobody on earth had ever experienced a more intense orgasm. She looked forward to the many more she knew would cum.

“In your face Superman ... In your face.” The crowd had originally been taken aback but now they were confused as Superman greedily and happily licked and sucked his mistress’s cum off his fingers. The crowd was anxiously awaiting what else this Amazon girl had planned for the clearly defeated Superman.

“Thanks, Soupy. That was nice.” Which was the understatement of the century. “Very nice.” She added.

Females around the world were experiencing mild ecstasy wondering if this fabulous teen was the harbinger of things to come. Was Angel tantamount to a crystal ball revealing the next step in female evolution? Was she the first of her kind? Was she an omen, a portent, of the next generation, a generation of absolute female dominance?

The capacity crowd was finally coming to the realization that Supergirl had been right when she branded Angel as a bully. The crowd wanted the muscular redhead to stop brutalizing and humiliating Superman. They understood this was no longer a fight between a Superman and a magnificently muscled teen girl. THE FIGHT had deteriorated into a superwoman tormenting and torturing a completely defenseless male.

However, Angel wasn’t done tormenting this pitiful excuse for a man. She forced Superman between her extraordinarily powerful heavily muscled legs, locked her ankles together, and thrashed him around as if he were as useless as a canned ham at a Bar Mitzvah or a tappoon at a Republican Senate Committee Meeting.

She squeezed her mighty thighs so tightly Superman was sure his entire torso was being crushed. He could feel his bones and ribs snapping and he again began to cry uncontrollably. Not only had she broken what was left of the Kryptonian creep’s spirit, she had surely re-broken a number of his healing ribs as well.

Superman's piteous and terrified pleas for mercy disgusted the world-wide audience. Most people would have expected that Superman would have been more honorable in defeat. His disgraceful conduct which only served to feed her ever expanding ego was stimulating the girl's already overly active libido.

The few remaining undiscovered gatherings of militia men around the country were all silently packing up their things, discarding their cache of weapons, hoping and praying they could disband without being discovered. Their dreams of an armed revolution seemed silly now. Watching Superman being destroyed by a female, an SGS girl to be sure, was a clear sign that females were destined to rule the earth forever.

Right now, the members of the Dodge City Militia Men would all be satisfied or at least mollified if they could find their way home without being caught and subjugated to the same embarrassments as their crushed comrades around the country. Getting 'out of Dodge' unscathed was their only desire.

Clearly Angel was a narcissist who, in addition, she was most assuredly a psychopath lacking empathy. Angel briefly fantasized about keeping Superman around as her pet so she could continue to torture and humiliate the humbled man able to enjoy his whining and whimpering whenever she pleased.

When Angel finally released her unbreakable and excruciatingly painful hold Superman sighed with unbridled relief before scurrying away from her crawling on his belly to the far corner of the ring. He used the ropes to slowly and painfully pull himself onto his feet. Superman turned around to face his amused opponent, an opponent he was now convinced had been endowed with actual unworldly superpowers.

Angel as was her want was still compulsively flexing her incomparable biceps, laughing while waving to the adoring crowd of mostly women. Suddenly, Superman felt a surge of superpower returning to him. Seizing the opportunity, he unexpectedly rose into the air and shakily flew out of the stadium.

The huge flame-haired teen furiously stomped her foot on the mat taking care not to destroy the ring mat. Many in the crowd booed his cowardice. Some of the others remained silent but were secretly relieved that the needless merciless slaughter of a good man had finally come to an end.

Superman had been contemplating his escape almost from the outset. From the very beginning he understood he had little to no chance against the ruthless all-powerful teenager. She was too big for him, she was too strong for him, and she was too fast for him. In short, Angelica Maria Martinez was too much for him.

Early in the fight his invulnerability had been neutralized and the unbearable pain was more than he could tolerate. Superman immediately realized he lacked the strength or the ability to hurt the girl nor could he even minimally defend himself against her.

Superman had proudly endured the pain and the embarrassment and the humiliation for as long as he could. He resisted running or in his case flying away to safety. Superman had steadfastly refused to besmirch the reputation nor denigrate the memory of Jor-El, his beloved father, and what little remained of his Kryptonian pride.

As Superman was soaring several miles above the stadium, he was faced with two options; cowardice or stupidity. He could fly away and disappear into anonymity, maybe he could slip into his Clark Kent persona and settle down with Lois and Supergirl. A threesome sounded pretty good to him right now or he could man-up and resume his futile battle against the heretofore invincible uber-child.

The Man of Steel didn't want to be remembered as the guy who cried and begged an eighteen-year-old girl for mercy or the guy who ate his own vomit or the guy who shit his pants, or as a coward unable and unwilling to fight for his honor.

So, he formulated a plan of attack. There are currently in excess of 2,200 communication-satellites orbiting the earth ranging from six-tons to two-pounds. Superman searched out, located, and selected a one-thousand-pound satellite. He effortlessly cradled it into his strong arms.

With renewed vigor fueled by his regenerative healing powers Superman flew back to the edges of outer space. Building up incredible momentum the Man of Steel had achieved a speed approaching 15,000 miles per hour. Superman reversed course and thrust his body with the thousand-pound satellite back towards the middle of the ring and the imposing 8-foot-4-inch teenaged mutant. He didn't know for sure what would happen to him nor did he care. He only wanted to destroy the repugnant abomination in the ring.

The speed at which he was hurtling himself and the satellite towards earth made the Man of Steel a veritable 1.240-pound guided missile, a missile that upon impact would likely create a deep and massive crater in the earth's surface generating an earthquake of sorts.

Leading with-out-stretched arms supporting the satellite he was aiming at her imposing chest, Superman propelled himself back into the stadium. Before anyone could see or hear him coming Superman's still powerful body crashed directly into the distracted unsuspecting teenager.

The force of the impact could be heard throughout the city rocking the stadium to its foundations resulting in an actual mini earthquake causing a hail of dust and debris and concrete as well as a number of stadium seats to fall from the upper decks of the stadium and to rise from the ground. Fortunately, none of the transfixed spectators were seriously injured.

The debris and dust had engulfed the ring as well as the two combatants. Everybody's vision had been obscured and now everyone in the capacity crowd was on their collective feet attempting to see what had happened.

Everyone was wondering if Superman had finally managed to defeat the girl or hurt the girl. Had he at least managed to muss the amazing muscle girl's perfectly quaffed flaming red hair or had he failed yet again?

The debris and dust had quickly dissipated and now the majority of the capacity crowd was standing, screaming, and applauding while enthusiastically chanting her name; Angel ... Angel ... Angel. The invincible woman-child had not only absorbed all of the energy of the impact, she had managed to rip the 1,000-pound object from Superman's arms and was now holding

the satellite in her arms, clearly unharmed. Superman's hurtling body had simply bounced off of her super-human indestructible frame like a rubber ball.

Still standing tall Angel coquettishly mocked and imitated Superman's power stance again. She easily lifted the 1,000-pound satellite off the matt and with both hands and began to squeeze and squeeze compressing the object down to the size of a half-ton rubrics cube and then hurtled it back into deep space from whence it had come.

At the opposite end of the spectrum Superman lay stunned at the feet of the Amazonian teenager who he now knew for certain was an actual Goddess, a vengeful merciless Goddess no doubt deposited on earth by an unknow power specifically for this moment in time.

"Nice try little dude." Angel compulsively pumped up her right bicep for an entire minute. The narcissistic child delighted in watching the size of her ever-expanding biceps growing to at least sixty inches as her prominent blue veins slowly pushed to the surface of her impossibly smooth skin.

"Soupy, look at me." She flexed again making her biceps jump up and down and run across her upper arms. "It's all over for you." She whispered so only he could hear. "If you ever try a stunt like that again I will pay a little visit to Lois Lane. Understand?"

For her own amusement the redheaded dynamo used only one finger to push the clearly defeated Man of Squeal onto his back. Angel squashed his chest with her perfect ass and began removing his cum soaked clothing. First the shirt with that ridiculous big red "S" was peeled off and dismissively thrown into the audience followed by his pants and his cum and shit stained red, white, and blue tidy whiteys.

"Oops, sorry Soupy." She feigned affection as she caressed his cheek. "Maybe we can retrieve your costume for you. If you live long enough maybe you can wear it on Halloween and score yourself some candy."

The Crimson Avenger was now playing to the crowd as she flexed and kissed her biceps enjoying the adulation of the audience. Angel was disgusted by Superman's disgraceful display of utter despair and said so.

"Super downer I am disgusted by your disgraceful display of cowardice."

She had no respect for this sham of a man or his silly costume. If the shoe were someday on the other foot; if she were beaten and humiliated by an opponent Angel felt certain she would accept her defeat like a **woman**.

Many of the ladies in the crowd remembered Superman as the planet's protector. He was still a hero to some, someone to be thanked for his service not humbled and humiliated and sent off to oblivion. There were mini riots in the crowd as giant women scuffled for souvenirs. Angel was annoyed and a little jealous that her fans would be interested in Superman memorabilia, so she pulled off her gloves and flung them into the crowd where a number of young SGS girls pushed normal females out of their way and fought each other for her valuable souvenirs.

"What a shame." Angel giggled with obvious delight. Even now that his cock was unencumbered by clothing it had remained flaccid. When she lifted his limp dick with her thumb and index finger it fell back and rested on his belly button like a dead fish. She grabbed his pliable wiener and vigorously jerked his soft floppy dick for nearly a minute but it just lay there lifeless. The smirking teenager now fully understood the phrase ... *like putty in one's hands*.

"What a hoot ... I've taken away the Kryptonian cocksman's manhood." The amused super-teen held his flaccid but still impressive penis straight up in the air. Again, using only her thumb and index finger she forcibly squeezed his gummy like penis tight enough to cause the weeping man to grimace from the pain and then she jubilantly watched as his dick flopped back down to his belly.

"Oh my, look at your penis. Is it sleeping or is it dead?" Still sitting on his chest Angel verbally chastised superman. "You supercilious whimpering little shit. All your life you've used your

Kryptonian superpowers to dominate, humiliate, and defeat the bad guys. But now when someone half your age but infinitely stronger than you comes along and hurts you, someone who dominates you, someone who humiliates you, someone who makes you cry and moan like the whiney little bitch you are, you plead for mercy.”

“I have no mercy for you Superman, nor should I.”

Recognizing her words to be accurate Superman fell into an even deeper state of depression. His sense of humiliation and intense shame was palpable. Despite all of his philanthropic work and his role as the Planet’s protector, credited with saving thousands and thousands and thousands of lives, Superman without ever having recognized it before, now understood he too had been a bully. In many ways he deserved to suffer this beating and humiliation. Karma was indeed a bitch and tonight that bitch was named Angelica Maria Martinez.

“Oh God, yes.” She bellowed in ecstasy as she vaginally climaxed yet again.

“You want to know how this teenage girl beat your ass. Well, I’ll tell you.” She whispered so only her could hear. “Remember when I swallowed your semen. Your creamy DNA interacted with the genetic materials already fueling my SGS transformation. Your DNA accelerated my muscle SGS growth and increased my strength. Within minutes of leaving the classroom I felt my body surging. The unprecedented flow of adrenaline fueled my body causing me to collapse and convulse on the floor before passing out. I was taken to the school dispensary on a gurney, by the way, thanks for your help with that.”

“Lucky for me, Dr. Hardy was nearby. She had me rest for a bit as she examined me thoroughly, including extensive blood tests. She discovered an abnormal spike in my already super-sky-high testosterone levels.”

“When I alerted her of our intimate dalliance Dr. Hardy immediately understood what was happening to me. She monitored my adrenaline, testosterone, and estrogen levels. She became excited when she recognized my potential for unprecedented muscle growth.”

“Doctor Hardy trained me and assured me that soon I too would possess super powers.” Not being able to hear their conversation the crowd was getting restless. “I was thrilled but skeptical when the Doctor assured me that I would be at least fifty if not one hundred times stronger than you.”

“I didn’t really believe her but now it appears the lady was absolutely correct. By the way, ever since this match started, I had to pull every punch. Had I done otherwise right now I’d be talking to a dead guy. You do know I could have easily killed you at any time, right?” She smirked. “But that would have been boring.”

His heretofore always alert Kryptonian mind was barely capable of understanding what had happened to him or what was currently happening to him nor could he even imagine what was about to happen to him.

“Superman understand this. If the average woman is more than five times stronger than a male and the average SGS girl is twenty times stronger than the average woman and I am a hundred times stronger than the average SGS girl then it follows that a supercharged me would then be exponentially stronger than everyone, everyone including you.

Yes, he had been thoroughly and completely defeated and humiliated by a girl who according to Dr. Hardy was at the very least two-hundred-times stronger and more powerful than he could ever hope to be. Superman promised himself that no matter what happened next, he was finished fighting with her.

“One more thing.” Angel flashed him a wicked smile. “Don’t embarrass yourself by offering to submit or surrender because I will not accept. You can cry and plead all you want.” She let her eyes drift down to his still flaccid penis and smiled. “Superman, I promise you by the time I allow this match to end two very strong young girls will carry your worthless ass out on a gurney.”

Dr. Hardy was beyond ecstatic. Her plan had worked to absolute perfection. Destroying and humiliating Superman the very symbol of male dominance and superiority had been her dream

going back to the days when her father and brothers molested her because for some irrational reason, she had blamed Superman and the macho image he propagated.

Convincingly crushing the male rebellion in its embryonic stages with a minimum of carnage, with no reported deaths or even serious injuries was the most ideal of all possibilities. Doctor Hardy strongly suspected that males would now face up to reality and acknowledge the Serenity Prayer and ... “accept the things you cannot change.”

The Doctor had always known or at least strongly suspected that Angel had more or eventually would have more than enough strength to dominate Superman. Admittedly, the doctor hadn't known the extent of her powers which far exceeded her wildest dreams.

Initially Dr. Hardy had been concerned that Angel might get carried away and inadvertently kill Superman before she put on a good show. She needn't have worried. Angel demonstrated absolute dominance over the man without coming close to killing him too soon. The child was a born performer and now Angel was on her own, ready to improvise. No longer would there be a script for her to follow. Now Angel would be allowed to do anything she wished to Superman. Dr. Hardy was salivating with anticipation.

From the moment Angel had first entered the ring, at the urging of Dr. Hardy, she had not only wanted to dominate Superman physically, the eight-foot four-inch teen also wanted to snuff-out his macho image. Angel had assimilated the Doctor's unspoken vibe; her hatred of Superman was evident. So, Angel was intent on humiliating the man, destroying any positive memory of mankind's last male hero and she knew exactly how she should do it.

The stunned crowd gasped when Angel released her massive girl-cock from her banana hammock allowing her huge flaccid penis to flop around until her 18-inch erection hardened and rose to its full height. She motioned to the corner and SGS girl obediently provided a bucket containing copious amounts of lube. Feeling horny she flipped the prone weeping Superman over, grasped his hips, spread his puckering asshole wide, and ruthlessly forced her rock-hard girl cock deep into his anus again. She vigorously pumped her fully erect eighteen inch she-cock until she spewed copious amounts of she-man deep inside him.

Still feeling horny and still sporting a raging hard-on, Angel made Superman reluctantly latch onto the base of her still dripping she-cock. He clutched the monster hand over fist as if he were choking up on a baseball bat. The crowd counted the number of hands aloud stopping at four.

She again forced the apprehensive Man of Squeal down to his knees where he was certain to earn his new nickname. The merciless Amazon like girl flipped him over so he was on all fours facing away from her. Everyone in the arena and those watching on TV knew exactly what was about to happen but none could or wanted to avert their eyes.

She placed her strong hands on each buttock and she again forced the head of her enormous penis into his anus and furiously prodded, pushed, and pumped her hungry she-cock until all 18 inches of she-meat again disappeared, buried deep down into his anal cavity.

When she removed her elongated engorged erection, they both screamed; he from the pain and she from unmatched ecstasy. The audience watched in disbelief as Angel's girl-cock spewed another copious amount of her she-men on Superman's back, the ring mat, and the aisles while drenching many of the front row of customers.

She was about to repeat the ass-rape for a third time when she noticed Superman had begun to mindlessly crawl across the ring on his belly in a heartbreaking attempt to get away from his tormentor blindly heading who knew where. Angel playfully grabbed the squealing Man of Squeal around his waist, lifted the distressed Superman off the mat, and pointed the still crawling duffus in the opposite direction. Adding to Superman's humiliation she pulled his head up by his hair so she could look directly into his weeping eyes and derisively wink at the crawling wimp.

Angel teased him further by placing Superman in a non-threatening headlock while rubbing her knuckles across the top of his head; a classic noogie. Then the amused schoolgirl sucked on and licked her index finger before placing her "wet-willey" in his earhole twisting it round and round. She used his own hand to gently slap himself across his face several times. She positioned her thumb between two of her fingers and offered to return Superman's nose.

Then she placed her thumbs in her own ears and stuck out her tongue while wiggling her fingers.

These classic universally recognized playground taunts were the best forms of humiliation and they never got old. Had she allowed the match end there it would have resulted in the perfect culmination for ... THE FIGHT of the millennium ... the three ass rapes notwithstanding.

The crowd believing the fight to be over was standing, applauding and chanting. They had been thoroughly entertained. The beautiful teenager had unexpectedly beaten, ass-raped, and humiliated the strongest man in the world; a symbolic triumph for females everywhere. Everyone was satisfied with the outcome, males notwithstanding. Everyone agreed that the *'battle of the sexes'* had finally come to a satisfying end; everyone but Angelica Maria Martinez.

Her incomprehensible strength and power had amazed even her. While still massaging her still erect penis the teenaged narcissist was beginning to believe she might actually be a Goddess. She delighted hearing Superman's cries of pain, his pleas for mercy, his vacuous uncomprehending demeanor, his pathetic groans, and his nonstop whining. His utter helplessness and humiliation were feeding her ego and her libido. The delighted teen never wanted these feelings to end.

THE FIGHT had been a perfect microcosm of the ever-evolving female dominated world. For years Superman had been the unquestioned symbol of male strength and yet tonight he was undeniably demolished and humiliated by a fifteen-year-old girl, albeit a rather big teenaged girl. The Amazonian super-teen had destroyed the strongest man in the world without even messing her hair, breaking a sweat or even a finger nail

"Superman, listen up. Females have been, currently are, and forever will be the dominate gender on the planet controlling all facets of life. She was not only speaking to the disgraced Kryptonian but to the entire world." Even had she wanted; she couldn't have concealed the glee in her eyes.

Had Angel allowed THE FIGHT to end with the schoolyard taunts she would have been proclaimed the most admired human on the planet. The self-proclaimed Mistress of the Universe would have been looked upon as the greatest female hero of all time. Angel could have been a media darling, revered, adored, and worshipped as the Goddess she aspired to be. She would have been celebrated on television, in movies, in song, on the Internet and on the cover of numerous muscle and glamor magazines.

Instead, much of the public now thought of Angel as a cruel and heartless bully, an unholy monster, a genetic freak obsessed with kinky sex and sodomy.

Unfortunately, Angel couldn't contain herself and she inadvisably resumed her complete annihilation and humiliation of mankind's last remaining superhero. Her jack-hammer like fists repeatedly slammed into Superman's broken body.

When, unaided her pulsating erection discharged still another steady stream of ejaculate the crowd screamed for her to stop her brutal onslaught.

"Stop." They screamed in unison. "Stop!!"

Without regard to their wishes, she continued stomping on him while kicking his kneecaps with her bare feet causing high velocity trauma resulting in artery damage, fractures and dislocations. Everyone was stunned as the teenager continued to needlessly smash his biceps, destroy his abdominal muscles, and pulverize his face into an unrecognizable slab of shredded beef; she showed no mercy. The referee retreated early in the fight recognizing almost immediately that Angel truly was a psychopath.

Her appetite for inflicting bodily harm was insatiable, she wanted to cripple the man. She wasn't ready for THE FIGHT to end; the multiple orgasms were too delicious to even contemplate ceasing her onslaught.

She attempted to prop the Man of Squal's broken body up onto the ropes one more time but by then Superman had lost all control of his bodily functions defecating and pissing himself. His arms hung limp at his sides and his head dropped to the right. The majority of the crowd

fearing that he might be dead had already turned against her; hissing, jeering, and booing while pleading with her to stop the carnage.

Angel reluctantly raised and clasped her hands together high over her head symbolically declaring the match to be over; victory was hers. As promised two SGS girls wheeled a comatose Superman out of the ring. The Crimson Avenger's final act was to kiss her immense biceps and defiantly pump her fists into the air.

Even if Superman wasn't dead, he may as well have been. The destruction and humiliation of Superman was indeed a fait accompli.

The room was spacious and antiseptically clean. The bright sun shone through the large picture window that dominated the far wall. A disoriented Superman was lying in a hospital bed trying to put the pieces together. He remembered Angel and the fight. He remembered the pain and his humiliation. He remembered how he had failed mankind. He assumed the Male Equalization Trust Fund was all but gone. He remembered his overwhelming mind-numbing, paralyzing fear.

He remembered little else of that night. He felt no pain now and he thanked Rao for his healing powers. He started to get out of the bed but found himself to be too weak. The best he could manage was to sit up.

"Good morning, Superman. It's nice to see you up." The smiling woman in the well-tailored business suit had to be at least seven-feet tall. "Are you ready for your breakfast." She handed him a large plastic glass with a straw. "Your favorite; a strawberry and banana smoothie, enjoy."

"Do you think you're ready to take a little walk today? Oh, sorry ..." She suddenly changed her mind. "On second thought, maybe we should start with the wheel chair."

“I’m Doctor Anderson, but I want you to call me Kristen.” She assisted Superman by lifting him off the bed and into the wheel chair. She effortlessly lifted him and the chair off the ground and carried it around the bed to the door.

“Here we go.” She smiled.

Superman remained silent. Random thoughts sped through his brain faster than the Roadrunner escaping the ubiquitous coyote.

“How long have I been here?” He felt as weak as a kitten which was an insult to most young cats.

Kristen ignored the question. However, she had demonstrated considerable strength for no apparent reason. He could sense that his body had atrophied a lot. He had no muscle definition whatsoever. He no feelings in his legs; his entire body was deconditioned. Hi mind was racing. Had she been attempting to embarrass him or could it be that feats of strength came so naturally to women they didn’t even give it a second thought.

That’s how it had been with him. He really needed to get a massive dose of the sun’s rays as soon as possible. Maybe a quick trip to earth’s yellow sun would recharge his Kryptonian body.

Kristen wheeled him out a door onto a paved path which led to what appeared to be a public park but was actually a just small portion of the spacious campus of the Catherine Hardy Teacher’s College. Superman let his eyes dart from side to side trying to capture all the sights the park had to offer.

His x-ray vision was currently unavailable to him. Was it lost forever or was it just temporarily dormant? He didn’t need super vision to see what there was to see. He saw extremely tall muscular women. He saw scantily clad well-toned normal sized young girls each approaching six feet presumably awaiting their second growth spurts and he observed smaller docile men, being docile.

“Superman, it’s nice to see you again. It’s been way too long.” Kristen had taken Superman to an outdoor table occupied by Dr. Catherine Hardy who now appeared to be about seven feet tall herself.

Her white hair had turned jet black. Her tanned wrinkle free skin glistened. The Doctor had clearly been sampling her own muscle building products as well as her own brand of skin creams and hair-coloring products.

“Superman, you need to brace yourself because what I am about to tell you will be very hard for you to accept.” The first three sentences she articulated devastated the man to his very core.

“You’ve been in a medically induced coma for the past twelve and half years. You have lost all of your superpowers. We doubt they will ever return.” Maybe he was projecting too much but Superman was convinced the doctor was looking smug and a little too pleased with herself.

“Superman, you will need extensive reconstructive surgery and physical therapy before you can expect to walk again. We couldn’t operate on you while you were in a coma. The surgeons couldn’t penetrate your Kryptonian skin but now that your just an ordinary man we can operate as soon as you’re ready.”

When the Doctor referred to him as an ordinary man, she brushed her lustrous hair back and Superman noticed her huge bicep bunch up under the sleeve of her long-sleeved blouse. He was certain she had noticed him noticing her noticing.

“We’ve been stimulating your prostrate for years capturing your remarkable semen. Since you’re no longer super there is no longer a benefit for us to continue harvesting your sperm. Not to worry we have more than enough of your essence frozen and stored in my clinic to last us into the next century.”

“Damn you lady.” He screamed at her. “After all I’ve done for this planet how could you do this to me?” What she had done to him was unconscionable. “Not only have you robbed me

of my super powers you've crippled me in the process. You've robbed the world of my ever-vigilant presence and my protection." Superman couldn't hold back his tears any longer. "My God lady you've stolen twelve years of my life."

"And a half." She added with a smile. "While all of that may be technically true, understand this ... most of my closest confidants and advisers wanted me to let Superman die." Her laugh was rife with ridicule. "By the way Superman, for the last twelve years ..." She paused. "Err ... twelve and a half years the planet has managed quite well without your protection."

Sensing the intense anger welling up inside the understandably frustrated former superhero, Dr. Hardy decided to put a stop to his delusional thoughts. She stood up and pushed herself away from the table. Rising to her full height of seven-feet-two-inches, she pushed up her sleeves and arrogantly pumped up her astonishing twenty-four-inch biceps. Ironically, the same size his had once been.

"By the way." She flexed again. "Thanks for these beauties, Superman."

As if to demonstrate her power and humiliate him even further the good doctor lifted her heavy iron chair. With two hands she held it straight out in front of her and twisted the metal into a quasi-avant-garde piece of art. She handed the refashioned chair to a busty seven-foot-four-inch flunky telling her to take it to a charity. With proper providence it should bring a pretty penny. Suddenly she slammed her fist right through the solid mahogany table, splintering it into shards of wood.

"Not too shabby for a sixty-two-year-old-women." She flexed again just for her own amusement.

Superman clinched his fists tightly in a display of anger. He wished he could knock that condescending smirk off her face. He teared up as he realized he couldn't. He would never be that strong again.

"Did males ever manage to stage a revolt?" He asked hopefully.

“No. No way.” The doctor smirked some more. “They tried over and over again but each time their feeble efforts were suppressed, silenced, stifled, squished, squelched, squashed, smothered, and stamped out.” Dr. Hardy smirked some more again. “I am in the process of memorizing the thesaurus. I’m up to the letter S ... Are you impressed?”

“Listen up Superman. I know I’m the last person on earth you want to listen to right now but please indulge me for just a moment. first, I think you will be pleased to learn that your cousin Kara and Lois your ex-wife visit you regularly usually three or four times a year and your friends Wonder Woman, Batman and Cat Woman also visit from time to time.” Superman was despondent when he realized he really didn’t have any friends. “Once you feel up to it you can call them yourself with the good news.”

“Believe it or not but my little demonstration of strength was not meant to intimidate you but rather to educate you. The world as you knew it has evolved. When it comes to muscles and strength most women today are my physical superiors ... uber-women abound.”

“Today males have accepted their station in life; no more delusional thoughts of revolt. They have limited opportunities and even fewer civil rights. More than half of the female population has experienced SGS transformations, many twice. None of them has achieved Angel’s level of superiority but we keep hoping. There is this one girl; ten-years-old and already six-feet-tall and she has yet to experience a growth spurt. We’re keeping a close eye on her.

Superman, you need to accept the new realities and swallow your pride. Try to fit in as best you can. My advice to you is for you to find yourself a good woman who will take care of you. You should make yourself useful and teach yourself how to sew and bake.”

Superman hated listening to the bitch not just because the bitch was a bitch offering bitchy advice to him, but because what the big bitch was saying was likely the truth. Having been stripped of his superpowers albeit for only for a few minutes now had made Superman identify more with the average man.

Feeling empathy was new for him which provided Superman with a more insightful perspective. It was ironic to him how quickly these newly empowered and entitled women of the “Me Too” generation had graduated to the “Me First’ generation before simply transitioning to the “Me” generation.

All of the new women felt justified when they bullied, humiliated, and hurt the weaker sex? They loved spewing out their talking points and their practiced mantras ... ‘might is right’ – ‘size does matter’ – ‘if you’re large you’re in charge’.

“Superman, you can always take solace in knowing that your sperm has enhanced thousands and thousands of women.” She didn’t even try to hide her smile. “Clark, you need to remember this ... **I won and you didn’t.**” She flexed some more, admiring her perfectly peaked biceps and laughed out loud.

“Superman, take a good look around and marvel at the wonderful “new world” I’ve created. Do you like what you see? Of course not, you’re a man. However, I can guaranty you this, the women of this new world do.” Dr. Hardy contemptuously pointed to a crowded area of the park.

“The women on this planet are perfectly happy. You should take a closer look Superman. The women are all intellectually superior to males, beautiful, muscular, busty and they’re all nearly seven feet tall, many even taller.”

The doctor had neglected to mention how the “New Women” dwarfed the few men in the park, men who were following the seven-foot ladies around ... as if they were children or servants or even worse ... PETS ... More importantly she failed to mention how these ‘new women’ and the SGS girls were no longer superior beings. In fact, because they were all equally blessed with size and beauty and muscles, they were rather ordinary.

Initially, the entire world clamored to learn the facts about Superman and his fate; was he still super, was he alive or was he dead. They wanted to know his current status, his health, and his prospects. On the other hand, Angel had become a piranha, someone to shun, a bully who

had abused her physical gifts. Predictably the memory of the two protagonists faded from the public's consciousness.

"Hello Superman or would you prefer I call you Clark or Kent or maybe even Soupy." Angelica Maria Martinez sat down next to him. The past twelve years had done nothing to diminish her remarkable beauty, after all she was barely thirty. "Don't pay any attention to Doctor Hardy, she's a bitch."

Angel was even bigger than he remembered her to be. For old times sake she felt compelled to show off her muscular body. She slipped out of her baggy sweat suit revealing her skimpy bikini that did little to cover her remarkable torso. She flaunted her body in front of the guy she liked to call Soupy, reminding Dr. Hardy what real muscle looked like.

The Amazon rose to her imposing eight-foot-ten-inch height and stretched out her body displaying her massive but perfectly proportioned breasts. She flexed her jaw-dropping 68" biceps several times enjoying Superman's rapt attention encouraging him to touch and squeeze her rippling biceps.

An honor Superman politely declined. Understandably he cowered in her presence. He could never forget the beating Angel had inflicted on him. The degradation and humiliation he had suffered at her hands were indelibly etched into his memory.

Conversely, Angel would never forget how she felt during THE FIGHT. That night was indelibly etched in her memory as well. In the past twelve years Angel had yet to experience sexual satisfaction that even came close to the ecstasy she felt the night she defeated and humiliated both Superman and Supergirl. Oh, how she wanted to experience those unmatched levels of ecstasy once again.

Angel sat down next to Superman and affectionately clasped his upper arm and gently massaged an embarrassed Superman's flabby bicep. Angel grinned a grin that warned anyone near, not to be. No matter how many men she crushed in her bare hands, she had never achieved the level of ecstasy she felt that night.

“Soupy, you need not worry about her.” She pointed at the Doctor. “I’ll take very good care of you.” She added under her breath ... “I can’t wait to get you home.” She concealed a sly smile. “From now on you and I are going to be inseparable.”

Oh, how she longed to revisit that night again and hear Superman’s frightened screams and feel that familiar warmth in her loins. She would ever forget the night of THE FIGHT. She longed for the sexual nirvana she had experienced in the ring.

However, Angel soon came to realize that her obsession; achieving those long-lost feelings of intense joy, those delicious multiple orgasms, and those overwhelming sensations of sexual nirvana were never to be realized again. There would be no point in hurting or belittling the diminished man any further. Superman was a shell of his former self consequently Angel could never achieve the same levels of pleasure.

She playfully tousled his hair, tickled him under his chin, and kissed him on his nose.

“Come on boy, let’s go home.” Angel held up a bejeweled dog collar and a leash.

Surprisingly Angel grew to enjoy having the diminished Man of Steel around; she hadn’t realized how lonely she had been. He proved himself to be more than just a house guest. He turned out to be a stimulating conversationalist, the perfect roommate. He understood his place in this female dominated world so without complaint he took over the cleaning and cooking chores; including the laundry, the shopping, and the bill paying.

In addition to his chores Superman began daily workouts in Angel’s private gym. He arduously performed all of the recommended exercises and within a couple of weeks he was able to function like a normal ‘new aged adult male’ albeit a veritable runt when compared to every female he encountered.

Angel began to admire the diminished man’s pluck and decided to reward the last son of Krypton the best way she could. She dug her sharp fingernails deep into her own forearms and watched as a steady flow of her own blood spurted into a wine glass.

Once Angel revealed her theory to him, Superman greedily gulped every last drop going so far as to lick the inside of the glass clean. The two of them repeated this ritual twice a day for the next seven days before anything happened.

Over the next seven days Superman had been ingesting Angel's DNA just as she had absorbed his DNA before THE FIGHT. His essence mixed with her mega-charged estrogen and simultaneous SGS transformation had directly led to her spectacular metamorphosis into the most powerful being on the planet.

Even though he fully understood he could never complete with Angel he was more than just ecstatic to be super once again; well almost super. He was nowhere near his former self. Nonetheless, he was more than ready to pay a visit to Dr. Catherine Hardy and her acolytes.

Without hesitation he and Angel strode into the Dr. Hardy's office pushing aside a phalanx of muscular near eight-foot-tall female guards.

"Is there a doctor in the house?" Angel announced her presence with a bon mot and Dr. Hardy forced a smile.

"What's up doc?" The doctor's smile was turned upside down when a grinning Superman stepped out from behind Angel.

"Relax doc. We plan on being her for some time." Angel strode through the door and ordered one of the wide-eyed blonde guards to bring enough food for lunch and dinner; specifying a couple of medium-rare 32-ounce rib-eye steaks, scalloped potatoes, several ears of corn, a couple of loaves of sour-dough bread infused with garlic butter, and for dessert a tiramisu cake."

Angel still had a few friends at Dr. Hardy's institute and one of them revealed to Angel that in order for the old lady to retain her remarkable SGS like physique she needed to take a number of Fem-dom supplements four times daily.

As the hours passed Dr. Hardy used every ploy available to her to get away from her captors ... can I have some water was greeted with a resounding NO ... I need to go to the bathroom was

greeted with so ... GO ... When the increasingly desperate Doctor asked if she could take her medicine, she was greeted with derisive guffaws ... Her destiny was now abundantly clear to her.

So, as a last resort the doctor played her last remaining trump card. Expecting, or at least hoping for mercy, Dr. Hardy revealed to the super-human-beings now holding her captive that they were co-parents of ten-year-old twins; one an all most anemic boy who she had named Clark while the other kid was a six-foot one-hundred-eighty-pound ultra-muscular daughter named Angelica.

The children had been created in an incubator in Dr. Hardy's lab using Superman's semen to fertilize one of Angel's eggs. For the past ten years Dr. Hardy had been studying the children's development. Fearing that Angel might be upset with her and punish her, the doctor never intended to reveal the existence of the children.

Angel and Clark looked at each other and nodded. Angel moved to the door and loudly demanded that one of the SGS girls standing guard immediately bring the children to her and Superman.

Dr. Hardy rose unsteadily and flaunted he massive seven-foot-plus frame displayed her 24" biceps demanding she be allowed to leave. Angel smiled before stripping the woman naked and pushing her back into her chair. That's when the changes to the doctor's appearance became noticeable.

First, Dr. Hardy's jet-black hair suddenly began to turn grey and then white. Her heretofore flawless well-tanned skin began to show signs of wrinkles and blotches of dryness, a sagging of her skin, a puffy look from the loss of elasticity. Her teeth began to lose their shine turning yellow and a noticeable spreading occurred. Her hair line began to recede and lose its luster.

"No. No. Please." Dr. Hardy, the architect of the female ascendancy, the creator of the 'new woman' phenomenon and the de facto mistress of the planet was pleading for mercy.

"After everything I've done for the women of earth you can at least leave me my youth."

“Not a chance.” Superman reminded the doctor that karma is a bitch and today that bitch was named Kal-El, the last son of Krypton.

The two superheroes pointed at her chest and giggled as they watched her epic breasts begin to sag. Her magnificent titties began to deflate as if someone had punctured a couple of flesh-colored balloons. They watched as her boobs now lay flat against her chest resembling pancakes or more poetically flapjacks.

“Flex for me bitch.” Superman squeezed Dr. Hardy’s mushy biceps delighting at the site of her toneless fleshy flabby mushy old-lady upper arms with loosely hanging flesh. He flexed his own now restored 24” biceps. “Pretty damn big, huh?”

Dr. Hardy was sixty-two years old but she now looked older, much older. Angel and Superman carried the decrepit old lady to the middle of the school’s quad and deposited the weeping old hag on the expansive lawn for all to see. Before the SGS girls were able to stop them, a number of furious little men were able to get close enough to punch, slap, and spit on the old witch.

When Angelica and Clark arrived, they noticed the weeping naked decrepit old woman curled up on the lawn unsuccessfully attempting to cover her lady parts with her wrinkled boney hands.

“It that Dr. Hardy?” Clark seemed to be hiding his frail self behind his massive sister who was protectively supporting him with her huge right arm.

“Is it?” She was speaking to the both of them.

“Yes.” Angel answered.

“Cool.” They spoke in unison. They were grinning from ear to ear as they were introduced to the ‘their parents’ each wondering what life now had in store for them.

Superman is Scared and Humiliated ... by the Elder Barry ... 40,000 words

To be continued ...