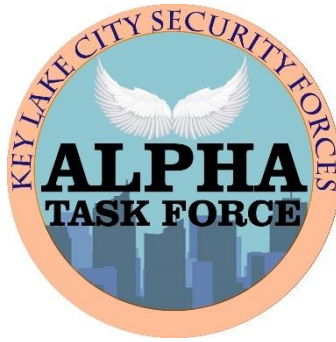


Alpha Taskforce

Chapters 1-3



Chapter 1 - Siege

Storage warehouse, Silent Port District, Key Lake City:

A full strike team composed of over 25 Key Lake Security agents led by 2 Senior agents surrounds the storage building. They had been following the trail of the Verducci brothers, a high-profile drug cartel that operates in Key Lake City, responsible for 25% of all the cocaine distributed in the city. They have been trying to nail the brothers for years, but they have always managed to evade being connected to the drug traffic. Today, they are present with a large shipment, an opportunity the agents can't waste.

"*Are they in there, Sparks?*" Asks the Agent in command of the mission.

"*Sure are, Pops. The two brothers are in the main office and there are only two goons patrolling inside.*" The younger agent answers.

"*How about the basement?*"

"*Sorry, the Infrared Scanner can't penetrate.*"

"*Don't worry. Probably there's just more stash in there.*" The Leader of the team signals the crew to get in position. "*Remember people. I want it clean. Red and Blue teams seek and nullify the patrols. Gold team secure the office.*"

The team entered the building with lightning speed. In less than ten seconds both guards are apprehended and the office with both Verducci brothers under custody. Both agents go inside with the gold team and capture the heads of the criminal organization.

The two criminals are cuffed and led towards the exit. As they walk halfway to the exit, the senior officer turns to his partner. "*I don't like it, Sparks. I expected more resistance than this.*"

The younger of the brothers smirks and remarks "*maybe that will make you feel better, officer.*" Leo Verducci mockingly points with his gaze to a massive door on the far wall.

As if on cue, the large doors open. Inside the dark room are two figures partially hidden in shadow. The officers can only see the silhouettes of two very large figures. Silence fills the entire warehouse for what seems like an endless pause and then suddenly both figures take a step out of the shadows and into plain view. All the officers gasp at the sight of two massive metahuman women of astounding size. One is a beautiful Asian titan, about 2.33 meters (7'7") in height and with a very

massive musculature. The second woman is a beautiful black amazon, about 2.45 meters (8'0") in height and even impressively more muscle mass than her Asian counterpart. Both have very small waists, broad hips and shoulders, titanic thighs, bulging biceps, enormous breasts, and very beautiful angelic faces. Both goddesses are wearing the skimpiest of thong bikinis and walking barefoot.

The women's first step was powerful enough that the entire ground shook from the impact of their bare feet on the hard cement floor. Deep cracks form on the cement tiles right under their feet extending outward like spider webs. "*This is the part where you fools realize you have made a terrible mistake.*"

"*You have our permission to panic!*" She says the Asian woman with an evil grin on her beautiful young face as she flexes her powerful right arm making her already large muscles bulge tremendously.



"*Is this more to your liking?*" Mocks the oldest of the Verducci brothers.

"*Crap! Metas!*" Says one of the officers.

"*Shit Pops, this little adventure just got a whole lot tougher.*" Says the junior officer as he draws his firearm.

"*Sparks, you have a gift for the understatement.*" The older agent responds dryly.

"*May I present to you DeeDee and Stacy. Our new little bodyguards.*" Says the youngest criminal to the Agents, then he directs his attention to the powerful women. "*Now my darlings, I think we need a little pest control. Could you please...?*"

"*Yes, Boss.*" DeeDee says as both amazons begin walking towards the agents.

"*Gold team! Get the Verducci out of here.*" Yelled the oldest Agent. "*Blue and Red teams set flanking positions and Attack!*"

The red team, led by Sparks attack the Asian woman, while the blue team led by the older agent take on the larger one. The two women just stand there while they are showered with bullets and shotgun shells. The projectiles only bounce off the women's bodies without causing them any harm. Meanwhile the gold team was taking the two criminals to the troop transport.

"*You take them, DeeDee. I'll free the bosses.*" Says the Asian woman, walking away. "*Just don't take too long.*"

"*Alright. I'll be done in a second. Just make sure they aren't hurt!*" The black woman says as she launched herself at the peace officers. The men were not prepared for her speed, moving so fast they could not get out of her way. DeeDee reaches the closest agent and swiftly reaches for his head. She holds on to his skull with just her thumb and index finger around his head and with a swift twist of the wrist, she snaps his neck, making his head turn a full circle with a horrendous sound of bones being shattered, ligaments being torn, and muscles ripped apart. She pauses briefly to make sure everyone is watching and then she swipes her wrist to the side, throwing the lifeless body across the room. This happens so fast the other agents nearby have no time to move away. DeeDee throws a punch at a second officer's face with such force, the air pushed by her fist is compressed so much it heats up to thousands of degrees and before her fist contacts the man's face, the skin on his face has already been charred and ripped away from his bones. The moment her knuckle touches the man's cheek it, the unimaginable energy causes the interior of the man's skull to heat up and evaporate violently at the same time his bones are turned to dust by the impact. In just a fraction of a second, the man's entire head just explodes. Her reflexes are so fast she is able to grab on to her victim's body just as it is launched backwards by the impact. DeeDee then grabs the body of his victim by the hip and torso and with a careless tug, she rips it by the waist and then she throws the upper half at the team leader and the lower section to another agent. The middle-aged man sees it coming and is barely able to duck and avoid being hit, but unfortunately the torso slams against a stack of crates behind him. It slammed so hard the crate and torso were destroyed, and as a result, the whole pile of crates came crashing down over the agent, pinning him down to the ground. The lower body the woman threw at the officer hit him dead in the center causing both bodies to be splattered all over the back wall.

She hops forward propelled by the unimaginable strength of her massive thighs. As she glides through the air, she slams her toes against the forehead of another officer. Her large toes dig through the man's forehead as if his skull was made of gelatin, easily slicing half of his head off with her powerful toes. Her leap sends her flying across the warehouse, over where most of the officers had retreated. She lands with one foot on an agent's face and the other on a female agent's shoulder. The woman's enormous weight is way too much for their normal human bodies to support and both were crushed completely under her powerful feet.

Close behind her is another agent that had managed to avoid being crushed by DeeDee. Although he tries to run back to a safe distance, DeeDee doesn't give him time to react. She takes a small hop backwards and slams her perfectly round ass against the man's midsection sending him flying off to the back of the building. His death is instantaneous since the powerful impact of her twin muscular glutes hit his stomach with such force, they pulverize every single vertebra and burst every single internal organ inside him.

DeeDee smiles at the sight of her last victim splattering against the far wall. She soon notices a group of three officers who were desperately running for the exit. She runs after them and catches up to the group almost instantly. As she approaches them, she lifts her left leg and in one long stride is able to place her foot on the middle of the agent's back. She pushes forward with only a fraction of her strength and the man is shot forward like a missile, flying out of the warehouse crashing through a window and slamming against one of the squad cars parked out front. The impact is so strong it tips the car over to the side and then on its roof, crushing the very little that was left of DeeDee's latest victim.



DeeDee then extends both of her arms outwards and grabs onto the other two running agents. She swiftly coils her massive right arm around the head of one of the agents, holding him in an excruciatingly tight headlock, with his head painfully wedged between her powerful forearm and

titanic biceps. Meanwhile she reaches for the second agent with DeeDee's left hand and lifts the smaller woman off the ground by the collar. "*Watch this.*" Says DeeDee to the woman as looks intently into her eyes. Once she confirms the woman is watching the trapped man, the powerful black amazon begins to tighten the muscles on her right arm, making every fiber of her super-dense muscles grow and tighten around the man's head. The powerful woman increases the pressure on her arms, expanding her biceps to an even larger size. Slowly, the head of the man starts to give in, and his skull begins to crack loudly. She playfully lowers the pressure, only to pick it back up, taunting the man constantly as his skull continues to crack further. It doesn't take long for the severe head trauma to cause his entire face to collapse inward crushing his facial bones to paste. Once DeeDee notices this, she smiles while never losing eye contact with the woman and proceeds to flex her biceps to their maximum extent. Her muscles swell so much they completely close the gap between her biceps, forearm, and torso, this causes the man's head to be completely crushed to oblivion.

DeeDee lets the man's body drop to the ground as she watches the woman shake in utter terror. Then, DeeDee brings the woman down to the ground and forces her to kneel between the amazon's thick thighs from behind. She pulls her in so tightly, the smaller woman's face is pressed tightly against the dark goddess's thick muscular glutes. The woman's face is pressed so tightly against DeeDee's rump, her face is partially wedged between the amazon's cheeks, to the point where the agent's nose rubs against the string of DeeDee's thong. Once secured DeeDee closes her eyes and lets herself feel the smaller woman's futile squirming. The agent does everything she can to get away, but her head is tightly secured by the superwoman's powerful butt-cheeks in an unbreakable grip. Although unable to see, the agent brings her pistol between the powerful thighs of the ebony goddess and aimed it at her crotch. The frightened woman fires her weapon repeatedly at her captor but the bullets ricochet off DeeDee's diamond-hard skin, with some of the rounds impacting the agent's arm and legs.

DeeDee began to laugh, mocking the futile attempts by the agent. Sadly, for DeeDee, the gun's magazine emptied too quickly and the pleasant sensation of the point-blank range weapon fire directly on her cunt lips is over. The powerful amazon feels disappointed the lovely tickles are over, so she makes the decision to rip off her G-string and bring her large hand between her legs. DeeDee grabs onto the woman's hand and begins to rub her fragile small fingers over the amazon's swollen moistened labia. The captive woman feels the unreal tenderness of DeeDee's genitalia, the smoothness of her moist lips and the wonderful softness of her curly pubic hair. It is hard for the woman to believe that only few seconds ago those very soft lips withstood a hot lead spray from her weapon. The super black woman keeps rubbing herself harder still, filling the smaller woman with pain. As the officer's hand was rubbed harder and faster against DeeDee's lips, her thick, soft bush begins to act like a cheese grater and her pubic hair starts to peel the woman's flesh off her bones. Soon enough, the woman's hand and gun have been ground to paste against DeeDee's cunt.

DeeDee realizes she is taking too long so she shifts her weight onto her left leg and begins to slowly bring her other leg inwards, closing the gap between both legs. Like a nutcracker, DeeDee's massively muscular thigh constantly increases the pressure upon the woman trapped between her legs. DeeDee feels how first the woman's collarbone snaps, then the shoulders are pressed against the caving ribcage, next the skull cracks open like a walnut followed by the ribcage collapsing. The implosion of her lungs sent a gust of air up her ass increasing her already potent excitement. Finally, when her legs finally come together, muscle, bone, meat, and guts are ground into an unrecognizable ooze.

DeeDee shortly afterwards corners another officer trying to hide behind a group of crates. She grabs him by the shoulder and pulls him towards her, wrapping her arms around his body in an extremely tight embrace. DeeDee presses his body tightly against hers holding his breastbone securely against her abdomen. His face is smothered against one of her awesome breasts. DeeDee's bosom is so prominent, it pushes back on the man's head, bending his neck backwards near to its breaking

point. She playfully begins to tighten her pectoral muscles, causing her massive breast to raise up, releasing some of the pressure on the man's face. DeeDee then relaxes her muscles, letting her massive boob to come crashing down on to the man's face. Her large globes bounce rhythmically a few times before stopping. On their first bounce, the black breasts hit the man's face so hard, his bends backwards so much it snaps, nearly ripping his head clean off his shoulders.

Meanwhile Stacy had followed the gold team outside the warehouse and is heading to intercept them. The agents had put the Verducci brothers inside a large, armored vehicle while two other agents enter a standard police squad car. As the vehicles race away, the agents in the car spot Stacy running after them at such speed it won't take long for her to overtake them. With little options at their disposal, the agents in the car pull a quick 180 and race towards Stacy at full speed.

The officers strap themselves with the seatbelts and are prepared to ram her to buy the armored vehicle a chance to get away. They know a simple car collision would never harm a metahuman as strong as Stacy, but they might be able to slow her down. If they were in a normal police car, they would never try this stunt but since they are driving the new vehicles enhanced with Meta countermeasures, they believe there is a chance to pull it off. The vehicle they are on has been tested capable of punching through brick walls and survive collisions with semi-trucks.

Stacy is surprised to see the car turn around. She didn't think those agents could be that stupid. Defiantly, she stops and places her hands on the sides of her waist and her legs slightly apart, sticks out her chest and lifts her chin. She is so overconfident she does not even try to brace herself for the impact. She just wants the agents to see her in a majestic pose before they splatter against her muscular body.

The men grabbed hold of the braces on their seats. As they get close to Stacy, the driver presses a button on his console activating 'meta ram protocol' which gives control of the vehicle to the onboard computer. Immediately the passenger preserve systems (PPS) is activated, tightening the seatbelts around the agents, immobilizing them. The seats are locked in position by a hydraulic deadbolt system. The frame is re-enforced by a set of integrity regulating hydraulic pistons, and simultaneously a set of airbags inflates with a special kinetic absorbing foam, filling up all the room inside the cabin, pressing the occupants to their seats. The vehicle then ignites a charge of Nitrous-Oxide into the engine causing the vehicle to accelerate violently forward, almost jumping at Stacy. Just half a second before impact, the entire electric charge of the vehicle's battery is sent to the front bumper for one massive electric shock. The car's engine and computer shut down from the lack of power but at this point it isn't necessary, the vehicle is a missile about to slam against the Asian amazon.

Stacy did not expect the 'toy car' to suddenly go supersonic at her and did not have the time to prepare for the impact. Metahumans like Stacy have the ability to fix themselves on the ground which lets them tank impacts from speeding trains and have the cars bounce off her body, however this is something they have to consciously do and prepare for, and Stacy had not done so. The car slams against the Asian woman's muscular body and the first thing that happens is Stacy is assaulted by a million volts of electricity which she was not expecting, and it dazes her. The car pushes against her body, dragging her backwards until car and amazon crash against a wall.

The car's PPS shut down and both agents are released. Both men are still dizzy and numb from the impact and sudden negative acceleration. The squad car was badly damaged; the whole front had bent inwards like an accordion.

It took only takes a few seconds for Stacy to recover from the effects of the electric shock and the surprisingly powerful impact. She steps out of the hole she had made on the wall and sees the car a few yards from her and inside the two agents who still seem dazed. She walks towards the car

feeling insulted and angry. The driver sees her and tries to turn the ignition on, but the vehicle's main battery is completely drained, and the reserved power source seems to be non-functional.

When she sees the agents trying to turn escape, Stacy leaps towards the car and lands on the hood of the vehicle. Her amazing weight, a product of her dense muscle mass, amplified by the unimaginable strength of her massive legs flattens the whole front end of the car, shaking very violently the passengers inside the cabin. She sees them trying to open the doors, so she quickly hops forward and sits on the roof of the car. She keeps her legs spread apart to the sides of the car, using each leg to keep the doors shut. Her bulging calves pummel the side windows causing them to shatter and rain glass on her defenseless captives.

The agents are trapped inside the car by Stacy's powerful legs. "*Let's find out how strong this new pig-mobile is.*" She says, and with that, the beautiful amazon begins to pull her legs together. Her gigantic thighs clamp down onto the roof of the car, bending it downward. Meanwhile her calves and feet are pushing inwards on the doors causing them and the entire chassis of the vehicle to start crumbling. She keeps closing her legs, very slowly, as to feel how the very metal bends under the relentless strength of her muscles. As the walls came down closing around the men, they scream and plead for mercy, however the only response from Stacy was continuous laughter. As Stacy keeps applying increasing pressure with her thighs, the reinforced metal envelops the men, first immobilizing them and pushing all the air out of their lungs but soon after the material continues to close all gaps between the crush steel pieces, crushing the two officers so compactly there is nothing left of their bodies with the exception of torn rags of clothing. She relishes each instant, experiencing the ordeal in slow motion and concentrating on all the sounds coming from the crushed interior. The men's cries for help grew silent and were replaced by the sickening sounds of spines snapping, bones being crushed and skull bursting.

The crushed car and agents' bodies offered negligible resistance for Stacy's mammoth muscular thighs, and she continues applying pressure until she finally feels resistance and she can't squeeze any more. She looks down at her thighs and sees that her legs have come together completely, effectively having cut the car in half. She laughs once more as she sees no trace of the agents' bodies, just streams of blood oozing out from within the mess of crushed and twisted metal.

Stacy revels on the annihilation of two more victims to add to her long body count list. Suddenly she is snapped out of her euphoria when she realizes these two agents with their pointless stunt might have allowed the armored vehicle with her bosses to get away. Wasting no more time she jumps off the crumbled car, making sure her feet push down on both halves with such strength the remains of the vehicle shatter and explode under her. Stacy then looks around and spots the tallest building around, which is ten story office building. The amazon jumps up with very precise use of her strength and propels her massive body gracefully upwards and lands softly on the building's roof. Once on the high ground she looks around for any sign of the armored vehicle. There is a web of highways in all directions and that car could be anywhere. Fortunately for Stacy, her keen eyesight allows her to make out with considerable detail every single vehicle in view. It only takes her a few moments to spot her target, moving away at high speed over fifty blocks away.

The closest building in that direction is an old six story high warehouse about a third of the way to her target. It is a very long distance, and she has never tried a jump that long, but in her opinion it's the only way to catch up to the vehicle. Stacy takes a few steps back and then runs as fast as she can towards the edge of the roof and then she kicks up with enough strength to launch her extremely massive body all the way to the second building. Her body springs forward with the grace of an eagle and the speed of a bullet train. Her legs apply so much force against the roof of the building she is standing on, the whole structure shatters and collapses. Stacy smiles as she hears the screams of all the people inside the building as the structure collapses on top of them. Her explosive

takeoff is so powerful, the shockwave she caused shatters the windows of every building a couple of city blocks away.

Stacy flight is short and very soon she reaches the building she had aimed for, however her majestic legs had pushed too hard against the previous building, and she flies over the roof of the target building. Her trajectory takes the powerful amazon in a collision course with the side of an apartment building. Noticing this, Stacy smiles and begins laughing maniacally, spreading her arms and legs to maximize the area of contact. The woman's body slams against the south side of the building around between the seventh and eighth floor and punches its way through the structure as if had been made of wet noodles. Her muscular anatomy crashes violently through brick, mortar, furniture, and unsuspecting people, plowing through them like a massive wrecking ball. She laughs harder as she feels the bodies of her victims as they splatter against her powerful anatomy. Stacy's body cuts a swath through the interior of the building, exiting the structure on the opposite side several floors below her point of entry.

Her flight ends as she lands on the middle of the highway. The impact of her powerful feet makes the ground shake violently all around her and causes the cars driving nearby to be tossed into the air and flip violently into each other. A speeding truck behind her loses control but remains on its wheels and heads straight for her. Stacy sees the massive rig come at her like a runaway train and braces herself for the impact. Stacy's body tightens in anticipation for the impact and unlike her previous experience with the police car, she is now ready for what is to come. Metahumans have the innate ability to 'fix' themselves to the ground they stand on causing them to become unmovable; It's an ability that they have to learn how to use correctly, sometimes working as a reflex and sometimes having to be consciously activated as if flexing a muscle. Stacy, having been an Omega Metahuman from birth, she has had many years to perfect it's use, and she has used it too many times to count.

The truck impacts Stacy's back striking her massive round buttocks first. The truck's nose crumples inward instantly as the amazon's flexing muscles do not give in even a millimeter and the entire energy of the impact is absorbed by the truck and it's two passengers, whose seatbelts prevent them from flying off through the windshield of the truck however they are far from safe as their truck crushes like an accordion against the beautiful Asian amazon's body. Both men end up crushed between their seats and Stacy's shoulders and arms which she had spread to make sure she makes contact with them. The truck stops with Stacy practically buried inside it. She looks to her shoulders and sees the two men gasping and twitching against her titanic arms. She gives them a smile and then proceeds to flex her entire body like a bodybuilder posing at a competition. Her majestic muscles bulge and expand an inch or two in all directions with explosive force causing not only the two passenger's bodies to be instantly splattered but the entire truck to explode in a deadly shower of shrapnel impacting buildings and other vehicles for many kilometers in all directions.

She looks out to the distance and sees the armored vehicle speeding away, still too far away for her to run after it. Stacy decides to leap once again causing that section of the highway tarmac to explode under her strong feet. As before, she traverses through the air for several blocks and lands on the road much closer to her target. This time she lands on the roof of a Volkswagen beetle. The hard top of the vehicle is no match for Stacy's immensely powerful legs and the entire roof collapses under her feet. She feels the driver under her feet as his body is crushed to nothingness when her body punches through the chassis of the vehicle and into the tarmac. The car had been going over 65 mph before Stacy landed on it and it was stopped instantly by Stacy's bare feet.

The armored vehicle is much closer now, so close she doesn't need to 'fly' again, but she still needs to get a lot closer. Stacy jumps again, but this time in a more controlled way, only about a city block distance, and lands on the roof of an expensive luxury car. Again, the roof caves in under the impact and all the occupants' bodies are ground to a paste under her mass. As the vehicle begins to swerve

out of control Stacy pushes herself up into the air once more, causing the vehicle to explode below her. Stacy lands again on top of another speeding vehicle, this time on the hood of a convertible lifting the rear end violently. The passengers on the car are thrown upwards from their seats hundreds of meters up in the air to then fall to their demise onto the highway. Before what's left of the car flips over, the amazon takes the air again once more.

She keeps car hopping towards her target, choosing to land on the cars with the most occupants to maximize the casualties. Once she is close enough to the armored vehicle, Stacy jumps onto the highway and begins to run after it. The armored truck was racing at its maximum speed however Stacy was easily reducing the distance, propelled by her immensely powerful muscular legs. With each step her marvelous leg muscles contract and expand, rippling with raw power, and pushing her powerful feet down into the tarmac so hard the asphalt just explodes below her toes and soles, and with each kick she throws large amounts of chunks of the ground behind her, making it rain a deadly spray of high-speed fist sized pieces of road, slamming into houses, vehicles, and people for many blocks.

Stacy reaches the back of the truck and grans onto the back doors, easily yanking the reinforced thick steel doors off their hinges. Inside she sees both brothers cuffed and flanked by two shotgun-wielding agents who immediately opened fire on the amazon. She was hit in the face and body at point blank range and much to the agents' horror her smooth young skin is unaffected by the hot shotgun shrapnel. Only her small bikini is torn to pieces by the gunfire. The agents begin to fire once more on Stacy, but she had no patience for them. She jumps into the truck and grabs hold of their hands holding the rifles. *"As much as I enjoy that, I can't let you accidentally hurt my bosses."* Stacy mocks and after a short pause enjoying the sensation of the two strong agents trying pointlessly to pull their hands free from her impossibly strong grip, the amazon tightens her grip on their hands crushing their bones to dust and destroying their rifles.

The men scream in agony from Stacy's simple squeeze. *"Ohh poor things, here let me take care of you."* says the massive amazon as she reaches for the agents' heads. She gently pulls their heads towards her massive bare chest, smothering their faces each against one of her beautiful large breasts. The men try to fight her off, but Stacy's strength is immensely more powerful. To her, the strongest humans feel like a small ant attempting push her massive anatomy. She lets the men struggle for a few seconds then she flexes her gargantuan pectoral muscles, causing her large firm breasts to bounce upwards pressing against the men's faces. Her 'soft' flesh pushes tightly against her stationary hands as if there had been nothing in between. The agents' skulls provide no resistance to her ramming breasts, and they splattered instantly.

The younger of the Verducci brothers, Leo smiles at Stacy, clearly in awe at what he just saw her do. *"I so love it when you do that!"*

"Thanks boss." She says with a big smile as she rips the handcuffs off their wrists. *"If you come by to my room again tonight, I'll let you play with them and find out what more they can do."*

"Don't mind if I do. You know how much I love visiting you..."

"Excuse me for breaking this touching moment but you need to deal with that right now." Says the older brother who had climbed out of the stopped vehicle, as he points towards the side of the road where the driver of the vehicle is running away.

She walked towards her employers and gently ripped their handcuffs off. She then turned towards the cab to take care of the driver, but they noticed he had already stopped the vehicle and was running away.

Stacy smiles, climbs down of the truck, and walks to the middle lane of the highway into incoming traffic. As soon as the first car approaches, she plants herself on the ground and reaches her arm out, digging her fingers into the side of the car and with very little effort she snaps the vehicle to a full stop. The passengers of the car are thrown forward, severely injuring them. With a careless flick of her wrist, Stacy throws the car high into the air. The amazon then turns around towards her employers and walks sexily towards the back of the armored truck. "*Ok, now we can go.*" She says with a very broad smile.

"*But what about the...*" Victor began to object but then he sees the car Stacy had thrown into the air land and explode right on the running agent. "*Damn! Never mind.*"

Stacy smiles and innocently winks at both mobsters then she climbs up on the back of the truck. Both brothers shake their heads in disbelief. "*Alright, let's go back and get our merchandise before something else happens.*" Says Victor as both men climb into the driver and passenger seats and drive back towards the warehouse.

Meanwhile, at the warehouse:

"*Pops, how are you holding up?*" Jeff Jensen crouches next to his commanding officer who is trapped under a crashed pile of wooden crates.

"*Sparks, I-Can't move. Get these damn crates off me!*"

"*Right away John, just hold on tight!*" The Agent pushes with all his strength and slowly begins removing the crates off his partner's back.

"*Sparks, Is the Meta...?*"

"*Dead? No, far from it. Collins and Kramer are keeping her busy. They are buying me time to get you out of here.*"

"*But, what about them?*"

"*Don't worry. They are doing a good job keeping a safe distance.*" He finishes freeing his partner and then pulls him up to his feet.

"*What's wrong?*"

"*It's my leg, I can't...*"

"*Come on Pops, lean on me. I'll help you out. Just hope those boys can keep her busy for just a little longer.*" Then, just as Jensen finishes speaking, a horrible scream comes from the other end of the warehouse, followed by the sickening sound of flesh and bone being ripped apart.

"*Sparks?*"

"*A little further man, we are almost to the exit.*" Then they heard another scream, this one from a different person coming from the same direction. They kept on moving faster towards the exit until they hear the frightening sweet voice of the incredible black amazon coming from not far behind them.

"*Twenty down. One to go!*" Says the titanic amazon as she steps into view.

"New plan, Pops. You must keep heading for the exit. I'll distract her now."

"What? Are you crazy? No! Get out of here now!"

"I won't leave you behind, partner."

"Get out of here, that's an order!"

"Look man, I am not planning to die today. I didn't survive two tours of duty and 20 years in the force just to be killed by some hypertrophied bitch. As soon as I see you've made it, I'll make a run for it."

"Alright."

"Remember, if you can't make it to the car just jump in the river. These women are so dense they cannot swim."

"Jeff... Thank you and Godspeed. Oh, here, take my gun. She has never let me down."

Jensen runs to the center of the room and shouts. *"Come on, you brainless bitch!"* He boasts. *"Come and face me."*

"So, the sheep calls the lion out. That's cute." DeeDee responds, walking also to the middle.

"You are pretty good against rookies. Let's see how well you do against a seasoned veteran."

"Don't make me laugh, I have more strength in one pubic hair than you in your whole body."

"Is that it? Are going to kill me of boredom?"

"Oh, I'm going to have fun with you." Says DeeDee as she steps forward towards the agent. Each of the woman's footsteps hits the ground very forcefully on purpose, causing the entire building to shake. Jensen begins to run sideways and strafing the amazon with both guns. She chuckles at the spray of otherwise deadly bullets bouncing off her impenetrable ebony skin. She plays the cat and mouse game with the veteran, coming very close to catching him only for him to dodge. DeeDee could catch him any moment she wants; her reaction speed is on par with Stacy's and leagues beyond the capabilities of the most accomplished Olympian athlete. She considers playing with him a little longer and use him as a toy but suddenly she catches a glimpse of the injured commander reaching the warehouse exit.

"Oh, I see, you are just buying time for your little friend. I respect that. Unfortunately, I have orders to kill every single one of you and I don't plan to fail my boss." The black female juggernaut switches her attention to the injured man and ignored his partner who kept shooting at her. *"Don't worry..."* She says to Jensen *"I'll be back with you in a minute."*

"POPS! Run!!!!"

The older agent tries to walk as fast as he can, but even if his leg was in perfect condition there is no way he can outrun DeeDee. The beautiful giant woman comes to a few steps from reaching the commander. Jensen notices a few crates dangling from a crane on the ceiling above Stacy. He aims his guns at the chains above begins to fire. After a few misses he manages to hit the chains and causing the crates to fall on DeeDee.

Sparks runs past the fallen crates and towards his partner but before he could reach him DeeDee brakes free. The massive weight slamming against her head had only briefly inconvenienced her. The woman was not physically injured in any way however her pride had taken a blow. Some puny, insignificant guy had dared to use such a crude trap on her. DeeDee's anger gets the better of her and in a moment of rage slams her foot against the ground. The warehouse's thick cement floor is shattered into a million pieces, which are flung violently on every direction. Large cracks emanate just under DeeDee's massive feminine foot and run across the ground for as far as the eye can see. Huge slabs of broken cement are thrown upwards and rain down on the surrounding buildings, cars, and bystanders. The warehouse's foundations shatter and collapses on top of DeeDee and all the merchandise she and DeeDee are meant to protect.

The shock-wave hits both agents as they are trying to run away, and it tosses them high into the air. Jensen had narrowly crossed the warehouse's doorway and avoided being crushed by the falling building however he was violently thrown away by the explosion. Both men are tossed towards the edge of the pier, with Commander Newman missing the rail and falling over to the water; however, Jensen was not that lucky. His body hit hard against the sidewalk.

Newman tries his best to maintain his head above water; his damaged leg making it difficult to swim. As the current slowly pulls him away from the pier, the man yells for his partner. "*Sparks! Sparks!*" No one answers. "*For peace's sake, Jeffrey! Answer me!*" After a seemingly endless pause, he sees the head of his partner peek over the edge of the pier. He is crawling towards the edge, hoping to drop to the water, to safety. Jensen's face is covered in blood and his body is badly battered.

"*Jooohn, H-He-Help m-me!*" The younger agent uttered. Then the man saw the dark shape of the amazon standing behind his fallen comrade.

"*Sparks! Behind you!*"

DeeDee smiles and bends down and grabs him the injured man by the back of the neck and then pulls him up. She holds him up in the air like a rag doll, then she brings him towards her face, until they are at the same eye level. "*What's wrong? Not so cocky anymore?*" The man is too much pain to put up a fight or say anything to the amazon. "*You fought bravely, so I'll do something for you.*" DeeDee lowers the man and brings him eye level with her magnificent breasts. The ebony amazon gently slips the man's entire skull into the deep valley between her round firm breasts. Her body is so large, with a chest so broad that even with massive breasts she has enough room to fit a grown man's head snugly into her cleavage. It is a very tight fit and the pressure from her breasts is enough to grip the man in place. Once she has him secure, the amazon releases his neck and brings her hands to her hips, standing imposingly with the battered agent hanging from her chest. "*Enjoy this sensation big boy, not many people get to feel my body like this, and it will be your last sensation so don't waste it.*"

"*Please, I beg you. Don't do it!!*" The man in the water pleads to the woman while struggling to stay afloat.

"*Sorry, I have my orders. I couldn't let him go even if I wanted to.*" The woman responds in a very dry tone. She pauses for a moment and then proceeds to tighten her enormous pectoral muscles and brings her shoulders slightly forward; this causes her voluminous firm breasts to come together, easily overcoming the miniscule resistance Jensen's skull provided. The man's cranium is pulverized splattering bits of gore and bone everywhere. "*Fortunately for me, I didn't want to.*"

"*NOOOOOO!*" The man in the water screams as he sees his partner and best friend murdered. "*You monster!*" He screams at the sight of his friends' body dropping to the ground in front of DeeDee's feet.

DeeDee stands at the edge of the pier looking down at the last survivor of the raid slowly float away. She inhales deeply and then blows in Newman's direction. The winds caused by her lungs push the man into the water, causing him to roll and tumble in the bottom of the sea. The forceful current begins to drag him over the murky bottom away from the coast. As he is being dragged to his death, his trench coat gets caught on an old dead tree branch. The man struggles to get free as he is quickly running out of breath.

The amazon, confident the man had been sent a mile or two into the open ocean, turns around and walks over to the road where she sees the armored vehicle with her bosses and partner coming to pick her up.

Just as she is walking away from the pier, John is able to get the coat off his shoulders and slowly float upwards, doing his best to keep conscious despite feeling too weak to move. He emerges out of DeeDee's line of sight and remains with his head above water as he feels his energy drain away and everything go dark. The last thing he hears is the laughing of both women at a distance, moments later everything goes dark and very quiet.

Much later, in room 217, Intensive care ward, Key Lake City General Hospital, Midtown:

"John, John, can you hear me?" An old man in a suit stands next to John Newman's bed.

"w...wha...? Where?" Responds the seasoned agent, struggling to open his eyes.

"John! Thank God, we thought we lost you there for a second."

"R-Ronald?"

"Yes, It's me old friend. How are you feeling?"

"Like shit!" Says the man dryly as he struggles to sit up on his bed.

"Hey now, take it easy. You were lucky those kids were out there and found you."

"What kids? Found me?"

"Yes! Two kids were fishing on a small boat and found your body floating unconscious. They saw you were still alive and pulled you out of the water and called the emergency dispatch. That's how you got here!"

"I see."

"John. Do you remember what happened?"

"I remember.... everything."

"We got to you as fast as we could, when we got there, the Verducci were gone. All that was left was rubble and bodies."

"Sparks..."

"We found Jensen's body on the edge of the pier. His head was..."

"I know, I saw it happen."

"I'm Sorry."

"I... I need to call his niece. She needs to know..."

"John, she knows. The funeral was four days ago."

"What!? How long have I been here?"

"Seven days."

"Seven days!"

"You had contusions, head trauma and had lost a lot of blood. Honestly, I'm amazed that you've pulled through, old friend."

"It sounds like I'm lucky to be here at all."

"More than you think. The first two days you flat-lined three times on us."

"My God!"

"We had to bring a specialist to get you stabilized. Now the doctors say you will be out of here in no time."

"Great. I can't wait to get back to the office."

"Actually, you are to be reassigned to a new department."

"Come on Ronald! Don't put me behind a desk now! I'm a field operative, not a pencil pusher."

"Listen first, talk later." The older man snapped, causing Newman to shut his mouth. "The top brass has created a new division within the Key Lake City's Security Force. They are calling this new unit Alpha Taskforce. It's comprised with elements from different units, including elite field agents, members of the Engineering Corp, and Cyber Logistics. All they need is a Commander and I want you for that job. There will be some 'pencil pushing', that's inevitable, but since you will be in command, it'll be your prerogative to decide your involvement in field operations."

"Sounds interesting. So, what is our mission supposed to be?"

"Not exactly. The task force will have two main purposes. One, to regulate and penalize any and all illegal and/or destructive activities by the growing Metahuman population. Second, to give aid, orientation, and support to all law abiding Metas out there who just want to live normal without harming anyone."

"You've got to be joking!" John says, clearly obfuscated.

"I am very serious. This is an opportunity to..."

"Ron. Listen. First the department starts accepting Meta volunteers to 'help out', now you want me to act as their 'babysitter'! You know how I feel about them, even more so now. Give me a break!"

"No, man, you give me a break. Do you have any idea how much I had to fight with the top brass to get your name considered for this position? There's a line of young hotshots lining up who are all eager to lead this team, but I honestly believe they'll work better under you."

"Oh, what's makes this unit so special so many agents are fighting over it?"

"Let's just say, it has at its disposal very unique and coveted resources."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I'll give you until the end of the week to think about it."

"I don't need a week, I'm in. It sounds like my best chance to put away the Verducci brothers and their damn bodyguards."

"Officially, I have to go on record to warn you that the resources of the task force are not to be used for your personal quest to avenge Jensen's death nor to start a Metahuman witch hunt."

"Understood!"

"Then, having says that, personally I know you will go after the Verducci, so all I can do is give you my 'Unofficial' blessing."

"Thank you, Ronald. And I swear to you, I shall not rest until those four are locked behind bars or six feet under."

"I know you will, old friend."

"I swear it!"

CHAPTER 2 – Desperate Measures

Fortified Villa 50 km outside the city:

Leo Verducci steps into the office where his brother and crime boss Victor is looking at some papers.

"*Well, bro. The boys have finished bringing in all they could salvage from the remains of the warehouse.*" Says the younger one while sitting on a chair on the in front of his brother's desk.

"*Were they able to recover much?*"

"*No such luck. The site had been scrubbed very thoroughly. Only one of the safes remained hidden.*"

"*How much was in it?*"

"*A little less than %5.*"

"**DAMN!**" Shouted Victor as he plunged his fist to his desk. "*That was way too careless of that woman.*"

"*Just remember, brother, if it weren't for them, we would be in prison right now!*"

"*I know, I know. Regardless, that loss puts us in a very compromising position. That was over 80 million dollars' worth of merchandise the pigs just took from us, and we still need to pay our suppliers, and where are we going to get that money now?*"

"*We'll figure it out brother, we've always managed to come out on top. Maybe the girls can...*"

"*I rather not. I don't want...*"

Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the ground shaking with a series of impacts getting closer and closer. The door to the office was open and through archway come in the brother's amazing enforcers. Stacy and DeeDee stand in front of the men, wearing their characteristic black bikinis; a choice of garments made by Leo who argued they'll be more comfortable with less restrictive clothing and that their muscles in full display will make their enemies cower. Stacy was happy with the choice however DeeDee understood the man just wanted to see them nearly naked constantly, however since Victor did not object, she remained quiet.

"*I have a solution to your problem.*" Says Stacy. "*Why don't you send us to wherever they've stashed your product and just take it back.*"

"*As much as I hate to say it, I agree with Stacy. It's unlikely they would be able to stop us.*"

The brothers felt a knot in their throats as they realized the two women had heard their whole conversation. Victor was the first of the brothers to gain his speech back. "*I appreciate the offer, but I think that would escalate the conflict with the government to a different level. We don't want them to send the army against us.*"

"*Still, it's not a bad idea.*" Added Leo. "*Honestly, I would love to see the two of you just march in there and just plow through them. But, as Victor said, that might get us in a much bigger problem.*"

"*Just let us know, we want to help in any way fix what we... what I caused.*" Adds DeeDee.

"Thanks ladies, we'll come up with something. Now if all of you will excuse me, I have a huge headache and would like to rest for a bit."

Leo, DeeDee and Stacy nod and begin to walk out. Leo turns to Stacy as they walk out, *"We caught one of our low-level guys stealing from the company. Would you like to come help me teach him a lesson?"* Stacy's face lights up with happiness like a little girl being given a present. With a joyful expression she holds Leo's hand, and both walk away together. DeeDee walks further back and stops when she reaches Victor's door.

"Boss, do you have a moment?"

"Yes Doris, but please make it short."

DeeDee moves closer to her boss, so much her massive body casts a shadow over the much smaller man. She leans down and holds on to his hands. *"I know I've said it before, but I need to say it again. I'm really sorry about what happened. I shouldn't have been so careless to destroy our own warehouse with so much valuable merchandise inside."*

"DeeDee..."

"You've done so much for me, for my mother and her medical bills. I am eternally grateful. And listen, I know well I'm just your employee, but I want you to know that I see your family as my family too and will always fight to protect you, Leo, Gino, and everyone else in the family, to the very end."

"Thank you, Doris. And know this, to me you are much more than just an employee. You are someone I know I can trust, that's why I guess it pains me that you've made such a big mistake." Victor flinches as his headache gets worse.

"Boss, you are all stressed out. Let me at least help you with that headache." The titanic woman leads her boss to his chair and has him sit down, then she crouches in front of him, letting her chest become at eye level for him. She reaches back to straps on her bikini top and releases the metal clamp that keeps her bra tightly in place. The resistant cloth drapes off her beautiful large breasts and drop down to the floor.

"Doris, I'm hardly in the mood for sex right now." The man says, wishing that wasn't the case, but he feels his head pounding and it would be impossible for him to get in the mood, even for someone as magnificently beautiful and sensual as DeeDee.

"Don't worry sir, that's not what I have in mind." The woman reaches for the man's head, gently draping her long powerful fingers on the back of his head and neck. *"Don't be afraid, I swear I will not hurt you. May I?"* She asks, looking deep into his eyes. The great contrast of the sweetness of this interaction with Victor versus her usual attitude towards everyone else is not lost on the mob boss. He knows DeeDee has great appreciation for him but this time she is showing something much deeper.

Somehow, Victor trusts the deadly woman before him. He hesitates briefly but then nods in agreement. DeeDee smiles and slowly brings her other hand to one of her breasts, the one closest to Victor's face and slowly begins to rub her thick nipple. *"Someone I know once showed me that women like Stacy and I have a few interesting tricks that we can do."* Victor watches her fingers play with her beautiful nipple and sees it becoming erect and a little moist. *"All girls like me can do this, most just don't know how, this person showed me how."*

“What, what exactly are you doing?” Victor asks clearly curious and enthralled by the way DeeDee is massaging herself.

“I can trick my body into thinking I need to breastfeed. I have to concentrate and ‘tap’ into that ability; it isn’t easy, and it requires physical stimulation.” DeeDee moves her hand away from her nipple and gently leans closer to Victor, maneuvering one of her beautiful firm breasts to gently rest on his face. She rubs her moist nipple on his face until she guides it to his lips. *“My fingers can get it started, but your lips and tongue will be much more effective. Would you help stimulate me?”*

Victor’s tongue touches DeeDee’s nipple as it gently invades his mouth. She is careful not to push it in too hard or she would shatter all his teeth with her ultra-hard nipple. The moment he tastes her sweet nipple moisture his body immediately begins to relax a little. Soon begins to get into the moment, enjoying the feeling of the woman’s amazing breast against his face and the undeniably calming feeling of suckling on her teat as if it was a pacifier. *“One more thing I learned from this person was that our milk adopts the ‘desires’ we have at the moment. If I want you to be full of stamina for a long night of passion, my milk will act like the most potent energy drink in the world; If I desired you be stronger and be able to survive a night of passion with me, my milk will make your body temporarily more resistant to injury, etc.”* Victor’s suckling on DeeDee’s nipple has the desired effect and the woman becomes excited enough for her breasts to produce her amazing milk and begin to swell. A few short minutes after Victor had begun sucking, the first squirt of DeeDee’s milk flows into Victor’s mouth. He is instantly surprised by the quantity of milk, almost instantly filling his mouth. The taste is rich, sweet, and creamy, and as soon as he swallows it, his mouth is filled with more. *“And what I desire for you now, is to feel relaxed and your pain to go away.”*

Soon Victor begins to feel the effects, as if a wave of tranquility washes over him from head to toe. His heart begins to calm down and his mind begins to settle, pushing away many of the worries he has been carrying and other fears. The sensation is so calming, he experiences a sensation as if he was beginning to float or about to exit his own body and freely soar above the clouds. Soon there is only one thing in his mind, DeeDee.

She lets Victor suck on her breasts for some time until she feels him fall asleep. She willed him to have a good long relaxing nap, and milk had that desired effect. She carefully wraps her massively muscular arms around his much smaller body and cradles him like a baby. She gently takes him to a sofa on the side of the office and puts him down. DeeDee sighs realizing she does have strong feelings for the man but is unsure if those feelings are reciprocated. She does question herself about those feelings since it has been too long since she had any warm feelings for anyone. The woman shakes her head, picks up and puts on her very small bikini bra and walks out of the office.

Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the compound, Leo and Stacy are inside a large room with three young men sitting on chairs under a ceiling light. Stacy stands behind Leo with her arms crossed in a very intimidating posture while smiling in a way it brought chills down the three prisoners’ spines. Leo stands in front of the man in the center chair.

“Now you are going to tell me where you hid the money you and your accomplices stole from us, or you’ll be fish food.”

“Sir, I swear I have not taken a cent from...” The man’s words were cut off by a backhand slap from Leo.

“Do I look like I’m playing games?” shouts Leo with a punch to the prisoner’s face.

“Please sir, I’m telling you the truth. I didn’t steal…” Another punch to the face cuts him off once more. Leo continues to interrogate the man with increasing violence, often striking the man without having asked a question. Leo turns towards Stacy with a smile and a wink.

The beautiful Asian powerhouse was having a very visible reaction to Leo’s violent interrogation; she was loving it. She enjoyed her boss’ wanton brutality and watching him punish that defenseless man was turning Stacy on. Leo notices that Stacy’s bikini bottom is now completely wet.

Leo battered the man for over 20 minutes without getting an answer. *“Well. I guess you don’t know where the money is after all.”* He says to the semi-conscious victim. He turns towards Stacy. *“Babe, would you like to finish him for me?”* Stacy nearly jumps from delight and begins to walk towards the man. *“Show the others what happens when I don’t get what I want.”*

“Anything in particular you wish to see?”

“Surprise and impress me.” He says smiling.

“Whatever you say, boss.” Stacy turns towards a stack of items on one corner of the room and points to a large portable plexiglass shield. *“You might want to use that.”*

Once Stacy sees Leo standing to her side holding the transparent shield in front of him, she walks up the center prisoner and holds him up by the shirt collar. She has him help up while she makes a fist with her other hand and brings her arm back ready to strike. *“You thought my boss hits hard? You are about to see what a really hard punch looks like.”* The two men on the sides watch the woman’s arm muscles swell and ripple with bulging muscles as she flexes tightly. Every muscle fiber on her arm is clearly visible underneath her smooth flawless skin. The man she is holding begins to cry and beg for mercy, which only made Stacy feel hotter. She turns her head towards Leo and without looking she throws one exceedingly powerful punch at the man’s upper body. Her fist shoots forward at many times the speed of sound.

The impact of her fist against the man’s body is nothing short of catastrophic for him. The shock of the impact reverbs through his entire body and causes the fluid inside every cell in his body to boil and explode. In the blink of an eye, the man and his clothing turn into a spray of dead cell bits, powdered bone, reddish steam, cotton lint and leather dust, which are blown in all directions.

Leo lowers the shield, which is now coated in a very thin blood film, and cheers at Stacy. She stands proudly flexing her muscles for her boss and for the terrified two other prisoners who have been thrown to the ground by her punch’s sonic boom.

“What in the world is wrong with you maggots?” shouts Leo to the cowering men. *“How can you witness such a goddess in front of you and not be on your knees licking her feet.”* The two men are too scared to do anything.

“Now!” Stacy shouted clearly losing her patience. She brings her right foot up and slams it down to the cement floor hard enough for the room to shake, but not hard enough to cause any structural damage. The scared prisoners fumble on their knees and rush to Stacy’s feet; the pair begin to kiss and lick the woman’s large feet and toes, much to her delight.

Leo hands Stacy a towel and she begins to wipe the first prisoner’s blood off her chest, hips, and thighs. Once she is clean Leo comes in from behind her and hugs the amazon around her waist. Leo rests his face against the Asian’s broad muscular back and kisses it. *“I so love watching you being bad.”* His hands rub tightly against her thick steel-hard abs.

“And I love how you encourage me to keep having fun.” Stacy swings her hips softly side to side, rubbing her beautiful firm butt cheeks against his much smaller body. He crouches down and brings his face to the woman’s thick cheeks and begins to kiss rub and squeeze them with all his strength, which to her is virtually nothing. She feels his fingers rub the sensitive skin between her butt cheeks and she smiles. *“I usually crush to a bloody pulp anyone who dares to come even close to touch me like that... but you are just too much fun to kill.”*

“You are so much fun too.” He says kissing her backside once more. *“Care to squeeze some answers from the guy to your right?”*

Stacy’s happy smile is bright and broad. She looks down at the man kissing her right foot. He looks back up at her in utter terror. Before he can do anything, Stacy’s foot comes up under the man’s chest and with a gentle twist of her ankle she forcefully flips the man and pushes him down on his back. The massively muscular amazon lifts her foot and brings it forward towards the man’s chest with the grace of a ballet dancer. She rests her big heavy foot on the man’s chest, pinning him tightly against the ground. *“Where is the money?”* She asks him in her sensual voice but in a tone so commanding, the man loses all bladder control. *“Don’t make me ask you again.”* She commands once more, wiggling her toes against his chest. Her five toes pound on his chest with so much power, his ribs begin to crack under her careful onslaught. The man spits blood a couple of times before confessing.

“I’ll talk, I’ll talk. Please don’t kill me.” Cries the man, choking on his own blood.

Stacy stops pounding on the man’s chest but does not lift her foot off his chest. *“Speak!”* She commands, noticeably angry that he decided to confess so quickly; She had hoped to play a lot more with him.

“It’s in a storage container. 167B. I swear it’s all there.” The man cries. *“Please, forgive us.”*

“Is he telling the truth?” asks Leo.

“I didn’t feel any changes in his heartbeat or blood pressure when he spoke” says Stacy, feeling the man’s heartbeat and other vital signs through her foot tightly on his chest over his heart. *“I believe we have what we needed.”*

“Good, then he is all yours. Enjoy!” Says Leo to the incredible girl whose backside he is worshipping. Stacy cheers with glee and looks down at the face of the terrified young man. She closes her eyes and concentrates on the sensation of his heartbeat under her powerful foot, which now is beating extremely fast as panic sets in him. With a big smile on her face, she begins to push down with her foot, very slowly, a fraction of a millimeter every second in one continuous motion. Soon she begins to feel his ribs crack and snap under the overwhelming pressure she is producing. She is using her ability to anchor or glue herself to the floor with her left foot so now she can apply a downward force far greater than her own body weight. Stacy takes Leo’s left hand and guides it from her glutes over to her front, gently sliding his fingers under the top elastic of her thong, until his hand is over her pubic bush and his fingers are touching her moist labia and sensitive clitoris. The mobster immediately begins to gently massage Stacy’s genitalia causing her to moan in ecstasy, tilt her head back and begin to rub her hands over her breasts.

The arms and legs of the man under Stacy’s foot flail helplessly as screams in agony but his desperate cries are silenced when his chest collapses crushing his lungs and finally his heart. Even after the Asian super girl feels the man’s heart had stopped beating, she continues pushing down. She feels her foot push down on his spinal column and that too is shattered by her foot and toes until it’s completely pulverized.

Stacy is nowhere near satisfied. She looks back at Leo doing his best to make her feel pleasure. *"What about this one?"* She asks, pointing at the cowering man by her left foot.

"He is useless to us now. He is yours to play with as you wish, my love."

Stacy smiles and gently pulls Leo's hand out from within her panties. She then reaches down to the man sobbing next to her foot and grabs him by the throat. The muscular amazon lifts the man effortlessly, letting him hang with his feet dangling in the air. Stacy then turns towards Leo and picks him up as well, carefully holding him up with her hand under his butt. She brings Leo to the same eye level as her and brings his body close to hers. She leans her neck forward causing her lips to meet his and lock in a long passionate kiss. She kisses him long and slow as she walks towards the side of the room where a large wooden table sits.

She gently gets Leo down on the ground and then turns to face the last prisoner. Stacy rips the clothes off his body, completely uncaring if her careless hands dislocate a shoulder or snaps a rib as she tugs on the man's clothes violently. Once naked, she slams the man down with his back on the table. The sound of the impact made it clear a few more ribs had been broken. Stacy removes her bikini top and bottom and bends over, leaning her now naked body over the man's fragile broken form. She takes his legs and bends them upwards, causing him to wrap his legs around her waist. Her beautiful full breasts rest heavily over the man's face, painfully slapping him with them as she playfully shakes her chest from side to side. Stacy, having her beautiful naked face facing Leo, begins to slowly hump her hips, rubbing her impossibly hard muscles against the man's fragile body. She turns her head towards Leo and wiggles her butt at him, spreading her legs to let him get a good view of her thick moist labia. *"Are just going to watch or would you care to get a piece of the action?"*

Leo doesn't need to think about it for even an instant. He immediately drops his pants and moves into position behind Stacy. He gets on the tips of his toes trying to reach her hungry vagina with his cock, but he isn't tall enough for the Asian amazon. *"Let me help you"* she says laughing, spreading her legs further and lowering her hips for him. With her help, Leo enters Stacy and their hips lock. The sensation of her amazing butt pressed tightly against his naked groin plus the amazing sensation of Stacy's vagina gripping onto his penis tightly was almost too much for him. Had Stacy's vagina not clamped down hard on his cock, Leo would have cum almost instantly, but the incredible woman sensed that would happen and took control of the situation.

Leo begins to hump Stacy, whose massive body is unmoved by the man's thrusts, however she chooses to match his movements and lets her hips swing back and forth to his rhythm. They experienced the marvelous sensation of man and woman moving together, almost like a dance, each experiencing pure unrestrained pleasure. However, the man under Stacy has a completely different experience. The powerful amazon's first thrust had crushed his hip bones, and as she continues to enjoy sex with Leo, her muscular anatomy continues to snap every bone in the prisoner's body, grinding him to paste under her.

Leo is kept in the verge of cumming by Stacy's powerful inner muscles choking his cock inside her. She does this until she herself feels starting her climax. As her orgasm kicks in, she relaxes her vagina, allowing her man to finally ejaculate. The man, completely exhausted by Stacy's relentless hunger slumps over her back and hips, kissing her back muscles and caressing her amazing sides. *"That was incredible!"* he sighs. Just as he was beginning to stand up, Stacy tightens her grip on his cock with her vagina and pulls him in. *"Hey!?"* he exclaims in surprise.

"Again..." Stacy says as she begins to swing her hips back and forth once more.

An hour later DeeDee meets Stacy in one of the halls of the Villa.

“Stacy, I’ve been looking for you.”

“What’s up?”

“Would you like to come with me and do a bit of... fundraising?”

“Do I get to crush anyone?”

“Very likely. Hey, wasn’t Leo with you?”

“Yes, he was. I just left him passed out on his room. I guess you can’t have a guy make you cum six times in a row without him collapsing.”

“Oh my God, is he alright?”

“He is fine! He is just exhausted. I can be gentle when I want to.” Stacy pauses for a moment. *“What about Victor? Does he know about this... fundraising?”*

“No, he doesn’t. He is sound asleep in his office, and I plan to be back long before he awakens.”

“Did you do your milk trick?”

“Yes, he needed it.”

“I never did manage to do that. I get too excited, and it always comes out very hard. I keep blowing their heads off.”

“I can teach you to control it, if you want to.”

“Why would I? I love it when their heads explode.”

“Never mind”

“So where are we going...?”

Later that day:

It is a busy day at the Key Lake Bank and Trust, with an average of thirty customers at any time, the employees constantly have their hands full. So far it has been business as usual in the bank with nothing out of the ordinary taking place, until now. DeeDee and Stacy are standing just outside the main entrance. Their massive bikini clad bodies catching the eye of drivers and pedestrians who stare at them from afar. While most people know of the existence of Metahumans, very few have ever had the chance to see any in person and seeing two as magnificent as these women with their amazing bodies in full view, glistening under the golden afternoon sun rays, is something that inevitably draws in a crowd.

“I’m impressed, D” says Stacy. *“It’s not like you to do something like this behind the boss’ back.”*

“I have to make things right for them. Victor said not to attack a government installation, he never said anything about a bank.” DeeDee responds, trying to justify her decision to Stacy, but also to herself. *“Remember, we are in and out quick, the less fuss we make the better.”*

“Come on, don’t you want to have some fun? Loosen up! I know you enjoy it as much as I do.”

"You enjoy killing a little too much. I just do what needs to be done."

"Keep lying to yourself. I've seen the delight in your face when you crushed those security guards days ago."

"That's different... I don't like uniforms."

"Sure, whatever you say." Stacy mocks her partner. *"Let's do this. My muscles ache and need someone to crush."*

"Ok, let's go."

Stacy smiles and walks in followed by DeeDee. Just as the Asian titan was entering, a middle-aged costumer was exiting the building right in Stacy's path. The woman continues walking without any regard for the man in front of her. He didn't have any time to move out of the way and Stacy's massive knee slams against the man's chest with tremendous force. The man is thrown back with a crushed sternum and several broken ribs; he lands on the floor halfway into the lobby in the middle of a crowd. Everyone looks back and sees the pair of giantesses walk in. Before anyone could help the fallen man, Stacy reaches him and casually stands on his chest, bursting his torso like a water balloon. Stacy turns towards DeeDee smiling. *"See? Fun!"*

DeeDee rolls her eyes and continues walking towards the clerk.

A young man tries to run pass Stacy towards the exit, but she is much faster than him. She reaches out for him and grabs him by the neck and lifts him off the ground. *"Please miss, take everything I have, please I just want to go home?"* He pleads handing her his wallet.

Stacy smiles at the much smaller man. *"Let see what miss Nipple has to say about it."* She says as she unfastens the neck strap from her bikini, exposing both her beautiful silky full breasts. Her deliciously large and perfectly round breast caused painful erections among all the male spectators, even over their fear, it was impossible for them not to be aroused by such perfect female bodies.

She put her hand on his shoulder and leaned forward, touching his upper lip with her hard nipple. *"Does she say yes?"* She mocks while bobbing her breast back and forth, slowly, and making her nipple slide up and down his face. She rubs her moist and smooth flesh against his blushing cheeks. *"Or does she say No?"* She says, slowly swinging her breast from side to side making her moist nipple slide sideways across his face, brushing occasionally against his dry lips.

He had never felt such a wonderful sensation before in his life. The man was almost hypnotized by her gentle caresses and awesome beauty. Never had he seen such a beautiful woman before, and never had he dreamed one could possess a body as incredible as had this wonderful goddess before him. He wants to drape his smaller body around this Asian amazon, but he can't. He is frozen and all he can do is to feel and enjoy her exquisiteness.

Stacy keeps repeating *"Yes or No"* and switching from vertical to horizontal movements as she does. Her voice, filled with exuberant sexuality hypnotizes the whole audience; even the security guard is so dazed by her majesty and beauty, he is completely useless. Stacy's nipple is becoming harder the more excited she gets, and as it rubs against the man's face it begins to bruise him. The man is so enthralled by Stacy's beauty and sensuality, he was not really registering the pain.

The man becomes so sexually by this fantastic woman's erotic presence, he inevitably cums in his pants. The sudden release of his sexual tension returns him to reality and finally realizes he is in real danger. He begins to panic but just as he is about to scream just mouth is invaded by Stacy's

magnificent thick nipple. His tongue touches her moist flesh and instantly his mind become numb. The sensation of sucking on her nipple sinks his mind into a whirlpool of sensations. His body goes completely limp as he just let's go and absolutely submits to Stacy.

She has the complete attention of everyone in the bank, including DeeDee who is curious to see what her partner was about to do with the young man. With Stacy one can't ever know what comes next since she is so unpredictable, however the one thing she is sure about, that man is good as dead. Stacy free's her nipple from the man's mouth and begins to swing her breasts once more. The smile on her face switches to a cold glare. "*I think she says-NO!*" Stacy leans forward just as her breasts are swinging back towards the middle. She gets the man's head in the path of her beautiful globes and just one is about to hit his face, she tightens her titanic pectorals adding considerably more force to her 'swing'. Her breasts hit the man's face with so much force, product of their considerable mass plus the additional energy from her chest flexing, her breasts don't even slow down after contact. They plow through the man's cranium as if it was no more than a gossamer puff of smoke. The liquefied remains of the man's splattered head rain on the security guard and a good number of the terrified costumers.

The security officer quickly releases his weapon from its holster and begins to fire on Stacy. The bullets flattened and bounced off her body as the lead projectiles were useless against the Asian woman's skin. He keeps firing his gun incessantly at the woman, giving Stacy only mild amusement. The woman reaches out and grabs onto his gun-wielding hand. She applies a tiny amount of pressure to her fingers and both his hand and gun were mangled together. "*Didn't your mommy ever tell you it is not polite to shoot at people?*" She teases as the remains of his hand is painfully ground to paste and drain onto the ground.

In an act of total desperation, the large security guard throws a left hook straight to Stacy's gut. Stacy sees it coming and flexes her massive six-pack abs just as his hand makes contact. The man's knuckles not only feel the full force of his own punch, also her steel-hard abs push forward with unimaginable force. She flexes her abs so hard, the air around them is pushed out so violently it makes a noise similar to thunder. The man screams in pain as his entire hand and half his forearm are torn to pieces and splattered in all directions. Stacy begins to laugh maniacally, looking at the guards' torn flesh and bones sticking out where his hand used to be. "*So, honey, you seem to like punching. Let me I'll show you something that will blow you away.*"

Stacy forces the man to his knees and then turns her backside to him, while still holding on to his surviving hand. She pulls the man's body against her backside, jamming his face against her buttocks, with his nose buried deep between them. "*Now this is my version of the classic 1 – 2.*" She says as she suddenly tightens her right buttock, making it impossibly hard. Her flex also makes her glutes push outward a little, just enough to push onto the man's face with incredible force. She is careful not to hit him too hard since she could splatter his entire body by using just a negligible portion of her butt strength. The mechanics might be very different but the effect on the man's face is the same, he feels as if he had been punched by a heavyweight boxer. Her glutes slam against the right side of his face, snapping his neck backwards violently; his head then bounces back against her awaiting left cheek, which does exactly the same thing to the other side of his face. "*One - two, one - two, one - two...*" she keeps chanting as she continuously smacks the man's face with her butt cheeks in rapid succession.

Stacy keeps butt-punching him with increasing force and speed. She brings one of her hands to the back of his head and holds his head tightly in place and then resumes her flexing. This time, with his head not bobbing all over the place she can do her trick much faster. In an incredible display of muscle control, the Asian amazon pumps her buttocks one before the other so fast they make a sound similar to a motorcycle engine at full throttle. The revving sound of her flexing muscles smacking the man's face are joined by the sickening sounds of bones being crushed, ligaments

being ripped, and by the spectacle of gushers of blood splatters and bits of flesh spraying out towards the cowering onlookers. Stacy keeps moaning with her eyes closed as she experiences fully the intoxicating feeling of power product of completely demolishing a person with her incredible musculature. By the time she stops pumping her butt, the man's head had been splattered away completely.

The Asian amazon lets the corpse slump to the ground and looks around the lobby. There are many horrified people there, looking at her with fear, many having wet themselves. Among them, she spots someone who catches her interest; a man in his mid-twenties, completely aroused and totally terrified. Stacy looks at him straight in the eyes and could vividly sense he would die to be with someone like her. She looked him up and down and gives him an approving smile.

"*You!*" She says, pointing at the young man. "*Come here!*" She commands. There is more fear than lust in the man and he remains frozen in place. "I won't hurt you, baby." She says in a sweet sultry manner, still he did not move. Stacy then brings her hands up to her bosom and begins to massage her large firm boobs. "*You are missing out on this. You know you want to touch me.*" The man is sweating cold, and his sense of self-preservation is being overridden by his lust.

As the man begins to walk completely enthralled towards Stacy, another man attempts to reach out to the young man "*Don't!*" begins to shout the man, but before he distracts Stacy's boy she spits at the man. Her spit smacks the man on the side of the face, splashing forcefully as he had been hit by an ocean wave. His neck is forced to twist past its snapping point, and the man falls down dead with a broken neck.

Stacy removes her thong, letting her hypnotized plaything see her dense hairy bush and prominent cunt lips. She beckons him erotically, swaying her whole body rhythmically. The man finally can't take it anymore and runs towards her. Stacy puts out her hand and the man takes it. He feels the softest skin he had ever touched in his life, wondering how something so smooth and seemingly delicate can have so much power. Stacy grabs him by the ass and pulls him to a close embrace followed by a deep and dominating kiss.

DeeDee shakes her head and continues moving towards the clerk. Each step she takes shake the ground beneath her feet. She is clearly capable of walking barefoot without causing tremors, but the powerful woman likes to slam her feet down harder to further intimidate those around her. The expensive ornamental marble floor was painfully crushed under beautiful feet. The clerk very desperately begins to push the silent alarm button, but DeeDee's superb hearing noticed the clicks and deduced what the middle-aged man had done. She reaches out at him, with her hand effortlessly smashing through the plexiglass that separates the clerks from the public and grabbed the man by the throat. She lifts him cleanly off the floor with more ease than a normal woman would lift a feather. DeeDee understands that now that the alarm had been triggered, the police are going to show up any moment and that their task has now become more complicated. She pulls the man out from his booth, through the wooden counter and brings him up towards her face. The man is already severely bruised and with many lacerations product of being smashed through a wooden counter. "*That was not very smart, you asshole!*" She hisses at him while placing her other hand under the clerk's butt. She holds the man like an accordion in front of her chest and in one swift gruesome motion she smashes both her hands together.

The clerk's body is completely destroyed when his torso is compressed between DeeDee's powerful hands. In a way, DeeDee clapped the man's body out of existence. The clerk's lifeless head and limbs drop to the floor since they are no longer attached to anything. All that was left of the man's torso is a gruesome puddle of blood, guts, and bone fragments by DeeDee's feet.

DeeDee walks through the remains of the counter, shattering whatever is left of the wooden furniture to splinters with her massive thighs. She sees that vault straight ahead a short distance from where she stands. As she walks to the vault, she notices on the floor in front of her is another clerk who was trying to hide. The woman on the floor screams and tries to crawl backwards from the massive amazon walking her way. "*Out of the way, you idiot!*" DeeDee barks at the woman who is so deep in terror she freezes. "*So be it.*" Scoffs the amazon as she continues to walk forward. DeeDee continues to walk ignoring the screaming woman. DeeDee reaches the woman and just as her foot was going to slam down on her body, she remembers what Stacy said about enjoying the moment. The amazon slows down and gently places her bare foot on the woman's much smaller foot. The woman feels how DeeDee's large bare-foot touches and almost caressed her nylon-covered foot. The woman does not fail to notice how incredibly smooth and tender DeeDee's silky skin feels. For an instant DeeDee gently rubs the woman's foot with hers, enjoying the sensation of the woman's tiny fragile limb completely under her mercy. Then, a wicked smile appears on DeeDee's face, one that sends chills down the spine of the woman on the floor.

DeeDee continues her stride, placing her entire weight on her foot. The woman's screams in horrible pain as her delicate foot is completely crushed to paste under DeeDee's incredible muscle mass. Flesh, bone, ligaments, and even her high heels were all crushed and mangled along with the marble tile below them. DeeDee's foot not only takes out the woman's foot but also half of her foreleg along with it. The woman screams and hollers for help but no one in the building is stupid enough to try. Everyone knows, the woman is already dead. DeeDee takes another step, deliberately taking short strides, and this time her left foot pulverizes the woman's right thigh and half of her hip. Before the woman had the chance to pass out from the incredible pain, DeeDee takes her third and final step on the woman, this time her right foot comes down on the woman's chest and left shoulder, completely collapsing them and ending the woman's life.

"*DeeDee*" shouts Stacy as interrupts her make out session with the young man to get her partner's attention. She continues the kiss and without disengaging she reaches out to where the cowering clients are, randomly grabs one with her free hand and carelessly tosses him at DeeDee.

The massive black amazon does not bother to catch the man and he slams very hard against DeeDee's impressive chest. His back pushes hard against the amazon's 'soft' breasts, which squish only a few millimeters before they become as hard as the rest of her powerful anatomy. The man's back is bent beyond its limit and his spine snaps at the middle with a loud sickening sound. The man falls to the floor crying in agony, completely unable to move any part of his body below the waist.

"*What was that for?*" asks DeeDee to Stacy, who takes a moment to disengage her kissing and chuckle.

"*The alarm is on, right? They've started installing nasty security systems on most bank vaults. You should check it out first.*"

"*You are right. Let's test what they've got.*" Says the huge black woman as she brings her foot under the man's chest.

"*Please no, no, NO!*" the man pleads but DeeDee ignores him. She gives the man a light kick, which throws his body into the air and against the metal vault door. DeeDee and Stacy watch as the man's body is hit with a powerful electric current. The lights flicker as the electricity burns the man's body to a crisp in a matter of seconds.

"*So, it's just electricity!? I expected something more... creative.*" Says DeeDee as she walks up to the vault. Stacy shrugs uninterested and continues kissing her boytoy. DeeDee reaches the vault door digs her fingers into the thick reinforced metal. The same electric current washes over her body

just as it did with the man moments ago. The electricity flows over her massive body, incinerating her bikini, however she was prepared for the electric shock and flexed all her muscles before making contact. All the electric current that invades her body is no match to the powerful electric signals her own brain is producing. Her nervous system resists the external current, and she tanks the boobytrap until the electric panels and fuses begin to overload and burst into flames. *"That was shocking."* DeeDee says jokingly.

"A pun, really!? Please don't make me hit you." Stacy laughs.

"Sorry. I couldn't help myself." DeeDee answers as she rips open the metal door with her fingers. The people watching were already in shock before she reached the door, now they are completely blown away by the absolute power this woman possesses. They kept staring at the black super woman in complete awe, some of them with the biggest erections they had ever had, while others had soaked their panties with their lustful excitement, and many others had lost all control over their bodily functions.

The woman noticing the captive audience stands in an impressive pose. She spreads her legs lightly and puts one hand on her waist, while with her other hand she is gripping onto the metal surface, twisting and crumpling the very thick titanium vault door as easily as a thin bed sheet. She lets the people see her like that for about a second and then she casually yanks her right-hand outwards, ripping off the 30 security hinges and busting the 50 bolt locks. She triumphantly holds the massive metal door over her head with one hand.

Stacy has been kissing the man she seduced for quite some time. *"What better way to kill the time while D does her stuff."* She thinks as she feels how the man's chest is squeezed tightly against her own muscular torso. Her powerful arms keep the man in a tight embrace, similar to a bear-hug. Stacy feels how his ribs bend under the pressure she applies when she pushes him against her large breasts every time that she takes a breath. She enjoys the sensation of miserably weak hands probe her sides and attempt to grab onto her ass. From his position he can barely reach her bountiful muscular buttocks and when he tries to squeeze them. Had Stacy been lying down face down on a bed with her legs completely relaxed, the man's fingers would have found her delicious glutes slightly softer; much like her breasts, his fingers would be able to gently squeeze her generous glutes causing small indentations on her relaxed flesh. However, as she is right now, standing, and having her considerable muscle mass supported up by her strong leg muscles; those glutes are much too hard for a simple man's hand to cause even the slightest dimple on her cheeks or any other part of her marvelous legs. Unfortunately for the man, Stacy easily gets bored. *"Hey DeeDee! Toss me that thing, will you?"* Says the woman with her free hand outstretched.

"Sure, here it goes." shouts DeeDee as she tosses the massive multi-ton steel door towards her partner with just a casual flick of her wrist. Just when the massive object was about to reach the amazon's hand, Stacy swiftly brings her hand back behind her back. She disengages her kiss and moves her head back and looks straight into the guy's eyes just as the giant metal door slams onto his back, sandwiching him between the massive metal object and her even harder body. She sees his face being shoved violently against her face, exploding before her very eyes just as the metal bends and drapes around her. The door becomes a full body mold of Stacy's front. The woman then flexes her massive pectorals which in turn push her boobs forward, causing the mold to pop out and land on the ground. Stacy is of course unfazed by the impact however there is nothing but virtually nothing more than pools of blood and bits of gore and clothing remain of the guy. Stacy begins to laugh when she sees the imprint of her face with a wide evil grin embedded on the door.

"That was really fun. You need to try that, D."

"There is seriously something wrong with you, honey. Let's get the money from the vault and get out of here."

Stacy chuckles and follows DeeDee into the vault. Before she goes in, she looks at the 30+ people cowering against the side wall. "Don't any of you move. Try to flee and you will die before you reach the door." The prisoners drop to their knees and bow their heads. Stacy smiles and follows DeeDee inside. They are both surprised when they see just a few large money bags in the vault.

"Wait, is this it?" Said DeeDee picking up the bags as if they weighted nothing at all. *"This can't be right!"*

"That can't be any more than 5 million." Says Stacy slamming her fist against one of the inside walls of the vault, punching right through it and causing the entire wall to collapse.

"Come, there's nothing more to gain here. Let's take this and figure out what to do next." Says DeeDee stepping out of the vault.

"Wait a second." Says Stacy moving towards one of the clerks. She grabs him by the throat and lifts him off the ground. *"Where is the rest!"* She shouts. The man begins to stammer incoherently. *"Talk or die."* She says squeezing his neck harder.

"The... the vault had too much money for the insurance to cover. The armored transport took the money to offsite the secure vault this morning. That's all we have left."

Stacy realized this branch of the bank is by nature a "deposit" branch, where most of it's transactions consist on clients making payments and not so many withdrawals, thus the vault gets full constantly and they have to transfer the excess to either the bank's main centralized vault or to other branches that require more cash, usually leaving the branch's vault with the minimum money required to start operations knowing it will fill up relatively quickly. In either case, DeeDee and Stacy were unlucky and hit the bank just hours after they had unloaded many millions of dollars and their supposed big score turned out to be a disappointment.

Stacy, angry by their luck clenches her fists, snapping the clerk's neck and tosses his remains scornfully to the side.

DeeDee reaches the bank's door. *"Come on, let's go."*

"You go ahead. I'll be right with you." Stacy responds. DeeDee nods and steps out of the bank. Stacy smiles and turns her back to the prisoners.

Outside, DeeDee has just stepped out of the bank's doors, and she sees a caravan of 5 police vehicles race in and stop in front of her. Immediately the police officers jump out of their cars with their weapons trained on the beautiful black muscle giantess. Not far behind the officers there was a group of news camera crews covering the incident.

"Stop right there!" shouted one of the officers. *"Drop the bags and get on your knees!"*

DeeDee growls back at them. *"Why don't you come and make me, little man!"*

The officers begin to shoot the woman. A deadly spray of bullets showers the towering woman, bouncing harmlessly off her enormous muscles. *"Pathetic!"* she growls as she takes one step forward, slamming her foot down hard on the ground at an angle so the shock of the impact spreads in a cone ahead of her. She had aimed her stomp towards a pair of the squad cars. The hard cement

and asphalt ground ripples like water throwing up into the air anything it comes in contact. The wave reaches the cars, and it throws and flips them over towards the officers that had been taking cover behind it. The car lands and rolls over a group of officers, crushing half a dozen of them.

"I wonder what's taking Stacy so long. She is going to hate herself for missing this." Says DeeDee to herself watching the remaining pointlessly trying to take cover and shoot at her once more. Suddenly, the bank behind DeeDee explodes. The walls and ceiling of the building scatter in all directions, raining on houses, cars and many of the officers, crushing some and badly crippling others. Stacy calmly walks out of the shallow crater in the middle of the now empty lot where the bank building once stood.

"What the hell happened?" DeeDee Asks.

"Someone once said that a little fart never hurt anyone. Boy was he wrong!"

DeeDee looks at Stacy with disgust. "Come on, why the fuck would you do something like that!? It was completely unnecessary!"

"Unnecessary, maybe. Very fun, abso-fucking-lutely!"

"You are hopeless!"

"You love me, and you know it!" Stacy says arrogantly. *"Now, are we going to continue arguing or are we going to get to work and deal with all these squishy uniforms?"*

"You are right, squish away!" Says DeeDee shaking her head and heading for a group of officers to her left. Stacy gleefully skips like a young girl towards the remaining officers in front and to the right.

Meanwhile at Key Lake City General Hospital:

Agent John Newman lays on his bed recovering from his wounds. He is watching the news on the TV set inside his room, and they are playing footage of DeeDee and Stacy attacking the police officers. When the tv cameras show DeeDee' massive body slaughtering police officers, he starts getting painful flashbacks of the events at the warehouse. DeeDee's face was etched into his brain, and he will never forget her or the last seconds before he lost consciousness. Just her, holding his partner by the head, wedged between her gigantic pair of breasts and then without the slightest hint of compassion, crushing his head between them.

He opens his eyes again and watches the news cast. In less than a minute all the officers are dead. DeeDee is seen walking away carrying money bags, but her partner looks to be running towards the camera. The last seen shown before the live feed cuts away is a reporter being crushed by the Asian titan as she runs over him in her way towards the camera operator.

Newman is filled by rage and impotence. He blames himself for the death of his partner and squad, and also of all those that have since died at the hands of these women who he believes he should have should have found a way to incarcerate. Overwhelmed by survivor's guilt, he hates himself for watching the carnage from afar instead of being there fighting them.

His thoughts are interrupted by a knock on the door. "*Enter*" He shouts. A young agent walked inside with a doctor behind him.

"Sir, your transport has arrived. Are you ready?" The young man asked.

"Sure, as soon as the old saw-bones here gives me a clean bill of health."

"I would hardly call it that, Agent Newman." Says the doctor. "But you are in good enough condition to go. Just remember, your condition was critical, and you should take it easy for a while."

"I'll be alright."

"You are going to have to watch yourself for a couple of weeks. Try not to engage in any strenuous activities."

"Sure, I'll be careful." He shook the old doctor's hand and then turned towards the agent. "Ok, kid. Get my things will you. I can't lift anything for a while."

The two men left the hospital and entered an automobile in the parking lot. "Shall I take you to your home, sir?"

"Are you kidding? I've spent enough time on a bed already. No, take me to the office. Its time I take command of my new post."

"Yes sir!"

An hour later, inside the Key Lake City's Security Force Headquarters in Midtown:

John Newman is met in the main lobby by his boss, Ronald Gallagher.

"Welcome back John, how are you feeling?"

"Good enough. So, Ron, tell me. Where exactly is my new office? I haven't stepped foot in this building for the past four years."

"That's right, you guys from the VICE unit have your own headquarters across town. Come with me, I'll show you." Ronald leads John to the elevator and presses he button for the 3rd floor.

"Level 3? Really!? Isn't that were all the accountants and lawyers are?"

"Yes, you and your team have an administrative office on Level 3. Mainly for normal day to day activities, receiving visitors, interviewing victims, etc." Says Ron as the elevator door opens and they walk down the hallway to a large office. "For tactical operations there is a second elevator which takes you to the new command center. From there you have access to the training area in level 20, hangar and engineering bay and the helipad."

"When did you build all that?"

"We've been working on the ATF initiative since last year. The latest events only accelerated our timetable. The members of your team were reassigned from their previous post to the ATF a week ago."

"Who has been in charge of the team since?"

The office door is opened by a short statured man build like a brick house with a thick beard. "Care to take a guess old friend?"

"Wolf!" Says agent Newman.

"*I guess you already know Agent Wolf Westcott, our Hardware Specialist.*" Says Ron as John and Wolf shake hands warmly. "*He is the senior agent after you.*"

"*Know him? We went to the academy together. How are you, old dog?*"

"*It is good to see you too, old man. When I heard that you were chosen to lead this team, I requested to be assigned to the team. Listen, I'm really sorry about Sparks. I want to help you take his killers down.*"

"*Thanks. We'll get them.*"

"*Let me introduce you to one more member of your team. This is Scott Anderson; he is our communications/operations specialist. He is also a very good marksman.*"

"*It is a pleasure to meet you Mr. Newman. I've heard a lot about you.*" Says the eager young agent while shaking the older agent's hand.

"*He is certified for field duty however I believe his more important contribution will be coordinating field operations and keeping an eye on your team.*" Ronald added.

"*I don't see anyone else in there. Will it be just us three?*" John asks confused.

"*One sec.*" says Wolf as he pulls out a small communicator. He presses a button and speaks. "*Hey, he is here, come on down!*"

"*The rest of the team is coming down.*" The three men walk inside the office and stand by private elevator. "*This shaft connects the office with the command center. It's the only way up there.*" Wolf hands John a key. "*You'll need this to use it*".

"*Thanks.*" Says John as he attaches the key to his keyring and stores it in his pocket.

Moments later, the elevator door opens revealing three large metahuman women inside. By reflex John Newman stands in front of the other men and pulls out his handgun, aiming it at the three women. The three girls just stood inside confused raising their hands.

Wolf intervenes quickly placing himself between John and the women. "*Put that away! They are with us!*" Ronald takes John's hand away from his hand, puts the safety back on and places it on a nearby table. "*Please, come on out.*"

The three women are very big and impressive, with all the attributes one would expect from a Metahuman: Voluptuous bodies, perfect skin, great girlish beauty, towering stature, and well-developed musculature. The one on the left has dark skin tone, beautiful green eyes, short brunette hair, and a medium built musculature. She is the smallest of the three, measuring about 2.20 meters (7'2") in height and is also the youngest at 24 years of age. The woman in the middle is the largest of the group, a massive, towering brunette titan with extremely massive muscles, larger than DeeDee and Stacy's combined. She stands a towering 2.60 meters (8' 6") in height and is the oldest of the women, with 31 years of age. The one on the right, is a tall alluring blonde with bright blue eyes, a very prominent bosom and a light toned musculature blonde woman. This woman measures 2.40 meters (7'10") in height and is a few years older than the youngest. Newman notices something strangely familiar about this woman but doesn't know why.

"*They are part of the team!?*" Shouts Newman.

"Yes, they are!"

"Then I'm out!"

"Dude, what the hell?" Shouts Wolf as he stands on John's way, blocking him from storming out.

"You don't know these... people, like I do! What I've seen them do..."

"Not them!" Wolf shouts, showing hints of anger in his voice. "You've never worked with them, I have. I can vouch for them."

John closes his eyes and sees flashbacks of Jensen's gruesome execution. "I can't..." Newman walks out the door and down the hallway towards the elevator.

The tall blonde steps walks after him. She stands on the hallway by the door and shouts. "You've always been stubborn, but I never imagined you as a bigot... Uncle John."

Newman stops dead on his tracks and turns around to face the woman who slowly approaches him. "What did you say? Who...?"

"It's me." She says looking into his eyes. "Look past the height, the big teats, the hate, and everything else distracting you. Look at ME!"

The man's eyes widen in disbelief. He manages to stammer just one word. "L... Laura?" She nods quietly and gives him a smile.

"How? When?"

Wolf comes closer and puts his hand on John's shoulder. "Come inside the office and we'll tell you everything." John nods and follows them inside and sits down on a desk. Ronald, Wolf and Laura stand in front of him while Jane, Rose, and Scott stand further back.

"I'm all ears" Newman says facing Laura. "Last time I saw you was three years ago, before..."

"Yes." Laura answers. "At my going away party. This all happened not long after. I had been in college for two months when I was involved in an accident. A reckless driver ran a red light and hit me as I was crossing the street. I don't remember much of the actual event. I remember coming in and out of consciousness. I remember being inside an ambulance, then being rushed to an emergency room, everything went dark after that, but I distinctly remember the voice of someone calling a time of death on me. Two days later I wake up in a hospital bed, looking the way I look now."

"The hospital records show Jensen had flatlined and the doctors were unable to revive her." Added Ronald.

"I should be dead by all accounts, but it seems I had a latent version of the meta gene in me. The trauma of the accident triggered my transformation into who you see today. The doctors confused my body going to a type of 'stasis' with me dying."

"I had no idea that had happened to you. Did Jeff know?"

"Of course, he did! He was in the room when I woke up."

“Why did no one tell me?”

“I asked him not to tell anyone. I planned to come back home after I graduated from college and do a big reveal, but my uncle’s death changed all that.”

“I see. And how did you end up here?”

“Shortly after my transformation my uncle told me about the Metahuman Volunteer Registry. He explained it was a way for people like me to do real good aiding the community in cases of emergency. I thought it was a good idea and signed up. I was called in a couple of times to help getting people out of burning buildings or getting victims free from being trapped inside their cars after a crash. People like me can peel a car off a victim safely very quickly, and we are able to reach anywhere they need us in just a few minutes after receiving the call. Anyhow, my handler at the Registry tried to recruit me into the Security Force many times but I always told him I would gladly help out, but I did not want to be an agent, that it was not what I wanted to do. That all changed when I got the news of my uncle’s death. That day I called my handler and told him I wanted in, with the condition I wanted to be part of the team that goes after the killers.”

“Laura has only been here with us a week, but in short period she has done an awesome job upgrading our infrastructure.” Adds Ronald. “Aside from her obvious physical abilities, Laura has a photographic memory and is a coding / hacking genius. She has coded new software for us from scratch and with it our monitoring stations can process data like never before.”

“She’s upgraded the nav systems in our chopper. The bloody bird can almost fly itself now.” Added Wolf.

“When these two get together in the workshop it gets crazy.” Says Ronald looking at Laura and Wolf, who is the mechanical engineer of the group. “If Wolf builds it, Laura can make it dance.”

“Rose and Jane are quite awesome in their own right.” Says Wolf pointing at the two women in the back. “Rose...” The dark skin woman raises her hand. “...She is our resident scientist. At her young age she has degrees in Geology, Physics, Physiology, and Biochemistry. She is the fastest woman in the group; We’ve clocked her maximum running speed at twice the speed of sound.”

Wolf then points at Jane. *“And Jane is by far the strongest woman I’ve ever met. We have not been able to measure the level of her she has. It doesn’t matter what test we come up with, she can always overpower it without any hint of effort.”*

“I am good overpowering stuff!” Jane jokes.

“Much more than that. She is the best financial analyst in the city. No one can ‘follow the money’ better than her.”

“Well, that too.” Jane says smiling.

Laura moves closer to Newman and reaches for his hands. *“John... you know me. I am the same person you have known for years. That hasn’t changed. I am here because I want to help, we all are.”*

John slowly stands up; he squeezes Laura’s hand gently and turns towards his boss. *“So, is that my new office?”* He says pointing to a door labeled ‘Commander’.

“Yes, it is... Commander.” Says the older agent. *“Go on in. We have much to discuss.”*

The two walk inside and shut the door behind them. The rest of the team remain outside, most of them visibly worried.

"So, what's up with him?" Asked Jane.

"You've all read the report on Jensen's death." Says Wolf.

"We just have to give him time." Added Laura. "He'll come around."

"Are you sure about that?" Scott asks, holding Rose's hand.

"I'm positive." Laura responds.

Meanwhile, inside the office the two senior officers sit down and begin to talk about work.

"John, I'm sure you saw the news earlier today."

"Yes. What was the total damage?"

"The recovered security video showed there were 36 people killed inside the bank. Outside, over 46 people including policemen, reporters and bystanders were lost."

"How much did they take?"

"We contacted the bank's main branch. Their records show the vault had a little under 5 million dollars in cash and bonds before the destroyed branch went offline."

"Something is bothering me about this."

"Would you care to share it with me?"

"Those two bitches work for the Verducci brothers, but they are drug dealers and not simple bank robbers. They don't go for these kinds of crimes. Unless... Tell me, how much was confiscated from the site where Sparks was killed?"

"We recovered 25 million dollars' worth of high-grade cocaine. Why?"

"That must be it. They lost so much on that raid; they now have no way to pay their suppliers, and now they are desperately trying to get the money before the suppliers come knocking on their door."

"You might be onto something. But if they only got 5 million..."

"They'll need another strike to get the rest."

John opens the door to the office. "Hey Wolf!"

"Aye, Commander?"

"Scan all police frequencies. Be on the lookout for any bank alarms. Have the team ready to deploy."

"Will do."

"All we need to do now is wait." Says John.

"*It might take a while, though.*" Added Ronald.

Suddenly Wolf rushes into the office. "*Commander! There is a situation happening at the First Redwood Bank and Trust. It's being robbed by two amazons fitting the Verducci bodyguard's description.*"

"*Wolf, Get everyone ready. We depart immediately.*"

"*Aye sir!*"

"*We'll find out if this bunch is as good as you say it is.*" John says as he sprints out of his office.

"*Be safe and good hunting, my friend.*" Says the older agent as he stays behind.

Agent Newman runs out of the corridor and meets up with his team at the entrance to the express elevator to the command center. He turns towards Wolf. "*How long before your bird can be in the air?*"

"*As soon as we are onboard. The engines are on and warming up for flight as we speak.*"

"*Good!*" says the agent as the elevator door closes.

START CHAPTER 3 – Fighting Fire with Fire.

Key Lake City's industrial Silent Port district, Main coastal avenue:

DeeDee and Stacy walk down one of Silent Port's main avenues, which borders the coastline and leads away from the city towards the Verducci estate. As they walk, the beautiful massive women trample over anything and anyone foolish enough to be on their path. The one leading the way is Stacy, with the task of clearing the path for her massive partner. The Asian giantess holds an armored car over her head with one arm and uses the massive vehicle like a bat, swinging it gleefully at anyone in reach. The vehicle had its driver and two guards inside when she picked it up, but as she began to swing it around, the people inside were subjected to g-forces so massive their bodies just turned to paste.

Following Stacy is her partner in crime DeeDee. The massive amazon decided she needed all the money contained within the vault, so the most convenient way to carry it was to rip the vault off the bank and take it with her. Just as Stacy, DeeDee carries the immense weight with one hand, with her fingers dug deep into the metal structure for a tighter grip. She also uses the heavy object as a club, swinging away at any car or officer that is foolish to be in reach. Unlike Stacy who doesn't differentiate between civilian bystanders and security officers, DeeDee only attacks those in uniform or anyone foolish to try to stop her. She has walked by civilians without hurting them, unless they are on her path and in that case, she walks through them without giving them a second thought.

A small squad of regular police officers arrive at the scene and attempt to form a barricade to stop DeeDee's getaway. Hardly amused by this, DeeDee continues walking, ignoring completely any weapon fire shot at her and reached the barricade completely unscathed. For DeeDee, she walks casually towards the outclassed police officers keeping her cool and careless nature; for the officers, the woman moves with astonishing speed and before they can empty their ammo clips, the magnificent ebony amazon is right on top of them. DeeDee's disdain for any kind of authority comes forth and she decides they are beneath her attention. The woman proceeds to simply walk through them as if they were pieces of street litter she can just step on. Two of the officers are taken out precisely that way; her powerful foot stomps down on one officer's head and stomps down on him, completely obliterating his skull. Her stomp is so powerful it causes the closer officer to drop to his knees. DeeDee continues her stride uninterrupted and before the second officer can get to his feet and move away, her knee impacts his face with so much force it causes his head to simply explode on contact. A third officer had avoided her massive thighs as they had swung forward and was about to run away when DeeDee brings her hand to his face and with her index finger flicks him between the eyes; causing that officer's head to similarly explode.



After this, the police decide to pull back and limited themselves to clear the streets and keep all the people (and themselves) a good distance away.

"*Looks like the uniforms have gotten smarter and learned to stay away from us.*" Chuckles Stacy.

"*About time, I don't care for unnecessary distractions.*" Answers DeeDee dryly.

"*Ha! Well, at least the bozos back at the bank entertained us.*"

"*If that's what you call it.*"

"*You know what your problem is, D?*"

"*What could it possibly be?*"

"*You don't take the time to enjoy yourself. This good soldier routine is very boring. You got to live life, go wild and take your time and enjoy every 'playmate'.*"

Suddenly the sound of a low flying helicopter catches the attention of the two superwomen. They look up and see a large armored military gunship hover above them. A large door open on the back end revealing five people.

"*Ok, this is new.*" Jokes Stacy, striking a pose with her fists against the sides of her hips.

"*I guess they heard you were bored*" adds DeeDee dryly.

The gunship begins to fire its main chain gun at the two women. The main gun uses special custom rounds which are many times more powerful than the military grade tank piercing rounds; and this gun can fire a thousand rounds per minute. The rounds hit Stacy in the face and chest. The woman was not ready for that kind of firepower and her body is thrown back, dropping the armored vehicle. Wolf then aims the sights on DeeDee and fires a similar barrage. The black amazon is hit in the chest and shoulders by the deadly rounds; however she had the time to brace herself for the impact, tightening her incredible muscles. The stream of round impact her magnificently muscular body and flatten against her skin, ricocheting away in all directions. DeeDee turns to her partner, "*Are you OK?*"

Stacy shakes her head as she gets back on her feet. "*That stung.*" She says with an angry tone in her voice.



Jane, Rose, and Laura jump off the helicopter without any safety lines or parachutes. The three women drop gracefully and land in front of DeeDee and Stacy. The cement road cracks under their slamming feet, and in the case of Jane she leaves a regular sized crater under her. Behind them, Newman and Anderson slide down via a pair of safety lines.

The helicopter then pulled back and puts some distance between them and the combatants. Only Wolf man was left in the war machine to provide air cover. When the dust settles, DeeDee and Stacy are face to face with the five agents.

The agent in charge takes a step forward, keeping a safe distance. "*KLC Security Force, You bitches are under arrest. Drop the vault and get on your knees.*"

Stacy stands next to DeeDee. "*This is getting interesting. I love it!*"

DeeDee speaks to Laura, Rose, and Jane; completely ignoring the two men with them. "*I'm giving you three the chance to get out of our way.*"

"*I said, on your knees, NOW!*" Shouts Newman pointing his gun at DeeDee.

"*Wait a minute...*" She answers, "*I know you. I thought I killed you.*"

"*You thought wrong.*"

"*Well, I can fix that.*" DeeDee responded angrily, realizing that the officer being alive means that on that raid many days ago she failed to fully comply with Victor's orders of leaving no agent alive. The woman lifts one foot off the ground and jams her toes deep into the cement. With a quick flick of her toes, she rips off a head-sized chunk of concrete and throws it directly at Newman's head.

DeeDee had tossed the piece of concrete too fast for John to react. He only has an instant to see it coming towards him, but absolutely no time to move out of its path. Just as the heavy object traveling faster than a bullet hits his face and splatters it over the road, a dark blur darts in front of his face and stops the rock from hitting him. The man blinks in disbelief and then takes a step back to see what it was and sees it's Rose's hand. She had reacted fast enough to move her open hand in front of John's face and stop the rock from hurting him. She looks at him, staring at her silently. "*You are welcome*" she says, crushing the piece of sidewalk to dust with her fingers.

"*Alpha Strike Force, take them down!*" Shouts Laura charging forward flanked by Rose and Jane.

Scott comes to John's side. "*Are you OK, sir?*" Newman nods. "*And what do we do?*"

Newman takes the safety off his gun. "*Cover fire.*" Both men run to each side on a flanking position and begin to unload their ammo clips at the enforcers. "*Aim for the face and eyes.*" Shouts John.

As the three female agents got closer to their opponents, DeeDee jumped straight up, still holding the vault over her head. DeeDee's takes her higher than the roofs of most buildings in the city and then throws the massive vault down at the female agents. Stacy stayed on the ground, reaches for the armored car she had previously been carrying and throws it to where Anderson is standing.

"*Incoming!*" Shouts Jane as she readies to catch the massive vault. Jane's hands try to stop the giant titanium cube, but the force of the impact is too great and the reinforced side of the vault that hits Jane's fingers bend and rip inward. Jane's body goes through the vault like a nail through a sponge. The muscular superwoman disappears under the vault as it plunges deep into the ground.

Laura jumps towards Anderson just as the armored car is about to hit him. She tackles him to the ground, gently enough to avoid hurting him. She lays on top of him, managing to keep all her considerable weight off his relatively fragile body. The size difference between them is vast, her long sensual hardbody dwarfs his more average size. Laura quickly holds Scott's head and pulls it closer to her chest and holds him tight just as the massive vehicle crashes violently against Laura's back and bounces harmlessly off her strong body. The truck's momentum launched it back into the air, directly towards a crowd of people blocks away.

"*Rose!*" Shouts Laura. "*Got it!*" Rose responds as she darts towards the tumbling vehicle. The French young woman's strong feet make the tarmac explode under her, propelling forward running at speeds nearing the sound barrier. She can easily run much faster but if she does, she might cause more collateral damage with a sonic boom at ground level. Rose reaches the police line and stops in front of the vehicle, quickly turning to face it. She braces herself and catches the front of the vehicle as it impacts her chest. Her feet, practically 'glued' to the ground causes the sidewalk. Her body is unaffected by the hard impact and most of the energy is transferred to her feet and into the sidewalk. Rose puts the truck down and turns to see the police officers, reporters, and bystanders standing behind her, taking her pictures and cheering. Rose smiles then runs back towards her team.

Laura, still laying on top of Anderson moves off him, letting his face off the 'comfort' of the exuberant blonde bombshell's chest. "*Scott, are you alright?*" The young agent nods just as Rose comes to their side. "*You better take cover and keep your distance.*" Laura says as she stands up positioning herself between Scott and Stacy.

Laura looks at Rose, who came to check on her boyfriend's status. "*Thank you.*" says Rose to Laura as she picks up Scott and runs with him towards the back, positioning him behind some cover. "*You can shoot from here.*" She says, giving him a kiss on the cheek and then running back to Laura. "*Ready*" says Rose.

"*Good, now let's take care of business.*" Says Laura as she charges towards DeeDee, and Rose does the same towards Stacy.

DeeDee looks at the woman coming at her and smiles. "*Show me what you've got!*" She says to the blonde. She looks at her partner and sees Stacy is already running towards Rose.

Nearby, John has made his way to the vault and begins to knock on the sides with the butt of his gun. "*Jane!*" He shouts.

"*Yes?*" Replied a female voice from inside the vault.

"*Are you alright?*" Newman asks.

"*Yes. I'm coming right out, please step back!*"

"*Right out? How the hell did you get IN?*" He asks but before he gets an answer, the thick metal wall in front of him bends outwards and four long nailed fingers burst out of the safe. Another set of four fingers popped out right above the first set and then Jane's hands easily rip the side of the wall open. The thick titanium wall, once considered impenetrable, rips down the middle like wet toilet paper, leaving a hole large enough for the massive Jane to step through.

Laura reaches DeeDee and attacks her with fury. Laura takes a hard swing for the black woman's jaw. The sound of the impact is heard all through the city like a thunderbolt. Much to Laura's surprise, her opponent still stands there, unmoved, and smiling. Although DeeDee is close to Laura's height, the black woman's body looks terrifyingly gigantic compared to Laura's more 'fitness model' look. "*Was that it?*" Mocks DeeDee. "*How disappointing. Let me school you in the proper way to throw a punch.*" Laura has no time to react; DeeDee's fist swings forward at Laura's face so fast she barely had the chance to see it. The punch's power was nothing less than devastating, creating a powerful shockwave that flips cars and throws to the ground people who were standing blocks away. The ground underneath Laura and DeeDee exploded as did the front facing walls of the buildings adjacent to the women, some of which collapsed immediately.

The blonde metahuman girl is thrown across the street; her body crashes through the side of a ten-story building and goes through a good portion of the building's ground floor. The entire building then collapses on top of the woman, burring her under tons of concrete. DeeDee laughs loudly. She looks to her side and sees Jane running towards her and with an even bigger smiles welcomes the new challenger.

Meanwhile, Rose launches herself at Stacy, who catches Rose in mid air with a roundhouse kick which sends her flying back towards the crowd. Rose manages to flip in midair, much like a cat, and manages to miraculously avoid landing on a female police officer. Rose's powerful foot misses hitting the officer's fragile body; however, to do that she had to land in a very awkward position, taking a considerable harder hit. She slowly crouches in front of the officer. "*Are you alright?*" Rose asks. The woman lets out a terrified scream. "*Hey! I'm not going to hurt...*" Rose didn't get the chance to finish her sentence. Rose didn't see Stacy had jumped after her, and the Asian titan lands on the shoulders of the police officer who Rose had just saved, completely crushing the woman right before Rose's eyes. "*No!*" The French amazon screams.

Rose throws a punch at Stacy's face, but her opponent catches Rose's arm and uses her momentum to pull her closer. "*Since you like being so close to this people, I'll help you mingle.*" Says Stacy headbutts Rose to daze her and then she swings Rose over her shoulder and throws her at the screaming crowd.

Stacy's headbutt was painful, even for someone with a body as resilient as Rose. With her mind spinning, she is not able to control her fall or try to mitigate any damage. Her super powerful body plows through a sea of people who unsuccessfully tried to move out of the way. She closes her eyes in emotional pain, but she can't avoid hearing and feeling every single person being crushed by her anatomy. Her body finally hits the ground digging a long trench on the cement. Rose opens her eyes in horror to see her entire uniform covered with blood splatter and bits of gore. She hunches over and begins to throw up.

Rose slowly stands up. "*You are a monster!*" She says, raising her head to stare at Stacy. Before she sees the Asian titan, Rose catches a glimpse of something flying extremely fast at her. So fast, even she doesn't have the time to react and more out of the way. Just as she is about to be hit her keen emerald eyes make out what it is flying towards her and sees that it is a middle-aged man. The man's body slams against Rose's chest and shoulder with such force his body is splattered instantly. "*What did you...!?*" Rose begins to scam and a second body slams against her. This time Stacy had aimed the man she threw to hit her right on the face. Rose sees the man's terrified expression as he comes face to face with her and then he explodes as his face smashes against her face.

"*Stop that!*" Rose screams.

"*This is so much fun!*" Stacy screams as she stands next to a pile of people she had rounded up for this purpose and is holding them in a pile between her monstrous thighs. Stacy then takes a third person from the human pile, a teenage girl frantically screaming in terror, and throws her at Rose. Stacy's superhuman dexterity allows her the control to throw the girl and previous men at supersonic speed while being careful not to damage their bodies during the throw, since she wants them alive when they hit Rose's body.

Rose is ready for this human 'projectile' and steps aside just before impact and manages to gently wrap wrapped her arms around the body of the girl and lead her into a spin, slowing her down gently until she can safely stop her motion without hurting the girl. "*Quickly, run away as far as you can!*" She shouts at the girl, who does not need to be told twice.

"*Awe, come on! Why would you do that? We were having fun! Now you've ruined the game.*" Says Stacy. "*How disappointing. And I went through all the trouble to gather all these toys. I guess we don't need them anymore.*" She says, looking at the pile of squirming people lying under her. She lifts her right foot and places it on the lower back of the person at the top of the pile. "*What a waste.*" She says as she pushes down with her powerful foot. She effortlessly steps through the pile of people, crushing them mercilessly until her foot touches and digs into the cement of the sidewalk.

"*Don't you just love that sound?*" Asks Stacy looking at the twitching bodies at her feet. She looks up to see Rose's reaction, but her opponent is nowhere in sight. "*Where did you run off to? Chicken shit!*" Stacy screams.

Stacy had only finished to shout when she 'feels' something above her, and just as she looks up, Rose lands on Stacy's face. Her reinforced boots smash against the Asian woman's beautiful face. The seams of the shoes burst open from the impact.

Stacy falls on her back, with Rose still on her face, smacking her head against the pavement. Rose then wraps her legs around Stacy's strong body, pinning her arms to her sides and unleashing her anger on her face, punching Stacy repeatedly with uncharacteristic ferocity.

A few blocks away, a desperate John Newman digs frantically through the building that collapsed over Laura. He yells her name as he continues to desperately try to remove the wreckage with his bare hands. Scott was with him, doing the same.

"Anderson, go check on-what's her name... Rose, yeah Rose"

"*Yes sir.*" Says the young agent, drawing his weapons.

"Anderson!"

"*Yes?*"

"Just check on her and report back to me. Keep out of sight and absolutely do NOT engage her adversary, regardless of the situation. Understood?"

"*Yes sir!*" Says Scott, putting his gun away and moving towards where Rose is keeping himself out of sight.

A block away, two of the most powerful women in the world engage in combat. Even though Jane considerably taller and much more muscular than DeeDee, the black woman is not intimidated. *"Before I kick your ass, I'm giving you the chance to surrender."* Says Jane in her own thick Spanish accent.

"Here is my surrender!" Shouts DeeDee as she drives her fist into Jane's face. If DeeDee punched Laura hard, her punch thrown at Jane is cataclysmic. The impact produces a bright light that momentarily outshines the sun, followed by a powerful shockwave which sweeps through the entire district. Newman and Anderson are thrown back by the shock; fortunately for them, there were shielded by buildings, and they were not injured.

Scott was thrown to the ground on his way to Rose, leaving exposed him in the open. "*Scott!*" Shouted Rose, looking at her boyfriend hitting the ground hard. She is relieved when she sees him get to his feet slowly.

DeeDee's smile quickly disappears from her face when she sees Jane still standing in front of her, completely unfazed by the terrible punch. DeeDee takes a step back in fear, but the powerful Jane grabs her by the shoulder. *"Don't say I didn't warn you!"* Says the taller woman as she effortlessly pushed down on her opponent's shoulder. The black amazon is plunged into the ground, like a stake through soft sand. DeeDee's whole body was interred from neck to toes, leaving only her head above ground.

"You won't defeat me so easily." Scorned DeeDee, as she manages to kick down with her immensely powerful legs. Her cement prison cracks and then explodes around her as her body leaps off the hole and over Jane. DeeDee flips in the air and lands behind Jane's back, facing her surprised opponent. Before her enemy can react, DeeDee throws a kick hard enough to derail a speeding train and strikes Jane's back. The powerful impact catches Jane unprepared and causes the powerful Latin woman to stumble forward.

The surprised Jane turns around to find the very confident DeeDee throw another punch at her. Jane reacts fast enough and catches DeeDee's right hand only inches from her face. The large brunette squeezes her opponent's hand and for the first time in the years since her transformation, DeeDee feels true physical pain.

Out of despair, DeeDee swings her other fist at Jane, but Jane's easily catches it and squeezes it as well. DeeDee's face begins to contort from the pain. The beautiful amazon kicks Jane between the legs, but the larger woman does not even flinch. "*You don't get it, do you?*" Mocks Jane. The stronger woman begins to spread her arms apart, pulling open DeeDee's arms in the process. Jane's arms are longer than DeeDee's, and the black woman's arms are spread as apart as they physically can while Jane can still spread them some more.

As Jane pulls on DeeDee's arms, she begins to lift the body of the ebony titan off the ground. Jane keeps effortlessly pulling on DeeDee's arms. The black woman can't hold the pain any longer and lets out a horrible painful scream. Her agonizing cries were heard through the whole city, bursting glass windows for many city-blocks in all directions. She feels as if her opponent was trying to rip her in two. As seemingly invulnerable as she has been for years, right now DeeDee is not sure if her body could resist any more tension and is beginning to believe she is about to die.

A few blocks away, a badly battered Stacy manages to overpower Rose's strong thigh grip and throws her opponent off her. The two women stand face to face and once again begin to fight. This time, Stacy takes the initiative, throwing a roundhouse kick to Rose's face. The powerful French maiden ducks under the kick and swept Stacy's foot. The Asian woman falls on her ass, cracking the asphalt under it and leaving a permanent ass-print on the tarmac.

Rose jumps on Stacy to finish her off, but Stacy is ready for her and meets her with a kick to Rose's jaw. Stacy jumps to her feet and readies herself to attack once. She hears DeeDee's agonizing cries and looks to where her partner is and sees DeeDee in big trouble. Stacy begins to run towards her partner but Rose chases after her and easily catches up to her. Rose launches herself at Stacy, puts her arm around her neck and shoves Stacy face first into the sidewalk. Rose kneels on Stacy's back holding her opponent's arms behind her body, pulling on them tightly. "*You are not going anywhere!*" She commands. "*Surrender!*"

Stacy once more manages to overpower Rose's grip and elbows her on the chest, throwing Rose off her. "*Fuck she is stronger*" says Rose to herself as she slowly stands up clutching her chest. "*But I'm faster!*" She shouts as she races at Stacy as fast as she can. The road asphalt melts and explodes under Rose's bare feet as the woman begins to run so fast, she closes the distance between she and Stacy before her opponent can react and throws a massive punch to the Asian amazon's face. Stacy clutches her jaw in pain and in rage throws a punch at Rose, but the French knockout easily dodges the punch and hits Stacy again. Rose runs in circles around Stacy, landing punch after punch while Stacy flails aimlessly at Rose. As Rose keeps moving at supersonic speed, her clothes begin to rip, as the reinforced stretchy material on her pants can't resist the extreme stress caused by Rose's immensely strong thighs flexing faster than the human eye can follow. As she runs around Stacy, she leaves a dusty trail of small pieces of fabric behind her until all she is wearing from the waist down is her black underwear thong.

Not wanting to waste any more time with Rose, Stacy crouches down and digs her hands into the ground, pushing them down deep until her massive arms are completely interred. She pushes upwards with her amazing strength, breaking off a very large and thick chunk of the road. She lifts the several tons of stone and asphalt over her head and throws it at her speeding opponent. Rose easily dodges the boulder and attacks Stacy once again and is preparing to hit her again when she hears a loud crash and screams coming from behind her. Rose turns around and sees the large boulder impacted a tall apartment building. The boulder hit the building one of the support columns and it was beginning to tip over.

Rose forgets about Stacy and rushes to the building before it collapses and positions herself inside the hole on the side, holding on to the building's column and using all her strength to keep it from

falling. "*Everybody out! Quick!*" Shout Rose as she knows the building could collapse at any time and there are hundreds of people inside.

Stacy starts to laugh hysterically. "*You make this so easy!*" Says the sadistic woman as slowly walks up to the helpless Rose. "*Let's see how long you can hold that thing up.*" Rose doesn't respond.

Stacy laughs harder as she jabs Rose on the stomach. Rose's air is pushed out of her lungs, and she begins to hunch over but recovers and uses all her willpower to straighten up and keep the building leveled. Stacy keeps pounding on Rose, and the French woman bravely tanks the hits but with every blow she feels her energy drain away. The knowledge that the life of everyone inside that building literally rests on her shoulders gives her the fortitude to hang on longer.

Stacy smiles and brings her fist backwards, aiming at Rose's face. "*This will hurt you a lot more than it will hurt me!*" Mocks the Asian woman. Suddenly, just as she is about to hit her hard enough to throw her off, Scott jumps on Stacy's back. "*Leave Her ALONE!*" He shouts as he pulls his gun against Stacy's ear and shoots.

Stacy stumbles from the shock to her equilibrium. The loud noise directly to her very sensitive ear felt very painful and disorienting. Scott hoped to give Rose some time and run away but unfortunately for him, Stacy recovers from very quickly. "*Oh please!*" Sighs Stacy, pulling her arm back and grabbing onto Anderson's back just as he was jumping off her. Stacy pulls Anderson from her back and holds him in front of her by the throat. Her grip is very strong, nearly crushing his throat, but she keeps him alive and conscious and brings him to eye level with her. "*You miserable gnat. You've seen all I can do, and you have the audacity to think you can stop me with a GUN! If I wasn't so angry, I would be insulted!*"

"*Scott, NO!*" Rose cries, looking at her helpless boyfriend facing a certain gruesome execution in front of her and is completely unable to help him. Could she sacrifice the hundreds of people in the building for the man she loves?

Stacy began to playfully slap the young agent around. "*Scream!*" Stacy shouts. "*I want her to see you beg for your life before I kill you.*" Scott feels his face about to explode. Stacy's slaps are like if he was slamming face first into a brick wall. With each slap his face is damaged further, soon his facial bones begin to crack and broken teeth shoot out of his mouth. Rose's heart is being broken to pieces as she feels completely helpless. She can't take it anymore and begins to lean forward, preparing to let go of the building to jump to her boyfriend's aid, but Scott stops her. He sees what she is about to do and with her raises his hand towards her, with his palm upright signaling her to stay there. Rose understands the message and begins to cry, straightening herself and holding the column securely. "*I'm waiting, worm. I want your scream!*" Scott uses the last of his strength to raise his head, look straight to Stacy's face and spit his own blood on her eyes and face. The man awkwardly smiles then passes out.

Stacy wipes her face. "*How dare you!*" Stacy shouts feeling completely insulted. She makes a fist and prepares to unceremoniously splatter young Anderson with one massive punch. Just then, Wolf's attack chopper pulls in behind Stacy and fired its main gun at her. Stacy was hit squarely on her back, and just like earlier she was not expecting the attack and is thrown forward by the powerful rounds. Stacy unintentionally relaxes her grip on Anderson's neck and is thrown a good distance to the side and falls to the ground unconscious.

Wolf does not overstay his welcome and pulls up away from Stacy. She gets up, even more angry than before and curses. "*Damn helicopter! I'm going to...*" Stacy is interrupted by the sound of more of DeeDee's screams. "*Shit! I forgot about D!*" Stacy forgets the helicopter or Scott and heads back towards her partner.

Near the battlefield, John Newman was still trying to find Laura. Suddenly he feels the ground shake from under him. "*LAURA!*" he shouts.

"*John? Is that you?*" Says a voice deep within the wreckage.

"*Yes, I'm here! I'm coming to get you!*"

"*No! Stand back.*"

"*What?*"

"*Stand way back. I'm coming out!*"

John crawls out of the hole he was making and moves away from the fallen building. His jaw drops to the floor when he sees the entire mountain of rubble rise, revealing the beautiful form of the gorgeous Laura Jensen lifting it from underneath. She dropped the rubble to her side and walked to where John was.

Their reunion is cut short when John sees Stacy dash pass them and running towards Jane. "*Laura...*" John began to speak but Laura was already on the move heading to intercept her. Laura was fast, evenly matched with Stacy was faster. She tries really hard to reach her but is unable to get to Stacy before the Asian amazon slams her shoulder against Jane's back. The strong hit takes Jane by surprise, causing her to stumble forward. By reflex Jane drops DeeDee, who cradles her arms as she hits the ground.

Jane turns around and backhands Stacy across the face, sending her flying straight for Laura, who in turn swings her powerful arms at Stacy, slamming both fists against the Asian's face, and sending her flying towards a pile of rubble. DeeDee takes advantage of the distraction and jumps at Jane, wraps her arms around Jane's waist while swinging herself to position herself behind Jane. Once in position and before Jane has any time to react, DeeDee uses her extreme strength to lift the massive woman off the ground. Had Jane used the ability all metahumans have to 'plant' their feet to the ground, DeeDee would have never been able to lift her. This is how women like them can do things like pull down things like helicopters or airplanes capable of lifting object much heavier than they are, and the stronger the metahuman, the more powerful is this ability.

Jane had not been prepared and now found herself being held up in the air by DeeDee in a position where her attacker basically nullified any strength advantage Jane has. There are many ways how Jane could turn the tables on DeeDee, but the enforcer does not give her the time to come up with any.



With lightning speed DeeDee arches back and slams Jane head-first into the cement sidewalk, then before the Latin giantess has any chance to react, DeeDee grabs onto Jane's left foot and pulls her up and swings her over her head slamming her again face-first against the ground. She repeats this from side to side twice and then throws DeeDee up in the air towards the open sea.

"Have a nice swim!" Shouts DeeDee as she sees her opponent disappear beyond the horizon. Jane lands on the water very hard, sinking immediately. Her extremely dense body comes at the cost of virtually no buoyancy. Her body sinks like a brick to the bottom of the ocean. She can only hold her breath and hope she can walk back to shore before her air runs out. She knows she can hold her breath for a very long time but does not know what her limit is. She reaches the bottom of the ocean, with her body subjected to pressures that would crush any unprotected person, but aside from being unable to see due to the darkness and a slight sensation of pressure in her ear drums, she is alright. Completely blind, she has no choice to rely on her sense of orientation and walk as fast as she can in a direction, she hopes will take her back to her team.

Back on the battlefield, Laura is trading punches with Stacy, taking advantage that Stacy is not yet fully recovered from Janes powerful blow. They roll on the ground and crushing anything that happens to be in their path. The fight is quite even at first but gradually Stacy begins to recover her strength and gain the upper hand. Laura hopes she can knock Stacy out before it's too late, however that hope is lost when DeeDee joined the fight.

DeeDee grabs Laura by the arms from behind, easily holding the much weaker metahuman in an unbreakable grip. Stacy smiles as she gets to her feet and moves close to the prisoner. "*Look what we have here D, a Barbie doll.*" Says Stacy, brushing the hair off Laura's face. "*Such nice golden hair. I wonder if it's her natural color.*"

"*Only one way to find out, right?*" DeeDee says laughing. "*Let this be a lesson. You should have left when I gave you the chance.*" DeeDee whispers in Laura's ear.

"No!" Shouts Laura as she begins to kick frantically. Stacy grabs laughs as Laura's legs hit her massively muscular thighs and hips. Stacy has regained her full strength and is ready for anything Laura can hit her with. Laura's legs hit Stacy with tremendous force, loudly audible for many city blocks and the Asian titan tanks the blows completely unimpressed. Stacy rips Laura's uniform off, shredding her jacket, pants, and blouse. Laura is left wearing nothing but a sports bra and white lace panties, which Stacy unceremoniously rip off as well.

Stacy takes a long look at Laura's large breasts and grabs onto them and began to fondle them. "*Hey D, these are even bigger than yours!*" She looks down at Laura's neatly kept golden bush and laughs. "*Natural it is.*" She slaps Laura across the face. "*Listen Barbie, here is an object lesson in life. It's not enough to beat your opponents, you must destroy them in every way possible!*" Saying this, Stacy brings her hand to Laura's genitalia and shoves her fingers into her tight cunt. Laura screams in shock, fighting as hard as she can but no matter what she does, she can't keep Stacy's fingers to penetrate her violently.

John tries to help her, firing his firearm at Stacy, hitting her in the face. Wolf swings his gunship and aims for the women and fires his main gun at DeeDee. The woman was more than ready for the weapon's fire and the deadly shells simply flattened and bounced off their resistant skin. Stacy turns towards Newman and is about to go and flatten him, but DeeDee tells her to simply ignore her and continue punishing Laura. Newman and Wolf spend all their ammo and can only helplessly watch.

DeeDee wraps her left arm around Laura's throat, choking her with her enormous biceps and forearms. With her free hand, DeeDee grabs onto Laura's firm ass and fondles her thick cheeks. Stacy grabs onto Laura's legs, immobilizing them. DeeDee and Stacy begin to pull in a tag-o-war with Laura's body. They both laugh at how much fun it is to play with someone who doesn't rip in half at the lightest tug like all their other playthings do. They throw Laura against the cement sidewalk forcefully, causing the ground to shake from the impact.

Laura tries to get up and run away but Stacy quickly sits on her hips, pinning her down violently. DeeDee does the same, resting her massive hard glutes on Laura's face. They laugh as they begin to swing and bounce their hips, grinding their genitals violently against Laura's defenseless body. The two amazons continue assaulting Laura's body, who sinks deeper and deeper into the hard cement ground. DeeDee and Stacy stimulate themselves with Laura, casually slamming their fists against her exposed mid-section. The pleasure sensation turns into sexual ecstasy and as they approach their climax, both women embrace and kiss, fondling each other's upper bodies while their hips grind against Laura's face and hips.

This continues for a seemingly endless time until both partners explode into orgasm. DeeDee and Stacy flex their entire musculature, causing an explosive wave which throws John backwards against some rubble. Laura is in ground zero and her body is subjected to the squeezing pressure of two unhinged hyper-strong amazons and her body goes limp as she is knocked unconscious.

DeeDee and Stacy slowly stand up feeling energized from their potent sexual escapade. They look around and see the only person standing nearby is Newman. John sees them looking at him and

smiling and tries to run away but he slams against Stacy who seemingly appeared right in front of him. His face hits her large bouncing breasts, and he falls back on his butt.

DeeDee comes from behind and lifts John above her head. She looked at him and smiles. "*I thought I killed you once.*" Says the large woman, pulling his face closer to hers. "*I wonder how many lives you have left!*"

John's mind was flooded with flashbacks from their previous encounter. His body begins to sweat as he is certain DeeDee is about to kill him. She unhooks the back of her bikini and lets her top drop to the floor. DeeDee brings John's face in front of one of her perfectly round breasts and gently pushes his lips against her thick swollen nipple. DeeDee laughs watching Newman resist her teat from invading his mouth; inevitably her thick hard nipple makes its way into his mouth. Newman bites on DeeDee defiantly however he realizes he will break his won teeth before she ever felt any discomfort from his bite. DeeDee of course laughs feeling his feeble attempts at hurting her.

DeeDee then brings Newman's head to the center of her chest, rubbing his face over the ample surface of her very large breasts. She pushes his face against her deep cleavage, suffocating him with her heavy flesh. Slowly, her firm globes spread apart and allow John's face to penetrate her cleavage. She wedged him in until his head is squeezed tightly from the sides by her magnificent bosom. "*Doesn't this seem familiar!*" She mocks.

The man was trapped is completely trapped, with his body hanging above ground. For John, the seconds he is under her powerful grip feels like decades, waiting for the inexorable instant when she will close the gap between her tits and pop his skull like a balloon, just as she did with Jensen not long ago. He can hear DeeDee's strong heartbeat and is painfully aware of every breath she takes, as every time her chest expands and contracts from her breathing, her breasts squeeze his head tighter. He holds onto her hips, unable to not notice how smooth and soft her skin is. He feels also the incredibly hard muscles under her flawless skin and hates himself for admitting she finds her body as absolutely perfect.

He waits for what he feels as an eternity for the moment when DeeDee's breasts end his life. His keeps his eyes closed and breath held, bracing himself for the inevitable, then, suddenly, falls to the ground.

Newman opened his eyes in disbelief and sees both women moving away. DeeDee had picked up the broken vault and is carrying it just as before, and Stacy had fetched the remains of the armored vehicle and is walking next to her. DeeDee turns her head and looks at Newman and winks. "*That's two lives, pussycat, I'll collect all 9 at my convenience.*" She says mockingly and then continues walking.

"*You are letting him live?*" Says Stacy confused. "*This feels wrong. Let me...*"

"*No!*" DeeDee cuts Stacy off. "*I'm not done playing with him.*" Stacy nods and both women continue walking away.

John managed to stop shaking and stands up. He looks around he tallies to toll of the battle. Countless dead people, Jensen unconscious and Cortez is missing. "*What a shitshow*" says Newman. "*What else could have gone wrong?*" Just as on cue, he hears Rose's voice came from under a slightly tilted building. "*Anyone, please help!!*" John looks and sees Rose, trying desperately to keep a building full of people from falling down and an unconscious Anderson laying nearby. "*Perfect!*" He says as he slowly limps towards Scott.

To be continued.