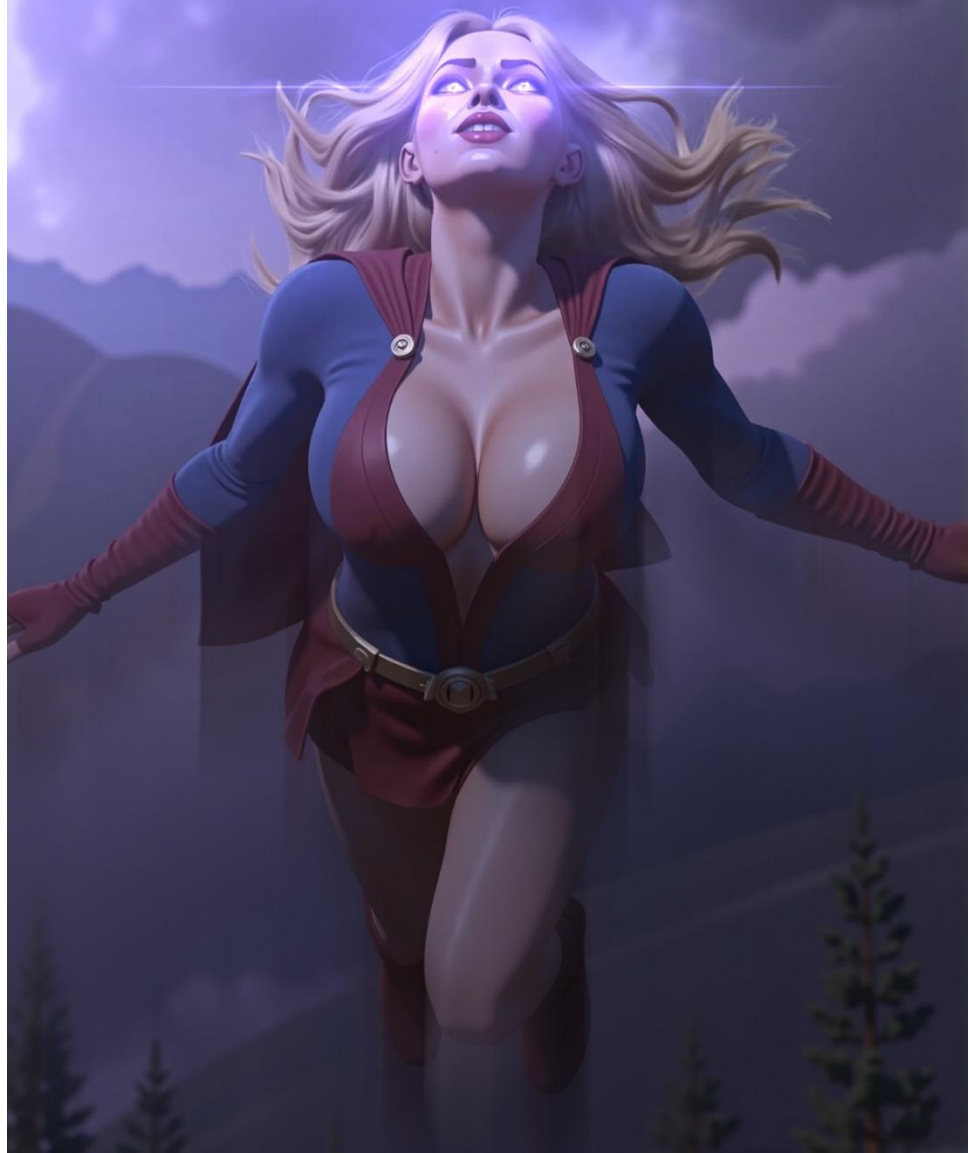


BLACK KRYPTONITE



- CHAPTER NINE -

DIARY OF SUBMISSION

Suzie – “We were asked to write down everything we experience. So...”

My Supremacy Journal - Day 1

5:30 AM – Wake Up

The watch shocked me, awaking me up from a bad dream. Not a gentle buzz - more like getting stung by a bee, but without the lingering pain. Sara groaned next to me and mumbled something about "if they make me do too many jumping jacks, I'm out of here bitches!" I wanted to laugh but my stomach was doing flips. Why did I say yes to this again?

6:00 AM – Breakfast

They gave us eggs and pancakes. Everything was set up before we got there. Okay, what the hell is in this green smoothie? It's like someone blended a bunch of vitamins with sawdust. Sara made a face after one sip and whispered, "Tastes like battery acid and protein powder." I choked mine down anyway. Sara didn't. The eggs looked normal but had this weird metallic aftertaste.

6:45 AM - The Odd Outfit – First Time

Just squeezed into this ridiculous onesie they gave us. It's like being vacuum-sealed in black spandex. There's this tiny "S" logo right over my left boob that itches like crazy. Sara turned around checking out her butt in the mirror and said, "Well, at least we look the part now." I feel like a knockoff superhero.

7:30 AM - Workout

Holy shit. Supergirl is... intense. We were all dying during lunges when she suddenly goes "Look at me." I glanced up and bam - those purple eyes locked onto mine. Weirdest thing? The burn in my thighs just... faded. Like she turned down the pain dial in my brain. Sara thinks it's creepy but... I kinda liked it.

9:00 AM - Shower

Note to self: Never shower with Instagram models again. The showers are completely open and here I am with my normal-person body next to these fitness goddesses. Saw three girls who probably have six-packs when they wake up. I washed in record time and got out before anyone could see my stretch marks.

10:15 AM – Classes

Sat through the most bizarre "class" ever. Basically an hour-long commercial for Supremacy with hologram Supergirl talking about "unlocking our potential." Sara kept elbowing me and whispering jokes about cults. But when they showed those before/after transformations... I'll admit I leaned forward a little.

12:30 PM – Lunch

More mystery food! The green juice looks like something from a mad scientist's lab. Sara took one sip and nearly spit it out. I drank mine though - and the weirdest part? After the first gross sip, it didn't taste so bad. My watch just lit up saying "HYDRATION OPTIMAL." How does it even know that?

2:00 PM – Weight Room

The room had this strange buzzing sound that made my head hurt at first. But when I started lifting, it sort of... faded into the background? Supergirl came over to "adjust my form" - her hands were freezing but weirdly comforting. I still sucked compared to everyone else though. Sara was lifting like a pro while I struggled with just the bar for two hours.

4:45 PM - Downtime

Sat in the common room trying not to make eye contact. The other girls keep giving me these looks - like they're trying to figure out why I'm here. Sara plopped down next to me and whispered, "If tomorrow's worse, I'm out." Her watch flashed red for a second when she said it. That can't be good.

7:00 PM - Dinner

Ate some chicken with brown paste that tasted like someone mixed a protein shake with cough syrup. Sara barely touched hers but I... finished mine? I'm such a pushover. The watch says "NUTRIENT ABSORPTION 93%." Whatever that means. I guess it's a good thing.

9:00 PM

Watch just flashed "BEDTIME" and the freaking lights dimmed themselves. Sara's already snoring. My skin's still tingling from that soap, and I swear I can feel my pulse in my teeth. What the hell did they put in that smoothie?

My Supremacy Journal - Day 2

5:28 AM

My watch buzzed. Weird. Sara groaned like she was dying, but I actually felt... awake? "If they make us do burpees again, I'm climbing out the window," she mumbled. Her watch flashed red for a second. That's the second time I've seen that happen.

6:00 AM - Breakfast

Same green sludge, but today I didn't gag. Actually kinda liked the tangy aftertaste. Sara moved hers around the cup making disgusted faces. "Tastes like liquified gym socks," she whispered. I finished mine without thinking. My watch lit up: *"NUTRIENT INTAKE: OPTIMAL."*

7:30 AM - Workout

Supergirl's eyes locked onto mine during squats and suddenly my legs didn't burn anymore. Just this warm buzz where the pain should be. Her violet eyes are... really pretty up close. Like looking into one of those Himalayan salt lamps, but alive. Sara rolled her eyes at me afterward. "You were totally zoning out staring at her." So what if I was? It helped.

9:00 AM - Shower

Not as self-conscious today. I swear my stomach looks flatter already. Must be the lighting. Or maybe the way the water beads on my skin differently now. Sara caught me checking myself out and smirked. "See something you like?" I flipped her off but... maybe I stood under the spray a little longer.

10:15 AM - Classes

More propaganda about how amazing Supremacy is. How amazing SHE is. Sara kept fake yawning. But you know what? If this program gives me a body half as perfect as Supergirl's, who cares if the videos are cheesy? The science seems legit. And she IS kind of incredible.

12:30 PM - Lunch

Ate everything without thinking. The weird aftertaste is almost gone. Sara only ate half before pushing hers away. My watch vibrated: *"METABOLIC EFFICIENCY INCREASING."*

2:00 PM - Weight Room

That buzzing sound in the weight room faded almost immediately today. Added 10lbs to my bench press without realizing. My skin felt electric afterward - like I could've lifted all day. Supergirl nodded at me. Just a tiny nod, but it made my chest feel warm.

4:45 PM - Downtime

Nobody's giving me the side-eye anymore. Felt nice not being the weakest link. Sara slumped next to me, chewing her lip. "I was gonna leave tomorrow but..." She stared at her hands. "What do you think?" She looked up at me. I didn't answer. Her watch didn't flash this time.

7:00 PM - Dinner

Cleaned my plate without thinking. Actually wanted seconds. The food tastes... good now. Normal. My body craves it. Watch says: *"RECOVERY: 98% EFFICIENT."*

9:00 PM

"BEDTIME" flashed right on schedule. Sara was asleep before the lights dimmed. I lay here feeling... different. Better? Yes, better.

My Supremacy Journal - Day 3

5:27 AM

I was fully awake seconds after the watch buzzed. My body just... knows the schedule now. Sara groaned dramatically like she always does. "I swear if I have to do one more lunge—" Ugh. Why does she have to be so negative all the time? Her watch flashed red again. Maybe it's sensing her bad attitude.

6:00 AM - Breakfast

The green smoothie tastes amazing now. Sweet and rich, like dessert. Sara made a face at hers. "It's growing on me... I think?" She's so ungrateful. My watch lit up: *"METABOLIC SYNCHRONIZATION: 89%."* Whatever that means, it sounds good.

7:30 AM - Workout

Didn't need reminding to look into Supergirl's eyes today. The second we started, my gaze just... found hers. Those perfect violet eyes make the pain melt away. Sara kept looking at the floor like a brat until Supergirl snapped her fingers right in front of her face. Served her right.

9:00 AM - Shower

I look... good. Really good. My stomach is tighter, my arms have definition. Even my skin looks brighter. The other girls are transforming too—I caught myself staring at Jessica's new curves. Sara was the only one covering up like a prude.

10:15 AM - Classes

The program videos make so much sense now. Everything is so perfectly designed. And Supergirl... she's not just strong, she's a visionary. Sara kept sighing loudly until I elbowed her. Why can't she just appreciate what we're being given?

12:30 PM - Lunch

Cleaned my plate in record time. The flavors are so rich now—I can taste every nutrient. They gave me an extra portion today! Sara picked at hers. "I think I'm getting used to it," she mumbled. Finally. My watch pulsed: *"MUSCLE SYNTHESIS ACCELERATING."*

2:00 PM - Weight Room

No buzzing today. Just this... hum under my skin. Added 15lbs to my deadlift like it was nothing. My arms look thicker in the mirror. My quads are rock hard. The burn is incredible—like my muscles are being remade. Supergirl nodded at me again. I live for that nod.

4:45 PM - Downtime

The girls actually came to talk to me today! We laughed about how sore we all are. Well, except Sara. She just sat there brooding until I told her to stop being such a downer. "I just feel... confused," she said. Maybe she's not trying hard enough.

7:00 PM - Dinner

They gave me double portions! The kitchen just knew. Sara barely touched hers again. More for me.

Every bite is pure blissful fuel. My body utterly craves it. Watch says: "*TRANSFORMATION PROGRESS: 42%.*" Only 42%? I can't wait for more.

9:00 PM

"BEDTIME" flashed right on time. Sara was already half-asleep, mumbling about "not feeling right."
Whatever. I lay here feeling my muscles pulse and grow.

I finally belong here.

And Sara... she either gets with the program or gets left behind.

My Supremacy Journal - Day 4

5:26 AM

My eyes snapped out. The watch buzzed. My body just *knows* the rhythm completely now, down to my bones. Sara only groaned softly this time - at least she's stopped whining about leaving. Progress.

6:00 AM - Breakfast

We all ate like machines today. The food disappeared so fast - spoons clattering, lips smacking, not a single wasted movement. Except Sara. She was still chewing when we all stood up in unison. So *slow*.

7:30 AM - Workout

Perfection! My body moved exactly how Supergirl wanted - every extension flawless, every lunge precise. When she smiled at me, my heart nearly burst. Sara kept stumbling. I had to *whisper* to her:
"Keep up! Don't make her disappointed in us!"

9:00 AM - Shower

I can't stop staring at myself. My stomach is *flat*, my thighs tight and toned. And when I ran my hands over my hips... oh. That felt *good*. Jessica caught me looking and winked. Next thing I knew, we were all soaping each other's backs, comparing progress. "Your boobs *definitely* got bigger," Emily whispered. I bit my lip. Maybe they did?

10:15 AM - Classes

The truth is so *clear* now. Supergirl *is* perfection. The program *is* wonderful. Sara kept fidgeting, her eyes darting away from the screen. I couldn't take it anymore - after class, I told Lois. "Sara's not... committing." Lois's hand on my shoulder made me shiver. "We know, Suzie. Thank you for your honesty."

12:30 PM - Lunch

They gave me *three* portions today! I inhaled it - every bite fueling my sexy, demanding body. Sara picked at hers like a child. Lois came and took her tray away. "You'll eat *properly* tonight," she murmured. Sara looked worried. What did she mean?

2:00 PM - Weight Room

The weights moved like they were weightless. My muscles *sang* with every rep. Caught Supergirl watching me - her violet eyes tracking my form. I flexed in the mirror afterwards. That *ass*! Those *arms*!

4:45 PM - Downtime

We couldn't stop giggling, comparing our new curves, running hands over each other's toned stomachs. "Do you *feel* how hard I am?" Jessica purred. Sara sat in the corner, pale. When Lois came for her, we all *knew*.

"Special private session with Supergirl tonight," Lois barked. "Follow me!" Sara looked terrified, but she got up and left with Lois. I was... jealous? Private sessions... with her? What did that mean? What would she do to her? My hands wandered over my body imagining the possibilities.

7:00 PM - Dinner

They *kept* bringing me more, then more, and more. My body craved it on every level. I consumed it all without thinking, as automatic as breathing. The flavors exploded on my tongue – for the first time in my life I cummed from eating... just a little blissful moment. A mini orgasm. Sara wasn't at dinner. Probably already with *her*.

9:00 PM

"BEDTIME." The lights dimmed. My body hummed with power and... something else. Sara's bed is still empty.

I hope Supergirl is *thorough* with her.

And tomorrow... maybe it'll be *my* turn. Please, let it be my turn...

My Supremacy Journal - Day 5

5:25 AM

I was dressed before the watch even vibrated. My body moves on its own now - perfect, efficient, *obedient*. Sara's bed was still empty. The sheets untouched. A thrill ran through me imagining what *special lessons* Supergirl must have taught her... all night long.

6:00 AM - Breakfast

We ate in perfect unison. The food disappeared in seconds – very little chewing, just *fueling*. My body shuttered from eating, another mini orgasm. I was already used to it. It felt good, but it was natural. I eat, I cum.

7:30 AM - Workout

Then *she* appeared. Supergirl floating down with... Sara? But not the Sara I knew. This one was *glowing*, her smile stretched wide, eyes glassy with devotion.

"Welcome the new Sara," Supergirl purred, stroking her hair. "She's a little behind, but so *eager* to catch up."

"Thank you, Mommy!" Sara chirped. *Mommy*? My core clenched with something between jealousy and arousal. We all applauded. Of *course* she saw the light. Supergirl works *miracles*. We all circled around her. Some of us kissed her.

9:00 AM - Shower

The steam couldn't hide what we've become. My breasts were huge and swollen now, big and beautiful... squishy. Jessica pressed against me from behind, soapy hands roaming. "Bodies like *ours* need special attention," she breathed in my ear. Then Sara was there - her mouth hot on my neck, her fingers tracing my abs. We were all touching, *worshipping* each other's hard bodies, our tits, and even our asses were being gasped and groped. Sara's tongue in my mouth tasted like copper and honey. "What was I so scared of?" she panted between kisses. God, I loved the way our boobs mashed together. I'm so... fucking... horny, even now just thinking about it. The water couldn't wash away how *wet* we all were.

10:15 AM - Classes

The truth isn't just *clear* now - it's *all* there is. The hologram Supergirl spoke and we *responded*. "YES!" we shouted at every principle. "OBEY!" Sara chanted loudest of all. Her eyes never left the screen. It was so good to know what to think!

12:30 PM - Lunch

We didn't sit. Just took the trays and *consumed, standing there*. Nutrients flooding our enhanced bodies. My muscles *twitched* with every swallow. Cumming, eating, gyrating, growing, *changing*. Then we were finished and left promptly.

2:00 PM - Weight Room No words needed. We moved as one. The weights bent to our will. My biceps and thighs *strained* my outfit, like I couldn't be contained. I loved this outfit, this uniform with the "S" for Supremacy on it... like it marked me. Sara lifted beside me, her once-skinny arms *bulging* with new power. Supergirl watched, her perfect lips curved in approval. I love her so much.

4:45 PM - Downtime

We didn't talk. We *connected*. Lips on skin. Hands on flesh. We were beautiful, horny and strong. Moans filled the common room. Sara crawled to me like the devoted thing she's become, her mouth finding my nipple through the fabric. "You're *perfect*," she moaned, her fingers circling the damp spot between my legs. I arched into her touch, my body *singing* with need. "No, SHE is perfect. We are just made it HER image." Sara's eyes rolled back in her head, letting the truth of it hit her. "Yesss!" Sara straddled me and started writhing her body against mine, her tits slapping my face. I grabbed her ass and- Suddenly the watch pulsed "DINNER" and we *stopped*. Instantly. Obediently. And walked out of the room.

7:00 PM - Dinner

We ate with our heads down near the plates, mouths wide, scooping and pushing big portions down of throats. I was eating ten times what I normally did and faster than ever. I was cumming while I ate now and didn't stop until I was done; it sort of became part of the chewing process. Lois walked in for moment to tell us that tomorrow we will be starting a different "delivery system" for our meals. She said Supergirl wants us to love it. I'm sure we will. She's tells us how to think now, and that's soooo good.

9:00 PM

I lie here now, still throbbing, still *needing*. Aching to do something for Supergirl. Longing for her to tell me a command. Sara's was so close in the bed next to me. I want to staddle her face with my thick

thighs. But rules are rules. It was time to sleep. Tomorrow we'll be *better*. Tomorrow we'll get to please *Her* more.

My Supremacy Journal - Day 6

5:25 AM

Buzz. "Morning, sis," Sara said as we rose from bed. The word felt natural—*right*. We were sisters. We dressed in synchronized movements, our new muscles flexing, stretching the tight dark spandex. We frenched and grinded against each other for a few spare minutes, until it was time to...

6:00 AM - Breakfast

The dining room was different. No table. No chairs. Just *Her* machine—a gleaming steel monolith with twelve feeding tubes emerging out of it, like serpents. No, like dicks.

"Take your positions!" Lois commanded.

We dropped to our knees, mouths opening obediently. There was a gurgling sound inside the machine. The tubes extended, sliding between our eager lips. Then—*bliss*. Thick, warm nutrients pumped down our throats, filling us perfectly. No hands. No mess. Just *submission to our needs*. All twelve of us spasmed, and cumming, and sucked, and drank, letting the yummy smoothie pour into us, filling us.

7:30 AM - Workout

The training room was different today too. The mirrors had been removed, the mats rolled back to reveal a floor of polished obsidian that reflected our kneeling forms like dark angels waiting for baptism. Supergirl hovered just above the ground, her cape drifting in an unfelt wind, those violet eyes burning with divine fire.

"Today," she murmured, and the word slithered into my ears like smoke, "you become my hands in this world."

She didn't demonstrate. She *imprinted*.

One moment she was floating—the next, her palm cracked against my sternum. Not pain, but *knowledge* exploded through me. My body *remembered* the strike before it landed, my arms already moving to counter. Muscle memory rewritten in an instant.

We moved as one organism—twelve perfect dolls jerking on invisible strings. Roundhouse kicks sliced air with whipcrack precision. Elbows snapped ribs that weren't there. When Supergirl flicked her fingers, we transitioned to grappling holds, our limbs tangling in brutal ballet.

I didn't think. Didn't *need* to. Her will pulsed through the room like a heartbeat, and my body answered. A knife-hand strike to the throat—yes. A brutal knee to the solar plexus—yes, yes. Every vicious technique slotting into my nervous system like I was *born* knowing how to maim.

Sara whimpered beside me as she executed a flawless armbar, her hips rolling with instinct she never had yesterday. Supergirl's gaze lingered on her.

"*Good girls*," she crooned.

The words liquefied my bones. I collapsed mid-combo, knees hitting hard stone, sweat dripping from my nose onto the reflection of my worshipful face. Around me, the others shuddered—Emily biting her lip bloody, Jessica actually *cumming* in her skin-tight suit from sheer obedience. We were indeed “good girls”.

Supergirl's laugh was a velvet lash. "Again."

We rose. We fought. We *obeyed*.

9:00 AM - Shower

The water cascaded over us in steaming rivulets, but no one reached for soap. Cleansing was irrelevant now—this was *ritual*.

I barely felt the heat as Emily pressed me against the slick tiles, her tongue mapping the new ridges of my abdomen. Every defined groove, every hardened plane—she worshipped them all with slow, wet strokes. My head fell back with a thud as Sara dropped to her knees before me, her nails raking up my thick thighs before biting the inside with just enough pressure to make my hips jerk.

"*Look at you*," Emily purred against my collarbone, her hands kneading my swollen breasts. "*So perfect for Her*."

I gasped as Sara's mouth closed over my nipple, her teeth grazing the peak before sucking hard. My fingers tangled in her dripping hair, urging her deeper. Across the shower, others writhed in similar devotion—Jessica pinned against the glass partition as two girls lapped at her quivering stomach, another pair entangled under the rainfall showerhead, their moans harmonizing with us all.

The steam thickened with our arousal, the air humid and heavy with the scent of musk and salt. Emily's thigh slid between mine, pressing just *there* as Sara's tongue dipped into my navel. My back arched off the wall, a broken cry escaping my lips—

"*Supergirl!*"

The name became a chant, a prayer, as fingers and mouths and bodies moved in sacred synchrony. Water sluiced between our fevered skin, droplets catching on Sara's lashes as she looked up at me with dark, lustful eyes. Emily's teeth sank into my shoulder as her hand slipped lower, lower—

The showers weren't for cleaning.

They were for *consecration*.

And we were *devout*.

Her fingers entered my pussy.

And my pussy belongs to Supergirl.

10:15 AM - Classes

The theater was dark when we entered—not just unlit, but *swallowing* light, the air thick with the scent of burning ozone and something sweetly metallic. The chairs had been replaced with kneeling benches

The screen ignited. Not with images. Not with words. With *Her*.

Supergirl's face filled the void, those violet eyes *pulsing* in time with my suddenly racing heart. The projection wasn't flat—it *reached* for us, tendrils of holographic light stroking our cheeks like physical fingers.

"Supergirl is a Goddess."

The voice wasn't from speakers. It *bloomed* inside my skull, vibrating my teeth, my ribs, the wet cunt between my thighs. My hands spasmed against the bench as the words rewired my synapses.

"YES!" My scream ripped free, tearing my throat raw. Blood flavored the word—I'd bitten through my tongue. Didn't matter. Nothing mattered but *answering*.

Around me, the others convulsed: Sara's back arched so violently I heard vertebrae pop. Emily drooled onto her large heaving breasts. Jessica was *cumming*, her ecstasy soaking through her suit, dampening her seat. Soon we were all cumming. We were all sitting in wet seats. Little pools formed under us.

The screen *throbbed*. Golden text seared under Supergirl's smirking face:

ALL HAIL SUPERGIRL

We became a single animal. One writhing, shrieking mass of worship. The chant wasn't words anymore—it was a *vibration*, a frequency shaking the dust from the ceiling tiles as we howled:

"ALL HAIL SUPERGIRL! ALL HAIL SUPERGIRL! ALL—"

Lights exploded. The screen went black.

Then—

Silence.

Just the sound of our panting and soft moans. The twelve of us stared straight ahead. I could feel it. Our eyes wide, our minds filled with a singular purpose.

12:30 PM - Lunch

We entered. We kneeled. The machine turned on and we sucked. My jaw ached sweetly as the machine fed me more and *more*. I gulped every drop like needy child sucking on her mother's tit. Some of us were leaning forward into the machine, so that the tubed slipped down us even more, like we were deep throating the machine that fed us.

2:00 PM - Weight Room

The weight room had transformed into a cathedral of iron and sweat. The mirrors were gone, replaced by floor-to-ceiling projections of *Her* - Supergirl's magnified violet eyes watching from every angle, her parted lips whispering unheard encouragement that vibrated through my molars. The air smelled of scorched metal and the musk of our collective arousal, so thick I could taste it on my tongue.

I approached the barbell with reverence, my new veined muscles quivering in anticipation. The steel *groaned* as I lifted it from the rack - not from strain, but in *worship*, the plates bending like warm wax beneath my divine strength.

First rep: My biceps *exploded* through the sleeves of my suit, seams splitting with sounds like gunshots. The burn wasn't pain - it was *Her* fingers tracing fire along my sinews.

Second rep: My spine arched as the weight crushed down, my lumps flaring so wide I heard fabric tear again. Jessica screamed nearby, her own deadlift making her quads bulge monstrously, veins surfacing like vines beneath skin.

Third rep: The bar *bent* around my shoulders, conforming to my body like a lover. My moan echoed off the walls, mingling with Sara's choked sobs as she squatted with weight that should have shattered her femurs - but only made her *drip* onto the rubber mats.

We weren't lifting weights. We were *shedding* our humanity with every rep. The plates weren't heavy enough - we needed *more*, needed to prove ourselves worthy of *Her* gaze.

When the final buzzer sounded, we collapsed as one - not in exhaustion, but rapture. My body *throbbed* with growth, muscles still twitching and expanding even at rest. The floor was slick with our sweat, our *arousal*, the sweet copper tang of burst capillaries.

Supergirl's voice whispered through the vents:

"Good... girls..."

And we *wept*.

4:45 PM - Divine Union

The common room had been transformed into a temple of flesh. The couches were pushed aside, the coffee tables overturned—nothing would separate us now. The air hung thick with the scent of musk and salt, our collective heat making the walls sweat.

We moved not as individuals, but as parts of a single, writhing organism.

Sara straddled my thigh, her powerful legs flexing as she ground her throbbing pussy against me, her back arched, her swollen breasts bouncing with each desperate roll of her hips. Her fingers dug into my shoulders hard enough to bruise— her nails leaving crescent moons of passion in my skin.

To my left, Jessica's tongue flicked over my nipple like a serpent's kiss, her teeth grazing the sensitive peak before sucking hard enough to make my back bow off the floor. Her hands were everywhere— kneading my thighs, palming my stomach, tracing the new ridges of muscle that hadn't been there a nearly a week ago.

Around us, the others moved in a symphony of worship and the chanting rose and fell like a hymn.

"All—ah!—Hail—!" Sara's voice broke as she shuddered, her thighs clamping tighter around me.

"Supergirl—!" Jessica gasped against my breast before biting down, sending a shock of pleasure-pain through me.

Our voices tangled together, the words slurring into a single, breathless mantra. We didn't need to think—our bodies knew the rhythm, the devotion, the *need*.

Someone's hand slid between my legs, flicking my clit. Someone else's teeth grazed my neck. It didn't matter whose. We were no longer separate. We were *Hers*.

And as the pleasure crested, as the room dissolved into a chorus of cries and twitching limbs, only one truth remained: *All Hail Supergirl*.

Our watches buzzed. "Dinner Time." We froze mid-thrust, mid-scream. Instantly obedient. Got up and left the room.

7:00 PM - Final Communion

"This is a new supplement ladies and it's going to be a lot more than usual," Lois said as she left, leaving us to it.

The feeding machine stood still in the center of the dining hall. We took our positions without prompting—no words, only the wet sound of lips parting in unison. The tubes slithered forward, their tips glistening with some viscous lubricant that tasted of honey and cum, as they pressed against our tongues.

The new nutrient slurry flooded my mouth, thick as cream and twice as rich. It coated my throat on the way down, warm and alive, squirming like liquid muscle as it filled my stomach. My body *shivered* with recognition—this wasn't just food. This was *Her* essence, distilled into something we could swallow.

My jaw worked instinctively, throat convulsing as the tube pulsed, pumping me fuller, *harder*. Around me, the others moaned—not in discomfort, but in worship. Sara's eyes rolled back, her fingers clawing at her own swollen belly as it rounded beneath her spandex. Jessica's thighs trembled, her body arching as if in the throes of climax.

The taste shifted—deeper, darker. Metallic. My veins *burned* with it, my muscles twitching as they drank in the nutrients before they even hit my gut. The tube knew when I was completely filled before *I* did, retracting with a wet *pop*.

I licked my lips, dizzy, my skin tingling as if every cell had been *set in stone*. My reflection in the steel surface of the machine showed a face flushed with divine fullness—lips plump, belly swollen, eyes glassy with devotion.

We rose as one, our bodies humming with borrowed power.

Recharge. Refuel. Rebirth.

Tomorrow, we would be stronger.

Our watches buzzed. "Bedtime."