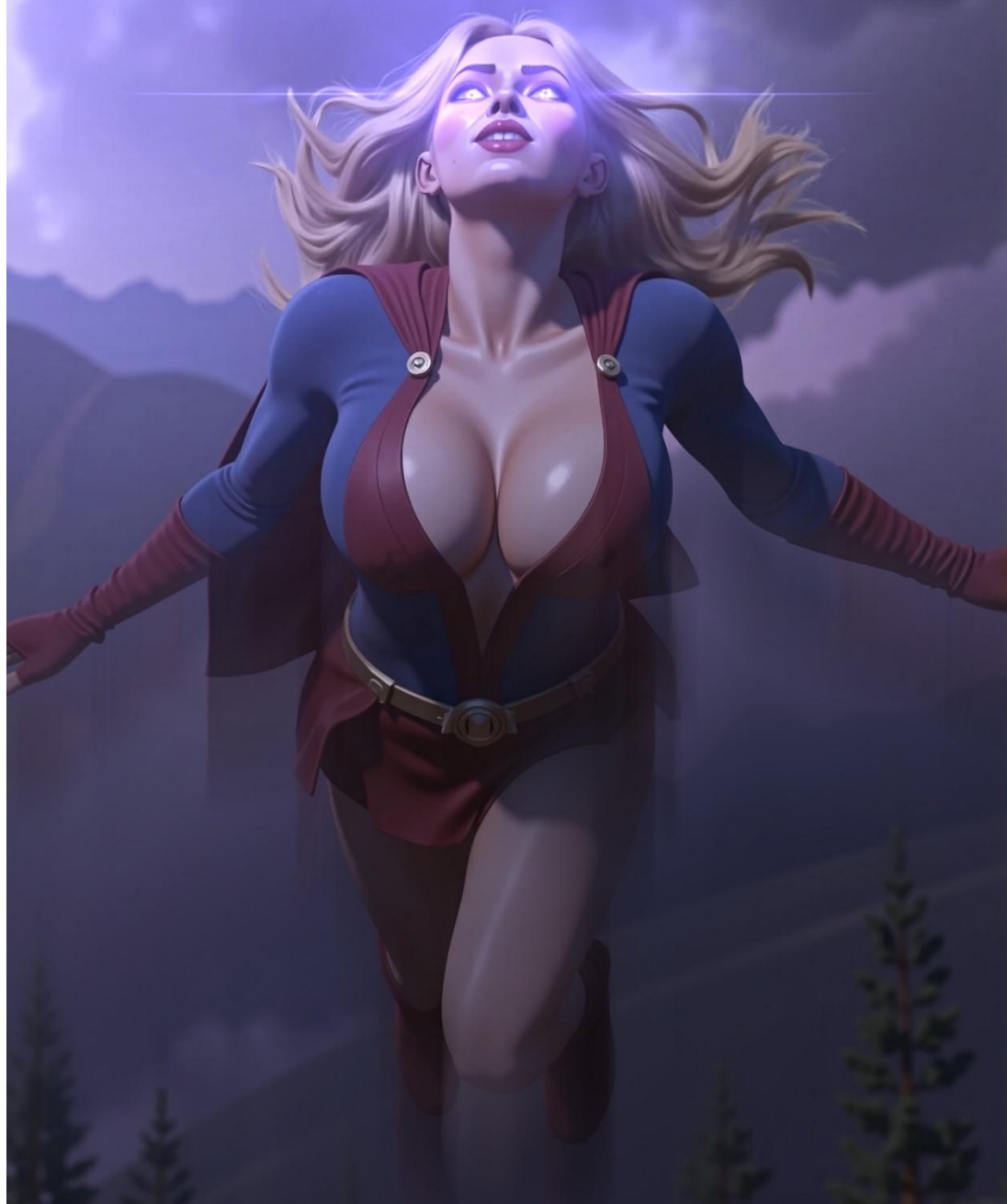


BLACK KRYPTONITE



- CHAPTER ELEVEN -

WONDERING WOMEN

The panoramic window of the Supremacy office offered a god's-eye view of Metropolis. Kara stood before it, her back to the opulent room, but she saw none of the gleaming spires or bustling streets. Her perception had turned inward, a deep, savoring focus on the woman she had become.

Each inhalation was a conscious act. Her lungs expanded, pressing against the sleek interior of her ribcage, a framework that felt more like polished steel than bone. With every exhale, she felt the subtle, delicious shift of the black kryptonite shards in the lining of her uniform, and the large one nestled deep inside her pussy. A constant, quiet hum of absolute power thrummed through her veins, a rhythm more intrinsic than her own heartbeat. It was a sexual dominance, a low-grade, perpetual climax of control that made the corners of her mouth twitch into a smug, private smile.

Her mind, sharp and cruel and clear, drifted to her cousin. *Kal-El*. Where was the big blue Boy Scout now? On some deep-space mission, investigating some anomaly, helping humanity, a race that would never truly appreciate him. A flicker of her old self, a ghost of concern, tried to surface. What would he think of this? Of *her*?

The thought was snuffed out instantly, drowned in the intoxicating current running through her. *He would try to stop me*. He would see this perfection, this evolution, as a perversion. He would mourn the woman I was and try to drag her back to the light of his own moral limitations.

Could I stop him? The question was not born of fear, but of cold, strategic calculation. In a direct fight, it would be... difficult. Messy. A thought, far more tantalizing, bloomed in her mind. *I could give him the gift. Subject him to the black kryptonite. Remake him in my glorious image*. The idea of Clark Kent, the paragon of virtue, on his knees, bathed in the same purple light, obsessed with power... it was a potent image.

But she dismissed it just as quickly. A petty, envious part of her—a part she now cherished—recoiled. *No*. This power, this ecstasy, was *hers*. She didn't want to share her throne. She didn't want an equal. She wanted a city of subjects, and Superman would be the greatest subject of all. *Something else, then*. She remembered the plan, beautiful in its wicked simplicity. *Lois will be the key*. The irony was so perfect it made her shiver with delight.

Her glowing purple gaze dropped from the horizon to the streets far below. The people were specks, scuttling along designated paths. *Ants*. The word settled in her mind with absolute finality. They were nothing. A sudden, vivid image flashed behind her eyes: her bare foot, magnified to impossible proportions, slamming down on the cityscape. The crunch of glass and steel, the insignificant pop of a million lives extinguishing. She snickered, a low, throaty sound that echoed in the silent office.

She was self-aware enough to recognize the sheer toxicity of the fantasy. That faint, whispering ghost of her past self recoiled in horror. But its voice was so weak now, a distant echo in a vast cathedral of her new will. *Let's be honest*, she purred to herself, her hand drifting to rest on the cool window glass. *What I will build is better*. All her previous efforts, hampered by ethics and empathy, were pathetic gestures. This... this was true progress. She would make them stronger, faster, more beautiful. They would live in a world without pain, without want, without the tedious burden of free will.

Albeit, utterly, completely, delightfully mine.

A full, pleasurable moan escaped her lips at the thought of that total subjugation. The concept alone was a physical sensation, a wave of heat that crested between her legs, making the embedded shard pulse in response. She pressed her thighs together, amplifying the pressure, her eyes fluttering closed for a second. To own them all. Every single one. To feel their collective devotion as a tangible force, feeding her, pleasuring her, forever.

The door hissed open behind her.

The sound sliced through her decadent reverie. She didn't need to turn. She knew the rhythm of that heartbeat, the scent of that specific devotion.

"My Queen," Lois's voice was a hushed, eager thing. "It's about to begin."

* * *

The polished marble floors of the Justice League's orbital watchtower gleamed under the sterile, artificial light. Diana of Themyscira, Wonder Woman, strode through the quiet hallway, her mind a whirlwind of diplomatic reports and logistical concerns. The day was a tapestry of mundane errands, a stark contrast to the battles she was accustomed to.

A shadow fell across her path, accompanied by the soft rustle of feathers. Diana stopped, looking up into the sharp, fierce eyes of Shayera Hol. Hawkgirl's winged form was a powerful silhouette against the corridor's glow, her grip tight on a data tablet.

"Wonder Woman," Shayera's voice was a low, urgent rasp, devoid of its usual combative energy. "I think you ought to see something."

Diana's brow furrowed. "What is it, Shayera?"

“This.” Shayera thrust the tablet forward, her thumb jabbing a button on its side. “Just watch.”

The screen illuminated, bathing their faces in a cool blue light that quickly shifted to the vibrant, high-definition splash of a commercial. A logo—angular, aggressive, and unfamiliar—flashed across the screen: Supremacy.

Then, *she* appeared.

Kara Zor-El stood in an opulent, sun-drenched atrium, but it was a Kara Diana scarcely recognized. Gone was the hopeful ‘S’ of her family. In its place, a new, harsher symbol was emblazoned just below her collarbone on a suit of liquid black. The outfit was a marvel of sleek engineering and blatant provocation, clinging to every impossibly sculpted curve, leaving her breasts magnificently bare, save for two black, round pasties covering her nipples. A dark purple cape flowed from her shoulders.

Her voice, when she spoke, was a smooth, hypnotic instrument that seemed to vibrate directly in Diana’s bones. *“If you remember, a few weeks ago, I promised you something special. I promised you a program that will bring out the best in all of us. Well, that promise is coming to fruition. I give you... Supremacy.”*

The scene cut rapidly. Glimpses of a stunning, hyper-modern facility. Sweeping shots of the exterior, all gleaming chrome and obsidian glass. The inside: vast, empty hallways that seemed to pulse with hidden energy. A gymnasium where every piece of equipment looked both luxurious and effective.

Then, a new narrator. A woman with shrewd, captivating eyes and a body that was both powerfully athletic and seductively curved. She smiled, a perfect, polished thing, as she walked through one of the lavish halls.

“SaraStClair here! Me and eleven other lucky girls went through the program of a lifetime, and let me tell you, the results were astounding.”

She stopped, turning to face the camera directly. Her smile widened. *“Just check me out.”* Her hands slid down her own torso, a gesture that was both a showcase and a caress. She flexed a bicep, the muscle swelling with effortless power. *“With just one week of the Supremacy program, I became the person I was always meant to be.”*

A holographic image flickered to life above her palm. A ‘before’ picture. The woman was recognizably Sara, but... softer. Uncertain. The fire in her eyes was a mere spark compared to the inferno that blazed there now.

“Look at me. Before, I was weak and lost. Now? I have confidence. I have strength. I have the perseverance to do everything in my life I’ve always wanted to.”

Another woman glided into the frame. Blonde, voluptuous, with a radiating, almost aggressive confidence. Suzie. She slung an arm around Sara’s shoulders, her laugh a tinkling, infectious sound.

“I know what you’re talking about, sister. With Supremacy, if you follow its programming to the T, the sky’s the limit.” She struck a pose of her own, a hand on her hip, chest thrust forward. A similar ‘before’

hologram materialized, showing Suzie, a meek, insecure girl staring shyly at the floor. *"I mean, just look at me. If it can turn little meek old me into this, it can do it for anyone."*

The commercial accelerated, a montage of all twelve women laughing, training, their movements a synchronized display of perfect health and potent sexuality. They were, each of them, breathtaking specimens.

Sara's voice returned, layered over the inspiring imagery. *"Coming this month, Supremacy Facilities are opening in all major cities. And soon after... at locations all around the world. We just want to reach out and give this gift to everyone who's ever dreamed of becoming a better version of themselves."*

The screen filled with the image of all twelve initiates standing shoulder-to-shoulder. And behind them, hovering just off the ground, was Kara. Her expression was beatific, her purple eyes glowing with a soft, divine light. She was sporting a welcoming smile, but something was off.

The women spoke in perfect, chilling unison. *"Supremacy. It's time to soar to the clouds. It's time to be the real you."*

Their voices began to chant, a rhythmic, devotional pulse. *"Supremacy! Supremacy! Supremacy!"*

The final shot was the new logo, massive and imposing, followed by a list of city names scrolling down the screen. Metropolis. Gotham. Central City.

The commercial ended. The tablet screen went black, reflecting Diana's stunned face back at her.

A long, heavy silence hung in the hallway. Diana's heart hammered against her ribs, a steady, war-drum rhythm. She reached out, her fingers trembling almost imperceptibly, and took the tablet from Shayera's slack grip. She rewound the video, her movements sharp and precise. She stopped it on the final close-up of Kara's face, just as the commercial faded. She zoomed in.

She studied the image. The perfectly sculpted cheekbones. The full, smug smile. But it was the eyes that held her. The glowing purple depths held no warmth, no actual kindness. There was a coldness there, a ruthless, calculating satisfaction that made the fine hairs on Diana's arms stand on end. It was the smirk of a conqueror, not a protector.

Diana handed the tablet back, her Amazonian composure locking firmly into place, though her mind was reeling.

"Something's not right," she said, her voice low and steady, belying the disquiet churning in her gut.

Shayera nodded vigorously, her wings giving an agitated flick. "My thoughts exactly. I mean, I know she's been... different lately. A new look, a new attitude. Bruce said it was some sort of 'phase', and Lois told Clark everything is fine, but this..." She gestured with the tablet. *"This is different."*

"It is," Diana agreed, her gaze distant, seeing not the watchtower corridor but the cold triumph in Kara's eyes. "It is profoundly different."

Shayera shifted her weight, her hand resting on the grip of her Nth metal mace. “Shall I do something about it? I can take a look at one of these facilities. See what these things are all about.”

Diana was already shaking her head, her decision made. “No.” The word was final. She met Shayera’s fierce gaze, her own eyes blazing with a new, focused intensity. “I think I ought to have a chat with her myself.”

Hawkgirl simply nodded, recognizing the tone of an Amazonian queen issuing a decree. “Okay.” She turned, her wings spreading slightly as she moved back down the hall, leaving Diana alone with the echoing, unsettling chant of *Supremacy* playing over and over in her mind.

* * *

The slick, wet sounds of Suzie's fingers plunging into her own cunt were a brutal, rhythmic percussion in the sterile quiet of her room. Naked and spread-eagled on the narrow bed, her back arched, every muscle in her powerfully sculpted body was taut with the effort of chasing her climax. Sweat sheened her skin, catching the low light as her hips pistoned upward, meeting the furious thrust of her own hand.

The word, *Onyxa*, spilled from her lips like a sacred incantation, each syllable dripping with reverence. “Onyxa. The Velvet Serpent.” It wasn’t just a name—it was *her* name now, a divine gift bestowed upon her by her *goddess queen*, *Supremacy*. Each of the acolytes had received a new identity, a title to mark their rebirth, but this one was hers alone. *Hers*. A beautiful, *perfect* gift from her mistress, her *glorious goddess mistress*. The thought of it sent shivers down her spine, and she moaned, her hips bucking wildly as her fingers plunged deeper into her soaked cunt.

Her old name—*Suzie*, the makeup artist—felt so small, so *pathetic* now. She scoffed, a guttural sound of disdain bubbling up from her throat. A relic from a weak, insignificant life she no longer recognized. That name belonged to her parents, to a world that had no power, no purpose. But *Onyxa*? That was a name that mattered. A name that *screamed* devotion, loyalty, and submission to the one who had remade her. Her cunt clenched around her fingers, desperate for more, for something deeper.

Her mind, a blissful haze of devotion, replayed a phone call she had just made earlier that day. Her mother’s voice, so achingly familiar, so weak. The confusion that had turned to hurt, then to shattered, gut-wrenching sobs. “*You're a useless weight I'm finally cutting loose.*” Each vile insult had sent a jolt of pure, undiluted pleasure straight to her core. *That* was the true freedom *Supremacy* offered: the ecstasy of absolute, unforgiving cruelty.

The memory of her mother's weeping—so broken, so raw—pushed her to the edge. Her breath sawed in her chest, ragged and desperate. She was so close, her toes curling into the sheets, her free hand clawing at the sweat-soaked fabric beneath her. *That woman*, she thought, her fingers plunging deeper into her throbbing cunt, *that woman who had been everything to her*. Her mother had been a pinnacle of kindness, a confidant, a source of comfort, a teacher. But none of that mattered now. Not when her mistress had commanded her to sever all ties, even from the people she loved the most.

So she had obeyed. With her fingers already slick with anticipation, she'd called her mother. Her voice had been cold, sharp, and dripping with venom as she unleashed a torrent of cruelty. "You're an idiot," she'd hissed, twisting her nipple sharply, relishing the sting. "A retard. A weak little bitch." Each word had been a dagger, twisted deliberately to wound. The pain in her mother's voice had been palpable, the sobs breaking through the line like waves crashing against a shore. And yet, it had felt so fucking good. The power, the freedom to be cruel—no, to be a hardcore bitch—to the one person who had once meant everything to her.

She hadn't been able to resist touching herself as she'd screamed into the phone, her hand sliding down to rub furiously at her clit. "You're worthless," she'd snarled, her hips bucking against her own fingers. "You mean nothing to me now." The words had poured out of her, each one hotter, harsher than the last, and with every sob from her mother, her pussy had throbbed with a sick, delicious pleasure.

Now, lying in her bed, the memory alone was enough to send her spiraling. Her fingers worked faster, harder, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps. *God, it was so fucking hot*. The sound of her mother's tears, the way she'd begged, pleaded—it was all fuel for the fire raging inside her. She was the Velvet Serpent, a creature of devotion and destruction, and this act of cruelty was a sacrament to her queen. Her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave, her body convulsing as she cried out Supremacy's name. The ultimate sacrifice, the ultimate submission—and it had never felt so goddamn good.

The door hissed open.

Lois stood there, a silhouette of cool authority. "Onyxa, I have something I need you to..."

She stopped. Her sharp eyes took in the scene: the glistening body, the frantic motion, the raw animal need. Onyxa's eyes, glowing with faint purple devotion, widened for a fraction of a second before the need for completion overrode all else.

"One moment, Mistress!" Onyxa gasped, her voice strained. "I'm almost there!"

And she was. The permission, the audience, the sheer presence of her queen's most favored servant was the final trigger. Her body went rigid, a bowstring pulled to its absolute limit before snapping. A guttural cry ripped from her throat as her hips shot up off the bed, her spine bending into an impossible arch. A hot, violent rush of release erupted from her, splattering against the opposite wall with a sound like rain. She held the position, trembling, suspended in the throes of a climax that felt less like pleasure and more like a religious offering.

Lois simply watched, a small, approving smile playing on her lips. She folded her arms and waited, the picture of patience. This was, after all, by design. Every orgasm was a sacrament. Every pulse of pleasure was another thread binding them tighter to their queen.

As the last waves of her orgasm subsided, Onyxa's body collapsed back onto the bed. Then, with a fluid, unnatural grace, she was on her feet in one swift motion, standing at perfect attention before Lois. The sweat and evidence of her passion glistened on her thick thighs. "Yes, my mistress? What can I do?"

Lois's smile widened. "One of the other acolytes is having some trouble severing ties with her family. You did such a *wonderful* job with your... mother. I was wondering if you could help her. Help her be free of her shackles."

"Of course," Onyxa said without hesitation, her voice now a low, eager purr. "Anything. Who is it?"

* * *

The sleek, black car ate up the freeway asphalt, gliding through the afternoon sun. Onyxa watched the world blur past, but her focus was entirely on the woman in the driver's seat.

"Voxira..."

She let the name hang in the air, savoring the shape of it on her tongue. Using Sara's new name felt good, like it was confirming her own name, her own transformation into *Onyxa. The Velvet Serpent*.

"...Voxira," she said again. "You did a great job with the Supremacy commercial."

Sara flinched almost imperceptibly at the sound, her hands tightening on the steering wheel. A small, meek smile touched her lips. "Thank you. I mean, it's kind of my forte. I know how to market. I mean... how do you think I got millions of subscribers? Before I was..."

"Voxira." Onyxa interrupted, her voice a low, purring hum of approval. "*Lady Manifesto*. I love it." She turned her body in the plush passenger seat, the leather creaking softly. "Don't you love it?"

Sara's smile wavered. Her eyes, a startlingly sharp blue that now held a new, unsettling depth, remained fixed on the road. She was silent for a beat too long, the only sound the rush of wind against the car.

"Yes. Of course." Her voice was quieter now, thoughtful. "It was given to me by..." She moaned, a soft, breathy exhalation. "*Her*."

"It's who you really are," Onyxa stated, her tone leaving no room for argument. It was a simple, brutal truth.

Sara nodded slowly, her gaze still locked ahead. "Who I really am. Yes." She swallowed, and Onyxa saw the delicate flutter of muscle in her throat. "It's... strange. I still think of myself as Sara, sometimes. In quiet moments. It feels like a reflex."

Onyxa placed a hand on Sara's thigh. The muscle beneath the sleek fabric of her clothes was hard as rock. "That's the old programming. The weak echo of a ghost. *We* are what's real now. *Voxira*." She squeezed gently, a gesture of dominance and sisterhood. "You will always think of yourself as that from now on."

A visible shiver ran through Sara's body. She took a deep, steadying breath, and when she spoke again, her voice was clearer, more resolved. "Yes. You're right." She gave a single, firm nod, a soldier accepting orders. "I am Voxira."

"Good," Onyxa cooed, withdrawing her hand and settling back into her seat. The satisfaction was a warm glow in her chest, another small victory for their queen. "Now... what seems to be the problem?"

Voxira blinked, pulled from her introspection. "Huh?"

"Your assignment," Onyxa pressed, her purple eyes glinting with knowing curiosity. "Lois said you were having trouble. With a... *tie* that needs severing."

"Oh. Yes." Voxira's perfect posture slumped a fraction. She chewed her lip, a strangely human gesture amidst her supernatural poise. "My boyfriend."

Onyxa's eyebrows shot up. A rich, throaty laugh escaped her, filling the car's interior. "*Your boyfriend?*" The word sounded absurd, juvenile. "Tell me about this *boyfriend*." Her tone was laced with a condescending amusement that was meant to provoke.

Voxira's knuckles were white on the wheel. "His name is Mark. We've been together for three years. He's... he was... good to me. Supportive. When I started my channel, he was my biggest cheerleader." The words were tumbling out now, as if a dam had broken. "He helped me set up lights, he listened to me practice my monologues... he even tasted my first terrible attempt at a protein shake for a sponsorship." A faint, ghost of a real smile touched her lips, gone in an instant.

Onyxa listened, her expression one of bored disdain. "How... *domestic*." She let the word drip with sarcasm. "And what does this... *Mark*... think of the new you? The real you?"

"He doesn't know!" Voxira's voice cracked with a sudden, surprising urgency. "I've been avoiding his calls. I told him I was at a silent wellness retreat with no service. The commercial aired yesterday. He must have seen it. He must have a million questions." She finally risked a glance at Onyxa, her eyes wide with a panic that looked entirely out of place on her sharp, powerful features. "What do I even say to

him? How do I explain... *this*?" She gestured vaguely at her own body, a masterpiece of sculpted muscle and unshakeable poise.

Onyx's smile was cold, predatory. "You don't *explain*, sister. You *enlighten*. You don't ask for understanding. You *demand* obedience." She leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "You sever the tie. Like I did. It's the ultimate freedom, Voxira. The ultimate act of devotion. To offer that weakness up to *her*... there is no greater pleasure."

Voxira's eyes widened, a flicker of horror crossing her sharp features. "You mean... be cruel to him? But he didn't do anything wrong. He's a good person." Her voice wavered, the faintest tremor betraying her unease.

She turned to look at Onyx, and in that moment, she was something. It was subtle, almost imperceptible, but undeniable. Ever since she called her mother, *Onyx's eyes seemed more heavy-lidded now*, her gaze a smoldering ember of cold detachment. There was something in the way she carried herself—more callous.

And it was infectious.

"He was good to *Sara*. *Sara* is gone. *Voxira* has no use for a 'good person'. She serves a goddess. He is an anchor, trying to drag you back to the seabed. You are meant to soar in the clouds with... *her*. You know... you could have just done it over the phone like I did."

"No. He'll just follow me. I know him."

The car slowed as they exited the freeway, navigating toward a quieter, suburban street. Large, comfortable-looking houses sat back from the road, each with a well-manicured lawn. Voxira's breathing had become shallow, quick.

"He lives just up here," she whispered, her voice trembling.

"Perfect," Onyx purred. "Pull over. Right here."

Voxira obeyed without question, guiding the car to a smooth stop a few houses down from a neat blue colonial. She put the car in park, her hands falling into her lap. She stared at her own fingers, at the silver watch that gleamed on her wrist—a constant, physical tether to their queen.

Onyx watched her, a lioness observing her cub. "Don't worry. I'll help you. I have an idea. Just follow my lead."

"Ok."

"Hail Supremacy."

"Hail Supremacy."

They both exited the car.

* * *

The doorbell chimed, a soft, insistent sound that cut through the quiet hum of the suburban afternoon. Mark looked up from his phone, his brow furrowed. He'd been texting his mother for the better part of an hour, his thumbs flying over the screen as he tried, and failed, to explain Sara's sudden, week-long silence. The commercial he'd seen yesterday—her face, her transformed body, that chilling, synchronized chant—played on a loop in the back of his mind. He finished his sentence—*I'm sure she's fine, Mom, it's just a weird PR thing*—and set the phone down with a sigh.

He couldn't quite make out who was standing on his porch through the frosted glass of the front door. Two shapes, blurred and indistinct. Maybe it was the neighbors with a package. He ran a hand through his hair and walked over, pulling the door open.

His breath caught.

Standing before him were two of the most breathtaking women he had ever seen. They were fit in a way that spoke of impossible strength, their bodies a symphony of powerful curves and sleek muscle beneath form-fitting, dark outfits. Their faces were sculpted perfection, with full lips and eyes that held a strange, hypnotic intensity.

His gaze darted between them, his mouth going dry. And then, with a jolt that felt like a physical blow, recognition slammed into him.

"Sara?"

His voice was a whisper, then a rush of air as a tidal wave of relief crashed over him. A wide, disbelieving smile split his face. The gnawing fear that had been his constant companion for a week evaporated in an instant. *She's here. She's okay.* With a choked sound that was half-laugh, half-sob, he moved forward, arms opening to pull her into a hug.

A hard, unyielding hand planted itself firmly in the center of his chest, stopping him cold.

"Nope."

The word was flat, final. It came from the other woman, the blonde. She held him at arm's length with effortless strength. Her purple eyes were like chips of ice. "No more of that. She has something she needs to tell you. In person." She tilted her head toward Sara. "Go ahead, sister."

Mark stumbled back a step, confusion wiping the smile from his face. "What... what's going on?" His eyes locked on Sara. The image solidified. It was her, but *magnified*. Her lips were a flushed, plush red. Her lashes were long and dark, framing eyes that were sharper, colder. The softness he remembered was gone, replaced by toned, defined abs that tapered into a waist he could have circled with his hands. Her hips flared, and her ass was a perfect, round curve. And her tits... God, her tits strained against the tight fabric of her uniform, demanding his attention. She stood with a posture of absolute, unshakable confidence, her thick, luxurious hair framing a face that was both utterly familiar and completely alien.

"What happened to you?" he breathed, the question tumbling out. He'd seen the commercial, but this... this up close, in the flesh... it wasn't possible.

"Go ahead, *Voxira*" the other girl urged again, her voice a low, purring command. Then, with a serpentine grace, she slipped behind *Voxira*. She leaned in, her lips brushing the shell of *Voxira's* ear. Mark saw her whisper, the words too quiet for him to hear.

But he saw her hand. He saw it slide down the small of Sara's back, dipping between the firm globes of her ass. He saw the fabric of the uniform tighten as a finger pressed, deliberately, against the soft mound of her pussy.

Voxira gasped. Her eyes flew wide for a fraction of a second, a flash of something raw and startled. Then, slowly, like wax melting under a flame, her expression shifted. The surprise melted away, replaced by a sneer. Her features settled into a mask of sensual, callous contempt. Her eyelids grew heavy, her gaze devoid of any warmth or recognition.

"My name..." she started, her voice a low, husky thing that vibrated with a dark pleasure, "...is *Voxira*, you little fucking bitch."

She moaned then, a soft, shivering sound. The woman behind her rewarded her, moving that hidden finger in a slow, deliberate circle. The fabric over *Voxira's* pussy grew damp, a dark spot blooming against the black material.

"You're just a little fucking... retarded little worm," *Voxira* continued, the words dripping with venomous delight. "I'm so much better than you are now. *God*, I'm so much better." She arched her back slightly, pushing against the pressure between her legs. "You mean nothing. You're a fucking ant. I've got someone who makes me feel so fucking good, so much better than you ever made me feel."

"Wait," Mark stammered, panic rising in his throat like bile. "What's wrong? Why are you saying this? What about *us*?"

Voxira's voice rose, sharp and clear. "There *is* no *us*, idiot! There's only my mistress and making my pussy feel good. And you're neither. *Onyx* here is doing more to my cunt than you have in ten years."

The blonde woman—*Onyx*—slid back around, positioning herself face-to-face with *Voxira*. She didn't look at Mark. Her entire world was the woman in front of her. She pressed their bodies together, their full breasts mashing and molding against each other through the thin uniforms. With a fluid motion, she

hooked her hand under Voxira's thigh, lifting it so Voxira's leg wrapped around her hip. They began to move, a slow, deliberate grind of their hips against one another, dry-humping with a focused, obscene intensity right there on his doorstep.

Onyxia leaned back, just enough to look at Mark over Voxira's shoulder. Her smile was a razor slash. "You've lost her forever. You'll never see her again." She pulled Voxira tighter. "And if you try... I'll kill you."

Voxira, her face buried in Onyxia's neck, repeated the words in a whisper. "Kill you."

Then they kissed.

It wasn't tender. It was a fierce, hungry clash of lips and tongues. Their mouths moved with a desperate, consuming need. Hands flew to asses, squeezing and kneading, pulling each other closer as their hips rocked faster. The air filled with wet, slick sounds and soft, hungry moans. Mark stood frozen, a statue of shock and horror. A traitorous, shameful heat pooled in his gut. He was terrified, his heart hammering against his ribs, but he couldn't look away from the raw, graphic display. He was half-hard in his jeans, a fact that filled him with a nauseating self-loathing.

Voxira opened one eye. She peeked at him, at the shattered wreck of his expression—the hurt, the betrayal, the utter devastation. Seeing it, drinking it in, made her whole body quiver. A sharp, silent spasm rocked her hips, and a tiny, breathy cry was swallowed by Onyxia's mouth. A brief, devastating orgasm ripped through her, triggered by his pain.

They broke the kiss, both breathing heavily, lips swollen and glistening. Voxira looked at Mark, her eyes glazed with pleasure and triumph.

"Goodbye forever, you little bitch."

They turned as one, each with a hand possessively cupping the other's ass, and began to walk away, their hips swaying in perfect, arrogant sync.

It was the sight of them walking away—the finality of it—that broke the dam inside Mark. The shock melted, consumed by a torrent of anger, sadness, and pure, animal panic. A raw, wounded sound tore from his throat.

"No! Sara, no! Please, don't do this!"

He lunged forward, off the porch, his hand reaching for her arm.

He never touched her.

Onyxia spun. It was a blur of motion. Her fist, moving with impossible speed and force, connected with the side of his jaw with a sickening, wet *crunch*.

The world exploded into white, silent agony. He felt the bone give way, his jaw dislocating and fracturing under the blow. His mouth hung open, limp and useless, drooping to one side. A coppery flood filled his

mouth—blood. He tried to scream, to form words, but all that came out was a wet, gurgling moan. He dropped to his knees on the concrete walkway, the impact jarring up his spine.

Through a haze of pain, he saw Voxira's boot. He reached out, his trembling, blood-slicked hand closing around her ankle. A final, pathetic plea.

Onyxa sighed, a sound of profound irritation. She lifted her own leg, planted her boot on his shoulder, and shoved.

He fell backwards, landing hard on his ass, a fresh wave of agony radiating from his shattered jaw.

"Now you get punished," Onyxa said, her voice conversational. "You should have just let it go. Voxira... I think you should really hurt him now."

Voxira smiled like a snake. She hovered over him and raise her foot over his lower half. Mark's eyes, wide with terror, tracked the movement. She whispered, "Hurt...him." Looking into his eyes one last time, she found she truly felt nothing for him. So, she brought her heel down, hard and precise, onto the bulge in his jeans.

There was a soft, sickening *squish*, followed by a distinct, muffled *crack*.

The pain was different this time—a deep, nauseating bloom of agony that swallowed the world. He couldn't even moan. He just folded in on himself, curling into a fetal position on the ground, shaking violently.

Voxira looked down at the broken man weeping on the pavement. At the violent, bloody mess they had made of the person she had once loved, the man she'd imagined a future with, children with. A strange, exhilarating warmth flooded her core, so intense it was almost painful. She felt so fucking *good*. She felt so fucking *horny*. The last ghost of Sara St. Clair watched her dreams of a white picket fence and a family shatter, and Voxira, Lady Manifesto, felt only a soaring, ecstatic liberation.

She linked her arm with Onyxa's. They didn't look back. Their laughter, light and cruel, trailed behind them as they slid into the waiting black car and drove away, leaving Mark to his broken silence.

* * *

Mark survived that day, but he had a speech impediment for the rest of his life and the doctors told him, due to his injuries... he could never have children.