

BLACK KRYPTONITE



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- CHAPTER TEN -

GRADUATION DAY

The air in Kara's Supremacy office hummed with a quiet, potent energy. Sunlight streamed through the panoramic, glinting off polished chrome and the deep green leaves of the exotic plants that thrived in the room. Lois Lane stood before the grand desk, a tablet held firmly in her hands, her posture radiating an efficiency that was now entirely devoted to the woman seated before her.

Kara Zor-El, once a hero, now something far more profound, lounged in her chair with an effortless dominance. Her dark red boots were propped on the glass surface of the desk, the pose one of a queen surveying her domain. Behind her, a towering portrait dominated the wall: Kara, depicted standing on a pile of rubble and eyes blazing with that signature, hypnotic purple light.

"The final biometrics are streaming in now," Lois said, her voice a low, reverent murmur. Her eyes scanned the data. "It's working beyond our initial projections, my Queen. The supplement... it's perfect. The nutrient compounds to weaken their independent resolve, combined with..." Lois's breath caught for a fraction of a second, a tiny, human slip in her otherwise flawless composure. "...with your own essence. Your breast milk. It's forged a connection that is... exquisite."

A faint, knowing smile touched Kara's lips. She didn't need to look at the data. She could feel it, a new constellation of twelve faint, pulsing loyalties tethered directly to her core. "Describe it, Lois."

Lois's gaze remained fixed on the screen, but her focus turned inward. "It took the most basic, hardwired instinct a being possesses—the devotion of a child for its mother—and it magnified it. A thousandfold. *Ten* thousandfold. I see it in their eyes during the assessments. They don't just respect you. They don't just fear you. They *adore* you. You are their genesis and their absolute. A goddess mother."

Her words, describing the utter subjugation of twelve women, sent a jolt of pure heat straight through Lois. Unthinkingly, the hand not holding the tablet drifted down, her fingers pressing against the sleek fabric of her crotch, applying a slow, circling pressure against herself. The mere report of her mistress's success was a potent aphrodisiac.

“The physical enhancements are confirmed,” Lois continued, her voice gaining a slight, husky edge as her fingers pressed more insistently against herself. “Every aspect of their conditioning has been meticulously executed, my Queen. The workouts—where your violet gaze bathed them in that wide-spectrum mental conditioning beam. It was subtle, relentless, rewiring obedience into muscle memory until it was as natural as breathing.” She paused, savoring the memory of Kara’s radiant power washing over the initiates.

“And the lessons...” she continued, her voice lowering to a sultry whisper. “Every frame spliced with subliminal triggers, every word a hymn to Supremacy, every pause a silent command to worship. Even when they were unaware, there was no escaping your influence. The showers...” Lois’s breath hitched, her body trembling slightly as she recalled the initiation rituals. “The steam thick with aphrodisiacs, their skin absorbing chemicals that rewrote attraction into devotion, desire into fanaticism. They would emerge glowing, trembling, aching for you.”

Her hand moved faster now, her words spilling out in a heated rush. “The gym, too. The subsonic hum vibrated through their bones, whispering: Be strong. Be sexy. For Supergirl. All for Supergirl. It echoed in their minds, in their bodies... until it became their truth, their only purpose.” She paused, her eyes flickering to Kara’s face, her worshipful expression mirroring the devotion she described. “They are stronger, faster, formidable. Not nearly on your level, or mine, of course—but they could kill on command without a second thought. And their aesthetic... precisely as you demanded. Beautiful. Voluptuous. Powerful. Every curve, every muscle, sculpted to reflect your divine vision.”

Lois’s voice trembled with raw arousal as she concluded. “They are your perfect creations, my Queen.”

“Yes,” Kara purred, the sound vibrating through the room. She lowered her feet to the floor and stood, a study in sculpted perfection. “And my new raiment? Is the outfit ready?”

“It is, my Queen.” Lois’s fingers danced across the tablet’s surface. With a soft hydraulic hiss, a previously seamless section of the wall slid open, revealing a chamber illuminated by a stark white light.

Inside, the new suit awaited its mistress.

It was a masterpiece of intimidating elegance. The material was a deep, void-like black, so dark it seemed to swallow the light around it, yet its surface had a subtle, liquid sheen. It was engineered to be form-fitting, a second skin that would highlight every formidable curve and defined muscle. The old ‘S’, the symbol of hope, of her family was gone. In its place, centered just below the throat, was a new emblem: a sharper, more aggressive symbol wrought in the same obsidian material, a declaration not of hope, but of dominion.

A dark, iridescent purple cape was draped behind it, the color of a bruise on twilight. Most striking was the torso design. It no longer had a simple boob window. The entire chest section was open, a bold architectural frame designed to display Kara’s magnificent breasts completely, presenting them like priceless artifacts on a pedestal of absolute power.

Kara approached it, her eyes drinking in every detail. She reached out, and her fingertips traced the lines of the suit. "You changed the symbol."

"As you instructed. It is now the Sigil of Supremacy."

"Mine," Kara stated, her voice flat with certainty. She leaned closer, her gaze sharpening. "And the shards? The black kryptonite?"

"Integrated, my Queen. I pulverized the majority of the shards you provided." Lois pointed with her stylus, tracing the air as if touching the suit itself. "You can see the inlay here, along the seams. And here..." Her voice dropped, taking on an intimate, conspiratorial tone. She indicated the interior lining at the suit's lower half. "The primary conduits. Two thick, elongated shards. Upon wearing it, one will... *nestle*... within your pussy. The other will..." Lois's own thighs pressed together subtly. "...will find its home in your ass. They will be inside you now... always."

A low, throaty moan escaped Kara's lips at the prospect, a sound of pure, unadulterated anticipation. The idea of that cold, empowering intrusion, a perpetual communion with the very thing that had remade her, was almost too much to bear. "I need to feel it. Now."

Lois's smile was one of supreme satisfaction. "The timing is ideal. Your acolytes are prepped and waiting in the sanctum for their final baptism. Their transformation awaits only your presence to be complete. Afterward, we can bestow their new names and their eternal purpose."

"The world reshapes itself according to my design," Kara whispered, her glowing purple eyes fixed on the open chest of the suit, already imagining the weight of the shards settling inside her, claiming her even as she claimed an entire world. "Let's not keep my children waiting."

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The chamber was vast and circular, its towering ceilings casting an oppressive yet awe-inspiring shadow over the space. No windows interrupted the darkness, leaving the room sealed in a cocoon of solemnity and power. The walls were adorned with ornate carvings, their intricate designs winding upward like veins of dominance. Long, dark purple banners hung from the walls, cascading down like rivers of authority, each emblazoned with the unmistakable symbol of *Supremacy*.

The ceiling itself was a masterpiece of audacity, a twisted homage to the Sistine Chapel. Where Michelangelo had once painted the divine, this vault presumed Kara's rise to godhood. Scenes of her triumphs, both real and predicted; her transformation, and her dominion were rendered in vivid detail, all converging toward the center. There, which would have shown God and Adam, instead depicted Kara lounging on a cloud of dark splendor, completely naked, her hand outstretched to Lois.

In the heart of the chamber stood the centerpiece: an enormous 8-foot-high cylindrical structure encased in refractive surfaces that shimmered with an eerie, otherworldly glow. At its core loomed a 12-inch-long cylinder shard of black kryptonite, pulsing faintly with a sinister energy. Radiating outward from this central structure were twelve distinct paths, each ending in a slightly elevated circle.

Kara stood at the far end of the chamber, overlooking it all. Her presence was commanding and untouchable, a dark goddess draped in the aura of control. Lois lingered just behind her right shoulder, the epitome of silent obedience, her eyes fixed on her queen with unwavering reverence.

Kara's new suit was a revelation. The void-black material clung to her form like a second skin, its liquid sheen catching the overhead lights and fracturing them into a thousand tiny purple stars. The Sigil of Supremacy, a stark and angular design, sat like a promise just below the hollow of her throat. And her breasts, magnificent and bare, were presented as the treasures they were, the silver chain linking her pierced nipples glinting with every slow, measured breath she took. The deep purple cape pooled around her boots like spilled wine, while the top half was obscured by her long mane; wavy, lustrous hair that fell all the way down, past her ass.

"Let us commence," Kara announced, her voice not a shout but a low-frequency command that vibrated in Lois' bones. "Come in."

The door hissed open, and one by one, they filed in: Suzie, Sara, and the others, their movements unnervingly synchronized. They were clad in *black, single-piece suits* that clung to their forms, the material so tight it seemed to fondle every curve, every ridge of their newly sculpted physiques. Elite athletes turned porn stars. The Sigil of Supremacy—angular and commanding—rested boldly on their chests.

Their hair was pulled back into *tight high buns*. Their faces were masks of awe-struck reverence, eyes wide but fixed forward on the central device, where the pulsing heart of black kryptonite throbbed with dark promise. They did not dare to look directly at Kara; the thought alone was overwhelming. Her presence was too immense, too divine, and they felt unworthy of absorbing her full glory.

They moved to their designated circles with silent precision, their steps a whisper against the chamber floor. Each one took their place as if they had rehearsed this moment a thousand times, their postures rigid yet reverent.

Kara raised a hand, the sleek, clawed fingers of her glove slicing through the air. "I, Kara Zor-El, once known as Supergirl, shall forever in these halls be known as Supremacy. Do not forget!" She paused, letting the titles settle, letting them become law in the minds of her children. "We are gathered to baptize the first graduates of Supremacy. You have done well. You will soon all be my children. Soon, you will forever be the perfect, sensual weapons of my will. Congratulations."

She allowed a beat of silence, a moment for the magnitude of her words to crush any last, lingering fragments of individuality. "Now, the final procedure. Look into the center. *Do not look away.*" Her voice dropped, becoming lethally soft. "Or you will die by my hand."

A unified, fervent cry echoed back. "Yes, Supremacy! My Queen!"

Kara's hands splayed outward. A corona of violet energy crackled at her temples, a visible manifestation of the immense power she channeled. Then, with a silent, shattering intensity, twin beams of pure purple force lanced from her eyes. They struck the central crystal dead center.

The chamber roared to life.

The shard of black kryptonite flared, drinking in her power, amplifying it, twisting it. The energy, now a tangible, crackling helix of dark intention, hit the prisms surrounding it. Instantly, twelve thinner, sharper beams shot out, each finding a path along the metallic floor, each racing unerringly toward the forehead of a waiting acolyte.

A collective, sharp inhalation filled the room as the beams made contact. Twelve heads snapped back in perfect unison. Twelve bodies began to vibrate, a low hum emanating from them as the energy saturated their very cells.

"Your past lives mean nothing," Kara intoned, her voice the only steady thing in the storm of power.

"Our past lives mean nothing!" they chanted back, their voices already blending into one, their bodies gyrating under the current.

"You live to serve Supremacy."

"We live to serve Supremacy!" The convulsions grew more intense, a violent, ecstatic shuddering. Breasts shook, muscles quivered, their forms becoming a blur of motion forced upon them.

"You live to pleasure Supremacy."

"We live to pleasure Supremacy!" The moans began then, not of pain, but of overwhelming, blissful subjugation. Their eyes were wide, unseeing, seeing only *her*.

"You will lay down your lives, and the lives of all you love, to service Supremacy. To please Supremacy."

They repeated the vow, their voices rising in a fever pitch, a cacophony of surrender. The energy pouring into them was a physical thing now, a crucible burning away the last pieces of their former selves.

"You are slaves to Supremacy."

"Slaves to Supremacy!" they screamed, the words tearing from their throats.

“Slaves of Supremacy!”

“SLAVES TO SUPREMACY!”

The chant became a mantra, a prayer, a scream that shook the ornate walls. Their bodies were no longer their own, just vessels for her power, dancing to the tune of her will. The air grew hot, thick with the scent of their sweat and the electric burn of Kryptonian technology.

Kara held them there, suspended in that agonizing, euphoric limbo, for a heartbeat longer. She watched them break and reform in her image. She saw Suzie’s face, etched with a joy so profound it bordered on insanity. She saw Sara, the former skeptic, her mouth open in a silent, worshipful scream, her eyes glowing with a faint reflected purple.

With a final, imperious flick of her will, Kara severed the connection.

The beams retracted. The central crystal dimmed.

As one, the twelve acolytes collapsed to the polished floor, a tangle of limp, perfect limbs and heaving chests. The only sound was their ragged, synchronized breathing.

Kara lowered her hands. The glow in her eyes faded to a simmer. She turned her head just slightly, the movement regal and slow, her gaze finding Lois’s. A silent question hung between them.

Lois’s own breath was shallow, her cheeks flushed. Her fingers, she realized, were once again pressed against the dampening fabric between her legs, her body reacting to the sheer magnitude of the dominance she had just witnessed. She gave a single, sharp, eager nod.

Lois walked among them, her sharp eyes scanning each still form. She approached the closest one, a beautiful, statuesque blonde, and leaned forward, peering into her slack face.

A twitch. Then another from a few bodies down. A low, collective groan rose from the group as consciousness returned, not as individuals, but as a single, waking entity. Lois clapped her hands once, the sound cracking through the room like a gunshot.

“At attention.”

The effect was instantaneous. Twelve heads snapped up. Twelve bodies rose from the floor with a fluid, unnatural grace, muscles coiling and then locking into perfect, rigid posture. Their arms pressed straight at their sides, chins held high. Their eyes, all glowing with the same faint, reflective purple, did not focus on Kara or Lois. They stared at a point somewhere in the middle distance, seeing nothing and everything, their expressions a terrifying blend of blank readiness and contained, ecstatic joy. A slight, knowing smirk touched each of their lips, the only outward sign of the cataclysmic sense of fulfillment racing in their minds

"Be still, my beautiful children," Kara's voice purred in their minds, a sound felt more than heard.

Kara lifted off from the floor, a dark angel ascending, and glided over to them. She started at the end of the line, her form casting a long shadow over the first acolyte. Her touch was possessive, claiming. She cupped one woman's cheek, her thumb stroking the sharp line of a jawbone. She moved to the next, sliding her palm across the firm swell of a breast, feeling the rapid, obedient heartbeat beneath. For a third, she let her fingers trace the full, parted lips. She fondled each one as she made her way down the line, a goddess surveying her most prized creations.

When she landed before the twelfth woman—Suzie—she let a smile, both tender and cruel, grace her features. "You are my lieutenants. Each of you will be given a purpose. A specific, glorious purpose. And a new name that will erase the dirty, meaningless thing you once were."

She turned her gaze fully on Suzie. "You, my child, shall be my hidden viper. My lead assassin. You will eventually command an army of shadows, spread across the globe to do my bidding. Your name shall be... Onyxia. The Velvet Serpent."

Suzie—now Onyxia—did not flinch. Not a single muscle in her flawless body moved in defiance of the command to be still. But a dark, unmistakable patch of moisture bloomed at the crotch of her black suit, spreading rapidly. Silent tears, tears of pure, undiluted bliss, welled in her glowing eyes and traced clean paths down her cheeks. She was experiencing a seismic, statuesque orgasm, a peak of submission so profound it shook her to her core, yet her training held her immobile. A puddle of her release began to form on the polished floor beneath her.

Kara smiled, a predator satisfied with its catch, and stepped over the growing pool. She moved to Sara.

"And you, my once-reluctant one. In your hollow human life, you held a voice that swayed millions of youth. That influence is now a weapon. You shall be my head of propaganda. The architect of truth. You shall hereby be known as Voxira. Lady Manifesto."

The same effect. Another dark stain spread on black fabric. Another set of tears of joy. Another silent, shattering climax endured in perfect, motionless devotion. Kara continued down the line, her voice bestowing titles like holy writ.

Kryllane. Verriksha. Sablexen. Cynestra. Sarthix. Ulthrax. Velistra. Zilia. Nyssara. Talissk.

Each name was a gift that wrought the same physical response—a spontaneous, overwhelming orgasm, a bodily hymn of acceptance. The air grew thick with their silent, collective release.

"Now," Kara said, her voice returning to the room, "We commence. These new names, these titles, they are your true selves. But for now, briefly, we shall maintain the shell of your old lives. Most of you were... *influencers*. So, you will be the ambassadors of the Supremacy program. You will offer the world fitness. Well-being. A positive beacon." Her eyes glowed brighter, the purple light intensifying. "You will *not* divulge our true purpose. Your obedience to me is a secret, a delicious, powerful secret."

She raised her hand, displaying the sleek silver watches on each of their wrists. "I am always with you. I will communicate my will through these. Your every thought, your every pulse, belongs to me. Now... go."

She dismissed them with a flick of her wrist.

As one, they turned on their heels, their movement a single, fluid organism. They began to march toward the exit.

"All Hail Supremacy!" Their voices echoed as one, a chilling, unified chant.

"All Hail Supremacy!" they repeated, their footsteps fading as the chamber door hissed shut behind them.

The silence they left behind was heavier than before. Lois stood rooted to her spot, her own breathing ragged. The display of absolute power, the sheer *ownership* Kara had just exerted, had left her trembling. Half paying attention to the steady, aching throb between her legs.

Kara turned slowly, the liquid black of her suit shifting with the movement. The deep purple cape whispered against the floor. Her bare breasts, crowned by the glinting silver chain, rose and fell with a steady, powerful rhythm. Her glowing eyes found Lois, pinning her in place.

"They are perfect, my queen," Lois breathed, her voice barely a whisper.

"They are a beginning," Kara corrected. She took a step closer. The room seemed to shrink. "The suit, Lois... it's shards inside my pussy... my ass. They are... *amplifying* everything." Her hand drifted to her own stomach, pressing against the dark material, and then down to her crotch, pushing the suit's inward-facing crystals a little deeper inside her. A sharp, pleasurable sigh escaped her lips.

"With this wonder suit, I can feel their devotion. It's a current. A constant, low hum of power flowing directly into me. It's... exquisite."

She was right in front of Lois now, who took a deep breath of her mistress's scent. Kara's gaze dropped to Lois's lips, then down her body, a slow, searing appraisal that felt more intimate than any touch.

"You bore witness," Kara murmured, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial timbre. "You saw them break and become mine. But you, my loyal Lois... you were my first. I took you from my cousin, and you are most precious to him, therefore... you are my most powerful weapon."

Lois looked confused.

Kara leaned in to take hold of her chin. "Never you mind. All in due time," she said, as she locked lips with Lois, circling her tongue with Lois's.