

Episode 2: Ms. Marvelous vs. The Boss Woman

Hello, again, Agent 009. I hope that your training progresses well. As for me, life on the outside remains exciting and often dangerous.

After my first encounter with the Reavors, I was laid up for a while. My strength returned within a few days, but I just couldn't seem to get it together. I took some sick days from work, which didn't make my new boss very happy, but was necessary, none the less. My coordination seemed to be off. I felt like a clumsy dolt, most of the time. I was sluggish. I definitely wasn't in fighting form.

So, Megapolis had to do without Ms. Marvelous for a while. But three weeks after the fight in the alley, I felt like I was finally ready to get back into action. So once again I donned my red and black costume and took to the skies. I started slowly, going for short patrols in various parts of the city, but always avoiding the River District. I have to admit that Dark Water now frightened me, though it shames me to do so.

But I am a champion for justice and have the ability to overcome my own fears. Finally, on a clear night one month to the day after my first battle with the Reavors, I ventured back into that foul place of vice and crime.

I needed to find out more about the Reavors. I wanted to know what I was up against. And in particular, I wanted to find out more about Bullets, the brutish black man that still visited me in my nightmares.

When you can fly, it is easy find sources of information. Even in a congested area like Dark Water, with its narrow streets, dilapidated multi-story buildings, and dark alleyways, a heroine on the fly can see a lot more than one on the ground. Of course, you are also a lot more visible to the bad guys. So, I shouldn't have been surprised at what happened that night.

I had been flying around for about an hour, up one street, down the next, peeking in windows of buildings I thought might be possible Reavor hideouts, listening in on corner drug deals, questioning prostitutes—you get the idea. I was finding out a little bit, like the fact that the Reavors were in control of all of the River District, and that Bullets was their leader, which I already knew, but that he reported to a bigger boss somewhere downtown, which I didn't know. It wasn't much, and I was getting a little disappointed that I hadn't discovered more. Suddenly, just as I was about to quit for the night and go home, I heard a woman's scream from a building up the street. In a flash, I was in the air and headed for the source of the disturbance.

The building was run-down, maybe even more so than the others in the area. Gang symbols were painted everywhere—This property had obviously been marked as Reavor territory. But these symbols were slightly different. Rather than the snake coiled around a knife that was the Reavor logo I had come to know, the most common symbol painted on this building was a snake coiled around a rose. I didn't think much of it at the time, but later the significance would become obvious.

The building was three stories tall. Most of the windows had been boarded up. I stopped in front, about fifteen feet in the air, listening for any noises. I heard some shuffling sounds on the second floor, but rather than barging right in I figured that a subtle approach might be best. So I flew up to a third floor window that had a large enough gap between the boards so that I could enter. I figured that anyone inside wouldn't expect an attacker entering on the third floor—After all, not too many people can fly.

It was almost pitch black inside, though some illumination from the street lamps outside was able to find its way inside through the cracks in the boarded windows. My eyes adjusted quickly and I was able to make out most of the surroundings. I had entered a small room containing more garbage than furniture. A stained mattress lay on one side of the room, an old table on the other. The room had two doors. The first I guessed was probably the entrance to a closet, and ignored. The second was already open and led into a dark hallway, beyond.

My lightly soled boots made little noise as I carefully navigated through the empty cartons, plastic bags, cigarette stubs, broken glass and other garbage that cluttered the floor. The hallway led to

two additional rooms, similar to the one I had left behind. At the hallway's far end, through an open door, was a staircase that led down to the floor below. I stood at the top, listening for any noises.

Again, I heard the shuffling sounds, but no further screams. Still, I was sure that this was the building from which the scream had come. I cautiously moved down the staircase, not wanting to alert the building's inhabitants to my presence. The door at the bottom was closed. I could guess that on the other side was another hallway, leading to more rooms. Slowly, I turned the rusty old knob and cracked the door. Peering through, I could see the boarded up windows of the second floor, but nothing more. I opened the door a bit more, enough so that I could slide through, and winced when it creaked loudly.

To my mild surprise, the entire second floor was a single, large room. Small gaps in the wood floor indicated the past locations of walls, long since torn down. I could make out the silhouettes of various piles of rubbish in the shadows, here and there, but little else. The boards on the windows of this room were more tightly fitted—Little light from the street lamps outside made it through the cracks.

On the far side of the room, in the opposite corner, I could make out the faint outline of a door. Probably leads to another stairwell, I thought. Cautiously, I edged my way towards it, carefully avoiding the piles of garbage and cracks in the floor. I was doing good—Other than the creak of the door through which I had just entered, I had made no noise and was sure that my presence was still unknown.

But I was wrong. Suddenly, just as I reached the center of the large room, an enormous bank of lights mounted on the back wall came to life. I screamed in pain as the bright lights flooded my senses. My eyes, adjusted to the previous darkness of the room, were assaulted violently by the light. With my hands over my eyes, and my mind throbbing in pain, I slumped to my knees, confused and stunned.

"Get her!" a female voice shouted from behind me.

I could hear the footsteps of at least ten people as they quickly approached me. From the sounds of their voices I knew that most, if not all, were female. I tried in vain to open my eyes and see my attackers, but it was still useless to try. I felt a heavy rope net being dropped over me. One of my unseen attackers struck me across the face with her boot, dropping me onto my side. Others quickly bound me in the net, rolling me like a log over and over until I was solidly enmeshed within its coils. They left me lying there, now on my back, and proceeded the kick and punch the hell out of me.

I knew, now, that it had all been a trap. This group, the female arm of the Reavors, no doubt, had spotted me flying through their territory and had baited me into this building, specially designed to handle would-be invaders. Their laughter indicated that their scheme had come off exactly as planned.

"This must be that superhero that Bullets was talking about. She don't look so tough, now, does she?"

"Man, Bullets is going to be pissed that we wasted his whore!"

"C'mon, super-bitch! Don't you have nothing?"

They continued to punch and kick at my bound form. Some of the blows hurt a little, but not that much. I'm tough, and the heavy netting in which I was bound actually served to absorb some of the force of the impacts. And my eyes were quickly recovering. I knew that I could still win this fight.

One of my attackers, a big, fat, devious looking black woman with a shaved head, who appeared to be the leader of the rabble, wound up and gave me a viscous kick to the right side of my head. The sound of the impact of her steel-toed boot reverberated through the room.

"C'mon, bitch! Let me hear you scream!" she yelled down at me.

I wasn't about to give her the satisfaction. Though the blow hurt, it also served to shake me out of my haze. Oh, don't get me wrong. I screamed. But it was a scream of anger, not pain.

My left arm was bound at my side, but my right arm was angled upward, my hand near my shoulder, and it had some wiggle room. Letting go with another scream, I used every bit of my strength in that arm to rip away a large chunk of the netting. This freed my left arm and I began using it as well. I was sure that my strength would make short work of the coils.

The Reavors stepped back, amazed at the sight of a slender young white woman ferociously tearing her way out of their net. Almost as one, they looked to their fat leader for a decision. Fight or run?

Without hesitation or fear, Boss Woman ordered an attack. But I was up on my knees, struggling with the last of the net. As the first female banger brought up a boot to kick me, I blocked it with my right

arm and countered by cracking her in the knee with my left fist. She cried out in pain and dropped to the floor in front of me.

A second banger attacked me from behind, standing above me and wrapping her right forearm around my throat to choke me. It was a pretty good hold, I have to admit, and as my legs were still partially bound by the net I didn't have an immediate counter. Two more bangers swept in from the sides and latched onto my arms, trying to restrain me. They weren't able to, for long. Flinging off one, then the other, I threw them towards their girlfriends and bought some time. I wanted to shake off the one that was choking me from behind, so in a single movement I used my right hand to pull her forearm away from my throat while my left elbow cracked into her ribs. The banger yelped in pain, but I wasn't done. Bringing my right hand up and over my shoulder, I grabbed her by the hair and flung her violently over and out in front of me. A cloud of dust billowed off the floor as she landed, and I knew one less banger was left in the fight.

The Boss Woman screamed in rage and ordered her subordinates to finish me off. Two came in as a tag team, but I was on my feet, now, and ready for them. I blocked a wild punch from the first and responded with a chop to her throat. She went down in a pile. The second drove a fist into my kidney, and I grabbed her by her belt with my left hand, lifted her up over my head, and piledrived her into the floor at my feet, next to the girl with the broken kneecap.

Another banger let out a war cry and attacked me from behind, leaping onto my back. She pulled at my hair with her left hand and struck at my face with her right. This annoyed me. Using both hands, I reached up and over my own shoulders to grasp onto hers. With an effortless tug I brought her over my left shoulder, held her there for a moment, then body slammed her to the floor. She groaned loudly and I could see her eyes roll into the back of her head. This sight, and the sight of the other four women laying at my feet moaning in pain, reminded me that these were not super-powered villains I was fighting. They were just normal, albeit evil, women. I was embarrassed that I had used so much force, as I don't like to hurt people. I would have to hold back a little, I decided.

But so far, things had gone well. I had turned the tables on the Reavors' ambush. Five of the ten gang bangers were beaten, though the one I had chopped in the throat seemed to have some fight left in her. The leader was still frothing at the mouth, but her remaining pals seemed less enthusiastic about joining the fray. I figured that once I finished them off, which shouldn't take too long, they would become a good source of information. I still needed to know more about Bullets and the Reavors.

My legs were still partially bound in the netting, so I decided to remedy the situation. Momentarily taking my eyes off the remaining Reavors, I reached down to rip the netting loose. It was a mistake, I suppose, because no sooner had I looked away than four of the bangers attacked. They gang tackled me, taking me to the floor and falling on top of me. I was on my back. Two clutched frantically at my arms, trying to restrain me, while a third sat on my chest and wrapped her meaty hands around my throat to choke me. She was doing a pretty good job of it, too, as I was getting no air.

"Now you going to die, skank!" she said through clenched teeth.

I had lost sight of the fourth attacker, but I could feel her wrapping something around my calves, reinforcing the netting that still bound my legs. I didn't know what it was, but it felt stronger than rope—maybe cable of some kind. Whatever it was, it soon held my legs tightly constrained together, without leverage or hope of breaking free.

The situation was unacceptable. With a grunt of effort, I ignored the weight of the three women holding me down and rolled onto my left side, pulling my right arm over with me. The banger clutching at the arm was forced to let go. Her mistake. Using the freed arm, I slapped the girl on top of me across the side of her head, knocking her to my left and causing her to release the choke hold. I then snapped my elbow back to the right, catching the banger there in the chest. I heard a crack as her sternum fractured—so much for holding back, I thought.

The woman that had bound my legs was now holding on to them, my feet slung under her left arm. I would deal with her later, I decided. The two bangers to my left, one of which still grappled my left arm, were tangled up with each other, but within striking distance. Using my right hand, I reached out and grabbed onto the back of the choker's left shoulder. I pulled back hard and flung her across the room. She impacted hard against the wall and didn't move.

The move left me again lying flat on my back. My left arm was still pinned, and my legs held. In an instinctive move, wild and not well conceived, I shifted again onto my left side and used my free arm to lash out with a hammer strike at the banger holding my left arm. Sensing what was coming, she dodged away, and I ended up hitting the floor with the crunching blow. I wasn't concerned about the miss. The important thing was that both my arms were now free. I would shake off the attacker holding my legs, then think about how I could escape the binds on my legs.

But things don't always work out the way you think they should. The dilapidated wooden floor had already taken a beating from the body slams, piledrivers, and all, and my smashing hammer strike was simply the last straw on the camel's back. With an enormous and agonizing groan the floor began to give way. All of us, Reavors and superheroine alike, remained motionless for a long second, looking at each other like children that had been caught doing something wrong, afraid that if we moved even the slightest the world would come crashing down.

And it did. With a final crack of snapping beams, the old floor gave way and sent us crashing onto the hard cement floor of the first level. The sound was deafening, and dust flew everywhere. I landed on my back, the wind knocked out of me. I pulled myself to my knees, dazed but not seriously hurt. My legs were still bound, of course, but the banger that had been holding them was now lying in a pile of rubble, out of the fight. That left just three, by my count—The one that had been holding my arm, the one I earlier chopped in the throat, and the Boss Woman.

Unfortunately, the Boss Woman and her girlfriends had been on their feet when the floor gave way, landed a lot softer, and were quicker to recover than I. Working as a well trained team, the two subordinates quickly grabbed me by my shoulders, picked me up, and threw me across a fallen beam that hung about three feet off the ground. They leaned against my sides, doing a pretty good job of holding me down, my stomach across the beam. With my legs bound and dangling off the ground, I just couldn't seem to find any leverage. Worse, the crash had knocked the wind out of me and now I was literally choking on the dust in the air. I wasn't really worried, though. There were only three Reavors remaining. All I needed was a moment to recover and then I would finish them off and work my way out of the leg binds.

Boss Woman didn't intend to give me a moment, though. Standing behind me, she pulled the material of my costume away from my crotch, exposing my ass. From a pocket in her jacket she withdrew a six inch long, half inch wide, ceramic object. I gasped in surprise and protest as she inserted the tip of the object into my anus. I clenched my muscles to prevent penetration, but the object was well lubricated and it inserted easily to its full length.

"Aaaagh!" I cried out. "What are you doing?"

She laughed in response. "We'll see how well you fight with a couple of these enema sticks in you!"

With the stick fully inserted, Boss Woman turned a tiny knob on the end that was still visible. Tiny stubs extended out from the ceramic instrument, preventing its removal.

"Aaaaagh! I cried out again. The enema stick was causing me pain, but it was also arousing me. I could feel the *Sartak* coming upon me. Boss Woman had inserted the stick to slow me down, to make me less agile and easier to defeat, but at the same time had unknowingly hit upon my greatest weakness. The *Sartak* effects all female Program-X agents, causing us to fall into a sort of system shock when we encounter sensual stimulation. Provided we receive enough stimulation, we can even be killed by this type of attack.

But I knew that the *Sartak* would not come over me instantly. I still had time. But I would have to do something quickly. Boss Woman was not making things any easier on me. I felt the tip of a second enema stick enter my enflamed anus. "No!", I cried. "Stop! Please stop!"

But Boss woman just laughed as she inserted the second stick. It slid in almost as easily as the first. Again, she turned the knob on its end, securing it in place. "OK, girls, let her up."

The bangers released their holds on my shoulders and flung me backward off the beam. I landed with a thud, more dust billowing up around my fallen form. I knew I was in trouble. My arms were free and I was still strong, but my legs were tightly bound, and I had two enema sticks in me. Every time I moved, the sticks sent waves of pain/pleasure through my body. Even now, the early stages of the *Sartak*

were coming over me—My legs felt distant and numb. My arms seemed slow and clumsy. It was an effort to focus on anything but the ceramic sticks that were inside me.

Still, I was determined to win this fight. Being indoors had rendered my power of flight almost useless to this point, but now, with the second floor collapsed, I had a much greater degree of freedom. Looking up at Boss Woman and glaring, I said, “It isn’t over, yet!”

Mustering my faculties, I flew straight up into the air. Before the Reavors could react, I was above them, out of reach. While airborne I didn’t really need the use of my legs—I now had the advantage. I zoomed around the room, doing a complete circle, looking for my opening. When I didn’t see it, I made my own, rushing forward and grabbing up the two subordinate bangers, one in each arm. The Boss Woman could only watch as I flung them, one at a time, through the boarded windows of the first floor and sent them crashing into the street beyond. One recovered from her spill and got to her feet. She was smart, though, and ran away. The other one lay in a heap, unmoving.

The Boss Woman was enraged. Despite my display of power, she rushed in and grabbed onto my bound legs. She was heavy and strong, and with a tug she sent me toppling to the floor. Before I could react she leapt and fell with her full weight on top of me. Her right hand groped at my ass, moving the enema sticks and causing me to gasp in pain and pleasure. I moaned loudly, the *Sartak* threatening to overcome me. In my mind, all I could feel were the sticks in my ass. My legs were gone. My arms were gone. I was finished.

“Nooooo!” I cried. With a final effort that I was almost sure would be futile I heaved her mass off of my prone body. I knew I had to follow up with something quickly, as the Boss Woman had no doubt guessed my weakness by now. I pulled myself to my knees, wobbly and weak, knowing that to try to stand would be hopeless. The sticks burned within me. I could feel the beginnings of a massive orgasm growing inside my now aching pussy. I knew that if the Boss Woman’s fingers were to brush against my swollen clitoris even once, I might be finished.

Boss Woman was back on her feet, a couple of yards away, looking down on me. She seemed to sense the trouble I was in. “It’s just you and me now, super-babe.” She pulled yet another enema stick from her pocket, rolling it between her fingers. “I’ve got one more of these bad boys, and I plan on introducing you to it!”

She leapt at me and again landed on top of me. We struggled, each of us having a grip on one of the others arms. I was stronger than she was, but with each movement of our bodies the sticks inside me worked their magic further. I moaned loudly and involuntarily. Boss Woman laughed in delight.

“These things really have an effect on you, huh bitch? I figure this last one should finish you, but good!”

I was close to the end. The orgasm that had been building inside me was close to a climax. Juices dripped from my pussy and sprinkled the floor beneath me. Boss Woman waved the last enema stick in front of my face. I had a grip on her wrist, but I wasn’t sure how much longer I could maintain it. If I let go, I was sure that the enema stick would soon find its way to my already aching ass. I knew I couldn’t take another.

With her left hand, Boss Woman pinned my right wrist to the floor, above my head. Her full weight was on me and I was weakening fast. She brought her right knee up to my crotch area, hoping to use it to further agitate my wet pussy. I knew that if she were able to do it, my orgasm would explode and I would be finished. But my legs were still bound tightly together, and her knee was denied entry between my thighs. Knowing I had to do something, to somehow save myself, I gathered whatever little bit of strength I had left and rolled her over so that I was now on top. Taking a risk, I released my grip on her arm and made a grab for the enema stick in her hand. Luck was on my side and I was able to rip it from her grasp. I flung it across the room and then brought my fist crashing down on her chest.

Boss Woman gasped in pain and clutched at her chest, the victim of a crushing heart punch. For several seconds her heart beat irregularly, before finally regaining its normal pace. I knew from experience that it was an extremely painful injury, though a temporary one. I again pulled myself to my knees, praying that I could hold off the orgasm that was so close to climaxing inside of me.

Boss Woman lay in front of me, the fight gone out of her. Not wanting her to know how close I myself was to defeat, I grabbed her with both hands by her neck and yanked her fat body up to eye level with me. My show of strength apparently did the trick, as she seemed more than ready to talk.

"All right, all right! No need to get rough. You win!"

"I want to know about the Reavors. How many of you are there?"

"Twenty-two, more or less. Before tonight, that is. You wiped out some of us."

I followed her gaze to the piles of broken bodies and moaning Reavors that littered the cement floor. I had done some damage.

"And how many men? How many men are there?" I shook her a bit for added effect.

"I don't know. Dozens, I guess. Maybe fifty. Yea, fifty."

"Where do they hole up?"

"Over on Clark Street, near the intersection of Blake. The big crack house. That's where they are. But I wouldn't go there, super-babe. They'll fuck you up good, just like last time."

"The name is Ms. Marvelous, and you just worry about yourself. I'll take care of the Reavors, just like I took care of you."

I dropped her to the floor like a stone, but not before warning her to get out of Dark Water. There were going to be big changes, I assured her, and no room for her and her girls. But for now, it was me that wanted to get out of there. With my legs still bound, I took to the air, flying out of the building and to a more private location where I worked my way out of the cable and found a way to get the wretched enema sticks out of me. It wasn't that hard, really. Once I found the little knob on the end of each stick and figured out which direction to turn it, the little stubs retracted and the stick slid easily out of me.

The battle had severely weakened me. Though I now knew where Bullets and the Reavors could be found, I figured I had better take a day or two to rest up before taking them on. I knew my strength would come back quickly, but I didn't know if I could beat them.