

Power of Blue

By Shadar, with contextual edits by Brantley

Varig, an Enlightenment world, Galactic Year 1055-1

Valdemar Laffert's hands were shaking as he fumbled with the large padlock that secured the ancient freight elevator. Halle was standing behind him.

She was very short, her skin freckled and pale, her shoulder-length hair a dishwater blonde. She was also very young – about his daughter's age, her figure more boyish than womanly, and so slender she bordered on anorexic. She looked like a girl who the flush of womanhood had passed by. Her only remarkable feature was her luminous, pale blue eyes.

She didn't look like the kind of woman who Valdemar would bring to a gathering of his friends, for he was a member of the elite Special Branch. He and his fellow cops were universally tall, extremely muscular and unnaturally strong. Their job was to round up the rogue Arion Betans, an occupation that appealed to Varigian women – they'd heard enough horror stories of the Arions and their brutal rapes to appreciate the men who kept them at bay. The women at the gathering were universally tall, beautiful and built, most of them fair-haired -- the exact women the Arions would prey upon if they could.

What Halle was, was Velorian. And that made all the difference to Valdemar.

He'd secretly been seeing her for nearly two months now. It started with lunch, then progressed to movies, dinner and finally drinks after midnight. They talked about their two worlds, and about their dreams. All dreams but one. The one that lived in Valdemar's heart of hearts. His daughter was grown and moved on, his wife had died – and in his line of work, there weren't many chances for forming relationships.

He hadn't figured he had much chance of forming one with Halle, either, even after the way they'd met. Although this was an Enlightenment world, relations were cool with Velor just now. Any day now, they'd be sending the Protector and the Gatekeepers back. Any day. But Halle wasn't a Protector, far from it. She had a problem with that, even if he didn't.

As he looked at her again now, he thought back.



Tonight was a special occasion. It was his birthday, and he'd brought Halle to a gathering of his friends and co-workers. They'd all been too busy lately to socialize, much in recent years, especially after the recent collapse of two Arion worlds in their sector sent a wave of chaos across a half dozen Enlightenment worlds.

Varig had been closest to the dark world of Antimony, so the fugitive Arions had arrived here first. Fortunately, they were just gangs of brigands, fighting each other for the spoils of a rich world. No doubt the powers-that-be on Velor welcomed the cracks that seemed to be developing in the Empire, but that didn't count for much here – the High Council having decided to “borrow” the planet's own Protector for the Binkley's World operation at the worst possible time.

The Betan raiders had gotten past the Gatekeepers and spread out from there. The Varigian police and military had taken heavy losses in the beginning. Then the Ministry

of War had made a stock of what it called GenEnhance drugs available. They formed two strike teams within the military and then the Special Branch. The drugs greatly enhanced muscular development and resistance to injury. According to the medical officers who administered them, they were highly advanced synthetic steroids, but without the health downsides of older steroidal drugs.

Whatever they were, they worked like magic. Valdemar and his coworkers had hit the gym for the last year, and now they had the massive, lean muscular that every bodybuilder dreamed of having, along with the flexibility and quick reflexes of a cat. Valdemar himself had added more than a hundred pounds of rock-hard muscle, and had dropped most of his body fat in the process. He was lean and cut and incredibly strong.

Most importantly, Special Branch people had proven that they could better subdue the powerful and tough Betans. Not one-on-one perhaps, for an Arion Betan had a dozen times human strength; but the gap between human and Betan abilities had narrowed greatly. Valdemar and one of his men had recently duked it out with an unarmed Betan, and the overconfident Betan was now rotting away in a reinforced jail cell.

* * *

Valdemar nervously watched the way people looked at Halle, and then at him. His coworkers knew she was Velorian, after all, there had been that incident at his gym, but he'd sworn them all to secrecy. No one else suspected she was anything but a sweet, young thing, for she didn't look or act like a haughty and proud Velorian. Instead, his friends and their wives were reacting to her age. Or the lack of it. The wives and some of the other men's girlfriends just glared at him, silently accusing him of robbing the cradle.

Despite the awkward start, the company at dinner was jovial and the food good. His fellow cops gathered around Halle, trying to make her comfortable, all of secretly fascinated by her Velorian background. The only other Supremis they'd met were Arions intent on mayhem and rape.

Valdemar's friends from outside work, not to mention his bosses and their wives, seemed mystified by the obvious attraction between Halle and the men. She looked like a tiny waif surrounded by the largest men who had ever lived. Gentle trolls and their elf maiden, or so one wife whispered to her friend.

Later, after management and Valdemar's friends and their wives had left, he and his work buddies escaped to the *Blue Moon*, a cop's bar over on the eastside. Their girlfriends came along, and were reinforced by a few of the lovelies who hung out in the bar. Special Branch men didn't drink alone. Or sleep alone, for that matter.

Far from making Halle feel more comfortable, the sophisticated and sexy older women made her feel like the child. Fortunately, the women tuned out and talked among themselves after the men started to talk shop. In contrast, Halle tuned in to the cop talk. She was fascinated by the men's stories of battling the Arions. She'd seen enough of the combat reports and dispatches from Protectors to know how dangerous such encounters were.

Things got even more interesting when the talk switched to Valdemar's collection of spacecraft memorabilia -- something Halle knew a great deal about. She'd been taking correspondence course in Propulsion Design in her spare time, hoping to win an engineering slot in one of the Velorian universities. She was going to have to return to Velor someday, and she needed an education if she was going to make a decent living.

Valdemar had a large collection of instruments, engine parts and controls, all salvaged from the damaged Arion ships that had made it to Varig. Unfortunately, it was all old technology. The same stuff Halle was reading about in her course material.

At least, it had been until tonight. He lowered his voice conspiratorially and started to describe his latest acquisition: a *luft*. Nobody knew where the lufts came from. They weren't something Varig could produce.

Halle's eyes opened wide as she heard the term. She'd read an intelligence briefing in the Ambassador's inbox about those personal anti-grav devices. The men stared at her in amazement as she described how they were small enough to be held internally by a female. The powerful flight units reacted to pressure being applied to various parts of its exterior, which then directed its force-vectors accordingly. She described how a female Prime could be trained to exert precise control over her vaginal muscles, with the result being that the best of them could fly with nearly Velorian capability. Most significantly, the *luft* was powered by orgone energy, which ensured that a Primal femme could fly and fight for many hours without having to recharge it. The owner's body and her vast store of orgone was power source.

A couple of the other women tuned in long enough to hear that, and an exotic redhead who hung out in the *Moon* tried to turn that into commerce by whispering a few suggestive ideas to the man closest to her. Something about how she could make him fly if he wanted. The sex trade was clearly alive and well on Varig, even in a cops' bar.

Halle blushed in embarrassment as she overheard the frank proposal, which only made her feel more like a girl.

Valdemar saw the look on her face, and came to her rescue. He drew everyone's attention back to him by vividly describing how he'd spent a small fortune buying the *luft* from a Scalantran merchant. Halle joined back in, and described what she'd read about the Primal women who used them. They were called *Aeries*, a name lifted from the now extinct Tset'lar organization. The Arions reputedly had a training program on a gold-free Arion moon in the Naxian system.

The men, of course, started joking around at that thought, especially as they envisioned the scenes at the Arion training facility. Halle added fuel to that fire when she claimed that the Intel she'd read had come from a *Luft* technician who'd been captured. That kicked off a riotous discussion. Everyone had their own vision of the joys and challenges of being *Luft* technician.

"It's so fucking Supremis-like for the Arions to develop an artificial flight organ designed to live in a Prime's cunt," one of the younger men said loudly. He'd clearly passed the limit of polite intoxication. Encouraged by the nods and "No shit's" he got

back, he blurted out, "Hey, I wonder where the male version goes? Up their god-damned ass?"

That thought effectively ended that discussion, along with any fantasies the men had about becoming *Luft* technicians.

Halle just smiled, enjoying Valdemar's coworkers and their boisterous drinking and loud discussions. She was also more than intrigued by his ill-begotten *Luft*, especially after Valdemar claimed it was still operational, sans a source of orgone.

They were heading out the door after saying their goodbyes an hour later when Halle took his hand in hers and pulled him to a stop. "Any chance I could come by and check out that *Luft*? I've read so much about them in the Ambassador's correspondence."

"Sure," Valdemar smiled happily. He'd invited her to his apartment several times, but Halle wasn't like the other women he'd dated. She dressed conservatively, downplaying her sexiness as best a Velorian could, and always declined any opportunity to be truly alone with Valdemar. She emphatically claimed they were *froyl'an*, a Velorian term that was considered derogatory back home. Velorians used it to describe friends who didn't intend to become lovers. A very strange concept in their sexually liberated society.

Now, after all his attempts to find an excuse to get her into his apartment, Halle was the one who was asking him to come over. He smiled -- there was no use trying to predict what a Velorian would do. Not even Halle.

He handed her the keys to his ground car -- he was feeling more than a little tipsy now that he was standing up -- and she drove, following his hand-waving directions through the twisting turns and unmarked streets into an industrial section of the city. It was a miracle that she didn't hit anyone, for she'd never driven a motor vehicle before. She was used to flitters, and she'd been able to fly on her own since she'd left the golden world.

She finally parked the car crookedly in front of the darkened building that Valdemar said was his home, only to nudge it into place with her knee after they got out. Valdemar led the way into a small, dark alley. It was the kind of place that no sane human would go after dark.

A hundred feet in, the alleyway opened into an alcove that was filled with bushes and trees. It looked completely out of place among the gray, industrial buildings.

Halle walked around the alcove admiring the various plants and flowers as Valdemar tried to open the huge padlock that secured the door to his elevator. Smiling, she realized that her instincts had been right -- Valdemar wasn't just a muscle-bound brute like his fellow cops. He had a sensitive side.

Behind her, Valdemar punched a hole in that image when he growled in frustration. "Shit. Those damned kids did it again."

"Did what?" Halle asked as she walked back to stand behind him.

"They jammed the damn keyhole full of glue."

"Can I help?"

Valdemar smiled as he turned to look at the slender blonde. Even wearing heels, her eyes were many inches below his. Her pale blonde hair glowed in the moonlight, and her lipstick was a bit too red, the combination making her look like a girl trying to be a woman.

It was just the way she'd looked a half second before he was about to die.

* * *

That moment had been four months ago. He was closing in on a group of desperate criminals when one of the gunmen had unexpectedly stepped out of the shadows holding a very illegal L7. Those weapons sprayed hyper-velocity bullets that were designed to take down Betans and cause disabling pain for even a Prime – they were razor-sharp and left the muzzle at nearly 5,000 meters per second. Made of titanium carbide with a tip of synthetic diamond, a burst from an L7 could stitch an armored car so full of holes that you could see daylight through both sides of the two-inch thick armor.

Valdemar saw the flash of flame from the end of the muzzle and knew he was dead. Yet instead of dying, his vision was suddenly blocked by a cloud of blonde hair. Instinctively diving to the side as the ripping-cloth roar of the fifty-round per second action echoed down the alleyway, he aimed and fired a single shot from his L9 at the gunman. The heavier round penetrated the man's body armor and then his heart before exiting to bore through the brick wall behind him to keep going. The man looked down at himself in shock as a stream of arterial blood shot a foot outward from his chest. The diamond-tipped L9 round was intended for killing Arions, and it punched very precise holes through mere humans.

Turning back, Valdemar saw a young blonde standing where he had been moments before. She was short, a few inches over five feet, with the shredded remains of her clothing filling the air around her. Unfortunately, a single glance was all Valdemar got of her before she leaped off the ground and disappeared into the night sky.

He began to search for his savior, starting of course at the Velorian Embassy, the only place such a woman could have lived and worked on his world. The embassy staff, most of them local Varigians under contract to the Velorians, were polite but firm. They were glad that one of the Embassy staff had saved his life, but they weren't going to release any names, much less the pictures, of any of the Velorian staff.

Finding the front door closed, Valdemar went through the back door. The Assistant Security Chief at the embassy was his boss's brother in law, and after calling in a favor, the man handed over a dossier which contained pictures, names and brief descriptions of the half-dozen Velorian femmes who were assigned to the embassy.

He struck gold on the last page. Her name was Halle Burns and she was the Ambassador's Administrative Assistant. A junior Diplomatic Services employee according to the dossier, but well regarded based on her performance reviews. She was also a Brava, which put her very low on the Velorian totem pole.

But still, she was his savior.

The problem now was figuring out how to meet her again. It took him a while, but he finally managed to wrangle an invitation to a security briefing at the Embassy. Once inside, he slipped away from the meeting room on the pretext of finding a restroom, and once around the corner, he bolted up the stairs toward the Ambassador's office.

* * *

Halle Bur'nos seemed genuinely surprised when the giant of a man walked into her office, and she even blushed when he opened his briefcase and handed her a huge bouquet of flowers. Kneeling in front of her desk, he thanked her profusely for saving his life.

The other four women in the office, all of them Varigian employees, stopped to stare at the blushing Velorian who they'd named the Ice Maiden. Despite her young age, Halle was infamous for running a tight ship. Being the Ambassador's Assistant was serious business in her book.

The Varigians took advantage of the remarkable moment to gather around the two of them. Valdemar sat on Halle's desk and joked about his near death experience and her remarkable rescue. The way he told it made Halle sound like a Protector.

She of course denied it, and tried to shoo him away.

Valdemar refused to leave until she at least agreed to let him buy her lunch.

She sighed and finally agreed, rationalizing that it was the only way she could get him out of her office so her staff could get back to work.

* * *

Surprisingly, she showed up at Anthony's at exact noon. Even more surprisingly, she seemed to enjoy having lunch with him. Valdemar, like a lot of experienced cops, had a wickedly dry sense of humor and a never-ending supply of stories. Something they quickly discovered they had in common, despite the gulf in their ages.

In fact, they both enjoyed lunch so much that they did it again the next week. And then twice a week. Soon, lunch together had become part of their daily routines.

Valdemar enjoyed the fact that Halle's personality was completely different from what he thought he knew about Velorians. She didn't even look like a Vel, other than having the characteristic straight blonde hair and those too-bright blue eyes. But she didn't have the flawless permatan skin or fantastic physique and height of a typical Vel. When she wore sunglasses, she could easily pass for human.

He also appreciated the casual way she dressed: jeans and sweaters mostly, her outfits cut in typical Varigian style. The Embassy was a casual workplace place. Also high-heeled boots, as she was very short. And while she wasn't a beauty by Supremis standards, he'd seen the mind-bogglingly striking pictures in the dossier, or even by Varigian standards, but he was fascinated by her nonetheless.

Her only flaw was her young age. Or rather, his flaw in being older.

He rationalized that difference away by telling himself that he wasn't dating her. They were just having lunch.

He continued to tell himself that when their lunches moved on to movies. Then to long walks through the parks. They told each other that they weren't dating, but they both knew otherwise.

They eventually found a cozy and discreet restaurant that wasn't frequented by his buddies or friends. Sitting in the dim light at the back of the restaurant, they ate Italian food and drank more wine than they should have as they talked. Halle seemed truly interested in the details of his work. He, in turn, tried to get her to talk about herself.

She volunteered very little at the beginning, claiming that nothing about her life was remotely interesting.

He just stared at her, and laughed. She was an alien, he said. A Velorian. That made her the most interesting woman on the planet. That he knew, at any rate.

She didn't agree, and tried to downplay her racial background. She said she like to dance or go out much. She certainly didn't date or even hang around with any of the other Vels.

All of which was fine with Valdemar, for he was more comfortable in shadows himself. Before joining Special Branch, he'd wanted to become a detective, and disappearing in shadows was what that was all about. Now of course, what with his 250 pounds of muscle and 6'2" height, it would take a very big shadow to hide him.

Halle, for her part, was insatiably curious about what it was like to be human – in particular, what it was like being a cop, protecting people from those men who would prey upon them. Facing mortal danger, including those dangerous Betans, with only a human's muscle, his wits and a gun to protect himself.

Valdemar tried to explain it, but couldn't help but reveal the frustrations he felt around his job. How he and his buddies had risked their lives to bring criminals to justice, only to see half of them back on the street after they'd won their case in court or served the minimum sentences prescribed by the liberal Varigian justice system. Fighting the Arions was more dangerous but more satisfying work. If they captured one of them, they didn't get back on the street.

She said that his sense of selfless bravery, as she described it, both intrigued and puzzled her at the same time.

Valdemar tried to explain it further. How he liked living on the edge, filled with the rush of adrenaline. Risk was its own reward. It's what made him feel alive. That and the satisfaction of taking a violent man off the streets, if only for a little while. He was addicted to the thrill of police work, just like the best cops everywhere else in the universe. He tried to liken his new job to that of a Protector, presuming she'd understand that.

She just frowned, claiming she didn't really like Protectors. When he asked about that amazing claim, she was Velorian after all, she finally opened up and started telling

him about life back home. She started with describing the routine nature of most jobs for women with her education and class. She talked about the mundane lives women such as her lived in such a patriarchal society. Children, household, a job if money was tight, but rarely a career.

She also described what it had been like growing up as the only B-class in a school full of P1's. Her parents had been teachers assigned to one of the finishing schools that prepared P1's for their future roles as Protectors. Given the isolation of the school, high in the Empress Mountains, she'd been the only teenager within a hundred kilometers who wasn't a P1.

Standing barely 5'3" around an entire school full of girls who were all above the prescribed 5'10" minimum height for a P1, many of the girls over six feet, she'd felt short and unattractive. It hadn't helped that her IQ was in the low 120's, about average for Velor, while every P1 in her school was at least twenty points higher. The High Council had been working for the last few decades to modify the Maternity Engine to ensure that this latest generation of P1's were not only stronger, but were smarter as well.

That combination of traits, unfortunately, had turned into arrogance, especially after the government drummed into the head of every P1 that they were different. Better. That their pledge of lifelong sacrifice gave them special privileges.

It was all part of the campaign to convince these girls to pledge their lives, and often give them up, in the battle for survival of free humanity. Half of all Protectors died before they were forty. The school administrators were constantly playing video clips about the glory of being the defenders of the Enlightenment, and with that burden came the special rights of being closest to the Galen in abilities and appearance.

It was all enough to make Halle sick to her stomach. A distaste she didn't hide very well.

The result was that all of the girls at school looked down on Halle, although a few tried to be nice to her. Unfortunately, their efforts were offset by a dreadful handful who constantly made fun of her lesser birthright. They made her life a living hell. So much so that when she played the obligatory Scrumbles games, they'd turned Halle into the ball, with her stronger classmates passing and kicking her from one end of the field to the other, fighting over her, tugging and pulling on her arms and legs and hair as the two teams tried to score points by jamming her between their respective goal posts. Only her native invulnerability had saved her from their athletic mayhem.

She'd escaped from that life as soon as she passed her O-levels, and instead of going off for military training like everyone else in her class, or to college, she'd taken an entry-level job with the Diplomatic Corps. Now she was living on Varig, empowered as all Vels are when outside a gold field, and reasonably happy with her job. Importantly, due to a sudden vacancy, she'd been promoted at a very young age to the important role of Ambassador's Administrative Assistant.

Halle ended her long revelation, and looked across the table to see her reflection in Valdemar's eyes. Strangely, instead of feeling short, unattractive and dull when she was

with him, she saw a completely different image of herself reflected in his eyes. Amazingly, Valdemar thought she was completely intriguing.

In turn, she found she was enjoying the way he made her laugh. She also enjoyed the local Varigian culture, and especially the food. Varigian restaurants, not to mention the hawker food, served in small stalls along nearly every street, was reputedly the best in the universe.

She found that her times with Valdemar were becoming the most pleasurable of her life.

* * *

Weeks passed, and one day Valdemar called her up and invited her to his gym. He described how he had to spend at least two hours a day working out or his hard-earned muscles would turn to fat in a month. Given all the time they were spending together, his gym time was becoming precious, and he was hoping they could share some of their time there as well.

It sounded like a bad idea, but she reluctantly agreed. He was her friend, after all.

As soon as she entered the gym, she knew it was a big mistake. Everyone in the gym was a GenEnhanced cop like Valdemar, and some of the women were nearly as big as the men. They were all working with weights that would have crushed the strongest of ordinary men.

In sharp contrast, Halle was short and as thin as a model. And as always, her young age caught people's eyes.

Valdemar just winked at her, telling her to ignore the looks. He knew that most of the men didn't hold it against him. His wife had died three years ago, and they'd told him it was about time he found a girlfriend. So what if Halle was half his age. He was going through an adjustment. A phase. It was cool.

Halle sat down beside the bench where Valdemar started to work out, shocked by the overblown physiques that surrounded her. While Valdemar was enormously muscular, almost freakily so, it hadn't occurred to her at that point that his entire unit looked the same way. She stared in amazement as he worked out, watching him benching more than 500 kilos for reps. And those muscles... she'd never seen a man who was built as powerfully and leanly as Valdemar. The pictures she'd seen of Primal men couldn't match the muscular look of these humans.

She felt herself growing warmer and warmer as she watched Valdemar's huge muscles working, pumping up larger than ever, the sweat running off his body. He was so beautiful. She kept moving closer to him, finding his manly smell was exciting. Encouraged, he tried to push himself a little too hard, and she saw him suddenly wince in pain as he did a second round of bench presses. The 500 kilo bar started to tilt, and without thinking, she reached out and grabbed it from his hands.

Everyone in the gym froze as she casually stood there, holding the huge bar in one hand, her body so small that she looked ridiculous.

“Your girlfriend is... a Velorian?” the man next to Valdemar gasped, saying what everyone else realized in that same instant. Kicking themselves, they realized they should have known, what with those overly bright eyes of hers. But she was so small.

“We’re just friends,” Valdemar said lamely.

Everyone dropped what they were doing to gather around Halle. She looked even tinier now, the top of her head barely coming up the men’s shoulders, the barbell she was holding standing taller than she was. Everyone started to ask questions at the same time.

Halle blushed as she tried to answer as many questions as she could, but her eyes pleaded with Valdemar to get her out of there. She couldn’t even get to the rack to set the bar down.

He tried to clear a path for her, but given that his gym mates were both cops and the premier strength athletes on the planet, they crowded in tighter. They demanded to know how strong she really was. After all, as one of them said, they’d fought enough Arion Betans to have a fine appreciation for Supremis genetics, and one of the older men boasted how he’d briefly faced a deadly Prime before a Protector flashed onto the scene, wearing her tiny red and blue uniform. She’d saved the day, much like Halle had just done.

Halle blushed at that thought, telling them that she was at the opposite end of the spectrum from a mighty Protector. She was just a Brava, and she wasn’t really all that strong.

But Olif, the gym manager, insisted. “You come into my gym, young lady, and you gotta pay the dues. One lift, that’s all I ask of anyone here.”

She looked at Valdemar, and saw him nod.

“Okay.”

The men cleared the way for her to finally set the bar down, and quickly went to work piling their largest weights onto a single massive bar, a special one made of Vendorian steel. They had to use the overhead winch to position it on the strongest part of the floor. The massively overloaded barbell looked like something out of a comic book fantasy, what with its two long rows of 150 kilo weights.

Halle looked around at the circle of huge men, then counted the disks and did the math: the bar was on the high side of twenty metric tones. She glanced back at Valdemar a final time, and he just shrugged. “Don’t blame them. They’re just curious.”

“And you aren’t?” she asked coldly

“What can it hurt...” he said lamely.

A flash of anger boiled upward, pushing back her usual reticence. “Okay, if you want a god-damned demo, then I’ll give you guys one.”

Daringly, she poured a little energy into her volatai, feeling her breasts rise slightly under her sweater as she went weightless. She tried not to blush, convinced that everyone

would be staring at her tits. Instead, the room fell totally silent as they stared downward at her high-heeled boots. Her soles were hovering a foot off the floor.

She was no longer the shortest person in the room.

The men followed behind her as she floated closer to the huge barbell, using her experience of living outside a gold field to move gracefully in flight. Once there, she kneeled down beside the bar. Reaching out to grip the huge bar with both hands, she carefully spanned the exact center of gravity. She adjusted her grip a couple of times, and then began to tense her arms.

Slowly, ever so slowly, she poured her strength into her arms, finding it was all she could do to keep from blushing as her biceps grew huge and round, far too large for her tiny frame. She'd never shown off her muscles like this before.

Fortunately, the bar started to give off some creaks and began to bend, drawing the men's eyes back to it as the middle bent upward nearly six inches. She lifted harder, and the ten tones of weight disks on either side of her began to move.

Her arms was cramping just a little as she raised the bar, and then rested it on her thighs. Her volatai were burning pleasantly beneath her breasts now, that heat mingling with the stronger glow of her orgone metabolism. Resuming her lift, she slowly and carefully straightened her legs, rising impossibly from her kneeling position while tucking the bar in against her waist. By the time her legs were straight, the orgone had suffused her body, making her feel very strong. She used that strength to slowly lift the bending bar high over her head, her back muscles flexing so smoothly.

Turning in mid-air, she rotated the huge bar around in a circle, seeing all the wide-open eyes staring back at her. Emboldened by that, she started to bend backward, using her flying power to stabilize her body. Her abs flexed into a sixpack that was visible under her tight sweater as she proved that she had the flexibility of a gymnast, finally setting the huge bar down behind her heels, her body in half. The floor shifted noticeable as she transferred the weight back to the building.

Releasing the bar, she straightened back up to brush off her hands, and everyone started to applaud and pound her on the back.

Realizing that she'd let her anger get the best of her in showing off this way, she blushed horribly and fled out the front door.

* * *

Valdemar had to run for all he was worth to catch up with her two blocks later. She was stalking down the sidewalk, heading toward the Embassy. He ran past her and turned to block her way.

She stopped inches from him, her hands on her hips. "So, did you like showing off your little Velorian girlfriend back there, Valdemar?" she demanded angrily. "That'll surely make you the ultimate alpha among all the other alpha males, huh?"

"That wasn't why I took you there, Halle. And I thought you didn't want anyone to know you were Velorian?"

“Well, that isn’t what happened, now is it?”

“Hey, I wasn’t the one who grabbed that damn weight off me. Serge was only a few meters away and he could have helped.” He shrugged. “Worst case, it would have hit the floor.”

She just glared at him angrily. “So, you didn’t answer me. Sas I good for your reputation or what? Your super girl, with the emphasis on girl.”

Valdemar swallowed hard. He’d never seen her angry before, and he was strangely amused by that. Aroused as well. “Yeah, I mean, I guess.”

“Then maybe you could say thank you.”

Valdemar grinned. “Okay. Thank you.” He glanced back toward the gym and laughed. “I’m sure the buzz back at the gym is already painting me as the biggest stud on the planet.”

“Even if you aren’t fucking me.”

Valdemar turned back to stare at her. She’d never resorted to such crude language before. “That isn’t what our friendship is about.”

She dodged around him and continued walking toward the Embassy, moving too fast for him to keep up this time. “No, it’s definitely not, now is it.”

* * *

Things went from bad to worse when Halle returned to the Embassy. She was promptly called onto the carpet in the Ambassador’s office. Embassy Security had informed the Ambassador about Halle’s little demonstration, not to mention her frequent trips outside the Embassy compound.

Halle defended herself, saying she was just trying to learn what it was like to be a cop. To understand what made humans so unique, risking their lives for such meager rewards.

What she got in return was *The Lecture*. The Ambassador was a very experienced Matra named Mary Son’lar, and she’d been the Velorian Ambassador on two previous Enlightenment worlds. She was also infamous for her policy of not allowing her staff to fraternize excessively with humans. It was too dangerous, she told Halle. She droned on, recounting every sordid affair on those two worlds, and how they’d all gone wrong. She finished with her personal philosophy. *Velorians belong with Velorians. Terrans with Terrans.*

Not very profound, Halle snickered.

The Ambassador finished by saying she didn’t want to have to explain any accidental injuries or deaths to Velor, or to the Varigians. Not ever again.

Halle nodded when the lecture was finally over, and said it was just research anyway. And they were just friends. The Ambassador relented after exacting a promise from her – she must draw the line at platonic friendship with Valdemar.

Halle crossed her fingers behind her back, and agreed.

* * *

Now they were standing in the alcove near the doorway of his apartment, the glue-filled lock blocking their way into the building.

"Do you know why I haven't come up to your apartment before tonight?" she asked.

Valdemar blinked at her unexpected question as he tried to scrape the glue from the lock. "Maybe to avoid glue filled locks?"

"Seriously."

He turned to face her. "I guess because I never asked you?"

"And why didn't you?"

He shrugged. "I guess a couple of things. You're Velorian, I'm merely human."

"After what I saw in that gym, merely does not apply to you. And that's only one thing."

"There also the matter of your age. I didn't want to presume... " he said, realizing too late how lame that must sound. He finished by blurting out, "I think you're younger than my daughter."

"And that bothers you?"

"I'm more concerned that it bothers you."

She slipped her arm around his waist, and smiled as she molded her firm body to his. "I wouldn't be standing outside your door if it did." She looked up at him and smirked. "And as far as my age goes, I will only tell you that there are certain activities we could engage in that could send you to jail for a very long time."

Valdemar blinked. The age of consent was 21 on Varig, and the penalties for older men who forgot that were severe. "That really wasn't what I was asking..." he mumbled.

"Sure it was," she interrupted gently. "But now you know. Fortunately, since I'm Velorian, I doubt anyone would prosecute you. You know what people think of us."

"Gee... pray tell?" he smiled, finding he was thoroughly enjoying where this conversation was going.

"Oh, I don't know. How about 'the best fucks in the universe'?"

Valdemar grinned, suddenly confident that he was going to enjoy the rest of the evening. "Well, I suppose there are those who would buy into such nonsense."

She punched him gently in the arm. "Hey, that's what our race was designed for. Concubines of the Gods. Which more or less makes us Goddesses of Sex."

"I thought the word was Procreator. And I'm not into deities."

“What is important, Valdemar my friend, is that we share the same birthday. Which means our fates are linked under the stars.”

“Astrology now? I didn’t think Velorians were spiritual.”

“We’re very spiritual. Just not religious. Personally, I think Skietra is God.”

“If she created Velorians, then I’m a believer too. Only a god could create such perfection.”

“Charmer. Which reminds me, I owe you a birthday present.”

“I guess you do,” Valdemar nodded. “And I would have gotten you something as well, but you didn’t give me a clue that we shared a birthday.”

“Well, sometimes its more fun to give than to receive.”

“So, where is it?”

“Right here.”

Valdemar looked around, feigning ignorance.

"I don't see a gift? Do you have it on you?"

"Yes, although technically, it's not on me," she winked at him.

His heart soared, but he quickly restrained himself.

“I’m afraid to guess.”

“No you aren’t. You’re only afraid to say it.”

“Ah, you’re going to give me a night I’ll never forget?” His pulse was pounding now.

“Try something a little more intimate than that.”

Valdemar looked at her blankly. “I don’t understand.”

“I’m going to give you my virginity, silly.”

Valdemar’s jaw dropped. Everything he’d read had said that Velorians enjoyed an active, even hedonistic sexual lifestyle, starting at a scandalously young age.

“That’s.... that’s an incredible gift. But I’m more than a little surprised that you...” he stopped as he heard his own words, and then continued. “You know, that you haven’t given it away by now.”

She laughed at the shocked look in his face. "Don't look so surprised. I told you how I grew up. Ugly ducking in a girl's school, then these off-planet diplomatic missions, forbidden to socialize with humans."

"But, what about inside the embassy? I've heard those stories..." He stopped as her smile disappeared. The Embassy parties had become legendary on Varig. Velorian sexual mores in the workplace started more or less where human ones left off.

"Let's just say that as the Ambassador's personal secretary, I am expected to be above all that." She smiled brighter as she saw the disbelief in his face. "Besides, I'm not considered attractive by Velorian standards. Nor very friendly. They call me the Ice Queen at work."

"That's insane, Halle. You're beautiful. And possible the most unaffected and warmest young woman I've ever met."

"In your eyes perhaps." She smiled demurely.

His heart nearly leaped out of his chest now, and his emotions raced so fast that he could barely think. He swallowed hard, and suddenly a very singular fear crossed his mind. "What... what if I'm not worthy... of such a gift?"

"You have been worthy since the first day we met," she smiled, hooking her right thumb in the pocket of her jeans as she smiled crookedly at him. "So why don't I open this silly lock for you so we don't have to stand out here all night."

Lost in his own dream come true, Valdemar didn't know what to say as Halle slipped past him to grip the heavy padlock.

She turned her head to look back over her shoulder at him. "This should be interesting, Valdemar. Why don't you put your hand over mine."

He walked up behind her, very conscious of her warmth as he towered over her. He wrapped his huge hand over hers, and felt the tendons on the back of her hand rising as she started to squeeze. Her small hand suddenly felt very hard. Seconds later, the hardened steel lock began to give off a muted scream.

Valdemar's heart leaped as he imagined her entire body turning to steel. As a man who had worked for so long to gain his own remarkable strength, the thought of her being stronger than even steel thrilled him to no end.

"Hold my hand as tightly as you can."

He squeezed her hand with all his strength now, realizing that his enhanced grip would have crushed the bones in an ordinary woman's hand. Yet instead of hurting Halle, he was adding a trivial hundred pounds to her tons.

He heard her take a deep breath, and then her forearm turned to steel as she gripped the lock with all her strength. She held her grip for long seconds, with the metal giving off an ear-splitting shriek, only to finally sag forward, cursing as she relaxed her grip.

"Damn it," she gasped as she pulled her hand from his, shaking the strain out. "So much for impressing you."

"You've impressed me since the first day we met."

"I mean, in the way of a Vel. We're supposed to be able to crush steel in our bare hands."

"That lock has a Vendorian casing, Halle. It's the best technology on the planet."

“Oh, great! Figures a cop would have just the thing to embarrass me.”

He looked upward. “Well, we could always climb up and force one of the upper windows.”

“Or fly. But damn it, I want to do this.”

“Ah, okay,” Valdemar shrugged as he looked over her shoulder, puzzled as she held the lock in her open hand this time. “What did you have in mind?”

“When brute strength doesn’t work,” she said slowly, concentrating on staring at the lock, “then finesse sometimes does.”

He was suddenly dazzled as the lock flared as brightly as a star burst. He staggered backward to rub the spots from his eyes. “Heat vision?” He looked at the wood just above the lock and hoped she wasn’t going to start the building on fire.

Instead, she captured the heat in her hand as she stared at the lock until it was glowing white-hot. Then she blinked her eyes closed, ending the flow of power in a dazzle of sparks. She quickly gripped the lock again, and this time the softened Vendorian casing squished around her fingers, allowing her to exert all her strength against the case-hardened steel inside, and it shattered explosively, sending broken bits of metal tinkling down to the pavement. Smiling as she turned to shake the half-molten remains from her hand, she stepped back into the elevator, silently holding out her other hand to him.

The glow from her right hand faded as Valdemar watched. “Jesus. Remind me to never, ever shake hands with you,” he said, giving her a light-hearted wink. Despite his gesture, he couldn’t help but feel intimidated by this slip of a girl. “Or try to out-stare you.” Being a cop, the mere concept of people walking around with heat vision horrified him.

She merely giggled and reached out to take his hand, and gently pulled him into the old freight elevator, pulling the counter-weighted door down behind him. Valdemar stabbed the button to begin its slow rise, and took Halle in his arms.

She rose from the floor to nearly match his height, and they kissed in the darkness for the very first time as the elevator creaked and rattled its way slowly upward. Her lips were warm and soft and inviting, tasting faintly of honey and wildflowers. He thrilled to the fresh scent of her hair as it surrounded them, her breath so sweet and fragrant with honey that a powerful tingling excitement filled his body, leaving him breathless and smiling by the time the elevator door opened.

Halle slipped lightly from his arms to float out into the center of his apartment, spinning around a foot off the floor as she tried to take it all in. Flotsam and jetsam from a dozen alien spacecraft filled every corner of the former warehouse, along with what looked like an entire engine pod down near the far end of the two hundred by hundred foot room. A small living room, complete with luxurious carpet and a couch and chairs sat like an island in the middle of the huge room, with warm lights positioned overhead. A single white wall gave it an appearance of normality. Behind the wall was a large bed, and off to the side a kitchen, all of them opening into the darkness of the warehouse. The

only room with four walls and a ceiling was the bathroom, which contained a tub large enough for two.

She floated over to the couch, and smiled at the broken heart fabric design, a gift from his sister she recalled Valdemar saying. Turning back to face him, she kicked off her high-heeled boots. Hanging like a lovely Christmas ornament in mid-air, the overhead light making her blonde hair glow and her eyes sparkle, she tugged her top loose from her waistband, revealing an incredibly flat tummy, and the bottom of a white brassiere. Clearly, the time had passed for her to downplay her racial background.

"So, would you like to unwrap your birthday present, or watch me do it?"

Valdemar smiled as he took in the perfection of her abs, only to have a funny thought tickle the back of his funny bone: why was she wearing a bra? Part of her long-practiced modesty? No Velorian needed it for support. Smiling at that misplaced thought, he saw Halle playing with the large buckle of her jeans, and realized that this modest Velorian was trying hard to be sexy. Something she was unpracticed and nervous about.

He stepped forward, putting her at ease by placing his hands over hers. "Would you permit me the honor?"

"I'd like that," she smiled, slowly floating lower until her eyes were just below the level of his.

He reached out and slowly lifted the bottom of her thin top, gently guiding his warm hands upward along her sides, thrilling to the narrowness of her waist, and the soft warmth of her flawless skin. Tracing his fingertips over her tight ribcage, he followed a safe path upward along her sides, rolling her tight top upward, revealing more and more of her perfect body.

She lifted her arms to help him, and he tugged on her top until it rose to cover her face, her firm breasts suddenly filling his view. Resisting the urge to ravish her while she was still trapped in her clothing, he instead tugged harder on her top, and it suddenly came free, releasing waves of honey blonde hair to fall softly back over her shoulders. He dropped the warm fabric on the couch behind her as he lowered his hands to hold her back, pulling her closer, his lips finding hers again.

Unlike the delicate embrace he reserved for the women in his life, he hugged Halle without restraint, her tiny body molding against his. Her back was incredibly contoured, her skin so smooth, yet with the undeniable firmness of Velorian muscle just beneath.

She lowered her arms to hug him just as tightly, and the brief interplay of muscles turned her back into steel curves, paying witness to her fantastic strength. Thrilled, yet completely unfamiliar with the feeling of being the weaker partner during intimacy, he tried to act as he always had, and expertly undid the catch of her bra.

She kissed him back hungrily as her bra strap came free, pressing her breasts against the hard plate of his chest as she traced her kisses across his cheek to whisper in his ear, "Happy Birthday, Valdemar my friend."

She slowly eased herself backward enough to allow Valdemar to lower the warm fabric of her bra, revealing the firmest and most perfectly rounded breasts he'd ever imagined. He marveled at her youthful perfection as she fumbled with the buttons of his shirt, finally resorting to tearing it open as she forced it back over his huge shoulders. The torn shirt fell to the floor to join her discarded brassiere.

Her hands went to his chest, tracing the steel-like outline of his huge muscles, while his hands found the delicate softness of her breasts. A brief look of shyness crossed her face as her overly large nipples came alive under his touch.

Despite appearances and sensations, they both knew she was so vastly stronger than he was.

“Now that you’ve got me half naked,” she teased, “what else do you intend to do with your present?”

Valdemar answered by tracing his hands gently down the firm contours of her back, his fingers finding the deep indentation of her spin, pausing to hold the small of her back as she leaned backward. She felt so small and so delicate as he pulled her hips tightly against his own, and felt her pubic bone pressing hard against his raging erection as she leaned back almost horizontal.

She slowly reached behind her to take his hands in hers, guiding them back to her breasts. She should have fallen backward, pulling him down after her, but instead, her breasts rose to fill his hands, her body hanging weightless in space.

He knew she was flying again. Her most amazing ability of all. “My angel,” he murmured as he held her so gently.

She closed her hands over his and squeezed them. “I’m not fragile.”

He smiled and held her far tighter, exploring the wondrous softness that pressed back with a resilience that no human woman could match. He traced his thumbs gently around her firming nipples, and she closed her eyes and smiled.

“Oh, Skietra that feels so good!” she sighed. Floating higher, she wrapped her slender legs around his hips, her pubic bone stroking urgently along his hard erection now, the soft fabric of their jeans rubbing against each other.

Marveling at her sensation of weightlessness in his arms, Valdemar took one pert nipple between his lips, holding it gently with his teeth as he swirled his tongue around the tip of it. She gasped and cupped the back of his head with her hands and pressed his face deeper into the softness of her breast. He in turn gripped her nipple tighter, finding that it grew impossibly hard between his teeth.

Suddenly giggling as if she was ticklish, she tried to pull away, but he gripped her nipple with all his strength. She gasped in further pleasure as he abandoned any boundaries of human gentleness, and began to use his great strength. Their brief contest of strength was decided in her favor as she pulled her nipple from his teeth, and floated down to land barefoot on the rug. Standing nearly a foot less than his height now, she

looked so small, so elf-like, next to his massive frame. Except for her nipples, which were standing up like small thumbs.

Kneeling, Valdemar traced his hands downward along her sides, and then walked his fingers across the perfect flatness of her tummy, tight muscles fluttering gently beneath her skin as he tugged gently on the waistband of her jeans. He undid the big buckle and hooked his fingers behind the top button, and lifted her gently off the floor, her hundred-pound bodyweight trivial to him.

She wrapped her hands around his huge biceps, thrilling to find them so hard, larger than her hands could encompass, as he struggled to ease her zipper downward. She held her breath, and then exhaled in a slow whoosh as he finally unzipped her all the way.

His soft kisses began to trace downward from her tummy, and then between the open front of her jeans.

Confused by the sudden surge of sensations that filled her body, she quickly ducked down and tried to reciprocate, fumbling unfamiliarly with his jeans for a few seconds. Some threads popped as she pulled too hard in her eagerness, and his jeans tore apart.

“Tear all my clothing off why don’t you,” he laughed as he took advantage of her momentary confusion to tug her jeans down over her trim hips. She spun around to present her backside to him, and he couldn’t help but pause briefly to exalt in the perfect symmetry of her tight ass. Holding her, he felt her tense herself slightly, and those perfect globes of Velorian steel filled his hands.

“My strongest muscles,” she giggled as she rotated back to face him. He grabbed her ass so tightly that he lifted her from the floor. She leaned back again, allowing his kisses to circle the sensitive flesh of her innie bellybutton this time, his tongue sending a wild shudder of pleasure through her entire body.

Her skin tasted so sweet, and the scent of honey and wildflower rising from her open jeans made his knees go weak. Valdemar felt her fingers on his waistband again, and then his briefs tore, a twinge of pain startling him as she caught a pubic hair or two.

“Oh, my lord, you are so beautiful,” she purred as she sat on the floor in front of him, her small hand encircling his ardent manhood, pulling him slightly downward so he wasn’t pointing at the ceiling. “And Skietra, so wickedly big!”

Her praise sent a surge of heated confidence through his body. He already knew he was much larger than the average man; more so since he’d started the GenEnhance program. So much so now that he’d never dared to even think of having sex with a girl of her age and slight build. But Halle was Velorian, and he knew that changed everything.

“I’m glad you’re pleased,” he blurted out. “You are a Velorian after all.”

She laughed sexily as held him tighter, her hand slipping upward to encircle his head, her fingertips barely meeting. “You have nothing to apologize for, my friend. Nothing.”

His confidence now fully enabled by her words, he gasped in simple pleasure as she traced the wetness of her tongue across his head, circling it, teasing him with her gentle

touch before pausing briefly to explore the very end, opening him with the tip of her tongue. Her other hand surrounded the base of his shaft, testing his hardness and finding it not wanting.

“Are you sure you haven’t done this before?” he asked breathlessly.

She didn’t answer, but instead floated higher off the floor, allowing him to tug her jeans downward. All the while, her hand never left his throbbing shaft. She giggled as he tried futilely to tug her stubborn jeans over her ankles. They were too bunched up.

“May I help?” she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she slowly opened her legs, a ripple of powerful muscles shaping them. The bunched denim tore noisily apart as if it was no more substantial than tissue paper.

“My goddess,” he cried, tracing his hands up over her lean legs, marveling at the surge of strength he’d just felt. With her legs spread so wide, he saw paradise itself waiting for him. Her labia were tightly folded, an inny, and her skin was flawlessly tanned even there, with no trace of pubic hair anywhere.

Halle didn’t give him time to admire her further as she fell to her knees, her kisses rising over the dramatic curves of his massive quads, moving upward. Growing bolder, her lips found his throbbing head, and she took him inside her mouth, finding that he tasted so wickedly male.

Valdemar groaned and his fingers tangled in her blonde tresses, holding her so tightly. She instinctively knew what he wanted, and so she took him deeply, her tongue quivering in a way that seemed so natural to her, knowing before she did it that those gentle vibrations would drive him wild with desire.

Impossibly, Valdemar thrilled to find that she’d taken all of him! Despite her avowed innocence, she was loving him as skillfully and daringly as any worldly-wise women he’d ever known. She was so good that it took only seconds before that familiar wild rush of tingles started building inside him. His body stiffened as he flew toward that intimate explosion, unable to hold himself back as he saw her blonde head bobbing below him.

Fortunately, Halle sensed the change in his body, and paused as she turned her head to look questioningly up at his red face.

“Not this way,” she gasped. “I want to make it with you... the first time. Inside me.”

He nodded, and she quickly released his head, her small hand still gripping his shaft firmly, and pulled her leg up to tangle her toes in the jeans that were bunched around his ankles. She fell backward as if in slow motion, pulling him after her, her leg straightening to send his jeans flying as she settled gently onto her back on the rug, her tiny body almost invisible beneath the mass of his.

He continued his loving by turning slightly to the side to run his huge hand down her flat tummy, then over her protruding pubic bone, his fingertips finding the delicate softness of her nether lips. She was so wet, so ready. Tracing one finger down her, parting her moist lips so gently, he slipped two strong fingers inward.

She was so awesomely tight that he couldn't move at first. He pushed hard yet gently, slowly building his famous strength.

She gasped at his insistent touch and lifted her hips, arching her back as she pushed up eagerly against his fingers, encouraging him. "I'm not fragile," she breathed, reminding him again.

Taking his permission, he threw all his strength into his long fingers, and they slid deeper. The powerful ring of her vaginal muscles yielded slowly to his power, challenging his strength to earn passage to her inner pleasures. Such was the unique trademark of the Supremis.

Fortunately, despite her unworldly tightness, she was so incredibly wet that he could still move. His muscles bulged as he gradually buried his long fingers to their hilt, yet found no obstruction. If Velorians had a maidenhood, he realized, then it was not within the reach of his fingers.

"It's far deeper," she murmured, embarrassed by what he was doing. "And that's not what I want inside me." She quickly reached down to hold his wrist, and effortlessly pulled his fingers free, then lifted his hand to draw those digits between her lips. She sucked them hard, and when she was done, she lowered his hand and kissed him deeply, challenging his sensibilities by sharing both her flowery sweetness and her muskiness, knowing that he was now tasting her most powerful pheromones.

She rolled him over on his back to straddle him, lacing her fingers in his as she used her greater strength to press his hands to the floor beside his head. He struggled playfully against her, his huge muscles flexing so impressively as she lowered her breasts to sweep them erotically across his hard chest. She teased him by sliding downward, positioning herself. "Let me do it, Valdemar... the first time."

Valdemar nodded as she gently lowered her body, teasing herself now. She suddenly rose high enough to kiss him again, her tongue parting his lips, penetrating him hungrily, demanding he do the same to her. He grabbed her slim shoulders and used his great strength to push her back down, then thrust his hips upward as hard as he could, feeling her open ever so slightly.

She gave off a little cry and began to bob her hips up and down, weightlessly lowering herself over him, her softness slowly yielding to the tightness inside.

A flash of blue sparks suddenly dazzled him as his urgent maleness took over, and he leaned forward to grab her ass and pull her to him. She cried out and dropped over him, taking him all the way in one euphoric slide.

The sparks exploded brighter around her body now, sending a flood of energy and strength into Valdemar's. He reacted with instincts honed from the earliest ancestor of man, and rolled her slender body over on her back and began to take her hard and deep, thrusting with all of his incredible strength, fucking her harder than any human woman could have survived.

She leaned her head back, smiling beautifully as she gave herself up to him, her soft cries of pleasure rising to a staccato little finish with each of his powerful thrusts, keeping tune to his exertions. For the first time, she truly was... a Velorian.

Determined to bring her pleasure before his own, Valdemar tried to hold himself off. But he lost all control as her vagina began to undulate with constricting ripples that began at her labia and traced into her inner core, seemingly drawing him deeper, the sensation completely unique and thrillingly exotic. He knew she was instinctively using muscles that no human woman possessed.

Still, he bit his lip hard and tried his best to hold onto his passion as hers continued to awaken, but another burst of blue sparks brought with them an irresistible urge to take her harder and harder. Overwhelmed with desire, he was lost again in his frantic fucking, and barely saw the additional sparks that crackled around both their bodies. He only knew that he was growing stronger and more energetic with each burst.

Racing upward faster now, strangely finding that the usual peak where he lost it was somehow elevated to the stars, he kept going until he felt her small body stiffen and begin to buck wildly beneath him, her lips forming into a perfect O as she arched her back off the floor. Her inner muscles contracted around him again and again now, her strength holding him so tightly that he had to use all his newfound strength to continue his deep thrusting.

She suddenly wrapping her arms and legs around him as her body went stiff as spring steel, her inner strength freezing him at full stroke, her body vibrating so violently that he was suddenly afraid. The wild shaking of her passion exploded, their bodies literally bouncing off the floor as they vibrated across the warehouse floor.

More flashes of blue sparks, and he somehow found the strength to to move again. He rolled her over, the aggressor now, and threw himself at her with primitive violence. They both fought for dominance now, primitive emotions and instincts driving them wild, something inside Valdemar awakening, lusting to be the one on top. The one in control.

Then she was on top of him again, fucking him, and then he threw himself into another rut, rolling her over with the beserker strength of a wild animal.

Neither of them noticed it when they smashed into a shelf that held lightweight armor, a gift from a Scalantran merchant. The paper-thin body-armor crashed over them, burying them amid the glass-like tinkle and clatter of that alien metal. That clanging was completely drowned out by Halle's final high cry of pleasure as it filled the huge warehouse, shattering the crystal glasses over the bar.

Her body finally turned to spring steel again as spasms echoed back and forth through her small frame. It was all Valdemar could do to hold onto her, riding her passion as he threw himself into a new frenzy of fucking. He stared into her bright eyes, and saw her smile so brightly that it looked as if the sun was coming out.

She was finally in her element... for she was a goddess, and she was making love to her god!

* * *

The sun was shining through the high windows of his warehouse apartment when Valdemar awoke, feeling briefly disoriented. The last thing he remembered was making love in the living room, and now he was in his bed, a down comforter over him. He smiled at the memory of last night, realizing that he'd never made love with a fraction of that athleticism before. Fascinatingly, Halle had known exactly what to do, and how to do it, her body drawing out his passion even as he flamed the fires of hers.

He chuckled to himself -- if that was how an innocent Velorian girl made love, he couldn't imagine what an experienced woman might be like.

The soft clink of dishes in the kitchen drew him back to the here and now, and he rolled over to look across the open space. Halle was standing in front of the stove; her slender figure a study in perfection. Her waist was so narrow, her backside so tight and firm, clearly the cutest ass he'd ever seen, and her legs were long and lean. More significantly, her every movement sent a ripple of powerful muscles down her back and legs. She was fit far beyond the wildest imaginations of humankind.

He still found it paradoxical that any woman could look that sexy, be that feminine and be that strong all at the same time. Other to simply say... she was Velorian.

Rising silently from the bed, he padded on tiptoe across the floor toward the kitchen, hoping to surprise her. He was still ten feet behind her when she said, "I didn't tell you this, Valdemar, but my hearing is a lot better than a dog's."

He chuckled as he gave up any pretense of sneaking up on her. "And where did those genes come from, pray tell?"

"A creature named a Balron," she shrugged, answering without turning around, "or so I read when I was a girl. It found its prey by listening through meters of rock."

"Strange fairy tales they tell back home."

"But entertaining. Possibly even true."

"And all of it overlaid onto the most perfect human foundation imaginable," Valdemar replied as he wrapped her arms around her slender waist, leaning forward to kiss the sensitive side of her neck. His rising erection slid erotically between her firm cheeks. "The most beautiful woman in the universe."

"Perfect? Beautiful?" she laughed. "All that sex must have rotted your brain. You're talking to the original ugly duckling, big boy."

"Big, huh. I've got something big for you."

Halle butted him backward with her ass. "Wait until after breakfast. Right now, you need to rebuild your strength."

Valdemar persisted, lifting his hands to envelope her breasts, holding her with all his enhanced strength. Shockingly, a blue arc exploded outward to envelop his hands, and

then raced up his arms, the sparks sending a wave of renewed vitality racing through him. His manhood responded, suddenly stiffening more powerfully than he'd ever felt before!

Shocked by his burst of strength and the press of his powerful erection against her backside, Halle stared down at herself, seeing that the blue glow was coming from her breasts. She knew what was happening in a heartbeat.

He was drawing her orgone away, metabolizing it to increase his strength and vigor!

"Holy shit," she gasped as the implications of that suddenly crashed in on her. Now she understood his wild strength last night in bed. She'd distrusted her own instincts at first, after all, she'd not been with a man before, but he'd seemed incredibly powerful as they wrestled back and forth on the floor, both of them trying to establish dominance in their fucking.

"What the hell..." Valdemar gasped at the same time as he saw the blue glow surrounding him.

"Let me see your hand."

He lifted his right hand from her breast, and she quickly gripped his wrist as she moved the pan to the side of the stove. She started to lower his hand toward the red-hot element.

"Hey, what are you... shit!" he hollered as heard the sizzle of his moist flesh against the glowing element, struggling with all his strength to pull free.

She held his hand against the stove for long seconds, his huge muscles bulging as he frantically tried to pull his hand back, her slender muscles resisting him easily. She finally let him go, and he lurched backward to crash into the kitchen table, collapsing it along with two of the chairs. His eyes were big as saucers as he clutched his burned hand to his stomach and stared up at her from the wreckage on the floor.

"Are you fucking crazy!" he shouted at her.

Halle knelt down beside him. "Look at your hand, Valdemar."

"I don't need to see my hand," he continued shouting. "It's fucking burned to shit!"

"Look at it," she said calmly.

Valdemar took a deep breath and then swallowed hard, not wanting to see the mess of his hand. He could still feel the sizzle of his flesh against that hot element, and Halle's lack of concern made him even madder. "You're fucking invulnerable. I'm goddamned not!"

"You sure about that, big boy?"

"What are you talking..." His voice trailed off as he suddenly realized that his hand wasn't really hurting. He slowly lifted it from his stomach, turning it back and forth to look at it. "I'll be god-damned." He looked up at her in astonishment. "There's not a mark on it. How?"

“Where did you say you got those GenEnhance hormones from again?”

“The military.”

“Well, they’ve obviously been giving you something other than just fancy hormones. I think some kind of genetic enhancement is happening inside you.”

“I don’t understand. Inside me?”

“That blue glow came from a release of orgone energy. It was all around us last night.”

“So? You’re a Velorian.”

“So, nothing. It should have zapped you, yet your body was somehow absorbing it, and also metabolizing it. That’s why you felt so strong.”

“Is that normal?” Valdemar was completely confused now.

“No way.”

“Then I don’t understand...”

She settled beside him on the wreckage, crossing her bare legs. “Well, let me put it this way. To do what you just did, or last night for that matter, you’d have to share a good number of Galen gene sets with me.”

“I’ve got some of your genes?” Valdemar gawked at her. “How...?”

“Well, judging from the way you and your buddies look, and the way you were intent on fucking me to death last night, my guess is that they’ve been feeding you some kind of Arion enhancement drug. Vels and Arions are about 99.8% identical at the genetic level.”

Valdemar flopped his head back on the floor, and then laughed. “Holy shit. That’s what they’re trying to do? Turn us into Arions?”

Halle nodded solemnly. “I guess they figure the best way to kill an Arion is to make an Arion.”

“It can’t be as simple as that. I mean, if I were just Betan strength it... wouldn’t have gone as well with last night. And the others, they have wives and girlfriends – they’d get hurt.”

“Have the others had any intimate contact with Velorians?”

“Not damned likely.”

“Could something in me – pheromones or whatever – trigger a further enhancement? Up to now, there’s been only one way, and we didn’t do that.”

“But who... why... and where is this really coming from?”

“I’d take that up with your military leaders, Valdemar. No way they should have lied to you guys about this.”

“So how does it work? Getting orgone to power up all these genes?”

“Only Primes and Velorians can store it. Betans can use it, like you obviously can, but only females can share it. So that means unless you guys are connected to a female Prime, it’s a worthless mutation.”

“Or a Velorian femme.”

“There is that,” she nodded, and then smiled brightly. “Well, at least this explains last night. You were way stronger than I had expected.”

“Hell, I assumed it was just present company. You know, inspiration?” He paused to look at his hand again, and then back up at her. “So how does this sharing work?”

She shrugged. “I only know what I’ve read, Valdemar. But apparently, intercourse is the best way, at least to get the process started. I read once that once a resonance is established between two people, then it’s possible to transfer it through more casual contact.”

He just stared at her. “Resonance, huh?”

“That explains how you ruined breakfast.”

“I ruined it?” Valdemar laughed, only to have his thoughts race back to the rest of his team members. “I guess this isn’t going to work for the rest of the guys.”

Halle shrugged. “Don’t dismiss anything yet. After all, if the Arions consider some of their femmes to be no more than living batteries, recharging soldiers in the field, then we could borrow a page from their book.”

He gawked at her. “That’s... that’s obscene.”

“Through Terran eyes, maybe. But I’ve read that it’s effective as hell.”

“So how many... you know, can a single femme handle?”

“Depends on a lot of things. Primes draw a hell of a lot of power. And some women are a lot better endowed than others.”

“I wasn’t talking about recharging Primes.”

“Well, in your case, you didn’t take much. I mean, do I look all the diminished to you?” Halle reached up to cup herself.

“Not that I can see,” he observed, watching as her small hands filled to overflowing. “Well, maybe just a little.”

“Good. Then maybe you gained an inch somewhere,” she smirked.

He covered his chest with his hands, feeling around. “Nope.”

She threw a piece of broken plate at him. “I wasn’t talking about your tits, dummy.”

“Well, as to anything else, I would think that my lady would know better than I.”

“So, its ‘my lady’ now, huh?” She stretched out next to him, the glassware crunching beneath her invulnerable skin. “So I was okay, huh?”

“Okay? How about fucking incredible. Those skills really are in the genes.”

She reached out to cover his hand with hers. “Then I guess this all makes it easier for me to ask what I’ve had in mind.”

“Which is?”

“I want to take a leave of absence from the Diplomatic Corps. I want to work with you guys, to help clean up the corruption and crime here on Varig. Not to mention those marauding Arions.”

“You’re kidding? You can do that? I thought only Protectors...”

“But there’s a recent Action in Council, SOP 173-11, Subsection 49, that says any Velorian can request temporary assignment to a human police force during a crisis. I looked it up last week.”

“One of those reforms? Leave it to an Admin to read the SOP’s,” he chuckled. “And you did that last week?”

“When I was trying to decide what to give you for your birthday.”

“I liked your first choice.”

“That wasn’t my first choice. I kind of changed my mind after hanging out with you and your friends.”

“So this wasn’t an ‘authorized mission’, huh?”

Halle shook her head. “I’m coloring way the hell outside the lines here, Valdemar. Mary is going to kick my ass.”

“Mary?” He looked at her blankly for a second. “Oh, yeah, Ambassador Son’lar. Right.”

“I don’t want her to know about us, Valdemar. Beyond being friends. She’ll never approve my Subsection 49 request otherwise.”

“And I gotta get my boss’ okay, too,” Valdemar added, looking up at the ceiling as he tried to remember his own policies. “But I know we’ve got a way for exchange officers from other regions to come in and work. There must be a way to qualify you under those rules.” He chuckled as he thought of the locker room talk that would come out of this, and the smiled at her. “Hey, we’d have our very own super cop.”

She gripped his hand tighter, and winked at him. “No, you’d have your very own super girl.”

“Can’t forget that,” he grinned.

“What’s cool, is that once its approved, we won’t have to pretend anymore, Valdemar. I can move in here and we can make every night like last night.”

Valdemar laughed as he saw her eyes dancing. “You think the building can handle it?”

“Good thing you live in an otherwise empty warehouse. We wouldn’t want to scare the neighbors.”

“Right. You checked it out. I forgot about those eyes of yours.”

“But we might want to clear out some of this junk. We seem to need a lot of space.”

Valdemar laughed again. “You know, I’ve known more than one inexperienced girl who became insatiable after finally discovering the joys she’d been missing. The more sex she had, the more she wanted.”

“I don’t think I’m going to disprove that rule,” Halle said as she rose to straddle him amidst the broken table and chairs. “I am a Velorian girl, after all.”

“No, you aren’t,” Valdemar smiled. “You’re finally a woman.”

“And you’re a man. *My* man.”

The End... for now.