

The Superheroine Chronicles

Chapter 1: Supergirl's Prison Transport

Supergirl struggled against the manacles that held her arms and legs spread-eagled, her face set in a grim expression of effort and determination. She pulled on her arms with every drop of her strength, willing the bonds to break, her muscles visibly straining. But far from releasing their grip on her wrists and ankles, the cuffs only tightened, the chains that led from them to the walls pulling even more powerfully on her arms and legs, threatening to tear them from their joints. Kara let out a groan of pain and frustration, forcing herself to stop resisting.

“I wouldn’t do that, if I were you, Kara,” came a low voice from the darkness. “You’re only going to make it worse for yourself. And, believe me, things are pretty bad for you already.”

There was a click and the room burst into light, illuminating a tall, stocky figure standing at the doorway.

“Luthor,” Supergirl hissed, fury darkening her flawless features.

“Hello, Kara,” the villain said lightly, taking a step further into the room. “How do you like your room?”

Supergirl pulled at her chains, regretting it instantly as they wrenched even harder on her limbs. She opened her mouth to snarl at her nemesis only for a searing pain to suddenly rip through her body, a white-hot fire centering on the cuffs on her wrists and ankles. Lex Luthor laughed, striding confidently up to the bound superheroine and leering a few inches from her face.

“I’m not interested in hearing you speak, Kara,” he said. “That pain, by the way, was the lowest setting. Now, I’m going to explain what’s happening here and you’re

going to listen. If you interrupt me, you get the next highest setting. Do you understand?"

Supergirl shook her head, anger coursing through her like a fire. "You dirty---"

Luthor pressed the controller in his hand and the manacles burst into life again, this time the torture visible as green streaks of lightning surging through her arms and legs. Kara screamed despite herself as her nerves exploded into torment.

"There's Kryptonite in your cuffs, Supergirl, as I'm sure you realized," Luthor said, raising his voice above the young woman's screams. "I managed to find a way to produce a current from it. How do you like it?"

Kara could hardly believe the agony that was coursing through her body. It was as though white-hot daggers were stabbing in and out of her flesh. She tried to say something but could barely form the words.

"Make.... it.... stop."

Luther smiled and pressed the controller. Abruptly the lightning stopped, Kara gasping and panting as she took air into her lungs.

"That was the medium setting. The highest setting is ten times more intense than that. I can't imagine how painful it will be, but we'll find out soon enough." He reached forward with his hand and brushed a strand of golden hair from Kara's face, which was damp with a rare sweat. The superheroine opened her mouth to speak but Luther shook his head in warning. "I'm talking, Kara." He laughed when she swallowed back her words. "Now, I imagine you're wondering why you're in this... piece of apparatus. Well, I'm sorry to have to tell you that the Intergalactic Court reached their verdict this morning. You've been found guilty of genocide, Kara, the punishment indefinite imprisonment on Zarrak Penal Colony. This is your prison transport."

Kara felt her stomach lurch, fear rising unbidden through her chest. "No, it can't be. I'm innocent! There was no case against me. This is---"

Her words were lost as Luther activated the cuffs once more, searing her with agony beyond comprehension. She screamed helplessly for two long minutes as the torture continued.

“Seems you refuse to learn,” Luther said, turning off the current at last. “And that was still the medium setting, by the way. But to settle your confusion, I’m afraid a star witness came forward to speak against you, someone whose words the Court found extremely convincing. Your cousin, Clark, Superman if you prefer.”

Kara’s mouth dropped open, her eyes widening in shock. Clark speaking against her? It couldn’t be true. It had to be a lie! Luther turned on the current just as her protest was about to reach her lips. “Highest setting now, Kara.”

The pain that ripped through her was unlike anything the young superheroine could ever have imagined. The manacles on her wrists and ankles heated up in an instant, turning white with incandescent heat. They burned through her skin and flesh, scorching down to her very bones. At the same time, the Kryptonite lightning tore through her body, crackling as it fried her nerves with searing heat. Kara felt her muscles twisting and contorting and then her bones began to crack and break, her arms and legs shattering in slow motion. Her mouth opened into a scream but no sound emerged. The agony was simply too great, the shock too intense.

Lex Luthor watched her calmly, his mouth curled up into a satisfied smile. There was smoke coming from the heroine’s body as her blood started to literally boil inside her. Her blue and red costume, the instantly recognisable symbol of her powers, began to burn, the edges of her sleeves and tights catching fire under the incredible heat of the Kryptonite-encrusted cuffs. Inch by inch, the fire spread down her arms and legs, melting the material from her skin, until it reached her torso. Then, as if an explosive match had been lit, her entire costume burst into flames, the young woman disappearing behind a billowing cloud of acrid fire and smoke. A rasping scream could be heard from inside the inferno, the mournful cry of a woman suffering agony too horrible to contemplate.

Luther kept the current flowing for five long minutes. When he finally deactivated it and the smoke began to clear, the terrible effect of the Kryptonite torture was revealed: Supergirl was a broken wreck, her body naked, her skin smouldering and scorched.

The villain looked at his nemesis without a shred of pity.

“You look like what you always were, Kara. A sniveling, pathetic little girl. You make me sick.”

Kara tried to find the words to respond, but her body was still shaking too much from the pain, her ruptured muscles empty of strength.

“It’s time to get the rest of this apparatus set up,” Luther continued, ignoring the girl’s feeble attempts to speak. “I hope you didn’t think it was just a pair of cuffs. Let me call in the droids.”

The door of the chamber slid open to reveal two humanoid robots, each with two pairs of extendable metal arms ending in pincers and other tools. They hovered silently through the air and then got to work. One went to the base of the apparatus between Supergirl’s outstretched legs and guided a pair of thick metallic rods up from the floor. Kara looked down in panic as she felt the cold metal touch the lips of her vagina. There was pain immediately: the silver metal was studded with green Kryptonite crystals like the cuffs on her wrists and ankles. She found her voice as the robot maneuvered the rod deeper and deeper into her passage, the pain growing as it stretched her delicate sex apart.

“Stop it! Stop it!” she yelled out frantically, but with her bones still broken, she could do nothing more than shake her head, her face a rictus of pain.

Lex Luthor leaned back against the wall and watched the droids bring his invention to full fruition. He saw the robot force a second rod, just as thick as the first, into her anus, Kara’s eyes opening wide in shock and horror as it penetrated a full sixteen inches into her insides. The second droid, meanwhile, placed a Kryptonite brace

around her neck, tight enough to constrict her breathing. Kara let out a rasping cry of anger, but even that feeble act of resistance fell away as the machine prised open her lips with its pincers and jammed a large metallic ball, studded like the others with Kryptonite, into her mouth. A metal strip tied around her head kept the ball firmly jammed inside.

Now the pain was coming from multiple parts of her body: the cuffs on her ankles and wrists, the rods in her vagina and anus, the brace on her neck, and the ball in her mouth. Fear was an alien concept to the powerful superheroine, but she felt it now as intensely as any human. What would the pain be like when Luther activated the lightning from all of these separate points? Would it kill her?

The droids were not done. Finished with her private parts, the bottom robot produced three gleaming silver and green skewers, and, to Supergirl's horror, proceeded to pierce them through her naked breasts from one end to the other, the tips emerging bloody from the other side. Kara let out a muffled cry behind her gag as she felt the Kryptonite crystals burn into her sensitive human flesh. A moment later, there was more terror as two metal arms came out of the white walls on either side of her. They extended steadily until their ends opened out into a flat circle and clamped onto the side of her head, pressing into her temples. Suddenly unable to move her head, Kara was helpless as the second robot reached toward her face with tiny pincers and pinched open her eyes with one pair of its arms. Its second pair of arms went down to her neck manacle and pulled out two thin metal rods ending in syringes. The droid positioned the syringes a few centimeters from Supergirl's wide open eyes, leaving her staring at gleaming silver needles dripping with liquid green Kryptonite.

"Well, Kara, I think you're just about ready. Shall I tell you what's going to happen next?"

Lex Luther's voice was a dripping taunt from the edge of the room, his dark figure invisible now to the defenseless superheroine. She could not speak, her throat constricted by the neck brace and her mouth filled with the Kryptonite ball; her vision was consumed by the needles poised to inject her eyes with poison; she could not

move a single muscle. Fear and pain ran through her in equal measure. Her body was still healing itself from the lightning that had burned and broken her from the inside, and the green crystals embedded in the manacles on her wrists and ankles, the rods in her vagina and anus, the skewers in her breasts, the brace on her neck, and the ball in her mouth were burning her like hot needles stabbing into her flesh. The thought of each of them surging with Kryptonite lightning was beyond terrifying.

“Zarrak Penal Colony is three Earth years away by hyperspace,” Luther continued, stepping toward the bound superheroine. “This ship is entirely automated so the only living thing on it will be you. You’re going to spend the entire journey in here, being tortured by Kryptonite, a small favor granted to the Tokvuls and myself by the Intergalactic Court.”

He smiled as he heard a gasping whimper of fear escape from Kara’s bound lips.

“There are two things you need to know before your journey starts, Supergirl. First, you are not going to die. This apparatus has been very carefully designed to keep you alive no matter how severe your injuries. Second, however terrible the next three years are for you, your imprisonment on Zarrak will be worse.” He paused to stroke the young woman’s pale face, noting the gleam of sweat that dripped from her forehead. “You know who runs Zarrak Prison, don’t you, Kara? The Tokvuls. That’s right, the same creatures you’ve just been convicted of committing genocide against. As you know, they’re not a very nice people at the best of times. Can you imagine what they’ll do to you when they have you in their hands? The tortures they’ll put you through for the rest of your miserable life? Your long long long life? Hell will barely describe the horror you’re going to suffer.”

There was no mistaking the feelings running through the young woman’s body now. Pure icy terror. Kara let out another noise that was meant to be a scream of anguish but which came out as little more than a pathetic gasping whimper. Luther laughed.

“Oh by the way, there’s one more feature of this room you haven’t seen yet. The sound system. It’s set to deliver very powerful ultrasonic waves. Too high a frequency for us mere humans to hear, but you’ll hear them, Supergirl. Very clearly indeed.”

He stepped back, allowing himself a long lingering look at the superheroine’s spread-eagled form. She looked magnificent, a picture of pure helpless torment.

“Time to activate the program, Supergirl. You won’t hear or see me once it starts so I’ll say goodbye now. The droids will seal the doors shut once I leave. Farewell forever, you blond bitch.”

He turned to an electronic pad on the wall of the cell and keyed in a sequence of numbers. There was a beep and then a low hum. Supergirl felt the two rods inside her private parts begin to move, twisting slowly around inside her. Then the two needles in front of her eyes began to move forward, the green Kryptonite dripping like deadly acid from their points. Next, a sound began to emerge from the air around her, quiet at first, then gradually getting louder. After that, all hell broke loose.

Lex Luther watched from a safe distance as green lightning began to issue from every piece of equipment on her body, the current ripping through her body from her wrists, ankles, mouth, neck, breasts and private parts. Within a few seconds, the metal, a titanium alloy of Luther’s own invention, heated up, searing into Kara’s flesh with white-hot heat. The syringe needles touched the young woman’s eyeballs and then penetrated inside, green liquid slowly injecting itself into the soft jelly. Then came the full force of the ultrasonic waves, the sound imperceptible to Luther but like a deafening screech inside Supergirl’s head, hammers pounding against her skull, spikes stabbing through her temples.

No sound came from Kara’s lips as the torture went on past a minute, two minutes, three. Her mouth was literally burning, the Kryptonite ball so hot it had started to melt her tongue and gums. The melting was repeated elsewhere in her body, smoke billowing from her wrists, ankles, breasts and groin as her flesh blistered and burned down to the bone. That, however, was only part of the heroine’s agony. The lightning

was even worse, the violent current tearing apart her muscles, splintering her bones, and frying her nerves until they literally smoldered within her. As four minutes went to five, then six, seven and eight, Supergirl felt her blood begin to boil inside her as if molten lava was flowing through her veins. Her eyes, meanwhile, were being burned from her skull, the Kryptonite liquid like an acid eating through her eyeballs.

The torture persisted far longer than the five minutes Luther had tortured her with before. But eventually the lightning died down to a gentle crackle and the white-hot metal cooled almost as quickly as it heated. Supergirl's entire body was seething with burns but this only hinted at the torment that lay inside. Her bones were shattered like pieces of glass and her muscles, tendons and ligaments torn to shreds. Her damaged nerves continued to send out frantic signals to her brain, making it feel as though the torture were still continuing. A thin dribble of blood and saliva ran down from the corners of the girl's mouth while her chest moved up and down rapidly, gasping for air. Invisibly, the ultrasonic waves continued to hammer at her skull. They caused no damage to her body so they could continue without pause.

Lex Luther was shocked despite himself. He had designed this torture but he had to admit the effects were beyond what he could have imagined. It seemed incredible she could survive it, and yet the evil mastermind knew there would be no death for his hated nemesis. He had studied her physiology for years, and as well as designing the Kryptonite metal that suppressed her powers, he had found a way to boost her healing ability. Her wounds were already repairing themselves, the regeneration process itself painful beyond belief. Luther could hear a faint whimper coming from Supergirl's mouth.

He was about to turn to leave when he heard the machine start up again, a buzz marking the commencement of the program. He looked at his watch: two minutes. That was all it had given the blond superheroine to rest. The villain watched the metal start to heat up, turning white in a matter of seconds. The lightning began to flow from her wrists, ankles, neck, mouth, breasts and navel, engulfing her in green fire. He opened the metal door of the prisoner's cell and took one last look before closing it.

“Enjoy your ten millenia of torture, bitch.”

Kara thought she had known what suffering was. Her time on Earth had never been easy. There had been aliens to fight, enemies to vanquish, loved ones to save from danger and death. There had been pain too, raw physical pain as monsters battled her and villains attacked her with weapons of every description. But after one day in the torture chamber of the prison ship, she knew that everything she had suffered before had been insignificant. There had not been pain, not real pain. Real pain was in this room. Real pain was the torture she had suffered endlessly over the past hours, hours that had seen her body burned, broken, fried and ripped apart over and over again.

It came in cycles of ten minutes, at least that's what she had calculated as she tried to count the seconds of torment in her head. The break in between was far shorter and it came with no respite from the agony. There were the ultrasonic waves cracking her skull, the livid burns covering her flesh inside and out, and the shattered bones in her arms, legs and chest, the injuries healing only to the extent necessary to keep her alive. She spent those two minutes panting for breath, praying desperately that somehow the torture would not resume. As the seconds ticked down, her panic grew, her body instinctively fighting against the chains that kept her immobile. But all that achieved was to make the chains pull even harder on her arms and legs, sending shockwaves of agony through her shattered joints. Five, four, three, two, one and the agony began once more.

Rational thought was impossible during the ten minutes of earth-shattering torment that followed, Kara's mind a burning maelstrom of screaming, crazed madness. She existed in those periods as little more than a wild animal reduced to her most primitive state. Unable to scream with her mouth on fire and her neck constricted, she made tiny rasping chokes, her breath exhaling from her body as boiling air, heated by the tremendous currents ripping through her body. Any other form of response to her torment was impossible. She couldn't strain against the chains because the Kryptonite lightning shattered her bones and she couldn't shake her head, as it was held fast by the vice-like clamps on her temples. All she could do was suffer in motionless silence,

desperately trying to count the seconds in her head in a futile attempt to distract herself from the agony.

When the program paused, the slight reduction in pain was just enough to allow her to think. But there was nothing comforting about the thoughts that flashed through her head. There was the sentence passed down on her by the Intergalactic Court: indefinite imprisonment in a penal colony whose horrors were known to the entire galaxy. The Tokvuls were a brutal species and, though Supergirl was not guilty of genocide, she had fought against them on many occasions. They were first and foremost slavers, who scoured the galaxy searching for races they could conquer and enslave. Their modus operandi in each case was simple: kill all the males, children including, and take all the females. Through some genetic accident long lost to history, the Tokvuls had no females in their species. The males reproduced by planting their evil seeds in the females of other races and genetically suppressing the alien DNA so that only theirs remained. The women gave birth, in great pain, and another male Tokvul came into the world, genetically programmed to continue the cycle of enslavement and rape.

The Tokvuls were not only slavers, they were sadists too. They had an irrational hatred of the females they captured, possibly due to their own physical dependence upon them, and they treated them with the utmost cruelty. The women were not only used for reproduction but for labor too. They worked in mines, quarries, factories, fields, homes: anywhere their masters needed them to. Whole moons and planets were exploited in this way, their resources stripped to fuel the advance of the Tokvul armies across the galaxy.

It was due to the Tokvuls' insatiable appetite for fresh slaves that Supergirl came into conflict with them. She had heeded a distress call from the Elnull people who the Tokvuls had targeted for their next attack. The Elnull were not naturally belligerent, but faced with an existential threat, they had responded with a weapon of immense destructive power: a neutron bomb with enough force to wipe out a small planet. With their vast Seventh Army camped on a moon beyond the Elnull system as a launching

pad for their invasion, the Tokvuls had never expected an attack to come. Kara had pleaded with the Elmulls not to resort to such a drastic measure before their enemy had even arrived, but, terrified by the prospect of invasion, the desperate government had ignored her entreaties and destroyed four hundred thousand Tokvul soldiers in one fiery blast.

Kara had been shocked when a warrant was served by the Intergalactic Court for her arrest, but she had full confidence in her ability to answer the case. Indeed, the trial had seemed to be going strongly in her favor as the Tokvul prosecutors failed to present anything but circumstantial evidence against her. But then, according to Lex Luthor, had come the intervention of her cousin Clark and, as Supergirl waited for the verdict, the imposition of a sentence that meant everlasting torture at the hands of the very people who had accused her of her crime. It was unthinkable in every way: the corruption of the Court in handing down the sentence, their acceptance of testimony from someone unrelated to the case, and, of course, Superman's own betrayal. What could possibly have driven the man she loved and respected above all others to betray her? Had Lex Luther brainwashed him in some way? Was that even feasible?

Supergirl felt a stirring between her legs, the twisting of the titanium rods inside her vagina and anus, the first signal of the torture to come. Then came the lightning and the heat, Kara's entire body erupting into intense, excruciating, unbearable torment. Her mind began to scream and every thought in her head turned to fire.