

## **Evan'ya's Story**

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Author's imagery: [http://velorian.org/auow/evana\\_picts.htm](http://velorian.org/auow/evana_picts.htm)

The day was cold and blustery, with the wind coming off the North sea encouraging the citizens of Amsterdam to bundle up as they hustled from one warm doorway to the next. It was March, and winter had not yet given up its grip on this land of windmills. Yet the tulips that were already rising from the earth gave promise to the warmth that was soon to spring forth.

I was walking down Prins Hendrikkade street, skirting the infamous Red Light district as I followed the banks of a wide canal, when I saw the two young children. A boy and a girl were standing on the curb of the busy street, holding hands as they looked rapidly back and forth as a procession of cars and buses raced past them. The boy looked to be six or seven years old, his sister a year older. Sensing trouble, I turned to walk quickly toward them.

I was still fifty meters away when the older boy took a tentative step into the street, only to have his older sister pull him back a fraction of a second before a taxi raced by too close to the curb. I began to walk faster yet, crossing a side street while barely dodging a taxi that seemed determined to run me down as well. I was sure by now that those kids were lost and confused by the busy street.

I was still twenty meters away when I saw the boy screw up his courage and pull his sister after him as he started to dart across the street. A car swerved to miss them on one side, and a taxi skidded the other way to crash into a light pole. The boy looked terrified as he stopped in the middle of the street. His sister dashed after him, trying to grab him back, but not in time. A bus was racing toward them from the left while the children were staring to their right.

The deadly scene was unfolding as if in slow motion. A scene whose horrible ending had already been written.

I leaped into the street after them, forgetting that I was risking my own life by dodging the racing cars. The bus started to brake, which caused the front end to skid toward me, and then all three axles locked up. The children looked to their left just in time to see it screech crookedly along the pavement, a cloud of smoke rising from its tires. I didn't have time to think as I instinctively tossed the kids out of the way of the Volvo bus, trading the last bit of my own inertia to hasten their flight. All I could do was flatten myself against the pavement, hoping the wheels would miss me.

The screech of tires suddenly ended as a huge shadow fell over me, yet I felt nothing. No shock of an impact with the bumper, no bone-crushing weight of a tire rolling over me. No explosion of light or agonizing pain to signal my death.

Nothing at all.

I lifted my head and looked up just in time to see the bottom of the bus passing

above me, climbing steeply into the sky. Then the sun reappeared to blind me.

I wondered if this was the way of death. No pain, only a blinding rush toward the light, and the world shrinking away, my eyes streaming with tears of...

Tears?

I blinked my eyes, only to realize that they were watering because I was staring into the sun. I blinked again, and turned to see where the bus had gone.

What I saw changed my world forever.

The Volvo bus was floating down from the sky, magically supported on the slender arms of a very pretty blonde woman.

I stared in total amazement as the woman landed gently, then took a couple of hesitant, off-balance steps with the bus over her head before she stumbled over a curb and fell to her knees. The front wheels of the bus crashed back to the ground with a bouncing shudder, yet the woman held the back of the bus over her head. I could only stare in shocked amazement as she started to walk her hands backward until she held just the rear bumper.

With one hand.

She turned to face me, her back to a brownstone wall, and smiled at me, her arm flexing with muscles that seemed far too large for her slender frame. Slowly, she bent down to set wheels back on the ground, the bus bouncing gently on its springs.

She stood back up to look directly at me now, her long, blonde hair blowing softly in the cold breeze, and hooked her hands under the straps of a sexy black dress that covered so very little of her marvelous figure. She was dressed as if coming or going from an exotic nightclub, yet was merely in her late teens, possibly early twenties.

Her perfect beauty pierced my heart as her eyes found their way to my soul.

Hers were very blue and gave off a crystalline light much like a child's eyes.

She finally blinked, very slowly, and then glanced up over my left shoulder.

I turned to follow her gaze, suddenly remembering the children. They were huddled on the far sidewalk, frightened but thankfully safe. I turned back around to thank the amazing woman who'd just saved my life, only to see that the street was now empty except for the stalled bus and a line of honking cars.

Startled by my brush with death, no longer trusting my eyes, I began to wonder if I'd just had a hallucination.

Maybe I really was dead.

The rush of the world and the sounds of the busy street caught up to me as the bus driver staggered down the steps of his bus to fall to his knees on the pavement and vomit.

If I was hallucinating, then so was the bus driver.

I walked quickly around the bus, looking for the woman. For my beautiful savior. She wasn't there. I circled the bus twice, nearly running now, standing on tip toes to look over the top of the crowd.

Blonde heads aplenty, this was Amsterdam after all, but none of them heart-stoppingly beautiful.

I walked back to see if the bus driver was OK. He nodded and mumbled something in bad English about flying buses.

I returned to search the sidewalks for the vision that had saved my life. Or to put an end to the hallucination that still haunted me. That had to be it. A hallucination. For in my world, flying women who could lift buses over their head were merely fantasies.

Yet the crookedly parked bus and the crowd of excitedly jabbering bystanders, many of them pointing into the sky, told me I wasn't the only person who'd seen what had happened.

Strangely, I felt a sudden sense of loss, a hollow pit opening in my stomach as I discovered that the girl of my dreams had come and gone in a mere blink of my eyes. She'd saved my life, but hadn't waited for me to even thank her.

Sighing, I returned to shake the bus driver's hand, thanking him for not running me over. He stared back at me as if I was crazy, knowing he actually had.

Which made him as crazy as me.

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I spent the rest of the day in the Amsterdam newspaper archives, looking for any clues as to my mystery girl. I found two small articles of interest that had been published, both in the last two weeks.

The first was written ten days ago and involved an attempted mugging of a woman by two men, both of whom had wound up in the hospital with broken arms. That wasn't too unusual itself -- some women knew martial arts and could take care of themselves. Rather it was the crushed guns that had been found at the scene of the crime that confused the police. The steel of the guns had been molded together into a single ball by an unimaginably powerful force. Not melted, just crushed. I knew enough about stamping and pressing processes to know that it would have taken a hundred ton press to have done that.

The second article had been written only two days earlier. It was a report about a woman of similar description who'd been seen jumping off the top of a local hotel. An obvious suicide. The observer had called the police, but strangely no body had been found in the streets below.

I sat back in my chair and stared at the ceiling, my thoughts racing

So, if I wasn't hallucinating, then she'd been in town for ten days. At least.

I took copies of the newspaper articles with me, and walked back to my hotel, pondering the fate of a young woman who was even more of a stranger to Amsterdam than I was. A stranger who'd traveled a lot further than I had to get here as well.

I'd remembered the many stories I'd read about Velorians on the Aurora Universe. Stories that seemed to be a heady mix of reality and fantasy. The stories had been compelling, but obviously not believable. They were all about young women who looked like the comic book Kara Zor-El, and who might have been able to hold their own against her in an arm-wrestling contest.

Pure fantasy.

Or were they?

Unless I was suffering from some kind of post-traumatic stress from nearly having been killed, the woman in the street had been very real. I smiled at that thought as I looked around at the crowded street, taking in the view. One thing was clear, and that was that the tallest and most beautiful blonde women I'd ever seen lived in this city. It put Stockholm to shame. If there was a place for a Velorian to hide in plain sight, this would be it.

There was just something about the Dutch, and more recently, the influx of blonde Russian women looking for work, that made Amsterdam so appealing. With prostitution legalized here, there were many ways a beautiful young woman could earn money. Not very healthy ways, perhaps, but then, Russia wasn't a healthy place to live either. And the Dutch had very liberal morals, and with the rules that came with Dutch prostitution, mandatory protection, health checks, etc., it wasn't as unhealthy as it was elsewhere.

I put those thoughts behind me and walked back to my hotel. Whether it was the Russian escort girl in the hotel lobby or a Kryptonian Supergirl, whatever mystery was at work here, it was unlikely I was going to solve it today.

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I found myself unable to sleep ten hours later. I was watching MTV just before midnight, my jetlagged body thinking it was morning even though the clock stubbornly said it was night. I was just starting to doze off into a fitful sleep when I was awakened by a soft knock on my door.

Puzzled as to who would be coming to my door so late, I got up and opened the door cautiously. Standing outside in the hallway was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. She was very tall, gloriously blonde and remarkably slender. She was wearing a short, red skirt and boots, her hair falling over her chest to preserve the rest of her modesty. Her blue eyes sparkled beautifully, as clear and innocent as a child's, yet set in the face of a woman who was anything but a child.

My heart leaped as I realized I'd seen those eyes before -- in the middle of the Prins Hendrikkade street!

"Hi, I'm Evan'ya," she said softly. "We met earlier today."

She held out her hand, and I took it. Her handshake was warm, her long fingers gripping me as strongly as a man.

"You're her? The girl and the, ah, bus," I stumbled. I suddenly remembered these same fingers crushing the quarter-inch thick Swedish steel of that bus's bumper, and quickly pulled my hand from hers.

"Sorry if I had to fly earlier," she smiled softly as she slipped past me to walk into my room. "But there were too many witnesses to hang around there and talk. Are those two kids okay?"

I nodded instinctively, noting as I did that she spoke English with an accent and turn of phrase that suggested she was Russian. Her voice was soft, melodious, her accent intriguing.

"Their parents showed up and took them home. Americans," I said, as if that explained the naivety of the kids.

I tried not to stare at her, startled and aroused by the fact that she wore only the skirt and boots.

"You saved their lives, you know," she said softly.

"And you saved mine." I didn't know what else to say. How do you thank a lady who lifted a bus over her head a fraction of a second before it was going to squash mine to mush.

"Despite the rules of non-involvement that I've been sworn to, I just couldn't bear to watch them get hurt. But you were the real hero. Trading your life for theirs. Or trying to, anyway."

"They were but children," I shrugged as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do, even though I'd never done anything that brave before. And probably wouldn't again. "I couldn't just stand and stare like everyone else was."

"You've proven that the legends of Earth are all true. That you Terrans are indeed capable of offering your fragile lives up to save those who need your protection."

"I just didn't have time to think," I said with a depreciating wave of my hand. "I'm not normally that brave."

"You acted from your heart and not from reason. And you would surely have died if I hadn't been walking down that street when I was. You do know that?"

"It's something I will forever be grateful for."

"No, I am the one who is grateful. For I was privileged to see the act which has made the people of Earth such a fascination to the rest of the universe. Your selflessness in the face of death."

My mind raced as I listened to her. I was standing before a beautiful woman from another star, a Goddess if today's events were any indication, and she was saying that I was the one who had impressed her! That I was her hero!

"Yet it was you who flew that bus over my head," I said incredulously, listening to myself talk. I felt like I was inside a fantasy. "You lifted it over your head and flew," I repeated, still not believing the sound of my own words.

"It was not heavy for me," she shrugged as she stared into my eyes, a proud smile

tilting her lips into a tiny smile. A beautiful smile she was trying to hold back.

I stared into her eyes, realizing that hers was the most perfectly beautiful face I had ever seen.

Then her words hit me like a hammer.

"It was not heavy for you?" I repeated, whispering under my breath. "That bus weighed forty metric tones if it weighed a gram."

She returned my gaze with confidence, her smile broadening as she seemed to enjoy the fact that I was fascinated with her. I tore my eyes with difficulty from hers, and lowered them to take in her beauty. She was very tall and slender, easily 1.75 meters (about 5'10 for the metric-challenged) and her general build was that of a fashion model. Except for her breasts, which I quickly noted were fuller than your typical model. Her legs were impossibly long. Her hair was the color of late afternoon sunshine.

Yet it was her widely-spaced eyes that kept drawing mine. They were light blue and clear, holding a beguiling look of innocence that was paradoxically mixed with total confidence. Her cheekbones were high, her complexion perfect. Even if I hadn't seen her amazing feat of strength a few hours earlier, I would have known that she was not of this world. Goddesses this beautiful lived on in our mythology, both ancient and modern, the latest incarnation of myths called graphic novels.

They most certainly didn't walk along the streets of Amsterdam.

Yet this angel did. Or rather, she flew through them.

"Do you mind if I smoke," she asked suddenly.

I shook my head, lost in the wonder of her. I hated smoking, but right now, I could deny her nothing.

"It is such an interesting habit, this smoking of tobacco that you Earth do," she continued. "We have no habits such as this back on Velor."

**Velor!**

The word echoed from the walls of the room like a thunderclap. Velor was the planet of the mythical women who had first been reported in Terran mythology as Greek goddesses, then perhaps later as the Valkyrie, beautiful goddesses who carried the fallen soldiers of the Norse into Valhalla. Women strong and invulnerable who could defeat any living man in a contest of strength.

"You're a Velorian?" I asked, hoping my voice wouldn't sound incredulous.

She smiled proudly. "Of course."

"And you're here, visiting Earth?"

"Only for a few days. I got lost passing through the Crab Nebula -- took the wrong wormhole and wound up outside the Sol system. Once I realized where I was, less than a light year from Sol itself, from Manhome, I couldn't help but pay a visit to the planet of our origin. The planet where the entire human experience started."

I stared at her in open astonishment. "But why Amsterdam? I thought I read that your

people came from ancient Scania, or even Eastern Russia. Finland maybe."

"You know about Velorians?" she said excitedly as she sat down on the bed, her eyes dancing.

"Possibly more than anyone on Earth," I said proudly.

"And you are not intimidated by me?" She sat up straighter. "I am very strong, you know."

"If you had been any less strong, that bus would have flattened me this morning."

"True."

"More than that, I know of the qualities of your unique genetics, Evan'ya. I know that your people are the Protectors of planets, the nurturers of humanity in all its forms. Super girls."

She giggled. "Yes, that is a good name for me on your world. Supergirl," she said brightly. "Like from a comic book that I saw in a store this week."

My heart leaped as I heard the casual way she named herself.

"But I do not look so unusual here. I am tall, and Dutch girls are so tall and blonde." She lowered her voice. "But no one must know I am here."

"Yet I do," I replied.

"You are different. You understand me, and you showed me that you are brave."

"And you saved my life. How can I repay you?"

"It was nothing," she shrugged as she lowered her hand to place it on mine. "I have saved entire planets. One man is not so much."

"So you're a Protector?"

"I am," she said proudly. "Evan'ya Ninyana'tol, at your service."

"Your name sounds almost Russian."

"My egg-bearer's great-great-great-grandfather was from your Russia."

"I thought you were only from Scania," I said, using the old name for Sweden.

"Not only. But mostly."

"And now you are here to save me?"

She giggled. "You don't need saving now. But you should know that we Velorians prize selflessness above all other traits. Giving one's life for someone weaker is the highest honor for a Protector."

She paused, her small smile growing. "It would be my honor to share that glory with you in the way of Velor. A kir'aling."

"A kir'aling," I said, dumfounded. "But that bond of obligation is only due when someone saves your life, isn't it?"

"Perhaps. Yes. But I have never known a man who would risk his life so selflessly as

you did today. I would like to take a little of your bravery with me when I return to my world. It will make me stronger."

"Stronger?" I laughed. "You looked strong enough today."

"That was nothing," she shrugged again as she lowered my hand to place it on her warm thigh. "I am Protector born. I am stronger than you could possibly imagine."

I thrilled to the touch of her firm leg beneath my hand, her skin so soft. She shifted slightly, and I felt hard muscles moving sensuously.

"I have a very good imagination," I replied. "It's hard at work now."

"You do not need imagination tonight."

I knew she was right, for I could feel the glow of her impossible strength rising to make my fingers tingle. That sensation thrilled me. Excited me. Turned me on.

"So you do like me," she giggled softly, her eyes flashing blue to look through my clothing. "And you are not afraid of me? Not afraid of a Protector's strength?"

I reached up to brush the warm blonde hair from her face. "Afraid would be most opposite word in the universe right now," I answered, the desire clear in my voice.

"Would you then grant me the honor of sharing your bravery with me?" she said as she rose to stand before me.

My eyes traced upward across her tall form, suddenly imagining her flying between the stars, her blonde hair flying, a tight blue top adding color to her beauty as she flew from planet to planet. The 'S' rune of her race proudly covering her breasts.

"And what would the lady of Velor desire of me?" I smiled back, my heart pounding. I tried to keep my imagination from racing ahead.

"Oh, nothing too difficult," she said, her words so casual. "Perhaps just to make love to me -- something nice like that. That way I can take a little of your bravery with me." She smiled sexily. "Inside me."

I didn't trust myself to speak as my emotions reeling from her simple invitation. I realized for the first time that the stories of Velorians were all true. They were the most sexual of beings. Sharing their bodies was how they shared their hearts.

I replied by lifting my hands to place them on her slender hips, and she stepped closer to me, slipping between my legs. She lowered her hands to cover mine, guiding my hands downward as she encouraged me to remove her leggings, slowly baring the beautifully slender legs that had lifted that huge bus only hours earlier. Very long and very strong legs.

She was beautiful beyond mere description, her skin flawlessly tanned, her body tight and responsive to my touch. My heart was pounding so wildly that I was having trouble taking a breath as I traced my fingers lightly across her thigh, her soft skin making my body tingle from a mere touch, the firmness of her underlying muscles reminding me that she was indeed a Protector. It thrilled me to think that she could fly unharmed through the heart of the sun if that was her wish. That she had barely exerted herself while lifting that city bus.

She leaned down to shower me with her golden blonde hair, the very light around me turning golden as I looked up at her. Her soft lips found mine. Her kiss was delicate, yet insistent, her tongue tracing my lips, opening them, her kiss reaching inward. It was the kiss of a woman who knew so much about loving.

My thoughts raced as my body felt more alive than I'd ever felt before, savoring my fantasies that no longer were about this race of beautiful super girls whose ultimate pleasures came in the arms of men. Women who embraced sex like we more ordinary beings embraced breathing.

That thought was still crossing my mind when I inhaled the faint scent of honey and wildflowers, a touch of musk blended in. The scent of her alien pheromones. Pheromones that could compel any man to do her bidding.

I did not fight her erotic power, but instead I traced my hands over her tiny waist and pulled her closer as I sat on the bed, amazed that her legs were so long that, even when sitting, I had to lean my head down to kiss her delicate bellybutton. She giggled happily as I felt her skin warming beneath my hands. I began to kiss my way upward, only to have her step back as I reached her breasts.

"They are the source of my power," she murmured as she covered herself with her hands. "I don't want my saving your life to be in vain." Instead, she floated upward in thin air to settle on my bed, closing her eyes as she began to trace her fingers upward, inviting me to watch her.

I sat beside her, my hand tracing across the perfection of her legs again as I leaned over to kiss her flat tummy, my tongue tracing around her bellybutton before darting inside.

She giggled softly, and then lifted her hands from her breasts. I was startled to see a blue spark leap between her nipples accompanied by a sharp SNAP. She traced her long fingers over those same nipples, her touch raising a flurry of sparks. I knew that Evan'ya's unique energy and ultimate strength was contained in those most feminine curves, and I was seeing the visible evidence of the orgone that powered her body. It was this energy that had given her the strength to save my life this afternoon.

I daringly traced my kisses upward, feeling her long fingers tangling in my hair to pull me closer. I slowly kissed my way around those perfect breasts before pausing to circle one nipple with the tip of my tongue. It rose gloriously to match her arousal, and I gripped it gently between my teeth to hold her.

She gave off a soft moan of encouragement.

I knew that no power in the universe could hurt Evan'ya, most certainly not my ardent attentions, so I held her less gently with my teeth. Her moans grew louder and her nipple grew remarkably larger and firmer yet.

I was suddenly not gentle at all as I savaged her nipple as hard as I could. She gave off a surprised squeak of pleasure and sat up, lifting me as she did, my bodyweight inconsequential compared to her phenomenal strength. She rolled me over to straddle my hips, then leaned forward to trace her breasts softly across my face, the hard nubs of my handiwork thrilling me as they contrasted so dramatically with the soft depths of her

breasts. I lifted my hands to hold her, and found that her softness filled my hands to overflowing. I felt her powerful heart beating fast, sending its beat up through my arms.

My kisses traced downward again as I eased her backward, her body moving so lithely and flexibly beneath mine, floating on air. I caught the top of her panties in my teeth, and started to pull them down. She giggled and lifted her hips slightly and then ran her hand gently across her mons, her fingers brushing my lips as she briefly teased herself. Her touch grew stronger, and her panties tore apart, revealing her needfulness.

I kissed her more intimately, inhaling the heady scent of wildflowers and musk, my tongue tracing her nether lips, opening them ever so slightly as I searched for that tiny hood of her desire. I was rewarded with a far stronger scent of honey and wildflower as her pheromones filled the air again. The taste of her was as sweet and flowery as her scent, and just as excitedly, totally and wonderfully alien.

My tongue found that ultimate nub of pleasure, and circled it but twice before it rose wondrously firm, vibrating with her passion. I took it between my lips, then held it gently between my teeth.

She cried out and began to move wildly beneath me, her slender body stiffening and then turning steel-hard as I continued my ministrations. She was breathing hard, panting really, as I nibbled gently, my tongue flicking between them to tease the flesh my teeth had trapped. Her silky legs closed tightly around my head as I began to guide two fingers past her nether lips, my teeth still holding her tightly.

She clenched her inner self tightly enough to stop my fingers from moving, and then rolled to her side while reaching down to gently ease my fingers out of her. She sighed while forcefully pulling herself from the grip of my teeth, despite my best attempt to hold her fast.

She floated off the big bed, tossing her hair from her face to smile at me, her eyes sparkling with blue intensity.

"You would not survive the power of my full arousal. Only a man of my planet can lie with me at such times."

The disappointed look on my face made her laugh, and she leaned forward to touch her forehead to mine. "But don't worry about me. Just being able to carry a little of your bravery in me will make this visit to Earth so memorable."

With that, she reached down and gently tore my shorts from me, her strength so great that I barely felt her touch, only the tearing sound of the fabric telling me what she was doing. I gasped as her soft hand closed around my ardor, holding me with a delicate hint of the power that I knew not even the hardest steel could resist. That thought made me so hard that I imagined I was that steel.

"My, you are a Superman yourself," said added with a giggle, reinforcing my fantasy. Both of us aware that her words were an outrageous lie. She was my Supergirl, so nothing else mattered. Still, I allowed myself the brief fantasy that I was indeed a man of her race, that I had the power to please her as she was determined to please me.

I suddenly didn't care what was dream and what was not as she lowered her head to wrap her soft lips around me, drawing me inward. I gasped for air as her blonde hair

flowed across my lap as she bobbed her head up and down. Tangling my fingers in that silky hair, my body felt like it was going to explode as her soft lips and tongue traced over me.

I suddenly knew that I didn't want to come this way. I tried to push her away, only to feel her great strength opposing me as she continued. I realized that I might as well be trying to stop a speeding freight train with my bare hands. A train she could stop if she wished. But I could not.

I leaned back and struggled to control my onrushing release, but she skillfully took me to the very edge of my passion, and then, just as there was no turning back, she released me to roll on her side again. My heart was racing, my lungs gasping and my ardor was a single touch away from explosion, but she just licked her lips and smiled at me.

"So, now is your moment. The moment for you to make love to me. To make love to the Girl of Steel, the Goddess of Power, a Protector of Worlds, the..."

"...most beautiful woman on Earth," I finished for her. She smiled, knowing the power her words had over me. Her hand closed about me to draw my power to her, her hand vibrating in a way no human woman's could. I cried out for release, knowing I was in her power, and she lowered herself over me, taking me into that wondrously slippery warmth.

She was tight, awesomely tight, virginal tight – but I knew she was anything but virginal. She was instead, Velorian, and she relaxed and opened herself so deliciously for me. I slid deeper, luxuriating in the slippery glove of her passion, feeling her inner muscles holding me with a velvet grip. A strangely erotic wave of contractions rippled up and down the length of me as she leaned forward to shower me with her golden hair again.

A rush of warmth filled my body as I sensed the omnipotent power of her body surrounding me. Yet strangely, instead of completing me, it only raised the bar, giving my body new dimensions of pleasure to reach for.

I used my newfound capacity to reach up and hold her firm breasts, my fingers caressing her hard nipples again, feeling them grow so excited that they seemed to vibrate. I knew at that moment that she wanted to be pleased as much as she was interested in pleasing me.

I threw caution to the wind and applied all my strength to that intimate task. I rolled her over on the bed as she lifted her impossibly long legs and placed them on my shoulders, her body flexing so lithely beneath mine. Her powerful legs held me fast as she began to whisper to me.

"Take me, take your Supergirl. Take me... oh, harder, oh yes, yes!"

I did as my Goddess commanded, throwing caution to the wind as I lost all control, and we fucked like two horny animals until I finally felt my body exploding so deeply inside hers. Her soft cry of pleasure matched my deeper cry of release. She stiffened beneath me, and then rolled me over onto my back to straddle me, her eyes glowing now with a fierce light. Her legs tightened to hold me too tightly to move, as ripple of strength

traced up and down her arms.

I saw her bite her lip as she tried to hold herself back, and I knew at that moment that my life was in her hands. I had read that no ordinary man could withstand the power and heat of a Velorian orgasm, and I knew that Evan'ya was only seconds away from enjoying that very thrill. Part of me was so proud that I'd brought a Protector to the edge of her passion, but another part of me was terrified that she might not be able to stop.

Fortunately for me, she saved my life a second time in one day. She sighed softly and collapsed against my chest, her silky tresses cover my face as her body grew soft again. I held her to me as our breathing slowed, and I felt her pounding heart calming.

My heart did not. For I held the girl of my dreams in my arms. I had made lover to her. I had pleased her.

I reached out to turn off the light, realizing as I did that Evan'ya had already fallen asleep in my arms. I smiled, embracing the warmth of her body with mine as I realized that my life would never be the same again.

I dared to dream an impossible dream.

A dream where Supergirl had finally found her Superman.