

Geneve

By Shadar

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I slowed the car as I saw her pink hair towering over the crowd in front of the Air France terminal. Standing 6'1" tall and dressed in a Givenchy pantsuit fashion that had to be worth thousands, she was both statuesque and drop dead gorgeous. And naturally, she was surrounded by an entourage of incredibly cute guys.

A part of me was envious until I recalled that she'd just spent ten hours in a crowded aluminum tube called an airliner. Something I'll never have to do. As far as the guys, I don't know where she finds them, but Geneve has this uncanny way of attracting men she's interested in and intimidating everyone else. After all, she's a cape, a bonafide member of the Justice League and a true superheroine.

Geneve was the latest worldwide sensation, the most famous cape at the moment. Her face on dozens of magazine covers, the News people would feature any story about her and then there was the Net, which was clogged with her pictures. She had this perfect face that any sculptor or artist would die for if only he could capture it, and it didn't hurt that she spoke with a lovely Parisian accent. She'd adopted Paris as her home soon after arriving on Earth, and the French adored her. They consider her a national treasure.

Her power to mesmerize men wasn't limited to her beauty. Her voice had this mesmerizing quality and once she looked into a man's eyes, he couldn't look away. During her first appearance on Letterman's show, when she appeared in a vaporous gown that was arguably not fit for television, and when she sat down and looked into Letterman's eyes, she owned him. He

forgot about his other guests and started gushing about how beautiful she was for the rest of the show.

Unlike the other Leaguers, who had physical or mental powers, Geneve had powerful pheromones along with complete resistance to any human-born disease and most types of injury. According to S.T.A.R Labs, who had studied her, a single whiff of her scent would stimulate a massive release of oxytocin, endorphins and testosterone which created the sensation of intense, overwhelmingly needful desire. There were some alien chemicals in the mix as well, but S.T.A.R hadn't been able to isolate those. Men described it as feeling like they were helplessly falling head-over-heels in love. They said the intensity and the all-encompassing awe reminded them of their very first love affair, only far stronger.

Soon after arriving on Earth, Geneve went to work trying to seduce my cousin Kal. She claims he'd be her perfect lover, but he won't come anywhere near her. He's convinced she'd turn him into her love slave or something. He's probably right given he's pretty inexperienced when it comes to romance. His teenage relationship with Lana Lang hadn't gone well, and his more mature relationship with Lois Lane had ended when she was killed by Darkseid. Since then, I know only of a brief liaison with Wonder Woman. Given the normally lesbian Amazons approach sex with men the same way they do conquest — ordinary men rarely survive an Amazon encounter — Diana was hardly a good influence on him. She might not be able to hurt Kal, but their idea of sexual intimacy causes Earth tremors.

While Geneve's power to make men fall helplessly in love with her seems like a wimpy power, you should see her when she walks onto the scene of a violent firefight. She'll just stand there in the middle of the shooting, shifting from one sexy pose to another as she casts her pheromones on the wind. She doesn't seem to care if she gets shot, but after a single whiff of her scent, the shooters invariably stop to stare at her with those puppy dog

eyes. Then, once she stares into their eyes, they fall headfirst into a bottomless pool of love and lust. She winds them around her little finger until the cops arrive.

Of course, her airborne pheromones only work on the half of the population with a Y chromosome. But that was OK given that the majority of the really violent criminals are still men. Her weird power has saved a lot of lives. But it has also made her a very controversial figure, especially given she seems to take a different man, or woman, to her bed every night. The intensity of her pheromones always doom her lovers to a terminally broken heart.

Unfortunately, her powers worked equally well on cops and fellow Justice Leaguers, which has made her impossible to work with. For guys anyway. Which was why the League asked me to team up with her. Supposedly I'd be immune, and we were both bulletproof. Of less importance was the fact that men saw us as two very hot chicks, which is a mixed blessing. Despite having just taken the long red-eye flight, Geneve looked as if she'd just walked out of a Beverly Hills beauty salon. Her hair was perfect, her complexion fresh, her eyes sparkling with intelligence and energy — all side-effects of her brand of super-vitality.

The men around her were a very different story. They had dry, red eyes and looked both frantic and exhausted. They were dead on their feet but were so much in “love” and so turned on that they didn't feel their exhaustion.

Like all Justice Leaguers, Geneve was welcome to fly free in First Class on any airliner, anywhere, and like many of the other Leaguers, she had special requirements. In Geneve's case, that meant female flight crews. Male pilots would inhale her pheromones during the flight and become so distracted they couldn't fly. In fact, I'd first met Geneve after saving an Air France 787 from flying into a mountain near Denver, Colorado. The plane

was a on a flight from Paris to Chicago, which tells you just how distracted the male pilots were.

I'd offered to fly Geneve over from Paris this morning, mainly because I could get her here a lot faster, but also so save the poor passengers. But she'd claimed she needed to charge up first. The crowded, closed cabin of a large airliner was the perfect place for her to draw energy from more than two-hundred very aroused men. After all, her Justice League codename was Arousal.

Geneve claims her people are distantly related to an extinct race of vampires who have evolved away from their blood-sucking ways. That and an elusive race of synthetically-enhanced humans called Velorians, which is controversial. Some people think they are related to Asgardians, albeit more powerful, and others believe they are watching Earth even now, keeping us safe. If so, neither Kal nor I have ever met one. And we kind of consider the protection of Earth thing as our job. Whatever the truth, Geneve believes her near S-class invulnerability came from the Velorians along with her pheromones, which were greatly strengthened by her vampiric side. Of course, her vampire background, which was undisputed, explained how she lived off sexual energy. Geneve could absorb it through the air if enough men were crowded around her, as in that airliner, but she could draw far more of it if she was intimate with someone. Her orgasms sucked the strength and life force right out of a lover, very much the way her ancient ancestors had sucked blood, leaving her lovers so weak it took them days to recover.

She'd famously engaged in a high-profile relationship with Thor, an Asgardian hero and bonafide demi-god, but according to Geneve, even his mighty hammer went limp after a marathon week of lovemaking. I wondered not for the first time what would have happened if she ever gotten together with Kal. That would be epic and probably dangerous as hell given she radiated clouds of pheromones when she was having sex.

People up to fifty miles downwind of her romantic liaisons with Thor had been obsessed with uncontrolled desires. Innumerable traffic accidents and infidelities had occurred, along with the rekindling of thousands of fading romances. Even worse, the effects on young teenagers, who were already prone to hormonal excess, were completely disastrous. It would be far worse if she got together with Kal El.

Some pundit had said that if there was an X-rating as applied to sentient beings, it would be stamped all over Geneve. That said, I'm sure she was trying to rein in her scent here at the airport, but I still saw a dozen minor collisions while trying to edge my Porsche closer to the curb, all of them due to drivers rubbernecking at Geneve. Then a rental car bus that was going way too fast clipped a minivan and careened toward the crowd who'd gathered around Geneve. I jerked the emergency brake on the Porsche and leaped out, trying to move faster than any camera could track as I leaped up to the roof of the Terminal in a single bound. I stripped off my Linda disguise and then flashed down to grab the front of the careening bus, all in the space of a single split second. I dug my fingers into the steel bumper as I leaned into the hurtling mass, my bare feet grinding across the pavement as I bent down and reached as far as I could under the frame. Then, with a mighty heave, I lifted the crowded bus over the crowd of people it was about to run over.

The eyes that had been staring at Geneve turned momentarily toward me. As always, I look a bit over the top, given my long blonde hair, my micro-mini skirt and my otherwise skintight red and blue costume. That and the red and yellow "S" on my chest. It didn't hurt that I was holding thirty tons of bus in the air, my muscles flexing dramatically. I held the bus as steady as I could while the doors popped open and people and luggage began spilling out.

While this outfit and my level of fitness had been fairly ordinary for a teenage girl on Krypton, I was generally regarded as striking eye-candy here

on Earth. Yet even with all that, standing here with the huge bus over my head, I saw the eyes drifting back to Geneve. Everyone was so mesmerized by her that I doubt I'd have been able to hold their attention if I'd shown up nude.

Sighing, I dropped the rear of the bus back to the roadway and waited until people scrambled out from beneath it before I dropped the front. The air bags and shocks squeaked loudly as it bounced the last of the startled people out the door. They landed in a huge pile, intermingled with their luggage — and ran right past me to get closer to Geneve. I used her distraction to leap back up to the roof to get re-dressed in my brown wig, my usual conservative skirt and a bulky sweater. By the time I slid down the back of the terminal and walked back to my Porsche, deliberately slumping a bit as usual to soften my usual athletic look, I was completely invisible around Geneve.

Sighing, I pushed my way through her breathless group of admirers, my nose wrinkling from the warm, musky smell of male hormones. Grabbing her bags, I plowed my way back to toss them into the front trunk of the Porsche. Geneve turned to look at me, beaming her seductive power my way, testing me with her eyes as she always did. I might not have a Y-chromosome, but whatever her power was based on, her hypnotic eyes made me want to do anything she asked. Even worse was her touch. I seemed to have no immunity to that.

I carefully avoided looking into those green, glowing eyes and instead grabbed her clothed arm to pull her behind me. A half dozen of her admirers further tried to hold her back, and a couple of them tried to pull me away from her, but that was silly — I could drag a dozen railroad locomotives up the side of a mountain if I wanted to. But given I was dressed in my civvies, they had no idea who I was.

I'd almost made it to my car when Geneve jerked me to a stop and turned to face me. She was smiling as she leaned forward to try and kiss me. I quickly turned my head, but her lips traced along my cheek. I jerked back, but the damage was done. Her tactile pheromones penetrated my usually invulnerable skin and entered my blood in milliseconds to send a warm wave of staggering arousal through my body. It was all I could do now to stuff Geneve through as that wave of mind-boggling desire nearly dropped me to my knees. I felt myself getting wet as that rush of profound, maniacal desire grew and grew until it threatened to envelop me. I gasped for air as I stared down at Geneve, finding that she looked more beautiful than a goddess. My heart went out to her and I suddenly wanted more than anything in the world to pick my Porsche up and fly her to some remote location and make wild, crazy love to her.

Instead, I shook my head and struggled with all my willpower to push back those raw feelings. It was all false — was just my own body chemistry working to fool me — but Rao, it felt so real. Was this kind of love all just chemistry in the end?

Her crowd of admirers had mobbed my Porsche by now, trying to get to Geneve. There wasn't going to be an easy way to push my way around the car without hurting anyone, so I used a tiny portion of my Kryptonian athletics to roll over the top of the car and land beside the driver's side door. I sent a couple of Geneve's admirers flying as I roughly forced my door open and dove inside to quickly close and lock it behind me.

"Kara, baby, God... its so good to see you," Geneve said softly in that wondrous accent of hers, calling me by my given name despite my disguise. "Thanks for saving me again."

"You really have to stop flying commercial, Geneve," I said, trying to sound angry despite my breathless arousal. "Someday you're going to

disable a flight crew again and I might not be there next time to save the plane.”

She leaned closer to beam that million watt smile of hers, her eyes glowing with that unique shade of bluish-green. “You wouldn’t let that happen, love. And if it did, you know I could walk away from any crash.”

“While you kill all the other passengers?” I fumbled with my keys, my hands shaking as I tried to find the ignition lock. “Not good.” I almost had it when she reached across the console to slide her warm hand under the hem of my skirt to explore upward far enough to find my Kryptonian skirt. She slipped her hand under that as well.

“Geneve!” I protested, finding that I was incapable of reaching down to remove her hand. I felt myself weakening as her intimate touch began sucking power from me, feeding on my arousal. It was I could do to hang onto my usually indomitable willpower, which was now threatening to vanish like frost in the springtime sun. Every fiber in my body wanted her, right here, right now.

If not for the alarm bells that were clanging even louder inside my skull, I would have been lost. But fortunately, like my cousin Kal, my mind works on several levels at the same time, even more so than humans, and there was this logical part of me that was screaming for me to get away. I knew to listen to those bells, to not just give myself up, but Geneve’s power was awesome. It was the hardest thing I’d ever done to pull her hand from under my skirt and push her back over to her side of the Porsche.

“Geneve... please!” I pleaded, my heart pounding, blood rushing to all the intimate places on my body. “Don’t take me. Don’t make me.”

It was a phrase many a victim had used to plead with her vampire ancestors.

She laughed at the way my hands were trembling as I ground the gears, trying to get my damn Porsche in gear. Her bright eyes remained focused on mine. I didn't dare look at her. The logical part of me knew that if I lost it here, our shared passion would tear my car apart. And, of course, it would destroy my Linda Danvers secret identity once and for all. Not to mention the fact that I'm not gay to begin with.

"Very impressive, Kara. No one has ever resisted my touch before."

"That isn't cool, Geneve," I said as I tried to focus on not running anyone over as I picked my way through the crumpled and stopped cars. "You know I'm not wound that way."

"I don't think you know how you're wound," she purred. "And I love it. The Girl of Steel. The Invulnerable Mistress of Krypton. A living goddess. My secret super-girlfriend."

"I'm not anyone's girl... and hardly a goddess...we just work together..."

"Liar," she interrupted. "You don't think I can tell the difference between true desire and the raw chemistry I create?"

I closed my eyes for a brief moment, struggling to push back the tsunami waves of desire that kept crashing over me. Some of them felt warm and cozy and snug, like I'd finally met my soul mate, while other waves jolted me like electric shocks as they created this powerful inner itch that just had to be scratched. My nipples grew so engorged they threatened to tear my blouse open.

Damn her Betageusian powers.

I'd considered myself completely straight before meeting Geneve, but she was working hard to unlock a side of me that I hadn't known even existed. A side I wasn't sure I wanted to exist.

Still, I'd successfully pushed through this kind of temptation before. I wasn't like the men she took advantage of, most of whom became completely amorous and beyond control. Still, if she touched me again, I wasn't sure I'd be able to maintain any propriety. Rao help me if she ever kissed me. I'd be lost.

"You must have caused a dozen fender benders back there, Geneve," I accused her, trying to sound angry despite my racing heart and yearning body. "Not to mention that bus. Plus the men on that plane are going to be useless for days, what with exhaustion and withdrawal symptoms from your pheromones. A few with weak hearts might even wind up in the hospital."

"Perhaps," she sighed, "but it was such a safe way to draw my power, no? Secure in my seat in First Class with everyone expected to remain in their seats. Touching no one." She leaned closer to me, her voice lowering intimately. "Although if you'd ever consent to be my lover, Kara dear, I could draw all my power from one endless source. That would make the world safer for men."

A wild zing of desire raced through me like lightning at her words, so much so that it was all I could do to force myself to laugh hollowly. "Safer my ass. There is nothing safe about you Geneve. Remember that nightclub in LA?"

Early on, before I fully understood her power, I'd made a big mistake by taking her to a nightclub while we were working a case in LA. That had been like pouring gasoline on a fire — the entire place went up in flames of desire. Inhibitions were already thin in such clubs, either by desire or booze or drugs, but any semblance of propriety evaporated the moment Geneve walked through the door. I heard later that the wild orgy had lasted until dawn. The LA Times, reporting on the event the next day, claimed that "the caped Justice Leaguer named Arousal had seduced everyone at the Ground

Zero club in Hollywood.” Seduction wasn’t exactly the word. Fox News, which was famously anti-cape, claimed her pheromones were nothing less than drug-induced rape. But since Geneve hadn’t actually touched anyone, the cops couldn’t arrest her. Even the conservative pundits were glad for that, claiming that confining her to the infamously overcrowded LA County jail would have melted the place down.

I tended to agreed with the talking heads on Fox in this particular case. The laws hadn’t been amended to cover Geneve’s type of power, or most of the other Leaguers for that point. Super pheromones weren’t illegal. In fact, other than a few incidents like that club, which was my fault in any case, Geneve tried her best to use her unusual power for good, and she often succeeded. She had, after all, been inducted into the Justice League as a full member.

I continued the struggle to compartmentalize my surging emotions from my logical side as I glared sternly at her. “Then I assume you are tanked up enough on those poor bastard’s mojo that we can get serious for a moment. Since you left Paris, the situation here has gone critical. The terrorists are on the top floor of the Empire State Building and they’ve got a nuke set on a hair trigger. I can’t get close enough to them to disarm or remove it without triggering the damn thing.”

“Somalians you said?”

“Supposedly. The usual wacko fundamentalists, all prepared to die for Allah. They want the U.S. to release all Muslim prisoners and to pay their country ten billion euros. They also swear they’ll detonate the device if either Kal or I come near them. NYPD is taking them at their word, so I’ve gotta stay undercover.”

“Ten billion euros is cheap compared to having New York nuked. Yes?”

“Its not going to happen, Geneve. The President won’t negotiate. Rao knows that every terrorist with a stolen Pakistani nuke would quickly do the

same if these guys get away with it. There are still a half dozen of those things missing.”

“Is Kal hovering around, under cover or whatever?”

I shook my head. “I told him I was bringing you here and that I’d deal with this. He refuses to come within a hundred miles of you for obvious reasons. If your scent works on me, we both know it’ll knock him silly.”

Geneve reached out to place her hand on my thigh, the dual layer of fabric from my two skirts forming a safe barrier. “Just as well. I’d rather be with you, Kara dear. You are definitely cuter, at least when you get rid of this silly Linda disguise. Its really not you.”

“Which is the point...duh,” I replied.

She gripped my leg tightly, using a great deal of her enhanced strength. My body is firmer than any human’s, even when I’m relaxed, and my Kryptonian muscles are harder than any steel when tensed. The Girl of Steel thing guarantees my relationships with men are challenging. Being invulnerable and super-strong and more-or-less made of steel has some definite disadvantages when it comes to full-on sex, but I’ve learned to detune myself to human norms when I’m Linda by using this super-hypnosis technique that Kal taught me. I tell guys that my over-the-top muscle tone comes from being an addicted gym rat. The post-hypnotic suggestion ensures I don’t lose it during my moments of passion. Tensing up my super-powered Kegels would be devastating to a lover in ways no man wants to even think about.

But hypnosis or not, lately I’ve been having these really erotic dreams where I was making love to a man, not as Linda but as Kara, and sometimes in my red and blue costume. In my dreams, this faceless man demands every ounce of my strength and endurance to keep up with him. I suppose those dreams are significant, serving as some kind of outlet for my

frustration, but they are also silly. The only man with my strength level is Kal, and he's more of a big brother than anything else.

Unfortunately, I'd made the mistake of sharing too much of my dream with Geneve, who like all members of her race was bi-sexual. She claimed I was dreaming of her, but my subconscious refused to accept that I was attracted to another woman. She told me she had a big thing for making love to stronger partners, which given she had the strength of ten men ruled out anyone except other capes. What I do know is that she got hot watching me do things that only my cousin Kal and I could do. She kept reminding me that she was a lot tougher than any human, and that I couldn't hurt her no matter how crazy I might go on her.

I wasn't so sure about the last. I had the power of a yellow sun powering me. If Geneve ever drew that kind of power from me, and re-radiated it as sexual desire during her orgasms the way she had with Thor, she'd burn out every man's libido within two-hundred miles of us and likely melt a hole in the Earth. I also seriously doubted whether I'd ever be the same again. I know I'd never look at men the same way.

And damn it, I liked guys. Even if they are fragile teddy bears.

Chapter Two

I focused on weaving through the traffic at the airport, using my super quick reflexes and the responsiveness of Bruce Wayne's hopped-up Cayman Sport to hit 100 in the 40 zone. I was going 150 by the time I got on I-678. The needle was quivering at 200mph when I peeled off on an exit ramp near La Guardia and stood on the brakes, adding a bit of my flight power to slow the sleek Porsche enough to make the turn at the bottom. A few quick, fast turns later and we were driving through a garage doorway, still going 60. The high speed door snapped closed behind us as I screeched to a stop.

“Oooh... one of Batman’s lairs. How cool,” Geneve breathed as she climbed lithely out of the Cayman. “Is he around?”

I shook my head to her question. “Nope. Its just us girls.”

If I could believe the scuttlebutt at League headquarters, Kal and Bruce are the only two capes she hasn’t seduced, and I’m not so sure about Bruce. Batman’s been kind of a mentor to me ever since I arrived here eight years ago at the tender age of 15. At first he was really hard on me, but now we get along just fine. He’s finally accepted that I’m grown up.

He’s also got this secret thing for me, or so he shared with Diana once. But given he’s an honorable man, he’ll never cross that line. After all, I’m young enough to be his grand-daughter. That said, I’m sure its a different story with Geneve. She claims to be over a thousand years old despite looking nearly as young me, but he’s very disapproving of the way she uses her powers. However, given he and Catwoman were together for some time, he knows his way around kink and hyper-sexuality.

“Bummer. You know he claims he’s found a way to filter out my pheromones. I’d like to prove him wrong.”

“That would be so wrong right now, Geneve. Remember the mission? Nukes?”

“Especially since I really want you, Kara dear.”

I sighed again. I was damn hard to keep Geneve focused, even when nukes were involved.

“You look ridiculous in those silly clothes and those unfashionable glasses, Kara. Let me free you.”

Before I could protest, her eyes flashed like two green arc-welders. Two sun-hot beams hit my face, instantly vaporizing my black glasses. Before I could move, she lowered her gaze to my chest to burn away my blouse,

revealing the small red and yellow “S” over my left boob. She paused there, her heat vision raising my skin to red-hot incandescence. It felt amazing to have her heat vision on me, but I had to cover myself with my hands. This was just another of her seduction attempts.

She countered by snapping her eyes down to vaporize my Linda skirt as she focused on my red miniskirt. The parts of me beneath that didn’t need any more heating.

I angrily spread my other hand in front of my skirt to block the beams. “Geneve, stop, damn it. We’re on a mission now. There’s a nuke in the city, for Rao’s sake.”

“I’m just trying to discover the girl I love.”

I signed and pulled off the remains of my half melted wig to release my long, blonde hair. “You don’t love anyone, Geneve. You just like to see us squirm.” The rest of my clothing was burning now, so I just brushed it away as I stepped out of the cloud of smoke.

“What does a girl who’s never been in love know about love?”

“Screw you!” I exclaimed. Now she was pissing me off.

Geneve grinned at me as the smoke cloud drifted away from me. “Now you look like a properly heroic caped crusader of truth and justice. Yes?”

I didn’t feel very heroic at the moment. My nipples were ridiculously engorged and that burning/itch of unrequited desires was driving me to distraction. Brushing my fingers over my nipples, I found that they were hard enough to poke holes in armored plate. I was also wet and getting wetter. My famous self-control was fading fast, damn her.

“So, how are Supergirl and Arousal going to defeat this batch of terrorist shit-heads,” she asked, using our Justice League names. “And why haven’t you already done it?”

I did a double-take. Geneve of all people was trying to refocus me on the mission? Damn it...I needed to get my head back in the game.

“You don’t understand the setup,” I said, shaking my head to try and dispel the pink buzz. “They have four men with triggers, one on each side of the building, all on the observation deck. A group of hostages is chained to each one of them forming a human shield. The experts think the triggers involve a deadman switch along with what they think is a bio-switch, tuned to the triggermen’s bodies. Any interruption or excursion of their vitals sets it off. Or a separation from the trigger.”

“That’s pretty sophisticated stuff.”

“Yeah. Want to guess who is providing it? They also have one of LuthorCorp’s scanners that can pick up the resonance of Kryptonian flesh from a distance of several miles. Even if I flew through the triggermen at hyperspeed and sacrificed the hostages, that damn scanner would trigger the bomb based on my presence.”

“You were thinking of doing that?” she asked, a surprised look in her eyes. “Killing the men?” She knew I held to Kal’s pledge.

I shrugged. “Nukes demand special rules. So yeah, if it would have worked. But it won’t.”

“Huh...what do you know...” she mused. “Maybe there is hope for you yet.”

“They also have security devices that will detect any chemicals, drugs or gas in the air,” I continued.

She shook her head, pink hair flying. “They aren’t going to detect my pheromones until too late. Trust me.”

“Agreed. That’s what Bruce tells me as well.”

“So what’s the deal with you and the Batman?”

I rolled my eyes. So much for staying on mission. “Just partners. We’re a good team. My bod and his brains.”

“Yeah, I bet he likes your bod. He’s not the only one.”

“Stay focused, Geneve. Nuke? Empire State Building? Saving New York City?”

“Yeah,” she sighed, sounding bored. “I got it. My job is to burn their brains out with a maximum overdose of pheromones, and then you come in and disarm the damn thing.”

“After you disable the scanner.”

“OK,” she shrugged again. Only Geneve could look bored just before confronting some freaks with a nuke.

“The maintenance crew at the building will plug you into the aircon system or whatever.”

Geneve smiled. “Your plans are always both obvious and simple, Kara. You depend only on superhuman power. Either your own or, in this case, mine. Good thing you don’t play chess or poker.”

“I just know what works.”

“How big a nuke is it anyway?” Geneve asked, a worried look on her face. Her brain was finally working.

“The weapon guys are guessing 5 kilotons — about one-quarter the yield of the Hiroshima bomb. Its modeled on an old Soviet suitcase device. But it will still take out a big piece of Manhattan and kill tens of thousands of people if it goes off up there. However, there is a small chance its one of the two enhanced yield suitcase bombs the Soviets made at the very end. In that case, 30 kilotons.”

“Can those kind of nukes hurt you?”

I shook my head. “The bigger one might knock me for a loop if I’m too close. Small one wouldn’t be a problem. I’m into yellow suns and nukes are just little suns.”

“That’s so weird, Yellow Sun-girl, but I got it. Yes? Once I’ve got them all tripping over their dicks you grab the nuke and the triggermen and toss all into the sun. Simple. No?”

I knew better. These kinds of ops are always tricky for me, especially with such incredibly high stakes. Nothing ever went the way I planned it, but I was really good at adapting on the fly. I just had to hope that my loopy emotions weren’t going to muddle my brain so badly that I’d fuck up. Those suicide bombers have probably been dreaming of those seventy-two virgins who are waiting for them in heaven — and wishing they were already there.

It suddenly struck me how ironic this all was — those devout young terrorists were all virgins, while Geneve probably had experienced more lovers than any other person in the universe. After all, she’d been spinning her kind of magic for a thousand years, on and off Earth.

If she could get close, those Somalian bastards weren’t going to stand a chance against a Jezebel like her.

Assuming, of course, that we had enough time left to do anything.

To be continued?

