



**Women of Power #1**  
Wesley Allison

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## Introduction

Not long ago, I discovered and began enjoying the superhero fan fiction from DC2 and DC3. I particularly like "Ultimate Gotham Girls" by Samantha Chapman. Wanting to try my hand at it, I decided I would rather create my own sandbox than play in someone else's. Welcome my own personal take on a world of superheroes.

Wesley Allison

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*Night-time in Chicago;  
Just south of O'Hare, off Franklin;*

The two black Ford Expeditions sat side by side in the darkness on the broad expanse of concrete. The chemical plant had been closed for years now, and this huge cement bowl that had once been a settling pool had, with the exception of a thin layer of probably carcinogenic chemicals, been empty for just as long. It was the perfect place for the meeting. Badi looked out of his window. He could see the headlights from the silver panel van approaching. He gave Mudar, in the other SUV a wave then turned back to Fariq and found him punching numbers into his cell phone.

"What are you doing?"

"Dancing with the Supers was on last night. I'm voting for Airstream."

"Put that away you idiot."

"I'm serious. He deserves to win. The judges are idiots."

"Put it away. The Armenian is here."

Fariq stuffed his phone back into his pocket as the panel van came to a stop forty feet away. Badi got out and Fariq followed him. Mudar and the others climbed out of the other Expedition, all carrying Uzis. The Armenian, Tufenkian, got out of the driver's side of the van and stepped over.

"He says your deposit is in the bank. The goods are in the back. Trade me keys."

Mudar started to hand over the keys to his Ford, but Badi held up a hand to stop him.

"I want to look at the goods first," he said. "Then you can leave."

Tufenkian nodded his head toward the back of the van. Badi, walked around and opened the silver double doors. Sitting inside were six large metal boxes labeled General Dynamics. Climbing up next to them, Badi flipped the six latches open on the first box and looked inside. There it was—a Red Eye IV Anti Aircraft Missile. And he was now the proud owner of six of them.

Leaning out of the van he called to Mudar. "Trade keys with him. We've got what we want."

"Good," said Tufenkian, heading for the SUV. "I'm out of here."

“Don’t go too far,” said a female voice. “I’m going to want to talk to you about your boss, after I finish with these guys.”

Badi and the others all turned toward the voice. The compact figure of a teen-aged blonde girl stepped into the light of one of the Ford headlights. She was practically naked, wearing only a tiny pair of shorts and a crop top, both blue with white stars. She could have been a college student who got lost on the way to spring break, except for the white boots and gloves. They were straight out of the superhero catalog.

“A super!” shouted Badi.

“It’s All American Girl,” said Fariq.

“I don’t care who she is; shoot her.”

Mudar was the quickest, bringing his Uzi to bear and spitting out lead at full auto. The girl was quicker though, leaping into the air and flipping over his head to land just behind him. She kicked Mudar in the back and sent him flying face first into the Ford’s windshield. As Siraj fired at her, she ducked, and the bullets instead hit the other ford, killing the Armenian who had gotten halfway into the driver’s side door.

The girl flipped around like a top and hit first Siraj and then two of the others, knocking them out. It was the kind of move that would have gone over big on Dancing with the Supers. But she stopped right in front of Fariq, with her back to him. He pulled the trigger and hit her in the back with twenty or so 7.62mm Teflon coated rounds. Most of them bounced directly back at him. She winced in mild discomfort and turned around to look down at his bullet-ridden body.

Badi didn’t wait to watch her kick the crap out of the others. He ducked back in the van, opened the crate and pulled out the Red Eye IV. Jumping out, he found her looking right at him, standing with the limp form of Saj in her right hand.

“Die!” he shouted and pulled the trigger.

The really humiliating thing about it was that he would have missed. The rocket would have gone right past the left side of her head and continued on until it hit one of the skyscrapers rising up in the distance. But she reached up and grabbed it right out of the air and looked at it, still spraying rocket propellant out of the back. Then it exploded. Badi threw up his hands to protect his face from the blast, but he was knocked down onto his back. He jumped up, his ears ringing, to see the girl standing right where she had been, unharmed.

Suddenly Badi and the super were bathed in a circle of light from a news helicopter drawn to the sounds of gunfire and explosions.

“It’s all over,” said the blonde, tossing aside Saj like a ragdoll. “The only question is whether I turn you over to the cops or deal with you myself.”

“Go to hell, All American bitch!” he shouted.

“Fine,” she said, and reaching behind her, she ripped off the front end of the closest Expedition.

The last thing Badi saw was the oval Ford symbol, along with the rest of the fender, part of the engine, and the front drive train flying at him, along with that stupid personalized license plate—FARIQ31.

**Women of Power**  
**Issue #1 : August 2009**

**“Introducing All American Girl”**

By Wesley Allison

*Chicago Apartment;*  
*West Madison Street;*

Stella O’Clare plopped down on the white sofa and put her feet up on the art deco coffee table. Taking a sip of the diet soda in her right hand, she lifted the folded-over copy of Modern Protector Magazine in her left. There it was, big as life, a full page spread on Neptune. How did Neptune rate a full page feature? He was a fish-man for God’s sake. So he rescued a family when their boat turned over. How often did that happen? What else had he done lately? Fighting corporate polluters; big deal. The phone rang. She tossed the magazine aside and carefully tapped the speaker button.

“Hello?”

“Stella, baby! How’s my All American Girl?”

“And this is?”

“Oh baby,” said the man on the other end of the line. “That hurts. That really hurts. You know Irving is your number one fan.”

“Really? I thought you were supposed to be my agent.”

“Come on baby. Give Irving some love.”

“How about I fly over there and twist your head off like a bottle cap? You haven’t answered my calls in weeks, and then here you are, all ‘baby, baby’...”

“Baby. Irving has been busy.”

“I’ve been busy too.”

“I know you have, my sweetness, but Irving has been really busy. He’s been busy working for you, my sassy spangled mega-babe.”

“That’s it,” Stella sat the soda down and stood up. “I’m flying over there right now.”

“Before you do, listen to these four words: All American Girl Magazine.”

“A magazine deal? Where and who?”

“National baby! Hatchet Media International!”

"Hatchet?" Stella ran her fingers through her close-cropped blond hair. "They're big right?"

"The biggest magazine distributor in the world—forty eight hero magazines and all of those supers are in the top one hundred of the New York Times! Captain Hero! Ultrawoman!"

"Vanguard?"

"Vanguard!"

"Dark Defender?"

"Um, no... He's published by somebody else."

"But Ultrawoman..."

"Ultra-woman, baby!"

"So what? They're ready for magazine number forty nine?"

"Well, no. They had an opening. Cosmic Man, well you know..."

"Yeah, that was too bad. But you try to stop an asteroid; you've got to expect that kind of thing. This is big, Irving. This is big."

"Big baby."

"You did good Irving."

"Oh baby, you know Irving is always working for you. But this was all you, super friend. Kicking ass on terrorists. Terrorists with rockets. And doing it right while the traffic cop was there to film the whole thing. That was brilliant baby! You're all over the news."

"Am I?"

"You know it."

"That was a lucky break," said Stella, more to herself than to Irving.

"Luck is for suckers, baby. You got mad skills. And you know what a magazine deal means? Money. Advertising revenue, sponsors, money, collateral damage insurance, money. Did I mention money?"

"That's awesome Irving."

"There's just one thing baby."

"What's that?"

"They haven't exactly made the final decision yet?"

"What do you mean? Do I have a magazine or not?"

"It's down to either you or one other super."

"Who?"

"Skygirl."

"Skygirl? That slut! Who'd want to read about her? She's a total airhead! Have you seen her thighs? They're like tree-trunks! And

what's the deal with her costume? Were they out of ass spandex that day?"

"You don't have to tell Irving baby. She is no match for you. You are totally out of her league, but..."

"But what?"

"Well... her dad..."

"Yes, I know. Her dad was Skyman. Everybody loved Skyman. Skyman was America's hero. He fought for truth, justice, and vanilla ice cream. We all cried our eyes out when Skyman died saving the Earth. But seriously. He was an alien, for crying out loud. Why does everyone keep forgetting that? He probably didn't even have a green card. He was lucky they didn't deport him back to that planet he was from."

"Um, that planet blew up, you know. He was rocketed here as a cute little baby."

"Whose side are you on, Irving?"

"Irving is totally on your side, baby. But Irving is not important. All American Girl is important. You have got to get out there and make sure that luscious bod stays on TV. You've got to fight the good fight, rescue some orphans or old ladies, put the hurt on some bad guys—and not just regular bad guys. It would really help if you could slam on a supervillain."

"Any suggestions?"

"Hold on. Let me see who's at large." Stella could hear Irving shuffling through papers even without super-hearing. "Plague-Drone, Magmaman, the Atomic Jack-o-Lantern, Behemoth... Oh, Professor Destruction is out. How about Dark Energy? He's always good news copy. The point is, get out there and get your groove on and it will be All American Girl Magazine, and everyone will forget about Skylut."

"Who?"

"Who is right baby," said Irving. "Who is right."

Stella sat back down, retrieved her soda from the coffee table, and took another sip.

"Also baby, Turvy wants you to model for new trading cards..."

Stella absentmindedly punched the speaker button to hang up the phone, smashing the phone and sending the end table collapsing to the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Launching herself up into the air, All American Girl spiraled up above the apartment building that had once been a historic hotel. She spun in the sky and reveled in the sunlight on her face. Flying was the best thing about having super powers. She wasn't the fastest flier, but she had to enjoy it more than just about anybody else. Otherwise there wasn't much point, right? Why fly if you weren't going to have fun? She had watched a lot of other supers fly. Usually they used the Captain Hero pose—arms out-stretched as if they were trying to body surf. Or they went with the Skyman—left arm stretched out and right arm bent back, with both hands curled into fists, while the left leg was bent at the knee. They looked like they were posing for a neo-classical statue. All American Girl didn't fly like that. She stretched her arms out to the right and left and flew like a three year old playing airplane. And she enjoyed it as much as she had when she was three years old too.

Looking down at the front of her building she spotted a handful of paparazzi camped out. She dived down and buzzed over them as they hopped to attention and started snapping pictures. Doing a lazy loopy-loop, she flew back and stopped, standing in mid-air about ten feet off the ground. The paparazzi began shouting at her.

"Turn this way!"

"Give us a wave!"

"What did you tell police about last night?"

"Give us an over the shoulder look!"

"Did you have to kill that guy?"

"Hey," said All American Girl. "That guy shot me with a rocket."

"Blitz McCann says you're a menace."

"Blitz McCann is an anti-super whack-job, and he can go to hell," she replied.

"Blow us a kiss A.G.!"

"Who are you dating? Any new guy in your life?"

"Nope, No new guy," she said.

"Any new girl?"

"Get bent!" she said. "Seraph comes out of the closet and now you think we're all lesbians? Keep dreaming."

"Perihelion says he dumped you 'cause you were lousy in bed," called another paparazzo.

"That ass. I never even slept..." She stopped as she realized the photographer was baiting her. Perihelion hadn't said anything. She squinted her eyes and pointed at the man. "I'm going to remember you. If I were you, I'd make sure I stayed out of any debris falling zones."

And with that, All American Girl shot back into the sky and headed west. She hadn't gone very far, and was still feeling miffed, when she heard a tremendous crash. Looking down, she spotted a cloud of rising dust in that alleyway behind the Windy City Bank.

"Bingo."

Stella spiraled down to land in the ally next to a gaping hole in the back of the bank building, just as a massive man stepped out, using one hand to balance a truck-sized safe on his shoulder. The other hand was filled with money bags. It was Behemoth. Covered in copper and gold megamesh, he was just about as wide as he was tall, and he looked to be all muscle. Across his chest was emblazoned...

"Is that a lion?" asked All American Girl.

"No. It's my new symbol. It's a behemoth."

"I think it's a lion. What did you do, buy the first costume you could find in the supervillain catalog?"

"I didn't have time for a special design, so shut up! I'm going to slam you!"

"You know who I am, right?" asked Stella.

"Yeah. You're All American Girl. I had your picture on the wall of my cell. I used to look at it every night..."

"Eww. Too much information." Stella stuck out her tongue.

"But, so you know I'm stronger than you are, right?"

"No."

"Here. Toss me that safe."

Behemoth looked confused.

"It's alright," she assured him. "Toss me the safe."

With a mighty heave, he tossed the massive steel box toward All American Girl. She caught it with one hand and lifted it up, balancing one corner in the palm of her hand.

"You see? I'll bet I can bench five or six times what you can."

"How'd you get so strong?" wondered the supervillain.

"My mom was an immortal Amazon and my father was a Demigod, so I have godlike strength and really cool fighting skills and stuff. Then they dipped me in the river Styx and made me invulnerable. You?"

"Radioactive toxic waste."

“Oh.”

“So if you’re so strong,” wondered Behemoth. “How come you don’t bust into a bank and take the money. You could get into any bank you wanted. I bet you could even break into that fort where the government has all that gold.”

“Fort Knox?”

“Yeah. So how come you don’t?”

“Cause you always get caught. You were in jail for, what? Two years?”

“Two years, one month, and three days.”

“And that didn’t give you a clue? The criminals never get away with it. Why bother breaking into a bank, just to get caught?”

“I’m going to get away this time, because I’m smart.”

“No you’re not,” said Stella. “You’re about as bright as a broken turn signal.”

Swinging back her right arm, she threw the safe directly at Behemoth. It hit him square in the chest, sending him flying back through the bank building, out through the bank’s front wall, across the street, and through the wall of the bar on the first floor of the building on the next block.

“Another job well done,” she said to herself, but a second later she heard an awful gurgling yell.

She turned to see Behemoth running at her like a freight train. He hit her head on, and they both went flying through the cinder block wall into the empty storefront behind her, crushing two trash dumpsters along the way. She landed on her back and a thousand pounds of Behemoth landed on top of her. Shoving him up and jumping to her feet, Stella found that he was already waiting for her. His massive fist smashed into the side of her head, sending her flying end over end through the plate glass window of the store and into the blacktop street outside.

“Owe,” she said, rubbing her temple, as she got up.

He was already running toward her again. Planting her feet, she hit him with a tremendous uppercut, sending him flying high up toward the mesosphere. Taking off into the air herself, she flew not after him, but across town. With a quick mental calculation to determine that she was in the right spot to intercept his downward arc, she looked up and waited for him. Behemoth was shooting toward the ground like a meteorite. With a roundhouse swing, All American Girl hit him once more, this time sending him flying over Lake Michigan. She took off

again. She could only manage about three hundred miles per hour, but that was quick enough to follow him to his landing spot, just southeast of Sturgeon Bay.

Stopping to stand in mid-air, All American Girl waited for Behemoth to surface, and he did, briefly, mostly just to gasp and gag before descending. After another twenty seconds or so, he came up again.

"I can't swim!" he shouted. "Help me ::gurgles::"

Diving down, Stella found him about fifty feet below the surface, thrashing around for all he was worth. Grabbing him by the back of his collar she pulled him up until they were both above the surface of the water and she began flying back to Chicago.

"Thanks," said Behemoth.

"Don't mention it."

"Are you taking me to jail now?"

"Yup."

"Oh. Man, I was only out for a week."

"Too bad."

"I was going to use the money from the bank to get a couple of girls..."

"Again—TMI."

"Oh." The supervillain was quiet for a moment. "Would you send me one of your posters?"

"Eww, No! I'll tell you what," said Stella. "I'll make sure you get a poster of Skygirl."

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*Chicago Apartment;  
West Madison Street;*

Stella stretched out across the white sofa and used the remote control to turn on the TV. The screen flashed the "scanning for channels" message before settling on the face of female anchor Tanya Everson.

"... and in a related story, lawyers for photographer Sterling Walsh announced that they intend to file suit against All American Girl for threats made against his life."

The picture changed to a headshot of a pinch-nosed man in a suit, presumably Walsh's attorney. He held up a picture of All American

Girl hovering in the air and pointing in the general direction of the camera.

"We have photographs of the event and numerous witnesses to threats that were made."

"All American Girl was unavailable for comment," said Tanya, as her face returned to prominence on the screen.

"That's probably because she was busy capturing Behemoth," said male anchor Bill Drake.

"You could be right Bill," Tanya said smiling at him. "You could be right."

Stella thought Tanya had a thing for Bill, but he was married.

The phone rang, this time sounding decidedly tinny, as Stella had taped its fractured parts together with duct tape. It was sitting on the arm of the sofa just above the broken remains of the end table.

"Hello," she said, after touching the speaker button.

"Stella baby! Irving loves how you do your thing! Irving says go get a supervillain and what do you do? You go get a supervillain! Irving said it before baby, you got mad skills."

"Thanks."

"Irving just wonders if you could you have waited for the news crew to get set up?"

"Sorry."

"That's okay baby. Just something to think about for next time. Irving couldn't be happier."

"You're not mad about me threatening that guy?"

"Any publicity is good publicity," said Irving. "Besides, no one really cares if you have to kill a few gunrunners or sleazy photographers."

"So, how is the magazine deal?"

"Irving has a meeting at Hatchet the day after tomorrow. And get this, WEC called and they want to print up a new series of posters based on the pictures that yahoo photographer took. That'll bring in 50K, minus Irving's twenty eight percent."

"That's good. I can buy a new end table."

"A solid gold end table baby! Or you know, one with some gold on it—a little spot of gold. Is there anything else that you want Irving to..."

Stella pressed the button to hang up the phone. Life was good. Too many supers had to work a day job. Between endorsement deals and posters, her income was going to top \$250,000 this year. Not quite up to Captain Hero or Ultrawoman levels, but not bad. If she could only get a shoe deal, or breakfast cereal, that would be great.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A Southside Office Building;  
Conference Room;*

Professor Destruction looked around the conference table at the five men facing him. They looked back with varying levels of interest.

"Chicago's very own super vixen has put our dear old friend Behemoth away," he said. "It's his third strike, so he'll probably get life."

"Behemoth is a bloody idiot," said Plague Drone, his British accent thick. "It is probably better for us if he's off the street. At least that way he won't be stumbling into our business."

"Oh, I couldn't agree more," said Destruction. "The point isn't that Behemoth isn't a complete idiot. The point is that All American Girl is a formidable foe. She's more than a match for any of us."

"She's more than a match for any one of us," said Tiger Shark. "She's no match for all of us put together."

"Exactly," agreed Dark Energy. "We eliminate her and the entire Midwest is ours."

"You understand my plan," said Destruction. "Once we are running the city, we set everything up just the way we want it. Long before the hero teams on either coast have a chance to dip their noses into our business, we'll have our insurance policy in place"

"The real question is," said Dark Energy. "Which of us gets to do little Miss America?"

"You can take charge of that," said Destruction. "Who do you want to back you up?"

Dark Energy looked from Plague-Drone who was picking his nose, to Magmaman, who was trying to get the melted chair unstuck from his backside.

"I'll take the Atomic Jack-o-Lantern."

The glowing, permanently grinning pumpkin head of the Atomic Jack-o-lantern nodded slowly. Though he never spoke, the creepy villain commanded a great deal of respect. Of all those at the table, he was the only one who hadn't spent time in a maximum security cell.

“Perfect,” said Professor Destruction. “You get rid of our hero girl. I can’t wait to see the headline: ‘Chicago mourns her own All American Girl’.”

“While I’m getting rid of her, what are you going to be doing?” asked Dark Energy.

“Oh, I have important work to do, implementing our aforementioned insurance policy. You see, through a bit of clever manipulation on my part, I’ve managed to liberate ten nuclear warheads in such a way that the U.S. Department of Defense isn’t even aware that they are gone. No superhero is going to risk a clash with us, with all of them placed strategically around the city.

“Go ahead and play with your toys,” said Dark Matter, rising to his feet and signaling the Jack-o-Lantern. “We’ve got a superhero to kill.”

To Be Continued

In  
**Women of Power**  
Issue #2

## Princess of Amathar

Transported to the mysterious artificial world of Ecos, Earth man Alexander Ashton struggles to understand the society of his new friends the Amatharians. As he does so, he finds himself falling in love with their princess and being thrust into a millennium-long war with their mortal foes the reptilian Zoasians. Princess of Amathar is a sword-swinging novel of high adventure, in the spirit of Edgar Rice Burroughs, spanning a world filled with fantastic alien civilizations, strange creatures, and bold heroes.

Available as a \$1.59 ebook at: <http://www.smashwords.com/books/view/2287>

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## From the same author on Feedbooks

### Princess of Amathar (Preview) (2007)

Mysteriously transported to the artificial hollow world of Ecos, Earth man Alexander Ashton finds himself in the middle of a millennium-long war between the reptilian Zoasians and the humanoid Amatharians. Adopted by the Amatharians, Ashton must conform to a society based on honor and altruism, ruled by Knights whose power comes from the curious energy forms known as "souls" which inhabit their supernaturally powerful swords, and rife with its own peculiarities and prejudices. When the Princess of Amathar, whom Ashton has longed for since first seeing her, is captured by the Zoasians, he must cross an alien world, battle monstrous creatures, and face unknown dangers to save her. Princess of Amathar is a sword-swinging novel of high adventure in the tradition of Edgar Rice Burroughs. It is the story a strange world filled with alien races, aerial battleships, swords and energy weapons, amazing adventures and horrible dangers, and the man who must face them all for the love of a woman he has never met.

### His Robot Girlfriend (2009)

Mike Smith's life was crap, living all alone, years after his wife had died and his children had grown up and moved away. Then he saw the commercial for the Daffodil. Far more than other robots, the Daffodil could become anything and everything he wanted it to be. Mike's life is about to change.

Visit <http://amathar.blogspot.com> for more on books by Wesley Allison

### Women of Power #2 (2009)

Super-villains bring the fight to All American Girl's front door, and she has to deal with a new rival in town.

### Eaglethorpe Buxton and the Elven Princess (2009)

Eaglethorpe Buxton, famed adventurer and story-teller, friend to those in need of a friend and guardian to those in need of a guardian. He is a liar and braggart, not to be trusted, especially around pies. Who are we to believe? Buxton himself leads us through his

world as he comes to the aid of... a poor orphan? An elven princess? Who can guess with Eaglethorpe himself telling the tale?

*Eaglethorpe Buxton and the Sorceress (2009)*

Eaglethorpe Buxton, famed adventurer and story-teller is back, this time to put on a play about a sorceress. When the sorceress, subject of his play arrives with fire in her eyes, Eaglethorpe must pretend to be his good friend Ellwood. Will he pull off this charade and survive? And what happens when the real Ellwood shows up? One can never tell, especially when Eaglethorpe tells the story.

*Tesla's Stepdaughters (Preview) (2010)*

In an alternate 1975, where men are almost extinct due to germ warfare, someone is trying to kill history's greatest rock & roll band. It falls to Science Police Agent John Andrews, only recently arrived from the distant male enclaves, to protect them. As the band continues their come-back tour across North America, Andrews must negotiate a complicated relationship with Ep!phanee, the band's lead singer; drummer Ruth De Molay, bassist Steffie Sin, and the redheaded clone lead guitarist Penny Dreadful, as he protects them and tries to discover who wants to kill the Ladybugs.



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