**Cherry Spirit and the Godiva Robberies**

**Yet another adventure of Cherry Spirit before her retirement, and her most dangerous yet!

by Lacy and Nightguy**

Deep down in a long-forgotten maintenance shop under the ordinary coed dorm of an ordinary university in central USA, someone was swearing. “OH LORDY, LORDY, LORDY, LORDY, LORDY!” yelled Lacy, her hands on her hips as she glared at what was left of her experiment.

Ever since gaining her powers to pass through solid matter, or “shimmer” as she liked to call it, Lacy had been trying to find out how she got them, and how to either reverse them or at least find a less embarrassing way of triggering them than rubbing her breasts and pinching her nipples. But now she had yet another failure, for the electrosensiscolorwave generator she had hooked up (a device designed to turn ordinary monochrome electricity into something with stripes) had burned out, ruining weeks of work!

So Lacy stood there fuming (much like her experiment), hands on hips (unlike her experiment), looking…well…different. Lacy was in lab safety gear, but you wouldn’t have thought so to see her since her special lab coat had been designed by her sometime mentor, the Super Heroine with the bullet proof wrist cuffs, (I mean 'bangles'), and built for her by that king of interesting toys when it came to Super Friends, the Dark Knight.

She had met both on a recent visit with WW, and over the month she spent with them at the JLA headquarters she had learned many skills, even ones that would help her as the Superhero they said she had become! But she had also taken on an appreciation for the frillier things in life. And while she wouldn’t dare wear such things up in the real world, down here in her secret lair she felt free to dress how she pleased and enjoy it!

So, her white lab coat, with the required pen pocket, had undergone a few changes. First, it was cut a lot more, briefly. In front it had lost most of its buttons, causing the neckline to plummet almost to the floor. And in back, it was cut so high that half of Lacy’s cute little bottom was clearly open to the air. The coat was also covered in frills and lace, and right above her butt was a white bunny tail, while on her head she wore a pair of bunny ears, symbols of WW’s affectionate nickname for her, Lab Bunny.

But when DK got a hold of her new lab outfit (while Lacy was in the shower washing some green goo out of her hair that somehow DK had managed to spill there one day when helping him in the JLA labs), he improved it with all sorts of safety gadgets. For instance, should a spill of any kind head Lacy’s way, her new lab coat would instantly expand, tightly covering Lacy in a protective layer of material that could repel any acid or other harmful chemical. Unfortunately, when it did that, it left Lacy wrapped up somewhat like a mummy, unable to move until the coat reset itself, usually after an hour. But, if when wearing it a dangerously loud noise or bright light happened, her bunny ears would flop down and expand to protect her head. Which would then leave Lacy blind and deaf for at least an hour as well!

And if a trap door opened up under her, the front flaps of her coat would instantly fold backwards, the tips joining up with the bunny tail, which would then shoot out toward the ceiling and stick, trailing a safety line behind it that would stop Lacy’s fall. And, unfortunately, this meant she would be left to helplessly dangle from a line supported by a strap between her legs that somehow automatically always seemed to dig into the most embarrassing places.

And to make matters worse, although she was too polite to complain to her new super friends, it didn’t matter whether or not there was an actual emergency going on, her coat seemed to do these things to her from time to time anyway! Yes, she had made lots of friends at the JLA while she was there!

But for now her lab bunny lab coat was behaving itself, and Lacy stood swearing as she tried to figure out what to do next. That was when she glanced up at the TV she always had on in her lab, for late breaking news on any crimes she might have to tackle. For Lacy was Cherry Spirit. Amber City’s first super powered super hero. That she knew of anyway. But it wasn’t a late breaking crime story that caught her attention, although the news was about crime. It was an interview taken on the steps of the city courthouse, where apparently the notorious crime boss Boom Boom Marconieski had just been found not guilty in his latest trial.

Boom Boom looked very happy with himself, and was hugging his lawyer with one enormous arm while extolling her virtues and how every wrongly accused man in the city should hire her! Because his lawyer was none other than Gretchen Smith, an attorney who’s record for getting off the criminal class was becoming rather impressive, and rather embarrassing for the city. So far in her young career Miss Smith had established the 'innocence' of Rocky Bells Takata, accused of several church bell heists throughout the city, and of Vincent Hale, who tried to poison everyone visiting a certain nightclub in town with Viagra (although it had been a strip club and no one even noticed they were being poisoned at the time), and Eve the Snake, the infamous beauty who’s signature snake skin outfits left very little to the imagination when she was out robbing banks, especially when she molted out of her outfit at the end of the heist, her signature move.

Yes, Gretchen Smith had a talent for obtaining the freedom of even the most guilty of bad guys, so she was well sought after for her business talents. Yet, watching her on the screen, Lacy could see that Gretchen Smith didn’t seem exactly happy with the outcome of her own case. In fact, she looked ready to punch her client as he grabbed her over and over again excitedly. But she maintained her cool until the interview was over.

Lacy though, was captivated by the beautiful Miss Smith, and sighed when the news program moved on to the next story. However, this one was more interesting and more urgent, as the reporter talked about the latest Godiva Robbery, as they liked to call it. The Godiva Robberies had been happening for a couple of weeks now. It started with the sudden appearance of a naked woman riding a wooden horse, a horse on wheels that would drive quickly around, avoiding people and objects, in an effort not to get caught. The woman on the horse was completely helpless, and it had been discovered that while on the horse the victims would be given electric shocks that would eventually kill them if the horse wasn’t stopped in time.

This was bad enough, but it was only part of the crime. While people were distracted by the nude horse rider, somewhere close by a store or warehouse would be robbed, the robbers relatively free to act during the chaos. Apart from the horses, there were no clues left at all, and the Police had little to go on. But Lacy had been following the case from the start, and with her new access to the JLA computers she had come up with a possible lead, one she was planning to explore that night as Cherry Spirit.

Yes, it was time to fight crime once more. “Through the wall, and beyond!” Lacy thought, as she went to change into her Cherry Spirit costume.

\* \* \*

Lacy loved her motorcycle, a passion she was happy to share with a new friend named Barbara G, someone else she had met at the JLA. And she loved feeling the power between her legs as she cruised through the city late at night. It was even more fun in just her thin Cherry Spirit outfit, the wind whipping by and caressing every curve, every inch of her sensitive body, flowing across her ample breasts and down deep between her open legs where….ahem. (Your narrator apologizes for getting a little carried away.)

But Lacy did enjoy her bike, and she enjoyed it all the way to where she thought she might find a lead on the case. What the police didn’t publish was that all the women involved in the robberies had all been abducted in a certain area. This, coupled with the huge database of abandoned factories and theme parks the JLA computers had, told Lacy that maybe she should start looking at the old abandoned toy factory near the edge of town.

So out she went, attracting admiring looks from everyone she passed, until she realized her costume had adjusted itself and she was doing a nipple slip. But eventually she found the factory and parked outside, ready to go in and take down some bad guys. But as she got off the bike she spotted an old hobo sitting against the wall next to the factory gate, and he appeared to be beckoning to her. Curious, Cherry (for that was how she thought herself when on the job), walked over to see if he needed any help.

“Are you, Cherry Spirit?” asked the hobo, looking up at her in awe.

“Yes, yes I am!” Cherry said with pride.

The hobo shrugged and pulled a tube from his pocket. “Thought so,” he said. And before Cherry could react, a gas cloud erupted from the tube and Cherry fell unconscious to the ground. When she woke again, she was indoors, and it took a moment before she was fully aware of her situation. It wasn’t good.

For a start, the room she was in was filthy and really needed a good clean. The carpets felt like they were covered in mud and things much stickier, which was when she realized she was lying on one completely naked! She didn’t even her mask on, and her costume was no where to be seen!

She was also bound, her wrists held behind her, her feet tied together, but that didn’t worry Cherry very much. All she had to do was stimulate her nipples enough, and she would shimmer free of her bonds. Then the crooks who did this to her would pay! So she rolled on to her front, and began rubbing away, shaking her breasts as best she could on the slimy, filthy rug she had been put on. Unfortunately, it was just too slimy for her to obtain any good friction and her nipples refused to be stimulated. It didn’t help that it also smelled.

“Hey, she’s awake!” someone called out from behind her, and Cherry instantly began to blush, knowing that she was naked in front of a stranger.

Footsteps from behind her told her it was more than one, and soon four men in masks stood around her looking down. One reached out and easily rolled her over on her back, exposing her completely.

“Very pretty,” said one of the men, and the others agreed, making poor Cherry blush even more.

“Who’d have thought that the great Cherry Spirit would have had such a great body?” another man asked.

“Dude, with that outfit, it wasn’t hard!” said another, and they all laughed.

“What are you going to do with me?” Cherry asked, trying to get her courage up.

All the men grinned. “Well, several ideas come to mind,” said one, generating laughter once more. ‘But we had better stick to the plan. We had planned on picking up another woman today, but since you walked in on us last night, why not!”

Cherry wriggled and tried to pull free from the cuffs she was wearing, a trick she had learned while spending time with WW, and not all in training. But all she managed to do was make the men leer at her as her naked body writhed before them.

“No time for that now,” said the masked man, obviously the leader, “we have places to be. But first, we need to get you fitted out.”

Cherry screamed as the men lifted her up, and continued to scream until one of them put a gag in her mouth. She felt scared and helpless as she was carried out of the room into another, bigger one, but stopped trying to scream when she saw the horse.

It was about the size of a pony, made of wood, and from the saddle protruded what looked to her like a large dildo. Cherry started to wriggle even more when she saw it, but the men had a firm hold on her and with little effort they lifted her up and over the horse, lowering her down until the dildo slipped into her. They then tied her down to the saddle using built in straps, leaving Cherry nude and sitting astride the wooden horse.

The leader nodded and opened a panel in the side of the horse, flipping a switch. “Okay, some lessons,” he said. “To make the horse go forward, lean forward, to stop it lean back, and left and right I think you can figure for yourself. Try it!”

Cherry blinked, and leaned forward hard, hoping to use their own horse to outrun these men. She longed to be able to rub and pinch her nipples so she could shimmer and get free, but tied as she was that was out of the question. So she tried to escape and leaned forward hard, making the horse move very slowly.

The men laughed. “You don’t get top speed until we get there. But, there is one more thing you should know.” The leader flipped another switch and the dildo inside Cherry shocked her, hard, making her scream. “For as long as the horse is moving, you don’t get shocked. Stop, and the shocks will quickly build up and kill you, understand?”

Tears running down her face, Cherry nodded, wondering how she was going to get out of this one.

\* \* \*

She was still wondering as the panel truck she and the horse had been loaded into finally stopped moving. Obviously the robbers were planning on doing another heist, only instead of stopping them Cherry was about to become a very attractive diversion for them! She continued to struggle though, trying to work on her bound hands. But the dildo deep inside her was working right back, and Cherry blushed at the thought of how slick the sides of the wooden horse was becoming.

The back doors of the van opened up, blinding Cherry with sunlight, and before she knew it the horse was rolled down a ramp into what looked like a large parking lot.

“Now you get full speed!” yelled one of the robbers and with a flick of a switch Cherry could feel the horse start to hum. She also felt a large jolt of electricity hit her deep inside, and with a squeal she leaned forward to stop it. The horse immediately moved forward and sure enough, did so with great haste. It took a moment for her eyes to adjust to the bright sunlight, and when they did Cherry saw she was heading right for a row of parked cars. So she leaned left and the horse steered correctly. So happy was she with this that she almost forgot she was completely naked in broad daylight, unable to stop anyone from seeing her, and see her they did!

The lot seemed to be full of people all staring in amazement at the nude girl on the rapidly moving wooden horse, and Cherry was torn between wanting to stop and get help, and wanting to run and hide. But the horse decided for her, for as she slowed it shocked her again. She had to keep going or be electrocuted. Of course this meant that no one could catch her, although many tried, and she had no choice but to steer the horse around and around the parking lot while she tried to figure a way out of her embarrassing predicament.

Meanwhile, she knew she was doing exactly what the robbers had planned, she was a huge distraction as more and more people showed up to watch the show, to see her embarrassment and her big…assets. And the shocks kept coming, forcing Cherry to go faster and faster. Cherry then realized that it didn’t matter how fast she eventually got, the horse was still designed to kill her in the end.

But fortune smiled upon her when a plan suddenly burst into view. Actually, it was a semi truck parked near the edge of the parking lot. But it was just what Cherry needed, as long as she had time and luck on her side. She steered toward it, the cool morning air flowing past her naked bound body as it glistened in the morning light, her skin flushed by arousal and fear, her nipples hard and pointed as if to …. (Sorry, your narrator apologizes again). But she did make a stirring sight as the horse shot down the length of the parking lot like a dragster, with a crowd of people chasing after it.

But it was speed Cherry was counting on, speed that would save her. Although her risky plan could easily kill her too. But just maybe it would work. And if she had learned anything from a certain boy wonder late one night at the JLA Headquarters, even someone with red breasts can get lucky! So the Cherry and the horse sped toward the semi truck, and just as they reached it Cherry threw her weight to one side, causing the horse to steer hard to the left. And it began to tip, over and over until its great speed was its undoing. With a crash the horse fell right over, slamming Cherry to the ground, but just as importantly, blocking her from the view of the chasing crowd.

It almost knocked the wind out of her, but Cherry knew she had less than seconds to do what she had to do. Already primed by the huge dildo, Cherry twisted her body until her nipples came into contact with the rough concrete, and rubbed. A familiar pulse of pleasure flowed through her body, and Cherry began to shimmer. She fell from the horse, no longer bound to it, and focusing her thoughts she jumped straight up through the floor of the semi truck’s trailer before anyone could get close enough to see her.

While she was happy to be free of the horse and almost certain death, it had also been vital for her to get away unseen. No one could know she was Cherry Spirit. But now she was safe inside the truck; naked, but safe.

\* \* \*

Lacy, AKA Cherry Spirit, lay naked in the darkness of the closed up trailer. She was exhausted and hoped her ordeal was over. All she needed to do was wait until dark, and then she could slip away and find some clothes. Then, it was back to the robber’s lair to do things properly.

But her safety was short lived. She could hear people outside the trailer talking, wondering where the girl on the horse had gone to. She heard the police arrive, and she heard someone suggest looking in the trailer where she was hiding.

“LORDY!” she exclaimed in the strongest language she knew, and got up slowly to see where she could go to avoid the police, who even now were trying to open up the back of the trailer. There didn’t seem to be anyplace, although the trailer seemed to be filled with all sorts of things, until she spotted a couple of fifty five gallon drums labeled paint. That had to be it, but it would mean shimmering again.

So she rubbed her breasts and pinched her nipples until she felt the tell-tale glow from her loins that meant she was shimmering, and stepped into the space one of the drums occupied. She tucked herself into what she hoped was the right shape to be completely hidden inside the drum, and held on. She knew she would be okay, even though she was taking up the same space as the paint in the drum. She wouldn’t stop shimmering for as long as any part of her was passing through something. But one side effect of her shimmering was how horny it made her, and if she was going to have to stay in the drum a long time she would get very horny indeed! She also had to concentrate on not falling through the bottom of the barrel and back out into the parking lot, something that was getting harder to do the longer she shimmered.

To her, it was like the ultimate vibrator teasing her relentlessly while she tried to ignore it, and she wondered how long she could hold out. To distract herself she listened to the police as they searched the trailer, shifting things and opening things. One of them even opened the drum she was hiding in, but all he saw was the paint that filled it, not the naked girl hiding in the paint. It took the cops about a half hour to completely search the trailer before giving up. They had no idea where the girl who had been riding the horse had got to, but as far as they were concerned she wasn’t in the truck. So they locked it back up.

When Lacy was sure they were all gone, she let herself fall sideways out of the barrel and once clear, returned to normal. She could barely think she was so aroused, and her fingers got busy finishing the job, sending her to new heights of ecstasy as she screamed her release.

She had barely started to come down when she heard someone outside say “Wasn’t that the sound of a scream coming from the trailer?” Then someone started fiddling with the lock again, and Lacy scrambled to shimmer once more and get back in the barrel.

The police did another sweep of the trailer, convinced they had heard something that sounded like a woman crying in, well, maybe it was agony, but again came up with nothing before locking it back up. So when Lacy heard them leave she fell out once more, only barely stopping herself from falling completely out of the truck although one smooth and shapely leg did drop through the floor for just a second.

Yet again Lacy was completely overtaken by her most basic needs, and she brought herself to orgasm twice more, this time stifling her cries so she wouldn’t get discovered again, before passing out with pleasure.

She only woke when she heard the truck start up, and she slowly pulled her sore, sweaty body together so she could find out what was going on. Clambering to the top of a pile of boxes, she shimmered once more and poked her head up through the trailer’s roof. She was surprised to see that it was now dark, she had been out for far longer than she would have liked, but there was nothing she could do about that now. Instead, she just watched as the truck slowly left the parking lot and started to leave town. Lacy knew she had to figure out the best place to jump off, but that would still leave her nude and far from home. What would she do then? But, again Lacy got lucky as she noticed the direction the truck was going in. It was heading through the same part of town where the robbers had their hideout, and Lacy began to put aside plans of getting back to her dorm room. It was time to become Cherry Spirit again!

\* \* \*

Cherry waited until the truck seemed to be as close to the old toy factory as it was going to get, and she shimmered her way out, falling to the road bed and waiting until the truck had passed completely over her. She was still naked, but it seemed very late and she was sure no one had seen her. She knew she was only two blocks away from the toy factory, and she slipped from shadow to shadow, and occasionally though some walls, as she made her way there. This time she avoided the front and passed into the building through the wall of an adjacent one. There was always the possibility that the robbers weren’t even going to be there, but just maybe, Cherry hoped, they had left her costume behind.

Inside the factory now, she heard voices, the robbers had returned. And from the sound of it they were arguing about how to divide the spoils from their latest robbery. Apparently Cherry had been a success as a diversion. But Cherry wasn’t ready to take them on yet, at least not until she had searched the building for her costume. So she flitted from room to room, never using doors, and getting hornier and hornier with every shimmer. Until, in a small office, she discovered a large pile of women’s clothing, on top of which was her Cherry Spirit costume. She slipped on her costume with a smile, although she winced a bit as it dug into some rather tender parts, but with her costume came her confidence, and her sexy spike heeled boots. She was ready to kick some butt!

First, the dramatic appearance, a lesson learned from the Dark Knight who specialized in melodrama when it suited him. Her costume had no gadgets, but her shimmer power would allow her to drop from a great height without injury as long as she was shimmering. So she climbed up into the room right above where the robbers were arguing and dropped straight through the ceiling, crouching on the floor as she had been taught.

Then she stood up, hands on hips, just like her mentor, and smiled. “Hi boys,” she said, going for the mocking welcome, chapter three in the “Hero speech for dummies” book she had found in the boy wonder’s room. “remember me? Lets try this again, shall we?”

“It’s HER!” cried out the leader of the gang. “GET HER!”

All four men decided to jump her at the same time, (well who wouldn’t given how tight that costume was), but Cherry was ready for them. She shimmered past all of them before delivering a round house kick to one of them. BAM!!!

It was a skill honed by hours of training given her by many members of the JLA, especially the Dark Knight, who for some reason insisted that her sparing was done in the nude, a rule for junior super heroes, he said.

Still, the training all came back to her, and in her head she heard all his signature moves as one by one she got her own back.

POW!!!!

SLAM!!!!

BIFF!!!!!

WHAM!!!!

SWAT!!!!!

In moments, she was the only one standing. Hardly breathing hard and grinning like a maniac, she tied each one up before calling the police to come get them.

\* \* \*

A few weeks later she was in her room painting her toenails, a futile task given that the next time she shimmered the nail polish would fall off. But it was something to do while she watched the news on TV. She was surprised to see that a report on the Godiva Robbers, as the press called them, was going to be featured, and even more surprised at the content! For there they were, all four of them, apparently being released due to the work of their defense lawyer, Gretchen Smith.

Lacy watched stunned as the four men laughed and joked with the news reporters, but she didn’t get angry. She wasn’t angry because of Gretchen, who looked depressed at having gotten her clients off. That was a woman with principles, Lacy thought. One who would give her clients the best defense she could because that was her job and that’s what they were entitled to. Even though she apparently hated it.

Lacy just wondered what that hate would do to Gretchen in the end, and while she didn’t know it at the time, so did a man she was soon to meet:

**The Indian Outlaw.**

The End