Lacy and story of Cherry Spirit.  
by Lacy and Nightguy

1.  
  
Lacy was proud of the work she had done on her costume. With only a few days notice about the costume party at the biggest Fraternity house on campus, she had to rush to get the job done. But the red spandex super-heroine outfit she had created had come out better than intended. It hugged her body SO tightly that she didn't dare wear anything under it. "It's going to drive those guys wild," she said to herself with a smile as she admired herself in her dorm room mirror.  
She really hoped it would, it had been months already since she had started college and had yet to get a date.  
It wasn’t because she wasn't a looker, with her dark curly hair and shapely figure, she knew the guys she went to school with had noticed her. But she was so shy that she couldn’t help making a mess of the advances some of the guys made toward her, and being a “Geek Head“ didn‘t help either.  
But maybe this party would be different. The red mask that she had made to go with her red outfit might help her get over her shyness, and the fake name she planned on using in her role play couldn’t hurt too!  
“Cherry Spirit“. Cherry, because of the color of her outfit, and Spirit because of the little ghost she had sown over her right breast, right above her nipple, something painfully obvious because of the thinness of the material. In fact, looking at herself some more, she realized just how much of her wasn't left to imagination, and she began to blush almost as red as her outfit. But this was her chance to finally meet a guy and get beyond just turning red and running away. Lacy knew she had to take it!  
So with a deep breath that threatened to burst a few seams, she got her coat and left for the party.  
  
It was loud, and the press of people made the shy girl feel rather nervous. This was the most popular Fraternity in the school, so everyone wanted to be there for the party of the year. At least Lacy didn’t feel out of place in her costume because there were a lot of people even more strangely dressed than she was, and even more daringly. One girl looked like all she had on was toilet paper, an outfit that didn't look like it would last the night. While two more were definitely wearing nothing but latex paint which was made even more amazing because they were both painted to look like they were naked!  
There were lots more besides, and as the alcohol flowed, Lacy began to feel more and more over dressed, yet envious of the girls around her. Lacy loved to wear frilly, and even scandalous things, but only in the private. Lacy would have been mortified to be so scantily dressed in public, although her “Cherry Spirit” outfit was further than she had ever gotten before.  
But she did get to meet guys, and got as far with most of them as to tell them her name, or at least the name of her character, before her shyness took over and they lost interest. Wearing the mask did help, but her very tight outfit meant that it was a rare moment when a guy would look her in the eye, and she felt very, very embarrassed.  
So, lonely in the middle of an increasingly drunk crowd, she wandered around the house, poking her head into every open door, looking for something or someone to talk to. That was when she entered what she would forever think of as THE ROOM.  
It was an ordinary bedroom at first glance, but it was obviously occupied by some techno-science geek, which was what peaked her interest. One half of the room was given over to electrical equipment, some of which she couldn’t identify and wires ran all over the place. Curious, she started to take a closer look, but wasn’t looking where she was going and knocked over a small table. Parts and devices went everywhere, and Lacy almost screamed. As it was she got very frightened and she looked around wildly hoping that no one had seen her. No one had, she was alone in the room. So she picked up the table and every thing that had fallen from it, and started plugging things back in. She had no idea if what she was doing was right, but she wanted to make it look as normal as possible before making her escape, so she just attached everything she could find together the best she could.  
That was when the light came on, a soft light from above that made her skin tingle and her nipples burn. With a squeal she reached up with her hands and held on to her burning nipples, and felt a sudden flush go through her body, almost like an orgasm, which made her blush furiously.  
She knew it had to be the device, she had plugged something in wrong! So she started unplugging things again until the light went out and the tingling feeling stopped.  
With a deep breath she stood back and turned to leave, when she saw the guy standing in the doorway.

2.  
  
"What's going on here?" asked the guy, obviously one of the football players who lived here, which she knew because of his size and the fact that he had cleverly worn his football jersey as a costume.   
"Nothing!" stammered Lacy, hoping she wasn't in trouble.  
"Hey" said the guy, "You're cute! How come you don't have a drink?" And he began to stumble toward her.  
Lacy could see the guy was very drunk and she tried to go around him. But she couldn’t avoid the furniture in the room and in a moment she was trapped, her back against the wall, the drunk breathing down her neck.  
"You are cute, what's your name?" he slurred, one hand finding her side.  
Lacy swallowed, her breathing getting faster. "Er...Cherry Spirit," she said, looking for a way out.  
"That's cute. You got anything on under this thing?" he asked, a drunken grin on his face as his hands came up and squeezed her breasts.  
Lacy gasped at the intrusion, but also felt a tingling sensation flowing from her breasts from his ministrations. She tried to pry his hands off her, but he was too strong, and with a bigger grin he gave both her nipples a pinch at the same time.  
And the world changed.  
A flush of pleasure passed through Lacy's body and she fell backwards...backwards THROUGH the wall that is. She didn't know what shocked her the most, passing through the wall as if it wasn't there, or her continued fall through the floor and into the room below where over a hundred people were partying. And she didn’t stop there, she went through that floor too, and into the basement, where she landed on her back. Yet there was no pain, just the tingling which quickly faded away.  
"Oh Lordy!" she exclaimed, wondering what had happened.  
Upstairs, the drunk wondered the same thing, as one second there was a cute girl coming on to him, and the next she was gone!  
In the basement, Lacy got to her feet and dusted herself off. Totally stunned by what had happened. Had she really passed through a wall and two floors? What had that light done to her?  
Lacy knew she had to get away, she needed to think about what had happened. But the door at the top of the stairs was locked, she was trapped in the basement. Or was she? Lacy sometimes gave people the first impression that she was a brainless, submissive bimbo, but she was actually a lot smarter than most gave her credit for, which was why she was studying engineering. Yes, she was locked in, but Lacy realized that locked doors were not her problem anymore. So she pushed herself against the door and thought to herself that she needed to pass through it. But that didn't work.  
"Maybe I just need to concentrate more," she said to herself, and she took a moment to focus her thoughts before trying again. But again she failed.  
"The tingling," she whispered, "it has to do with the tingling!" And with that thought came the embarrassed realization as to what she had to do to get that tingle back. So she began to caress her breasts, easy to do in her outfit, and sure enough after a moment she felt that familiar tingling sensation flowing through her body. So she stopped and tried the door again. No luck.  
"Lordy!" she exclaimed, a word she used a lot for many different reasons. This time it was out of frustration and she began to work her breasts a little harder, feeling the tingle build and build. That was when she remembered there was one more thing to do, and she pinched both her nipples at once.  
The flush of pleasure almost took her to her knees, but she managed to hold herself together and passed through the locked door like it wasn’t there.  
Back in the party, she looked about to see who had noticed her entrance, but no one had. So she made her escape through the front door and headed home.

3.  
  
Once home, she tried to make some sense of what had happened to her. Obviously she had stumbled across some sort of super power, but why?   
She peeled off her costume and put on some comfortable sweats, before sitting down to think about it.  
Costumed heroes with super powers were not uncommon in her world. In fact, her hero, a certain busty crime fighter who flew about in an invisible plane, was the subject of a poster above her dorm room bed. Although with that particular hero, the fact that she used a rope in her crime fighting had more to do with her being Lacy's favorite than anything else. In fact Lacy would often look up at that poster as she tried to get to sleep at night, and think private thoughts that made her smile well into the dark hours.  
Still, Lacy had never dreamed that she would have a super power of her own, and she grinned! "I'll never have to open a door again!" she said with a laugh, and decided right then and there to go get herself a soda from the machine downstairs without unlocking her door.  
So she stood up and faced the door, caressing her ample breasts until the tingling told her it was time to pinch her nipples, and as the wave passed through her, she stepped forward through the door and out into the hallway...NAKED!  
"LORDY!" she screamed, realizing that she was out of the room without a stitch on, and she turned bright red. She had made it through the door alright, but for some reason the clothes she had been wearing had stayed on the other side! The hallway wasn't crowded, but there were enough people in the co-ed dorm for her to be seen. And a cheer went up as the nude brunette made a dash for the bathroom just a few feet away.  
Inside, she grabbed a towel, feeling horrified at being seen naked. Yet she also felt a little rush at her exposure, and smiled. Lacy knew she was a secret exhibitionist, and rarely wore underwear of any sort. Yet the shock of what happened was almost too much for the shy girl.  
She also wondered what had happened. Why had she come through naked? She hadn't when she was in costume.  
She took a minute to think about it, before leaving the bathroom and heading for her room, still clad in just a towel. But of course, she hadn't unlocked the door, so she was stuck outside with no clothes.   
Lacy looked about, and no one appeared to be paying any attention to her anymore. So, feeling very embarrassed, she once more manipulated her nipples until she felt herself shimmer, and as the towel dropped she quickly reentered her room, and fell promptly through the floor into the room below.  
The room was dark, the occupant asleep. It was a guy's room, someone she knew and she felt mortified at being naked there! Now what was she to do!  
She tip toed to the door, feeling very exposed and a little horny due to all the nipple pinchings and flushes of pleasure that had passed through her body that night, and tried to think of what to do. Even if she found something to wear, she knew she would only lose it if she tried to pass through another door or wall, which would put her in even a worse position. There had to be another way!  
But her options were very limited. So Lacy picked up a discarded T-shirt from off the floor and slipped it on, the hem hardly long enough to cover her charms. She couldn’t shimmer though the door, she knew that, so she just had to leave the old fashioned way. So she quietly opened the door just wide enough to pass through, and went out into the hallway, thinking she had gotten away with this part at least.  
But not quite, because as she closed the door she turned to face another girl with a surprised look on her face. And the reason the girl looked surprised was because Lacy had just left her boyfriend's room dressed in nothing but a T-shirt, her boyfriend's shirt!  
"Er," said Lacy, turning very red. "Hi Sandra. This isn't what you think!"  
"You slut!" Sandra yelled, grabbing for poor Lacy.  
Lacy screamed and tried to run, but Sandra had a hold of Lacy's only piece of clothing, and was yelling insults loud enough to wake everyone on the floor!  
Lacy was totally embarrassed, or so she thought, but she didn’t notice that the tussle was causing the shirt to rub against her nipples, and in their now sensitive state it took just seconds for her power to trigger itself once more, and girl and shirt went different ways!

4.  
  
Lacy screamed again, now naked in public once more, and as doors began opening, Lacy did the only think she could and made a run for the stairs, trying to cover up all her bare bits. Again a cheer followed the embarrassed girl from those that had witnessed her flight, but she didn't stop running. She even pinched her nipples once more as she ran headlong for her own door, and this time passed through without incident before jumping into bed and hiding herself in the blankets.  
She had been humiliated, yet felt VERY horny at the same time, and once the shock passed, she rolled over and let her fingers do what was natural, and alone in her room Lacy screamed one more time until she fell into an exhausted sleep.  
  
Over the next few days, she avoided everyone she could, although from the smirks that followed her around, she knew the whole dorm had heard about her streaking. But such things are almost normal in college, and soon it was forgotten and life moved on.  
Lacy tried to concentrate on her classes, but her strange power kept stirring her curiosity, so she experimented.  
She found that the only thing she could wear that would stay on her, was her Cherry Spirit costume, which was fine by her. She also found that passing through floors was as easy as walls unless she concentrated, then she could stay on whatever floor she wanted. But she couldn’t sink any further than solid ground, she was glad to find out.  
Her shimmer, as she liked to call it, only lasted a few seconds normally, but if she held her hand or something through an object, she would continue to shimmer until she pulled it free. So she wasn't going to get stuck halfway, something else she was happy about.  
She still didn't know what had happened to her, but when one night she saw on the local news that the NightGuy, a local costumed villain that had been terrorizing the town lately, had pulled another bank job. Lacy wondered if she could use her super power to help catch him.  
So for the next few nights, after she had done her homework, she got into costume and began patrolling the town on her motorcycle. She loved to ride the big machine, the vibration of the engine, the air flowing past her scantily clad body. It made her feel sexy and alive!  
And it also turned heads as the brunette in the red spandex suit that looked practically painted on, became a common sight on the city streets at night. And not a few people wondered who that masked girl was, and what her measurements were.  
They would find out a week later when the NightGuy struck again.  
An alarm was ringing at a bank on the edge of town, and the police were on their way. But Lacy, or should we say, Cherry Spirit was already there.  
Scared, nervous and excited, Cherry parked her bike and headed for the front of the bank. Somewhere inside, was the NightGuy, and Cherry vowed to take him down. And Cherry wasn't going in helpless, so to speak. Her parents had insisted that the girl take some self defense classes, and Lacy proved to have an aptitude for that sort of thing. So she felt she could kick some butt while using her powers to avoid being hurt herself!  
So as she walked up to the wall of the bank, she focused her mind and gave her nipples a gentle rub and pinch and passed through to the other side, right into the middle of the robbery!

5.  
  
There were four of them, four men dressed in black standing in front of the open vault. A smell of cordite in the air told Cherry that they had just recently blown open the door, but they all had their backs to her, she had passed silently through the wall.  
The shimmer stopped and Cherry didn't hesitate. Filled with adrenaline and excitement, she walked right up behind one of the men and kicked up hard with her bright red right boot, right into the guy's OWN cherries. He fell without a sound, his world now shrunk down to thinking of one thing only.  
Surprisingly, none of the other men noticed, all intent on the bags of money the open vault had revealed. So Cherry did the same to the next guy, leaving two of them writhing on the floor helpless.  
Her luck didn't last though, and the sound of the man falling alerted his comrades. They whirled to see Cherry taking a fighting stance, and began to laugh.  
Lacy wasn't very tall, and her costume plainly didn't show her to be as buff as she could have been. So despite the fact that their numbers had been halved by the pint sized supergirl, the robbers didn’t feel threatened. One of them reached out for her, intending to grab her and carry her away as additional booty. But his hands seemed to pass through air as Cherry grabbed her nipples and walked right through him.  
"What the hell?" he exclaimed, and he didn’t even move as Cherry turned, smiled, and placed a round house kick right into his balls.  
The last guy did better, he happened to be behind Cherry as she kicked, and he grabbed her around the waist, pinning her arms to her sides.  
Cherry struggled, trying to reach her nipples, but the man was too strong, and for the first time Lacy wondered if crime fighting had been a good idea after all!  
But then she realized that the man's arms were right below her breasts, and she smiled and began to wriggle, rubbing her butt against the robber's groin and twisting and writhing in a way that no man could fail to respond to.  
The robber did respond. He was surprised, but as blood left his brain to go flow someplace else he loosed his grip a little on the girl, who proceeded to rub her large tits against his arms. He really thought she was a live one, and had thoughts of taking her back to their hideout himself until she seemed to melt right through him, vanishing and reappearing behind his back. He turned to face her, only to be hit over the head by a bag of money. He went down, stunned, then was knocked out cold by another hit to the back of the head.  
Cherry grinned, all four bad guys down and not going anywhere for a while. "Crime doesn't pay guys!" she said, wishing she hadn't. "Now, which one of you is the NightGuy?"  
"None of them were," said a voice from the darkness, and a fifth man came into view, this one holding a gun.  
Cherry raised her hands to her breasts as if in surprise, but didn’t do anything, scared of the gun and the man holding it, because there was something about this guy that told her he wasn’t a common crook. His clothes were cut better to start with.  
"Very impressive," he said to her. "Do you have a name?"  
"La...Cherry Spirit," Cherry replied, trying to hold his gaze.  
The NightGuy smiled at her. "You did very well, taking down my men. Surprised us all! But I cant let you win, I have a reputation to uphold."  
"You cant win every time, NightGuy," Cherry replied, hoping it came out more confident than it sounded in her own head.  
"Can't I?" he replied, and he lifted his gun and fired.  
Cherry saw him move, and she just had time to pinch her primed nipples and shimmer. One more thing she had discovered was that with frequent use, the time it took to shimmer was faster and faster! So the bullets passed right through her!  
She still dove out of the way though, she couldn't completely override the human need to duck. And despite the wave of pleasure that flowed over her when she shimmered, she was still very scared of the NightGuy and how he had almost killed her. So she headed straight for the outside wall and passed right through it.  
Police cars were gathering in the parking lot, lights flashing and sirens blaring, and the assembled cops were startled by the spandex clad girl that suddenly appeared through the wall.  
"Who are you?" a few of them yelled.  
"Cherry Spirit!" Cherry yelled back, turning to look at the bank while she composed herself. She was breathing hard, her body coated in sweat which did interesting things to her brief costume, and the large amount of bare skin it didn’t cover. She was also feeling very horny after all her shimmers and she knew that if anyone got close enough they could tell that too! But business first!  
"The NightGuy is in there!" she yelled, "I took down his men, but you had better hurry. And he's armed!"  
The cops nodded, respecting a costumed hero, even one they had never seen before, and they charged into the bank. But despite being surrounded, the NightGuy had vanished, something he was very good at!  
Cherry stayed for a few minutes as the cops captured the still incapacitated robbers, but once all were in cuffs, she decided to get out of there. The cops wanted her to stay, for official reasons of course, but Cherry wouldn’t let them stop her. She got on her bike and roared away, and it was an exhausted Lacy who finally snuck into her dorm room and collapsed on the bed, only sleeping once certain needs had been taken cared of. It had been a hard night.

6.  
  
For the next eight or nine months Lacy was kept busy. She foiled many robbery attempts and other crimes, and came close to catching the NightGuy twice more in that time. "Cherry Spirit" became the talk of the town, everyone proud of their homegrown super hero, although no one knew who she was.  
But then the night came that changed Lacy's life once more.  
She was in her dorm room early one afternoon, the news on the little TV set on her desk. She wasn't watching it, she was busy with homework, but when she heard mention of the NightGuy she started paying attention. And she was appalled!  
The Chief of Police was talking to a reporter about a bomb situation in a local school. The Chief talked about how the NightGuy was holding the city for ransom. "He's got a bomb in there, in a sealed room with about a dozen first graders," said the Chief, his eyes watering. "There are so many booby traps between us and the room where the kids are, that we don’t think we can get in there before it blows! We desperately need Cherry Spirit's help. Only SHE can get in to help us get the kids out in time!"  
Lacy gasped again, seeing the danger the children were in, and she knew right then that she had to get out there. So she quickly pulled on her costume, closed her eyes and after a few seconds of playing with her nipples, she dropped through the floor. This was how she came and went as Cherry Spirit. Not once had she been seen falling from her room all the way to the basement where she kept her bike. And a large maintenance tunnel allowed her to get to the surface well away from her dorm, further protecting her identity.  
At night, Cherry Spirit was a familiar sight cruising the almost empty streets of the city, but she rarely went out during the day and when she did, she couldn’t help noticing all the recognition she got from the people she passed. For the most part they cheered, and unsurprisingly she also got offers of dates, and even marriage from a few of them, which made her smile. But even in the toughest traffic, people got out of her way, knowing that Cherry was riding to foil another crime.  
It didn't take long at all for her to reach the school, and she quickly found the nerve center where the cops were organizing things.  
"It's good to see you, Cherry!" said the Chief, his eyes flickering up and down her barely covered body. Lacy blushed, but Cherry was made of sterner stuff and asked how she could help.  
The cop who ran the SWAT Team showed her what they were up against. The kids were locked in an inside room, and every approach was blocked by explosives that would take hours to take apart, and there was less than an hour to go unless the city paid the NightGuy his ransom. But, there was a plan, if Cherry was willing!  
Cherry was! So with a cry of "Through the wall, and beyond!" a catch phrase she thought would be neat to use, she headed for the school.  
Now, it was always embarrassing for Lacy to be seen fondling her nipples before passing through anything, but it was what she had to do to shimmer! So, to cover up her actions, Lacy came up with an incantation that people thought was how she had to shimmer. “Won Dekan Em Ekam!“ she called out, red faced (although she never realized that the words she had made up had another meaning to those who thought about it). She entered the building and she made her way down to where the NightGuy had locked up the children.  
She passed into a room full of crying children, who all stopped to stare at the red clad super heroine. Then smiles broke out as they all realized who she was, and they crowded around her asking to be rescued. Cherry smiled, glad they were all okay, and couldn't help noticing the number of "Cherry Spirit" stickers stuck on the book bags scattered about the room. She had heard that someone wanted to make an action figure of her. In fact a few months before she had talked about that to that famous Woman with the Golden Lariat, who came to visit the newest girl in the game. And Lacy even went to stay with her for a while, learning more about the Hero business, but even more about herself! Lessons that even now made Lacy smile deep into the night.  
But now wasn’t the time to mull over her sex life, er, fame, she had a job to do.  
The bomb, sitting in the center of the room, looked huge, but it wasn’t really. It was locked in a transparent plastic box, so Lacy could easily see the timer, and it wasn't good. She had to hurry.  
The SWAT Team leader had told her that there was no way they could get in to disarm the bomb, but there was a way to get the children out! An overhead air duct, just big enough for the children, led to a safe place in the building. Of course the children couldn’t reach it by themselves, but Cherry could! All she had to do was open the duct and start stuffing it with kids! So Cherry explained to the children what they had to do, and while it might be scary and dark, she knew they could all crawl to the end of the duct where they would be rescued.  
It was a silent group that watched Cherry open the grill that led to the duct, and as she lifted the first little girl to the opening, the bomb began to beep!

7.  
  
Cherry began to move faster, lifting the children to the vent and urging them inside. The kids felt her urgency, and crawled as fast as they could toward the other end where cops waited to pull them out. All seemed to be going well and as the last child was pushed into the vent, Cherry took another look at the timer. Only a few minutes left, the kids would be out of range by then, and the NightGuy thwarted once more.  
Only.  
"Cherry!" someone yelled down the air vent. "Cherry Spirit! There's been a change of plan!"  
"What is it?" she yelled back, her heart turning cold.  
"Some teachers are stuck in another room, there's no way out for them. You have to try to kill the bomb!" yelled the cop at the other end.  
Lacy felt sick. She had no idea how to defuse a bomb, but she had to try. She went over to it, and could see the countdown dropping. All the innards were visible through the transparent box, but despite the fact that she could shimmer and get her hands in there, she couldn’t do anything else. It was just too small!  
She tried hammering on the plastic, but it wouldn’t give, and there was nothing in the room she could use to break it. Over and over again she hammered at it with her hands, but with just seconds left she knew she had failed, and only managed to shimmer in time before the bomb blew.  
She saw the bright light of the explosion, and saw the building collapsing around her, but all she could feel was her failure. And when the concrete blocks stopped falling, she made her way through the wreckage and out of the building, leaving on a side no one was watching because of all the dust. In fact for days later the newspapers carried the story of how “Cherry Spirit” was killed in the explosion after saving all the children, a hero to the end.  
Stumbling blindly, she found an alley and hid behind a dumpster. She felt sick at not being able to help the teachers trapped in the building. She hated herself, and the NightGuy for causing such death, and she hated her new found powers.  
She was done.  
Not caring that it would leave her naked, Lacy pulled off her costume and was about to throw it into the dumpster when a voice interrupted her.  
"I wouldn't be so fast to do that if I were you!"  
Startled, Lacy held the costume up to her naked body, ready to shimmer if she needed to. Most of the dust had settled by now, but it was still dark in the alley and it took her a moment to see where the voice came from. A man in a long coat stood watching her, a handsome man. He seemed to exude a calm strength about him, and his eyes, they watched Lacy in a way that made her flush.  
"Who are you?" she asked him, aware of her nudity.  
"My name is IO, and I've been looking for you," was his reply.  
"Why, so you can try to kill me too?"  
He laughed, but it was a happy laugh, not a menacing one. "No, not that. Really, I want to give you a job!"  
"What kind of job?" Lacy asked, curious despite herself.  
"I'm assembling a team," he replied, "a crime fighting team, and I would like you to be a part of that."  
"No."  
IO blinked. "No?"  
"No, I'm done. I failed here, and I wont do that again. Cherry Spirit is dead now, and nothing will bring her back!" Lacy said, sadness in her eyes and voice.  
IO shrugged. "Well, I understand how you feel about that, trust me there. But, even if you wont be Cherry anymore, I could still use the help, and from what I know about you, you need the guidance! Am I right?"  
Lacy nodded. It had been tough working by herself, and right now she just didn't feel like she had a grip on her life anymore. Maybe, this was the opportunity she was looking for!  
IO sighed and took off his coat. He moved closer and draped it over the naked girl. "Come on, lets go talk about it. I have a feeling you will see my idea as a good one."  
"No more Cherry Spirit?" Lacy asked, willing to be guided by this handsome stranger.  
"Not until you are ready, Lacy. Okay?"  
Lacy nodded. But she had one more question. “The NightGuy, something has to be done.”  
IO nodded. Eventually, we’ll get him too.  
Lacy smiled, and a new chapter in her life was born.