

Lady Whitefire

I blinked at the open box; a small, ornate wooden chest with metal trimming, a key in its lock. It was a small thing, no larger than a shoebox. But it was beautiful – or, at least, the *outside* of the box was beautiful. Inside, it was plain, unvarnished plywood.

It was empty. A prop.

That beautiful exterior? It was fake.

I narrowed my eyes at the chest, a single question sprouting in my mind as I sat there staring at it.

Why was I so interested in this dumb box?

A question that, moments later, was lost behind a barrage of other question. Each one spawning even more questions, not giving me a moment to figure out the answers to any of them.

Why was I staring at an open box?

What was it doing here?

What was I doing here?

Where was I?

Who was I?

My mind answered that last question instantly. I was Lady Whitefire. But... Nothing else. What was my *actual* name? It couldn't be 'Lady Whitefire'. That'd be *silly*.

Vaguely, I could recall the name. As if I'd heard it someplace before in passing.

But it didn't fit *me*. It wasn't *me*. I was... I was...

"Umm..." A nervous man's voice sounded. "Lady- Lady Whitefire? How are- How're you feeling?"

I blinked again, drawing my eyes away from the box.

There was a man in front of me. The person holding the box. A young man, looking no older than his early twenties. Short hair and a lean figure, his narrow face twisted in some expression between eagerness and fear. His hands, which I'd only just noticed, were shaking – the box trembling in his grip.

"What-" I shook my head, tried to clear it. For some reason, it felt like I'd just woken up – my mind sluggish and slow. "Who are you? Where am I?"

With every second that passed, the haze began to clear. In its place, a cold rage began to boil.

This man... I *recognised* him. I knew him from somewhere.

As I stared at him – glared at him – I found myself feeling some emotion from far away, a distant memory of... *annoyance*?

"You're... uhh.... home?" The man squeaked, face reddening. He glanced around nervously, eyes wide. "You're Lady Whitefire. The superhero. You're from-"

"Superhero?" I snapped, sitting up in my seat – an armchair? – and crossing my arms. "What *nonsense*. You'd better tell me what's going on right now, mister, or-"

"Look at the chest!" The man said quickly, practically shoving the open box in my face. "Look in it!"

"What?!" I growled, leaning away from the madman and his stupid box. "What the hell is wrong with-"

He slammed the box shut.

The world went black.

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"Shit!" The voice said, frustrated. "Why didn't it work?"

It wasn't a question directed at me. Somehow, I knew. So I didn't answer. Couldn't answer.

"Why didn't she act like she was supposed to? It was like, like..."

The voice paused.

"She doesn't know how to," the voice said, breathing out a sigh.

I remained silent. Breathing in and out. In and out.

"Of course she doesn't know how Whitefire is supposed to act. She hasn't watched any of the films, doesn't know the lore. Is that why it didn't work properly? She was confused..."

There was a sound in front of me, a shifting of cloth.

"Mom," the voice said, sounding closer. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," I answered, not needing to think. It was automatic.

"Listen to my voice," the man continued. "I'm going to help you relax now. Soothe away your worries and strains. Just listen to my voice, and I'll make it all go away..."

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"And one!"

My eyes opened slowly, that voice rousing me awake. I had to shield myself from the light, cover my eyes with my hands.

Without really thinking, I began to stretch.

"How're you feeling?" My son's voice came.

I sighed, shook my head.

The odd sensation of not-quite-sleep vanished quickly.

"I'm... fine," I groaned out, finishing stretching.

"Good, good," he said nervously. "Feels good, right? No more stress or anything. That *has* to feel great."

Stress?

Oh, yeah. Right. My stress. The stress of having to pay the bills and keep the house clean and take care of my jobless, hopeless, recluse of a son. *That* stress.

The stress that was very much still there.

My eyebrows narrowed at my son.

He was standing over me, eyes wide and cheeks pink, brow damp with sweat. Fidgeting with his hands.

"It'll wear off after a little while," Miles continued. "A few hours, maybe. It definitely won't last past you sleeping. So I'll hypnotise you again in the morning and then-"

"No," I said, full awareness coming back to me.

Miles flinched, took a step away from me.

"You've had your chance," I said, pushing myself off the armchair and standing up. "I let you hypnotise me. I gave it a chance and it didn't help. I don't feel any more 'relaxed' that I was earlier. I'm just..."

Tired. Sleepy. It was an odd sensation. Feeling wide awake and yet terribly fatigued at the same time, like my body and mind were in disarray. I wasn't sure if I wanted to go to bed or stay up all night long.

My head throbbed.

"It didn't work," I said, shaking my head. "I don't feel any different."

I'd known it wouldn't. Earlier today, when Miles had suggested it, I'd *known* it wouldn't help. I didn't know the first thing about hypnosis or trances or any of that malarkey. But I knew my son. And expecting him to do something good and helpful, to make my life just a little easier?

Not a chance.

No, his hypnosis idea was never going to pan out. The only reason I'd agreed to let him try it was to stop his constant comments about it, suggestions that I give it a try.

"Sometimes it takes a while," Miles said quickly. "A few sessions. To build up the

suggestions, you know? Kinda like prepping your mind for everything. The more I hypnotise you, the easier it'll be to-

I walked past him.

"No," I said again, resisting the urge to sigh and roll my eyes. "I'm going to bed. Don't stay up too late."

A silly thing to say. Miles *a/ways* stayed up late; playing his stupid video games well into the early hours of the morning, sleeping until mid-afternoon, only emerging from his smelly bedroom when dinner was ready.

He continued to talk, following behind me.

As soon as I was in my bedroom, I closed the door on him.

His voice cut off and *finally* I was able to rest. Taking off my clothes, slipping into a cotton nightie, crawling into bed and curling up to sleep.

"Hypnosis is really healthy," Miles said over dinner. "Just think about it! No pills, no chemicals. You don't even need to mess with all that 'natural supplement' bullshit."

"Language," I grumbled – though my heart wasn't in it. How many times had I scolded him for cussing? If he hadn't learned not to after all these years, he wasn't likely to stop now.

"It's the healthiest way to deal with stress and anxiety!" Miles continued, undeterred by my admonishment. "All it takes is a couple of minutes and a comfy seat. Just gotta be open-minded about it, and all your problems will go away!"

Right now, my only 'problem' was *him*.

Going on and on about hypnosis, not taking the hint that I wasn't interested in it. He was like a broken record.

"It's all about mindset," my son said. "That's what hypnosis is all about. Helping you achieve a positive, healthy mindset. Taking away all those mental burdens and opening you up to relaxation and happiness. As long as you go into it with an open mind and a willingness to change, hypnosis can be a super powerful tool!"

He'd keep this up until I relented again.

It was his way of getting what he wanted; repeating himself endlessly, bugging and annoying me until I couldn't take it anymore and finally gave in. It was how he'd gotten all those game consoles and gadgets, all those video games. It was how he'd gotten me to agree to him hypnotising me last time.

And what could I do about it? Tell him to shut up?

Tried it many times before. It didn't work.

Ground him?

He was already home all day, every day. Only ever leaving the house to go buy comic books and watch those dumb superhero films. If I sent him to his room, he'd just ignore me. Keep on bothering and pestering me.

I could take away his things. His games consoles and gadgets, his comic book stash and all those figurines he collected. But that'd just mean he'd spent *less* time in his room and *more* time annoying *me*.

There was nothing I could do.

It was just a matter of time before I caved and gave Miles what he wanted. I knew it, and he knew it.

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"This," Miles said, hefting the fancy-looking wooden box, "is your mind. This chest is who you are."

I accepted the words, though didn't quite understand.

I was... a box?

"When it's closed," he said, "it means you're your usual self. My mother, the journalist. The work-from-home professional woman who lives with her son, spends all day writing articles for online papers and news sites, cooks and cleans and all that crap. When the chest is closed, that's who you are."

He moved the box around. Turned it from one side to the other, showed me the top and bottom.

"This chest is you mind. When it's closed," Miles said, "so is your mind."

He stopped moving it. Held it up in front of my face.

"But, when it's open... All the memories inside it come out. When it's open, so is your mind. When it's open, so are you. And you'll remember. Remember who you really are..."

It was an interesting box. Ornate, but fake. Made to look a certain way, but still had that feel to it – the lack of authenticity.

"You are two people," Miles said. "When the chest is closed, you're the single mother who works from home. But, when it's open, you become someone else. Someone special."

He inhaled a breath, grinned.

"When the chest is open, you become Lady Whitefire."

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"No," I said firmly. "Watch it in your bedroom."

"But the TV here is so much better!" Miles whined. "It's not long. Just two hours. And it's good! You'll like it, I promise!"

Unlikely.

"No," I repeated. "I'm watching a documentary."

"We can put it on after your documentary!" Miles said quickly. "You watch something, then I watch something. That's more than fair! C'mon Mom! Can I watch it down here? Please!"

"No," I said again. Crossing my arms and refusing to budge.

I would *not* cave in this time.

As soon as my crime documentary finished, Miles leapt to his feet and walked over to my armchair. He held out a hand and, brow throbbing from the headache his incessant whining had caused, I handed him the TV remote.

Agreeing to let him watch his stupid superhero film was the only thing that'd gotten him to shut up.

He took the remote with a wide grin.

Less than a minute later, his film had begun.

Some 'dramatic' opening scene that involved a familiar-looking wooden box being stolen from a museum, some ominous music in the background. Then a cut to black. Opening credits rolled – for far too long, actually – and then came the 'main character introduction'.

"Her name is Malory Maxim," Miles piped in. "She's a journalist. Kinda like you, Mom."

I sniffed at that.

Suddenly, it became my mission to point out every 'journalism' flaw I saw. Films *never* portrayed the job correctly. It was all overly romanticised and dramatic. I didn't imagine for a single second I'd see 'Malory Maxim' typing out benign clickbait articles while downing mug after mug of coffee.

As the main character got on with their morning routine. Dancing around a cosy apartment to generic pop music, grinning while she brushed her teeth, practically glowing

with enthusiasm, I found my interest waning.

I'd have probably zoned out completely, if not for my son's constant comments.

"Because of her being a journalist, she notices things other people don't. She's really good at spotting and figuring out weaknesses bad guys have."

Didn't ask. Didn't care.

"She's bold and confident, full of energy."

Of course she was.

"There's this thing called 'spirit power' and Malory Maxim has a ton of it, which is why... You'll see!"

Sounded like drivel.

Twenty minutes into the film, the ornate box reappeared.

For some idiotic reason, 'Malory Maxim' had decided to sneak into a gang-run warehouse to 'investigate' something or another – because that made a *whole* lot more sense than, I don't know, *going to the police*. And had found the box in some evil-looking office.

The gangsters found her, approached her menacingly. She ended up backed into a corner, dropped the box. Then the TV screen flashed.

Screaming, shouting, silhouettes moving around. Then the light vanished to reveal Malory Maxim standing over a half dozen unconscious gangsters. Wearing what looked like a white, one-piece swimsuit with a golden belt and shoulder plates. Matching golden braces around her wrists and golden, high-heeled boots.

The amount of cleavage on display almost made me laugh.

There was so much *wrong* with that costume, I didn't even know where to begin!

Setting aside the fact that the outfit was remarkably sexist in its portrayal of women as sex objects, and the fact that Malory Maxim's bra size seemed to have increased by several letters of the alphabet, a costume like that was just impractical! As a large-chested, slender woman myself, I *knew* the hazards of wearing revealing swimsuits. No way a woman in *that* one-piece, with *that* much cleavage on display, could do anything *remotely* athletic or physical without a whole tit popping out.

I was about to open my mouth, chide the costume design, but Miles beat me to the punch.

"That chest is called 'Hope's Cradle'," he said, sounding *far* too excited and eager. "The soul of a goddess is sealed inside it, and it can only come out when someone worthy opens it. The soul of the goddess takes control of her body and she becomes Lady Whitefire, defender of the downtrodden! The host doesn't remember anything Lady Whitefire does, so they leave notes out for each other to read."

The film continued, this slutty-looking 'Lady Whitefire' kicking butts left and right. Doing all kinds of flips and kicks and stunts, and not *once* did a breast slide loose. That, more than the brain-dead plot of the film, had me shaking my head and tutting.

"Lady Whitefire is originally from another world," my son said over the film. "She doesn't remember where, or what the place is called. But she knows she was sent to Earth to protect it. It's her mission in life to stop evil, no matter the cost."

It went on like that for the next two hours.

My son talking over the film, telling me every little detail about 'Lady Whitefire' and her backstory, who she was, what she represented, how far she'd go to stop evildoers. By the time the film was over, I felt like I knew more about Lady Whitefire than I'd learned about criminal psychology from the documentary earlier. And all of that information was utterly useless.

What good would knowing about Lady Whitefire's bad habit of hooking up with villains do for me? Certainly, it wasn't going to help me write more interesting news articles.

To top it all off – as soon as the film finally came to an end, Miles started badgering

me again. Asking if he could hypnotise me to 'help me relieve stress'. The first few times he asked, I denied him. But, after the fifth or sixth time, I relented. Gave him what he wanted. Honestly, it was the only thing I could do to stop him from bothering me constantly.

One of these days, I'd really need to put my foot down.

But, for now, I let Miles have his way.

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"When the box is open," he told me, "you become Lady Whitefire. You stop being you, and become her instead. Someone else, with her memories and mind. Just like Malory."

My mind accepted the words without resistance. Becoming someone else for a while? That did sound nice.

"And, when you're Lady Whitefire, I become someone else too. I stop being your son and turn into 'Miles, the infamous criminal'. When you see me, you'll see the enemy. Your opponent. When you – as Lady Whitefire – see me, you'll see the person you have to defeat."

A criminal. Yes, Lady Whitefire had fought a lot of criminals.

"And 'Miles the criminal' is powerful. More powerful even than The Black Flame."

The big bad at the end of the film. Who'd beaten the crap out of Lady Whitefire for a good twenty minutes, until the heroine had found the note explaining Black Flame's weakness.

"But don't worry. You know what Miles the criminal's weakness is. You know how to take away his godly power."

That was good. Knowing an enemy's weakness was paramount.

"His weakness," Miles said, voice betraying his excitement. "Is sex. The more times he cums, the weaker he gets."

That sounded... wrong.

In the back of my mind, something stirred. Some awareness coming out of slumber, questions and confusion.

"Everything is fine," Miles said quickly. "Listen to my voice. Nothing else matters. No need to think or worry, no need to stress. Just listen to my voice and relax. Yes... Just relax and listen to my voice..."

The thoughts slowly retreated. The awareness lulled back to sleep. All that remained was compliance and that voice.

"That's his weakness," Miles continued after a while. "His only weakness. Without it, Lady Whitefire can't possibly hope to defeat him. And she must defeat him. The fate of the world depends on it. She must do whatever it takes. Because that's who she is. The hero who'll do anything to keep people safe."

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I stared at the open box. Blinked.

What was I doing here? Why was I-

Right. I remembered now.

Miles. The evil mastermind. He had to be stopped!

In the box was my costume. Or, at least, most of it. My boots and braces were arrayed on either side of it, on the coffee table. There, folded up neatly inside Hope's Cradle, was the main part of my outfit. The white one-piece and its accompanying belt and shoulder pads.

I stripped out of the clothes I was wearing as quickly as I could. Usually, the transformation happened by itself. But this was *Miles* I was dealing with. His proximity alone was enough to mute my powers.

Off came the blouse and bra, the sweatpants and panties.

And on went the uniform of Lady Whitefire. *My* uniform.

Only... It seemed rather tight today. As if it were a size or two too small. My breasts especially seemed squeezed in. And, for some reason, the holy uniform seemed... cheap. Not the fine, perfect, indestructible fabrics of my home world; but a simple, human-made imitation.

Miles. His powers. It was the only explanation.

As soon as the bracers and boots were on me, completing the uniform, I hopped to action. Leaving the house's living room, racing towards the room I knew Miles was waiting in. Why he'd chosen this random, bland suburban home for our confrontation, I had no idea. But this was it. My chance to finally take him down.

I burst into the room, fists raised.

And found him sitting cross-legged on a bed.

"That didn't take long," he said, eyes wide. "You really don't dally when you're like this, do you? But everything seems to be working and-"

"Be quiet!" I barked.

For some reason, it felt unimaginably cathartic to interrupt and silence this man.

He stared at me wide-eyed.

"Your days of villainy are at an end, Miles!"

Miles breathed out a sigh of relief. Smiled. Actually *smiled* at me! Righteous fury flared inside my chest.

I strode forward, climbed onto the bed, pushed his chest down. As he crossed his hands behind his head, I gripped his jeans, began tugging them down.

He wasn't wearing underwear.

A big, hard cock sprang up in my face. Larger than any cock I'd seen before.

I hesitated for a moment.

Could I really do this? Could I really take on a foe as powerful as *Miles* all by myself?

His chuckle is what did it. That confident, victorious grin on his stupid face. The lust in his eyes.

It didn't matter if I couldn't win. I had to try!

Opening my mouth wide, I got to work on that massive cock.

I could taste the cum in my mouth as I rode him.

The bedsprings creaked and groaned under us, Miles panting as I thrust myself up and down on his big cock.

One of my tits had long since squeezed free of my outfit. Heavy and huge, it bounced high and slapped hard against my ribs when it fell. The other, barely contained by white fabric, was only just holding on – nipple peaking, tit-flesh spilling out near my armpit.

But that didn't matter! I was *winning*!

Miles had already orgasmed twice. He was weakened, strength falling. One more time, and I'd have him!

The taste of cum in my mouth was a reminder of my resolve, my ability to win. I savoured it, licked my lips, basked in the bitter, foul taste. I almost found myself wishing for more. His second shot had been on my face and hair, and most of that had dried now.

Just a little bit more.

"Fuckin' slut," Miles grunted, grinning up at me, eyes following my bouncing breast. "Always knew you were."

I wavered for a moment. A slut? Me? No, that wasn't right...

But I couldn't allow his words to beat me. Couldn't allow him to win. Not when I had him so close!

I took his words, let them wash over me.

"Yes!" I said, embracing them. "I'm a slut! I'm your slut, Miles!"

He groaned, shuddered. Fought back an orgasm.

The realisation it me like a lightning bolt.

Dirty talk! It was part of his weakness! It'd make him cum!

"I'm yours, Miles!" I moaned loudly. "All yours!"

His eyes went wide.

"Fuck me, Miles! Pound my slutty pussy with your massive cock! Fill me up, baby!"

It was working. I could see it in his face. He was *close*.

"Cum in me, Miles," I gasped. "I'm yours! Cum in me now, and I'll be yours forever.

Your personal, super-powered slut!"

He shut his eyes, groaned.

Just a little more!

"Make me your whore, Miles!" I screamed, slamming myself down onto his cock, impaling myself with it. "Make Lady Whitefire your whore!"

He came.

And victory burst inside me, hot and electrical and intense. Stars exploded in my vision, my body trembling and shuddering as my own orgasms began to hit, one after another.

"Holy shit," Miles panted on the bed, a stupid grin on his face. "That was... That was... Fucking *amazing*."

I looked down at him from where I stood beside the bed.

"You have no idea," he breathed, looking up at me. "I'm going to do so many things to you..."

As he chuckled, I readied myself. Pulled one hand back.

He was weak now. Powerless.

I could finally defeat him. Finish him. End this for good.

"Huh?" Miles said, glancing at my clenched fist. "What're you-"

I punched him in the gut. Hard.

All of my strength, all the energy I possessed, went into that blow. And it felt *good*.

Miles crumpled in on himself, clutching his stomach and rolling over, coughing and choking. The wind blown out of him. His resistance reduced to nothing.

"Jesus Christ," I heard him whimper as I turned away.

Walking quickly, I went back to the living room, began undressing. Taking my uniform off didn't take nearly as long as it had putting on. And, in just a few moments, I was back to wearing the clothes I'd been wearing before. The main part of my uniform shoved into Hope's Cradle, the rest placed beside it.

Now that my job was done, it was on my host to call the authorities and have the villain taken and locked away.

I reached for the lid of the box, closed it.

Huh? What was... Where was I?

There was that strange little chest again. And some garish, ugly boots and bracers next to it.

I sighed, shook my head.

Miles leaving his crap everywhere again. Go figure.

As soon as he popped into my thoughts, I felt a sudden urge. A strange compulsion. I needed to go check in on Miles for... For *something*. And... make a phonecall?

How odd. Was I supposed to call someone today? I couldn't remember.

Shrugging, I rose to my feet, walked to my son's bedroom.

The door was open a crack and, inside, I saw him curled up on the bed, naked with his back to me. His hands rubbing at *something* while he groaned and gasped quietly.

I shook my head, suppressed the strong urge to sigh.

Masturbating.

That boy really needed to get a job. He couldn't just expect to stay at home all day, sleeping and masturbating and reading those silly comics.

I turned and walked away.