

The Secret Sex Lives of Superheroes

By Steven Mark Kohn

That does it. I'm not keeping quiet any longer. I did what the chief told me. I kept my mouth shut. But not any more. After 48 years of unblemished service on the Metropolis police department, what do I get? A gold watch. A friggin gold watch. Well, screw them. I busted my hump for the force. Ask anyone. But now I figure I don't owe nobody nothing. Not anymore. So I'm finally going public with the whole superhero story.

Those friggin superheroes. Man, they made us cops look like a bunch of bozos. Everytime some real crisis came up, just as we were getting a fix on it, in they would fly, or run or swoop or some other dramatic entrance. And boom! Bad guys are out cold, locked up, and there we would sit with our weenies in our hands, looking at each other like the kids who don't get picked for the neighborhood ballgames. It drove me friggin nuts.

"Why risk our lives on the big stuff when the Flash and Green Lantern can clean up like that!" the chief told me once, snapping his fingers. It made sense. I mean, they were better suited than us at dealing with criminal masterminds, natural disasters, malevolent aliens bent on destroying the earth, stuff like that. But I still resented them. And so did most of the regular cops. Men have to be allowed to be men, and we were being turned into Little Bo Peeps.

See, I was a homicide detective. Down and dirty. And I did my job well. Maybe too well. Cause once the bodies started turning up and it looked like the superheroes might be involved, woah, forget it. I was told to nix the whole thing. And you know why? Because the department was just too damn scared to mess with those freaks. I guess I wouldn't want Superman or Hawkman down on my ass, but hey, show some balls now and then.

So even after the chief told me to get off those cases, I continued on my own, undercover. And I dittoed all my reports from the late forties through the mid sixties. Juicy stuff. And top TOP secret. So now, in the twilight of my life, I'm doing something I should have done long ago. I'm telling everyone what those superheroes were really up to when they weren't saving the friggin planet.

The first reported episode was in 1949. A young woman was found in her bed with a huge hole where her back used to be. This was nasty. It was like someone put a shotgun you-know-where and just pulled the trigger. The image still haunts me. At first we thought it was an execution-type killing involving one of the big bosses and drugs or money or jealousy or whatever. But within a week there was another. Some poor prostitute on the south side was found in an alley with the top of her head blown clean off from the inside. As if a shotgun was stuck in her mouth. No connection to the other victim, no apparent motive. I was starting to get the willies.

So forensics examines the metallic residue found in and on

the bodies. It turns out it wasn't pellets like buckshot or nothing. It was more like streams of liquid metal that had hardened. Maybe some new kinda' weapon. Great. Just what we need.

A couple of days later I get a call from Henderson down at the lab. He says he has something I ain't gonna believe. So I show up and he has me look into a microscope at one of the metal samples.

"Do you see the asymmetrical configuration?" he asks.

I say "yeah", not knowing what the hell that means.

"And the circular formations?"

"Yeah. So what?"

"It resembles dried semen" he says.

"Semen? But it's hard as steel" I says.

"Exactly" he says.

We paused and I looked at Hendy. His jaw was hanging open like a kid whose mom just caught him jerkin' off. Then it hits me. Oh boy. Oh, oh boy oh boy. This was heavy.

Now I never much cared for the "Man of Steel", but at least he had been on the right side of the law...until now. We agreed to keep quiet until more examples could be found and we could compile a stronger bank of evidence and scientific-type proof.

It didn't take long. Within a month we had three more cases. One woman's body was blown out from the front, one from the rear, and they even found some guy in the same condition. I was starting to get real nervous. Finally Hendy and me go to the chief.

"You ain't gonna believe this" I says, and I told him our suspicions. "Superman?" the chief asks. His lower lip tightened up.

"Looks that way" I reply.

Henderson then tells the chief all of the scientific reasons why it couldn't be anybody else. Stuff about density and the speed of a projectile and the nature of the wounds and the metallic semen we found, not to mention an accelerated sex drive due to some friggin alien metabolism or something. Well the chief about had a cow.

"Nothing" he says. "Say nothing. Do nothing".

"You're nuts" I tell him. "These are serious incidents. This freak is literally fucking people to death. We have to do something".

Then it dawned on me. What could we do? You don't just arrest the "Man of Steel". In fact you don't even want to piss him off. No jail could hold him, no weapon could hurt him, and I didn't have a line on any kryptonite at the time. This indestructible shit was really startin' to get on my nerves. So the chief says he'll talk to Clark Kent, some wimp reporter who I guess knows Superman or something, and try to get the "Man of Steel" to kindly curtail his sexual contact with the weak flesh of us earthlings. I guess it was really all we could do. It wasn't rape we all agreed because hey, what dame wouldn't want to sleep with Superman? But we had to stop this super psychopath from puttin' "getting his jollies" ahead of murdering people.

As I look back now, our course of action seemed to have worked, because after the chief talked to Kent, there was only one more similar incident, and that was years later. Some chick was found so messed up, we could barely scrape together enough of her for an identification. She was a reporter for the Daily Planet I think. Her name was Lane or something.

While the "Superman" episodes were the most dramatic, they were not the only instances of superheroes sexually violating our women. No sir. Because while the chief told me to back off on Superman, he said nothing about any of the other "Big Guys". So I continued to search for the unusual. Now keep in mind, there's not one of them superheroes I'd want to mess with personally. Spiderman and Batman always gave me the creeps. The Hulk's breath alone could kill you, and I don't relish getting blasted with no "Green Lantern" ray whatever the hell that stuff is. But I figured I could keep compiling information and sit on it for as long as I needed to, and then let it all out at the right time, that time being now.

So the next report that catches my attention is a couple'a years later. Some dame comes in all scratched up. And I mean bad. Her face and the front of her torso had long vertical gashes running the length. It looked like some wild animal had attacked this poor thing. So I take her into the back room for questioning. It turns out she was at a party, had a few drinks, and got a little overly friendly with Hawkman.

My first thought was "Hawkman...I think bullets kill *that* guy".

So I had the woman examined by the lab and sure enough, traces of feather fragments were discovered near the genital region. We had an open and shut case. The scratches, the feathers, not to mention some bird-like semen stain on her skirt. If not rape, we could at least get the bugger for assault. Then it dawns on me. He's got some pretty powerful friends. And who knows what they think or say about us insignificant humans when they're kickin' back and hoisting a few. I could imagine a group of them goddam superheroes:

"They arrested Hawkman. What Ho! Those puny mortals must not realize who they're messing with, by golly! What say we shake them up a bit, put them back in their place!"

Then they would swoop down or run over or swing on top of innocent people and all hell would break loose. After a brief chat with the chief, we decided not to rock the boat.

Throughout all these cases, the main thing I couldn't understand was how these super pricks could be so heartless. I mean, one day they save a busload of kids from driving off a cliff. Nice, eh? But the next day some poor dame gets totally wrecked. It made no sense. Could it be that they viewed goodness only on a grand scale? Maybe they cared about us as a race, but not as individuals. Or maybe we were like pets to them. You can take care of pets but still kick them around if you feel like it. Or maybe this whole superhero thing about saving people and preventing disasters was all just a game between them to see who

could do the most spectacular stuff. Maybe they really didn't give a shit about us at all. It makes you think.

Well anyway, as the years went by, a bunch of other episodes were reported, logged, and just as quickly suppressed. It became a source of personal disgrace for the chief, Hendy and myself. No one else on the department knew anything. Even my wife was kept in the dark. I figured some guy with "super hearing" or something would hear me whispering in the night, zip over and toast my ass with his laser vision. So the whispers were confined to the back rooms at the station. We even had special sound-dampening panels installed so we could talk amongst ourselves without fear of retribution.

So the public never knew about the "Human Torch" and the victims who claimed that his body ignited just before orgasm, leaving them with severe burns in places I don't even want to think about. Several female geology students who showed more than a passing interest in the "Thing" lived to regret it, their bodies pummeled by his rock-like, well, you-know-what. It was not a pretty sight. Neither were the gropings and fondlings perpetrated by some mutant who called himself the "Elastic Man". We could've got that clown on harassment, but his alibi was that he was two blocks away at the time of the incident. The whole "Fantastic Four" turned out to be a rather kinky bunch. Again we were helpless to do anything about any of this stuff. And then there was the "Flash" episode.

The Flash (worlds fastest superhero, in case you hadn't heard) was suspected of a number of sexual improprieties, but the victims could only describe some brief tingling sensation occurring in a gust of wind, and a feeling that "someone was here and something happened". But a lack of hard evidence made those cases difficult to pin down. Then this one poor dame claims she got impregnated by the Flash and she decides to go after him in a rape/child support lawsuit. "Finally" I says. "Now we can nail one of these bastards".

So I strolled into the chief's office in the first good mood I'd had in ages, and he looks at me with this long face. "What?" I says. "This is open and shut. All we need now is a semen specimen from the Flash to solidify the case, and we can put that sucker away"

"Exactly" replies the chief. "And I'm putting you in charge of getting that semen sample. Go ahead. Try and catch him"

Well, it never happened. Another friggin superhero got away unpunished, and another poor dame got stiffed.

And you know something else? It wasn't just women who suffered at the hands of these "super beings". A man came in after an episode with Wonder Woman. Poor sucker's pee pee was nearly torn off of his body. Batgirl and the "Invisible Woman" had also left a number of maimed, or at least embarrassed men in their wake. Again our department was helpless.

A shitload of other charges were filed in that 20 to 25 year period, but not one ever ended in a conviction much less an indictment. Imagine these poor victims, as powerless as we were

to see justice done. I have files on most of the major superheroes and a few of the minor mortal-type ones too. Silver Surfer, Wolverine, The Hulk (an animal), Green Lantern, Spiderman, Batman AND Robin (a pervert) and a particularly fishy episode involving Aquaman and some chick who was snorkeling off Long Island. It makes a fella sick, I tell ya. But just wait, you superheroes out there. I'm gonna put it all in a book. All of it. And then the world will know.