

# BioWeapon, Chapter 1

The Creation of a Super Weapon by Mike S. and Sharon Best

Supergirl had just arrived back to her secret headquarters and was changing back into her 'civilian' clothes when her top- security phone began to ring once again. "Not another mission already," groaned the young girl as she reached over to pick up the receiver. A silly thought really. She knew perfectly well that there was no other reason for that phone to ring.

She turned slightly, approving of what she saw in the mirror, as she stood dressed in just her tiny skirt and red boots. Her attention was drawn back to the voice on the other end of the line. The voice simply stated that Supergirl was requested at Jefferson Army Base where she was to report to Colonel Stern as soon as possible. The phone clicked dead immediately after the message had been delivered.

"Ah, well," she thought to herself, "at least I hadn't gotten comfortable yet." She turned again to look at her profile in the mirror. She grabbed the top of her costume as she walked up to the rooftop of her converted penthouse apartment. She was enjoying the freedom of being topless too much at the moment to slip it on, she just carried it with her as she walked across the roof. Her neighbor, Jim, one of the few people who knew that she was actually Supergirl, was working out on the bench press as she walked by. The two of them had become something of a couple lately, at least as much as a Terran man and a Kryptonian woman could be a couple. She still remembered that first night, when she had slowly seduced him by taking her business suite off, and then very slowly removing her little costume from beneath it. She could still feel his hands, gently massaging those scented oils into her skin. If only his fingers were stronger, his manhood so much harder... she felt herself drifting, imagining... damn, he had the skill, the enthusiasm, just not the muscles for it. No man did. No-one on Earth did, apart from Superman and she was forbidden, by Kryptonian custom, to have any form of relationship with her cousin. No, she longed for the impossible - to entwine herself in the arms of another in her own strength class, someone whose body could withstand the enthusiasm of her own!

She snapped out of her fantasy as she walked up to him as he worked out, impressed that he was benching 400# now; he was really improving. She casually gripped the bar, easily lifting it from his hands with her right hand to hold it over her head as she leaned down to kiss him goodbye. Her firm bare breasts pressed against his sweaty pumped-up pecs as he ran his fingers through her silky blonde hair for a moment.

"Gotta go, Jim, some kind of crisis on the west coast. I'm not sure if I'll be back tonight or not. I'll knock on your door if I get in before midnight, a little night-cap might be nice tonight." He smiled, knowing exactly what she had in mind, as he raised his arms to take the massive weight back on his own arms again. He still marvelled at how effortless it was for her to lift weights like this, her slim body hardly flexing as she lifted it as if it was only made of Styrofoam. She very gently transferred the weight from her right hand back to both his arms as his muscles bulged and strained as they tried to keep up with the huge weight. As soon as she saw he was in control of it again, she turned to walk out from under the canopy. He turned to see her gorgeous calves flexing yet again as she launched her body back up into the still night air.

Amazingly, the next few lifts were very easy as his body surged with energy and arousal. If only he could please her more himself, rely less on their shared imaginations and her own strength. Damn, why did she have to be so sexy yet so impossibly strong, so invulnerable... !

Supergirl had never visited Jefferson but she knew exactly where it was. It was quite famous as being the Army's top research centre where all the most advanced and top secret work was carried out. Colonel Stern, the Base Commander, was somewhat of a notorious figure - he had more or less complete control over the projects at the base and no-one, not even other high ranking personnel, were allowed to know what went on there. The fact that Supergirl had been requested directly by Stern was very interesting! Her body tingled with anticipation over what fascinating mission she might be asked to carry out. She couldn't wait to get over there, her youthful impatience getting the best of her. Even though Jefferson was on the other side of the country, the Girl of Steel was overhead in only a few minutes, her body glowing brightly in the dark sky from her rapid flight. The warmth and the strong shock waves had felt wonderful on her bare breasts, nipples glowing white-hot as the rest of her skin had a dim cherry-red glow to it.

Looking down, she could see the triple perimeter fence and searchlights playing over the grounds. "Nothing short of an invasion could get into this place. Or me of course!" thought Supergirl as she landed silently and unnoticed outside of the obvious administration building, smiling to herself at how easily she had got in undetected, penetrating their best security systems. The voice on the telephone had stressed that she was to make contact with Colonel Stern without anyone else knowing. Using her x-ray vision, she could see the Colonel alone in his office. "Great!" she thought, "I was hoping no-one else would be there."

She waited a few more moments for her body to cool off before slipping her tight top back on and silently entering the Colonel's office, the door closing quietly behind her. She could still see a bit of a red glow rising from her dramatic cleavage and reflecting off her neck and bottom of her chin, but otherwise she was pretty well back to normal. "Good evening, Colonel" she announced softly, in a slightly smug tone, obviously pleased that she had been able to enter the establishment completely undetected. Stern swung round in his chair, apparently startled by Supergirl's silent entrance.

"My God - here already!" blurted the Colonel, "I... I... only made the call fifteen minutes ago!" "It was nothing", replied Supergirl flippantly, a broad grin on her face.

The Colonel was staring at her, his eyes travelling down her amazing body. Even with his focused mind, trained by years of military discipline, he couldn't take his eyes off Supergirl for many seconds. She was fairly tall, around five feet eight, and incredibly shapely. Stern had never seen anyone with quite such a dramatically shapely figure. The shiny material of her leotard emphasized every curve of her gorgeous body, especially her amazingly firm and full breasts, which seemed to be resisting effortlessly the obviously straining material of her top. She had certainly not looked that way in her earlier pictures but he wasn't complaining! He also realized she must be incredibly firm to look that way under that skin-tight costume. There was just the slightest hint of a teardrop shape in her remarkably full breasts; a true Girl of Steel! He was really surprised to see the fading reddish glow, lighting her face slightly, coming from under the top of her costume, from her deep cleavage. He had read about how her body heated up when she flew fast, but it was incredible to actually see it, especially coming from such a gentle and feminine place!

His eyes travelled further down, on to her tiny flat waist. The amazing contrast with her broad shoulders and large chest captivated him. He'd seldom seen anyone with a waist as small as this, and certainly not anyone with such a broad and full upper body! Looking at the way her chest and sides curved into her belt made him want to reach out and grab her. It looked like her waist was designed to be held and squeezed, and seemed to be drawing him to do it! Stern blinked suddenly to break the spell her body was having on him, but he found his gaze dropping uncontrollably to Supergirl's long tanned legs, so beautifully firm. The strong shapely muscles of her thighs were clearly visible, still looking slightly pumped, probably from flexing them so strongly during her hypersonic flight. The red high-heeled boots, accentuating her perfectly round shapely calves, made his mouth water. God, she was gorgeous!

Supergirl watched his eyes travelling all over her body; she had never tired of watching the way these Terran men reacted to her. Especially when she used her x-ray vision, as she was now, to see how they 'really' felt about her. She turned slightly, her long tanned legs flexing gently as she saw his eyes following each movement. She subtly flexed her calves as her remarkable eyes saw that the Colonel was very quickly, and very clearly, impressed with that! She saw the flushed look on his face.

Enjoying teasing him, she flicked back her head, pushing her fingers back through her hair and then flicking her shoulders back to make her cape fall down her back, revealing her body completely! She then slowly folded her arms, forcing her breasts together and even higher as she turned slowly to face Stern who's eyes were now riveted to her incredible cleavage!

"Is anything wrong?", she asked with a tiny smile at the corners of her mouth.

His eyes moved up to meet her sparkling blue eyes, her beautiful face framed by her long honey-blond hair. She flicked her head to the side as she pulled her hair behind her shoulders once more. She looked just like that incredible cover of Cosmopolitan Magazine that she had appeared on. Her gorgeous looks had redefined and re-popularized the concept of an All American Blonde, despite the fact that she was far from being an American, hell, she wasn't even a Terran! The article was also the first frank interview that anyone had ever published of her, especially one where she talked about the frustrations of her own sex life on Earth, among Terran men. The magazine had sold out in hours and was in its third reprinting now. What was really exciting was that she was rumored to be shooting a pictorial for Playboy. He wondered how the contracts would be worded, considering this would be the first centrefold of an alien!

His thoughts came back to the girl standing in front of him. "N-no, I'm just surprised at how, well, slim you are. When I read about some of things you'd done I imagined somebody much more... well... muscular and bulky I suppose, that's all."

"I can assure you that my arms may look small but I'm perfectly capable of carrying out any task you could set for me. My muscles can get a little more 'dramatic' than what you see now when I'm forced to exert myself." He knew that. Her spread in Muscle Mag a month ago had done wonders for that magazine's popularity as well. She had shocked everyone with the way she looked when she flexed, especially when her flexing bicep had been used to lift a huge diesel locomotive over her head!

"Oh, I'm quite sure you're the right person for what I have in mind," replied the Colonel, thoughtfully. "Please follow me and I'll show you what I'd like you to do."

The Colonel opened the door and headed off across the courtyard. Supergirl was immediately surprised by the lack of obvious guards. "Where are all the sentries?", she asked.

"They've been sent home. We don't want anyone to know that you've been here. We only have them for show really. This place has the most advanced automated detection and protection system anywhere. You didn't tell anyone you were coming did you?"

"Ah, no, not really, I came straight here. I couldn't wait to find out what you had in store for me." She didn't bother telling him about Jim. The fact that he knew about her secret identity was something she wasn't ready to disclose, even to a Colonel Stern. She was also most satisfied that she'd penetrated such a fortress with ease.

"You'll find out what I want of you in just a few moments, my dear. You see, we've been working on something rather special for the last few years. The top brass didn't believe we could do it and have been threatening to pull the plug on us for the last six months. But last month we made the breakthrough we were hoping for; we even exceeded our own expectations. A rigorous test program was devised and every stage has passed so far with flying colours. We have only one test left. We're gambling everything on this one. If we're wrong, it'll be the end of the project. But if we succeed... well, let's just say that with the benefit to our national security, and with the very low risk of failure, it's worth it!"

"So how do I fit in? What do you want me to do?", quizzed Supergirl, unable to disguise her excitement at the prospect of being involved in such a secretive and obviously important project.

Colonel Stern smiled inwardly. He knew just how to get what he wanted from this young bimbo. This 'supergirl' might be gorgeous and immensely strong in the muscles department, but she was very weak on experience. Hell, she was just a fashion and fitness model, she had no real education or training. Just her incredible body. No, she was clearly not the brightest young woman he had met. Actually, looking at her now, it was clear she was really not much more than a girl, probably not much more than 21.

No, in terms of cunning and intelligence, the Colonel knew that he won hands down. He had learned all about how proud she was of her strength and her invulnerability. She had also become quite fascinated lately by the media attention her gorgeous blonde looks had attracted. She was clearly headed to being the next Claudia Schiffer in terms of the media's fascination with her. She was becoming the first 'supermodel' who truly deserved the 'super' part of her title! But, like all the military leaders of old, he knew how to turn a strength into a weakness. Her pride and natural inquisitiveness could be turned against her. Now he was using that, and the silly 'do good' mentality of hers, to get her just where he wanted. He turned to look at her again.

"Well in order for us to pass our next budget review, we have to convince the funding committee that we've done what we said we would do. That's where you come in. You see, you're the only one who could possibly help us prove that we have succeeded."

"Sounds great! What do I do, then?"

"We need to test the full strength and endurance of our new 'device'. Nothing on earth is powerful enough to do that except you and Superman. They say 'ladies first' so we decided to approach you instead of Superman in this instance. In fact, Superman has helped us secretly in other projects. He's probably not said anything because it was so important and so secret that he couldn't even tell you."

"Really??", blurted Supergirl, innocent blue eyes big as soup plates as she looked around at the Colonel.

"Oh, yes, certainly. But now it's your turn. In any case, we need your feminine touch for this one. Don't tell him I said this, but we don't think even Superman would be able to help us for this project. In fact, the same conditions apply. Secrecy is everything. You must tell no-one about this, not even Superman. If you can't give us that assurance, we'll have to call off tonight's test, Supergirl." Stern had just played his ace card and it was timed to perfection. There was no way she could refuse now.

Kara stopped dead in her tracks, gripping Stern lightly at the elbow and turning him towards her.

"Do you really mean that?", she asked with a gorgeous smile, her cheeks dimpling; a look that almost melted Stern's resolve.

"Yes, of course. You, and only you, can help us. No-one else, not even Superman. You mustn't tell anyone!" replied Stern seriously.

"Wow! Now I really can't wait. This is so exciting! Let's get to it!" her feet barely touching the ground she was so excited! She had gotten rather bored with facing all these hopeless criminals and pathetic power seekers over the last while. It had become so tedious, just having to rush to the scene of an emergency that the regular forces couldn't deal with, only to discover yet again that she didn't even raise a sweat 'fixing' the problem. Everything was just so easy! She wanted a challenge, something different. This sounded like just the tonic to perk her up.

Supergirl turned and resumed the walk, striding out like she was going to collect a lottery prize. Stern smiled inwardly. This young girl was putty in his hands. This was going to be even easier than he'd imagined. She was so confident yet so easy to manipulate.

They were nearing a very heavy painted steel door set into the side of a small concrete bunker. The Colonel tapped in a code. A moment later, there was a dull thud as a heavy bolt moved inside the door. "Would you mind opening it, it normally takes two guards but, as you know, they're off tonight."

"No problem," said Supergirl smiling as she pushed the massive door open with just a single finger, obviously showing off, grinning once more ear to ear. She watched his alert eyes travelling down to the firm muscles of her arm. She loved to have men look at her this way, imagining what her body would feel like as she used her strength like this!

"See! I told you my muscles were bigger than they looked! Would you like to feel how firm they are?" asked Supergirl seductively.

"W... w... well, do you mind?" spluttered Stern. She'd taken him by surprise this time. One thing he didn't know was that Supergirl also had a super-libido!

"No, go right ahead." She replied, holding her arm flexed. Stern slowly lifted his hand and opened his fingers, sliding them over her extended biceps.

"Go on, squeeze it! You can't hurt me - I'm completely invulnerable," she said, confidently. Stern closed his grip and found that although her flesh was initially soft and very feminine, it resisted any attempt to squeeze it. He gradually increased pressure until his nails were biting into the silky fabric covering her arm. But he couldn't make any more of an impression on her arm, which felt just like warm steel in his hand!

"Fascinating." Stern replied, with a thoughtful look on his face.

"Come on then," Supergirl said as she turned and entered a lift, the inner doors closing smoothly behind them.

"It's quite a way down but we'll be there in a minute or two," mumbled Stern, still distracted by thoughts of the firmness of her incredible muscles.

It seemed longer than a few minutes to Supergirl. She paced back and forth on the lift, impatient to find out what was at the bottom. The Colonel could barely restrain himself as he stood so close to this gorgeous girl, her cape and long blonde hair swishing with every turn. In a way, he thought, this was going to be a real shame. She was certainly incredible to look at; but far too dangerous to be walking around doing whatever she pleased.

Presently the lift shuddered to a stop and the doors slid open. Ahead of them was a dimly lit corridor that led straight forward into the distance, only the odd door breaking the smooth walls on either side. They walked rapidly down the corridor, soon reaching the far end, which was secured by another thick door. Once again the Colonel keyed in his code but this time the door swung open silently, only the faint distant whirring of huge motors and well oiled machinery coming from inside the walls.

Supergirl was amazed at the thickness of this second door. She had seen a few bank vault doors in her time but this one was something else. It must have been all of thirty feet across and twenty-five feet thick! Supergirl couldn't contain herself. This had become such a mystery and now she was about to find out what was so secret that it had to be secured behind a door like that! They obviously wanted to make sure no-one could break in! She was dying to enter but turned to look at the Colonel first. He saw her bright sparkling blue eyes lighting up her excited and animated face.

"OK, in you go," he said.

"But you've not told me what you want me to do!" exclaimed Supergirl grinning even more with excitement and anticipation as each moment passed. She just couldn't wait! The Colonel had said this was a task only she could do. He'd made her feel indispensable, and that, in turn, felt really good!

"Don't worry, just wait inside and everything will become clear. Off you go. You'll know what to do."

There was no holding Kara back now. She dashed straight inside, not noticing the Colonel keying another code into the door pad before disappearing up some stairs to the right.

As Supergirl went through the 15 foot long entrance, really more of a tunnel, it gradually grew darker. Once through, she could see that the room, or whatever it was, was not lit. Ahead of her there must be a wall because about thirty feet up there was the light of a window, behind which she could see figures in white lab coats moving back and forth, reading instruments. She couldn't make out anything else in the gloom yet, and the light from that window was in her eyes preventing her from seeing into the darkness below it. But she knew her eyes would quickly get used to the lower light level, and she had her x-ray vision if necessary.

"This is great!" she thought excitedly, "Just like in the movies." She remembered that movie called Species where the young alien girl had been in a room somewhat like this. This was really cool! She stood in the middle of the floor, gazing up at the window, waiting for something to happen.

The Colonel's face soon appeared behind the thick plate glass. He leaned down to what looked like a microphone. The silence of the large room was suddenly pierced by his voice coming over the PA.

"How do you feel, Supergirl?", asked Stern. "Fine", she replied. "Good, we need you to be in top condition", said the Colonel, ominously. "So, what now?", she asked in eager anticipation. "Well, Supergirl, let me tell you a little bit about our project. Some time ago, we were given the brief to develop the ultimate weapon, a weapon so powerful that nothing on earth could possibly prevail against it."

"Yes! Go on!", blurted Supergirl, feeling the excitement rise within her. "Well our analysis of all known materials showed that no matter how strong they were, they would always be vulnerable to certain individuals. Do you follow me, Supergirl?"

"Eh?... I think so..." she replied, looking uncertain.

He sighed, the girl was a little dense sometimes. "Let me make it plain. No matter what weapons we developed, they would be ineffective against the likes of Superman, and yourself."

"Yes, that's true!" said Supergirl, a satisfied smile breaking across her beautiful face once more. "So you see, Supergirl, you and Superman are the ultimate weapons."

"Yup, I guess we are," beamed the young girl, a sense of pride and power welling up inside her.

"As things stood, whichever side you were on would be invincible and the other side would be bound to lose. That, however, was an unacceptable scenario. At all costs, it had to be changed."

"What do you mean, 'changed'?" inquired the Girl of Steel, her brow now furrowed with displeasure.

"The military must have ultimate control. Sure, the population thinks this is a democracy but we pull the strings. The administrations change but that's only the outer garment. It fools the people. We run this country. But when you and Superman arrived you upset the natural order. You are wild cards. We could not allow that situation to continue."

"Well see here!" barked Supergirl firmly. "Superman and I are here to make sure justice is served and there's nothing you or anyone else can do about it. We are above your laws and limitations. You said so yourself."

"Oh yes, I did, but that situation has now changed," replied the Colonel smugly.

"What do you mean!" yelled Supergirl.

"You and your cousin were the ideal model, don't you see? The ultimate weapon is a biological entity imbued with such fantastic strength and invulnerability that it could not be resisted. You gave us the answer, the blueprint. For years we've been working in secret on producing a super being of our own. At first it seemed that we could make no headway. The genetic engineering challenges are formidable, but we did not deviate from our determination to succeed. But we finally managed to obtain certain tissue samples from you and Superman. Just hair and dead skin were enough. We have made great strides recently and the experiment is about to be completed. Our first model has, as I said, exceeded our wildest expectations. I lied when we said there was one test to go. All the tests have been passed with flying colours."

"So what do you want me for?" interrupted Supergirl, now sounding more than a little annoyed.

"Well, my dear Supergirl, you see it's now time to unleash the weapon on the target it was designed from the outset to destroy: You! Say goodnight, 'Supergirl!'" sneered the Colonel, emphasising her name with great satisfaction.

With his last few words, Supergirl's heart began to pound. So it had all been a trap! And they had somehow got hold of her DNA! This was very dangerous! She turned to head back out and deal with this trumped up dictator of a Colonel, only to find the massive door now tightly closed in front of her.

"Open the door! Now!", she yelled, "Otherwise I'll tear it down. In fact, I'll tear your whole precious lab apart!"

"I've no doubt you can do that, Supergirl, but even you will require a certain amount of time to tear your way through that thickness of armoured steel plate," replied the Colonel. "Time you don't have. We designed the room you are now in specially, for this exact moment. This has all been planned with military precision. There's no way you're going to get out of there!"

"Right! That's it!", Kara shouted as she clenched her fists while walking over to the massive door. She began smashing them into the thick shiny steel plate. Each mighty blow ploughed up handfuls of case-hardened steel, steel that could resist just about anything except this girl's fantastic strength. Except for the loud metallic ringing sound, and the thudding vibrations that shook the entire building, it simply looked like her knuckles were smashing into very thick clay. She finally gave up pounding on it, realising it would take forever to break through that way, and instead began to tear the steel from the door, grabbing huge handfuls of the squealing tortured metal as she tore her way into it.

But even that seemed too slow, so she began to shove her arms deeply into the steel; she decided to just tear the door apart in one mighty lift. The steel shrieked and groaned as Supergirl's irresistibly strong fingers sunk into the surface of the metal as she dug deeper and deeper. She knew she had to get a sufficient grip on it. She had seen the huge radial bolts as she had entered through the doorway and knew that unless she drove her arms all the way into the door, they would just tear channels through the steel itself as she tried to wrench it out.

She wiggled her fingers and wrists as she drove her arms deeper and deeper into the raw metal. She started bracing her elbows against her sides as she flexed her back muscles, her elbows bending the thick steel outward from the hole like it was nothing but firm clay. She leaned forward again, forcing her hands even deeper into the steel, this time all the way up to her hard rounded biceps. Just as she started to flex her shoulders and her back, starting to bend and lift the massive door, she was aware of another presence in the room! Something strong! Powerful! Rippling with energy!

Kara had never felt anything like it before. Whatever it was, it had an incredible presence. She tried to turn to see what it was but her arms were now embedded too deeply in the thick steel door. In that moment she hesitated. Should she finish the job and tear open the door? No. The Colonel's little speech had definitely worried her! The door could wait. She wasn't going to stand there with her arms trapped in the metal while letting their little toy get it all its own way.

With that thought, she started to pull her arms back out of the hard steel, the thick metal warping and bending around her arms, almost as if it was slightly warm modelling wax. As she strained against the metal encasing her limbs, she felt the presence moving in closer. This "thing" was coming up behind her and her arms were trapped in the steel! A feeling of apprehension gripped her as a shiver ran up her spine. She didn't know what this thing was, but suddenly she felt very vulnerable. Stern had definitely shaken her. She had to free herself from this damn door!

Unfortunately, her sudden apprehension caused Supergirl to panic slightly. This was definitely a mistake since she now attempted to remove her arms far too quickly from their metal prison. As her incredible muscles tensed and bulged, the steel resisted her much more than if she'd taken her time. It was taking her far longer to get them out than it had taken to force them in. "Just another...uh... few... uh... inches..." she gasped as she struggled to pull her hands out. The steel would normally be no match for her, but it was putting up a resistance many times more than normal, with the result that her hands just wouldn't seem to come out. She began to feel like the door had caught her in some bizarre steely grip!

Then, just as her hands were about to come free, she suddenly felt two strong hands clapping forcefully around her wrists! She snapped her head to the side and round to find herself looking down at a slim arm, encased in a very shiny black material right down to the wrist. The light glinted off the metallic fabric, accentuating the slender yet incredibly well-sculptured muscle just beneath it.

"Unnnh!!!" Supergirl gasped with shock as she felt the grip suddenly tighten, impossibly tight, as her wrists actually began to hurt! Never before had she felt a grip anything like this, never since arriving on Earth had she come across anything that could cause her discomfort by simple pressure! Who - what - was this thing?! Instinctively she stopped pulling outward from the door and instead applied her strength forward into the metal again, pushing away from whatever had grabbed her. Applying her full force forward, she felt the steel giving way again as her hands began to move back deeper into the door, the steel screaming yet yielding to the incredible pressures of her hands. But suddenly she felt the grip on her wrists tighten even more! She gasped even louder as she felt incredible strength build up against her own! Supergirl strained forwards with all her might, her biceps bulging like seldom before, yet she was unable to counter the power pulling her hands back! Even her full super-strength, combined with the retarding force of the steel, was unable to resist! Suddenly her hands were wrenched free of the metal with incredible power. She gritted her teeth and for a moment she was able to hold her own against whatever was holding her wrists, but it was not to last as she felt her arms slowly being pulled painfully backward, against her own full strength!

It had all happened in an instant, taking her by surprise. She now found herself pressed against probably the hardest wall anywhere on the planet, her arms straight out to her sides, just above shoulder level, near the holes where they had just been. Two powerful hands were clamped firmly around her wrists, holding her arms motionless, squeezing her palms slightly into the hard steel surface. Without further hesitation, she pulled and twisted her arms inwards and forwards with all of her fabulous strength. She waited for the grip that held her to be broken but for the first time in her life, she found she was held fast by a force at least as strong as herself!! "My God!", she thought to herself, "I wished for a challenge - but nothing like this!"

Inside, Supergirl's stomach wrenched with shock. This was totally unexpected. She hadn't ever been in a situation like this and she didn't know what to do. Nothing in her experience had prepared for this! Nothing had ever resisted her full strength before, no-one had ever come close to overpowering her, not even Kal! Her stomach filled with butterflies making her feel dizzy. Her raw strength had always gotten her out of trouble! This couldn't be happening!



"Can't... break... unh... free... This is... unh... not... possible! Can't... unh... be!", she gasped as she fought frantically and helplessly to free herself. Her chest muscles flexed massively at the same time as she felt her body being pressed against the door with incredible force. Her firm breasts were being pressed so hard against the steel that they actually began to make shallow round depressions in it! Thoughts were rushing feverishly through her mind now. Stern had said that this had all been planned. He'd said that all the tests had been passed. Now his weapon was being used for its sole purpose - to destroy her! And judging by the way 'it' was holding her now, it may well be capable of doing that! She had a vision of a massive robot, hulking over her, as it smashed her against the door.

That image startled her so much that she strained once again with new-found strength, "I've got to break free... got to break free... got... to..."

As the determination built she found herself shouting loudly between her gasping breaths, "Got to!... Got to!" and with that she suddenly felt the grip on her wrists open. She sprung forward violently and crashed into the door, as all her straining energy was released like a coiled up spring. She saw stars in front of her eyes as her head buried itself many inches deep in the hardened metal, stress cracks running out for many feet. Her arms were still sprawled outward against the door, like a fly swatted against a wall, but she was free of her unseen assailant's grip!

For several seconds she stuck there dazed and half buried in the steel. As her head began to clear, she was relieved to find herself free of those unbelievably powerful hands. But she was puzzled. Why had the attack stopped? She had been dazed and helpless for many moments so why hadn't her foe taken advantage of her vulnerable state? Indeed, where on earth was 'it' now? She started to peel herself off the steel and with a mighty heave she pulled herself out. The momentum of her sudden release forced her to step back a few paces and she bumped up against something behind her. No, not a something. This was a somebody she realised as she felt their soft warm flesh. Before she had a chance to turn and face her opponent, she felt two hands slip forward on to her slim waist. She reached down to pull them off but before she could get a hold, she felt the hands tightening incredibly on her waist, impossibly gripping her even more powerfully and purposefully than before!

"Aaaaarrrrrgh!!!!", she cried as fingernails stronger than the hardest steel, obviously harder even than diamond, bit into her firm flesh, the hands crushing the very air out of her body. Supergirl was suddenly gasping for breath, unable to come to terms with the new onslaught she was feeling. Breaking free of the previous hold had taken its toll on her. She had never before expended that amount of energy for that length of time and she needed time to regroup, to get her strength back. But her attacker was not letting up, and didn't seem to be tiring in the slightest!

Now it was Supergirl's turn to grip her assailant's wrists. She reached down and closed her fingers around them to take up some of the strain, incredible strain that seemed to be threatening to crush her slim figure!

Taking a deep breath, she suddenly brought her full force to bear against the arms that held her. Her whole body went rigid as her incredible biceps burst into action, swelling outwards as they never had before, threatening to burst even her invulnerable costume! The adrenaline was pumping through her veins like a torrent, as her muscles surged harder than ever. Millions of pounds of pressure thrust outwards against her opponent's vice-like hold. For a second Supergirl felt the pressure on her waist ease as her tremendous effort began to have an effect. The hands came off her waist about an inch, and the pain finally stopped!

Kara's determination leapt upward as she felt that at last her familiar supremacy was being restored. When she was held previously, it must have been a fluke, she thought. This person is certainly strong, but they can't possibly match me! But just as that very thought crossed her mind, she felt, under her very hands, the sinews in the wrists she was holding tighten incredibly! She gasped as the arms that she was desperately holding away from her waist suddenly strengthened! Her own biceps were on fire now as she looked down and was shocked to see that the gap between her and those incredibly strong hands was slowly closing! She twisted and turned in a fit of panic as she saw those evil fingers reaching out to encircle her again! But nothing she did made any difference! She watched in complete and utter disbelief as those powerful hands opened out and wrapped themselves once more around her waist! Even against her full strength, she felt the trap closing around her again. Her attacker's strength was incredible, easily matching, no, exceeding her own full power!

'Aaaaaaaarrrrghhhh!' Supergirl screamed out as finger tips bit into her flesh even more cruelly than before. In that instant, she realized she had no hope of breaking free! Hard as it was for Supergirl to accept, her attackers strength was simply in a different league. The arms that held her were like sculptured steel and she could make no dent on them! She felt the muscles of her own abdomen burning and knew that she couldn't take much more of this incredible punishment. It had all happened too fast. One minute she was Supergirl, undisputedly the most powerful being on the planet along with Superman. Now she was being slowly overpowered and crushed by a force even greater than her own!

Supergirl looked down at the hands that were gripping her, causing her such agony and distress. Her body jerked with shock as she saw the red painted fingernails that were biting into her rapidly weakening body. This person was a woman!!! She was being defeated by another woman!!! All the time the Colonel had been talking, she had assumed she would be facing some kind of massive robot!

"My God! ... ungh! ...you're... a... ugh... Woman!" gasped Supergirl. "No... ungh... woman...can ... ugh... be... this... ugh... strong!" she said, struggling to force the words out between repeated gasps of pain.

"Yes, Supergirl! I am a woman. And yes, I am this strong, far stronger than you!" came a calm modulated voice from behind the girl of steel, the voice of a mature and confident woman. "We were able to perfect the genetic characteristics that give you your strength. How do you feel, Supergirl? How do you feel to be overpowered? To be helpless? You've never felt strength like this before, have you! Especially being taken by another woman, and a Terran woman no less!"

With each question, Supergirl felt herself being shaken and gripped even harder as if to drive home each point. She was straining her abdomen as hard as she could against the unbelievable power that was being used against her. That, and the unbearable pain, were taking a terrible toll on her and she felt herself slowly weakening.

"No!...Please!... It's... not... argh... possible! You... you're...ugh... hurting me!" was all that Supergirl could manage. She started out trying to sound defiant, but in reality, her hesitant voice gave away her feeling of frustration and near total helplessness.

"So I'm hurting you am I?" her attacker said arrogantly with a satisfied laugh. "Well before I finish you, let me tell you who I am so that my name can echo around inside your head while I'm crushing the life out of you! I am PowerWoman and you, Supergirl, should feel honoured to become the first victim of my irresistible strength!"

Supergirl was in no position to argue; PowerWoman's grip around her tiny waist was becoming unbearable. This woman's arms were slowly and inexorably crushing her! She gasped as she suddenly felt one arm let go of her waist and pull effortlessly out of her grip. Moments later she felt the same arm wrap around her, pinning her own arm into her side! Before she could react, the same thing happened with the opposite arm and Supergirl found herself encased in bands of living steel! She felt PowerWoman's powerful arms encircle her fully as they crossed over in front of her. Looking down, she could see PowerWoman spread her fingers wide open, floating almost in front of her face. She tried to struggle, but even her fantastic Kryptonian strength was unable to match this PowerWoman's unbelievably strong upper arms. She found herself helpless trapped and could do nothing but watch! She felt almost hypnotized by these long, slender, feminine fingers. They looked completely incapable of delivering the sort of punishment she had just experienced!

PowerWoman held her fingers there deliberately, flexing them slowly to tease her prey. By now her superior strength had been proved beyond any doubt and she knew for sure that that Supergirl had no chance of breaking free. What's more, she really loved that feeling! Then she began slowly moving her hands inwards and Supergirl gasped with horror when she realized what PowerWoman was going to do! She could do nothing but look down and watch as long steely fingers opened wide and then moved slowly towards her firm young breasts!

PowerWoman was playing Supergirl like an instrument, slowly building her up to a crescendo. She could feel the young Kryptonian's heart pounding against her own chest, and watched her breasts heaving as she gasped in fear and trepidation. To say that PowerWoman was enjoying it was a huge understatement. She was deliberately and cruelly terrifying her hapless victim, raising Supergirl's excitement and terror to fever pitch. Supergirl suddenly cried out with pleasure as PowerWoman's palms eventually made contact with her firm, erect nipples which were straining forward as if trying to make their own escape from her tight costume. PowerWoman gently but firmly rubbed her hands in a circular motion against those incredibly sensitized nipples. Supergirl felt like she was exploding as she tossed her head around trying not to look at what PowerWoman was doing with her palms. She knew what was coming and couldn't bear this tortuous delay! Eventually, Supergirl let out an uncontrollable scream as the inevitable happened; she watched and felt PowerWoman's fingers closing strongly around her firm breasts!

She heard her costume tearing slightly, diamond hard nails impossibly cutting through the invulnerable fabric, as she felt PowerWoman's hands tighten painfully. Supergirl couldn't believe the terrible predicament she was in, PowerWoman's arms feeling like impossibly strong steel vines entwined around her. By crossing her hands over in front of Supergirl's body, PowerWoman knew she could exact the greatest amount of punishment on her victim's breasts, while at the same time crushing her with her incredible upper body strength. Suddenly the full force of PowerWoman's hands was unleashed again and Kara cried out in pain as her sensitive breasts were squeezed in with millions of pounds of force. PowerWoman's hard nails dug into her soft skin as her impossible strength was channelled into the girl's tender breasts. Supergirl threw her head back in agony over PowerWoman's shoulder as she felt herself being crushed once more. Her golden hair brushed against PowerWoman's cheek, who looked around to see Supergirl's vulnerable neck; she was delighted by the sight of the girl's perfect complexion. She could see acres of beautifully tanned, soft skin as she looked right down the top of Supergirl's tight costume, the tight shiny fabric hardly able to contain those large breasts and huge cleavage.

Supergirl felt her feet leaving the floor. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, she felt herself being lifted, held only by her soft breasts as PowerWoman's arms extended forwards and upwards. She felt like a baby, powerless to do anything to stop it. Her legs dangled helplessly beneath her as she felt herself being tilted slowly backwards and upwards over her unbelievably powerful dominator's head. Once more she struggled to break this PowerWoman's vice hold on her, but the effort only made the woman grip her soft breasts harder, sending new waves of pain through Supergirl's body. Her body was finally lifted up over the woman's head, into the full view of the men watching from the high glass windows. Supergirl felt weak and humiliated as she saw the men watching what was being done to her. She knew they had been watching her, the 'invulnerable' Supergirl, being hopelessly overpowered by this incredible PowerWoman.

"It's.... ugh! ... no... unngghh... use!..." she whispered to herself in desperation as she finally accepted that she was being beaten by a stronger opponent. Had she not been taken from behind it might have been different, she thought to herself, but that was all academic now. She resigned herself to the fact that she was being cruelly punished and there was nothing at all she could do to stop it.

The woman paused as Kara looked up into the eyes of the men in the control booth, her torn costume revealing more of her chest, now covered by the woman's hands as they gripped deeply into her breasts. She then felt the woman lowering her, crushing her body back into hers, as Kara could feel the points of the woman's own dramatic breasts pressing painfully into her back. Her hands crushed inward at the same time, threatening to collapse her chest. Supergirl's amazing muscle tone was hardly able to continue resisting the woman's ridiculously strong grip as she felt PowerWoman's breasts bending the ribs of her back inward as they tried to boar into her body. Supergirl knew that if she ever relaxed her muscle tone the slightest bit, it would be the end of her. She was being defeated so quickly and efficiently, hidden away in a secret bunker, where no-one would ever find out what had happened to the once mighty Supergirl. She couldn't believe it was going to end this way!!

"You may be Supergirl with your flying ability, x-ray vision, heat vision, super speed and your super strength," said PowerWoman, "but I have only one special attribute and it's the only one that really counts in a close-up one-on-one fight like this, Supergirl: raw power, raw muscular strength! We have done our homework. We have done the sums. We knew that even your incredible Kryptonian strength you would be no match for mine!"

As PowerWoman was slowly squeezing the life out of Supergirl she realized that this was clearly the most incredibly sexually arousing experience of her life and she wanted to savor it. She took a few steps to the side of the twisted metal of the door, to a position in front of the clean mirrored steel of the wall of the chamber. The sight she beheld was better than her wildest fantasies. She was looking upon the incredibly sexy figure of Supergirl, now completely helpless, her breasts firmly and painfully gripped by her own immensely strong hands while her body was firmly encased in her incredible arms! The sight of her holding Supergirl helpless brought her to a sudden wild climactic crescendo as orgasm after orgasm smashed through her now super body, her hands gripping Supergirl even tighter in her wild uncontrolled passion!

She threw her dark hair back, staring upward in rapture... she was loving this. She began to let her grip slacken, causing Supergirl's body to relax slightly. No sooner had this happened than she would grip her tightly again, causing her body to jerk and spasm helplessly in her hands. She found that she was now controlling Supergirl like some perverse puppet master, her thumbs even now sliding up over the young girl's hardening nipples.

Supergirl was now in no position to put up any resistance and PowerWoman could feel her victim's body becoming weaker, greatly increasing her own sexual gratification. She had fantasized for years about being an irresistibly strong woman, strong enough to be able to overpower anyone, even the legendary Supergirl. And it was all coming true!

She couldn't take her eyes off Supergirl's gorgeous legs as they were drawn up with each squeeze of her fingers, or tensing of her biceps. In fact, she noticed that while she gripped her tightly, Supergirl's head would bend weakly forward in response to the increase in pressure. Even better, her lovely legs would slowly writhe and flex against each other, as if she was trying to find a position that would ease the pain but could not. Yet her legs kept in moving in continuous, slow motion, taking up the whole gamut of possible poses that a glamour photographer would kill for. In her final moments, Supergirl just looked so damn sexy!

Supergirl herself was in an emotional turmoil. As PowerWoman had gradually consolidated her position of domination, it became clear to Kara that she was being hopelessly overpowered. She was totally shocked when she began to feel herself becoming aroused, very strongly aroused in fact! She herself had always had secret fantasies of meeting someone who could match or exceed her strength, yet she had only had her own hands, and her boyfriends enthusiastic imaginations, to use in satisfying those longings. Her desires were born of the feeling that she could never have full sexual gratification from the weak human males that lived on this planet.

She had not ever really expected to come up against a person who could do this to her, especially not a female! In her fantasizing she had always dreamed of a male figure. She now found, to her surprise, that the fact that this was a woman was turning her on even more! She kept thinking of how she was unable to stop PowerWoman doing what she wanted with her. Those thoughts and the feeling of being held like this against her will, while squirming helplessly, was bringing her intense sexual pleasure, the likes of which she'd never before experienced.

She suddenly thought of how she herself had often subdued human males, under certain situations by lifting and squeezing them against her firm body until they submitted. She never in her wildest dreams imagined that someone would be able to do the same thing to her! Little did she realise that in the project's military surveillance video footage there were several scenes where she was seen to use just this technique. PowerWoman had studied this and found that it aroused her incredibly to watch Supergirl grab her opponents and squeeze them gently into unconsciousness. She had vowed to herself that when they finally met, she would do the same to Supergirl!

PowerWoman slid her hands down off Supergirl's battered breasts and uncrossed her arms as her fingers moved slowly outward, enjoying the feeling of the tight and shiny Kryptonian costume. As her hands reached Supergirl's sides, she suddenly gripped into her helpless victim's ribs and lifted her right over her head again, tilting her back this time until her body was horizontal. By now Supergirl was extremely weak and moaned softly. Her long, red cape fell in front of PowerWoman's face, cutting off her view of the girl's barely struggling body. She moved the helpless girl slightly to the right and flicked the cape to the side of her head, restoring her to her original position right above her. This had been the most incredible, sexually arousing experience of PowerWoman's life and she wanted to savour every moment, enjoy it, prolong it. She was looking up at the incredibly sexy figure of Supergirl, now completely helpless, her body firmly and painfully gripped in her immensely powerful hands! PowerWoman's own body began shuddering as the most wonderful tingling warmth rushed out from between her moist thighs as her body soared to a climactic crescendo as orgasm after orgasm began smashing their way through her again.

PowerWoman staggered, her incredible orgasm's almost sweeping her from her feet, her wetness spreading down her legs under her shiny costume. She flicked the girl's blonde hair from her face and caught sight of herself reflected in the shiny steel of the undamaged wall to the side of the door. She stood there like the ultimate Dominatrix, dressed in her jet black one-piece shiny catsuit holding a helpless, squirming, gasping Supergirl above her head. The sight of Supergirl being held high in the air in such a helpless position was completely uncharacteristic. Supergirl had always been totally in control and immensely powerful. To see her held completely off the ground like this was unbelievably arousing. PowerWoman altered the strength and position of her grip continuously, her hands sliding back down to the girl's tiny waist, revelling in the sight of Supergirl's legs writhing against each other helplessly while all the time listening to her gasping and moaning in pain.

Supergirl's had been holding PowerWoman's wrists weakly in a purely token gesture of resistance and PowerWoman was loving how weak and pathetic Supergirl's grip had now become. Her fingers finally lost the strength to even hold on and her arms flopped down, muscles so weak they could not even hold up their own weight. She felt as weak as a kitten as her arms dropped limply downwards, signalling her total submission. Even her legs were now dropping further and further down, unable to find the strength to writhe against each other in reaction to the agony of PowerWoman's fantastic grip and her own sexual stimulation.

Supergirl was now starting to black out. She tried to fight it but she could not think straight. She could feel the blackness coming, sweeping forward from the back of her head. In a way it would mean release from this agony, but PowerWoman would then surely finish her, kill her! And Supergirl had no doubt that PowerWoman had the strength to do it! Her head now slipped back, her golden curls falling back on PowerWoman's shoulder. As she felt the last of her vaunted Kryptonian strength failing her, she made a final effort to turn her head to the side and look down to see what her conqueror looked like.

Given the way she had been overpowered, she expected to see a muscle-bound monster. Instead, she was surprised to see a strikingly beautiful woman with long, strong, raven black hair and a figure that looked surprising like her own. Supergirl looked down to see the woman's satisfied grin, before her eyes traced down to the deep cleavage that formed the front of her suit. The black shiny fabric was stretched so that it was barely containing her perfectly round, large breasts. The powerful contours of carved muscles in PowerWoman's arms and shoulders also were clearly visible through the skin-tight black material.

Kara was just about to pass out when she felt her limp body momentarily released as PowerWoman dropped her down and turned her around, hugging the front of her body strongly to her own. She felt the woman's perfect breasts, so much larger and firmer than hers, as they pressed against her chest. Her own bruised breasts were suddenly crushed against her body as PowerWoman's hard nipples, well over than an inch long, bored painfully into her own. She felt her ribs bending painfully inward, the woman's breasts crushing her own breasts, as her body proved again how vastly stronger it was than Kara's. She looked down at the woman's beautiful face, a face hardly even showing any strain as her slim arms exploded into the hard cuts of her large beautiful muscles. Muscles that were super even compared to her own!

Kara could not help herself as she leaned her head forward, her soft moist lips just brushing PowerWoman's. Just as she felt her body fading, she opened her mouth slightly and used the last of her strength to begin passionately kissing this incredible PowerWoman! Kara had barely enough strength left to slide her firm thigh between the woman's firm legs as she pressed rhythmically upward against her sex. PowerWoman cried out immediately, her body already poised to climax, her warm breath filling Kara, as her body immediately convulsed into another long series of powerful orgasms.

As the climax swept through her, PowerWoman's arms contracted involuntarily yet violently as she lost control of her own strength, crushing her helpless sexual plaything into her. As Supergirl felt PowerWoman's arms tighten around her for the last time, she realised it had been a mistake to trigger her into such a violent orgasm. PowerWoman's passionate cries echoed through the room as they obscured the final weak gasps from her victim. Supergirl's remaining strength melted away, unable to withstand the incredible orgasm-induced, out of control contractions of PowerWoman's muscular arms. Supergirl's body went completely limp as her eyelids closed and her head fell back. Her hands, which had held a rigid, tortured position since her arms were first pinned by PowerWoman, now relaxed. With that both PowerWoman and the Colonel realized that she had finally lost consciousness. The battle had gone exactly as expected. Supergirl had been no match for PowerWoman.

The lights suddenly came back on as there was a smattering of applause from the control room. PowerWoman, still struggling to control the final aftershocks of her strong orgasms, smiled proudly at them, pleased that she had been able to demonstrate her powers, pleased that it had been so exciting and so intensely arousing to do so. Pleased that these weak men had watched her powerful body experiencing pleasures they knew they could never bring her!

She now remembered the Colonel's private instructions to her on what to do with Supergirl after she had defeated her, and before she tore her body apart per the plans. She threw the girl's limp form over her shoulder as she walked forward to the massive steel door. She could not help stopping and looking in the reflection to her side again, to see herself standing strong and tall with Supergirl's body hanging limply over her left shoulder. She could feel the soft yet firm muscles under her left hand as she gently stroked it up and down Supergirl's thigh. At the same time, she marvelled at the girl's beautiful legs, her perfect tan and shapely calves. As she walked slowly, she noticed how Kara's legs swung slightly, emphasising how limp and lifeless they now were. She felt like a spider carrying home a paralysed fly.

She turned around slightly to see her rear in the mirrored steel, and was delighted to see Supergirl's blond hair hanging down her back, contrasting beautifully against the sheer black of her costume. Her beaten opponent's arms looked so slender and sexy as they swayed helplessly around. She herself looked fantastic. She noted that her own figure was, if anything, even more shapely than Supergirl's. Certainly her chest was larger, and her black costume made her look incredibly slim from the side, her stomach flat as a marble slab. Her hips and legs were slim yet beautifully curved, seeming to go on for ever. She knew that the whole encounter had been captured on video from multiple camera angles, and she couldn't wait to get her hands on these tapes! She felt a strong tingle between her legs at the thought of watching herself defeat Supergirl! She knew she'd literally replay those incredible orgasms as she watched!

She paused, gently running her right hand over her own costume, starting with her hard nipples and then down her side and over her hips. God that black costume felt good! And it looked as good as it felt!

Suddenly her thoughts were brought back to matters at hand by a grinding whine from the wall. She could hear the motors whirring, but the door was obviously jammed by Supergirl's previous efforts. She lifted her left hand up to her shoulder and with a quick shrug moved it under Supergirl's stomach and lifted her up off her shoulder and straightened her arm straight up into the air. She glanced upwards at the incredibly sexy, unconscious body now folded over her arm, bent over like an unconscious cat. She looked back down to those wonderful shiny red boots that were now swinging gently in front of her face. Standing there holding her unconscious victim like this made her feel so powerful! She knew that this scene could quickly bring her to another incredible climax but there was still work to do and so, with a flick of the wrist, she threw the Supergirl aside, who landed in a twisted heap on the floor.

PowerWoman then raised her slim arms over her head to stretch her muscles. Her body exploded into the hard cuts of her amazing muscles as one of the men in the control booth pointed to her. Everyone quickly moved back to the windows as they saw that she was getting ready to use her incredible strength yet again.

She paused for a moment as she took several deep breaths. As she flexed herself, the black metallic fabric of her suit stretched almost to the breaking point over impossibly huge muscles. Finally, while still holding her breath, she plunged her body forward, burying both arms in the hard steel up to her shoulders! A big smile broke across her face as she remembered watching Supergirl struggle to get her arms in to just above elbow depth, and yet she was instantly up to her shoulders in the metal with one huge push! Once again the warmth of sexual arousal pulsed between her thighs as she realised just how uniquely strong she was. She flexed her back and shoulders as hard as she could, and as fast as she could, as the entire massive fifteen foot thick door shuddered upward, the massive hinges and bolts screaming and tearing apart. The bottom of the door suddenly lifted free of the floor as the entire armored wall was torn apart by her incredible strength!

She simply smiled at her reflection in the mirrored wall as she slowly spread her arms to the side, her long arms tearing huge gashes in the steel door as she pulled herself free in one quick movement. She thought again of Supergirl struggling to get her arms out of that same steel while she had slowly walked up behind her, taking her time and enjoying seeing the Girl of Steel unable to pull her arms out. She then reached down to grip her hands under the bottom edge of the massive door. She caught sight of herself as she did this, noticing how long and slender her legs looked as she crouched down.

With that, she lunged upward again, this time lifting the entire side of the armored room into the air. Tens of thousands of tons of steel distorted and bent as she ripped the most powerful security room in the world to shreds. With a final shove, she bent the door upward, over her head. The way was suddenly clear to walk out. She stopped and looked at her handiwork, hands firmly planted on her hips. Once again she looked at her reflection, and felt immensely pleased at how sexy and menacing she looked. She couldn't wait to get out into the world and see the reaction as people saw her using her power while dressed in that costume!

Reaching down with one arm, she scooped up Supergirl again and threw her roughly over her shoulder like a large sack of cement as she walked down the corridor. Standing in the elevator a few minutes later with a couple of engineers, she smiled at them as they looked down on the limp body of Supergirl, laying at her feet. Even though she was completely out, they couldn't help noticing that her nipples were still hard, unlike the rest of her body. The engineers traded knowing nods and glances. It didn't take a rocket scientist to realize that Supergirl must have been incredibly aroused as she lost consciousness. PowerWoman smiled inwardly as she noticed the men then turn their attention to her remarkable body. Their reaction was all too noticeable - even without x-ray vision which she, unlike Supergirl, did not possess. She deliberately turned half away from them so that they could admire her without her noticing. But she could feel and see their eyes roving all over her body, watching their reflection in the mirrored steel of the lift which was clad similarly to the vault.

Getting off the elevator and walking across the complex, she keyed the Colonel's private code as she slipped inside, laying Supergirl's limp body over his desk. She then turned to look at the Colonel who was standing over at the window, obviously having watched her walk the hundred yards or so across from the bunker. There was no doubt that he had enjoyed the sight, as his trousers could hardly contain his erection!

Breaking the ice, Gabby said jokingly, "Delivery!" and a broad, sexy smile broke across her intensely beautiful face. Stern's eyes flicked down to look at the sight of Supergirl draped across his desk, covering his unfinished paperwork, her legs dangling limply over one side while her head hung backwards over the other. She looked so weak and vulnerable like that. He noticed that Gabby was standing with the tops of her strong thighs an inch from Kara's hair. In fact, the girl's head was so far back that her nose was almost touching Gabby's pubic bone. The Colonel noticed this and wondered what Supergirl would think if she came to now and found her face almost nuzzled between PowerWoman's fabulous legs! He imagined PowerWoman using her incredible strength to force the hapless Supergirl to give her oral sex! Boy, what a scene that would be!

But his thoughts snapped back to the present. Gabby was gently passing her fingers through Supergirl's lovely blond hair, obviously enjoying its softness. Stern puzzled over this sight. She had demonstrated her incredible power to devastating effect on this poor, unconscious girl only minutes before. Yet here she was now delicately stroking her golden locks. Apart from the incredible black costume, which made her look very imposing, no-one could possibly imagine the strength that he had just seen unleashed from that feminine body!

Gabby knew what was expected of her now, as the two of them had met here after every one of her dramatic tests. Instead of her own body this time, the Colonel was going to have Supergirl's. She began to slowly pull the top of Supergirl's costume to the side when Stern spoke at last.

"N... N... No," he stammered, obviously having difficulty keeping control after what he had just witnessed. "Leave her dressed." He continued, regaining his composure. "That costume is incredibly sexy. I'm sure she looks fantastic naked, but you look every bit as good as she does and I'm sure I'd be disappointed. No, I want to be aware of exactly who I'm fucking. I want to see that I'm fucking Supergirl!"

"Mmmm..." smiled Gabby approvingly as a wicked look flashed across her face. Yes, she'd rather see the Colonel fucking Supergirl, too! The girl had a great bod, sure, probably the best Gabby had ever seen. But to some extent when you've seen one you've seen them all, she thought. However, there's only one Supergirl and that red and blue costume... it was even better than naked skin she thought. She was about to pull the top back up when she noticed the painful looking red marks she had left on the girl's breasts from the pressure of her own fingernails! She'd never expected to mark Supergirl, as their research had shown that a Kryptonian's skin was virtually impervious to harm. Although they knew she could be overpowered, they also knew that her invulnerability to harm would protect her from almost anything, even while unconscious. This was yet another indicator of how successful her transformation had been, thought Gabby, as she pulled Supergirl's blue shiny top back up and over her strong but limp shoulders.



The Colonel stepped forward and started to make his way around his desk. Gabby leaned forward over Supergirl and Stern was sure this time that the girl's face must be pressed firmly up against Gabby's sex. He thrilled at the thought, and then watched as Gabby once more slipped her slender yet deadly fingers around Supergirl slim waist. This time, however, she did not exert her power but simply raised the girl's body clear and then rotated through 90 degrees, moving completely away from the desk.

Stern knew just what she was doing as he too circled around and gripped Supergirl's ankles. He stepped forward while separating the girl's fabulously long legs. Pausing, he closed his eyes and let his hands gently massage her firm ankles and lower calves through her boots. Gabby watched with mounting arousal as Stern's head rolled back with pleasure. The cool, smooth surface of the red boots felt better than silk to the Colonel as his hands gradually slid up her calves. He pressed his fingers firmly into her soft calf muscle at it's widest point, while gripping strongly with his thumb over the top of her shin. He knew he was just a normal human male, a little stronger than average because of his military training. But in his mind he now imagined that he had strength equal to Gabby's, and that he in fact had been the one that had rendered Supergirl unconscious! The thought brought him almost to climax as he squeezed the girls calves, pretending that he was able to exert the same impossible pressure that he had seen PowerWoman use twenty minutes before!

With that thought, he gritted his teeth and with a tremendous effort managed to suppress the orgasm which was threatening to explode from his loins. Like Gabby before, he wanted to savour the moment. Without any further hesitation, he allowed his hands to slip upwards, moving from cool, shiny boots on to soft, warm skin as his hands skimmed over Supergirl's knees and up over her wonderful thighs. He knew he'd have to be quick, because he wasn't going to be able to hold this much longer!

Stepping rapidly forward, his hand disappeared beneath Supergirl's miniskirt and found it's target. Slipping the tight leotard to the side with his fingers, he thrust his pelvis forward, his slippery cock pressing between her labia. Nothing happened, he was stopped cold!

He was shocked as he found that his incredibly stiff erection just could not penetrate the young girl, her labia were just too firm! Gabby saw his problem as she reached down, her immensely strong fingers slipping along either side of Stern's slippery cock as she eased the girl open for him. He thrust himself forward again, this time delighted at finding the girl's wetness from her earlier arousal. He thrust himself again and again, trying to penetrate her with his rough strength as her wonderfully warm tight wet pussy gradually gave way before his hard throbbing cock. It took all the strength he had, but he finally was buried deeply in this young Supergirl's hot cunt.

Gabby by now was on the verge of another orgasm herself, looking down as she held the unconscious body in her hands, allowing a man to violate Supergirl! What a sweet and fitting punishment for the Girl of Steel, she thought! She watched as the Colonel thrust into Supergirl repeatedly, while stroking her smooth gorgeous thighs with his large hands. Supergirl's body was sloping slightly downward towards Gabby, with her face pushed downward into the tops of Gabby's firm thighs. Meanwhile, her waist was raised up to meet Gabby's straight arms, supporting her in this erotic cantilever position. Her flat stomach and pelvis were raised slightly adding to the satisfaction felt by the Colonel as he gazed down on the helpless Kryptonian.

Stern could hold it no longer, his powerful orgasm exploding into Supergirl. Never in his life had he felt anything like it, never before had he fucked a girl as incredibly tight as this! The violent trembling of his body as the orgasm broke was transmitted through the unconscious Supergirl into Gabby's thighs as surely as it would have been if Stern had been standing against her. The result was instantaneous, as Gabby felt another climactic orgasm overcome her! Throwing her head back, her raven hair flying, her soft cries joined his shout as they two of them used Supergirl's unconscious body this way!

Gradually Stern returned to normal and opened his eyes just as Gabby was coming to her long shuddering climax. As the contractions began to hit her, her incredibly strong muscles convulsed uncontrollably once more, squeezing Supergirl poor body yet again between her hands! Consumed by their incredible passion, neither of them noticed that the Girl of Steel had started to show signs of coming round. As PowerWoman's hands closed tighter and tighter around her, she gasped and moaned into Gabby's crotch. The resonance of Supergirl's moans and hot breath against Gabby's sex produced an orgasm of incredible length, as Gabby felt like she was surfing along on an endless crashing wave of ecstasy.

Stern by now found his eyes roving wildly between the two ultimate female bodies in front of him. Gabby's head was thrown back as she was herself lost in the raptures of her super-orgasm, while her huge breasts were forced together by her straight arms forming a cleavage the like of which the seasoned Colonel had never seen. Following her arms, his eyes alighted on Supergirl's waist as he saw Gabby's fingers crushing spasmodically into the defenceless girl's flesh, who responded weakly with a muffled gasp and moan each time. He realized that Gabby didn't have a clue what she was doing, and that thought excited him even more, as she unleashed spasms of her raw power into the helpless Supergirl right in front of his eyes!

He also clearly noticed how wonderfully Supergirl's back was arched back, forcing her own large breasts upward against her costume. Then he noticed her arms, which were hanging down and forward towards him limply, and swung around slightly with each of Gabby's amazing contractions! This was just too much for Stern, who felt another wave of pleasure build within him. He reached forward and grasped Supergirl's wrists with his hands, pulling them toward him and down as he imagined himself holding Supergirl against her full strength to allow his female partner to use her for sexual pleasure. That thought pushed him right over the edge as he felt an even stronger orgasm grip and then invade his trembling body.

While this incredible domination scene was being enacted, Supergirl's consciousness had begun to surface. At first it was dream-like, phasing in and out. But as Gabby's fingers began to dig into her again, and the screams of pleasure from both her violators rose to a crescendo, Supergirl finally came around.

She thought she was having a dream, an erotic dream, as she felt a man's cock thrusting into her body for the first time in her life. Oh God, it felt so good as she felt her nipples starting to get hard as she suddenly wanted to feel him, feel how hard he was. She squeezed her vaginal muscles, muscles totally unlike a Terran female's, as she felt the wonderful sensation of gripping a man inside her for the first time! Everything felt wonderful for a moment until she suddenly felt something give way as the man started screaming.

The sound woke Kara up the rest of the way and she found herself in darkness. Within a few seconds she realized that her face was pressed up against something firm, black and warm. At first she was totally disoriented, having no idea what was happening to her. She instinctively expanded her lungs with air and as her breath drew in she suddenly became aware of a scent, a familiar, musty smell. Snapping back to full consciousness, she realized what her face was pressed up against! Then she felt the fingers, contracting and weakening in a regular rhythm around her severely battered waist.

The memory of her defeat at the hands of PowerWoman came flooding back and a sudden terror gripped her heart as she put all the pieces together. She realised at once that she was being held by those same powerful hands, her face pressed hard up against the sexy black costume of PowerWoman, with Stern fucking her! She immediately wanted to kick him away and squirm out of PowerWoman's grip. She realized that this little sex party must be the reason she had been spared, and knew that if PowerWoman got even an inkling that she was awake, she'd wrap those irresistibly strong arms around her and this time she would finish the job for sure!

So she played along with it, keeping her body limp while her mind flashed through all the options. She was forced to come to a decision pretty quickly though as PowerWoman's orgasm began to peak and her fingers contracted dangerously strongly around Supergirl's already weakened body. She realised she'd probably be unable to survive another one PowerWoman's madly convulsive, out of control climaxes. She had to act, to act now. But she couldn't possibly take on PowerWoman - she had to avoid that at all costs. What she needed was a distraction. But what? Then the solution hit her. Stern! That bastard was behind all this!

Supergirl suddenly squeezed down on the thing that was inside her with her full Kryptonian strength. She was only just in time as PowerWoman's contractions began to tighten powerfully around her, and she felt herself weaken and crumble against the woman's fantastic strength. The sudden startled contraction of her own vagina was overwhelming as Stern's hard cock was completely crushed, forcing the Colonel backward, his hands holding the bloody remains of his damaged body. Gabby had no idea what had happened, only that Stern was bent double on the floor, clutching himself and screaming in agony. She immediately tossed Supergirl to the side like an unwanted toy and rushed forward to see if Stern was all right.

Supergirl lay still for a second or two before daring to open her eyes. When she did so, she saw PowerWoman kneeling over Stern beside the desk with a look of utter bewilderment on her face. As Supergirl felt her strength coming back to her, she realised that this might be the best chance she'd get to take PowerWoman by surprise. She suddenly felt a strong desire to rush forward and land a massive blow to the back of her opponent's head. But PowerWoman had clearly demonstrated she could overpower her, so she'd have to knock the woman senseless with one blow. But she didn't know if that was possible, even using her full Kryptonian power. If she failed then PowerWoman would turn on her and that would mean certain suicide. No, although she had never done it before, her only option was to flee.

So she jumped to her feet as fast as she could, bent her powerful legs and launched herself upwards towards the ceiling. As she smashed through the plaster, a sudden excitement welled within her. "Free!" she thought. But just as her feet were disappearing up through the hole she had made, there was a blur of black in the room behind her as Supergirl felt a strong hand close around her ankle! In the blink of an eye, PowerWoman had leapt up and grabbed her just before she made good her escape! There was no stopping Supergirl however, as she crashed through the roof of the building and flew into the night sky, PowerWoman hanging on strongly to her leg!

Kara was still dizzy, but she accelerated as fast as she could, reaching Mach 5 in the thick atmosphere near the ground almost immediately. She felt the grip on her ankle tighten painfully and looked down to see PowerWoman holding on to her with one hand. The remains of the Colonel, still held tightly within her, also burned away as her body heated up to incandescence. Her long hair was streaming straight back as the 3000 mile per hour slipstream and the powerful supersonic shock waves heated her body. Kara felt her breasts heat up as they were exposed to the slipstream. She felt them warming, her nipples, as well as her head and shoulders, quickly growing cherry-red, just like PowerWoman. She looked down, the woman was smiling at her, she seemed to be enjoying the ride!

Suddenly PowerWoman lunged upwards with her free hand. Supergirl pulled her other leg up as far as she could and arched her head back in a desperate attempt to accelerate faster. But it was all in vain as she felt that unmistakable grip come around her free ankle. Kara realised that PowerWoman would easily climb up her legs! Her only chance was getting out into space and hoping that this inhuman monster still needed air to breath. She looked up and saw the moon above her and, using it as a target, accelerated with all her might.

Meanwhile PowerWoman was considering her options. She knew that Supergirl probably wouldn't be able to break her grip but she herself couldn't fly and she didn't know if she could survive a fall from this altitude, such an experiment never having fallen under the remit of their test procedures. But one thing was for sure, she was going to have to stop Supergirl from getting too far from the Earth. She'd have to stop her now.

Kara suddenly felt her raised leg being pulled strongly down. Instantly she flexed her incredible thighs which expanded into powerful contours as she strained against the tug. She felt PowerWoman's grip tighten even harder around ankle. The two incredible super women strained and heaved against each other. Supergirl gritted her teeth and struggled with all her might. Her legs were many times stronger than her arms, and she knew she'd be able to resist PowerWoman's efforts to straighten out her leg. But once again the raw power of the her incredible adversary was demonstrated as Kara felt her powerful leg muscles giving way to the impossible strength being used against them!

Supergirl didn't know it, but the genetic engineering of Gabby's strength had been highly selective. A Kryptonian was almost completely invulnerable, and it was realised that one of the only reliable ways they could be destroyed was by consistent and repeated crushing of their bodies by incredible force. This would have to continue for a considerable time until their formidable muscle strength was completely drained, at which point their rib cages would become vulnerable and continued pressure could cave them in, collapsing them on to their internal organs and killing them. It would certainly be a cruel and incredibly long and painful death, but it was the only known way it could be accomplished.

So the military scientists had focused their efforts on increasing Gabby's upper body strength. Her legs were probably about the same strength as Kara's - there was little in it. Her arms were another matter, however, being vastly more powerful than any Kryptonian - as Supergirl had already found to her cost in the first encounter in the underground bunker. All Gabby's powers were concentrated in this one area - incredible upper body strength. All other abilities were secondary, explaining why she didn't have any of the Kryptonian's other attributes. She had been 'designed' with one purpose - to crush the life out of Supergirl and her pesky cousin.

She had even been given unconscious conditioning that caused her to favour strongly this particular form of attack. They had worked on her psychologically so that she'd become intensely sexually aroused at the thought of crushing a powerful opponent in her arms. The more powerful the opponent, the greater the desire. It was perfect.

The memory of all this had been removed by drugs and conditioning so Gabby was no more aware of it than Supergirl was. It was a very deep yet irresistible subliminal urge. PowerWoman just knew she had to get her arms around that beautiful, sexy blond! The thought of it drove her wild, especially now she'd tasted what it felt like! That desire in her was stronger than the craving for any drug - she was an addict to it. Like a crazed junky she would do anything to get her fix, to relieve her painful longing. No power on Earth could stand in the way of her getting her hands on Supergirl! The desire for it was burning through her veins. She needed that to survive. Just exactly what the genetic engineers and psychologists had intended! She was the perfect Kryptonian-killing machine.

Had Kara known all this, she would not really have been so surprised to find both her ankles forced tightly together by PowerWoman's arms. They were now out in space, but unfortunately, the hard vacuum wasn't bothering PowerWoman any more than it bothered Kara herself. Damn, what was this woman made of anyway? She wriggled her legs as hard as she could, but it soon felt like two incredible bands of steel had been wrapped tightly around them as she looked down to see PowerWoman's formidable arms circling around her legs. She was smiling up at Kara and started to climb upward, arm over arm. Kara's heart leapt at the site of her getting closer and she renewed her efforts to struggle free. But she was simply astounded at how hard PowerWoman's biceps felt against her leg muscles, which were actually giving under the incredible pressure! PowerWoman was now shoulder level with Kara's mid thigh. She gasped silently as her own powerful thigh muscle was squeezed painfully as PowerWoman's arm exploded into the most incredible sculpture of hard muscles.

Because she had flexed her legs to the maximum in her desperation to get away from PowerWoman, Kara's thighs and ass were now highly pumped. Having her active muscles squeezed against each other so powerfully was incredibly painful. Kara now knew what some of her friends had meant when they talked of being given a 'dead-leg'. PowerWoman couldn't damage her permanently this way. But what she was doing was unbelievably sore and it was rapidly wearing down the strength in her legs. Kara realised that PowerWoman was obviously getting great sexual pleasure out of torturing her like this, before ultimately finishing her in some other way.

Gabby was looking straight forward and was thrilled at the view of Supergirl's fantastic legs at such close range. The sharp lines of Kara's straining muscles were clearly visible. As Gabby's incredible arms contracted around Kara's thighs, she could feel and see the Kryptonian's normally irresistible muscles contorting and buckling under the assault. She remembered the video footage of Supergirl hoisting fallen buildings and bridges, how her legs had looked so firm, stronger than the strongest steel. But now she looked down on her own massively extended biceps, revelling in the sight of them crushing into Supergirl's legs which were unable to hold out against them. She could see how her own massive breasts were pushing into the front's of Kara's thighs and could feel steely muscles giving way under the assault of her own super-hard nipples. She could only imagine how painful that must be!

Gabby watched, mesmerised, as those gorgeous thighs squirmed against each other just as they had done earlier in the steel security room. But this time they were right in front of her nose! Kara's skin looked so soft and tanned, good enough to eat, thought Gabby as she reached out her tongue and gently licked and then sucked the front of Kara's thigh. Kara looked down immediately, the soft but unmistakable feeling noticeable even above the unbearable burning and cramping pain in her muscles. For a moment she thought that PowerWoman might let up in order to satisfy some perverse sexual craving. But the woman's arousal was leaping up the scale as she indulged in the feelings of supreme power and domination, making her arm muscles contract even more tightly.

The agony was just too much, forcing Supergirl to bend forward and dig her own fingers into PowerWoman's shoulders, pushing frantically down on them to try to stop her making any further progress upwards. Against any other being, Supergirl would easily have succeeded. But as she squeezed with all her might into PowerWoman's shoulders, she could make no dent in them! Once again, PowerWoman was getting extreme sexual satisfaction from her actions. Kara was looking down at her, with her face twisted in agony. The sight of the Kryptonian in such distress made PowerWoman feel incredible! She didn't have a clue why, and she didn't really care. All she knew was how good it felt. She looked back at Kara and their eyes met for the first time. When she's wincing in pain, this blond looks even more fabulous, thought Gabby as her psychological programming took over.

Kara felt the bear-hug on her legs ease a little as Gabby looked up and smiled at her. She felt the blood rushing back into her thighs as Gabby released her right arm and move it away, only to swing it up higher. Kara reached around and intercepted Gabby's forearm, grabbing it strongly before it closed in on her again. Kara's own upper body had now been given the chance to recover and she knew was back up to full strength. "Now we'll see what she's made of," thought Kara as her own arm exploded into huge, deeply cut muscles. But PowerWoman's forearm still felt impossibly hard under Supergirl's strong fingers. Kara strained with all her star-born might, but could only gasp in disbelief as PowerWoman forced her arm forward and around her back!

PowerWoman's face looked barely strained as her shiny black arm slipped behind Supergirl, disappearing under the bright red of her miniskirt. In the next instant, Kara's expression changed from one of shock to one of agony when needles of pain shot through her ass as PowerWoman's incredible fingers bit into her firm glutes. Had they been on the ground and not up in the vacuum of space, Kara's scream would have shattered glass. This beautiful black-haired angel of destruction was causing her agony like she'd never felt, and the bitch was obviously loving every minute of it! And Kara couldn't stop her! As these thoughts rushed through her mind and she looked down at PowerWoman's incredible musculature showing through her fabulous black costume, she felt herself becoming very wet. "My God, she's going to kill me and I'm enjoying it!" thought Kara in despair, as a familiar warm tingling feeling spread up through her abdomen.

PowerWoman's hand squeezed and tore at Kara's young flesh, twisting and turning her cheek as she applied millions of pounds of force! The pain was unbearable and incredibly arousing all at the same time. PowerWoman could see the strong affect she was having on her powerful but helpless adversary. She was getting incredible satisfaction from seeing Kara throwing her head from side to side, her face wracked with pain. Both Kara's hands were on her Gabby's shoulders and she could feel the desperate effort Kara was making to try and push her away. But it was having no effect on Gabby's fantastic muscles. She was playing with Supergirl, happy to draw out the battle and indulge in every moment of it.

By now, the two had stopped accelerating as Kara was neither in the mood for, nor capable of, sustained flight. They were heading for the moon on a ballistic trajectory at about 100,000 miles per hour. PowerWoman, allowing her eyes to wander upwards, was thrilled by the sight of those huge breasts squeezed outward between Kara's arms and heaving strongly under the slightly torn costume. She remembered how great it had felt to squeeze these incredible breasts in her hands, and soon she'd be doing it all over again! As Gabby's libido surged with these wild thoughts, her left arm contracted even more painfully around Kara's wonderful upper thighs. The pain was just too much for Supergirl as her eyes closed and she buckled forward, briefly losing focus and unable to maintain the strength in her arms any longer against this powerful mixture of excruciating pain and sexual arousal.

Gabby felt the strength disappearing from Supergirl's fingers on her shoulders as soon as she started squeezing her thighs harder and so she was prepared to react swiftly when Kara's body fell forward. She loosened her left arm and swung it up and around Kara's back, her fingers sliding up and over the smooth costume, her nails finally biting over the top of Kara's left shoulder. As soon as she had a grip, PowerWoman pulled backwards violently. Supergirl strained against it as hard as she could but she was no match for PowerWoman's upper body strength as she found herself being bent right over backwards.

The image of the two battling women had now changed drastically. Although flying through empty space, PowerWoman had originally appeared to be 'hanging' on to Supergirl's legs. Now Kara felt like she was lying over on her back, looking 'up' at the imposing figure of PowerWoman who was towering over her and bending her body backwards with incredible strength. This sudden change was reinforced as Kara felt PowerWoman's left hand slip around from behind her neck to close her fingers strongly around the front of her throat under her chin. At the same time, she felt PowerWoman's strong right arm move down her legs and then felt the incredible hardness of the woman's thigh pressing up into the small of her back, bending her back even more.

Supergirl's own hands reached up and grabbed PowerWoman's left wrist just as she exerted her fantastic finger strength on Supergirl's throat. At the same time, Kara felt incredible power brought to bear down on her lower thighs while PowerWoman's leg remained firmly against her back. She winced in agony as she felt PowerWoman's unbelievable upper body strength bending her backwards over her upraised leg.

Yet again Supergirl found herself twisted into a position of subjugation completely against her will, her fantastic Kryptonian strength failing to make any impression against her attacker. Not only was she wrestling with this unbelievably powerful woman, but with her own tortured thoughts and feelings. She'd always been invulnerable and far stronger than anyone she had fought with before. She'd taken her own supremacy for granted, only to have that idea smashed into a million pieces by the sudden appearance of PowerWoman. The disjointed fragments of her drifting thoughts were interrupted as she felt PowerWoman bending her back even further. Supergirl was shocked to realise that just being in this very submissive position, with her breasts and abdomen completely exposed and her head held back, was exciting her so much that she was almost coming! The more helpless and vulnerable she felt, the more arousing it seemed to be!

Gripping her hands as tight as she could, she suddenly pushed against PowerWoman's wrist with all her might and twisted her head to the side. The unexpected lurching of her helpless prey caught PowerWoman by surprise as Kara twisted out of her choking grip. Kara's own biceps were burning now as she put everything into holding PowerWoman's lethal hand at bay. She was managing to hold her own and began to strain her incredible abdominal muscles in an effort to pull herself back up.

PowerWoman was pleasantly surprised at the sudden strength and determination exhibited by Supergirl. She watched her fingers clawing at empty space, just out of reach of Supergirl's tender throat, as she considered how deadly those fingers were, even to a supposedly 'invulnerable' Kryptonian. As her eyes wandered over the struggling girl's body, she noticed Kara's stomach flex into an incredible washboard of muscles as she allowed the girl to fight partly back up. For a second or two she smiled in appreciation at the sight of Supergirl's rippling stomach. Releasing her grip around Kara's thighs, she drew back her right arm until her hand was level with her own shoulder, curling her fingers into a tight fist. As Kara's golden hair and forehead fought their way above the horizon of her perfectly rounded breasts, she caught sight of PowerWoman's raised arm. Her eyes opened wide with shock as she watched PowerWoman's fist blast downwards with incredible violence, to smash into her straining stomach!

The effect on Kara was instantaneous. Her whole body folded double as the incredible blow landed, muscles contracting into incredible spasms as the energy and power of the punch was dissipated into her midsection. Her head sprung up and forward to meet her knees coming the other way as her body wrapped itself around the arm that was buried in her abdomen. As soon as her fist hit, PowerWoman felt Kara's grip on her left wrist melt away. For a few seconds she paused and took in the view of Supergirl's body folded around her arm. One punch had knocked Kara senseless. She'd never been hit by anything nearly as hard before, and PowerWoman had maximised the devastation of her blow by tensing her thigh to the maximum behind Kara's back. Kara's arms drifted outwards, her head back with eyes closed and mouth slightly open. PowerWoman slowly wrapped her fingers around Kara's neck and gently bent her limp body back over her knee again. This time there was no resistance. The unconscious Supergirl was weak as a kitten again in her hands.

Kara came round after a few seconds to find herself back in the same helpless position. But this time she felt PowerWoman's right hand firmly stroking her soft thighs. She felt the strong fingers slide under her skirt once more and up between her legs. Kara twitched as steely fingers stroked against her moist sex, sending waves of pleasure through her painfully arched body and causing her erect nipples to tingle strongly and push up even harder against her costume. Gabby's fingers firmly stroked her several times through the now very wet fabric, squeezing her clit strongly with each pass. She could feel Kara's body tremble in anticipation as she massaged her hand over the tight strip of costume between the Girl of Steel's legs.

As Gabby's eyes roved over Kara's unique figure, she noticed her chest heaving strongly although there was no air to breath. That and the erect nipples told Gabby that her helpless little plaything was enjoying this, too. Releasing her hold on Supergirl's throat, she eased her hand down over her chest while still maintaining sufficient pressure to keep her arched back. She could feel Kara's chest heaving more strongly as her fingers moved closer to her aching nipples. Kara's arms were floating limply out to her sides in the zero gravity, with her head still back even though there was nothing holding it there. She knew she was finished so she just gave in to the incredible sexual arousal she was feeling.

She suddenly felt her costume tearing between her legs as Gabby's strong fingers burst through the 'invulnerable' fabric and penetrated between her nether lips. At the same time, she felt fingers tighten around her left nipple. Her whole body twitched strongly at the double assault on her most erogenous areas. The feeling of floating in space while being dominated again by this incredible PowerWoman was sending Supergirl into another frenzy of sexual excitement. Her feeling of total helplessness despite her Kryptonian strength pushed her arousal level right off the scale. She wanted to fight but her body was on fire with a passion she couldn't resist.

PowerWoman's fingers slipped further into her as she closed her thumb over the top of Kara's pelvic bone. Her long, strong fingers closed tightly as she began to squeeze and dig her invulnerable nails into her Kara's vulnerable inside, while her other hand still twisted her nipple! As Kara felt the pressure increasing inside her, she realised that only someone with the raw strength of PowerWoman could do this to her; only PowerWoman could satisfy her intense cravings to be beaten and dominated and forced into total submission. As exciting thoughts of being held helpless by PowerWoman in her fabulous black costume flashed through her mind, she felt an incredible climax building like a volcano about to erupt inside her. PowerWoman could feel Supergirl's mounting excitement under her fingers and gripped into her helpless victim's G-spot, suddenly applying millions of pound of pressure with her strong right hand.

Supergirl instantly convulsed into an uncontrollable orgasm. PowerWoman watched her young adversary's body thrash and twist violently in her grip as the climax overcame her. The sight of the Kryptonian in such a weakened yet excited state was just too much for Gabby, as she finally gave in to her own orgasm which she had been struggling to hold back in case Supergirl escaped while she was in its throws. Her eyes were playing rapidly over Kara's beautifully exposed body as she lay spread backwards over her own thigh, unable to take in enough of the unbelievable image of Girl of Steel in such a weak position. She brought her other leg up alongside the first and squeezed her incredible thigh muscles together while spreading her hand over Kara's left breast, gripping into the soft young flesh tightly. She could feel the contractions in her own abdomen starting and her body was thrown into wild tremors as the climax erupted violently from between her tightly clenched legs.

She had made sure she had a good hold of the Kryptonian to prevent her getting free. Once again muscles spasmed even harder than they ever could normally, and Supergirl felt her tender breast being crushed by fingers that even she had no chance of resisting. Inside her, PowerWoman's other fingers followed suit, sending her headlong into yet another uncontrollable orgasm.

As the last of her sexual tremors subsided, Kara struggled to stay conscious. Tears welled up in her eyes with no gravity to make them roll down her cheeks. She managed to pull her head up and look up towards Gabby, only to see the woman's head thrown back in passion with her glorious black hair curling right down her back. As the climax finally eased, Gabby slowly brought her head forward and opened her eyes to look down on her amazing sexual plaything. An evil grin broke across Gabby's face and Supergirl had no problem reading those thoughts. Having had her pleasure she was now going to finish her for good!

Gabby's hands released her momentarily and reached up and grabbed her around her upper arms. Supergirl gasped again as those long damn fingernails once more bit into her, this time even cutting into the hard muscle of her biceps! She twisted the Girl of Steel upright and forced her arms backwards. Supergirl tried to resist but Gabby wasn't playing any more. She had moved up a gear into 'finish' mode and Supergirl could do nothing as her arms were forced behind her back. PowerWoman's lethal programming was beginning to kick in, and thoughts of crushing the Kryptonian began to flood her consciousness and took control of her. With emotionless efficiency she slipped her powerful arms around the Kryptonian's body, drawing Supergirl into her as her deadly embrace began to tighten.

Supergirl knew this was the end for sure. The Colonel's lewd desires wouldn't distract this woman now. There was no way she should could survive what was coming, let alone break free of it. She couldn't understand what on earth PowerWoman was doing, clearly the act of killing her would leave her stranded in the deadly vacuum of space. Surely even PowerWoman couldn't survive out here for long! But Kara didn't realise that PowerWoman was like a machine, programmed to follow a specific path. As Supergirl felt PowerWoman's arms turn harder than steel and begin to crush her, she looked helplessly into Gabby's icy cool face. Supergirl's incredible orgasm had charged her Kryptonian body with energy which she had not yet dissipated. She'd not had much chance to struggle against PowerWoman before she was put into this fatal bear-hug.



As Kara felt PowerWoman's arms turn to steel and slowly constrict around her, she suddenly recalled PowerWoman's first words back in the bunker. She's said that all her energy was focused on her strength, the only thing that counted in a one-on-one battle. Supergirl had taken the bait and pitted her own strength against that of PowerWoman, expecting to win easily. But she'd fallen right into their hands. She'd foolishly taken on PowerWoman in a battle of raw strength and was helplessly overpowered. That's where she'd gone wrong. She should have used all her powers together! Yes, there was a chance she could get out of this after all!

Gabby was gazing intensely down at Supergirl's incredible breasts as they were squeezed hard against her own. Mustering all her pent-up energy and strength, Supergirl gazed deeply and longingly into PowerWoman's eyes and waited as Gabby slowly raised her gorgeous head. Just as their eyes met, Supergirl struck. She put everything she had into the most intense burst of heat vision she had ever released. Gabby's face lit up brighter than the sun in a few microseconds as the intense assault of photons blasted forth from Supergirl. For a second the woman held on, against the fiery maelstrom of energy but even she couldn't take that amount of energy up that close. She suddenly lurched backwards violently and released Supergirl, burying her face in her hands. Supergirl cut the heat vision and looked on as PowerWoman's body twisted and writhed in agony as it drifted slowly away from her.

Kara could hardly believe she was free as she stretched her shoulders back to get the blood flowing again after Gabby's impossible strength had begun to squash her. Regaining her flying power, she skirted around the back of Gabby being careful to keep well out of arms reach. The way PowerWoman was thrashing around it was clear that she was in no position to do anything but Supergirl wasn't taking any chances! Coming up behind Gabby she couldn't help but admire her tall, shapely physique and the way her black costume emphasised every curve and line.

She certainly looked the perfect 'PowerWoman' thought Kara as she moved in and looked 'down' at the Earth. Supergirl and Superman had adopted the role of Earth's protectors and they had never met anything, either on Earth or off it, that they couldn't handle. However, PowerWoman was in a different category. Supergirl shivered at the thought of such a powerful creature loose on the Earth. The population would turn to her and Kal to deal with her, and she knew there was very little they could do. She hated the thought of being shown to be weaker than any other being. Whatever happened, she had to make sure this incredibly beautiful but lethal monster was sent as far from Earth as possible!

Quickly she reached out and grabbed a hold of PowerWoman behind the neck and between the legs. With a firm squeeze of her thighs, she accelerated the two of them away from the blue planet now some thousands of miles beneath their feet. Not wanting to hold on to this dangerous package too long, she thrust PowerWoman's body upward with all her strength and launched her like a ballistic missile shooting wildly into space. That was the last she saw of PowerWoman, as her black suit was difficult to pick out in the inky darkness.

Had Kara been in air, she would have breathed a long sigh of relief. But up here in space, she still went through the motions and it felt just as satisfying. She knew how close she had been, twice now, to being killed by PowerWoman. That was a strange feeling. She'd never been near to death before. It just was not in her mindset. Yet today it had happened twice. Thank God she'd got rid of PowerWoman for good.

She was used to stalking her enemies, tracking them down. But there was no doubt it would have been PowerWoman stalking Supergirl and she'd have had to avoid any possible confrontation! That thought sent another chill through her. She'd spent her life showing off her strength and invulnerability to the people of Earth. She enjoyed the way they looked up to her and her cousin Kal. No-one on Earth had ever seen either of them so much as raise a sweat fighting the bad guys. Everyone thought of them as infinitely strong and invincible. No, she wanted it to stay that way. The military guys would keep quiet - it was obviously a 'black' project that had gone terribly wrong and would be covered up. Only she would know how close she'd been to being killed. She'd not tell anyone what had happened, even Kal. She had to maintain her image.

With those thoughts, Kara accelerated strongly back toward the Earth before making a fiery re-entry into the atmosphere. Plunging downward, she finally braked to a shaky stop near Metropolis, finding her way to her apartment. Flying through the open skylight, she hovered in mid-air for a few moments, her body cooling. She finally landed, walked toward the bed, barely making it there before falling face first onto it, out like a light. She was not particularly tired physically, but was exhausted mentally. She was having a hard time coming to terms not just with PowerWoman and her incredible strength, but with her own defeat and the unbelievable orgasms she'd had while PowerWoman held her helpless. As she drifted off, her mind was in a turmoil as some basal urge deep within her longed to feel those strong arms around her again...

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, PowerWoman floated, tumbled really, through space. It had taken an hour or more for her to regain her sight. When Kara hit her with the heat vision, all she could see was the light of a thousand suns burning in front of her. The intense visual barrage continued to assault her brain well after she felt Kara launch her off into space. As she began to focus, she looked down to see the Earth's disk even smaller than it had been while they were battling. She knew she was finished. She didn't know how long she'd last in space but there was no possible way she could get home. She cursed her fellow geneticists who'd insisted she forego the power of flight and concentrated solely on raw physical strength. Damn them!

And damn Stern to hell! The whole plan had been to trap Supergirl in the steel room. It had been specially constructed of the hardest steel available at an astronomical cost, just for that one battle. They knew that once Supergirl was shut in there with PowerWoman, there was no way she'd get out alive. Trust that idiot Stern to talk her into letting him fuck the unconscious Kryptonian prior to tearing her apart. If they'd stuck to the plan Supergirl would be dead and gone and they'd even now be working on luring Superman into the same fate. Now the little bitch had escaped death twice. Twice! And here she was floating to her doom in deep space!

But where was the moon? She looked around and couldn't see it. Wait a minute, something's not right, thought Gabby as she tried to spin around. Nope, the moon was nowhere to be seen. But that couldn't be. She'd seen it over Supergirl's head as she climbed up her body. Wait a minute! Above her head! She shot her head back and looked upward to see the dark grey disk of the moon right above her. She was stunned to see that it looked many times larger than the Earth below. In Supergirl's original desperation to get as far from the Earth as possible, she'd aimed at the moon and now PowerWoman was on a collision course with it!

Her lips and tongue were starting to feel really funny as she realized that this hard vacuum wasn't doing her any good. She finally managed to slow her tumbling as she now had the problem of having one side of her body freezing with the side facing the sun was boiling. She kicked her legs and twisted her body until she started tumbling slowly again. She figured that was how she was just going to have to travel for a while. In any case, the moon's angular size was starting to increase rapidly and she knew it wouldn't be long before she crashed on to its surface. Gabby was pretty sure she'd survive the impact, but what good it would do her she didn't know. She wanted to turn her body around so she'd land feet first, but without any flight power to help her, the laws of conservation of angular momentum prevented her from doing so. She just closed her eyes and braced herself for the landing - head first.

An explosive plume of dust shot many miles above the surface as PowerWoman finally blasted into the moon's barren surface. As her head cleared from the shock of the impact, she found herself encased in solid rock, and warm rock at that. As she'd ploughed through the surface layers and into the solid crust, the very rock had melted under the immense pressures and friction. It had solidified very quickly around her in the moments while she was dazed and disoriented. Everything was black. She tried to move her arms but found them trapped in the solid rock. Same with her legs. She couldn't move any part of her body at all against her stony tomb. No, this wouldn't do, she thought to herself. These arms had twice now come very close to crushing Supergirl to death. There was no way that puny moon rock was going to hold her.

With a mighty shrug of her fantastic shoulder muscles, PowerWoman heard the stony walls around her crack, the sound transmitted directly into her ear which was now in intimate contact with the moon's crust. She expanded her chest and her biceps as hard as she could and for a moment the rock refused to yield. But she kept up the irresistible pressure and within a few seconds she was jolted violently as great seams began to open in the solid rock. She now had enough room to move her arms back and forth and quickly pummelled out large cavities with her bare fists.

She didn't know which way was up - the gravity was too weak for that. But she did know she had gone in head first. Just to make sure of her orientation, she reached down and felt around for a large rock. She lifted it and dropped it into her other hand. Yup, she was head down. She continued to smash the rock around her with her hands and once she'd enlarged her 'bubble' sufficiently, she twisted herself slowly until her head and feet had changed places. She then launched both hands upwards, tearing into the rock like she had done earlier with the vault door. Tough though it was, it was nowhere near the strength of that armoured steel and she made quick progress. Fairly soon one of her fists blasted through into nothing and she knew she was almost free. With a quick thrust of her long legs against the sides of the vertical 'chimney' she had made, she launched herself through the last remaining foot or so and burst out on to the surface.

Now what? She stood marvelling at the barrenness, which she'd only ever seen in the old moon landing documentaries with shots taken through dusty lenses. Now she stood before it, feeling like the queen of her new lunar domain. But what a pathetic territory over which she, PowerWoman, should ultimately rule. No, this was silly. She had to do something. Looking above her she could see the beautiful blue disk of the Earth. That was where she should rule. Now her mind started working. She was not senior scientist on the BioWeapon project for nothing. She had been brilliant in every scientific discipline and had chosen genetics simply because it was the 'new frontier'. She could equally well have gone into half a dozen other fields, particularly one of the many branches of physics. Physics! Yes, that was the answer!

She looked around herself at the huge moon rocks strewn around the edge of the newly formed crater - her crater. She knew she had tremendously strong legs and, on earth, she could leap miles into the atmosphere. But here, the gravity was only one sixth that of Earth. The escape velocity was therefore far lower. She'd probably not be able to leap quite clear of the moon, but she had a plan. She jumped and stumbled around the crater in the low gravity, collecting the largest rocks she could find. Some of them were big as trucks but they were especially easy to lift in this low gravity. Once she'd piled up a few of them, she stood and looked up towards the Earth again to get her bearings. Then, she picked the biggest one, easily 25 feet across and with a mass of several hundred tons, and heaved it on to her shoulders. She then bent her powerful legs and launched the huge boulder straight up into the sky with a thrust of her slim arms and long, gorgeous legs.

Moving quickly now, she did the same with the others. She knew she wouldn't have much time. Once she reached the last one, she gathered a few smaller rocks and stuffed them under her arm as she balanced the last huge boulder on her shoulder. This time she launched herself off the surface along with the rock. She sailed up tens of thousands of feet into space and looked down to see the surface receding. As her rate appeared to slow, she climbed around on to the top of the rock and looked upwards for the next one, which was barely visible a few miles ahead of her. She crouched down once more then launched herself straight at it.

Her aim was pretty good but she had to make sure she didn't not miss. As she approached she threw smaller rocks out to the side at several thousand miles per hour to act as crude yet effective manoeuvring thrusters. She grabbed a hold of the second rock as she slammed into it. In order to replenish her supply of 'thruster' rocks, she broke some of the surface off to and filled her arms with it and then leapt again. By now, the third rock was just starting to fall back to the surface and she hit it harder than the last one. But by now she was many tens of miles up. Clenching her hands together, she raised them above her head and swung down with an almighty crash that cleaved the rock she was 'standing' on into two. She'd hooked her legs around it and now found herself astride half of it. Despite her blow, the two pieces were still flying together as she had predicted. She put her feet on one of them and grabbed the other, twisting it around until it was above her. She then pushed down with all her strength and launched herself upwards once more, with the other half of the huge boulder in her arms.

Now it was a case of sitting down on the underside of this largish piece and straddling her legs over the rough edge where it had split. She proceeded to break off large chunks and throw them backwards at thousands of miles per hour, thus creating a simple reaction 'rocket' that accelerated her away from the moon. She had enough 'fuel' between her legs to keep going for hours and, as the rock diminished in size, so she and it would accelerate faster. She'd keep the last of it for course corrections. She looked down once more to see the moon's disk appearing. She was now hundreds of miles above the surface and moving away pretty quickly by the looks of it. Well, hardly surprising considering the energy she'd imparted into the rock fragments she'd thrown back. No, there was no doubt about it. She must have reached escape velocity and was on her way home. She smiled to herself as she realised that her escape had been even more miraculous than Supergirl's! And that bitch would get one hell of a shock when she caught up with her!

It took more than two days for her body to be captured by the Earth's gravity and to begin brushing the upper reaches of the atmosphere. She felt really dehydrated and 'brittle' by now and couldn't wait to get down to the surface. The fact that she was about to endure a fiery re-entry wasn't high on her list of fun things to do, but after what she had been through the last couple of days, she figured she would survive it.

She was right, her body entering the atmosphere like a flaming meteor, finally impacting at more than 7000 miles per hour just beyond the city limits of Melbourne, Australia. The massive explosion and thundering vibrations woke up half the city, emergency vehicles racing toward the crash site. When they arrived, there was no evidence of any aircraft or any other manmade object. Just a huge hole, the half molten rock along the edges still glowing in the early dawn light. They concluded it had been a meteorite from space. They were partially correct. No one saw the tall nude woman, her body finally cooled by an adjacent lake, as she dragged a fairly tall blond newspaper reporter back into the bushes. The woman would wake up an hour later and have her own dilemma to solve, that of being naked. But her clothes did the job for Gabby, although they were definitely too small. Her clothes and her credit cards sufficed to get Gabby a ride to the airport.

An hour later, the first Qantas flight of the day left for Los Angeles. Sitting in first class, wearing some better-fitting clothing belonging to a tall striking woman who was still tied and gagged back in an airport maintenance room, was the woman that the scientific community had once known as Gabby Riuso, brilliant young scientific genius. She asked the attendant to keep bringing her juice drinks as she started to work her way through her extreme dehydration. Her seat mate simply thought she must have just completed a gruelling exercise, she seemed to have a slight sunburn and looked really exhausted from the heat, her lips cracking from dryness. He would have been much more impressed if he knew the truth, that the tall gorgeous woman beside him had just crash-landed outside his city after floating in space for the last few days! He, like most everyone else in Melbourne, had been awakened early that day by the fiery re-entry and resulting massive explosion. The fact that this woman's body had been the source of all that energy would have been impossible for him to understand.

They talked for a bit before she turned the other way and pulled a blanket over herself. She slept the next 18 hours as the huge 747 flew across the vast Pacific Ocean. She had never felt so tired as she did now. Apparently space flight just didn't agree with her. Yet that little Kryptonian bitch seemed to actually enjoy it! She felt her bicep flexing a little under the blanket. Let's see how Supergirl enjoys this the next time we meet, she thought evilly to herself as her strong fingers stroked and massaged her massive, hard bicep!

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During the time while PowerWoman was mysteriously missing, the Army setup a media surveillance operation, the purpose of which was to use the news media to find where either she, or Supergirl, had gone. All the TV and satellite broadcasts were monitored as well as a good portion of the chaotic Internet. They didn't have a clue as to her whereabouts until PowerWoman herself showed up three days later.

The scientists greeted her with concern, they knew that she was actually a lot more fragile than anyone outside the project knew. The genetic modifications they had made to her body, emphasizing strength and invulnerability over all else, were going to take their toll, they knew that. In fact, they had estimated her life span at only a couple of months before her body would just burn itself out. But that would be easily long enough to get rid of Superman and Supergirl!

She already looked like she was having a rough time of it. They decided to make some adjustments in her 'nutrition'. The massive power lines leading to the complex were nearly overloaded for the next day as her highly-modified body tissues fed ravenously on the raw power from the hydro-generators of the nearby Hoover Dam.

The search for Supergirl continued, being rewarded less than a week later when the young girl showed up at a press conference promoting a new homeless shelter in Washington, DC. The officer on duty looked at the incoming video footage for less than a minute before lifting the red phone and calling the secret number he had been given.