

## BioWeapon, Chapter 2

JEFFERSON ARMY BASE, the NEVADA Desert

Colonel Stern's replacement, Brigadier General Adams, took the call on his private phone. He had flown in to Jefferson immediately when he heard that Stern had been hospitalized. He had been looking for a way to break through the wall of secrecy surrounding Sterns' work. There had been rumors of the Nemesis Project for some time, so it didn't take the General and his staff long to dig through Colonel Sterns records to unravel what he had been up to.

They were staggered as they quickly discovered that the Colonel had been working with a small group of very highly-placed Aztec scientists! The very Aztec's they were about to go to war against! His whole operation was tantamount to treason as far as General Adams's initial review was concerned!

He became more fascinated with it though as he dug deeper, especially when he discovered that the Aztecs themselves appeared to have access to genetic technologies whose origins were clearly alien. Whether it came from those Arions that had visited Earth last year, or some other race, he couldn't tell, the records were incomplete. What he was sure of, was that the Colonel had used technology that was similar to the technology that was used on Krypton, the home of Superman and Supergirl. He quickly learned that both of them were artificially-enhanced beings themselves. How the Colonel had negotiated with the Aztec high priests for access to this alien technology was not only puzzling, it was also very foreboding. Given that they could be at war against the Aztecs any day, any technology that could create 'super soldiers' was infinitely dangerous.

One thing was clear though, the project had been underway long before tensions had risen between the North America and South America. In fact, the earliest records dated back to the day after Superman had arrived on Earth so many years ago. The Colonel was at least a patriot, and a man of great foresight, if nothing else. He hoped that his hospitalization would be brief. Fortunately, of all the organs a man could lose, after the appendix, this one was the most dispensable. At least in terms of staying alive. He wasn't sure himself if he would want to live without that organ, but the Colonel now had no choice in the matter. He still didn't know the full story about what had happened to him, but he knew it somehow involved the very woman who was sitting across his desk.

Gabby, the woman who now called herself PowerWoman, had arrived to meet him several hours ago. Their afternoon together had been pleasant, in fact, they had been discussing where to go for dinner that night just as the phone rang. She stood and walked over to gaze out the window as he talked softly on the phone, his eyes distracted by her gorgeous body as she stood straight and tall, her back to him. The General still had a hard time believing what he had read about this incredible woman in Stern's reports, especially the section where she had overpowered and defeated Supergirl. Dressed as she was now, in a smart business suit, short dress and black stockings, she simply looked tall and beautiful, exactly what one would expect of someone who graced the covers of fashion and fitness magazines. Her height, 5'11", was a little unusual, but her perfectly proportioned body make her look very natural, until of course you stood right next to her.

They had talked for the last few hours and had both found that they enjoyed each other's company. He had learned a great deal about her, especially the fantastic physical strength she had developed during the Nemesis Project, and she in turn had found his background and experiences as a professional soldier very interesting. They were on their way to dinner, planning to continue the discussion in a less formal setting, when the phone had interrupted them.

That phone call, however, made it clear that dinner would have to wait. The General listened for a few more moments before he quietly hung the phone up.

"Well, Gabby, I think we have a job for you. Supergirl just surfaced in DC, at a news conference of all places. You were right, she is very 'blonde'. Either that or very naïve. This time, I don't want you to hold anything back. It looks like it is time to really stop her, and I mean permanently. The last thing we need is for her to get chummy with the Aztecs."

Gabby turned, a look of anticipation on her face as she was clearly looking forward to a rematch with this young girl. The fact that this Supergirl had ultimately defeated her with her flying power the last time they had met, a power she did not share with her, still embarrassed her. Especially since she had proven to be so much stronger than Supergirl. If it hadn't been for the Colonel's bizarre fantasy about fondling, no damn it, fucking, that young girl, she would have eliminated her as a threat on that first meeting. She smiled wickedly, at least he got what he deserved. A man shouldn't stick that thing in places it didn't belong, and it definitely didn't belong between the legs of a young Kryptonian girl!

Gabby turned to look at the General again; she had been starting to look forward to a romantic evening with him. They would have to take a raincheck on dinner and try to get together some other time. Too bad, Gabby thought. He seemed a lot more stable, his presence even more commanding, than the Colonel had been. She had a pretty good idea about how he felt about her by now; his fascination with her abilities, the many questions he had asked her, the time spent reading the details of the experiments and her tests, they had all made that pretty clear. Even their discussion about the pro volleyball that she used to play had been entertaining, he apparently was quite a player himself. They had laughed as he talked about meeting her on the other side of the net now. She would not only ace him out, but she could very easily kill him with the force of even one of her gentle spikes. In fact, it wasn't clear that her strongest spike wouldn't take out an Armored Personnel Carrier! He made a note to get a net and volleyball, they would have to try that on one of those old obsolete APC's. Perhaps a titanium volleyball... he made several notes.

She waited patiently by the window as he made yet another phone call, finally turning to face him as he hung the phone up. "Ok, I've arranged for a supersonic jet fighter to take you to Metropolis," he said to her. "It will still take you about two hours to get there from here, at least once you get airborne."

"Well, Daniel," Gabby said as she walked over to sit on the side of his chair, her arm gently resting on his shoulders. "Tonight would have been interesting, especially since you know so much about me now. You should try to arrange to get as much video footage as you can of my meeting with Supergirl. I think you will find it very interesting." A little smile crossed her face as she made her voice deliberately deep. "But now, would you hand me my purse kind sir, this is clearly a job for PowerWoman."

They both chuckled at the old Superman parody as she took her purse and walked half way across the room to stand in the bright late afternoon sunshine streaming in the window. Setting her purse down on the chair, she turned to stare at the General as she began to unbutton her suit coat.

"Ah, would you like some privacy?" the General said as he started to rise from his chair.

"No, I have all the 'privacy' I need. But you can come over here and help me. This new costume is really tight and hard to get on."

Daniel felt his heart beating wildly as he walked over to Gabby. She was gorgeous, her deeply tanned face glowing in the soft sunlight, her long lustrous dark hair shining. He had to look up slightly to meet her eyes, she was at least 2" taller than he was. She slipped out of her suit coat and handed it to him. The buttons of her blouse were next, her fingers moving rapidly; she did have an aircraft to catch after all.

Gabby watched the excited look in his eyes as her blouse opened more and more as she undid the buttons. She smiled at him; perhaps she didn't have to be in this much of a hurry after all!

"Daniel, would you like to do this yourself. You seemed pretty fascinated with my 'statistics' earlier, perhaps you would like to see if I live up to what you so far have only read on paper."

Daniel was staggered, but only for a moment. He was a professional soldier after all, well accustomed to being around attractive women and was used to responding appropriately in unusual situations. He gently laid her coat on the chair before slowly reaching up to gently finish unbuttoning her blouse. He began to open it from the bottom, the softly rippling contours of her flat stomach immediately visible. He pulled it further open as his eyes communicated his surprise to her; she wasn't wearing a bra under it! She giggled at the shocked look in his eyes.

"Most people assume I am wearing a Wonder Bra or something," she said. "Considering my size and how high and firm I look. But having 'muscles of steel' does have some advantages, as long as you aren't in the undergarment business. I really don't need any support."

"My God, Gabby, you look just like the pictures I've seen of Supergirl, only you are so much, ah... bigger!" Gabby chuckled at his enthusiastic reaction.

"Not only bigger, but a lot firmer, Daniel. I almost crushed her to death with these breasts when we met. Here, let me show you what I mean."

With that, her warm hands lifted his own up to place them on her huge firm breasts. Hands that were immediately lost in the expansive contours of her soft skin.

"It's Ok to hold me firmly, I won't break," she said, smiling at his gentle hesitant touch, the touch he was accustomed to using when touching a woman's delicate breasts. "You remember the test you read about, the one where I stopped those anti-tank HEAT rounds with my body. What the report didn't say was that I stopped them with what you are holding in your hands, I stopped them with the soft flesh you are holding. I definitely won't break."

The General clearly remembered the amazing report from that test, and the enthusiastic tone that the officer in charge had used when he wrote it. They had used the most powerful weapons in their inventory, yet the very same breasts he now held in his hands had absorbed the massive explosions without the slightest injury or discomfort! He was further astounded as he squeezed his hands strongly now, feeling her wonderfully soft flesh give beneath them. She didn't feel like other women, she was much firmer, his strong hands could only squeeze a couple of inches into her softness. But she was definitely a woman, no doubt about that. He felt himself really enjoying holding her like this, slowly rubbing his thumbs across her amazingly large nipples, before he suddenly remembered that she still had a plane to catch. Too little time, damn it!

His hands quickly slid down over her stomach, the soft ripples hinting at the steel beneath, as he walked behind her to undo her skirt. It slid to the floor as he once again saw that she didn't believe in undergarments. Her firm rounded glutes were suddenly revealed before him. Given the liberty she had permitted him a moment ago, he reached down to surround them with his hands.

This time, there was almost no give beneath his hands. Her ass felt like warm sculpted bronze, covered in the softest most feminine skin he had ever felt. He felt only the slightest give under his strong hands, no matter how hard he squeezed them. "Ah, Gabby, you are rather firm here, aren't you?" She didn't answer verbally, her only response was the sudden flexing of her previously relaxed glutes, the rounded muscles expanding his hands outward as they truly turned to living steel. He knew that the feeling was actually deceptive, her muscles were actually a LOT harder than mere steel! He remembered the reports of the bullets bouncing from the very cheeks he now held in his hands, the bright flashes and loud ricochets were easy to envision, the bullets hitting a substance harder than any other on this planet! It had certainly impressed the soldiers doing the shooting; it certainly impressed the General now!

He forced his hands to move again, unsnapping her garters and kneeling down to slowly roll her black stockings down. His hands surrounded her shapely legs, legs that looked like a blend between a gymnast's and a dancer's, except that they were so very long. He stroked his fingers slowly and lovingly down her soft skin as his hands felt every curve of her gorgeous legs. He remembered yet another series of tests he had read about where she had lifted an entire massive concrete building into the air, weighing thousands of tons, as she did deep-knee bends with it. He hadn't seen any photo's of what her legs had looked like then, but the enthusiastic report, combined with the sensations he was feeling with his own hands and in his ample imagination, made for a compelling, and very arousing, image.

He suddenly felt Gabby's long hair falling on his shoulders as she leaned over and whispered. "How does it make you feel, Daniel, to know that the legs your hands are now surrounding are far stronger than Superman's? Stronger than his legs and his cute little 'cousin' combined." Before he could even answer, she began flexing them gently, standing up on her toes, her gorgeous muscles expanding, creating huge clefts along the side of her thigh, her firm flesh turning far harder than even diamond. His hands swept downward across her soft silky skin, rising up over the hard round ball of her fabulous calf muscle. Her gorgeous model's legs suddenly growing massive, much like that of a bodybuilder, her skin stretched thinly over her steel muscles, every curve and cleft exposed for his fingers to caress.

Gabby straightened her body, closing her eyes for a minute while enjoying the sensation of him worshipping her body, his callused strong hands feeling good against her soft, yet indestructible, skin. Unfortunately, her thoughts momentarily returned to Supergirl, as she remembered she had a 'date' to keep with that little bitch! She forced her muscles to relax again as knew that it was getting late. Daniel slowly stood up, his eyes traveling across her nude body as she literally glowed in the late afternoon sunshine. The dramatic expansion of the front of his own pants was ample evidence that he was impressed.

"Well, what do you think Daniel? Did your scientists do a good job on my body?"

"My God, Gabby, you are truly deserving of that name you call yourself, PowerWoman. I never imagined a woman's body could be so soft yet so hard and so strong. And I still haven't seen you use these muscles for real yet!"

She didn't answer, but instead leaned over to take the tiny black leotard from her purse. It was cut high up over her hips and had a thong back, not exactly a modest outfit she thought to herself with a grin. But then again, she wasn't exactly a modest woman, especially now. She stood back up, sweeping her long hair behind her back with her arm as Daniel helped her guide the strong fabric, a Kevlar and Lycra mix, up over her upper body. Leaning her head forward, he secured the choker around her neck. Her entire upper body, all the way down her arms to her wrists, was now covered in this vaporously thin skintight black costume. It didn't hide anything; in fact, the shiny reflections of the black metalized fabric simply created a reflection, or a shadow, at each curve of her body, emphasizing her magnificent figure. Daniel was speechless standing before her, there was no doubt about it when she put that costume on, she was PowerWoman!

She wrapped her slim arms around his neck, the cool fabric of her costume caressing his cheeks, as she leaned down, her lips brushing his ear. "I want you to study those reports about me when I'm gone. I want you, no, I need you, to come up with some unique ways that you can please me when I return. I intend to fuck you like you have never been fucked in your life. In return, I want you to find ways to bring me the pleasures that we both know your body will be unable to provide for me. Think about it, Daniel. I'll see you in a few days."

With that, she turned and ran from the room, the fluid grace of her movements demonstrating the masterful control she now had over her super muscles. The General turned to look out the window as he saw her running toward the flight line, her body soon moving almost too fast to track with the naked eye. She suddenly blinked out of sight, he knew she was now running at more than supersonic speed, as he turned back to his desk. The rumble of her sonic boom echoed off the distant mountains, sounding like distant thunder, as he began reading the reports again, one hand below the desk as he struggled to maintain control of himself. Now, how would an ordinary man like himself please such a woman, such a super woman?

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