

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 03, Earth-2

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Little Firebug – Chapter 3

Earth-2

by Sharon Best

Standing atop the Acropolis

Kara had felt an incredible rush of energy as the lightening bolts had hit her body faster and faster as she stood on top of the Acropolis. She felt a rush of energy flowing deeply into her body, flowing so fast that she could not control it, as she felt something growing inside her. She suddenly felt a sweet explosion from deep inside her breasts that made them feel like they were expanding to the point of exploding. There were many very sharp pains coming from inside them just before the beating of the rain and hail against her body suddenly stopped. The lightening bolts continued to strike her body as the pain in her chest forced her hands upward. She suddenly felt her hands trying to hold breasts that were larger than ever before, much larger. The sharp pain exploded outward from her chest as she gripped her hands against the growing softness of her breasts. She began to use the super strength of her arms and hands to try and restrain the growth of her now massive and painful breasts, to hold them against her body, squeezing them against her chest with the nearly unmeasurable strength in her hands and her arms ... She knew of no substance in the universe, neither steel nor rock, that could withstand the full strength of her arms, yet she felt her hands being forced outward by her growing breasts as her muscles trembled while she exerted her full strength in a frantic attempt to restrain them. She grew terrified as she felt herself grow so large that her arms were nearly fully extended as she tried, but failed, to stop their growth, as the lightening bolts continued to strike her chest. She looked down to see the massive globes extending several feet in front of her as a tearing ripping pain came from inside her.

She suddenly felt a powerful surge of energy exploding outward from her breasts that made her normally invulnerable hands and arms numb for moment before her entire world seemed to disappear into a blast a blinding white light. She suddenly felt herself floating, almost like she was in space, but without being in vacuum. In fact, she felt nothing around her body for what seemed like many minutes as she floated in blissful and total silence, broken only by the loud beating of her heart and the rushing of blood in her veins. Mercifully, the pain in her breasts was also gone as they shrunk rapidly under her hands.

The silence was suddenly replaced by the sound of rushing wind as she felt herself falling, tumbling head over heels in a white vacuum, before finally crumpling face first on the ground. She felt as if she had fallen from a great height, at least several thousand feet, as she struggled to free herself; she was partially buried in the hard-packed sand. She raised her head to shake the sand from her long blonde hair while slowly rolling onto her side. Her hands quickly reaching up to confirm that her breasts were much smaller now, but still quite a bit larger than was normal for her. She tried to look down to see what had happened to her, but she first had to reach up to scrape the sand from her eyes as she forced them open. She was relieved to see that her chest again looked completely normal, just a couple of cup sizes larger than usual! She ran her hands over herself as she realized that none of her old blouses were going to fit anymore! However, given that she wasn't wearing any clothes now, that was the least of her current problems.

Raising her eyes upward, Kara was surprised to find herself standing in the middle of a vast desert of sage brush and sand. There was no sign remaining of the huge storm that had stalled over Paradise Island. Only the hot desert sun, beating down on her, sucking the moisture from every living thing around her.

Kara felt a bit unsteady on her feet as she looked around in all directions. She had no idea how she had gotten to this apparent desert from the lush green of Paradise Island, but there was no denying that she had been transported a considerable distance. She squinted her eyes to look up at the sun as she saw the contrails of a jet flying high above her. She flexed her powerful legs to leap several thousand feet up into air, keeping her calves flexed to generate her famous flying power. Her body soared nearly straight up into the bright sky as she accelerated rapidly.

Kara quickly closed in on the aircraft as she saw that it was a Pan Am Airlines 767. She momentarily flew in formation with it before sliding down to wrap her legs around the top of the engine pylon. She rested there, enjoying the cool

slipstream rushing by her body, until she saw a young boy waving at her from the window. This was followed by a quick camera flash as she saw a number of people pressing their faces against the windows to stare at her. She waved back before she suddenly realized she was sitting here, holding onto the aircraft with her thighs, completely nude. She looked down to see her enlarged breasts as they were partially flattened against her chest by the strong slipstream at 550 miles per hour. She felt herself blush, feeling really embarrassed that she had so quickly forgotten her state of undress. She quickly pushed off from the wing to loop upward above the plane and then dive back down close to the ground.

Nothing unusual about the aircraft, she thought to herself, I guess I'm finally back on Earth, thank goodness. The paint scheme on the plane looked unusual and she had some nagging memory about Pan Am Airlines, but the airlines were always changing their names and paint schemes anyway.

Now that she was back on Earth, she realized she had better get some clothes to wear as well as to figure out why she was out here in the desert in the first place. Her blue eyes twinkled as she used her super vision to do a quick scan of the surrounding terrain. She spotted a small town about 40 miles away. Kara strongly flexed her shapely calves to power her into a tight graceful soaring turn, one that no jet fighter had the raw power to match, as she dove downward toward the town. She was still new enough to flying that she continued to be amazed that her muscles, muscles that she had thought were fairly ordinary for a 16 year old girl only a few months before, could now generate more thrust than the most powerful jet engines ever made.

She still felt a thrill every time she really thought about her ability to fly this powerfully; unlike Aurora, who just took all this in stride. She really wished she had re-discovered her powers earlier. She smiled as she thought of how she would have handled a number of difficult situations during her early teen years if she had secretly been Supergirl. She had only possessed the normal attributes of a Terran girl from the age of 10 until a few months before her 17th birthday. These had been difficult years, as they were for most girls, especially for a girl whose body had matured and blossomed more rapidly than her friends. She had become the focus, the blond fantasy, for most of the guys in junior and senior high school. Her incredible popularity had never been matched by her own confidence until she had regained her powers, powers whose earlier presence had even been blocked from her own mind for more than 6 years. She had been relieved when she had graduated from high school a year early, she had always been a very good student. She quickly started modeling full time. At least now she was now getting paid to be stared at, she thought with a wry smile. She still wasn't completely comfortable with it.

However, the physical confidence that now came with her super powers seemed to make anything possible and her personality was beginning to change slowly as that confidence slowly seeped into her. She smiled now as she remembered how she had even dared to return to her high school prom, as the date of a good friend of hers, while wearing a very daring version of her Supergirl costume. The deep cleavage of her prom gown, cut down almost to her waist in the front, and made from a semi-transparent vaporous blue fabric with a dark blue cape, had captured everyone's imagination as she had used her amazing physical abilities to dazzle everyone on the dance floor. Her long gorgeous legs and dramatic figure, with breasts that had seemed to be on the verge of escaping her dress all night long, had mesmerized all the guys at the prom, to the chagrin of their dates. She danced sensuously, feet often not even touching the floor, as she moved in ways that no other woman could. Every guy tried to dance with her as it was clear to the girls that they could not compete with the fabulous Supergirl.

The fact that Kara's date was the editor of the school newspaper and the president of the computer club, a geeky guy who was not normally found in the company of girls at all, had done wonders for his self-esteem. Being in the company of the most beautiful, not to mention the most powerful, girl in the universe was one thing. But the way she had wrapped her gorgeous arms around his neck and kissed him all through the slow dances had driven him crazy! He knew she didn't really have a physical attraction for him, they were just good friends and they were having fun.

Kara was paying him back for doing her a tremendous favor a few months before where she had granted him any wish in exchange for his help. The long detailed conditions of his pay back had amused Kara, but she was holding up her end of the deal. His upcoming opportunity to be the first man on Mars was even more exciting than the prom in any case. They were just waiting for the spaceship, an early model of the Space Shuttle, sans a powerplant, to be refurbished. Kara's gorgeous legs, and the flying power they could generate, would be his powerplant.

This prom dance was a small part of the deal, but Kara had taken her role a lot further than he had intended, what with her dramatic outfit and all. Her obvious displays of affection, playful that they might have been, had made him a living legend among both the guys and girls in the school until long after he graduated. Supergirl's obviously growing passion throughout the long evening, as she breathlessly whispered more and more passionately in his ear while appearing to become more and more aroused by dancing with him, had changed the way everyone looked at him. Her kisses would last long after the dance ended as the two of them would stand on the dance floor, lost in each

other's kisses. In the end, the way they finally flew off together, with his arms wrapped around her fabulous chest as he lay against her back, had set the rest of the guys at the dance on fire.

The fact that he wouldn't say a word about his special friend the next day at school, or on the subsequent days, only made him seem more confident and powerful. Everyone wanted to know what it was like to be Supergirl's boyfriend. He just gave everyone a knowing smile, changed the subject and found that he was able to begin dating some of the most attractive girls in school. After all, he had been Supergirl's boyfriend once upon a time.

Kara was quickly forced to bring her thoughts back to the present as she flashed between the low buildings of the town. She spun around in mid-air, flexing her calves strongly one more time to kill her momentum, while landing softly on her bare feet. She had come to rest behind what looked like a clothing store while hiding herself in the narrow alleyway. Walking around nude in a small town like this was sure to get her noticed!

A quick scan inside the building with her super vision showed that it was apparently closed for lunch. A quick twist of her fingers and the case-hardened lock on the back door was torn open. She entered quietly to stroll down the aisles, feeling more like a thief than a shopper. She was disappointed to notice that most of the clothing was Western style, a style she was not fond of. She was still able to find a little flared and pleated miniskirt that fit her and v-neck bodysuit that was comfortably snug across her chest while leaving her arms and shoulders mostly bare. The dramatic cleavage formed by the deep V of the top was interesting as she looked in the mirror. She was clearly a lot bigger than she ever had been before! The skirt, for its part, was scandalously short as it reminded her of her long lost costume. She had to admit that she had always enjoyed the attention she got from wearing short skirts; her legs looked like they were made for such clothes. This was especially true now that the unusual tone of her muscles made her legs even more eye catching than ever before. What she wasn't used to, was having this dramatic of a chest!

A pair of soft white mid-calf boots completed the outfit as she quickly got dressed. Another quick scan of the street showed no one was coming, so she took a moment to grab some eye shadow as she did her eyes. She hadn't worn any makeup in, what was it, weeks? She paused as she suddenly realized that she had no idea of the actual date.

A quick scan of the newspaper stand outside was comforting, it was only 4 weeks since she had been with Mark at the house in Colorado. Four weeks of nearly continuous excitement as her adventures had taken her into space and even to another dimension! She remembered Wonder Woman very fondly as she hoped there was a way for the two of them to meet again. They had some very pleasant but unfinished business to attend to! Business that made her feel more like a woman than the teenage girl she still was.

She was turning away from the newsstand when she saw an article that caught her eye. Something about a man called 'Superman' who was fighting some terrorists in the middle east. 'Superman'! What was, or, more appropriately, who was, this 'Superman'? She had never heard of such a person.

She struggled to read the rest of the words, but her super vision didn't work very well when you had to pick which side of a thin page of newsprint to focus in on when you already had to look through the wall of a building and the steel sides of the newsstand! She decided to quit straining her eyes as she walked around and took a quarter from the till. She hesitated as she reached in to take a couple of ten dollar bills from the drawer as well. She would have to pay the loan back when she got some legitimate money.

She stuffed the money into a small pocket at the waistband of her skirt before opening the front door and walking out into the street. She used her quarter to buy the paper before walking over to the combination bar and restaurant across the street to read it. A cup of coffee and a salad ordered, she scrunched back into one of the booths and began reading. The article was very detailed as it described how this Superman had flown halfway around the world in only an hour! He had broken into the terrorist's guarded compound and had dismantled a small nuclear device that they had been planning to use in Israel.

The matter-of-fact descriptions of his flying ability, strength and invulnerability sounded like her own powers. But how could a man be on Earth with these abilities! This kind of strength was a female characteristic! Only one other man had ever been allowed to leave Velor on a mission and he had been killed earlier that year in the battle with SIL (Editors note: Adventures of Aurora, Chapters 12,14-16). Aurora had told her that they always reserved off-planet travel to females as they were far less likely to abuse their powers.

She saw nothing in the rest of the paper about herself or Aurora, but they had both been out of the public eye for a while. The real question was how this Superman had made himself such a normal piece of page 2 news in only a month. He certainly hadn't been flying around before she met up with Kirin and the other Arions!

Kara pulled her knees up against her chest as she looked up to see what was on the TV over the bar. She was startled to see Superman's face on the screen. The sound was turned off, so she quickly slipped from the booth to walk over to the bar while calling to the bartender to turn it up.

Dave, the daytime bartender and part-time cook, looked over to see the gorgeous stacked blond sitting at the bar with an amazed expression on her face as she watched the TV. He looked up with a bored expression to see that it was yet another article on Superman. He reached for the remote control to turn it up for her as he saw the girl's eyes staring intently up at the TV. That damn Superman had every girl and woman in the country fawning over him, he thought. He had watched the eyes of many a pretty girl as an story on him came on TV. The interest, and quite frankly, the arousal, that he saw on their faces was pissing him off. Why did they have to be so fascinated with this alien man when there were good solid men all around them. I mean, so what if the guy was handsome, had an incredible body and muscles of steel, he was still just another man wasn't he?

He had heard all the giggles from the booths over the years as the girl's had debated what his other 'attributes' might be like, especially after he started to appear on TV as much as he was now. The joke was on them anyway. I mean, heck, everybody knew, the guy didn't fool around. Something about his superhuman strength being too powerful or some crap like that. He had heard the women joking about what they would do with that 'strength' as they imagined it. He had blanched as he had never realized that women had imaginations like that!

Anyway, the guy was probably just queer or something. I mean, he could have any woman on the planet and the only one who he seemed to be sweet on, if the tabloids were correct, was this reporter called Lois Lane. She wasn't even that good looking, at least compared to some of the blond babes he had seen on TV interviews who were always drooling over him. The other thing, the guy was always disappearing. Where did he go when he was done being Superman, home to mama or what? He was sure of it now. The guy was off butt fucking some queer when he wasn't running around in tights. To hell with him.

The blond sitting at the bar with the rapt look on her face was something else, though. She looked like she was 16, maybe 17, years old, at least her face did. Her body was something else, especially the way she carried herself. She had a confidence in her movements that made her look a lot more mature than that.

He noticed that her unusually large eyes were the clearest blue he had ever seen. They almost seemed to glow with their own light as they reflected the glow from the TV. Her face was also stunningly beautiful, the kind you see on the cover of Cosmopolitan and magazines like that. High cheekbones, full lips, everything. Her long shiny blond hair even seemed to glow with its own light as it caught a few rays of sun from the window. She had cute bangs combined with long straight hair that came down to about the middle of her back. Girls like her didn't come into this town very often, that was for sure!

He walked over to see if she needed anything. Her eyes met his for a moment as she asked for a refill on her coffee. He almost felt like he was floating on air as her warm smile showed the cute dimples in her cheeks. He found he had trouble talking, or even breathing, as he looked into the eyes of this teenage goddess. God, she was beautiful!

She quickly looked back up at the TV as he looked down her v-neck top to see the mounds of two perfect and amazingly large breasts! He had to keep himself from whistling in appreciation as he saw how she filled out that tight top. If this girl was 16 or 17 like her face showed, she had the best set of hooters he had ever seen on a young girl, actually, the best he had seen on any woman! And firm, my God, she sure didn't need to wear a bra. A quick look at the two broad points pressing against her thin top also confirmed that she didn't bother wearing one either!

Damn, if her legs were anything like the rest of her, then this was by far the most gorgeous girl he had ever laid eyes on. She looked so pure, perfect and innocent, he wondered who the lucky guy was going to be who popped her cherry someday. Of course, despite her incredibly innocent looks, he suspected that some guy had probably already had that thrill. Girls were like that now days. Hell, despite their pure and innocent looks, some guy could be giving it to her every night! He leaned back and continued to stare at her as he imagined what it would be like to be the guy who was slipping it to her tonight. He could show her a thing or two, at least compared to some young dude, that's for sure!

Sybil, the waitress, saw Dave staring at the girl as if he was having intercourse with her with just his eyes! She had never seen a man get as lost as Dave did in ogling young girls like this. Too bad for him that he was a loser in bed. She had given him a tumble once and had been disappointed as he had not 'walked the talk' at all. All he had cared about was what she could do for him, to hell with her needs. He also hadn't had much to work with between his

legs to please her with in any case.

She glanced over at the girl and for once had to complement Dave on his choice of subjects for his ogling. The gorgeous young girl, clearly still in high school, was staring at the TV with the most amazing combination of wonder and confusion she had ever seen on anyone's face. She glanced up to see that it was that first TV interview with Superman. Well, no wonder she looked that way, the guy was the most incredible hunk that ever lived! Too bad he didn't like women very much. She, like most of the other women alive, would line up for a chance to take a roll in the hay with that guy! She chuckled to herself as she wondered if the tabloids reports on his other 'attributes' were accurate. She wasn't sure what she would do with as much manhood as the articles described, but she would certainly like to try to put as much of it as she could to a good use! The increasingly older men she now dated never did seem to be hard enough for her anymore.

Kara smiled as she heard the almost mocking tone of some of Barbara Walters questions as the interview continued. She was shocked as she heard Barbara asking Superman about his childhood. He quickly described growing up on Earth and how he had learned to use his powers for good. They showed some old footage of him as a boy, maybe ten years old or so, as he lifted a huge railroad locomotive above a washed-out bridge during a violent storm!

This had to be some kind of hoax or entertainment show, Kara thought to herself, yet it certainly looked like a news show. She and Aurora were the only people on the planet with those kinds of muscles and she was the only one who was really public about it. She was Earth's Supergirl, she had made many appearances over the last few months, but Earth had never had a real Superman, with the exception of the secretive and shy David! What was going on here?

"I see they are showing that interview once again. Wait until they get to the place where she asks him to demonstrate his powers. I love that part!"

Kara looked down to see the waitress standing next to her. She looked like she was in her late forties, curly red hair, but not aging particularly gracefully. Her body was still very trim and shapely, but the dry desert air was tough on a woman's face.

"That was the first real TV interview he ever did, a couple of years ago now. I'm glad he decided to 'come out of the closet' after all those years of sketchy newspaper reports and lousy photos."

"A couple of years ago! You mean, he has been on TV since then?" Kara asked incredulously.

"Yeah, honey, the guy is famous now. Where have you been, anyway?"

Kara ignored her question as she heard Superman talking about his ideals. She was a little surprised as she heard his bland idealistic statements about 'truth, justice and the American way'. She hadn't heard anyone actually talk like that before, but remembered reading some LIFE magazine articles in high school that had interviews with people from the early 60's. She knew that there had been a time when people, at least Americans, thought that way. The world was clearly too diverse and complicated today for such simple statements, yet here was this guy on TV throwing out these platitudes like he was serious about it.

Barbara clearly reacted to the same thing as she tried to dig below the surface of his quiet, almost childish, demeanor. "Not very sophisticated is he?", the waitress added. "Especially in this first interview. It was almost as if he had been locked up his whole life, never interacting with people. He is a lot more real now days. A couple of years of media exposure toughens you up in a hurry. By the way, my name is Sybil."

Kara looked down to shake her hand. "I'm Kara, Kara Matthews." She waited for the usual response, but saw no sign of recognition in her face. Anybody who read newspapers or magazines or ever watched TV would know that Kara Matthews was really Supergirl; Kara had been very open with the public. She had even done a couple of TV specials where she had invited Aurora to join her as they had talked about themselves. The network had even been asking her to do an American Gladiators type of show where she competed against Aurora, but they hadn't worked out the details yet.

However, Sybil's blank stare was a real surprise to Kara. How could this woman knew all about this 'Superman' but nothing about herself!

She realized that Sybil was probably wondering about her the same way. She suddenly realized that she had to try and explain why everybody knew about Superman except her. She remembered this article she had read about these private girl's schools in Europe. Yes, that might explain her ignorance. "I'm sorry if I'm staring so much, but I've

been away at school, an academy in Switzerland for the last few years, and they don't allow TV there. I've never seen a picture of Superman before."

The waitress smiled at her. She remembered her own shocked and aroused reaction to this first interview. This girl was definitely old enough to feel the same things she had. Sybil stared at her for a moment. There was something about her that seemed very familiar, but she couldn't place it for a moment. Suddenly it came to her, it was her eyes! She had almost the same innocent look in her eyes that Superman had had when he first started to appear on TV. Almost as if she had just walked out of some kind of time warp and didn't understand anything about what was going on.

She smirked as she remembered what she had heard about those exclusive Swiss schools for girls. Speaking of time warps! Their parents lock them away there so that they can get a good education without the distractions of boys. She looked down at the girl, especially her long gorgeously tanned legs and incredible figure, as she realized that she would have been a more serious distraction to the boys than they were to her. She also knew that she would sell her soul to have a quarter of the beauty and raw innocent sensuality of this girl!

She looked up to see Dave heading their way again as she suddenly felt protective of the young girl. "Come on, honey, business is slow. Lets sit over by the window and you can tell me what brings you to Sulfur Wells. Dave, turn the TV up higher so my friend Kara here can hear it from the window booth."

She saw Dave turn reluctantly to click on the remote control. He turned back in time to see the girl stand up and walk toward the window with Sybil. He was stunned as he saw she was wearing one of the shortest skirts he had ever seen, the kind that Suzy, the young blond aerobics instructor over at Bally's, wore when she and her boyfriend went line dancing. He often paid the cover charge just to sit in the TGIF club and watch her dancing on Saturday nights. The images of her long gorgeous legs always floated in his mind for the rest of the night until his hand finally helped bring him some relief.

He stared at this girl's legs as he realized that she was far prettier than even Suzy. Her legs looked like she had been working-out doing aerobics or whatever since she was born! Her long shapely legs rippled gently as she walked. He quickly realized that she had the best muscle tone he had ever seen on a girl! Yet she certainly wasn't built like some dyke bodybuilder or anything, more like the pictures he had seen of fitness models. He had once heard them described as 'models with muscles'. And by God, did this girl ever have muscles in those long legs!

He was mesmerized as she slid into the booth while crossing those gorgeous legs. He stared open-mouthed at her as her skirt rode up almost to her hips. He could have sworn he caught a momentary flash of gold between her firm thighs while she was crossing them! His staring eyes were now almost falling from his head before he made the mistake of glancing to the side. He saw Sybil angrily staring back at him, the message in her eyes was very clear! The call from Joe, on the other side of the bar, finally brought him the rest of the way back to reality as he reluctantly turned to get him another beer.

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Sybil was also watching the girl, but mainly to see her reaction to the interview with Superman on TV. She leaned forward to nudge Kara as she watched Barbara asking Superman to show something of his powers. He stood up as the camera zoomed in on his lower body as it followed him across the stage. His inhumanly perfect muscle tone was readily apparent in the way his cute ass and calves flexed under his tights. Sybil's mouth went dry as she was again amazed by how much the movement of his body and rippling of his muscles always affected her. This was certainly not a man like other men!

Kara was shocked by the image on the TV as she had never seen muscles moving like that on a man before. In fact, the muscle tone of his legs and back reminded her an awful lot of Aurora, although definitely from a male perspective. Yet he didn't look anything like a bodybuilder as he wasn't vascular or blocky. She would have sworn that he must have been born with those muscles, they looked so lithe and natural.

The two of them, the fading older woman and the pretty young girl, watched as he picked up one of the steel beams like it was weightless. Kara gasped softly as the rear camera angle revealed the sudden strong flexing of his back and his ass! He may have lifted it easily, but there were obviously some serious muscles flexing under that tight costume!

Superman laid the beam across his chest as his upper body suddenly flexed astoundingly large. His broad chest expanded as his biceps stretched the thin fabric of his costume until they were larger, far larger, than softballs! His upper body continued to flex more and more dramatically until the beam finally began bending noisily as he twisted

it around his upper body, shaping it to match the powerful contours of his chest. He then lifted it over his head as his powerful muscles flexed in even more interesting ways as he twisted the beam into a huge knot!

Kara's mouth fell open as she saw him using the kind of strength that only she and Aurora possessed. This was impossible, after all, he was just a man! Men didn't have physique's or muscles like this! Kara's head was spinning as she continued watching the incredible expansion of his muscles, mesmerized by muscles that were now clearly very much like her own, except that they were so much larger than hers to begin with!

Kara instantly knew that this had to be a Velorian man, no matter what he had told everyone about his background. Aurora had told her enough about her Velorian background that she knew that the only other race that was remotely this powerful were the Arions, and he certainly didn't have the personality of an Arion Prime!

"Watch this, honey," Sybil said as she leaned over to Kara, "I was always amazed they didn't edit this part out."

They both stared at the screen as Superman reached down to bend another beam across his uplifted thigh as the camera suddenly zoomed in very close. His costume was momentarily stretched very tightly across his crotch as his thighs and abs flexed strongly while bending the beam. Clearly displayed, among the rippling muscles of his lower abdomen and massive thighs, was the clear outline of the largest cock either of them had ever seen! Kara was shocked as she felt some truly amazing sensations building in her body. She suddenly realized that he was apparently a super man in more ways than just his muscles!

"That, honey, is what woke up half the women in the country. They suddenly realized that not all the steel this guy handles was made in a steel mill!"

Kara smiled weakly at the woman's crude remarks as she felt an uncontrollable flush of emotions through her own body. She felt a strong tingling between her legs that rushed up to her chest as she looked back over at the bar. The bartender was staring even more intently at her than before. His eyes were unblinking and his mouth was open, almost drooling, as she saw him looking down at her chest. She followed his eyes downward and was immediately embarrassed to see that her nipples had gotten hard and were now sticking nearly an inch out from the tight thin elastic material of her top! She turned to see Sybil chuckling as she observed the same thing. "Honey, I think you have been locked up in your little school too long before having your first 'encounter' with this Superman."

Kara suddenly turned red as she quickly raised her hands to cup her breasts in an effort to cover herself. This made Dave become even more aroused as he noticed that her surprisingly strong-looking hands were not nearly large enough to fully surround her large prominent breasts. He had a sudden fantasy of using his own hands to fondle her that way. He began to wonder what nipples that large would feel like, pressing into his palms?

He could have sworn she was reading his mind as he saw a flash of anger replacing her embarrassment as she quickly pulled her knees up against her chest while she glared back at him. Dave again could have sworn he saw a quick flash of gold before her boots were tucked firmly up against her bottom. He stared at the expanse of her thighs, visible nearly all the way down to her rounded ass, as her tiny skirt could hide very little. He felt the blood pounding in his veins as he was now almost sure that she wasn't wearing any panties!

He still had the image in his mind of how her huge nipples had protruded from the fabric of her top as he realized that he had never seen nipples even remotely that large. The closest was the Farah Fawcett pictorial in a recent Playboy magazine. But this young girl had her beat in aces!

Besides, he thought to himself, she looks like she needs a man, really badly! He had seen other girls react to this Superman interview, but never like this! Her innocent but dramatic sensuality was starting to drive him mad as he couldn't take his eyes off her. He had overheard enough of her conversation with Sybil to know that she had been locked up in some school without any guys. Maybe this was going to be his lucky night, as long as nobody else 'discovered' her today. Given the declining clientele of this joint, that was unlikely.

Kara and Sybil finished watching the hour long TV interview. Kara saw a couple of things that really stuck in her mind, besides the shock of seeing this 'Superman' so vividly portrayed on the screen.

The first was the ad for Pan Am airlines. She hadn't really thought about it when she saw the airplane earlier in the morning, but this airline had gone out of business years ago! What was it now doing flying around and putting ad's on TV like it was the biggest airline going?

The second was a news blurb about what looked like a huge military buildup, one that had been going on for over a

year in Mexico. It was between the emerging armies of northern Mexico, supported by the US and Canada, and Mexico's neighbors to the south, supported by the Columbians! The news blurb talked about how Mexico was caught neatly in between the northern and the southern forces as it was losing control of its own destiny by the increase in tensions. The scenario began to make even less sense when the reporter started talking about the fact that Columbia had many sympathetic supporters within the US, believers in the Aztec god, Huitzilopochtli! Something was now obviously very wrong! Aztec worshippers in the 20th century? Those priests had believed in human sacrifice for cripes sake!

She suddenly remembered Wonder Woman talking about how Paradise Island was in a different dimension than Earth and how she had visited Earth on many occasions. Kara had never heard of Wonder Woman before, but had assumed at the time that she had been very secretive about her visits. Yet she had talked about some dramatic battle she had fought at Superman's side against his enemies, a battle fought on the streets of the city he lived in. How could that have been kept quiet!

Disquieting thoughts began to run through Kara's head. Maybe, just maybe, there was something different about the Earth Wonder Woman had described and Kara's own Earth. Maybe there were, in fact, several Earth's in different dimensions, all slightly different from each other!

The idea was startling, but it was at least a possible explanation for what was going on here. The theory, if indeed it proved correct, did leave one other little problem unsolved; the problem of how to get back to 'her' Earth. Her thoughts returned to Superman as she looked up again at the credits that were scrolling across the screen. He was in the background, wind blowing across his cape and hair, as he stood with his hands crossed on his chest. He looked very young, with an almost childish expression on his face sometimes, especially when he was clearly trying to make himself look older than he actually was. Now that she stared at his facial expressions, she saw that she would be surprised if he was much older than she was, despite his amazing physique.

She could feel her very aroused nipples tingling again, their hard pronounced points pressing very firmly against her thighs, as she held her knees to her chest. The fact that she now suspected that he wasn't all that much older than she was seemed to send a tingle down her back. She lowered her head to rest her chin on her knees as she tried to pull her thoughts away from him. She found it was harder than she expected as she couldn't remember ever responding to a guy like this before. She was now getting really embarrassed by it as she knew her arousal was pretty obvious to anyone who looked at her. Especially only wearing these skimpy clothes. To make it worse, several other men had moved from their tables to sit on the other side of the bar; they were all staring intently at her! She looked away, one of the attributes of being a model was that you could block the stares out when you needed to, and she really needed to right now.

Kara shook her long blond hair from her face as her eyes moved back to Sybil. The woman leaned over to whisper to her. "Honey, I don't know how you managed to stay locked up in that school of yours without any boys around. But from what I just saw, I think you need to get out a little more often. I mean, Superman is the ultimate hunk, but THAT was quite a reaction. Are you Ok?"

Kara nodded numbly. Actually, she wasn't Ok at all. Her nipples were tingling even more strongly now as she felt them vibrating slightly against the firm muscles of her thighs. She even felt herself getting a little moist as she held her white boots firmly against her pubic bone. She looked up to see that the bartender especially was still staring at her. She was surprised to realize that she was even starting to lick her lips a little. She knew she only did that when she was getting really turned on!

The vision of Superman's incredible muscles still echoed strongly through her mind, turning her on even more as she thought about him. She had seen how much larger those muscles were than her own as she tried to imagine the power he would have, especially the power in his strong hands. She felt a really funny tingly warmth inside herself as she knew that he could probably overpower her if he wanted to. That thought sent an incredible rush through her body, so much so that she gasped audibly, as she had always dreamed of a man gently overpowering her and making wild uncontrollable love to her! It had been her most sensual and recurring dream, impossible as it was for a Supergirl like herself, for the last few months.

Yet the way his muscles had flexed under his skintight costume was clearly the most arousing thing she had ever seen! Fleeting and imaginative thoughts of what he could do with those muscles continued to dance through her mind as she became more and more aroused! She finally had to shake her head, blonde hair dancing across her bare shoulders, as she tried to force herself to stop thinking about him!

She stared back at the bartender as he continued to ogle her with that lecherous look on his face. She began to study his flabby paunchy body and sallow cheeks. She squinted her eyes a bit to use her super vision to look

beneath this clothes as she suddenly felt disgusted to see the poor physical condition he was in. Any arousal that she had been feeling for Superman's amazing physique left her now as she slowly undressed the bartender with her eyes, very literally. The guy obviously hadn't exercised in years from the look of his soft weak muscles. She felt the last of the tingles leaving her body as her super vision suddenly saw him as if he was in the nude. She felt like gagging as the man's body was a complete turnoff; just what she needed right now! A couple of moments more of using her amazing eyes to study his 'nude' body, especially his small flaccid cock, was all it took to flush the last remains of her arousal from her body. She finally lowered her legs, while crossing them again under the table, before turning back to her newspaper and finishing her coffee. Ugly, small and flabby men were at least good maintaining self-control, if nothing else, she thought wryly to herself.

Sybil had to get up to wait on a couple of people, but soon returned with her arm proudly around the shoulders of a boy about Kara's age. "Kara, this is my son Peter. Peter, meet Kara. Peter just was voted 'Best Athlete' in the tri-country area. Football, track and baseball. This is his last summer here as he is off to the university next month." Kara gave him a warm smile while firmly shaking his hand as he slid into the booth beside his mom. He was a great looking guy, she thought as her eyes met his. He had a very cute but intelligent look in his warm blue eyes.

Pete was more than a little surprised, astounded would even be too weak a word for it, to see this gorgeous girl, sitting in the sun, as she looked back up at him. When his mom had asked him to come over and meet this girl, he had reluctantly agreed, figuring she was some farmgirl from the ranches; strong, plain and wholesome. What he saw instead had shocked and disoriented him as he had never seen such a beautiful girl, not on TV or even in a magazine. Her perfect face and dramatic figure were so stunning that he was momentarily tongue-tied.

He finally regained his composure a bit. "P ... Please, call me Pete. I'm really glad to meet you Kara. I, uh, I guess you're new in town, I haven't seen you before."

Her face suddenly lit up as her sudden beautiful smile and dimpled cheeks almost made his heart stop. "Yes, I just got in this morning, Pete. Your mom has been telling me about the town. Sounds like a nice quiet place."

"Too quiet, much too quiet. Nothing ever happens here," he said with a frown. "I'm going down to Arizona State to start school next semester; football scholarship. Anything to get out of this place. I won't miss the town but I will miss you, Mom," he said as he put his arm around his mom's shoulders and kissed her cheek.

Kara smiled at them as she saw how comfortable they were with each other, very unlike the kind of strained relationships she had often seen with teenage boys and their mothers back in LA. She again noticed that Pete was a really good looking guy, in extremely good shape and very handsome. He also looked like he worked out a lot in addition to being very active in sports. His blond hair, streaked with darker gold, was surprisingly, exactly the same shade as her own, right down to the gold strands. He also wore it a lot longer than was fashionable today, at least on 'her' Earth. It was still a lot shorter than her hair, hers reached down to the middle of her back, yet it still reached a bit below his shoulders as it caught the sun the same way her hair always did. She suddenly realized she was staring at him now; she quickly turned away to glance out the window.

Pete also found that he was having real trouble keeping from staring at Kara as he realized that she was by far the most beautiful girl he had ever seen! He was still stunned by her slim fit body, long glowing blond hair, perfect face, incredible blue eyes and her absolutely incredible long legs. He had never seen any girl, even on TV or in the movies, that had looked remotely as beautiful as this! He found that he had to force himself not to stare, his mother had taught him not to, but it was very hard. He was glad for the distraction when he looked up a moment later to see a couple of men coming in the door.

Kara's thoughts were still drifting as she knew that she had a couple of immediate problems to overcome. One was that she didn't really have anything to wear when she was flying. Ordinary clothing would tear off, or burn off, in the slipstream. The other was that she really didn't have a place to stay or anything. Not that she really needed any sleep; physically at least. But like everyone else, she needed a place of her own and sleep was an essential mental escape even if her super body didn't need the rest.

Getting money was no problem. She had no qualms about taking ill-gotten money from people like drug dealers and other criminals. She had done that many times back 'home'. She had never wanted for anything that money could buy, that was for sure. The real problem was to figure out what she was supposed to be doing here on this 'Earth' and/or how she was supposed to get home. Yet she felt strangely comforted by the fact that there was clearly at least one person on the planet who might be able to answer her questions, or who would at least understand her concerns. She just had no idea how to find him.

Well, first things first, clothing. She was just getting ready to ask Sybil for her check when she saw Pete glance up

quickly, his mouth tight and his eyes narrowing. She turned her head around to follow his gaze as she saw two men walking into the bar. She noticed the same thing that he obviously had; the men were both wearing long coats despite the 100F heat outside!

Her blue eyes twinkled for a moment as she did a quick scan beneath their coats. She was only mildly surprised to see that each man carried a sawed-off shotgun! They sure hadn't looked like a very savory pair. She was from LA after all, so she was used to seeing strange characters. But these two obviously had something more on their mind than just buying a drink.

She felt a little amused by this as she realized that these men were starting to make a very big mistake by robbing this place when she was here. One of the real thrills of her young life was stopping criminals in the act, especially if they were as dangerous as these two men looked. This time, she also had the additional challenge of stopping them without drawing attention to herself.

She started with a quick focused burst of heat vision, directed at the bottom of the first man's coat. The curl of smoke quickly turned into bright flames as he looked down in horror. He looked back at this partner, hesitating for only a moment, before throwing the coat, with the shotgun still holstered in it, to the floor as he began stomping on it. Another quick burst of heat vision, a little broader in focus, on his butt made his pants begin smoking. He shouted as he reached behind himself to feel the hot denim as it was nearly ready to burst into flames. He dove for the nearest table as he grabbed a pitcher of water and began to douse the seat of his smoking Jeans with it.

Kara smiled as she played with the man this way. She sometimes loved the feeling of power she had over Terrans, especially criminals like these. She was defeating them and they didn't even know she was here!

The other man, now totally confused by the antics of his partner, opened his long coat and swung his shotgun up to point it at the bartender. "Ok, everyone, this is a stickup. Nobody move and you won't get hurt. You, bartender, give me the money in that register; in this bag, NOW!" Kara saw the bartender moving slowly toward the till as her blue eyes began twinkling again.

Pete looked at Kara and was immediately shocked to see two very faint beams coming from her beautiful blue eyes! The beams lit up the airborne dust particles as they reached across the room to focus on the shotgun. Pete saw the gun suddenly glowing red hot as the man yelped and dropped it onto the counter. It smoldered and smoked as it scorched the hard wood. He quickly grabbed a beer from the counter and poured it over his blistered hand before reaching back into his coat to whip out a handgun. Pete saw the twin beams flash across the room again. He turned quickly to see his Mom staring at Kara with an amazed look on her face. They both had easily followed the beams back to Kara's blue eyes!

Pete watched as Kara again stared at the robber as her eyes momentarily twinkled with a faint red glow before the beams crossed the room again. The glow quickly faded as Pete heard the man howling behind his back, cursing as his last gun clattered onto the counter. He saw a little pleased smile form at the corner of the girl's lips as she blinked a couple of times before turning to stare back into his own eyes. Pete was mesmerized as her big clear blue eyes were now faintly glowing with their own pale light!

Sybil had seen it all as well as she now realized what it was about this girl that had struck her earlier. She had once bought several close-up pictures of Superman's face and she had been really struck by his large incredibly clear blue eyes and how much they had looked like her son, Pete's. She suddenly realized that this girl's eyes were also almost identical to Superman's! That and the faint red beams. How many times had she seen Superman do that on TV! My God, this girl, she must ... she must be from the same place as him!

Kara could tell by the look on both their faces that they had just seen what she had done. This had happened to her before, as the beams from her heat vision were sometimes fairly easy to see, especially in a darkened and dusty room like this. The shock and surprise she saw on both their faces was enough to make her giggle as she dropped her forehead onto the table, blonde hair splayed across it, while trying to restrain herself. Their expressions had been priceless, she thought, but she didn't want to laugh openly at them. She soon felt Sybil leaning over the table toward her again.

"I, I mean, did you do, you know, what I just thought you just did, Kara?"

Kara didn't answer right away as she slowly raised her head and swept her long hair behind her back with her arm. She winked back at Sybil while turning her head to look at the robbers again. They both were staring into her eyes when they saw another twinkle in them followed by a quick burst of those pale red beams just before they heard one of the crooks yelp again. The sudden sounds of several other men, all regular patrons of the bar, as they grabbed

the confused crooks was not enough to pull their eyes away from Kara's. Sybil was now positive that this girl had just used heat vision to defeat these men, just like she had seen Superman do on TV!

Kara turned back to look at Pete as she saw that the boy still had that startled and amazed expression on his face. One problem in using heat vision was that she couldn't see the beams herself, so she never knew if they were visible or not. It all depended on the lighting and the dust in the air. But in this case, it was clear that they must have been very visible!

Pete stared at the girl as he felt this amazing feeling in his stomach, like butterflies. He realized that this stunningly beautiful girl had to be some kind of alien, just like Superman! The image of her twinkling eyes and the twin red beams reaching across the room were still vivid in his mind. He couldn't make his mouth work, he was having enough trouble breathing, as he could only stare in those big blue eyes. He gradually regained his composure as he realized that he wanted to talk freely with Kara, not with a bunch of people eavesdropping on them.

"Mom, we need to get out of here." He started to stand up as Sybil did the same while reaching for Kara's hand.

"Honey, we need to talk. Come with us, I'm punching out for the day."

"Dave," she shouted as she turned to the counter, "I gotta get out of here for the rest of the day. You are going to be busy with the Sheriff anyway. See you in the morning."

Before Dave could say anything, he saw Sybil heading out the door with the young blonde girl in tow, her son following behind. Damn, he was sorry to see the girl go, but he had his hands full with these robbers. Why they would start to rob a place, only to drop their guns on the floor and begin howling with pain, was completely beyond him. Must be whacked out on drugs or something he thought. All the more reason to tie them up tight until the Sheriff got here!

Sybil nearly ran the two blocks to her house with Kara and Pete jogging along easily behind her. She banged in through the front door, out of breath, as she finally turned and looked at the amused look on the girl's face. "Ok, honey, did you just do what I thought you did back there?"

"What did you think I did," Kara said shyly as she saw Pete also staring at her with a funny look on his face. Sybil couldn't say anything for a moment, it sounded too silly. She finally said what was on her mind.

"I think you used heat vision to stop those men, just like I've seen Superman do on TV. Am I right?"

Kara hesitated for a moment before answering as her eyes met both of theirs for a moment. She decided it made no sense to deny it, after all, they must have had a clear view of what she did if they both were reacting this strongly.

"Yes, you are right. It seemed like the safest way to disarm them."

Sybil cried out as she spun around the room for a moment. "My God, I can't believe this, a female Superman, and just a girl at that. I mean, where do you come from, I thought Superman was the only survivor of his planet?"

Kara smiled at the woman as she watched her reaction. She had never gotten used to people reacting to her when they suddenly discovered her powers. It was still kind of a trip to have someone get this excited over what she could do with her body now!

"Well, I don't know what Superman has been telling everyone here, but I come from a planet called Velor that has thousands of people living on it. Everyone is pretty much like Superman or myself. I think he must be confused about where he comes from or maybe he doesn't want to talk about it."

Sybil felt her legs getting weak and finally had to sit down. Thousands of superhuman people, all like Superman or this girl! It was too incredible!

She heard Kara continuing. "The problem is that I don't think I belong on this Earth. I mean, I've been living on Earth for a lot of years and been publicly appearing during the last few months, I call myself Supergirl. But I've never heard of a Superman before. And you obviously haven't heard of me. So I think I'm in the wrong dimension or something like that. If that makes any sense to you."

Everything made sense to Sybil now, yet nothing did. She and her son had collected everything ever written about Superman and had read many fanciful accounts of his life and where he was from. They had even joined a fan club where they exchanged memorabilia, pictures and stories about him with thousands of other people across the country. They had gone to a convention in Las Vegas the year before where Superman had been invited to attend.

They had both been really disappointed when he didn't show up.

Sybil was now ready to accept anything as far as Superman was concerned, he was a God to her, a super man in every way. The fact that this girl had told her things that nobody else on this planet seemed to know, that he was from this planet called Velor, made everything fit for the first time.

They both looked back up at the girl with a new appreciation in her eyes. She was standing in the middle of the room with her hands on her hips and an amused look on her face. They both saw her for the first time for who and what she really was, a female version of Superman, a beautiful young woman called Supergirl!

Pete couldn't believe that this stunningly beautiful girl, the same age as he was, was standing in his living room like some kind of Goddess. He really noticed the distinctive movements of her long legs now as he saw the unmistakable signs of the fabulous muscle tone that had always been so remarkable about Superman. Her legs were absolutely gorgeous as her outrageously short flared mini-skirt certainly showed them off! Now that he really looked at her, he could see that she was indeed a young female version of Superman in every way. All she needed was a set of red and blue tights and a cape and she could fly off to fight crime the way he did. Wow!

His voice finally returned so that he was finally able to talk again.

"Can you, you know, do all the things Superman can do? Jump over tall buildings, bend steel bars, bounce bullets off your, ah, chest and stuff like that." His eyes focused on her dramatic chest as he tried to imagine bullets bouncing off those large rounded breasts. No way, he thought to himself!

"I'm am from the same planet as him. Yes, I can do those things, although I'm not sure my current clothing would survive the bullets bouncing off my chest and all that." She looked down at herself as Pete felt a surge of wild fire in his belly.

"Wow, this is incredible. Here, show me something that you can do." He reached down to hand Kara one of the 20 lb weights from his barbell.

Kara hesitated for a moment as she saw both of them staring at her with excited looks on their faces. She had always felt a thrill in showing off her strength to an appreciative audience and this was certainly such an audience. She had always figured it was her modeling background or maybe just the exhibitionist in her, but using her super strength to do impossible things while people watched her do it was one of her biggest thrills.

She took the steel disk from him as she held it in front of herself. She flipped her long hair behind her bare shoulders and arms as she raised the disk to hold it at chest level. Gripping it firmly in her strong hands, she slowly flexed the amazing muscles of her upper body while gradually tearing it in half as if it was made of thick paper, not steel! The metal groaned and even screamed in agony as her bare arms suddenly looked immensely powerful. She finally pulled her arms powerfully apart to separate the two halves before handing one of the halves back to Pete. She cupped the other one in both hands.

She began to squeeze her hands together again while smiling at them as she saw their eyes traveling across her upper body. They both gasped as they saw her body flexing in a way that was very much like Superman, just smaller. Despite the fact that she was but a girl, her muscles grew far larger than one could ever have believed was possible for someone as slim as this. The tremendous range of muscle expansion that Superman had made famous was now very clearly evident in this girl's body.

Pete had never seen a girl's muscles flexing like this, and he often worked out with a number of women down at the Bally's, mostly doing aerobics with them. Kara's arms, chest and shoulders amazed him as they were suddenly showing tight cuts in her muscles that looked as if they were chiseled from steel themselves. He was really impressed as he saw the way her powerful pectorals pushed her large breasts high in the air as he heard a couple of threads snapping as he saw that her tight top was nearly ready to rip open!

At the same time, he saw the steel slowly bending in her hands, almost as if it was made of soft clay or something! Anything except the hard steel that it was actually made from!

He could even see her fingers making depressions in it as even the grip of just her fingers was obviously stronger than the steel. Yet, if it wasn't for the incredible flexing of her muscles, he would have thought this was completely effortless for her as her face showed no sign of strain!

Kara now quickly squeezed the steel again and again with her fingers, a soft keening sound coming from it on each powerful grip of her hands, until it was formed into a ball the size of a baseball. She really loved the feeling of using her strength like this as it always made her feel warm and kind of tingly. It was even more fun when some cute guy like this was staring at her this intently!

She finally had it formed into a pretty good ball, so she handed it back to Pete. She saw that it was nearly too hot for him to hold as he juggled it from hand to hand for a moment. While he was doing that, she picked up the other half of the torn steel disk and began shaping it the same way. Soon, both Sybil and Pete were standing holding these very warm objects, which had only moments before been part of Pete's weight set. They were smoothly formed globes, sculpted only with the raw strength of Supergirl's powerful hands. Neither of them knew what to say for a moment, they just stared back at the pumped muscles of her upper body as she put her hands back on her hips.

Kara finally broke the silence. "Well, now that you guys know all about me, I could really use your help. I want to get back to my own world, but I think I am going to need to meet Superman and get his help. But I have no idea where he lives or anything.⁹⁴"

Sybil finally recovered enough to talk. "That I think we can help with, Kara. We probably know as much about him as anyone. Why don't you get your things and stay with us for a day or two while we figure this out."

Kara looked down at herself as she raised her arms. "These are my things. I didn't have a stitch of clothing on me when I arrived, I 'borrowed' these from Kitties Clothing across the street."

Pete smiled as he suddenly had a vision of Kara without her clothes; it was a very nice image! He chuckled as he thought of her shopping nude over at Kitties, but figured she must have been there during Kitties infamous long lunch break. He suddenly realized that she had yet another problem.

"How do you fly in those clothes. Superman seems to wear this invulnerable costume all the time to keep the wind and air friction from tearing or burning his clothes. How are you going to handle that?"

"Well, I guess I don't have a way right now," Kara answered as she looked down at herself. "I used to have an indestructible costume like that back home, but I have nothing here. I'll just have to undress when I'm going to really fly fast. Either that or plan on buying new clothes every time I land!"

Pete liked the first idea himself, but his mom broke the spell. "We can do better than that, I know just how to handle this," Sybil chimed in. "My friend Sherry works out at Clintocks and they make these exotic fabrics for use in bulletproof vests and stuff. I bet they have something that we could use to make some clothes for you. We just have to give Sherry the pattern."

Sybil turned to grab her sewing supplies as she was suddenly kneeling down to get some measurements from Kara's body. She used to be a seamstress before the swimsuit and clothing factory had closed; this was going to be a piece of cake. Sybil measured her tiny 22" waist and trim 35" hips. Her dramatic 40" bust and very high firm breasts made for quite a contrast with her tiny waist. She saw that this girl was going to have trouble wearing anything right off the rack! She quickly decided to make her suit as tiny as possible, yet as flexible as possible. She still remembered how much bigger Kara had looked when she was tearing that steel disk apart! Any costume she made would have to tolerate the extreme changes in her body as she flexed herself. The girl also didn't have an extra gram of fat on her body and was fabulously firm, gravity seemed to have no effect on her body. She certainly didn't need clothes for support or protection, only to cover herself enough to provide essential modesty.

Sybil had heard her friend talking about this incredible metalized asbestos fabric they were working on that was supposed to be nearly indestructible. She had even shown a sample to Sybil once; she said it could stop bullets and was also impervious to heat. They were experimenting with making a new kind of military protective gear or maybe even a lightweight armor from it.

"Pete, why don't you show her everything that we have collected about Superman so that Kara will know where to begin looking for him."

"Ok, follow me ..." Pete said as he turned toward the stairs. He headed up the stairs, Kara bounding lightly behind him, her feet barely touching the stairs.

The walls of their 'hobby room' were covered with posters and other pictures of Superman. The fan magazines and books were piled neatly along a table. Kara began to look through them as she realized that she had had no idea that so much material could be written about one man. As far as she knew, no one had ever done anything like this regarding Aurora or herself back on their Earth. She saw that sorting through all of this was going to take a while,

maybe even days, even with Pete's help.

Kara was fascinated by the pictures of Superman as he used his strength to solve a number of crimes or save people. She was even more amazed when Pete began showing her some videos of his feats that had been taken by amateur photographers. She loved the one where he was holding a huge truck over his head while bullets were bouncing off his body. She noticed that not all of them hit his upper body as the machine gun had strayed downward as his more private areas also proved strong enough to repel bullets! She looked up to see Pete looking at her with a grin on his face. She looked down again to see that her nipples were once again standing up nearly an inch from her breasts as the thin elastic fabric of her top surrounded them.

"I gather he has quite an effect on you, Kara. My mom's crazy about him too!"

Kara felt herself blushing a bit as he stared at her. "Pete, I have never seen anything like this man before. I thought my friend Aurora and I were the only people that had left Velor and were on Earth. I never imagined they would let a Velorian man travel to Earth!"

"I gathered that, judging by the 'effect' he is having on you again."

He saw her smile weakly at him as her eyes followed his as he walked around behind her to wrap his arms around her tiny waist. He was surprised as she immediately leaned back to sensuously melt into his arms as she continued to read through the material on the table. The sensation of the firm soft warmth of her body, combined with her long silky blond hair, as she leaned against his chest was enough to strongly arouse him. The sudden thought of how she had looked when she was tearing that steel disk apart with her bare hands caused him to suddenly become very aroused. He was embarrassed for a moment as he felt himself pressing against the cheeks of her ass. He was almost shocked as she simply moved a bit to cradle him between her cheeks.

It was now her turn to turn her head to give him a smile. "I gather that I am having a bit of an effect on you as well. Have you always had a thing for people with the word 'super' in front of their names?"

"Is that really what you really call yourself, Supergirl?"

"I'm Kara to my friends, Supergirl to everyone else."

"I just can't believe, Kara, that there could be a girl with the powers of Superman. It is just too incredible to believe! Especially a girl who looks like you, in case no one has told you this before, you are absolutely gorgeous!"

"Ah, I think that thought has crossed a few guys minds before, Pete, but thank you for the compliment anyway. What completely amazes me here is that there is a super-powered male on Earth who has left Velor. That almost never happens. Aurora, she is a friend of mine back on 'my' Earth, also from Velor, tells me that Velorian men are usually timid and fairly weak. The men run everything back on Velor, while we females run around the universe having adventures and saving planets and so forth. Seems like a good tradeoff to me. I have no interest in government or business, but I do enjoy using my powers to help people."

"My God, Kara, you mean there are two of you?"

"Well, not exactly. Aurora looks almost like a body builder, in fact, Superman's physique first reminded me of her. She is a lot more muscular than I am, not to mention taller. She used to be endowed a lot better than I am also, but something happened when I came to this dimension. I don't usually look so, ah, buxom, as I do here."

Pete looked down over her shoulder as her dramatic rounded cleavage was clearly visible. Her breasts were widely spaced and nearly perfectly round, yet they met in the center to form a naturally deep cleavage, even though she wore no bra or other support. He felt himself stirring as Kara melted even deeper into his arms as she continued to read everything she could get her hands on. She wasn't learning anything about where he lived, just a lot about what he did when appearing as Superman. Pete leaned forward to hand her a couple of things that he thought would help as his cheek brushed her silky soft hair. Her hair had a slightly sweet, almost flowery, fragrance that he found incredibly exciting. He felt a sudden surge of desire exploding through his body as he felt such a strong sense of arousal that he almost felt as if he was going to faint for a moment.

Kara felt Pete's strong hard erection pressing ever deeper between her cheeks as he pressed his body more firmly against hers. She could feel the sudden burst of warmth from his body as she realized that he had just gotten a good whiff of her pheromones. Her fascination with Superman was arousing her enough to release them from her scalp, the vapors initially being trapped in her long fragrant hair.

She had always enjoyed how guys reacted to her after they had brought her hair close to their faces or were in close contact with her for a while, at least when she was aroused. Aurora had finally explained this to her as she had described to Kara how their bodies gave off some really strong pheromones that both men and women responded strongly to. She was finally relieved to understand why guys would suddenly go crazy when she really got into kissing and necking, perhaps in the back of a movie theater or at a party. She had always had trouble controlling them after they got going like that. Her girlfriends had never described having this much trouble with guys! Despite not having super strength until she was nearly 17, she had been very fit and able to hold her own and to calm down the guys she was dating, although sometimes just barely.

Now that she understood the phenomena, she usually kept her distance from people when she was feeling a little aroused, unless she really wanted to sleep with a guy. She hadn't messed around in high school but had had some steamy affairs since she had graduated. The guys she had been dating had thought she was 19 or so, they would have been shocked to know she had only been 16.

Standing now in this small warm room with Pete, while he helped her sift through these pictures of this incredible Superman, they both felt something. The atmosphere, not to mention Kara pheromones, had created a strange mixture of arousal and intimacy. Her arousal was for Superman, but Pete didn't care as the power of her pheromones and the gentle intimacy of her leaning against him was really turning him on. Kara knew that her own pheromones affected her, at least when someone breathed them back out from their lungs, as was clearly happening now! She felt her own arousal surging as she closed her eyes and daydreamed about Superman.

She moaned softly as she dropped the picture she was holding and reached behind her to pull her hair to the side. She turned her head slowly to the side to give his cheek a little kiss. His sweat pants clearly weren't restraining him very much now as she felt him pressing forward between her cheeks, at least as much as her skirt allowed. The pheromones overcame his initial shyness as his hands slowly slid upward until she felt them rising over the fullness of her breasts. She gasped as his fingers finally found her huge hard nipples. She thought of stopping him, but his hands felt so good that she could only breathe some little soft sighs as she leaned forward against his hands to pick up yet another article about Superman and started reading it. It felt wonderful to have his fingers stroking across her engorged nipples as she read about Superman. She heard his breathing becoming a lot faster in her ear as she knew he was getting really turned on now. She suddenly read something that was very interesting.

"Look, Pete," she said as she turned her face to him so fast that he almost fell over. "This article says that his girlfriend is a woman reporter by the name of Lois Lane. They tried to interview her and she didn't say anything, but the look on her face in these photographs says that she knows something. Look at her."

Pete brought his head back to the present as he heard her sweet melodious voice. He had been getting lost in the sensation of fondling her incredible nipples, Supergirl's nipples. They had felt like living steel in his fingers as they vibrated slightly as he used all the strength in his fingers to hold them. He forced his eyes to focus now as he looked down to see the Inquirer article on Lois Lane.

"You know, we have a video of that interview," he said while walking over to the side of the room. "Here, let me find it." Kara put her hand over her mouth and giggled softly as she saw him trying to walk with his huge hard-on sticking out from his sweat pants. He smiled shyly back at her as he reached down to rearrange himself a bit. His back was turned to her as she casually reached up to take her top off; it was getting warm in here. She also realized that she would soon have to 'help' him a little as her pheromones were so strong that men, and most women, could not resist them. She didn't want him to feel bad for pressing himself on her, so she decided to make her invitation clear. She didn't mind doing this to help guys sometimes after she had affected them this way.

Kara dropped her top on the floor as she continued to read the Inquirer article. She finally saw the video starting on the TV as she saw Pete turn back to look at her.

His eyes grew large as she saw him tenting out even larger in front of his sweat pants as his eyes ran across her gorgeous body as she now was wearing just her mini-skirt and boots.

"Well, Pete, what do you think," she said as she raised her arms and slowly turned around while smiling seductively at him. "Is this what you expected of Supergirl? Do I look like I can bounce bullets off my chest?" He couldn't even talk as he saw the most perfectly rounded breasts he had ever seen, not a tan line on them, as they sat high and proud, not to mention very large, on her chest.

He walked behind her again, this time lifting her skirt slightly to ease his hard member, still surrounded by his stretched sweat pants, between the cheeks of her ass as his hands rose up to feel the softest skin he had ever felt. Her breasts seemed to be stretched tightly as they were both larger and firmer than any girl he had ever touched,

especially when he factored in her steel-hard nipples. He had expected nothing less from this girl-of-steel as he knew her body would be as remarkable as Superman's, yet in a uniquely feminine way. Despite her firmness, his fingers sunk deeply into the depths of her very large breasts as he used the strength of his own strong hands in a way he would never be able to do with an ordinary girl. He sensuously, yet firmly, massaged her breasts while she raised her arms to reach behind him to caress the back of his head. The combination of her soft breasts and firm taut body sent thrills up through his hands like nothing he had ever felt before. Even the very fit young cheerleaders that he had dated were nothing like this Supergirl!

Sybil quietly opened the door to the 'hobby room' and was shocked to see her son fondling Kara's bare breasts in his hands as they both watched the Lois Lane interview together. She stood for a moment, admiring the erotic image of her son holding this stunning Supergirl in such an intimate way. She clearly saw his fingers stroking across her huge nipples while his hands held her firmly. Their heads were touching, blending their long blond hair together in such a way that she could not tell where one started and the other ended. Their bodies, both very young fit and tanned, looked almost like twins they were so much alike. She wondered again who Peter's real parents were as she and her now deceased husband had adopted him when he was just a baby. If this girl wasn't from another planet, he would have thought they were fraternal twins.

Sybil was surprised to see that Peter seemed to know what he was doing with his fingers, yet he hadn't really dated all that much so far, he had just been out a few times with Suzy and a couple of other girls from school. Either Suzy had been a little more 'interesting' a date than Sybil had thought or maybe men were just instinctive this way.

She noticed a faintly sweet odor in the air, like fresh flowers, as she felt her heart beginning to beat much faster as she stood silently in the doorway. A peaceful warmth infused her body with a very pleasant tingling sensation. She found she couldn't move as her eyes traveled down Kara and Peter's fabulous bodies. Sybil watched as Kara stepped forward and then turned around, her eyes meeting Sybil's for a moment. Her arms reached around his neck as they began kissing passionately right in front of her!

Sybil knew she should leave, but could not make her muscles work as she seemed frozen in place. The fact that Kara had clearly seen her standing in the doorway, yet didn't react to her, was puzzling and somehow erotic. Kara gave her a quick smile and showed no concern as she reached down to pull her son's sweat pants down as he kicked them off. She saw Kara reach down to surround Peter's hard erect, and surprisingly large, cock with her hands.

Sybil struggled to leave, she knew she should have left the room long ago, but the wonderful flowery fragrance in the room mesmerized her and froze her in place. She found her own body becoming aroused as she saw the young girl unsnapping her tiny skirt. Sybil realized she was going to make love to her son right in front of her!

Peter's back was mostly to Sybil as Kara's eyes held hers as she flew gently from the floor while wrapping her long legs around her son. Kara's eyes finally closed as Pete's hungry kisses covered her face as Sybil saw the girl easing her son's cock gently between her labia. She eased her body downward to surround him as she heard the boy's cries as his body exploded with passion.

Kara wrapped her legs firmly enough around his hips to hold him as she lifted him from the floor and turned him to ensure his back was facing Sybil. She was very surprised that she hadn't had to relax herself as much as she usually did as he seemed a lot harder than other men she had slept with. She felt his orgasm coming nearly immediately as his inexperience showed itself. She was happy for him because there was no way he could please her in any case, other than making her feel warm and comfortable like she did now. This was mainly for him.

Kara felt some incredibly strong hot bursts deep within her body as his cries filled the room. Her eyes opened wide in shock as she felt him surging deeply inside her with a strength that she had never felt before! This incredible release combined with the effects of her strong pheromones were apparently too much for his young and inexperienced body as he collapsed in her arms. She lowered him to the floor as he fell soundly asleep at her feet. She stared at his strong body for a moment before picking up her clothes and walking softly toward the door.

Sybil stepped back to let the girl join her in the hallway. Sybil gradually regained her senses as she moved outside the room where she couldn't smell the sweet flowers anymore. She was shocked as she realized that she had just watched her son making love to Supergirl! After all her own fantasies about Superman, her son had easily and quickly done the equivalent to what she had dreamed of for years! Her thoughts came back to the present as her eyes met Kara's again as the girl stood naked in the hallway.

"Oh, God, Kara I am so sorry. For some reason, I couldn't close the door, I seemed to be frozen in place. I don't know what came over me."

“Don’t worry Sybil, your reaction was fairly normal and I’m kind of used to it. In fairness to Pete, he was not acting with his usual restraint either. I give off super-pheromones when I’m aroused and those pictures of Superman had definitely turned me on. People tell me the pheromones have a sweet flowery smell, although I can’t sense it myself.”

“Yes, that is exactly the fragrance,” Sybil said. “You mean that you can put people under a spell or something like you did with me.”

“Not exactly, I can’t control you or anything, but the pheromones make you feel much less inhibited and generally greatly increase arousal if the proper desires are already present. Some people become uncontrollable, although Pete was trying to be quite the gentleman in there. I hope you don’t mind what I let him do, it was only fair to him. He was reacting so strongly to my pheromones that I had to help him.”

“No, he is a normal young man and I know what it is like at that age. I was once that age myself and was very pretty and popular with the boys, if you know what I mean. But the idea that he could be so intimate with you, Supergirl, was what froze me in place. You have no idea what my fantasies about Superman have been like these past years.”

“I do think I understand, Sybil. And I am sure you were quite the beauty when you were his age.”

Kara stopped and looked down at Sybil’s body as she used her super vision for a moment. Sybil felt a surge of warmth between her legs and a twinge of embarrassment as she saw the girl’s eyes twinkle while understanding what she had just done. “You are still a beautiful woman, Sybil, you must have been a goddess when you were young.”

Sybil giggled. “Yes, I had all the boys swooning over me. Too bad that doesn’t last, isn’t it.”

“You should be proud of yourself Sybil. Not too many women look like you when nearing 50 years old. But as far as aging, I don’t know Sybil, I mean, I’m just barely 17. We Velorians also age at a fraction the rate of Terrans, at least after we turn 18, so I guess it will be a while before I find out.”

“Now you are really making me jealous,” Sybil said with a twinkle in her eye, “telling that to woman in her late forties is cruel and unusual punishment.” There was a pause while the two of them smiled at each other.

“Uh, Kara, can I ask you something?”

“Sure, Sybil, anything.”

“How hard do you think your muscles are compared to Superman?”

Kara giggled for a moment. “You never give up thinking about him, do you? Well, the one Velorian man I did meet on Earth, a man called David, was about as hard as I am, more or less. He was a lot bigger than me, but I don’t think he was harder. My muscles were easily as dense as his, just not nearly as big.”

“Can I feel what that is like, Kara. I mean, I have always imagined how Superman’s muscles might feel, and I’ll probably never meet him but if you are like him, you know, in a way ...” He voice trailed off as Kara understood what she was asking.

Kara didn’t say a word as she stepped forward to slowly raise her arms and began slowly flexing her biceps. Sybil’s hands hesitated for a moment before they surrounded them. Kara felt the woman’s hands holding her with all her strength as her fingers traveled over the clefts and hard peaks of her arms. She suddenly flexed her arms to their full size as her biceps grew larger, far larger, than anyone would have expected for such a slim girl.

Sybil was shocked as Supergirl’s biceps grew so large she could barely surround them with her hands! She was also amazed that she could feel absolutely no give in Kara’s hard muscles, yet her hands held the softest skin she had ever felt! She ran her hands slowly down Kara’s arms before beginning to trace them down her sides. She felt Kara gently floating upward from the floor as she raised her thighs up along either side of Sybil’s hips until they gently surround the woman’s trim waist. Kara then began to flex the super muscles of her powerful legs. Her thighs grew as surprisingly large as her arms had a moment before. Her skin was amazingly soft, yet it covered muscles that felt like they were made of living steel, satin steel. They slowly flexed and relaxed as her hands traveled over them. My God, she thought, if this is what Superman feels like, he is even more gorgeous than I ever imagined!

Sybil finally managed to tear her hands away from the girl as she realized that she was starting to get incredibly aroused. She wasn’t sure if it was the pheromones or the feel of her body, but she was far too old to be thinking the

way she was about this young girl! Yet she was Supergirl, a virtual cousin to the man she had fantasized about so many times. Her body was the female equivalent of his hard super body!

Kara saw the suppressed passion in Sybil's face as she lowered herself back to the floor and grabbed her clothes to start getting dressed again. She glanced through the wall to see Pete stirring while she borrowed a Kleenex. She reached down to dry herself from her intimacy with Pete before putting her clothes back on. She had no sooner done that than he walked into the hall to see the two of them standing there. Sybil was relieved that she had not done what she had been thinking; what would he have thought if he even suspected the thoughts that had been in her head a few moments earlier!

Kara smiled at Sybil as they both knew what had been on the woman's mind for a few moments. She had not had time to tell Sybil that she was usually more partial to being intimate with other women than with men! She shrugged as she realized it didn't matter, she would soon be gone from here anyway.

Kara now decided that she needed to get some additional clothes while waiting for Sybil's friend to sew her costumes and the backpack she had asked for. The costumes weren't supposed to be ready until the next morning, other than one sample. The backpack was to allow her to carry a change of clothing while flying at hypersonic speeds.

"Sybil, I'm going back to Kitties to buy a few more things. I'll be back in an hour to look at the first suit that your friend has sown. Pete, I would appreciate it if you would give some thought to how we are going to learn how tough the fabric of these costumes really is. I don't want to have them fall off me at some embarrassing time!" Her smile warmed them both as she turned and walked lithely out the front door.

Kara walked rapidly down the street before turning the corner at the restaurant to go to Kitties. She was walking through one of the shadows alongside the building when she suddenly saw Dave, the bartender, in front of her. Her quick smile was met with a lecherous grin as he stepped forward to meet her.

"Well, Kara, I'm glad to meet you again."

"Yeah, well same to you, I gotta go," Kara said lightly. She turned and started to walk off when she suddenly felt his arm grab hers while he forcing her into the alley behind the bar. She didn't resist him with her super strength as she didn't want to hurt or embarrass him. She had no idea what he had on his mind until she was surprised a moment later when he shoved her roughly up against the brick wall as his hand slid under her skirt!

This was most certainly not some understandable enthusiasm from a man who had breathed in her pheromones nor was it a misunderstanding on his part. She was very tolerant and often accommodating when that happened as she knew the effect she had on Terran men. It was only fair to let a man use her body to satisfy his passion if she had inadvertently turned him on that way with her nearly irresistible pheromones.

However, this was a clear assault as he was not being coerced in any way. She felt his hand sliding further between her legs as his fingers roughly forced their way between her nether lips while shoving her ass strongly up against the wall. He grabbed her hair as he pulled her head down against his chest as he shoved his body against hers.

Kara knew these forces would be very painful to a Terran woman, especially the way he was forcing his fingers into her! She found she had to hold her sudden surge of anger in check as she thought about how to teach this man a lesson. This clearly wasn't the first time he had done this!

She relaxed herself a bit more and spread her legs slightly apart as she saw a sick smile on his face. She gasped softly as he suddenly shoved three fingers deeply within her. She bit her lip, keeping herself very relaxed, waiting until his fingers were completely buried, before she suddenly flexed the pelvic muscles that surrounded her vagina. She felt the sudden pressure immobilizing his fingers as she immediately saw a look of concern, even pain, in his face.

"What's the matter, Dave. Am I a little too firm for you?" She smiled back at him as she slowly squeezed her pelvic muscles even harder as she heard him gasping in pain as he tried to pull his fingers back. "Now Dave, you can't stop now. Don't you want me, don't you want to show me how much stronger you are than me, how much of a man you are." She leaned forward to whisper in his ear. "Do you like the way my pussy feels, Dave. How firm I am. I bet I am the firmest girl you have ever felt. Here, let me show you." With that, Kara clenched her pelvic muscles further at the same time as she felt a crunching sensation from deep inside her.

Kara heard his muffled groans as his face turned white with pain. She knew she had just shattered the bones in his fingers as he frantically struggled to get his hand back! She kept squeezing his fingers harder as she felt further soft snaps. She finally heard him crying out for her to let him go!

Kara leaned forward to kiss him gently. "Oh, Dave, your hand feels so good inside me. You wanted to show me how much of a man you are. Wouldn't you like to feel my legs too. My legs are so firm and strong." With that, she took his other hand and pressed it downward to begin running it across the firm contours of her upper thighs. She pressed his hand up against her soft labia as she eased it beside his other hand, still trapped within her. She felt his frantic breathing as she continued kissing him. She suddenly kissed him passionately at the same time that she flexed the satin steel of her thighs to squeeze both his hands between them. Some louder 'CRACKS' signaled the bones of his hands and wrists shattering as the steel muscles of her powerful thighs closed tightly against him. He finally collapsed as the pain was too much for him. Kara let him fall to the ground before smoothing her skirt back down and walking calmly from the alley, but not before taking his Visa card from his wallet. She glanced back to see him laying in a fetal position, shattered hands clenched against his stomach as he cried out in pain. She ignored him; he had gotten exactly what he deserved!

Shopping at Kitties was fun as Kittie was enthusiastic in showing the girl clothes that would fit her slim body. She was used to helping older and heavier women who never quite fit into the fashions that she bought. It was a joy to work through the Misses section with this girl as she tried on some of the more exotic clothes that she had recently purchased. She finally totally up the \$900 worth of clothes as she charged them up on Dave's credit card. The girl told her that he had loaned it to her to get some clothes. Given how much of a lech Dave was, she didn't doubt for a moment that he thought buying this girl clothes was going to make her sweet for him. Personally, Kittie doubted that as the girl looked far too confident and composed to be seduced by the likes of Dave. But his credit card worked just the same.

Kara walked back down the street with her packages as she saw two paramedics working to stabilize Dave's broken hands and wrists. He was sitting on the sidewalk, back against the wall, as Kara walked toward him. She saw his eyes growing larger as she came closer. She finally stopped next to him as she looked down to see him looking up along her legs. She bent down to put her lips close to his ear as she slipped his Visa card back into his pocket. She began whispering to him.

"I hope you learned a lesson today, Dave. Forcing a woman against her will is not nice. Teenage girls like myself are getting a lot stronger now days and we won't put up with that kind of behavior any more, Dave. Our bodies are now stronger than yours from all the sports and exercise that we do. In fact, your old flabby body is far too soft and weak to even begin to bring pleasure to us any more. We need strong young men Dave, not sickly soft men like yourself. In fact, Dave, I think you should give up on women entirely and not even stare at any of us anymore. If you do that, Dave, then I won't have to come back and teach you an even more painful lesson later. Is that OK?"

The gurgling sound from his throat as he tried to talk was all the answer Kara needed. She stood back up as she slowly walked down the street. The paramedics stared at her gorgeous long legs, dramatically displayed by the tiny white hotpants she had just bought at Kitties. They finally remembered what they were supposed to be doing here as she finally turned the corner.

Dave, however, had completely ignored her as he stared straight ahead at the street. He suddenly had no desire to look at girl's anymore, not after experiencing what this teenage girl had done to his fingers with 'that' part of her body. He was just glad that it had only been his fingers in there when she held him like that!

Sybil was still opening the box her friend had dropped off when she saw Kara walk back in the front door. The large pile of packages, plus her new white hotpants and tan skintight cotton top, clearly indicated that her shopping had been a success.

Sybil couldn't believe how innocent and fresh the girl looked once again. She couldn't understand why she still thought of her as a naive girl from some Swiss boarding school after seeing the way she had easily seduced her son earlier in the day. Yet there was something about her that still made her seem so innocent and so very young!

Pete came into the room as Sybil saw the love light in his eyes again as his eyes met Kara's. She saw his eyes traveling over her body as he admired the way these new clothes accented her entire body, showing off her amazing figure. Sybil was again struck by how much alike they looked before she finally broke the spell as she showed Kara the new costume her friend had made.

“Ok, Kara, here it is. One indestructible costume for an invulnerable Supergirl. If this fits, then my friend can have another two of them ready in a few hours. They have some huge automated sewing machines that can work magic with this kind of fabric.”

Kara held the shiny metallic fabric to her body as she felt how insubstantial it was. The whole thing might have weighed an ounce, if that. She walked into the bathroom as she quickly stripped off her clothes and put it on. There was only a small mirror here, so she walked out to the living room to stand before the full-length dressing mirror that Pete had brought down from his mother's room.

Kara immediately knew the costume was impressive, based on the stunned expression she saw in Pete's eyes as she walked back into the room. Her sensitive hearing picked up the sound of his rapid heartbeat as he sat down quickly on the couch. She saw him staring at her as she slipped on the skintight boots, made of the same fabric. They were cut-out to leave her calves free in the back while coming almost up to her knees in the front. The fabric was the same shade of pearly white metallic.

Kara stood in a sunbeam near the front picture window as the fabric threw off little colorful sparkles as the sun caught it just right. She turned to look in the mirror as she saw that the tiny thong bottom was nearly invisible in the back. Her entire tanned back seemed to be bare except for the tiny strap around her neck and one around her waist.

She looked again at the front of the costume as she saw the red 'S', for Supergirl she assumed, that was centered down over her pubic bone. Two straps reached up to cross over her chest to circle around her neck. The straps were barely a quarter of an inch wide at her neck and where they attached to the thong at the sides of her waist. The straps flared out to become nearly 2" wide across her breasts as they provided only the required modesty for her to appear in public. Her tanned body was otherwise bare as these few square inches of fabric were all that covered her. The image of her strong body, glowing blond hair and this tiny exotic white costume, contrasting with her tanned skin, was totally stunning!

“Sybil, you are a genius. I don't know why you ever got out of the swimwear business. This is incredible! All we need to do now is to find out if it is as strong as your friend claimed. Pete, are you ready to help me with that?”

“Ah, sure, go ahead and give it back to me and I'll take it out to the garage. I found a couple of Dad's old torches and some other tools. If they can't hurt it, I don't think anything else will.”

“No, it is probably easier if I leave it on. Remember,” she said with a coy smile as she ran her fingers over her slightly flexed abs, “this girl's bod is invulnerable.”

“This I have got to see,” Sybil said softly as she swallowed hard. Pete had told her what he planned to do, but the idea of Kara still wearing the costume during the test was something she had never imagined. But it did make sense, the idea was to see if the clothing was as strong as the girl.

They reconvened in the garage a few moments later as Pete lit the oxy-acetylene torch with a soft 'pop'. He wasn't sure about all this now. It was one thing to imagine that she was a female Superman, but quite another to actually put her to the test this way.

He forced himself to adjust the oxygen flow on the torch until it was hissing softly with a bright blue flame. He hesitated again as he turned to see Kara standing in front of him wearing only her tiny costume. He tried, but just couldn't move the torch closer to the girl. He remembered clearly what she had felt like as he had made love to her earlier in the afternoon. There was simply no way that her smooth soft skin could withstand this kind of heat!

Kara saw him hesitate and finally had to reach down to guide the torch with her own hand as she raised it until the hot blue flame was gently playing against her chest.

“Just hold it right there,” she said to Pete as he looked down to see the hot flame touching her pronounced nipple. The thin tight fabric surrounded it like a second skin, hiding nothing, enhancing everything. He watched as the fabric, and then her skin, smoked for a moment as any remaining oils were burned away.

Pete looked up to see the confident smile on her face as it was clear that this wasn't hurting her. He gradually started to get into it a bit as he played the hot flame across her breast, concentrating on the fabric covering her nipple, as he saw her bare skin, outside the protection of the fabric, starting to glow red hot.

Sybil's eyes looked at Kara's in concern. “Are you Ok, honey?”

“I'm fine Sybil, I'm just starting to get 'warmed up', if you want to call it that. You can use the cutting valve now if you

want, Pete.”

Pete was incredulous enough already as he saw the soft mound of her breast beginning to move from red to blue-hot as the torch poured energy into her. He flinched as he pressed the valve to blast more oxygen to the flame as the torch started to roar. It covered her entire breast in blue flame. Her skin quickly heated until her breast was glowing bluish-white from the hot flame, yet the fabric of her new costume seemed to handle the incredible heat without problem.

Pete began to get bored with heating this one spot as he slowly raised the torch, following the upper straps of her costume, as the roaring blue flame rose up across her chest to blast against the base of her neck! It left a glowing red trail behind it as her skin was superheated from the passage of the flame.

Sybil felt a little thrill as she closed the garage door to make the garage nearly dark. She lit the second torch and began to play the flame against Kara's other breast. She was pleased to see her firm nipple growing larger as the fabric began to glow red hot. She saw Kara reach down, her fingers momentarily in the flame, as she pulled the fabric to the side enough to bare her engorged nipple.

Sybil was a little shocked, but understood what she was to do as she focused the flame on Kara's hard nipple. She saw it growing larger at the same time as it began to glow red-hot. She turned on the full oxygen flow as Kara's nipple suddenly began glowing white-hot from the powerful flame. It was now more than an inch long and nearly half that in width as Sybil heated it to glowing incandescence.

She looked up to see the girl's eyes closed as she was obviously enjoying the sensation. Kara's fingers reached up to hold herself as Sybil ran the torch around to her back as she began to trace it across Kara's blond hair. The blast of the torch parted her long hair as the bright yellows and gold of her blond hair began glowing softly in the darkness of the garage.

She gradually began to trace the hot cutting flame down Kara's deeply indented spin until she was playing the flame across the back of her thong. The flame followed the thin strap of her costume deeply between her cheeks as they tightly held the fabric between them. Sybil gasped as Kara reached down to spread her cheeks apart a little so that the flame could find the deeply buried strap of her thong!

Meanwhile, Pete had forgotten all about testing the costume as he was amazed by how Kara's skin glowed as he heated it with the torch. He raised it up across her high cheekbones and played the flame against her nose until they both glowed bright red. He thought it made her look funny, so he began playing the flame over her eyes until they too were glowing with the heat. He thought it was incredibly neat to be able to do this to Supergirl! Kara, for her part, simply kept her eyes open as the only effect she felt from the hot flame was that it was making her eyes feel dry, at least until she blinked them again.

Meanwhile, Sybil's torch continued to fan across Kara's firm 'buns of steel' until both cheeks were glowing red hot. She then traced it around her waist band to the front until it was focused on the red 'S' between her legs. The dye of the 'S' immediately caught fire as the hot torch moved between her legs. Kara slowly began floating in mid-air as she spread her legs wide open as both Pete and Sybil now combined the flames from their torches as they heated the small patch of fabric that was mounded over her pronounced pubic bone.

Kara loved the sensuous feel of the warm soft pulsing flames as they focused on her pussy. She gasped softly as they both turned on the cutting valves on their torches as the loud forceful flames pressed against her with even greater urgency. Her entire lower abdomen and upper thighs began to glow softly in the dim light of the garage as her costume continued to prove that it was resistant to heat. She felt her nipples getting really huge again as the pulsing heat from the torches were starting to turn her on.

Sybil noticed what they were doing to Kara as she motioned to her son to turn his torch off. They both killed the flames as they saw her glowing body lighting the inside of the dark garage. They dimly saw Kara picking up a steel bar to begin pressing it between her legs. Her body was so hot that the steel immediately melted and ran down her long legs as she closed her thighs around the thick bar. Pete saw the glowing rivulets finally flowing over the tight fabric of her boots as it dripped onto the floor. They glow persisted for several minutes before it suddenly faded away, almost as if she had suddenly absorbed all that energy into herself.

Pete picked up the high-speed hammer drill, fitted with the wide carbide-tipped bit. His dad had used this to simultaneously cut and hammer holes through hard concrete walls as part of his business. He had never envisioned doing this test while Kara wore the costume, but she didn't seem willing to take it off. He wasn't sure what to do with the drill thought until he saw Kara leaning back against the workbench as she spread her legs while raising them

high above her head. He was staggered as he saw what she had in mind.

Sybil had observed her engorged nipples as they had heated the bottom of her costume and, as a woman, knew what the girl was probably feeling right now. She at least knew what it felt like to be an ordinary woman and to be this strongly aroused. She saw Peter hesitating, so she reached out to take the drill from him and to ask him to get Kara a cool drink from the house. She waited until he had left the garage before she turned back to Kara.

Sybil carefully watched Kara's eyes for any sign of discomfort as she placed the drill bit firmly against the bottom of her costume, directly over the upper half of her labia. She left it turned off as she pressed it slowly and firmly against the girl as it dimpled deeply into soft flesh of the most sensitive area of her body. She heard the young girl's quick intake of breath as she pushed the soft fabric deeply inside her with the wide hard drill bit.

Sybil slowly eased the wide bit between her labia as she gradually turned the motor on. She smoothly increased both the speed and pressure of the drill as she realized that the girl was holding herself with impossible force, so much so that the powerful motor of the drill started sounding like it was straining. She had seen her son's gentle hands on her body earlier. But the look in Kara's eyes now told Sybil that gentleness was not what this Supergirl needed right now!

Sybil soon found she was pressing with nearly her full strength as the powerful drill began to grow warm in her hands from the strain. She looked up to see that Kara had a soft dreamy smile on her lips as her arms floated out to her sides. Sybil suddenly turned on the hammer switch as the powerful drill began to buck in her hands like a jackhammer. The subsequent cries of pleasure from Supergirl filled the garage as Sybil used all her strength to drive the huge hammer drill forward in an attempt to please this amazing teenage girl.

Sybil strained her own body as she began to see the little ripples of smoke rising from the fabric as the wide carbide bit spun at the full RPM of the drill. She was leaning it against Supergirl with her full strength when the fabric suddenly tore apart! The rapidly spinning and bucking drill, backed by all the weight and strength in Sybil's body, suddenly plunged deeply inside Kara!

The young girl's cries filled the garage as the drill vibrated her body so strongly that Sybil could hardly keep her grip on it. She heard the motor straining and the hammering action slowing down as she realized that the girl must be exerting tremendous forces against it deep inside her. Sybil tried to bend the drill upward as hard as she could, yet it felt as if it was encased in steel. She couldn't budge it as she heard the motor slowing down even more. The girl's soprano cries of passion suddenly became even stronger, almost ear splitting, as her body surged up and down at incredible speed.

Sybil felt herself being thrown backward to land painfully on the floor as Kara's own hands replaced hers on the drill. She was amazed to see the girl's sinewy hands crushing the drill into herself as bright sparks began to fly from the motor. The steel casing of the drill deformed as the motor finally burned out at about the same time as the girl's body hit her final climax. The drill was crushed to an unrecognizable lump of steel as the girl's gorgeous legs closed about it, crushing it flat between her steel-muscled thighs. She finally collapsed into a heap on the dusty floor as many soft waves of pleasure caused her body to continue to spasm with pleasure for a while.

Sybil turned to see Peter standing in the doorway, cold drink in hand and a shocked look on his face as they both saw the wonderful peaceful look on Kara's face. It was several minutes before she turned her head to meet their eyes once again, smiling shyly and looking more than a little embarrassed.

She watched the concerned look on their faces as she slowly regained her feet to hug them both. "Oh, thank you two so much for helping me that way. I have never been brought to climax by a Terran before and you both did it wonderfully." She lifted the crushed partially melted remains of the drill into the air. "But I am sorry for your drill ... I'll replace it as soon as I get some money to pay you with."

"Ah, no, that isn't necessary ..." Pete's voice trailed off as he was still very distracted by the way her nearly bare breasts had been jiggling a few minutes earlier in response to the vibration of the powerful hammer drill and the surges of her own incredible muscles.

"Ok, Sybil, I think your friend has done it," Kara said as she took the drink from Peter. "Except for the dye she used for the 'S', the fabric has been everything she said it would be. Frankly, I'm amazed. I didn't think any fabric could take heat like that. The drill was a little too much for it, but I guess I can always take my costume off if we decide to try that again, assuming we can find another drill like that." Sybil chuckled at the twinkle in her eye. "I guess you can tell your friend to make the rest of the costumes now."

Pete was still too shocked to talk as he followed Supergirl back into the house. Sybil and he watched as Kara

slipped her hotpants and top back on over the slightly torn costume. Kara had decided to always wear one of these new costumes under her clothes from now on; she never knew when she might need it.

Dateline: Metropolis, the same day

Clark was unhappy with the assignment, but Perry had been insistent that he and Cat work on this story together. Lois was out of town and they had gotten this really hot scoop about this athletic club that was blackmailing its clients. They were supposedly taking compromising pictures of clients engaging in some more 'unusual' athletic pursuits with their assigned personal trainers. Perry had called the two of them and told them he wanted them to go in undercover. Even though Cat didn't normally do investigative stuff, she was the only one on the staff that could infiltrate the club.

Cat had been an exercise nut for many years and had been doing aerobics instruction on the side for the last five years. She was tall and lean with the tight body that one earned from a couple hours of serious aerobics each day. She knew her way around the fitness scene and had had no trouble walking into the club the previous day and getting a job as a personal trainer. Her flirtatious personality and the sensual way she moved had made her a natural in the eyes of the club manager.

The manager had been looking for a particular type of woman and Cat looked as if she fit the profile perfectly. He needed someone who was really ambitious and needed to make some big bucks, but who also liked to flirt with men and who wasn't prudish about what she did to accomplish her first goal. He hadn't described what the job really was, but her veiled comments made it pretty clear that she had already talked to some of the other girls. He liked it when they came to him knowing exactly what he wanted from them. It was a lot less awkward than having them learn on the job.

While Cat thought this assignment was an incredible opportunity to break into doing 'hard' news, Clark saw it as a pending disaster. He had never been comfortable with Cat as she was always flirting with him. The fact that he was probably the only man in the office she hadn't slept with was driving her crazy. Cat had never been shy about her sexual exploits and had made it clear to him that she had been with every other guy in the office, except for him. Whether this was true or not was not the issue, the problem was that Cat wanted him, yet he could not let her get to know him like that!

Cat used her sexuality as a weapon as she could seduce nearly anyone into doing what she wanted, often with only the promise of an evening, or even a lunch break, with her. Clark had no idea how many partners she had had, but she seemed to be hanging on the arm of a different guy each week. The fact that she had made numerous plays for him had only increased the tension between them. He was a man with x-ray vision, after all, and she was a stunningly beautiful, and amazingly fit, young woman.

Clark had always had a fascination with strong women and thought that a well-muscled extremely fit woman was far more attractive than any supermodel could ever be. He had always assumed this was because the primary thing that made him different from other men were his amazing muscles. He often thought back to the one time he had reported on the pairs bodybuilding contest down at the Coliseum. The exercise and dance routines of these incredible men and women, muscles deliberately flexed and sensually displayed, had strongly impacted him. The fact that he knew that he could walk onto that stage and beat any of the men in any area, yet had had to hide himself as always under his bulky suit, was just another source of his growing frustration.

He had been thrilled as he watched the way some of the men had held the magnificently muscled bodies of those women during their routines. The thought of what their bodies might feel like under his own hands had almost driven him mad. He had wanted to match his muscles against theirs as he showed these gorgeous women what Superman's body could really do!

But, as always, Clark continued to restrain himself. He rarely allowed his wild and passionate thoughts to surface, not even in his eyes. In fact, he always forced his thoughts back to Lois at times like these. The fact that she was the only one who knew his secret identity had made her his very special friend. The fact that she was also completely infatuated with him, his body, and his abilities, had been flattering and exciting to him as well.

He had always had a fascination with showing off his powers, not just to perform some task, but simply for the pure sensual joy of it and the feedback from an enthusiastic friend. Once Lois had figured out who he was, he had loved flying with her and showing the full extent of his powers to her.

It hadn't taken him long to realize that she was also interested in a lot more than just his muscles and his ability to fly. He still remembered that first time when she had convinced him to let her touch his body, ostensibly to explore all of his fabulous muscles. He had initially been very uncomfortable as she had slowly undressed him as she explored every square inch of his body with her hands. But as she continued, he had slowly begun to enjoy flexed each muscle as her soft warm hand had surrounded them.

She had initially caressed his massive arms and chest; that had been very nice. He had stood still as he enjoyed the surprisingly pleasant sensation of having her soft hands touching him. However, a few minutes later, he had been shocked and hardly able to speak when she shocked him by pausing to take her own top off!

He had held himself still, and rigid as iron, as she had slowly and gently put her arms around him as he felt the soft gentle touch of a woman's breasts against the broad steel plates of his chest for the first time. He had felt the firm points of her soft warm breasts pressing against his skin as his heart began to pound wildly in his chest. He had looked down at the incredible contrast of her pale soft rounded body pressing against the tanned steely expanse of his own broad muscular upper body. The beating of his heart was so strong that his hands, holding the softness of her back, could feel the echoes of his heartbeat through her entire body.

Kal had always been incredibly proud of his powerful physique, but he had never let anyone touch him like this before and had certainly never allowed anyone to undress him! He had been very embarrassed at first as he felt his body responding to her touch, especially after she had bent her legs to slowly lower her body along his. He had felt her soft breasts tracing down over his stomach. Her hands, and finally her kisses, had traveled down the sides of his powerful legs. Her arms finally surrounding his incredible thighs as she explored his massive hard-edged quads as he flexed them for her. He felt a wonderful warmth between his legs as she surprised him by tracing her warm kisses up between his thighs!

Her hands, suddenly sliding up to cup his ass had shocked him, but not nearly as much as her mouth had a moment later as she had tried to take his firm cock between her lips! He had reached down in shocked surprise to quickly ease her head backward. She could not resist his strength, yet her hands had slid around to the front to firmly grip his big cock. He had not realized that her touch would do this to him, but he suddenly felt himself surging upward as his penis grew to a size that would convince anyone that he was indeed a super man! Her two hands, holding him firmly, yet not being quite able to surround his full width, felt incredible. No one had ever touched him that way before! He slowly reached down to begin to remove her hands as this interview was clearly getting well out of hand.

"Oh, God, Kal, please, let me, I want to touch you so much." Lois had shocked him the way she begged him to let her continue. He finally relaxed his hold on her as he gasped as she had eased her body forward to take him as deeply inside her warm mouth as she could!

His hands had tangled in her hair as he felt her head moving back and forth as the most incredible tingling sensation grew in his cock head. It was pleasant at first but gradually grew frustrating as her soft warm mouth left him wanting so much more. He finally eased her head backward before lifting her body upward to begin kissing her lips passionately. The taste of his own body was in her mouth as he remembered all the times, particularly as a teenage boy, when he used his strong slim body and incredible flexibility to experience that taste and excitement himself.

Lois's explosion of passion, as she now pleaded with him to make love to her, had been a difficult thing for him. He had never been with a woman before, but a man with super vision certainly wouldn't be totally innocent or unaware of what to do. He had finally given in to her as he proceeded to partially shrink his tremendous organ, concentrating on being as gentle as he could, to thrill her again and again as she had seemed completely insatiable. He smiled now as he still remembered how proud he had been that night as his body had never tired while she had begged him to continue making love to her until the sun rose in the morning. He had never known that he could bring such pleasures to a woman, nor the exciting feeling of a woman's wild orgasms, as he stroked himself deeply within her.

Lois had finally collapsed in exhaustion in the early light of dawn while he went out on his morning patrol.

He had an unusual grin on his face as Metropolis looked more beautiful than he had ever seen it this morning. He could hardly admit to himself how thrilled he had been by her enthusiasm for his body and his ability to bring her such wonderful pleasures. He had never imagined it would feel this good to please a woman that way. But at the same time, he felt an incredible frustration as his own body had begged again and again for a release that she could not give him.

Lois finally staggered into work near noon, bleary eyed but with an incredibly satisfied look on her face, much like the cat that had eaten the bird. She walked a little funny as the frequency of their lovemaking, not to mention his

remarkable size, had left her a bit stretched and sore, yet she was completely satisfied at a level that she had never felt before.

The years went by after this, yet she never told anyone about the secret only she shared with Superman, but her passion for him had been a constant part of their relationship ever since, especially after Lois and Clark became a couple in the eyes of their co-workers. They eventually moved in together, to Lois's unbridled enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, Kal continued to feel the uncomfortable combination of pride and frustration in his continued physical relationship with Lois.

Pride in that he knew he was immensely hard and more than twice the size of the average Terran male, if he let himself become fully erect. Lois sometimes let him do that while she caressed him with her kisses. Pride in that he had learned to maintain a great deal of self control and could restrain his erection at a much smaller intermediate level during intercourse to keep from harming her.

His pride also came from knowing that he could bring incredible pleasures to a her, pleasures that no other man had ever been able to. Lois was a woman with unusually powerful needs and her previous lovers had never been able to match her enthusiasm and energy during lovemaking. He knew he was now the super man that she had always needed to satisfy the strong demands of her body.

He also felt a frustration, growing stronger each month, as he knew that neither Lois, nor any other Terran woman, could bring him real pleasure or even fully contain him within her body if he allowed himself to get fully aroused.

After Wonder Woman had visited Earth and helped him defeat Desaad, he started to have strong and embarrassing fantasies about her. He had immediately realized that here was a woman who might be able to match his own physical powers. He once talked with her of this, but she immediately withdrew and seemed less friendly after that.

His intimate and detailed fantasies of what they would do together, if they became lovers, continued, however. In fact, they became so strong that he had to finally suppress all thoughts of her. Especially after she had again made it very clear to him that her vows made it impossible for her to ever be 'with' him in the way he told her he urgently needed her to be.

He thought only of Lois now as he enjoyed how she could bring him to a mild soft erection that was still nearly more than she could handle within her body. In this partially aroused state, he knew he was nearly as hard as soft steel, yet he remained frustrated as he knew that this was nothing compared to his fully aroused state!

He had once taken her to a deserted factory that he knew about and allowed her to watch him while he had let her kiss him until he was fully aroused. He had put his hands out to grasp a massive steel weight, weighing many tons, while pressing his hard cock head against it. He had found that he had been able to easily penetrate it as he slowly drove his cock into it like it was some immense harder-than-steel nail! He had then reached behind himself to grasp his ass as he had surged his pelvis upward to lift that massive weight off the ground with only the erectal muscles of his cock!

Lois had suddenly exploded in passion while watching his incredible demonstration as her kisses were suddenly running down his back to join his hands on his hard glutes. She had pleaded with him to set the weight down and use his super organ to pleasure her again and again as he lay on his back on the cold hard floor of the factory.

Kal was also no stranger to masturbation, but had always had to practice it in remote locations as the force of his final ejaculation generated velocities and forces that were more akin to a small cannon than a human penis! The deep pits and holes in the rock walls of the canyon he often flew to were mute testimony to his inability to have mutual sex with the very woman he lived with!

He had often told Lois about this limitation as she had tried so very hard to bring him pleasure. She had not really understood his reluctance to let himself go until that one time he had taken her to the canyon and showed her. He had been secretly thrilled by having her watch him as he had slowly but energetically brought himself to orgasm, her hands holding the bulging muscles in his straining forearm. She had stood close to him as she had been fascinated with how much bigger his erection had grown, well beyond the partial erection he sported when with her. However, the white-hot glow from the friction of his superheated skin had forced her to step backward a few feet as he had used the full power of his super strength and speed to finish reaching his orgasm.

She finally understood the full abilities of this wonderful man at the same time that she realized just how different his needs were than her own! The resulting earsplitting explosion, both from his ejaculation and from the shattered rock along the wall in front of him, had severely dampened her enthusiasm for him for a while. She now clearly

understood the danger, to herself or any other woman, if this super man ever lost control of himself. The explosion of his ejaculation would undoubtedly blow her head off! She was again reminded that while he looked much like a normal man, he was actually only a distant relative of Terra.

Despite the startling display at the rock quarry, Lois eventually regained her enthusiasm for the one-sided sex that they engaged in. Her trust in Kal's self-control never wavered as she accepted that there were natural limits to how much stimulation she could provide him with. A part of her deeply regretted this, but the other part of her never tired of having him demonstrate his strength or the size and hardness of his super muscles while making love to her. She had reached many an orgasm with her hands firmly wrapped around the steely fully-flexed biceps of her Superman while he bent massive steel beams or lifted incredible weights. She never tired of the thrilling passionate sensation of taking Superman's steel-hard cock inside her own soft body as her passion was inflamed by having this part of his invulnerable body so deep inside her. She imagined him using his super muscles to the things that, in all the universe, only Superman could do. The fact that he had also quickly learned to be by far the most gentle and skillful lover she had ever known had been testament enough to his name, Superman!

While Cat had been working inside the club to gather hard data, Perry had asked Clark to join the club as a patron to discover how they had been able to blackmail so many prominent members of the community. Clark had tried to convince Perry that this was not an appropriate assignment for him, but had failed when he insisted on it. He had winked at Clark as he had told him to enjoy the perks of being an investigative reporter as he discovered how this club 'really' worked.

Clark had grudgingly paid his membership, an astronomical fee for a reporter's salary, as he was glad he was on an expense account. He had then been taken to a private exercise room to meet his personal trainer. He was told that his trainer would assess his physical condition and recommend a training program. He wandered around the room while he waited for him, or her, to show up. His sharp eyes noted the location of the three cameras that focused in on the array of exercise equipment in the room. He noted with a smile that one was located directly above the massage table in the middle of the room.

He was growing impatient and nervous when the door finally opened and he saw, of all people, Cat walking into the room! The warning look in her eyes as he started to say something reminded him of the job he was here to perform, and the cameras and microphones that were trained on him. Part of his mind knew that nothing the two of them did would be usable in court as they were both compromised by their real agenda here. But Clark couldn't move a muscle as he saw Cat walking across the room in the sexiest and tiniest leotard he had ever seen on a woman. It was made of a shiny fabric that seemed to be painted on her body as he saw her firm muscles rippling beneath it as she walked toward him. His eyes seemed to be mesmerized by her the movements of her incredible muscles and large firm breasts as she came closer. He knew he should definitely leave now, but his body seemed frozen in place.

Cat walked up to shake his hand. "Mr. Ericsson, may I call you Steve, my name is Laura, welcome to the club. I'm your personal trainer. What we need to do today on this orientation visit is to assess your condition so that I can set up a very personal exercise program for you. You can take off your jacket and hang it on the hook over there."

Clark felt himself moving in response to her directions as he took his suit coat off. He never wore casual clothes, except when he was with Lois, as he had always needed to hide his physique under as much clothing as possible. Suits were perfect for that.

Cat was surprised at the broad strong spread of his back and shoulders as he turned and hung up his coat. She had never seen him without his suit and was surprised as she saw the contrast from his broad shoulders to his trim waist; she had always thought he was fat or pudgy for some reason! "Ah, Steve, your personal exercise outfit is on the shelf over there. Please get dressed in it and I'll be back in a few minutes." With that, 'Laura' left the room.

Clark hesitated as he knew that he shouldn't be doing this. Cat was a smart woman and she would probably figure out who he was once she saw his physique. He had been told many times, when appearing as Superman, that the tone and movement of his muscles was truly unique, often mesmerizing, to those who watched him perform the feats that only Superman could do. Yet the lingering image of Cat's own incredible body, her blond hair, her hard muscles, her lithe movements, her perfect round breasts, were overcoming his normal caution. He just had to know what a woman like that would feel like under his hands, even if it was only this once. He also knew enough about this club, and about Cat, to know that she would play her role very well, well beyond the role of a mere reporter getting a story. In any case, he was on a story and this was part of discovering the truth and exposing this outfit.

Clark finally made his decision as he took off his suit and quickly dressed in just the pair of tight Lycra shorts that they had given him. He looked down as he realized that even in his relaxed state, his unusual endowment was very clearly visible. Instead of his usual embarrassment at this, he surprised himself by feeling an anticipation as he waited for Cat, ('Laura he reminded himself) to return. He crossed his arms across his chest as he leaned back against the massage table, eyebrows slightly raised, as he waited for her to return.

'Laura' grabbed her clipboard and the pile of assessment forms as she headed back into the room. She had a smile on her face as she knew that she was probably going to get closer to Clark than she had ever been before. She wasn't expecting to be impressed with what she still assumed was a flabby body. After all, he had always looked kind of bulky in his oversized ill-fitting suits. She didn't care. Her sexual pleasures came from using her body to control her partners, not from what they physically were able to do for her. The more completely she mesmerized, thrilled, and consequently controlled a man, the more intense her orgasm's with him became, no matter how good or poor a lover he might be. She wielded her sexuality as a great power, making strong men tremble until they begged to be with her, if even for a just a brief dalliance. But she always had her price for bestowing her gifts of pleasure on her men.

She closed the door as she looked up to see 'Steve' standing, hands on his chest, against the table. The sudden stunning image of his perfectly muscled body was such a shock that she dropped the forms on the floor. She stood, rooted in place, as Clark started to walk across the floor to help her. Her eyes stared at his powerful legs, flexing dramatically with each step, as he walked over to smoothly reach down to pick up the forms and hand them back to her. He turned and walked back across the room as she stared at his perfect calves and hard glutes flexing with each step.

Cat was a smart woman and the many pictures she had 'borrowed' from the news archives were suddenly in her mind. Her secret file on Superman, the one that never failed to excite her when she studied the many views of his body and magnificent muscles, had clearly prepared her to recognize who this man really was. Her legs became weak and she nearly fainted as she now realized why Lois had been so attracted to the normally clumsy Clark. Lois of all people! My God, she thought to herself, Lois's lover is Superman!

The overwhelming burst of jealousy was nearly too much for Cat to maintain control of. She had to force herself to get back under control or she would never be able to control the situation that was now presenting itself. She had never allowed a man to be in charge of her arousal or their lovemaking before, and she wasn't about to let that happen now, even if this was Superman, by God! Besides, she knew that she was on camera now and that she had a job to do here.

Her entire body felt tingly as she struggled to regain her composure as she walked across the room. She began by starting to fill out the first form. "Ok, Steve, lets start with measuring you. Please put your arms out to your side like this." Clark put this arms out as he felt her fingers brushing against him as she used her tape measure and pencil to record his relaxed measurements. Clark watched in amusement as she seemed a little off balance as her fingers touched him while using her tape measure. It was clear that she had figured out who he really was. Clark was enjoying seeing the normally supremely confident Cat this far off balance.

"Now, I need you to flex your biceps, like this." Cat flexed her left arm as she stood closely to Clark. He was very impressed as he saw Cat's surprisingly large bicep standing up, strongly peaked, from her arm. He had not realized she was this well-developed! She saw her flexed muscle in front of him as he couldn't help from raising his hand to surround her fully-flexed bicep with it. His body felt like it was suddenly going to explode as he felt how big and hard she was and how soft her skin was.

"Ah, Steve, the goal is to measure you, not me," she smiled at him. However, she didn't relax her arm as she saw his obvious pleasure while he continued to touch her this way. Maybe, just maybe, he was interested in her somehow, Cat thought to herself. Maybe he really liked women's muscles?

"Would you like to feel the other one, Steve. My right arm is a little bigger?" His eyes told her all she needed to know as she set her clipboard down and assumed a double bicep pose in front of him. His hands caressed her muscles as she saw the look in his eyes as he touched her.

She felt his firm grip finally relaxing as he slowly raised his right arm to begin flexing the most fabulous arm in all the known universe! Cat was staggered by the massive muscle she saw growing from his arm. She felt her nipples tingling as she raised her hands up to surround him with the tape as she measured an astounding 30" around his bicep. Her fingers lingered for a moment as she felt his steely hardness beneath her hands. My God, he's gorgeous, she thought to herself!

Cat pulled herself back to her job as she knew the manager was closely watching everything on TV. She knew that they were going to have to pull this tape when they left, but it was still arousing to know that several people in the booth were seeing her exploring Superman's body like this. At least she assumed they were smart enough to recognize him the way she had.

She began to busy herself with measuring his arms and his chest as he just stared at her with those incredible big blue eyes of his. She felt herself getting more and more aroused as she ran her hands over his perfect body. She finally moved to his legs as she found that her tape measure was almost too small to measure his incredible thighs. His 48" thighs slowly tapered down to his 30" calves. Cat was nearly done with the measurements and was on her knees recording the last numbers on her clipboard. She glanced up to notice that his cock was now becoming far more pronounced under his tiny Lycra shorts. The thin fabric tented out strongly as she stood back up while she allowed her left breast to gently touch his protruding hardness as she rose up against his body. She saw a even greater change in his erection when she did that as she wondered how much longer those shorts were going to last!

"Well, Steve, I see we have one more area that needs measuring and it looks like you are nearly ready for that measurement. Do you need some help reaching your full potential?"

Without waiting for a reply, Cat reached up and slowly pulled the long zipper down to undo the front of her tiny leotard. She saw Clark's eyes staring at her chest as she slowly and sensually stripped the leotard from her body. She looked down again as she was incredibly curious to see if every part of Superman was a 'super' as his fabulous muscles! She remembered how he had wanted to touch her bicep earlier, so she raised her arms again to flex her upper body for him, except this time she stood naked before him!

Clark's Lycra shorts didn't last more than a few seconds longer as he felt an incredible rush as his cock soared upward its full size. The tearing sound from his shorts was accompanied by the amusing view of Cat's eyes opening as big as saucers! He reached his hands upward to surround Cat's hard round biceps again as he was once again able to experience the smooth hardness that he had imagined so many times.

He was shocked as she kept her muscles fully flexed this time as she lowered her arms down to hold him as she slowly poured all the strength of her hard muscles into his hard cock! He was surprised to feel how much stronger her grip was than Lois's, but the frustrated tingling, almost an itch, still grew rapidly across his cock head. He ran his hands down the hard contours of her back as she flexed her tightly muscled body in response to his touch. His hands finally cupped her firm tight ass as he effortlessly lifted her body from the floor as he pulled her body tightly against his own.

Cat instinctively spread her gorgeous legs to surround his hips as she tried to guide his massive cock between her legs. She had never felt a man this large or even remotely this hard as she found she was not strong enough to guide him between her legs. Her strong arms and chest muscles struggled futilely to bend his hard cock downward to take him between her legs. Finally, she felt him raising her slim body even higher and closer to his own. She suddenly felt her nether lips being spread by his incredible size. His initial passionate excitement was replaced by another sensation as she was suddenly afraid, very afraid!

Her lips touched his ear as she whispered, "Superman, Clark, please, no, you are far too big for me. Oh God, Superman, I want your super cock in me but I'm not big enough for you. No, NO Clark, NO, Oh GOD ..." Cat's cries filled the room as Kal couldn't stop himself as he felt her firm tight ass flexing beneath his fingers, so different than Lois's soft buttocks. He felt something softly tearing as he forced his huge cock head partially into her as he exposed her to the full size of his erection. Her screams brought him back to reality as he quickly raised her back into the air as he looked down to see blood appearing between her legs. She suddenly passed out as he laid her on the table while quickly getting dressed again. He ran down the hall shouting for someone to call an ambulance.

Rushing back to the room, he used the remains of his Lycra shorts to try to stem her hemorrhaging while the ambulance came.

Finally, the paramedics arrived and took her away as Clark staggered outside into the cold air to catch his breath. He was ashamed that he had not been able to control himself, but the hard tight muscles of Cat's stunning body had overcome his normal caution.

He suddenly swore an oath to himself that he would never again allow himself to hurt a Terran woman this way. He knew that he should even break off with Lois as it was clear that the day would come, especially now that she was working out, when her body would also excite him as much as Cat's had and he would hurt her as well, possibly far worse than what he done today. He felt sick to his stomach as he imagined what would happen to Lois if, unlike the limited penetration that he had achieved with Cat, he was deep within her when he lost control of either the size or

force of his erection!

He flagged down a taxi as he started heading home to their shared apartment. He would tell Lois of his decision tonight, before he could change his mind. He had a duty to protect these Terrans, not to injury them with his own uncontrolled passion! He knew she would be very hurt, but not as hurt as she might be in the future if this kind of thing happened again!