

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 17, A Little Plastique

 superwomenmania.com/index.php

Little Firebug – Chapter 17

A Little Plastique

by Sharon Best

Gold's Gym, Metropolis

Monica's triple back flip from a standing start was incredible, it was also the finale of her routine as she finished one more practice session for the upcoming Jan Tana Fitness Contest. Now that the full powers of her incredible birthright had manifested themselves, her problem was no longer one of training and strengthening her body, it was now one of restraining it sufficiently so that she could still compete in the contest. Flying through the air above the stage was guaranteed to get her disqualified!

The by-laws didn't say that only Terran's could compete, but she guessed that they would quickly extend them to cover that situation if they realized who, or more correctly, what she was. A superbeing from another planet was not likely to be considered fair competition!

Actually, Monica was still trying to really understand what Kara had told her about the fact that they were 'artificial beings', how her race had been genetically engineered in test tubes many years before, how each person was 'engineered', not simply conceived. It didn't sound very attractive, but there was no denying that it gave her some unique advantages over Terran women! A lot more time was required to talk this through with her sister, to learn everything she had learned from Aurora, but Kara was now off with Kal somewhere. She smiled at that thought; based on the way those two had been looking at each other, she figured her sister was very busy discovering a 'real' man for the first time since she had gotten her powers back!

Monica started her incredibly athletic routine once again, her body barely exerting itself, yet she knew she had extended her routine to the very limits of what would be plausible for a Terran woman. She had trained for years for this, but nobody had ever seen her do the things she was practicing now. She knew she was going to blow everyone away and win this contest, becoming the first women in Fitness Competition to earn her Pro Card. Talk about being in competition condition!

Steve sat on the weight bench watching Monica go through her routine for the twentieth time this evening. He was still in shock from what she had shown him of her new abilities; it was a little mindboggling to suddenly find that you are SuperWoman's personal trainer! Monica had been very strong, exciting and talented enough before, but the bent and torn weight disks in the other room were mute testimony to the changes she had undergone since then. He still had trouble believing what she had shown him, not to mention the way her body had looked, as she had torn that 25 lb steel disk in half like it was made of papermache! Her promise to show him more 'interesting' things after her workout had kept him aroused and on-edge all evening.

It had taken her most of these twenty practices for him to teach her to use less strength, to keep it believable. He knew she would easily win the athletic events, her problem was now only one of restraint, to make her strength, flexibility and energy look believably human, something she clearly no longer was herself!

She finally finished her routine as he tossed her a towel the way he always did. She really didn't need it this time as she hadn't really been working hard enough to work up a sweat, despite the incredibly athletic movements she had been practicing. She gave Steve a quick smiling 'thank you' as she quickly turned to walk toward the massage room, her eyes meeting his for a moment.

The look was pretty clear to Steve, they often finished the day with his giving her a Swedish massage, believing it was good not only for relaxation, but to promote muscle growth and vitality. This had lately become something a bit more than that as she sometimes asked him to relieve her tensions in another way as well. On rare occasions that had become a mutual release as Monica realized that he was sometimes affected by things other than her muscular charms. It had become a comfortable flirtation, but one that by mutual agreement did not extend outside this room.

Locking the door of the brightly lit room behind him, Steve watched as Monica kept her back to him as usual while pulling her top off. Her long silky blond hair tumbled halfway down her back as it contrasted strongly with her deep tan, the dramatic curve of her strong back sweeping down from her broad shoulders to her tiny waist. She pulled her hair to the side for him as his eyes ran slowly and professionally down her back as she paused to let him appraise the results of their hard work. He noticed every perfect turn of every shapely muscle he had helped her build.

She reached down to unzip her workout shorts as she bent over to ease them to the floor as well. He ran his eyes just as professionally down the intimate curves of her fabulously firm rear and her long legs as she pulled her glowing hair to the side a bit and turned to give him a quick questioning smile. He was still amazed at how well her glutes had responded lately as she flexed them a little for him now. Her glutes were perfectly rounded now yet incredibly firm. She was absolutely gorgeous and as perfect as it was possible for a human to be. By far the most beautiful, and the strongest, fitness model he had ever worked with.

Of course, now that he had just learned that she wasn't really human after all, this was all getting a little confusing. At least what he had just learned explained why she had always responded to his training far more dramatically than anyone else he had ever worked with. But how her powers, particularly her sweet strength, had been hidden inside her to only burst forth now was the real mystery. Not to mention the fact that she had suddenly gotten into contest shape, overnight really, her body now very nicely 'cut', exactly right for a fitness contest. She had always had trouble with that, especially since the agency she did fitness modeling for, the thing that actually was the paying part of her profession, usually wanted her a little less 'cut'. He would have to discuss this with her sometime when the mood was right.

Monica kept her back to him now as she walked over to lay face down on the table, her arms raised above her shoulders. Walking toward her, his practiced eyes examined her perfect unblemished and well-tanned skin. Her strong shapely legs, her perfectly rounded strong buttocks, her deeply indented spine, her back muscles rippling dramatically and sensually. Her long pale blond hair, laced with darker gold, covering her shoulders and contrasting wonderfully with her tanned skin. Yes, she was ready for the Jan Tana, no doubt about that; if only she could restrain her new strength sufficiently.

This was the first night she had asked for a massage since the dramatic changes had occurred in her body, the first time since she had become this person now called 'SuperWoman'. The previous few nights, she had left immediately after her workout, seemingly uncomfortable with herself or perhaps with being with him.

He took her soft hair gently in his hands as he pulled it to the side to free her back. Bending down for a moment, he opened a drawer and got out her favorite oil and began wetting his hands with it. He briefly considered whether he could still give her a decent massage, what with her muscles being so much stronger and firmer now. He shrugged his huge shoulders, he could probably do it. After all, he had been a serious bodybuilder himself a few years ago before an injury forced him to quit. "Only one way to find out", he thought to himself.

He began with her feet, her skin feeling as soft as ever, as he held nothing back, his strong hands and powerful fingers working her now like he would work a very strong man. Running his thumb over the arch of her foot, easing it strongly into her firm flesh, he heard her gasp with pleasure. He spent at least 15 minutes working on her feet, knowing how important that was for the rest of her body. He could visibly see her body relaxing as the sensations from her feet rushed upward to infuse her whole body!

He finally moved from her feet, working his way up to her calves as he found it was a lot harder going than ever before. He worked his fingers into her firm rounded calf muscle, but found, not surprisingly, that she was far too firm for him to work his fingers in too deeply. Her muscle had a wonderful give to it initially, very feminine yet extraordinarily fit, yet the steel beneath the surface was soon very obvious. He worked hard, struggling to work his fingers into her calf as best he could, until he felt her starting to flex it very slowly.

He paused, his hands firmly surrounding her calf as he felt it growing far larger, gradually filling both his hands, as the muscle became completely rounded. He knew from their previous discussion that it was probably now literally harder than steel! Her smooth tanned skin, stretched tightly across the large round muscle, had absolutely no give under his fingers now. The transformation was startling, from firm yet compliant femininity to warm silken steel. She had told him that her muscles were easily the equal of Superman's muscles, at least in terms of strength and firmness, if not in size. Yet she still felt so incredibly feminine to him as his hands traced over her gorgeous firm curves, finding it increasingly difficult to maintain his professional demeanor.

She lowered her leg again as he worked his way upward across her full firm thighs, his fingers working hard yet making little progress. Her relaxed muscles had a wonderful give to them, but it was clear he wasn't having much impact on her. Yet her skin was even softer than ever before as he worked the scented oil into it while appreciating

the feel of the dramatic curves of her hamstrings under his hands.

He finally worked his way along the side of the table as he poured a line of cool oil down her spine and began to work on her strong back, starting with her shoulders. This was even more difficult for him as even the relaxed muscles of her upper body felt nearly like steel to his fingers. He could move her skin around a bit and could feel a tiny bit of give, but he knew that he was accomplishing little except working the oil into her glowing skin. Her heard her purr a little, so he knew she was enjoying it even if what he was doing no longer fell into the region of therapeutic massage, her body was just too firm for that.

He paused for a moment as he finally worked his way down to her waist, her perfect glutes rounding up below it. She felt him pause for a moment, the silent question being asked. She answered by opening her legs slightly, giving him their agreed on signal that this was one of the nights she wanted him to continue, to go lower, to be less than totally professional with her.

Monica turned to look at him through the cascade of her glowing blond hair as she saw he was really impressed, his hands now caressing the warm contours of her ass. She found she was enjoying showing off a little like this for him; he was the person who would most appreciate the condition of her muscles now, the person who would know just how much her body had changed. He had spent more time running his hands over her body than any of her boyfriends ever had, occasionally even across some regions that didn't need massage from a purely muscular perspective, regions that would normally be the exclusive domain of her lover! This was to be one of those times she had decided.

A small circle of oil on each cheek and his hands began to work them, his tired fingers pouring out his remaining strength. She felt wonderfully compliant here, his fingers working deeper into her large glutes than he had been able to elsewhere. Some oil worked its way between her cheeks as he gradually began to work his fingers downward to chase it to where it inevitably flowed when she was laying this way. He felt her glutes tighten in response as they suddenly felt like sculpted steel, his fingers no longer able to even make an impression in her soft skin. His fingers traced over her tiny rosette, evoking a squeak of pleasure from her as she squirmed comfortably, spreading her legs slightly, giving him easier access to her more intimate areas.

As opposed to the previous times when he had done this, when he had been very gentle, he now used his strong fingers to firmly trace the oil trail downward, eventually sliding with difficulty between her engorged labia. Monica gasped loudly as her body came slightly up off the table as his oiled fingers eased between those warm moist nether lips, finding that hard point that was always so unusually large when he did this. He had never known another woman whose clit protruded from her labia when aroused, but he had learned exactly how to handle that as his strong fingers stroked over it. This wonderful sensation made the steel contours of her body ripple as her muscles came alive in tune with her passion.

She and Steve had engaged in some 'indiscretions' in here before, but her back had always been turned to him as a sign of the restricted nature of their relationship. He was her trainer, her masseuse, not her lover. The ultimate extent of the occasional indiscretion they had shared had been during a strong and vigorous massage when Monica had slid down the table until her feet were back on the floor, legs spread, buttocks rising upward a bit, her chest pressed firmly against the table. He had concentrated on massaging both her shoulders and back with his hands while a very different appendage massaged her tender insides at the same time! Monica had been really surprised at how dramatic her orgasm's had been when he did this, the combination of his strong hands and his surprisingly thick hard cock had been deadly!

She was definitely interested in exploring this once again, but this time, she wanted him to explore all the changes in her body. She was afraid, however, based on some things Kara had told her, that if his hands were no longer strong enough to massage her body, then he might be 'too weak' in one other important way as well. She knew she would have to be careful with him, but she needed to know what to expect. After all, she and Jimmy were still off and on again lovers. She needed to know if that relationship could still have a physical element to it.

She felt his fingers wonderfully caressing her this way, yet it was also becoming clear to her that he just wasn't going to be able to bring her the pleasures she was accustomed to. He just wasn't strong enough for her anymore, not even in such a sensitive place. Instead, she was now far more curious about how the changes in her body had affected her ability to be intimate with Terran men. Kara and she had talked about that the night before as Monica had been insatiable in her desire to learn what Kara had learned of her own body. Monica now knew that if there was anyone that could help her discover this intimate aspect of her body, it would be her trainer. Taking a deep breath to bring her courage to the surface, she slowly rolled over and sat up, her perfect breasts suddenly revealed to him for the first time in the two years that they had been working together!

Steve had been pretty sure what her breasts would look like, he had fantasized a little about her as men are prone to do. Besides, she certainly didn't dress modestly when working out, especially right before a contest. However, looking at her now, he realized he was unprepared for either the perfect symmetry of those unsupported globes nor the size of her large nipples! He couldn't help himself as his mouth fell open. He heard Monica giggle as he looked up to see her smiling face.

"And just when you thought you knew me pretty well, huh", she said with a chuckle.

"My God, Monica, I knew you were gorgeous, but seeing you, I mean, this way ... it's amazing ... you're perfect", he stammered, speaking in almost a whisper as he was suddenly a little unsure of himself. "Especially now that I have some idea of what you can do with those muscles of yours as well."

Monica slid silently forward on the table, her body moving like magic as Steve was startled to realize that she was using her flying power. The teasing look on her face made him smile.

"What's perfect, Steve, tell me."

"Ah ... Your breasts, Monica, I've never seen breasts that were that perfectly round, yet so large, so gorgeous. God, you are beautiful. You must be also be incredible firm to look like that."

She reached down to cup herself as she lifted them up a bit further, almost to his face. "Hmmm ... yes, but your hands know all about my firmness. My figure has benefited quite a bit from these changes. Muscles of Steel obviously have more benefits than are immediately obvious. I guess I won't be spending much on supporting undergarments anytime soon!"

She looked back up, his eyes wide open as she stared down at what she was holding in her hands. This was going to be interesting, she thought as she smiled broadly at him, her body coming alive in a very familiar way.

"By the way, I appreciate what you were trying to do for me a few moments ago, don't feel bad about it, but I, ah, how do I say this, I need a lot 'more' than I felt when you were doing that. Your hands have always been really strong, Steve, but not strong enough anymore, I'm afraid. But, if you don't mind, you could perhaps put that strength to use on something that isn't exactly made of steel."

Steve saw the little smile on Monica's lips as he followed her eyes down to her breasts; she flexed her pecs a little, making her tits rise upward several more inches, her large nipples hovering dangerously near his face now. She floated gently off the table, hovering amazingly in mid-air, her body just close enough to Steve for her long legs to circle around his waist. She released her breasts while raising her arms high behind her head. His well-oiled hands immediately rose to replace her own.

Steve promptly found that his very large hands could not quite surround her at one time. Her warm flesh felt wonderfully soft, definitely like a beautiful woman's breasts should, yet with a firmness beneath that surprised him. He was soon massaging her tits with the strength that he normally used to work on an strong athlete's hard spasm'd muscles; in short, he used all his strength!

Monica closed her eyes and initially enjoyed his touch. This was certainly better than having him trying to work on her muscles. But it wasn't long before she started to feel a frustration creeping back in. Damn it, his touch was still far too light to really turn her on. She fondly remembered Pete's touch from the day before as he had lifted her from the floor, using only her breasts, before he lowered her body down onto his hard shaft. She had hung backward, her legs and arms stretched behind her helplessly, as he had drawn her down on himself, probably using tens of thousands of pounds of pressure, all of which were directed through her large breasts! Now THAT had been incredible. She felt a little flushed again, her nipples suddenly getting really hard, just by thinking about that. There was little doubt of the kind of man she really needed now!

As in emphasis, she felt Steve's hands being pushed upward by her huge nipples as they bore into his palms. His light touch was actually starting to get a little irritating as it sort of tickled, like a feather might, but certainly not enough to satisfy her needs. Kara had told her earlier that it was possible for a Terran man to have intercourse with her if she relaxed her body sufficiently. But she had also shared the discovery that it just didn't do anything for her personally. Monica wanted to test the theory herself and could think of no one better than her personal trainer to try it with. Besides, she saw that he was responding magnificently to the unique feel of her tits, his hard cock nearly tearing its way out of his shorts.

Monica eased her hands down to gently hold his hard organ, her fingers gently tracing his length before she loudly tore his shorts open, her sudden display of strength combined with her gentle touch making him gasp loudly with

pleasure. He further gasped as he felt how the ripping sound was accompanied by the quick sensation of her pecs flexing momentarily under his hands.

She now floated upward a bit more as she spread her legs wide open, heels tucked behind his ass. Her body flew gently downward until she felt her labia starting to be forced open by his hard cock head as it worked between them. She flexed her legs a bit more, knowing that a single glitch of her fabulous thighs would now crush him to death. She was still learning to control her strength and sometimes she would suddenly get these little twitches. Instead of exerting 20 pounds on something, she would perhaps exert 2000 pounds, sometimes 20,000 pounds, sometimes even more!

She closed her eyes and concentrated on trying to draw him into her; no twitches could be allowed now, he was so incredibly delicate! She was fascinated with controlling her body this precisely as she began to gently work her legs back and forth, pulling him in gently and then relaxing as she realized that she was clearly on the edge of being too firm for him to handle, even with her pelvis relaxed this way. His gasping breath, followed by his hands roughly grabbing her ass, told her that she was having the right effect on him, even if she couldn't really feel anything much herself. They finally got into a rhythm together, his wet cock penetrating deeper on every thrust. Finally, she took him in all the way as she carefully controlled her surrounding vaginal muscles, making sure that she didn't hurt him.

His body went crazy now as he thrust against her like a man possessed as he discovered the tightest woman he had ever made love to! Her moist slippery sheath surrounded him in a way that was like no Terran woman, he was clearly making love to a SuperWoman! His body surged upward as he felt himself responding like never before, every muscle of his powerful body now focused on his wild fucking!

Monica leaned down to kiss him passionately, glad that she could still bring a Terran man such pleasure even if it didn't work for her. He finally shouted out his pleasure as she felt a warm explosion deep inside her, his body shuddering powerfully as his last strength poured into the depths of her body. He thrust his lower body against hers with a strength that would have injured a lesser woman, his own powerful musculature able to be fully unleashed during lovemaking for the first time in his life.

Monica's passionate kisses finally slowed as he slowly withdrew; she was so tight that he was fearful that he would be painfully trapped within her if he got too soft. A loud wet 'pop' accompanied his withdrawal as Monica floated backward to sit on the table again. He could see that she was turned on herself now, her body flushed, her amazing pink clit protruding well beyond her labia now. He still had the awareness to know, however, that his performance, dramatic as it had been, had actually done very little to please this SuperWoman. He was wondering how to help her, to please her, when she leaned over and picked up the long steel bar next to her. She laid it across her strong thighs, her arms flexing slightly as she slowly bent the thick bar in half along its length, the steel screaming softly in protest. She worked her hands along the end of the bar, now 2" in diameter, shaping it into an approximation of the organ that had just been so deeply inside her body. She wordlessly handed the warm steel to him as she slowly laid back on the table, her knees bent upward, her legs spread open on top of the table. He was shocked as he suddenly realized exactly what she wanted him to do to help her enjoy the same pleasures he had just felt!

He looked up at her face, her head laying back on the table, her blond hair nested beneath her, as her fingers began stroking over her hard nipples. He was shocked to see her nipples growing to be nearly an inch long and half that in width as they rose magically up from her large oiled breasts. He watched as she flicked her fingers over them, knowing that she was doing things he could never do with his Terran strength.

He held the bar, nearly two feet long, in his hands as he stood between Monica's bent legs, staring down at her blond bush. He saw her getting ever wetter, the muscles of her forearms flexing, as she held herself with her incredible strength. He knew he didn't have to be gentle, should not in fact try to be gentle, as he began to ease the end of the bar between her swollen labia. Her sudden gasping cries encouraged him as he twisted and worked the huge dildo deeper inside her. He began fucking her with it, his own cock becoming hard and sensitive again, as he used all the strength in his incredible muscles, muscles that had once placed him near the top at the Mr. Olympia contest, heavyweight division.

His muscles flexed enormously as he felt her getting ever tighter as her arousal grew. Despite the sweat running down his body from his powerful exertions, he soon found that he was running out of strength to continue. He was little more than six inches inside her as her right hand reached down to grip the bar. He felt an immediate 'keening' sensation in the bar as he saw her strong fingers distorting the steel where she held it. She began stroking it deeper, seemingly effortlessly, quickly burying it another six inches inside herself. He let go of the wildly vibrating bar, stepping back, his hands resting just on her knees. He looked down between her legs as he watched her powerful arms flexing as the bar moved faster and faster.

For the next ten minutes, he stared at the most incredible spectacle he had ever seen as she brought herself to climax after climax with that long bar! The steel finally began glowing white-hot in her strong hands, bright sparks flying outward from it, the partially melted steel running from inside her body as the steel proved inadequate to keep up with her. She finally cried out stronger than before, her body rising high above the table once again, as she clamped her powerful thighs together, trapping the bar between them, the half molten steel squeezing out from her thighs like glowing toothpaste. The pressure between her legs was now so great that the portion of the bar trapped between them turned to liquid steel, flowing down her gorgeous thighs while she proved, once and for all, how great the difference was between her new body, and that body's demands, and the abilities of mere Terrans to satisfy her.

Monica finally collapsed on the table, her legs hanging limply off one end, her knees almost touching, as rivulets of glowing molten steel followed the strong contours of her gorgeous legs downward, leaving little smoking holes in the carpet as some of it dripped onto the floor. Steve walked up and took her hand, her skin still very warm from her exertions, as he helped her back to her feet. She walked quickly but awkwardly to the women's shower, a trail of glowing steel droplets falling from between her legs and burning the carpet along the way. Fortunately the shower was empty this late at night, as the usual spray from the shower was augmented by the live steam of water vaporizing from her lower body.

Monica felt a little embarrassed as she realized that she had gotten a little carried away back there, at least based on Steve's amazed and startled look. She had not expected to lose control like that. In addition, she was now finding that she had to work very hard, glad that her fingers were so long, to get all the partially solidified steel from deep inside her body. This was not the best way to satisfy herself, she realized that now. Too messy, and too dramatic for Terrans to watch! She smiled for a moment anyway, realizing that she had actually kind of enjoyed watching Steve's jaw drop as the bar had heated and then melted, the friction from that infinitely 'tender' part of her body generating all that heat.

She could also tell that he had been wondering how he had just survived being in the same place! She decided to let him wonder, sex with Terrans was no longer of interest to her, that much was for sure.

They met back in the lobby on the way out the door, Monica wearing a very short pair of cutoffs and a sleeveless sweatshirt along with a pair of sneakers. Steve couldn't help but stare at her long bare legs, remembering what he had just seen her do with those gorgeous thighs! He finally looked around, the parking lot was empty except for his own car.

"Looks like you need a ride home, Monica, I don't see your car here ... unless ..."

He stopped in mid-sentence thinking that he was being stupid. Of course she didn't have her car here, she could fly!

"Oh, yeah, right," he said lamely.

"No problem, Steve, this is still a little new to me as well. In fact, I'm not actually even sure how to say goodnight to you. For instance, I could understand it if we both walked to our cars, but for me to just leap into the air and fly off right here in front of you, that still feels a little weird. I'm not sure what the social protocols are for flying women yet!"

Steve's smile put her at ease; he saw that she was trying to figure this out just as hard as he was. She took his arm in hers as she walked with him to his car, figuring that she'd let him drive off before flying away herself. They talked about the upcoming competition and how they were going to get there. Steve was determined to see her first major win, they now had little doubt she was actually going to win, but he couldn't afford the airfare. Monica was about to use the old 'fly me' slogan when she realized that it would take forever to get there if she had to fly slow enough with him on her back for his body to endure it. There had to be a better way!

Steve finally turned the car key in the ignition, the battery sounding sluggish in this old wreck of his as they continued talking through his open window. He swore ... being a personal trainer may be an interesting and satisfying job, but it sure didn't pay much. The starter gradually ground slower and slower as Steve knew what that meant. Damn, another tow and another taxi ride! He was about to curse when he remembered Monica. He looked up at her blue eyes as he began to wonder, could she actually fly with something as heavy as a car? He saw her looking down at his car, clearly thinking the same thing.

"Well, Steve, if you don't mind a rough ride, I think I can get you home. I'm not too good at flying yet, but at least this little car shouldn't be hard to lift. Just fasten your seatbelt so that I don't toss you out." She quickly handed him her bag through the open window before walking around to the front of the car.

Steve stared at her as she bent down slightly to grip the bumper. He felt the car lift slightly for a moment, her shoulders flexing magnificently. The tendons and muscles of her neck suddenly stood out, the rest of her body

hidden by the front of the car. He gradually felt himself being pushed back in his seat as his car tilted backward. He held on tightly to the steering wheel while Monica magically lifted the front of the car high over her head! It swayed from side to side as he felt her walking her hands down the frame until she found the balance point. He felt her pause for a moment longer, the back of the car swinging upward, before he was shoved violently downward into his seat as she used her gorgeous legs to leap upward, rapidly accelerating into the night sky!

The wind soon began whipping by his window so fast that he had to close it; he knew she must be flying well over a hundred miles per hour. The streetlights and traffic lights drifted by beneath him as the car rocked wildly from side to side as she flew across town, still held high over her head. Steve was holding onto the steering wheel with a death grip as he looked straight down through the side window to stare at the earth more than a thousand feet below him! Sometimes the car tilted so far when she was making a turn that he was looking straight down out his window! His stomach was almost in his mouth as he was well aware that Monica was having significant trouble coordinating her flying and lifting the car at the same time! "Don't drop me, don't drop me, don't drop me" he chanted to himself as he couldn't tear his eyes away from the earth so far below him.

They were halfway across town, Steve scared to death yet fascinated at the same time, heading toward his place, when he spotted a mass of flashing lights surrounding a brightly lit building. He recognized the 20 story building as a computer services company, one of the places his roommate had worked until recently. It largely did outsourcing of computing services for many firms that didn't want to have their own MIS staff.

Monica saw the same thing as she turned to fly closer, Steve's stomach in his mouth as she rapidly lost altitude, finally settling down on a dark street about three blocks away. She roughly dropped the front of the car back on the road as Steve gratefully jumped out, glad he was still alive. He looked at Monica, her upper body really pumped from holding his car over her head, as she stared at her grease covered hands.

"Don't you ever wash this thing, Steve. Look at me, my hands are covered in it!"

"Ah, Monica, this thing is a wreck. It probably has leaks everywhere. Let me see if I have a rag."

"Don't bother ... I have an idea." With that, the dark street was suddenly lit as bright as day as two brilliant beams lanced out from Monica's eyes, focused on her hands. Steve had to cover his eyes to protect them; the violet red beams were far too bright, almost like an arc welder. He could barely make out her hands in the bright glare as they slowly started smoking just before they began to glow white-hot. The grease and oil burned off in seconds as she blinked her eyes closed again, cutting off the dazzling beams. Steve looked at her in amazement, his eyes partially blinded. Once again, she had done something humanly impossible! What an incredible woman!

He winced a bit as she turned to take his arm in hers as she started off down the street at a brisk pace. Her lower arm was still very warm, but was cooling rapidly as her body somehow seemed to be absorbing the heat back inside it at an incredible rate.

"Looks like some kind of big police raid or something," Monica breathed in his ear as they got close. "With this many cops here, I wonder what the bad guys are armed with. They could fight a war with the equipment that I saw from up there."

"Yeah, probably some guy who didn't like how his payroll came out," Steve chuckled. Monica turned to look at him with a blank look.

They eased through the crowd of people across the street from the building. Monica quickly learned from the bystanders that there was a guy inside whose jacket was stuffed with high explosives. He had taken about a dozen people hostage in the basement and was threatening to blow them up, along with probably the whole building, if his former supervisor didn't show up to confront him. He apparently had been fired a few days before.

Monica was trying to think of a way she might be able to help when she suddenly saw a streak of red and blue coming down into the bright lights. She assumed it was Superman. However, once the person got into the lights, she saw Kara's bare legs, her tiny skirt folded back up over her waist, her red panties on display as she braked to a stop, floating a foot above the ground. Monica grinned at her, it was not only good to see her little sister again, but she could only imagine the cops amazed reaction to her, showing off with skirt up over waist like that! This was probably going to be her first real public appearance on this Earth. At least she was used to dealing with this kind of thing back on her own Earth.

Actually, Monica was surprised that she showed up, that she wasn't still off with Kal somewhere. She was equally surprised to see her wearing a costume that looked so much like Superman's, except of course for her tiny skirt. She chuckled, wondering what the hell they had been doing together that had resulted in her wearing his clothing! She

certainly hadn't owned anything that looked like that before she went off with him. In fact, she had borrowed some of her own clothes a few days ago just to have something to wear!

Metropolis Computing Services Building, Downtown

Sharil came to a stop in mid-air, right in front of the man that looked like he was in charge. She saw all the officers pulling their guns out as they hurriedly backed out of her way. Her exploits at the bank earlier that afternoon had obviously become well known. She had expected the cops to hate her now, she figured they would all hang together even if those other cops had been clearly in the wrong today. Looking around at all the guns pointing her way, she was disgusted to see that they were behaving just as she had expected! Acting just like she had been told Terran authority figures would act.

The Captain walked forward to look at her, a little disconcerted that his face was right at the level of her rather dramatic breasts as she floated and bobbed in mid-air. He felt small and weak as he was forced to look sharply upward to see her face.

"Supergirl, I think that is what you called yourself, I have to inform you that you are under arrest for murder. The murder of 63 people to be exact, mostly police officers. Ah ... I, ah ... just fly down here and lean against the car, legs spread while we read you your rights."

"Ah, yeah, right, Captain. I mean, why would I want to do that? And as far as rights go ... I don't care about your pathetic laws, only the church's laws apply to me. Besides, your laws don't prohibit helping people who have been wronged. You know those cops were wrong this afternoon, they should not have tried to stop me, they should not have helped that bank steal from those men. You shouldn't try to stop me either, and for the same reason. No, Captain, I am not about to let you arrest me, besides, you and the army combined couldn't harm a hair on my head. I'm Supergirl after all!"

The juvenile pride in her voice was clear to the Captain in charge of what he knew was slowly turning into a disaster. He clearly knew his men couldn't arrest her if she didn't let them, she had already proved she was as strong as Superman and far more willing to use her powers, especially her heat vision, to get her way.

What he really needed right now was for Superman to show up and restrain his little cousin here or whatever she was. However, for the first time since anyone could remember, Superman was missing from Metropolis. Talk about lousy timing! And this girl was hardly his replacement, not by a long shot. Especially after she had single-handedly wiped out the entire 21st precinct this afternoon! Vaporized them with those incredible baby blue eyes of hers! The Captain snarled in frustration as his blood boiled. Despite what other people may be staring at, he certainly didn't see a beautiful young woman in front of him, he saw only a savage heartless cop killer!

He didn't trust himself to speak for a moment while he tried to get himself back under control. She was really starting to piss him off!

"Supergirl, I can't let you interfere here even if my men don't have the ability to arrest you. Why don't you go back where you came from, we don't need you here! We don't need your kind anywhere."

"Why, Captain, you are so wrong. You most certainly do need me. You may not be able to see through concrete walls, but I can. That man has enough explosives strapped to his body to bring down this whole building. And all you are accomplishing here is keeping him from escaping. Yet, look around, I don't think he is really trying to escape, now is he?"

That DID it, the Captain snapped as he ran out of patience with her.

"Look, you little bitch, just get the fuck out of here. We can handle this, we don't need any help from a freaking mutant like you!" The anger flowed out of him as he completely lost his cool! Not only had she killed those officers, some of them his friends, but she had done it over a couple of damned homeless men. At least those men were now rotting in jail for the crime of being her accomplice. And now here she was again, claiming to want to help the police this time, floating in front of him in mid-air like some damned Christmas ornament, just showing off. On top of that, she had the gall to tell him that he didn't know how to do his job!

Sharil heard his angry and insulting words, it pissed her off as well! She flew forward and grabbed the Captain by his neck, lifting him off the ground before throwing him backward to land on top of one of the police cruisers. She felt one of his vertebrae snap as she tossed him; good, that would teach him a lesson for being mean to her!

She landed gently and then turned to walk toward the brightly lit building. She was determined to solve this crime even if these cops were just going to hide out here.

The Captain's aide, a new patrol officer, looked at his boss, struggling painfully to get back to his feet, holding his neck. Whatever she had done to him, it was assault in his book. He knew she wasn't going to listen to reason, so he angrily raised his shotgun and fired it twice into the back of the young girl's neck at point blank range!

Sharil felt two incredible stinging blows against the back of her head as she was thrown forward, off balance, finally stumbling and falling face forward onto the concrete. She saw spots in front of her eyes for a few moments before reaching behind her to massage her sore neck. Damn these cops and their guns, always shooting at her! All they seemed to want to do was shoot people and she was getting PISSED OFF AT IT!

She lithely leaped back to her feet while spinning around so fast her body was a red and blue blur. She grabbed the shotgun roughly out of the cop's hands before quickly turning it around to stick it firmly against his chest. She pulled the trigger, the satisfying report of the gun making her feel better. The cop's body exploded nearly in half as the powerful slug tore his chest apart.

"There, how do you like people shooting at you for a change?" The cop didn't answer, he simply collapsed on the ground, his heart blown apart from the powerful slug!

Monica, still standing across the street, had been surprised to see her sister arguing with the cops. She was even more surprised when she saw the cop fire his shotgun into the back of her head as she turned to walk toward the building. She knew that she could not be hurt by such a weak weapon, but she was flabbergasted and shocked as she saw her pick herself back up off the ground and grab the shotgun. The whole crowd gasped as she turned and fired it into the cop's chest! My God, what was she doing!

Monica's sharp eyes zoomed in with her super vision to see the angry twisted look on her sister's face. Something was wrong here! Kara had told her how she was always so careful not to hurt people unless there was no other way. What the hell had happened to her now, there was clearly a better way to deal with this situation other than shooting that cop!

Monica pushed herself roughly through to the edge of the crowd as she ran across the street to follow behind her sister. She had find out what was going on! She saw a few other cops firing at the Girl of Steel, the bullets ricocheting brightly off her long legs as she strode purposely forward, completely ignoring them now. Monica also ignored their shouts as they fired at her sister, they had no idea what they were doing in any case now. She leaped lightly over both rows of parked cars to land right in front of the assembled police force as she sprinted after her sister. She finally caught up to her just before she entered the building.

"Kara, what the hell did you do back there? There was no reason to hurt that cop that way?" Monica saw her turning to look at her, a blank look in her face.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Ah ... I'm Monica, remember, your sister?" She saw the blank look in the girl's face.

"Sister ... I don't have a sister," Sharil said pensively. "I mean, someone would have told me if I did. You are just another weak Terran who is in my way. Step aside or I'll move you aside!"

Monica was really worried now. While this girl looked identical to Kara, her voice and manner were actually completely different, almost like that of a very young and angry girl. A very powerful and out-of-control girl! Monica stood in front of the door, hands on her hips, as she blocked her from entering.

"I'm sorry Kara, I can't let you go in there. You don't have the experience to deal with this. Let the cops handle it, that's what they get paid for."

"COPS ... you mean those fools hiding behind their cars. All they want to do is help the banks and government to steal everyone's money. They don't care about innocent people, only about the people who pay them. If anyone can handle this problem, it is going to be SUPERGIRL!" The emphasis, almost the shout, of her public name sounded weird to Monica, almost as if her public persona had gone to her head. Maybe she had gone schizoid ...! But why now?

"I'm warning you lady," Sharil said in a shrill voice, "what was your name, Monkie? Shit, whatever your name is, whatever your little game is, just get out of my way now before I mess you up bad!"

"NO, Kara, lets just go home and talk about this."

Monica had no further warning, other than a quick twisted look on the girl's lips, as her powerful uppercut caught her in the diaphragm, throwing her body upward and backward so hard that her body shattered the cement wall of the building three stories up. Surprised and stunned, Monica simply collapsed and slid down the wall the land entwined and half buried in the concrete debris three stories below. She instinctively knew that Kara's blow would have exploded a Terran woman's body apart.

Monica smiled to herself, this was actually a good sign. She had to have recognized me, Monica thought, or she would not have used that much strength. It would have been extreme overkill to hit a Terran that hard, even if you wanted them dead! She just wished she would let her know what was going on, things must be very desperate if she had to actually kill that cop!

Monica stood up and headed for the door that Supergirl had entered, only to have two big cops suddenly blocking her way. "Lady, we need to get you out of here before Supergirl comes back. She has killed a lot of people already today, you're damn lucky you weren't the next one, although frankly I don't know how you managed to survive that blow!"

"It's OK guys, she's my sister and I need to figure out what's wrong here. I'm going in after her."

Both cops looked at her in shock, did she say that Supergirl was her sister? That must mean that she had the same powers. They both jumped back out of her way, not wanting to wind up like the guys from the 21st precinct.

"Damn", Lander's thought to himself as he flattened himself against the wall. It was bad enough to have one of these super beings on the loose, but now two! He continued to stand back against the wall as he and his partner couldn't help but watch her brushing herself off. Her body rippled with muscles, her skimpy clothes not hiding much, as they realized that she at least looked the part of a super woman. Their eyes continued to follow her hands very closely as she brushed the dust from her dramatic bust and from her long shapely bare legs. They were momentarily frozen in place, the exotic combination of fear and sexual arousal making their bodies tremble wildly.

Monica ignored their stunned looks as she turned and sprinted toward the doorway, trying to catch up to her sister. She saw a flash of blond hair and a red cape swishing as she saw her turning the corner at the end of the long hallway. Monica sprinted down the hall, running faster than any Terran could, as she caught up to her just as she walked into the large computer room; the place the hostages were obviously being held. Monica stopped in her tracks outside the glass wall of the room. She saw a large man, sticks of plastique completely covering his body, both inside and outside his long coat. The man was a walking bomb! And her sister was just walking up to him, seemingly without a care in her little blond head!

Monica knew that Kara had been doing this 'super' stuff a lot longer than she had, but it still seemed weird and dangerous to just walk up to a man like that. She saw the man backing up, holding detonators in both hands, as he shouted for her to stop, to stop or he would blow up this entire building and all these people! Fortunately, she did stop, almost impatiently, about ten feet from him, her back turned so that Monica couldn't see her face. Her hands were on her hips, her long cape hanging down to the middle of her calves, her fingers tapping her waist impatiently.

Quickly looking around, Monica saw that there were more than twenty people sitting in the corners of the room, hunkered down between the computer consoles and racks.

"Well, what do you want?", Sharil said impatiently.

The man looked really nervous, he had expected Superman to show up, certain that he would understand the unfairness of his dismissal, would convince that evil woman, his former boss, to let him have his job back.

Instead, he was staring at this ... this girl. It was bad enough to have a woman as a boss, far worse to be fired by her. And now, the one person he thought could help him, Superman, had sent a young blond in his place! My God, if there had been one thing he had been able to count on, it was that if plush came to shove, the ultimate power figure on the planet was very much a man. But instead of him, some little chicky had come to save these people. Not only that, but she was wearing a silly parody of Superman's magnificent costume, her legs bared and her tits hanging half out of the top! What the hell was going on, were women taking over everything?

He had no idea what to do now. He couldn't tell this girl about the woman who fired him, could he? Would she understand ... she looked pretty young; actually, she looked really young, especially her body language and her speech.

"Look, mister, I figure you have some big problem or you wouldn't be holding all these people hostage here. You want to talk about it, go ahead. Tell me about it, maybe I can fix things for you." Sharil felt good about that last sentence. Maybe she could help someone else today.

"Well ...", he began hesitantly, knowing that this didn't feel right at all, "I just want to get my job back. This woman, my boss, fired me simply because I didn't come into work five times last month. I mean heck, that isn't so bad is it? I just had to take the time off, things were really stressful here and I couldn't take it sometimes. But I like my job. I want it back!"

Sharil's arms collapsed in exasperation at her side; she was totally pissed now. "Let me make sure I understand this, you are telling me you got all these cops here, threatened all these people's lives, interrupted MY evening, just to try and get your job back? A job that it sounds like you should have been fired from anyway?"

His voice went up an octave, this wasn't working out as he had imagined.

"Ah ...yes, but it was my boss, she was, she is, a woman. All the other people that work for her are women, I'm the only man, I was the only man I mean. She didn't fire them, she fired me. It's not fair. Those women are just sticking together, punishing us men."

One of the women sitting on the floor suddenly spoke up. "Yeah, but you were the only person who took extra time off when you weren't sick! Who took time off during the end of month rush."

This is stupid, Sharil thought to herself. She was standing here trying to resolve a labor dispute. She, SUPERGIRL, the most powerful being on Earth, dealing with this silliness. What a waste of my talents, she thought to herself, I could be off helping some people who really needed help.

While Supergirl was talking to the man, Monica had walked around the outside of the room using her super vision to make sure she was now standing behind the man. The concrete brick wall in front of her seemed to melt away as she squinted her eyes so that she could see through it. She wanted to be close just in case she had to quickly disarm him. But those detonators sure looked secure, one in each hand, his fingers twitching on the triggers. She could see no way to get to him fast enough.

"Well, mister, if you want to kill yourself", Sharil said disgustedly, "go ahead. You can't hurt me, I'm Supergirl, but do whatever pleases you. But if you really want to live, then just hand me those detonators, I'll disarm them."

"NO, get away from me, I mean it, I'll do it. Stay away!"

Sharil ignored him, figuring the he didn't have the guts to do it anyway, he was just a wimpy Terran male. She walked confidently up to him as he looked up into her eyes, she being a couple of inches taller than he was. He was clearly pleading for her to leave, to not make him do it, but he knew it was too late when he felt her hands reaching up to grab his. She started to painfully force his fingers open, his tendons stretching and tearing as he fought back. But she was too strong for him, he couldn't stop her! He felt her reaching for his middle finger, but he was able to squeeze it down one last time. The loud click shocked everyone in the room.

Monica saw what was happening, incredibly her sister was actually forcing him to carry out his threat! A threat he clearly didn't want to fulfill. What the hell was she doing ... she should know better than this!

Monica made a quick decision as she suddenly thrust her arms powerfully forward, her body violently tearing apart the brick wall, as she smashed her way through it. She leaped forward to throw herself up against the man, hoping to shelter some of the people from the explosion. She slammed up hard against the man's back as she wrapped her arms around Supergirl, crushing the man's body between them. She still didn't have good motor control over her body when she moved quickly and the unexpected force of her embrace was unfortunately great enough to crush the man between them. She felt her breasts suddenly pressing against her sister's as the man's body turned to mush between them. Mush that suddenly turned to white-hot plasma as fifty pounds of plastique detonated between the women's bodies!

Monica hadn't been able to hook her legs around the back of her sister's, if she had, they might have been able to

control the explosion between their bodies. As it was, the two of them were blown away from each other, the brief initial containment of the plasma by their invulnerable bodies only serving to strengthen the final shock wave. Monica's body was thrown backward so fast that her chest sliced right through one of the main building supports, a six-foot thick steel column. Sharil went the other way, her body exploding out through the 10th floor windows as she was thrown several miles across the city. The massive explosion, made more abrupt and powerful by this initial containment, ripped through the building supports, tearing them all out.

The Captain was still on the radio, hoping that someone could find Superman and get him to help straighten this mess out. He was suddenly knocked from his feet as a huge explosion rocked the very ground he stood on. Every window in the 20 story building exploded outward as he saw a tumbling object explode from about halfway up it. He followed the red and blue object as it flew high over his head, disappearing into the dark sky. By the time he turned back around, the entire building was sagging, pancaking down as floor after floor crushed down onto the one below it. It swayed left, then right before finally collapsing straight downward. An incredible wall of debris exploded forward to knock all of the cops off their feet, covering them in parts of the shattered building.

It took several minutes for the rain of debris to stop before they could begin to get shakily back to their feet. They looked up in shock, expecting to see a tall building, yet they only saw a five story high pile of smoking rubble!

Monica had initially been pinned in place, her body blown backward to sever the massive steel beam. Her upper body had been trapped in the middle of the shorn beam as most of the weight of the building was momentarily bearing down on her chest. The ragged torn steel scraped across her chest with tens of millions of pounds of pressure as the building tilted from one side to the other, most of the weight crushing downward on her soft breasts. What shreds had been left of her clothes were now ripped off by the ragged grinding steel as her body was trapped in place. After a few seconds, she was relieved to feel the painful weight finally coming off her upper body. However, that was accompanied by the entire building suddenly collapsing around her.

Massive blow after blow crushed down on top of her, disorienting her, until she was finally knocked clear of the beam and was able to huddle on the floor, her head against her knees, her arms over her head. Massive blocks of concrete and steel bounced from her invulnerable back until one massive blow was too strong for even her. She was smashed flat against the ground when the concrete floor right above her collapsed to pin her to the pavement beneath. The roaring continued until finally, seemingly minutes later, the roaring collapse stopped, her body now buried deeply beneath fifty feet of concrete rubble.

She tried to move, but found that she could not, there was an incredible weight bearing down on her! She strained again, this time moving only a little. She finally lunged her arms forward as she managed to force them out in front of her. She started to do a pushup, a pushup with most of the weight of the building on her back! Her super strong arms strained and shook, her incredible muscles strained to the limit, as she started to lift twenty collapsed concrete floors upward. The rough torn concrete and steel scraped across her bare back as she struggled upward ...once, twice ... God, it was too heavy! Her arms collapsed, the weight of the building nearly collapse her ribs as her chest and hips were smashed the floor, her breasts slowly and painfully grinding into the concrete floor with each attempt to move. It was just too heavy, even for her enhanced muscles! She lay still for a while, unable to expand her chest to even breathe.

Finally, remembering all the weight training she had done over the years, she gathered her strength as she lifted upward again, this time just enough to take some of the weight off her chest so that she could draw several ragged breaths. She gradually brought her breathing under control, concentrated on her mantra, imagining she was just in the gym working out as she had done a thousand times. She bit her lip as she started to put everything she had into her arms as she forced her body upward, further, further, finally straightening her arms and locking her elbows! She knew that there were literally tens of millions of pounds of pressure on her back, her triceps having to hold all of it, yet she had to get out of here, to save anyone that was still alive.

She forced her legs forward the same way, her washboard abs flexing strongly, pulling her legs upward, her knees gouging deep grooves in the hard ferro-concrete floor. Finally, she was able to stand on her knees, shoving her ass up to take some weight off her shoulders. She continued to struggle painfully upward, finally leaning back enough to raise her hands up against the ceiling. She strained with all her strength, trying to raise her upper body, her back and arms flexing powerfully, her legs exploding into massive muscles, her body now at her absolute strength limit, her muscles growing so hot that the hard sharp contours of them began glowing cherry-red. She lifted further, her massive quads exploding from her legs as they heated up until they were white-hot, the intense glow rising up her

thighs until it began to make the sensitive place between them tingle with arousal. The warm tingling arousal, the flushing surge through her body, seemed to help, she suddenly felt stronger, as she finally was able to struggle to her feet, the weight of a large part of the building, all the pancaked concrete floors, now resting on her hands and the back of her shoulders. Her body was glowing so hot by now that it brightly lit the whole basement.

It took her only seconds to realize that she was the only survivor down here. Her sister was also mysteriously gone. She gradually walked her hands along the concrete ceiling, staggering forward as she worked her way out from under the massive building, gradually lowering it back to the ground. She staggered forward, collapsing from exhaustion, her eyes rolling upward as she finally passed out from the strain, her body falling face first across the broken and tumbled concrete debris.

Monica lay still and unconscious for some time, unnoticed in the rubble as people began to move hesitantly around the edges of the collapsed building. It was several hours later when she awoke, the sensation of something cold and wet nuzzling her ribs, an object that was sniffing very strongly. She immediately recognized it for what it was, a dog's nose! She rolled over on her back to look up at a short man, holding a dog on a leash, as he stared back at her nude body in amazement. She flexed her legs and leaped lithely back to her feet in a single movement, the gymnastic fluidness of her sudden motion surprising the would-be rescuer as he quickly stepped back from her. Looking around, Monica could see many people picking at the wreckage with crowbars and picks, shouting back and forth as they tried to work their way into the wreckage. It was clear it was going to take them a long time.

Just at that moment, her keen hearing picked up the sound of a woman moaning, the sound coming from high above her.

She didn't hesitate a second longer as she turned toward the sound and leaped upward, her gorgeous calves flexing to propel her 40' vertically into the air. She landed on the top floor as she reached out and grabbed a huge cement beam, maybe five feet thick, and began to lift it. The 10,000 lb. beam felt light in her hands as she tossed it 50 feet over her shoulder to land with an incredible 'THUMP' in an open space next to the building. She then worked her way down to stand on the next floor below as she grabbed the bottom of the concrete floor and began to slowly lift the entire upper floor of the building upward.

The rescue worker, his eyes nearly falling out of his head, looked up to see the incredible muscles exploding across her back and down her legs. She suddenly looked like a bodybuilder posing on stage as her body displayed muscles the like of which he had never seen on a woman before! What was even more amazing, was that the huge slab started to groan and move upward in her arms. She was clearly succeeding at lifting the top floor of the building!

He hesitated for only a few seconds before making a quick call on his radio, gathering the rest of his team together.

The team gathered quickly and, after a few incredulous moments spent staring at Monica, the team reacted with professionalism. They grabbed their gear and scrambled up the debris to begin crawling into the large opening that she was creating with only her straining muscles.

She and the team wound up working together for the rest of the night, starting at this top floor, working their way downward. After carefully working her way inward with the team, standing over them, arms often lifting half million or more pounds over their heads, while they crawled around, and sometimes between, her legs, they would locate the victims and the survivors and quickly move them out of the building. After each floor was done, she would lift the massive concrete slabs into the air and fly over to drop them with a tremendous crash into the adjacent empty lot.

The work went very fast after this elite FEMA US&R (Urban Search and Rescue) Team had joined forces with her. This team, specially trained to go in and rescue people from partially collapsed buildings, combined their skill and her astounding muscles to rapidly work through the building. Her body, strong enough to lift entire floors upward and to hold them securely, and their skill in showing her just where she could safely lift and support it, made this a rescue like none ever before. The team went in time after time, recovering bodies, and, far too rarely, a living victim. By morning they had worked through all 20 floors, finding only 22 people alive. And more bodies than they could count at first! This building had worked a full staff, 24 hours a day.

Her nude body, deeply caked in dust and slime, but nothing more, was in the viewfinder of every TV camera in town as she spent the rest of the night working this way with the US&R team, using her fabulous body, her gorgeous muscles, in place of the usual cranes. Yet the TV people learned little about her, her body so deeply caked in dust that it wasn't even possible to tell what color her hair was nor what her face really looked like.

Five Thousand Feet in the Air Over Metropolis

Sharil tumbled head over heels, unconscious, her body blown more than five miles from the explosion site. She finally crashed through the corrugated roof of a steel foundry and splashed into a huge vessel of molten stainless that was being prepared for the next days pouring. The supervisor in charge saw only a splash of white-hot molten steel flying through the room, but he did not see what caused it. He shrugged, must have been some impurity bursting below the surface he thought, as he continued to raise the temperature higher. They were going to start pouring in a few hours and he had to make sure the steel was uniformly melted and mixed.

Sharil, still unconscious, drifted slowly downward in the viscous liquid steel until she settled against the bottom of the huge ceramic vat. Her body still trying to breath, her lungs gasping, the glowing liquid flowed down her throat, filled her lungs, as she slowly and surely drowned on molten steel! Her lungs finally were still, all the air replaced by molten steel, as her body became very still. Yet her heart still beat soundly and slowly as her young body lay quietly sleeping, waiting for her shocked mind to awaken.

Ten Thousand Feet Above Metropolis, the Other Side of Town

Carr had finally reached the city and was now soaring over it, feeling depleted and tired. He knew that he needed to draw energy from Sharil, draw it in a way that only he knew how, a way that she had been subliminally trained to expect. His super vision scanned the city, seeing everything, seeing nothing. He was not used to such massive collections of people living so close together. Less than 100,000 people lived on all of Aria, and it was a much larger planet than Earth. He now saw millions of people, and all the sounds they made, concentrated in this tiny space. His face wrinkled in disgust as he remembered his orientation training. Fucking Terrans, he thought, all they did was reproduce. Slaughtering them by the millions would only strengthen them; it needed to be done. Someday, he hoped to be part of the team that did that!

But today he was supposed to be Superman, a man he knew was secretly a reporter at a newspaper. He flew down beside the newspaper building and opened his pack, taking out his suit and glasses to assume the strange identity of Clark Kent. He then strolled briskly across the street, mindful of the cars as he had been taught, and headed into the lobby. If anyone knew where Supergirl was now, it would be the Daily Planet and its legion of reporters.

Parking Lot Next to the Former Metropolis Computing Service Building

Morning finally came, the rescue largely complete, the few survivors safely in local hospitals. Monica was resting back at the Command Center with the original US&R team, the one she had worked with all night. The team had worked closely together with her as she had come to appreciate the skill and courage of these people who did this most dangerous of all rescue work. The team, composed of five men, one woman and two dogs, like all such teams that face constant danger, were tightly knit, suspicious of outsiders; hard living and hard drinking. They lived for each other, they would die for each other.

They, in their turn, had been far more than a little impressed with Monica, her body often pressed closely to theirs, doing the things that previously it was thought only Superman could do. Things that the largest cranes could not do without first breaking the building up into pieces, a slow and dangerous process. They now talked loudly and excitedly, their bodies trying to work off an overload of adrenaline, as they talked their way back through the particularly tough rescues they had just accomplished. In addition, all interest was on Monica, her bright blue eyes and white teeth the only evidence of the woman which lived beneath the filth and mud covering her body, not quite knowing what to say to her or how to thank her for her help.

They finally began talking excitedly about what it had been like to work with her, their shoulders jammed in a narrow tunnel against hers, while she had lifted perhaps a half million pound cement slab over her head. They had all been secretly thrilled and amazed at the way her body exploded into gorgeous hard curves, the dramatic contours visible up close even under the thick layer of mud and dust that clung to her. Her dramatic bust, the way her nipples grew enormous when she was really lifting something heavy, the wetness barely visible between her legs under the same conditions, all these were things that they had been impressed and amazed with again and again during the long night. While they vividly remembered those things, they were also polite enough not to mention some of them in front of her now. The fact that they had also felt safe for the first time when doing a job like this said a lot for their confidence in her. After all, she was down there with them, using just her muscles, combined with their experience

and their dog's keen noses, as they had crawled through the collapsed floors finding victims.

They placed a blanket around her shoulders now to provide some essential modesty as a site security team kept the photographers and news hounds at bay. A cup extra cup was quickly found for Monica, they were all drinking coffee, liberally laced with some contraband Jack Daniels, when two cops walked up. Without a word, snapped a pair of heavy handcuffs on her wrists!

"You are under arrest, by order of the Mayor, for unlawful destruction of property and interference with the duly appointed police force. You must come with us now."

Monica was still holding her cup of coffee in her handcuffed hands as she looked blankly back up at them. "I don't think so officers. I'm tired, I've been working with these guys all night rescuing people; we are going to get cleaned up and get some breakfast. We can talk later about whether you are going to arrest me or not. Although I'm not sure for what?"

"I'm sorry miss," the Sergeant said, "I have my orders. You have to come with us now. The Mayor really wants to talk with you; so does the Police Chief."

Monica suddenly saw two of the guys from the rescue crew stepping between her and the cops. "Hey, leave her alone. Without her, it would have taken us weeks to get through this building, and most of those survivors would have died before then. She is leaving with us. You can send the warrant to FEMA, we're listed under Government in the Yellow Pages, as in US Government."

They turned to flash Monica a smile, their white teeth and clear eyes glowing out from their dust covered faces. Monica smiled back as she opened the blanket just a bit and flexed her arms enough to effortlessly snap the steel link of the handcuffs. A quick flip with her fingers, a loud groan from the stressed steel, and the bracelets snapped apart as well. She stood up and walked forward to stand in front of the officers, the team gathered closely and protectively around her, as she gripped the handcuffs in front of the officer's astounded faces. The tendons on the back of her hand suddenly looked like steel cables as she slowly squished the handcuffs into a small round ball of hardened steel!

"I don't think these little handcuffs are going to work guys. Don't worry though, I'll be around. Oh in case you need a name for your paperwork, just write me in as 'SuperWoman'. These guys will know where to find me."

With that, she handed the mangled ball of warm steel back to the cops as two of the rescue workers put their arms protectively around her shoulders and led her away. The cops just stared, knowing that there was really nothing they could do to force her to come with them anyway.

The team walked back toward the RV that they operated out of. "Damn, Monica, that was really cool. Did you see the look in those cop's eyes when you tore off those handcuffs and crushed them. They will probably frame the crushed remains of them somewhere back in the police station. Good thing they knew to back off though, or we would have had to hurt them for you."

Her rich laughter joined there's, it was pretty clear that she didn't need any protection from those officers, not from anybody. They finally found where they had parked the huge RV, tossed the dogs back in their kennels with some food, water and final encouragement before heading inside to get cleaned up. The men shared the shower on one end while they gave Monica and Sally, the lone female member of the team, the smaller one at the other end. Sojo, the smallest guy on the team, donated a pair of cutoffs and a t-shirt, two things that would probably fit Sharon's dramatic body. Sally's clothes would clearly be too small, she was only 5'1" tall and maybe 90 lb dripping wet.

The men quickly washed up and got dressed in clean clothes. A quick 'breakfast' beer was served as they heard the hair dryer running for a moment in the other bathroom. As usual, it crapped out after only a couple of minutes. A few seconds later, Sally walked out of the bathroom wearing her usual jeans and t-shirt.

"Ah ... OK, guys, heads up. You are not going to believe what you are going to see! But ... here is Monica, minus 20 lb of slime and dirt!" She waved her arm back toward the bathroom, allowing a slightly confused Monica to step out into the hallway.

There was sudden stunned silence as the most gorgeous woman they had ever seen stepped from the bathroom, her wet blond hair hanging over her shoulders!

Their eyes traveled over her tall body, noticing the amazing things she was doing to Sojo's clothes. His cutoffs were clearly a little tight on her, but serviceable. The t-shirt the same. However, they had never seen Sojo's clothes

looking like this before! Her perfect tight ass filled the cutoffs with the most amazingly firm curves they had ever seen on a woman. Her strong gorgeous legs seemed to descend forever, curves upon curves, as her freshly scrubbed tan skin glowed in the bright lights. And the t-shirt, my God, her body did things to a t-shirt that should not be allowed! Her chest was clearly a lot bigger, and certainly shaped differently, than the man who normally wore that shirt! Nobody could move for a moment as they just stared at her.

She smiled at their reaction while facing them, the smoking burned-out hairdryer in one hand, her other hand on her hip. They all seemed frozen in place, beers halfway to mouths, as if time had stopped for them. Their eyes were the only thing moving, slowly tracing her body up and down in amazement.

Monica's giggle finally broke the silence. "Oh, I see. We work together all night, my wearing nothing but my birthday suit and a little dirt, and everything is cool. Now I change into some guy's clothing and you are finally impressed with me! I think maybe you have all been working a little too close together with Sojo here for too long. What did you say Sojo's job really was again." Still, nobody said a word, their mouths hanging open, their bodies still frozen in place. "Ah guys, that was a joke ... hey, anybody able to talk here? Hello ... I could really use a hair brush if you have a spare one."

Sojo finally was able to move, grabbing a brush from his bag as he walked over to hand it to her. He still couldn't talk, he just had never imagined his old clothes could look like THAT!

They watched as Monica turned to the wall mirror and began brushing her wet hair. The huge RV was suddenly lit by an intense violet red glow as they saw two beams reach out from her eyes to reflect back off the mirror and shine on her golden hair. She turned her head and brushed her long hair as it got lighter and lighter as her heat vision quickly dried it. She turned to face them, smiling slightly, as she continued brushing her long lustrous hair, now reaching nearly halfway down her back. The light pale honey-blond color with a mix of darker gold streaks was dazzling, now seemingly shining with a light of its own.

Monica ignored their continued stares as she tossed the brush back to Sojo and opened the frig to grab a beer herself. She then used her strong hips to push Sojo gently to the side a bit so she could squeeze into the dinette booth with the rest of them, grabbing a handful of 'breakfast' peanuts on the way.

"So, this is what real rescue teams eat for breakfast. A real breakfast of champions huh. Tell you what, let me take you guys out to get a real breakfast, it'll be on me. That is, if someone can loan me some money. My purse was still on my shoulder, only a few inches from that plastique when it blew. I don't think there is much left of it and I'm not about to go looking for it now. I guess the plastique also took care of my plastic, so to speak. I'm broke!"

They finally started to loosen up again, the shock of Monica's appearance minus her coating of mud and dust finally wearing off a little. Her sense of humor bringing a smile or two as they relaxed again. They had learned during the night that she was truly SuperWoman, but they had had no idea that she was really a SUPER woman, as in supermodel, as in gorgeous! Not only could she lift tall buildings with her muscles, but her face could be on any fashion magazine cover and her body belonged in Muscle Mag or related publications!

That realization hit Sojo first ... "Hey I know you, wait a minute let me grab something." He fished back into his bag, pulling out a copy of a recent bodybuilding magazine. Turning a few pages, he flopped it onto the table.

"I thought so, swimsuit issue, page 100, full page shot, tiny red bikini. That's you!"

The magazine quickly passed around the table. A quick glance at the picture and at Monica confirmed it.

"Ok, you guys have discovered my not so 'secret identity'. Yes, I do fitness modeling for a living but just run around lifting collapsed buildings with you guys for fun." She decided to say no more, the issue with her little sister and what she had done back in that building, the fact that it was Supergirl's fault that anyone got killed in the first place, was still very disturbing to her.

Craig, the team leader, broke the new silence that had descended on them. They were obviously still having trouble dealing with not only how Monica looked, but her amazing powers as well. "Well, the lady invited us to breakfast, I'll front her the bread, lets go." He headed for the drivers seat, but a quick look confirmed the worst, they were trapped with vehicles parked all around them. "Damn, we're blocked in."

"Ah, guys, I already knew that. That's why I offered to take you to breakfast, the emphasis on the word 'take'. If I can lift buildings, you don't think your little RV here is going to be a challenge for me?" She stood up, putting her hands behind her back while stretching her back. All eyes were on Sojo's borrowed t-shirt again as it expanded dramatically; everyone amazed that it didn't tear open!

“OK, hang on tight guys. I’m not very smooth about this.” She stepped out the door as they all crowded forward to look out the windshield. They saw her give them a quick wave before she leaned down out of sight. A moment later they had to grab on as they were nearly thrown from their feet when the front of the 40’ RV lifted up. They could feel it swaying gently as she walked her hands down it until the rear end was off the ground as well and it was nearly level again, rocking back and forth as her hands gripped it at the balance point. They suddenly felt a strong shove downward in their seats as the RV soared straight up into the air, rising to more than a thousand feet in only a few seconds.

Everyone was suddenly talking like kids as they pointed out things on the ground, marveled at how they were flying, flying in an RV no less! Flying using just the muscles of this gorgeous woman. This woman who could lift buildings! Flying along while Sojo couldn’t help but stare down at the magazine picture of her in the skimpy red swimsuit, wondering how such a stunningly beautiful woman could do what he knew she was doing right now!

Monica quickly flew the RV out of the crowded parking lot, the wind whistling over the windshield, as they soared across the crowded expressways, finally dropping down from the sky to land about five miles away at a Coco’s. The RV bumped to a rough landing, then began swaying again as she walked her hands back down it until she finally lowered the front wheels slowly back onto the ground. Walking around to the side, she opened the door, giving them an exaggerated bow and wave of her arm.

“OK, guys, I ‘took’ you to breakfast. Everybody out ...” she said with a smile.

Nobody was quiet this time, each having twenty enthusiastic questions to ask her. She laughed at their exuberant questions, answering what she could, as Craig and Jim wrapped their arms around her tiny waist and led the team into the restaurant. Somehow, she felt like she was close to these men and this woman now. Just another member of this elite rescue team, a team simply going for a well-deserved breakfast after a hard job was done!