

# SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 21, Janissa's Reward

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## Little Firebug – Chapter 21

### Janissa's Reward

by Sharon Best

#### **Anderson's Steak House, the middle of the firestorm created by Sharil's heat vision**

Sharil paused momentarily at the edge of the dance floor, the flames coming closer, brightly burning the wood floor around her feet. Her blond hair glowed brightly in the flames, the heat from the fire lifting the long golden strands upward, the flames themselves gradually licking upward between her long gorgeous bare legs. She now stood with her legs slightly parted, her long legs acting as a chimney, the flames rushing upward to fill the gap, billowing up under her tiny skirt. The bright yellow flames sharply accented the tanned skin of her strong thighs as they twisting around them, lifting her skirt upward, revealing her glowing blond bush as the flames licked against it so softly, so hungrily. Yet they found nothing to sustain them, her soft skin and the silky gold of her pubic hair invulnerable far beyond the feeble warmth of these flames!

Sharil paused amidst the flames, enjoying the wonderful sensation of such intense and intimate warmth, feeling the tickling sizzle of moisture as it turned to steam just inside her labia. She carefully watched Jim's eyes as he stared down where her skirt was now lifted by the bright flames, her super vision able to see just what she was doing to him as he clearly saw what the flames were doing to her! The horror and loss he had just experienced somehow being momentarily balanced by the stunningly sexual vision of this Girl of Steel, her body now covered almost completely in yellow flames as they revealed and caressed her most intimate places, her pale blue eyes sparkling as she smiled back at him, looking so proud of her powers, so confident of her invulnerability! She was the very incarnation of an alien Goddess, cruel and terrible yet wonderful to behold, an awesome vision of power and beauty.

Despite his fascination, Jim was increasingly forced to step back away from her, the flames growing hotter, moving too close to him. He began to look around wildly, trying to find a way out but finding none, the door all the way across the room at the other side of the violent flames!

His eyes turned back to meet hers, the flames now licking up across her flat stomach, encircling her proud breasts, softly licking her firm nipples as a lover might. She walked slowly toward him, the flames subsiding just a bit as they struggled to follow her. She was still a few lengths away from him when a huge beam suddenly tore loose from the ceiling, crashing downward to land on her shoulders, smashing her unprepared body face first to the dance floor!

Sharil lay still for a moment, the massive beam easily weighing a thousand pounds as it lay across her back. She finally did a quick pushup, lifting the beam up as if it was weightless, reaching slowly behind herself to grab it as her back lifted it upward. The bright flames traveled up across the tight blue fabric covering her arms as she lowered it in front of her body, the heat caressing her breasts with its warmth. She closed her long fingers more strongly, the glowing coals of the hardwood crunching and shattering as her fingers gripped it tightly, her back flexing wonderfully as she rubbed the glowing coals against her firm nipples for a moment!

She finally flexed her arms more strongly, throwing the massive beam back over her head without another look, the beam itself crashing into the flames, fueling them even further.

Jim's eyes were huge now as they met Sharil's, the heat from the fire nearly overwhelming him, his clothes starting to steam and smoke. He could clearly see the schizoid look in her eyes, her face so warm and sensual now, her actions of a few minutes ago so cruel and heartless. He now knew that this girl would be as likely to make love to him as to rend his body into fragments of torn flesh; most likely doing both at exactly the same time!

Sharil walked closer to him, the wonderful flames finding her again, her long legs once again acting as a chimney as the flames licked upward to make the growing moisture between her thighs sizzle softly.

She finally reached him, the flames safely behind her for the moment, her body gratefully shielding him from the

worst of the heat. Putting her arms around him, her soft lips met his, the sizzle of moisture from his lips sounding like water on a boiling frypan as her body, even her lips, had now heated to several hundred degrees. She felt his body stiffen, his muffled scream clearly audible to her as she kissed him firmly, little crunching noises coming from his back as she held him so tightly.

She threw her honey-blond hair forward to cover him, the golden strands, heated to incandescence by the flames, causing his hair to smoke wherever the strands touched him. She slowly pushed him back against the brick wall while grabbing his hands and pinning them to the wall above his shoulders, her soft breasts suddenly not so soft as she leaned against him, her kisses traveling down his neck, painfully burning his skin. Jim suddenly could take no more as he tried futilely to shove her away, his body scalded so painfully by the heat of her lips. He couldn't budge her, his frustration and pain turning to anger.

"Get away from me you freak, you alien slut... if you want to kill me like all the others, then just do it. But I have no desires for you, your ugliness may all be inside, but you are still ugly, ugly and undesirable!"

Sharil paused, his words shocking her as she heard the rejection in his voice. She felt a burst of her own anger... how dare he reject HER, Supergirl! She knew inside that she could make him desire her if she wanted, but she suddenly didn't care anymore, her anger at his rejection rapidly displacing her passion.

Jim gasped as the tendons of her wrists suddenly grew more pronounced, her grip slowly tightening on his wrists, the bones of his wrists crushing painfully as she leaned forward! He tried to scream, but he could not take a breath, the twin mounds of her chest suddenly crushing the air from him. His ribcage withstood the pressure from her chest for only a moment, the mismatch of human flesh and living steel quickly deciding the outcome, her firm young breasts proving that they were now far firmer than his muscles and ribs, her huge nipples slowly tearing into his flesh, spreading his ribs apart.

She smiled while slowly crunching him firmly against the wall with her breasts, two deep depressions crushing deeply into his chest as her very aroused steel-hard aroused nipples and firm breasts penetrated his body, nipples now so firm that they finally dimpled the plaster wall behind him, his spine twisting and tearing between them!

Sharil finally released him, the flames now finding his clothing as his body burst into flames, the life crushed from him before he hit the floor.

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The building was now fully involved in the fire, every spot seemingly on fire. A hose team rushed forward only to be shocked as a young woman stepped from the fire, her body seemingly part of the flames themselves. Like a Phoenix rising from the fiery ashes, she walked toward them, the flames following her for a moment, seemingly wishing for her to remain among them.

The SWAT team knew it was 'show time' as Supergirl appeared from the burning restaurant just as they had expected. The Captain shouted his orders, wasting no time, as he ordered his men to open fire.

The bright flashes from the impact of the bullets were clearly visible across the front of her slim body, the air full of the heavy roar of guns along with the Zing of bullets bouncing off her steel-hard skin! The Captain watched as she paused, looking down at her chest as her large breasts jiggled so strongly, flying upward and flattening against her body as the impacts of dozens of bullets dimpling the soft flesh, her face showing no concern, no pain, only amusement and maybe, just maybe, pleasure!

His mouth fell open as she slowly crossed her arms in front of herself, grabbing the bottom of her costume, pulling it slowly upward to bare her lovely chest, the bullets now dimpling the soft bare skin of her beautiful breasts as they jiggled even more strongly now, her brown nipples growing larger every moment. The impacts slowed for a moment, the men obviously shocked at the appearance of her nude body, uncomfortable with shooting at such a sensual feminine image.

The Captain forced himself to look upward at her face as she saw that she seemed amused by it all, her eyes half closed in apparent pleasure, seemingly enjoying the touch of the bullets against her body, reacting almost as if it was a lover that was caressing her!

The loud crack of a nearby shotgun startled the Captain as the officer beside him fired, the girl's left breast dimpling deeply as the huge slug hit home, her fingers snapping up to cover herself. Yet instead of pain, the Captain saw only more arousal, her fingers caressing her hardening nipple, her body unhurt despite all the impacts!

Sharil began to walk slowly forward, swaying her hips so sensually, finally reaching the first group of officers. The muscles of her young body flexed for only a moment, her slim arms effortlessly throwing the officers hundreds of feet into the air, their bodies giving off sickening crunches as they fell back to the hard concrete.

She now stood in the middle of the maelstrom of police activity, the officers using their only weapons, their ineffective guns, as Sharil began to increasingly enjoy the sensations from the strong bullets as they struck her body, her nipples getting so very hard and tingly now, her body suddenly needing some kind of release. She knew she was very turned on, but was not aware of the physiological changes that came with that, her buried Arion ancestry now causing her to become more powerful and invulnerable than ever; at the same time, even crueler than before.

The feeling of the cold wind and snow on her nude upper body was wonderful, the contrast now after the warm flames so enjoyable as she basked in the rapt attention of the police officers trying to subdue her. She imagined that they were doing more than trying to stop her, imagined the desire in their bodies as she saw their eyes staring at her breasts, imagined that they were becoming aroused at her power and beauty.

Her tiny skirt swished softly against her silky thighs as she walked over to the SWAT team's armored truck, grabbing the side of it with both hands. Her fingers squeezed deeply into the armored steel as she lifted upward, her gorgeous bare back and shoulders exploding into a riot of steely curves as her star-born muscles flexed. She lifted the massive truck over her head as she turned to face the largest group of officers, feeling their bullets pinging uselessly against her gorgeous chest, the tingles growing stronger as the impacts occasionally found her huge nipples.

The tingling warmth between her legs also continued to grow stronger, a wetness now lubricating her inner thighs, making them slide against each other so smoothly as her thighs flexed while holding the 40,000 pound vehicle over her head. She walked forward, a sudden crazy desire filling her as she walked up to a red fire hydrant, her eyes dwelling on the hard square steel shaft that protruded from the top of it. She flexed her calves slightly as she rose up on her toes, the hard rounded muscles of her calves generating flying power as well as strength, her body rising upward a few inches while holding the massive truck over her head. Slowly spreading her legs, she lowered herself on the top shaft of the hydrant, the glowing red color of her skirt clashing with the faded red paint of the hydrant, her skirt spreading across the top of it.

Sharil felt the rough edges of the steel shaft touching her sex, reminding her of what she had done with steel like this before, back in the warehouse. She relaxed her diamond-hard calves, the massive weight of the truck driving her body downward, the massive weight forcing that hard rusty shaft between her soft nether lips. She finally relaxed her legs completely, 40,000 pounds of armored truck now powering her descent, the massive weight more than sufficient to drive that protruding shaft deeply into the tightness of her young virginal body! She gasped, the rough sensation of the shaft wildly exciting her as she felt the muscles of her sex gripping it; muscles she had never really used before quickly proving to be as super as the rest of her body.

The edges of the hard steel shaft softened as the tight wet sheath of her vagina and her star-born labial muscles shaped it to her very special needs. Her legs squeezed in on the rest of the fire plug, her calves flexing rhythmically as she rose up and down on that hard steel, gasping as she felt her hard clit finally arising, creating a riot of sparks as it dug a groove along the rusty shaft on each thrust. Sharil's voice squeaked with pleasure as she cried out now, loving the force and the wonderful weight of the huge truck she held it over her head, using the weight of the truck to drive that steel dildo so deeply within her!

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The Captain of the SWAT team was aghast, dead and injured men laying all around him as his eyes very nearly fell from his head. Despite the carnage surrounding him, he saw that Supergirl was merely showing off. For Gods sake, she was masturbating in front of his whole team, using the top of that steel fire hydrant as her sex toy, the weight of his truck as her lover!

Her eyes were closed now, her head thrown back with her long blonde hair falling down to cover the powerful muscles flexing across her back, her breasts proudly uplifted and so prominently displayed on her chest, the occasional bullet still making them jiggle wildly as her in-humanly large nipples mesmerized all who stared at her!

Her soft cries and louder gasps became increasingly audible, the firing of weapons slowing and finally stopping, every man staring at this young alien girl as she performed for them, satisfying herself in a way that was strangely erotic yet ever so alien.

Gradually, one officer after another began firing again, the bullets from their automatic weapons creating sparks as

they struck her steel-hard skin, the impacts tracing slowly down the front of her tanned body to slip between her legs, the force of the impacts lifting her skirt and ruffling the golden pubic hair that was suddenly so clearly displayed!

Her cries grew louder, the strong impacts ricocheting from steel, and from flesh that was somehow harder than steel, as the bullets somehow added to the amazing stimulation of the girl. Another officer, armed with a larger machine gun, began zeroing in between her gorgeous thighs, the impacts making spectacular flashes as the tracer bullets exploded against her blond bush, tracing even further downward, the incredibly bright flashes exploding between her widely spread nether lips. More and more guns began firing, the bright sparks from the impacts against the steel of her muscles joined the wild jiggles of the impacts against her softer breasts as a surge of wild superhuman stimulation filled her body, all the forces somehow erotically enticing to the girl, making her body feel like it was soaring upward as every square inch of her body exploded into bright sparks as hundreds of bullets struck her!

The TV news team kept their cameras rolling, knowing they couldn't use any of this footage on the air, yet knowing it was still immensely valuable. It would definitely find a home other than the evening news! The producer smiled, he already had visions of his movie, an underground one for sure, titled Supergirl's Desire as he began to imagine what blond actress he could hire to do the other scenes in the movie!

Meanwhile, Sharil's passion finally reached a peak, her body shaking from both her arousal and from the strong impacts of all the bullets striking her bare skin, the wonderful tingling caress of the impacts across her body finally overwhelming her as she gripped the steel between her legs ever so much tighter. She felt the crunch of the hard old steel gave way, her beautiful tanned thighs crushing it, the mere steel between them yielding easily to the vastly harder muscles of this young girl's smooth thighs. Suddenly, there was a loud crack, cold water blasting upward, exploding between Sharil's steaming legs, the shock from the force of the cold water sending her over the edge, her legs finally crushing closed, the hydrant ripping loose from the concrete itself as her legs proved far too powerful for it.

She swayed a bit and fell to her knees, her arms flexing out of control as she threw the truck upward into the air while falling forward, her head finally touching the wet concrete, her wet hair tangled and plastered to her face as her body surged again and again, the torn remnants of the steel hydrant still inside her, the water exploding upward against her lower abs, between her legs, spraying out fifty feet in every direction.

The huge truck crashed down nearly a block away, crushing two patrol cars, both of them fortunately empty. Sharil's body remained out of control for several additional minutes, her fingers gripping frantically into the hard concrete sidewalk, fingernails tearing it apart as it proved softer than her wild impassioned grip, her gorgeous thighs also crushing concrete between them as her knees dug into the hard pavement, two fingers sliding between them to replace the softer steel that had proved inadequate to satisfy her, her screaming orgasm nearly deafening the closest officers as it went on and on and on!

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It was many minutes later when the tingling spasms finally began slowing, her body nearly spent now as she staggered back to her feet, barely able to walk, the partially melted mass of mangled steel still held between her golden thighs. Reaching down, she tore it away from herself before finally standing tall again, pulling her wet tangled hair from her face.

The officers were all quiet now, realizing that they might as well be fleas on an elephant, their presence not even sufficient to disturb her sexual fantasies, their weapons simply adding to her obvious arousal, her public display of raw sexuality shocking them, strongly arousing them despite the horror of the destruction she wrought.

Every eye stared at the young girl as she calmly smoothed her tiny skirt back down again while walking slowly away from them, wandering slightly crookedly down the street, her legs feeling funny as her knees almost seemed to touch as she walked, her inner thighs sliding easily against each other from the wetness, the tingling warmth between her legs making each step an adventure, her hips somehow at a slightly different angle.

The parking lot, next to a collapsed building, the warehouse district of Metropolis.

The US&R team were standing in the parking lot, reviewing the building with the firemen who had been on the scene for the last half hour. Monica was listening to them, not sure what she was to do when a man approached Sojo, handing him a package. He quickly walked over to Monica, handing it to her.

"I had this made specially for you, a friend of mine is in the business of making costumes for the movies. I asked him to use that new Kevlar-Lycra fabric that just became available... I hope you like it, it was done in a very big hurry."

Monica smiled at him as she turned around, realizing that she had a moment or two before the rescues started. She grabbed Sojo's arm and guided him into the RV with her. Once inside, she quickly tore the package open to reveal a silky green leotard. Her eyes had an amused look in them as she turned her back to him, his eyes nearly falling out of his head as she leaned over, sliding her cutoffs down her long legs. Her top quickly joined them on the floor beside her!

She reached down to toss them both on the couch as she slowly turned around, her nude body facing Sojo from five feet away. She giggled, the stunned look on his face making her laugh as his eyes roamed down her body.

"Well," he finally stammered, "I see that you are a natural blonde!"

"Very profound, Sojo... is that all you have to say to a naked woman, just a comment on the color of her pubic hair?"

"Ah... you know what I mean, Monica, I mean, God, you are such an ultra-babe that I don't know what to say. But I certainly know what I would like to do."

Monica's giggle warmed him as she stepped closer.

"Maybe later, but right now, help me get into this thing, it looks skin tight."

She pulled the leotard up her long legs, the back turning out to be not much more than a thong, the top stretching dramatically across her chest as she held it closed with her hands while Sojo ran the fine zipper up the front of the leotard, his hands sliding between her soft breasts, pausing for a moment as he struggled with the zipper. The top finally closed about her neck, her entire upper body now encased in the bright green fabric.

The shimmer of the fabric seemed to enhance every curve of her dramatic figure, revealing the riot of hard muscular curves that covered her body as she flexed them slightly for him. Even her firm nipples were clearly visible as the fabric clung to them like a second skin, her relaxed yet inhumanly firm nipples protruding proudly from her breasts.

"My God, Monica, you look sexier in that than you did nude..."

She quickly interrupted him as she turned toward the door. "Come-on, Sojo, we have a job to do."

With that, she opened the door and stepped out, a hundred pairs of eyes suddenly drawn to her. The muscles of her super body rippled as she walked across the parking lot, her long bare legs flexing and moving in ways that were more dramatic than any they had seen before. Her amazing appearance, not to mention her powers, were much in the image of a comic superheroine now, her tall body looking much like the Fairchild of a particular comic book, her tall powerful form far more dramatic than the mere Terrans she stood amongst. Yet she was no fantasy, no mere comic book character, she was flesh and blood and most, importantly, a woman whose muscles could now rescue the unfortunate people in the collapsed building!

She began to help the rescue crews, work often stopping all around Monica as men and women stared at her whenever she used her strength to tear through concrete walls, her fingers fracturing the hard old concrete as her arms ripped it apart. Her muscles bulged in a way that few men had seen before, her physique putting the biggest female bodybuilder they had ever seen to shame.

She walked across the parking lot a dozen times, each time balancing many tons of torn reinforced concrete slabs over her head, her legs and shoulders flexing dramatically under the massive weights as she helped remove the crumbled debris of the building.

Monica, Craig, Sojo and Janissa finally formed a team, the purpose being to break through into a very precarious part of the building, a section that looked like it was going to further collapse at any moment. The plan was for Monica to stay in the middle of the team as they gathered tightly around her, her powerful arms holding up the ceiling as the team worked their way into the building.

The starting point that Mark picked was a brick wall, a wall that he knew was just a facade over the thickest Ferro-concrete portion of the foundation. He and Monica walked along it until they found the spot, Mark cautioning her to not shake the building as she made an opening.

Monica felt his hands gently massaging the steel of her shoulders, turning her head to smile at him as she began tracing her fingernails along the brick mortar, her invulnerable nails gouging the hard cemented mortar from between the bricks until she could get her fingers between them. She held the wall in place with one hand while she slowly and carefully tore the bricks loose from the cement wall with her other hand.



Soon, she had an opening more than six feet wide, a pile of bricks surrounding her bare feet. Mark guided her hands carefully, showing her exactly where to put each hand as she spread her fingers wide. His hands closed about her forearms as she pushed smoothly inward, pressing against the wall with just her fingertips, a ton of force exerted by each finger as she slowly closed them, her fingernails gouging into the hard concrete, her fingers eventually getting a purchase on the old concrete.

She then crushed her hands closed the rest of the way, Mark's hands marveling at the feel of her steely muscles as they shattered the concrete in her grip. She repeated this again and again, Superwoman's fingernails proving harder than old concrete, her grip far stronger as well.

Mark carefully guided her strength as she gradually tore a huge hole in the wall, one crunching handful at a time until the opening was large enough to slide through. She entered first, holding her hands against the massive slab over her head, her long bare legs spread widely apart as the rest of the team crawled through the hole, squeezing between her legs. She then began to work her way along the hallway, the concrete ceiling barely 6' high now, finally turning a corner as she saw the ceiling gently sloping down until it touched the floor.

Monica began to work her hands forward along the slope of the collapsed ceiling, lifting it with both arms, her legs supporting the massive weight of the building at the same time as she used them to generate a great deal of flying power; she was afraid to transfer the full weight of the ceiling onto the floor.

She groaned slightly from the strain, the two-foot thick slab above her feeling immensely heavy, knowing that she was lifting more than just the floor above her. This was vastly heavier than the 20' long concrete slabs she had been carrying outside the building!

Craig and Sojo stared at Monica's body, their flashlights playing across more curves and clefts in her muscular back and legs than they could count, her body now a maze of hard muscles from her neck to her toes. The building around them made deep groaning sounds, yet the ceiling moved slowly upward, Monica straining to slowly lift it over her head as she worked her hands down the hallway, finally opening it up enough for them to crawl forward.

"Ah, this is REALLY heavy guys, I would appreciate it if you didn't take too long. I'd hate to drop this on you!"

Craig stared at her in disbelief for a moment before he suddenly moved, realizing the danger. The fact that the muscles of this gorgeous woman were the only thing keeping him alive gave him both hope and filled him with fear at the same time. If she got tired, they were dead!

Janissa stayed behind, sensing something was amiss as the men went forward, their calls coming back down the corridor as they announced that they had found more than a dozen trapped survivors. Janissa called on the radio for some fireman, they would be needed to help carry the victims out. She then looked back at Monica, seeing her arms trembling a little.

"It is very heavy, is it not?"

"God, yes, I hope they hurry. This must be well more than a million pounds; I can't hold it for too much longer."

"You need to Monica, it will take at least 20 minutes to get those men out."

As she said that, four firemen squeezed by her, their eyes big as saucers as they saw the way Monica's body looked now, muscles larger than the largest bodybuilder they had ever seen exploding from her arms and legs.

"Uhhhh... its no good, uh, Janissa. I can't hold it much longer, tell them to, ah, get, uh, out of, uh, there NOW!" Her voice was clearly gasping with the strain.

"No, Monica, you must hold fast. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Yeah, uh, if you can lift, uh, a few hundred thousand, uh, pounds!"

Janissa was very concerned now as she saw the sweat pouring off Monica's body, her chest heaving as she tried to get her breath, her arms shaking violently as she held the massive slab over her head.

"I can't do that, Monica, but maybe this will help."

With that, Janissa closed her eyes and cast a spell of strength at Monica, a sudden blue glow surrounding her body as the shaking of her arms slowed, her breathing came nearly back under control.

“Ohh, that helps a little, but not for long, damn!”

Janissa saw her slip a little, the slab dropping a few inches, the threatening groan of overstressed concrete foretelling a major collapse as Monica’s dramatic strength began to fade as a loud crash came from the ceiling, Monica’s arms suddenly bending downward, the slab landing on her shoulders as her legs began shaking with the strain! A crunching sound that shook the ground beneath them signaled the collapse of some upper floors, the full weight of a substantial part of the building now adding to the weight already resting on Monica’s broad shoulders.

“Oh, GOD, Janissa, I can’t hold it, so heavy...I’m falling....!”

Janissa was forced to her knees by the lowering ceiling as Monica’s legs were bent by the massive weight, the concrete shattering under the force of her kneecaps as she fell to her knees, the full weight of the ceiling thrust upon her, her alien body straining with every ounce of her strength to hold several million pounds of building over her shoulders; yet she was failing!

Janissa suddenly remembered something from the lore she had been taught by her sisters. She did not hesitate, reaching up, her strong fingers touching the silky softness of Monica’s green leotard as her hands surrounded Superwoman’s wonderfully soft breasts! Her soft fingers began stroking her unusually large nipples, finding them fully erect already, her body somehow already aroused from her exertions.

“What are you DOING Janissa... this is hardly the time or place for...”

“Shutup, Monica, just close your eyes and concentrate on what I am doing with my hands, on what you are feeling!”

With that, Janissa concentrated her own energies on creating a wierdling spell, projecting strong thoughts of passion and arousal at Monica, a soft magical glow surrounding her hands as she enhanced her strength, turned her hands into projections of her own arousal as she fondled this Superwoman’s full breasts and firm pert nipples, feeling her body responding to her touch as those nipples gradually grew impossibly large and firm! The strength of Janissa’s hands now temporarily enhanced, her power now far greater than any Terran woman, she began to please Monica in a way that reminded her briefly of her affair with Pete, a man of her own race, not more than a week ago!

Janissa noticed that the shaking of Monica’s arms was gradually slowing, the fragments of ancient lore she had learned regarding Velorians now proving correct as she felt Monica’s body growing stronger as she became more and more aroused. One of Janissa’s hands slid between Monica’s powerfully flexing thighs, tracing her long steely muscles upward, the smooth skin giving way to slippery moistness as they rose to ease the fabric of her costume to the side, her fingers finding her soft labia, two fingers quickie slipping between those nether lips as Monica gasped in surprise!

Monica’s arms grew suddenly stronger as Janissa used her passionate skills and her wierdling spell to thrill her.

“Janissa, what are you doing?”, Monica gasped. “Oh, God, not here, we aren’t alone, ohhhh...gggooddd....”

Janissa didn’t answer or stop, the enhanced strength of one hand barely sufficient to overcome Monica’s labial muscles, her other hand sliding down to worship the impossibly strong muscles of Monica’s thighs, alien star-born muscles that were far harder than mere steel, yet so wonderfully shapely and feminine, her skin so soft and warm.

Her fingers worshipped the deeply clefted contours of the incredible muscles that now held up an entire building, her hand traveling down the sculpted living steel of Monica’s legs, over her strong rounded calf of diamond, until she found the small air hammer on the floor. This tool, normally used to shatter the hardest concrete, was now exactly what Janissa needed to give Monica even greater strength! The power that could drill into and shatter concrete was exactly what this Velorian woman now needed to reach the heights of arousal necessary to release her full strength! Janissa was sure that a woman whose muscles could lift buildings would certainly not prove to be sexually fragile!

She turned the powerful drill on, the long ‘bull dick’ bit, more than 10” long and 3” wide, vibrating noisily, the powerful tool bucking so hard it took both of her strong hands to control it as she ran it up the inside of Monica’s thighs, the drill tracing up the clefts between diamond-hard muscles, leaving no mark on her invulnerable skin. Janissa saw Monica closing her eyes, finally throwing her head back in pleasure as it touched the golden strands of her bush!

Janissa ran it slowly rearward, tracing it up between her firm cheeks, the powerful bit barely able to work between her tightly clenched ass until Monica began to spread her legs even wider, welcoming the strange ‘vibrator’.

She was still kneeling on the floor, arching her body backward, shoulders and arms struggling to hold millions of pounds, Her soft cries audible over the noisy drill as Janissa reached down to force it deeply between her powerful

thighs, the drill finally touching her pink rosebud as it sent such powerful vibrations deeply into Monica's body.

Janissa held it there for a minute, Monica's body far too strong to be entered this way, before she began tracing it forward, Monica crying out as the wildly vibrating tip finally touched her nether lips, spreading them open with its massive vibrating power, 'industrial' power that slowly worked the massive drill into the moist pink softness inside!

Monica's entire body began to vibrate now as the drill struggled to keep up with her exertions, Janissa increasing the power to full, the softness of her sex suddenly becoming as hard as the concrete the drill was designed for, her labial muscles holding the huge bit with tremendous force as her vaginal muscles contracted so strongly, not having to be gentle this time.

Her gasping cries filled the tunnel as she rose slowly from her knees, her muscles suddenly many times stronger than normal as her wild arousal filled her with awesome energies. She rose simply to allow this other woman better access to allow her to please her this wonderful way!

Janissa had to cast another spell to enhance her own strength further, enabling her to hold the drill as powerfully as was needed to pleasure Monica, the pneumatic drill straining to work its way deeper and deeper inside her. Monica's body was on the verge of an orgasm, the building now feather-light in her powerful arms, as the firemen began to squeeze by her, the firm feel of her steely vibrating body shocking them as they carried their victims out, their eyes huge as they caught a glimpse of what Janissa was doing!

They saw the primal ecstasy on the muscular blonde's face, sweat running down her body as she held the impossible weight of the building on her shoulders, their minds disbelieving their eyes as they saw the incredible flexing of massively contoured female muscles, muscles that made her far more than merely human.

Janissa kept Monica near the peak of her orgasm for nearly twenty minutes, slowing the drill each time she threatened to climax, increasing it when she began fading, yet denying her any release as the firemen squeezed by the two of them again and again, carrying their victims to safety. Janissa's arms finally grew tired of holding the powerful drill in her hands, the sweet force applied so deeply inside Superwoman's body, her spell of strength slowly fading. She finally could do no more, collapsing backward onto the floor, the still vibrating drill clanking down beside her to effortlessly tear a small hole in the concrete.

"Oh, God, Janissa, get out of here, I can feel the slab above me cracking, I can't protect you! Run...NOW!"

A quick glance upward at the cracks spreading across the ceiling was all Janissa needed. She jumped back to her feet, scrambling down the long tunnel after the firemen, knowing that Monica would find a way out from the debris on her own, her body clearly invulnerable to any force this mere building could apply to her strong body!

Janissa had just reached the cool air outside the building when there was a terrible roar, a huge cloud of dust suddenly billowing from the tunnel entrance. This was followed by a tremendous crash as she saw Monica tearing her way upward, her astounding arms throwing huge slabs of concrete and brick outward as she tore her way to freedom, finally flying upward for a moment before landing softly beside the RV. Janissa saw her walk unsteadily toward the door, knees bent inward, oblivious to those around her before she disappeared inside it.

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Monica staggered to her knees just inside the door of the RV, her body tingling wildly after being held so close to the edge of her orgasm for so long by Janissa. The power of the tool that Janissa had used had felt wonderful, her body adequately stimulated for the first time by a Terran, even if it was a woman with power tools!

She brushed her long blonde hair behind her back as she forced herself back to her feet while reaching out for a towel. Cleaning herself up, mainly the copious moisture between her legs, she turned and walked back outside, determined to use her aroused strength to help save the people in the building.

Watching the rescue effort for a moment, it was clear to her that more equipment was required than just her own muscles! A quick distant focus of her eyes toward the nearby seaport gave her an idea.

\* \* \*

Leaping into the air, Monica's long legs propelled her fast enough for her body to literally shriek through the air. Many heads turned upward at the sound, catching a glimpse of her green leotard and long tanned legs disappearing into the distance.

Monica landed at the edge of the ship quay while looking up at one of the huge cranes that were used to unload



ships. Squinting her eyes, she easily looked through the thin metal skin to find the hard-points of the massive crane. She then walked to each massive support leg, stretching her own long legs around each one while squeezing her legs together, the imprint of her body forming in the massive steel beams while her legs crushed inward until each massive I-beam was less than an inch thick.

She finally flew upward, her hands squeezing deeply into the steel to reach the hard-point of the frame, tensing her body to generate massive flying power, the remaining thin steel of each leg sheering apart as she lifted the 200 ton crane into the sky.

\* \* \*

Jim was directing the team when he saw the huge shadow fall over the parking lot, his eyes staring upward as he saw a huge crane flying across the sky, the miraculous woman he knew was holding it up not even visible at first beneath the massive machine. The crane floated downward as Jim caught sight of the rippling muscles of Monica's legs as she generated her flying power, gorgeous legs that finally relaxed as she set the crane down onto the concrete parking lot, the long beam of the crane now positioned over the collapsed building.

She knelt beside each crane leg in turn, smashing her fingers into the concrete as she tore through it with her bare hands, creating a deep hole beside each leg. Lifting the crane once again, she dropped the legs into the four holes before flying back down to each leg. A quick burst of heat vision nearly blinded the closest men, the base of each massive steel beam melting to fill the concrete hole with glowing metal.

She then flew up toward the nearby power lines, sparks suddenly flying from her body as she tore one of the cables apart before flying back down to attach it to the torn cables that powered the crane. Electricity arced from her body as she fused the two cables together with nothing but the force of her grip!

Meanwhile, a man who used to operate such cranes climbed the twenty stories upward to enter the cab, the huge crane suddenly moving as it began to lift portions of the building free.

Monica moved to the other side of the building, her muscles proving even stronger than the 200 ton crane as she worked in parallel to it, the two teams quickly working the way into the building, saving all of the survivors over the next ten hours.

\* \* \*

It was very late in the day when the team finally met back at the RV, the rescue completed in record time, their bodies again caked in dust and debris. They left the scene quickly this time, Craig driving to a friend's house as they broke out some beers, an impromptu party suddenly seeming the best way to relieve their tensions.

\* \* \*

A friend's house, after the rescue

Those of the team who had not showered in the RV now quickly did so at the house, everyone eventually meeting back in the large family room in the basement. Several people started to play pool as Sojo enthusiastically described Monica's latest feats to their host and hostess. Monica herself sat on the couch, her mid-thigh Lycra skirt and T-shirt top looking fairly ordinary, the way her body filled them both out certainly not ordinary.

Their hosts became increasingly skeptical as Sojo went on and on, their eyes often glancing at Monica's long legs as if they could not believe any of what they heard. While it was not too unusual for Sojo to have an incredible story, it was a shock that everyone else seemed to believe it as well. A woman who could lift buildings?

Monica listened to this for a moment before uncrossing her legs and getting back to her feet. She walked across the room while her hosts watched her, reaching down to grab one leg of the huge pool table in one hand while taking a sip of Mark's beer with the other. She smoothly and levelly lifted the table upward while her blue eyes met those of her hosts, their mouths dropping open as they saw how effortless it was for her, her strength so much in excess of what was required that the surface did not tilt in the least, the balls all staying perfectly still.

She held her arm straight out for a moment, the pool table absolutely still, before setting it down, a quick smile to her hosts telling them it was cool for them to have doubted her abilities. She was amused as she saw them staring speechlessly at her as she walked upstairs to sit with the others while they watched a movie.

It was a half hour later when she felt a pair of cool hands on her shoulders, turning around to see Janissa holding a huge gold necklace. Monica was shocked as she considered what it must be worth, it looked like it contained nearly

a pound of solid gold! It also looked very old, a true piece of antique jewelry.

She felt Janissa's hands fastening it, the heavy necklace falling between her firm breasts as the clasp closed. She had no sooner heard the closing snap of the clasp than she felt a strange tingling sensation between her breasts, almost as if she was getting turned on! The sensation quickly spread, her entire body suddenly feeling warm and tingly, the colors in the room suddenly brighter as she found she was breathing a lot faster than normal. The tingle moved downward as she began to cross her legs more firmly, the definite feeling of arousal now growing from her sex. She had no idea what was going on, but suddenly didn't care, the warm necklace feeling so good as she looked down at it.

She was momentarily shocked to see her nipples sticking out from her top, the tight cotton trying to hug them as they stuck out well more than an inch from the thin fabric! Her nose began to twitch as she smelled a strong smell of flowers and honey, the fragrance seemingly coming from her own hair. Now she knew she was aroused, her pheromones flooding the room, the men and women around her clearly not immune to it. Nor was Monica herself, her own pheromones having a huge effect on her once someone breathed them in and then exhaled them, something that was definitely happening now!

It somehow felt so natural a moment later when Sojo raised his hand and began to stroke his fingers over one hard nipple, her legs easing open slightly as Janissa walked around the couch to kneel in front of her, quietly speaking a soft litany as she reached upward to place her hands on Monica's knees.

A burst of tingling energy exploded upward between Monica's legs, her nipples suddenly growing so huge that her T-shirt started to rip, soft cotton and firm flesh being no contest for each other. Several more hands suddenly began to caress her body as everyone came up from downstairs, Janissa's erotic spell and Monica's super pheromones proving irresistible! She felt Janissa's head moving under her skirt as her kisses found her wetness, Mark's hands suddenly undoing Janissa's top as Monica felt her warm breath on her sex.

Monica raised her hand to hold the top of her T-shirt, a quick strong pull ripping it open as many hands now began to caress her soft breasts. She opened her eyes, startled to see Mark in full erection, his clothes on the floor as he kneeled behind Janissa, her soft breathing turning to gentle gasps as she saw his body thrusting forward against Janissa's tight ass!

Monica's body seemed to suddenly explode, a strong orgasm seemingly coming from nowhere as Janissa's tongue found her hard clit, the many hands holding her suddenly filling her with passion. Her legs started to shake as she spread them so wide, her arms spread open as she felt two hands fondling her nipples, two more caressing the remainder of her breasts, her passionate cries filling the room.

Her orgasm went on and on, many smaller climaxes linking together as the entire team helped her now, her body feeling too weak for her to stop them, her orgasm's seemingly having no end point. The group of Terrans and this single alien woman engaged in the type of lovemaking that only Janissa recognized, the powerful arousal that the Ancient Ones had so often used in the past when trying to control a Velorian woman!

But these were friends not enemies, the ancient lore of the Ancient Ones practiced only by Janissa, her concentration broken only when her own climax was reached, Mark's body deeply pleasuring hers while she pleased Monica.

Monica finally collapsed weakly into the couch as Janissa sagged between her legs, her own body spent. Monica tried to get up, but found that she could not, the weight of bodies on top of her too great. She was shocked, suddenly realizing that she no longer had her super strength, somehow realizing that the wild tingle of the gold between her bared breasts was responsible for that. It took only a few seconds for the realization of that to hit her, that she was now reduced to near Terran strength levels, meaning she could once again be with a man, could....

\* \* \*

The wild orgy that followed was epic, Monica's body open to everyone, thrilling every man, her passion and arousal seemingly inexhaustible as she drank and partied with them, her super body getting increasingly lost in her love making. She finally managed to wear every man down, their bodies no longer able to respond to her, as her own body seemed inexhaustible. She and Mark finally went off together as the rest of the team collapsed into a drunken and blissful sleep, their bodies tangled together in the living room.

THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE KITCHEN

Monica sat at the kitchen table, barely able to keep her head up as she looked at Mark as he sat on the other side

of the table. Despite the pounding headache of her hangover, she couldn't help but smile at him as he looked just as miserable as she did. He smiled back, both of them remembering the events of the last night, Monica and he having noisily broken the bed in the other room, her 'enthusiasm' and strength being more than the poor bed frame could withstand! Her strength had also been nearly more than his body could withstand, he thought back with a grin, even with that gold necklace on. And that was after Janissa had cast some weird spell on him, making his body firm enough and sufficiently resistant to injury to allow Monica to become very enthusiastic in her lovemaking.

This had all started with an evening were Monica had become less than completely discrete as the entire team shared some special intimacies with her, the resulting melee being tantamount to group sex, Monica being at the center of it! Mark knew that this was certainly a radical departure from their previous team building activities, but everyone had seemed to be OK with it, the powerful pheromones of a very aroused and undressed Superwoman having overwhelmed their normal inhibitions!

Sitting in the kitchen now, he was now afraid that they had kept everyone else awake all night, their loud cries and the shaking of the house from Monica's strong body going on long after everyone else was exhausted, leaving two broken chairs along with the bed!

\* \* \*

The sudden memory of what she had done last night also came back to Janissa as she walked into the kitchen, her torn clothing barely covering her dramatic body, tears that Monica had made with her hands during their wild passion! She leaned down to give Monica a full warm kiss, her lips lingering for a moment as Mark smiled at them.

Monica clearly remembered how she had explored the joys of being with a woman last night, somehow forgetting herself after she had put that gold necklace on as Janissa had made love to her in front of Mark, in front of everyone, their hands caressing both their bodies as these two women, both more than mere humans, had embraced in an erotic dance, the moves choreographed a thousand years before by the Ancient Ones, the ancient bloodlines still running through Janissa's veins.

Monica felt slightly embarrassed now as Janissa stood back up, the lingering feeling of her kiss making her feel warm despite her hangover. The soft movement of heavy gold between her breasts reminded her that she was still wearing the necklace Janissa had given her. Pulling her honey-blonde hair behind her back, she reached behind her neck to unclasp the heavy necklace as she slowly removed it, reaching up to hand it to Janissa.

She was still in the process of lifting her arms into the air, Janissa reaching down to meet them, when Monica felt an incredible rush of energy hit her body, almost like an impossibly strong orgasm except that it started deep inside her chest first and then spread downward between her legs! Her breasts suddenly became far firmer as they lifted upward, the thin fabric of her too small T-shirt tearing slightly as the tightly stretched cotton proved unable to fully contain the firmness beneath. A rip started at the neckline and spread most of the way down her chest, one firm nipple even tearing a hole right through the soft thin cotton!

The necklace clanked onto the glass tabletop as Monica's arms shook violently, forcing her to reach down to grab the side of the wrought iron table frame to steady herself. Her hands gripped it far too strongly, her body surging uncontrollably, the rush of energy causing her to squeeze her gorgeous legs together, an unfortunate steel table leg crushing between her thighs as her muscles were suddenly far firmer than mere steel! She was shocked to feel how close she had come to climaxing, momentarily losing control of her strength as her body was infused so suddenly with her full Velorian strength once again.

The tendons also stood out on the back of her strong hands as her fingers slowly distorted the wrought iron table frame, the tempered glass top violently shattering into a thousand pieces as SuperWoman was suddenly born again in this very kitchen, Monica regaining her super powers in one huge sensual rush of energy!

The headache and hangover suddenly disappeared as Monica immediately felt wonderful again, her body strong and perfect, the affects of the previous night instantly erased by the returning surge of super vitality. Her vision was suddenly clear as well as she brushed the shattered glass from her bare legs, looking up to see Mark, Janissa and Sojo staring at her.

She was apologizing to Sojo for wrecking yet another piece of furniture in his friend's house when she saw the headline off the newspaper across the room, the picture and text screaming out the disaster that had occurred at a restaurant last night. Her blue eyes squinted, allowing her to read the entire article in only a few seconds, the picture finally making it very clear that Supergirl was on a rampage again!

Monica felt sickened and angry as she read of the previous disaster, the one with the cops. She had been so busy

before that she had not fully realized that her sister had done so much damage that first day, that she had killed so many people! This could NOT continue, it was time to stop her, to understand why she had changed so much, to have her explain why she was now killing these poor Terrans by the hundreds! Janissa's eyes also saw the headlines of the same article as she glanced back to see the angry and concerned look in Monica's eyes.

"Your sister is not behaving very well is she, Monica. She is miss-using her wonderful gift, showing no compassion for these Terrans."

Monica looked at Janissa, the tone of her voice, the reference to "these Terrans" startling her. Despite being a witch, she was a Terran herself, wasn't she?

"Yes, Janissa, I have to stop her. This is not like her at all. In fact, the last time we met, she didn't even recognize me. I thought it had something to do with rescuing that mad bomber from that building, but it is clear she is out of her mind now! Why would she vaporize all those people and kill those cops like this. I have to find her."

"You will need my help," Janissa said. "Your sister seems to be very elusive, popping up out of the blue, so to speak."

"Ah, how can you help, Janissa, I mean, I'm the one with the unusual vision, the super powers?"

"I have my own special abilities, I can sense the presence of a mind, a special mind, often from miles away. I can now detect yours at least five miles away, Monica, your thoughts are stronger and clearer than most peoples. There is a special 'shimmer' to your mind, that is the best way I can describe it. Perhaps your sister's mind is similar."

"Can you feel her mind now?"

"No, Monica, I can't. But my powers are not very great right now, the last night took a lot out of me."

She and Sharon exchanged a quick smile, an unspoken statement between them.

"Janissa, you explained that you were born to a coven of what people call 'witches'. Yet you showed amazing powers last night that even I cannot comprehend. Are those powers typical for you and your sisters?"

"Actually, I am rather unusual, but there are other sisters that can do what I did last night. But now, I need power to help you. You have that power, Monica, nearly endless power. If you will permit me, I would like to draw some of it to use in finding your sister."

"Ah, sure...certainly Janissa... but how? What power do I have that can help you?"

"Come closer, I'll show you."

Monica stepped closer until she was nearly touching Janissa, Mark's eyes nearly falling from his head as he saw their dramatic bodies so close together, their breasts almost touching.

Janissa reached down to grip the bottom of Monica's torn T-shirt as she began to lift it gently upward, Monica's hands quickly reaching up to hold hers, making her hesitate for a moment.

Green eyes met blue as Monica suddenly decided to trust her, slowly raising her arms over her head. Craig walked into the kitchen at just this moment, his shocked eyes joining Mark and Sojo's as they watched Janissa slowly lifting Monica's top to once again bare her beautiful up-lifted breasts, the firmness of her body again so amazing to behold, so exciting!

Janissa smiled demurely at the men as she then did the same thing with her blouse, reaching behind herself to unsnap her bra before handing the soft warm garment to an amazed and very surprised Craig. She then leaned closer, her own soft bare breasts almost touching Monica's. While Janissa was quite a bit taller, Monica's breasts sat so high on her chest that they were almost at the same height.

She leaned even closer now, bright blue sparks suddenly crackling through the air, darting out from Monica's nipples to strike the softness of Janissa's chest, the sharp intake of breath making it clear that this was a unique sensation for Janissa.

Mark saw both the women's nipples growing larger and larger as the sparks grew in strength and frequency, Janissa moving slowly closer, the sparks growing stronger and stronger until their nipples finally touched gently, a explosive flow of energy now lighting up the entire room. Monica reached up to grip Janissa's strong shoulders as she pulled

her closer, her larger and firmer breasts dimpling deeply into Janissa's, the sudden flow of energy exploding through their bodies. Both women threw their heads back, their long hair flowing down their bare backs as their legs suddenly grew weak, their bodies slowly sinking to the floor, Janissa's body glowing ever brighter as the two women's legs and arms became tangled, their breasts touching in a unique embrace that was thousands of years old, one that had made mortals temporarily into goddesses so many times before!

Monica finally tore herself away, her legs now feeling weak as she struggled to hold Janissa up, her friend's body clearly too weak for her to stand. It was only a minute later, though, when Janissa's eyes opened again, a soft glow shining from them as the green of her eyes now had a shocking violet tinge! She slowly stood up while reaching out to gently retrieve her top from Mark, the glow from her breasts lighting the room until she partially covered them with the soft fabric of her bra. She then slipped her black blouse back on, her long white hair contrasting so strongly with the dark shiny silk, the glow from her breasts finally extinguished as the dark fabric stretched across her rounded chest.

She took Monica's hand as she led Superwoman outside, the cold zero-degree air suddenly reminding Monica that the predicted cold-front had come in. She looked back at Janissa as she wore only the torn remains of her jeans and silk blouse.

"We need to get you some clothes, Janissa. You'll freeze!"

Janissa didn't answer, closing her eyes instead, her body silent for a moment before a slight glow began to spread around her, her eyes opening wide a few moments later as Monica saw the goosebumps disappearing from her skin.

"I am warm now, this spell of invulnerability will protect me for a little while. It is a weak one, but it should work for this cold air. It will also let you hold me very tightly without injuring me and will allow you to fly very fast when I am with you."

Monica stared at her for a moment, amazed once again at this witch's powers, her magic now powered by that very large burst of energy from her own body, the energy now contained in Janissa's own breasts. Monica was in awe of Janissa, having no more idea about how to deal with her magic than a Terran might have!

Monica brought her thoughts back to the job at hand, turning to stand behind Janissa as she wrapped her arms around the taller woman's waist. She slowly flexed her buttocks and squeezed her legs together a little, the energy surge from her glutes and her thighs suddenly launching them high into the cold cloudy sky.

## **A COLD SNOWY STREET, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS**

Sharil was almost ready to fly away, tired of the antics of these weak Terrans who called themselves a 'SWAT' team. She was still buzzing from her strong super orgasm, the sharp hot impacts of their weapons against her body still exciting her with their power, with the fact that they could not hurt her, that they could only pleasure her!

Her body had become so warm during her wild sensual exertions that the water had dried immediately as it had struck her skin, the towering fountain of the torn fire hydrant now merely decorating the background half a block away. She was just starting to flex her calves in preparation for leaping high into the air when she heard a voice behind her, a female voice that she had heard before.

"Kara... WAIT, we have to talk!"

She turned quickly, seeing the woman she had met a day or two before, the one named Monica, the woman who somehow claimed to be her sister!

Sharil was startled to see the woman still alive, having assumed that she had been vaporized by the powerful bomb that had been held so tightly between their bodies back in the basement of that building. She still remembered the painful blow against her own stomach and chest as it had thrown her far from the building. How this other woman could have survived that same force was beyond her comprehension!

She saw that the woman was wearing a tiny red bikini bottom and a torn T-shirt that was at least two sizes too small, her bare feet crunching in the hard cold snow as she began walking quickly forward to stand before Sharil. She noticed another woman behind her, taller, with long white hair and a truly exotic face, a mix of Oriental and Caucasian. Sharil was a little surprised as she realized that both of these two women must have flown down to land



behind her, apparently flying as easily as she could herself!

\* \* \*

Monica's eyes ran down Sharil's nude upper body and then back to her face. She certainly looked like her sister, despite the evidence of her violent behavior that she saw all around her. But she also saw the blank, almost wild, look in her eyes, her eyes showing no evidence of the warmth that she and Kara had shared earlier when they had discovered that they were sisters.

For her part, Sharil barely remembered that the woman she had been sent to replace on this planet was named Kara Matthews, her own obsession in becoming Supergirl had become so strong that it was painful for her to remember that she was only here temporarily to replace that other woman. It felt so good to be Supergirl, to do anything she wanted without worrying about being punished or restricted. She was completely free to follow her every whim, just like the Goddesses of old that she had read about in mythology! She had no doubt now that she WAS a goddess. She WAS NOT going home again, AND NO ONE COULD MAKE HER!

She blinked her sudden angry and irrational thoughts away as the other woman stepped closer. Sharil arrogantly decided to simply ignore her, her own troubling thoughts of somehow having to leave this planet, her planet, distracting her as she turned to walk off. This was indeed her very own planet now, she could do whatever she wanted with it and the people on it, even destroying the whole place if these people didn't start worshipping her properly! There were other populated planets in the Universe that she could rule if these people didn't cooperate!

She absently began to pull her top back on, ignoring these women as she had better things to do! Besides, even if they could fly, what could they really do to her, to Supergirl; she was omnipotent!

Sharil had only taken a couple of steps when she felt a small hand on her bare shoulder, the amazingly firm grip proving strong enough to jerk her to a stop! She felt a flash of anger, her small fists closing tightly, not believing that this woman was trying to interfere with her, that she was touching a true Goddess without permission!

To hell with her, Sharil thought as she quickly pulled her top the rest of the way on while spinning her body around, her fist flying out at hypersonic speed, the blow intended to pulverize the Terran's body in a single massive impact! Sharil's body was simply a blur of red skirt and blue top, her cape flying outward as she spun on the tips of her toes, her fist finally punching deeply into the firm softness of Monica's breast, the force of her mighty blow great enough to shatter the thickest battle-armor!

Monica felt a stunning and painful impact against her left tit as she was tossed high into the air, tumbling head over heels for nearly five city blocks before crashing through the side of an office building, landing in the middle of a group of desks, several people staring down at her as she tried to get back up. The soft cotton fabric covering her left breast was largely torn away now, the edges of the fabric smoking slightly from the force of the impact as she stood up in the middle of the office, trying to arrange what was left of her clothing.

She finally gave up and turned to run back toward the hole that her body has smashed in the wall, her broad shoulders tearing it, and her T-shirt, further as her legs flexed powerfully, thrusting her body back through the ragged hole to fly back toward Sharil.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, Janissa had been shocked as Sharil had struck Monica without warning, the powerful blow clearly intended to destroy her, the shock wave knocking Janissa off her feet! She picked herself back up, now realizing that this girl clearly had no sense of morality, no sense of proportion, not the slightest trace of human compassion for those people around her.

Janissa trembled a bit as she stepped forward now, frightened despite the long training among her sisters and the massive energies that she had absorbed from Monica's body. Her eyes nearly closed for a moment as she breathed a quick spell, the energies contained in her body suddenly reinforcing her earlier spell as she cast a full spell of invulnerability about herself. She was barely in time, Supergirl's eyes suddenly glowing brightly as two violently bright beams reached out to shine on Janissa's shoulders, the girl smiling cruelly as those beams moved down to concentrate on her breasts!

Janissa immediately smelled the smoke from her blouse as it caught fire, her clothing now outside the protection of her spell. Janissa held her body still and tight, her hands on her hips, her muscles tensed slightly, as she looked down to see her bra burning brightly, her breasts slowly revealed as the fabric burned and fell from her body, the violet glow of Sharil's eyes now playing across her pale yet invulnerable skin. She felt a terror inside her body, her

magic fighting strongly to protect her, keeping her skin cool as it directed Supergirl's powerful energies into one of the wierdling dimensions that were beyond the knowledge of ordinary Terrans. A wild violet glow joined that of Sharil's heat vision as Janissa's soft breasts became the battle ground between these two superhuman women, millions of watts of energy now flowing into the wierdling dimension that Janissa's spell had chosen.

Janissa's eyes suddenly saw a blur of red and blue as she felt her wrists suddenly being torn from her hips as her arms were bent painfully behind her, her legs collapsing as her body was gripped by immense forces! Supergirl's silky blond hair suddenly covered her face as her body was forced downward, Janissa's now nearly invulnerable knees cracking the concrete as the incredible forces from Sharil's arms shattered the very earth beneath her.

\* \* \*

Sharil slowly wrapped her arms around the taller woman, wanting her to know what she was doing to her as she began squeezing her with a strength that no manmade object could resist, her slim arms flexing with nearly her full super strength. Yet nothing happened, Sharil suddenly amazed and astounded that this woman's body resisted not only the heat from her eyes, but the strength of even her super muscles!

The woman's body did feel funny against her own though, a vibration making Sharil's body tingle as she held her, the woman's soft flesh initially giving slightly under her powerful embrace. However, the harder Sharil squeezed, the stronger that tingling feeling grew, the woman's body somehow resisting her despite softly giving way in her arms. She pulled the taller woman downward, her knees collapsing as Sharil forced her body into the pavement, the 8" thick concrete shattering as Janissa's magically-enhanced body proved more resilient than even old cement!

Janissa suddenly regretted not having cast a spell of strength as well, her body now helpless in Supergirl's strong embrace, all her magic now needed to simply forestall her own death. She knew that she could not maintain this effort for long, the wierdling energy paths often closing when this much energy was forced through them. She felt Supergirl's incredibly firm breasts crushing her own, the girl's hard nipples nearly tearing her ribs apart as they tried to penetrate even her strongest spell of protection!

Janissa gasped loudly with the last air in her lungs, not truly believing the magnitude of the physical strength that was squeezing her body, fully appreciating for the first time the awesome but simple strength of this young alien girl. A girl whose muscles even the strongest magic could not hold at bay for long!

Janissa's body was forced downward until her back was pressed against the snowy concrete, Sharil's strong smooth thighs gripping her hips as she felt her squeezing them inward, her own flesh and bones able to provide little resistance against such power; only her magical spell was delaying her own violent crushing death.

"So, you have power, woman. Power but no strength... perhaps you would like to feel all my power, to know the full strength of Supergirl before she destroys you. I can feel your body yielding even now, no power on this planet can resist me!"

Janissa was shocked by her arrogant speech, the words coming from the gorgeous smiling face of this young woman, a face that belonged on the cover of Cosmopolitan, not the face of the violent and disturbed young girl she knew her to actually be.

Janissa felt Supergirl holding her hands, forcing them downward, her fingers spread wide open as Supergirl slowly slid her hands up under her tiny red skirt, her soft skin and the steely contours of her muscles suddenly filling Janissa's hands. The feeling was familiar and exciting, the sensation of soft skin stretching over living steel reminding her of Monica's body.

Janissa felt her hands being lifted higher, forcing the girl's tiny skirt upward until her blond bush was revealed, a trace of moisture gleaming from her sex as Supergirl forced Janissa's fingers to slide between her moist nether lips!

Janissa knew she had only seconds to live, the muscles of Supergirl's inner thighs standing out like steel bars now, the crushing force of those super muscles against her hips now overcoming even Janissa's strongest spell as she felt her body bending inward, knowing that the spell of invulnerability was about to collapse, her body sure to follow it only a few microseconds later. She felt her hands being forced downward, away from her sex, wet fingers now sliding along the smooth skin between the girl's thighs, her hands closing tightly around Supergirl's pronounced steel muscles, the same living steel that was about to take her life!

"How do my legs feel to you, witch woman, your hands holding the very muscles that are about to crush you, their power greater than any magic you might use against me. I know what you are, you witch, your kind think you are so

powerful, yet my mere physical strength can destroy you, despite your vaunted magic!"

Sharil now knew all about the type of power this woman wielded. The part of her training that she had truly paid attention to had dealt with the Ancient Ones and their coven's of witches that still practiced the remnants of their power on Earth. She had been taught that they could be destroyed by extreme physical strength if it was applied long enough. The power of Velorian muscles, so much greater than an Arion Prime, would ultimately prove greater than any spell!

\* \* \*

Janissa closed her eyes, concentrating on maintaining her spell for a few more seconds, when she suddenly felt a hard blow, her body tumbling through the air! She was surprised and amazed that she was suddenly freed from the irresistible strength that had been gripping her hips, from the thighs that had been about to crush her!

She tumbled head first back to the ground, her body nearly buried in the softness of a snow drift as it broke her fall.

\* \* \*

Fortunately for Janissa, Monica had recovered from the powerful blow, her long legs having flexed powerfully to propel her back toward Supergirl. She had landed behind her as she had quickly torn Supergirl's body from Janissa's, flipping over in mid-air to land lightly in front of her, her T-shirt half torn off from the previous blow, her left breast still bared.

"You shouldn't have hit me that way, Kara. You know you can't hurt me. What, or maybe I should say who, has gotten into your head! How can you injure and kill these Terrans this way, you had told me you always wanted to help people, not destroy them like this!"

\* \* \*

Sharil was amazed as the woman floated over her head to land lightly in front of her, her body not crushed and pulverized as should be the case after her strong blow! She had also clearly flown once again, just like herself!

Sharil narrowed her eyes, projecting her x-ray vision to look beneath the woman's torn clothing, seeing that she looked a lot like herself, except for having a more muscular build. She turned her x-ray vision up to full power, trying to look inside the woman's body, quite frankly interested in frying her internal organs with those invisible beams if nothing else!

She was beginning to feel frustrated now, the effects of her wild masturbation, the thrill of nearly crushing that witch between her thighs; it was all making her wet with desire, the strong feelings still tingling through her body.

She was really enjoying all of this, feeling such pleasure while showing these Terrans the extent of her physical powers, the appreciative yet fearful looks she saw on the men's faces filling her with pride. Yet this woman was trying to spoil everything, damn her!

Sharil was really surprised now when she found the woman's body was opaque, she could see nothing inside her, could not even penetrate her skin with her x-ray vision! Very strange, she thought, a small fear growing in the back of her head as she wondered if she too was an Arion Prime. A less defined but greater fear hid behind that, maybe she was a true Velorian!

To hell with her, Sharil thought angrily, lashing out with her full heat vision, the woman's entire body turning white hot, glowing almost translucently as always happened just before a Terran's body vaporized into a puff of smoke. But nothing except this woman's clothes vaporized this time as she remained standing in front of her, the glow from her tanned skin cooling rapidly, her body completely nude! Sharil's pale blue eyes opened wide, astounded that the woman was not only alive, but was seemingly unharmed, her smoking nude body looking so sexy as compared to the devastation around her!

"That doesn't work on me, Kara, you should know that. Now tell me, what the hell is going on here? Do you need my help? Who upset you like this and where is Kal now; the last I knew, you guys were going off to be 'together' for a bit?"

Sharil was really confused now, the name Kal sounded familiar from one of her training classes, probably the one she had skipped out of to meet her friend at the movies that day! Carr had also said something about him, she assumed he was another Arion here on Earth.

Sharil turned slightly now, her gorgeous muscles turning her confusion into action, her slim body flexing and moving faster than the eye could follow, her backhand blow striking Monica with such power that the shock wave smashed out all the windows in the buildings next to them! Despite being braced for a blow, Monica was thrown backward again, her invulnerable body shattering a brick wall, burying her body in a shower of broken brickwork.

Leaping from the pile, bricks flying for fifty feet in each direction, she flew straight at Sharil, an explosion of sparks and earthshaking vibration filling the air as two harder-than-steel bodies collided in the middle of a Manhattan street! The shockwave of their impact swept the remaining members of the SWAT team from their feet, their vision of torn clothing and marvelously flexing female muscles suddenly erased as a cloud of debris formed around the woman's bodies. The earth shuddered beneath their feet, Supergirl's red and blue clad body finally the one that flew backward this time, crushing the side of a huge gasoline tanker truck that was parked along the street.

The gasoline poured rapidly from the torn tank, covering Sharil's body as she kneeled on the pavement, twisting herself beneath the truck, her shoulders flexing with her dramatic Velorian strength as she lifted the massive tank truck over her head, flexing her thighs and gorgeous calves as she stood up, the massive truck held easily over her head. She bent her arms far behind herself before her dramatic chest suddenly flexed, throwing the huge tanker more than one hundred feet into the air to land directly on top of Monica!

Monica reached up to try and grab the massive truck as it fell on top of her, but her hands tore right through it, the steel frame smashing her body to the street, a cascade of sparks violently igniting the thousands of gallons of gasoline! A wave of heat washed over Monica's nude body as she stood in the center of the inferno, her eyes watching as the flames raced across the street to find Supergirl, her gasoline soaked clothing suddenly catching fire as she stood staring back at her, seemingly unconcerned.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, Janissa had struggled back out of the snow drift, her hips bruised from the titanic forces that had almost destroyed her. She cast new spells about herself now while retaining the remnants of her invulnerability spell, the gasoline reaching her feet as she felt her own clothing catching fire, the heat fortunately not able to penetrate her spell. She quickly ran toward Supergirl, casting spells toward her as fast as she could, each spell designed to capture and contain an adversary.

Janissa unfortunately stumbled and fell before she reached Supergirl, all her energies now concentrating on conjuring a demon that would help her subdue Supergirl. She put all of the enhanced energy she had drawn from Monica to work, the roadway suddenly bulging upward behind Supergirl as a massive black demon rose from the earth. It was easily twenty feet tall, its six arms each massive muscled, its power augmented by the magic of the raw earth itself.

Supergirl's jaw fell as she turned to stare upward at the monstrous being, her body frozen in place long enough for those six arms to grab her, trapping her wrists and ankles at the same time. The creature turned her upside down, muscles each the size of a small refrigerator flexing with magical power, pulling the young girl's slim legs apart, her super muscles seemingly no match for such magical strength.

The demon wrapped four of his arms around the girl's legs, muscles that could rend the hardest steel flexing impossibly large in its massive arms, Supergirl's legs slowly spreading open as the demon tried to tear her body apart.

The demon felt the girl's hips giving way, thinking he was about to disjoin her legs, when she suddenly squeezed them inward, the crushing force startling him, almost overcoming him! All of his massive hands now gripped her legs, some on her thighs, some holding her calves, as he tried to tear her apart once again, her remarkable muscles becoming defined and hard under his many hands as she fought back.

Janissa heard the creature howling with satisfaction, his massive teeth gnashing together as it finally forced her legs open completely. She could feel the creature's excitement as it finally held a woman in its grasp that was a match for its own vaunted powers!

Janissa rushed forward, suddenly strangely concerned for the girl as the creature bit down between her legs, long fangs that could bite through the hardest steel suddenly being used to ravage her delicate sex! There was a sudden grinding and keening sound of steel on steel as his magical teeth met the firm flesh of this Girl of Steel, her cry of agony piercing Janissa's ears, the force of that cry shattering the windows fifty stories above them. The rain of broken glass covered them all as Janissa saw the girl yielding to the demon, her body not able to resist his powerful magic.

His long fangs deeply penetrated her sex, her cries growing louder yet as her tiny skirt was torn, the demon's powers greater than that of her normally invulnerable costume. Six-inch long curved fangs violently explored the inner regions of this young girl, her body completely at its mercy as it prepared to rend her apart, her body clearly unable to withstand the demon's magical powers.

Janissa rushed closer, irrationally casting a spell of invulnerability forward to augment the girl's own natural powers. She had wanted her restrained, not torn apart by this demon's fangs!

She arrived in time to see that the spell was indeed augmenting Supergirl's own powers, the demon's huge fangs suddenly crushing and shattering inside her, this most delicate area of the girl's body suddenly proving to be invulnerable to even this magical force.

But Supergirl was not beyond feeling pain, the agony from the demon's fangs showing on her face as her eyes rolled up in her head, her body suddenly becoming limp as the pain became too much for such a young girl.

\* \* \*

Janissa quickly reversed the spell, the demon suddenly dropping her to the ground as its huge baleful red eyes met Janissa's, her will barely proving stronger than his as he finally shuffled over to the huge hole he had torn in the roadway, slowly disappearing into it.

Janissa suddenly felt Monica by her side, her arm wrapped around her bare shoulders, as they both stared down at the crumpled body of this amazing Supergirl as she lay unconscious among the flames from the burning fuel.

"Monica, we need to do something quickly, before she awakes. I need to take control of her body to keep her from doing more harm. While I do that, I need you to protect my own body, to get it out of these flames. My protective spell will end as soon as I enter her mind. Get my body out of here and back to the house the instant you hear me cry out."

With that, Janissa bent down to pull Supergirl's top up, ripping the remaining burnt shreds of her own blouse off as her strong arms lifted the unconscious Girl of Steel from the ground, pressing her own soft breasts so tightly against Supergirl's firm chest. Sparks flew from two steel-hard nipples and two firm human nipples as Janissa drew enough energy to empower her own spell of transference, her mind slipping comfortably into Supergirl's body as she felt her own body slipping away, her final cry mobilizing Monica.

\* \* \*

Monica flew upward above the flames, quickly crossing the town with Janissa's limp body in her arms, her skin cooling rapidly as the cold air flowed over them. She landed abruptly on the front porch of the house they had partied at the night before as she carried Janissa inside to the warmth, wrapping her in blankets to warm her as she explained to everyone what had happened. Her thoughts, however, were with Janissa as she knew that she would probably be waking up soon, her mind preparing to battle with Supergirl's mind for control of her powerful body; a battle that Janissa had to win!

\* \* \*

The Captain of the SWAT team wasted no time, ordering his men forward as soon as the nude woman flew off with the taller woman, the one with the long white hair. He looked down at Supergirl, her body laying in the street unconscious, her body twisted, her legs crumpled beneath her.

Dozens of other officers rushed up to her, two dozen pairs of handcuffs suddenly fastening her arms behind her back, chains binding her legs together. They collected all the handcuffs and ankle chains from all of their vehicles as they literally encased the young girl's body in tempered steel, chains wrapped around her body from head to toe, hoping desperately that all that steel could restrain her when she awoke!

\* \* \*

Janissa felt herself drifting, her eyes opening slightly to see the soft light of the winter sky over her head. She tried to move, but her body seemed frozen in place, her arms held tightly behind her as she lay on her side on the cold pavement.

She blinked her eyes a couple of times, suddenly noticing that her vision was incredibly clear, the menu in the window of a restaurant five blocks away just as readable as the huge McDonald's sign a half block away! She squinted her eyes for a moment, suddenly able to see the people inside that distant restaurant, able to even read



the fine print on the driver's license inside a man's wallet and he sat eating his meal!

Janissa was shocked, her intellectual knowledge of Velorian powers not truly preparing her for the reality of the girl's super vision!

She blinked her vision back to normal while turning her head, looking up to see the police officers standing above her, their faces showing fear and anxiety as they suddenly took a few steps back. Janissa understood their fear, the young girl whose body she now controlled had killed many of their friends on this day!

She looked down at herself, thick chains completely surrounding her, starting at her shoulders and ending around her ankles. She felt her arms as they were bound behind her, a tentative effort to move her arms allowing her to feel the dozens of handcuffs that covered her arms, starting from her wrists and ending above her elbows.

An older officer walked over to stand nervously in front of her, the odor from his smelly feet making Janissa's sensitive nose wrinkle unpleasantly.

"You are under arrest for first degree murder, Supergirl. Don't try to move or we will have to use further force against you."

Janissa knew the threat was hollow, she had seen Supergirl in action and knew that the body she now possessed was invulnerable to any force they could apply to her. She was also aware that she was now a public enemy, having killed many innocent people, the fear and the anger in the officer's voice impossible for him to completely hide behind his professionalism. She was thinking of how to explain to him that Supergirl wasn't herself any more, that she had taken control of her body, when she suddenly felt Sharil's mind moving within her.

Janissa felt a panicky feeling in the back of her mind, feelings that one would expect a little trapped animal might have, a mouse trapped in a cage. Sharil tried to push against Janissa's mind, but Janissa easily resisted her, her own strong and disciplined mind more than a match for the immature young girl.

She could feel Sharil's sickness and frustration though, strong and confusing emotions rushing through her body as Janissa quickly forced Sharil's mind back, shoved it into a tiny corner of the brain she now controlled, enveloping her mind with a spell of sleep, the girl's frantic and outraged presence suddenly quieting, allowing Janissa to think clearly again. She looked up at the officer with the smelly feet.

"I am not going to hurt you, trust me. But I am going to stand up and try to remove these restraints. While I am still Supergirl, I am no longer the disturbed girl you have been fighting, I have transferred my mind to her and am controlling her. My real name is Janissa and my normal body was the woman with the white hair who was here a few minutes ago."

The Captain took another step back, the woman's voice sounding a little different now, a different accent clearly discernible in her voice, her words softer than Supergirl's had been. He had no idea what she was talking about, but if he took her words at face value, then it appeared that Supergirl was now possessed by another intelligence! While he was not a superstitious or religious man, he at least had the skills to realize that something at least was different about the girl now.

He suddenly saw all the chains tensioning, a keening sound coming from the steel as the girl started to move! His heart started to beat wildly, wondering if all that steel was going to hold her.

Janissa started to pull her arms apart, her chest muscles and shoulders flexing very strongly as she felt the chains cutting deeply into her breasts. She slowly increased her strength, smiling as she felt the thrilling sensation of all that steel giving way, the hardened steel cuffs feeling as if they were merely thin ropes made of modeling clay as they surrounded her, a loud tearing and crunching sound traveling down her arms as two dozen pairs of handcuffs suddenly and effortlessly tore apart!

Janissa paused as a thrilling wave of warmth and power surged through her body, Supergirl's strength everything she had imagined it was and more. Yet the reality of wielding his much strength sobered her, knowing that it would not be difficult for her to see herself as a Goddess much as this young girl had.

Janissa slowly brought her arms around to her sides before starting to raise them, the massive chains momentarily stopping her movements until she gathered more of her strength. She lifted her arms straight out to the side, the chains now feeling so very tight across her chest as she heard a loud keening sound followed quickly by the sudden sharp crack of tensiled steel shattering, the sound echoing from the nearby buildings in the cold still air.

The torn chains fell in waves from her upper body as she raised her arms high above her head, the feeling of her wonderful muscular powers making her nipples tingle as the last of the chains slid across them. She looked down at her bare legs while slowly spreading them, the mass of chains surrounding and binding them feeling like little more than tiny cotton threads as her star-born muscles easily snapped them apart, the last of the chains joining the pile of torn steel that now surrounded her feet.

She stepped free of the torn chains while stretching herself, amazed at how wonderful she felt, none of the usual aches and pains that ordinary Terrans endure were present, only a slight tingling between her legs where the beast had used his powerful fangs such a short time ago.

She reached down to smooth her torn skirt, aware that she was now wearing nothing under it, well aware of how tiny it was. She ran her hands up along the silky contours of her skintight top, her tiny waist feeling so firm and flat, her hands rising upward to pause for a moment as her large breasts filled them, suddenly self-conscious as she saw the officers staring where her hands were gently squeezing, quickly raising them further up to push her long blonde hair behind her shoulders.

Janissa was completely amazed at how this body felt, so energetic and calm, a sense of incredible power flowing through every muscle. She tried to walk, quickly finding that her legs didn't work right, each careful step bouncing her at least three feet off the ground!

She ignored the shouts of the officers as she walked very unsteadily away from them, finally bending her legs slightly as she jumped strongly upward, her calves flexing to create a huge surge of acceleration that thrust her high into the sky, the tallest sky scrapers suddenly far beneath her!

Janissa had no idea how to fly, yet she was shocked that she had easily jumped three thousand feet into the air with the strength of her calves alone! Her body finally paused momentarily at the top of the long arc before she fell rapidly downward, her arms and legs flailing wildly as she tumbled head over heels.

It was a long way to the ground, her body accelerating to terminal velocity before she finally crashed into the top of an unoccupied Taxi, the driver fortunately standing beside the car while talking with a newspaper vendor. Her invulnerable body landed upside down and partially on her back, her head tearing partially through the roof of the car, her blonde hair splayed across the top of the taxi.

Janissa quickly flipped herself off the deeply-dented top of the Taxi, landing on her bare hands and knees halfway across the street, a squealing of tires coming a moment before she looked up to see a huge bus bearing down on her, unable to stop. Janissa's eyes grew large as the bus reached her, too surprised to react, the massive impact of the Volvo bus slamming her to the pavement, the double rear wheels crushing the wind from her as they ran over her back!

Lying stunned in the street, she felt very embarrassed as a crowd quickly gathered around her, the wide tire tracks of the bus clearly visible across the top of her blue costume. She slowly pushed herself back up, her legs twisted beneath her as she still tried to adjust to the feel of Supergirl's alien body. She finally had to force herself to ignore the crowd as she carefully stood up, bending down before flexing those long gorgeous legs once again as she leaped higher than the tallest buildings, slowly crashing her way across Manhattan, each mighty leap carrying her a full mile before she tumbled back down to crash onto the street or onto the top of a building.

It was a difficult way to travel, but she eventually saw her own familiar neighborhood coming up, her thoughts suddenly returning to her husband, Mike, as she tumbled into the flower garden behind her house, her invulnerable body making a deep depression in the same frozen ground that she had planted daisies in the previous Spring.

Brushing herself off, she slowly and carefully walked across the grass to the back door, the lock tearing apart in her grip as she realized, too late, that it was locked!

Crushing the torn steel of the lock absently in her hand, she walked slowly down the hall, finally entering the kitchen to see her very surprised husband jerk his head up to look at her. Janissa saw his eyes open as wide as saucers as she noticed that he was reading the article about Supergirl's wild killing rampage across Metropolis, Janissa suddenly very aware that she was physically that same young girl!

\* \* \*

Mike was shocked as he looked up to see the same alien super girl standing in his kitchen that he had just been reading about! Her blonde hair was a tangled and dirty mess, half covering her face, her skirt was torn, black tire tracks were visible across her back and her red boots were covered in mud. Her body also was reeking strongly of

gasoline. Yet she stood calmly in front of him, a familiar yet funny smile on her lips.

“Hi, Mikey babe... did you miss me last night?”

Mike staggered backwards against the counter, his chair tipping over, the words so familiar, the voice softer yet richer than he was accustomed to. He stared at the girl as she brushed the tousled hair from her face, the movement of her hands, the twinkle in her eye and her coy smile looking so very familiar.

“Janissa... my God, is that you?” he said, his voice barely more than a whisper.

“Ah, yes, sort of. I had to take control of Supergirl's body to finally restrain her from her killing spree, fortunately her mind is very weak. At least I finally found a good use for that special part of my learning!”

Mike could not help but stare. He knew of Janissa's training, she had often entertained the two of them with her magical spells. His own study of white magic had allowed him to help her, yet he was often on the road, his job as a consulting engineer for the agency responsible for managing the various urban search and rescue units kept him away from home.

Mike adjusted quickly, he could sense the presence of his wife despite her radically different appearance. Living with Janissa had always been exciting, but never this dramatic before! He looked back down at the paper, seeing the pictures of the destruction this girl had wrought.

“Are you sure you are in control of her body, she is a very dangerous and powerful young lady?”

“Don't worry, Mike, she may have dramatic muscles, but her mind was just that of an angry and confused little girl. She is safely tucked in a corner of my mind, usually asleep. But even when awake, she is completely unable to control me. So don't worry.”

“Good... well, lets get you cleaned up, you reek like you've been swimming in gasoline!”

Janissa smiled demurely, walking slowly and carefully toward him as she took his hand gently in hers, leading him toward the bathroom. She saw his eyes running down her body, very well aware of his forbidden and erotic fantasies about teenage girls. The totally gorgeous young teenage hooker she had once brought home for his birthday had thrilled them both, Janissa using her white magic to 'convince' the girl to stay for a full week, her young strong body nearly exhausted before she finally left. Janissa's training as a witch had well prepared her to use the power of raw sexual erotica in her and her husband's life.

She turned now as she reached the huge bathroom, the Jacuzzi they had installed taking up one full end of it. She walked forward to stand between the opposing floor length mirrors, the soft bright lighting and mirrored ceiling making her shiny costume glow.

“So, Mike, how old do you think I am now? Am I jail-bait or what?”

She turned slowly around, smiling sweetly at him as she showed off her powerful young body.

“Well, if you are 18, you had a birthday very recently. My God, Janissa, you are gorgeous.”

“Call me Supergirl, Mike, that is whose body I possess now. Would you like to see what she, I, look like without this tiny costume?”

“Oh, God, yes... Jani... I mean Supergirl!”

Janissa turned slowly, her eyes holding Mike's as she slowly raised her left leg, his hands reaching out to grip the bottom of her red boot as he eased it from her. Repeating the same with the other, she now stood barefoot in front of him.

Reaching down, she began to slide her tiny red skirt down, finally slipping the waistband free of her slim hips as it softly fell down her legs, the silky fabric pooling against her feet, the strong lean contours of Supergirl's legs now fully revealed.. Turning her back to Mike, bending down from the waist to pick up her skirt, Janissa suddenly felt his large strong hands holding her, holding Supergirl's cute tight ass.

She smiled as she felt his hands exploring her backside, enjoying her perfect young body and her wonderful flexibility, touching the top of her head to the floor, her legs straight and slightly spread as she looked back up between them, staring up at Mike, the thin fabric of his trousers suddenly transparent to her pale blue eyes as she

saw him getting incredibly aroused as his hands held her firm buttocks.

\* \* \*

She almost felt like purring as she felt his fingers tracing between her legs before slowly tracing across her labia, strong fingers separating, spreading her warm nether lips. A wild rush of tingling warmth filled her body, her sensual response so much stronger than she was used to, Supergirl's body coming wonderfully alive at such an intimate touch!

She felt Mike moving her cape to the side, the sound of a zipper making his intentions clear.

"Ah ... no, Mike, not yet. Supergirl's body is too strong for that, you won't be able to... Ohhh... oh baby ... that's nice!"

Janissa felt his hard cock sliding between her legs, his large head trying to spread her labial lips, the familiar feel of the cock she knew so well suddenly exciting her.

Yet she knew they could not make love, her husband discovering that fact a moment later as he found he could not enter her, the strength of even her relaxed labial muscles far greater than what a Terran male could penetrate. He struggled mightily as Janissa kept her body relaxed, but it was no use. Male Terran flesh, even flesh this firm, and a Girl of Steel did not mix!

She slowly stood back up, turning to take him in her hands instead, his hard throbbing cock requiring both hands to fully surround, his own hands reaching up to caress her strong forearms. She flexed those muscles ever so gently, stroking her soft hands over his hard cock as she knew he was now dreaming of the power that those hands truly contained!

"I'm sorry Mike, you can't have intercourse with Supergirl, with me. I am far too strong for you now. But that isn't the only way!"

Her hands suddenly moved too fast to see, his torn clothes falling to the floor to leave him standing nude before her, his strong tight body thrilling her as it always did. His hands found the bottom of her skintight blue top as she helped him remove it, her gorgeous breasts suddenly revealed for him to see.

His hands rose upward as Supergirl closed her eyes, his large hands cupping her larger breasts, his strong grip finding the softness in her unusually firm flesh. His erotic kneading grew stronger, no attempt to restrain his own strength now necessary as Janissa felt a gush of wetness between her legs, her inner thighs suddenly sliding smoothly against each other as the slippery moisture gushed down to her knees! Janissa smiled, one more unusual aspect of Supergirl's body revealed as she clearly got excited so very easily at a man's touch!

Janissa now felt Sharil's presence again, the girl calmer now, simply enjoying every sensation of her body but not able to influence Janissa's movements in any way. Janissa suddenly realized how kinky this was, the very young virginal girl inside her, about to experience making love to Janissa's own husband, her own consciousness guiding the way. She knew that this type of threesome or even a foursome was not that unusual among the Ancient Ones, their minds often taking possession of young men and women as they used them for their own amusement. But this was certainly new to Janissa and her husband, and to Sharil!

Her thoughts came back to the present as Supergirl took her husband's hands, leading him to the huge glass shower as she turned the water on. She handed him the soap as she put her arms around his neck, kissing him passionately, her lips softer and fuller than Mike was accustomed to. She felt his hands beginning to work their magic, rubbing the soap across her smooth tanned body, soft skin covering the lithe living steel of her underlying muscles.

It was very long time later when he finished washing her body, his cock now so hard that Janissa could see his whole body throbbing. She took the soap from him and wet her hands with it, sliding them over his hard cock, her firm grip and slow stroke bringing a loud moan from his lips. Her kisses began to move down his body as she slid slowly down to her knees, her lips tracing a path down Mike's body, her soft full lips finally finding his hard cock. He moaned louder while thrusting himself forward, Supergirl's lips parting as she took him deeply inside her, the wonderful firmness and taste of her husband's cock thrilling her. She now conjured up the spell she had used before, the one that Mike had required that long week when the young teenage girl had been their willing concubine. She had given Mike the stamina of a very young man at that time, his inexhaustible energies and constant erection had thrilled both the young girl and himself as the two of them had made love together a hundred times, Janissa so pleased that he was enjoying her imaginative birthday present.

She used that power again now, but this time, she did not have to limit her power, she merely tapped into the nearly limitless energies contained in Supergirl's body, using that power to augment her magic, allowing her to cast a temporary spell of invulnerability on him, transforming her husband's body into the special steel that Supergirl would require. She started with his wonderful cock, feeling it growing so much firmer between her lips, the flesh becoming far stronger than mere steel as she increased her spell, her breasts tingling with the energy release necessary to power her magic. Her grip on his cock was soon restrained no longer, Supergirl's muscles flexing powerfully as her husband's body proved her equal, the spell of invulnerability, the spell of steel, spreading out from his cock, temporarily transforming his entire body into the superman that this young alien girl now needed so badly!