

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 24, Nikki

 superwomenmania.com/index.php

Little Firebug – Chapter 24

Nikki

by Sharon Best

Author's Note: This chapter continues the saga with Lois, her mind having traded places with Shari's in her cloned Velorian body. Lois is now inhabiting 'Supergirl's' body. Suspecting, hoping, that this situation is a permanent one, Kal and she have decided to have Lois take on a new identity, that of Nikki, a visiting young French reporter. Kal, for his part, is thrilled, Lois now having a gorgeous and powerful body that no longer requires him to be so very careful around her, the previous chapters describing how the two of them had explored the very special 'steel' that Superman had never been able to use properly before. Yet Nikki's cloned body still contains a fatal flaw, that being the ability for different personalities to be easily imposed on her malleable mind.

Daily Planet Building, Monday

Jimmy Olsen walked into the lobby of the Planet, trying to read the morning edition while walking through the crowd. He managed to work his way through the crush to reach the elevator, only to find himself standing behind a girl that made him immediately put his newspaper down.

Even though her back was to him, he could see that she was stunning. She was at least 5'7" and wearing a pair of tan slacks and a light blue blouse. He couldn't help but stare at her, her clothing fitting so snugly across the most perfectly-toned body he had ever seen, except perhaps for Kara. But of course it wasn't fair to compare anyone to her, Kara hadn't even been human, she had really been Supergirl!

Despite that, this girl made him think of her, his infatuation with Kara undiminished despite the fact that she had disappeared from Earth some time ago. Yet this girl was just as slender and graceful as Kara, her rounded well-toned bottom looking so sexy in her snug slacks, her trim hips, her tiny waist curving elegantly upwards to slightly broad strong shoulders all giving the appearance that she actually was Kara. But it was her hair that convinced him otherwise.

While her hair was also just as long and silky as Kara's had been, just reaching the small of her back, the color was wonderfully different, consisting of a truly exotic mix of blond and red strands. At first glance he had thought that she was a strawberry blonde bordering on redhead, but as he stood closely behind her now, he could see that she had an intriguing mix of red and honey blond strands of hair all blended together. As she moved her head slightly, the color tones would constantly change in subtle ways, almost as in a gentle waterfall. The overall effect was stunningly beautiful, unlike any woman he had ever seen before!

The elevator finally arrived and he followed her into it, the crush of people momentarily pressing him against her side, the firmness of her body impressing him. He looked down in admiration as she turned to face him, noticing that she was very well developed, her breasts amazingly large for so slim a girl. They sat high and firm on her chest, dramatically poised above her absolutely flat, firm stomach. He was so drawn to them that he was unaware of his own entranced stare until an almost subvocal giggle drew his eyes upwards to discover that she was staring back at him.

Suddenly embarrassed, her unusually large sky-blue eyes still managed to mesmerize him until he caught himself again. A little amused smile crinkled the corners of her mouth, one that almost seemed familiar somehow! But there was no way they could have met before now, he would definitely have remembered her!

“Can you help me?” she asked, her voice rich with a very pronounced French accent. “I am looking for the Personnel department, what you call, ah, the Human Resources department. Do you know which floor it is on?”

Her beautiful voice almost made his knees buckle, the rich tones and the wonderful accent providing such a contrast to her stunning body. She had the modulated voice of someone older, more mature than the 20 or 21 years of age or so that her appearance suggested.

“Ah, the... um, HR is up on the 25th floor. Here, let me push your button for you,” Jimmy stammered, then gulped, realizing how that might have sounded.

She serenely smiled a ‘thank you’ at him, and her smile once again looked vaguely familiar for some reason.

She finally got off on the 25th floor, the eyes of all of the men and several of the women on the elevator following her as she walked away, her body moving with amazing grace, much like a dancer. She quickly glanced back over her shoulder just before she turned a corner, clearly noticing the amount of attention she was getting. Jimmy could have sworn he saw her give him a little wave just as the elevator doors were closing!

He was still shaking his head in wonder when he got off at the City Room on the 27th floor, the image of her beautiful face still on his mind. He would have to find out where she worked if she indeed got hired at the Planet. Maybe she was new in town and hadn’t met anyone yet.

* * *

Nikki’s interview in HR was a difficult one, the man sitting across from her frowning as he read through her resume and her portfolio of experience on several French newspapers. She just seemed too young to have had so much experience. Her journalism degree at the age of 18 was remarkable enough, the girl having skipped four grades in school due to her unusual intelligence. Her four years of experience on three major papers was also impressive, her writing style very crisp and clear, and perfect for a no-nonsense paper like the Planet.

Besides, Clark Kent had spoken very highly of her, giving her the strongest possible recommendation. The interviewer shrugged and looked up at her again, feeling slightly uncomfortable as her gorgeous blue eyes met his, her stunningly beautiful face almost too pretty to look at. God she was a beauty! What was she doing writing for newspapers? She could make millions using those looks and that body in the modeling industry!

“May I ask you something, Nikki? Why do you want to be a reporter at the Planet? I mean you could choose any paper in the country to work on, even some very prestigious papers in Paris. Hell, with your looks you could model for a living. Why Metropolis and why do you want to be a reporter for the Planet?”

“For the excitement, of course,” she said, the musical accent of her voice once again thrilling him. “Your city has more crime than any other city in the world, and I want to work as an investigative reporter, uncovering cases of crime or corruption and then revealing the stories to the world. There is no better place to do that than here. Besides, the Planet has a very impressive reputation for investigative reporting, primarily due to two of your reporters, Lois Lane and Clark Kent. You also have Superman here in Metropolis, and those two write such fascinating stories about him as well.”

Ah, suddenly it all made sense to him! She was just another beautiful young woman stricken with lust for Superman! He had seen that look more than a few times before! Too bad she didn’t know that Superman didn’t have Terran girlfriends, in fact, he didn’t have any girlfriends at all as far as anyone knew.

But Perry needed an experienced reporter, one who was willing to work on dangerous crime stories. Perhaps her looks could help her get close to some of the seedier characters that they investigated: nobody would ever guess she was a reporter just by looking at her! A model or an actress perhaps, but never a City Desk reporter pounding her beat.

Besides, with Lois out on indefinite sick leave, he had been under some heavy pressure from Perry to quickly find a replacement. He made a decision.

“Ok, you’ve got the job. Congratulations and welcome to the Planet!”

He stood up and shook her hand, immediately surprised at how firm her handshake felt; it was like that of a very strong man!

“Go on up to the 27th floor and find Perry White: he’s the City Editor and he’ll get you started.”

She turned to leave, the man unable to keep his eyes from staring at her amazing behind as she walked from his office, her body moving so smoothly yet somehow powerfully; every fluid movement suggested she was very athletic, but at the same time was so incredibly sexy! He couldn't ever remember seeing a woman move like that before. The guys in the City Room were in for a treat. He just hoped everyone behaved themselves!

Flexing his slightly bruised hand, he realized that if the rest of her was as strong as her grip, any guy who got out of line with her was in very deep trouble. She certainly wasn't going to need HR to help her get a sexually abusive male off her back! But the poor devil might get his money's worth from his health insurance premiums!

He finally massaged his hand back to like, at least well enough to pick up the phone, and he called Perry to tell him that he had just hired the reporter he had been looking for and she was on her way up.

* * *

Perry was still yelling loudly into the phone when Nikki knocked lightly on the glass door to his office. She heard him shouting something about sending him a woman when everyone knew these stories were dangerous to cover. It was bad enough when Lois had been here, even though she had proved highly capable of taking care of herself. But an even younger woman?!

Perry finally slammed the phone down as he looked up to see the girl that was obviously his new reporter as she stood outside his door. Brusquely waving her in, he suddenly felt even more upset! My God, this was the wrong job for this girl, she should be modeling swimsuits or something. She certainly had the figure and face for it!

She strode confidently forward, extending her hand to take his.

"Hi, I'm Nikki Bertrand, HR just sent me up here. I understand you have need of another investigative reporter. I've done a lot of that type of work in France."

Perry was uncharacteristically speechless, the contrast between her almost painfully firm handshake and her gorgeously slender body stunned the hardened editor for a moment. He finally waved her to a chair as he sat heavily down in his own. They spent the next hour reviewing her background and reading some of the articles she had written. Despite himself, Perry was impressed, the style of her writing and her conciseness reminding him very strongly of his best reporter, Lois.

As he thought again of Lois, he suddenly realized who he needed to pair Nikki up with: Clark! He was without a partner now and he had seemed to enjoy working with the only other woman reporter in the City Room. Besides, Clark was both harmless and currently engaged to Lois, the perfect man to pair up with this striking young woman. He dialed his assistant, asking her to send Clark in.

"Nikki, I'm assigning you to work with Clark Kent, at least initially. His partner, Lois Lane, is out on an indefinite medical leave so he needs some help."

"Clark Kent", she breathed. "He and Lois are the ones who have done most of the really in-depth stories on Superman. That would be superb, Mr. White, thank you so much!"

Her warm smile almost made Perry smile himself, something he wasn't prone to doing, as he looked up to see Clark's innocent face at the door. He waved him in as he introduced Nikki to him, not surprised when Clark seemed to just take her in stride. Clark never did react to women. Perry had always thought he was gay or something until he and Lois had gotten together. But the guy was just so stiff all the time, even around Lois!

* * *

"Nikki, so glad to have you on board here at the Planet," Clark said a few minutes later as they walked from Perry's office. "Are you ready to go to work right now? I was just heading out on a hot tip that we picked up on the police scanner."

"Certainment, Clark, you know how we reporters are, always on the move, ready for anything. Let's go."

She walked quickly down the aisle, tossing her bag on Lois' old desk as she grabbed her purse from it. Perry had to blink as he stared at her, the girl's gestures looking so familiar, especially the way she just casually tossed her bag on the desk. He couldn't count the number of times he had seen Lois do exactly the same thing!

* * *

They stepped quickly into the express elevator, surprisingly finding themselves alone as everyone was now working at their desks. Clark reached out to take his gorgeous new partner in his arms, her soft kisses meeting his as she pulled him tightly to herself.

“Congratulation, Lois, er, Nikki,” Clark said with a smile. “You got your old job back, and we’re partners again. It worked just as you said it would, but then you always did have everyone around here dancing to your tune. And in this body, even more parts of them will be dancing! I hope you don’t leave me too far behind.”

“Mmmm, I only want you behind me if you’re going to put that wonderful thing of yours to good use there. How about a quickie on the way to the story? It’s been nearly three hours since we were together!”

“Nikki! We’re at work now. I know you’re still getting used to the, ah, ‘more subtle’ advantages of a Velorian body, but show a little restraint here woman, we are just partners at work now, remember?” His smile made it clear that he was indeed also interested in doing more than ‘getting the story’, but he was a very disciplined man – Superman had to be, what with the dangerous potential for supersonic sperm and all if he gave in to his frustations – and he was also a professional. Nikki got the message as she stepped aside and walked briskly from the elevator when the door opened, her own disciplined reporter’s mind now in charge.

“Ok, Clark, what’s the assignment and where are the bad guys? We have a story to get!”

* * *

Clark’s loud whistle attracted a cab and his extra \$20 encouraged the driver to forget the speed limits while racing over to the docks. The report from the police scanner of an explosion hazard at the docks had sounded serious, especially since a SWAT team had been mobilized; hardly the normal team for dealing with an industrial chemical hazard or the like.

The trip across town was fast, the invulnerability of the two special passengers being the only thing that kept them from asking the speed-crazy cabby to slow down! He finally slid to a stop a couple of wharves from the one in question, a police roadblock blocking traffic from going further. Clark’s promised second \$20 joined the first as he and Nikki scrambled out to see a swarm of flashing lights next to an old rusty freighter.

Even though the flashing lights of the police cars were still a quarter mile away, the cops would not allow them any closer. And whatever the cops at the barricade knew, they weren’t talking about it. The only thing that was clear was that NOBODY was being let into the area, especially reporters!

Nikki started to argue loudly with the cops much as Lois always had. She certainly got their attention, three of them gathering close to her, but it was soon clear to Clark that they weren’t interested in negotiating so much as in ogling her. Clark finally intervened and pulled her to the side.

“Nikki, we can do this another way now, remember? Look, you see that long warehouse to the right? I’m sure we can walk along the roof and get nearly up to that other wharf. We’ll figure out how to get on board from there. There might be somebody on that ship who wants to talk to the press! We just have to make sure that we don’t let anyone see us do anything ‘unusual’. After all, having two identities is still vitally important, remember that!”

They walked quickly around the corner, looking up at the sheer wall at the end of the warehouse. It was easily six stories high. Nikki stared up the wall for a moment before looking back at Clark with a questioning expression.

“This will be easy, babe. Just don’t overdo it, you can probably jump a half mile straight up with those gorgeous thighs of yours, so just gently use your calves and take it real easy. “

“Shouldn’t we be changing out of our street clothes to do this? What if somebody sees us?” Nikki asked as she looked around.

“Nobody around, I already checked,” Clark replied quickly as he glanced behind himself one more time to make sure, his amazing eyes missing nothing. “You’ve got a lot to learn about using your powers subtly and now is a good time to start. So go ahead, try it.”

Nikki removed her shoes and stood on her toes for a moment, feeling her calves flexing a little as they expanded tightly against her fitted cotton slacks. She lowered herself slightly before flexing them quickly, her body suddenly propelled upward by those same remarkably firm calves.

She almost made it, the edge of the roof nearly in reach when her upward trajectory stopped and she began falling

back. Quickly trying to concentrate on her flying ability, she found she was unable to get that 'special' feeling in her breasts in time, the one that let her channel her power into flight, before she landed hard on her feet six stories below, Clark quickly reaching out to steady her. Frustrated with herself, she shrugged his hands from her shoulders, stepping away from him before trying a little harder, this time soaring to more than ten feet above the roof top before landing gently at the edge.

Clark's leap after her was perfect as he seemed to step from thin air to the roof, his long-practiced muscular control perfect. Looking down, he smiled when he saw the slightly torn seams of her slacks; the unusual expansion of her calf muscles had ripped the far weaker threads partially open.

"You might want to wear slightly looser clothing like I do, Nikki. It's not much of a contest between your clothing and your muscles when you flex; remember, your muscular expansion is now at least three times that of a very fit Terran woman. Your clothing needs some room to handle it."

Nikki looked quickly down at herself before turning her attention back to the job at hand. "Yeah, I see what you mean. Anyway, it's too bad we can't just fly in there and talk to them as Superman and Supergirl, but I've seen the reaction you create in people enough times to know that we would get a totally different response from simply showing up as reporters. Besides, the police have numerous murder one warrants out for me and that might distract them! I guess your 'prime directive', the things you were telling me about not influencing events and not using your powers more than you have to, would be a problem too!"

Clark nodded silently as he turned to start jogging along the metal roof of the warehouse, Nikki quickly catching up to him. When they finally neared the wharf, they found they had the perfect vantage point to look down onto the ship. A group of seedy looking men were clearly visible from their high vantage as they hid below the side rails, each holding an automatic weapon. Clark immediately realized that the police clearly had no idea what they were facing. There must have been twenty armed men visible just on the deck of the ship! Twenty men with automatic rifles facing maybe thirty cops with simple handguns!

Clark smiled as he turned to take Nikki's hand firmly in his, quickly describing his plan to her. He was SO glad that she did not have Lois' frailties, that he wasn't going to have to worry about her getting hurt. He had spent so much time rescuing Lois in the past that it had interfered with his other duties.

Suddenly jumping from rooftop together, they leaped more than two hundred feet forward and upward to land high up on one of the ship's masts, the movement too fast to be noticed by anyone down below. Quickly hiding on the far side of the tall mast, they both began to climb down, their fingers creasing the hard steel to make their own handholds when there were none to be found.

They had just reached the top of the superstructure and were stepping away from the mast when they heard a loud torrent of angry words from behind them, the language unfamiliar but the meaning very clear. Clark froze! Nikki, however, turned slowly to face the man, his automatic weapon held flexibly and aimed lightly between the two of them, covering them both. He was obviously a professional.

"Hello," she said sweetly, her French accent so pronounced, "can you please take us to your Captain? We're reporters and if you've got a story to tell, we'd like to help you tell it."

With that, she gave the man her best smile, his eyes roaming up and down her body as she put her hands on her hips and flexed her chest just a bit while taking a deep breath, her upper body swelling her blouse nearly to the bursting point as her fabulous muscles lifted her inhumanly firm and well-rounded breasts upward. The man stared for a moment with his mouth wide open before recovering. He finally turned his head slightly and shouted, two other men immediately appearing. They both roughly grabbed Nikki and Clark while leading them down to what appeared to be the Captain's day cabin.

"Well, Nikki," Clark whispered as they walked, "it looks like your new body is going to help us even more than I thought. Did you see that guy's face when you took that deep breath? I thought he was going to drop his weapon and rape you! I don't think Lois ever made such an impression on anyone!"

"Careful," Nikki said softly, "don't give them any ideas. They have probably been at sea for a very long time. They would discover some of my other 'unusual' characteristics pretty fast if they tried that! Besides, I'm wearing my costume under these clothes."

A sudden loud voice boomed out behind them, the Arabic accent very noticeable. "So! Two American reporters have come aboard to talk with me. To what do I owe this honor?"

They both turned around, the Captain's eyes behaving only a little better than the sailors had as he appraised Nikki.

"I see your American women are still as beautiful as always. It has been many years since I was in your country but I used to enjoy your scantily clad women once upon a time. Of course, none of them survived to tell me how much they enjoyed my hospitality in return, but that was a small thing. They were small people."

"And you, you are Clark Kent, I know you. We have met before. I was called Ramoan at that time, so that is a good enough name for this meeting as well. It seems that if it were not for your American Superman, your president would have died gloriously that day. I still do not know how you survived my men, Mr. Kent. But since you were a lucky man at that time, we shall see if you are as lucky today. Perhaps you can better help me achieve my goals this time."

"What are you doing here, Ramoan, or whatever your real name is? And if you know me as well as you say you do, you also know that I'm not about to help a murderous terrorist like you. Do you realize that over a hundred innocent bystanders were killed in your attack in Washington?"

"Is that all! I had hoped the death toll would have been much higher. No matter, I will make up for it this time; perhaps I can top my personal best, which was about ten thousand in that nerve gas attack in India, the one that everyone thought was an industrial accident. In fact, perhaps I can do much MUCH better than that, Mr. Kent!

"Let me tell you this: since you are a reporter, I am certain you are aware of the lax security in the former Soviet Union in relation to their now obsolete nuclear weapons. Would you perhaps be surprised to know that one of them is installed beneath your very feet, and that it is one that only I can prevent from detonating tomorrow, exactly at noon!"

Clark was truly shocked, yet he had been fearing this for years, numerous weapons having been 'lost', at least according to the Russian paperwork.

"Yet I certainly would not wish to waste such a splendid weapon on your dirty crime-ridden city, I would far prefer to have my demands met: demands that you, my good friend Clark Kent, can easily present to your President for me." With that, he handed a sheet of paper to Clark with a theatrical flourish.

Clark scanned it quickly, reading the demands to give Israel back to the Palestinians, the usual demand to free all terrorists from all jails worldwide, demands for billions of dollars in gold to be given to this 'new' Palestinian state. As usual, all the demands being completely unrealistic and not within the legal powers of any person to accomplish, including the US President.

"This is impossible, Ramoan, even if the President wanted to help you, he could not do this. I cannot help you either. In fact, I will not even communicate such outrageous demands for you, and you are easily intelligent enough to predict the response to these demands. Now what do you really want?" The anger was clear in his normally calm voice.

"Mr. Kent, Mr. Kent, relax, you are getting all tense. Allow me to remind you of my methods: I always ask for exactly what I require. And now that I have nuclear weapons, the scope of what I can require of you must change. No, Mr. Kent, you must consider these demands to be completely realistic, otherwise your ugly city will soon become a huge cinder. If I find it necessary to employ this single weapon here, perhaps London or Hong Kong or Tokyo will be more accommodating when I call upon them! The size of my armory happens to be extremely impressive."

"NO, Ramoan, you will not do this, and I, we, will find a way to stop you. I, ah, I also have resources."

"Oh, do you mean your fabled Superman? Well, let him come, I have acquired ways to deal with even him this time. There are others besides my own people who wish to see these weapons used, 'others' who have traveled far further than I to reach your city!

"Ah, but I can see that you are skeptical. You American's always believe that your Superman can save you from everything. Or perhaps you do not think that I am as prepared as I seem. But you of all people should remember that I do not play games, Mr. Kent. Allow me to refresh your memory by giving you a little demonstration of how I respond when my requirements are resisted."

He turned to look closely at the spectacular young woman standing beside the reporter. It was a shame, but this would be a good way to get Kent to take him seriously. He looked back at him, his eyes absolutely calm and cold.

"I remember how foolishly you American men value your pretty little women. Even though this woman appears to be your associate, I have seen the way you look at her, and I believe that she is more to you than simply a colleague."

“Perhaps I can even the score with you, Mr. Kent? Perhaps I can remind you that death means nothing to me? Perhaps you would enjoy seeing your pretty young associate die a senseless and premature death, her beautiful body wasted so that no man can enjoy her? I interpret your prior refusal of my requirements as a resounding ‘YES!’”

With that, he surprised both of them by quickly pulling a small caliber pistol from his pocket and casually firing two shots directly into Nikki’s chest!

* * *

Nikki felt two strong impacts against her left breast. Looking down quickly, she saw two small neat holes in her blouse, directly over her heart. She also felt the hot spent lead falling down between her breasts, that soft flesh having acted like a shock absorber for the powerful bullets, preventing the usual ricochet that would occur if he had hit the harder parts of her steely body.

She knew she had a quick decision to make; either fake death or reveal her real identify to this man! She decided on the former, rolling her eyes up in her head as she slowly collapsed to the floor at Clark’s feet, remembering to stop both her breathing and her heartbeat at the same time.

The man waved Clark back from her with his pistol as he leaned over her, reaching down to feel for a pulse. Surprised to find none, he stood to confront Clark again. She certainly seemed dead, maybe his information about this girl had been wrong!

“So, such a beautiful woman dies so young. What a pity. Yet we are now even, Mr. Kent, for my wife died in that explosion in your Capital on the occasion of our previous meeting, your Superman obviously setting a higher priority on rescuing your President and his staff than my own people.”

“YOU BASTARD!!” Clark said between clenched teeth, faking rage. “The only reason your wife died was because she was holding a bomb triggered by you. And now you kill a woman who could help get your story across, who could help you to achieve the publicity and fame you desire.”

“No, Mr. Kent, I did not need her, you are quite capable of meeting my requirements for publicity. And this will help you to remember my resolve, especially as I give your former associate to my men for their callous sport. She may be dead perhaps, but she is still warm and flexible, and she is most certainly an attractive woman, or at least she was.”

He turned to unleash a torrent of Arabic at his men, two of them rushing forward to grab Nikki’s limp body and carry her from the cabin.

“Now, Mr. Kent, let us converse further about the reasons I am here and the ways in which you are going to help me. And we can speak at length about this wonderful weapon that only I can deactivate.”

* * *

Nikki’s body was completely still, no heartbeat or breathing, as the men carried her below. Yet she was very conscious of everything around her, amazed that she had instinctively known how to stop her heart, and even more amazed that she felt so comfortable doing it! The powers of this Velorian body still amazed her at every turn!

She finally felt herself being thrown on a bed, a man’s hands tearing at the front of her slacks as he tried to open them. Nikki knew that she couldn’t maintain her disguise much longer, these men were about to discover that she would be just a little ‘tight’ for them to enjoy. They were also about to discover that she wore some rather unusual ‘underwear’. So she simply opened her eyes, restored her heartbeat and breathing while sitting up on the bed, her blue eyes gazing at four very surprised pairs of eyes as they stared back at her!

She stood up and walked slowly toward the men, intending to walk out the door that was behind them. However, one startled man made a rash decision, grabbing his rifle and pointing it at her, a sudden rattling roar filling the compartment as he accidentally squeezed the trigger. He had also forgotten he had left it on full auto, and the full clip, nearly thirty rounds, impacted across Nikki’s stomach and chest before he could even release the trigger!

The sting of these powerful steel-jacketed military rounds slammed her against the wall, the bright ricochets of steel rebounding from her deceptively soft skin knocked items from the walls around her, and one man collapsed as an almost spent bullet had enough remaining energy to penetrate his chest, that bullet having bounced very energetically from her sternum. She looked down to see that her blouse was now shredded, the blue halter of her costume showing through. Regaining her balance, she stood away from the wall as her eyes began to sparkle in

excitement. This was going to be fun!

“Well, boys, since you have decided to undress me in a rather unusual way, I may as well show you what else I’m wearing beneath these clothes.”

With that, she reached up to noisily tear the remains of her blouse off, her skintight shiny blue halter suddenly visible, displaying a big white ‘S’ over her left breast.

“Perhaps you may have heard of me? The people here call me Supergirl, and your little popguns are one hundred percent useless against me. Trust me on this.”

Nikki was amused to watch their eyes roaming over the proud curves of her nearly nude upper body, her shoulders, arms and stomach bared, smooth deeply tanned flesh rippling slightly with hints of the steel that lived beneath her soft skin. The tiny halter top of her unusual new Supergirl costume was barely large enough to maintain even her scant modesty, her breasts so much larger now than they had ever been in her original body.

“Would you like to see more of me guys? How about I take these slacks off?”

Without waiting for an answer, she bent over slightly, her hands sliding down the muscles of her strong shapely thighs, the cotton fabric shredding from immense pressures that were beyond human comprehension.

“There, how do you like my skirt? I bet your women don’t wear skirts like this where you come from.”

She watched as their eyes grew large, her famous tiny red skirt covering just the upper quarter of her shapely thighs, her long tanned legs seemingly mesmerizing them as she turned her back to them, leaning over to pull a specially-treated comb from a fold of her tiny skirt, combing her hair at nearly invisible speed as the red strands returned to their native blonde. She suddenly felt tingly and so very sexy, her earlier arousal returning to fill her body, to almost make her feel like she was getting a little wet. She was very surprised at how much she was enjoying this feeling of power, of simply showing herself off in this tiny costume in front of these men. She wondered if that was how Kara and Sharil had felt when they owned this body?

She brought her thoughts back to the present and spun around gracefully, her tiny skirt flaring out, then turned back to see their eyes staring at her legs, feeling very pleased at their wide-eyed reaction. Her remarkable eyes sparkled for a moment as her special vision saw that more than just their eyes were reacting to her.

“Well, does anyone else want to shoot me? It will be a waste of good ammunition but you can at least tell your Captain that you tried to stop me.”

She stared at the man on her left as he raised his handgun, his arm shaking as he aimed it directly at her forehead. Supergirl stood calmly, staring into his eyes as she saw his finger tightening on the trigger. The gun finally barked as she felt her head thrown backward for a moment, the bullet striking right between her eyes. She saw stars for a brief moment before her vision cleared, her forehead tingling a little.

“Anyone else want to try?”

She turned to face each of them confidently, getting ready to simply push her way through them to go and help Clark. However, just as she was starting to walk forward, she saw a huge bulge starting to appear in the bulkhead wall behind the men, the thick steel groaning as it bent inward. This was followed by a loud tearing sound as Nikki, now truly Supergirl, saw two sets of very feminine fingers suddenly ripping through the thick steel, a woman’s strong tanned arms effortlessly bending the steel walls to the side. Supergirl gasped as a very tall woman, taller even than Kal, stepped into the room! A woman more beautiful and dramatically figured than any she had seen before!

She was wearing a skintight green leotard that covered her upper body, the top secured with a black choker around her neck, her shoulders and arms bare. The bottom of the leotard was cut high up over her hips, her impossibly strong well-tanned legs were bare, a large oval cut-out revealing the slightly rippling abs of her flat stomach. Her figure was truly exotic and very dramatic, almost exaggerated, especially the way her very tiny waist and flat stomach rose up to her dramatic chest. But it was her hair that really caught Supergirl’s eyes, the woman’s flaming red tresses reaching down nearly to her waist. She suddenly knew she must be facing a woman of her lover’s own race, a true Kryptonian!

* * *

Ariel hadn’t hesitated: the instructions of the Arion Central Command had been very clear. She was to help these men deliver this weapon to Metropolis and to stay hidden fairly near the ship as it was detonated. She was then to use

her formidable powers to make sure that Superman and any Velorians she found were killed. While the nuclear weapon would probably not seriously injure beings such as them, she knew they would be disoriented and distracted as they tried to save literally millions of victims. She also knew that as a full-blooded Kryptonian, she had powers that were far greater than any mere Arion Prime, maybe even greater than a Velorian. And she had already proven in that earlier encounter that they were greater than Superman's! Besides, she had been trained by the Arions in martial arts, her knowledge of the special techniques that could kill or disable even another superbeing making her an awesome adversary.

She smiled as she saw the young woman standing in front of her, barely more than a girl, clearly a Velorian based on her blonde and beautiful appearance, not to mention her invulnerability. Ariel's remarkable vision had noted how the bullets had simply bounced from the girl's seemingly soft skin. The fact that her hair was now suddenly a mix of honey blond and gold was a little surprising, she had thought it had been mostly red a few moments ago. She shrugged: perhaps her super vision had suffered color distortion while looking through the peeling lead paint that covered the steel bulkhead.

She strode confidently across the room, her long arms and powerful hands reaching out to grab the surprised girl's wrists, a thrilling feeling traveling up her arms as she felt the girl trying to resist her, her own strength momentarily being equaled by the girl's. Ariel had never felt THAT before, certainly not from any of the Arion Primes who had trained her!

She flexed her amazing muscles that much harder, her body exploding from her normal slim and shapely appearance to one that would be the envy of a serious bodybuilder, the young blonde's body surprising her as her muscles flexed nearly as dramatically. Ariel finally was forced to use all her superior strength, the girl's arms finally slowly bending behind her as Ariel used her 5" height advantage to her benefit. Yet it still took every ounce of her Kryptonian strength. God this girl was STRONG!

* * *

Supergirl was appalled to feel her arms slowly being forced behind her, her body bending backwards as the tall redhead's body exploded into the most incredible set of curvaceous muscles that she had ever seen! She felt the woman's dramatic breasts pressing against her upper chest, a chest so much larger than her own. She also felt her knees bending a little, her face slowly sliding into the cleavage of the taller woman's huge soft breasts as she leaned toward her, her own strength clearly unable to match the Kryptonian's!

The two women struggled silently, the deck finally bending beneath Nikki as Ariel forced her to her knees, the steel floor finally giving way as it tore noisily open, dropping the two of them to the deck below. Their bodies started to glow brightly enough to light the dark passageway that they had fallen into, their super muscles beginning to heat up from the incredible strain.

Nikki wrapped her strong legs around the stranger's surprisingly muscular legs, squeezing and bending with her full Velorian strength. Yet nothing happened! She started to get worried now, struggling harder and harder, her entire lower body flexing dramatically, her gorgeous thighs suddenly glowing red hot, the hard edges of her powerful leg muscles lighting up the room.

A few moments later a burst of live steam rose from between the silky inner contours of her thighs as the heat from her super exertions penetrated deeply inside her. She gasped loudly, the heat from her superheated muscles reaching far too deeply inside her, steam suddenly boiling violently from inside her moist sex, shaking her whole body as it escaped to the outside air. A similar display came from Ariel a moment later as the heat from the exertions of her own lower body affected her in the same way.

The men at each end of the passageway cowered away, the heat from these two glowing supergirls blistering the paint for thirty feet in each direction, the blonde's hair somehow glowing like it was lit from inside as they saw the redhead's eyes suddenly sparkling.

* * *

Clark felt vibrations coming from deep inside the ship, quickly glancing downward, his super vision peering with difficulty through bulkhead after bulkhead, the lead paint making things fuzzy. He finally was able to see a faint image of Nikki as she battled a very tall redhead! He was stunned as he realized that he recognized the taller woman, she was the Kryptonian who had rescued him from Kirrin's intimate yet deadly embrace on the Arion ship! What was she doing here and why was she fighting Nikki? Could she impossibly be in the employ of these terrorists? Was she a rogue Kryptonian who had turned her back on the peaceful ideals of her own race?!

He was about to turn and run to help Nikki when Ramoan spoke again.

“Ah, Superman, you see your little friend in trouble do you?”

Clark’s eyes snapped around to focus on Ramoan, shocked that he knew his secret identity!

“Do you really think that you could hide your true identify from my companion, Superman? The woman that I am sure is now battling your little friend, the one who calls herself Supergirl sometimes, is as much a superbeing as you. In fact, I must commend your girlfriend, she is an excellent actress. How did she stop her heart like that?”

Kal remained silent.

“No matter, you must now know that my companion’s remarkable eyes have been watching the two of you for the last few days. In fact, her amusing and detailed descriptions of your lovemaking has entertained the two of us endlessly as we approached your port. You must have previously been a very lonely and deprived man, Superman, based on the enthusiasm of your last few days! I commend you on finding such a beautiful Velorian to make use of, especially one so young. What is she, 16 perhaps? A flowering little girl pretending to be a woman, yet she is a very enthusiastic young girl. Perhaps we should rename her SuperSlut instead of Supergirl! Perhaps she will pose for one of your American sex magazines?”

Clark’s fists closed tightly, a million pounds of force squeezing in anger while Ramoan taunted him. Only he knew that Nikki’s young body actually contained the mind of a 30 year old woman, his longtime partner and fiancée, and that he most certainly wasn’t being inappropriate with a young girl. Yet his sudden anger and embarrassment upon learning that their intimate lovemaking had been someone else’s entertainment almost caused him to lose control of himself. A clear image of his superhuman hands closing and crushing that supercilious face suddenly formed in his mind. But another part of his disciplined mind quickly overcame that emotion, discarding that unworthy but ever so tempting a thought.

“Ah, you are now angry Superman, perhaps you see your little teenage girlfriend in trouble? I will tell you now that she will be the first to die at the hands of my companion, and that there is nothing you can do about it now. You see, I have a powerful sensor field in this cabin tuned to the special vibrations of your Kryptonian body. If you leave this cabin, the weapon we have been discussing so enjoyably will immediately detonate. And don’t try to find it with those amazing eyes of yours, it is hidden behind a great deal of lead. Oh yes, my friend Ariel has explained to me how you cannot see through that particular metal!”

“No, Superman, you are going to stand here and first watch your little friend die; and then, unless my demands are met, I will allow you to watch your precious city die around you!”

* * *

Thoughts of defeat had not yet entered Supergirl’s mind, but the Kryptonian’s greater strength was taking a toll on her, her muscles shaking as she fought back with all her strength. She was forced backward further and further, her legs bending beneath her as she suddenly felt an incredible flash of heat across her face, the Kryptonian’s eyes blazing with violet fury as her heat vision was unleashed.

Nikki’s large blue eyes were blinded and they felt like they were on fire, yet she was unable to close them, the woman’s heat vision seemingly stabbing deeply into her mind as she struggled to activate her own heat vision in return. Yet the stabbing pain inside her head was more than she could overcome! She could only stare back open-eyed as millions of watts of energy burned across her face and flowed into her brain through her optic nerves!

The men at the end of the corridor saw the blonde’s head suddenly exploding in white-hot fury, her skin glowing so brightly that they had to cover their eyes, squinting between nearly closed fingers. Her face and hair glowed so brightly that the steel deck beneath her began to bubble and melt from the radiated heat. She saw the tall woman release her arms as she now held the young girl’s glowing body between her long gorgeous thighs. The men’s jaws dropped as they saw her slowly reaching up to undo the choker about her neck as she started to roll her own green leotard down her body. Her fingers finally stretched it enough to pull it free from her breasts, revealing her perfectly symmetrical DD-cup breasts, her chest suddenly erotically bared and free! They watched in amazement and uncontrolled lust as she reached down to lift the young girl’s face upward and she began to brush her huge growing nipples insistently across the girl’s cheeks, violent orange sparks exploding from each contact of her firm flesh as the girl’s body began writhing beneath her, the taller woman’s thighs flexing ever stronger as she slowly squeezed the life from her young body!

Ariel felt herself getting truly aroused as she stroked her nipples across the soft superheated skin of the girl’s face,

tracing them across her mouth as she forced her lips open with nipples that could easily dent steel. She squeezed the Maid of Might's waist powerfully between her thighs, her hands sliding under the girl's tiny blue top to painfully squeeze her tits with strength that neither steel nor stone could resist. Yet the steely firmness of the girl's body impressed her; she had never encountered anyone before who could withstand the grip of the diamond-hard muscles of her inner thighs, no substance that could resist her strong grip! Her eyes still dazzled with powerful energies as she stared deeply into the girl's wide-open blue eyes, the inside of her skull, her brain, now glowing white-hot, so much so that her blond hair began to glow like golden light filaments, crackles of energy exploding from the end of each strand, thousands of tiny lightning strikes vaporizing the paint from the floor and walls wherever they struck!

She knew the girl was ready now as she prepared to finish her off. She had learned much from the Arions, their most advanced martial arts instructors having taught her an experimental new technique that might destroy even someone as invulnerable as a Velorian.

Releasing the girl's breasts, she slowly her glowing head, pushing her face deeply into the dramatic cleavage of her own huge breasts, breasts large enough to bury the girl's entire head between them! She felt a wild tingling in her nipples as she cupped her breasts and began to squeeze them inward against Supergirl's head.

She enjoyed the feeling of the girl's silky blond hair as it fell across her washboard stomach, her hands squeezing ever harder. Her fabulous chest and arm muscles flexed dramatically, so powerfully that she was soon squeezing the Girl of Steel's buried head with several million pounds of pressure, her head now completely surrounded by previously soft flesh, flesh that was now compressed to a hardness far greater than that of tool steel. Yet even this crushing force was not what Ariel knew was going to kill this girl: her body was clearly invulnerable to simple crushing forces of any magnitude, even from someone as powerful as herself!

Instead, Ariel closed her eyes as the girl writhed painfully beneath her, concentrating on building hundreds of megawatts of energy in her huge breasts as she prepared to release a violent burst of energy that she had been told would wipe out any patterns that had already been imposed on the neurons in the girl's brain, patterns that most people called 'memory' and 'personality'. It might not destroy her physically, but it would ensure that she had only the memories and skills of a newborn baby. Her entire store of memories, her learning and her life experiences would be erased forever!

* * *

Meanwhile, Kal scanned the walls surrounding him, seeing that Ramaon had been serious about having sensors in the room. He saw half a dozen different kinds of them, each one attached to an omnidirectional radio transmitter that could broadcast a signal anywhere. He had no idea where to look to find and disable the devices that would potentially receive those signals!

Ramaon watched Superman's eyes carefully.

"So, you have indeed discovered that it is impossible to leave this room, Superman. Trust me when I tell you that any attempt to disable any of those sensors from inside this room will trigger the remainder of them. Even you cannot outrun the speed of light, even if you knew where to go. I shall only tell you that the weapon can be detonated from many places on this ship, and perhaps even from places outside it. "

"Now, I have matters I must attend to with your local police force. My men intend to kill the police on the dock below us to send an appropriate message. I trust you will be comfortable here, but perhaps my assistant would care to keep you company. Elle, will you come in here please?"

Kal was amazed to see a very familiar face walk through the door, yet it was her costume that truly astounded him. It looked like it had been cut from the same fabric as his!

"My Arion companion, the one who is currently in the process of destroying your little partner, her name incidentally is Ariel, also consented to offer this young woman an intimate gift that she could not refuse: the gift of unbelievable power, beauty and near immortality. Kryptonians have an ability to 'pass on' certain abilities through their mutagenic hormones, something I am sure you know more about than I do. While Elle has no public name yet, I simply call her SuperElle, she and Ariel shall take your places on this planet after Ariel eliminates you and your little girlfriend as threats. Superman, please meet SuperElle, my wife!"

The tall slim woman smiled a very familiar and innocent-seeming smile as she walked closer to Kal, his eyes noticing that the tiny red bottom of her costume was a mere G-string, the front barely high enough to cover her golden mound, and a thin string in the rear left nothing to the imagination. Her top was also about as small as a bikini

could be and still be considered clothing. He noticed how the shiny blue fabric was covered in tiny Kryptonian 'S' characters made of a sparkling material. The man in him also noticed that her body was even more perfect and firmly muscled than in any photo he had seen of her; the effects of Arion mutagenesis had obviously favored her more spectacular features.

Ramoan disappeared out the door just as his gorgeous wife began speaking in a gentle teasing voice.

"Well, Superman – or should I call you Kal El? – we finally meet. Kal El and Elle, our names sound so similar. I have to tell you that I have been waiting for this moment ever since I completed my 'transformation'. While I can probably move small astronomical bodies with the strength that now lives in my muscles, there is one very important thing that I cannot do with my new 'husband'. And this 'something', I have been told by Ariel, is something that you are very good at!"

Kal was mesmerized as her lithe body moved closer, her tiny parody of his costume accenting her famously gorgeous body rather than hiding it. At the same time, a strong scent of honey and flowers slowly began overwhelming him. Pheromones! He suddenly knew that he had to leave this room now, before her super pheromones overwhelmed him! Yet he could not leave without triggering the bomb!

Staring at her, he quickly found himself unable to move, her Kryptonian super-pheromones almost paralyzing him with desire as she snaked her long slim arms around his neck, arms that flexed very noticeably as she pulled him to her, her height easily the equal of his. His body seemed to burn with a wonderful electric tension wherever her soft skin touched his body, where her hands brushed sensuously across his skin, especially where her firm, upturned nipples touched his chest, her soft childlike lips melting into his at the same time. His mind seemed to explode in white-heat and his hands seemed to belong to someone else as they reached around her to surround her firm buttocks!

Elle would have smiled if she had not been kissing Kal so deeply, the copious super pheromones from her body having exactly the effect on him that Ariel had predicted, his mind wiped clean of all thoughts other than of her. She gasped softly, her warm fragrant breath wafting additional irresistible pheromones directly into his lungs as she felt his super strength squeezing her firm ass the way she had always liked! My GOD he was strong!

She felt him pulling her body tightly to his, the sensation of an immense growing hardness rising up along her lower abs and eventually to her stomach. She had not believed what Ariel had told her she had seen when Superman was 'with' Kirrin back on the Arion ship: no man could be that big! Yet she slowly became a believer as she felt his immense organ growing so large that it forced their bodies slightly apart, the huge throbbing head sliding all the way up between her breasts as they both stood flat on the floor!

She was briefly concerned, not sure that even her tall body, now a blend of Terran and Kryptonian, could handle such a organ! Yet she was also thrilled as she knew that this man was like no other man, a true Kryptonian, the best endowed men in the universe! Since her young progenitor's genetics had been developed in concert with such men, Ariel was surely capable of such lovemaking. Elle desperately hoped that she was also, and was determined to find out! Her hands quickly began shredding Superman's street clothing, revealing his shiny costume as she resolved to discover her ultimate limits with this super man, right here and now!

* * *

Down on the lower decks of the ship, Ariel was preparing to unleash the 'weapon' that she had been trained to use. She felt the young girl's body go limp as she squeezed her head inexorably into the depths of her soft breasts, flesh that was transferring the full strength of a pure-bred Kryptonian woman. Her hands continued to squeeze them inward with every ounce of strength that her amazing muscles possessed! Strength she had learned was best measured in units of millions of pounds!

At the same time, Ariel felt her breasts burning as she prepared her energy discharge. She closed her eyes and imagined a white-hot fire exploding from her chest as bright blue discharges started to arc between her erect nipples. Suddenly, fire seemed to explode everywhere from her upper body as she looked down to see a blinding flash that hurt even her eyes!

The men at each end of the hallway were instantly blinded by the flash, their retinas burned beyond repair, their bodies exploding into plasma from the heat only fractions of a second later. No eyes remained to observe the steel walls as they melted away from the two glowing women, a light as bright as a nuclear detonation exploding between Ariel's breasts, the body of the young girl trapped so tightly between those breasts suddenly glowing just as brightly. The floor vaporized beneath their feet to drop the two of them into the cargo hold beneath them, their bodies landing

in a puddle of molten steel, the steel walls above them flowing down over them like molten wax, their bodies soon covered in shiny glowing metal as they both lay unmoving against the old-fashioned stone ballast that filled one side of the huge cargo hold.

* * *

Up on the bridge, Kal and Elle were thrown from their feet as the ship lurched beneath them, the entire top of one cargo hold blowing a thousand feet up into the air! The huge energy release also blew out one side of the ship, two neighboring fishing boats suddenly blown onto their sides from the violent explosion even though they were a quarter mile away. The old freighter in turn violently smashed up against the quay, the impact so strong that the concrete pier tore huge holes into that side of the ship as well.

Elle was well aware of the explosion, yet Kal seemed to not notice it at all, the rarely released white-hot passion of a Kryptonian male now all-consuming as he overdosed on her pheromones! She looked down to see his immense organ protruding a foot above the waistband of his red shorts, and her hands suddenly grasped the waistband to urgently pull them downward to reveal all of his glory. Her hands eagerly surrounded flesh that felt like living-diamond to her, her immensely strong grip unable to find any softness in his throbbing organ. She gripped him with all her amazing strength, yet Elle's super muscles, muscles that could now turn steel to liquid with just a handshake, found no hint of softness in this man's body!

She suddenly felt Superman's muscles flexing with awesome power as he rolled her over onto her back, his fingers tearing the thin string of her tiny costume from her body as he rose up and guided himself forward, his throbbing cockhead opening the way into her impossibly firm body. Her loud sighs echoed through the bridge as her body began to yield so wonderfully to the steely thrusts of this Man of Steel! Wrapping her long legs sinuously around him, she added the strength of her gorgeous legs to his as she helped draw him deeper and deeper into the moist steely folds of her body. Her strong tight model's body had always been thrilling to men, but she had never had a man like this one before, the slow slide of his cock entering regions of her sensitive vagina that had not even existed before her transformation. Her powerful pelvic muscles held him so strongly that even Superman was hard pressed to overcome her wonderful tightness, barely able to continue thrusting his body into hers as his huge head finally found the opening to the uniquely characteristic inner, or second, vagina of a Kryptonian woman, the opening located more than a foot inside her body!

If he had still been capable of thought, he would have now had his proof that this woman was indeed of Kryptonian/Velorian descent. Yet instead, the white hot heat of his passion knew only that he desired even greater penetration, every muscle on his body now focused on thrusting so deeply inside this tall gorgeous woman!

* * *

The Steward had run toward his cabin as he had felt the ship starting to shake violently. He had had enough of this berth, wanting only to grab his things from his cabin and jump ship; these people were all crazy! He was sprinting down a corridor on the deck below the bridge when he was suddenly knocked from his feet. Looking up, he saw the ceiling above him bending downward, the steel tearing as he saw the tightest and most beautifully feminine buttocks he had ever seen being forced through the steel deck above. He now knew where the thrusting forces that were shaking this 10,000 ton freighter were coming from, forces that he had seen generating waves six feet high as they emanated outward from the shaking vessel. Struggling back to his feet, he forgot about his possessions and ran for his life as the ceiling collapsed, the half-removed red and blue costumes of Superman and a tall woman the last things he saw as he dove out the doorway. He was just in time to escape being crushed, the structural supports underlying the bridge bending downward to touch the deck beneath as Superman's muscular powers were unleashed inside the tall woman he held in his arms!

Elle felt her body slammed down onto the deck beneath her again and again, her hands reaching out to grab handfuls of the steel floor as her arms and chest flexed powerfully, ripping up the steel floor as she wrapped the half-inch steel plates around Superman's energetic body, her arms hugging him to herself so firmly that the steel began to distort and flow like putty under her grip. She concentrated on holding him ever tighter, focusing on contracting her pelvic muscles, amazed as she suddenly found she could overcome even Superman's strength with the firm embrace of the folds of her sex! The power she had over this near God of a man thrilled her, her body exploding in ecstasy as he thrust her tight ass through yet another deck, the awesome power of his body stunning and thrilling her as all of Superman's fabled power was now focused so deeply inside her own body!

* * *

The ship was pitching violently as the young blonde girl woke up first, surprised to find herself encased in nearly a

foot thick jacket of cooling steel. She easily flexed her arms and legs, the steel groaning as she peeled it away from her body. Bending a foot of nearly cooled steel from her face, she forced her eyes open, amazed to see that her body was wrapped around a tall red-headed woman! She had no idea who this woman was: she had never met her before in her life!

Shrugging, she decided to ignore the other woman as she rose to her feet, the hardened steel bending and peeling from her gorgeous young body as her powerful hands brushed over her bare arms and legs. She adjusted her familiar red skirt and straightened her top as she walked across a huge room, surprised to see water flowing into a huge hole in the side of the room. She had no idea where she was, but her quick intelligence quickly deduced that she was in some kind of ship, but a ship totally unlike any she ever seen in Agro City. The only ships in her city were in holographic museums that depicted the world they had left, the world of Krypton. In fact, the holograph in front of her, one that now showed a wide harbor, was very good! She could not see any of the usual fringing effects that characterized such simulations! Even the waves looked totally realistic!

Impressed with the quality of the simulation, she turned to climb rapidly up the steep ladders that rose from what she assumed was a simulation of an ancient ship's cargo hold. She climbed up deck after deck until she finally was surprised to feel the comfortable warmth of sunlight on her face, her fingers combing the last fragments of steel from her long blond hair as it glowed brightly in the sunlight. She paused, suddenly realizing that the ship was not in a storm but that the pitching and yawing was coming from inside it, a rhythmic shaking that seemed to come from the steel walls that were towering over her.

She was also puzzled as the warm sun made it clear that she was not on the holodeck of a museum, that she was truly outside. Yet the dirty buildings and gray steel walls around her did not look like anything she had seen in Agro City before! Shrugging as young girls do, she ignored that problem as she turned to look up toward the top of the steel wall. She gently flexed her shapely legs as she had a thousand times before, the excess power of her super muscles allowing her to fly effortlessly upward, her bare feet landing softly on what she quickly determined was the control bridge of some primitive and ancient ship. She tried the door and found it was locked.

Maybe locked for someone else, she thought to herself, but nobody locks a daughter of the Royal Family out! Gripping her fingernails into the steel wall, she began to tear the locked door open with just her fingers, the steel bending like soft clay beneath the power of the young Kryptonian's muscles. Bending the door back far enough to slip her slim body through, she entered a large room, her eyes quickly adjusting to the dim light. She saw a deep hole torn in the floor, the ragged and torn edges of the steel deck bent down into it. Walking closer, she looked down to see two people laying several decks below her in the engine room, making love on the ship's steam turbine as 600 psi superheated steam lines hissed loudly all around them, the many hoses and pipes clearly torn apart by their passionate activities!

She was not a naïve girl. As opposed to Krypton, sexual experimentation was encouraged at an early age in Agro City, so the sight of two people athletically making love in front of her didn't disturb her. What really caught her eye was the costumes these two wore, both of them crude parodies of her own! How dare these people copy the distinctive costume of her family, the Zor El's. Only she, Kar'La Zor El, Princess of the Royal Family, was allowed to wear the family colors now, she was one and only Supergirl of Agro City!

Disturbed and very angry, she floated down the torn hole to the engine room below, her little skirt rising upward over her waist from the blast of the hissing steam lines. Despite her righteous anger, she was determined to find out who these impostors were and what they hoped to achieve with their insolent parody of her. Did they not know the punishment in Agro City for impersonating a member of the Royal Family? Did they not know of the ultimate punishment they were now subject to?! A punishment that she, as Supergirl, would now execute with her own hands! After all, she had been told many times by her advisers that she was the strongest and most beautiful being in the universe. It was no wonder that her official royal title was 'Kar'La the Perfect'!

She landed heavily on the man's lower back, flexing her inner thighs as she fully intended to crush his hips between her bare legs. Yet she was momentarily distracted as a pinhole steam leak reached under her skirt and began tickling her labia, the violent heat and pressure quickly causing her clit to react as it slipped beyond the soft folds containing it. Gasping, she twisted her body away from the steam jet, looking down to see that the strong crushing force of her flexing legs had only caused the man's cock to thrust sharply and deeply into the tall woman's vagina, finally completing the athletic lovemaking that they had begun. Both of them seemed unaware of her, their passion clearly out of control!

Kar'La continued to grip his body between her thighs as she felt the frantic thrusting growing stronger beneath her, yet she quickly grew bored with it. If this man was going to make love to anyone here, it was going to be her, not this floozy who was trying to impersonate her. After all, despite her young age, she was the Princess and she was

entitled to any man she wished!

Reaching down to grab him, she pulled him upward as she put her foot in the middle of the woman's stomach, her strong young biceps flexing powerfully as she slowly withdrew the man from inside the immensely tight folds of the woman. She was impressed with the woman's intimate hold on the man, finding she had to use a great deal of even her amazing strength to withdraw him. How was that possible, she thought to herself? No ordinary Kryptonian woman should be that strong, only a female like herself, a Royal, should have that kind of muscular control and strength!

She stared at the man as he was finally freed of the woman, noticing that his organ was a little smaller than her average lovers, quite a few inches less than that of her Royal concubine in fact, but that wasn't a fair comparison, he was very special. Yet this new man was adequate if not remarkable. She finished examining him before tossing him to the side, reaching down to grab the woman by her hair. She lifted her up and did not hesitate to administer her punishment, punching her small fist into her firm stomach, fully expecting her body to crush and tear into a hundred pieces from her super blow.

Instead, the usual screeching sonic boom of her supersonic punch caused a riot of sparks to fill the room as Kar'La's steely fist met the woman's equally hard abs, propelling the taller woman's body powerfully backward to smash through three bulkheads before arcing up high over Metropolis.

* * *

Elle was stunned as Kal's young companion suddenly appeared again and tore him violently from inside her, her body just on the verge of climaxing from a powerful thrust when he was suddenly withdrawn! How the girl had escaped Ariel was a mystery to Elle, yet the violent punch to her stomach a moment later made it clear that she hadn't lost any of her powers in the battle!

Elle struggled again and again to control her tumbling flight, finally able to create just the right sensation in her breasts as she flexed her biceps, her favorite flying muscles. The energy raced up from her hard round biceps, through her strong shoulders and then down to energize her breasts, her tumbling stopping nearly instantly as she went from three hundred miles per hour to zero in a millisecond. Turning back toward the harbor, the ship now more than three miles away, she dramatically flexed her 18" biceps, the hard rounded muscles rising like magic from her very slim arms. The half million pounds of combined contractile power from her biceps turned into a hundred thousand pounds of thrust as her breasts channeled her muscular energy, her body accelerating at one hundred G's back toward the ship.

* * *

Meanwhile back on the ship, Kar'La was closing her strong right hand around this impostor's cock, squeezing with the power of her Royal muscles as she watched his face, waiting for the inevitable signs of pain as the most powerful girl in the universe crushed him in her hand, teaching this arrogant impostor the ultimate lesson! He would never use this thing again, she thought to herself, especially if it was broken in half! She reached down with her other hand to grab the base of it, lifting his body up and to the side as she placed her knee in the middle of his inhumanly large organ. She slowly began to flex her arms, waiting for the man's organ to break in half!

"Oh God, Nikki," Kal suddenly gasped. "I can tell you're pissed off. But I couldn't help it, the pheromones and all. I couldn't leave the room, otherwise... Argh... that HURTS!"

"Of course it hurts, you insolent fool, you are feeling the muscles of Supergirl. And you, you commoner, are about to lose this thing altogether. How dare you impersonate a member of the Royal Family! Did you get a sexual thrill from pretending your girlfriend was me, daring to even dream that you could have the power to please ME?!"

"Nikki, you are talking crazy! Of course I have that power, you have felt it a hundred times in the last week."

Kal looked up at the angry wild look in Nikki's eyes, suddenly realizing that she didn't recognize him at all!

"Are you OK, Nikki? You seem very different, distracted..."

"Why do you insist on calling me that name? I am Supergirl to you, Kar'La Zor El by birth. I know of no 'Nikki'," she said, her voice a sneer.

Kar'La was just preparing to flex her biceps to their full power, easily more than enough to sexually cripple this Kryptonian bastard, when an incredible blow struck her left side, the impact tearing her hands from the man as the force thrust her through a steel wall, finally throwing her on her back on the steel deck. She was just starting to leap

to her feet when two women landed on top of her simultaneously, the floozy who was impersonating her and the taller red-headed woman she had been laying on when she had awakened down in the cargo hold. Each of them grabbed an arm as they roughly pulled Kar'La to her feet, her blond hair flying about her face.

She wasn't worried about these two bitches. Smiling beneath the tangled blond hair that now covered her face, she slowly flexed her amazing arms to gradually pull them closer together, preparing to twist her wrists from these pathetic women's grasp before she killed them with her bare hands. She was really PISSED now!

She began straining against them, using all her fabled super strength as she felt the slim woman on her right yielding to her. Yet the woman on the left was immobile, the redhead's body a maze of hard muscle as she towered over her. Kar'La could not understand this, she had always been told by her advisers that no person or object could resist her super strength, yet she now felt the redhead doing more than resisting her, she was overpowering her!

"Elle," the tall redhead said, "you can let go of her now, she's clearly a lot stronger than you and you might get hurt. I can handle her myself, I'm a lot stronger than she is. You should go check on Superman; from what I saw from below, she was trying to 'disable' his best feature. That would be a severe loss to both of us!"

Elle ran back inside, concerned as she saw Kal curled up on the floor holding himself in pain.

"My God, Nikki was trying to kill me or something. What the hell got into her?"

"Maybe you can tell me. Ariel told me that the only Supergirl on this planet is a Velorian clone named Sharil. Who is Nikki?"

Kal groaned, not just because of the pain. "It's a long story, but that was not Sharil that was with me, although it was her body, a Velorian clone as you said. But I have no idea who that girl is now. She was saying something about being 'Royalty' or some nonsense like that."

"Well, babe, Ariel has her well in hand and I, lucky girl that I am, have you well in hand." With that, she kneeled in front of him, her soft hands reaching down to caress him again as her soft kisses moved down his strong chest.

"Would you like me to kiss it to make it better?"

Kal could only groan, her soft lips finding him as she tried to take him into her, quickly discovering that he was too large.

"Well, perhaps I can heal you another way. How does this feel?"

With that, she lowered herself over him, squeezing his hips between her strong thighs as she lowered herself slowly and gently to take him deeply inside her uniquely firm body, her soft moistness caressing him as only a superwoman could.

* * *

Meanwhile, Kar'La was in a rage as the redhead forced her arms into a hold behind her back that she could not break out of! She looked up to see a line of men staring at her from the railing above, her eyes suddenly blazing angrily with the heat of the stars as she vaporized them all, the steel railing melting and sagging like hot wax. That made her feel a little bit better; she may not be able to break out of this hold, but no mere men were going to share her embarrassment!

She suddenly smashed both feet down on the deck, the giant shock wave from her powerful legs traveling through the ship to tear walls and decks apart, the vibration throwing the taller woman off balance for just a moment. Kar'La took quick advantage of the opening to sweep her powerful legs around, hooking one leg behind the other woman's to throw all her flying power against her. The two supergirls suddenly tore a huge hole in the side of the ship as they tumbled into the water just as Kar'La let loose her full heat vision on the woman, the waters of the bay boiling upward for hundreds of feet as tens of megawatts of energy were expended beneath the filthy harbor water.

Ariel felt the water boiling around her, and it was her turn to start getting pissed! It was definitely time to end this!

She grabbed the young girl by her hair and flexed every muscle in her body to energize her flying power, her breasts nearly exploding with thrust as she catapulted into the air, accelerating at 500 G's. She streaked out of the Earth's atmosphere in seconds, increasing her acceleration even further as she finally threw the girl's body toward the moon at nearly a million miles per hour!

Kar'La felt herself tumbling end over end for a few seconds, unable to get her bearings so that she could use her flying power. Her eyes grew large as the silvery surface of the moon raced toward her, growing rapidly from softball size to a view that filled her vision, the approaching ground rushing up to her in only a few minutes.

She felt an immense blow as she impacted the surface of the moon, her invulnerable body moving so fast that it blasted a hole right through the core of the planetoid, emerging only seconds later from the other side, a hundred mile long plume of molten lava from her violent passage following her into space.

Stunned and disoriented from the violent impact, she was an easy target for Ariel as she waited for her, her hands grabbing Kar'La's ankle as she started to fly toward the sun, flinging the girl's body around and around by her ankle to keep the young slut disoriented as she flew faster and faster toward the sun, finally reaching the outer corona fifteen minutes later. Kar'La was too dizzy now to do anything but to continue retching, her violent vomiting having emptied her stomach minutes ago. She finally felt the woman throwing her downward into the nuclear hell of the sun, her body moving at more than a million miles per hour as she tumbled deeply into the core of the sun itself!

Ariel had to use all her flying power to bring herself to a quick stop, the violent energies of this yellow sun making her feel immensely strong. Yet even she dared not go deeper into the fires that surrounded her, Kryptonian invulnerability was not perfect and this yellow sun was probably more than even she could sustain. She followed Supergirl with her remarkable eyes for a few seconds before she saw her swallowed by the fusion reactions thousands of miles beneath her, confident that her body would now be no more than a tiny cloud of superheated plasma, her atoms feeding the reaction for a few milliseconds.

Feeling very satisfied, she turned and flew back toward Earth, confident that the first part of her mission had finally been completed, even if the girl had not succumbed to her initial energy blast as she had been told to expect. That had been strange: she had been told that Arion scientists were usually pretty accurate about things like that. One thing stood out in her memories more than anything else though as she recalled the violent battle she had just won. She had noticed how the girl had seemed totally different after the energy blast, far more arrogant than she had been told to expect. And that talk about Royalty, what the hell had that been all about?

* * *

Kar'La felt an immense heat filling her body as she plunged deeper and deeper into the sun, the fusion reactions finally surrounding her slim young body. Yet she did not die, her body instead reacting positively to the nuclear reactions around her by drawing the immense energies into herself, those energies giving her flesh the ability to withstand temperatures in the hundreds of millions of degrees! At the same time, she felt a funny pain across her chest, her hands rising up to find that her rounded breasts were now dramatically larger, many times larger than ever before, her arms barely long enough to reach her hand out to touch her nipples as they stood out nearly two feet from her chest!

The stretching feeling was suddenly replaced by searing pain, her breasts feeling like they were going to explode from the energies they were drawing into themselves! Her arms were spread to her sides as she ballooned to grotesque dimensions, and she suddenly knew she was going to die if she stayed here any longer. Yet she didn't know up from down, the pain so great that she couldn't fly in any case. Instead, her feverish and panicky mind suddenly imagined she was back on that dirty gray ship, finally realizing that there had been a lot more going on there than she had first realized.

To her surprise, she felt an incredibly painful 'POP' as a new burst of pain exploded from her chest, the heat and pressure surrounding her body magically disappearing as she suddenly found herself standing back in the cargo hold of that ship, back in the museum once again!

The hold was not dark and dingy this time, the incredible energies that had surrounded Supergirl's body having heated her skin to unbelievable temperatures. Her body blazed like the sun itself, the steel walls and even the stone ballast beneath her feet suddenly melting away around her. Her body was a living sun suddenly igniting on the surface of the Earth!

* * *

Lois awoke from a horrible dream, visions still fresh in her mind of a three-headed monster chasing her through a huge forest. She rolled groggily from the bed, her feet not quite touching the floor as she had to work for a minute to control the flying power of her new body. She was surprised she had been floating in mid-air like that, it normally took a lot of conscious effort for her to fly!

She saw the red and blue costume she had started wearing lately as it lay over a chair. Looking at it curiously, she

saw that the top was different than what she had worn the day before. She assumed that Clark had replaced her tiny halter with this formfitting blue top, the fabric covering her entire upper body, even her arms. He was always trying to be so conservative, she thought to herself with a grin.

Pulling it on, her chest felt really funny, kind of little and flat, as she looked down to see a large white 'S' centered in the middle of her chest. An 'S' that looked a lot different than she was used to as her chest was now completely flat!

Concerned, she turned to look in the mirror, shocked as she saw a very young blonde girl looking back at her! Her hair was long and silky blonde as was normal, but her arms and legs were thinner, her waist very tiny. But it was her chest that shocked Lois, her hands rising up to feel the tiny budding breasts of a very young girl, maybe 14 years of age. My God, she thought, what has happened to me NOW!