

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 25, Kar’La

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Little Firebug – Chapter 25

Kar’La

by Shadar

The Lower East-Side Docks Of Metropolis

Pistol in hand, Sergeant Dockers carefully led six of his officers nearer the bow of the ship using the cargo containers that had been unloaded onto the quay as cover. They dashed from one container to another as they cautiously approached to within a hundred feet of the bow. One of Docker’s men was just starting to move cautiously around the end of one of the huge steel containers, preparing to move towards the next cover, when a sudden blinding blast of white light burst from the ship: a light so bright that every unprotected person within a half mile was temporarily blinded!

Dockers was shocked as he saw the man’s body casting an intense shadow on the wall beside him, his body flying violently backward a fraction of a second later to land in a heap at his feet. He stared down at him in horror, unable to tear his eyes away from what he saw! What had moments before been his comrade-at-arms was now no more than a piece of seared flesh, his face and features completely burned away, his eyes nothing but empty burned-out sockets! Yet Docker’s saw that he still lived and breathed, his mind unaware that he was already dead from the powerful energies that had cooked him! The horrible view of the man was very brief as the cargo container was suddenly smashed backward a hundred feet, knocking everyone off their feet. It swept some unfortunate members of the team along in front of it until one end finally smashed the burned officer’s body through the side of the brick warehouse building, mercifully stopping the screams that had just started.

Dockers himself was thrown to the side, his own body blistering as he felt the white-hot energies burning his own face as he scrambled back to his feet, his life saved only because most of the energy had been expended in that initial burst and because the energy source was now well below the edge of the quay. Despite that, his face was suddenly blistered from the glowing melted steel from the bow of the ship, his sunglasses protecting him well enough so that he could clearly see what had happened to the ship itself.

He was shocked as his eyes swept forward along the side of the huge ship, the hull suddenly ending in a ragged half molten edge where the entire bow of the ship had been blown or melted away, the edges of the remaining hull glowing white-hot as clouds of steam and boiling water rose fifty feet up into the air. He knew that something incredibly hot was down there, boiling the very waters of the deep bay away!

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Kar’La felt her body slowly cooling, but the water still could not touch her skin. Even the intense pressure a hundred and fifty feet below the surface could not force it against the nearly Sun-like temperatures of her skin, the cold water instantly becoming live steam before welling up to the surface of the bay. She closed her eyes, enjoying the refreshing sensation of superheated steam softly caressing her skin, letting it deliciously tickle around her legs and then up across her upraised arms as it cooled her body, the violently boiling water coming closer and closer to actually touching her skin.

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Ariel finally completed her twenty minute flight from the sun, her rapid re-entry to the Earth’s atmosphere bright enough to be seen with the naked eye in daylight across the entire eastern seaboard of the US. She arced down toward Metropolis as she began to notice an incredibly bright glow coming from where that old cargo ship was docked in the harbor! Despite the fact that she was still two hundred miles away, she squinted her amazing eyes and clearly saw how the bow had been blown off, or rather melted away, by a white-hot glowing object that was still visible in the waters beneath the ship. Huge clouds of steam were rising up to obscure a wide area of the harbor, her Kryptonian eyes able to peer through enough to see that the glowing object was a person. But not just any person: it

was the girl she had personally just thrown into the sun!

How the hell could that dizzy girl have gotten here so fast, she thought to herself?! She had herself flown at more than 25% of the speed of light! It was impossible to believe that the retching, violently nauseous girl she had just overpowered had recovered and gotten here so much faster than she had, hell, she had used nearly her full powers to accelerate to 0.25c! And it was even more impossible to even imagine how the young girl had survived the nuclear inferno of the sun in the first place!!

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Up in the superstructure, Elle had felt the tremendous energies as they demolished the bow of the ship, the violent vibration noticeable even through her intense pleasures. Using the intimate folds of her own body to concentrate her superhuman feminine energies, she had been trying to heal Kal, and it felt so good! But she instinctively knew something terrible had just happened! That blast of white light scared her to death – had Ramoan's nuclear weapon been triggered?! But no, the ship still was mostly intact around her, and nothing would be left if such a monster weapon had indeed gone off. No, something very different had just occurred!

She reluctantly rose from her erotically sensual position atop Kal, sorry to feel the hard throbbing warmth of his body leaving the soft moist depths of her own, shaking her head to clear it as she forced herself to concentrate on this new problem. The precise control she had always maintained over her body was again to her benefit as she moved so fast she was little more than a blur to the men rushing through the corridors of the ship. She finally found her way to the mid-deck only to see the front quarter of the ship literally melted away! Within seconds of arriving, a huge steam cloud swept over the length of the ship, cutting off her view.

She knew she had to fly closer to see what was happening, and quickly reached up to hold her firm breasts, fingers caressing herself, trying to concentrate on creating that very special feeling that she needed to fly. Her flying abilities were very primitive compared to Ariel, so she found that it took a lot of concentration to make it work, Ariel's many hours of coaching her had taken her about as far as she was going to go in that area. Fortunately, the aftereffects of her romantic encounter with Superman helped her, her nipples becoming hard and tingly within only a few seconds, the strong tingling sensation telling her that she was ready to soar. She opened her eyes when she felt ready to fly, surprised to see a man standing in front of her, his eyes staring down at the tiny top of her costume as she cupped her breasts so firmly in her hands. She gave him her famous sex kitten smile as she slowly raised her arms to each side and flexed her favorite flying muscles. Biceps that belonged on a bodybuilder suddenly exploded from her very slim arms, the man's eyes opening wide at the sudden and obviously unexpected transformation of her slim body!

The wild energies from the flexing of her biceps rose up across her shoulders and then down to fill her breasts, and these expanding breasts lifted her costume upward strongly before her entire body became airborne, her entire weight hanging from her soft breasts. It certainly wasn't how Superman flew, or even how Ariel flew for that matter, but it was the only way she had learned to do it.

She flew rapidly past the 'new' front of the ship, spiraling downward to approach the glowing object she saw at the bottom of the bay. There was a violent tornado of steam swirling around the object, so Elle took advantage of that to float down the calmer middle of the steam tornado. She had to get well below the surface of the boiling water before she suddenly saw where it was all coming from: it was the young girl they had just been fighting, the one who had suddenly started calling herself Kar'La! What was she doing here and how had she escaped Ariel yet again?!

Elle was still twenty feet above the girl when she saw her rising upward. She wisely retreated, slowly backing away from the blinding heat as the girl rose upward to clear the surface of the bay, floating down over the quay itself. Elle quickly landed in front of her, the heat from the girl's body now warming her comfortably, the front of her own body starting to glow faintly from the strong thermal radiation. Looking down, she saw the girl's feet melting into the concrete, a little puddle of molten material forming around both of them. She also saw the warehouse behind her burst into flames even though it was two hundred feet away. The windows of all the cars in sight popping out a few moments later, the cars heated beyond their tolerance.

Elle quickly realized she had to protect the people hiding on the quay, so she quickly walked forward to place her body directly in front of the girl, quickly wrapping her long arms around her to block the powerful thermal energies with her own body.

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Kar'La was amused to see the tall thin woman walk between her and the men who were cowering behind all those

big containers the dock. She saw how her dark hair began to glow from the energies being given off by her body, a loud sizzling sound coming from between them as the woman suddenly wrapped her arms around her. Kar'La enjoyed the feeling of her large breasts as they flattened against the taller woman's chest, strangely proud that she was so much bigger and so much more feminine than this obviously older woman!

Kar'La was in heaven now, having not developed very much before this encounter. Her younger brothers had often teased her for being so underdeveloped in that one scenic area. Yet now she was suddenly bigger than nearly any woman she had ever seen, her body suddenly feeling so mature, her confidence in her appearance at an all time high. Especially compared to the tall skinny woman holding her!

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Elle helped absorb the girl's heat into her own body, her skin cooling rapidly now as they both had to step to the side before their feet were encased in the cooling concrete beneath them. She saw the girl's skin tone gradually changing from that of polished silver to the deeply tanned skin of a beautiful young woman. Finally, having absorbed all the energy she could, Elle stood back, surprised at the deep tan and almost glowing blond hair of the girl in front of her. The contrast between her skin and hair was much greater than a half hour before. Her sparkling blue eyes lit her face, her perfect white teeth gleaming from between her naturally pink lips.

Elle had been in the business long enough to know that this girl could write her own ticket modeling, her stunning appearance would make her a top model immediately. Especially with her tiny waist and her absolutely dynamite figure! Yet the angry look in the girl's eyes said that she had other things in mind!

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It was just at this moment when Ariel finally flashed downward to land behind the faintly glowing body of the young girl, immediately gripping her arms around both the girl and Elle, squeezing them with all her strength. The remaining radiant energies of the girl's body were now contained between the two older superwomen. She saw a small smile on Elle's face as her long arms and legs reached around Ariel, and this Supergirl was now trapped so tightly between two immensely powerful women! Slowly and inexorably, the two Kryptonian women began to squeeze the young Supergirl between them, fully expecting to crush the life from her smaller body!

Kar'La struggled to free herself, enraged as she found herself trapped between these tall bitches! The crushing pressures against her body were soon greater than that which any natural material could withstand, the forces reminding her of the pressures she had just felt inside the core of the sun. Yet the pressure did not really hurt her, it only pissed her off. Looking up, she saw a funny look in the tall thin woman's face, her lips suddenly coming closer and beginning to kiss her!

Kar'La was a little shocked at first, even though she had felt the passionate kisses of a woman before. She and her older cousin Lay'La had experimented with femme sex a few times. Females with the strength and power of the Royal Family often had to be inventive to find partners who could withstand the enthusiasms of their wild passions. Besides, Kar'La had not liked her older male cousins at all, their strength clearly far less than her own. The powerful embrace and soft kisses of this woman now reminded Kar'La of the enthusiasm Lay'La had displayed. She had been thrilled to end her growing loneliness, to finally find another passionate being whose powers were as great as her own! Even if she had been Lay'La's very young cousin!

Kar'La quickly realized that this was no game to these women: their no longer soft bodies were crushing inward against her now with many millions of pounds of pressure. Yet she felt more powerful and confident than she had ever felt before, the energies she had absorbed deep inside the sun made her feel so **STRONG** now! Strong enough to do **ANYTHING**!

Raising her own arms, she wrapped them around the tall woman who was still kissing her, her fingers tracing contours of deeply clefted muscles that seemed so out of place on this woman's normally slim body. She began to hold her tighter, muscles that had just been energized to extreme levels in the core of the sun now flexed more strongly than Kar'La had ever felt before! Every flex of her arms also seemed to send a riot of tingly warmth through her body, arousing her despite her anger and the crushing pressures that were intended to destroy her. She closed her eyes while imagining that her body was becoming harder than even diamond, imagined her Royal muscles flexing with inexorable power. Opening her eyes after gathering her powers this way, she began to meet the woman's kisses with her own as she concentrated on slowly thrusting her large new breasts forward, her hands gripping the dramatic curves of the woman's back while squeezing her body against her own. An image of her hands holding her own dramatic breasts began to form in her mind, her biceps flexing even larger and harder as she shoved her now steely chest outward toward her hands.

A gasp escaped the tall woman's lips as Kar'La approached her full strength, that soft gasp quickly turning to a strangled cry for help. Kar'La flirted with the idea of tearing the woman's body apart with a violent energy burst from her energy-laden breasts, deciding instead to conquer her with just her raw muscular strength, her muscles now energized unlike any Kryptonian who had ever lived. She concentrated on using all her physical powers as she slowly felt the tall woman's body yielding to hers, the Kryptonian steel of this normally invulnerable woman was being now forced to yield and bent around the dramatic contours of a young Supergirl whose body was now made of flesh that was somehow stronger than even a 'normal' Kryptonian!!

Kar'La was thrilled as she felt her large hard nipples spreading the slender woman's exposed ribs apart, her perfect breasts forcing the woman's body to bend inward, her two mounds moving inexorably forward toward her waiting hands. The woman's strangled gasps finally stopped as she felt several sharp snaps against her breasts, the sound of tortured steel and breaking glass resounding as Supergirl's biceps now flexed with unbelievable power! The other woman's normally invulnerable body finally yielded to the inevitable, the sudden total collapse of her ribcage allowing Kar'La to feel her own expanded nipples protruding from the back of the woman's tiny top, her own fingers kneading those hard points with her unique strength, her young body suddenly shaking as her exertions and the triumph of her kill brought her a sudden and powerful climax, her soft passionate cries echoing from the warehouse behind her.

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Ariel was sickened to see Supergirl crushing the life from Elle's sexy body, her head spinning as a combination of anger, shock and grief swirled through her mind!! This girl was far stronger than she had been before! Stronger and also far more invulnerable! It was now all she could do to hang onto the girl as she felt the powerful spasms of her body lasting for over a minute, shocked that the death of her friend, of the lover she had created with her own body, was stimulating this girl so. Ariel finally released Elle's body to angrily wrap her arm around Supergirl's neck, squeezing her with every ounce of her own strength, a hot rage burning within her. She was still confident in the knowledge that her own strength was far greater than even Superman's, confident that this girl would yield to muscles that had NEVER been defeated by any living being!

Her huge 22" bicep rose cleanly and sharply upward as she flexed her arm, the diamond hardness of it pressing inward against Supergirl's throat with five million pounds of force. Despite the immense energies contained in Kar'La's body, the sharp peak of Ariel's bicep was finally powerful enough to exert an exotic nerve pinch, one the Arions had learned from a race they had once conquered, a race now known only as the Vulcans. The girl's body immediately went limp in her arms as she let her fall to the dirty concrete of the quay.

Ariel rushed over to pick up Elle's crushed body, releasing a violent burst of heat vision toward the young girl in her rage. She focused this torrent of energy on the little blonde bitch, the twin beams heating the girl's body and the surrounding concrete until the rock became molten, the concrete sagging beneath her, Supergirl's unconscious body slowly sinking into it as the molten rock flowed over her, trapping her deep in the very foundation of the quay that now only Ariel stood on.

The violet energies finally stopped, Ariel's eyes returning to their normal slightly glowing green color. She felt an aching sadness, remorse over the death of her new companion filling her. Tears of grief and anger were running down her cheeks as she gently lifted Elle's horribly crushed body higher in her arms, flexing her beautiful yet powerful legs to flash upward into the sky, streaking upward to leave the atmosphere, racing to the Moon in mere minutes. Landing softly on the strongly lit bright side of the moon, she lay Elle's body gently in a natural cave she found along a cliff, kneeling over her for a while as she remembered the few brief and glorious days the two of them had spent together, her tears of grief immediately vaporizing in the hard vacuum of space.

She soon felt the anger rising inside her, this more primitive emotion slowly washing away her grief. She finally rose from Elle's grave to fly back toward the Earth, confident that Elle's extraterrestrial resting place would ensure that at least Terran scientists would never be able to experiment on her unusual body.

She quickly worked her way through her remaining grief as she flew, replacing those feelings with the hot anger of a red-headed Kryptonian as she flew faster and faster back toward the Earth. The hypersonic booms of her near vertical Mach 100 re-entry over Metropolis broke more than a hundred thousand windows all across the great city, the massive overpressure wave flattened people against the ground and swatted several large airliners violently from the sky. She couldn't care less who she hurt now, she had never cared for these puny Terrans anyway, they were just so many vermin that deserved only to be removed from the planet anyway. She knew she had been told to keep a very low profile on Earth, but she didn't care about that anymore, her rage overwhelming her as she blazed her way across Metropolis, shattering windows and lives with the violent shockwaves of her steely body. Slowing to

a mere Mach 3, she began to smash her invulnerable body through one skyscraper after another, arms stretched out to her sides, each impact blasting fifty-foot wide holes through the buildings, furniture and the bodies of her unfortunate victims spilling into the air to tumble to the streets far below.

Flying over a massive statue that stood alone in Metropolis harbor, she did a Mach 3 pivot in mid-air, streaking down to tear it loose from its concrete base in a burst of superhuman rage. Rising upward into the dirty air with the massive iron statue over her head, she threw it toward a pair of huge skyscrapers that were near the edge of the harbor, the titanic collision tearing the top twenty floors from one of the buildings as thousands of people were buried beneath the debris on the streets so far below!

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Meanwhile, back on the ship, Kal had realized that Ramoan had missed a bet when he had wired the detonation to his leaving the bridge. He'd done the hatches and walls – Kal had checked – and probably even the ceiling, since everyone knew Superman could fly, but it obviously hadn't occurred to this otherwise calculating madman that Kal El and Elle's enthusiasm might tear their bodies right down through the deckplates of the ship!

Finding himself alone down in the engine room of the ship, free of that deadly cage, he began searching rapidly through the ship, the steel walls tearing apart under his bare hands as if they were made of rice paper, all the while searching for the weapon. Because he was still careful to not injure any people along the way, it took him nearly half an hour to finally locate the weapon. Carefully opening the door to a small compartment, he was appalled when he finally saw what it was, the markings clearly those from one of the multiple warheads from an SS-11 MIRV missile, the conical reentry vehicle small enough for a man to hold in his arms.

Despite the small size, he knew it had a burst potential of a megaton, maybe more. Far more energy than would be required to destroy a major portion of Metropolis, fifty times more than the power that had destroyed Hiroshima in the last world war!

Searching around it, he saw how the weapon itself was surrounded with many different kinds of sensors. He also saw a gyroscopic trigger that was set to sense significant vertical movement, and what appeared to be radio receivers. Quickly realizing that he could not remove the weapon without triggering at least one of these, he flashed upward, his super body bursting through the steel decks as he searched rapidly for Ramoan. He finally found him trying to escape the ship down a rope ladder at the stern. Flexing his exotic dancer's legs, he was hovering over the stern of the ship in less than a second.

"Well, Ramoan, are you leaving our little party so soon? Funny, I don't understand how you are going to escape in a boat that can't float better than that one. Perhaps you should stay aboard with the rest of us."

With that, Kal flashed down to punch several large holes in the hull of the small boat, sinking it almost immediately. He then floated upward to grab Ramoan, flying him back down through the corridors of the ship until they had once again reached the grotesque weapon itself. Using his fingernails, Kal tore a long ragged section of steel from one of the walls, wrapping the ragged steel around Ramoan's body while welding the ends to the bulkhead with his heat vision.

"Ok, Ramoan, you and I are going to remain right here until you tell me how to disarm that thing. While I doubt it can hurt my invulnerable body, you would be turned into plasma a few microseconds after it detonated. If you want to live, you will disarm it now!"

Ramoan's laughter echoed down the hall, his amused and sneering face looking up at Superman's concerned and very worried one.

"So, Superman, you appeal to me like you might to one of your common criminals, men interested only in what wealth they can steal. Your threat has no power over me, I am fully prepared to die here if that is what it takes. My brothers in the movement have equal access to and knowledge of the remaining weapons, and they will deploy them as if I had lived, with only one probable change in plan. They will likely detonate one in another major US city simply to avenge my death! No, Superman, my demands will HAVE to be met, otherwise the deaths of many millions of frail humans will be on your hands. In fact," he strained to look down at his watch, "you have only one hour before your people die. I advanced the timer when I saw your little girlfriend reacting as 'energetically' as she did. Too bad she is not here to help you!"

"I told you before, Ramoan," Kal said angrily, "the US government does not have the power to force the Israelis from their lands and to restore your people to them. No nation has that authority, and Israel would not abide by such a dictate even if it were given."

“Ah, Superman, despite what I had heard you are a wise man. Of course no government can do it, but YOU CAN! You can defeat the Israelis, you can force them from our land and free my brothers. Your body is invulnerable to their weapons, your strength is greater than any force they can oppose you with, and your speed is such that you could do it in a few weeks or perhaps even days. You are my avenging angel, Superman!”

Kal was shocked, suddenly realizing how much of a madman Ramoan really was, his grandiose plan containing little concern for any life or any nation. His only goal was his ancient cause.

Kal also knew that while he did indeed have the power to do as Ramoan wished, Superman could not wield his powers so blatantly even if it was the only means to save his own city and millions of innocent victims. Interference like that would set the Terran race back thousands of years, returning them to the days when capricious Gods had conquered nations and sent plagues to destroy their enemies. It would make him into an avenging and fearsome God himself!

No, those days were gone forever and Terrans now had to come together, to believe in themselves instead of their long dead Gods. The evil ‘cousins’ of the same Gods who had created the Velorian and Kryptonian races still lived, now interfering with an emerging planet in yet another galaxy just as they had on Earth, the Velorians and his own people making very sure that they could never return to Earth again. No, he would not act as his long dead progenitors had acted, he would never intervene that deeply in Terran affairs. His First Directive was too sacred to violate!

“I’m sorry Ramoan, I cannot do as you wish even if it means the loss of this city. I will not return Terrans to their primitive worship and their fear of the Gods! Detonate your weapon if you will, for you yourself will be its first victim!”

“Well Mr. Superman, you are even more stubborn than I had feared. Do you really believe that a single intervention of this type will return we humans to a belief in heathen Gods? And if what I guess is true, your kind has indeed wiped the slate clean in that Holy Land before, so why not once more? We humans are more resilient than you think: we will reject you and conquer you once again.”

Kal paused, clearly aware that neither Ramoan nor any other Terran truly knew the real history of the Earth, how only the intervention of more benevolent Gods, the ones who had created the proto-Velorian race, had prevented Terrans from destroying themselves, either through their ignorant beliefs or their wars. They would never understand the way his own people had prevented Nazi Germany from completing their nuclear weapon in WWII or how they had subtly prevented the major powers from unleashing them later, at least none other than the two the damnable Arions had helped slip past them to drop on Japan. In fact, it had been the contemptible Arions that had given the Terrans clues to the technology in the first place, a technology that had been banned on every other planet in the galaxy, including the warlike Aria itself. That type of weapon had been universally agreed to be inhumane.

No, the true story would never be written in Terran history. In particular, no one would ever know that the safeguards that the Terrans had cleverly been manipulated to place on their weapons insured that most would malfunction if they were ever used as originally intended!

Yet the weapon he saw before him had no such safeguards, it was free to operate as its mad designers intended! He briefly considered lifting the entire ship and flying it out to sea. The weapon’s triggering devices would clearly have to be able to separate the normal movement of the sea from other movements, so perhaps he could simulate the motion of the waves as he flew. But he knew that attempting this with his hands alone would only cause the damaged ship to collapse about him. His mind raced, trying to find another way, knowing it would take days to evacuate a city such as this. He was feeling desperate when his sensitive hearing heard the sound of rapid breathing and soft padding of bare footsteps behind him.

Turning, he saw the tall redhead standing only a few feet away from him, her breathing fast and labored, like she had been running or exercising hard. Her green eyes were glowing slightly in the dark corridor, her face twisted with anger.

“You are the bastard that caused all this!” she stormed at Kal. “If you hadn’t brought that stupid girl with you, if you had only done as Ramoan had asked, my lover would still be alive. And your city would not have to die. Ramoan, it is time. Fire the weapon now. I want this damnable city wiped from the face of this planet, and I’ll do it with my own powers if I have to!”

“No, Ariel, you must not,” Kal pleaded. “These Terrans are helpless against such power as ours, and they have done nothing to harm you. Punish me if you must, but leave these people alone. They do not have the God-like birthright that we have been granted!”

“He is right about one thing, Ariel,” Ramoan added quickly, his smooth voice soothing and calming Ariel. “I have not yet had a chance for these people to consider my demands, for Superman to see if he can trade a city for his government’s assistance, or his own assistance, in achieving my goals.”

Turning back to Kal, he continued. “Perhaps you yourself will not conquer our enemy for us Superman, but maybe your government will choose to save its own citizens over that of our enemy, your military does have that ability. It is only fair that you give your government the right to save its own city if it wishes. After all, even you are bound by the laws of the nation you reside in, Superman!”

Kal didn’t answer. He had never felt bound by any laws except his Kryptonian ideals, and those were far more benevolent than those of any Terran government’s, including the US. He realized that Ramoan was right, however. Since he could not save the city on his own, he had to allow the elected government do their job, and to make their own decisions.

“Ok, Ramoan, but you need to give me time, several days. Ariel can protect you and the weapon from anything the military or police may attempt and I now know that I can’t simply remove it from this harbor. But I will need my partner to help me if she still lives.”

Ariel laughed evilly. “She still lives, but only because I cannot kill her, and I certainly tried hard enough. Look on the quay, or rather in the quay, and you will find her. The nerve pinch I used should be wearing off right about now.”

With that, she brushed by Kal, her shoulder shoving the Man of Steel roughly against the wall as she reminded him that she was physically his superior. Her slim arms flexed momentarily with hard muscles as the steel surrounding Ramoan tore apart noisily in her strong hands. She glared angrily at Kal as she put her arm around Ramoan’s waist to help him down the hallway, her assignment from the Central Command to support this strange Terran becoming her first priority again.

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Kar’La woke to find her body constrained and in darkness, momentarily unable to move. She twisted her head to the side with difficulty, her powerful neck muscles pulverizing the rock that surrounded her as she looked both ways, her super vision looking through the concrete to discern that she was still next to the old cargo ship. She slowly spread her long gorgeous legs apart, the massive concrete quay rumbling beneath her as the inexorable power of Supergirl’s legs tore the foundations of the quay apart. As she had fully expected, her muscles were a lot stronger than the solidified concrete she found surrounding her body. Squeezing her fists and flexing her chest muscles, she felt the concrete cracking about her as she arched her back to thrust her chest upward, her body growing larger as she flexed, the Girl of Steel’s muscles crowding the rock-hard substance aside.

Meanwhile, Kal flew down to land beside the ship, a growing maze of cracks running across the surface of the quay as it shattered apart beneath him, the destruction of the quay clear evidence that the girl was awakening. He stood back as the young blonde did an inhumanly powerful situp, the three foot-thick concrete above her shattering as her abs lifted her body to tear it from the quay, the tanned skin and blonde hair of her gorgeous body bursting into view. Kal noticed that she still wore the indestructible yet tiny blue halter he had helped her fashion from one of his old costumes, the white Kryptonian ‘S’ covering the rounded contours of her left breast. He walked over and reached down to give her a hand, lifting her body upward with his super strength as the concrete shattered from around her legs. He watched her closely as she started to brush herself off. His thoughts were confused as he saw his lover moving differently than he had ever seen her move before as she angrily brushed the dust from her body. Something in her body language, the impatient and brusque movements of her hands, seemed wrong as he merely stared at her for a moment.

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Kar’La finished brushing herself off as she saw the man, the one that she had overheard was called Superman, as he stared at her. The concept of a super MAN was a little ludicrous, but she had been pretty impressed back in the ship when his manhood had withstood the full strength of her intimate grip, although he had obviously been in some pain. That had never happened before! No, she thought to herself, there is definitely something special about this man. She thought perhaps a truce was in order till she found out more, and held out her hand to be kissed. She was at least prepared to be civil, but only if this commoner showed the proper respect due a Kryptonian Princess!

Ignoring her offered hand, he instead wrapped his arms around her, his kisses suddenly covering her face as he hardly noticed that she was standing stiffly, not responding at all to his touch.

“Nikki, Oh God I thought you had been killed! Quick, I need your help; maybe the two of us can yet defeat the madman on that ship!”

Kar’La angrily pushed him away, tossed her head while pulling her blond hair behind her shoulders.

“Look, whoever you are, I told you that my name isn’t Nikki, its Kar’La. And who in the hell are you supposed to be! A Supergirl in drag or something?!”

Kal looked at her curiously, seeing that her expression was far different than Nikki’s, her voice all wrong. Butterflies filled his stomach as he realized that somehow, yet another mind had taken control of Supergirl’s body! AGAIN!! Was this some cursed genetic weakness of her cloned body? Was her brain designed to be a slate that could be wiped clean and entered at will by other consciousness?!

He pushed those disquieting thoughts away as he noticed that the girl had also changed physically a bit, her tanned skin was darker and her blonde hair was a slightly lighter shade, even her blue eyes seemed to glow with a faint light of their own. Yet she otherwise looked about the same, the tiny red miniskirt and blue halter the same ones that she had modeled for him when they had gotten dressed that morning. Despite the seriousness of the situation, he couldn’t help but smile for a moment, the impact of her tiny bright costume had diverted him delightfully only that morning when she had revealed her complete lack of clothing underneath it. His subsequent attentive and very passionate response to this very sexy Supergirl costume had ensured that he was late for work and that she almost missed her interview.

He pushed those thoughts from his mind as he cleared his throat, deciding to start over.

“Let me introduce myself, I am Kal El, although most of the people here call me Superman. I’m the last survivor of Krypton after it exploded.”

Kar’La gasped, her thoughts racing! He claimed he was from the Royal Family, the Els?! Could this be the lost male of the El family from Krypton itself, the Prince that everyone hoped would return some day? And what was this nonsense about Krypton being destroyed?”

“Krypton, destroyed?!” Kar’La said with a girlish laugh. “Who told you that? Why, my father was there just a few weeks ago. It is a very healthy and thriving trade center for an entire sector of the galaxy. Even for my own city, although we separated from it nearly a hundred years ago to found our own city state, Agro City.”

Kal stared at her dumbfounded, a confused look on his face. “But... but I was told... I mean the memory crystals and everything. They said I was the last survivor!”

Kar’La shrugged as she turned away, a little put off by this grown man’s silly thoughts. Krypton destroyed, indeed! What a dumb thing for such a man to believe in! Didn’t he ever get out and meet anyone or try to find out what was happening in the rest of the galaxy?

Kal finally spoke again. “And you, your name is?”

“Kar’La. Kar’La Zor El. And if your name means anything, we are related. Tell me, what is your mother’s name?”

“Laura,” Kal replied softly. “She and my father were married in the Jewel Mountains in the Crystal province of Krypton in the year 12371. And your family?”

Kar’La was staggered. She had memorized the background of every person in the Royal Family for the last five generations and she certainly knew of Laura and Jor El, the leaders of the scientific community on Krypton. It was indeed their son who had been lost in what had been described as a laboratory accident that had occurred before she was born. What was he doing here on Earth, and why did he think his planet had been destroyed?

She felt her body tingling, remembering how rare a living male member of the El family was. Something in the family genes strongly favored females, and nearly all of the males succumbed to strange illnesses before they reached adulthood. A sudden possibility struck her: maybe that was why his father had sent him here; maybe the illness has something to do with the men being on or near Krypton?! Maybe his father didn’t want him to try to return home so he had told Kal that his planet had been destroyed?

These and other possibilities were swirling through her pretty head as she unconsciously reached out to shake his hand, her strength momentarily forgotten. She suddenly looked down as she heard him gasp, his knees collapsing as he tried desperately to loosen his hand from her firm grip.

Quickly releasing him, she was again reminded of how much stronger she had become since she had been thrown into the core of the sun. In fact, she now felt so energetic that she was having a lot of trouble controlling her strength.

“Wow, some handshake there, Kar’La. Somehow, you are a lot stronger than ‘you’ were just this morning. I hope you realize that you are in my girlfriend’s body! I also hope you know where she has gone?”

Kar’La stared at him with wide-open eyes for a moment, his words suddenly making sense of the changes in her body, especially the dramatic change in the size of her bust. She had thought it had been the exposure to the sun, having assumed that she had been too busy fighting Ariel and Elle earlier to have noticed the change before that. It also explained the strange buildings and the ship: she wasn’t even in Agro City anymore.

“Ah, Superman, or should I call you Kal, where are we anyway?”

“On Earth, my little firebug, on Earth!”

The next half hour was an amazing one for Kar’La as she listened while Kal explained what he did here and who his lover, Nikki, really was. She was astonished that he would choose to live this way among these weak Terrans, to protect them without exacting any taxes or homage in return. To actually be benevolent to those weaker than him?!

She had heard that many people on Krypton did indeed think that way, but Agro City was different, that was the reason it had separated itself from Krypton in the first place. Her people believed in the power of strength, that weaker people were to be the subjects of the strong. Kal seemed to have taken this twisted thinking to heart, these Terrans clearly setting his own priorities with their crimes, their wars and their constant need for his help. How strange! How stupid! God, what a waste of time for a Kryptonian Prince!

“Well, Kal, you may choose to behave that way, but I was raised with a lot more sense than that. I don’t know how long I will be here, but while I am I will agree to help you with your ‘job’, silly as it is. I mean, you are my cousin and the members of the Royal Family always help each other. But I myself will not become these people’s protector. If they can’t take care of themselves, then I say we let them kill each other off!”

Kal quickly realized that he had better keep a close eye on her, he attitude was surprisingly like that of an Arion girl. Despite the danger that she would get in the way, he decided to try to convince her that she actually needed to help him in her disguise as his partner. If she played her part well, then her amazing powers would be controlled merely by trying to pretend she was Nikki.

“Well, Kar’La, you can feel that way if you must, but I would really appreciate it if you try not to show it. And yes, I do need your help desperately. Not as Supergirl right now, but as Nikki, my co-worker. Have you ever done any writing?”

“Of course, I have been educated in the Royal school. What are we going to write about?”

“Well, we are reporters and we need to make sure that Ramoan’s demands are communicated. Once we have done that, we can use our more physical abilities to try to figure out how to deactivate that fearsome weapon of his. And please use the name Nikki now, maybe you can fool people into thinking you are her. Come on, let’s go get you some Terran clothes.”

Taking her hand, he leaped upward, her flying power effortlessly matching his as they flew hand in hand across the rooftops. As they flew, he rapidly described to her how she should talk, her bright intellect quickly picking up on the accent that he wanted her to use. Fortunately, it was fairly close to the sound of Arion, a language she had studied in school.

Kal’s sharp eyes finally spotted a clothing warehouse near the waterfront. Tearing a flap open in the roof, they floated down as the two of them searched through the shipping containers with their super vision, Nikki finally finding some clothing that she liked. Tearing the steel container open with her fingers, she quickly dressed in a tight white sleeveless top that was deeply dished in the front and which also left most of her midriff bare. In fact, it just barely covered her blue halter, the low cut of the blouse clearly revealing her deep cleavage. A equally tiny blue pleated skirt completed the outfit, the hem barely long enough to cover the red skirt of her costume.

Meanwhile, Kal changed into an ill-fitting loose suit he had found, selecting some work clothes for Nikki. He walked back over to her with some gray business dresses that he had selected for her, surprised as he saw Nikki putting on a pair of black high-heels, her long legs looking so dramatically sexy as they rose up under the tiny skirt she had chosen.

"Ah... Nikki, that is not the right clothing for the workplace; maybe for a nightclub or on a date, but certainly not at the Planet. You should wear one of these dresses. And there is a comb in a pocket of your skirt that you should run through your hair; it will temporarily charge some of the strands so that they will appear red. It is part of your disguise."

"Kal," she said as her eyes grew angry, "I said I would help you with your job here, but I won't let you tell me what to wear. I like these clothes, they look good and feel good with this body. And those stifling things look like something my grandmother would wear!"

With that, she vaporized them from Kal's surprised hands with her heat vision, but she did pull the comb through her long hair as he had asked.

"Now, let's go to this Planet of yours. And don't worry, I'll try to use that accent you taught me, although it sounds really silly. I will be ze perfect French girl for zyou!"

With that, she strode across the warehouse floor towards the doorway, her unfamiliarity at walking in the strange high shoes offset by her natural flying power as she seemed to almost float along. Despite himself Kal was impressed, the natural use of her flying power only possible for someone who had flown since they were a small child. He briefly wondered if she had learned to fly before she had learned to walk?

His thoughts came back to the present as they reached the door, a huge padlock securing it. He looked down as she grasped the large security padlock in her left hand, squeezing it tightly. Kal was surprised to see how quickly a bright glow started to come from inside her hand, the steel heating up to incandescence in the incredible grip of Supergirl's hand, the molten steel quickly running from between her fingers to pool on the cement floor.

Kal was surprised at how easily and quickly she had done that, also impressed despite himself with the hard-edged contours of the rather dramatic muscles that suddenly appeared on her bare forearm. He again realized that she was probably a LOT stronger than he was now, maybe several times stronger than Nikki had been only that morning. Smiling, he took her right hand in his as she shook the molten steel from the other, walking quickly with her to the street to flag down a cabby.

Nikki was amused as she waited beside him for a cab, this little masquerade of trying to appear like Terrans was starting to be fun, making such simple things, such traveling around, into a game. They could have flown across town in seconds, yet Clark insisted on riding in one of these primitive vehicles!

A cab finally arrived and Nikki reached down impatiently to open the door. Despite her attempt to be careful, her grip was a little too enthusiastic, the door handle crushing in her hand while she effortlessly ripped the entire door from its hinges! Looking blankly at Kal as she held the door in her hand, she tossed it to the side as she slid into the strange seat. She had no sooner gotten into the cab when the driver started cursing and jumped out to see Kal struggling to pick the door up while handing it to him, saying something apologetic about rusted door hinges. Nikki just smiled, enjoying his little act as he pretended that the door was hard to lift. She thought he looked kind of cute when he tried to pretend he was weak like that!

* * *

The entire City Room was buzzing when Nikki and Clark rushed in, Maintenance still rushing around as they tried to board up the shattered windows from the earlier sonic booms and the IT people were struggling to get telephone service going and the computers back up after the power had suddenly gone off less than an hour earlier. Jimmy was helping them find a working phone when he looked up, his eyes nearly falling out of his face as he saw Nikki walk in with Clark, the gorgeous breasts he had been imagining all day now almost hanging out of her deeply dished top, her skirt also impossibly short! In fact, he was sure that he saw a flash of red and even of gold as her skirt flew up slightly when she hurried around a corner! That must have been SOME assignment they were on, he thought, silently whistling to himself. Clark had all the luck!

The entire City Room staff gathered around them as Clark read Ramoan's demands, everyone talking at once after he confirmed that there really was a nuclear weapon poised to go off not three miles from where they were standing, he had seen it with his own eyes! They almost trampled each other in their rush to hit the few phones that were working, struggling to call their families to tell them to get out of town: NOW! Their subsequent calls were calmer as they focused on contacting the police, the military, the governor and, oh yes, the White House.

Nikki felt lost in the mad shuffle, having no idea what she was supposed to be doing here. She kept noticing the eyes of a young man about her own age staring at her; he was the only other person in the room who also didn't seem to have anything to do. She smiled warmly and walked over toward him, deciding to practice the little accent

that Kal had taught her. Reaching him, she held out her hand, concentrating on keeping her grip as light as possible this time, amused as she saw his eyes desperately trying not to stare down at her chest, trying but failing. She was really enjoying the effect this body had on men!

“Ah, Nikki, right? We met this morning in the elevator. I’m Jimmy, I’m the photographer who normally works with Clark and, ah, Lois, you know, Clark’s fiancée.”

“Oh,” she said, her strong accent sounding about right. “I did not know that Clark had a special girl. Fiancée... they are getting married soon?”

“Well, I guess,” Jimmy said softly as he leaned closer to her, “but Lois is really sick now, something happened to her mind. She thinks she is some kind of Supergirl from another planet or something, but she doesn’t have any powers or anything. We figured that her, ah, fascination with Superman caused her mind to flip out.”

“Ah, so she knows that Clark is really Superman,” she whispered back. “But of course she would, if they were lovers. But how could he, I mean, ‘be’ with her; she is just a Terran woman isn’t she?!”

Jimmy’s eyes opened wide in shock. Nobody except Lois and he knew that Superman was really Clark Kent! And her use of the word Terran! How did this new girl know so much about him already, unless... no, that was impossible!

“Jimmy, you said you are a photographer,” she continued while ignoring the shocked look on his face. “Would you like to take pictures of me sometime?”

“Ah,” Jimmy gulped, “sure Nikki, that would be great. But, but how do you know about Clark? I mean, nobody knows that, I mean except Lois and me!”

She shrugged. “Oh, it is no big thing, Clark told me all about it this morning. After all, we are partners now and he was so very impressed with me that he told me everything about himself. Actually, I am just surprised that he isn’t stronger and a bit better built. All the magazines I have read here all said he is stronger than any other living being!”

Jimmy was at a loss for words as she warmly slipped her arm into his and gently urged him toward the door. Her photographic memory clearly remembered some of the magazines and newspapers she had read with her super vision as the taxi had driven them across town. Superman was forgotten once again as she now thought only of showing off this wonderful new body she seemed to have.

“I would love to see how I look in some of your pictures, Jimmy. Maybe we could take some, what do you call them, ‘nudey’ pictures?”

Jimmy tripped over his own feet, only her surprisingly strong arm keeping him from hitting the floor. The shock of her knowing about Clark was now eclipsed by the shock of what she was asking him to do now!

“Do you mean nude pictures, I mean, posing without your clothes?”

“Of course! I have seen some of the magazines displayed in your country, and I think I am far more beautiful than any of the women I have seen in those pages. Especially now that I have such large breasts. Do you like the way my breasts look, Jimmy?”

With that she took a deep breath and turned to face him, her breasts rising up to strain her top, her soft mounds gently brushing against his chest as Jimmy caught a glimpse of a bit of blue Lycra that she wore underneath it.

Jimmy found himself hyperventilating, forcing himself to hold his breath as he stepped back, struggling to stare only into her gorgeous blue eyes. God, if this was how French girls looked and acted, then he was definitely living in the wrong country!

Nikki watched him closely, amused by his reaction to her little display. She was starting to enjoy behaving so differently than she usually did when she was around her subjects. In fact, his obvious attraction to her was making her feel warm and tingly, the impossible gulf between their respective physical abilities forgotten for the moment as her exhibitionism emerged.

“Come on, Jimmy, lets go up on your rooftop, it’s a sunny day. Perhaps you can take pictures of the ship from there, it is quite close. Besides, everyone seems to have something to do here except us.”

Jimmy couldn’t find his voice as they silently rode the elevator to the 80th floor. Walking ahead of her down to the doorway to the rooftop heliport, he fished out his keys. However, when he got there it was locked, a new hasp and

padlock securing it. Damn, all because that wacko had picked the lock and jumped from the roof last week!

“Shit, oh, sorry, Nikki. I mean look at that, they locked the rooftop because of some guy who jumped off it last week. So much for that idea. I guess we should be getting back anyway, you never know when they will need us.”

“Jimmy, I really wanted to feel your warm sun again. Is this the only thing that is stopping us?”

He looked at her closely, her words stranger than even her accent could explain. What was this about ‘your sun’? It was the same sun they had in France!

Looking down, he felt her soft hands taking the lock from his. Surprised, he watched her grip the shackle in her left hand and the body of the lock in the other. Her slim arms suddenly changed how they looked, the deep clefts of some very significant muscles bulging from them to make her look very strong! As his jaw fell open, she slowly twisted the lock apart as if it was made of soft clay, the steel giving off a momentary tortured groan before the lock snapped in half in her hands!

“So, Jimmy, this was not such a big deal after all, was it? Come on, lets get some fresh air!”

With that, she opened the door and walked quickly up the steep steps ahead of him, her high heels making her calves flex wonderfully as Jimmy stared up her long legs with his mouth still agape. My God, he thought, it really IS Kara!

He finally scrambled breathlessly up after her, finding her standing on the roof as she combed her hair, the red color immediately replaced by the gorgeous honey and gold color of his dream girl!

“My God, Kara, you’re back! Why didn’t you say something, I mean we’re friends aren’t we? I thought you had left, Clark said something about your going back to another dimension or something.”

Nikki had no idea what he was talking about as she turned to look at him.

“I don’t know of anyone here named Kara, but it is a common enough name on Krypton. My real name is Kar’La, but I’m not actually from Krypton, I live in Agro City.”

Jimmy couldn’t believe it! This had to be Kara, her gorgeous blonde looks, her super powers. But he remembered Sharil, the impostor, and the confusion that had caused. Yet here was another identical looking girl who was different again! He finally sat down rather abruptly on one of chairs that were arranged under a canopy, the area serving as a waiting area for the now canceled helicopter service.

“This means... I mean what I saw you do... that you are really some kind of Supergirl then, just like Kara?”

“Yes, Supergirl is what most people call me, although this disguise my cousin Clark had me wear this morning was supposed to hide that and let me appear like just a Terran for a while. But I’m glad I met someone who I can talk to as Supergirl, I mean, Clark is so stiff and formal all the time. All he wants to do is to save people. I wonder if he ever has any fun of his own!”

Jimmy hardly heard her, his mind spinning as he had to put his head between his legs to keep from passing out.

“My God, you really are Supergirl. But Kara was Supergirl and so was Sharil, and every cop in this country is trying to find HER. I mean, you, or she, I mean Supergirl, whatever, is wanted for hundreds of murders. Why did she hurt all those people?”

Nikki saw the confusion and maybe just a touch of anger in his eyes, suddenly worried as he clearly had her confused with someone else.

“Jimmy, I have no idea who this ‘Sharil’ is and more than your ‘Kara’. In fact, Sharil is an Arion name, not a Kryptonian one. But believe me when I tell you that I’m a little confused myself, having just found myself on this planet of yours for the first time this morning. I have no idea about any people who have called themselves Supergirl in the past, but I assure you, they were all impostors! I am the only true Supergirl, the only girl chosen by the King to carry that title. And besides, I have not killed hundreds of Terrans as you say. Maybe five or six at the most, and for the excellent reason that they were staring at me when I didn’t want them to.”

She took a big breath as she lifted her skirt slightly while turning around.

“But lets forget all about that, it has nothing to do with me. I’m just interested in seeing how I look in your pictures. I

want you to stare at me with your camera and then I want other men to enjoy the pictures of my body in your magazines!"

She walked slowly toward him as he looked up at her, feeling both wildly attracted to her and terrified of her at the same time. He had had a thing for Kara since he had first seen her use her gorgeous body to do impossibly powerful feats of strength. His dreams had often been filled with fantasies about being more than just a casual friend of Supergirl's!

The confused but adoring look in his eyes was not lost on Kar'La, she could see that he was incredibly attracted to her, his eyes brighter than ever now that he had seen that she really was truly Supergirl. The worshipful look in his eyes made her feel warm and comfortable; after all, she was used to having her subjects look up to her. But it was the appearance of her new body that really thrilled her, her skinny and flat-chested appearance back on Agro City had been replaced by this absolutely gorgeous body. A body that was also a lot stronger than her original one!

"How would you like to shoot the first, what do you call it, centerpiece of Supergirl? You would be famous and of course so would I."

Jimmy struggled to get his voice back. "Ah, centerfold is the right term. And I don't know, Kar'La, you seem a little young and besides, those women are usually enhanced from plastic surgery and so on. Plus they do a lot of airbrush work on the negatives to improve them. I don't have any of those resources."

"Jimmy, I'm Supergirl! Do you really think my body needs those kinds of improvements? Besides, you haven't really seen me yet. Why don't you take the pictures and then we can decide later. OK?"

With that, she crossed her arms and pulled her white blouse off, the shiny blue of her costume suddenly gleaming in the sunlight. A top that was about the same as what he was used to seeing Pro volleyball players wear on TV. But he had never seen a volleyball player who filled out a top like this!

Despite his confusion and swirling emotions, the photographer in him acted decisively. He was glad that he always had a dozen rolls of film on him. He captured her as she moved from pose to pose while slowly removing her white blouse and then her blue skirt, her shiny Supergirl costume contrasting wonderfully with her deeply tanned skin and glowing blond hair. She began to slowly and sensuously run her hands over her gorgeous body, the waistband of her skirt edging downward as her top edged upward, the full rounded bottoms of her breasts gradually bared, only her very firm nipples holding the top in place. Jimmy finally finished his third roll of film and had to stop to fish around in his pack for the remaining rolls.

He stood back up after a moment to look back at Kar'La, surprised to see her standing less than a foot from him, her top almost completely off.

"Jimmy, no Terran man has ever seen me without my costume, not even Kal. I would like you to be the first man to see me that way, to not just have to imagine what my breasts must look like. Would you like to take my top off the rest of the way for me?"

Jimmy's heart was suddenly beating so wildly that he could hardly breathe as he immediately put his camera down and stepped closer to her. He had often dreamed of what Supergirl's body would feel like. And while Kara had been very sweet to him, she had not had any interest in satisfying his curiosity in that arena. He smiled to realize that maybe hanging around Superman was finally paying off!

Kar'La turned her back to him coyly as he approached, leaning her back against his chest, her long silky blond hair feeling so soft against his face, his height about the same as hers. She could feel his heart beating so fast, his breathing ragged and deep, his body obviously excited about seeing and touching such a superior being as herself. When his hands finally reached up to lightly touch her waist, she was pleased to feel that they were trembling!

Jimmy was immediately surprised to find that Supergirl's warm skin was far softer than any woman he had held before, her tiny waist feeling so feminine. He had no idea how bullets could ricochet from such smooth, supple flesh, but he had personally seen Kara under fire, the bright flashes of bullets shattering as they hit something far harder than steel! Yet Nikki's body felt far softer than any Terran woman he had ever felt! Her warm silky skin sent tingles up his arms as he slid his hand across her perfectly flat stomach, his fingertips lightly tracing the slight contours he felt there.

He heard her giggle a little as his fingers traced over her bellybutton, his touch tickling her as it caused her to tense her stomach, the steel of Supergirl's muscles now easily discernible under his fingers as they hid beneath her soft

skin, the steely ripples of her firm flat stomach immediately laying the question of her invulnerability to rest. He squeezed her waist tighter as she responded in kind, the hard muscles of the Girl of Steel's body thrilling him as her stomach suddenly had no more give, her abs feeling for all the world like they were now made of warm rippling steel. Living responsive steel!

He slowly slid his hands higher, up over her tight diaphragm, his fingers tracing over her ribs until they were lightly brushing the soft rounded bottoms of her surprisingly large breasts, the sensation of even softer skin sending shocking thrills through his entire body. He felt her lips touching his ear as she turned her head slightly, whispering to him while his hands rose up to finally surround her large breasts, and to breathlessly ease her silky blue costume above them.

"Do they surprise you with their softness, Jimmy, knowing that no weapon or power on your planet can harm what you now hold in your hands? My power and my softness combined, the paradox of my race, of Supergirl. Do they please you, Jimmy Olsen?"

Jimmy was speechless again, his body's response stronger than he had ever felt before as he shifted his hips slightly, his 'reaction' now nestling between her firm glutes.

"Ah, yes, you do like me, don't you? Don't be shy Jimmy, you can hold me as you have always wanted to hold Supergirl. Show me your strength as a man!"

Kar'La found she was enjoying his light touch, his fingers making her skin tingle pleasantly, her nipples getting slightly firm from his almost tickling touch. She giggled as he suddenly held her with all his strength, the giggle misinterpreted by Jimmy as a sign of pleasure, not for what it actually meant to Kar'La. She was, in fact, snickering at the weakness of his hands, his strongest touch barely able to compress her soft breasts! While she had known Terrans were weak, this was totally ridiculous!

She held herself still as she let him massage her with all his strength, the initial amusement of his light touch finally turning to disgust as he began to press himself more firmly against her buttocks. If his hands were this weak, then his manhood must be a joke!

She finally stepped away from him before turning around to look at him, his eyes staring down at her perfect breasts as he reached out to continue fondling them. Her sparkling blue eyes looked down for a moment as his clothes were suddenly transparent to her. She turned quickly away as she tried to stifle another laugh. God, he was so tiny, maybe six inches in length if she was being generous! Was he a dwarf or something? How could the women of this planet get enthusiastic about THAT?

She suddenly was no longer interested in modeling for him, clearly realizing how futile his enthusiasm was for her. He was soft, weak and woefully undersized for mating with a Kryptonian girl such as herself. Suddenly feeling embarrassed for even showing herself to him, she walked over to pull her blue top impatiently from his hands. She was just getting ready to put it on when the rooftop door banged opened and she saw Clark walking out into the sun.

"Nikki, what are you doing up here, we have work to... my God, Nikki, what are you doing?"

His eyes saw her bared upper body as she wore only the tiny red skirt of her Supergirl costume. She was taking her blue top from Jimmy's hands, the big white 'S' clearly visible on it. Damn, her secret identity hadn't lasted an hour! Looking around the rooftop, he was relieved to see that at least it was only Jimmy and his cameras: he was the only person he trusted with his real identity.

"Hi, Clark, Jimmy was just taking some pictures of me. Do you think I could be a centerpoint model for one of those magazines, maybe Hurler or something like that?"

She saw how Clark had frozen in place, his eyes staring at her breasts. She turned slightly to the side to offer him a profile view of her wonderful new breasts as she raised her hands over her head and flexed her chest a little. She heard Jimmy whispering something about 'centerfold' to her, but she didn't care what they were called, she just wanted to be in one of them!

Squinting her eyes, she saw that at least Clark was reacting to her as a real man should, although his costume blocked her from seeing any details except a growing bulge. She remembered how big and hard he had been before when he was trying to have sex with that skinny woman, Superman being a fairly appropriate name for him, even if she had seen bigger back on Agro City. But he would definitely do! She tossed her top back to Jimmy as she strutted closer to him, swaying her hips seductively as she approached the Man of Steel. She suddenly knew that she had an important use for a special kind of steel, the kind only Superman had! Maybe Jimmy could take pictures

of Supergirl and Superman together this way!

Jimmy held her warm top near his face, the faint scent of flowers and honey making his head spin, as he saw her obvious attempt to seduce Clark. His camera's were not idle as he snapped away, focusing in as her hands surrounded her firm breasts. He saw how she brushed her shoulder against Clark's chest, turning her back to lean against him as she leaned her head back, inviting him to kiss her, to replace her hands with the intimate touch of his own. He saw Clark's face growing red as he was obviously struggling with himself, something Jimmy had never seen before! My God, Clark was really getting turned on by her!

Kal suddenly shook his head, grabbed her shoulders and twisted her abruptly around to face him.

"Nikki, this is not right, nor is it the time or place, especially here in front of a Terran like this. Besides, you said it yourself, we are cousins. We have work to do, not as Supergirl and Superman but as plain old Clark Kent and Nikki Bertrand. Now get dressed and let's go. You agreed to do this my way, remember?"

Despite being fifteen feet away, Jimmy wisely took a few more steps backward as he saw the anger in her suddenly tensed shoulders. Clark was scolding her, and that didn't seem the least bit safe! He gasped as he saw muscles bunching all across her back and arms, her body suddenly looking more like a bodybuilder than the young swimsuit or pinup model she had appeared as a moment before. Despite the fact that her arms were held tightly against her sides, he saw her biceps rising up to form deep clefts along the sides of the long muscles, her entire body slowly exploding into massive deeply clefted muscles. A sudden silly thought of the SheHulk passed through his head as he saw her turn her back to Kal and step away, her nipples now shockingly large as they pointed up into the air, her dramatic chest muscles flexing to push her breasts up far higher than normal.

The last thing Jimmy saw was a small cruel smile cross her face, her body suddenly seeming to vanish before his eyes as an incredible explosion smashed into him at the same time, the force throwing him backward against the wall, a riot of stars filling his vision before he felt himself passing out.

Kar'La had spun around at super speed to deliver a massive roundhouse blow to Kal, the impact of her fist sending out a shock wave that threw Jimmy ten feet backward through the air to smash unconscious into the wall behind him. The effect of her blow was far less subtle on Kal, his body suddenly accelerated to nearly orbital velocities by her incredible punch to his jaw! He did not stay conscious long enough to even see stars, his body flying more than ten miles up into the air. He finally tumbled unconscious into the middle of a football field during a scrimmage, his normally invulnerable body tearing a deep hole near mid-field. The scrimmage stopped as the players walked cautiously to the hole only to see the Man of Steel laying unconscious at the bottom of it!

* * *

Kar'La walked over to Jimmy and saw he was still breathing; good, she hadn't intended to really hurt him. Picking up a camera in each hand, she looked down at herself as she held them firmly against her breasts, slowly crushed them to dust against her soft yet invulnerable body, deciding that she would have her picture taken later by someone else, someone who knew what they were doing, someone who had shot a centerfold before. And most importantly, in someplace where Kal couldn't find her!

She squinted her eyes as she used her super vision to find Kal as he lay unconscious in a hole in a grass field on the other side of the city. Feeling much better now, she brushed the dust of the crushed cameras from her breasts as she pulled her blue top back on and then the street clothes she had worn before. She didn't need Superman! I mean, how hard could it be to write a story about that crazy man back on the ship and about his huge weapon. And then maybe she would even help direct the force of the explosion away from the city if he detonated it, or maybe not, these were just Terrans after all. But in any case, she had agreed to help Kal El, so she would do something.

But, before she acted again as Supergirl, she had a story to write. After all, Clark had said she was supposed to be a reporter! It was now time to act like one.