

SWM Library - Little Firebug – Chapter 26-0, Monica Joins the Fray

 superwomenmania.com/index.php

Little Firebug – Chapter 26-0

Monica Joins the Fray

by Sharon Best and Tex Beethoven

The Daily Planet Building

A beautiful young woman, her body devoid of clothing, stood on the windy roof of the Daily Planet building. Her hair, long and shimmering blond, was glowing in the wind as she closed her eyes, enjoying the unfettered sensuousness of the warm wind.

Her given name was Kar'La, and she was from a race known as Kryptonians, the legendary alien race that had birthed the man who protected this city. His name was Superman.

She stood, enjoying the freedom of the breeze against her body: it was a luxurious feeling that she had never felt before. For she had grown up in a closed city, a colony of ancient Krypton enclosed in a dome, a place called Agro City. A place where the breeze was never free and wild, like it was on this place she now stood, this place called Earth.

It was nearly ten minutes before her eyes began to blink open, gorgeous eyes that mimicked the deepest blue of the sky shone from her face, her eyes seeing spectrums of light that no Terran had ever seen. Standing here on the rooftop, she slowly began to get dressed again, her body moving as if in a dream, an incredible dream of distant places and dark forces. Looking around herself, she struggled to begin thinking like a Terran woman once again, to restrain not only the powers of her eyes, but the power of every muscle in her body. For she was not an ordinary girl... she was indeed the girl that the world now called - SuperGirl!

She thought of how she was to act during the following hours, trying to assume a new identity at the same time as she dressed in the strange clothes of this new world. At Kal's insistence, she was now pretending to be a young reporter named Nikki, Clark Kent's new partner.

Acting like such an 'ordinary' woman had so far proved to be an incredible challenge for her, yet it was one that fired her young imagination. It was such a paradox that of all the things she could do with the enormous physical powers of her birthright, powers that ran with wild strength through her limbs, the last thing she had ever expected to be asked to do was to restrain them, especially to just the level of a TERRAN! Yet here she was, a Kryptonian Royal, a member of one of the two most powerful races in the universe pretending to be a member of the weakest race in known space... what a lark!

However, the thing that had really convinced Kar'La to try this wild experiment was the way all the Terran men were reacting to her new body, her mature and sensual beauty. Everywhere she went, she seemed to be the focus of everyone's attention, and not just the respectful looks she had always received back home at Agro City. No, here she wasn't prominent simply because she was Royalty, but because men - hell, not just men, but a LOT of people - found her desirable! She knew she was now the most beautiful woman on the planet and, with the possible exception of the other Velorian woman Kal had told her about, she was undoubtedly the most powerful.

She really loved the feeling of so many eyes constantly roaming all over her body, even when dressed simply as Nikki. And when dressed in her true persona, that of a Kryptonian Princess, she knew she could stop hearts with her powerful beauty!

Standing alone on the roof of the Daily Planet building, Jimmy still unconscious, she began to run her hands slowly down the slim curves of her body for the hundredth time, marveling that she now looked as if she was at least ten years older. The crossing through the dimensional warp had somehow let her skip forward from being a young girl of 14 to a woman in her early twenties, all of it happening in a blink of an eye. Either that, or she had somehow

changed bodies, but that was even more unbelievable! No, this incredibly gorgeous body, one that seemed to stop traffic, one that drew every eye in every room she entered, it just HAD to be hers now, forever!

Smiling at the recent memory of all those men's eyes staring so intently at her legs, she paused to straighten her tiny skirt while adjusting her black stockings, the second item being something she had never worn back in Agro City. Finally satisfied with how she looked, she slipped her black spike heels back on. The combination of her curvy body, long legs and her tiny skirt made her feel surprisingly sexy, despite the fact that she was actually wearing far more clothing than she was accustomed to! Her usual clothing when appearing in her official capacity in Agro City had been nothing more than a pair of red and white wrist bands, both of them featuring the crimson and gold shield of the Royal Family!

Yet despite the changes in her body, she knew that what was most important was that her thoughts were still her own! The last thing she wanted to do was to think like someone older, like someone in their twenties! After all, while it was totally uncool to be an adult, it was great fun to look like one, especially around all these men!

Smiling happily, the young girl carefully flexed her gorgeous legs just a little bit. A mere two or three thousand pounds of force pressed her inner thighs together, the energies of her remarkable muscles turning into flying power, the energy rushing up from between her legs to fill her perfect breasts, those wonderful mounds then lifting her upward, allowing her to float over the rooftop toward the entrance, her feet skimming just above the slightly sticky tarred surface so as to keep her shoes clean.

Touching down on the doorstep, she grabbed the massive steel fire-door and pulled it open like it was weightless, her grip a bit overly firm once again, and she accidentally left her fingerprints in the metal handle, the thick door bending slightly outward before the security lock snapped noisily apart. As had happened before, she had failed to realize that the door was locked before it was too late!

Releasing the slightly mangled steel door, she raised her hand to stare at her slim fingers while slowly closing and squeezing them, knowing that she was going to have to concentrate even harder on acting like a normal Terran woman. To her surprise, this was turning out to be a lot harder than she had thought it would be, especially the challenge of controlling her strength!

An interesting thought suddenly struck her, a game she could play in her mind to help her concentrate on keeping control of her strength. Maybe she should just pretend everything on Earth was made of feathers and soft clay! That should at least help her visualize how to adjust her touch.

Finally stepping through the open door, she stumbled a bit as she descended the steep stairs, finding it was surprisingly hard to walk in these high heels. She really hadn't done much walking at all prior to arriving on Earth, especially not in high heels like this. Back in Agro City, being a Royal, she had almost always flown everywhere, even inside buildings or when crossing a room. In fact, as an infant, she had flown long before she had walked! It was one of the real advantages of being a Royal, a member of the El family, it was one of the unique privileges of being one of her city's undisputed rulers and the designated heir!

She solved the problem this time by flexing her buttocks just a little, the rear of her dress lifting slightly in response to the expansion of those firm muscles. It was just enough to generate a little flying power, enough to make her light enough on her feet that she could manage to walk in these narrow and unstable shoes!

She was finding this game of pretending to be a Terran both challenging and amusing, the young actress in her focusing on deliberately making everything so much harder to accomplish by limiting her powers, or even worse, by not using them at all. It was like playing a difficult fantasy game, assuming a role that you just put on, the role of an incredible weak woman, a Terran.

Yet it was an act that she realized was really very serious business for Clark. Hell, he had even said that he planned to live among these soft people his whole life, and his secret identity was very important to him. He had told her how he had only revealed his true identity, that of a Kryptonian, to a few friends. Only they knew where the fabulous Superman went when he dropped from public view.

Yet while this acting was very interesting and challenging for Kar'La, the thing that continued to truly amaze her was how Terrans were reacting to her new body! Her amazing transformation from a very young girl, one who was just starting to bud, into a woman, a VERY well-endowed and beautiful woman in her early twenties, was drawing almost every eye toward her. She had found very quickly that she enjoyed smiling back at the stunned looks on men's faces, frankly meeting each person's eyes with her own, so proud that she suddenly had an exciting body that, even as a Kryptonian Royal, she would normally have had to wait for another five years to develop. Especially since she

was a slow starter. She had been rather under-developed even for a 14 year old back on Agro City.

Her mother, tall, blonde and incredibly gorgeous, her figure sufficient to make her a former beauty pageant winner, had always told her to be patient, that her ugly ducking would someday grow to become a swan like herself. But growing up was taking FAR too long to please Kar'La.

Glancing into an office window now as she walked down the hall, she paused to stare in awe at her stunning image again, the lightly tanned skin of her tall slim body seeming to glow, her long reddish-blond hair radiant in the overhead lights. Reaching into her pocket for her specially-treated comb, she pulled it through her hair, changing it back to her native blond for a moment, her soft black leather dress contrasting so wonderfully with her glowing hair, her clear blue eyes sparkling, their barely restrained power making them seem to glow. She was again struck by the remarkable resemblance between her appearance and that of a famous model here on Earth, a resemblance that Kal had first mentioned to her. The model, her name was Daniela, had graced the cover of many a magazine. Yet despite the nearly identical appearance of her face and body, at least when in her natural blonde Velorian persona, she was most certainly not like that woman! She was SuperGirl now, and she had the strength to bend the hardest steel in her bare hands!

Yet she continued to be amazed at how slim and shapely her body looked now, her appearance much like the pageant winners back in Agro City. And despite her slim and gorgeous appearance, she was still shocked that she had been able to KO Superman with a single punch! While her arms certainly didn't look massively muscular like his, at least not when she was relaxed like this, the superior muscle tone of a female Velorian, a Protector at that, were impressive even to a Kryptonian girl who had grown up with such powers. Kal's description of the unusual abilities of a Velorian Protector hadn't really impressed her until she had truly exerted herself for the first time, that first full flex of her sweet strength having turned into that incredible punch, the one she had thrown at her own mentor!

Standing here in the hallway now, she was now feeling both incredibly strong and supremely confident of both her muscular powers and her athletic beauty, intuitively understanding that she was undoubtedly the most attractive, the strongest and the sexiest woman on this entire backward planet, the planet these people called Earth!

Flexing her slim arm even now as she stared at her reflection in a window, her eyes grew large as she saw her bicep flexing vastly larger than one would ever believe was possible just by looking at her, the soft leather of her dress stretching to surround steely muscles that were harder and stronger than Superman's when she exerted herself, yet her arms returned to their slim, almost slight, contours when she relaxed. At least one thing was for sure, she thought to herself. If that tall red-headed bitch started to mess with her again, she'd deal with her the same way she had just dealt with Kal!

Combing her hair again to turn herself back into a red-head, she was just about to turn away when she saw a movement behind the reflection from the glass. Squinting a bit, she was suddenly shocked to realize that there was a whole conference room full of people staring at her with their mouths hanging open! They had watched her admiring herself and had seen the incredible flex of her body as she had momentarily displayed her full Kryptonian heritage! Not to mention the fact that she could change her hair color that way! Suddenly embarrassed, having not realized that the darkened room was full of people, she turned quickly away and walked as rapidly down the hall as she could in the ridiculous shoes that Kal had given her.

Arriving back at the elevator door, she stood and waited for a few moments, glancing behind her to see if anyone was going to follow her from that conference room. At the same time, she was surprised that the door didn't open for her like it had when she had been with Clark. After all, any properly maintained door should sense her presence!

Squinting her eyes to see through the steel panels of the door, she saw that there was only an open shaft in front of her, the 'car' stopped way down near the bottom of the building. She waited for a few more moments as her remarkable blue eyes sparkled brightly, her vision looking through concrete and steel to see that the car was slowly coming up a floor at a time, stopping at most of them. It was going to take FOREVER to get to her!

A quick glance behind her showed the corridor was empty, so the young girl, now firmly setting in her mind that her name was Nikki - in spite of her punching Kal out, she really didn't wish to mess up his life and blow his own cover by revealing her own identity - yes, Nikki stepped forward to grab the elevator doors, easily pulling them open before stepping out to hover in free space!

She floated downward from the 80th floor to the floor she remembered the news people had been on, the one marked "27" in big numbers. For the first time, she was really glad she had studied Arion in school, since the numbers painted on each set of doors were identical to the numbers in that language, a language that was so totally different from her native Kryptonian.

Finally reaching the 27th floor, she smoothed her skirt back down from where it had flown up over her waist. Sliding her slim fingers into the opening of the door, she distorted the steel until she felt something snap, her strong shoulders flexing to force the doors wide open. Floating forward, she lithely stepped out into the hallway.

Kar'La had barely cleared the door when she saw a woman carrying a tall mound of papers in her arms and a man reading his newspaper, both of them hurrying right toward her. Worried for a moment that they might have recognized her, she stepped to the side as they simply hurried past her with barely a glance, stepping into the 'elevator' that she had just casually walked out of! Their high-pitched terrified screams echoed from the concrete walls as they fell down the empty shaft! Nikki paused to turn and look curiously down the shaft after them, a cloud of floating papers momentarily obscuring her view of their falling bodies.

Shaking her head back and forth a bit, she was a little confused as to why these Terrans had chosen to just fall like that instead of waiting for the car that went up and down this shaft. She was pretty sure that they would know how to call it, to make it come to their floor even if she didn't know how. Besides, from what she had seen of Terrans so far, she would be surprised if those two didn't really hurt themselves. It was an awfully long way down to the bottom!

Yet the two of them waved their arms and screamed for only a moment, their cries stopping almost immediately as she heard two quick thuds, her bright blue eyes sparkling again as she looked back down the shaft, through the cloud of papers, to examine the condition of the two who had fallen. She saw that they had only fallen a few floors, both of them landing on top of the car as it now rose upward. It raced past the open door as Nikki saw the two of them hanging on for dear life to the top of the rapidly climbing elevator car, their eyes wide with fear!

She was now totally confused as to why these two people had tried to fly the way that she had, flapping their arms and everything, instead of just waiting for the car! After all, she was an EI and they were just... well, they were just Terrans, they couldn't fly! And now they were riding on top of the elevator car. This made no sense!

Shaking her head in confusion and disgust, she was just turning to walk down the hall when she heard another man calling to her as he sprinted out of the doorway marked Legal Department and rushed toward her. "You, yes, YOU... hold the elevator..."

Raising her hand, she started to warn him about the open door. "Ah... mister, you don't want to step into this..." She had barely gotten the first words out of her mouth when the man pushed brusquely past her, his shoulder rudely shoving her to the side as he dashed through the door and into the open shaft, his long drawn-out cry much longer and more piercing than the first two who had fallen. After all, it was now a LONG way down to the bottom of the empty shaft! 27 floors to be exact!

Kar'La shook her head sadly, she was NOT impressed with what she was seeing so far of these people, they were very often rude to her and they weren't particularly intelligent! This was confusing. She remembered the Terrans that she had met earlier when she was with Clark. They had seemed a LOT calmer, not to mention a lot smarter than this bunch, especially that last guy who came from the door marked 'Legal'! And the people she had first met certainly hadn't made as much noise as these three had when they used the elevator!

She was just starting to walk down the hall when another man rushed from the same door, his briefcase flying as he also dashed toward the elevator. Nikki acted quickly this time to save him, her strong hand grabbing him by the shoulder of his coat and lifted him off the floor, his legs kicking and dangling near her knees as she effortlessly held him over her head.

"Goddamn it, what are you doing, you dumb bimbo? I'm late for court, we've got the Adams case on today, you know, the one you clowns in the City Room have been writing all those editorials about."

"So," Nikki said, "you are a lawyer then?"

"Of course I am you idiot, why else would I work in Legal! I'm certainly not some floozy of a hack reporter, wandering the streets in search of a story. Now let me go or you'll hear from MY lawyer!"

"Well, in that case," Nikki said with a funny little smile on her face, "and given that you ARE such an important lawyer, I'll most certainly let you go. Hurry now, or you'll miss your elevator!" She knew all about lawyers... they had them in Agro City as well.

Lowering him to the ground, she watched with an amused smile as he ran down the hall cussing and cursing at her, his stubby legs carrying him right out into the center of the open shaft! She heard the 'OOHHHH SSHHhhiiiiittttt...' that trailed off behind him. For some bizarre reason, she suddenly felt good for the first time that day!

Leaving the damaged elevator doors wide open, hoping that maybe another one of these lawyer assholes would be in an equally great hurry, she walked over to the door marked 'City Room'. As before, she was forced to pause in the doorway as she began to open it, her super senses overwhelmed once again by the incredible flurry of people rushing around and the endlessly ringing telephones. God, the place was STILL a madhouse!

* * *

(My thanks to the imaginative author and artist IHCOYC XPICTOC for the next section. This is truly a man who feels that computer 'evolution' took a wrong turn subsequent to the perfection of the UNIX command line interpreter. I have taken a few liberties to edit his amusing interlude. \Sharon)

It was probably only the hubbub of a crisis situation that caused fewer eyebrows to be raised this time as Nikki made her way to an empty computer station. Clark had told her that she had a story to write, that the people of Metropolis needed to be warned about the Alien Threat of Nuclear Annihilation. She was very new at all this reporting stuff, a feeling of foreboding filling her as she saw all the antiquated pieces of technology around her. Despite the awesome physical powers of her mature body, she was still a 14 year old girl inside.

Fortunately, what appeared to be a simple word processor screen blazoned forth beguilingly before her. The machine was located in a cubicle whose name tag read 'Lois Lane'.

She sat down at the strange looking keyboard, and began to type.

The machine, after failing to respond for several pregnant nanoseconds to her initial keystrokes, then beeped back at her. A blinking rectangle appeared where her opening sentence should have been. "You must open a document first," it announced blandly, though only her super-vision allowed her to read its brief and fleeting appearance on her screen. "OK" was the only response it would tolerate; no point in asking what if it wasn't OK?

The rectangle appeared and reappeared, blinking on and off, beeping each time, seeming to mock her! It appeared once for every time the computer finally became aware of a keystroke she had attempted to type before the prescribed ritual had been followed, and disappeared when the sluggish system learned of the next one. And since her superspeed fingers were much quicker than the outmatched software, the rectangle was fated to blink on and off many times. Nikki stared at the screen in disgust. Nothing to do now but wait for the ridiculously overloaded CPU to finish blinking through what was supposed to be her lead sentence.

After that false start was over, she was confronted with an even more perplexing array of choices. How to comply with the machine's demand that she must open a document before being allowed to type?

No menu in plain text appeared on her screen. Instead, she was confronted with an array of pictures of buttons, each of which bore a hieroglyph, none of which were particularly self-explanatory. She picked up the pointing device from the side of the desk where it was hanging. At least IT was vaguely like the one she used back in Agro City, although the little ball on the bottom didn't work very well. Despite that, she was able to maneuver it and push the buttons. Clicking it, she expected the screen to light with a virtual reality image of her workspace, the documents and supplies arranged where she could 'reach' into space to retrieve them.

Unfortunately, nothing like this occurred at all, in fact both of the buttons seemed to do the same thing: when clicked, the button on the screen changed appearance to let her know she had "pressed" it; but pressing either of them yielded the same result: the arrow of the cursor turned into an hourglass, and the machine stopped accepting any additional input. She did not have patience enough to wait and see what the machine would ultimately give her when it slipped out of its depressed state, so she pressed the "Reset" button several times, assuming it had crashed earlier. It seemed to be the only rationally labeled button on the entire machine!

After a long delay, the machine returned to its previously lethargic and unhelpful state. It was all Nikki could do to restrain her heat vision, her mind envisioning what the computer would look like as it melted and dripped on to the floor!

At this point, a somewhat ruffled looking man, one whose eyes were most certainly not concentrating simply on the work she was doing, walked across the room to see if he could help. Actually, he was really more interested in enjoying the company of this incredible young woman at closer quarters than in helping her work! God, what a fox!

Nikki, whose patience with the computer was wearing very thin by this time, recognized the look as well as the style, instantly suspecting that this was the office computer guru. That type of guy looked the same on Earth or Agro City!

She looked up at him as he approached her desk and began introducing himself. She responded, her voice just a bit breathless, the seductive tone that she was still experimenting with making the man's heart beat much faster as he leaned over her. She was starting to get pretty good at creating that mood, especially since her appearance always put men in the right frame of mind before she even opened her mouth!

Yet despite the fact that he was drooling over her, she was truly glad she was finally going to get some help from somebody that knew what they were doing with these antique computers. Looking up at him, her astoundingly large blue eyes only inches from him, her lilting French accent sounding so innocent, so interested.

"Excuse me, Monsieur, but is there an instruction book that comes with zees computer?"

Steve looked down at her, desperately trying to focus on just her face and her gorgeous blue eyes, her stunning appearance and the softly musical accent of her voice making his knees weak! Standing over her like this, since the top two buttons of her dress were unbuttoned, he saw her awesome cleavage defying gravity as his eyes seemingly could suddenly look at nothing else. He found that he couldn't talk for a moment, his mouth falling open in amazement, his tongue so dry. He struggled to find his voice, finally saying, "Ah... the manual, the Help, I mean, yes... it's all online. Just press the help button if you need to look at it. . ."

"Which one eez zat?" Nikki asked, her eyes following his down to her chest before he noticed that she had noticed where he was looking, his eyes rising suddenly as their eyes met. He suddenly straightened himself up, beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

"Oh, it's the third from the left. The one that looks like the little Prozac tablet."

"Ahhh..." Nikki sighed softly, she had no idea what a Prozac tablet was, but by counting over the appropriate number of buttons she found the correct one and clicked on it. The hourglass returned. After what seemed an eternity, a screenful of singularly unhelpful "Help" appeared. Nikki waded through screenful after screenful of uninformative commentary, searching in vain for something that would help her comply with the machine's demand that she open a file. Giving up, she turned once again to Steve.

"Zo, my young savioure," she said as she leaned a little closer to him, her arm touching his, "ow do I open ze file on this thing?"

Steve rolled his eyebrows heavenward, then reacted by moving closer, leaning forward as he stared over her shoulder, his heart pounding almost painfully in his chest as the screen seemed to swim in front of his eyes, her breasts so proudly on display from this position. "Click on the little filing cabinet," he said, pointing to another symbol on the screen.

The hexagram was pressed. Several preliminary screenfuls of data entry appeared; margins were set, fonts were selected. Then finally, the screen appeared upon which Nikki was supposed to write.

With some relief, Nikki abandoned the mouse and went back to the keyboard, and began typing once more. But even before she had completed her first sentence, the machine again beeped and buzzed in protest.

"Excuse me again, Monsieur! But zhis thing still won't let me type!"

Steve looked at her sideways as he pulled his eyes back up from staring at her unbelievably firm tits, his face looking a little disgusted at the interruption from his rapt viewing, almost as if her exclamation was utterly clueless and unprecedented, like she was asking which font she should choose if she wanted to write in Etruscan.

"You want to type?" he asked. "Why didn't you say so, you can't do that in this program. This is Etch-a-Sketch Word Four-Point-Oh. You enter your text by drawing it on the screen with the mouse. Here, let me show you. The left button lets you move up and down, and the right button moves you back and forth, and you make letters on the screen like this. And, when you're done with the first page, you pick up the monitor like this and shake it, and you get a fresh page." He thought he was being charming and clever, showing her he had a sense of humor.

He was staggered a moment later when the young strawberry blonde did just that, lifting the massive 21" monitor as if it was made of styrofoam before shaking it vigorously, a doubtful look on her face as she turned to stare back at him!

Stuttering in amazement, he told her to put it down, his eyes staggered by the wildly flexing muscles he had just seen expanding under the short sleeves of her dress, at the way her chest seemed to expand, looking for all the world like it was going to pop another button open! Good God, who was this blonde bimbo anyway?! And where did

she get those muscles?!

Recovering his wits, he turned to her and said, "Ok, hey, I was just kidding about shaking it. Gee, you're not used to these windows machines are you? Somebody said you were from Paris! Your accent certainly sounds like it!"

Nikki just stared at him, feeling herself getting really angry as she realized he had just made her do something really silly. She had a momentary image of what he would look like with his arms twisted off and stuck up his behind, but she restrained herself from performing that fanciful adjustment to his anatomy as she looked around the noisy room, seeing a dozen faces now staring at her in amusement, most of them staring at her chest just like this guy was. She quickly sat down behind the protection of the computer again as Steve moved even closer, his manner suddenly serious.

"Now, if you want to type, let's get out of this program."

He scooted a chair beside hers as he reached over and grabbed the mouse; after a series of points and clicks, and much time spent staring into the hourglass, a different screen emerged.

"This is Virtual Speak and Spell. Here, you see the letters on your screen going QWERTYUIOP and so forth? Just like an old fashioned typewriter - I saw one in a museum once, and it was just like that. You can type with this one. Here, let me show you. You take your mouse, and you point it to the letter you want and click, and see - there it appears on the top part of the screen. It's all yours. . ."

Using Virtual Speak and Spell, Nikki was eventually able to begin entering her story into the machine, pausing only when the speakers by her monitor interrupted her to say, "Sorry, that's wrong. 'COW' doesn't begin with an 'F'. Let's try again."

* * *

Steve finally wandered back to his own cubicle, his pants a whole lot tighter than they had been earlier, not daring to stare at her any longer lest he embarrass himself. He didn't even see the blurred motions of Nikki's fingers beginning to fly as she quickly adapted to the strange keyboard, thousands of years of enhanced physical evolution finally paying off as she learned far more quickly than any Terran woman could.

A few wisps of smoke were rising from the keyboard by the time she finished her long story, having roughed it out in a matter of minutes. In her enthusiasm, she pushed the SAVE button a little too firmly, noticing how it made a little 'crunch' noise under her finger and then refused to pop back up. Looking back at the screen, she waited impatiently while a funny whirring and clicking noise started to come from the box in front of her. Squinting a little, she glanced inside it with her super vision to see a strange device with spinning metal platters and little arms that flicked back and forth across those shiny surfaces.

My God, she thought to herself, it's a magnetic hard-disk drive! She had seen one of these machines in the Museum of Antiquities in Agro City, in the exhibit right next to the one describing the development of modern holographic memories. Suddenly frightened that one of the arms would break off or that the tiny head would scratch one of those shiny surfaces, she found she was holding her breath until it finished saving her work. She was so relieved that it hadn't crashed while saving her story! The museum exhibit in Agro City had emphasized how amazingly unreliable these mechanical devices had been back when they were in common use! Many people had lost all their important work when one of them crashed!

The screen finally went blank again, and she looked around trying to figure out what to do next. Her indecision quickly ended when a heavy man with a funny brown tube stuck between his lips waved to her as he called loudly. "Nikki, get the hell over here; and where's Clark?"

The man seemed really impatient, walking rapidly forward to meet her halfway across the room, a cloud of smoke coming from the tube in his mouth as he spoke in a low growl. He was in rare form.

"Look, you and Clark OWN this story, now get your fucking ass back down to the docks and try to get another statement from this Ramoan person."

Nikki turned around to look down at the part of her body that he was talking about, her short skirt rising dramatically over her firmly rounded derriere. Lifting the hem of her skirt a bit, she looked at herself, noticing that her ass looked just as firm, strong and rounded as ever. She was about to ask him why he was talking about her body in that way when she heard the older man sputtering as he tried to talk, his eyes staring down at her as she continued to lift the back of her skirt to reveal her very bare bottom. This part of her body, the one she had learned the Terrans referred

to as an 'ass', looked just fine to her and it didn't really need fucking right now, at least not by this soft and weak man! He couldn't come close to performing that feat even if she wanted him to!

Perry's amazed concentration on his new reporter's suddenly bared ass was suddenly broken when a young woman ran up and showed him a large piece of paper. It screamed out in huge letters, "METROPOLIS LEVELED BY TERRORIST NUKE. MILLIONS KILLED!!!".

"No No NO," the heavy man screamed back at the woman as he started acting like an editor again. "If that thing goes off, we won't BE publishing that edition. I want a headline ready about how Superman saved the city or something like that. Plan for success, woman, SUCCESS!"

Perry turned back to stare at Nikki as she lowered the hem of her skirt, his angry response to the other woman actually making her feel a little intimidated for a moment. She wasn't used to people yelling around her. After all, she was Royalty!

"Look, Nikki, I know this is happening pretty fast, your first day on the job and all, but I need you to go and tell Ramoan that it's going to take some time for the White House to respond, nobody down in Washington believes any of this. And make sure you get his reactions to the delay down exactly, we have less than an hour before press time and I want some more background on this guy, lots more! And I want to know how long he's willing to wait for his demands to be met. And for God's sake, start wearing some decent clothes. I don't need a damn tart working for me!"

He then turned to address the entire room of panicky people, his strong voice carrying over the din. "Look, people, we are not going to die here, no nuke is going to level this city. Trust me on this. Superman has saved us all before and he will again. Just do your jobs and let's get the scoop on this thing! And be ready to print the huge exclusive that Nikki here, and Clark if he ever shows up, are going to get us."

Turning back to Nikki, his face suddenly grew red as he saw her still standing behind him. "What the hell are you still doing here, GET DOWN TO THAT SHIP AND TALK TO THAT MADMAN. AND MAKE SURE CLARK GOES WITH YOU! Where in the hell does he always disappear to, anyway?"

With that, he turned brusquely away to walk back to his office. He had his own phone calls to make now, contingency plans to make. Just in case.

* * *

Nikki stood very still, everyone swirling around her as she smoothed out her little skirt, totally confused about what she was supposed to do next. Turning, she started to follow Perry, intending to ask him how to get back to the docks. After all, she still didn't want to use her own powers and she didn't have a clue about the incomprehensible instructions that Clark had given to the taxi driver earlier. Fortunately, just as she was about to follow Perry into his office, she saw Jimmy limping back through the door, rubbing the back of his head and looking very uncomfortable. Despite the fact that she was the one who had caused him that pain, she couldn't help but grin at him, it was REALLY good to see someone she knew again. Somebody who knew who she REALLY was, and someone who knew how all this amazingly complicated Terran stuff worked!

Spinning on her heel, she walked briskly toward him, almost floating across the floor, her hand reaching out to grab his arm, nearly pulling him off his feet with her enthusiastic grip. "Come on, Jimmy, we need to get back down to the docks, to that ship. You can help by taking pictures of me. I mean of the ship... you know!"

"Pictures?" he mumbled angrily, still dizzy from the hard blow he had absorbed up on the roof. "You want pictures after you just wrecked all my cameras! Geez...make up your mind, Nikki! But hey, no sweat, it's cool...I'm a pro after all... give me a minute while I get my backup camera."

He limped off toward the back of the room while Nikki waited anxiously by the door, wanting very much to get away from these crazy people as they continued to rush madly about the noisy room. Were they always like this around here?!

She waited impatiently, trying to hold back the wild desire to just run outside and scream, the din of voices and ringing phones crashing in on her super-sensitive hearing. Biting her lip, she forced herself to remain calm as she focused her eyes on the small room Jimmy had disappeared into, the walls melting away before her remarkable eyes as she saw that he was making some adjustment on a camera. Blinking her eyes to bring them back to the visible light spectrum, she glanced nervously toward the door once again, surprised to see that a very attractive and athletic-looking blonde had entered, her unusually large blue eyes calmly scanning across the room.

To her credit, it took Nikki only a brief moment to recognize that this new arrival was not a Terran like all the other people in this room, the distinctive and powerful way she moved her body made it clear to Nikki that she was vastly stronger than the less attractive people who surrounded her. She now realized how easy it was to spot an alien like herself once you knew what you were looking for. The perfect physique and gorgeous figure, plus her glowing blond hair and blue eyes - they all suggested that she was special in some way. But it was the amazingly tight and toned muscles of her body, that and the powerfully fluid way she walked, that truly gave her away!

Two pairs of crystal clear blue eyes turned to meet each other, Nikki noticing that the other woman was squinting slightly, a sudden tingling feeling moving up and down her body in time with the woman's eyes. The tingles dwelled on her breasts for a moment, the woman's eyes opening a touch. Nikki smiled, noticing that the other woman was impressed with what she saw!

Nikki, like all Kryptonians, and most Velorians and Arions, had learned at an early age that the size of a woman's breasts was a significant discriminator of her social status, primarily due to the energy storage and flight abilities of their enhanced breasts (see the FAQ). She was proud to see that this woman had observed that her newfound status was very high indeed!

A quick knowing smile crossed the other woman's face as she turned to walk directly toward Nikki, reaching out to shake her hand. "Hi, I'm Monica. I'm looking for Clark, you wouldn't happen to know where he is would you?"

"Hi, I'm Kar.., I mean, my name is Nikki, Nikki Bertrand. And no, Clark isn't here, he had to go somewhere in a hurry, something about a story he was working on. He was supposed to be working with me, since he's my new partner and all."

"Ah," Monica said, a funny knowing look showing in her eyes as Nikki started to shake her hand. She was shocked by the resemblance, this girl looked just like her sister Kara! This MUST be Lois, in Sharil's body, Janissa having described the amazing transformation that she had orchestrated! She hadn't realized that Kal and she had already executed the wild plan to have her replace Lois at the Planet. In fact, she was really surprised that Kal had gone along with it at all. He was always so conservative!

For her part, Nikki was immediately surprised when the athletic blonde, her body even stronger looking than her own, gripped her hand with inhuman strength. She quickly gripped her back with equal power, the extremely delicate 'feathers and soft clay' handshake she intended to use with Terrans now completely forgotten as she suddenly felt her hand being held with a strength that was easily the equal her own!

Just at this moment, Jimmy walked back out into the City Room to check on Nikki, and was shocked to see his old girlfriend Monica standing there shaking hands with her! His keen eyes looked down to see a tiny curl of smoke coming from their hands, a faint red glow barely visible between their fingers. He looked upward, surprised to see the long sleeves of Monica's blouse moving in very interesting ways, her incredible alien muscles flexing so very dramatically!

His heart skipped a few beats before it began to pound wildly in his chest, his eyes unconsciously tracing down Monica's body, her superhumanly athletic beauty taking his breath away, as it always had. Amazingly, standing side by side, her physique was even more dramatic than Nikki's, so much more curvaceously muscular, yet the two of them shared the same wondrously beautiful glow of true Velorians. The two gorgeous aliens almost lit that side of the room with their shining hair, their perfect tans and their long shapely legs - both of them so dramatically on display!

He felt that familiar hollow pain in his chest again, remembering that Monica hadn't said two words to him since she had miraculously gained her powers. He had been badly hurt by that, feeling betrayed by someone he had thought was truly his friend and his lover, feeling cast off as if she had suddenly outgrown him. And while Clark had constantly made excuses for her, something about her being off on some mission in space or whatever, Jimmy knew better. He knew that she simply needed a different kind of man now, a type of man he could never be!

He just wished she would have the guts, or maybe it was the compassion, to tell him so in person. Why hadn't she at least said goodbye, or told him she couldn't be close to him anymore for fear of accidentally hurting him or... or SOMETHING!? Anything except just ignoring him, letting him feel so useless... and so inadequate!

And it wasn't like he didn't understand about Kryptonians and Velorians, he was one of the rare people on Earth who actually knew much of their history, as well as a great many things about their abilities! After all, he knew more about Kal than anyone, except maybe Lois. And even that was doubtful. He and Kal had explored some of his less 'public' abilities as Jimmy had helped Kal to understand the powers of his own body.

As a result, he knew exactly what Monica now needed in a man. He knew what those 'needs' looked like because he had once secretly seen Kal holding that awesome 'instrument of power' in his own hands, holding it when he was most definitely NOT relaxed!. He knew from that brief observation that he, Jimmy Olson, certainly wasn't the one to give such things to her! But still, she had been a good friend, a lover, and she should have understood his feelings! Maybe they could no longer be lovers in the ways that her powerful body now demanded, but they could still be friends!

Swallowing hard, he forced himself to walk slowly across the room, determined to speak with Monica this time, to try to get some closure on his feelings!

* * *

Monica turned to face Jimmy as he approached, a hesitant almost shy smile on her lips as she actually seemed to understand his feelings for a moment, her eyes looking soft and a little sad. He found himself staring in her incredible eyes, her remarkably large, sky-blue orbs mesmerizing him as they always had.

Feeling the need to take the initiative as he approached her, Monica quickly turned to the side, unexpectedly taking his arm in hers as she held him tightly to her.

"James, why don't you take me to lunch - we really have to talk, it's been a long time since we did that. And Nikki, why don't you come as well, we'll find a nice quiet place where the three of us can talk about what's going on here, about this emergency of yours?!"

Jimmy looked uncomfortably at Monica, Nikki's immediate and naïve acceptance of Monica's invitation irritating him immensely. He really needed to talk privately with Monica, to be alone with her. But he was sensitive enough to realize that maybe she really didn't want to be alone with him right now, she didn't want the opportunity for him to get too personal with her. Instead, this was going to be business of some sort. God, Monica was frustrating! Couldn't she see what she was doing to him?

Monica didn't even wait for a reply from him, but turned arrogantly away to take Nikki's arm in hers, the two gorgeous aliens walking toward the elevator. Jimmy's eyes couldn't help but follow them, Monica's long bare legs dramatically on display beneath her tiny flared white skirt, her legs looking so tanned and strong as she wore her usual sneakers. Nikki was no less startling to see, her high heels and black stockings highlighting a companion pair of incredibly shapely Velorian legs, the two of them totally eclipsing any women he had ever seen - both in their beauty and in the dimensions of their firmly athletic physiques!

He knew he should consider himself lucky simply to be acquainted with such wondrous beings, but his feelings for Monica were truly disturbing him. And what had become such familiar feelings of inadequacy were now uncomfortably amplified by being so close to TWO such Velorian women. This wasn't a lunch date for a mere Jimmy Olson, this was clearly a job for Superman!

Yet he was still a man, albeit a young and very ordinary one, and he wasn't about to bemoan his fate at being just 'friends' to two such gorgeous women, even though he wanted to be more, so much more. Struggling to push all these negative thoughts from his mind, he dashed after them, arriving slightly out of breath as he caught up to them just as they were passing an open elevator door.

He couldn't help but notice that it was guarded by two maintenance men, both of them obviously working to keep people away from the blackness of an open shaft.

"Kurt, is everything OK?" Jimmy asked the lead maintenance man as he paused to talk with his old friend.

"Hell no, Jimmy, somehow these doors were left open and Karen and Joe from Copy fell down the fucking shaft, and two guys from Legal did too! The Paramedics are down on the ground floor with the guys from Legal, but they tell me they fell all the way from here!" He stepped closer to Jimmy as he lowered his voice. "The word from my boss is that they're dead, and Karen and Joe have broken arms and a few cracked ribs from when they hit the steel supports at the top of the car! They caught a break and it was just below them when they fell!"

Looking down the long dark shaft at the lights that moved unsteadily so far below, Jimmy could easily imagine the broken bodies near the bottom of the shaft, a surge of panic knifing up through him as he suddenly stepped back from the edge, Kurt's strong hand holding onto his shoulder.

"You OK, Bro? We'll fix these doors, don't worry, though I've got no idea what happened to them jam them open like that. And how did that that steel get bent like that?"

They both turned to stare at the edges of the door, clear evidence of bent metal visible in the center, the depressions vaguely in the shape of someone's fingers! He glanced up to meet Kurt's eyes, suddenly hearing Nikki's clear laughter coming back down the hallway as she and Monica shared some joke, the two of them glancing back over their shoulders at him, their blonde hair swishing.

His mind raced down some truly painful paths as he tried to imagine what they must be talking about that was so funny, suddenly feeling about two inches high, or rather long, as he realized from their looks that he was part of their joke. He was once again torn between being immensely attracted to both of them and being thoroughly intimidated by them. He began imagining the secrets Monica was probably sharing about him, things that only two Velorian women would find so funny! After all, they both had x-ray vision - and he was just a very ordinary Terran man!

Turning away from them to look back at the slightly crushed edges of the elevator doors, he had a pretty good idea who had done this. He felt a surprisingly strong surge of anger, suddenly really pissed that Nikki could be so callous of his fellow man, or maybe just so maddeningly ignorant and careless!

Getting himself back under control, he stepped away from the edge of the shaft. "Well, good luck with this Kurt, I'll catch up to you later. I've got a hot lunch date." He darted his eyes towards the two girls, Kurt's eyes widening in surprise.

"Jimmy, you lucky dog, you're outdoing yourself nowadays. Where do you photographers FIND such foxes? They're both fuckin' Goddesses man. Get the hell out of here and enjoy. If I wasn't tied up here, I'd offer to join you. And hey, it's really good to see you and Monica back together, bro! You guys made a really cool couple. Besides, I saw her ten page pictorial in Muscle Mag this month, they were featuring how she built those awesome glutes; very fine Jimmy, very fine! God, I'd give anything to be in your place. You are one lucky dog!"

Jimmy said nothing, letting the pained look on his face be his only answer as he sprinted down the hallway toward the stairway at the end. He hadn't been lucky about anything lately, especially Monica!

He was almost at the end of the long hall when he saw Monica looking up and down the hall as she stood in front of an empty office, her hand quickly grasping and turning the doorknob. He heard a faint groaning and tearing sound as her hand ripped the entire security doorknob cleanly off the door, her other hand pushing the door smoothly open as she tossed the badly squished metal handle into the nearest trash can. He had no clue what the two of them were up to, but he still followed them into the empty office. What else could he do?

He stared as Monica walked over to stand by the huge plate glass window, pressing her hands against the glass. He watched in silent awe as she flexed her fingers, her nails suddenly scratching loudly across the glass, the grinding squeaky scream sending a chill up his back. She quickly outlined a section of glass large enough to walk through, her diamond hard fingernails scribing deeply into the glass. Pressing forward quickly with her palm, she snapped the huge section of glass out, then grabbed it before it could fall to the street below. Turning to guide it back through the opening, she set it down inside the office.

Nikki quickly joined her at the window, Jimmy's eyes drawn downward as he saw her flexing her gorgeous legs just a little, her body floating out through the opening to hang in mid-air. Monica then turned back toward him, saying nothing as she reached out to put her arms around him as she floated onto her back, her very firm and very large breasts lifting his chest upward, her arms holding him tightly against those wondrous mounds as she flew the two of them out the opening!

He almost touched her lips with his own, this intimate position reminding him so strongly of the many times they had made love before she had found her super powers, but there was nothing now in her mood to invite such advances. Yet her strong body moved beneath his in an achingly familiar way, the feel of her body reminding him of what they had once shared.

He was immediately distracted from his reverie as his stomach fell sharply away. He looked down the side of the smooth glass building to see the flashing lights of a large collection of emergency vehicles that were gathering nearly 30 stories below him! His fingers desperately clung to Monica's back as she began to accelerate rapidly. He forced himself to tear his eyes away from the dizzying drop to look upward, startled and aroused as he found that he could see right up under Nikki's tiny skirt as she flew ahead of them, her body hovering ten feet above him. Her skirt suddenly blew upward in the breeze, offering him a brief glimpse of gorgeous shapely legs, her calves flexing strongly, his vision ending in a glimmer of spun gold as he realized that Nikki, or rather SuperGirl, didn't wear any panties!

That momentary yet unexpectedly inspirational sight brought a smile to his lips and sent a thrill through his body as

he felt Monica accelerating rapidly, the surrounding buildings flashing by as they flew across town, bathed in the afternoon sun

Monica didn't smile at all. In between her childish prattle, Nikki had at least had the good sense to tell Monica something of the situation at the docks, and she was NOT going to any restaurant to try to assuage Jimmy's hurt feelings, they were all speeding towards a fateful rendezvous with a madman!