

## Aurora Chapter 08-1

Gary

*(This chapter stems from a little fantasy that one of my readers sent me, that of Kara having a foster brother, one she shared a very unusual relationship with.)*

(Revision: 2)

by Sharon Best

### ***Kara's home, Studio City, Los Angeles***

The scalding hot water felt so wonderful as it flowed over Kara's face, and her eyes drifting closed in pleasure as the water streamed down her body, the nearly raw steam from the nozzle filling the bathroom. Turning her back to the water, she was really glad now that she had turned the water heater up to the max, the nearly boiling water feeling absolutely wonderful as it flowed down her back, relaxing the tension in her muscles.

Her pleasant reverie was suddenly distracted by the chiming doorbell, a noise she never would have heard over the sound of shower a few months ago. She swore softly, a drawback to her enhanced hearing was that she could hear *everything* - it would be so nice if she could learn to just shut it off when she wanted to relax and be undisturbed! She cursed softly under her breath again a moment later as the doorbell now began to ring insistently. Closing her eyes, she decided to ignore it.

It had been a full two months now since the unfortunate incident at the studio, and her near demise at the hands of that enhanced Arion Prime had nearly scared the wits out of her. Since then, she had been working harder than ever to keep her energy level high, drinking energies from the local power grid, or even settling for a boiling hot shower, whenever she had a chance. Turning back around, she let the hot water play across her breasts, those amazing organs drawing the heat from the water and storing the energy chemically in what she called her 'milk', actually an advanced biological energy storage hormone that infused the tissues of her breasts. Never again did she want to be partially depleted like she had been that day in the studio, her strength and invulnerability reduced just when she had really needed it. If it hadn't been for Aurora's timely arrival, she would have been killed for sure!

That damn doorbell started ringing again, interrupting her thoughts. Whoever it was, they clearly weren't going to just go away! She hoped for the sake of this insistent person that they weren't just another curious reporter or some kook with a wild business proposal!

Quickly finishing rinsing her hair, she threw a short sleeveless robe on for 'modesty' and pulled her steaming wet hair behind her shoulders. Walking stiffly and impatiently to the front door, she angrily jerked it open so suddenly that the tall uniformed man standing in front of her was almost sucked off his feet by the vacuum it created. His startled eyes met hers as he regained his balance, and her face broke into a huge grin as she reached out to hug him to herself so strongly that the breath whooshed his lungs.

"Gary... God, its been so long. Why didn't you tell me you were coming to LA? I would have met you at the airport or something!" She hugged him even tighter, her wet hair pressing against the hardware of his military dress uniform.

"Gee, Kara, good to see you too," he said with an amused tone as he gently tried to ease her painfully tight hug, his voice as deep and strong as ever, "especially now that you're sharing your shower with me! You'll make all my medals rust! That is, if you don't crush my chest first!"

His feet suddenly left the ground for a moment as she turned around, her athletic embrace so strong that he started to see spots in front of his eyes. His feet finally touched down inside her apartment a moment later as she released him. Stepping back a step, his hands rose to hold her strong shoulders as they both grinned at each other.

"Medals, my ass, big brother, some people may accuse me of being 'too blonde', but even I have the wits to know they don't give third year cadets medals!"

Gary chuckled as he looked down at the simple student brass he wore. Taking her arm, he walked with her into the living room.

"So, Kara, what is all this stuff I've been reading lately about my little sister? Sounds like you've finally got somebody to really promote your acting career, all this amazing stuff about 'Super Girl' and all. You've finally broken into Hollywood, haven't you! I mean, if I didn't know you so well, I'd almost *believe* half the stuff I've been reading. But since you never could out-run or out-swim me, not to mention even come close to beating me in arm wrestling, I think that the reports about your strength are maybe just a teensy weensy bit exaggerated!" He held up nearly touching fingers to emphasize his point.

Kara just smiled at him for a moment as their eyes met, suddenly realizing that he still thought it was all some kind of publicity stunt! Typical Gary, he never did think anything in LA was real. Mostly he was right, but not this time.

"Well, Gary," she began as she let go of his arm, holding her fingers just a bit apart. "I actually have changed just this 'wee' bit since we were both living with Mom and Dad over in Riverside. And you've been off at the Air Force Academy for how long now, over 2 years, hardly even writing to your poor little sister! You didn't even send me a card at Christmas, you creep!"

"Yeah, and whose birthday did you forget just last week?"

Her eyes opened wide, her cheeks blushing. "Oh, gee, Gary, I'm sorry, I mean, the last few months have been so intense for me and all, what with all the things that have happened to me." She took his arm back in hers, holding him tightly against her damp robe.

"But hey, now my big brother is back in town! Remember how you used to keep all the creeps away from me in 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> grade, back when I first started swimsuit modeling and all those gang members were hitting on me all the time? Nobody could stand up to you, Gary. And now look at you, a Cadet at the Academy, so handsome in your uniform and all. I bet all the girls are chasing *you* now! You don't need MY help now to keep you safe do you?"

Gary's warm chuckle filled the room as Kara led him toward the bar in the back of the family room, his 6 foot 7 inch height towering over her. "Well, whenever I get time to get off campus, there is this one particular girl, her name is Susan, that has become very special to me. She's a skier on the collegiate team at CU in Boulder, a downhill. One very fast and VERY fit woman!"

"Hmmm, and if I recall, you always liked your women fast and strong, Gary. Fast cars, fast women. Now that you're going to fly jets, how can any girl keep up with you, except maybe Aurora? I seem to remember that you had every girl in High School hanging from your arm at one time or other. Not that I blamed them. I don't think Riverside High will ever be the same after we both went through it!" Her voice grew softer as she whispered close to his ear. "And through most of the kids there too!"

They both laughed, recalling their hot times together in school, both of them having some pretty wild reputations. Gary had graduated two years ahead of Kara, and the two of them had always turned to each other for support - sharing the same demanding and often intolerant foster parents. They had both been pretty serious party-types in school, despite both graduating at or near the top of their respective classes. Kara in particular had never appeared to work at her studies at all, yet she had still graduated at the top of her class.

They had both grown up the hard way, their respective natural parents having been killed when they were still fairly young. In fact, Gary's entire family had been killed in a chartered aircraft accident on the way to a family reunion when he was 8, his survival due solely to the fact that he was staying with a friend that day.

Kara's natural mother had suffered a much different but even more dramatic disaster.

And while Gary remembered many things about his real family, Kara had known nothing of her true background until very recently. In fact, she had suffered near total amnesia regarding her early years, and could never remember even the least thing about her mother.

It had now been over a year and a half since she had met and really talked to her older brother. The comfortable closeness they had developed together - two orphans thrown together into a foster family - now returned immediately, almost as if they had never been apart.

Gary finally raised the subject he had come to talk to his sister about. He wanted to make sure she was OK and not being manipulated by the movie industry publicity engine. Her face had most certainly been all over the news lately, and all the stories were more than a little unbelievable!

"So, Kara, I've been reading the most amazing things about you. How in the hell did you get the media engine out here to hype your movie like that? I mean, I've NEVER seen anyone get as much free publicity as you're getting. And that incident at the highway overpass after the Northridge quake, how in the hell did you stage THAT event, right after an earthquake and all? You Hollywood types are amazing! I would have thought that all the machinery you must have needed for those special 'lifting' effects would have been better used to rescue REAL victims."

Kara scooted up onto the bar stool next to him as she tied her short robe tighter about her waist. She looked closely at Gary, aware once again that he didn't really believe any of the things he had read about her lately. She supposed it was understandable. Since they had grown up so closely, he probably assumed he knew more about her than anyone. And since her strength had always been completely normal until the last few months, why should he believe anything had changed?

No, it wasn't a surprise to her that he didn't believe, and besides, he would have called or something if he had thought the stories were anything more than some movie publicity trick.

She took a deep breath, realizing that he was probably going to have a hard time with this.

"Well, Gary, this may shock you, but no one staged anything during the earthquake! I AM the girl you've been reading about. The girl the press has now decided to call 'Super Girl!'"

His smile disappeared and he grew quiet as he stared down at his drink, clearly thinking she was pulling his chain. Or even worse, that she was taking all this movie stuff too seriously! She continued as she saw the look on his face, feeling that it was really important to explain it all to him.

"Look, Gary, do you remember how we never knew anything about my real parents? How there was this big mystery that nobody ever wanted to talk about? Those government guys snooping around that one time and then suddenly disappearing? All those UFO's that you and I used to see, the ones that no one else seemed to know about? Well, I've learned that the foster parents that we shared were my second set of parents, I mean besides my real Mom. My first foster parents were killed in a big battle that involved some aliens, the ones flying those UFO's, and they were the same aliens who had killed my mother earlier and who were then trying to kill me if they could pinpoint my location."

"Gary, I've finally learned my own history, mostly through a man who was a friend of my birth mother. I now know that I'm not even from the Earth, or at least my Mom wasn't, although I think I was born here! I'm actually a member of a race that are called the 'Velorians', Gary. We are kind of an artificial race in a way, and we come from another dimension in space."

She saw the growing smile on his lips. "Come on, I don't need to tell you this, you've read all this stuff from my interviews, it's even been in Newsweek! No way you would have missed reading about your little sister!"

Gary chuckled as he took another sip of his drink. Her acting skills had improved a lot since he had last seen her, enough that her story would have been convincing if he didn't know her so well.

"Come on, Kara, you can mellow now, I'm your bro remember? This publicity stuff isn't going to your head is it? But I'll tell you what, that Newsweek article was a classic, I kept looking for the punch line but they seemed to take you seriously! Who did your publicist pay off to get that story published? And your pretty blonde head hasn't been turned by those Hollywood types has it?"

"No, Gary, NOBODY turns my head anymore if I don't want them to. In fact, I don't even *like* the publicity, it's starting to drive me NUTS! People pounding on my door at all hours of the night, guys always hitting on me at work or in the street. Guess I need my older brother back to protect me again. Do you think you can protect even a 'supergirl', Gary? Because that's who, or what, your little sister is now!"

Her bright smile seemed to light the room, her green eyes sparkling even brighter than he could ever remember seeing them before, almost glowing in the soft lighting.

Gary was staggered at her simple declaration of fact, part of him still not believing it, another part of him noticing that she was even more radiant and beautiful than she had ever been before, her appearance just what one would expect of a blonde teenage superheroine! And that was saying something, since she had been an absolute stunner ever since early Junior High school, actively modeling since she was in 7<sup>th</sup> grade.

She continued talking as he looked increasingly confused, her hand reaching out to hold his. "Gary, trust me on this. I really am the person the papers are writing about, I can do all those things they say. I may not quite be the comic book character that I play in the movies, but I'm just as strong and powerful as any character that the comics people ever wrote about. That's why I have let the press use the name Super Girl to describe me, at least when I'm in public and wearing the costume the studio made for me!"

"Besides, the reason I never knew I had these abilities before is that I had never absorbed enough energy to reawaken my latent genetic heritage. Once that happened during the earthquake, everything just came back to me; my reflexes, memories, my rather, ah dramatic muscles, everything."

She still saw the doubt, maybe even some disbelief and concern in his face.

"Remember, Gary, we didn't even know each other until I was ten. Well, I've learned that a whole lot of things, mostly bad ones, happened to me before then. That's why I couldn't remember my childhood, my mind's protective response to the trauma plus the loss of my energy were shielding me from it."

Gary just stared at his little sister, her face looking so gorgeous, her skin tones glowing and perfect, just as they had always been. She had never worn any makeup except for a touch of lipstick, even for a modeling assignment. Her complexion had always been perfectly tanned, her body golden all year round no matter how much or how little sun she got, her radiant healthy glow making her a natural for modeling everything from swimsuits to exercise equipment to health products. Her appearance had always screamed out 'STRONG, HEALTHY AND SEXY' from every pore of her body!

Yet despite his quiet stare, Kara could see that he still wasn't buying her story. And while he had always known more about her than anyone, he obviously was going to have to be convinced that her newfound super powers were not just some kind of Hollywood hype. She clearly remembered the time he had told her a Supergirl fantasy of his own, one that he had dared to share with her while they were growing up together. He had even convinced her to dress and act like his heroine to fulfill that fantasy for him one night two years ago after coming home from a Halloween costume party. He had been thrilled with her portrayal at the time, but must now think she had decided to take his private fantasy and showcase it to the world for the advancement of an acting career.

She already felt a little tingly as she anticipated his reaction to the reality she was about to show him, knowing she was about to prove to him that even the wildest fantasies can come true. He would suddenly know that he certainly didn't know his sister as well as he thought.

Taking a deep breathe, she slipped off the stool, walking over to the now unused weight bench in the back of the family room, picking up a huge fifty kilo steel weight disk, one of the two her former boyfriend had bought when he was seriously into bodybuilding. She walked back over to hand it effortlessly to Gary, carrying it in one hand like it was made of Styrofoam.

"Ok bro, does that look and feel real to you?"

Not expecting it to be real, he staggered for a moment under more than a hundred pounds of weight, a little off balance, sliding off his stool while scrambling to get his legs under him.

"Of course it's real, Kara. Hey, are you still working out as much as you used to? You must be, you look even fitter now than the last time we met, especially the way you just handled this much weight. That disk probably weights as much as you do!"

"Actually no, I'm not working out any more and yes, I am fitter, I'm a LOT fitter. Here, let me have that back. You see, Gary, I can do some rather amazing things now. You've read all about them, but you don't believe in them for some reason. I guess I'll just have to show you. By the way, you weren't really born in Missouri by any chance were you?"

Her bright smile drew a returning one from Gary as his eyes moved from hers down to the disk, watching her hands closely as she placed them close to each other on the top of the disk. Lifting it up to hold it steadily at chest height, she held her arms out straight so that it was almost touching his chest. Reaching out to grip her shoulders to steady her, he was surprised that she didn't seem at all off-balance, despite holding that much weight with her arms straight out. A funny thought started working around the back of his mind... maybe it WAS all true!

"Just watch my hands, Gary... and you'll see that the newspapers haven't been hyping anything."

With that, she gripped her fingers so strongly against the steel that the metal began to squeeze inward, her incredible grip more powerful than soft steel as the disk suddenly screamed in protest, her fingers making visible depressions in the hard metal! She then pulled her hands smoothly away from each other, steadily tearing the heavy steel disk in half like it was merely a sheaf of paper! Amid the screaming groans of tortured steel, the disk almost looked as if it were really made of soft wax or modeling clay - that is except for the screeching noise. Smiling at him all the time, she took pleasure in seeing his eyes grow very wide as she finished tearing it into two pieces, his fingers tracing the hard curves of her shoulders. Smiling impishly, she casually handed him one torn half, the ruptured metal almost too hot for him to hold.

He simply stared at her with his mouth hanging open as she began to wad up the other half of the disk in her bare hands, her fingers squeezing deeply into the steel as if she was making a snowball, the scream of tortured metal again keening from the grip of her fingers. Juggling it back and forth between her hands a few times, she lifted it up close to him with both hands while squeezing it one last time. The semi-molten steel now barely groaned as if in surrender as it flowed out between her strong fingers like toothpaste, her interlocked fingers closing completely as a glowing rivulet of molten steel flowed over her wrists and up her forearms. The heat radiating against his face stunned him, forcing him to step backward, the steel glowing nearly white-hot from the massive energies of just his little sister's awesome grip!

She smiled up at him brightly. "And to think that I had all this potential strength all those times we used to wrestle, my body only needing a mere gigawatt or so of energy to touch off my latent abilities. Good thing that didn't happen when we were wrestling, or I might have hurt you a little, especially the rather 'special' way I used to squeeze you with these same hands!"

Gary just stared at his step-sister, his eyes still dazzled by how strong she had just looked while she was tearing the steel disk in half, tendons standing up like steel cables along her wrists and across the backs of her hands as she had squeezed the hard steel like it was nothing but warm wax! And the glimpse he had just had between her robe, her firm breasts lifting dramatically upward from her exertions, her muscles flexing larger and more distinctly than he had ever seen before. Even more, he was stunned from the further image that still burned into his mind, that of the glowing steel lighting the moist tanned expanse of her chest as her robe had opened enough to give him a pretty good view down his sister's nearly nude body!

He suddenly found himself reacting very inappropriately to her, memories of some of their early explorations together suddenly flooding back to him as she alluded to how she used to hold him, both of them always knowing that they were just step-brother and -sister ever since they had been thrown together. He had been 12 and she had been 10 when they had first met.

"My God, Kara, then it's all TRUE! I mean, you can really fly and everything, stop bullets with your, ah, chest, bend steel bars and stuff. You can leap tall buildings in a single bound? Its just like you're Superman in the comics!"

"Yup, your little sister isn't so little anymore, Gary, although I really don't think I look a thing like Superman." Gary's eyes ran down her slim body while she closed her robe more tightly, his raised eyebrows confirming to her that he didn't think so either.

"But Gary, I really am this 'Super Girl' person that everyone is talking about! At least when I wear my costume I am. Otherwise, I'm still just your sister Kara, but I'm just a bit stronger now than you remember me!"

His eyes drifted back to the rapidly cooling mess of steel slag that she held casually in one hand, the black metal clearly containing the deep indentations of her slim fingers. He felt a stirring inside him that he couldn't place, a wonderful thrill that he hadn't felt in many years. A LITTLE bit stronger, hell's bells!

Her eyes also drifted downward, but towards something else, her smile sparkling brighter for a moment as she checked it out, pleased to see that Gary was reacting at least as strongly to her as most other men now did. This made her feel warm and a little tingly, also a little funny. The two of them had always had a very unusual relationship, their early explorations having continued until the day he had gone off to the Academy, sharing a special pragmatism about the way they were sometimes together.

Kara smiled brightly as she suddenly recalled how the two of them had 'borrowed' that copy of the Kama Sutra from a friend's parents and gone off to try out these new skills with each other! They were indeed step-brother and -sister, but they had shared a secret that no one had ever suspected. In fact, Kara had actually become the aggressor in their little sexual contests, in the playful explorations they had engaged in ever since she had been 14, something that still thrilled Gary, at least in his dreams.

Yet they had both been careful to make sure that no one had ever known about it. They had also kept it in balance, their focus being mainly on their other girlfriends and boyfriends. Despite being 'active' together for years, neither their parents nor anyone else had ever suspected that their very obvious closeness was anything more than one which two siblings might normally share.

She suddenly brought her thoughts back to the present. "So Gary, are you still as fascinated by the comic book Supergirl as you were in High School? I remember you used to buy every comic she appeared in. Do you still have your collection? And most importantly, how does it make you feel to know that your little sister is pretty much that same person, that I've always secretly been your personal Supergirl? I guess that explains how I won all those slap contests with you!"

Gary couldn't even control his mouth to form a word, his jaw dropping as he noticed the way his gorgeous sister moved, how she literally floated back up onto her bar stool, his fingers tracing absently over the ragged torn edge of his half of the weight disk. Her gorgeously tanned legs were still as long and beautiful as ever, memories suddenly flooding back to him of how they had first explored the moist silky depths that lived between them. They had both laughed outrageously at his first awkward attempts at pleasing a woman with just his tongue and lips, but eventually her reaction to his touches had become far more dramatic than any of his subsequent girlfriends - more so than even his current girlfriend, Susan. The two of them had shared something very special, very forbidden, very powerful, that was for sure!

He had also fantasized often enough about his blonde step-sister actually BEING the Supergirl that he had so much enjoyed dreaming about from his comics; she had certainly looked like her in every way. The fact that she used to let him punch her, often striking her with nearly his full strength, without causing pain or bruising; that had always amazed him and had fueled his fantasies. The fact that she used to like to open her blouse and let him strike her bare chest had driven him wild, especially when he had learned exactly how and where she wanted him to hit her, encouraging him to use his knuckles, begging him to try to hurt her. The fact that he had never been able to cause the slightest pain or bruising had been more than ample evidence that she was special, but to now learn that she WAS this Supergirl, or at least a virtual clone of such a character... he was simply stunned, unable to say anything. This was just way TOO amazing!

"So, Gary, would you like to see me in my newest costume, one that I haven't appeared in public in yet? It's a little daring, but not as much so as some of the swimsuits I've appeared in. Remember that gig I did for European Sports Magazine where I modeled that one piece bikini, just the bottom, while playing tennis?! That magazine was banned in twenty countries and the publisher was arrested after they found out I was only 16!"

"Remember it, Kara?" Gary said with a chuckle, his composure slowly returning. "Hell, I've seen that picture in a dozen guys' lockers in the last month. You've become to today's military what Betty Gable was in World War II, and if your legs are as invulnerable as they say, you won't even have to insure them! Do you have any idea how strange it feels to see your step-sister as pinup art in a military dormitory?!"

Kara chuckled. "Well, I've gotten a little more professional since then, I now work for only the best agencies in town. And besides, I'm finally 18!"

Gary recalled that magazine feature again, and how some of the guys at the academy had recently teased him with it, most of them suddenly discovering that she was his little sister and that she was a very hot model in LA. Pictures of Kara, both from her earlier swimsuit issues and from her more recent 'super' exploits were now appearing everywhere in lockers and dorm rooms. Whether people believed she was this 'Super Girl' or not, her posters were suddenly very, very popular. The list of guys who had tried to talk him into letting them come with him on this trip had been damn long!

Yet Gary felt his mind refusing to accept the obvious even now, not daring to think openly that what he had read about her was real, that what he had just seen wasn't just some new trick. But somehow, he had always known in his dreams that it COULD be true, her body proving to be so hard to injure while they were growing up. It was this inner knowledge of that truth had drawn him to LA to meet his sister again.

As he was lost in his thoughts, Kara slipped from her stool, giving his arm a firm squeeze as she turned to walk towards her bedroom, his eyes drawn downward to her perfect calves, his eyes mesmerized by the way they flexed so dramatically as she walked. She had always been very fit, but now she seemed to literally glow with healthy strength and vitality. Just the way she moved now further convinced him that she was indeed the Super Girl that he had always read and dreamed about!

Walking around the corner, she quickly proved that was still his playful little step-sister, her hand reappearing around the corner to deliberately drop the robe she had been wearing, her face, framed in her wet blond hair, peaking around the doorway to throw him a teasing wink!

He shakily grabbed another beer from the fridge as he heard the hair dryer running, walking over to the back of the family room to look at the collection of her work that was displayed on the wall. None of the pictures showed her in her new persona, they were mostly portfolio shots from the last three or four years, plus the infamous ones showing upper body nudity. Kara had always been rather casual about displaying her body, her infamous topless sessions for select members of the photography club in the High School swimming pool late at night had made her quite the topic of conversation at school for months. And people still talked about the time that she had lost her top during a diving contest, yet had climbed back up on the platform in front of the huge crowd and had done her best dive of the night, her body glowing radiantly as she had paused with her arms over her head, concentrating on her dive for far longer than necessary at the edge of the board.

No, nudity had never bothered Kara, but given how spectacular she looked without her clothes, she certainly had nothing to be ashamed of. Realizing he shouldn't really be doing this, he found himself studying her pictures, especially a particularly exciting nude picture, a recent one showing a close-up of her chest. He was staring intently at it when he heard her softly clear her throat behind him. Quickly turning around, blushing a bit as he realized she had seen which picture he had been staring at, the only thing he saw were two red boots hanging in mid-air. Swallowing hard, his eyes slowly scanned upward to stare in amazement at his little sister as she floated in mid-air about five feet behind him.

His legs suddenly grew so weak he could hardly stand as he saw it was all true, his eyes staring at the way she just floated with her hands on her hips, spinning around in the air very slowly. His eyes slowly traveled up her body, first seeing the tiny red boots, the oval cut-outs in the back freeing her outrageously shapely calves. Her long firm thighs rippled and flexed softly, their power apparently enabling her to fly, as they rose endlessly upward to finally disappear under a tiny red skirt, the hem slightly flared and barely long enough to be legal, the lower rounded curves of her buttocks tantalizingly visible. Most of her midriff was also bare, her top merely a tiny skin-tight blue with a big white 'S' covering her left breast, reminiscent but also different than the one worn by the comic book character. Yet unlike the comic book character however, this 'S' was expanded by her firm contours almost to the point of unreadability - not that anyone looking at that location would pay much attention to reading!

Her bare firmly contoured stomach was also displayed from her ribcage all the way down into an inverted pyramid that was cut out in the front of her miniskirt, the smooth tanned expanse of her abdomen visible down to where the fabric could reveal it no further and still be called clothing. And to finish her daring outfit off, a short silky red cape floated in mid-air, two thin straps attaching it to her athletic-style halter top, leaving her tanned shoulders and arms bared beneath it. The same 'S' symbol as on her breast also adorned the cape, this one both larger and more readable.

Finally, the mixed golden and honey strands of her glowing blond hair cascaded down her cape past the middle of her back, the glittering golden highlights contrasting so dramatically with the costume and her golden tanned skin.

He suddenly found he had to sit down as his eyes rose to meet her large sparkling green orbs, her mischievous little smile reminding him of the sexy turn-ons she had brought to him back in High School. He remembered all the times she had entered his room at night, of how she had projected this unbelievable image of glowing health and beauty, especially when she was needful of his 'special' talents. He would never forget how she had encouraged him so often to satisfy her unusually strong libido, the two of them exerting themselves athletically, sometimes all the way until morning, her body finally satisfied enough that she could go to school and be able to put her attention on her studies once again! He had always been exhausted afterward from her demands, yet she had seemed fresh and rested even after their all-nighters.

She now untied her cape and let it float down to land across his shoulder, the silky softness surprising him. "I only wear that cape when I'm trying to impress someone, Gary, otherwise it just gets in the way. And speaking of impressed, you haven't said a word. Cat got your tongue? I'm a model, remember? You're supposed to say nice things about how I look or how sexy I am or SOMETHING at least! Everyone else does!"



He grinned. They had always laughed together at the gushing words and poetry that her many prospective boyfriends and admirers had written to her, some of them twenty years older than her. He felt his familiar confidence returning now. After all, despite anything that might have happened to her, she was still just his little sister.

"Well, Kara, I guess you aren't quite as ugly as you used to be and your costume is, well, kinda cool in a comic book kind of way!" His appreciative smile clearly told her that she was anything but ugly. They both laughed when he continued. "And there CERTAINLY isn't much to that costume is there? I see you still like to show off your figure in public! But I guess if you got it, you might as well flaunt it. And you've **ALWAYS** had it, Kara, in spades!

"But I have to tell you, sis, your sudden appearance here, coming as it does straight from the pages of my fantasies... well, it's a little overwhelming. I mean we've always been close in some really special ways, and if you remember, you once flirted with me in this fantasy role. That Halloween costume of Supergirl really got to me when you were 16."

"But this is, well, just a bit too much for me to absorb at one time, your really being an ALIEN of some kind and all! 'My Sister the Alien', we could make a movie about that some day! I guess the leaping over tall buildings and bending steel in your bare hands stuff would be intimidating to me if I didn't know how impossible it was for this stuff to go to your head. You're still my kid sister after all!"

Kara smiled warmly, so glad that Gary was finally handling this so well. "Well, Gary, whether we've suddenly discovered that I'm an alien or not, nothing has really changed between us. Hell, nobody was more shocked than I was when I finally realized my own heritage by tearing that bridge apart with my bare hands. But it's so nice to have someone reacting honestly to me again. I'm always dealing with guys who are either intimidated by me, or who think I'm just some kind of blonde bimbo with big muscles that they can boss around. Some of the studio people are really insufferable, always asking me to show off for some visitor or whatever. People are always telling blonde jokes behind my back and stuff, mainly the other girls, just because I don't know much about acting yet or the movie business. Some of them are even aware that with my super hearing, I hear every word, and they just don't care! But I'll learn and then I'll show all of them, you just wait and see!"

She floated down to land in front of him, her hand reaching down to his to pull him effortlessly to his feet. "Now, are you going to give your sister the welcome I deserve, the kind you used to give me, the ones we shared in private? You always were the best kisser I ever knew!"

With that, she put her arms around his neck and tilted her head upward, her wonderfully soft full lips meeting his as she pulled him tightly to her!

\* \* \*

*Gary's Story, written by Jim and Sharon*

My heart was pounding, but I hesitated for a moment, thinking of my girlfriend Susan. But what Kara and I shared had always transcended all other relationships before; that shouldn't change now. My strong arms closed around her slim body, my own body nearly exploding with desire as her soft sweet lips met mine, my hands encircling her tiny waist, feeling how wonderfully soft her bare skin was. It was warm and silky in a way I had never felt before, the firm contours of her steely muscles so noticeable beneath my fingers that I just HAD to hold her tighter. The contrast between her surface softness and the underlying steel of her muscles was everything I had ever fantasized about in a Supergirl!

Our kiss went on and on, growing deeper as we moved well beyond the polite kiss of a sister and brother, the two firm growing points of her nipples so noticeable to me once again, the points pressing harder and harder against my chest. I felt all the myriad sensations of my wonderful sister's body getting turned on once again, the memories of the activities her arousals had always led to sending a wild shock of pleasure all the way through me! Yet this time, she just released me, and I puzzled for a moment when she glanced down, her eyes narrowing. I suddenly realized what she was doing! She could look through things!

I awkwardly thrust my hands down to cover myself as she giggled, turning quickly away. She walked over to grab a towel before heading out to the pool. "Hey, get out of that uniform and come swim with me. I'm a much better diver now than I was in High School, and I lettered in platform diving, if you recall. Being able to fly makes it kind of easy to do dives I could never even attempt back then. Besides, you need to cool off just a bit, big brother. My eyes can see through your hands just as easily as your pants!"

"Thanks to you..." I mumbled, but her keen ears missed nothing, and my embarrassment was suddenly very funny to us both as her smile met mine. We both broke out into a laugh as I raised my hands to the side, yielding to her super vision! Even with her incredibly super and sexy body, she was still my irrepressible little sister!

\* \* \*

Kara paused just outside the sliding glass doorway, the sun brightly lighting her body as she glanced back to confirm she was still in his full view. Looking at him steadily to draw his eyes to her, she slowly crossed her arms to grip the bottom of her tight Lycra top, very slowly lifting it upward until she saw his eyes break contact with hers to stare at her suddenly bared breasts.

Turning her head quickly, she squinted her eyes to check on the guy up the hill, finding that yes, her reliable neighbor had his video telescope trained on her again. He obviously didn't realize that her eyes were far more powerful than even his big telescope, that the 'watched' was often staring at the 'watcher', and she had her own eyewitness knowledge that the man and his wife were using her exploits to keep their own sex life alive. The fact that she was bringing such energy to this older man's life made her feel kind of tingly, the exhibitionist in her always stimulated by her intimate knowledge of the imaginative ways the two of them responded to her escapades in and around the pool, and to her usual lack of clothing!

Removing her top completely, she walked over to stand on the diving board and looked down at the cool clear water, thinking about Gary. She knew her previous relationship with him was supposed to be 'wrong', at least by Terran morality, yet the two of them had always felt like they were far outside the norms of society, both of them very aware that they were brother and sister in name only, that they had come from such very different backgrounds. And now that they both knew that she wasn't even a Terran, any lingering thoughts of the inappropriateness of their behavior could evaporate like the nonsense it was.

She suddenly wanted to bring her big brother the kind of pleasures he had always brought her when she was 15 and 16, she being the forward one, the one with the insatiable needs. Not that he had ever complained, his strength and enthusiasm had always taken her breath away in the end. To this day, they both knew that the pleasures they had learned to bring each other had never been equaled by any of their other partners.

She also thought about the special gift she could now give him, the strength and near invulnerability that her mutagenic hormones could bestow on him. At least she would never have to worry about him getting hurt in an aircraft accident or anything like that. And he would also be safe if he ever went into combat, bullets would bounce from him much as they did from Chris, Fairchild's boyfriend. They might hurt a lot, but they wouldn't be life-threatening.

She was still standing on the diving board when he opened the patio door, his eyes not meeting hers at all this time, focusing immediately on her bare chest. She knew very well the effect her perfect firmness had on men, her breasts large enough at a 37-inch C-cup to really draw their attention. And the way her breasts now stood straight out from her chest, not to mention being a bit larger than the last time he had seen her, gravity having no obvious effect, was apparently the final bit of proof that Gary needed to know for sure that she was indeed this Super Girl. He had been so very familiar with her breasts when she was younger, and women don't get firmer as they get older, at least not without some help!

She held her arms out to her side now as she prepared to dive, pausing to prolong his view of her, her nipples tingling and firming slightly, her sparkling eyes showing her exactly how she was affecting him. She suddenly leaped upward with just her toes, but traveling more than a hundred feet into the air as she did a full pike with more than ten twists, reversing her spin completely to finish the dive with a final backward flip, then suddenly slowing to enter the water so smoothly that there wasn't even the trace of a ripple. She knew that no Terran could *ever* do *that!* She finally accelerated underwater, plunging downward to the bottom, then turned to fly upward to emerge from the center of the pool, floating down to land as lightly as a feather in front of her brother. He smiled suggestively at her as he reached out to smooth the wet fabric of her skirt down again.

"Well, Gary, what do you think?" she said as she gently flexed her right arm, an amazingly large bicep, perfectly rounded, rising impossibly from her slim arm. "Do these muscles of steel do the things to my 'posture' that you always dreamed of when you thought about Supergirl?"

Gary's eyes moved from her astounding arm, staring down at her, again captivated by his sister's bare breasts, how perfectly round they were and how impossibly high they sat on her chest, the dramatic contours of her dramatically larger breasts, her large brown nipples pointing slightly upward. "Ah... yes... I mean... they look just like they really *are* made of steel or something!"

She chuckled. "Sometimes they might feel that way when I'm really tensed, but not right now. Grab that oil there, would you? I may not need the protection, but it helps keep my skin soft and flexible."

Bending over, he grabbed the strawberry scented oil, reaching out to hand it to her, but her own hand didn't respond. "Actually, Gary, I would appreciate it if you would do the honors. Remember when I was just 16 and you used to like to do that? I often didn't wear a swimsuit top then either! I recall that I taught you to be VERY good with your fingers!"

He felt a surge of arousal, his memories of those wonderful occasions still burned into his mind. Memories of how she used to often come into his bedroom at night and climb up on his bed to straddle him, slowly lifting the top of her pajamas off, then guiding his hands to her chest, asking him to spread lotion over every part of her. They had both enjoyed his touch so much, and his hands had often given very disproportionate attention to her rapidly growing breasts.

He now felt that same old familiar arousal again, but his little sister's body was far more generous now, so much better developed than before. Yet her invitation for him to intimately touch her seemed as open, innocent and frank as it had always been.

They both looked downward as he opened the bottle, and watched the thin stream of warm fragrant oil dribbling down over her broad strong chest, some of it flowing into her deep cleavage. Pouring some more oil into his left hand, he handed her the bottle and rubbed his hands together, then slowly reached down as his hands opened wide, hesitating just before he touched her waiting breasts.

As she had always done, she had to reach up to pull his hands those last few millimeters to her breasts, to make sure he knew it was OK. Her sigh sounded so familiar to them both as his hands began caressing her firm mounds for the first time in years, her nipples immediately growing so big and so hard that he could almost feel electricity flowing from them into his tingling palms. Her impossibly firm nipples grew to be almost an inch in length, proving beyond all doubt that his sister was now Super Girl! She had never had nipples anything like THOSE before!!

After a few moments, she lowered her hands to cover his. "Ah... you don't have to be as gentle as you used to be, Gary. You are now holding the perfect breasts of the most perfect woman on the planet, and there can be no false modesty between us. I am also the strongest woman on this planet, except maybe for Aurora. But I am still your little sister, Gary, even if I now very appropriately use the name Super Girl instead of just Kara. Hold me tighter, as tight as you can: you can't hurt me, remember, I'm invulnerable! Squeeze my tits hard like you always wanted to, show me your full strength the way you always told me you wanted to when we were younger!"

Gary felt like he was going to explode with passion as he caressed her softness in his trembling hands, her oiled softness sliding between his fingers as he used his very strong grip, her nipples amazingly growing larger yet, almost freakishly large! His fingers stroked over the bronzed hardness of those nipples, and he could feel no give in them whatsoever. At the same time, he was increasingly aware that he was growing so hard that it felt like he was going to split his swimsuit open.

\* \* \*

The man and his young wife up the hill now attached the TV camera to their telescope, so they could share the image of their young neighbor, this Super Girl, filling their big screen TV. They both checked that the 'record' light on the VCR was lit as the stranger fondled 'their' girl's chest. His wife left the room for a moment to slip into a costume very much like their much younger neighbor wore, leaving her top behind this time. She suddenly appeared in the doorway, her body looking so sexy, her figure even fuller than the young girl below them, a bottle of oil in her hand as well!

She was only 25 to his 68, a young trophy wife from his last company. She had been his secretary and a part-time exotic dancer until he had retired, and his offer of marriage and financial security for the rest of her life had seduced her without a second thought. She smiled at him now, amazed once again that the young girl down the hill, the one with such remarkable powers, could bring her husband's masculine powers back the way she did. At times he almost matched her secret lover, the man of her own age that she saw whenever her husband was out of town. Looking at the protruding bulge in her husband's pants, she knew that she would not need the services of her lover today, her husband was going to do just fine for once!

\* \* \*

Kara closed her eyes as she enjoyed Gary's increasingly firm caress, his hands now moving from her breasts to work the oil down over her firm stomach. She leaned backward, floating gently downward in mid-air to lay back on one of the wide redwood loungers, her brother's wandering hands never leaving her body for an instant as he followed her down. He finally kneeled beside her and wet his hands in the oil again, this time starting to work down her gorgeous thighs. The tanned perfection of her long legs felt so firm beneath his hands, and his head swam as his imagination stretched to try to comprehend the power that must be contained in his sister's beautiful thighs, the super-muscles he now worked to massage so deeply having unearthly strength buried in them. She slowly raised her legs upward and outward in response to his touch, and his hands followed, caressing her strong knees, then sliding downward to feel the soft fabric of her exotic boots. His fingers stroked down the backs of her legs, feeling the firm rounded calves exposed by the oval cutouts in her soft boots.

Yet he didn't dwell there long, Kara's obvious arousal now matching his own, her strong legs parting wider and wider, her hands reaching down to guide his fingers upward, his fingers stroking upward between them, finally sliding under the hem of her tiny pleated skirt, his fingers soon finding her blonde bush, and the nether lips that the two of them had explored so intimately in the past parted slightly at his touch.

Despite their many exploits together, the two of them had never really had intercourse together, a occasional exploratory penetration being all that Kara had allowed him; her fear of pregnancy and the few reservations they had retained as 'brother' and 'sister' had ruled out that final exploration of each other. His fingers began to spread her nether lips the way they had so many times before, but this time suddenly stopping as he found that she was so much firmer than before. This aspect of her being 'Super Girl' was one he hadn't considered. He stroked his fingers into her as deeply as he could, shocked as her dramatically larger clitoris actually reached OUT to touch his fingers, her clit suddenly as large as one of her huge nipples. He watched her eyes close in pleasure as he stroked his thumb and forefinger more strongly over it, finally giving it a daring squeeze with all his strength!

She moaned softly and continuously now as he raised her skirt higher to reveal all of her, and he realized that he was going to have to really work to please his sister now. He also began to become concerned, his firm touch obviously pleasing her but not making her go wild like it had done when she was 16. Before he could really get worried though, he felt her upper body rising upward, her face floating into view as her lips found his, her soft kisses moving over his cheek until her lips found his ear.

"Gary, we can't make it like we used to with your fingers, every part of my body is now as strong as my muscles, including 'that' part. But there is a way for us to be together if I wear the right metal, pure gold. If it was possible, would you like to do the one thing I never let you do, to make love to your little sister, and at the same time to go all the way with Super Girl herself?"

His response to her startling question was a moan of pure pleasure. "Oh, GOD, Kara, yes, I've always wanted to have you. But should we? I mean can we, now that you're so much stronger? And you ARE still my sister."

"The answers are 'yes' and 'yes' and 'who cares,' but wait. I'll be right back!"

With that, she flew toward the house, her feet never touching the ground, soaring back out the sliding door only a few moments later, landing beside him and handing him a very heavy woven golden chain, one that weighed more than a pound. She must have paid a fortune for it, yet she wasn't merely showing it off. Instead, she handed it to him, guiding his hands to fasten it about her tiny waist.

He had barely closed the catch on the heavy chain when she staggered and leaned against him with a soft gasp, her reaction concerning him for a moment as he saw her eyes flutter wildly before closing. Holding her tightly to his body, she suddenly felt softer, even more feminine than she had a moment before, almost delicate. Yet her nipples grew even larger than they had been before, although not quite as firm. He looked back up at her face to see that she was running her tongue around her lips, a clear and very familiar sign that she was getting really turned on. Her eyes seemed to be a little dazed when she opened them, almost as if she was high on something!

"Are you OK Kara? You look like you're stoned or something."

"Mmmmm, I am in a way, but it feels soooo wonderful. God, that gold makes me feel SO sexy, so turned on, so fucking HIGH! Yet it also makes me so much weaker, Gary, now I'm only a few times stronger than you. Now you can do what you've always dreamed of, you can make love to your little sister and to your Super Girl at the same time. Take me Gary, show me the kind of man you have become since we were last together! Fuck me harder than you've EVER fucked any of your girlfriends before! Hold NOTHING back!"

She suddenly seemed like a woman possessed as she grabbed his swimsuit and tore it to shreds with her still inhumanly strong fingers, her hands then reaching down to take his growing manhood into her sensuous grip. Her fingers were wet with oil, and his manhood was soon glistening and throbbing powerfully in the bright sunlight as she carefully smoothed the oil over the entire the length of it, gently stroking and preparing him for the tightness of her still superhuman body. Tingling warmth exploded through her body as she felt his throbbing hardness sliding smoothly through her hands, very impressed - he seemed larger than he had ever been before, and he had always been well beyond average!

"Gary! I had forgotten you were this big! Susan is very lucky to have a guy like you."

"You're going to be very lucky in a few moments yourself, Kara, or should I say 'Super Girl'! I'm going to take you like no man on this planet EVER has before!"

"Oh GOD, babe, quit teasing me and just give it to me, take me hard, take me NOW!"

\* \* \*

The couple up the hill were astounded as they watched their remarkable young neighbor actually doing it with a guy! They had never seen Super Girl do this before, her thing had always seemed to be oral sex with her partners, both male and female. They had thought that somehow it was impossible for her to have intercourse with a Terran; at least that's what the tabloids had been speculating. Something about her vaginal muscles gripping like steel. That idea had both inflamed and wilted many a male imagination, yet they now saw that everyone had been wrong.

The girl floated several inches off the ground as she wrapped her gorgeous legs around the young man who was with her, his athletic lovemaking and her strong legs obviously bringing the joining complete success as they focused in to see him plunging deeper and deeper into her obviously tight pussy. The older man up the hill quickly began matching the younger man below, his partner crying out in pleasure as he took her the same way, imagining that his young athletic wife was the Super Girl they both still watched on the screen. Her costume matched his younger neighbor's, her body was just as gorgeous, and his own exertions suddenly matched those of the young man below, if not perhaps for the same amount of time.

\* \* \*

Gary was working very hard to make it with Kara now, his sister was a lot tighter than any woman he had EVER made it with, her strong legs having to help pull him inward as he tried to pin her hands out to the side, his teeth now ravaging her huge nipples. He was no longer gentle with her, instead releasing every ounce of his own strength and sexual vigor as he released all this energies on the girl beneath him with complete abandon. The fact that she was the fabulous Super Girl made it so exotic and exciting, her perfect body firmer and sexier than any other woman he had ever known. He suddenly bit down very hard on her huge nipple, pulling it up in his clenched teeth as he smashed her ass down against the hard rough concrete beneath her, knowing that he could not hurt her, knowing that she wanted it rough, very rough.

Every ounce of his own athletic strength was now unleashed inside her, his strong arms and young athletically hard manhood lifting her upward to pin her against the rough stucco wall of the house, her slim body banging again and again against it as he thrust himself into her with an abandon he had never allowed himself with any woman before. His wild energies and Kara's beauty and her tight sex took him over the top very quickly, his orgasm suddenly upon him, amazed to sense that hers was arriving at the same time, the two of them both cumming gloriously, their cries audible all the way up the high hill behind them.

\* \* \*

The two voyeurs also came at nearly the same time, the man's powerful orgasm amazing his young wife as he suddenly seemed as strong as a young man again. Her own body was overwhelmed with passion as she came again and again, experiencing for the first time her famous penchant for multiple orgasms during intercourse with her own husband! She knew he was performing far beyond his abilities, his doctor had even warned her to not let him get too carried away by the charms of such a young and lovely wife. But she ignored that warning now as she felt her husband become the man she needed to satisfy her own longings!

The man also knew he was really pushing it, but he wanted so much the exhilaration of being carried away, wanted so much to equal the power of the lover who his wife thought was her secret, the man he had actually hired to seduce her, to keep her satisfied so that she wouldn't stray too far. He often privately watched his sexy videos of his wife making it with that male hooker, her obvious pleasure and enthusiasm in his skillful arms pleasing him so much.

\* \* \*

Kara and Gary had collapsed by now in a tangle of arms and legs, both of them having passed out from the sheer pleasure of their wildly athletic lovemaking. Kara woke up first, lifted him in her arms, her strength still easily five times his, and began kissing him again. Several minutes later she set him down again, now holding just his hands.

"Gary, I'm going to take this gold off now. You need to stand back a bit; the energies are really going to explode through me for a few moments after I remove it."

He stepped about ten feet away as she took it off, his eyes staring in shocked surprise as a spiderweb of bright blue sparks suddenly crackled between his sister's chest, her eyes fluttering closed as her body seemed to grow firmer before his very eyes, her nipples lifting upward a bit more, a faint bluish glow appearing between her legs for a moment. A sudden incredible lightning bolt of energy shot from her body up into the blue sky, further bolts arcing from her to the metal rain gutter of the house and to the pool! The nearly deafening sound of thunder came from all around him, almost knocking him to the ground. But just as suddenly as it had started, it was over, his sister was now Super Girl again, the massive energies from her breasts fully released as they infused her body with nearly limitless power!

Dropping the gold chain onto the lounge, she gently floated off the ground, floating onto her back as she spread her legs, moving closer to him to hook them over his shoulders, pulling his head effortlessly down between her very moist yet silky thighs, her heels pressed against his back.

"Eat me, Gary, drink of my nectars until you can drink no longer. I will make you into a man that will stand above all other men. Take me now with your tongue, and don't stop for as long as you are still conscious. This is my gift to you, Super Girl's gift to her wonderful brother!"

Sharon Best, Aurora Universe, Copyright 1995,1996,1997

*Home Page:*

<http://www.indra.net/~sharonb/aurora.htm>

*Email:* [sharonb@indra.net](mailto:sharonb@indra.net)

***(Aurora Universe materials are strictly for Mature Readers over 18 years of age!)***