

Not Human Enough

Part 1

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High resolution versions of images used in story available at:

http://velorian.net/NHE/nhe_picts.html

Jimmy Olson was one of Superman's best friends and an insider to the secrets of Lois and Clark Kent.

Now his son, Jimmy Olson Jr, one of the few people privy to the secrets of the Kent family, is Powergirl's best friend.

He tries to save the Kryptonian teenager from Darkseid's agents, which leads to some erotic adventures that Jimmy's father never had to deal with.

Chapter One

Jimmy Olson Jr. woke to the gentle shaking of his bed. He groaned and rolled over to bury his head under his pillow, but that didn't help the shaking.

He knew exactly what was causing it: millions of pounds of force were being exerted by beautifully-shaped feminine muscles. Kara was working out on Kal's exercise platform again.

She was the exotic blonde teenager the world called Powergirl, a mighty Kryptonian by birth.

Her cousin Kal El called her by her birth name of Kara Zor El.

Her driver's license said Karen Starr, as did the CEO's nameplate on her desk at Starr Enterprises, maker of computer games.

She was famous among fan-boys for her sexy cosplay as a character from one of her computer games: Aimee.

Jimmy simply called her PG.

She called him friend.

Jimmy had come to the Kent's country house last night looking to enjoy the company of his co-workers, Maggie Somers and Eric Kent. Like his late father before him, Jimmy was privy to secrets that only a handful of others knew. He'd met the Clark Kent's first wife, Lois Lane, shortly before she and his dad died, her of cancer and him of a heart attack, both in their early 60's.

Shortly after Lois died, Clark Kent tragically died while flying a chartered Cessna alone in the Amazon jungle, on his way to a story. No body was ever found.

A year passed during which Superman was busier than ever, fighting not only crooks and terrorists, but also a handful of super-powered agents that Darkseid had sent to Earth.

The newspaper business continued at the Daily Planet much as it had before, although it was a different place without their long-time star reporters.

Then, out of the blue, a young man named Eric Kent appeared to apply for a job at the Planet. He claimed his father was Clark Kent, and his mother, now deceased, had once had an affair with Clark. While that claim seemed dubious at first -- everyone knew how much

of a straight shooter Clark had been -- Eric bore a remarkable resemblance to his deceased father, albeit far younger. Even more amazingly, he had much of the mild-mannered and retiring personality of his father. Only Jimmy and a handful of other insiders knew that Eric Kent was just a clever way for Kal El to turn the clock back to match his apparent age.

As Clark, he'd been aging his face for the last few decades, growing a bit rounded in the shoulders and walking with a slight limp, all to give the impression of growing older, the disguise further distancing him from Superman. The Man of Steel still flew the skies, looking little older than he had when he first appeared in public more than sixty years earlier. Kryptonians have a remarkable ability to modify their appearance when necessary, and Clark had learned to take advantage of that. Now, living as Eric Kent, Kal could be his natural age again, at least for a while.

He soon met and later married reporter Maggie Somers, who secretly was an Amazon-born warrior, one of several sentinels that Themoscra maintained on Earth. It was a match made in heaven, given that she was also nearly immortal and had some of Wonder Woman's strength. Maggie and Eric became the modern day Lois and Clark, star reporters for the Planet, the difference being that they both worked as foreign correspondents. They were famous for taking on the most dangerous wartime assignments.

Also like his father before him, Jimmy Jr. worked as a photog, often doing assignments for Maggie and Eric, both of whom had saved his life several times.

And then Kara Zor L arrived like a flaming meteor, her charred Symbioship crashing into a park in Metropolis. Superman soon

announced that she was his cousin from the Kryptonian colony of Argo City.

The cable news networks took one look at her statuesque physique and her youthful face and saturated the airwaves with videos, many of them from amateurs. Their viewers watched her fly in the skies and stop the worst kind of criminals, often while using far more force than Superman ever had (more than was required, many said). They watched her perform feats of strength that equaled Superman, and coined the name Powergirl for her. She fashioned a leotard-type costume for herself that was modeled after Superman's, except for being white and sans tights, but at the last minute, because of an argument with her older cousin, she left a large hole over her chest where she'd intended to place his famous 'S' symbol.

Now, six months later, the hole in the costume remained as a visible testament to the ongoing feud between young and old.

It took Jimmy a few more minutes of tossing and turning to decide that sleeping in wasn't going to be an option, despite his long flight from the Sudan yesterday and his jet lag.

He smiled as he thought of his young friend downstairs. Powergirl was definitely a good choice for her public name, even more so since that public arm wrestling match that a Vegas casino had recently arranged, with half of the payout from the bets going to charity.

The banners had loudly proclaimed:

Superman versus Powergirl -- the ultimate contest.

The oddsmakers had initially strongly favored Superman, despite the fact that he was now in his eighties. Powergirl took that as a

challenge and drove up the betting by appearing on every late-night TV show she could, claiming that she was stronger than even the mighty Superman. She recorded a series of two-minute spots for Public Television where she displayed feats of strength that were arguable greater than Superman. The spots were wildly popular, both on TV and Youtube, and the bets flowed in, reaching a stratospheric two-hundred million dollars -- a hundred million to go to some very needy charities.

Then, when contest day finally came, the two Kryptonians put on a show worthy of all the frenzied betting. Both of them started by demonstrating their powers for the cameras. Strength, heat vision, flight, breathe. They ended by facing down the cannon on an Abrams M1A3 army tank, the high-tech sabot round, which could defeat any armor on Earth, ricocheting harmlessly from Superman's chest as expected. The cameras zoomed in tight when it was Powergirl's turn, her moment sensationalized given the hole in Powergirl's costume and her amazing endowment.

The bets kept rolling in until the cut-off was announced and the Kryptonian cousins settled down to begin the real contest.

Most people thought it would be over quickly, given that Superman looked like a super-bodybuilder, his massive muscles and iconic physique the ultimate example of extreme muscular development and power. Yet it was clear from the start that Superman was in trouble. The two cousins sawed back and forth, each taking the advantage only to lose it a minute later. It wasn't until twenty minutes had passed that Superman visibly tired, and the the Girl of Steel put his arm down so hard she shattered the granite table beneath them.

The news hounds and bloggers went nuts. Even now, weeks later, they were still trying to make sense out of a teenage girl who was stronger than the mighty Superman. Apologists attributed Superman's failure to his age. He was in his eighties, despite the fact that he still looked twentyish. Others said that while Powergirl claimed she was only sixteen, no teenage girl could have a physique even remotely as tight and hard as hers.

The result was a headline on the NY Times that said:

A girl stronger than Superman!

Kryptonians were now an even bigger mystery in the eyes of the public, and Powergirl was the target of every person on the planet with a camera.

Jimmy knew the reality of it all. He knew that by the calender, Powergirl was as old as Superman, but she'd spent the last eighty years sleeping in a kind of suspended animation. The result was that her mental and emotional age was closer to a teenager, and Superman had encouraged her to claim she was only sixteen so as to approximate her level of social development.

Jimmy pushed those wandering waking thoughts from his mind as he climbed sleepily out of his bed and pulled on a pair of running shorts. His short red hair was tangled from his sleep and his chest was bare as he walked unsteadily down the hallway. The gentle swaying of the house made him feel as if he was on a large ship at sea, the movement a side-effect of the field generators that Kal used to increase the resistance during their workouts. A quick flutter in his stomach reminded him that he was terribly prone to seasickness.

He swallowed hard to keep the bile down as he worked his way toward the back of the house, moving silently except for the

occasional creak from the floor. The hum of the field generator grew louder with every soft step, but he knew that PG would still know he was coming -- she could hear a pin drop a mile away in a hurricane. He also knew he was entering dangerous territory by disturbing her. He paused to take a deep breath before walking down the last set of stairs. Despite being friends, Powergirl was obsessive about her privacy and she had a bitchy side that she wasn't afraid to show when she was irritated. It often wasn't clear, even to him, where the line was drawn between sharing her company and violating her privacy.

He emerged into the exercise room on the lower level to see her standing just outside, her body framed by the glass door. Beyond her, the majestic mountains and water of the Puget Sound sparkled in the bright morning sunlight.

He barely gave the gorgeous scenery a glance, focusing instead on her incredibly strong back. Shockingly, her only clothing seemed to be two black strings that wrapped around her slender hips and disappeared into the crack of her ass. Her short hair was a shimmering blonde, and her smooth skin appeared perfectly tanned.

PG's lean, muscular body and her fantastic endowment truly set her aside from all other women. Her public uniform emphasized both of those traits, yet she displayed nothing but contempt for any man who responded to the way she flaunted her dramatic figure.

Thinking of that now, especially given she was apparently working out topless, Jimmy turned to quietly begin his retreat back up the stairs. He was definitely violating her privacy today.

"Don't go, Jimmy," she said, projecting her voice through the glass in the uncanny way that Kryptonians could.

He froze for a long moment, and then turned around to walk toward the glass door. She was clearly working out with a weight, but it wasn't until he stood in the doorway that he saw the huge Duranium dumbbell in her left hand. The buzzing forcefield was working on that alien metal to increase its weight by many thousands of times.

"No one has ever worked out with me before, Jimmy," she said while continuing her exercise. "Not even Kal."

There was no "good morning" or "how did you sleep" or any other greeting. PG was talking about herself first, as usual.

"I'm honored, PG," he started to say, "but we're not exactly working out together. Nice outfit though."

He didn't dare say more. He'd seen too many smart-mouthed men with their shoulders dislocated and hands crushed. Most people thought Powergirl hated men, but Jimmy knew it was mostly her cousin she was angry with.

"Do you know that you're my best friend, Jimmy. My only real friend, to be honest. And everyone says that friends don't have secrets. So stay and talk with me."

Jimmy's mouth grew dry as he stared at her amazing muscles as she worked them, noticing once again that the placement and connections of her back muscles were subtly different than human. There was something indescribably sexy about the way Kara's innocent, youthful face combined with her legendary boobs and these powerful Kryptonian muscles. It was a juxtaposition of mismatched traits that made no sense in a human context.

Which, of course, was exactly the point of her exotic costume, which emphasized all of the above.

Confusion was one of her allies.



“So, Jimmy, do you know that everyone at Star Labs thinks I should be having Kal’s baby?”

“What are you... a baby?” he gasped, choking on his own words. Her startling choice of conversational topics and her lack of small talk reminded him that she still wasn’t used to living among ordinary people. “You’re having a baby?” he asked incredulously.

“People say I should. How else can the Kryptonian race continue?”

“I don’t believe that S.T.A.R scientists are really advising that. Not at your age.”

“Their chief geneticist told me I was just wasting time. That if something happened to either Kal or myself, it would all be over. As if that thought had never occurred to us.”

“I, ah, I presume Maggie gets a vote in this?”

PG slowed her pumping to hold her left arm straight out at her side, the field generator howling. Her left shoulder appeared to be etched out of solid steel now. Looking up at the weight, Jimmy’s heart flip-flopped when he saw **1000 Metric Tons** printed on the side.

“Maggie... she’s the one who keeps... reminding me of my ‘obligation to the future’,” PG gasped as she strained to keep her arm straight. “Thank Rao... Kal has never said anything.”

Jimmy nodded as he stared in wonder at her arm and shoulder. *A girl stronger than Superman.* He was still trying to make his own sense out of it.

He was well also aware that Maggie resembled Clark’s first wife in many ways, not the least her outspokenness. Being a trained Amazon warrior who’d abandoned her sisters to live with a man,

something her sisters still couldn't accept, her brain was always running in overdrive.

"Even... weirder," PG continued, breathing raggedly now, "Maggie said... that in all his years of marriage... you know, to Lois... that Kal never had... an orgasm with her." Her arm was starting to shake. "He said... said it would have killed her."

Jimmy was further taken aback. PG talking about sex? The Ice Queen. Impossible. Fortunately, his sense of humor rose to meet the challenge. "So maybe we should change his moniker from the Man of Steel to Dick of Steel."

She lifted her arm, holding it high above her head for a minute to reduce the strain and catch her breath. "Yeah... he'd surely love that, especially the dick part, given he is one. But seriously, I did the math, Jimmy. Scaling the force of his ejaculation by his strength delta over ordinary men, a human woman's head would be blown off when he came. Assuming he hadn't already split her in half with that steel sword of his."

Jimmy blanched as he tried to envision that -- and quickly regretted it as some pretty disgusting mental images flooded in. If that bit of math or thinking ever got out, a billion women's fantasies would be dashed. Even more, it was very odd that PG was thinking about this stuff in the first place.

She continued to talk as she worked out. "Apparently its hard for even Maggie to handle his power, despite the fact that she's a high-born Amazon. But that wouldn't hurt me a bit."

"Ah... right," Jimmy said, not sure how to reply to such a bizarre comment.

"More importantly," she continued, "Star Labs has run profiles on my hormone levels and they think I'm fertile four times a year."

“PG, this is the strangest conversation I’ve ever had with you.”

“Well, I can’t discuss this kind of stuff with anyone else, Jimmy. Least of all Kal. I can’t keep it all bottled up forever.”

He took a deep breath and slowly nodded. This might be good for her, but talking to PG about super-sex was almost more than his heart could stand. Despite their difference in age, he’d had a crush on her since she first arrived.

“Isn’t that dumbbell getting heavy? I mean, a thousand tons? Jesus!”

“Yeah, but I’m trying to tire my shoulders out enough to really start working them. I need to get stronger if I’m going to stop Doomsday the next time Darkseid sends him down here.”

“So you actually do get tired?”

“My muscles work like yours, just stronger.”

He chuckled. “That’s like saying a geyser and a volcano are the same, just larger.” He saw a few beads of sweat forming on her back as she resumed pumping her overloaded arm. The hum from the field generator was making Jimmy’s entire body ache.

“But back to the topic at hand, Jimmy,” she said as she breathed deeply. “I’ve got a problem keeping our race alive.”

“And Maggie isn’t in that picture? She’s pretty super on her own, which is why I got out of the Sudan. A tank was determined to run me over until she stopped it. With her bare hands, I might add.”

PG shook her head. “She’s an Amazon, and I’ll be the first to admit that counts for a lot, but she’s no Kryptonian. I’m the only one invulnerable enough to carry Kal’s baby. Under this yellow sun a baby would be super right from conception. Imaging a baby kicking his way to freedom.”

Jimmy swallowed hard, trying not to imagine that. “So you and Clark are talking?”

She shook her head angrily. “He’s the most boring, obsessively detailed and obnoxiously proper man I’ve ever met.”

“Eight billion people would beg to differ with you on the boring part, including nearly every woman on the planet.”

“They don’t have to put up with his feeble attempts at parenting. Hell, he’s five times my age and he’s never had a kid to raise. I swear he thinks like his father sometimes, and we know what a horrible parent Jor El was.”

“But he’s still Superman. People cut him a lot of slack. You should too.”

“I’d rather kick his ass.”

“So what does Maggie think about all this? Emotionally, I mean. Can she handle it? Can you?”

She laughed despairingly. “Maggie told me she thought it would be nice for Kal to “not have to hold himself back” as she called it. She made me feel like some kind of whore she could hire to pleasure her husband.”

“I don’t think anyone would think that of you. And I’m just as sure that wasn’t Maggie’s intention. She’s an Amazon, so she thinks and often talks differently than other women. More practical.”

“Nobody thinks that about me? Get real, Jimmy. Most of the escorts and hookers out there with enhanced boobs carry around a costume like mine, not to mention a blonde wig. Fucking Powergirl has become the ultimate sexual fantasy for a lot of men, and a big money maker for any working girl whose got the boobs to pull it off.”

Jimmy picked his next words carefully. “Well, you are inspiring on many levels, no escaping that, not to mention bigger than life. We men are good at fantasizing ridiculous things, but you can’t be responsible for the way people’s kink works.”

“Inspiring? Bigger than life? You mean ridiculously over-endowed.”

“I never said ridiculous anything,” Jimmy chuckled. “But imagine walking around in a skinny body without boobs for a moment? Would you be happy looking like that?”

“Hell no. Men trip over their own dicks when they stare at that hole in my costume. Drains the blood from their heads. Makes it easier for me to subdue the bad guys without anyone else getting hurt.”

“Now you’re sounding like the PG I know,” Jimmy laughed.

“I’m the one who can’t handle it, Jimmy. The keeping the race going thing. The mere thought of being with Kal that way makes me gag. He’s geriatric.”

It was no secret that Kal and Kara didn’t get along. It didn’t help that she’d gone out of her way to emasculate him during that charity arm wrestling match. Superman’s name had always been synonymous with raw muscular strength, and his young cousin had made him look weak in front of billions.

What no one outside of Clark’s circle knew was that growing up in the Symbioship during its eight decade journey to Earth, Kara had been forced to work out via nerve stimulation machines while her mind remained in suspended animation. She’d experienced eighty years of constant exercise outside the radiation field of a yellow sun. By the time she arrived on Earth, her body was fantastically developed.

Kal, by comparison, had grown up under a yellow sun, and had been forced to suppress his strength most of the time as Clark Kent. His muscles had grown large, but his muscle tone wasn't nearly as good as his young cousin's.

"So, does this mean you have your own challenges? In that area? You know. Sex."

She shrugged. "You mean, can I relax myself enough to let some guy do me? Poking me while I feed his twisted pleasures at the expense of my own?"

"Well... if you put it that way, then forget I even asked."

"The answer is that I don't really know, Jimmy. Sex hasn't been high on my priority list. Hasn't even been on any list, to be honest."

"Right... kind of figured that."

Neither of them said anything for a long moment.

"So, you ever wonder what I feel like when I'm working out, Jimmy? My muscles, I mean."

His heart leaped so hard it nearly left his chest.

"I mean, based on the stuff you read, those magazines and all, I know you like strong, muscular women. Fitness models, whatever. But as long as we've known each other, you've never touched me."

Jimmy blushed in embarrassment, only to have a flash of anger course through him. "Since when do you get off on using those x-ray eyes to look at my private stuff?"

"Sorry... I wasn't trying to pry, but I was looking for you. And you had that stuff laying all over the place in your apartment."

"Fair enough... I guess."

"At least I know where you're head is at. And heck, I've got muscles in places where human women don't even have places. That intimidates a lot of guys, but that's why you like me. Which is cool."

Jimmy laughed out loud. "That's not the only reason I like you. And as far as intimidation goes, it starts with the bending steel beams in your bare hands, then goes on to that sexy cutout in your costume and your young face. It ends with you kicking ass whenever anyone comments on your boobs. I mean, most guys understand the lesbian vibe of the Amazons, they simply don't like men, but you're just flat out confusing."

"But not to you."

"Sometimes, yeah, to me too. I mean, I dig the bending steel beams thing, but I can do without the man-eater." He wasn't going to comment on her boobs.

"Then come here. I won't bite. Promise."

Jimmy gulped for air as she continued to work her left arm. This was not the PG he knew.

"Come on, check me out. Surely you've wondered what I feel like."

He couldn't help but think of all the men she'd beaten up for just looking at her the wrong way, let alone touching her. But his blood was surging and his pulse pounding from her invitation, so much so that he wished he was wearing something more substantial than these thin shorts.

He daringly reached out to rest his hands on her shoulders, and instantly thrilled to the sensation of smooth, silky skin stretched infinitely tightly over erotic steel. The otherworldly sense of power was overwhelming as her steel-hard muscles swelled beneath his fingers on every lift. His heart raced wildly and he struggled to breathe, unable to think of enough superlatives to describe what he was feeling.

“You really do feel like you’ve been carved out of warm, sensuous steel,” he managed.

“Actually, my muscles are a lot harder than steel. But your hands feel really nice,” she purred. “You’ve got strong fingers.”

He was surprised she could even tell that, giving he truly felt as if he was tracing his fingers over a statue carved from a single block of warm steel. Yet that steel was always moving beneath his hands, her muscles flexing with a feline gracefulness as he tested them. Strangely, despite all her steely hardness, her sexy curves and slender waist still made her feel very feminine.

He traced his right hand wonderingly down the deep recess of her spine to her waist. There was absolutely no softness anywhere. He kept his left hand on her working shoulder, thrilling to its amazing swell on each lift, supporting as it was more than two-million pounds.

Jimmy’s right hand continued tracing its way up and down her back, following exotic curves that seemingly were carved by a master sculptor, and then melted to form perfectly smooth curves. He was so lost in the wonder of her body that he didn’t realize at first that he’d leaned forward enough to stick the tent in his shorts between her tight cheeks. She tensed her buttocks to hold him tight enough to get his attention.

Turning her head, she looked over her shoulders at him. “Checking me out with your third arm, huh?”

“Oh, shit, sorry...” Jimmy gasped as he tried to pull back, but she gripped him sexily between those tight cheeks, holding him tightly in place. He was suddenly reminded of her tender age.

“Don’t be sorry,” she giggled as she released him. “I never said you could only use your hands. Your enthusiasm is appreciated, but as I said earlier, I’m unfuckable.”

He felt his neck glowing at her crude word. “I wasn’t trying... ” he started to say. I mean, it wasn’t my intention to touch you that way.”

“You mean because I’m jailbait?”

“Well, yeah, that would be one reason.”

“Well that’s bullshit. I stupidly allowed Kal to pick that age for me when I went public because my face looks that young. I could have just as easily said eighteen or even twenty, but I figured people would cut me some slack if I was younger. Besides, don’t you guys go by birth dates? If so, then I’m actually old enough to be your grandmother. Is there any law that says you can’t make it with an older woman?”

Jimmy started to shake his head and then froze. Arguing the legality of her legal consent status wasn’t his point. Kal had correctly judged she had the emotional maturity of a young teenager when she arrived, and that coupled with a very young and innocent face led to his advice to claim she was sixteen.

But even Superman was thrown for a loop a month later when she used her eight decades of Deepteach preparation to found StarrCraft Enterprises. She used money that she’d made from gold she’d dug up in the Antarctic; gold that wasn’t owned by anyone. Once the doors of StarrCraft were open, she quickly proved that she could program rings around people with PhDs in Computer Science, and that she could attract the best and the brightest to her company. Five months later they had a hot, innovative game on the market and she was doing a sexy cosplay to promote it at DragonCon.

She slowly lowered the huge Duranium dumbbell to the concrete floor as the buzzing of the field generator faded away. Jimmy stepped back a bit as she leaned down to place her head between her legs while holding her ankles, stretching for a long moment. Then she twisted her shoulders from side to side as she turned to face him, and then bent way over backwards, displaying amazingly flexibility as she touched her shoulder blades to her calves, her head on the floor. Despite her thick muscles, she had the astounding flexibility of those Chinese contortionists.

She finally stood back up to face him, smiling coyly as she placed her hands on her hips to watch the look in his eyes.

Jimmy had always been very disciplined about keeping his eyes focused on hers, but now he couldn't help but stare at her marvelously bare chest. Her proud, firm boobs were just as otherworldly in their perfection as he'd imagined. Perfectly round without the slightest concession to gravity, those triple-D's were as superhuman as the rest of her. Her nipples were a dark pink and her brown areola smooth and free of the usual bumps.

"So, am I everything you imagined?" she asked after a moment.

"Jesus... you're totally fucking gorgeous," he blurted out, unable to tear his eyes from the most famous chest on Earth.

"And totally bulletproof... don't forget that."

He felt both weak and excited and wickedly turned on all at the same time. Like most other guys with access to the Net, he'd watched the various clips on Youtube that showed her being shot, including one amazing slow-motion clip where she was being blasted by a minigun. The hundred rounds per second from that gatling gun ricocheted dangerously from everywhere but her chest, where instead of ricocheting, her boobs dimpled to blunt the bullets

harmlessly to the ground in front of her, their energy spent. She just soaked up all that kinetic energy, and by time a few thousand bullets had transferred their energy, her chest was glowing red hot.

Her iconic hands-on-hips pose was intimidating to a shooter, especially since she acted as if it was no big deal. And given that the cutout in her costume was an irresistible target, seemingly drawing most of the bullets, she'd often end up with a number of spent rounds trapped under her costume. She was infamous for retrieving a bullet or two to flick them back at the bad guys hard enough to punch holes in them. One shooter nearly died. It was a show of raw power and ultimate invulnerability that terrified the most dangerous criminals while rendering feminists speechless at the way she was flaunting herself.

"Well, now that we've broken this particular ice," she said after he'd stared at her long enough, "you can help me finish my workout. I've been making modifications to Kal's equipment. Given that almost all the force comes from the field generator, I've rigged one of the weight bars with strain gauges that will sense another person's touch. Yours, to be specific."

"I don't follow... how can I..."

"Simple. I want you to help me work out. Be my training buddy."

Jimmy stared at her for a moment, and then laughed. "You work out with thousands of tons. How does my couple of hundred pounds of puny weight help?"

"The field generator will sense the pressure of your hands on the bar and multiply that by the appropriate amount to give me a good workout."

"Appropriate? As in?"

"I don't know exactly. I turned the dial all the way up. Thousands of times. Maybe tens of thousands."

He swallowed hard. "And the Duranium can handle that?"

"The metal has no real strength on its own -- the field acts linearly against its atomic structure to provide the force. The metal is just a way to channel the field."

"Ah... OK. Whatever," Jimmy shrugged, his head spinning. PG was a whizz at science and programming, thanks to the deep teach aboard her Symbioship. "And the field won't hurt me?"

She shook her head. "Goes right through you as well as me. Only works on the Duranium. Some kind of Kryptonian tech."

She casually picked up a barbell that was about three inches thick and five feet long with huge Duranium weights on each end. To Jimmy's eyes, the huge barbell looked like it weighed half a ton without the forcefield, and she shocked him by laying down on her back and resting the bar on her chest, the weight barely dimpling her softest flesh as she adjusted her grip on it.

"Your job is to push hard enough on the bar to give me a challenge, Jimmy."

He stared at her, eyes wide. "Can't you program the computer to do this?"

"I think it will be more challenging with you controlling the computer instead of me. Maybe you can push me further. You know, challenge me."

Jimmy walked uncomfortably forward to straddle the narrow bench, standing over her slender waist. He was very aware of the huge tent in his shorts.

"Well, that's kind of inspiring all on its own," she giggled as she looked up at him. "The compliments just keep coming."

He reached down to carefully place his hands on silver bands that were located just inside her hands, finding he was staring into her deep cleavage. "Is this the place to hold it?"

She nodded. "Those are very sensitive strain gauges, connected directly to the field generator computer. The meter on the wall over there will register the applied force -- it's calibrated in tons. You just press down and it responds accordingly."

Jimmy looked up to see the meter reading 0.57 ton. Jimmy pushed a little on the sensors, and her breasts flattened further as the machine multiplied his gentle push. He jerked his head up to see 6.3 on the meter. "Shit..."

"That's not exactly the kind of strength test I had in mind," she winked at him. "Let's work my muscles instead." She effortlessly pushed the bar upward to clear her body, and he in turn leaned into the bar, the field generator beneath the floor giving off a deep growl as Kara's muscles flexed impressively. The meter on the wall counted upward in a blur.

"So, how much force can this thing develop?" he asked.

"More than Kal can lift. You need to hook your legs around the posts on the side of the bench so you can crunch your abs to increase pressure. I need more than just your body weight."

He adjusted his legs to hook those posts while she supported his weight on the bar.

Now that he was set, she started to do reps, pressing the bar up and down with perfect form. By the time she'd completed a half dozen presses, Jimmy had figured out how to use his abs and legs to push down very hard to resist her. He started to load her up, and the field generator's howl rose to a scream. Her pectorals grew sharply defined, striations appearing as those large muscles

pushing her oversized boobs even higher. Her shoulders and triceps became a maze of hard curves as her strength built.

Jimmy pushed harder yet on the bar, and managed to overload her during the middle of a press, bringing the bar to a trembling halt.

“This thing is amazing,” he gushed as he crunched his abs harder, adding more to his weight. “I think this actually makes me stronger than you are now.”

“That... remains to... be seen,” she grunted as she gathered more of her power, pressing the bar upward again. “I need you... to work me to... failure.”

Jimmy really crunched himself now, and Kara pushed back with superhuman force, barely managing to complete another clean rep.

“How many more you... want?” Jimmy gasped.

“A few... with failure... on last one,” she replied, breathing hard.

Jimmy glanced up at the meter. “Jesus... it’s reading 4972, Kara. That’s really in tons?”

She nodded as sweat started to run down her face. “Come on. Harder.”

He crunched his finely toned abs again, and the field generator howled like a banshee under his feet and the air around him felt as if it was charged with static electricity. The meter bounced around 5500 as Kara struggled to finish another rep.

“Come on... Kara,” he said through clenched teeth. “Work it.”

She groaned, her young face a mask of sweat now, her muscles flexing larger than he’d ever seen before, and managed to top out another rep and began slowly lowering the bar. Jimmy threw everything he had into the bar when it reached bottom, and the field generator screamed so loudly that it shook the house. She started to

press upward, only to stop a quarter of the way, her arms shaking wildly. He gritted his teeth and forced the bar downward until it touched her boobs again. He let up a little.

“NO...” she gasped. “Don’t stop... I need... to overcome.”

She growled like some kind of jungle cat as she poured every ounce of her Kryptonian strength into her efforts. The bar slowly began to regain altitude. Jimmy saw 6,700-something flash across the display briefly. He felt a blaze of heat coming from Kara’s chest.

“Always thought you were... hot,” he gasped. “But not literally.”

The heat grew nearly unbearable as their contest of strength went on for another thirty seconds, the bar hovering in mid-press as she tried to finish her last rep, with Jimmy doing his best to refuse her. The two of them strained and groaned and sweated, both their bodies shaking wildly, and then his abs started to protest. He gasped in pain, sweat pouring off his body as they cramped up, and the contest of man plus machine failed as she Kara straightened her arms a final time.

She was grinning fiercely by the time her elbows locked. “Hah! Beat you.”

She hit the Off button with her toe, and the humming disappeared. She effortlessly benched the half-ton bar with one hand and then sat up to stretch again. Her upper body was more pumped up now than Jimmy had ever seen it, with the edges of her breasts actually glowing red hot.

“That was really interesting... having a workout partner,” she smiled. “I’ve never worked that hard before, but I was damned if I was going to let you beat me. What’s really cool is that my pects and tris are actually sore, which says I was breaking down muscle tissue from the strain. Haven’t ever been sore before.”

“You’ve really never used all your strength? Hell, I’ve seen you drag sinking cargo ships up onto the shore.”

“Any metal or rock will crush in my hands before I can use my full strength. So nothing on Earth can resist me. Until you.”

He chuckled. “Yeah, me doing the .0001% part while a Kryptonian field generator did the rest.”

She continued stretching, her body a maze of hard curves and deep clefts. “I’m just glad the updates to the machine worked. It was only calibrated for Kal, so I had to add some more Kryptonian power cells.”

“I briefly saw numbers on the high side of 6700 on the meter.”

“So now we know what I can bench. Guess I’m not as strong as some people think.”

“Not as strong?! You sure blew me away.”

“Some people think I have no limits. That I’m some kind of Goddess, don’t you know. It’s all over the Net since that contest.”

“You actually read that stuff?”

“Yeah. Pretty much all of it.”

“No wonder you get confused. Some of those blogs do nothing but imagine ways to put you in peril. Doing unspeakable things to you.”

“As you said earlier, everyone has their kink. Actually, I’ve learned a few things to avoid from those sites. Things a sick-minded criminal might try on me.”

“And that’s educational?”

“Sure. But that’s not my real problem.”

“Then it must be a real doozy.”

She paused for a moment as she wiped the sweat from her face and chest with a towel. Turning, she looked into a mirror, and her

eyes flashed red to envelop her head in the reflected glow, drying her hair in seconds. She combed it out with her fingers while she reflected more heat vision down her body to dry her skin. She finally turned to face him again, still completely unconscious about her nudity.

“Well, you see, Jimmy, the problem is that there’s this guy that Karen is kind of seeing.”

Karen was the name she’d assumed when she started up a computer gaming company. Her Karen Starr disguise was a short, black wig and green contacts. She pretended she was older than she was and had altered her face to match, something Jimmy still didn’t understand, but which Clark Kent had done for years to seemingly age himself. She’d also established an online presence as a gaming freak, which given her fabulous looks, had made her a legend among the fanboys of the gaming world. During the last DragonCon, she’d gone so far as to wear the black uniform of Aimee, the most popular character from her company’s new Overlord game. Aimee was supposedly a genetically-engineered warrior -- inhumanly strong and hard to kill, not to mention beautiful.

It was a brilliant disguise, what with Kara, who was really Powergirl, pretending to be Karen Starr who in turn was doing a sexy cosplay as Aimee. Given the arrogant disdain Powergirl displayed toward men, nobody made the connection to the flirtatious, sexy Aimee. What tickled Jimmy’s fancy was that the women at either end of that chain of deception, PG and Aimee, were both over-endowed uberfemmes. Yet nobody seemed to have a clue that they were the same woman.

“You’re actually dating someone?” Jimmy asked, truly surprised. “What happened to the man-hater I know so well?”

Her eyes narrowed. “I didn’t know how to handle male attention when I first got here, Jimmy. And everyone just wanted to stare at my boobs, not to mention get all hot and bothered and rude around me. I guess I over-reacted at first. But Karen is different. She’s the one who needs help.”

Jimmy was startled to hear her talk about her other self as if she truly was a different person.

“I’ll buy that, about being different, but still...”

“I’d lived in that Symbioship since I was an infant, Jimmy, living this perfect fantasy life as if I was back on Argo City. I thought those memories were real, but they were all implanted memories. I’d never seen or touched a living person until I landed here, and humans turned out to be so wildly diverse, physically and mentally -- way more than the Symbioship had taught me. I was in total overload. And then there was the thing with my cousin and his insufferably paternalistic bullshit. The way he wanted me to be a girl so he could parent me.”

Jimmy had no idea how to respond to that, so he asked: “So who is the lucky guy?”

“His name is Andrew Vinson. He’s a reporter for CNN. He’s very sweet and doesn’t have a clue who I really am. Actually, I don’t know if Karen and he are technically dating or just friends. They go to concerts and museums and dinners together. Human relationships are still very confusing.”

This was definitely a new side of PG. Jimmy wasn’t sure she’d ever uttered the word ‘sweet’ before, even in front of a hot fudge sundae.

“Kind of sounds like dating to me,” he shrugged. “And if he’s a reporter for a major cable network, he’s probably older than I am. How old does he think you are?”

“Karen is twenty-six. Haven’t you read her bio?”

It was weird hearing her talk about her other self in the third person. She was obviously in over her head, given her lack of social development and experience. She was just faking it as Karen. “So how do you work that, the just friends thing? I mean, given the way you look, any guy with red blood in veins is going to be thinking sex.”

“We’re friends, and it works for us, doesn’t it?”

Jimmy wasn’t sure what to say to that. He’d long dreamed of being more than just a friend to her, and his body had always betrayed his thoughts. A betrayal that PG had made a point to ignore until today.

Now she had this boyfriend and Jimmy couldn’t help but feel jealous.

“Anyway, Karen told him she’d just broken up from an abusive relationship,” she continued. “That she wasn’t ready for anything new.”

She sounded really shizoid now. “Abusive? With your muscles? Even if you were completely human, you could probably hold your own against most men.”

“Emotionally abusive then. Hell, I don’t know. It was either that or something about being HIV positive, Jimmy. Besides, Karen didn’t think she’d like him this much. But he’s witty, smart and kind. He makes her laugh.”

“Sounds like a late night talk show host. Is he celibate like you... I mean, Karen?”

“Anything but... most women find him very attractive.”

“And what does he think about PG?”

“Obviously, he doesn’t connect me with Karen. Her name has never come up.”

He wondered if Superman talked about his Eric identity this way. Like he really was someone else.

“When the sex thing comes up,” she said, jerking his thoughts back to her, “as its about to, I don’t want to come across as a naive, little virgin.”

“The sex thing?” he repeated. A wicked thought came over Jimmy, and he couldn’t help but blurt out: “So the mighty Powergirl is suddenly powerless before the threat of a human penis?”

She glared at him as she crossed her arms beneath her breasts, her nudity mocking his claim of her innocence. “Karen has the problem, not me. I’m trying to help her. And this isn’t funny, Jimmy.”

“Ah... actually, it is.” He tried to keep a straight face. “So, how is a mortal man supposed to pop her cherry and all.”

“She wasn’t born with a hymen, if that’s what you mean.”

“Then no problem. I’m sure he’ll be thrilled.” Jimmy felt himself getting hotter as his imagination played games with him, trying to imagine PG in the throes of passion. He failed, but Karen was another matter. He’d seen an interview she gave one time, and she’d come across as very smart and amazingly hot.

“Except she’s totally and completely unfuckable, Jimmy. By a human anyway. All that muscle tone gets in the way, even if she really tries to keep things relaxed.”

Jimmy blinked, his jaw falling open. Like every other guy, he’d had visions of grandeur in his dreams.

“Unfuckable isn’t a word. And you believe this because...?”

“You know those things you can buy on-line? Sex toys.”

“Never had much need for them. But yes.”

“Well, even the toughest ones just bend, tear and crush when I play with them.”

“OK...” Jimmy said slowly, some very x-rated images bouncing off the inside of his skull. “I think I got the picture.”

She smiled. “I’m just glad I have you as a friend. You don’t let anything freak you out.”

He wanted to say, ‘if you only knew how hard I’m working to stay cool’, but instead said nothing.

“But what I really love is that we can talk about anything.”

Jimmy did enjoy that. PG was the absolute opposite of his wife, Alisa. She used to be a reporter until she took a bullet in the spine from a gangster and had been confined to wheelchair ever since. She hadn’t handled her disability well, and was prone to bouts of depression. Drugs didn’t help. She was retreating into her shell and shutting Jimmy out more and more each year.

“I really love our talks too. You just being you, and not having to play games with your various other selves. Still, it’s fun to watch from afar as you save the world. I even like your uberbitchiness sometimes, particularly when you deal with Islamic terrorists.”

She chuckled. “Yeah... I’m like their worst nightmare. A blonde, half-nude bulletproof western chick who worships alien gods, and who kicks their butts.”

“But then there’s your Karen Starr thing, creating a company and some of the most innovative games in like zero time, and now you are doing that cosplayer stuff with your Aimee character. I have no idea how you keep your various identities straight.”

“It’s not hard, but you help me keep my head on straight. Plus I only sleep an hour a day and can do things a superspeed, so I’ve got time for two or three lives.”

“You make me tired just thinking about it.”

She paused as she looked meaningfully at him. “But now I need your help in a very different way, Jimmy.”

“My help? I thought you were the one who saved worlds?”

“I want you to show me how to be, you know, intimate. With a man.”

Jimmy staggered and his knees went limp as her words hit home. It was all he could do to stand. “What?”

“You heard me.”

“Teach you to what... have sex?”

“That’s what intimacy usually means when you’re dating, doesn’t it?”

Jimmy staggered back to collapse in a chair. “Holy shit. You can’t ask me that!”

She glared at him. “So why is it so fucking hard? I’m not ugly, and you’re always turned on around me.”

“Let me count the ways... starting with the fact that I’m married.”

“True, but you haven’t had sex since Alisa went into that wheelchair and started to shut you out. Your sexual life doesn’t have to end with that bullet, even if hers did.”

“My sexual life is none of your business. Besides, I made a vow when we married.”

“Yeah... the ‘long as you both shall live, sickness and health’ bullshit. You really buy into that?”

“I don’t want to hurt Alisa more than she already has been.” He winced as he listened to his own words. His resolve was already weakening.

“What she doesn’t know won’t hurt her. Like they say about Vegas, what happens here stays here.”

Despite being emotionally off-balance, Jimmy couldn’t help but laugh. This was so inappropriate, and more than anything it highlighted how innocent PG was about human ways. “You know, of all the conversations I imagined we might have today, this wasn’t on my list.”

“You think this is easy for me to ask?” she declared angrily. “Look at it from my perspective, my body is supposed to be sacred under Rao. I’m not supposed to have contact with anyone but another Kryptonian, Jimmy. Ever. We’re talking simple contact, not to mention sex. Anyone who as much as touches me should be killed. Racial purity and all. Or so I was taught by the Symbioship -- but I don’t know if that’s really part of Kryptonian culture or some weird shit my dad tossed in. What I do know is that all of my memories of growing up were synthesized by the ship. Everything in my head prior to six months ago is either a total fake or its Kryptonian propaganda.”

“But since then...” Jimmy started to say, only to have her cut him off.

“Now I’m living on Earth. Krypton is dead, so obviously I’m no longer bound to the culture or to the religious beliefs of that world. Instead, your planet has every kind of culture and belief and social convention. Total chaos.”

“We each have to find our own...” Jimmy tried to say, only to have her continue.

“Kal is no better,” she continued agitatedly. “The only thing he knows about Krypton is what Jor-El’s crystals tell him, and I know a lot of that is whacky brainwashing shit too. His idea of self is called selflessness. He simply flies around punching out bad guys and otherwise tries to be human. Talk about wasting his potential.”

Jimmy was shocked by her last comment, but understood much of what she was saying relative to understanding Kryptonian culture. Before he died, his dad had worried about some of these same things. He’d once told his dad that Darkseid came from the “dark half of Krypton.”

He decided to take another tact. “It seems this Andrew person has Karen wrapped around his finger.”

“She just likes being with him. And he’s a very sexy man. And everyone knows that men and women can’t just be friends forever.”

“Hmmm... and I thought that’s what we were doing.”

“You know what I mean.”

Jimmy shook his head. “Actually, I don’t, given you are definitely trying to change the rules here. So what’s that racial purity thing all about?”

She sighed impatiently. “According to what I was taught by the ship, Kal can be the only one. I was sent here to continue the race. But I can’t stand being around him. Just the thought of being intimate with him...” She made a gagging noise.

Jimmy felt badly for her. PG had had such a tough time since she came to Earth. First by discovering that all her memories and experiences were all just simulations, her entire life a lie. Now she had all these convoluted identities and changing attitudes and emotions. She was an emotional minefield, her mind fluidly moving from one extreme to another. She lacked any concept of a center,

which given her upbringing by a machine and her recent experiences on Earth was understandable. She was trying to be both Powergirl and Karen Starr, but she hadn't even figured out who Kara Zor L really was.

He began tossing out other obstacles. "Forgetting everything else, I could wind up in worse shape than Alisa if we got together. Broken in ways I don't even want to think about."

Her eyes narrowed. "You really think I'd hurt you?"

"Not deliberately. But sex is all about losing control. Some researchers liken orgasm to an epileptic seizure. You already talked about crushing dildos or whatever. Given your strength, I think we're talking earth tremors if you lost control. My being between you and the Earth would not go well."

"Which is what I need to learn to avoid. I've got to stay totally in control."

"Has it occurred to you that you might not find that very much fun? Or maybe that its not even possible?"

"Giving pleasure can be fun."

"It's also false if you're faking it. Guys eventually figure that out."

"Making someone else happy can never be wrong, Jimmy."

Jimmy stared at her. Something wasn't right. "I can't believe I'm hearing this from Powergirl of all people. You want to please a man while ignoring your own needs? It wasn't an hour ago that you were dumping all over the idea of men fantasizing about you."

"This is different. I like Andrew. And I keep telling you, Karen is the one with the issue."

"Yeah. Most couples who are dating do like each other. And sex is obviously one way to share those feelings. Its not 'an issue'."

"Right."

“Except you want to fake it. Like some hooker.”

The whites of her eyes glowed pink and he literally felt the heat from her glare this time.

“Jimmy, ever since I came to to Earth, my needs haven’t been on anyone’s map, least of all mine. Like Kal, I’m here to give. To offer my services to humanity. So what’s different if I want to please one man?”

Jimmy wasn’t going further down that path. Saving people and arresting criminals and stopping wars was totally different than becoming some guy’s fuck toy. But he knew he had to be careful what he said. “So what’s your grand plan here?”

“I was thinking of using a bit of green K to weaken Karen.”

“That stuff makes you sick as a dog. Skin sweaty, your eyes scrunched up, curling into a fetal ball, wracked with pain and nausea. You think you can push through all that and pretend to be having the time of your life?”

“You’re thinking of Kal. I have a certain tolerance given there was green-K stuck all over the hull of the Symbioship.”

“OK, I buy that it can’t kill you like it can him. But after that encounter you had with Lex Luthor and his Kryptonite armor, you were weak, nauseous and vomiting. That’s not how you want to feel during sex, trust me on this.”

“If the concentration of Kryptonite is low enough, Karen will be OK. And damn it, Jimmy, she has to try.”

“Have to? You, she, whoever we’re talking about, you don’t have to do anything. You’re fucking Powergirl.”

He was starting to get worried. Was this Andrew person messing with her mind. Superman had once told his dad about these aliens

called Diaboli who could read and control people's thoughts. Had one of them targeted Karen?

He decided to try a different, daring tactic. "Have you considered just telling him who you really are? I mean, there are many kinds of sex, oral being one, and as PG you'd be brilliant at that. It doesn't always have to be intercourse."

She shook her head. "Karen isn't Powergirl. And if he knew she was Kryptonian, it would mess his head up. And if she's going to have sex, it has to be real sex."

Now she was really talking like a young teenager.

"And you think you can hide all that muscle tone while having sex? What about those legendary boobs? No possible way this guy won't figure out who you really are once the clothes come off."

"Like you, he likes really fit women. And Karen won't take the black wig or contacts off. Plus you know she looks different than me. Not quite as muscular. Karen told him she's getting ready to compete in a fitness contest. And heck, you like my muscles. He will too."

"Because I know who you really are." Of course, as soon as he said that, he wondered if he really did. More and more it seemed that Karen was a different person.

She shook her head. "My mind's made up, Jimmy. The only question is whether you're going to be my friend and help me or I find someone else."

He just stared at her, lost for words. She was issuing an ultimatum for him to have sex with her?

Her face softened as she saw the shocked look on his face. "Actually, I really don't have anyone else to turn to, Jimmy. I need your help."

Jimmy opened his mouth to say something, to protest and try to convince her otherwise, but he saw the determined look in her eyes. Once PG decided to do something, not even Darkseid could change her course. He had to get Kal involved. Or maybe the shrinks at S.T.A.R. Labs. Someone who could figure out what was going on. To divert her. But to do that, he needed time.

“Of course, I’m always here for you.”

She saw the wary look in his eyes and laughed. “This is going to be like a real sacrifice for you, huh?”

“You think you’re that hot?”

“I know I am.” She cupped her left breast and began massaging it erotically. “Ever wonder what these big girls feel like?”

His body surged almost out of control again. He fought back with his mind, a contest of mind over body, trying to think of some way to delay or forestall what she wanted. It wasn’t helping that he was staring at her hand as she kneaded herself, her fingers teasing her firming nipple. But he had to be strong. She wasn’t thinking straight. He had to do the thinking for both of them.

Then it hit him.

“I don’t think the titrated dose of green-K is the solution. How about instead getting some blue-K and using that on him?”

She blinked. “Blue-K? Never heard of it.”

“My dad was once exposed it and it temporarily made him bulletproof. Basically gave him a bit of Kryptonian power.”

“How am I supposed to do that without Andrew knowing?”

Jimmy’s thoughts raced, and he blurted out the first thing he thought of. “Make sure he’s only exposed while in your arms. He’ll never know how much power he’s exerting.”

He had no idea if that was actually practical, but he had to buy time. Kara would have to go to Kal to get some blue-K. That would not be quick or pleasant for her. Especially if he first sent her on a wild-goose chase.

“And where do I get some of that?” she asked.

“S.T.A.R. Labs. I’m sure they’re authorized by Kal to give you anything you want. “

“Damn right, at least they better be,” she growled.

“OK, you get that and then call me and we’ll figure something out.”

She smiled as she walked closer to hug him, her firm breasts flattening only slightly against his chest before crushing the air from his lungs, her engorged nipples feeling like bullets as they dug into his chest. “Thank you, Jimmy. You really are a good friend to me.”

She released him, and he took a welcoming breath of air as he watched her pull on a high-necked leather jacket that belonged to Maggie. She was able to only fasten the lower two buttons before it proved too small for her dramatic chest. She left the top open, the leather clinging to the edges of her nipples.

Jimmy forced himself to turn away, mumbling something about a new assignment that had come in from the Planet. He was standing on the first step to walk upstairs when Kara grabbed his arm to stop him.

“Wait a minute, Jimmy.”



Turning back, he looked into her large, blue eyes as she stood slightly below him. Her face looked young and vulnerable now, her disarming innocence at odds with her muscular, confident body.

“Do you know that I’ve never ever been kissed. By anyone. Can you at least do that?”

Jimmy smiled as he stepped back down to her level. He reached out to gently slip his fingers under her warm hair as he leaned closer. She tilted her head slightly to rest her cheek against one hand, looking so incredibly cute.

“This much I can do.”

Chapter Two

Sector 52 firing range

A mechanical voice spoke over a loudspeaker. "3...2...1...Fire."

Andrew Vinson stood inside a blast shelter with a dozen military officers in the Nevada desert as an incredibly bright flash of pure light blazed in the noontime desert sky, its spectrum pure white as opposed to the yellow like the sun. It was so bright that it cast a shadow in direct sunlight. The ground shook and the video screens showed the target buildings above their underground blast shelter bursting completely into flames, top to bottom, inside and out. Seconds later, a massive shockwave arrived to blast the buildings into flaming toothpicks as the flat desert terrain was scoured by a supersonic dust cloud. The blast shelter shook as if it was in the grip of a strong earthquake.

The blast effects went as fast as they came, and his host, Major Admundsen opened the door to climb out of the shelter to stand in the hot wind.

Andrew's heart raced as he cautiously climbed the stairs to ground level to join the Major. A very small mushroom cloud was rising in the near distance.

Shockingly, he realized he'd just witnessed an above-ground nuclear detonation. How the US government got away with that in this day of test bans, he had no idea.

"Don't we have to worry about radiation?" he asked worriedly.

"That wasn't a nuke," Major Admundsen replied. "Nukes only realize a fraction of their energy potential, with the rest of that material turning into radioactive fallout. What you just saw was a

99.999% percent efficient antimatter detonation. Essentially zero radiation and no EMP.”

“Antimatter?” he gasped. “You mean, like a photo torpedo on Star Trek? Or their engine pods. But that’s all science fiction.”

“The short answer is yes and no. You just witnessed a positron bomb.”

“You’ve found a way to create and contain anti-matter?!”

The Major nodded. “The tech isn’t local. But, yeah.”

‘Local’ was a recent euphemism for ‘terrestrial’. Which meant this weapon hadn’t been developed on Earth. Between Superman’s disclosure of some advanced elements of Kryptonian science, and Darkseid’s use of an array of alien weaponry to try and take him out, the US government had apparently gotten its hands on some pretty interesting toys.

“It’s very simple in design,” the Major continued, “although the materials aren’t currently possible to fabricate on Earth. There is a small capsule of positrons isolated at one end of a short barrel made of some kind of metal that’s tougher than anything we’ve seen before. A dense pellet of iron is isolated in the other end. A small explosive charge slams them together, shattering the barriers that keep them separated, and that super-metal keeps them contained until they fully react. Then the capsule bursts. The result is total conversion of matter to energy.

“As powerful as a nuke?”

“Several thousand times more powerful for a given mass than plutonium. This one was approximately one kiloton. The buildings you saw burned and then destroyed were 1000 feet from ground zero. Yet that all happened without a trace of hard radiation or EMP. Just pure heat and blast.”

He turned and dropped a tiny capsule into Andrew's hand. It was about the size and shape of a small kidney bean. "You are holding a sister weapon to the one that we just detonated."

Andrew gasped as he gingerly held the tiny weapon in his palm, his heart thumping even faster. Other than being extremely heavy for its size, perhaps an ounce, it was too tiny to be a believable weapon. Yet he'd just experienced its power.

"Don't worry. Its resistant to shock. The one you just saw detonated was fired out of a gun. It went through a brick wall without detonating before we set it off electronically."

Andrew leaned down to study it closer as he held his breath. "How do you trigger it? I don't see any external contact points."

"An encoded burst of radio waves at exactly 17.14321Ghz. Each weapon has a separate 48 bit code sequence."

"Each one?", Andrew thought. He wondered how many Admundsen had.

The major set a small device on the table that looked like a cell phone. "This is the trigger. You punch in the proper code and press Execute."

Andrew scanned the surface of the major's thoughts, but found no sense of deception. Admundsen believed everything he was telling him. "And you think this could kill a Kryptonian? I thought they could shrug off nukes?"

"We think they are vulnerable if the weapon is embedded in their body deeply enough while they are weakened slightly by Kryptonite."

"Embedded?"

"Swallowed would be best, although we have no way to encourage them to do that. Anal penetration would be acceptable,

but once again, impractical to conceive a scenario where they would permit that. We decided that vaginal penetration was the most probable way to successfully implant it, given decisions regarding sex are a matter of emotion as opposed to logic.”

Despite the major’s awkward explanation, realization hit Andrew with a brilliance that equaled the antimatter burst. Now he knew why he’d been summoned here. Now he knew why he’d been asked to cultivate a sexual relationship with Powergirl by influencing her thoughts.

He was horrified.

“And... and the President has confirmed the necessity of taking her out?”

“Indirectly. Darkseid made it clear enough. Antimatter bombardment and the large-scale infection of Earth’s population is only months away if we don’t form an alliance. The price for our survival is the elimination of the Kryptonians.”

“And why can’t Darkseid or his minions do it? Reputedly, he’s got all kinds of alien freaks working for him.”

“You saw what happened when he unleashed Doomsday. We thought he’d killed Superman at one point, but Kryptonians don’t die like ordinary people. Even without a heartbeat for days, he recovered somehow. Besides, the Kryptonians now have sensors that detect Darkseid’s forces as soon as they enter the solar system. What they won’t expect is an attack using this technology, yet fielded by the humans closest to them.”

“That’s a rotten way to repay them for all they’ve done for us.”

“The President agrees completely, Mr. Vinson. But the lives of billions and the freedom of our planet is at stake. And while the President and the Joint Chiefs do not doubt that the Kryptonians can

eventually stop Darkseid's forces, a very large portion of the Earth would likely be destroyed before they accomplished that."

"We could bring the Kryptonians into the discussion. Surely they've considered that Darkseid would resort to some kind of blackmail."

"And lose our one opportunity to take them out? No, we need the element of total surprise." He paused to look directly into Andrew's eyes. "And don't forget that you, Mr. Vinson, as a Diaboli, are in violation of the Extraterrestrial Act yourself. We now have the technology to ensure we could put you and your family in a prison that even your thoughts can't escape."

Andrew blanched as he read the major's mind again, and saw the jail cells with the psi-shield generators surrounding them. He was still reeling from the recent revelation that some of his own people had turned against them and given humans that technology. Obviously, Darkseid terrified everyone, humans and Diaboli alike.

He debated doing a deeper mind-rip on the major to find out if he was hiding anything below his surface thoughts -- he had enough power to do it now -- but that would set off too many alarms. When the Omegan Sect had aligned themselves with the US government, they'd provided Diaboli operatives with psi detection technology to fully unmask his group, the Frejyan. The Frejyan's goal had been to influence affairs on Earth from behind the scenes, something they'd been doing for ten centuries. But the humans were touchy about things like that -- they didn't like their brains meddled with. Even if it was for their own good.

Instead, the Omegans wanted to create a public alliance between humans and Diaboli, with both groups working to secure the future of Earth. Most Frejyans thought that was impossible. Humans would

never trust having aliens living among them who could read and influence their thoughts. But in an act of good faith, the Omegans had given the government psi-readers that lit up whenever a Diaboli within range was trying to deep-scan or influence someone's mind. They also gave them shields that would protect them from scanning.

Significantly, the Omegans hadn't shared that technology with the two Kryptonians, and the humans had kept it secret as well. Despite the extreme difficulty of influencing a Kryptonian's mind, it was possible to seed small changes into their emotional state -- something he'd been working hard at doing to Karen Starr for the last month.

Still, the thought of impregnating her with the seed of her own destruction turned his stomach and made his blood run cold. Was he supposed to die in the same blast? He had a brief image of himself, caught in the moment of passion, fully committed, when that detonation came.

"I assume you have a strategy to get me to safety before you detonate it?"

The major looked at him for a long moment. "I thought they'd explained that to you? This is an act of martyrdom to keep your people and ours safe."

Andrew turned white. "They said you'd explain everything."

Admundsen made a face. "Cowards as usual. OK, here's the deal. You need to get it deep. You are the ramrod, in more ways than one. Once its there, you push the button. It will be painless for you."

"You twisted fucks..." Andrew exclaimed.

Admundsen showed no emotion as he said: "Now that you know the full scope of the danger and the opportunity, Mr. Vinson, we

expect you to do your duty. Both to ensure the survival of our government, as well as your own family.”

Andrew clenched his fists in rage, wanting nothing more than to lash out and turn the major into a drooling idiot by burning out his cerebral cortex. Instead, he nodded slowly. He’d long ago sold his soul for the sake of his children.

“Excellent.”

With that, the Major turned on his heel and marched back into the blast shelter.

Chapter Three

Two days later

Jimmy noticed the perfume the moment he walked into his apartment -- it was both expensive and unfamiliar. His pulse quickened. It wouldn't be PG, she never wore scents, and it certainly wasn't Alisa's, given she'd left for her mother's house. She'd told Jimmy she wasn't coming back, but she'd done that before. He didn't know what to believe anymore.

He set his camera bag down and walked through the living room and out into the glass sunroom that made up the back of the hillside apartment. A tall woman with long blonde hair was standing with her back to him, wearing a pink gown and a darker pink sweater over her shoulders.

"To what do I owe this honor?"

The woman turned to face him, revealing green eyes. The light pink dress she wore beneath the gown was opened all the way to her waist, and a large golden necklace made of interlocked rings hung nearly as low. The darker pink sweater almost looked like a cape the way it hung down her back.

He smiled as he recognized her dramatic figure. "Oh, my mistake. Hello, you must be Ms. Starr."

Interestingly, Karen looked sleek and shapely instead of overtly muscular. She was stunningly beautiful, but also much older looking. He wasn't sure how Kara did that to her face, but she looked completely different. But Karen wore a short black wig, not a long blonde one.



“I think I’ve done it, Jimmy.”

“Done what?” he asked calmly, even as his heart raced. He’d never met Karen Starr before and he found her incredibly sexy. No

wonder all the fan-boys were infatuated with their favorite computer gaming executive.

He walked over to the bar to pour a couple of glasses of brandy, his hands shaking. Given Karen was supposed to be twenty-six, he'd have to treat her that way. He downed his glass as he turned to offer one to her.

"I couldn't find any blue-K, Jimmy. But I think I've perfected some green-K. Want to try it?"

Jimmy started coughing as a few drops of brandy went down the wrong way. Gasping for air, he downed the second glass of fiery liquid instead of handing it to her.

"Try it?" he gasped when he started to breathe again. "Try what?"

"I melted together some extremely fine Green K powder with 24K gold and I think I've finally found a concentration that works to dampen me enough."

She held out an expensive-looking choker. Jimmy saw the faint green tinge of inclusions in the gold. She was handling it easily.

"Well, you at least don't look sick."

"I feel wonderful. A little light-headed and a bit buzzy maybe, but that's a nice feeling. Very relaxed."

"Congratulations. You're high."

She rose up on her toes like a ballerina, calf muscles bunching smoothly but tighter and smaller than before. "Given the green-K, my muscle tone has been dramatically reduced."

"Something most women don't define as their ultimate goal," Jimmy quipped.

"They aren't a zillion times stronger than the men around them."

"So that's the number... always wondered. A lot of zeros before that decimal point."

“You know what I mean, Jimmy.”

“So you’re closer to being merely human now, huh?”

“I could still lift your Honda, maybe even toss it a ways, but not a big truck. I think that will let me control my strength enough to not do any damage. Which is good, since I’ve got a date with Andrew tomorrow night and I plan to dazzle him. With a little help from my friend.”

Jimmy clearly remembered her sexy request for help back at Maggie and Eric’s place. A very inappropriate request. And then there was that kiss. PG had seemingly wanted to continue it forever as she thrilled to such a simple pleasure. It had taken all his willpower to finally pull away and leave.

Karen looked so different, so beautiful, but he had to remember that no matter how he looked, this was still the same young, innocent girl inside, and that she had zero experience with men or anything related to sex.

“So, you expect me to take you from virgin to love-goddess in one night?”

Karen shrugged. “I’m a fast learner. I do everything better than mere humans. I’m sure that includes sex.”

He chuckled. “Mere humans. Now that’s the Powergirl I know.”

“Not much power in me now. I’m just little ‘ol Karen.”

“There is nothing little or ‘just’ about you, Kara.” He was about to add, “including your ego”, but he held his tongue.

She walked over to pour another brandy, and handed the glass to him. “It’s Karen, Jimmy boy. Don’t get confused.”

“I’m not, but maybe you are.”

She chuckled. “You obviously are going to need your stamina. But even more, you need to relax a little.”

She kicked off her shoes and shrugged her shoulders, letting her long sweater fall to the floor. The light pink negligee it revealed could only be described as exotic. Her back was bare and the front open down to her waist, leaving only two slashes of fabric rising over her large breasts and a miniskirt that barely covered anything.

“Let me guess. The best of Victoria’s Secret?”

She spun around slowly while floating in mid-air, the skirt lifting to reveal a flash of gold. “You like?”

“Wow. You can still fly despite the green-K. Does Andrew know you’re a natural blonde?”

she looked disappointed. “I was hoping you’d say I looked sexy.”

“I think you’ve already earned the gold medal for that.”

She smiled and laughed, although he detected a hint of nervousness. “Thank you.”

“You’re sure about this, Karen?” He tried to think of her as someone different and older, but he still saw PG’s young face behind the older one in front of him.

She nodded. “But it would help if you could at least pretend you’re interested in me.”

Jimmy smiled, his thoughts racing to find a way out of this dilemma. He wished he had the guts to just walk out the door, but he’d too long fantasized about meeting Karen. And he had his inappropriate fantasies about Powergirl. But he’d never dared get this creative, even in his daydreams.

The big negative was that Karen had the hots for someone else. She simply wanted him to teach her so she could please her boyfriend. And he was still married to Alisa, even if she no longer wanted him.

Confusing thoughts assaulting him from every direction, the only thing constant was that he wanted Karen Starr more than he'd wanted anyone in his life. He realized that just by saying her name in his head, he was distancing himself from the PG he knew.

He forced his disciplined mind into gear, such as was possible under the circumstances. He couldn't let this happen. Not now. Not under these conditions. Karen was just a disguise. He knew the real Kara. He tried another tact to discourage her.

"Do you think Andrew is looking for you to be this sexually assertive, Karen?" he asked. "The whole thousand dollar hooker routine?"

She smiled. "Hell, I figure I'm at least worth a million. I mean, I can fly. Just think of the new positions that opens up."

Jimmy's heart leaped as his imagination started to work on that, but he slowly shook his head. She definitely wasn't thinking straight. If he'd brought that hooker analogy up again in PG's presence, she'd probably have punched him out. But Karen Starr was supposed to be a kind and considerate person, a genius at computes who was devoid of PG's uberbitchiness. Could Kara really change her personality so profoundly?

"You're not going to fly for Andrew, Karen. And that's not the point I was making anyway. The key is whether he likes sexually aggressive women. I mean, so far, you've avoided doing as much as kiss him, and now you're going to come on as this blonde goddess who wants to fuck his brains out?"

"Not blonde. I'll still be Karen, black wig and all. A bit demure and reluctant at first. The blonde wig is only for you, given I know how much you like blondes. You can call me Supergirl or whatever when I'm looking like this."

Jimmy closed his eyes as he tried to hold onto his sanity. Supergirl? Was she another of Karen's cosplay characters?

"As far as Andrew goes," she continued, "I figured I'd let him think he's drawing me out of my shell. Convince him that I've finally healed the wounds of my previous relationship, so to speak. Besides, most of the women he dates are career women, so I think he's used to assertiveness."

Jimmy slugged down yet another brandy, trying to keep his head on straight. "Don't be so sure. And even so, there's a big difference between slutty and sophisticated, just as there is between being physically and emotionally assertive. Besides, some otherwise strong women enjoy being submissive in bed."

She laughed. "Karen Starr is sophisticated and smart and definitely sexy, but never submissive. But don't all men have this fantasy of a slutty women who will do anything for them, even if just in the bedroom?"

Jimmy downed yet another brandy, frowning as his heart raced even faster than his thoughts. This was absolutely all wrong. She might be aping Karen in the way she looked and acted, but no way did Kara really think this way. His only hope was to convince her that Andrew would see right through her disguise. That she couldn't pretend to be human and get away with it. He had to do that by showing her.

"Look at the bright side, Jimmy. You'll go down in history as the first man who slept with a Kryptonian chick. And if the fan-boys knew you were fucking Karen Starr, you'd be their new god."

A sexy shiver of anticipation raced through Jimmy's body at her words, only to be cautioned by her obvious arrogance. "If you don't

mind my saying, Miss Zor L, you definitely have the slutty part down pat.”

“With this wig, maybe you should just call me Supergirl. I’m not the woman you think you know.”

She stepped closer, moving like she had in so many of his dreams. She guided his hand beneath her gown to cup her left breast. She was so full and warm that Jimmy’s hand felt small in comparison. Despite himself, he gave her an experimental squeeze, half expecting her to break his hand like she’d done to anyone else who’d tried this. Instead, she just sighed. He held her tighter, his fingers sinking her softness, finding she was far firmer than any human woman, yet still definitely feminine.

“So what do you think?”

Lost in his surging emotions, Jimmy didn’t trust himself to speak. He knew he should pull away, but Supergirl (he found he was thinking of her as that now, distancing himself from young PG) pulled open her negligee to proudly free both breasts. Turning her back to him, she leaned against his chest, tilting her head back on his shoulder, her long blonde hair spilling over him as she stuck her chest out further. She took both his hands and placed them on those perfect orbs.

Her invitation couldn’t be clearer.

He responded like the man he was, rolling her large nipples gently between thumb and forefinger, which made them rise up, getting harder. She was responding like any other woman.

“Mmmm... that feels so nice,” she sighed.

Jimmy was breathing fast now and his pounding heart threatened to leap from his chest. The moment was here. He could no longer

avoid it. "You know, its been said that more than a handful is a waste."

She turned her head to the side to gently kiss him, pressing herself more tightly into his hands: "Then I'm the most wasteful, sinful woman on the entire planet. Hold me tighter."

Jimmy did. She was so incredibly sexy, despite being so firm. He struggled to imagine how she was both feminine and bulletproof at the same time, but it was hopeless. Lost in a dream that a billion men shared, he traced his hands lower, reluctantly leaving those warm mounds, instead following the soft edges of her abs southward.

She rose on her tiptoes as she eased the straps of her torn negligee from her shoulders and let it fall over his hands as he encircled her waist. Turning back to face him as she floated upward in mid-air, she brought her breasts to his face level, and he gently kissed his way from one to the other, exploring the deep cleavage between, briefly burying his face in her cleavage before climbing the other side. He paused to trace his tongue around one firm nipple, feeling it grow larger and harder under his touch.

She sighed in pleasure as he clenched her nipple gently with his lips and then daringly clenched her with his teeth as he swirled his tongue. He held her tightly enough to have hurt a normal woman, and she responded by placing her hand over the back of his head to pull his face deeper into her softness. He was soon gasping for air.

She freed him, and he began kissing his way lower. He fumbled a bit as he untied her torn negligee from around her waist, finally letting it slip down her long legs to the floor. Slowly kneeling, he closed his warm hands over her ankles and then began to trace his way slowly upward. She opened her legs for him as he traced his

kisses upward, following the sensitive inside of one strong, golden thigh.

Karen was breathing fast with anticipation now as she tangled her fingers in his hair, opening her legs wider yet to encourage him onward.

Jimmy sensed the warmth radiating from her sex, her musky scent drawing him inward. He brought his kisses to her golden bush, and traced his tongue around her labia, barely touching her. He continued to gently tease her as she got wetter each moment. He cupped her tight ass with his hands, pulling her closer as he daringly ran the tip of his tongue quickly from the bottom of her labia to the top. She squeaked with pleasure and her body shuddered with need as he opened her with his tongue, exploring inward, working his way slowly toward her sexy button, hearing her breathing growing shallower and faster as he paused to tease her clitoris from its hood, emerging so wet and ready. Other than being a little larger and harder usual, it seemed so very human.

She floated lower in his arms as his kisses rose across her tight abs. He traced the contours of those perfect muscles, pausing to worship her breasts again, and finally ending with a soulful kiss that filled both their bodies with electric arousal.

She struggled briefly with his belt, and then his trousers, before finally tearing them off in her enthusiasm.

“Be gentle, Karen,” he murmured between kisses. “You’re not supposed to be this strong.”

She grabbed his ass now and held him tightly to her body as she floated backward, rotating in mid-air to support his weight as she headed for his bedroom.

“Or be able to fly,” he added.

“To hell with all that,” she gasped. “I want you!”

Jimmy saw the doorway of his bedroom floating past as Karen flew them to his bed. She settled softly on her back, her legs widely spread as she wrapped her arms around his neck, encouraging him to continue his wild kisses. “Just get it on, baby.”

Jimmy guided himself between her legs, a part of him realizing that her first sexual experience was going to be in the missionary position. So very human-like.

He found her wet and wanting, and eased himself slightly into her.

“Oh, Rao, yes!” She cried.

He began to work his hips, taking it slow -- she was a virgin after all. She was so amazingly tight that he found it was hard just to enter her. He was still working on that when she pressed her heels against his ass and impatiently drove him deeply into herself, taking him to his root, her entire body shaking with excitement as she cried out and held him so tightly inside.

He responded like the man he was, and began to stroke faster, deeper.

“Oh, Rao... more... yes...Yes. Harder! Harder!”

He let himself go, taking her with all his strength now, not worrying about being gentle. She cried out, urging him on, crying faster and louder as he picked up the tempo, her body shaking with excited pleasure as she rolled him over on the bed to straddle him now, rocking her body insistently on his shaft now, moving faster than he could move as she pounded him into the bed, the frame creaking. Despite the choker, her strength was still impressive.

Jimmy struggled to roll her onto her back again, and barely managed with all his strength, but she just kept them rolling over

until they fell off the side of the bed to crash onto the floor, Jimmy fortunately on top, the blow driving him even deeper. She went crazy beneath him, bucking and writhing and rolling across the floor, on top for a moment, and then on her back again as he struggled to keep his rhythm going as they crashed around the room. All the while, her cries of pleasure grew louder and stronger.

Whatever primal animal instincts lived inside him, they escaped now. He took her like an animal, pure lust released, caring nothing for what they were doing to his bedroom, thrusting so hard that he slammed her head against furniture and even knocking a hole in the wall. He was only distantly aware of his favorite pictures falling from the walls as Karen's wild orgasm raced closer, her body tensing more each moment as a storm of pleasure gathered in her center. His hoarse cries joined her screams of pleasure.

She went completely crazy under him, shaking like a dervish before suddenly arching herself backward to freeze, her powerful thighs closing around his body to hold him deep. She vibrated wildly from inside now, her arms pulling his face deeply between her boobs so hard his skull began to creak and he felt as if his eyes were bugging out. Yet he never slowed down as he used every ounce of his strength and skill to try and keep thrusting, imagining that he was splitting her body in half with his exertions.

Her body turned to steel and vibrated powerfully beneath him as she slipped from one fantastic orgasm to the next, barely pausing to gather her energies in between, carrying him along like a cork on the surface of a hurricane sea.

He had no idea how much time had passed before she eventually collapsed, orgasm spent. They crashed down from the ceiling where they'd last been making love, bouncing off the broken bed as her

legs and arms relaxed enough to let blood flow in his head again, carrying with it a profound wave of sleepiness that washed him away.

Chapter Four

He awoke to find himself lying on his broken bed. He had no idea how much time had passed, but it was now dark. He felt as if every part of his body was bruised. His head ached from nearly being crushed. His penis was sore from being held so tightly inside her. He realized he was lucky to have survived the experience.

Karen was lying spooned up against him, her long blonde wig lying on the floor beside the bed. He shifted his arm to cup one breast again, marveling once again at her size and firmness. She stirred and woke as his fingers traced around her now softened nipple, and she turned to face him, her naturally short hair plastered to her face.

“That was awesome, Jimmy. Thank you so much.”

“Glad to be of service, my goddess,” he said as rolled over on his back and away from her. He tried to get out of the bed, only to have his ribs stab him with pain where she’d hugged him a bit too tightly. Broken or bruised, he wasn’t sure. Looking around his bedroom, he saw shattered furniture and clothing strewn everywhere, with many of his prized photographs crumpled in the debris. There were holes in the walls and his bed was completely ruined.

Karen rose to rest her head on her elbow, watching him. “So. How was I?”

“I think we have a problem, Houston.”

Her smile faded as she she heard his favorite quote from a space disaster movie called *Apollo 13*. “Did I hurt you?”

He gingerly ran his fingers over the bruises on his side, deciding his ribs weren’t broken, and twisted his head, only to hear his neck pop loudly. His crushed ears were burning.

“I’ll live. I think.”

She laughed as she rolled on her back, hugging herself, obviously feeling very good. “Rao... I can’t believe I’ve been denying myself this pleasure for so long, Jimmy. That was absolutely incredible. I’ve never felt a hundredth that good before. I’m still buzzing.” She turned her head to wink at him. “So how long have you wanted to do that with me?”

“Since the first day I saw you. Same as every other guy on the planet.”

“Cool...”

“Any chance you can take your strength down a bit more, Karen? You were still a hell of a lot stronger than me, despite my going into some kind of frenzied overdrive thing. I’m beat up, given the way you go crazy when your O comes on. You could easily hurt someone.”

She shook her head. “I can’t take any more green-K before I start to feel sick.”

“Then this isn’t going to work. Between those superhuman boobs of yours and the fact that he’s going to be lucky not to have any broken parts after your first O, your boyfriend is definitely going to know who you really are.”

Karen rose to float over and straddle him, leaning down to brush her nipples across his face. “Famous or infamous, super-boobs are my legacy.”

“Then forget Andrew. Stay here with me.”

He shocked her by grabbing her shoulders and rolling her over onto her back to thrust himself deeply into her before she could answer, taking her hard and confidently. She was wickedly tight now, and he felt her Kegel muscles tighten further, shockingly so,

freezing him in place. He saw the surprised look on her face turn to anger, and knew he was in real trouble.

She grabbed his neck to start strangling him as she nearly crushed his erection inside herself. Jimmy struggled against her green-K dampened strength, but it was hopeless. Just when he thought she was going to crush him, she thrust her hips upward so hard that he crashed into the ceiling, his head hitting so hard that his vision was full of bright spots as he fell back on the broken bed, only to bounce off and land with a crash on the floor. The next thing he knew, she was kneeling on his chest, making it impossible to breathe.

“Never without my permission!” she spat at him from clenched teeth. “Never.”

The spots grew brighter as he ran out of air, and the blackness took him.

Chapter Five

It was daylight when he next awoke, feeling for all the world like he'd been in the mother of all bar fight. His chest ached from where Karen had kneeled on him. More bruised ribs.

He staggered to his feet, coughing, and negotiated the wreckage of his room to reach the bathroom. Once he'd relieved himself, he made his way painfully to the kitchen, only to find the CEO of Starr Enterprises sitting there glaring at him with her piercing green eyes. She had her black wig on and her green contacts in, and was dressed in her trademark black t-shirt and jeans.



This was the full-blown Karen Starr, he realized. He began to wonder if she truly was clinically schizophrenic.

“What the fuck happened at the end there, Karen?” he asked angrily. “One minute you’re the hottest lover I’ve ever had and the next you’re trying to kill me.”

“If I’d wanted to kill you, you’d be dead.”

“So what the fuck then...?”

“You did not have my permission.”

He groaned. “You mean, after all we did last night, I had to ask permission to continue what we’d started?”

“You’re my teacher, Jimmy, not my lover. Don’t forget yourself. We do this on my terms.”

He cursed under his breath. So much for being best friends. He felt a sliver of fear slicing through him. She wasn’t wearing any green-K now. She could kill him with a shrug or even a glance of her heat vision.

“So what’s the real verdict, Jimmy? And don’t bullshit me. I’m talking about my being ready to be with Andrew.”

Jimmy closed his eyes, knowing this was the real moment of danger. Despite her confident posture as Karen Starr, he knew he was talking to a much younger person emotionally. Someone who was experienced new and unfamiliar feelings. He knew he should hold his tongue, to give her the benefit of the doubt, but he was pissed. Best friends didn’t kick each other’s ass that way.

“You really want to fucking know?”

“That’s why I’m wasting a perfectly good morning sitting in your kitchen.”

“Wasting, huh? Well fuck you.”

“I didn’t mean it that way.”

“So you want to know? Then I’ll tell you. You failed utterly. Can’t happen. No way.”

“NO WAY?” she said, eyes opening wider. She floated out of the chair, fists clenched. “And why not?”

“OK... to start with, you want to control the show. You’re competitive. You’re a Kryptonian at heart. A warrior. But you really

don't know what the fuck you are doing or anything about being a woman. Nothing at all about being feminine. You don't have a clue when to be strong and when to be gentle. Your uber-whore assertiveness might work for some guys, but it probably won't with Andrew."

"I disagree. He'll love it."

Jimmy was too sore and exhausted and too beat up to take any shit now. "Not if he doesn't earn his living in a WWF ring."

She settled back into her chair. "Go on."

"Second, you are way too tight, even for a virgin. It took everything I had to do you. How is Andrew... equipped?"

"Bigger than you, quite a bit actually. Not as hard though."

Despite his anger, Jimmy couldn't help but feel a twinge of male jealousy. Bigger? Quite a bit? He turned that into disadvantage.

"Then he'll never be able to do you."

"Then I'll just be gentler and softer with him."

Jimmy shook his head. "I don't think you can. Your orgasms are inhumanly hot. I mean, you went crazy for at least twenty minutes, always wanting more of me than I had. You must have had a dozen little O's inside one big one."

"Sorry. I was sort of stuck and it was hard to finish. You weren't doing me hard enough."

"All the more evidence. Bottom line, there is no way Andrew could go through that without realizing you're superhuman. As it is, I'm going to be bruised for the next month from your bashing me around the room. And your legs were so strong that I thought my eyes were going to bulge out of my skull as you came. My ears feel like they're been crushed and they're still throbbing from the pressure. I'm not convinced I don't have a cracked rib or two."

He saw some of the confidence leaving her, but she held her head up. "He knows I'm athletic, Jimmy. And I thought I was being careful?"

"Careful by your standards is pretty close to manslaughter by mine. Even with the green-K, you're still dozens of times stronger than any human woman who has ever lived. You're going to have to find a way to further weaken yourself."

"I told you before, I can't do that without getting sick."

He shrugged. "Third, your breasts are firmer than any human's. By that I mean they look like they're pumped up with silicone, but they don't have any of that artificial feel. They feel completely natural at first, but then impossibly firm when I hold you really tightly. Completely unique. You don't sag under the force of gravity, not even a millimeter. He will definitely notice that."

Karen frowned. "Unique? Not sagging? Too big? That's bad?"

"Hell no! Very good. Outrageously good. Unfortunately, far too good to be merely human."

"And he'll home in on that?"

"Everyone homes in on your boobs, Karen. So, yeah, he'll notice. Maybe not in the heat of passion, but later."

"So I'll make up some story. Claim I'm part of a research program for a new kind of natural-feeling high-tech implant."

"If he's been dating a lot as you indicated, I'm betting he knows a fair bit about enhanced boobs, so I doubt he'll buy that. Besides, anyone who's had a boob job has some tiny scar lines hidden in the folds under their boobs. You're too firm to have any folds and you definitely don't have surgical scars."

She glared at him. "Well, he might wonder about me, but I don't think he's going to kick me out of his bed for not having scars or saggy boobs."

"You have to tell him who you really are."

Karen shook her head. "No. He can't handle that. Trust me on this. I'm just going to have to use more green-K and put up with the consequences."

"Answer me this... why are you dating him if you can't be honest with him?"

Karen looked at him blankly for a long moment, and then her eyes softened. "I... I just like him. A lot. I can't explain it, but love is that way sometimes, I guess. You get lost in the feeling, the warmth, the closeness. I don't want to lose him."

Jimmy was now certain that someone was messing with her head. Neither Kara nor Karen wouldn't use the word love, especially not that casually, and PG didn't go doe-eyed for anyone. So why was she acting like such a romantic airhead when it came to Andrew?

And if she was truly in love, what was she doing sleeping with him tonight? A woman truly in love would simply level with Andrew and let him be her teacher. No man would refuse that honor.

No... this wasn't right. Kara, Karen, PG, whoever she was, she always had a plan for everything she did. A purpose, just like this night with him. Her plans weren't always that great, and she was a little too blonde sometimes, but she was always thinking ahead. But this time none of it made sense.

He suddenly wished he could get Clark involved. He'd know what to do. But Karen would totally freak out. Maybe Maggie could help, but he had no idea how to reach her.

“So, let me see if I got this right, Jimmy: my boobs are way sexier than they should be, and I’m sexually assertive to the point of being slutty, plus I’m too tight and a way too athletic in the sack for a human girl and I go crazy for too long when I’m having my O. Is that your verdict?”

Jimmy pushed his worries behind him. Despite himself, he couldn’t stay angry at her, knowing what was really going on in her head. “Put that way, it sure doesn’t sound so bad. But you’re missing a few nuances of what I said.”

“So, you think I’m good at sex?”

“Actually, you’re fucking brilliant. Which is the problem. Supersex doesn’t necessarily work with us mere humans.”

She rose to walk across the room and stand by the window, staring out. “So in other words,” she said, her back still to him, “my only problem is that I suck at being human.”

“Trust me. That isn’t such a bad thing.”

Chapter Six

Andrew Vinson sat before the fire at Lionsgate, inside Jaffe Atters stronghold. The frail and elderly Atters, his Order's superior, sat down in a chair across from him.

"So, from what you tell me, Andrew, it seems as if we have a way to make a peace with Darkseid. A deal with the devil for sure, but it will save millions, maybe even billions of lives."

"As long as I eliminate Powergirl, Elder Atters. Specially, by using an antimatter explosive that I implant in her. With any luck, I'll accomplish that tomorrow."

Atters looked puzzled. "I've read all the reports that S.T.A.R labs prepared regarding the two Kryptonians. I find it hard to believe that any explosive can hurt them. They have both been inside the fireballs of nuclear bursts and escaped unharmed."

"That was external, with the force of the explosion throwing them outward, away from the heat. I intend to implant this device deeply inside her, and then detonate it while she is still weakened from Kryptonite. The yield is at the bottom of the nuclear range."

"And why would she be weakened in such a way?"

"I've been planting suggestions in her mind for weeks, convincing her that she wants to have sexual relations with me. She'll have to weaken herself to do that. Of course, that's when I'll insert it."

Jaffe Atters stared into the fire for a long moment before speaking again.

"The Kryptonians have long been convenient for us, Andrew. We can influence their thoughts to some degree, and they are as yet unaware of us. They could be used to help our cause in a crisis. Eliminating them increases our risk of falling under Darkseid's shadow."

Andrew's heart froze. Was Atters going to deny him permission to proceed? If so, how would he protect his children?

"Your worship, you know that Darkseid has threatened to rain pathogens on the Earth if we don't comply. To kill most or all humans. Eliminating the Kryptonians and then joining him is the only way for Earth to have a future."

"I know you are convinced of that, Andrew. And perhaps you are right. But this is a radical step. The Kryptonians have defeated Darkseid and his minions many times."

"And each time his forces of evil learn more, searching for their weakness. Now they plan to use humans to defeat them by threatening a war that would devastate our planet. A war that involves pathogens that the Kryptonians cannot defeat with mere force."

Atters sat silently for long minutes, thinking, reflecting. He finally shook his head.

"We are at a crossroads, Andrew, and all paths are perilous. The future is mirky and uncertain no matter what path we take. I cannot guide you further into this wilderness. You must decide on your own."

Andrew rose and bowed as tradition demanded. "Thank you for your time, Elder Atters. I will follow my conscience in this matter."

As soon as Andrew was gone, Atters walked back to his desk and keyed a code into his comm system. The image of a huge man appeared, his features distorted as if his face had once been melted, his eyes glowing. His monstrous appearance suggested he was of human origin, but he was not. He came instead from the dark side

of Krypton, and was the very man who'd secretly destroyed their world.

"I am convinced he will perform the task, Lord Darkseid. The Kryptonian will not suspect foul play, for Andrew's heart is true. He has no doubts."

"Good," Darkseid said, his voice a low, menacing rumble. "You are doing well, Atters. Soon there will be no one to oppose me. Continue your fine performance and you will truly inherit the governorship of that pretty planet. And perhaps even a place on my council someday."

"Thank you, your worship. I am honored. But I have a question, if you will permit me. What about the male Kryptonian?"

"I have other plans for him," Darkseid said.

Before Atters could open his mouth to ask further, his video screen went black.

He sat rigidly in his chair for long minutes afterward, his face an expressionless mask. Inside, he was shaking with fear.

The humans might be making a deal with the devil, but he was plotting with Lucifer himself, secretly trying to overthrow him. If Darkseid could read his thoughts as well as Atters would read others, he and his people would already be dead.

Fortunately, Darkseid had a singular flaw -- he believed it was possible to create loyalty out of fear.

With any luck, that would be his fatal flaw.

(to be continued...)