

Chip off the Old Block

By Shadar

Some people say a picture is worth a thousand words. Here's my thousand.

Thanks to Earliehec for finding this outstanding CG image and posting the link to the artwork of Jungwon Park in South Korea. I like the way he visualizes SG, and hopefully you'll like my little fantasy about her as well.

I've used a couple of modest images from my own photoenhance work, but this is really a story built around Park's single amazing image.

I'll post this on the AU site for immediate access, but also submit it to SuperWomenMania StoryBank for inclusion on the next update.

Langley, Virginia

Daryl Hind looked up at the imposing symbol of power set into the marble floor before him. Strangely, he felt as if he was returning home after a very long journey — the sense of Déjà vu was overwhelming.

Yet he'd never stepped through these doors before. Not in this life anyway.

The last time he'd felt such a strong sense of Déjà vu was during SEAL training. As a member of First Recon Marines, he'd been offered a chance to go through Navy SEAL training to sharpen his skills. Many people believed that SEAL training was the most grueling and strenuous in the world. He felt as if he'd come home to a place he'd never been before.

His girlfriend Jody had explained that he was probably sensing one or more of his past lives. She listened to his descriptions, and recorded his comments after waking up from his many vivid dreams, and had concluded

that he'd been a SEAL in a past life. She believed that souls were reincarnated over and over, and some people were fortunate enough (or sufficiently cursed) to experience a carry-over of knowledge and experiences from one life to the other. She wanted to help him discover his past life using hypnosis when she returned from her trip to Europe, but now that could never be.

The feeling of Déjà vu grew ever stronger as he walked across the huge lobby. If Jody had been right, and he'd never known her to be wrong about anything, then he must have also been a spy in a previous life as well.

Unfortunately, Jody had been aboard WorldTran flight 713 when it blew up over the Atlantic six months ago. The FAA hadn't been able to determine a cause, and radio traffic from the plane had been normal until it failed to check in at a waypoint. No trace of the plane or its passengers was ever found. Satellite monitoring of the aircraft systems had shown everything was normal until every gauge suddenly went off the scale.

Daryl had sent his application into the CIA the next week. He'd heard rumors of the visitors being behind a number of mysterious accidents and disappearances, although when he tried to dig into that, everyone hushed up and told him to forget it. But if it was the visitors who'd taken his Jody away, he would find them and burn them out of their holes with righteous fire.

Five months later, his resignation from the Marines and his new job in the CIA was a done deal.

This was his first day of work.

He walked up to the receptionist and asked for David Matthews.

Langley Covert Ops Conference Room C

Dave Matthews looked at the thick folder in front of him. "First Recon Marines, SEAL training, sniper school and one tour in Iraq and one in Afghanistan. 6'4" tall, 220 pounds, 26 years, unmarried," he read off the brag

sheet. He looked up at the young Marine. “These visitors are nothing like the jihadists you’ve been fighting. They’re smart, calculating, and they’re good at gathering sympathizers to surround them. People love them, yet we rarely see the visitors themselves, other than the high-level contacts they maintain with governments.”

Daryl nodded, expecting as much.

“As far as WorldTran 713, I can confirm to you now that it was targeted from one of their satellites and taken out with a particle beam. We had an elite undercover team on board, and the visitors penetrated our security and decided to take the shot out there in the middle of the South Atlantic. Their sympathizers are everywhere.” He paused to place his hand on Daryl’s shoulder. “Just bad luck your girlfriend was on board, but she never felt a thing. Particle beams are nearly instantaneous.”

Daryl tried to shut out the image of Jody’s body disintegrating as the beam reached her. He’d had enough nightmares already. “Thank you for confirming the attack, sir. I suspected as much, but nothing ever came out about that in the news. Also thanks for telling me that she didn’t suffer.”

“You’ll soon learn that a lot of things aren’t what you hear in the news, Daryl, starting with the fact that the visitors are clearly threatening our country and our way of life. The media always tells you how much good they are doing, but the visitors have nearly complete control of our newspapers and all the cable news networks now, along with tremendous influence over the leaders of most governments. You’ll never see anyone admit to that, but its real. You already know their weapons can defeat anything we have and their surveillance satellites are outstanding. Now a second ship has arrived, supposedly carrying visitors who will improve our health care systems and technological capabilities, but who knows how many more ships are heading here?”

“Given they have so many supporters and sympathizers, most of them ignorant of the visitors’ true intentions, wouldn’t it help if we got the word

out about our fears? Hell, even Superman has largely disappeared lately. Maybe he works with them too.”

Matthews shook his head. “We’re confident he doesn’t. The truth is the visitors have Green-K projectors on all their satellites, and the moment he takes to the air — they can somehow detect his flight powers — or uses his x-ray vision or shows up in public, they blast those rays down at him, robbing him of power. Nobody can see the Kryptonite beams with their naked eye, but our sensors can. Apparently they also have special operatives who have been physically enhanced, some reports say they’re cyborgs, and one of them nearly finished him off while he was weakened.”

“Jesus...” Daryl breathed. This was worse than he’d imagined.

“Right now, our only hope is the underground resistance network that we’re building. Its composed of members of patriot groups, selected agents from the FBI and intelligence agencies, a handful of military along with citizens who see things our way. But even here in the CIA, the visitors have a lot of sympathizers. You must assume everyone you meet is a sympathizer unless I specifically tell you they’re cleared. Got that?”

Daryl nodded. “They’re clever, I can see that, sir. What with giving Earth so many gifts, curing several major diseases, things like that, I can understand the willingness for many people to embrace them. But only if we’re willing to give up our ultimate sovereignty, and open ourselves to whatever their true plans for us are. To ultimately yield the ownership of Earth to aliens.”

“Spoken like a true patriot,” Matthews beamed. “I knew you were our man. We’re damn glad to have you here with us in covert ops, Daryl. Our agents are facing an increasingly hot war — we’ve lost a dozen operatives in the last three months — so having an experienced shooter is going to help.”

“Thank you for giving me the opportunity, sir. I won’t rest until my finance’ has been avenged.”

“Which is another reason I selected you. With you, its personal. I like that. It ensures you can’t be turned.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“We don’t stand on formality here. Call me Dave.”

“Dave. Glad to be aboard.”

“Right. OK. Here’s how your first assignment in Covert Ops is going to work. I’m assigning you to work with one of our best analysts. She’s been developing some agents who think they’ve found a way to penetrate one of the visitor cells.”

“Working with an analyst, sir? I’m not much of a desk jockey.”

“Neither is Lynda. She behaves more like an agent than an analyst and she likes field work. I’ve been trying like hell to recruit her for Covert Ops, but her boss won’t release her. Say’s she’s too valuable at what she’s doing now.”

“This makes me kind of a bodyguard, huh.”

“At first. Until you know the ropes, then we’ll discuss other options.

Daryl nodded, feeling a bit disappointed. “If that’s how it works.”

“Good, let me take you down the hall and introduce you to Lynda Kent.”

Daryl met up with his brother Harry at Dunagins that night, the two of them grabbing a pitcher as they retreated into the back of the empty bar. Harry was an FBI Special Agent, and Matthews had already cleared him as one of the good guys. It had actually been Harry’s recommendation to Matthews that helped open the door for Daryl at Langley.

“I’m telling you, Harry, I thought my eyes were going to fall out of fucking head,” Daryl was saying. “Matthews walks me down the hallway and straight toward this unbelievably stunning blonde with the longest legs I’ve

ever seen. Turns out she's the analyst I'm supposed to babysit. Name's Lynda Kent."

Harry tilted his glass to clink his brother's. "I know her. She did a briefing on the visitor integration program, they call it New Hope, over at Quantico a few months ago. I have no idea what she said during most of the briefing given I couldn't take my eyes off those legs of hers. She stood 6'5, maybe 6'6" in her heels." He punched his brother in the arm. "You are one lucky dog."

Daryl lowered his voice. "You haven't heard the best part. We're supposed to be newlyweds attending a New Hope retreat in Switzerland."

Harry's eyes narrowed and his smile vanished. "That's a pretty hairy first assignment, bro. You're going to be right in the middle of visitors and their most avid sympathizers, and they have ways of spying on people that we haven't figured out yet. You're going to have to be really convincing about this newlywed thing."

Daryl's heart missed a few beats as he considered that. He wasn't an actor. Then he pictured Lynda again, and grinned.

The look in his face confirmed Harry's fears. "Trust me, faking the chemistry and making it look real when it isn't is harder than you think, and you've never been for shit as an actor."

Daryl kept grinning. "Well, I'm sure my profound inspiration will make up for any lack of acting experience. And who got all the hot chicks back in school anyway?"

Harry still looked worried. "I still think they're pushing you too fast, Daryl. Covert ops is really dangerous on several levels. No matter how hot it gets in there, you have to remember your job, which is to cover her ass. That part should be instinctive, but after you come back, the two of you have to just be colleagues again. You gotta remember where the job starts and ends. You think you can do that?"

Daryl shrugged. "I'll figure it out. I didn't leave the Marines to play it safe, but thanks for the heads up. You know anything more about Lynda Kent that might help me?"

"Some. I was asked to work up a background profile on her parents a while back. Clark and Lois Kent work for the Daily Planet, one of the few newspapers that is opposed to the visitor integration here on Earth. The two of them have penned a number of articles that reveal connections between the visitors and organized crime networks. They took a lot of heat for those stories, but the Planet stuck by them."

"Imagine that."

"From everything I could discover, the Kents appear to be genuine patriots. Clark grew up in Smallville, Kansas, right in the heartland. He got a degree in journalism and went to Metropolis, but he's pretty much a white bread guy from every angle. So boring he probably enjoys watching paint dry. I'm not sure what his wife Lois sees in him. She was a bit of a wild child growing up, a few scrapes with the law and some overzealous reporting that led to lawsuits. She's a looker too. Other than her blonde hair and those long legs, Lynda gets a lot of her looks from her mom. Lois Lane is also the daughter of General Lane, who you might recall was instrumental in drafting the initial proposals for a military response to the visitor's presence. Unfortunately, he and other key members of his team were killed in a freak helicopter accident."

"Seems to be a trend there," Daryl said. "Anybody who seriously threatens the visitors has an accident. How come nobody reports on that?"

"The Kents did, only to have New Hope charge them with slander."

"Did it stick?"

"Given that the Kent's wouldn't reveal their sources, the Planet had to publish a public retraction. It was ugly."

Daryl sat back in his chair. "You know, this whole thing looks so clear from where we sit. Why can't other people see it?"

“Mostly because they desperately want what the visitors are selling. As you know, they claim they can fix global warming and cure cancer, diabetes and heart disease, not to mention creating entire new industries, pushing Earth forward into this bright, new, prosperous future they’re selling. The whole New Hope thing. The voters have spoken loud and clear and our elected officials have responded.”

“When something seems too good to be true, it always is. What happened to that?”

“Too bad for us the voters didn’t have a clue what was really going on when they voted these last jokers in, thanks to the bought-off media,” Harry shrugged. “I almost liked it better when the elected officials ignored us.”

“I’m sorry to hear about Lynda’s grandfather,” Daryl said, “but at least now I understand where she’s coming from. Like me, she’s got some skin and blood in the game. Also good to know she comes from solid American stock.”

“And from what I hear, she’s also smart as a whip. My advice, bro, is to do exactly whatever she says on this first mission. She may be a skirt, but she’s the pro and you’re the rookie. Don’t forget that.”

Daryl grabbed his flight for Miami the next morning, and then got lost in the crowds for a while before entering a restroom to change clothing. When he emerged, dressed completely differently, he walked over and checked into the airport Holiday Inn as John Winehouse.

The plan was to meet his wife “Emily” at the airport late tomorrow evening as she arrived from Dallas, and together they would take the red-eye to Paris where they would switch to a train into Geneva. Per the briefing, they were supposed to have been married a month, but had been apart for the last week as Emily traveled on business. They’d have ten hours in the relative safety of the darkened first-class cabin to perfect their

head-over-heels-in-love-I-could-hardly-stand-being-away-from-you-for-a-week game.

He swept the room for bugs with the device he'd been given, and then broke it into tiny pieces and flushed it down the toilet. Then he ordered dinner along with a couple of beers from room service as he watched a college game on TV. His nerves were on edge. Going into combat with an assault rifle and a few of buddies at his side was a lot easier than sitting here bored out of his mind.

By the time the game was over, he decided it was going to take a lot more than two beers to quiet his nerves. Even worse, he had all day tomorrow to veg out before meeting his Emily. He wasn't sure why Lynda had insisted he fly down here so early.

He went down to the hotel gym and worked out for a while, but the equipment was pretty wimpy when it came to challenging his SEAL-hardened body. The weights only went to 250, but he managed to get a half-decent workout by putting the treadmill on max elevation and sprinting for a mile.

Once back in his room, he took a long shower, but was still too wound up to sleep. He debated going for a ten mile run through the streets of Miami, and opened the sliding door of his balcony to check to see if the temperature had dropped any. He'd taken but a single step through the door, a towel still wrapped around his waist, when he was shocked to find a gorgeous blonde sitting crouched against one wall.

She was wearing a pair of short golden boots and a black bikini bottom with an oversized golden belt and a mesh top that left her midriff and left shoulder bare. If not for the super-long legs, it would have taken him longer than it did to recognize Lynda. Her face looked a bit different, thanks to some clever makeup, but it was definitely her.

“Jesus, Lynda... what are you...? You're supposed to be in Dallas.”



She stayed below the outer wall of the balcony as she crawled through the doorway into his room. Daryl followed her and then closed the door and pulled the blinds across as she instructed. He turned on the lights as Lynda stood up, his eyes following hers as they rose above his 6'4".

“A little change in plan, Daryl. Just before I was supposed to fly to Dallas, I got some new intel from the Geneva retreat — apparently they are going to be using their latest monitoring devices on the participants, looking for anyone who doesn't seem right.”

He shrugged. “Our ID's are clean. Backgrounds all in order, all the way back to kindergarten and...” he started to say, only to pause as she shook her head.

“Their monitors can see through walls, in color 3D and with sound.”

“Like Superman's x-ray vision?”

“That doesn't work in 3D, but otherwise pretty close.”

“How do you know that?”

She shrugged.

“So, I guess we'll just have to be convincing then,” he started to say, his mind racing as he tried to get it around what this all meant.

Lynda shook her head. “We're beautiful, we're both ridiculously fit and supposedly head-over-heels in love. Our honeymoon was a month ago and we've been apart for a week. But in reality, we don't know each other at all. They'll see our initial lack of chemistry, the obvious unfamiliarity, the awkwardness, maybe even shyness, the usual working-it-out kind of stuff as we figure each other out... they'll see all that, Daryl.

“Then we abort. Mission is out of parameters.”

She shook her head. “This is important. But we've got time to sort out the glitches. That's why I asked you to come down here a night early, just in case.”

His jaw fell as she crossed her arms and pulled her mesh top off, revealing firm, perfect boobs and an amazingly tight body. His towel promptly lifted as his body responded, and finally came undone to fall to the floor.

“Oh my God!” he breathed. She had an even better body than he’d dreamed.

“Welcome to covert ops,” she smiled as she walked closer to him, tossing her mesh top over a chair. She kicked off her boots and undid her belt, dropping it on the floor. Then she pulled down her bikini bottom to reveal what looked like a Brazilian wax. His blood pressure soared as she stood back up, her eyes an inch below his now that she was standing in bare feet. She wrapped her fingers around his burgeoning erection and held him very tightly, and winked: “Hardest job you’ll ever have.”

Daryl lay crookedly on the broken and disheveled bed as the early morning Miami sunlight shone through the open curtains and into his eyes. He tried to get up, but his body felt like a limp dish rag. He looked around for Lynda or her clothing, but saw nothing. She’d apparently left after he passed out from exhaustion.

He smiled as he remembered the night — it had been the most erotic night of his life. Also the most athletic.

Lynda had been flawless from head to toe, her body impossibly tight, with silky skin stretched tightly over amazingly hard muscles and smallish but firm breasts with nipples like bullets. Despite his wild enthusiasm, their first fumbling attempt at sex had been awkward. She was so tight despite her wetness that he’d had trouble even making it at first, but she relaxed a little and he put his exceptional strength to work.

As soon as he’d taken her, she started orgasming so fast and so hard that she launched them both off the bed. They crushed a chair and crashed and banged their way across the floor, knocking over a bureau and a table, first

with him on top, then her, until they finally finished their first coupling with her lying on her back halfway into the shower stall.

The rest of the night had been much the same, although they eventually started to move more like a couple and less like a fierce tigress fighting a raging bull. He held nothing back, and somewhere during their wild fucking one corner of the bed collapsed to dump them on the floor. It didn't matter. She was able to go on and on, her orgasms seemingly inexhaustible and almost continuous until she'd drained and exhausted him. He tried to keep her going even then, but she soon wore out his tongue as well.

Reaching up now, he found his ears still felt hot and a bit bruised, thanks to her closing her thighs punishingly around his head every time she came after he'd gone down on her. During one of those wild rides, he'd passed out.

He felt himself getting turned on again just by thinking about her. One thing was clear — they weren't going to have to pretend anything when they got to Geneva. Thanks to her foresight in planning this night. Chemistry: check!

He finally forced himself to stagger out of bed. He didn't like waking up alone, never had, but she'd obviously caught an early flight to Dallas so she could turn into Emily Winehouse and fly to Miami. Where she got the strength to do that after all their lovemaking, he had no idea.

He ordered a large breakfast and ate in his room. Then he went swimming in the hotel pool. Then he had lunch in his room again and went down for a light workout in the gym followed by a nap. He had more catching up to do after last night. He finally packed and checked out at 8:00PM to meet Emily's arriving flight at nine. They were scheduled to depart for Paris at 10:15.

Lynda, Emily now, wasn't hard to spot coming down the jetway, given she stood a head taller than anyone else. She looked different yet again, more fancy makeup tricks along with a fashionable pair of black glasses.

She wore a tight fitting red jacket and a tiny black miniskirt and high heels, her remarkably long legs drawing everyone's eyes.

He embraced her at the jetway exit, and she jumped up to wrap her legs around his waist, the two of them sharing a deep and very convincing kiss. Women sighed as they saw such a lovely young couple so much in love, with the men beside them admiring the sexist woman they'd ever seen. More than a few wished they were young again.

Daryl got into the act enough to sport a large boner, which caused a few smirks from two college girls who came off the plane behind Lynda. "Emily" introduced Amy and Sarah to Daryl, saying they'd met on the plane and, surprise, surprise, they were going to Geneva as well for the conference. They were gorgeous, but he had eyes only for his Emily, as was appropriate for newlyweds who'd been apart for a week.

He loaded himself up with all the girl's carry-on bags as they walked to the Air France gate, which gave him a chance to practice his John Winehouse routine. He told Amy and Sarah that he was in finance, part of a venture capital firm, and he rattled off enough jargon and technical nonsense for the two of them to raise their eyebrows. They obviously didn't have a clue what he was talking about.

Lynda gave him an approving nod.

The other two girls had seats in coach while the wealthy John Winehouse and his lovely wife had first-class tickets. Nothing was too good for his new bride.

They were an hour in the air, the cabin darkened, most people huddled under blankets while trying to sleep, when Lynda whispered in Daryl's ear.

"The guy in seat 5D has been tailing me since Dallas."

Daryl resisted the impulse to turn and look. "You think he suspects anything?"

She shook her head almost imperceptibly. "Probably just routine. The visitors are very thorough, especially for people attending these special con-

ferences. If we're convincing enough, we'll get moved up the chain a notch and meet some of the movers and shakers."

He understood that.

"You know, there is one thing we can do while in flight to further convince my tail that we're genuine."

"You mean, besides you sleeping in my arms?"

"You ever joined the mile high club?"

His eyes danced as his heart skipped a beat. "Never. But given the size of these bathrooms and my height and your long legs... probably isn't going to work."

"I was thinking of under the blanket, right here."

He remembered last night's fireworks. "And wake up the entire airplane? Maybe even break something?"

"I can be quiet if you can."

He felt his body flush, his pants suddenly growing tight. "You've got to be kidding? You mean it?"

"Would any agents do such a thing on a public flight? But an impetuous pair of young newlyweds who haven't seen each other for a week? It'll be fun to see if we can get away with it."

"You're shameless, you know that? And they call you an analyst."

"There is more to me than you know."

"I'm not so sure about that," he grinned. "I think I made a pretty thorough reconnaissance last night."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Marine," she whispered in his ear. "But as much as I admire your inquisitive nature, you don't know everything about me yet."

"Then maybe I should sneak in another little recon..."

She snuggled closer to him after he folded the center armrest away. They sank deeper beneath the large blankets that covered them. She unzipped his pants and took him out — he was very ready. He had trouble controlling his breathing as he eased her skirt up, surprised to find what felt like another skirt beneath it, that fabric strangely cool, almost metallic feeling. He eased her panties to the side, finding that they were made of the same strange material, only thinner. She wasted no time guiding him to herself, and he put his hips to good use, moving very slowly but powerfully. She gave off a quick gasp as he slowly entered her, only to embrace him with the same deliciously tightness he remembered.

Daryl had to move maddeningly slow now given her short trigger. He watched her close her eyes and bite her lip as she held her breath for what seemed like forever, and then a shudder traveled through her body as she gave off a tiny squeak. That proved sufficient to push him over his edge, and he groaned a bit louder until she planted her lips on his to muffle him, breathing into his lungs. She tightened herself so much inside that he couldn't move, forcing him to remain almost motionless under the blankets as she vibrated her vagina in a way he'd never felt before. When he came moments later it was almost painful, not being able to move, but strangely exiting to be doing this so secretly.

They both gradually relaxed as he stayed inside her, wanting in the worst way to continue. Minutes passed with both of them feeling content, and then he gradually willed himself to go soft by thinking of baseball scores. It finally worked, and he withdrew. They were giggling softly as they did each other back up and then snuggled even closer under the blankets. She sighed as her lips gently touched his, and said out loud: "I love you."

Daryl knew that was for their observer's benefit, but he thrilled to the words all the same, only to remember his brother's warning. This was just acting. It would end when they got home. That he must not forget that.

He pulled away from Lynda slightly, and looked up to see an older Air France attendant giving him a wink while motioning for them to be quiet.

She'd obviously worked the red-eye long enough to see other people put the airline's couch-like first-class seats to similar good use.

Only on Air France, Daryl thought to himself.

He whispered softly in Lynda's ear, "I hope that will satisfy our tail."

"Shhh... sleep now. Maybe we'll try to convince him further before we land."

That thought put a smile of expectation on his lips as he finally dozed off.

He awoke when the cabin lights came on brightly and the pilot announced they were preparing for landing in Paris. Daryl looked at his watch and saw that eight hours had passed.

"Damn... we slept right through our second chance."

Lynda smiled as she stretched beside him, her body briefly turning to sintered steel. "You needed your beauty sleep."

He had no idea how she could be so silky smooth and sexy one moment, and so hard the next.

She rose to go to the bathroom, her long legs and short black skirt drawing all eyes in the cabin. Based on the grins on a couple of men's faces, and the winks they aimed his way, a few of his fellow passengers had witnessed their daring little escapade and were wondering what the girl beneath the blankets looked like. They weren't disappointed.

Daryl stared most intently of all at Lynda's tight backside, and he thought he caught a hint of red fabric showing under her skirt before she smoothed it down. He remembered that she seemed to be wearing something other than panties under her skirt. He decided to ask her about that later.

They were soon on the ground and through Customs. Amy had caught up with them and was teasing Daryl about their little performance in first-class. Apparently she'd been in the process of coming forward to talk to her

new friend Emily when she saw the two of them going at it, and returned to tell Sarah all about it.

Daryl shrugged and said something about “just married” and “away for a week” and Amy seemed satisfied, not to mention tickled that they’d gotten away with it. She said she’d have to try first-class flying some day.

Daryl and Lynda used a bit of their trade-craft to lose the two girls before they headed down into the Paris Metro. Once there, they grabbed a train heading for the Gare de Lyon TGV station where their train to Geneva was scheduled to depart from. The subway train was running at speed when there was a sudden violent swerving and several crashes against the walls of the tunnel, and then the lights went out as everyone was knocked to the floor. Passengers began to scream as Daryl felt Lynda’s arm hooking through his, jerking him back to his feet with surprising strength.

“We’ve got a big problem.”

He heard a man gurgle in apparent mortal agony, and then heard the metal wall in front of him shriek in the darkness as if it was being ripped apart. The next thing he knew, he was falling forward onto the gravel alongside the tracks. Emergency lights came on now, casting a dim light through the tunnel. Lynda turned and ran down a side tunnel that was brightly lit at its end, moving almost too fast for Daryl to keep up as he fumbled in his luggage with his other hand to locate the undetectable plastic CIA pistol he’d been issued. His hand closed around its grip just as something hit him in the shoulder, sending him flying. He looked up to see Sarah standing along the sunlit side of the tunnel, glaring at him.

“You thought I didn’t know who you were. I can smell CIA on both of you.”

He heard Lynda speaking slowly from behind him. “Don’t move. I’ll handle this.”

Daryl shook his head. He was here to provide her protection. He had the gun. Their cover was obviously blown, and someone had derailed their

train, possibly killing passengers, just to get to them. He knew what he had to do. He snapped his pistol up and fired five rounds into Sarah's chest.

The close-range shots tore black holes in her white blouse, but Sarah's expression didn't change in the least. He heard his last two shots ricocheting down the tunnel with a zing. He lifted the gun and fired his last round at her left eye. It zinged off her eyeball without even making her blink. Astounded, he felt frozen in place as she grabbed the gun from his hands. He stared incomprehensibly as she crushed it to powder in her grip.



“What the fuck...” Daryl started to say as she started to reach for him. He made a fist and prepared to fight her, only to feel someone grab his shoulders and bodily throw him across the tunnel away from Sarah. He crashed painfully to the floor on the darkened side of the tunnel, shaking away his stunned daze as he looked up to see Lynda standing just to his right, her back against the graffiti-decorated wall. She started to take off her glasses

while tearing her red jacket open, revealing the iconic blue costume with the bold “S” of Superman on her chest.



She moved faster than anyone should have been able to, tossing her jacket, skirt, glasses and shoes in his lap to reveal she was dressed in an even tinier red skirt. Then, in a blink of an eye, she launched herself toward Sarah.

The most incredible cat-fight he'd ever seen was on, with Sarah delivering punches to Lynda's face and body at super-speed, none of which seemed to hurt her. The few punches that missed Lynda shattered the bricks on the wall, ripping chunks of them out.

Sarah reached under her skirt and came back up with some kind of weapon that she fired at Lynda from point-blank range. A blinding white-hot beam bounced off Lynda's chest to melt the brick wall beside her, but she walked right into the beam until she grabbed Sarah's arms, forcing them downward to smother the violent beam between her legs. Then Lynda carefully wrapped herself around the attacking woman, much as she had to him back in the Miami airport, holding Sarah tightly with her arms and legs.

Sarah began vibrating now like some kind of runaway machine, moving so fast she was but a blur while giving off a screeching howl that made Daryl cover his ears. Lynda squeezed her tighter and tighter, her body suddenly looking very strong, and then the thing that called itself Sarah exploded in a flash of sparks and smoke.

Lynda dropped the thing to the floor and then stamped on its head, crushing it in a blaze of electrical sparks, its blue eyes turning red and then extinguishing.

Lynda's eyes flared red now, sending two blinding beams down at the still jerking machine. Daryl covered his own eyes to save them from the glare, and when he dared open them, he saw a small pile of ash scattered across the red-hot stone floor. Lynda pursed her lips and blew with amazing power, and the ash went flying down the tunnel to join all the rest of the dust.

She dusted off her hands while turning around to walk back toward an astounded Daryl. Her stockings were torn to shreds, so she ran her hands down her legs to rip the remains free, and then vaporized the remnants with her heat vision.

Daryl backed a few steps away from her as she took the clothing from his arms and got dressed again, zipping her jacket up tightly to cover her blue uniform, then putting on her skirt and shoes. She finally pulled her black glasses from his frozen hands and put them back on as well.

“I have no idea how that tracker managed to break our cover,” she said, acting as nothing dramatic had just happened, “but I doubt it was able to pass what it knew on to anyone else. Their bots are programmed to work autonomously and not break cover and report until they’ve completed their primary programming.

Daryl just stared at her, mouth hanging open. “You’re... I mean, who ARE you? That ‘S’, the Superman kind of uniform. What you just did. That was amazing.”

“I’m his daughter.”

“His...?” Daryl asked dumbly. “His...who?”

“Superman.”

Realization crashed in on Daryl. “But, your father is Clark Kent. He’s just a reporter...” He paused in mid-sentence, listening to himself. It was the perfect disguise.

Lynda nodded as she saw understanding in his eyes. “Which means you now know something that no one on Earth other than my parents and I know.”

“Holy mother of God...” he breathed, trying to absorb all the implications. A strange thought found its way to the front of his mind: at least her endless endurance during lovemaking suddenly made perfect sense. He felt a surge of pride fill him at that thought, the mere thought of his making it

with a Kryptonian girl blowing his mind. Not only making it, but driving her crazy with pleasure.

Then a dark thought arrived to snuff out his joy of discovery.

“So, are you going to kill me now too?”

“Of course not. We’ve still got a mission to complete. I took advantage of the darkness in the train to make sure our tail won’t tell any tales. We just have to get out of here now before the rescue people come.”

The magnitude of what he’d just observed, what he now knew, overwhelmed Daryl. Then he thought of the other girl, Amy. “Is she, Amy whatever her name is, is she one of those things too?”

“I doubt it. The bots usually work alone, and they’re programmed to use an innocent person for cover. I’m sure Amy is dead by now. Bots are very efficient killing machines. They don’t leave loose ends.”

“Except it underestimated you. It had no idea who or what you really are.”

“And that’s how it has to stay. I’m the resistance’s ace in the hole, so to speak.”

“Not to mention a chip off a very special block.”

She shrugged again. “I was born this way. Kind of a hassle to hide it all the time though.”

“So nobody else knows? About you?”

She shook her head.

“Nobody at Langley?” Daryl asked again, finding that somehow amazing.

“I said nobody.”

“Jesus...” he breathed as that thought hit home. This was his first week on the job, and he already knew things that nobody else in the CIA did? “I... I don’t know what to say.”

She tilted her head as she looked closely at him. “You up for this now, Daryl? Helping me keep my secret while we surprise a few visitors? Working a level deeper than even the CIA knows. Essentially double agents. We’ve got to keep Matthews out of the loop.”

Daryl suddenly remembered what he’d read about Superman being largely neutralized by the visitors and their Kryptonite beams. Clearly, if Lynda went public, or used her flight or x-ray powers, they’d target her as well.

“Of course, sure, you bet,” he said, his heart racing now. His head felt like it was going to explode, and his body was tingling in the strangest way, his feet seemingly floating on air. “So, just to be clear, what do I call you when you wear that... uniform?”

“Well, my mother always liked the name Supergirl.”

“Supergirl,” he nodded. “Perfect.”

(Coming attraction: *Chip off the Old Block: Part 2, “Penetrating New Hope”*)