

# Supergirl

Beads of cold sweat ran down Susan Wienczorkowski's neck as she carefully navigated the long dark and empty warehouse corridor. Clad in lightweight body armor, the newest addition to the Metropolis Special Crimes Unit looked like one of the troopers from Star Wars. Close behind her followed a similarly clad associate.

"Wienczorkowski ...west corridor clear." she said into her helmet's comlink.

With a nod she motioned for her partner, Sergeant Mike Robinson to cover her as she dashed across the open space. The tall black man swung his high powered rifle left to right as Wienczorkowski surged forward until she flattened against the far wall.

An anonymous tip had revealed one of the last Intergang hideaways. The statement that they were about to bolt from their hideaway had sent the strike force racing to Suicide Slums to intercept them before they did. If they could take down this last group, it would complete the war against Intergang that started a year before when Clark Kent of the Daily Planet had written an series of inside articles that had blown the lid off the organization. Those and Superman's destruction of most of their heavy equipment in earlier raids had whittled the once feared organization down to this last remnant.

"I wish Superman were here with us," Sergeant Robinson whispered to his partner as he moved up alongside her. "Intergang has too much of a track record of coming up with unexpected surprises."

The lower ranked officer nodded her agreement.

Before leaving headquarters, a call had gone out for Superman on the radio band they always used, but no response had come. A hero with responsibilities the world over, and sometimes even beyond that, the Metropolis Police Force couldn't always depend on his being there.

"Looks like it's up to us." she added as she took a step forward.

Although a newcomer to the SCU, Susan Wienczorkowski had almost ten years of training to fall back on. Eight in the United States Army and the last two on the Metropolis Police Force. Normally, an officer had to be on the force at least five years before even applying for the crack unit, but in Susan's case they were more than happy to make an exception. She was that good.

Prior to leaving the Army, Susan was well on her way to becoming the first female member of Delta Force - the Army's elite counter-terrorist unit. It had all come down to one final test when she'd removed her application and resigned instead. A rumor of lesbianism had surfaced and rather than deny it or hide behind the military's rather ridiculous "don't ask, don't tell" policy, Susan had simply said it was true and let the chips fall where they may.

It was Inspector Maggie Sawyer herself, the commander of the SCU that had recruited her for the squad. The fact that Maggie, an open lesbian, was stretching the rules for another lesbian led a lot of ignorant people to wonder if the SCU was all she'd recruited her for. Of course no one who actually knew either woman would ever think such a thing.

With a skill honed though long hours of practice, Susan duplicated Mike Robinson's actions of a few moments before as they cleared the last corridor. Just ahead of them was an open courtyard.

Suddenly, the sound of gunfire erupted from their comlinks, followed by a series of loud, hurried commands. The echoes in the courtyard made it hard to tell from which direction the automatic weapons fire was coming from.

Susan looked at Mike Robinson for instructions and he just shook his hand. Whoever was involved in the firefight would call for help if they needed it. Meanwhile, their orders were to cut off any exit from the building.

In a flash of motion, two dark suited figures bolted from another doorway and out into the courtyard. Full speed they headed for the kid's playground beyond. Instantly, Robinson and Wienczorkowski took off after them.

"Police Officers!" Robinson yelled at the top of his lungs. "Drop your weapons!"

As one, the two men turned and aimed two rifles the like of which neither officer had ever seen. With Intergang, there was no second warning. Both of the SCU members opened fire, dropping them where they stood. It was all over in seconds.

In their comlinks they could already hear the graveled voice of "Terrible Dan" Turpin yelling out the all clear. The battle was already over.

Securing the weapons of the two gang members, Robinson turned to say something but was cut off by a loud crack that ripped through the air. His body arched backward, bullet holes stitched across his chest. Training took over as Susan ignored her partner, praying at the same time that this body armor was all it was supposed to be, and whirled in the direction of the shots.

"Raise that weapon and you're dead!" the woman standing twenty feet across the yard said as she aimed the small machine pistol right at Officer Wienczorkowski's head. "Actually, you're dead anyway." she laughingly added as she applied pressure to the trigger.

In that split second, a half dozen options raced through Susan's mind. They all ended the same way, with her bloodied corpse laying next to her partner.

With resignation she closed her eyes and hoped the end would be instantaneous. The short deafening sound as the machine pistol's magazine emptied filled the air as the Intergang member sent a stream of copper jacketed death through the air.

A second passed, then two and Susan opened her eyes, amazed to still be alive. The sight in front of her caused them to open even wider.

The figure that now stood between her and the Intergang Assassin stood 5'7" and weighed about 120 lbs. She had long straight blonde hair that ran down behind a bright red cape. A tight form fitting blue shirt topped a red skirt and matching red boots. Situated across her rounded breasts was an irregular red and yellow pentagon with a stylized "S" in it.

"Supergirl," Susan mouthed wordlessly in relief as she saw the small mashed slugs lying at the Kryptonian's feet.

"I suggest you drop the weapon and surrender," the costumed woman said in a quiet voice that concealed the awesome power behind it.

"Fuck you, bitch!" the Interganger yelled as she slammed a second clip into her pistol and brought it up and pulled the trigger.

Faster than the eye could follow, Supergirl surged forward and disarmed the killer. She grabbed the weapon and effortlessly crushed it in her bare hand. Dropping the now twisted and useless metal to the ground, she grabbed the Interganger by her blouse and lifted her off the ground.

"That...was a mistake," the blonde haired girl said in a slow, powerful tone.

Whatever might have followed was interrupted by the appearance of the rest of the SCU, led by Maggie Sawyer herself. They fanned out and covered the yard. Turpin instantly moved to Susan who was now kneeling by Robinson's side and trying to undo his body armor.

"It's my fault, Inspector," she said, "I should've seen her come up behind us."

"No one expects you to see everything," Dan Turpin said in a reassuring tone. "It's just as much our fault for letting her get past us."

A low moan from the unconscious Sergeant brought a smile to Susan's face as she realized that he was alive.

"His chest armor took most of the impacts," Supergirl said as she appeared behind the two kneeling officers. "The only two bullets that hit him seem to have done only superficial damage," she added as she did a quick x-ray scan.

"Thank God," Susan said as paramedics appeared from the direction of the playground and immediately went to work on the fallen officer.

Susan stood and watched the paramedics until they gave her a thumbs up indicating that Supergirl's prognosis was right on the money. Then they loaded him onto a stretcher for the quick trip to Metropolis General. As the ambulance disappeared in the distance, she wished she could've gone with him but duty required her to be here. It would be different if he were still in danger. First she had to take a second look at what had happened and how she could've prevented it.

As her body finally came down from her combat high, Susan had the time to take a second, better look at the Girl of Steel who was engaged in conversation with Inspectors Sawyer and Turpin.

Age wise, she looked to be about 20 years old. She had blue eyes and was pretty in that all American girl way. Only she wasn't the girl next door, unless the girl next door came from another solar system. Her body had the physique of a moderately athletic young woman, not what you really expected from someone who could bench press a diesel locomotive.

Supergirl finished her discussion with the senior officers and was about to leave when Susan asked if she could talk to her for a moment.

"Of course," she cheerfully replied.

"I just wanted to thank you for saving my life," Susan said as she realized that she was still wearing her helmet and visor and reached up to take it off.

"You don't have to thank me," Supergirl said as she looked into Susan's dark green eyes. "You and the other officers are the real heroes here. Body armor notwithstanding, you're the ones risking your lives."

"Be that as it may, I still want to say it," Susan said as she ran her hand through her short red hair, restoring a little of the body that the helmet had flattened out. "And I was wondering if I could maybe buy you lunch or something in appreciation, I mean you do eat, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," Supergirl answered with a smile. "But I'm afraid my schedule doesn't allow me too many luxuries like that. I do appreciate the offer though. Now if you'll excuse me."

"Shit, that was stupid!" Susan said to herself as she watched the blue and red clad woman take to the sky. "Asking to take her out to lunch. I bet she thought I was making a pass at her."

The offer had been both genuine and made on such a spur of the moment, Susan hadn't taken the time to consider the implications. Her self-recrimination might've been much less severe if she could've seen the Girl of Steel pause in flight some thousand feet up and use her telescopic vision to take a second, longer look at the red-haired officer.

The afternoon passed quickly for Supergirl as over the next few hours she twice assisted the Metropolis Fire Department, located a lost child in Centennial Park and apprehended four members of the Police Departments most wanted list. All in all, it hadn't been a bad day.

"I guess I'll have something to show cousin Kal when he gets back from his Justice League mission," Supergirl thought as she flew low over the city, her long hair blowing in the wind. "Another day of this, then it's back to the west coast."

Coming in low over the East River Bridge, Supergirl came to a landing on the north tower. Far below her, the evening rush hour was just beginning as the bridge filled with an endless stream of cars heading out of the city. Sitting on the edge, her long slender legs dangling in the air, Supergirl envied the normal people as they began the journey home. At least they had someone to go home to. Where did she have to go? At best, she had the keys to her cousin's apartment if she wanted a place to sleep.

Glancing upward, she could see the first stars appearing in the early evening sky. It would be a few hours before it was dark enough for the rest of the city to see them. The stars were beautiful, but they weren't the stars of home. Those stars existed only in memory. If she closed her eyes and concentrated, she could still see them filling the night sky of her youth.

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"I love you, Kara," Jan-La whispered to the young blonde girl as he kissed her once more.

"I love you too, Jan," Kara said as she returned the kiss.

"Then why wait?" the young 16 year old asked. "Who knows what tomorrow will bring?"

Their conversation was a familiar one. One which young men and woman had been having since the dawn of civilization. They'd reached the point in their lives where the lust and impatience of youth battled with the responsibilities of impending adulthood.

"My day of ascension is only two months away. After that we'll be adults," Kara stated. "Can't you wait until then?"

"Two months can be a lifetime," Jan said. "We should live every day as if it's our last," he insisted.

When her mother was her age, Kara thought, Jan's words would just be the same argument that men had always used. But for her generation, they held a far different meaning. They were the Children of the Apocalypse - the generation born after the end of the world. Every day could be their last.

It'd been over ten years since that cataclysmic night that the planet Krypton had died in thermonuclear fury. The core of the planet had always been unstable and a population that prided itself on its intelligence had turned its back on the words of warning. One of the most prominent had been that of Jor-El. He had been Kara's uncle.

One of the rising young stars of the Science Council, he had tried to rally people to a space ark project to save at least some of the populace. But space flight had never been a popular endeavor on Krypton. The official space program had been all but abandoned after a missile test had gone so totally wrong and destroyed the small moon Wegthor.

Wegthor had been the site of an ambitious attempt to colonize one of Krypton's natural satellites, and 1500 astronauts had died with it. Because of this, too few believed Jor-El and billions had met the same fate as those 1500.

Argo City, Kara's home, had been the prototype for the Wegthor Colony. A planet bound space station, it had continued as the most advanced research and development center on the planet. Even the air that filled their lungs was filtered and reprocessed under a clear plasti-steel dome that covered the small community. One of the members of the Board of Directors of Argo City was Jor-El's younger brother, Zor-El. Convinced that his brother was right, Zor had kept up to date on his brother's star drive research and hoped to incorporate those designs into Argo City itself.

Time had run out however and on a warm summer's night, Krypton and the dreams of nine billion souls had died. In a hundred billion to one accident of fate, the land that Argo City had been built on had been blasted whole into space. A third of the population had been killed during that rapid launch into the void, but more importantly, the city had survived relatively intact.

A space station with no means of propulsion, Argo City became a lifeboat for the last of the Kryptonian race. Actually, the last save one. The automatic systems in Zor-El's lab had recorded the launch of one of Jor-El's prototype starcraft an hour before the planet's last gasp. Zor remembered his older brother telling him that if it came down to the end, he would send his infant son into space on the last test ship. Better a chance at life than certain death. Examining the flight path which his own computers had recorded as part of their link with his brother's, Zor wished his nephew godspeed.

Eventually, life settled down to the closest they would ever come to normal. In the shielded sky, the glow of the radioactive rubble that was once their homeworld joined the gigantic red star to give the night an eternal twilight glow. Life went forward, and Zor-El continued his brother's experiments on the star-drive. Work was agonizingly slow for he lacked the data on Jor-El's final breakthrough, but one had to have a dream to keep oneself going. Then, a year and a half into their odyssey, Zor-El's wife Allura presented him with another reason for living - a daughter.

"Kara?" Jan asked as he looked into her blue eyes.

Kara pulled back from the young man she loved. She reached up to the zipper of her green jumpsuit and pulled it all the way down, exposing her firm young breasts - the envy of many of her friends. Jan buried his face between her mounds and covered them with kisses.

The rest of the jumpsuit followed and Jan ran his hands up and down the length of her body. Again and again he returned to the bright pink nipples that capped each breast, tickling each with his tongue. From her playful encounters with a few of her girlfriends, Kara knew how enjoyable that particular action could be.

"One of us is overdressed." Kara noted as she shifted on the carpeted floor.

Jan stood up for a moment and divested himself of his own red jumpsuit. Kara watched in fascination as his hard cock popped into view, the first she'd ever seen outside of a medical textbook. Hesitantly, the young woman reached out and ran her fingers across it, bringing a loud sigh from his lips.

"Rao, that feels nice." Jan gasped.

She cupped his balls with her other hand and rubbed up and down. Jan leaned back and closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation. She'd come this far, she told herself, she wasn't going to turn back now.

The naked blonde bent over and took his erection into her mouth as she had seen in one of the underground texts her friends had circulated. The effect on Jan was immediate and pronounced. A sudden pressure swelled up from his balls and he thought he was about to explode at her touch. Thankfully he regained enough control as to not embarrass himself.

"Mmmm," Kara murmured as her lips slid up and down her lover's cock. She was surprised she liked the feel of it in her mouth. Listening to her friend Zara describe the sensation she thought she would hate it.

Up and down she went, playing with his balls at the same time. Jan had shifted his position enough to run his fingers across the small blonde bush between her legs. With a practiced skill that made Kara wonder where he'd acquired it, Jan found her stubby clit and began to stroke it in time with the movement of her head.

As he continued to rub her sexual center, Jan slid two fingers inside of her, continuing the rhythm he'd established. Letting his hard cock slip from her mouth, Kara let out a series of quiet moans that were music to Jan's ears.

Now it was Kara's turn to lean back and enjoy the attention. By this time Jan had three fingers inside of her and had replaced the finger on her nub with his tongue. Round and round he swirled, causing tiny sparks to shoot through Kara. Then he extended his radius and began to slide his tongue up and down the length of her now wet pussy.

"That is so nice." Kara said, meaning every word of it. Neither her own hand or Zara's attempts during sex play had been as enjoyable.

"Jan, I want you inside me." Kara said passionately. "I want to love you."

Jan paused and looked up into her blue eyes.

Up until this point, everything they'd done could be explained away as youthful liberties. Now that they were there, he had the slightest bit of hesitation.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes, more than I've ever been sure of anything."

Jan moved up and kissed her softly, easing Kara down to the floor as he did. He parted her legs with his free hand and pressed his cock against her moist hole.

Kara helped guide him into her, not that he needed it. She let out a small gasp as she felt his cockhead push aside the outer walls of her pussy. Jan echoed the soft moans as he felt those walls wrap around his hard flesh. It was such a tight fit that he was almost hesitant to push forward, afraid that he would hurt her.

"I'm not afraid," Kara said as she kissed his ear.

She lifted her ass off the floor as he pushed and seemed to pull him even deeper. Kara felt a sudden pressure against her maidenhead and in a flash of pain surrendered her childhood forever.

The barrier gone, Jan began to slide in and out of her, sending oscillating waves of pleasure radiating outward from her sexual core. Waves that became more frequent and intense with each additional thrust.

It wasn't long before the two were matched in a perfect rhythm, each thrust being met by that of the other. Tiny droplets of sweat covered the warm flesh of each of them as they lost themselves more and more in their sexual joining. Eventually, they weren't even aware of the rapid beating of their hearts or the short shallow breaths that accompanied it.

The room that surrounded them quickly became a blur, no longer part of their existence. For a brief moment in time, they had transcended their place in reality. They were among the stars, constellations in the heavens.

A sudden fear filled Kara's heart. Not the fear that childhood was gone, but a sudden terrifying premonition that she'd never know this moment again. That somehow, her very reality was about to forever change.



Wrapping her legs around him, she pulled him deeper inside her, afraid to let him go. Every stroke of his body was met with an even more frenzied thrust of her own. She couldn't catch her breath, couldn't even tell if her heart was still beating. Yet still she drove on and on. If this was to be the last moment of her life, she wanted it to be the moment that she should've had so long ago.

Kara wasn't even aware that she had screamed, only that her body was quaking with abandon and her mind was filled with a longing she'd never known.

Past and present collided with an uncertain future, ripping her body apart from deep within. It was like she was floating, every nerve of her body alive with euphoric joy. As if every day of her brief life up to now were but a prelude to this one perfect moment.

It took a few moments for the two lovers to refocus their attentions to the world around them. When they finally did, they became abruptly aware of the sirens piercing the night air. Kara jumped up and looked out the window to see people running in the streets and lights coming on all over the city.

"Something's happened!" she exclaimed as she grabbed her coveralls off the floor and quickly put them on.

"Kara...I ...I love you," Jan said as he dressed as well.

"I love you too, Jan," she responded as she gave him a quick kiss. "I have to get home, let my father know I'm OK."

"I understand," Jan said as he gave her a second kiss. "Meet me tomorrow morning?" he asked.

"Of course!" she said as she ran out the door.

As Kara raced through the streets across the five blocks to her parent's home, she saw a look of fear and horror on every face she passed. The peaceful acceptance of life among the void had been suddenly torn asunder.

"Father!" Kara had called as she ran into their quarters.

"Kara, thank Rao you're home," Zor-El said, a look of pain on his face that Kara hadn't seen since the night her mother had died.

"What's happened?" she asked.

"Our time has run out, my child," he said in a tone of defeat. "Krypton's long shadow has caught up to us."

It took her father a few minutes to explain that Krypton's destruction had sent hundreds of thousands of asteroid fragments across the solar system. It was on one such fragment that Argo City rested. What had happened was that the city's long range sensors had discovered a shower of such fragments on a collision course with the city. Projected impact was in less than ten hours.

"What can we do?" Kara asked as the enormity of it all sank in.

"There's nothing we can do," the city's leading scientist said in resignation. "I can't change the laws of matter and motion."

"The star drive," Kara said, trying to keep hope alive in her heart.

"It's nowhere near ready," her father said. "I've only run trials with the....."

A light of inspiration suddenly filled his eyes.

A chance to snatch life from death as his brother had done years before.

"The prototype, the drive is already installed on the test ship," he exclaimed. "It can carry one passenger ... you Kara."

"No, I won't leave," Kara protested.

"There's no time to argue," Zor-El said in a final tone. "It'll have to launch in the next three hours, before the smaller fragments enter Argo's orbital sphere. They're too small to damage the city but any one of them could be disastrous to the starcraft."

Kara's mind began to spin, too much was happening too fast. Too many changes to her life. She needed time to sort it all out - time she didn't have.

Before she knew it, her father had finished programming the navigational computers on the prototype with the flight plan he'd recorded so many years before. With it, his daughter would follow Jor-El's son to Earth.

"Ready," he announced. "We should launch as soon as we can. I'd like to think better of our fellows, but the end will do strange things to people."

"Father, I..."

"I love you too," Zor-El said, an eerie calm passing across his face. "And your mother loved you so much. May her spirit guide you to your new home."

Kara stepped into the ship, unable to think that all she knew was fading with each passing second. Images flashed across her eyes....friends who would never see the morning dawn. Jil, Zara, ... Jan ..."

"Oh Jan, I don't want to leave you," she said to herself as tears ran down her face. "Father, I can't...."

The words were never finished as Zor-El took a deep breath and hit the launch button. Kara's tears were reflected in his own eyes.

"Nooooo!" Kara screamed as she hurtled up and into the endless night.

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"Damn, I promised myself I was going to stop doing that," Supergirl said to herself as she opened her eyes and looked into the setting golden orb. "I can't keep living in the past."

She pushed herself off the stone edge and dropped a hundred feet before she arched her flight path and glided over the mile long string of automobiles.

"Might as well give them something to tell the wife and kids about when they get home tonight," Supergirl said to herself as she waved to a few of the motorists.

For a moment, the waves and cheers she got back made her feel a little better. At least some people appreciated the difference she tried to make.

"What I need is to wind down a little," she said to herself. "To take the cape off for a while."

With that in mind, she flew high into the sky in search of distraction.

"Phone call for you Wienczorkowski," Officer Murphy called from across the room. "Line four."

Susan Wienczorkowski sighed as she reached for the receiver. She was never going to get out of here tonight. After spending two hours at the shooting scene with an incident team, she'd gone to the hospital to check on Robinson.



He was still under anesthesia from the surgery when she was there, but the doctors assured her that they'd gotten out both bullets clean and he was expected to make a good recovery. She'd spent a few minutes with his wife who also wouldn't accept her statement that it was all her fault. Mrs. Robinson had been a cop's wife far too long and had already been told exactly what happened by Dan Turpin.

Back at the station house waited the usual mountain of paperwork, the last of which she'd only just finished. Doubtless this was some clerk upstairs calling who would take a certain perverse pleasure in telling her she'd filled out a report wrong and would have to resubmit it in triplicate before heading home.

"Officer Wienczorkowski," she said in a tired voice as she put the phone to her ear. "What can I do for you?"

"This is Supergirl," said a soft voice over the receiver. "I was wondering if that dinner offer still stands."

"Yeah, right, and I'm Sharon Stone," the redhead replied. "Who put you up to this?... Myers, Zukowski ... I know, Martinez, this is her kind of joke."

"This isn't a joke." the voice on the other end of the phone said reassuringly.

"Look, its been a real long day and I'm tired." Susan replied. "If this is really you then you won't mind proving it."

"All right, wait a second ..." said the voice.

Leaning back in her chair, Susan expected the phone line to go dead at that point, the joke gone sour. Instead she came back on the line.

"Would it help convince you if I pointed out that today you're wearing red panties with a white trim," she said.

"That was pretty evident to everyone in the woman's locker room when I changed this afternoon," Susan replied. "I'm afraid you'll have to do better than that."

"Go to the window on the left side of the room and look across the street." the soft voice said.

Surprised that there hadn't been another attempt to describe some object of her apparel, Susan put the phone down and walked to the window. She looked out across the street and almost fell back in surprise. Standing on the roof of the bank was a familiar red and blue figure holding a cellular phone in her hand.

Susan's first thought was that Martinez had really gone the distance on this practical joke. That bubble burst when she realized that the woman in blue wasn't standing on the roof of the bank, she was standing two feet to the right of it, in open air.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed as she practically raced back to her desk and grabbed the phone.

"It's really you!" she blurted out. "I'm sorry I thought someone had overheard that stupid invitation I'd made and was using it to play some sort of joke on me and ..."

"Oh, then you really didn't mean the invitation," Supergirl said, her voice reflecting just a slight hint of disappointment.

"No! ... I mean yes, of course I did," Susan stammered.

"Well then, what time would be good for you?" Supergirl asked.

Susan looked at her watch. Twenty minutes to get home, half hour ... no, forty-five minutes to shower and change clothes. That'd put it about seven-thirty.

"Seven-thirty?" she suggested.

"Why don't we make it eight, just to be sure," Supergirl replied.

"Fine, its a date," Susan said without thinking.

"Oh, and Susan, ... the name's Kara," Supergirl concluded.

"Kara. That's a beautiful name," Susan said as they broke the connection.

A few seconds after she'd replaced the phone on it's cradle, she realized what she'd said and felt a little silly. After all, it was just a friendly dinner, why had she called it a date.

Yet at the same time, Supergirl hadn't corrected or objected to her characterization either. Or was she just reading too much into it all. Either way, she'd better get moving.

By the time Susan had hung up the phone, Supergirl was already on the other side of town. Since she was going to take the night off, it wouldn't hurt to make one more swing of the city.

All in all, it looked to be a quiet night.

Supergirl had long ago accepted the fact that she couldn't be everywhere at one, and even she was entitled to a night off now and then. There was only so much that one woman could do.

Coming in low over the fashionable Park Row section down by City Hall, the Girl of Steel's enhanced hearing caught a muffled scream. It was a type of sound she'd learned to fine tune her hearing to. That and a few other sounds like gunshots, alarms and the simple word "help."

A quick x-ray scan of the area located the sound as coming from one of the upper levels of a fashionable apartment building. Silently she flew closer to the building, then a slight smile appeared at the corners of her mouth.

In the living room of the expensively decorated apartment was a tall shapely blonde who she would've guessed was about 40 years old. The woman was totally naked, gagged and tied up in some sort of restraining device. Behind her was an older gentleman, semi-nude, wearing the top half of a store bought Superman costume. "Superman" was in the process of pushing his cock into her exposed ass.

"Looks like you need a little more lubricant there, Superman," Supergirl thought with a laugh as she further considered that earth people had some really strange sexual habits.

Early in her career, Supergirl had spotted a similar scene in the small town where she was going to college. She had immediately smashed through the window, determined to rescue the woman whom she was sure was being raped. It was only after the "helpless victim" began screaming at her to leave her boyfriend alone that Supergirl realized that she had made an awful mistake. The few seconds she now took to further scan this apartment to find numerous photographs of the couple together prevented her from repeating those errors of youth.

Normally, she would've gone on her way but she found the scene rather interesting. She didn't consider the fact that she was using her powers to watch wrong, after all she was just using the gifts that nature had given her. Her eyesight just happened to be a great deal better than the average person - a very great deal.

"I wonder what Kal-El would think of this," she thought as "Superman" finally found his mark and began pumping in and out. Listening carefully, Supergirl could hear the woman now offering cries of encouragement under her gag.

It was then Supergirl noticed the other red and blue costume on the floor. It only took her a second to realize that it was an equally poor copy of her own.

"She's supposed to be me," the Kryptonian woman laughed out loud. "I don't know if I should be flattered or insulted."

After watching for a few more minutes, Supergirl took once more to the now dark sky. If nothing else, at least that "Supergirl" was getting laid.

Ignoring the city speed limits, after all what cop actually paid attention to them, Susan made it back to her small attic apartment in only fifteen minutes. It wasn't much, only three rooms, but then again she was almost never there. She took a moment to scan through the pile of letters from her mailbox, it was the first time she'd been home to pick up the mail in a week.

Most of the assorted colored envelopes got tossed right into the nearby waste basket. The remaining bills were laid on the small phone table. She'd get to them eventually.

Walking across the room, Susan began stripping as she went. The clothes that hit the floor were also something she'd get to later. It was only a dozen paces to the small bathroom and by the time Susan was in it she was down to a pair of panties.

Standing in front of the small medicine cabinet mirror, the police officer took a few minutes to take stock. At 30, Susan had a harder body than when she graduated high school. Her breasts were a compact 34b and she'd never had the need for a bra.

In the Army she'd always wore her hair in a sort of buzz cut. Now it was about an inch and a half longer, just enough to form into the natural curls she'd had as a teenager. Her stomach was flat as could be, the result of a daily workout. Her legs were long and powerful, again the result of a daily run.

Susan had never considered herself pretty, she'd been too much of a tomboy while growing up to worry about that. An Army brat, she'd rather play soldier with the boys than get into dolls - unless of course they were GI Joe's. She remembered the day she'd given her Barbie doll a butch haircut with her father's electric razor and outfitted it with one of her brother's GI Joe's fatigues. This was long before the days it became politically correct to think of female soldiers. Her dad had found it so amusing.

The Army had been her entire life, that's why it had hurt so much when they'd told her that the Army didn't want her anymore. She could've fought it of course - many women did. But given the choice of going quietly or a court martial that would've laid her personal life bare, she'd taken the road that caused the least embarrassment to her father. He never knew the real cause of her resignation. She'd told him that she hadn't made Delta Force and if she couldn't be with the best, she wasn't going to settle for second place. It was something he understood. It was only after Colonel Wienczorkowski's death last year that she'd come out. Her mother had known about her preferences since she was 17.

Laying out a new pair of red lace panties, she pulled off the soiled pair she had on. They'd been clean when she changed clothes at the station house but had gotten wet during her conversation with Supergirl. The bush between her legs was slightly darker than the red stands on her head. Susan then reached into the shower and turned it on. With the way the water ran in this building, it would take a few minutes to warm up.

Running her hand across her crimson locks, Susan wondered if she should let them grow. Maybe she needed a break with the past. She could always tie it back beneath her helmet. Maybe something like Carmen used to wear.

The memory of Carmen brought a longing between her legs as the tall redhead stepped into the shower. It'd been a long time since she'd thought about Carmen. Back then, it'd been Captain Carmen Anna Gutteriez. She'd been the Commanding Officer of Charlie Company of which the then Lieutenant Wienczorkowski's platoon had been part. Unknown to anyone else, even to this day, she had also been Susan's lover.

As Susan stroked her breasts, bringing her pointy nipples to an accustomed hardness, the memory of her old love wouldn't leave her thoughts. Deep in her mind's eye, she could still picture her laying naked alongside her. The softness of her rich brown flesh and the fullness of her large breasts. The sweet taste of her dark nipples and full lips as the redhead would partake of each of them.

Soapy hands glided down across her slim stomach as she remembered Carmen's touch. Her powerful fingers slid downward, finding their way to the bright red bush below. Continuing down between her legs and then around to the cheeks of her ass, Susan left a soapy trail of bubbles in her wake.

Susan let out a soft sigh as her fingers again rubbed against her mound, reminding her that there had been few lovers since Carmen. A few one-nighters here and there, but no relationships to speak of. She thought of the snide remarks she'd heard from a few assholes about her and Maggie Sawyer. To tell the truth, Susan sometimes wished the rumors were true. But Maggie had been involved in a long-term relationship for years now.

Running her long-outstretched fingers across her small mounds once again, giving them a playful squeeze, the lithe woman was reminded of how horny she'd felt lately.

"God, I need to love someone," she said to herself as she again glided her fingers down across her stomach and the thick layer of red hair.

With a practiced skill she parted her vaginal lips, quickly finding the small stubby clit hidden within. Closing her eyes as she leaned back against the tiled wall, she pressed a slippery finger against it.

"Oh yes," she purred as a familiar tingle spread out from her cunt. "That feels so nice."

She slid a soapy finger up within herself, followed by a second and a third. It was a poor substitute for the touch of a lover, but it would have to do.

It wasn't long before she was furiously pumping her fingers in and out, sparking the tiny flame between her legs into a conflagration.

The warm water had finally turned to hot, filling the tiny room with steam. The heat of which paled next to that which radiated across her quaking body as her fingers caressed her love canal in an orgasmic frenzy.

Water running down her face, her lips formed a silent O. Susan felt her legs and arms go weak as repeated waves of delight rippled up and down her naked form.

Long silent moments, broken only by the splatter of the shower drops, passed as the redhead rested against the now warm tile. The water washing away the traces of her climax. She had wanted to find a small measure of sexual relief through masturbation for the last two days but refused to do it at the police station - even if she could've found the privacy.

It wasn't until she opened her eyes again that Susan realized that somewhere along the way, the image of her dark-haired Latino love had morphed into that of a much younger, smaller-chested blonde.

Quickly finishing the shower, Susan moved into her bedroom and went through her closet. There wasn't that much to pick from, she really didn't have that much in the way of civilian clothes, as she still tended to think of them. Usually she wore her uniform to any official function she went to.

Then in the back of the closet, still in the dry-cleaning plastic from the only time she'd worn it was the jade v-neck dress her sister had bought her as a birthday present. It wasn't something she would've bought for herself, not that she didn't like it. It was just that she was always around people who weren't too concerned with their appearance.

Remembering all the compliments she'd gotten when she'd worn it at her sister's anniversary party, she'd lifted it up and examined it closer. One in particular stuck in her mind, a comment from her brother in law that, had he been single and didn't know better, he'd have been trying to talk her into bed.

"Might as well go whole hog," Susan quipped as she pulled out the box of accessories that went with the outfit. The black high heels, the small gold earrings and finally her grandmother's locket.

The appropriate makeup followed and by the time she was done, Susan looked in the mirror and was surprised by the image that looked back. It'd been a long time since she realized just how much she and her sister Janet looked alike. And she had always thought Janet was beautiful.

About to get going, two thoughts suddenly hit Susan. How was it going to look, her all dressed up and having dinner with Supergirl? And where was she going to take her for dinner? All of her favorite restaurants where she usually took another woman were frequented by lesbian friends. She couldn't take someone like Supergirl there, it would be all over town by morning. Maybe she should change into that dress uniform after all so it would look like official business.

"No, I like the way I look," Susan said as she checked her reflection again. "I'll let Supergirl decide where she wants to eat.

With that she was out the door before she could change her mind.

The distant chimes of a clock tower could be heard striking eight as Susan stood outside of her building. She got a few strange looks from passersby as she kept scanning the skies for the arrival of her dinner guest. It would be quite understandable if she was late, or if for some reason she didn't show at all. She was talking about Supergirl after all. She had responsibilities all over the world. Susan was still staring at the rooftops when a woman walked up to her and said hello.

"Good evening, Susan," the young blonde said. "I hope you haven't been waiting here long."

Susan turned at the sound of her name. It took a second for her to recognize the woman in the bright red double-breasted jacket and matching skirt. Her long blonde hair had been pinned up and back and she wore just the slightest touch of lipstick.

"Super..." Susan started to say.

"Kara," the Girl of Steel corrected her.

"Kara, ..." Susan remembered.

"I hope I didn't disappoint you," Kara said. "You looked like you were waiting for me to come swooping out of the sky."

"Not at all," Susan said smiling. "I actually prefer it this way."

"That's great," Kara replied. "Too many people usually look at me and only see the suit. As if I was just a carbon copy of Superman. They forget I'm a woman underneath those red and blues."

"I know the feeling," Susan agreed as she now realized that she could take Kara to her favorite restaurant and no one would notice. Then again, of course they'd notice her, how could they not. But without the costume they'd never make the connection.

"Shall we get going?" Kara said.

"I'll get us a cab," Susan said.

"You'd better. This outfit wasn't made for flying," Kara grinned.

The club was called "Amanda's", located down by the edge of Metropolis Harbor. It was a very upscale establishment, with a gigantic bay window that opened onto the lower bay. The only thing that set it apart from the dozen or so similar clubs around town was that its clientele was exclusively female. Susan had once been there for lunch with the then Captain Sawyer when she first applied for the SCU. She had always wanted to come back for dinner but had never been with anyone special enough to justify the ridiculous expense. Tonight she was. As a member of the SCU, she had no problem getting past the bouncers at the door.

"I hope you don't mind a place like this," she said to Kara as she hesitated by the door.

"Not at all," Kara replied as she gave the place a quick x-ray scan to see what kind of place it was. "Actually it might be interesting."

They were seated at a private booth near the bay window after Susan flashed her badge and said they had a private matter to discuss. The hostess remembered Susan from her lunch with Maggie Sawyer and was only too happy to comply.

As they'd walked across the large room, all eyes had been on Kara - much to Susan's delight. Kara on the other hand was more interested in some of the celebrities she saw around the room. The most famous of which was Congresswoman Diana Scott, an openly lesbian legislator.

"I recommend the seafood. It's the best in the city," Susan said as they were handed the menus.

"You can order for both of us," Kara said as she placed the menu down on the table unopened.

Which Susan did, smiling at the waitress as the brunette checked Kara out.

"I guess you're the center of attention," Susan whispered as the brunette walked away.

"At least they're looking at me and not the you know what, ..." Kara replied.

Changing the subject, Susan asked a question she'd been wondering about all afternoon. Actually it was the least of the questions she'd been wondering about but it was a safe place to start.

"Kara, I was wondering, ..." she began. "How old are you? I mean if I had to guess I'd say about 20."

"In Terran terms or by Kryptonian standards," Kara asked back.

"I think you better explain the difference."

"All right," the Girl of Steel explained.

"According to your calendar, I've just passed my 21st birthday. If I were still on Krypton, I'd be 5 years into my adulthood."

"So you're considered an adult at 16 on your world," Susan said.

"Yes," Kara said. "but I'm sure there are a lot better questions that you'd rather ask."

"Well I guess the big one would be, ..." Susan said as she hesitated a moment. "Are we just two people having dinner or is this a date?"

Kara laughed softly. "Which do you want it to be?" Before Susan could answer she added, "Did you think that I was that naive, not to know that you were a lesbian?"

"Well, I don't exactly wear a sign around my neck," came the reply.

"I knew that five minutes after I met you this morning," Kara explained. "I overheard one of the other officers mentioning it."



"Then you really wanted to date me?" Susan said with a touch of astonishment. "I was so worried that it was all going to turn out to be some kind of misunderstanding."

"Well I've always had a thing for redheads," Kara said.

"Really?" Susan said, feeling like a 16 year old on her first date.

"On Krypton they were considered blessed by Rao," Kara explained.

"Rao?"

"Originally the sun god, eventually he became the primary god-figure in our culture," Kara explained. "Krypton had a red sun as I'm sure you've read somewhere."

"Yes I have," Susan said as she remembered the long series of articles about Superman that had been written by Lois Lane of the Planet when he'd first appeared."

"Did they have lesbians on Krypton?" Susan asked.

"We never really got hung up on labels," Kara answered. "Once you were an adult you loved who you wanted to. It was something that you decided and no one else cared. And the next question of course would be, ... am I a lesbian?"

Their eyes locked for a moment. Clear pools of emerald and blue, born on worlds thousands of light-years apart.

"A few years ago, when I first came to Earth, I'd have had to say I was bisexual, a great many Kryptonians were - at least when they were young," Kara answered.

"And now?" Susan asked hopefully.

"Well it's been quite some time since I've been with a man," Kara said.

"You say it like it's not really by choice," Susan noted.

"It's not. It seems that few men are interested in a woman who can turn cars into scrap metal. At least not any men who would interest me. I'm sure if not you, then some of your fellow female officers have come across that before - a man who can't deal with a woman who's stronger or better at something than they are."

"Well, not me of course but I know what you're talking about," Susan replied.

"Now imagine what it would be like if one of those women could crush them like a twig. I'm sure you've heard some of the jokes," Supergirl said.

Susan had indeed heard many of them, most from her fellow officers. The ones that said you could fuck Supergirl day and night for a month and never get a rise out of her because her invulnerability made her totally non-responsive. Or the even nastier ones like the one that said if she climaxed while you were inside of her the pressure on your cock would be so great that you'd get it crushed to a pulp.

"Don't all you super-types have a secret identity of some kind," Susan asked. "Couldn't you have a relationship when you're that other person."

"Up until I finished college, I had a secret identity," Kara explained. "I even wore a brunette wig to look different. But that person wasn't me. I had two affairs as "Linda" but both came apart when I told them who I really was."

"There are other super-heroines," Susan said, really trying to help. "Maybe you should talk to one of them and see how they handle it. Maybe someone like Wonder Woman."

"Wonder Woman," Kara laughed softly. "I had a long talk with Diana, that's her name by the way, about the time I turned 18. Her suggestion was that she and I should become closer. She's always had a thing for younger women, just look at Wonder Girl."

"What did you tell her?" asked a curious Susan.

"I told her I wasn't interested," Kara replied. "It wasn't that she isn't one of the most beautiful women I've ever met. Amazon Princess and all, she's most definitely that. Tall, beautiful with the most perfect body I've ever seen."

"I've seen photographs of her," Susan said. "I know I'd be hard pressed to say no, even if it was just for a night."

"Well, I knew she'd had a hot affair with Superman the year before. That was before Kal really got involved with Lois ... with his current love," Kara explained. "She gave me the impression that her interest in me was more a matter of completing the set than really wanting me."

"But what about the other men in the Justice League and such?" Susan asked, amazed that she was suggesting possible male lovers for Kara. But there was something about her that made her want to help. Even if it crushed any fantasy she might have had towards her. "I'm sure they're not put off by powerful women."

"None of them really interested me," Kara said. "In fact, there's only one man who interests me, and that's not going to happen."

"By that, I take it you mean Superman," Susan said. "And if I remember the news articles right, the two of you are first cousins."

"First cousins are a problem for your species," Kara said. "Kryptonians don't have the same genetic obstacles. In fact, marriage between first cousins happened a lot if the two of them were the last of their lines, so that the family didn't die out. And if it's one thing Kal and I are, it's the last of our line."

"If you had a child with an Earthman, wouldn't that count?" Susan asked.

"That's another thing that's different about our species," Kara went on. "Kryptonian sperm can impregnate an Earthwoman but human sperm couldn't fertilize one of my eggs. So it's either Superman or no one."

"Would artificial insemination work?" asked the police officer.

"I'm invulnerable ... remember." Kara said. "Surgery's not an option. No, it's either the old fashion way or nothing."

Silently, Susan began to curse herself for going on with what was obviously a hurtful subject with Kara. In her own life at least she could still have a child if she ever desired one. Trying to change the subject, she asked a different question.

"You said that most young Kryptonians were bisexual," she asked. "Does that include Superman as well?"

"No, Kal is as straight as the proverbial arrow," Kara insisted. "Of course he came to Earth as an infant. I didn't land here until I was 15."

It was strange, but until that moment, Susan had never really given the difference in the cousin's ages any thought. She listened intently as Kara told her the tale of Argo City. Few people had heard the full story, they'd only heard that Supergirl had come from a Kryptonian outpost. Susan was silent for the longest time as she listened to the tragedy, the dinner she had so looked forward to sat untouched.

"That's so tragic," Susan finally said as Supergirl finished her story.

"Well it's history so there's not much I can do about it," Kara said. "The thing to remember is to ..."

Kara paused in mid-sentence as she suddenly turned from Susan and scanned the room. Invisible beams from her deep blue eyes turned all the solid structures in the building as transparent as glass.

"Something wrong?" Susan asked as she reached down to the strap on holster she wore around her upper leg and began to pull out her off duty revolver.

"Oh no!" Kara said as she jumped out of her seat and flew across the room to the last table against the window.

Reaching Congresswoman Scott's table, Supergirl ripped the top off the table to expose a small package of explosives beneath it. The timer on the device showed three seconds to zero.

"Madre De Dios!" the Congresswoman's companion screamed as she saw the bomb.

"Everyone down," Supergirl called out as she bent over to cradle the explosive device.

The roar of the detonation was deafening, shattering the vast plate glass. Women scattered across the floor as a shower of tiny glass fragments filled the air. Thankfully, that was the only real damage as Supergirl shielded the rest of the room with her body. Her outfit, of course was torn to shreds, lacking the resiliency of her Supergirl outfit.

"Kara!" Susan screamed out as, weapon in hand, she lifted herself off the floor and ran over to what was left of the Congresswoman's table.

"I'm OK," Supergirl said as she stood up and brushed herself off.

The entire front of her outfit had been destroyed, exposing her breasts for all to see. The Girl of Steel didn't seem to notice. She was more concerned about everyone else.

"Everyone all right?" Diana Scott asked as she lifted herself off the floor.

"Everyone seems to be," Supergirl said as she watched the last of the patrons get off the floor.

"It seems as if I owe you my thanks and my life, Supergirl," Diana said as she stepped over a pile of broken glass. "If you hadn't been here undercover I don't know what would have happened."

"Undercover?" Supergirl repeated.

Susan immediately picked up on Diana's offering. She was offering Supergirl an explanation as to why she was in a lesbian club. If Supergirl wanted the world to know her sexuality it should be on her terms, not because she exposed herself to save lives.

"It's a good thing that I heard the ultrasonic whine that thing gave off as it went into its ten second countdown," Supergirl said, changing the subject.

By this time the local police had begun to arrive and Supergirl excused herself to change into costume. She had had the foresight to bring the compressed uniform in her purse.

"Officer Wenczorkowski, can I give you a lift home?" Supergirl asked.

"I guess so, there's nothing else for us here," Susan said.

With that, the Girl of Steel picked up the green garbed officer and lifted her into the sky.

The two women landed a few thousand feet away along the shore line. The small park at the water's edge was deserted this time of night so they had a small measure of privacy.

"Well, I guess that could've gone better," Kara said as she gazed into the dark harbor waters.

"Hey, it's all right," Susan said as she gently placed her hand on Kara's shoulder. "You're Supergirl, people depend on you. I'm the last person to complain about something like that. You have no idea how many nights have been ruined when my SCU beeper went off."

"I notice you're not wearing that beeper now," Kara said.

"Well I really didn't want any interruptions tonight. I used some vacation time I had to take a few days off."

"I can't remember the last time I took a vacation," Kara said.

"Really?" Susan said astonished. "If I had your powers I don't think I'd ever stop traveling. My biggest problem would be where to start."

"If you could go anywhere, where would it be?" asked Kara.

"The Moon," Susan said without hesitation.

"The Moon?" Kara repeated.

"I remember watching the astronauts walk on the Moon, even though I was only a little girl at the time," Susan explained. "I've never stopped thinking how incredible it must feel to walk on another world."

"Kind of like the feeling I get every day," Kara quipped.

"I'm sorry," Susan apologized. "I guess it's hard to think of you as an alien from another world."

"I sometimes wonder if people would've been so willing to accept me if I'd had green skin and pointed ears."

"I think you'd look real sexy like that," the policewoman said, trying to lighten the mood.

"Maybe," Kara replied.

"But to be more realistic, I think I'd like to just get away from it all for a while," Susan went on. "Somewhere quiet and far from emergency beepers and responsibilities."

Kara looked out into the darkness as she listened. Her gaze seemed to be focused on the horizon as if she was trying to decide something. The look of concentration softened into a smile and she turned back to her companion.

"You said you had a few days off, right?" she asked.

"That's right."

"Then lets go," Kara said.

"Where?" Susan asked.

"Somewhere far away from responsibilities," Kara said as she removed her bright red cape and held it out to Susan. "Here, better wrap this around you, the night air can get a little cold when you gain a little altitude."

No sooner had Susan wrapped the cape around herself when Kara effortlessly lifted her into her arms. She held her like a babe in arms and with a soft leap took to the air.

Minutes turned to an hour, then two as the Girl of Steel and her precious passenger soared across the star-filled night sky. Eventually, they outraced the night and appeared over the Pacific where day still ruled.

"This is so spectacular," Susan yelled over the rush of the wind as they swooped low enough for her to spot a school of flying fish. "I'm so envious of you, being able to do this all the time."

"It's something I hope I never take for granted," Supergirl replied as she pointed out yet another thing of interest. "We're almost there," she added a few minutes later.

"Where are we?" Susan shouted.

"About 1500 miles southwest of Hawaii," Supergirl responded as she turned into a wide arc and began to descend toward a small island. "We've flown into yesterday, the international date line is about a hundred miles behind us."

"I guess I'm a time traveler now," Susan laughed as they touched down with a gentle bounce.

As Supergirl reattached her cape, Susan took a few moments to survey the island she had only gotten a quick glimpse of from the air.

They were standing by the edge of a large lagoon, framed by a long stretch of flawless white sand. Two hundred yards inward was a veritable garden of Eden in which thousands of tropical plants displayed every color in the rainbow. Nestled among the garden was a small one story house made of indigenous materials.

"This place is beautiful!" Susan gushed. "What do you call it?"

"I call it home," Kara said.

"It's not what I imagined," Susan said. "I guess I had this image of you living in some ultra-futuristic castle somewhere."

"Well you should see the gigantic fortress Superman has in the arctic." Kara said. "Carved right out of a glacier. That might be more to your liking."

"Oh no," Susan said. "I think this is perfect. I don't know where I got that other image from. I guess you hear so much about the Batcave and the Justice League satellite that you expect every superhero to live like that."

"Well I have something here that I think you'll find impressive," Kara said as she walked over to a wide clearing along the beach and moved a large boulder with a casual toss.

Beneath the rock, buried in the sand was a hidden control panel. It was unlike anything Susan had seen before. A thousand years ahead of anything the military or even NASA had ever produced. Kara grinned as she pressed her hand against the panel and it glowed to life. Susan felt a wave of energy pass through her body for a brief moment as an invisible bubble spread out from the control panel.

"Now what?" Susan asked as she looked about and tried to define the edges of what she knew was a force field.

"Jump," Kara simply said.

"What?" Susan repeated.

"Jump!" Kara repeated as well. "As if you were trying to touch the sky."

Somewhat confused, Susan took a brief running start and jumped as if she was aiming for an invisible branch. To her astonishment, instead of the few feet she expected to rise before dropping back to the ground, the red tressed woman soared fifty feet into the air.

"Omigod!" she cried out, her green eyes wide in amazement. "I'm flying!!!"

Susan gently leveled off and hovered weightlessly in the warm evening air. Like a ballerina, she whirled round and round, enjoying a state of near euphoria.

"I thought you'd like it," Kara said as she flew up beside her, a wide smile on her face.

"This is so unbelievable!" she gushed. "I never imagined. How?"

"The gravity generator from my ship," Kara said as she spun around in circles. "I installed it as a security device. Set at this level, it produces less than one tenth earth normal."

Kara watched as for the next twenty minutes, the emerald gowned woman flew back and forth across the 200 foot radius of the anti-gravity field. The expression on her face was that of a young girl who awoke Christmas morning to find her greatest dream under the tree.

"This is the greatest gift anyone's ever given me," Susan said as she flew up to Kara, the look of childlike delight still on her face.

"I have another gift that I want to give you as well," Kara said as she took Susan in her arms. "I hope you enjoy it as much."

The press of Kara's lips against her own was as intoxicating as her first sensation of flight. Susan returned the kiss with all the passion within her. Up until this moment, all that had happened between them hadn't been anything other than a budding friendship.

One kiss followed another, and another, as the two woman swam through the sky. Locked in each other's embrace they silently shared a building passion.

"Oh Kara," Susan gasped between kisses as she stroked the younger woman's long hair. "I've dreamed of this since the first moment I saw you."

"I was quite taken with you too," Kara smiled back. "Why don't we get back down on the ground." she suggested. "Despite all the stories you hear, making love in zero gee is really more work than fun."

The older woman readily agreed. Hand in hand they dropped to the ground. On impact, Kara deactivated the gravity generator with a gentle burst of her heat vision. The panel was heat sensitive.

"We could go in the house, or would you prefer the beach?" Kara asked as she stroked Susan's exposed arm.

Looking out at the beautiful vista of a soon to be setting sun, Susan immediately chose the beach. Kara guided her to a wide stretch of perfect white sand.

"Why don't you get comfortable," Kara said as she reached up and undid the clasp of her cape. The bright red boots followed, then the equally red skirt that wrapped around her blue body suit.

The police woman's gown quickly followed Kara's cape and skirt. Susan watched in anticipation as her Supergirl undid the last restraints of her form fitting body suit. It was only a few moments later that the Girl of Steel stood nude in the fading glow of the bright golden sun.

"God you are so beautiful," Susan said as she took in every aspect of her naked form. Kara's long blond hair hung low over a perfectly slim waist. Her rounded breasts, the taut nipples of which had been clearly visible beneath the skin tight spandex of her uniform, were the most perfect Susan had ever seen. She doubted the most skillful plastic surgeon in Beverly Hills could've duplicated nature's handiwork.



Between her legs was a wide growth of matching blonde hair, framing a pearl of unique delight. Taking an expanded look, Susan decided that Kara's pure natural beauty far outstripped her previous admiration for Wonder Woman's amazon physique.

Remembering that she was still wearing her underwear, Susan quickly remedied that situation. Now equally nude, she could tell that Kara was taking a moment to admire her own body. She wondered if she had previously taken a peek at her through her dress.

"If I had x-ray vision," Susan thought to herself. "I'd be checking out every woman I ever passed on the street."

Susan was proud of her body. It was the result of hard work and careful diet. Her breasts were a little smaller than Supergirl's but no less impressive. The nipples in the center were much thicker however with wide dark circles around them. Between her own legs her hair had been trimmed to a small compact red triangle.

Susan realized that Kara was waiting for her to make the first move and she stepped forward and kissed her once more. Tiny sparks passed between them as she felt the blonde's tongue pass between her lips and make contact with her own. Susan reacted instinctively and ran her outstretched hand across Kara's breast, lightly stroking the nipple.

"Hmm, that feels nice," Kara whispered in her ear.

"I wasn't sure you'd be able to feel that," Susan said, feeling a little stupid as soon as she said it.

"Because bullets bounce off them?" Kara softly laughed.

"Yeh, I guess so," came the reply in an embarrassed tone.

"Actually my skin is a lot more sensitive to touch than a human's," Kara said as she ran her hands across the redhead's own breasts. "I do feel the slugs as they impact, it's just that I'm able to tone down that sensitivity when I'm Supergirl."

In offering, Kara lifted one of her mounds closer to Susan's face. The older woman graciously took the gift and kissed it softly. Guiding Kara's nipple into her mouth with her tongue, Susan was amazed at how soft the skin felt. Deep down, part of her still expected Kara's skin to feel hard as steel.

"See, just like any other woman's," Kara said as she enjoyed the feel of Susan's experienced tongue against her nipple.

"Damn it, Wienczorkowski!" Susan mentally yelled at herself. "You're alone on a beautiful beach with an even more beautiful woman. Stop thinking of it as a science project."

With that, her mindset changed. No longer was this Supergirl in her arms, the world's premiere heroine. She was simply Kara, a woman who desired Susan as much as the police officer did her.

Easing Kara down onto the soft warm sand, Susan began to lick each breast over and over. She bit down on each nipple as hard as she could, secure in the knowledge that for the first time in her life she didn't have to worry about hurting her lover. Kara in the meantime was running her fingers through Susan's crimson locks, whispering excited words of encouragement as she did.

Like a child with a new toy, it was obvious that Susan was going to take her time. Her tongue darted to and fro, tracing wide circles around the hard nipple. Then she would tickle it directly before taking it whole into her mouth again.

Like a babe seeking nourishment, the older woman nurtured at the source. Each movement of her tongue, each nip of her teeth, sent enchanting sensations through Kara's reclining form.

"Oh yes," the girl from another world gasped as Susan pressed her face between her twin mounds.

Pulling her face out of that heavenly valley, Susan pressed her own mounds against Kara's. As Susan rubbed the nipples against each other they generating a heat that rivaled their rising lust. A lust that had been too long absent from both Susan's and Kara's life.

Effortlessly, Kara lifted Susan so that her breasts came within easy reach. With a tongue no less talented than Susan's own, she glided it across the older woman's breasts before taking each within her mouth.

Even as her mouth feasted on Susan's bountiful charms, Kara slid her hand beneath her lover's body and between Susan's legs. Her fingers slid across the thin layer of hair and pressed against the excited clit within.

Now it was Susan's turn to moan as she felt the touch of a strong lover's hand where only she had touched for so very long. Then it moved to the center of the mound and rubbed against it. As her finger became lubricated by the wetness there, Kara slowly slid it between the folds. A soft gasp escaped Susan's lips as Kara slid the finger in and out, soon following it with a second.

"Oh yes ..." Susan said softly as she floated in the air, supported by Kara's strong right arm.

The constant friction of Kara's hand against her clit sent ripples of delight radiating out from Susan's pussy. Her fingers moved with a speed and dexterity that no normal woman could ever have matched. Coupled with the delightful mixture of bites and gentle kisses on her breasts, it was enough to quickly bring her to the edge of ecstasy.

As the volume of the moans in Kara's ears grew in intensity, so did the frequency of her penetrations. A small series of mini-quakes began to rock the earth woman's body, heralding the arrival of a long missed rapture.

Suddenly, Susan's body stiffened as the cascading waves of bliss broke on the shoals of her sexuality. Her pulse raced and her breaths became shallow. Despite the gentle cool breeze, her body was covered with sweat.

"Oh God!" she panted as she collapsed atop her lover. "I can't believe how long its been since I felt so good."

"I hope I can make you feel even better," Kara purred as she pressed her cheek against Susan's.

"I'd think I'd like that," Susan replied as she kissed Kara once more.

The two naked women lay on the soft sand for long moments, gently caressing each other's bodies.

"Why don't we take a quick swim and cool off," Kara said as she motioned to the inviting blue waters a few dozen feet away.

"Sounds wonderful," Susan said in reply.

Playfully splashing in the surf, it wasn't long before the fires that drove the two lovers began to re-ignite. Kara and Susan quickly found their hands all over each other's bodies.

This time it was Susan's turn to be the aggressor and Kara was content to just relax and enjoy the attention. She laughed with glee as Kara's twin globes bounced in the open air. With youthful exuberance she again brought a hand to each globe.

Kara couldn't help but respond to the touch.

Her nipples had always been incredibly sensitive, even before she'd come to Earth. Even this simple caress was enough to send a pleasing ripple across her chest.

Susan replaced her grazing touch with the wet and warm sensation of her tongue. Susan had first sucked one of her girlfriend's breasts when she was 14, and the years of experience showed. If anything, Kara's nipples grew harder as Susan stroked them again and again, sending shivers of bliss now throughout her supple body.

Moving her attentions upward, Susan's tongue marked a path across Kara's inviting neck until it once more reached her mouth. Pulling the girl's naked breasts tight against her, Susan kissed her a second time. Moist and warm, this time there was a playful acceptance of her effort as Kara opened her mouth to admit her.

As they played a game of dueling tongues, Susan slid her free hand down beneath Kara's long smooth legs. There she was greeted by three exciting surprises. She was delighted to find that Kara was already dripping wet. The most powerful woman in the world and she had gotten her wet. The thought was the highlight of her sexual life.

Dropping to her knees in the shallow water, Susan kissed the center of the bushy blonde mound. The sweet aroma of her sexuality was like honey to a bee as it filled her nostrils.

Parting the smooth hairless legs, Susan pushed her head forward and ran her probing tongue up and down the length of Kara's slit. Quickly covered by a thick coating of lubricating juices, her tongue effortlessly slid inside.

"Oh yes!" Kara exclaimed as she spread her legs wider, excited to new heights by the magic touch of this woman's mouth.

She thrust her pelvis forward, trying to drive Susan deeper within her. More than happy to accommodate her desire, the redhead began a series of furious motions with her darting tongue. The young blonde moaned loudly as Susan gripped her ass cheeks and pressed her face hard against her wetness, sucking hungrily.

It wasn't long before Kara was on the verge of orgasm. An event Susan secretly feared as she remembered all of the jokes about Supergirl crushing a lover in the heat of a climax. However strong the fear, it paled beside the desire she had to bring her lover to the zenith of ecstasy.

Kara's body quaked and sweat ran down her breasts as her vaginal muscles contracted against the instrument of her pleasure. Then like a wave breaking against the shoals, she reached orgasm with an intensity that momentarily frightened Susan. But only for the moment as she realized that even while in the throes of passion, Kara was always aware of the earth shattering power she possessed.

Her pelvis pushed forward and her shoulders arched backward. Susan's fingers pressed as hard as they could into the soft flesh of Kara's buttocks as the red haired fury lapped up her juices like a kitten does milk.

Before Susan could react, Kara suddenly lifted her up into the air and brought her own pussy to a height equal to the Kryptonian's lips. She wrapped Susan's legs around her head and ran her tongue around the soft velvet folds of the Earth woman's cunt.

Circling the now thoroughly saturated patch, Kara took a moment to relish the aroma. An aroma as delightful to her as her own had been to Susan. She kissed each thigh, again and again, before moving on to her prize.

It began as a flicker. Then a touch. Finally a long loving caress. She could feel Susan's body react to each stroke as she ran her tongue across her clit over and over with a speed that defied description. It was like there were two or three women licking her pussy at once.

Supported by the firm grip that Kara had on her ass, Susan began to buck and spasm as Kara increased the intensity of her tongue's attack to an even faster pace. Kara slid her free hand down between her own legs and slid first one, then two and finally three fingers within herself. She quickly matched the tempo of her fingers to that of her tongue.

Sweat ran down both their bodies as Susan shook with each new ecstatic jolt. She could feel the rising crest within her and knew that an even more explosive orgasm was near.

Kara darted her tongue in and out of Susan's tunnel of love, causing the waves of pleasure cascading up and down the older woman's body to double. The harder Kara moved her tongue, the faster the waves repeated. Faster and faster the waves washed over Susan until they reached a point beyond what she could stand. She yearned for the explosion that would bring relief. Tears ran down her cheeks as at the same time she tried to delay the fire within her so that she could enjoy each second. With a screeching yell, Susan climaxed as she had never done with any other lover. Her own powerful body shook for endless seconds as she took in every aspect of her rapture. Kara quickly followed with her own orgasm seconds later as her fingers covered with her wetness. Her much softer cry was muffled as she pressed her face deep against Susan's cunt, continuing to lick up the juices of her efforts. Susan wrapped her arms around Kara's head and bending over, pressed her head against hers. She gently kissed her blond hair and Kara finally began to relax her hold.

Kara lowered Susan and cradled her in her arms. They gently kissed and laughed as she carried her new love out of the water and onto the beach. They sat there in each other's embrace while they watched the sun set in the horizon. They made love twice more that night before reluctantly returning to Metropolis the next morning. But it had been a day Susan would never forget or regret.

"I was almost hoping this day would never end," Susan said as she stood by the large open window in her living room, the early morning sun filling the room.

"It is a shame, it is," Kara said, clad once more in her blue and red uniform. "Maybe we can ..."

The Girl of Steel halted in mid-sentence as her gaze suddenly and abruptly shifted to out the window. For a moment her mind looked to be elsewhere. She took a step back from Susan and toward the window.

"I have to go, right now!" she said with urgency.

Before Susan could say a word, Supergirl was halfway to the open window. Just before she leapt out and took to the sky she turned to say. "I'll call you ... promise."

Susan stood there staring at the open window for a long time. The last twenty four hours already seemed like a dream. A dream which would never be relived. It made her feel a little sad.

Susan checked in with Maggie Sawyer to tell her she was ready for duty. Maggie had insisted that she take her full three days off, saying that Susan had been pushing herself much too hard and needed the rest. Sergeant Robinson had been making good progress and Inspector Sawyer didn't want to see hide nor hair of Wienczorkowski until Monday morning.

So Susan spent the morning running errands and the afternoon working out at the gym. As she walked back into her apartment, she tuned in her TV to Metro One as she unpacked the groceries she'd bought on the way home. In the background, she heard the voice of Sandy Scaffold, the voice of Action News.

"Disaster was averted early this morning at Metropolis Airport when an arriving Pan-World passenger jet suffered a power loss in three of its four engines while making the final turn for its approach. For tense moments, hundreds of lives hung in the balance as the aircraft fell to certain destruction. Only the arrival of a red and blue guardian angel saved the day ..."

Susan Wienczorkowski stared at the small color television screen as a familiar form soared through the air and caught the plummeting aircraft. The same arms which had cradled her naked form last night with gentle abandon now effortlessly cradled a multi-ton aircraft. Silently, she watched transfixed as with equal ease Supergirl brought the plane to a safe landing.

"I guess that was more important than hanging around for breakfast," she said to herself as the image on the screen turned to another story.

A few minutes later the groceries were away and Susan was about to make a quick dinner when the doorbell rang. She opened the door to find a young brunette in nondescript clothes standing there. A folded newspaper in her hand obscured part of her face.

"Can I help you?" Susan asked, wondering how she got past the lock on the front door without being buzzed in.

"I'm here about your ad for a roommate," the young woman said.

"I'm afraid there must be some mistake. I didn't place any ad," Susan said. "As you can see, this place is barely large enough for one."

"I'm sure I have the right address," the young woman insisted. "I tried calling before but there was no answer."

It was then that she lowered the newspaper and Susan saw a familiar pair of blue eyes.

"Kara?" she said in disbelief.

"Linda," the brunette corrected her. "Linda Danvers. Now about the room?"

"Why yes," Susan said with a smile. "Why don't you come in and have a look at the place."

"Thank you," Linda said. "I'm sure it's exactly what I'm looking for. I travel a lot, but it's nice to have something to come home to."

"Or someone," Susan thought as she closed the door behind her. She also couldn't help but think that sometimes, dreams can last beyond the dawn.