

## Supergirl Part 2 Chapter 2: Discovery

Susan Wienczorkowski awoke and stretched slowly, languorously. Slowly opening her eyes, she found herself alone in her bed. The early morning sun shone through the window, reflecting its scintillating beams around the room and illuminating colours with a clarity and vibrancy that were as novel to her as they were unexpected. She breathed deeply.

Giving a deep sigh of intense satisfaction, she closed her eyes and allowed herself to quietly reflect on the incredible events of the past four days. Just last Thursday she had been saved from certain death at the hands of a desperate Intergang member by a blonde vision in red and blue. Then Thursday night's dinner with her beautiful saviour at Amanda's and the bomb blast which had interrupted such a wonderful evening. That incredible flight to a remote tropical island, the thrilling sensation of flight by herself within Kara's anti-gravity field, the incredibly passionate hours in the arms of her new lover, coming to an end all too soon.

Then Friday spent running around catching up on things, her workout at the gym in the afternoon, the unexpected arrival on her doorstep of the strange brunette who turned out to be her new lover in disguise. Their passions flaring again that night, carrying them both to heights of ecstasy that both women had missed for far too long. The rapturous hours they had spent together throughout the weekend, coming to know, and to deeply love each other. Making mad, passionate love again and again to the point where they collapsed, exhausted, in each other's arms, awakening hours later to carry on.

Susan sighed again, experiencing a wonderful feeling of deep happiness and completion, feeling more alive than she had ever felt before.

Reluctantly calling a halt to her pleasurable reverie, Susan threw the covers aside and bounded out of bed. "Whoa!," she yelled in surprise as she found herself hurtling through the air, landing over by the door. On the verge of pitching head first through the doorway and into her living room, she frantically grabbed for the door frame, fighting to catch her balance. She quickly loosened her grip as she heard an ominous crunching sound from the frame. Looking closer, she gasped in astonishment as she noticed some slight round indentations where her fingertips had grasped the wood. "What the fuck is going on?," she burst out. "What's happening to me?"

Shaking her head in puzzlement, she lay down and started to do some sit-ups. She stopped a moment later, her puzzlement increasing. Normally she could feel the pleasant sensations of her abs muscles tensing as they lifted her body. This morning though, she felt nothing. It was as if her weight was only a small fraction of normal. She flipped over to her stomach and tried some push-ups. Same thing. This didn't even feel like exercise any more. Suddenly pushing down hard, she gasped again as, without seeming effort, her body flipped to an upright position and continued on over, depositing her neatly on her ass. "Oops!," she giggled, gingerly getting to her feet. She tentatively rubbed her ass cheeks. Although she hadn't felt any pain when she'd landed she was half expecting to feel a couple of tender spots, but she felt nothing beyond the gentle friction of her hands.

It was almost as if gravity itself had suddenly dropped by at least half. She shook her head in denial at that fanciful idea. She had experienced lowered gravity on Kara's island before the weekend and this felt nothing like that. It was more as if she were somehow much stronger than normal. She started running on the spot. The impacts of her feet on the floor sounded louder than normal and she found herself bouncing almost a foot into the air with each pace so she carefully reduced the muscular effort of her legs. Finally achieving a degree of control, she was astonished to find that it felt to her like a slow, relaxed walk even while pacing as fast as she ever had.

"Right," she said. "I don't know what's going on but it looks like I'll be walking on eggs until I find out." Shrugging, she made her way into the bathroom. Remembering what had happened to the door frame, she treated the taps as if they were fragile as she took her morning shower. While she was cleaning her teeth, she regarded her trim, taut body in the mirror. She blinked, shook her head in surprise and looked again, more closely. "Kerist," she muttered. "What next? I'm sure my teats have gotten bigger." By the time she had dressed and eaten her breakfast, she had regained full control over her superbly conditioned body.

With over an hour in hand before she was due at the station, she decided to pop into Metropolis General to check up on her partner, Mike. She arrived at his ward to find him sitting up in bed, eating breakfast. He looked up, a smile creasing his dark face as he saw her.

"Susan," he exclaimed. "How are you this morning?"

"I'm fine," she replied, returning his smile. "More importantly, how are you?"

"If I were any better, I'd be twins," Mike quipped. "Hey, you're looking great today! Watching you come into the ward, it looked like you were walking on air."

The partners exchanged small talk while Mike finished his breakfast. Then the conversation turned to the Intergang bust last Thursday, where Mike had been wounded.

"That'll teach you to duck a bit faster," teased Susan. "I've got to dash or I'll be late to the station. You just rest up and get better. I'll catch you later."

"You'll have to," grinned Mike. "I'm not going anywhere. The doctors won't let me." Susan returned her partner's grin, turned and left the ward, in high spirits and very relieved at her partner's progress.

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As she sat at her desk that morning, it seemed to her as if her hearing had become an order of magnitude more sensitive. She found herself able to easily hear and identify the tiniest sounds around her. Discovering this to be incredibly distracting, she finally managed to tune out the extraneous sounds so she could concentrate on her work.

Occasionally having to get up and search for files and other data, she found herself having to keep her attention firmly on what she was doing and carefully control the effort she put into even the smallest movements. Whenever she let herself become distracted, she found herself breaking or starting to bend whatever she happened to be holding at the time. She felt almost light-headed, coping with this strange phenomenon, but at the same time she felt more alive and healthy than she could ever remember so she ignored her seeming light-headedness and carried on with her duties.

At about 11AM, her SCU beeper suddenly sounded. Grabbing the unit she quickly absorbed the details and raced downstairs to muster with the rest of the team members. Inspector Maggie Sawyer quickly briefed them as they piled into vehicles and sped off to the warehouse district.

Duly arriving at their destination, the SCU members donned their protective gear and went in to do their job.

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The all-clear having been finally given, Susan removed her headgear and fluffed out her short curls with a sigh of relief. She hated working solo in situations like this. There was just too much potential for things to go badly wrong. She walked back down the corridor towards the stairs she had raced up several minutes before. Just as she was walking past a smaller flight of stairs leading up to the roof, she heard a faint noise. She froze, focussing her full attention on the stairwell. Hearing the faint sussuration of someone's breathing she cautiously began to mount the steps, her attention rivetted on the turn ahead.

Suddenly she heard the door to the roof begin to quietly open and saw the stairwell brightening with reflected sunlight. She snapped her eyes shut to preserve her dark-adapted vision. Moments later the door closed, again plunging the stairwell into relative darkness.

Susan raced up the steep steps, bursting through the door at the top, into bright sunlight. She saw a male figure running away across the roof.

"Freeze," Susan yelled. "Police!," as she raced out onto the roof, drawing her pistol as she ran after him. He disappeared behind an elevator tower, Susan hot on his heels. She raced around the obstruction and frantically halted herself as she realised her quarry had vanished. "Oh shit!," she whispered to herself, feeling her stomach start to sink. She heard a tiny noise behind her and spun around, frantically raising her gun, to find herself staring into the bore of a large handgun, bulky with its silencing baffles, a hard blue eye peering malevolently down the length of its barrel at her, a finger pulling on the trigger.

"Die, bitch," hissed the stranger, smoothly tightening his finger. The gun spoke.

"He's shooting at me," she told herself disbelievingly as she watched the small package of copper jacketed death seemingly casually floating toward her. "Damn it, Wienczorkowski. Move your butt," she ordered herself but she remained frozen, unable to move. As it slowly continued to move along its leisurely course, her eyes began to cross, still tracking the projectile. She continued to watch in disbelief as the point contacted the bridge of her nose, starting to deform as a tingling sensation spread from its point of contact. Time seemed to abruptly speed up as she finally began to feel the impact of the bullet. She lost consciousness then as the force of the impact snapped her head back and sent her tumbling gracelessly over the edge of the roof to plummet five storeys to the ground below.

The strange man turned, quickly but silently retracing his steps to the roof access.

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Susan became slowly aware of her surroundings. An intense, almost painful throbbing sensation between her eyes was just starting to die away and she felt as if she'd been run over by a truck, with miscellaneous aches and pains all through her body. She suddenly gasped as she recalled watching the bullet's seemingly leisurely approach and its impact. She quickly opened her eyes then, her vision swimming momentarily before settling down and allowing her to focus on the concerned face of Inspector Dan Turpin, the SCU's second in charge. Behind him she saw the warehouse building, the roof five stories above. Amazed, she realised that she must have fallen from that roof.

"How are you feeling?," asked Dan in his gravelly voice.

Susan blinked in astonishment. She recognised the voice as being unmistakably Dan's but his voice seemed to have suddenly acquired overtones which she had never noticed before. "A bit groggy," she eventually responded. She shook her head and cautiously sat up, feeling stiff. Looking down at her hands she found with some relief that she had somehow retained her hold on both her pistol and her helmet. "Good," she thought. At least she wouldn't have to fight her way through the maze-like trail of paperwork attendant to lost equipment. That would have been *all* she needed. She checked her watch then, gasping quietly as she realised that she'd been out of it for a good fifteen minutes. She stretched her arms tentatively and worked her shoulders. "Everything seems to be working okay," she added.

"Do you remember what happened?," inquired the Inspector solicitously.

"Not really," she responded, editing the truth slightly. "God, I can't tell him what really happened," she thought to herself. "He'll think I've flipped out, for sure. I might be able to convince Maggie to believe me, but Terrible Dan? Never!"

Turpin shook his head. "You're damned lucky you're here and not on a one-way trip to the morgue," he said gruffly. He helped the junior officer get unsteadily to her feet.

Susan fervently but silently agreed. "You don't know the tenth of it," she mused to herself. She swayed a bit, then managed to catch her balance.

"It's pretty obvious that you've been clobbered by something," he said. Maybe you should be X-rayed just to be sure you've not been injured."

Susan demurred, "I'm okay now, Sir. I'm just feeling a bit groggy, is all." Indeed, she was feeling better as her aches and pains quickly diminished. Impossibly well, in fact, for a person who had just been shot between the eyes and fallen five storeys onto well aged concrete, to boot, either event normally proving to be quite adequately fatal just by itself. The tender spot between her eyes was dying away just as quickly. She looked around the dingy alley and saw the broken concrete where she had been lying. "Terrible Dan", for all his legendary thoroughness and attention to detail, obviously hadn't given it a second thought. After all, falling bodies didn't usually smash concrete. It was normally the other way around, the body being thoroughly mashed by the hard concrete. "Damn me," she thought. "I landed there after falling all the way from the roof. How could I possibly have survived *that*." Bemused, she looked around the alley. Her eyesight seemed preternaturally sharp, she could see details in the dark alley she knew damned well she wouldn't have been able to see normally. Not in this terrible light.

"Okay," Turpin shrugged and walked off to the front of the building.

"Not only my sight," Susan mused as she gradually became aware again of the multitude of faint, weirdly pitched sounds around her. "It's as if I can suddenly hear things I could never hear before, both quieter and higher pitched." Just then she spotted a glint on the ground, several dozen yards away, next to a crumpled newspaper. Intrigued, she peered at it, squinting slightly in the dim light. Suddenly the glint and the paper next to it seemed to come hurtling towards her, growing impossibly large. She identified the tiny, jagged shard of glass and made out several faded words on the ancient newsprint before she shut her eyes in disbelief. She staggered back a step, feeling suddenly dizzy, and shook her head. When she opened them again, her vision was back to normal. She was having trouble believing what she was seeing and hearing but they were merely two more impossibilities piled atop what she had already experienced today.

Just then, Susan heard her name mentioned. Listening intently and managing to temporarily tune out the multitude of unfamiliar noises that were suddenly enveloping her, she identified Dan Turpin's gruff, gravelly voice tersely reporting what had apparently happened to her, heard Inspector Maggie Sawyer, the unit's commander, murmur an anxious response. "Damn," she thought. "Where are they? Dan walked off at least a minute ago. He must be halfway around the building by now." Mystified, Susan started walking around the warehouse, curiously pacing out the distance. One hundred fifty yards later she reached the main street in front of the warehouse building and saw Dan still talking to Maggie, the unit's Commander. Maggie saw her and walked across, a look of concern on her face. "Sure you're okay?"

Again Susan was hearing a familiar voice rendered somehow strange by the unfamiliar overtones she was now, somehow, able to hear. "I'm fine now," she managed to say.

Maggie took Susan aside, looked her square in the eyes and took a deep breath. "Did you have your mind fully on the job?," she demanded bluntly.

"Of course I did," answered Susan without hesitation. "You're worried that I was distracted by what happened to Mike last week, or how well he's recovering, aren't you."

Maggie nodded curtly. "I know I don't need to remind you how vital it is to keep your wits about you in this job. But the last thing I want to see happen is you, or any other member of the team, blown away because of a moment's inattention." She dropped her voice to a harsh whisper, glaring fiercely at Susan. "Every time I lose a man it's like a piece of my heart has been hacked off with a rusty, blunt blade."

Susan's already great admiration for her tough boss was boosted even higher by Maggie's frank admission. She considered momentarily and, asking Maggie to keep what she was about to hear to herself, quickly gave her an edited account of the morning's events.

Maggie's hard face became a fascinating study in amazement and dawning disbelief. She shook her head. Susan held up her hand and whispered urgently, "I know it sounds completely nuts but that's really what happened. I don't understand how or why, or what's happening to me but it really happened. I also heard Dan report to you just now, from at least two hundred yards away and half around the building." She quickly began to repeat the conversation.

Half way through she paused, wincing, as a nearby police car started its engine. She shook her head. "Kerist," she muttered to Maggie. "That car's engine sounds like it's about to explode." She followed the car with her eyes as it pulled away, seeing Dan Turpin behind the wheel. As the, to her, excruciating squeal faded rapidly into the distance she looked back at her boss and continued with her report.

"What makes you think Turpin's car is going bad?," Maggie questioned doubtfully.

"Didn't you hear that incredible squealing?," Susan asked her.

Maggie shook her head slowly. "I heard nothing unusual," she said.

Susan's jaw dropped. "Kerist!," she muttered to herself. "The noise was bloody deafening!" Then she said to Maggie, "Please don't spread any of this around though. I want, I need to understand what's going on before I have to start coping with rumours."

Maggie's face cleared partially. She nodded sharply and said, "OK, I can have that. I think you need to have a few more days off though, particularly with your partner injured."

"Thanks," Susan said. "I do have some heavy thinking to do."

Susan returned to her apartment, head awhirl. In the forefront of her mind was the knowledge that she should surely be dead but somehow wasn't. There had been no miraculous super-hero save this time around, but she had just spent two amazing, glorious days with Kara, the most incredibly ecstatic experience in her life to date. "Somehow the two must be connected," she mused. "But how on Earth ..." She grinned wryly to herself as she corrected her thought. "How in the Universe, they could be related, ..."

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Kara awoke early, the first morning brightening of the sky just barely visible to her super-vision. She turned her head, looked at the compact, red haired beauty asleep beside her and reflected on the emotionally tumultuous events of the last few days. She felt physically and, more importantly, emotionally satiated for the first time since her arrival on the planet. Quietly she shook her head in bemusement at her rapidly forming attachment to the sleeping woman and sighed happily. "Oh, what I've been missing," she murmured to herself.

"Oh well, I'd better get out and about and see what's happening around the town," she told herself ruefully as she reluctantly got out of bed and took a quick shower.

About mid-morning, she heard a sudden medley of police sirens, gunshots and squealing rubber. Focussing her tachyonic vision towards the sounds she saw several men running out of a large downtown jewelry store, heavily laden with bags and cases and brandishing an assortment of firearms. They ran down the street towards several waiting cars, exchanging fire with police as they went. Kara went into immediate action, swooping down until she was inches above the pavement and spreading out her arms. She came up behind the group of running men quickly, ploughing into their rear and sending them flying like ninepins. Accelerating then, until she appeared as a coloured blur, she raced around, seizing and crushing the mens' guns. Then she noticed one of the cars speeding off. Seeing several police officers running up, brandishing their guns, she left the men she had skittled to their tender mercies and took off after the car as it ran a red light, scattering pedestrians and dodging other cars. Catching up with the getaway car within the next block, she alighted just ahead of it and, bracing herself in the middle of the road, brought it to a sudden stop. The driver had been knocked unconscious, his head having hit the steering wheel, but the two passengers quickly leapt out, running off in different directions. She saw a police car screeching to a halt just behind, its occupants setting off in hot pursuit of the first robber so she set off after the second, seizing him by the collar, quickly disarming him and holding him aloft with one hand. Casually strolling back to the police car, she turned him over.

"Thanks, Supergirl," said one of the officers. "This could have turned very ugly without your help."

"You're welcome," she replied. "Do you need any more help here?"

"No thanks," he replied. "I think we've got things pretty well under control now."

Kara leapt skywards again, resuming her interrupted patrol.

Just before noon, she heard another medley of screaming rubber, commingled with human screams and a series of dull thumps as several cars collided on an overpass. Seeing that one of the cars had smashed through the safety rails and was teetering on the brink of falling into a crowded mall, she swooped down. She arrived just as the car finally tipped over the edge with a deafening screech of metal on concrete. Flying underneath it, she caught the falling car mere feet above the heads of the terrified shoppers and carried it back up to the overpass, gently setting it down on the roadbed. The police and emergency crews were quickly on the scene, rescuing trapped drivers and treating injuries. Kara hung around for a few more minutes, lending a super powered hand where necessary then, seeing the situation fully under control, she took to the skies once more.

By mid-afternoon, all seemed to be quiet. Kara decided to go "home" and relax for a while. "Oh, the feelings that go with such a simple word," she reflected, reminiscing yet again on her developing relationship with the red-haired beauty.

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Susan arrived back at her apartment block and exuberantly ran up the stairs to her tiny attic apartment. As fit as she kept herself, running up had never fazed her but today she found herself bounding up the stairs three at a time, faster than she had ever ascended. She arrived at the top landing, her even breathing and steady heartbeat unaffected by her burst of energy. She opened the door and walked in, just as Kara appeared through the window.

The two women looked at each other, eyes glowing, and moved into each other's arms with languorous sighs, kissing warmly. Susan felt intense tingles running up her spine, felt herself getting quickly wet. "Kerist," she thought, "This woman turns me on more than anyone I've ever known," as she brought her hands up to firmly caress Kara's breasts, rubbing her thumbs teasingly around Kara's nipples several times before pinching them through the thin, unearthly fabric of her top.

Kara sighed in ecstasy and leaned into Susan's caresses, her nipples tenting up her top as they quickly became engorged. She thought, "Ohhh! That feels soooo good," as she moaned quietly, feeling her love lips moisten. Susan moved her hands up to the neck of Kara's costume, working it downward between their bodies, slowly uncovering Kara's beautiful breasts and gasping in pleasure as she felt her hands gently sliding over Kara's rapidly hardening nipples. Kara moaned in pleasure and the two lovers' tongues started duelling amorously, Kara content for the moment to let her new lover be the aggressor, becoming rapidly aroused by their intimate contact.

Susan felt Kara relax into her arms and submit herself to her loving, felt herself becoming intensely aroused, her clit stiffening and her juices quickly saturating her panties. "God," she thought to herself, "I still can't believe how this can be happening."

Susan quickly doffed her own blouse and the two women gasped in pleasure as their naked and rapidly hardening nipples touched, tiny jolts of electricity seeming to arc between them. Susan now began to move her breasts around, her nipples describing small circles around Kara's, both women becoming more aroused by this intimate contact. Susan lightly ran her hands down Kara's ribs, dragging Kara's costume down further to her hips, where she started to caress her smooth, lean ass, then continuing to ease her costume down still further.

Susan reluctantly pulled her lips away from Kara's, kissed down the curve of her jaw, onto her neck, across her collarbone and down to the gentle curve of her breasts. Kara stood, head back, eyes closed as she gave voice to a soft groan of sheerest pleasure.

Susan laid a soft spiral trail of kisses around Kara's perfect breast, approaching ever closer to the impossibly erect, throbbing nipple. Just as she would have touched the achingly needful nipple, she pulled back, teasing, and started to spiral around the other breast. Kara moaned, inarticulately protesting as she felt Susan pull away just as she was joyfully anticipating the sensations of Susan's lovingly experienced lips and tongue around her aching nipple.

Again, Susan spiralled around Kara's breast, withdrawing just as she reached the nipple. Kara moaned again in protest as she felt herself teased almost to the point of ecstasy, only to be pulled rudely back from the brink.

Both women were intensely aroused now, the room filling with an intoxicating blend of Kara's unearthly honey and wildflower aroma and Susan's delightfully heady musk. Susan eased Kara's tights down further, sliding the slick, smooth material down her shapely thighs as she continued to alternately kiss Kara's breasts and tease her now almost painfully erect nipples. Kara was getting closer, ever closer to orgasm at the hands and tongue of her experienced femme lover. She felt electrifying tingles surging from her nipples to her clit with every teasing approach of Susan's experienced lips, each surge carrying her closer to the brink, the sweet agony of each teasing withdrawal making her gasp. Kara floated in mid air as she pulled up her knees to allow Susan to slide off her costume entirely. Susan complied joyously, pushing Kara towards and down onto the couch and feeling the moist wetness of her inner thighs. She felt her own nipples, almost painfully erect, as if she were the one being so ecstatically teased, her clit erect and tingling, her love juices flowing copiously and the electric surgings of her own approaching orgasm getting stronger by the moment.

"Lord," Susan thought incredulously. "This Super woman is SO responsive," as she continued to caress her gloriously shaped thighs and kiss and tease her breasts. "And I'm getting more turned on than I've ever been just doing this to her. I just hope I can hold out long enough to really bring her off."

Judging that Kara was now only moments away from a great-great-grandmother of an orgasm, Susan finally gave the peak of each nipple a final quick, teasing swipe with her tongue. She then quickly meandered her teasing tongue lightly down Kara's abdomen, pausing to briefly apply her attentions to her navel. Kara's legs shot out straight and her toes curled, hard, as she tried to simultaneously gulp, scream and gasp. Knowing that Kara was right at the brink and confident that there was no way she could physically harm this beautiful, ultra feminine being, Susan quickly reached up and pinched Kara's nipples as hard as she could while simultaneously nipping her aching erect clit between her teeth and mercilessly lashing its tip with her practiced tongue.

Kara screamed in ecstasy as her long-delayed orgasm began thundering towards her with all the authority of a runaway diesel locomotive. Her hands flew up to crush her breasts and tightly grip her aching nipples and her heartbeat soared as her body began to buck wildly. Susan, her hands released from their delightful duty at Kara's nipples, grabbed her sweet thighs and hung on with all her not inconsiderable strength, barely able to hold her place and continue her erotic ministrations to Kara's clit. She strainingly brought her right hand up to Kara's nether lips, barely managing to force her fingers into Kara's tightly convulsing pussy. Kara's screams redoubled in intensity as she felt the experienced fingers of her lover penetrating her, playing over her most sensitive spots. As the first of Kara's multiple orgasms began to engulf her, her spasming pussy gushing forth its sweet juices, Susan replaced her tongue at Kara's clit with her now thoroughly lubricated fingers and began rapturously lapping of Kara's nectar as if she were dying of thirst and this were the coolest, purest water.

Feeling her own orgasm rushing unstoppably toward her then, Susan gave herself up to the sensations of undiluted ecstasy and the two lovers' gasps and screams of pleasure harmonised throughout their multiple orgasms, for many, many minutes.

Some indefinite time later Kara reached languorously down and, gently grasping Susan's shoulder, moved her up so their sweat-streaked bodies lay side by side on the now somewhat battered couch. Both women were breathing deeply, still shuddering gently with the aftershocks of their intense and mutual orgasmic experience.

"Wow," Kara started to say, but Susan cut her off, gently placing her lips over the blondes', wordlessly ordering her to say nothing and just savour the magic of the moment, softly, deeply kissing as they both basked in their afterglow and gently slipped into the deepest of sleeps.

Two hours later, Kara awoke, stretching languorously and feeling the body of her new lover entwined with her own. She opened her eyes to the deep and loving regard of a pair of bright green pools. Susan blinked and brought up her hand to gently caress Kara's cheek and brush back a cascade of her blonde hair.

"Love, ..." murmured Susan quietly.

Kara softly interrupted her, placing her finger on Susan's lips. "Do you really mean that," breathed Kara, her intense blue eyes unusually soft.

"More deeply than I ever have in my life," murmured Susan, momentarily losing herself in the soft blue glow of Kara's eyes. The two women kissed deeply. Susan eventually broke the kiss, blinked and sighed deeply. "We badly need to talk though. I don't understand what's been happening to me today," Susan continued softly. "Only that it must somehow be connected with you."

"What do you mean?," asked Kara. Susan gently kissed away the worried frown that momentarily crossed her face.

"I-I-Is it possible for you to pass, er, t-transfer some of your powers to another person?," stammered Susan, suddenly feeling unsure of herself.

"W-What?," returned Kara, her eyes opening wide in surprise and her body stiffening in Susan's encircling arms. "W-What do you mean?"



"I-I-I mean, I-I s-should be d-dead, now," she shivered uncontrollably. Kara embraced her reassuringly, holding Susan close as she proceeded to relate her mornings' experiences. As she continued, Kara's expression became more and more amazed.

"Oh, Susan. I'm sorry," said Kara mournfully, after Susan had finished her recital. "I never dreamed that anything like that could possibly happen."

"Sorry?," replied Susan. "Don't be. Whatever has happened to me saved my life today. Seems like you've saved me twice in the last few days. I find it real hard to complain about that," she murmured, smiling softly then kissing Kara deeply.

Kara relaxed. "I was a bit worried that you might resent being turned into a freak with no hope of a normal sex-life, like me," she said as they broke from the kiss.

"Well," murmured Susan teasingly, "If you consider what we just experienced together as being in any way 'normal', I don't think either of us need to worry about that. At least for the moment ..."

"You vixen," accused Kara smilingly. "Rao, that was some orgasm you just gave me. I'd just about given up any hope of experiencing anything that intensely in my life here on Earth. I'm still tingling all over. In fact," she said, turning momentarily serious. "If whatever it is that seems to have 'powered' you up hadn't happened, you could have been badly hurt or even killed just now. I've never lost control quite that far in my life."

Susan shuddered at the vivid image invoked by that matter-of-fact statement. "God," she said. "I never even thought about that. But if I hadn't somehow become 'enhanced', I don't think I would have been able to bring you off so thoroughly in ten years of trying." She grinned and quickly kissed Kara again. "As it was, the other tenants must have thought they were experiencing an earthquake."

Kara blushed slightly. Although she knew Susan hadn't meant any barb in her comment, it had struck home in a sensitive area of her psyche. Then she thought to herself, "Rao, this woman is unbelievable. I'm falling in love!" Suddenly afraid of her inner feelings, yearning to examine them more closely but scared of the intensity of the emotions she felt coursing just below their surface, she frantically sought to change the subject.

"You said earlier that your time-sense stretched out so you could see a high velocity bullet coming towards you. Okay, that's not necessarily unusual. A person's time-sense can get very distorted in the midst of an adrenalin rush. But then, when you came around, you could see very clearly in that darkened alley and you were able to hear a low-voiced conversation from half way around the building," Kara said. "That loud squealing sound you said you heard coming from the car must have been ultrasonic, by the way, if no-one else could hear it," she continued.

Susan's jaw dropped.

"Hold still a moment." Kara peered searchingly at Susan for a few moments. "Interesting," she murmured. "You'll have heard about my so-called X-ray vision?"

Susan nodded, mystified.

"Well," continued Kara more briskly, "X-ray's it ain't! It's actually based on tachyons."

Susan's face telegraphed her puzzlement far more clearly than words could ever have conveyed.

"I'll try to keep it simple as I can, I don't understand the theory very well myself," admitted Kara. "Kal could explain it much better than I," she depreciated.

Susan quickly demurred. "I'll be content with your explanation, love. I'm no rocket scientist and I've got no desire to ever become one."

Kara grinned. "Me neither." She continued. "As I understand it, tachyons are sort of like sub-atomic particles that travel faster than light. They can only exist when they *are* travelling faster than light. And they go through normal matter as if it's hardly there. They are only affected by really intense fields of energy like are found inside atoms and even then, not very greatly"

"My invulnerability is based on energy fields that we believe derive from another, parallel universe. Under the influence of a yellow sun like Earth's, every cell in my body becomes saturated with this inter-dimensional energy which then creates a field of force around every part of my body that virtually nothing can penetrate, hence my invulnerability. For the same reason I don't really need to eat or even breathe. All the energy my body could possibly need is instantly available to me."

"These almost impenetrable fields are able to interact with tachyons far more intensely than the energy fields in an atom of normal matter. That makes it possible for my eyes to use tachyons, both to see with and to use as a carrier wave for intense beams of heat energy. I can see, using tachyons, telescopically, microscopically and even through normal, solid objects as if they were hardly there. But if I look at my own body, or Kal's, we are almost opaque because of this energy field."

"It seems as if your body is somehow becoming energised in the same sort of way. Your adventures this morning all seem to point towards that, as do the changes in your sight and hearing that you've been telling me about. Also, while I can still see through you fairly easily with my tachyonic vision, I have to focus a lot harder than normal," she finished off.

"What?," stammered Susan. "Y-Y-You mean I might have 'X-ray' vision too? A-A-And be able to *really* fly?"

"Possibly," replied Kara. "Don't get your hopes up too high though, it's still way too soon to say what might happen. This is totally unknown territory for me, too. I get the distinct impression that you are still undergoing changes. I don't think it can be from just being close to me. I've been physically close to other people for extended periods before now, men as well as women, and there's never been the slightest indication of the sort of changes you are experiencing."

"Would Superman have any ideas about what has happened to 'enhance' me?," asked Susan.

"That's a good term for it. Enhancement," mused Kara. "He might have," she continued. "Although, remember I told you Kal was as straight as an arrow. He is certainly not going to approve of you and me, not that it's any of his business anyway." She paused. "I think, though, that we should find some place well away from any breakables, not to mention witnesses, and test you out a bit to see how far this 'enhancement' goes. Do you think you'd be able to take a few more days off work?"

"I think Maggie Sawyer would understand," replied Susan. "I told her, in private, what happened this morning. I think she thought I'd got a concussion or flipped my lid or something, but she seemed to half believe me when we finished talking. And my partner will be in hospital for at least another week."

"Good," said Kara. "But I think we'd better both have a quick talk with her though, to be certain that she'll keep our little secret. You don't need that sort of problem right now."

"Tomorrow," said Susan firmly. She smiled warmly at Kara and licked her lips. "Right now, my Super love, I want nothing more than to make love with you again."

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