

Cape and Cowl

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The Erotic Adventures of Supergirl and Batgirl

Part One

by Ann Douglas

"Mayday ... Mayday ... Mayday ...," the pilot of the small jet said in a controlled voice as he struggled with the controls of the crippled aircraft. "This is Gotham Air Two-Zero-Niner declaring an emergency!"

Those simple words brought fear to the heart of Jim Lee. In all his twelve years of flying, including almost a hundred combat missions during the Gulf War, he'd never had to declare an emergency. Three minutes ago, just as he'd made the leisurely turn that would line his plane up for the approach into Washington's National Airport, a sudden explosion had ripped through the starboard engine.

Thousands of hours of flying time helped avert any sense of panic as he quickly increased power to the port engine and tried to keep the aircraft intact long enough to make an emergency landing.

"Brace yourself," he said to the smartly dressed young woman who occupied the co-pilot's seat. "This is going to be a little rough," Lee added, trying to be reassuring.

In the split second he had spared to look into the emerald eyes of his sole passenger, Captain Lee had been surprised to see no trace of fear in the redhead. It was as if the young woman faced life or death situations all the time, secure in her acceptance of an uncontrollable fate. In a way it made him feel more secure as well. The last thing he needed right now was a hysterical right-seater.

Glancing up from the instrument panel and then out the window, Jim's eyes fixed on the rapidly growing image of the Woodrow Wilson Bridge. Rapidly he ran the numbers through his head and a small smile filled his face. Once they cleared the bridge, which he judged they would be able to do, they were home free.

"Almost there ...," he said as the altimeter continued to drop.

What measure of confidence he felt, evaporated in a second as the airframe suddenly rocked once again. Jerking his head to the left, a look of horror filled his face as he saw the small jagged hole that now appeared in the port engine.

"Oh shit," he whispered, all color drained from his face.

"We're not going to make it, are we?," the redhead said, no longer worried about breaking the pilot's concentration.

Jim Lee's eyes glanced down at the now spinning altimeter and the bridge before them. They were dropping like a rock. It was no longer a matter of clearing the bridge. If anything, they'd be lucky if they didn't take out a dozen cars when they crashed into it.

Resigned that there was nothing more that he could do, he turned and faced his passenger. No sound issued from his lips, but the look of resignation in his eyes was all the silent answer she needed. Just as quietly, the 26 year old mouthed a prayer that the end would be instantaneous.

Suddenly, incomprehensibly, the encompassing view of the bridge suddenly dropped below the horizon as the small aircraft rose once more into the sky. It took a moment for the two of them to realize they were still alive. It was a dozen more heartbeats before they dared consider asking themselves how could they be with both engines destroyed.

Before they could say a word to each other, they found themselves on the ground at National Airport. Instinct took over and they quickly exited the aircraft, right into the arms of the emergency crews which were already surrounding it.

"I guess it's safe now to ask ...," the young woman said. "Why aren't we dead?"

The answer came in the form of an athletic blonde haired woman who walked out from under the damaged starboard wing. 5'7" and about 120 lbs, she wore a tight fitting blue shirt which topped a red skirt and matching red boots. A equally bright red cape draped across her shoulders. Situated across her rounded breasts was an irregular red and yellow pentagon with a stylized "S" in it.

"Supergirl!" the redhead exclaimed.

"Are the two of you all right?" the Girl of Steel asked as she reached the front of the plane. "I didn't have much time to be gentle if I was going to keep you from becoming an unwelcome decoration on a National Monument."

"We're fine, and thankful beyond words," Jim said as he stepped forward and extended his hand out in welcome. "Jim Lee, pilot and from now on, your number one fan."

"That's better than any reward," Supergirl smiled as she accepted his outstretched hand.

"And let me add my own thanks," the woman in the conservative business suit said as she reached out as well. "Barbara Gordon."

Automatically, Supergirl shifted her attention to Barbara as she had done with a thousand thankful recipients before. Abruptly, the Kryptonian froze as she focused on the attractive young woman for the first time.

Barbara noticed the sudden pause, unsure what to make of it. She waited a few moments, then asked. "Is something wrong?"

"I'm sorry," Supergirl said, snapping out of her momentary daze. "I thought you looked familiar, that's all."

"Maybe you saw me on CSPAN," Barbara replied. "Although as Gotham City's most junior Congresswoman I usually get on opposite most of the late night lineup."

"Congresswoman Gordon, of course," Supergirl smiled. "I've read some of your speeches. They were very impressive."

"I'm flattered," Barbara said.

"Well I'm just glad I was able to be here when you had your accident," Supergirl said as she began her own well rehearsed speech. "The country needs people like you."

"I'm glad you were as well," Barbara replied. "But I'm afraid it was definitely not an accident."

"I don't understand," Supergirl said.

"One engine exploding is an accident," Barbara explained. "Two is a statistical anomaly."

With that, the Girl of Steel turned and focused her amazing vision on the twisted remains under both wings. Layer by layer, inch by inch, she surveyed the mangled metal.

"I'm afraid you're right," she reported. "I'm picking up almost untraceable amounts of explosive residue. They'd be invisible under normal investigation."

"I'd expect that," Barbara said, amazingly calm for someone discussing what was supposed to be the instrument of her own death. "If we'd gone down into the Potomac, as was undoubtedly planned, it would've been written up as a tragic, inexplicable accident."

"You sound like you have a good idea who planted those explosives," Supergirl said.

"Not enough to convince the FBI," the Congresswoman replied. "Not even with two other members of Congress having had similar, more fatal accidents in the last eight months."

"Well I'm not the FBI," Supergirl said, suddenly very interested. "Convince me."

"I'm afraid I don't have any real proof," Barbara went on. "I just find it too coincidental that both of them and I were on that fact finding trip to Qurac last year. The one that led to Congress's resolution condemning Qurac for exporting acts of terrorism."

"Qurac, that's a nasty bunch," Supergirl noted. "But wouldn't simply blowing up your plane be more their style?"

"That's true," Barbara agreed. "But what information I've been able to come by suggests that this is a contract job. A group of mercenaries led by a woman called the Crimson Rose."

"I've heard of her," Supergirl replied. "As bad as the Quraci's are, she's worse."

"Definitely," Barbara agreed. "And this is exactly her style. She wanted us to know that we were going to die. She gets off on the fear she creates in others."

Supergirl took a few steps away, lost in thought for a few moments. She had only planned to be in Washington for a few hours, just long enough to drop off a heart for a transplant at George Washington University Hospital. Now she had a new goal.

"If you're right, you can be certain that she doesn't suffer defeat gladly," Supergirl noted.

"In order words, I should expect another attempt ... and soon," Barbara agreed.

"Exactly," Supergirl said with determination. "And when they do, I'll be there."

A look of concern flashed across Barbara's face. For some reason, the prospect of having the Girl of Steel as a bodyguard seemed to bother her. A strange reaction for someone who's life was in obvious danger.

"I'm afraid that's not a good idea," Barbara said. "I can't really explain why, but I can't let people think I'm running away from what everyone tells me is an overactive imagination."

The Congresswoman's heart was racing, Supergirl noted. A tell tale sign that she was hiding much more than she was telling. Still it was her business, her life. She couldn't be forced to accept a bodyguard.

"I assume you don't have any objection to my spending a few days in Washington and taking a little look around?" Supergirl asked.

"Of course not," Barbara smiled, a smile that hid many secrets.

With that, the Maid of Might was gone.

Ten minutes later, Supergirl found herself drifting among the clouds. Barbara Gordon had made quite an impression on her for a number of reasons. Even if there hadn't been an attempt on her life, she would've wanted to find some reason to spend a little time around Washington and try to get to know her better. Kara had been taken aback when she first saw the Congresswoman. Not that Barbara would have any way of knowing it, but she was almost a twin for Supergirl's first lover. At least what the Kryptonian thought her friend Zara would have looked like if she'd had the chance to grow into womanhood.

Sadly, among all the children of Argo City, only Kara Zor-El, known to the people of Earth as Supergirl, had the chance to grow to adulthood. The children of Argo, like their parents, had died when the protective shield around their small spaceborne city had been shattered by a thousand meteor fragments some eight years past. Only her father's foresight to have constructed an escape rocket, patterned after the one that brought her cousin Superman to Earth years earlier, had enabled her to survive.

It hadn't been easy adjusting to life on Earth. Unlike her cousin who had come to this alien world as an infant, Kara had lived the first 15 of her 24 years as a normal, that is non-super girl. Although taken to heart by the people of Earth as one of their super powered protectors, Supergirl had felt apart from them in many ways, especially in those relating to love.

Relationships are hard when you can, as the saying goes, bend steel in your bare hands. Actually, as Supergirl had corrected herself many times, it was difficult when you were a woman and had abilities far beyond those of mortal men -- or women.

It had been almost two years since Supergirl had her last serious love, Susan Wienczorkowski. An officer on Metropolis's Special Crime Unit, she had died in the line of duty, while Kara was halfway around the world fighting a fire that had already devastated half a town in Germany. The loss had hit Supergirl hard and for a time she blamed herself for not being there when it mattered. But with time, she finally accepted the counsel of her older and more experienced cousin. You can't save everyone, he constantly reminded her. Not even when the one you can't help, is the one that matters the most.

After that, Kara had little success with either men or women -- contenting herself with a series of meaningless flings. It was funny, she sometimes considered, how many of them had occurred with fellow costumed adventurers. It had to have something to do with the life style. The most interesting of these brief relationships, she thought, had been with J'onnn J'onzz. Known to the public at large as the Martian Manhunter, he was also an alien visitor to this world. With a compatible humanoid physiology, J'onnn was perhaps the second most physically powerful man on the planet. Her cousin Kal occupied the first position. Unlike Superman, on whom she had once turned her x-ray vision on one night out of curiosity, J'onnn had a 10" cock that was as thick as a baseball bat. That being the case, who cared if it was green.

It had been fun while it lasted. The relationship had paled however outside of the bedroom. By Earth calendars, Kara had been 22 years old at the time. J'onnn, according to those same human measurements, was almost a century old. They just couldn't relate to each other very well once they were out from under the sheets.

Still she ached for another relationship that would again set her heart afire with excitement. Whatever instincts she had, told her that Barbara was the type of woman who could do that. From the very first moment she seen her, she seemed the embodiment of every woman she had ever desired. Even now she could still savor the scent of her perfume, a delightful flowery aroma that conjured up images of virgin gardens and lost summer nights.

Of course she reminded herself, there could be a dozen flaws in her thinking. On the top of the list, the very strong possibility that Barbara might not be interested in other women -- a very common trait for women of this culture. Unlike her native Krypton where gender was less important than feelings.

But those were questions for later. First she had to find the ruthless bitch who wanted to see her new infatuation dead. After thinking about it a few minutes, she knew exactly how to track her down.

Soft as a feather, Kara set down on the top ledge of an apartment building across from the Quraci Embassy. By international law, the large red brick building just a few hundred feet away was protected by territorial sovereignty -- literally it was a piece of Qurac. Diplomatic immunity protected both the inhabitants and whatever secrets the hundreds of file cabinets within might contain. All of which meant absolutely nothing to the determined young woman standing in the warm afternoon breeze.

The Quraci Embassy had been protected from unwanted surveillance by several million dollars worth of security precautions, both human and electronic. All of this was useless against a person with x-ray vision, super-hearing and almost unlimited patience.

Floor by floor, office by office, Supergirl scanned each carefully guarded secret. In addition, every incoming and outgoing phone call was as clear as if Kara was an invited participant. It was only a matter of time before she found the particular secret she sought.

Barbara Gordon finally returned to her apartment in downtown Washington. With the almost crash as the lead on the evening news, the FBI finally took an interest in the case. In fact, the President himself had called to ask about her condition. But all of it had been merely political showmanship. The agents who had interviewed her and Jim showed no real interest in her theories concerning the Quraci's. After all, to them she was still only a temporary Congresswoman, appointed to fill out an unexpired term. She hadn't even been elected in her own right.

Rest assured, the men in the dark suits and sunglasses had told her, the entire resources of the federal government would be put behind the search for what really happened. Then they had sent her on her way, certain that their interest wouldn't last longer than the next day's evening news.

Checking in with her office, Barbara had been likewise reassured by Tim Murray, the chief of staff she had inherited from the late departed Congressman Stephen Jefferson, that everything was under control and there wasn't even any need for her to stop by. For perhaps the hundredth time, Barbara promised herself that if she did manage to get elected in her own right in November, there were going to be major changes in that office.

Right now however, she had more important things on her mind. The people who wanted her dead were still out there. If she thought about it, she knew that any other member of Congress would've quickly gone into hiding, demanding FBI or Secret Service protection as they did.

That wasn't her style. Barbara Gordon had fought her own battles all of her life. Most of them in situations that few of her colleagues could've ever imagined.

Moving into the bedroom, the tall redhead quickly stripped off her business suit and the equally conservative undergarments beneath them. Standing in only her panties in front of the dresser mirror, the Gothamite was reminded that periods of extreme danger had always left her incredibly aroused. Today's near fatal incident had been no different.

Gently she ran one hand across the lightly covered red bush between her legs while her other hand laid across her breasts. The lean athletic form the 26 year old had worked so hard to develop back in high school and college was still very much in evidence. Her breasts weren't very large, but they stood on their own without support. Many times over the years she'd been told they were near perfect globes. She played with the pert nipples for a few moments, smiling as they sprang to life. They had always been very sensitive and given her current state of arousal, it took only a soft touch to bring them to erectness.

Barbara lost herself in the sensation of her own touch. Eyes tightly closed, she slid her hands down across her breasts one last time and over her flat stomach. Coming to a rest when they reached the small white triangle between her legs. Using both hands, she rubbed against the soft material. A soft sigh escaped her lips in response to her caress.

Sliding her fingers beneath the waistband of her panties, she provided a deeper touch. Now Barbara's breaths came in shorter gasps as she slid first one, then two fingers inside of herself. In due time a third finger would follow.

Faster, deeper she rubbed, manipulating her clit and covering her long, slender fingers with her wetness. Eventually the small cloth of her underwear became too restrictive and was also discarded. A few more minutes of play brought forth a small but enjoyable climax. Yet in the quiet aftermath of her pleasure she knew it to be an empty reward.

She hadn't had a lover since leaving Gotham City some eleven months ago. Sure the work she was trying to do was important, she kept telling herself. More important than anything she could accomplish back home. Yet this was a strange city where being in the public eye meant you had little or no private life. There were times she regretted taking the appointment when it was offered to her. One of the most common times was when she crawled into bed each night alone. She had grown very tired of only having a piece of plastic and a few D cells as her only company.

Not that there weren't a great deal of men around her all the time. She was, in truth, quite an attractive woman. But it hadn't taken more than a few innocent dates for her to learn that most of them were more interested in the Congresswoman in front of her name and what that title could do for them. Reluctantly she had pushed her social life aside and concentrated instead on learning the ropes on her new job. Only to be checked at almost every turn by her own staff. Give it time, they kept telling her. You have to learn how to walk before you can run.

Her social life wasn't the only thing Barbara had left behind in Gotham. Unknown to all but a select few, especially those who had proposed her selection to replace Congressman Jefferson, there was quite another facet of her personality. One which would have made them reconsider their opinion that she was a safe candidate that would simply toe the party line until they could get a professional on the ballot.

"Screw them all!" Barbara shouted to the empty air as she finally lost her temper.

A fiery rage flushed through her body as she stormed into the bathroom and turned on the hot water in the shower. A thousand thoughts raced through her mind as she stood under the rushing water, washing away the grime of the day's adventure. The central theme of her train of thought was that someone had tried to kill her today -- now what was she going to do about it.

Quickly drying herself once out of the shower, she concluded that there was little that Congresswoman Gordon could do. That aspect of her personality however, was quickly being replaced by a much older one - one a great deal more dynamic.

"I guess I wasn't making as much of a difference as I thought," the naked beauty thought as she stepped into the bedroom, realizing that she had already made her decision.

Moving to the red brick wall that the builders had left when they remodeled the old building, Barbara reached up and pressed the center brick on the top row. Silent servos came to life as the brick wall separated in two, forming an entranceway to a concealed room beyond.

When she had first made the decision to relocate to Washington, Bruce Wayne had offered her this apartment in one of the buildings owned by Wayne Enterprises. He had explained about the hidden room and how she could use it to hide that which she wanted to keep away from prying eyes. At the time, she'd laughed at the idea that she would drag her past along with her as she set out on what she termed a great adventure. Still, to humor Bruce, she had allowed him to set up the room in case she ever needed it. Now it seemed that Bruce had known her better than she knew herself.

Not that she found that thought very surprising as she stepped into the inner chamber and the entrance closed behind her. People had been underestimating Bruce Wayne for twenty years. To the world at large, he alternated between the image of a playboy and the head of one of world's leading industrial giants. What few had ever saw, because he didn't wish them to see, was that beneath those dual guises he wore another mantle. The mantle of the bat. Bruce Wayne, was the scourge of Gotham's underworld known as The Batman.

As the lights of the small antechamber grew to life, the paraphernalia around her gave testament to the fact that like Bruce, Barbara had also worn the mantle of the bat. For the last few years, Barbara Gordon had been Batgirl.

The room around her was almost an exact duplicate of the one she had designed herself in her original apartment back home. Bruce was good at that, recreating familiar surroundings. He'd even had the main rooms of his family's suburban estate recreated on the top floors of the Wayne Tower when he shifted his operations to downtown Gotham.

A small dresser contained a collection of plain white sports bras and panties. Barbara had never really checked before but discovered that both were exactly her size. That was another thing that Bruce was really good at estimating.

As she put them on, Barbara slightly regretted that she never really took the time to find out what else Bruce was really good at. Of course that was the state of arousal talking she knew. There was no way she could've had an affair with Bruce Wayne. Not after she'd already had a somewhat brief one with the junior partner of the Dynamic Duo - Robin.

Adjusting the straps of her bra, Barbara remembered how nice it had felt to have the younger man in her bed those many mornings after they'd gone on patrol together. It was a pity that the relationship had faded after he left for college.

"Time to put all those thoughts behind you," a little voice reminded her as she shifted into what she used to call "combat mode."

With a practice that came back so naturally, Barbara quickly donned the purple and gold costume she had made what now seemed a lifetime ago. Of course this wasn't the same one she had worn on her first night as Batgirl. Batman had long ago replaced that uniform with one that incorporated the very latest in lightweight body armor.

The soft feel of lycra against her chest brought back a rush of pleasant memories. How could she ever have thought she could leave all of this behind.

Carefully she adjusted the gold utility belt around her waist. There was no need to check each compartment. She knew each one would contain a duplicate of what was in her original arsenal. That, or an updated improvement.

Finally, to complete the transformation, Barbara reached for the tight purple and black cowl that rested on a styrofoam head. Back in her early days of the Darknight Damsel, she'd worn a long haired red wig underneath the cowl to hide her own short locks. Now her own natural hair was more than long enough to take the wig's place.

Once cowl and cape were securely locked in place, the transformed Congresswoman stood before the large full sized wall mirror.

"This is what I was born to do," she said to the reflection of the crime-fighter. "I'm never going to make the mistake of leaving it behind again."

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Part Two

Opening the laptop that Bruce had left her, Batgirl quickly logged on to the secure link with the massive Batcave computers. Nimble fingers played across the keyboard as the files on the Crimson Rose filled the screen. Waynetech was the fourth largest computer software company in the world and in each program was a sub-routine that allowed Batman access to any system that used it. If there was a clue as to where to begin her search, it would be there.

Quickly, the costumed adventurer read the information on the woman who so wanted her dead. 26 years old, the Crimson Rose had been born Sumiko Tabuchi in a small village on the island of Hokkaido, Japan. Daughter of an American soldier and his bar girl lover, she had been left to grow up in the streets after her mother had simply gone out one day when she was 16 and never returned. By the time she was 18, the lithe teenager was already responsible for a half dozen murders and had acquired a reputation that impressed the local crime lord enough to accept her into his organization. Speculation was that the old man had also taken her as a lover but the only fact that was sure was that within two years the old man was dead and she was queen of his organization at the age of 20.

By 22 she had branched out into the world of international assassination and for the last four years had been one of the premier killers for hire. Sumiko had acquired a taste for the finest things in life as well as a fatalistic belief that everyday might be her last. It was an important aspect of her personality according to Batman's notes added to the bottom of the file. If anything, she was more apt to hide in plain sight than hole up in some hidden bolt hole.

The file also contained one of the few photographs of the Crimson Rose. Taken back in the days when she was just Sumiko Tabuchi, she looked to be about 16 in the picture. Even then, the eyes held both a fierce defiance as well as the spark of hidden intelligence. If you took the time to really look at them, you wouldn't be fooled by the outer appearance -- that of a street urchin.

Reading over Batman's personal notes once more, Batgirl reflected how good it felt to be in costume again. It had been a long time. One thought led to another and she recalled the night she had worn it for what she had then believed would be the last time.

It was one of those nights where nothing was going right. She had just ended her relationship with Robin days before and had gone on patrol alone. Responding to a silent alarm at the Gotham Museum, she had interrupted a robbery in progress. The two low caliber thugs who had tripped the alarm systems went down without her breaking a sweat. She had just finished tying the two of them up when the lights went out.

"Who's there?" Batgirl called out as she spun around in the dark.

The only response was a soft feminine laugh. Followed a moment later by the muffled sound of a pair of boots hitting the floor. Batgirl turned in the direction of the noise but before she could do anything, a blinding light exploded in her eyes.

Batgirl's disorientation only lasted a few seconds, but it was enough for the new arrival to grab her from behind and slip a silken cord around her wrists, pulling it tight. She heard the laugh once more and then the overhead lighting came on once again.

Illuminated by the twin rows of track lighting that covered the opposite walls, her assailant stood revealed. Clad in a skintight dark purple jumpsuit that looked like it had been literally poured onto her body, the intruder also wore a tight fitting cowl with small cat ears. Up to this moment, Batgirl had only seen her in pictures, but there was little doubt to her identity.

"You're the Catwoman!" she said in an excited voice.

"Congratulations. Did you figure that out all by yourself?" Catwoman laughed.

Confidently, the purple clad huntress strode over to where Batgirl had left the inept thieves. Slowly she shook her head and lamented on the sorry class of criminals these days.

"Wouldn't you just know it," she said as she walked over to the large glass case where a priceless and rare Egyptian cat emerald was on display. "I spend over a week casing this place. Then two hours hiding out after closing in a very uncomfortable spot. Finally an hour bypassing all of the alarms, only to have one of these idiots trip the last of them less than ten seconds before they would've been inactive. Some days you just can't win."

Picking up one of the flashlights the bungling burglars had dropped, Catwoman swung it in a wide arc and smashed open the display case.

"Sometimes the simplest solutions are the best," she grinned as she reached into the case and picked up the gemstone.

Dropping her prize into a small bag attached to her belt, Catwoman moved over to Batgirl, stopping when their faces were only a few inches apart.

"I hear you've been screwing the junior Batman," she said. "I admire your taste. He's both cute and a pretty nice fuck."

Batgirl didn't know what to answer. Her only thought was that if public knowledge of her relationship with Robin had reached that far, then she had ended it just in time.

"I was his first, I don't know if he told you that." she whispered in Batgirl's ear. "So every time he gets you off, every time you feel his tongue in your pussy, think of me 'cause I'm the one who showed him how it was done."

Then without warning, Catwoman grabbed the back of Batgirl's cowl and pulled their faces together. Batgirl was startled by the abrupt feel of Catwoman's lips against her own, then by the even more unanticipated touch of her tongue as it invaded her mouth.

The kiss was endless as Catwoman seemed to radiate more lust in a fully clothed kiss than many lovers did naked in bed. Barbara was only dimly aware of the feel of the feline fatale's hands as they cradled her lycra covered breasts.

"It's a pity that time is so short and the police so near," Catwoman purred. "I'd really love to show you how it's done as well. I've always had a thing for redheads."

One more brief kiss and she was gone, leaving a Batgirl both embarrassed and tantalizingly aroused.

That same night, ironically enough only four blocks away, Congressman Stephen Jefferson was entertaining an important constituent in his private apartment in the Gotham Royal. Her measure of importance was increasing by the moment as the 52 year old legislator pressed his cock harder and harder into her young almost hairless pussy. Her name was Bobbie Joe Wilson and she had just passed her 17th birthday a week before. She had met the Congressman at a political rally for, ironically enough, Citizens For A More Moral Government. She was looking forward to casting her first ever vote for him when he came up for re-election the following year.

The amply endowed brunette didn't realize at that moment, that she would have more of an impact on that election than anyone else in her district. Four minutes later, just as he was about to explode into what he had judged to be the tightest little snatch he'd ever had since his navy days in the Philippines some 30 years before, Stephen Jefferson instead suffered what doctors later referred to as massive coronary failure. Lost in her own climax, Bobbie Jo didn't realize that the man atop her wasn't moving anymore for quite some time. Then the sound of her screams reached throughout the surrounding floors of the upscale apartment house.

It was decided at the highest levels of the party that in order to gloss off the circumstances of Jefferson's death as smoothly as possible, it would be necessary to appoint someone as acceptable as possible to fill out the rest of his term. According to tradition, they had first offered it to his now widowed wife -- who promptly told them where they could put their congressional seat. Still eager to make their announcement as soon after the funeral services as possible, they had gone down a short list the night before. The first three of the names on it were unavailable. The fourth had been Barbara Gordon. In hindsight, they had congratulated themselves. Who would be more perfect to present a good image than the daughter of Gotham's own legendary police commissioner.

Overwhelmed by the honor, Barbara had immediately accepted and put away her double persona for what she thought would be the duration.

Floor by floor, room by room, Supergirl continued her clandestine observation. Most of the activities at the embassy were mundane in nature. This changed dramatically as her search reached the basement gym and the connecting locker rooms. More specifically, the showers reserved for female employees. The Girl of Steel was shocked to come across two women sharing a single shower. It was not only the shower they were sharing as they proceeded to soap and caress each others naked form.

It wasn't the nature of the act the two olive skinned women were so actively engaged in that surprised her. After all, under different circumstances, she might have been inclined to join them. Rather it was the fact that the two had been willing to take the risk of discovery. Qurac was the type of country where you could find yourself put up against a wall for even harboring such desires -- much less acting on them.

If Kara were to examine the two women's purses in the adjacent locker room, she would've discovered that the older of the two was the embassies cultural attaché. Slightly stocky in her late 30's, she had short brown hair that was just beginning to gray. Only 5'2", she had a rounded body with plentiful mounds.

Her taller, much younger companion was a new addition to her staff. Recently graduated from an American University, she had acquired certain desires there that had definitely not been part of the curriculum her government had sent her there for. Tall and small breasted, with long black hair that stretched down to below the buns of her ass, she really wasn't Kara's type. Still, the Girl of Steel was impressed by the enthusiastic way the 22 year old dropped to her knees and began to work her tongue in between the walls of her superior's love canal.

As entertaining the show they were putting on was, Supergirl has a job to do. She started to shift her gaze up to the first floor when she accidentally x-ray scanned the ventilation system above the shower room. She almost missed the small camera hidden above the vent.

For a second as she spotted the spy device, Supergirl was afraid the lovers had been found out and considered if she should get them out of there. Then to her relief, she noticed that the camera wasn't hooked into the main security system. Rather it was tied into a small video tape unit also hidden in the air shaft.

"The hook up looks a little amateurish," the blonde adventurer thought as she examined the unit a little closer. "I think I've come across someone's home movie maker."

A few seconds of concentration increased the power of her x-rays until the tape in the VCR began to smolder and then burst into flames. A small smile appeared on the corner of her mouth as a cloud of smoke filtered out of the vent, drawing the attention of the two women below.

Quickly they wrapped themselves with towels and ran for help. Hopefully, when the now melted recorder was found it would result in their being more circumspect in the future.

"Well that's my good deed for the day," Kara grinned as she shifted her gaze to another part of the Quraci consulate.

"Klahid speaking," Supergirl heard the chief of security say as he answered the phone.

The voice on the other end was female and it was perhaps the five hundredth phone call Kara had monitored this afternoon. Hopefully this wouldn't be another one of the security chief's seemingly endless parade of girlfriends. The man seemed to have a fetish for phone sex. Not a bad thing by itself, but the man also suffered from a terrible lack of imagination.

"Gordon is still alive," the female voice said.

"You state the obvious," the security chief answered.

Supergirl jumped up to her feet, she'd hit the jackpot. Every fiber of her being began to focus on the carrier wave of that phone call. One by one, she tuned out every extraneous sound until the signal was all she heard. Then, using abilities that few could understand, she began to trace the line back to its origins. Twice she had lost it, then backtracked to find it again.

Mentally she superimposed the map of Washington over the invisible trail. It came to an end at one of the most exclusive hotels in the city. Specifically, the penthouse suite. Not exactly the place where you'd expect to find a terrorist cell. Then again, Sumiko wasn't your ordinary terrorist.

"I'll have this wrapped up by dinner," Supergirl thought as she dropped off the ledge and arced upward into the sky.

As the city passed beneath her, she imagined Barbara Gordon's response when she told her that Sumiko was safely behind bars and no longer her concern.

"It wasn't my fault that space-bitch interfered," the tall dark haired woman shouted into the phone. "If it wasn't for her, Gordon would be fish food by now. Trust me, there will be ..."

The sound of shattering glass cut off her next words as Supergirl came crashing through the large French doors that led out to the balcony. Without pause, she grabbed the two armed men who were in the large living room and tossed them into the far wall. The impact robbed them both of the automatic weapons they'd been carrying and their consciousness.

"I'm afraid your conversation is going to be interrupted," Supergirl said as she stood in the center of the room, her hands on her waist. "For about a hundred years or so seeing as how many countries have warrants out on you."

"Supergirl!" the beautiful Amerasian woman exclaimed loudly as she dropped the phone and reached for the bright red carry bag on a nearby table.

"Sorry, that bag definitely doesn't go with that dress," Supergirl said as her eyes flashed red for a moment and the bag burst into flames.

Sumiko recoiled from the sudden heat as whatever weapons might have been in the bag were instantaneously transformed into melted slag. A string of curses, some of which were new even to Supergirl, came out in rapid fire Japanese.

"Now now," Supergirl said with a smile. "Such language from a lady."

Sumiko stood 5'10" and amply filled out the expensive white evening gown she was wearing. Evidently she had plans for the evening, plans which would now be somewhat changed.

When you're nearly indestructible, it's easy to become overconfident. So it was that Kara was paying more attention to the deep crevice between Sumiko's breasts than to the small hand that moved across those mounds. With a sudden motion, the Japanese woman ripped off the pendant around her neck and after popping it open, tossed it to Supergirl.

"A present," she laughed chillingly.

Too late Supergirl realized the danger as a sudden burst of pain ripped through her body. Her vision blurred as the Girl of Steel felt her legs turn to rubber. Unable to stand, she fell forward. It was a pain she'd only felt twice before in her life, and just before she lost consciousness she realized that the crystal in the pendant had to be kryptonite.

"I always thought one of you super types would eventually come after me," Sumiko said as she stepped over Supergirl's prone body. "I bought that little sparkler sometime back. Looks like it was worth the half-million I paid for it."

Picking up one of the machine pistols her bodyguards had dropped, she walked back to stand over her fallen foe. A smile of satisfaction filled her face as she charged the weapon and aimed it at the back of Supergirl's head.

"From what I've been told, it only takes a few minutes exposure to that rock to make you as vulnerable as anyone else," Sumiko said as she visualized a cross-hair in the middle of Kara's golden locks. "It's a pity you can't be awake for this. I'd love seeing the look in your eyes as you see death's wings take flight."

Now it was Sumiko's overconfidence that proved her undoing. It was only at the last possible moment that she caught the motion of purple and gold to her left before the full weight of Batgirl's 110 lbs slammed into her body. Still, that brief recognition of danger was enough for Sumiko to pull back and deflect at least some of the blow. She even managed to hold onto the uzi.

"This is my lucky day," Sumiko called out confidently as she spun around and began to spray the room with gunfire. "I get to waste two of you bitches!"

Batgirl barely ducked under the arc of fire as she dropped down to the carpeted floor and quickly rolled over to the unconscious Supergirl. Disregarding her own immediate danger, she reached out for the bright gold plated pendant. Gloved fingers closed on the small piece of jewelry, snapping it closed. Then in a single fluid motion, Batgirl completed a body roll and tossed the perilous trinket out to and over the now open balcony.

"Die Bat-bitch!" Sumiko yelled as she slammed a fresh ammo clip into the machine pistol and walked her shots across the floor.

"Get it in gear Barbara!" Batgirl's inner voice cried out as she pivoted in the other direction. "Otherwise you're going to make the morning's obituary page after all."

Long months of inactivity took their toll as Batgirl's reflexes was just a little too slow. The stream of bullets shattered a wall length mirror, showering the gold caped crusader with hundreds of tiny razor sharp fragments. The few seconds she took to shield her face were all Sumiko needed to trap her.

"Bye bye bitch!" she sneered. "First you, then the blonde girl scout over there. Then that Gordon cunt can join you both in hell."

"I think you forgot about something," Batgirl grinned right back.

"I don't think so," came the confident response.

The heartless killer did feel a brief flash of disappointment that was reflected on her face. She was so hoping that Batgirl, like so many of her victims, would plead for her life. Where was the fun in killing if you didn't get to enjoy the fear it produced.

"Surprise," the soft fluid voice whispered into Sumiko's ear.

"What....." she started to reply.

Reaction came much too late as a blue covered arm reached out and crushed the small snub nosed barrel of the machine pistol. If the terrorist pulled the trigger now, the weapon would explode -- taking her hand with it.

Sumiko's attention diverted, Batgirl leapt to her feet and produced a set of steel bat-cuffs from one of the back compartments of her utility belt. With practiced ease, she grabbed the startled murderer and slammed the restraints around her wrists.

"Nice move," Supergirl commented in a voice that only partially hid the weakness she still felt.

While the Kryptonian's strength had begun to slowly return as soon as the lethal gem had been removed, it would take time before she was back at full strength. As it was, the simple act of crushing Sumiko's weapon had exhausted her reserves.

The sounds of gunfire had produced dozens of calls from panicky hotel guests. In response, a small legion of Washington's Finest had appeared at the door to the penthouse suite mere minutes later. It was a toss up which they found more surprising: the devastation inflicted on the antique surroundings, or the presence of the two women whom they had only thought of as legends.

"Why don't you take a few minutes in the next room to compose yourself," Batgirl said to Supergirl in a low voice as the police picked up the two bodyguards that the Girl of Steel has disabled earlier.

"Good idea," Supergirl agreed. "I only need a few minutes."

"Take whatever you need," Batgirl replied. "I'll deal with everything out here."

As Supergirl disappeared into one of the bedrooms, the Captain in charge of the detail came up to Batgirl. His men were already leading Sumiko out of the room, trailing a litany of curses, blood oaths and promises of retribution.

"Where did Supergirl go?" the excited Captain asked in a voice filled with hero worship.

"Err...she needed some time to ..." Batgirl said, hesitating to draw attention to the Maid of Might's period of weakness.

"Oh I understand," the police officer nodded knowingly, thinking that Batgirl had motioned to the bathroom instead of the bedroom next to it. "I guess you never really think of folks like you having to do things like that. Just like the rest of us."

Five minutes later, a much refreshed Supergirl emerged from the bedroom. The color was back in her face and she had a reassuring confidence in her stride.

"Thanks," she smiled at Batgirl.

"Supergirl, I can't tell you what an honor it is to meet you," the excited Captain said as he anxiously shook the Kryptonian's hand. "Billy Ryan," he added.

Batgirl figured that it would be a good ten minutes before the police officer finished with the Girl of Steel. Not that she really blamed him. Batgirl had to admit that she felt a little of that hero worship herself. Sure she was Batgirl, but what was that really worth. An ordinary woman in a Halloween costume. Supergirl, she was like magic. The woman could actually fly. She could move mountains. She was actually from another world.

There was a time when the scarlet tressed adventurer would've asked herself why couldn't she meet a guy like that. Lately however, Barbara had become more aware of a growing attraction to other women. Deep down, she knew that those attractions had always been there, but she was always afraid to act on them. Just before she had accepted the appointment as Congresswoman, she had been on the verge of acting on those feelings. Then those desires, like so many other things, had been put aside for the sake of her career.

"I wonder if Supergirl ever has feelings like that," Barbara wondered as she imagined what the Girl of Steel looked like without that costume. "What a first time experience that would be," she mused.

Super or not, Supergirl was still a woman. Filled with the same desires that every other woman had. At least that was what she'd said in an interview she had given Lois Lane when she'd first appeared a few years back. The story had appeared in the Sunday edition of the Metropolis Daily Planet and Barbara had read a copy of it at the Gotham Library. Remembering the article, she also recalled that Supergirl's real name was Kara. Both then and now, she'd thought the name as beautiful as the woman.

"I wonder what the odds are that she's into women," Batgirl mused as she admired the curve of the heroine's ass.

That thought and the imagery that went with it only served to add to the wetness that continued to grow between her legs.

"Listen to me," the cowled crusader thought. "Two days ago the idea of being with another woman was the furthest thing from my mind. Now a few hours as Batgirl again and I want to put the make on the most desirable woman in the world."

One night, back in the early days of their relationship, Robin and she had discussed the sexual habits of the world's various superheroes. They had been lying in bed, bathing in the warm afterglow of a night of energetic lovemaking. Some of it was conjecture, some of it fact. All of it entertaining.

Robin had met many of the major heroes through his partnership with Batman. He had an opinion about all of them, especially the woman. Most of them were straight he concluded, but there were exceptions. Wonder Girl of the Titans was definitely into babes, he'd said. Yet Wonder Woman was into both men and women, depending on her mood. Speedy, also of the Titans, was as queer as a three dollar bill.

Even the straight ones had their own quirks. Black Canary was really into heavy bondage and discipline. Ice, also of the Justice League, was on the opposite end of the spectrum. She was a born submissive with a passion for dominant men.

Where in this mix did Supergirl fit in? Barbara could only wonder.

o o o

Part Three

by Ann Douglas

"Can I drop you off somewhere?" Supergirl asked as she walked up to Batgirl.

"What..?" Batgirl answered as she was startled out of her daydreaming.

"I asked if could drop you off somewhere?" Supergirl repeated.

Batgirl looked around and noticed that the adoring Police Captain was nowhere to be seen. She hadn't even noticed him leave.

Barbara considered the fact that the unmarked car that Bruce kept in the garage of her building was parked behind the hotel. It was untraceable and she could safely leave it there. Even if someone stole it, well Bruce could well afford to buy a new one.

"I'd appreciate that," Barbara answered. "It's Kara, isn't it."

"Yes it is," Supergirl smiled; the use of her real name evidently was very important to her. "And I guess I still call you Batgirl."

"Barbara," Batgirl said, almost without thinking. "My name is Barbara."

"I know," Kara replied softly.

"You know?" Barbara asked. "Of course, how could you not know. I mean, what with x-ray vision and all."

“Wait a second,” Kara interrupted her new friend. “I’d never scan beneath the mask of an ally.”

“How then...?”

“There are some abilities that are involuntary,” Kara explained. “They work without conscious thought. Just like they do on a normal person.”

Barbara only partially understood, but accepted the fact that her unmasking hadn’t been intentional.

“It’s partly your fault you know,” the blonde went on. “That perfume you wear has a very distinctive scent. Even after the shower you obviously took when you changed identities, there’s just enough of a trace amount for me to pick up on.”

“You figured it out from my perfume?” the redhead said astonished. “There has to be a thousand women in DC alone who’ve bought it.”

“That was just part of it,” the Kryptonian went on. “Your voice was the other half of the puzzle. Actually you should be proud of yourself. The voice you use as Batgirl is pretty different from the Congresswoman’s. I know a dozen actresses who aren’t that skilled. I doubt anyone with less sensitive hearing than mine could ever pick up on it.”

“I guess I can’t blame you at all then,” Barbara said. “and if I can’t trust you with my secret, who can I trust.”

Supergirl smiled broadly, then a pensive look appeared on her face. The sudden shift in expression didn’t go unnoticed.

“I’ve seen that look before,” Barbara said in response. “That’s the look of someone who has something to say but doesn’t know if or how to say it.”

“You’re pretty observant,” Kara replied.

“I had some pretty good teachers,” came Barbara’s reply.

“Okay, if this is the wrong thing to say, please accept my apologies in advance,” Kara offered.

“I’m a big girl, a little thing like words aren’t going to bother me.”

“Well,” Supergirl began, seeming to be searching for the right words. “I was going to say that the only reason I was able to recognize you from those little clues, was because I was so taken by you when we met this morning. I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind all day. At first it was because you reminded me of someone I lost a long time ago. Then I realized it was because I felt attracted to you in a way I haven’t been drawn to anyone in a long time. Back home, on Argo City, this wouldn’t be a problem. We didn’t have a problem with same sex attractions. Here on Earth, I know that a majority of people, at least in this country, don’t go in for that sort of thing.”

Kara paused to see Barbara’s reaction. She had said a lot more than she’d intended, and hoped that if offended, Barbara would at least let it pass without comment. The last thing she expected was for the pretty redhead to burst out laughing.

“I’m sorry...” she said in-between laughs, unable to regain her control for a few minutes. “I’m not laughing at you. I’m laughing at myself.”

Now it was Kara’s turn to be confused.

“Not ten minutes ago,” Barbara tried to explain as she finally recovered her self-control. “I was having the most erotic fantasies about you and chiding myself for having thought them. I’ve never done anything like this before. I mean outside of my fantasies. But I couldn’t help thinking how much I’d like you to be my first.”

"Well then," the woman from a distant star beamed. "It seems we have a lot more in common than we first thought. Perhaps we should have dinner and discuss it a little further."

"I'd like that," Barbara beamed back.

After they thought about it, having a quiet, private dinner was easier said than done. After all, freshman legislator that she was, Barbara was still a member of Congress. Kara on the other hand, was already world famous, with the pictures of her latest exploits adorning the front page of Washington's afternoon papers. As well as the lead story on all the evening news shows.

"I know a place," Kara smiled. "But we really aren't dressed for it. Why don't you head home and change and I'll meet you there in an hour. Something casual, it's really not a fancy place."

"Sounds fine to me," Barbara smiled back, her tone tinged with anticipation.

Casual was an understatement as Barbara opened her door a little over an hour later to find Kara standing there in street clothes. The familiar and flamboyant blue and red costume had been replaced by a simple embroidered pink tee and a pair of white slacks. Her long blonde hair hung loosely around her shoulders, reaching down to just below her breasts. She looked like hundreds of other pretty girls you'd find walking the streets of Washington on a summer day.

"Oh my," Barbara gasped.

"Too much?" Kara asked.

"Not at all," Barbara grinned. "I don't think anyone's going to recognize you like that."

Barbara had changed into a comfortable summer print, blue and white. Her thick red locks had been pinned up and back. "Are you ready?" Kara asked.

"Definitely," Barbara smiled. "Do I need to bundle up or anything?" she asked.

"Not unless you plan on driving with the top down," Kara replied.

"Driving..?" Barbara queried.

"You do have a car, don't you?" Kara asked in return.

"Why yes, but I thought that..."

"That we'd fly to where we were going," Kara finished her question for her.

Barbara nodded yes.

"I really try to live a normal life when the costume comes off," Kara offered. "And believe it or not, I don't have a drivers license."

"You're kidding," Barbara grinned.

"No, I gave up my last secret identity some time ago," she explained. "It's hard to go down to motor vehicles when you don't have so much as a library card in your name."

"I guess I'm driving then," Barbara concluded.

It was only a short drive into the Virginia countryside where they pulled up to a quaint nineteenth century bed and breakfast. Inside they were quickly shown to a private table in the dining room by one of the owners of the establishment. After the older woman took their orders, she left them alone.

"I think she recognized you," Barbara whispered.

"You don't have to whisper, Barbara," Kara said in a normal tone. "Mrs. Hackett very well knows who I am. In fact, I think that look of recognition was for you."

A momentary look of worry flashed across the Congresswoman's face, but Kara was quick to reassure her.

"About three years ago, Mrs. Hackett's grandson was ice skating on the frozen lake out back with some friends," she said. "Luckily, I happened to be flying over a few minutes after the ice broke and he'd fallen through it. I was able to get him to the hospital in Richmond quick enough for the doctors to save him. She hasn't forgotten that. So you don't have to worry about anything. Whatever happens within these walls stays here."

"In that case," Barbara said with relief as she reached out and took Kara's hand in her own. "I think I should tell you that I could really fall in love with you quite easily."

"You don't know how good it feels to hear that," Kara replied with a twinkle in her deep blue eyes.

Over what turned out to be quite a magnificent dinner, the two women learned a great deal more about each other. Kara told of her attempts to become more like the people of her adopted world. Attempts which had ended in failure after failure until she finally learned she was kidding herself. The only way she could really become one of them was to give up the abilities that made her different. That wasn't something she was prepared to do. She'd become quite accustomed to being super-powered over the last few years and wasn't about to give that up.

"You could do that, give up your powers?" Barbara asked.

"Yes, there is a certain isotope of kryptonite that can alter my molecular structure so that my body would no longer convert solar energy the way it does. That's the way my powers work by the way. That and the lighter gravity of this world." Kara explained. "Superman called it gold K after the color. He keeps one of the rare samples of it hidden in his arctic fortress for an emergency. If he ever came up against a stronger, evil survivor of Krypton, it might be the only weapon he could use. The effects are permanent."

"I thought that you and he are the only survivors of Krypton?" Barbara asked.

"Not really, there have been others. Some good, some not so." Kara went on.

"That's a scary thought." Barbara mused. "All that power in the hands of someone with no compunctions about using it."

"Well, that's a worry for another day," Kara smiled. "I want to hear more about you."

Barbara happily complied. She told how she grew up hiding her beauty in favor of her intelligence, believing that you could only be one or the other. It wasn't until she became Batgirl that she realized she could be both. The Congresswoman vented her frustration about how what she thought of as a golden opportunity to make a difference as a legislator had instead become a trap with no real authority. Her office was being run by her chief of staff who answered to the party bosses. She'd become a figurehead.

"Maybe you just have to decide what's more important to you," Kara suggested. "Do you make a more important contribution as Batgirl or Congresswoman Gordon. Or are the two really as incompatible as you seem to think."

"I've had some of the same thoughts over the last few hours," Barbara said.

"As far as your authority goes," Kara continued. "It's still there, all you have to do is reach out and take it. No matter how you got there, you are the Congresswoman. Your chief of staff only has control because you let him. As long as you are willing to pay the price, that is perhaps not getting elected in November, you can pretty much do what you want. And if you should lose, well would you be any worse off than right now. At least you'd have made a difference in the interim."

Barbara thought about it for a few moments. Everything Kara had said had also occurred to her at one time or another over the last few months, but she hadn't been really listening to her inner voices. Perhaps all she really needed was to hear that advice reflected by someone she trusted -- a commodity all too lacking inside the beltway.

"Excuse me, is there a phone I could use," Barbara said to Mrs. Hackett who had come by to see if there was anything else she could get her special guests.

In response, the smiling gray haired woman produced a small cellular phone from her apron. The tiny technological marvel seemed a little out of place in the antique settings.

"Be my guest," she said as she handed Barbara the phone.

"Thank you," the redhead said as she punched in the number for her office.

The conversation was brief and from the onset, Barbara was in total control. A feeling she had missed a great deal lately. Tim Murray had begun to chide her for not leaving a number where she could be reached but she quickly cut him off.

"I'll be away for the weekend, that's all you need to know," the Congresswoman said. "And when I get back Monday morning, I want to find your office cleaned out and a letter of resignation sitting on my desk."

"You can't do that," he protested.

"I can and I did," she replied firmly. "There's no need for discussion. Goodbye."

Breaking the connection, she had a broad grin on her face as she handed the phone back to Mrs. Hackett.

"Thank you, Mrs. Hackett," she said.

"You're welcome," the sixty year old smiled in return. "And you can call me Amanda."

"Then thank you, Amanda," she repeated as their hostess walked away.

"That felt good," Barbara said to Kara as she turned her attention back to her.

"I know something that's going to feel even better," the Kryptonian said cheerfully. "Our room is ready."

The room that had been reserved for them was decorated in the same motif as the rest of the small inn. It was like stepping back a hundred years to a bygone age. No television, no telephone, no instantaneous communication with the rest of the world. Even the electric lights, the only concession to modern living, had been designed to resemble old gas lamps.

The center of the room was dominated by a large oversized bed, complete with four tall oversized bedposts. Large open windows filled with the light of the full moon which had just begun to rise into the early night sky.

"It's beautiful," Barbara gasped in astonishment. "It's the most beautiful room I've ever seen."

"I hoped you'd like it," Kara said as she lifted her hand to her companion's cheek and began to gently caress it. "A beautiful lady like yourself deserves to be surrounded by beautiful things."

With that Kara replaced the caress of her fingers with that of her lips.

At first, the kiss was like that she would give a sister or a dear friend. A light peck denoting tenderness and affection. Then she pressed harder - this time with passion. Barbara felt the press of Kara's tongue against her lips and opened to receive it.

Kara reached up with her hand and cupped Barbara's breast through her dress. It felt so nice to the older woman, bringing another surge of emotion through her.

Neither knew how long they stood, taking soft touches and intimate kisses. Each time Barbara felt Kara's tongue slip past her lips, her heart skipped a beat. Her lips were so soft and sweet, her perfume so highly intoxicating.

Barbara was no stranger to love, having lost her chastity the summer of her eighteenth year. In the years since, she'd had her measure of lovers. Yet standing here in the semi-darkness, surrounded by the splendor of an earlier age and coupled with the intimate presence of the most desirable woman she had ever known -- she felt like a giddy virgin once more.

"Why don't we get you a little more comfortable?" Kara asked as she kissed Barbara one more time.

With that, Kara pulled the zipper of her dress all the way down, exposing the lacy strap of her bra. With no objection from Barbara, she pulled the flowery print open just enough to expose her soft creamy shoulders.

Kara began to kiss her way down Barbara's neck. Her eyes sparkled in appreciation as the younger woman got her first good look at Barbara's lace enclosed mounds.

"Is there somewhere I could change?" Barbara suddenly asked as she took a step back and away from the Girl of Steel's embrace. "I brought something special to wear and I wanted it to be a surprise," she added in way of explanation for her abrupt desire for privacy.

"Of course," Kara replied with a look of understanding. "The bath is right through there," she continued as she pointed to a carved door to the left. "Take your time. I'll change out here."

Pausing to kiss her new love one more time, Barbara grabbed the small carry bag she had brought with her off the floor and disappeared into the bedroom. The younger woman was tempted to use her amazing vision to sneak an advanced look at her surprise but then decided against it. Some things were worth waiting for.

The interior of the bath was as carefully and artistically decorated as the outer room. A large mirror dominated an antique dressing table. It was funny, Barbara thought as she slowly undressed, that Kara would be so enthralled by the settings of a more primitive age. She had always pictured Supergirl as always being in a futuristic setting, literally the girl of tomorrow.

"Well in that case, she should love this outfit," Barbara thought as she checked her reflection in the large mirror.

Gone was the simple outfit she had worn to dinner, replaced by an embossed shimmer and tulip laced long jade gown. Deep side slits gave ample view of her long, slender legs. Cut low in the front as well, the lace top barely concealed her rounded breasts, the nipples of which could easily be seen right through them.

"I've always liked this color," Barbara thought as she undid her hair and spread it across her exposed shoulders. "So much like my eyes."

Satisfied with her appearance, Barbara took a deep breath stepped back into the bedroom. She wasn't prepared for what she found.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed as she stepped into a world of joyous luminosity.

The old fashion bedroom was filled with the light of what had to be close to a thousand candles. Mixed between them was an equal number of mixed flowers, turning the chamber into a garden. Even the night air was rich with the scent of blossoms.

In the center of it all stood Kara, her upraised arm against the bedpost. Like her new found love, her dinner attire had been replaced by something more suitable. A bright red baby doll lace nightie barely covered her well developed form. The outline of her sexuality was clearly visible through the see through material. The outfit was completed by the addition of a matching kimono robe. Her long blonde hair hung straight down her back.

"Impressed?" Kara grinned as she reached out her hand in invitation.

"That's an understatement," Barbara replied as she quickly crossed the room and placed her hand in Kara's.

Only for a moment did Barbara asked herself how Kara could have done all this. After all, she couldn't have been inside more than ten or fifteen minutes. Then, as quickly as the question manifested itself, the answer followed. Because she's Supergirl, silly. If she had wanted to, she could've flown to Gotham and back in that time.

"I hope some disaster doesn't suddenly require your attention somewhere on the other side of the world," Barbara said softly as she pressed against Kara and felt her powerful arms close around her.

"Don't worry about that, my dear sweet love," Kara whispered as she kissed Barbara lightly on her cheek. "I didn't even pack my working clothes. Let the Justice League or the Titans handle the world for a night."

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you say that," Barbara replied with her own pleasant kisses, remembering the many nights her plans had been interrupted by the call of duty.

"Enough talk," Kara said as she pressed her lips against Barbara's.

The warmth of Kara's pink lips spread throughout Barbara's own well developed body, finally coming to a rest in and igniting a fire in her heart.

"Mmm, that feels nice," Barbara purred as lace covered mound rubbed against lace covered mound, causing the nipples beneath to become hard and erect.

Kara leaned over and kissed her way down the fold of Barbara's neck to the softness of her shoulders. Deftly she undid the small clasps that held the nightgown in place and undid them. Holding the material so that it didn't immediately drop, the blonde carefully let it slide down the redhead's body, kissing the creamy white skin beneath it as it was exposed to the warm night air. Slowly she bent her knees and dropped to the ground, exposing her new love as she went. In no time at all, Barbara was as nude as could be.

"You are so beautiful," Kara said as she rose back to her full height.

"Thank you," Barbara beamed back.

Before she could say anything more, she found herself literally swept off of her feet as Kara effortlessly lifted her into the air and began to carry her precious cargo to the waiting bed.

Gently laying Barbara across the soft satin sheets, Kara took a step back and undid her own robe and let it fall to the ground. The red nightie quickly followed and she was as bare as the Congresswoman.

"If there's a word beyond beautiful, then you are certainly it," Barbara responded to the vision in front of her.

Kara's reply was only a broader smile as she joined Barbara on the bed. Gingerly she ran her fingers up and down the body next to her, producing a series of soft sighs.

"That feels nice," Barbara murmured

"It gets better," Kara replied as she stroked the sides of Barbara's breasts.

The soft sighs began to grow in intensity until they became moans. The Maid of Might's fingers glided down the sides of the older woman until they came to her buttocks. There, she took a firm grip and pulled them up and apart, exposing the wet mound beneath it.

Kara bent down and kissed Barbara's left buttock, then her right. Each succeeding kiss brought her closer to the moist center. Finally, her kisses hit home and a slight shiver shook Barbara's body. Pulling harder, Kara gave herself greater access and kissed her again, this time pushing her searching tongue up into the exposed cavity.

"Mmmmm," she said as the tangy taste of her new love filled her mouth. Unable to restrain herself any longer, she began to work her tongue in and out of the opening. Faster and faster it moved, sending tiny sparks of delight up into Barbara receptive form.

"Oh yes," she said as she enjoyed the sensation, excited even more that this was the first time she had received such pleasure such as the hand of another woman. "More, more."

Kara was more than willing to reply to the request. Even as her quick moving tongue wove a wet path up and down Barbara's slit, Kara's hands began to again roam across her body. Again sliding up and under, she cupped Barbara's firm breasts and played with her nipples, bringing even louder moans.

"Turn over," She said, guiding Barbara with a gentle touch.

Barbara was quick to respond, quickly flipping over onto her back and giving Kara full and unrestricted access.

Kara lowered herself to a position directly over Barbara. Then she shifted position just a little, raising herself so that her breasts were hanging directly over Barbara's mouth. There was no mistaking her intention and Barbara was eager to reply. She reached up with her tongue and caressed the nipple of Kara's left breast. As she eagerly took it into her mouth, she was surprised to find that it was so soft. She half expected to find Kara's skin to be hard, after all -- bullets bounced off it.

"Mmmm," Kara moaned as she felt the warm embrace of Barbara's mouth. "You do that well, are you sure you haven't done this before?"

Barbara was greatly pleased with the blonde's reaction as she again ran her probing tongue around the wide aureole before once more engulfing it whole. A thousand times she had imagined what it would be like tasting another woman's breasts. None of those fantasies could compare with the real thing.

After a few more minutes, Kara shifted breasts and gave Barbara a chance to work her neophyte urges on her other mound. As she worked her way across this new morsel, Barbara was again overwhelmed by the combination of Kara's natural scent and the perfume she wore. It was strongest in the deep valley between her breasts, a place Barbara would've never thought of wearing it.

It was only then that Barbara noticed that although Kara was on top of her, she wasn't actually on her. Using her amazing ability to defy gravity, she was floating in the air, an inch between them.

Kara shifted position again, drifting downward so that she could kiss Barbara anew. As their lips met, she pressed her breasts hard against the woman beneath her, rubbing their nipples against each other.

"I want you," Barbara whispered in Kara's ear. "I want to taste you."

"And you shall," Kara replied in the same quiet tone.

After a final kiss, she floated upward and straddled the redhead spreading her tunnel of delight above her. Barbara sat up and stuck her eager face between the outstretched legs. She wasted no time in reaching up with her tongue, probing the inner reaches of Kara's womanhood. A sudden rush filled Barbara as the first taste of female juices hit her tongue. Out of curiosity, she had tasted herself several times, but this was different. This was another woman. Possibly the most powerful woman in the world.

Determined to excel in her new activity as she had done in most everything else in her life, Barbara slid her tongue around and around as she liked a lover to do to her. Her left hand played with Kara's clit as she tried to reach out with her tongue, hitting all the places that she knew were the most sensitive in her own body.

Kara helped with her efforts with both a gentle hand on the back of her head, guiding her, as well as a steady stream of soft moans. The closer Barbara got the right spots, the louder the moans became.

Time passed quickly and what had begun as soft gentle surges in Kara's body had progressed until they became rapidly torrid. She was now thrashing her saturated pussy against Barbara's open and ever enthusiastic mouth, almost unable to believe that this novice was going to bring her to climax. Another powerful bodyquake gripped her body, causing her to stiffen momentarily. From past experiences, she knew the next time would be the one to send her over the abyss.

"Great Krypton!" Kara screamed as a tidal wave of passion ripped across her shaking body.

Copying a move an old lover had once used on her, Barbara grabbed Kara's ass and pressed her face as hard against her cunt as she could. An action that drove her tongue in as deep as was possible. For this, she was rewarded with what seemed to be endless eruptions of nectar. Waves which quickly overflowed from her mouth and spread out across her face. She half expected it to be different, but it was as familiar as her own. She felt a such delight knowing she had caused it.

"That was fantastic!" Barbara exclaimed as Kara pivoted in midair and kissed her.

"It certainly was," Kara agreed. "And now it's my turn."

Spreading Barbara's legs, Kara placed her head between them and with a burst of energy began to play a tune across her precious pearl with amazing rapidity. The effect on Barbara was instantaneous.

"Oh God, Oh God!" she panted as the racing of her heart seemed to match the speed of Kara's tongue.

She could have never imagined any lover, man or woman, producing such a reaction. It was like having an evening of lovemaking compressed into a single instant. Her orgasm was both instantaneous and overwhelming.

"Oooooooo," she screamed so loud that she was sure that every guest in the small inn heard her.

Barbara would never be sure how long her brief passage through nirvana lasted, it was like an out of body experience. All she knew was that some time later she again became conscious of her surroundings and shifted her sweat covered body so she could face her blonde lover once more.

"I think I should be dead," she said.

"Why is that?" Kara asked curiously.

"Because after that, I think everything else in my life is going to be anticlimactic," Barbara laughed.

Kara laughed and kissed her lover lightly.

"I guess I did get a little carried away," she said.

"A little..?" Barbara repeated.

"Tell you what," Kara said. "We have all night, why don't we try it again ... this time at a slower speed?"

Barbara's answer was to lean over and nestle her head between the folds of Kara's breasts. The warmest of smiles filled her face.

Come the morning, they would leave their sanctuary and return to the world beyond -- and the legends they had become. But for this one brief moment, they were simply two lonely woman with dreams and desires like any other. In truth, under cape and cowl -- that's all they ever were.

END