

Ripples in Reality

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Katsuko looked into the mirror and frowned. The face that looked back at her was delicate-featured, with wide-set eyes and a small, full-lipped mouth. Those dark, almond-shaped eyes—courtesy of her Japanese heritage—were quite fetching, really, the highlight of her attractive visage. While her face wasn't exactly beautiful, it was quite pretty.

Unfortunately, the same couldn't be said for the rest of her body.

Skinny and scrawny, her petite 5'3" form looked as if it might blow away under a stiff breeze. She didn't have much in the way of breasts and even less in the way of muscle.

Sighing with resignation, her thoughts turned, as they often did, to Cassandra, the school's blonde, sexy homecoming queen. Now *that* girl had a body. Cassie's tall, lithe physique had ripened beautifully over the past three years, adding inches of luscious, nubile flesh in all the right places. And her face had lost its girlish roundness by the year, maturing into a sculpted, elegant countenance that made Katsuko's heart ache with longing. She couldn't count the number of times she'd yearned to kiss Cassie's plump lips. As an eighteen-year-old senior, Cassandra now looked capable of gracing the cover of a magazine. Katsuko would certainly buy a magazine—or just about anything else—with Cassandra's picture on the cover.

It was Cassie's ascending beauty, however, that ruined any chance that Kat had with her. Years ago, they had been friends. Before their bodies had taken vastly different paths of development and sent them into vastly different social circles.

Sighing a second time, Katsuko roused herself into action and finished dressing for school. She descended the stairs, walked into the kitchen, and poured a bowl of cereal as her father entered the room.

"Your mother told me about your failure on the SAT retake last night," he said, straightening his military uniform, his face grim. Kat hadn't been up to tell him herself. Her father didn't usually arrive home from work until after 10 PM.

"Failure? I scored a 1480! It was the second highest score in my entire school!"

"Exactly," he said. "*Second* highest."

He poured a cup of coffee, preparing for another one of his fourteen-hour days at the base.

“I expect you to be the best. You are intelligent enough. Your failure is in your lack of work ethic.”

“I’m in five extracurricular clubs at school, the president of two of them! I got a great score on my college entrance exam! My GPA is ranked third in my class! Most parents would be overjoyed to have a kid that had accomplished all of that. But not *my* dad. He isn’t happy no matter what I do!”

“I will be happy when, and only when, you learn to be the *best*.”

Kat threw down her spoon with an emphatic clank, grabbed her backpack, and stormed out of the house, furious at a father who wouldn’t be satisfied by anything less than his daughter becoming the most perfect human being alive.

Cassandra tossed the latest issue of Supergirl on the kitchen table and walked to the fridge while her mom made coffee.

“You know, some mothers actually make breakfast for their daughters,” Cassie commented snidely as she walked past the attractive, middle-aged blonde that she so resembled.

“You know, some daughters actually respect their mothers,” the beautiful woman snapped back.

“Pfft,” Cassie scoffed. “What is there to respect about *you*?”

Her mother frowned, looking over Cassie’s revealing outfit. She herself had been a gorgeous girl at Cassie’s age. Her daughter, however, with her lustrous blonde hair, dazzling blue eyes, and slender-but-ever-ripening figure, had already surpassed her in attractiveness and was well on her way to becoming truly remarkable. Unfortunately, that only served to make the 18-year-old girl completely incorrigible.

“That skimpy camisole doesn’t even cover your stomach, young lady. Not to mention the fact that it shows way too much cleavage. And don’t you have any skirts that are longer than mid-thigh?”

Cassie grabbed the juice from the refrigerator and sauntered back to the table with an exaggerated sway of her hips. She plopped on the chair, took a long sip, and opened her comic. As her eyes scanned the pages, she responded bitterly. “Maybe if you dressed more like me and less like an old shrew, dad wouldn’t have left you, and we could actually afford *nice* clothes again instead of Forever 21.”

“Your father left because he couldn’t keep his hands off other women,” her mother replied bitterly.

“Exactly,” said Cassie, turning the page of her comic.

“Well, if your goal is to look like one of the sluts he left me for, congratulations. Mission accomplished.”

Cassie looked up, batting her eyelashes over a faux smile. “Well, I could have any man I want.”

“Says the girl who has *never* brought a boy home...” her mother snorted.

Cassie dropped her comic book to glare at her mother. She had never told her mother about her sexual preferences, and she wasn’t about to now. Maybe she’d bring a guy home and fuck him in her bedroom purely to spite her bitchy parent...

“Maybe if you weren’t always reading those geeky comic books, one of the young men in your class would give you the time of day.”

Cassandra was seldom seen at home without a comic in hand—unless she was watching Supergirl. Or the latest Wonder Woman movie. Sometimes, she fantasized about gaining superpowers herself. Other times, she dreamed of having a superpowered lover. Each held significant appeal. A shiver rolled through her as the image of one of her nightly fantasies, of running her tongue upward along the sleek inner thigh of her superlover, flashed through her mind.

With a sudden burst of energy, the sexy young blonde rose from her seat, smoothing her scarlet skirt against her long legs, feeling her sensitive nipples firming against the padded interior of her C-cup bra.

As she walked out the door, tossing her thick, shimmering mane over her shoulder, Cassie threw one final, untruthful barb at her prickly mother. “Why would I bring guys home to be turned off by my old, crusty mom when I can just fuck them at school every day?”

She slammed the front door shut before her mother could respond, taking a large, frustrated bite out of her blueberry muffin as she strode down the sidewalk toward her school.

Kat wiped the sweat from her brow as she panted ragged breaths. She jumped up, arm extended upward, only to watch the basketball sail over her outstretched fingers and into the hoop.

Sometimes, Kat wished she had a sister. Or even a brother. Anyone to play sports against at home. Maybe then she wouldn't be so pathetic in gym class. Not that it would likely matter against the 5'10" nordic amazon she was trying to defend on the court.

Maybe if she hadn't been born to Japanese parents, then. Curse her diminutive Asian stature!

At least in academics, she was *close* to being the best. In sports, she was far closer to being the worst. What she wouldn't give for a body like that of the athletic redhead she was matched up against. Or better yet, she thought, one like Cassie's.

The thought of her former friend distracting her, she barely noticed as her opponent slapped the ball out of her hands and ran down the court for another easy layup.

Shit.

In the showers after class, Samantha, the tall, fit redhead who had mauled her on the court today gave her a wink. "Tough day today, huh. Better luck tomorrow. You'll probably need it."

The girl turned to her other athletically gifted friends and snickered. Katsuko sighed. She wished she could turn the table on those girls and beat them at just *one* of the sports they learned in class. But with just one semester left before graduation, that was looking increasingly unlikely.

Mr. Johnson placed the test on Cassandra's desk with a disappointed shake of his head.

A D+?

Damn it! This class was going to seriously dent her already battered GPA. The University of Florida was a good school, and she was only waitlisted as it was. If her grades dipped any further, it might ruin any chance of her making it in. She supposed there was always Florida State...

She flipped through the stapled pages. He had given her a zero on the essay question? Was that even possible? A *zero* on a subjectively scored essay? To her? One of the best-looking girls in school? Maybe her mother was right! Maybe she did need to work on her skills at attracting men. Weren't male teachers supposed to take it *easier* on attractive female students? That's how the movies always seemed to make it look, right?

Cassie looked down, casting a critical eye toward her pleasantly rounded cleavage. Her hand found her flat, firm tummy, fingers drifting along the inch of exposed flesh above the waistline of her skirt. Her body *was* gorgeous. Maybe she just needed a few minutes alone with Mr. Johnson after class to show him just how spectacular it really was. She could flirt with a man she had no interest in for a few minutes if it helped to get her into the school she wanted.

Her attention returning momentarily to the tall, middle-aged history teacher, she heard him drone on about being depressed or something. Talk about overdramatizing his issues! Calling his mental health problems a “great depression”? Just get some Xanny, man! She sighed and tuned out the boring lecture again, examining her well-manicured fingernails for any chips in the polish and turning her mind to how she was going to get the man to change her grade after school.

Immediately after her last class, Katsuko shoved her books in her locker before grabbing her Archaeology Club folder. As she pulled it free, a five-year-old issue of Supergirl fell to the floor. Gazing down at the old issue, Kat felt a surge of longing well in her heart. That comic had been one of Cassie’s. Back then, the two girls had shared comics, fantasy novels, and just about everything else. They had been inseparable. But that was before high school. Before Cassie had developed curves upon curves and begun hanging out with the more popular crowds. Kat sighed, leafing through the comic, wishing that the two were still as close as they had been then. She knew that Cassie had a thing for Supergirl. If *she* had Supergirl’s powers, Cassie would notice her! Not to mention that it would be rad to be able to crush a building with her bare hands...

Maybe her dad would even be pleased with her then, she thought wryly. She chuckled aloud as she considered it. *No. He would just admonish her for being less powerful than SuperMAN!*

Not wishing to be late, she stuffed it into her Archaeology folder and headed to Mr. Johnson’s classroom.

“Hello, Kat!” Mr. Johnson smiled warmly as his favorite student entered his classroom.

“Hi, Mr. Johnson,” Katsuko murmured, unable to match the older man’s enthusiastic greeting.

His brow furrowed. “Something wrong?”

“Just the usual,” Kat said with a shrug. “Overly demanding parents that aren’t satisfied by anything less than the complete domination of the academic world...”

Mr. Johnson’s smile returned in muted fashion as understanding bloomed over his features. “They just want what’s best for you, Kat! And they must be doing *something* right. I mean, look how you’ve turned out!”

Yeah, Katsuko thought. *I’m turning out friendless, dateless, super-smart, and geeky.* At least most kids that excelled in school had proud parents. She didn’t even have that!

“So did our auction stuff from Iraq come in today?”

“The auctions we won? Sure did. The box is in my office. Feel free to sift through it. I’m sure it’s almost all junk, but sometimes we run across something that might be museum-worthy. If you see anything that might be fun to discuss at our next archaeology club meeting, just let me know.”

“Sounds like a plan,” said Kat with a half-hearted smile. She walked into Mr. Johnson’s office and threw down her folder with a sigh, the comic book sliding partially out onto the surface of the cheap, particleboard table.

She surveyed the room, spying the box that Mr. Johnson had referenced. She picked it up and set it on the table. Opening its cardboard flaps, she began to rifle through its contents. At first, it appeared to be just the usual—pottery shards, mangled metal tools, and the like. As she unwrapped each item from its surrounding newspaper, however, she discovered something she had never seen before, a strange idol about six inches tall and in perfect condition. It was a small statuette of an exaggeratedly feminine figure, made of what appeared to be stone. It was very light, incongruous with the typical weight of a work of bronze. It was too light even to be pottery. She turned it over in her fingers, strangely attracted to its unusual form. With its shape, it must be some sort of fertility icon, she speculated. As she continued to survey the unusual object, however, she caught something out of the corner of her eye.

The skin of her hands seemed to ripple before her eyes, as if it were made of water!

She dropped it instantly, and the small statue fell into the newspaper with a soft crunch. Her hands immediately changed back to normal, the odd rippling effect gone.

What the hell had that been?!

Had the idol done that?

She picked it up again, staring at her fingers. They began to wave like a sine curve as her skin contacted the strangely light metal. She set it down on the table, and her fingers instantly went back to normal. The statue was clearly the cause of the phenomenon.

Kat ran to the door in excitement, to tell Mr. Johnson, but as she pulled it open a crack, she heard a female voice from outside. Cassie’s voice! She paused, pushing the door gently shut once more and placing an ear to its painted surface to eavesdrop.

After class, Cassie grabbed her makeup bag and hustled to the women’s restroom. Frowning as she opened the bag, she surveyed her options. They were far too few for her liking. Damn. She really needed to make a trip to Sephora. Withdrawing the best she had, however, she knew she would just have to make due.

Not wanting to take too long and having a good skin day today, she decided to stick with just eye makeup and lipstick. Her pale complexion and blonde hair always made eyes and brows the top priority, so she started there. She hurriedly applied eyeliner, her best volumizing mascara, and some charcoal eyeshadow for a smoky effect that always set off her light blue eyes nicely. She dug out her boldest scarlet lipstick, appropriately named "Siren Red" and ran it around her mouth, puckering several times to spread it evenly.

Tossing the lipstick back into her bag, she gazed at the mirror with a critical eye. Not bad. Not bad at all. Except maybe...

...she reached underneath her skimpy top and took off her bra. Her breasts were firm enough that they didn't really need much support. The bra, particularly in this top, was really for modesty's sake. But modesty wasn't what she was going for at the moment. She smiled faintly as she saw her small nipples tenting the fabric of her camisole subtly.

Cassie dropped off her makeup at her locker, then strode into Mr. Johnson's classroom, attempting to quell the nervous butterflies bouncing around the interior of her stomach. She needed to do this, openly flirt with her teacher, if it meant an opportunity to get into Florida, where half of her friends were headed.

Cassie entered the room as Mr. Johnson quietly graded papers. Attempting to make her voice sound as sultry as possible, she channeled her favorite femme fatales from the movies. "Hi, Mr. Johnson. Mind if I talk to you about something that's been bothering me?"

"Sure," he said, not looking up from the paper he was marking. "Have a seat, Cassie."

Well, he recognized her voice, at least. That was a start, she supposed. Deciding not to take the proffered seat, Cassie circled his desk, taking care to brush her breasts against his arm. Finally, he looked up the contact drawing his eyes for the first time.

"Yes?" he asked her, twisting away so that his arm no longer touched her chest. Cassie hesitated, unsure whether she should step forward to contact his body again. Touching was the best way to flirt, right? But he was staring at her expectantly. It just didn't seem natural at the moment.

"Um," she said, still vacillating indecisively, succeeding only in adopting an awkward-looking posture. "About my grade..."

"Your D+?" Mr. Johnson interrupted. "You think it's too generous?" His voice was deadpan, and he sounded amused. He extended a hand to indicate that she should take a seat on the opposite side of her desk

“Too *generous*?” If Cassie didn’t know better, she would have thought he was making fun of her. Shoulders slumping slightly, she walked around to the other side of his desk and took a seat. This wasn’t going as she had envisioned it.

“Yes, I considered a lower grade but tried to give you the benefit of the doubt.”

Cassie attempted to bolster her rapidly deflating confidence, using the hands in her lap to furtively tug down her top. She leaned forward to maximize her cleavage. But Mr. Johnson’s eyes never strayed from her own. Damn it! This seemed so much easier in the movies and shows that she’d seen! This guy didn’t seem attracted to her in the least!

Setting her jaw, she redoubled her efforts. She blinked coquettishly, shifting in her seat. “Have you thought about other benefits? Not, you know, like benefits of the doubt?”

Hmm... that wasn’t quite the witty come-on she’d envisioned. She eyed him carefully for his reaction.

“Other benefits?”

Cassie swallowed nervously. Here goes...

She reached out to place a hand over his, tucked in her chin, and spoke as suggestively as she could manage. “Yes. Like with me. After class...”

Mr. Johnson looked confused. “Like extra credit?”

“Something like that...” Cassie said in her best sultry purr, licking her glossy, red-coated lips seductively.

“Well, we’ll see. Maybe there’s a project I could have you do to help your grade. But now I need to head home. So is that all?” From his expression, Cassie could tell that he was oblivious to her true meaning. Wasn’t he supposed to be putty in her hands by now? She attempted to think of something else to say or do, but kept coming up empty. Mr. Johnson, meanwhile, shoved his papers in his bag and put on his coat.

He left the classroom with a brief goodbye, leaving a frustrated Cassie stewing in his wake. She let out a long sigh, slumping in her seat. She was pretty, wasn’t she? When she really tried, she should be able to attract a guy, shouldn’t she? Guys were supposed to like to look at sexy girls, weren’t they? Even in spite of their best intentions? Maybe her lack of true interest in him somehow shone through her attempted facade of seductiveness, diminishing its effect?

Whatever had done it, her attempt at persuading him to reconsider her grade had been a complete and utter failure. She bet that Supergirl wouldn’t have any such troubles if *she* decided

to seduce someone. Too bad, she thought to herself for the hundredth time, she would never be that beautiful. Or that fit. Or that powerful.

She rested her jaw in her hand, placing her elbow on Mr. Johnson's worn, wooden desk. Maybe she should try to do this extra credit project of his instead. Doing more boring-as-hell history projects was hardly her idea of fun, but...

A clatter from the back office suddenly roused her from her reverie.

Kat, having set down the idol on the edge of the table to press her ear to the door, heard Mr. Johnson leave the room. He'd probably forgotten about her. She figured Cassie would be gone in a moment too, so she turned her attention back to the strange statue. Unfortunately, she tripped as she neared it, reaching a hand for the edge of the table and accidentally knocking the thing to the ground with a painfully loud clatter.

Kat, cringing, reached down to pick up the small, feminine statuette, hoping that she hadn't damaged it. Again, her hand began to ripple as if the fabric of reality itself were in motion. She glanced at the Supergirl comic as she rose to her feet, a momentary thought of how great life would be if she were so far beyond everyone else. As the thought flowed through her mind, the totem rippling her hand began to glow.

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

Kat nearly dropped the small sculpture a second time as the sound startled her. Instead, however, she managed to recover, quickly setting it back on the table. She reached for the doorknob, checking to see that her rippling hand had returned to normal, and gave it a twist.

There stood Cassie, looking sexier than Kat had ever seen her, with heavy eye makeup and a sheer red top that left little of her upper body to the imagination. Her mini skater, likewise, left most of her long, shapely legs bare. The nubile blonde shifted her hips, her toned stomach flexing under the cropped hem of her blouse, sending a searing burst of desire rolling through Kat's body. The young Asian felt a pleasant smolder spark inside her.

"Katsuko?" Cassie intoned, puzzlement furrowing her brow.

"C-Cassie!" Kat stuttered in reply, slightly off balance from Cassie's unexpectedly sexy appearance.

"What are you doing here?" they both said in unison.

Cassie laughed. Katsuko blushed.

Then Cassie's smile faltered. She twisted, motioning with her hand to the class room outside.

"Um, you didn't happen to hear that, did you...?" Cassie looked worried.

"You mean your conversation with Mr. Johnson?" Kat attempted to look innocent.

A bloom of red began at the base of Cassie's neck, rising rapidly to her cheeks, until her red face was a match for Katsuko's. "Yeah."

"Maybe, a little," Kat said, shrugging almost apologetically.

"W-well, it's not entirely like it sounded," Cassie said, suddenly flustered. "I mean, that's not how I try to get my grades normally."

Cassie paused briefly as she considered her own words, then stuttered in a rush to correct them. "Or at all, I mean. I-I-I'm not even into older guys. Or guys at all!"

"You're not into guys?" Kat asked, her eyes turning as hopeful as her voice.

"Well, I mean..."

Kat couldn't help but smile at Cassie's sudden timidity. "So... you're into girls?"

Now, Cassie looked positively mortified. "Well, I..."

From the attractive blonde's reaction, Kat was now certain. "You *are* into girls!"

Crimson-cheeked, heart-thumping, mind-blanking, and biting her lip in nervousness, Cassie was now so flustered that she couldn't think of anything to say but the truth. It just came out. Something she had never admitted to anyone before, not her friends, not even her mother. "Kinda, yeah."

The last remnants of Kat's worried expression were instantly gone, her face brightening like the sun coming out from behind the clouds. This was like something straight out of her bedtime fantasies! "I am too!" she blurted.

Cassie's expression, looking for a moment as if she might be sick, brightened slightly. "You are?"

Kat nodded, taking a step toward Cassie. As she moved, Cassie's gaze caught a glimpse of the table behind the young Asian.

"What's that?" Cassie asked, finger rising to point out the small figurine on the table, its soft glow catching her eye. Normally, she was able to keep her thoughts to herself, but this

conversation had her completely off balance, Besides, she welcomed any new distraction, a chance to shift the subject from the deeply uncomfortable subject of her sexuality.

Katsuko turned to see that the idol was still glowing. “I-I was actually just trying to figure that out...”

Cassie walked over to the table, crouching down until her eyes were even with the strange statuette. She smiled, then turned to look up at Kat. “Girl’s got some curves, huh?!”

Kat smiled, then crouched next to Cassie. “Yeah, she does. But there’s something strange about this thing. Look...”

Kat reached out to touch the flowing object with her finger. Her hand and forearm began to ripple once more, as if she had just thrown a pebble into her reflection in the water.

“Oh my God!” cried Cassie, falling backward onto the floor in surprise. “Your arm! It’s... rippling!”

Kat removed her finger from its surface, and her hand and arm ceased their odd motion. “It’s okay! Look!”

She held up her hand, wiggling her fingers to show Cassie that she was fine. “It just happens when you touch it...”

Cassie rose to her feet and touched her fingers to Kat’s hand, feeling her skin, as if to ensure that it was actually still normal. “That’s so weird,” she said in an awed voice. Kat felt her blush return as the attractive girl touched her, despite its innocuousness.

As she looked at the table with the idol, Cassie’s eyes noticed the comic book sitting next to it for the first time. She cocked her head as she gazed at the issue, seeming to recognize it.

“Is that yours?” she asked Kat.

Kat’s gaze followed Cassie’s to the table. As it landed on the gift that Cassie had given her so long ago, the girl shivered. “Yes, it’s mine.”

“Is that the comic I gave you in 7th grade?” Cassie questioned, her eyes leaving the comic to find Kat’s.

Kat nodded, feeling her heart rate climb with the admission.

“You kept it? All this time?” Cassie’s eyes searched Kat’s.

Kat nodded again, painfully aware of her burning cheeks.

Cassie gave Kat a cryptic smile, then picked up the comic and began to leaf through the pages. "I can't believe you kept this!"

It was the perfect moment for Kat to profess her feelings for Cassie. "I just..." As it came time to say the words that she knew she should, she found that she simply couldn't. She pivoted mid-sentence. "I like Supergirl!" she said with a sheepish smile.

Cassie's smile widened as she saw Kat's reaction, then turned her attention back to the glossy pages. She sighed. "Don't you ever wish you could be like her?"

"Like Supergirl?" asked Kat, seeming intrigued by Cassie's growing smile. "Confident, gorgeous, better than everyone else? Do whatever you want with no one able to stop you? Of course!"

"Do whatever you want... no one able to stop you..." Cassie repeated Kat's words, her eyes growing distant as she thought about the notion. "God, wouldn't that be nice. Maybe my dad would even want to see me then. Not to mention, I would be strong enough to stand up to the world and just tell them..."

Cassie started, suddenly seeming to remember she was with someone else. She left that final desire unspoken, Cassie's distant gaze snapped back to the petite Asian. It was full of uncertainty.

Kat's voice turned hesitant as well. She attempted to summon her courage, taking a step toward Cassie, closing the distance between them. She knew exactly what she *wanted* to tell Cassie. But she couldn't find enough courage to come out with the statement directly, so she settled for indirectness. "You kind of look like Supergirl, you know. Blonde. Fit. Beautiful."

"You really think so? I'm flattered." Cassie smiled, her shoulders relaxing slightly as she seemed to grow a bit more comfortable.

Kat's cheeks were absolutely burning now. She opened her mouth to say something else, but quickly closed it again. Cassie arched a thin brow.

"Kat, mind if I ask you something?"

Kat shook her head no.

"Are you attracted to me?"

There it was. The moment of truth that Kat had always wished for but never thought would actually arrive. The moment she had always cherished and dreaded in equal measure.

Her voice was breathy as she replied. "Yes."

Cassie set the Supergirl comic down, again wishing she were just like the powerful, gorgeous heroine. As she did, however, her elbow grazed the iridescent statuette. A ripple started at the elbow that was touching the strange figurine, then expanded until it reached the hand that had just released the Supergirl comic.

Cassie attempted to pull her arm away. It didn't move. She couldn't seem to pull away from the statuette! Her eyes darted back and forth between Kat and the statue. Her fingers didn't respond. She couldn't do that either! She seemed to be paralyzed from the neck down, at least for the moment.

A sultry feminine voice radiated from the idol, filling the room.

"I understand your desire. Choose your level."

"My desire? My level?" Cassie's voice was panicky as she shot a fearful glance toward Kat. "Do you know what the hell this is all about? I can't even move!"

Kat's brows furrowed and she grabbed Cassie's rippling arm with both hands, giving in a strong tug.

Nothing happened.

She pulled again, harder.

Nothing.

Setting her jaw, Kat pulled with all of her strength.

Still, Cassie's arm didn't move.

"Choose your level," the voice repeated.

"What fucking level?" Cassie said loudly, clearly frightened.

Kat glanced at the Supergirl comic. Could it be that the statuette had picked up on Cassie's desire to be like the Maid of Might?

"Maybe you should just say a number? Maybe it will let you go when you do?" Kat suggested, her surprise and curiosity beginning to give way to frustration. This statuette was interrupting her penultimate moment with Cassie!

"Okay! But what number should I pick?!"

"I don't know," Kat replied, thinking quickly. "Maybe it's talking about a percent? Maybe try 100?"

Cassie's eyes, previously darting between Kat and the idol, settled on Kat. "Okay."

Clearing her throat, Cassie said in a shaky voice. "100%"

Instantly, she regained control of her body, pulling away from the statuette. The soft glow around the object dissipated, but the rippling of her body didn't cease. In fact, it grew more pronounced.

"Oh my God, Kat! It's not stopping!" Cassie looked at her friend in alarm. She stared at her arm in horrified shock, her voice becoming more urgent. "I'm not touching it anymore, but it's not stopping!"

Kat's eyes began to widen as she stared at Cassie. "Y-your body! It's *changing!*"

Cassie looked down to see that the other girl's words were true. Her breasts were growing, expanding her thin red camisole outward. Hands shooting to cup her perky breasts, Cassie felt them become fuller by the second.

As her slender fingers brushed her sensitive nipples, they pulsed a wave of electric arousal through her.

"Ooooooh!" she gasped.

Then, a second, stronger wave of pleasure blasted through her lower body. She could feel her legs lengthening, her hips widening.

Next, the feeling surged through her arms. Cassie, her fright beginning to give way to excitement, looked at her arm. It was toning up, tightening with sleek, feminine muscle. She ran her hands down increasingly smooth legs. Cords of ultra-firm muscle were winding around and through them, filling them with power.

"Oh my God, Cassie! Your body is becoming... Holy shit!" Kat's voice held a note of wonder as she trailed off, staring, open-mouthed, at the object of her long-hidden desire.

Cassie didn't hear her, however, too lost in a haze of pleasure for the words to penetrate her consciousness.

The fabric of Cassie's top rose as it made an ever-longer journey out and over her enlarging breasts. The red material stretched tightly over their luscious slopes, their shape becoming truly spellbinding. The rising hem of the top bared more inches of Cassie's narrowing waist and taut, flat tummy. As the seconds continued and more of her sexy stomach became visible, exquisitely etched lines began to form around each of her abdominal muscles. As the seconds ticked by,

they became deeper, small bricks of densely packed muscle fiber emerging from a pool of flawless skin.

An awestruck Kat, drawn to Cassie's improving body like a moth to a flame, reached out and ran her fingers over the dense web of muscle that was the girl's increasingly cobbled stomach. It was smooth, chiseled, completely unyielding to the touch. It felt as if it were made of warm marble.

"Geez, Cass! You're *ripped!*" Kat breathed in a reverent tone.

Cassie's arms snaked around Kat, pulling the petite girl toward her. The young Asian gasped in surprise as Cassie's lips pressed into hers. Cassie seemed to be lost in the rapture of her transformation, eager for sensual attention from Katsuko.

Before Kat knew it, Cassie was all over her, her hands roaming the Asian girl's back, her lips sucking at Kat's hungrily. Kat tensed in shock, but internally chided herself. This was her moment! Quickly, she took advantage of the moment to do what she'd always dreamed of doing with her crush of so many years. Katsuko's small hands began to explore Cassie's toned, muscular back. The Asian girl's short, slender legs left the ground to wrap around Cassie's widening hips and deliciously sculpted ass as the two continued their frantic kissing.

Kat could feel the power inside Cassie's rapidly ascending body, searing into her, enflaming her long-bottled passions until they exploded within her. She trailed kisses down Cassie's neck as the blonde's luscious breasts strained her red top nearly to the breaking point.

A loud *RIIIIIIPPPPP* marked the moment when Cassie's perfect curves finally became too much for overtaxed material, no longer able to contain her impossibly firm, succulent flesh. As the ruined cloth fell away from her naked magnificence, Kat worked her mouth down the upper slopes of Cassie's gravity-defying breast until she arrived at the girl's nipple. Teasing it with her tongue, Kat ignited a chain of orgasms in Cassie's increasingly perfect body.

Kat held on for dear life as Cassie's magnificent form bucked with pleasure, the hard ridges and swells of the girl's power-engorged muscles tensing and clenching as they filled with superhuman might. Finally, however, it was too much, and the powerful thrust of Cassie's immensely strong hips flung the young Asian woman across the room.

Kat crashed into the shelves in Mr. Johnson's office, sending books and artifacts flying. Dizzy, she looked up to find Cassie floating in the center of the room, her back arched, perfect, naked breasts pointed toward the sky as she shuddered in a final flurry of climaxes.

The stunning, hyperfit girl looked every bit a supergirl. Her physique was that of a fitness model, though with more definition in her sculpted arms, legs, and torso than Kat had ever seen on even the leanest, most athletic models. Her chiseled body seemed incongruous with the full, dome-like breasts that crowned her chest, but the combination worked to give her a profile that

was as seductive as it was powerful. Smooth, hard sinew flowed down her lush, voluptuous body, creating a sensual appeal that radiated both sex appeal and power.

Cassie's face had improved as well. Her eyebrows had thinned and risen. Under fluttering, half-lowered eyelashes, Kat could see that her crystal blue eyes had grown large, expressive, and luminous, effortlessly hypnotic as they drew Kat's riveted gaze in like a vortex. Cassie's lips, still moist from Kat's kisses, were much fuller and flushed a dark pink.

Cassie was Supergirl, Kat realized, as the fact that the girl was floating in midair finally sunk in. But in the flesh, the strong, breathtakingly gorgeous girl looked so much sexier than a drawing ever could.

Kat felt her aroused, quivering body give in to its desire, and she climaxed herself, unable to tear her gaze away from the paragon of feminine power before her.

Cassie began to relax, catching her breath as she recovered from the incredible outburst of orgasmic ecstasy. She ran her fingers over the carved relief of her stomach, the cables of superhumanly powerful muscle fiber that ran the length of her thighs, and shuddered as her arousal surged anew. Good Lord, her body felt absolutely amazing!

Cassie looked around, spotting a mirror in the corner of the room. She floated over to it and gasped. She was absolutely gorgeous, a true supergirl in the flesh. Let's see Mr. Johnson ignore her now!

Hearing a soft moan, the new supergirl cast a sidelong glance at her Asian friend sprawled out against a row of broken shelves. Cassie gasped. Had *she* done that to Katsuko? With barely a thought, Cassie suddenly found herself closing the gap in a fraction of a second, the gust from her sudden deceleration causing her eyes to widen at the amazing realization.

She had super speed!

Looking down with concern at her friend, Cassie's worry quickly faded. She smiled sheepishly as she saw Kat wasn't moaning in pain. The girl was spasming with pleasure, most undoubtedly from the recent upgrade in her physical appearance. Cassie giggled as she glanced around marveling at the collateral damage unwittingly caused by her.

As evidenced by her super speed, however, the sexy blonde juggernaut knew that more than just her appearance had improved. These strong-looking, absurdly firm muscles weren't just beautiful to behold. Pulling back her right arm, she curled her fingers into a fist. Her hand flashed forward, fist blasting through the cinder block wall next to the mirror as if it were made of styrofoam.

She had super strength!

Delighted, Cassie twirled. As she did so, she realized something that hadn't fully sunk in until then. She looked down to see that her feet, still clad in red ballet flats, remained two feet above the ground.

She could *fly*!

Cassie swept through the office, testing her new ability like a young bird bobbing through the air on its maiden voyage. She reached out her fingers to snag the small pile of red fabric that used to be her camisole, and tied its straps together again as she came to a halt. She looped the torn top over her head, where it fell over her breasts sufficiently to give her the tiniest smidgeon of modesty, though it left her entire back and most of her stomach completely uncovered. She smoothed the folds of her skater skirt over her upper thighs. It was scandalously short now, on these long legs of hers, but not *too* scandalous. Not that that mattered much anymore, anyway. If she truly did have 100% of Supergirl's fabled powers, she could do exactly as she had imagined moments before: anything she wanted!

Heart leaping with the realization, in a sudden enthusiastic burst of energy, Cassie rocketed upward at full speed. Her silky blonde head smashing through the metal and concrete infrastructure of the school building's roof as if it were made of crepe paper, she blasted into the sky. As she emerged from the punctured building, her golden tresses caught the afternoon sun, glowing like the iridescent halo of the nascent goddess she now was. She soared high into the sky, twirling as she went, sending her skirt spinning around an impossibly shapely ass and long, lean thighs.

"This is so fucking amazing!" she cried as she slowed to a bobbing hover, high above the clouds.

She now knew she was invulnerable, the fact evidenced by the lack of effect the metal and concrete of the school building had had on her as she crashed through it. She could fly, that much was certain. From how she'd bucked Katsuko across the room and put her fist through a cinderblock wall, she also knew she was superhumanly strong. From the nearly instantaneous trip to Katsuko's side to check on her, she was sure that she had super-speed as well.

She had truly become a supergirl! Her lifelong dream had come true.

Her beautiful smile widening, Cassie rotated in the sky, then launched herself downward, eager to test out her other powers.

As she soared above the neighborhood next to the school, she listened intently, realizing she could pick up conversations from any of the houses beneath her. She could focus on any one of them and hear everything with crystal clarity, as if she were standing in the room herself!

She focused harder on the house right beneath her with her eyes. The walls seemed to fall away, leaving the person inside visible to her naked eyes.

Wait! Was that?

It couldn't be!

But it WAS!

Mr. Johnson stood inside the kitchen of the house below, cooking dinner.

Cassie laughed in delight, spinning as she swooped upward in a giant loop, then streaked downward like a missile, through the roof of his house. In a cacophony of crackles and snaps, Cassie burst through the ceiling, performed a graceful airborne somersault, and landed on Mr. Johnson's kitchen floor atop two foot-sized impressions of shattered tile.

Mr. Johnson dropped his spoon on the floor, staring wide-eyed at the magnificent specimen of the female form that suddenly stood before him.

"Hi, Mr. Johnson!"

The man simply continued to stare, ogling amazing curves and sexy muscles that hardened into iron relief, showing unbelievable definition with even the slightest movement.

"Whatchya making?" she asked with a mischievous wink, sticking her index finger into the boiling liquid on the stove, then sliding it between her plump lips.

Cassie's eyes sparkled as she smacked her lips. "Tasty!" she said, turning her gaze back to Mr. Johnson's starstruck eyes. "I never knew you were such a good cook!"

"But let me show you some *real* cooking," she continued with a coy smile.

Turning her eyes toward the chicken breast on the counter, she let loose a searing burst of heat vision. It burned two holes right through the meat, sizzling the counter underneath to emit the wispy, carbon scent of charred particle board.

"Oops!" Cassie said with wide eyes. "Overdid it a little..."

She tried it again, this time with a softer, barely visible red glow from her eyes which baked the chicken where it lay on the counter. She flashed over to it, pinching one breast with her slim fingers, then pulling off a strip of chicken. She zipped back to her previous position before Mr. Johnson had even realized she had moved.

"H-how d-did you...?" Mr. Johnson asked, his head turning from the chicken to Cassie and back.

“It’s okay, Mr. Johnson,” said Cassie with a knowing smirk. “It’s just that I’m more amazing than you could possibly imagine now.”

She cocked her hip, placing a hand on it in a confident pose. Amused, she watched Mr. Johnson’s eyes travel her sultry curves with the motion. She giggled. “Maybe even amazing enough to get something a little bit better than a freaking D+!”

“I mean, seriously! Zero points on the essay question? *Zero?! Maybe I should show you exactly what I think of that!*” Her eyes glowed briefly red, and Mr. Johnson cowered, stumbling backward.

But she didn’t unleash her laser vision, despite taking pleasure in his cowardly reaction. Instead, she raised a finger to her chin in thought.

“So I was thinking. Maybe you could make it up to me. I don’t think I’m going to have time to do that extra credit you were talking about. So I’m going to have to take you to my house, and you can just do it for me!”

“W-what? I’m not going anywhere, young lady! And I’m certainly not going to help you *cheat* on your schoolwork!” The suggestion of academic impropriety seemed to jerk Mr. Johnson back into control of himself.

Cassie frowned. This man would do what she wanted whether he liked it or not. She was a *supergirl* now!

Pulling an empty frying pan from the burner of the stove, she squeezed the iron between her fingers, superheating the metal into a viscous liquid as she worked it in her hands. Reforming it into a cylindrical shape, she twirled it like a rope between her hands. Faster than thought, she wove it around and between Mr. Johnson’s wrists, the hot metal searing his cotton sleeves.

“Ouch!” he cried as the cooling metal blistered his skin slightly through the cloth of his shirt.

“Oh quit being such a baby,” Cassie laughed. “Now hold on…”

Cassie wrapped an arm around the tall man’s waist and lifted off, casually waving an arm to shatter the glass of the window before she tugged the teacher through it. She soared through the air, looking down to see the skin of Mr. Johnson’s face rippling in the strong wind as they flew at commercial airliner velocities. He looked too surprised—and too frightened—to speak. That was just as well, though. She didn’t really have anything more to say to the man for the moment.

In seconds, they arrived at Cassie’s house. She turned slightly as they reached it, shouldering her way into the wall of her mother’s second-floor bedroom. Her mother, lying on the bed,

watching television, shot out of bed in surprise as Cassie landed. The young blonde tossed Mr. Johnson to the bed where the older woman had just been lounging.

“Cassie? What on earth...?!” began her mother, wide, questioning eyes turning toward the teacher her daughter had brought with her. “Who *is* this?”

“Relax, mom. You were telling me this morning that I never brought boys home, right? Well, voila...” Cassie extended both of her hands toward her teacher as if she were presenting a new car as a prize for a contest. “Mr. Johnson here is going to do my extra credit work for me today! Isn’t that just so nice of him?”

Her mother simply stared at her, blinking. She seemed to be noticing that her daughter had grown taller, significantly curvier, and far fitter. Cassie wasn’t sure whether the woman had even heard a word she’d just said.

Cassie smiled innocently, fluttering her eyelashes at her mother, as the older woman’s brain attempted to figure out which of the surprises she’d just had to process first. Her daughter had just flown through a second story wall of their house, looked like some sort of überfit supermodel, and had just tossed her bound—and rather attractive—teacher on her bed.

“If your father were here, what do you think he’d say about this?” gasped the woman, resorting to her usual comment in her current state of mental disarray.

“My father? Hmm... good question” mused a mischievously smiling Cassie. “Maybe we should find out!” she snickered.

She flexed her superhumanly powerful legs and rocketed upward, sending a rain of wood splinters, plaster, and other detritus pouring over her flabbergasted mother. Cassie poured on the speed this time, reveling in the feel of the supersonic air washing over her luscious body. Her cheeks should feel cold, being blasted, as they were, by air at speeds measuring in the thousands of miles per hour. But they didn’t. She felt as comfortable as she did standing in the afternoon sun. The exhilarating journey didn’t last long, however. She reached the military base where her father worked in a fraction of a second.

Landing outside the gate, she flashed the guard a dazzling smile.

Kat blinked away the dizziness as Cassie blasted through the roof. How had all of this happened? What was that statuette?! How had it given Cassie what she’d always desired? Kat rose unsteadily to her feet and made her way to the sculpture, which was no longer glowing. She reached out, curling her fingers around the voluptuous figure, turning her eyes to the cover of the comic on the table as she imagined what Cassie had just received for herself. She certainly wouldn’t mind turning into a supergirl herself!

The idol began to glow once more.

Katsuko froze, finding herself unable to move, just as Cassie had moments before.

“I understand your desire. Choose your level,” came the familiar phrase.

Katsuko thought about that question for a moment. Slowly, a smile crept across her face. She had found a different answer. One that would make her father proud. She didn't know whether it was possible, but how could she not try it?

“I-I-Infinity,” Kat whispered nervously.

It was possible.

She felt it instantly. A warm energy filling her from the inside out.

She had seen what had happened to Cassie when she had said 100%. What would happen to *her*? She didn't know the answer, but, casting a curious eye to the comic again, she was excited to find out.

A shudder rolled through Kat's body as it began to expand.

“Oh my *God*,” Kat said breathily to no one but herself. “This feels soooo good.”

Her hands dropped to her hips, which were expanding outward. Feeling its increasingly dramatic outward slope with nascent arousal, she pulled the hand around to her backside, feeling it swell from within with firm, dense muscle. The denim fabric of her tight jeans began to creak, then the seams along each leg began to burst, snapping initially, then ripping apart to expose smooth, unblemished flesh.

“Unnnnnngggghhh” Kat groaned, feeling a rising heat radiating from her womb. Her libido was gaining strength, just as her body was. The floor seemed to grow farther away as her legs gained shapely, sexy inches, becoming longer and far, far stronger.

The last of their fabric pulled apart, the tattered remains of her pants fell around her ankles with a soft thump.

Kat slid her right hand over her bare upper thigh, feeling cables of rock-hard muscle fiber weaving under skin that was now as smooth as silk. Her left rose beneath the hem of her top, feeling her tighter, tauter stomach as her waist drew inward. The strange sculpture was redrawing the lines of her body into hyperfit, ultra-curvy perfection.

Kat moaned, squirming with ecstasy. It was almost too much. But at the same time, it wasn't nearly enough. "More..." she breathlessly commanded.

The idol granted her vocalized desire. The clasp of her bra pulled apart, yielding to the firm globes that were straining the front of her t-shirt and the rising ridges of muscle that now lined her back.

Her shoulders rounded into softballs of muscle, her triceps hardened into defined ridges, and her feminine biceps swelled slightly larger as her muscles filled with unbelievable levels of power.

Katsuko curled the fingers of both hands into fists as wave after wave of power crashed into her perfect body. Her toes soon did the same as a massive climax began to rock her writhing, superhuman body.

She screamed as rapture roared through her. Every window in the school shattered outward from the power of her voice alone.

Cassie walked confidently forward, winking at the guards at each side of the barred entrance. She grabbed the metal gate with both hands, enjoying the feel of metal crinkling beneath her slender fingers. She jerked her hands up, and the gate flew high into the sky.

The two guards exchanged an astonished look, then reached for their rifles.

"Stop! You're not authorized to enter the base!" one of them shouted.

"It's okay. My daddy works here," Cassie said with a shrug, then continued forward.

"STOP!!!" the guard insisted. "Or we'll be forced to shoot you!"

"This should be fun," said Cassie, under her breath, confident in her new powers as she continued to approach the base.

BLAM

Cassie felt a soft tap against the bare, steel-hard skin of her back. The sound of a small puff of dirt told her that the slug had done no damage to her superhuman physique, simply bouncing off.

BLAM *BLAM*

Two more bullets proved equally useless as they struck her body, flattened, and fell to the earth. Cassie simply grinned and continued to walk forward.

Then bullets rained on her from the back, putting a number of holes in her skirt as they ricocheted off her divine ass, flying in all directions. When the shooting stopped, the two guards having emptied their clips, Cassie heard an alarm sound across the base. Cassie smiled as claxons roared to life around her, their accompanying red sirens flashing with urgency.

Then a streaking missile, moving so quickly that it was difficult for even Cassie to follow, blasted into the ground before her, causing the dusty ground to explode into the air in a massive billow of smoke and displaced earth.

Cassie paused, placed her hands on her rounded, well-muscled hips, and blew. The super-puff swept the cloud of dust away instantly, leaving a six-foot tall, well-muscled, yet heartbreakingly voluptuous bikini-clad Asian goddess in its wake.

The girl's body was every bit the equal of Cassie's own.

As Cassie gaped at the girl's gorgeous features, staring into her huge, luminous brown eyes, she realized who it was. Who it *had* to be.

"Kat!" she squealed in excitement.

"That's me!" the girl said, flashing a devastatingly sexy smile.

"The statue?"

Katusko nodded, desire in her eyes as her gaze never left Cassie's until a bullet struck her, pulling her from her single-minded focus on the magnificent blonde before her. Expression momentarily shocked, she looked down, reaching a hand to rub the perfect brick of abdominal muscle that the bullet had struck.

Cassie grinned. "That's right. We're bulletproof. Pretty much invincible, actually," said Cassie matter-of-factly as her hand suddenly flashed out at lightning speed, plucking a stray bullet from the air in mid-flight. She opened her palm to show her friend the flattened slug. Katsuko looked at her, excitement dancing in her eyes. She giggled as more bullets began to fly, impacting the perfect skin of each impossibly sexy girl like hail bouncing off of a concrete sidewalk.

Cassie, now accustomed to the gentle, sideways-driving rain of lead, strode up to Kat, who was still coming to terms with the fact that she was bulletproof.

As the insanely fit, curvaceous blonde walked, she quelled the nervous butterflies in her stomach. She liked girls. So what? So did Katsuko! It's not like anyone could stop them from doing whatever they pleased!

And Kat was beyond gorgeous now. A fitting match for the world's only other supergirl. It was meant to be! And she was done playing by the rules she'd always been trying to live her life by. She had known Kat her entire childhood. The recent revelation that her years-long friend was gay? Her beyond-Supergirl empowerment? Her goddess-like physique? It was too much to resist. Kat was perfect for her. This was meant to be.

Cassie reached her friend, emotion overpowering the last of her dissipating reservations. She planted a passionate kiss on the young Asian's lips.

Katsuko smiled as Cassie's tongue slipped between her lips. It was a dream come true. Her forever-crush, already sexy body improved to superhuman levels, had just kissed her.

It wasn't just her dream come true, she realized. It was even better.

As Cassie's hands began to roam the young Asian's perfect body, Kat responded in kind. The gorgeous brunette was all over her better-than-fantasy lover with unbelievable passion.

"Easy there, girl!" Katsuko breathed as Cassie's body undulated against her own.

"Easy?!" Cassie panted. "I've been taking it easy on my actual feelings my entire life! I'll be damned if anything is going to hold me back anymore! I mean, you like me. I like you. Not to mention, you're like the hottest woman alive!" She began to kiss Katsuko's neck with renewed urgency.

"Look who's talking?" said Kat, her voice becoming husky as she ran her fingers over Cassie's incredible hips to the steely obliques that lined her narrow waist.

As another round of gunfire erupted, now from several other directions, Kat arched an eyebrow. "Think I should do something about these annoying guards?"

Cassie pulled away from her friend's body, breathless. "What did you have in mind?" she panted.

Katsuko merely smiled. She stepped back from Cassie, adopting a wide stance, arms raised to each side. "Double my power!" she commanded, the words echoing across the compound.

Her head rolled back as she finished the statement, every elegant muscle in her magnificently feminine body erupting into absurdly defined striations. Her perfect physique quivered as her strength doubled Cassie's in an instant, making her a super-Kryptonian.

Kat's chin lowered slowly, long eyelashes fluttering open as she smiled broadly. "God, that feels good," she purred, Cassie staring at her insanely powerful body in silent awe.

As another hail of bullets began to strike the two girls, Katsuko seemed to fade partially from view, her limbs and body a blur of movement. She slapped each bullet that came in over the next millisecond back to its source with perfect precision. It was as if time had stilled for her, the movement of each projectile so slow as to be almost still. Well, until *she* struck them back to their origin, anyway. When she did that, they were moving awfully fast—even to her!

The gunfire abruptly ceased as the barrel of each soldier's gun was shredded by the hypersonic return of the projectile each had just issued, flying out of their grasp to skitter across the ground a few dozen yards.

Kat laughed as each of the disarmed soldiers shook their hands in pain from the brief but violent friction against the surface of their guns.

As she readied herself for another Cassie makeout session, however, she heard the incoming rumble of an engine and squeak of metallic treads rolling toward them.

BOOM!!!

The harsh sound of a mammoth tank shell belching out of a monstrous barrel rolled across the open yard outside the barracks.

Cassie's world exploded in an inferno of concussive force. She could feel the searing force of the explosion tearing away her remaining clothing, but it didn't hurt in the slightest. It didn't succeed in so much as knocking her back a step.

As the crimson cloud around her dissipated, she caught the concerned expression on Kat's face.

"Don't worry, Kat! It felt kinda good..." she winked at the Asian bombshell, breathing in an acidic lungful of sulfurous air with nary a deleterious effect, then leapt in the sky. She hurtled herself toward the tank as it fired another explosive round. Twisting in the air to bring her hip around, she fired her foot forward, feeling it connect with the hypersonic shell, sending it back toward the tank as it exploded in a sphere of orange and red fire.

The flames washed over the surface of the vehicle as it rolled forward, Cassie smirking with satisfaction at her impromptu, soccer-inspired method of return fire. But the turret was soon in motion again, swiveling until it locked onto Cassie and flashed once again. This time, the shell didn't explode on impact. The large, heavy slug crunched into Cassie's abs of steel, then bounced away, crashing into the hard-packed dirt to create a yard-deep hole in the earth.

Depleted uranium? Was that what this latest shell had been made of? Though it hadn't done anything to her, it had hit her with far more force than anything else she'd experienced to this point. Cassie smiled, remembering her father's description of this sort of ammunition from her childhood. Apparently, they thought they could pierce her "armored" stomach with these!

No such luck. Not for them, anyway.

She reached into the ground, puncturing the hardened earth with ease to retrieve the deformed hunk of heavy metal. Winding up like a baseball pitcher, she threw the shell toward the tank's turret with all her might. It hit the thick steel with a loud clank, its velocity carrying it straight through the upper part of the tank to leave an apple-sized hole that she could see through.

Laughing, delighted at the notion that her sexy stomach was more impenetrable than the armor of a tank, Cassie resumed her rapid approach to close the remaining distance between herself and the rumbling vehicle. Cassie slammed into the 70-ton tank with both hands held in front of her, stopping its momentum instantly and sending its front hard into the ground with a spray of dirt. The treads kept rolling with a pained-sounding groan as the front half dug into the ground and the back half lifted into the air. But the vehicle could no longer move, held in place like a fly in amber by the luscious blonde standing before it with outstretched arms.

Cassie curled her fingers forward, digging them into the hardened steel with ease, enjoying the feel of the softening iron as it gave way to her impossible strength. The metal whined as it heated, beginning to flow between each slender digit of her hand. Once she had pushed several inches into the thick steel and had a good grip on the massively heavy armored vehicle, she lifted it up until it rose, on end, above her head. Then she slammed it straight downward with incredible force, planting its long barrel and forward-leaning front deeply into the ground. She felt the power of the impact under her feet as it shook the entire base.

The tank's straining trends finally ground to a halt, no longer able to move, so deeply were they embedded into the hard ground. Cassie dusted off her hands before the half-buried tank, then turned to Kat, who began to clap slowly.

"I am sooo hot for you right now," called Kat, from her position several hundred yards away, rising into the air as she moistened her lips.

A whistling fizz streaked through the air, striking Katsuko in the chest in an explosion that made that of the tank shell look miniscule. Again, however, Kat emerged from the massive inferno with a smile on her exquisite face.

Cassie, breathing out a sigh of relief, swiveled her head around, looking for the source of the sound until she found it.

Three massive gunships flew through the air toward them. Another missile ignited under one of them as she watched it approach, flaring red as it blasted forward.

Before Cassie could do anything about the new threat, however, Katsuko was standing next to the half-buried tank, now just an arms length away. She pulled it from the earth as if it were a lawn dart, and flung it into the sky with incredible speed, sending it directly into one of the three

massive helicopters. It struck with such force that the mangled ball of military grade steel once comprising two different vehicles was still rising in trajectory as it sailed over the horizon.

Cassie turned to Kat, her jaw dropping. “Are you kidding? Now *that* was seriously hot!”

Kat smiled, luminescent brown eyes twinkling.

But the other gunships swerved to the side, avoiding the shower of shattered steel. They swung around, having successfully avoided the airborne collision to come in for a strafing pass, 50-caliber machine guns blazing.

Cassie was in the sky, rocketing toward the helicopter before the shots ever reached them. She ripped through the blades atop the gunship, then came to an instant stop. She let each metal rod swing around, slicing through the air, to smash harmlessly into her indestructible breasts. In fact, each successive blow of rapidly spinning metal sent pulses of electric sensation rippling through her sensitive flesh.

Cassie shivered, turned on by the contact—as well as the fact that her body was impervious to even the thundering force of these war machines.

The gunship shuddered as it was stripped of every one of its blades by the nubile supergirl, then it began to drop. Cassie reached out a long, smooth leg, catching an errant loop of cable with her toes, then lowered the vehicle to the ground. The pilot and gunners inside scurried away, grateful to escape with their lives.

Kat met her in the air, squeezing Cassie tightly against her impossibly firm body before the hyperfit, super-sexy blonde knew what hit her.

“Double my power!” Katsuko moaned in a throaty voice between kisses.

Cassie could feel the nubile girl in her arms shudder as her strength doubled again. *Good God!* thought Cassie *How was she doing this? This girl now had the unthinkable power of FOUR Kryptonians flowing through her veins?*

The thought alone sent waves of desire washing over Cassie’s tingling body. She reached down to find the smooth interior surface of Katusko’s sexy thighs slick with moisture.

“Double my power!” Katsuko whispered, her voice a sultry purr as she could sense the affect her immense power was having on Cassie.

The strength of four more supergirls roared through her magnificent body, eliciting a raspy cry of unbelievable pleasure from Kat’s perfect lips.

"It's so much..." Kat whispered into Cassie's ear as she clutched the girl in a painfully tight embrace, her muscles convulsing with levels of power that even her comics had never dared envision. Her sculpted, insanely defined muscles quivered into rippling swells of impossibly dense power.

Cassie sucked at Kat's neck, nipping it with her teeth before realizing that she could do so much more. She bit down hard on the skin of her lover, feeling like a naughty vampiress, but knowing that she could do her ultra-powerful partner no harm.

At that moment, the two distracted girls felt a dozen missiles strike them in immediate succession. The heat from the massive fireball that erupted around the gorgeous lovers felt wonderful. Releasing her hold on Cassie, Kat used her super-senses to zoom in on the four approaching planes.

She was instantly there, between them, her speed such that even Cassie couldn't follow her movements.

Kat grabbed one plane, swung it around, first in one direction, then the other, disabling two more of the planes before they could pass her, even with hypersonic speed. Kat released her weapon of choice, and it joined the others in freefall toward the ground, their pilots barely able to eject before they landed next to the base.

Cassie, meanwhile, tracked down the fourth plane, reaching underneath it to get a solid grip on the landing gear. She swung the jet around and sent it nose-first into the ground like an oversized dart.

"Double my power!" cried Katsuko as she floated toward Cassie.

Cassie swallowed hard as Katsuko's body clenched and shivered in another rapturous influx of beyond-immense power.

"Did you just come here to have fun with the little army guys?" Kat asked as her body relaxed, its power seeming to radiate in a golden aura from her flawless skin.

"Actually, Cassie rasped, her voice going hoarse with desire for the Asian goddess before her as she neared. "I came here to visit my dad."

"Oh yeah," Kat said, her eyes softening and growing glassy. "I forgot that you're a military brat too. Does your dad constantly tell you how you're never good enough for him like mine does?"

"No," replied Cassie, eyes dropping to the distant ground below. "That might actually be an improvement. Mine doesn't tell me anything at all. He never even comes by to see me anymore. I'm lucky if I get a birthday card once a year."

Kat floated over to Cassie. She curled a finger under the gorgeous blonde's chin and tilted her face upward until the girl's searching eyes met her own. "Cassie, any parent should be so proud of you, want to be with you. You've always been so vibrant and gorgeous. So full of life."

"The thought of being with you someday always gave me hope..." Kat continued, voice cracking with emotion on the last word. She paused for a moment before her lips bent into a trembling half-smile. "And that was *before* all of this..." She motioned toward the other girl's perfect body.

Tears began to well in Cassie's eyes even as she let out an emotion-filled half-laugh at her friend's final statement and its accompanying sweep of the hand.

"I've always admired you, you know. Always wanted you," Kat finished, her dark, expressive eyes imploring.

Tears began to roll down Cassie's cheeks.

"Why did we ever drift apart, Kat?" Cassie reached out a hand to cup Kat's sculpted cheek. "I've felt so alone these last few years. I've been afraid to tell anyone about what I felt. I have friends, sure. Lots of them. But my friends feel like a cage. Their expectations, their talk about guys... I always acted like I fit in. But I never did."

Cassie leaned in, feeling the points of her breasts touch the iron softness of Kat's. "But being with you is different. You make me feel... proud of who I am."

Cassie trailed light kisses the length of Kat's high, pronounced cheekbone before whispering into her ear. "You set me free."

Cassie enveloped Kat's earlobe in her soft lips, sensually licking her sensitive flesh.

She felt the ultra-powerful Asian squirm against her until her strong hands pushed her gently, far enough for her ear to come out from between Cassie's teeth.

"Cassie," Kat said, her eyes electric as they connected with the blonde's.

"Shut up, Kat! Those lips of yours are far too sexy to waste them on words. Less talk. More kisses," said Cassie, lunging in for another kiss before the sexy Asian could keep her at bay. She flew the girl downward at breathtaking speed until the indestructible girl slammed, back first, into an armored personnel carrier. It's roof caved in, molding to the shape of Kat's divine form as girls lost themselves in a passionate flurry of kisses.

Cassie heard the whistle of another missile tearing through the sky toward them. "Oh for fuck's sake!" she growled in frustration. She turned and let loose a torrent of white-hot fire from her eyes.

As the twin beams of super-heated fire struck its nose, the steel housing the warhead began to glow. The missile's tip melted under Cassie's searing gaze with a gurgling sizzle, drops of molten, liquid metal falling away as the missile rocketed closer. Finally, it exploded spectacularly over the base, sending one corner of the building twisting away to crumbling to the ground. Countless windows erupted glass from the power of the blast.

Kat, looking pleased with the destruction Cassie had wrought, reached around behind her and pulled a steel plate from the side of the vehicle where they lay. Blasting it into eight small triangles with thin rods of metal between them, she smirked in satisfaction as she examined their smoldering, red-hot edges. Grabbing two pairs of triangles, she tossed them to Cassie.

"Um, what's this for?" Cassie asked, turning the two sets of thick metal plates in her fingers.

"Clothes," said Kat simply, then illustrated the point by bending the rods around her and situating the armored plating over each breast, pressing each triangle downward, until each corner molded to her voluptuous swells. She did the same with the bottoms.

Cassie gave a lilting giggle, then proceeded to do the same. As she finished, however, her brows furrowed. "But explain to me *why* we want our clothes on right now?"

Kat grinned evilly, not answering her question. "Come on..." she said, grabbing the ultra-fit blonde by the hand and pulling her through the air behind her. "It's time for us to settle our daddy issues."

Katsuko used her x-ray vision to zoom into the records room on the base, scanning through the files, faster than thought, until she discovered the locations of both Cassie's and her own father...

...and then they were there, Cassie stumbling, leaving even her superhuman, invulnerable Kryptonian head spinning.

"God, you are fast!" Cassie said, pressing a hand to the wall to steady herself as Katsuko knocked on the door in the office building on the far side of the base.

"Can't you tell that we're in the middle of some kind of..." came a voice from inside, but Kat pushed the door open anyway. The blond, clean-cut man inside turned to face them, his eyes bulging as they ran across his daughter's luscious, beautifully muscled form—and hopelessly inadequate clothing.

"...crisis?" he finished, more mouthing the words than actually speaking by that point.

"Hi, Dad," said Cassie, straightening to her full six-foot height, the equal of her father's.

He straightened as well, stumbling unsteadily as his eyes gazed into hers with a thousand questions.

She wasn't about to answer *his* questions right now, however. It was time for him to answer *hers*. Zipping forward in the blink of an eye, she pressed her finger into the center of his chest, knocking him off balance to fall into his less-than-comfortable government-issued seat with a loud, springy squawk.

"Why did you leave mom and me?" she demanded, not mincing words. She lorded above her wide-eyed father, his limbs draped over both arms of the chair as he gazed upward into her angry eyes.

"I didn't leave *you*, Cassie. I left your *mother!*"

"Is that *why* you never come see me? I think you made it to my fourteenth birthday. That was *four years ago*." Cassie rose a few inches from the ground, which, combined with her intense eyes and golden tresses to give her the appearance of some sort of angel of vengeance. "FOUR. YEARS!"

"Well, it's just uncomfortable. You've got to understand, your mother and I..."

Cassie, blue eyes trembling with emotion, slammed a fist down on his desk, shattering its frame and sending its center to the floor. Everything adorning the desk slid down the twin faces of its new v-shape.

"NO! *You've* got to understand! Why do you think I came here! Why do you think I'm doing all this?!" She gestured toward the destruction outside. "Why do you think I've always wanted to be powerful? To be strong? To be Supergirl?"

Tears began to stream down her cheeks for the second time in the past fifteen minutes.

"Because I thought if I were stronger than your precious fucking army, you'd *have* to pay attention to me!"

She whirled, leaving her father, stunned by her super-powered vehemence, gaping at her back.

"Let's go," said Cassie, placing a hand on Katsuko's shoulder.

Kat put a hand over Cassie's in a supportive gesture. Cassie trembled under her friend's touch, reminded once more how lucky she felt to have rekindled their friendship on this strangest of days. Then, she felt her heart flutter as she realized how much deeper she wanted their connection to be.

"You sure that's all you needed to say?" Kat asked her. "That that's all you needed from him?"

Cassie turned back, eyeing the limp, deflated-looking figure whom she used to idolize. Her gaze returned to Kat's eyes. "Yeah. I'm sure."

The two began to walk away from the man's office, down the hall.

"Time to pay a visit to *your* dad then?" Cassie asked, removing her hand from Kat's shoulder and kissing the raven-haired girl's fingers.

She watched Katsuko's jaw muscles tighten with resolve, the formerly timid girl she'd been making a momentary appearance before the goddess-like girl returned. Kat turned to her, fire in her eyes, and nodded solemnly.

"Double my power," Kat murmured a second later, the walls of the hallway seeming to bow outward as the young Asian sucked in a sharp breath and stopped. Her eyes squeezed shut, the influx of sixteen more Supergirls' worth of power too great a sensation for even Katsuko to take in stride.

Finally, after a quivering moment, Kat's eyes opened slowly. Cassie could *feel* the power of those impossibly hard muscles now, dripping more excess power from their magnificent swells than even *she* had in her entire body.

"Jesus, Kat! What number did you give to that statue thing?"

Kat shrugged, then a broad smile burst out over her luscious lips. "Infinity."

It was Cassie's turn to stop. "Infinity?" she echoed as a question, incredulous.

Kat nodded, still smiling, the spellbinding curl of her lips turning a bit predatory.

"So you're like one of those girls who's never satisfied with anything then?" Her stomach twisted as her mind made the sudden connection to their own nascent relationship. "Oh, God! I hope I'm good enough! I mean... I've never been with a girl... And you're so powerful, so far beyond me now, and..."

Cassie's suddenly flustered eyes dropped to her own body, feelings of sexual inadequacy bubbling into her consciousness, as absurd as such feelings should be for a supergirl. Her lack of experience, coupled with Kat's at-will surges of strength gave rise to a wave of insecurity.

But Kat seemed to read the young blonde's thoughts. "You're more than good enough, Cassie. I've never been with anyone either. But the only person I've always wanted—the only person I've *ever* wanted—is you."

She leaned in for another dizzying kiss, leaving the gorgeous blonde breathless by the time their lips parted.

“Okay, so how about you lay off the whole power doubling thing for a little bit then, you know?” Cassie said breathily. “A supergirl can’t be *completely* outclassed, you know.”

She tugged at Katsuko’s arm, unable to budge it even an inch.

Kat winked. “Um, it might be a teensy bit late for that. But I promise. No more doubling my power.”

Cassie made an exaggerated pout with her lips, stuck out her tongue, and punched Kat’s arm. As it struck, she grimaced slightly, then rubbed her knuckles. “Okay, so remind me not to pick a fight with you! I’ve met tanks that were softer.”

Cassie grinned. “Like, literally!”

The two young women stopped before another heavy door. Kat swallowed hard, then stepped forward to knock.

Before she could, the door practically flew open, Katsuko’s father wearing a helmet and body armor, slinging a rifle over his shoulders. He rushed out the door, his upper chest striking his daughter’s full breasts as if they were a brick wall. As the man fell backward, a small hand shot out to grab him by the armor and prevent him from falling.

“Hi, Dad.”

The man’s puzzled eyes rose to meet Katsuko’s.

She smiled wryly. “Well, Dad, you always wanted me to be better than everyone else, so...”

She pulled him back into a standing position as if he were completely weightless, then floated into the air, twirling in a 360-degree pirouette.

“...now I am!”

Her father stood before her, awestruck and trembling. It was a view of her father that Kat had never seen before. He looked so small, so insignificant, as he stood beneath her, both figuratively and in terms of physical ability.

“So you’re the one who is doing all of this?” He clearly meant the destruction at the base, Kat decided. “You need to stop!”

Kat frowned. “I’m not the one doing all this, dad! I just came to see you! But it’s so like you to be concerned about everyone *other* than me.”

“But I’m better than anyone at school now. Better than everyone at this base.” Kat’s eyes became glassy with emotion as she choked up a bit on the last few words.

The man staggered backward. “Katsuko?! What have you done?”

Kat dropped to the floor once more, stepping forward as her expression turned angry. “I’ve done exactly as you’ve always wanted, haven’t I?”

“Gotten better than *everyone!*” She jabbed a finger into his nose, stabbing punctuation with every word. “Way, way, way better than *you!*”

Cassie lay her hand on Kat’s arm, giving her an imploring look. “Come on, Kat. Time to go.”

Katsuko nodded, lowering her raised hand and turning her back on her father.

“Kay then,” said Cassie, after Kat had taken a few deep breaths as they began to walk down the hall. The beautiful blonde turned her gaze toward the window, where a dozen more black fighter jets approached in formation, low on the horizon. “Ready to go tear some more shit up?”

Kat wiped away a lone tear that had gathered at the edge of her eyelashes, threatening to fall. “Fuck. Yes.”

Cassie smiled, then leapt through the window to meet the incoming fighters head-on. A second later, she tumbled in the air as Katsuko’s powerful figure blasted by. Another second after that, and Katsuko was grabbing the plane to the far right by its wing. She threw it like a frisbee. It collided with one... then two... then three... and finally four other planes, knocking five of the latest stealth fighters from the late afternoon sky.

By the time Cassie reached the remaining seven, five more were down.

“Geez, Kat! Leave some for me!” she smiled. Then, she reached out to either side of her, grabbing the two streaking planes in the span of a millisecond, fully halting their forward momentum, then bringing them together before her chest with a deafening crunch.

As the final two planes dropped to the ground, Cassie winked at Katsuko, satisfaction borne of destruction on her lips. “There’s a naval base a couple of hundred miles away. Wanna have some *real* fun?”

A smile grew slowly over Kat’s exquisite features as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a web of shadow over her face.

Katsuko burst from the water, a submarine held in one hand above her head, pouring a shower of water all around her. The moonlight lit her brilliant smile.

Cassie clapped her hands together delightedly as she floated above the piled remains of the dozen or so other ships from the naval base that the two of them had destroyed. "You are such a badass!"

Kat tossed the tubular vessel's tens of thousands of tons into the air as if it were feather-light, then caught it at its center on its descent. Grinning, she sunk her fingers into its hull, then pulled outward with a tensing of her insanely powerful, hyper-defined arms. The steel shell of the sub groaned as if in agony, before the sound turned first to a tinny whine, then to a metallic scream.

The thick, reinforced metal, built to withstand the pressure of millions of tons of seawater, gave into something much, much stronger than the power of earth's oceans.

Katsuko's arms.

The massive iron shell sheared in half, the metal along its broken edges half snapped and half mangled, like a stretched piece of taffy.

She laughed as she dropped each side of the mammoth submersible boat back into the water, erupting a spectacular fountain of warm, Floridian ocean water into the night sky. It washed over both bikini-clad girls before disbursing into the briny air.

"And you're so fucking gorgeous, it hurts..." replied Kat, floating toward her, sensual curves and smooth swells of impossibly strong muscle glistening in the starlight.

"Think they'll leave us alone for some private time now?" said Cassie, licking her lips.

"Now that we just cracked open one of their nuclear submarines like an egg?" Kat shrugged, amused. "You'd think, right? But we are dealing with people like our dads here..."

Cassie laughed, then rolled her eyes. "Good point."

"But I really couldn't care less right now. Nothing's going to distract me from my little blonde supergirl this time."

Katsuko's eyes turned nefarious, and she gave Cassie a flirtatious wink.

"Quadruple. My. Power!!!" Kat cried, eyes never leaving Cassie's.

Kat's body began to tremble. Her curled eyelashes fluttered, dark chocolate irises rolling into the back of her head. As the supremely beautiful girl began to shake violently with the massive influx of strength, Cassie felt a shockwave of power from the young Asian's bucking form knock

her hovering body backward, its harmonic vibrations reverberating in her chest like the over-amplified thumps of bass at a particularly enthusiastic DJ's performance.

Katsuko's divine body clenched as she writhed in ecstasy, the planet-shattering power of more than a hundred Supergirls pouring into it. A huge depression formed in the ocean below, as if a massive, invisible bowl had been pressed downward into its surface. Even the *aura* of power surrounding the sexy Asian had become more powerful than any other force on the planet, save herself. Tsunamis rolled outward from their position, racing toward the shorelines of the four bordering continents at the speed of sound.

A moment later, Kat's eyes opened slowly, the rims of her irises now glowing brightly with platinum light. Cassie blinked, the radiant beams from Kat's gleaming eyes lighting her angelic profile in the darkness.

"Think that might be overdoing it?" Cassie breathed, her voice husky as she roamed her eyes over Katsuko's impossibly strong, impossibly sexy physique. She wondered at the jaw-dropping level of power flowing through the sinuous curves of this staggeringly sexy teen's delicious body.

"Well, I promised no more doubling, right?" Kat's smoldering eyes looked mischievous. "Kinda had to go with a bit more this time..."

The two hyper-aroused, hyper-gorgeous girls came together with thunderous force—enough energy between them to rip the moon from its orbit around the earth. Cassie gasped as her armor-plated nipples struck Katsuko's breasts, only to have her exhaling lips enveloped by Kat's a fraction of a second later. She ground her hips erotically into Kat's hard, voluptuous pelvis, feeling the metal plates between their bodies squealing as the colossal pressure of the two girls' luscious bodies deformed the hopelessly outclassed tank armor.

Friction heated the steel between them until it glowed red and began to flow, like lava from a volcano, down the deeply sculpted trenches between the carved muscle of their phenomenally fit forms.

After a moment of heated kissing, a moaning Cassie drifted lower, moving her lips down Katsuko's neck. Kat turned her open mouth to the sky, panting billows of mist upward into the moonlight. Cassie's lips continued their descent over the lush slopes of Kat's divine breasts, where she paused for a moment to suckle the breathtaking brunette's perfect nipples.

Katsuko shuddered as Cassie ended her first round of oral ministrations with a moist, languid swirl of her steaming tongue. Meanwhile, she reached her hands downward, running them over the sinuous ripples of feminine might that lined the delectable Asian's magnificent stomach, until they reached her lower abdomen.

Cassie glided the fingertips of her right hand along the smooth flesh of Kat's entrance, feeling the rumbling moan within her partner as the young Asian's mouth began to kiss the top of her blonde head. The blue-eyed girl began to lash the delicious brunette's hard nipple with her tongue as she pushed her fingers inside her.

Feeling the rush of heat from Kat's breath on her hair, she could tell that the young Asian was enjoying this. Encouraged by Kat's enthusiastic response, Cassie plunged her small hand farther into the iron softness of her lover's trembling, simmering canal.

"Oh God!" Katsuko breathed huskily, resting her chin on Cassie's head, puffing breaths into Cassie's hair as their squirming forms continued to hover above the dark, rolling waves of the ocean.

Cassie twisted her right hand clockwise, her thumb finding Kat's clit, soft fingertips pressing all the way to the back of the impossibly powerful girl's pulsing tunnel. Cassie's left hand snaked around Kat's tiny waist, slithering up the smooth, hard ridges of the girl's back to draw her perfect form closer.

"M-more..." Kat groaned between heavy pants, now completely lost in pleasure.

"You are fond of this whole *more* thing, aren't you, Kitty Kat..." Cassie teased, though by this point, Kat was too deeply entranced by the heavenly feelings within her divine body to hear the words. Smiling, Cassie continued her pleasurable work on the galaxy's most powerful being.

Curling her fingers into a partial fist, Cassie ground her hand inside Kat with subtle pumping motions, while continuing to massage the girl's clit. She nipped at Kat's rock hard nipple with her teeth, feeling another rumble inside the sexy goddess.

Katsuko's breaths became shallower, more urgent. Her hands, wrapped tightly around Cassie, clenched into fists. Her legs wound around Cassie, tightening around her in an almost painfully tight embrace.

"Uh... uh... uh..." Kat began to vocalize every breath in a repetitive mantra of pleasure, the mind-bendingly powerful muscles in her glorious body beginning to quiver in anticipation.

Cassie stopped every movement for a second, creating a calm before the coming storm. Then, just as she heard the faint whistling fizz of another missile closing in on them, she shoved her fingers, her thumb, and her mouth hard into the Asian supergirl with every ounce of her considerable strength.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!!!" Kat howled, her otherworldly body lurching into a never-ending stream of violent convulsions just as a nuclear missile detonated between the two girl's glistening bodies.

The spectacular brilliance of a nuclear inferno erupted around them, like the birthing of a newborn star. Megatons of force and unbelievable heat pulled at the two incredible girls, incinerating the sinking remnants of the sub, along with millions of gallons of ocean water below.

But it couldn't pull them apart. Nothing could.

Besides, the explosion of a fusion warhead was nothing next to the shockwaves of force from Katsuko's first-ever orgasm. Lost in the throes of climactic rapture, Kat bucked, sending ripples of crackling energy outward with sufficient kinetic power to rattle the planet all the way to its core.

As the nuclear blast faded, leaving utter silence in its wake, Katsuko's spasms finally began to slow, thankfully also slowing the rate at which earthquakes were undulating the surface planet below them, until they ceased entirely.

"God, Cassie," breathed Katsuko with a hushed, fulfilled tone. "If that was your first time doing that, I can't wait to feel your second!"

Cassie blushed at the compliment, scarcely able to believe what she'd done to her ultra-powerful lover.

"Well, I can't wait to feel what that mega-tongue of yours is capable of..." she said, finding, for once, the right flirtatious words to suit the moment.

"About that," smiled Kat, closing her fingers around Cassie's hand to pull the sexy blonde upward into the stratosphere. "I was thinking about heading over to Venus, knocking it a little closer to the sun, then using it for a little sexy sauna action. I mean, it *is* named after the goddess of love, after all..."

Cassie blinked as her über-powerful lover dragged her beyond the confines of their home planet for the first time. Then her awed eyes widened as Katsuko opened her mouth one more time.

"Quintuple. My. Power!!!" Kat roared into the blackest depths of space. She closed her eyes, arms extending outward, fingertips tapping ripples into the fabric of reality as if she were knocking on the gateway to the fundamental source of power for the cosmos itself.

Katsuko gasped in ecstasy as the universe unleashed its torrent of power into her. Still holding her hand, Cassie's lips curled into a beatific, slowly widening smile.