

Chip off the Old Block

By Shadar

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

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

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

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

Note: High-resolution versions of the images used in this story are available at:

http://velorian.net/chip_images.htm

Langley, Virginia

Daryl Hind paused to look down at the imposing symbol of power set into the marble floor before him. He felt a very strange feeling of familiarity, as if he was returning home after a very long journey. Yet he'd never walked across this floor before.

Not in this life anyway.

The last time he'd felt such a strong sense of Déjà vu was during SEAL training. As a member of First Recon Marines, he'd been offered a chance to go through Navy SEAL training to sharpen his skills. SEAL training was the

most grueling and strenuous in the world. The few men who could survive it never wanted to experience it again. Yet Daryl felt as if he'd come home to a place he'd never been before.

His girlfriend Jody had theorized that he was sensing one or more of his past lives. She listened to his descriptions of misplaced familiarity, his knowledge of where things were without being told, and she recorded his comments as he woke up from his frequent vivid dreams. She finally concluded that he'd been a SEAL in a past life. Probably an instructor at the school.

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

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

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

He'd heard rumors that the visitors were behind a number of mysterious accidents and disappearances, although when he tried to dig into that, everyone hushed up and told him to forget it. He knew one agency would know the truth if anyone did, and he sent his application into the CIA the next week. If the visitors had taken his Jody away, he would find them and burn them out of their holes with righteous fire.

Months of tests and interviews followed, and now, after five long months, his transfer from the Marines to his new job in the CIA was a done deal. This was his first day of work.

He walked up to the receptionist and asked for his new boss, David Matthews.

Langley Covert Ops Conference Room C

Dave Matthews paged through the thick folder in front of him, reading it in silence for ten long minutes. He finally flicked back to the summary on the first page. "You did it all, didn't you? First Recon, SEAL training, sniper school, EOD training, one tour in Iraq and one in Afghanistan. You're 6'4" tall, 220 pounds, 26 years and unmarried."

He looked up at the handsome young Marine. "These visitors are nothing like the jihadists you've been fighting. They're smart, calculating, and they're skillful at gathering sympathizers to protect them. People love them, yet we rarely see the visitors themselves, other than the high-level contact they maintain with the President."

Daryl nodded, knowing at least that much.

"As far as WorldTran 713 goes, I can confirm to you now that it was targeted from one of their satellites and taken out with a disruptor beam. We had an elite undercover team on board, and the visitors penetrated our security and decided to take the shot out there in the middle of the South Atlantic. Their sympathizers are everywhere." He reached across the table to place his hand on Daryl's shoulder. "Just really bad luck your girlfriend was on board the same flight. If its any consolation, she never felt a thing. The disruptor beam would have destroyed the plane instantaneously, turning it into a cloud of dissociated atoms."

Daryl tried to shut out the image of Jody's body mingling with hundreds of others in that that cloud of dissociated atoms. He'd had enough nightmares already. "Thank you for confirming the attack, sir. I suspected as much, but nothing like that ever came out in the news. Also thanks for telling me that she didn't suffer."

"You'll soon learn that a lot of things aren't what you hear in the news, Daryl, starting with the fact that the visitors are hostile aliens who are clearly threatening our country and our way of life. The media always tells you how much good they are doing, but the visitors have nearly complete control of our newspapers and all the cable news networks now, and they exert tremendous influence over the leaders of most governments, especially our own. Very little of what you see or read is accurate. You'll never see anyone admit to that, but its real."

"Yes, sir."

"You also know their disruptors can defeat any weapon or armor we have and their surveillance satellites are so good they can lip read conversations on the ground. Now a second ship has arrived, supposedly carrying visitors who will improve our health care systems and technological capabilities, but who knows how many more ships are heading here?"

"Given they have so many supporters and sympathizers, most of them ignorant of the visitors' true intentions, wouldn't it help if we got the word out about the real threat? Hell, even Superman has largely disappeared lately. Maybe he works with them too."

Matthews shook his head. "We're confident he doesn't. The truth is the visitors have mounted Green-K projectors on all their satellites, and the moment he takes to the air — they can somehow detect his flight powers — or uses his x-ray vision or shows up in public, they blast those rays down at him, robbing him of power. The Kryptonite beams are faint enough that nobody can see them with the naked eye, and they take a little time to

weaken him, but we've developed sensors that can spot them. Apparently they also have special operatives who have been physically enhanced, some reports say they're cyborgs, and one of them, a young female, nearly finished Superman off while he was weakened from the beams."

"Jesus..." Daryl breathed. This was worse than he'd imagined.

"Right now, our only hope is the underground resistance network that we're building. It's composed of members of patriot groups, selected agents from the FBI and intelligence agencies, a handful of military along with some key civilians who see things our way. But even here in the CIA, we have many sympathizers."

Daryl's eyes opened wide. He hadn't expected that.

"This is vitally import — you absolutely must assume everyone you meet is a sympathizer unless I personally tell you they're cleared. Got that?"

Daryl stood ramrod straight in his chair and nodded. "Yes, sir. I also understand the willingness for many people to embrace them out of ignorance. But only if we're willing to give up our ultimate sovereignty and yield the ownership of Earth to aliens. I will die before I allow that."

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

"Thank you for giving me the opportunity, sir. I won't rest until my fiancée's death has been avenged."

"Which is another reason I selected you. With you, it's personal. I like that. It ensures you can't be turned."

"Thank you, sir. My focus is laser, sir."

"You can drop the sirs, Daryl. We don't stand on formality here. First names only. "

"Right, David. Glad to be aboard."

"OK. Here's how your first assignment is going to work. I'm assigning you to protect one of our best analysts. She's been developing some assets who are close to the New Hope program, and she thinks she's found a way to penetrate one of the visitor's human integration cells."

"Covering some analyst's butt, sir? I'm not much of a desk jockey."

"Neither is Lynda. She behaves more like an agent than an analyst and she likes field work. She even attended classes in covert ops trade-craft. I've been trying like hell to recruit her, but her boss won't release her. Say's she's too valuable at what she's doing now."

"So I'm a bodyguard, huh."

"At first. Until you know the ropes, then we'll discuss other options."

Daryl nodded, feeling a bit disappointed, but not terribly surprised. He had to prove himself first. "If that's how it works."

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

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

The two men checked their bug scanners and confirmed the place was clean. Then they started to talk like brothers do.

"I'm telling you, Harry, I thought my eyes were going to fall out of fucking head," Daryl was saying. "Matthews walks me down the hallway and straight toward this stunning blonde with the longest legs I've ever seen. She looked

like some kind of supermodel, except it turns out she's the analyst I'm supposed to babysit. Name's Lynda Kent."

Harry tilted his glass to clink his brother's. "I know her. She did a briefing on New Hope, their visitor integration program, over at Quantico a few months ago. I have no idea what she said during most of the briefing — couldn't take my eyes off those legs of hers. She easily stood 6'6" in her heels and was dressed very fashionably. Didn't look like any analyst I'd ever seen." He punched his brother in the arm. "You are one lucky dog."

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

Harry's eyes narrowed and his smile vanished. "You're shitting me."

Daryl nodded, his eyes sparkling.

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

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

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

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

Harry still looked worried. "I still think they're pushing you way too fast, Daryl. Covert ops is really dangerous on several levels. No matter how hot it gets in there, you have to remember your job, which is to cover her ass. That part should be instinctive, but after you come back, the two of you have to

just be colleagues again. You gotta remember where the job starts and ends. You think you can do that?"

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

"Some. I was asked to work up a background profile on her parents a while back. Clark and Lois Kent work for the Daily Planet, one of the few newspapers whose editorial policy opposes the visitor integration here on Earth. The Kents have penned a number of exclusives that reveal connections between the visitors and organized crime networks, who they use for local muscle. They took a lot of heat for those stories, but the Planet stuck by them."

"Imagine that."

"From everything I could discover, the Kents appear to be genuine patriots. Clark grew up in Smallville, Kansas, right in the heartland. He never did anything remarkable while managing to get an associate degree in journalism from a junior college and then went to Metropolis. He's pretty much a white bread guy from every angle, and so boring he probably enjoys watching paint dry or he tips cows in their sleep or whatever else they do in Kansas. I don't have a clue what his wife Lois sees in him. She was a bit of a wild child growing up, a few scrapes with the law and some overzealous reporting that led to lawsuits. She's a looker too, which explains her daughter. She's also the daughter of General Lane, who you might recall was instrumental in drafting the initial proposals for a military response to the visitor's presence. Unfortunately, he and other key members of his team were killed in a freak helicopter accident."

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

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

"Did it stick?"

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

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

"Because they desperately want what the visitors are selling. As you know, they claim they can fix global warming and cure cancer, diabetes and heart disease, not to mention creating entire new industries, pushing Earth forward into this bright, new, prosperous future they're selling. Anything to improve this crappy economy we seem to be stuck in. The voters have spoken loud and clear and our elected officials have responded."

"When something seems too good to be true, it usually is. What happened to that?"

"A deluge of political ads, with most of the money that paid for them untraceable, and a desperate country full of people looking for jobs and a fix for the economy." Harry shrugged. "You know how it works. They voted new blood into congress, who are determined to follow the voters' demands, which is to embrace the visitors and their promises."

"Yeah... I almost liked it better when our elected officials ignored us."

"Politics isn't our problem, Daryl. Truth is. If we can't tell it, even worse if nobody wants to hear it, then we have to reveal it in other ways."

"Got it. And while I'm sorry about Lynda's grandfather, at least now I understand where she's coming from. Like me, she's got some skin and blood in the game. Also good to know she comes from solid American stock."

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

Daryl grabbed his flight for Miami the next morning, and then got lost in the crowds milling through the airport for a while. Once he was convinced he didn't have a tail, he entered a crowded restroom and locked himself in a stall to change clothing. When he emerged, dressed completely differently, his posture deliberately sloppy, he walked over and checked into the airport Holiday Inn as John Winehouse.

The plan was to meet his wife "Emily" at the airport late tomorrow evening as she arrived from Dallas, and together they would take the red-eye to Paris where they would switch to a train into Geneva. Per the briefing, they were supposed to have been married a month, but had been apart for the last week as Emily traveled on business. They'd have ten hours in the relative safety of the darkened first-class cabin to perfect their head-over-heels-in-love-I-could-hardly-stand-being-away-from-you-for-a-week game.

He swept the room for bugs with his scanner, finding it clean, and then ordered dinner along with a couple of beers from room service. He watched a college game on TV but couldn't relax. His nerves were on edge. Going into combat with an assault rifle and a few buddies at his side was a lot easier than sitting here, bored out of his mind.

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

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

Once back in his room, he took a long shower, but was still too wound up to sleep. He debated going for a long run through the streets of Miami, and

opened the sliding door of his balcony to check to see if the temperature had dropped any. He took one step through the door, a towel still wrapped around his waist, and nearly tripped over a gorgeous blonde who was sitting crouched, hidden against one wall.



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

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

She stayed below the outer wall of the balcony as she crawled through the doorway into his room. Daryl followed her and then closed the door and pulled the blinds across as she instructed. He turned on the lights as Lynda stood up, unfolding

those amazing legs. In her heels, she stood two inches taller than him.

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

He shrugged. "Our ID's are clean. Backgrounds all in order, all the way back to kindergarten..." He paused as she shook her head.

"You aren't thinking deep enough into the problem, Daryl. Their monitors can see through walls, in color 3D and with sound."

"Like Superman's x-ray vision?"

"That doesn't work in 3D, but otherwise, yeah, probably pretty close."

"How do you know that? About his lack of 3D, I mean?"

"Its my job to know things."

Daryl shrugged. "So, I guess we'll just have to be convincing. We look the part."

Lynda shook her head. "Yeah, sure. We're beautiful, we're both ridiculously fit and supposedly head-over-heels in love. Our honeymoon was a month ago and we've been apart for a week. Our relationship should be super hot, the sex sizzling."

He grinned. That all sounded good. His blood pressure soared as he tried not to think about the sizzling sex.

"But in reality, we don't even know each other, except what we read in brag sheets. They'll see our initial lack of chemistry, the obvious unfamiliarity, the awkwardness, maybe even shyness, the usual working-it-out kind of stuff of new lovers. They'll see all that, Daryl, and they'll make us."

"OK. Then we abort. Mission is out of parameters."

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

He was trying to parse "sort out the glitches" when she she crossed her arms and pulled her mesh top off, revealing firm, perfectly shaped boobs and an amazingly tight body. Now he understood, and his towel promptly lifted as his body responded in kind, finally coming undone to fall to the floor.

"Jesus..." he breathed.

She smiled, glancing down at him. "I think he was a guy. I'm not. And speaking of guys, you've got an even better body than I'd dreamed."

Daryl was suddenly imitating a flag pole on the Fourth of July.

She kicked off her boots and undid her belt, dropping it on the floor. Then she pulled down her bikini bottom to reveal what looked like a Brazilian wax. "Welcome to covert ops," she smiled as she walked closer to him, tossing her mesh top over a chair.

He just stood there, staring into her amazingly blue eyes which were now level with his, and gasped as she wrapped her warm fingers around his burgeoning erection to hold him very tightly.

She winked: "I see you came fully prepared for the hardest job you'll ever have."

Daryl lay crookedly on the broken and disheveled bed as the first rays of morning sunlight shone through the open curtains. He tried to get up, only to sit heavily on the side of the tilted bed. He felt like a limp dish rag. He looked around for Lynda or her clothing, but she was gone.

He smiled as he remembered the most erotic night of his life.

Lynda had been flawless from head to toe, her body impossibly tight, with silky skin stretched tightly over amazingly hard muscles and generous but firm breasts with nipples like bullets. Despite his wild enthusiasm, their first fumbling attempt at sex had been awkward, just as she'd suggested it would be. She was as tight as a virgin, and despite her wetness, he'd had trouble even making it with her at first. But she gradually relaxed herself and he finally took her.

He'd barely entered her when she started orgasming so fast and so hard that she launched them both off the bed. She was a lot stronger than she looked and she was the most sensitive woman he'd ever know. Together they

crushed a chair while thrashing their way across the floor, also knocking over a bureau and then a table. They started with him on top, then her, going back and forth until he finally finished their first coupling with her lying on her back halfway into the shower stall, he head banging against the wall as he went crazy on her. If anything, the rough fucking seemed to turn her on all the more.

The rest of the night had been much the same, although they eventually started to move more like lovers and less like a fierce tigress fighting a raging bull. Yet he held nothing back, and somewhere during their wild fucking one corner of the bed collapsed to dump them on the floor. She never noticed, going on and on, crying out for him to take her deeper, harder, her orgasms seemingly inexhaustible and almost continuous. As with any man, he eventually was drained and exhausted, but she wanted to keep going. So he went down on her, only to wear out his tongue on her as well.

Reaching up to touch his ears now, he found they felt bruised and hot, thanks to her habit of closing her thighs punishingly around his head to freeze him in place every time she came while he was down on her. During one of those wild rides, he'd passed out. He felt himself rising again just by thinking about all that.

One thing was clear — they weren't going to have to pretend anything when they got to Geneva. Chemistry: check!

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

He ordered a huge breakfast with lots of carbs and ate in his room. Then he went swimming in the hotel pool, working on laps for an hour. Then he had lunch in his room again and went down to the gym for a light workout

followed by a nap. He was still tired from last night. He finally packed and checked out at eight to meet Emily's arriving flight at nine. They were scheduled to depart for Paris on the 11:15 red-eye.

Lynda, actually Emily he reminded himself, wasn't hard to spot coming down the jetway, given she stood a head taller than anyone else. Her face looked different yet again, more fancy makeup tricks he assumed. She was wearing a pair of black glasses now, but it was her tight fitting red jacket and a tiny black miniskirt that caught his eye. Between that and her heels, her legs looked astounding.

He embraced her at the jetway exit, and she jumped up to wrap those long legs around his waist, the two of them sharing a long, deep and very convincing kiss.

Women sighed as they saw such a lovely young couple so much in love, remembering times long passed, and the men who walked beside them stared at the sexist woman they'd ever seen. They all wished they were young again.

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

He finally loaded himself up with all the girl's carry-on bags and led the way to the Air France gate. That gave Daryl a chance to practice his John Winehouse routine. He told Amy and Sarah that he was in finance, part of a venture capital firm, and he rattled off jargon and technical nonsense until he saw their eyes roll up. They obviously didn't have a clue what he was talking about and couldn't care less.

Lynda gave him an approving nod.

Cover identity: check.

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

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

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

Daryl resisted the impulse to turn and look. "You think he suspects anything? An agent? Or just some creep?"

She shook her head almost imperceptibly. "Routine for the visitors. They are very thorough, especially for people attending these special conferences. If we're convincing enough, we'll get moved up the chain a notch and meet some of the movers and shakers."

He understood that.

"You know," she whispered in his ear, the touch of her lips thrilling him. "There is one thing we can do while in flight to further convince my tail that we're genuine."

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

"You ever joined the mile high club?"

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

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

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

"I can be quiet if you can."

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

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

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

"There is more to me than you know."

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

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

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

She snuggled closer to him after he folded the center armrest away. They sank deeper beneath the blankets as she unzipped his pants and took him out — he was very ready. He had trouble controlling his breathing as he gently eased her skirt up, surprised to find what felt like an even shorter skirt beneath it, that fabric strangely cool, almost metallic feeling. He eased her panties to the side, finding that they were made of the same strange material, only thinner. She felt really wet and ready, so he put his hips to good use, easily into her as slowly as he could. She gave him a quick gasp as he entered, and then hugged him as she slid all the way in, her inner self gripping him with the same delicious tightness he remembered.

Daryl struggled to move slowly, maddeningly slow, and she closed her eyes and bit her lip while holding her breath for what seemed like forever, the two of them thrilling to each other's bodies, and then she gave off a soft squeak as a powerful shudder traveled through her body, tightening inside so much that he couldn't move any more. She held him motionless under the

blankets as she vibrated her inner muscles in a way he'd never felt before. When his moment came, it was almost painful, not being able to move, but so wildly exiting to be doing this so secretly.

Their mostly silent moment passed as he struggled to control his breathing, her body gradually relaxing. He stayed inside her, still very hard, wanting in the worst way to continue. Long minutes passed with both of them teetering at the edge of self-control, and then he gradually willed himself to go soft by thinking about baseball scores. It eventually worked, and he finally withdrew.

Lynda giggled surprisingly loud as she did him back up under the blanket, and then turned her back and spooned up against him. She turned her head and kissed him a final time, saying out loud: "I love you."

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

He relaxed in the double-wide seat, only to see the face of the very cute Air France attendant hovering over his, giving him a wink while motioning for them to be quiet. She'd obviously worked the red-eye long enough to see other people put the airline's couch-like first-class seats to similar good use.

Only on Air France, Daryl thought to himself, on the way to the City of Love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They were soon on the ground and through Customs. Amy had caught up with them and was teasing Daryl about their little performance in first-class. Apparently she'd been in the process of coming forward to talk to her new friend Emily when she saw the two of them going at it, and returned to tell Sarah all about it.

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

Daryl and Lynda used their trade-craft to lose the two girls as they checked out the airport shops, and then headed down an escalator into the Paris Metro station. Once there, they grabbed a train heading for the Gare de Lyon TGV station where their train to Geneva was scheduled to depart from.

The subway train was just getting up to speed when there was a violent swerving and several grinding crashes against the walls of the tunnel. Then the lights went out and everyone was knocked to the floor as the train came

to a sudden stop. Passengers began to scream. Daryl felt Lynda's arm hooking through his, jerking him back to his feet with surprising strength.

"We've got a big problem."

He heard a man gurgle in apparent mortal agony next to them, and then the metal wall in front of him shrieked in the darkness as if it was being ripped apart. The next thing he knew, the two of them were falling forward to land on the gravel alongside the tracks. Emergency lights came on now, casting a dim light through the tunnel. Lynda was fussing with the buttons on her jacket as he turned and started running back down the tracks, and then darted into a side tunnel, dragging her behind him. He fumbled in his luggage at the same time to locate the undetectable plastic CIA pistol he'd been issued, and his hand had just closed around the grip when something hit him in the shoulder, sending him flying.

He looked up to see Sarah standing along the sunlit side of the tunnel, glaring at him.

"I can smell CIA on you."

He heard Lynda speaking slowly from behind him. "Don't move. I'll handle this."

Daryl shook his head. He was here to provide her protection. He had the gun. Their cover was obviously blown, and someone had derailed their train, possibly killing passengers, just to get to them. He knew what he had to do. He snapped his pistol up and fired into Sarah's chest from point-blank range.

The magnum round echoed painfully in the closed space of the tunnel, its boom punctuated by the clink of brass hitting the stone floor. The impact of his bullet picked Sarah up and slammed her against the wall. A black hole appeared in her blouse, but her expression was unchanged. Daryl didn't see any blood.



He kept firing, only to hear some of his shots ricocheting down the tunnel with a zing. Still no sign of blood as Sarah just looked up at him, appearing more angry than hurt. Her bullet-holed blouse was hanging open now with no sign of a bulletproof vest beneath.

Desperate, he lifted the gun and fired his last round at her left eye. It zinged off her eyeball without even making her blink.

Despite all his training, he paused to stare at her,

frozen in place by the impossibility of it all. Then she reached out and grabbed the gun from his hands and crushed the super-strong plastic to powder in her grip.

“What the fuck...” was all Daryl managed to say before she started to reach for him.

His brain finally came unglued and he slipped into a fighting posture, only to feel someone grab his shoulders from behind and bodily throw him across the tunnel away from Sarah. He crashed painfully to the floor on the darkened side of the tunnel, stunned, his vision blurred. Blinking, he looked up just in time to see Lynda standing just to his right, her back against the

graffiti-decorated wall. She started to take off her glasses while tearing her red jacket open, revealing the iconic blue costume with the bold "S" of Superman on her chest.

Strangely, she suddenly looked younger than she had a moment before.



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

The most incredible cat-fight he'd ever seen was on, with Sarah delivering punches to Lynda's face and body at super-speed, none of which seemed to hurt her. The few punches that missed Lynda shattered the bricks on the wall, ripping chunks of them out. Sarah reached under her skirt and came back up with some kind of energy weapon that she fired at Lynda from point-

blank range. A blinding white-hot beam enveloped Lynda's upper body, and she staggered for a brief moment before pulling herself back upright and marched directly into the unholy brightness of the beam. She finally grabbed Sarah's arms, forcing them downward to smother the violent beam under her skirt, crushing the weapon between her legs. Then Lynda carefully embraced the attacking woman, hugging her much as she'd embraced him back in the Miami airport, kissing her deeply.

Sarah began vibrating in Lynda's arms like some kind of runaway machine, moving so fast she was but a blur while giving off a screeching howl that

made Daryl cover his ears. Lynda squeezed her tighter and tighter, her body suddenly looking fantastically strong, and then the thing that called itself Sarah imploded in a flash of sparks and smoke.

Lynda dropped the crushed thing to the floor and then stamped on its head with her bare foot as it thrashed around beneath her. Lynda's eyes flared red, sending two blinding beams down at the still jerking machine.

Daryl covered his own eyes to save them from the glare, and when he dared open them, he saw a small pile of ash scattered across the red-hot stone floor. Lynda pursed her lips and blew with amazing power, and the ash went flying down the tunnel to join all the rest of the dust.

She dusted off her hands while turning around to walk back toward an astounded Daryl. Her stockings were torn to shreds, so she ran her hands down her legs to rip the remains free, and then vaporized the remnants with her heat vision. The "S" on her chest was glowing as if lit from behind.

Daryl backed a few fearful steps away from her as she took the clothing from his arms and got dressed again. She looked different, younger, but her face seemed to change back to normal as she buttoned up her jacket. He blinked that strange illusion away as she pulled up her skirt and slipped into her heels. She finally pulled her black glasses from his frozen hands and put them back on as well.

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

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

"I'm his daughter."

"His...?" Daryl asked dumbly. "His...? Who's daughter?"

"Superman's."

Realization crashed in on Daryl. He remembered what Harry had said. "But, but your father is Clark Kent. He's just a reporter from Smallville..." He paused in mid-sentence, listening to his own words.

Of course! It was the perfect disguise.

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

"Holy mother of God..." he breathed, trying to absorb all the implications. A strange thought found its way to the front of his mind: at least her endless endurance during lovemaking now made sense. He felt a surge of pride filling him at that thought: he'd made it with Superman's daughter. Not only made it, but he'd driven her crazy with pleasure.

Then a dark thought arrived to snuff out his manly joy. "So, are you going to kill me now too? For seeing too much?"

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

He remembered the gurgle and sound of crushed cartilage in the train. She'd killed him? Then he thought of the other girl, Amy. "Is she, Amy whatever her name is, is she one of those things too?"

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

"Except it underestimated you. It had no idea who or what you really are. It was following me."

"And that's how it has to stay. I'm the resistance's ace in the hole, so to speak."

"Not to mention a chip off a very special block."

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

"So nobody else knows? About you?"

She shook her head.

"Nobody at Langley?" Daryl asked again, finding that somehow amazing. She was so tall, so gorgeous... could she really hide in plain sight that way?

"I said nobody."

"Jesus..." he breathed as that thought hit home. This was his first week on the job, his first mission, and he already knew things that nobody else in the CIA did?

"I... I don't know what to say."

She tilted her head as she looked closely at him. "You up for this, Daryl? Helping me keep my secret while we surprise a few visitors? Working a level deeper than even the CIA knows. Essentially double agents. We've got to keep Matthews out of the loop. The resistance has been compromised on several levels and I no longer trust him. They can't know about me."

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

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

"Well, my mother always called me Supergirl."

"Supergirl," he nodded. "Perfect."

(Coming attraction: *Chip off the Old Block: Part 2, "Journey to New Hope"*)