

Chip off the Old Block - Part 2

By Shadar

Rev 3

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

http://velorian.net/chip_images.htm

First Recon training emphasized that a soldier must accept the tactical situation as it was and react to it without judgement. Most importantly, to keep moving, no matter what. If you survived long enough to get to safety, then you could afford the luxury of introspection and review. Of remorse or satisfaction. Emotions were what got you killed in combat.

Standing in the side tunnel of the Paris Metro, it was clear to Daryl that they couldn't go back toward the wrecked train — he could already hear rescue crews arriving. The last thing they needed was to face the cameras that would be present as survivors of the wreck were brought up to the street.

And if Lynda was wrong about Amy, she would be back there waiting for them.

“Can you see a way out of here, using x-ray vision or whatever?”

Lynda shook her head. “Can't risk it. The x-ray frequencies of our eyes are detectable by their sats, even underground. That's why I didn't recognize the bots. Same goes for flight power — it gives off an energy field they can detect.”

“Obviously that’s not true for heat vision.” He was still seeing spots from the brilliance of her eyes when she’d burned the Sarah-bot.

“Not underground. Its just photons.”

“So how did that woman, that thing, whatever you call it, figure out we were CIA? Said she smelled me.”

“Your plastic gun. I assumed you knew better than to carry one. They’ve got good noses.”

“You should have told me.”

“I’m new to this too, Daryl. They rarely let me out of that damned office.”

He nodded, understanding that much at least. He sniffed the air in the adjoining maintenance tunnels and decided that the air in the middle one smelled freshest. “This might be a way out.”

Lynda followed him for a hundred yards, at which point the tunnel ended at a heavy steel door. Daryl turned to the side to gesture toward the door. “Looks like a job for Supergirl.”

She walked past him to study the door, her high heels and tiny skirt and long, bare legs looking totally out of place in the grimy maintenance tunnel. She quickly peeled off her red jacket, revealing that the blue top beneath was sleeveless. Her shoulders looked very strong and her arms were fantastically toned but it was the bright “S” on her chest that really drew his eyes. She handed him her jacket, and then turned around to casually stick one long fingernail into the lock. She twisted her wrist, and her arm and shoulder briefly flexed with a surprising display of muscle. A half second later, the hardened steel lock gave off a sharp ping as it sent pieces of shattered metal tinkling across the stone floor. She pulled the door open to reveal a set of grimy stairs leading upward.

“Probably a lock at the top too. Hang onto my jacket for a moment.”

She started up the steps, leaving him staring at her calves, which looked so much stronger now. Her calf muscles flexed into a perfect diamond shape with every step.

He wasn't proud of the fact that he stole a further glance up under her black skirt when she was a few steps above him, thrilling to the red micro-skirt and hint of blue panties he saw. He was still coming to grips with the fact that she was Superman's daughter. He shook his head to clear his distracting thoughts -- this was not the time to be thinking about pussy -- and started up the steps behind her.

She climbed twenty feet above him, and he followed her until he stood just behind her, the hem of her skirt brushing his face. He tried not to stare at her ass as it momentarily grew more rounded as a groan of tortured steel came from overhead, followed by a shaft of sunlight. She reached down for her jacket. He looked up to see her outlined by the afternoon sun, her blonde hair looking like a halo around her head as she floated up the last few steps. She looked like an angel as he handed her the jacket.

Then she was gone.

He resumed climbing and finally squeezed out from a blackened hole in a deserted alleyway to see Lynda standing a few meters away, her red jacket buttoned up again. Looking around, he tried to get his bearings, only to hear Lynda grunting behind him. He turned to see her struggling to drag the heavy iron manhole cover back to the hole. He winced as she dropped it on her fingers, only to remember that she was still invulnerable. Just as clearly, her strength was back to human levels again.

He felt bad for not helping her. "Oh, jeeze, sorry about that. I'm not used to your on and off-again strength yet."

"No problem," she said as she tugged her fingers free. "More importantly, do you know where we are?"

He shook his head. "No fucking idea at all. But wait here and I'll find out." He jogged down the alley toward the closest street and disappeared around the corner. When he returned, he was waving a city tourist map. "Not very high tech, but it'll work."

The two of them poured over it for a long moment, struggling to get their bearings. Daryl had spotted a couple of street names when he was getting the map, and they quickly used those names to locate themselves. Together they decided on a route that would take them to Gare de Lyon via back streets.

"I'm not sure how well that outfit of yours is going to fit in this time of year," he said as he led the way the opposite direction down the alleyway. "Especially the lack of stockings. Its cold enough to snow."

"Actually, Paris is the one city I might not look strange in. And at least my red jacket is Christmasy. Unlike that Tony Bahama shirt and those old jeans -- you look like you're out on the town in Miami."

"Well, given we just landed from there..."

They exited the alley into a brightly lit but narrow street with vendors lining both sides selling trinkets and small gifts. The sun was dark and hidden behind dark clouds as a few large flakes of snow began to fall from overhead, sparkling in the bright Christmas lights. Lynda slipped her arm through his to walk together like they were a couple. "Paris is the most romantic city in the world. And I so love snow."

Daryl was less impressed as he looked suspiciously at everyone they passed, wondering if it was possible to recognize one of those killer bots before they attacked. The whole idea of his being here to protect Lynda didn't make sense any more, but he didn't know what else to do.

Lynda acted like a woman on a romantic vacation as she pulled him to a stop in front of a vendor that sold scarves. She picked out a colorful Christmas scarf for him, tying it loosely around his neck, and then picked out

a thin black scarf for herself, barely more than a tie, and wound it around her neck in classic French style.

“There, now we look less like tourists and more like locals,” she said happily as she paid the vendor. “Why don’t you just pretend I’m your French mistress and you’re madly in love with me.”

She snuggled against him as they walked, her head on his shoulder, and he put his arm around her, the two of them truly looking like lovers.



Créteil, a town southeast of Paris

Jean Lanier was finishing up his shift at the LGV power control office near Créteil when he heard a knock on his half-open door. He looked up, and was surprised to see a pretty, young brunette standing in the doorway. She was dressed in a scandalously short blue dress with a light-weight leather jacket.

As befitted a practical man, his first thought was that she was not dressed properly for the coming snow storm.

“I’m sorry to disturb you, monsieur,” she said in English, “can you help me?”

He smiled, recognizing her American accent. Unlike most of his countrymen, he enjoyed the challenge of speaking English, and always tried his best to be charming.

“To what do I owe the honor of a visit by such a beautiful young woman?”

Her green eyes sparkled as she smiled. “Thank you for noticing. I apologize for dressing like this, but I was at an after-hours club last night and my boyfriend and I had a fight.” Her smile faded. “He’s a fucking pig,” she said angrily. “I made him stop and I got out of his car on the road near here. He can go to hell.”

“No apologies necessary. Such disagreements happen in love,” he said smoothly, trying to appear very French. He held out his hand. “My name is Jean.”

She shook his hand, holding him almost painfully tight. “I’m Amy. Can you help me get to the closest town where there’s a train station?”

“But of course. I work for the LGV, you know, the agency that provides the tracks and the power the trains run on. I’m due to get off duty in a short while. Where do you need to take the train to?”

“Paris, of course,” she replied as she walked further into his office to look around. “May I sit down. I’ve been walking a long ways and its starting to snow out there.”

“Certainly. Would you like something warm to drink? I think I still have some latte in my thermos.”

“Please. That would be nice.” She settled gracefully into the chair across the room from him, crossing her long legs.

Jean tried not to gawk at her, but he’d never seen a woman with such long, shapely, lean legs. He decided she must be a serious runner. It took an effort to tear his eyes from her, and his hand was shaking as he poured the last of his latte into a cup.

He walked across the room to hand it to her. “You must be talking about the Aphrodite. The club I mean. Its the only after-house club I now of around here. Not that I’ve ever been there.” He lifted his hands in helplessness. “I’m married and that club doesn’t open until after my bedtime.”

She nodded. “You’d like it. Lots of pretty girls.”

He sighed. “As I mentioned, I’m married.”

“But you are French,” she said, as if that was some kind of excuse for being married.

“Yes, but here in the country, our lives are simple, our pleasures also.”

She shrugged. “So, what do you do here, monsieur?”

He’d never had such a provocative visitor to his remote power switching station, and being a naive and innocent man, he happily launched into a detailed discussion of his power distribution and control network. She asked several surprisingly technical questions while taking off her jacket to toss it on a chair, revealing that her arms were as slender and fit as her legs.

Despite his growing nervousness, or perhaps because of it, he kept prattling along, talking about voltages and amps and inductances and switching systems.

She rose to walk closer to him, looking down at his display screens as she rested her warm hand on his shoulder. He inhaled the scent of her delightful perfume, a type he’d never smelled before, and the strangest sensation came over him. The room seemed to fade away, leaving him with the sensation of floating above the ground. At the same time, he felt wickedly turned on. He shifted in his chair, trying to relieve the tightness, only to have her slowly turn him around in his swivel chair until he faced her.

“I’m always so hot after dancing at the Aphrodite. She was the Greek’s goddess of love, don’t you know. Normally, my boyfriend and I would have been making it in his car right now -- I can never wait until we get to his apartment after dancing. But you look so strong, so virile, Jean. I bet you are very good in bed. All Frenchmen are. And I want to thank you for helping me get home this morning.”

Her outrageous flattery and gratitude went straight to his libido, not to mention reinforcing his national pride. Of course she was right about everything, but she was so young and he was at work and it was all so impossible. Despite knowing that, his heart raced with excitement and his fantasies soared. Like most men, he began to rationalize.

Men had affairs with younger women all the time.

He was alone at work and he was going to go out of his way to help her get home.

Of course he was a great lover, even if his wife no longer appreciated him.

It would truly be criminal for a Frenchman to let such a lovely young American woman suffer from such unrequited desires after dancing all night, especially when he had the power to help her.

The dozen reasons he shouldn't be interested in her faded to the back of his mind, his thoughts unknowingly influenced by the powerful pheromones in her perfume. Any objections he might have had quickly evaporated when she took the initiative to expertly unzip him, taking him out as she scooted forward to guide his ardor to herself.

"What... what are you...?" he started to say, his eyes wide with wonder as she eased herself over him, taking him deeply.

His last vestige of restraint was washed away when she buried his face between her firm breasts and began to rock herself in his lap. His body surged with unleashed primal desire combined with a growing sense of unreality. Clearly he was dreaming, he told himself, and in a dream anything could happen, including a young, beautiful American girl walking into his office demanding to have sex with him. No man could be held responsible for his dreams.

Disturbingly, however, instead of thinking about sex, or even about the girl who was riding him, he suddenly found his thoughts dominated by power control systems — specifically the circuits supplying the LGV line from Paris to Geneva.

Why would he think of that right now?

The cyborg who called herself Amy used the intimacy of her deep intercourse to establish sufficient galvanic contact so she could use the magnetic imaging pods in her breasts to probe the unfortunate frenchman's

mind. She needed to know the labeling and exact position of the feed circuits for one section of track.

Once that information flashed through his mind and she visualized it, she made him go back over it once again to check what she'd memorized. Then she released his thoughts.

He grabbed her ass as she started to move faster in his lap, pushing him to finish quickly. He soon cried out hoarsely as the "little death" took him, and she lifted him out of his chair to press her chest against his while firing a tiny but calibrated electrical current from her breasts into his chest, using the return pathway through his penis. His heart immediately went into ventricular fibrillation and his body fell limp as his blood pressure fell to zero.

She rose to allow his deflated penis slip from her sex, and then gently lowered him back into his chair, holding him until his heart stopped thrashing in his chest, his body now stilled by death. Then she propped him up and buttoned his shirt back up. She left his pants unzipped and lifted his dead hand to rest it on his faded penis. She was confident his open fly and the fact that he was sitting in his chair at work, holding himself, combined with the sudden stoppage of his heart, would convince the local coroner that he'd died of an undiagnosed but fatal heart rhythm disorder during masturbation.

Satisfied, Amy rose to see the Amazon standing behind her, dressed like a rural French woman, even to the extent of wearing the religious cross of the devout.



“Nicely done. Did you get the information?”

“His mind was weak, Petra. His body even weaker.”

“Like all men,” the Amazon replied derisively.

Petra lowered her hand to trace one long finger across Amy’s wet sex, pausing to swirl her finger around her clitoris, making the cyborg squirm with pleasure.

Amy gasped as she leaned forward against her hand, taking her

mistress’ finger deeper. The Amazon lifted her off the floor, suspending her on that single steel-hard digit as she brought Amy’s eyes up to her own. This was the Amazon’s usual way of flaunting her sexual and physical superiority.

“Let me erase the disgust of that filthy man’s touch.”

Petra began vibrating her finger at super speed, and Amy began cried out in unrestrained ecstasy.

“You may touch me,” Petra said.

Amy reached forward to grab the Amazon’s blonde hair, pulling her close while wiggling her body frantically on her upraised finger. She wrapped her arms around the Amazon’s neck to pull her face down into her cleavage with all her strength just as her body exploded into a flurry of machine-gun orgasms.

Like all Amazons, Petra believed the memory of touching a man could be erased by a sister’s intimacy. Amy was happy enough to oblige her.

When the Amazon was finished playing with her, Amy walked crookedly out of the building, her toes pointed inward, her legs not working quite right. The aftereffects of a dozen powerful orgasms had disrupted her cybernetic nervous system. She slipped her fingers through the heavy wire of the high security fence around the power substation and pulled, her back flexing powerfully as she effortlessly tore the wire apart to create an opening. Petra followed her through the opening and into a seemingly endless maze of circuit breakers and distribution panels. Amy searched until she found the feed for the P21 segment of the LGV line running from Paris eastward. It was a 131KV 3-phase feed.

Satisfied she had the right circuit, Amy removed her blue dress and panties, along with her fashionable Italian heels, lest they burn, and jumped up to hang from an overhead support beam.

“I plan to recharge myself at the same time, if that pleases you,” Amy said.

The Amazon smiled. “A woman pleasuring herself while destroying the power of men. How appropriate.”

Amy turned to look at Petra oddly for a moment. This wasn't going to be pleasure, but merely a necessary function. Her cybernetics ran off a battery that needed periodic recharging, and there was only one way to do that. She stretched her legs out to the side and lowered herself until her toes touched the phase cable connectors, and a flash of current short-circuited up her legs. Her leg muscles began shaking from the high voltage running through her body, which made it difficult to guide herself toward the protruding copper bar of the third phase. She swung forward, and after a couple of tries, she managed to fall on it, taking it as she had the man.

Her body disappeared in a crackling explosion of blue-white sparks as all three phases poured current through her body.

Petra smiled as long bolts of lightning flickered up the cyborg's bare legs, the bolts meeting inside her pelvis as they heated her invulnerable overflesh to incandescence. She walked forward to run her hands along the cyborg's steel-hard thighs, shunting enough of the current through her body to send her black and blonde hair sticking straight out from her head. She drew her hands inward, cupping the cyborg's cute ass, and briefly wished she was the one impaled on the high-voltage wire. High-voltage was so sexy.

It was all Petra could do to force herself to step away and consider her situation. The cyborg had shown no reluctance in killing the man this time, but Petra worried about her nonetheless. She'd seen the sympathy in her actions, especially the way she'd sent the man to a quick, painless death during his moment of greatest pleasure. No Amazon would do that. Men deserved long, slow, agonizing deaths.

Like Sarah before her, she feared the cyborg was starting to think on its own. Even allowing for the strangeness of the Visitors, she suspected there was a fatal flaw in the emotive logic that let the cyborgs masquerade as humans. By pretending to be human, by living as one, they increasingly thought more like humans and less like visitors, and not at all like Amazons.

While she had sworn to never kill another woman, these synthetic females were creations of men. Visitors perhaps, but still men.

She had initially been proud that her DNA had been used as the blueprint for the synthesized flesh of these cyborgs, but she would allow no creation of man to defy the will of the daughter of Artemis.

First-Class Cabin #12 on the TGV to Geneva

Daryl lay sprawled on the couch as the TGV gathered speed through the outskirts of Paris. The wheels ran quietly on the continuous welded rails as the cars banked into corners, the cushioned suspension providing a nearly motionless ride.

Lynda stood at the window, watching the last of Paris glide slowly by. Her fake glasses were lying on the table.

“It would be nice to spend a long vacation here sometime,” she sighed. “Its such a romantic city.”

He looked at her curiously. Now that the urgency of battle was behind them, he was reviewing everything that had happened, analyzing his actions as he replayed each scene in his mind, just as he’d been taught. It was almost too much to absorb, especially the way Lynda had undergone such a change. Despite the way she looked, despite their long hours of passionate lovemaking, he had to remind himself that she was an alien from a distant planet that no longer existed. He couldn’t allow himself to forget what she was, and what he was. Nor the fact that they were merely on a mission. Such a relationship could not continue once they returned to Langley.

He recalled the many scientific articles he’d read about her father over the years, with most of the authors concluding that Kryptonians were the result of parallel evolution. They were all wrong. Physiologically, Lynda was exactly the same as a human woman, and unlike those academics, he was now an

expert on that point. The only thing unreal was that she was physically flawless and gifted with amazing powers.

Clearly, humans had to be an offshoot of Kryptonians, or vice versa.

“Can I assume you’re half human and half Kryptonian?”

She continued looking out the window for a long moment, and then turned to sit down across the compartment from him, looking into his eyes. “A human woman could never carry a Kryptonian child, nor could she withstand the sexual release of a Kryptonian male. It would blow her head off.”

Daryl blanched as he tried to digest that, imagining the head blowing off thing. He quickly pushed that horrible image from his mind.

“So no,” she continued, “Lois isn’t my birth mother, although she raised me as her own. My dad insisted I grow up with an ordinary family life, like he had.”

“Then... who is your birth mother?”

“Artemis. An Amazon. The most accomplished warrior in all of Themyscira.”

His eyes opened wide. “Damn, I remember seeing her on the News once. She was working with Wonder Woman. She stood closer to seven feet tall than six with copper hair that hung to her knees. She disappeared after becoming the darling of Fox News for a while — a vigilante fighting terrorism. What happened to her?”

“She was killed while trying to stop an Iranian nuclear detonation. Amazons are strong and phenomenally skilled in battle, but not invulnerable. The weapon gave off a partial yield.”

“Jesus... that was never made public.”

“Only my father and the Amazons know the details.”

“So, have you spent time with them? The Amazons I mean?”

“Never. My father forbid it. Amazon culture is warlike and vicious, and they violently hate men. The sisters prey on men, seeking them only for conquest and for their seed, and they always kill men after mating. They’re all lesbians, of course.”

“Then what about Wonder Woman?”

“Diana is an ambassador for their race, and she convinced Artemis to adopt her compassionate ways for a time, albeit at ultimate cost to Artemis. But scratch any Amazon, even WW, and you find a man-hater. Trust me on this.”

He swallowed hard. “But... if they’re all lesbians and man-haters, how could your father and Artemis...?”

“Artemis spent time with dad and learned to respect him. She admired his strength, given he was the only man who could defeat her in combat. She wanted to improve the Amazon race by bringing his strength to Themyscira. He, in turn, wanted to continue the Kryptonian race. So they obviously worked something out.”

“Yet you are here on Earth. Are you the only child?”

She shook her head. “I have an older sister, but I’ve never met her. She’s been with the Amazons since birth and thinks as they do. That was Artemis’ price. The first born daughter.”

“A man-hating Amazon with Kryptonian powers? That’s scary.”

“Artemis swore to my father that neither my sister nor her children would ever come to Earth. As you know, the Amazons live in a pocket dimension.”

“But Artemis is dead. Does that promise still hold?”

Lynda shrugged. “Amazons claim to be honorable, at least by their own twisted definition of honor.”

Daryl thought for a moment. "I guess you have a real problem then when it comes to the next generation — no Kryptonian males. I assume no human guy is going to be much help in that way?"

"Unfortunately, no. My invulnerability is nearly perfect. Every part of me. Even those teensy but precious eggs. If a guy's swimmers can't break Mach 2 and punch through steel, they're going to bounce off in flames."

Daryl laughed as he tried to visualize that. "I love the way you treat all this like its just normal stuff. Eggs of steel. Supersonic sperm."

She shrugged. "That's my wacky world. My father has searched all over the galaxy for evidence of another Kryptonian male. Nada. But here's the really wrong part: if he doesn't find one, I have to decide to either let our race die, or to make a sacrifice for the good of the race, so to speak. The Amazons will never allow a male to be born."

"What are you saying...?" he started to ask, even as a part of him already knew.

"Well, there is obviously one Kryptonian male around."

His eyes opened wide. "No way!" he gasped.

She saw the horrified look on his face. "Yeah, that's about the way I see it too. But eventually I may have to face a most difficult choice."

"And here I was starting to think you had it all. You're beautiful, bulletproof, you can leap tall buildings with a single bound. Hell, you're probably damn near immortal as well. Then you tell me this."

She lowered her head, her hair falling over her face. "Yeah... well, so much for being perfect. Not. Maybe we should talk about something else."

Daryl heard the pain in her voice. "Sure... so how about that Sarah-bot thing who wasn't fazed by my bullets, and I was shooting magnum jacketed hollow points. How powerful are those things? And what was all that about you kissing her, it, whatever we call it?"

“She was strong enough that it took most of my strength to crush her, and the kiss was my way of inflating her lungs at hundreds of PSI in order to momentarily disrupt her internal processors and prevent her from self-destructing. You would not have survived that.”

He shuddered at the thought of a bomb going off down in those tunnels. “So how strong are you anyway?”

“I’m not exactly sure, but I could bench about two and half million pounds when I was sixteen. Actually, that wasn’t very hard. I can probably lift quite a bit more now, but I haven’t tried since then. It takes some special gear — think 70 foot tall granite boulders and you’ll be getting close.”

“Jesus...” he gasped, trying to get his head around her lifting a rock the size of a small apartment building. Then he thought about their lovemaking and her wild embraces, the way she went crazy on him during sex. She should have crushed him to death without the slightest exertion. “What I don’t understand is that you seemed to be very physical when we were making love. Fast breathing, panting even, sweaty skin, the wild out-of-control orgasms. The whole bit. You seemed to be totally into it, holding nothing back. How come I’m not squished to jelly?”

She laughed at the wondering look on his face. This was a more comfortable subject. “Actually, you were very safe the whole time. We can thank my dad for that much at least.”

“Huh... what’s he got to do with your, ah, extracurricular activities.”

“My father used this Kryptonian super-hypnosis machine to implant something like a post-hypnotic suggestion in my head. The idea was to limit my strength to human levels when I’m not dressed in my uniform. He wanted me to be able to live a human life as well as a super one. And given its a mental thing and not a physical thing, I remain invulnerable and never get tired even when my strength is dampened.”

“But you were wearing your uniform under your clothes when we made it on the airplane. Weren’t you super then?”

“If I had been,” she said, shaking her head, “it would have been impossible for you to, you know, do anything. Even if I could concentrate on relaxing myself enough, it would be too dangerous for you. One twinge and...” She shrugged.

He was glad she didn’t finish that thought. “I don’t understand then. How can the visibility of the uniform affect your strength?”

“Its actually based on the ‘S’ showing. The hypnotic suggestion thingy. It triggers based on what I know, or at least what I believe to be true. It has nothing to do with my physiology or any characteristic of the uniform. If the ‘S’ was showing and I didn’t know it was, I would still be limited. If it was actually hidden but I thought it was visible, then I’d have all my strength. It all depends on my self-aware perceptions.”

Daryl shook his head... this was all getting a bit clinical for him. Also a bit twisted.

Lynda saw the confusion. “Look at it from my father’s perspective. He wanted me to have a perfect dual life, Lynda and Supergirl, and be able to live each life without restraint or limitations or compromise. He has always struggled with his strength around normal people, and he wanted to make it easier for me. And given I’m a girl, that implied giving me a certain... vulnerability I guess you’d say. So I could live a normal life. If you know what I mean.”

He did, but the implications were disturbing. “That’s a pretty amazing bit of parenting, hypnotizing you and all. Kind of creepy though. How old were you? And you’re sure you can’t override or defeat it or anything?”

She shook her head “I was only three when he took me to the Fortress and plugged me into that machine. I call it hypnosis for lack of a better term, but it’s really more like hardwiring a part of my brain. It created a permanent set

of connections. Kryptonian technology in the area of mind modification was very advanced.”

Daryl tried to absorb all the implications. On one hand, it seemed abusive as hell to mess with a young child’s head that way, but how else could she have grown up with normal kids. And it did allowed her to enjoy being with humans in all the usual ways. He certainly wasn’t going to deny the attraction of that.

“It seems your father should have given you a voluntary means to control it.”

“I was three, Daryl. I don’t know how well you understand children, but giving a three year old the choice to be super or normal at any given moment would have been a disaster. What human mother is going to be able to keep up with a three-year old who can fly at Mach 3?”

“Good point.”

“The other thing, which you might have missed given the dark tunnel, is that I can also make my face and body look different when I want to. That comes from my Amazon side. Has to do with muscle tension and bending bones and reshaping skin and so forth. Combined with makeup and a few props, like these glasses, I can defeat any facial recognition software, even the kind the visitors use.”

“I didn’t know Amazons could do that. Everything about you is so fascinating. So different, so...”

“Super?” she finished.

“So, should I call you Supergirl?”

“In public when I’m wearing my uniform, yeah. Otherwise, no way. I’m just Lynda.”

Daryl nodded. He’d always been fascinated with Superman’s strength and the way bullets bounced off him like he was truly made of steel. Yet Lynda’s

body had so far proven to feel nothing like what he'd imagined for a Kryptonian. It was even harder to try to imagine her benching an apartment building-sized rock.

"I'm totally stoked about seeing you in uniform again. To see the changes. Of discovering what you're like when empowered. Any chance to see Supergirl again?"

She looked up at him and smiled. "I've often wondered what it would feel like when someone asked me that. In truth, I've never actually worn my red and blues in public before today, and that subway tunnel wasn't really public."

"I thought you looked wickedly sexy, but between the darkness and the brilliant glare of that laser and then your flashing eyes, not to mention all the adrenaline in my veins, it all went by in a blur."

"OK, but before I show you, you have to understand that everything about me is strong when I wear it. My muscle tone increases by orders of magnitude, which basically means steel-hard." She paused to watch his reaction. "Actually, a lot harder than steel, but that's how I'll feel to you."

"Now I'm really intrigued."

"You might not be in a minute. Let me know if you get uncomfortable or intimidated."

Daryl rose to stand as the train glided silently over the tracks without the slightest swaying. Lynda kicked off her heels and stood to face him, standing only inches away, her barefoot height a couple of inches less than his. His heart was pounding.

"Check out how I feel now. To better appreciate how I'm going to change."

He gripped her shoulders, which were very firm, and then lowered his hands to hold her upper arms. She felt very toned and fit, but with the amount soft fleshiness you'd expect of a woman. He daringly moved his

hands to the front of her jacket, cupping her breasts as he thrilled again to their rounded fullness. As with the rest of her, she felt wonderfully firm but also very feminine.

She laughed. "I was betting you'd do that." She leaned forward and kissed him, her soft lips melting into his, murmuring, "I like the way you touch me. Sexy yet respectful."

He felt himself growing hard again as she broke the kiss and stepped back a little.



“OK, now check this out.”

She undid her little tie and then began unbuttoning her red jacket. Once it was half unbuttoned, she pulled it open to reveal the big ‘S’ on her

chest.

Her face began to change at the same time, her cheekbones looking a bit higher and a bit wider, her eyes more rounded, her chin seemingly narrower. She looked many years younger, making Daryl wonder how old she really was.

“Wow. I wouldn’t have believed that if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes. I think you’re even cuter now. But younger.”

“My natural self doesn’t age very fast, but Lynda has to. Pretty hard to get a job like I have when you look like you should be in high school.”

He daringly traced the raised ‘S’ with his finger, feeling a sense of worshipful awe as he touched the ultimate icon of Kryptonian power. Her father’s icon had always been associated it with ultimate masculine power,

which made it look somehow misplaced on her feminine chest. "This is the most recognizable power symbol on Earth. It makes you so very special."

"Actually, its the girl beneath who is special," she smiled.

He responded to her invitation, cupping her boobs and squeezing them again, only to find they were far firmer. He held her tightly enough to have injured an ordinary woman, but her flesh only gave slightly beneath his fingers. He pressed his index finger into her boob, pushing as hard as he could, but was barely able to dimple it an inch. He resorted to tracing his fingertip around one nipple, and that drew a soft shiver from her body, her nipple growing hard and proud.

That somehow made him feel very powerful.

"As you can see, I'm still just as sensitive as before."

He squeezed her nipple very hard, but managed only to draw a tiny squeak of pleasure from her. "So, given you're so sensitive, what happens if you get shot here?"

"Too bad we're on a train or I'd let you figure that out yourself."

His jaw fell as he tried to imagine doing that, only to have his mind rebel. After all his firearms safety instruction, the idea of deliberately shooting someone to bring them pleasure was insane.

She giggled at the conflicted look on his face. "To answer your question, I don't know. I've never been shot there."

"Not even during training? I mean, I assume your father trained you?"

"Yeah, he did, and he familiarized me with firearms, which in our world meant getting used to being shot with them. But my dad wasn't about to shoot me here." She pressed her finger against her nipple, dimpling her breast deeply.

Daryl stared at the casual way her flesh yielded when she touched herself, realizing she was using many times his strength, and felt intimidated for the first time.

She unbuttoned the rest of her red jacket and tossed it on the couch, revealing that her blue top was sleeveless, with a cut-out in the back. Unlike her father, she didn't wear a cape.

"Check this out, muscle man. I'm even harder than my dad." She clenched her fist and her arm came alive with sharp-edged muscles and steely tendons. Her biceps grew larger than should have been possible given her slender arm, but what was really remarkable was her definition. The twin peaks that every bodybuilder lusted for were clearly on display, yet without any hint of the usual vascularity.

He placed his hand over her hard muscle and held her as tightly as he could. Her biceps truly felt like warm, polished steel, her skin stretched so tightly that it had zero give. "My lord...the daughter of the Man of Steel is definitely a chip off the block."

He felt a growing sense of awe as he held her. At one level, the sculpted, smooth curves of her hard body were sexy. She was the woman of tomorrow, a goddess incarnate by many people's definition. Yet on another level, he felt so profoundly weak compared to her.

"Yeah. Except that being this hard comes with a drawback. Bullets ricochet dangerously from my skin if I'm tensing myself at all."

He ran his fingers gently down her relaxed left arm. "Yet this arm is still as smooth as before, and there is still some give."

She tensed that arm as well, which now turned it into another solid steel beam. "Only if I'm completely relaxed."

"So this is all normal for a Kryptonian?"

“For a female, under a yellow sun, yeah. But given my dad has way more muscle than me, looking like a bodybuilder and all, he feels like steel all the time, even when he’s relaxed. That super-hypnosis thing didn’t work on him. I guess because I was so young it was able to fry my still developing brain.”

“You make it sound like its a curse. I thought your dad was trying to do you a favor... you know, giving you the ability to be both human and Kryptonian?”

She shrugged. “His heart was in the right place and it was probably the right thing to do at the time. But I worry that without the ‘S’ showing, someone could use my weakness against me. I wish I could undo it.”

“You didn’t mention what happens to your heat vision or x-ray vision.”

“They’re as powerful as ever all the time. And I can fly somewhat. Its mainly that my strength and muscle tone vanishes.”

“Then you’re not exactly helpless when out of uniform. Your heat vision was damned scary back there.”

“Still, if someone died because I lacked the strength to save them, that would be bad. I worry about that. And then there’s the issue of some bad guy stealing my top and taking advantage of me.”

“Yeah, like anyone is going to get you out of your uniform.”

“Well, you did.”

He grinned. “As I recall, and I’m probably a bit hazy here from lack of blood to the brain, but you came to my room without it. Just that mesh top, and that didn’t stay on for long.”

She giggled. “The last thing I want is to be wearing when I’m with you is my uniform. I much prefer my birthday suit.”

He started lifting her blue top over her breasts. “Well, in that case, I’ll happily make you more comfortable.”

She smiled, and lifted her arms to help him, only to have the train suddenly slow, the lights flickering and then going out.

Daryl clung to the warm, slender steel of her body, one hand firmly cupping a deliciously bare but still very super breast to hold himself up. He had to laugh. "Leave it to the French to have their trains break down in the middle of nowhere, just at the most critical moment."

She looked toward the front of the train, her eyes sparkling with a soft blue light. He realized with a start that she was using her x-ray vision despite the chance of having the visitor sats pick it up.

Her sexy smile instantly faded as she jerked herself away from him and pulled her top back down. "We've got trouble again. Big trouble."

Geosynchronous Orbit, the Visitor command ship, Anna's quarters

The door buzzed, and Anna pushed the button to open it. Marcus, her second-in-command, entered.

"We have news that one of our trackers has gone missing while on the scent of impostors in New Hope. The one we called Sarah."

"You told me that no weapon the Earthlings have could harm the trackers, Marcus. That is why I have taken on the Amazon's skin myself. Has our ally deceived us?"

"There is no reason to doubt Petra's claim. The Kryptonian male may have been responsible."

"Despite our tracking and weakening rays? You disappoint me."

"Our monitors show that he remains contained at this time, but there are gaps in our coverage. And as you know, I have never been pleased with our alliance with Petra. Given her Kryptonian nature, our weapons would be equally useless against her if she chose to break her alliance with us."

“Petra promised me she would not leave the pocket dimension of Themyscira. No, we are left with the reality that either the Earthlings have more powerful weapons than we know, or they have another Kryptonian in their midst. Find out which is true.”

“Yes, my queen. But I caution you that we should not discount the possibility that Petra herself is responsible.”

Anna turned her back to him as she walked from the room. “She is my ally. She understands the challenges of leadership, especially for women. I trust her.”

Spinning on her toe, Anna left Marcus standing in her quarters. She walked rapidly down a long corridor, struggling to keep her feet on the floor, heading for the firing range near Engineering. There she entered a very large room, the walls burned and scarred from weapon discharges. She walked over to face a security man who was holding a large handgun.

“This is the most powerful weapon they possess?” she asked.

“No, but it is commonly carried by police and military and deadly to the People. They have more powerful special purpose rifles, and of course, they have even more powerful weapons deployed by aircraft and armored forces. However, our study of the prototype tracker suggests they would be little more effective.”

“Then let me feel the power of this weapon.”

The man paused, looking at her nervously. “My queen, if we are wrong, then you could be injured. This type of weapon has killed some of the People.”

“Yet you have assured me that the trackers are invincible, and I now have the same skin as them. Are you telling me that you lied?”

The man began to sweat. “No. I simply do not think you should risk yourself, my queen.”

“My daughter even now is taking on this skin. I will not send her down to Earth to face the Resistance unless I have personally ensured her safety.”

“This may hurt, my queen. We cannot judge from the trackers. Their minds may be of the People, but their central nervous system is part machine.”

Anna walked to the end of the firing range before turning to face him, one hand on her hip. “Do as you are ordered. The consequences are mine alone.”



The man swallowed hard and raised his 9mm Glock to fire a single jacketed hollow-point round. The bullet impacted just below Anna's rib cage, and the flattened bullet ricocheted across the room with a zing.

Anna looked down to finger the hole in her suit, and smiled. "That was not the least bit uncomfortable. Aim for my face this time."

The man fired again, the impact snapping her head back slightly as it caught her right cheekbone.

"A slight sting, but not bad. My mouth this time." She

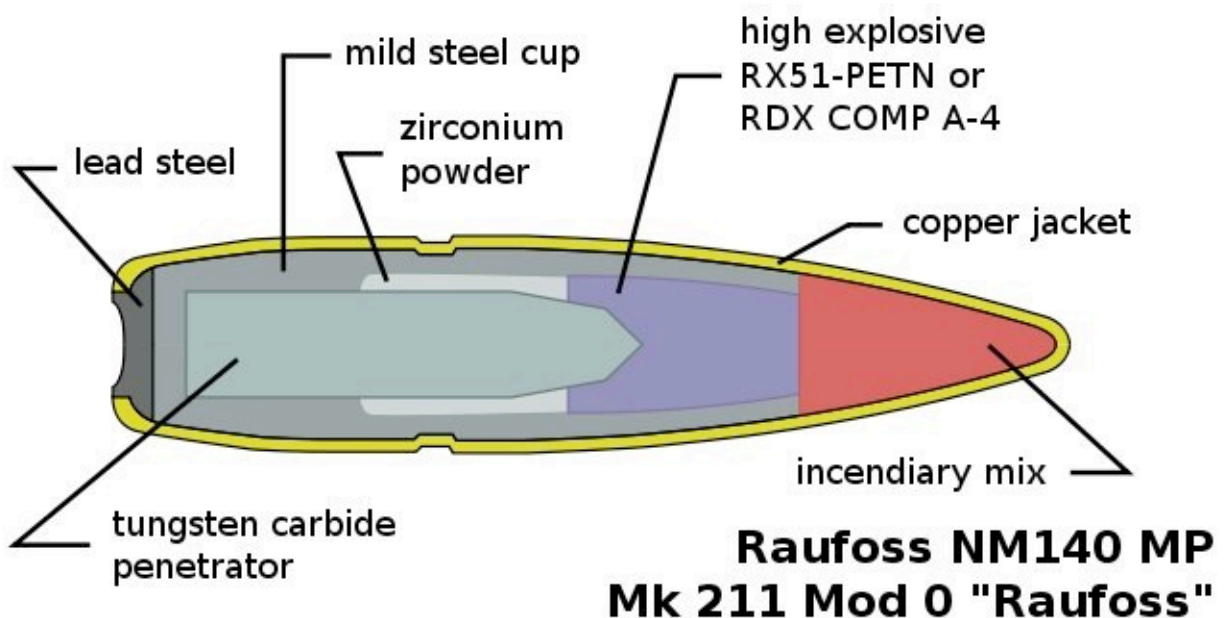
opened it wide.

The man fired, but in his nervousness, he hit her nose instead, flattening it slightly. She reached up to rub it as she sneezed. He fired again, and this time his aim was true. She spat the bullet back out.

"Tastes terrible. Lets move on to the rifle."

The security man struggled to hand-hold the massive M82 sniper rifle he'd procured, trying to keep the sights roughly centered on her body as he squeezed the trigger. The recoil from the heavy .50 BMG MK 211 anti-materiel sniper round threw him backward against the wall. He cried out and dropped the rifle, his shoulder visibly dislocated from the recoil.

The impact of the bullet low on Anna's pelvis was far more spectacular. Sparks exploded in all directions from the high explosive and incendiary mix, and the tungsten carbide penetrator burst into a spray of lethal shrapnel that pitted the walls of the chamber. Anna went flying backward to crash into a wall, the shrapnel and explosive shredding most of her grey suit, the incendiary igniting what was left of it, leaving her engulfed in flames.



She staggered forward a couple of steps, and then slumped to her knees, a stunned look on her face. Her skin was glowing red hot where the bullet had

hit. She shook her head slowly and then rose unsteadily back to her feet as the last flaming shards of her suit fell away. She ran her hands down the front of her body, marveling at the firm, undamaged curves of her new flesh.

The shooter just stared at her, shocked by the explosive impact of the bullet, but even more from finding himself privy to his queen's nakedness.

"That was quite uncomfortable, but not injurious," she said, marveling at her new power. She strode forward to stand over the shooter, who kneeled before her as was proper for his class. Reaching down, she wrapped her long fingers around his skull. "As I'm sure you can appreciate, this is a matter of absolute secrecy."

She squeezed her fingers, and was rewarded with the satisfying crunch of his skull collapsing, blood and gray matter spurting from his ears and nose. It was so effortless. Impressed beyond her expectations, Anna dropped her former servant on the floor and turned to find that Marcus had followed her to the test chamber. She placed her hands on her hips to stare proudly at him, flaunting her nakedness.

"You have done well, Marcus. This is a very good skin. When will my daughter be ready to share in such power?"

Marcus walked out from behind the transparent armor shield that had protected him, looking down at the dead man with disgust. He despised the way Anna destroyed life so callously. "She comes out of the chamber tonight."

"And other of our People?"

He shook his head as his eyes rose to meet hers. "The Amazon provided only enough genetic material to grow the two trackers, plus provide skins for you and Lisa. Assuming we could even get more material, it takes three months to grow a skin."

“Then Lisa will assist the tracker while you search for Sarah. I will deal with the Amazon myself. I fear we will need many more such skins if we are to own this world.”

Eastern France

Amy stood on top of a stone monument as the clouds began to lower. All around her, fog was rising from the forest to meet the lowering clouds, yet for the moment, she enjoyed a ray of sunshine from a blue hole in the clouds. She so enjoyed the variability and vitality of the weather on Earth. It was so very different from the dying world her People had fled from, hoping to find a fertile planet full of prey species.

Anna had not told them until they arrived, when they were out of fuel and food and options, that this new world was already populated by an intelligent, emotive, social species of great potential. She portrayed it as a simple choice: humans or the People.

Amy shuddered as she remembered the excitement and horror of that moment. One intelligent race was to prosper while the other became little more than a food supply.

More recent were Amy’s memories of the excruciating process that transferred her intelligence to the cybernetic brain of this machine, turning her into a cyborg. She’d seen her own body destroyed in the process.

She’d been born a male, and her gender identity was still rooted there, despite having been transplanted into this female body. But there was no going back now.

Yet living as she did now, both organic and cybernetic, was exciting and disturbing. Her flesh and bones and internal organs were formed of a mix of Kryptonian and Amazon DNA, which gave her incredible freedom of activity, but her central nervous system and memory and processing system, which

was the repository for her implanted intelligence, was based on the cybernetics that ran their ships. A few additional constructs, such as the magnetic resonance devices for mind-reading, had been added almost as an afterthought. Technically she was a cyborg, yet by weight, her body was 95% organic, with her Kryptonian DNA controlling every cell in it.

Strangely though, given she lacked even a single strand of human DNA, she found herself increasingly drawn to the fate of the humans. They were a resourceful and creative race, and if not for Anna's deeply-implanted agents who drove them relentlessly toward war and conflict, they might also have been a peaceful race. She pitied them, given those embedded agents had sparked human conflict and intolerance for hundreds of years now. The unexpected arrival of the Kryptonian male hadn't significantly slowed those conflicts, for he did not know the root cause, and in his ignorance believed that constant aggression was simply a part of human nature. He claimed that he was not on Earth to transform humanity, only to protect it.

Little did he know that the sources of most of the problems he dealt with every day, terrorism, ethnic and religious violence, organized criminality and outright war, were being fanned by Anna's agents so she could now offer solutions to the very things she'd secretly created.

The humans had grasped eagerly at those solutions, given they had lost any hope of controlling such forces on their own. Even more, they were accustomed to the concept of turning to gods during difficult times and asking them to help solve their problems. Many of them now worshipped Anna like a god.

She laughed at that concept. Gods. If only they knew how corrupt Anna was and how weak the People truly were. Anna controlled them like sheep, brainwashing them with her Bliss.

Barely a year had passed now since their first ship had openly appeared in Earth's skies, and only now was a token Resistance forming to fight back. She

admired those who had the courage to see the truth, yet sadly knew that it was her job to crush that spark before it became a fire.

Yet she was no longer truly of the People. Nor was she human. Nor Amazon. She was Kryptonian, a dying race that had been reduced to two other members. Superman and his daughter Petra of the Amazons.



She stared off into the distance, zooming in with her Kryptonian eyes to observe life inside a simple French village. The people were so peaceful and kind toward each other, going about their tasks with humor and good grace. She again wondered how humans would have matured as a species if they'd been left to their own devices. Or how they might in the future.

But, of course, that would never happen now.

What she found most confusing was the obvious conflict between Anna and Petra's visions for humans, caught as she was in a struggle between the two allied forces.

Anna's vision of the future was very simple — once humans were properly domesticated, they would become the food supply for the remaining People who were even now traveling toward Earth. They would recreate the world they had left, which would ultimately make Earth uninhabitable. Then they would move on, taking a breeding population of humans for food and sterilizing the planet they left behind. They had done this many times during their recorded history.

It was her duty to support the People, given she was born of them.

In contrast, the Amazons saw humans as slaves who would someday serve a glorious Amazonian culture here on Earth. That would require only a few hundred thousand humans, mostly females with only enough men standing at stud to allow breeding. The rest of the humans would be eliminated, their bodies used to fertilize the soil of the new and verdant wilderness that would cover the blue planet.

No warmth or kinship had been extended by the Amazons. They were cold and hard and concerned only with their own affairs.

Clearly, both visions could not be realized, but Amy had no idea how Anna and Petra were going to resolve it. It was possible that a war between the People and the Amazons would someday be fought, but only after their shared goal of human domestication was reached. Until then, it was her job to do whatever Anna or Petra commanded.

She had no real choice in any case. Anna held one of children while the Amazons held the other. Both women had proven they would kill anyone who violated their trust.

Her ultimate duty was clear — protect her children. It was only her heart that troubled her, driven as it was by her implanted soul.

She closed her eyes and briefly indulged herself in her favorite fantasy: she would join the Resistance, she would destroy Anna's ship and stop the others from coming, she would ally herself with Superman and banish the Amazons

back to their pocket dimension. That last thought send a flurry of warm tingles through her body. The female side of her yearned for the company of a suitable male. Was it possible that she was a fertile Kryptonian, despite the cybernetics? Could she and Superman create a family of Protectors and save the Earthlings forever?

She opened her eyes as she pushed that traitorous fantasy away. To do that would mean abandoning the People and sacrificing her children for the Earthlings. That was impossible. She would do whatever it took to protect her children.

She was a weapon and nothing more.

A distant high-pitched whistle brought her thoughts back to the here and now. Turning, she scanned the long valley below her to locate the approaching TGV train. She saw it slowing as it reached the section of track without power.

Now was the time.

Petra had been very specific in describing how she wanted the train destroyed, claiming key members of the Resistance were on-board. The manner of their deaths would terrify the other members of the Resistance, weakening their resolve.

Amy wasn't sure about that -- everything she'd seen suggested the opposite. The real damage would be to the families of the innocent passengers.

She hardened her heart as she pushed that concern away. There there were billions more humans. She had only two children. Keeping them safe was the priority. Always.

Twisting her body, she launched herself toward the train, instantly accelerating past the Mach, her sonic boom flattening the trees as she flew just above them. She aimed herself like a bullet directly at the train engine, her arms outstretched in front of her, her eyes wide open and glowing as she scanned the internal structure of the engine, locating the structural beams and the huge electric motors. Her previous life as a scientist allowed her to calculate the best place to apply her strength. She dropped lower, skimming the concrete ties of the track now as she angled herself to come up under the engine about thirty feet from the front. Her breasts began to flick erotically along the ties before she drove herself lower at the last split second, her chest tearing gouges in the concrete ties as she flashed under the front bumper of the engine to thrust quickly upward. She grabbed the steel beams at the same time that her head and shoulders crashed into the massive electric motor, still

moving at supersonic speed. The beams bent and the motor deformed as it brought her body to a crashing stop, the force of her fantastic impact lifting the engine briefly off the rails.

The impact also dazed her enough to see spots. Blinking her eyes to dispel them, she found that her head and shoulders were buried inside the massive electric motor, just she'd planned, making the entire train engine an extension of her body. She gritted her teeth as she concentrated on tensing her legs, pouring all her strength into flying. Kryptonian muscles flexed fantastically across her slender frame as she slowly lifted the massive engine off the tracks, giving flight to 200 tons of good French steel.

She gave the engine a quick twist to shatter the coupler while staring through the structure with her x-ray vision. She flew the huge engine slowly around in a circle a hundred feet off the ground to come to a stop just in front of the first passenger car. Taking a deep breath of oil filled air, she powerfully twisted her body like a gymnast doing a somersault, the force of her fantastic exertion flinging the train engine around her body like a gigantic bat. It slammed upside down on top of the first passenger car, crushing the lightweight structure completely flat, the jellied flesh of its occupants squirting out from all sides in a pink mist.

Amy tried not to look at that, telling herself that at least their deaths had been painless, unexpected and instant, unlike the the slow, excruciating death that Anna would bestow on her child by skinning him alive. A torture she could make last for days.

Amy shuddered as she imagined her son's agony, and steeled herself to her task. She picked the massive engine up once again, flying upward to hover over the second car. She closed her eyes this time as she somersaulted in mid-air again, swinging 200 tons of engine even harder than before.

(To be continued in Part 3 -- with any luck, this will be the greatest super-powered fight scene I've ever written.)