

The New, Classic Super 2

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Jkl6667 of DeviantArt

“Here you are, gentlemen!” Supergirl lowered a squirming man onto the hood of a patrol car. The cops got out and took hold of his arms, pulling him off. The heroine beamed proudly. “Caught this mugger trying to harm a nice old lady out for a walk with her dog.”

“I ain't no mugger!” the man declared, scowling and trying to break free, “This... this crazy, flying lady just grabbed me outta nowhere and-”

“You have the right to remain silent!” one of the officers said, pushing him against the side, “And you probably should. I recognize your ass from several reports.” The mugger went quiet. “Mhm, not going to lie your way out of this one.”

“Yeah, but he's probably gonna get out.” The other cop frowned, pulling out his cuffs. “You know how sympathetic the judges are around here unless they do something “real” bad.”

“Yeah,” the first one said with a long sigh, finishing off the rest of the Miranda spiel.

Once the man was put in the back of the car, the two officers turned to the heroine, who was watching silently. One of the officers' eyebrows cocked, slowly giving her a once over. “So, who the hell are you exactly? Never seen anyone like you before.”

“Isn't it obvious, officer?” she quaintly spoke, smiling, “I'm Supergirl!”

“I can see that, but who are you really?”

Supergirl giggled. “Oh, I can't just go revealing my secret identity like that!

“Anyways, I must be off! Make sure he gets to jail!”

“Wait! I need testimony for the report! Don't just-” But it was too late. Supergirl had already shot off into the sky, leaving them behind. Sure, she could hear the cop just fine with her super hearing, but hero duties came first, not paperwork. She was sure they could handle the report just fine.

Though, Supergirl did hear something that caught her attention. “Seriously, who the hell was that? Such a pain-in-the-ass!”

“I'm not sure if she can even be that, ya know? I think she's stealing DC's property dressed like that or something. Maybe copyright infringement?”

Supergirl had no clue what that meant. “*DC's property?*” *Are they talking about Washington?* She snorted. She was no stooge for the government. It was probably best not to think about it. Some people were just ungrateful for her help.

Pushing that nonsense out of her mind, she returned to her patrol. She flew around the area, high above the skyscrapers. She buzzed over the suburbs on the edge of the city. She even soared over the industrial parks and shopping areas.

Her ears were attuned, listening for anything that caught her attention, yet nothing did. *Well, can't expect there to always be trouble.* She shrugged. *Heroism isn't really needed 24/7, especially in a peaceful city like this. Maybe I should head home.*

At that moment, something clicked in her mind, as if a gear was moved into place.

N-no! Crap, I... I need to get back to work! A voice had risen in the back of her mind. It was quiet, but she could make it out. It was similar but different to her own.

And without even really thinking about it, she turned back and started heading... somewhere. She even began to descend. *Need to get back to work.* That voice... *Can't be away. I'll get in trouble!* The voice was so familiar, so oddly normal to her.

Supergirl shook her head. Was it the normal voice for her, Linda Danvers? *No... It's for... for Ja... Jai... someone.* It was on the tip of her tongue, but it wouldn't come out.

The heroine drifted back to the city, slowly descending further and further. As she dropped, her mind elsewhere, something peculiar happened. Her long, gorgeous, wavy blonde hair began to shrink. It rose up her back, heading for her shoulders. The color darkened, shifting into something inky black.

I'm... close. Work. Supergirl didn't know why, but she was landing somewhere near. She was a few blocks from some place she had to be... perhaps this “work”? She didn't know, but she knew it was where she had to be.

And the closer she got to it, the more rapidly she shifted. Her healthy tan, one that she no doubt got from absorbing the sunlight during her regular flights, faded until it was pale. Her figure was dropping its more traditionally heroic build. Toned muscles faded, inches were shaved off her height, and even her breasts dropped a cup or two.

Supergirl never noticed a thing, landing in some alley. Her clothing rapidly shifted alongside her form. Her cape vanished in just seconds, her boots turning into sneakers. Her blue shirt with the Superman logo on it turned baggy and dull, her skirt becoming that of jeans.

Her feet touched the ground, and something in her mind shook again. She closed her eyes briefly and reopened them. Her vision was awful. Why wasn't she wearing her glasses?

I wear glasses... right? “Supergirl” felt so confused, scratching her head as she walked out of the alley. The questionable vision was one thing, but then there were “other” thoughts building in her head. *Alice is going to be so upset. Will missing this much work cut into my paycheck? Stupid superhero nonsense. I need to get back right now!*

All of that rapidly buzzed through her mind. It kept building and building, bubbling like a boiling pot of water. It was so much, but yet, things felt almost clearer in a way, like a haze was being lifted from her mind.

I... I need my glasses. That's what the superheroine thought, deciding to focus on one particular train of thought for now as she continued scratching her head. *I... I think I left them back at work, right? I remember that's where- hmm?*

Right on top of her head, there was a pair of glasses. But, weren't they supposed to be back at her job? This felt wrong.

She took them off and gave them a look. They were thick-rimmed with a style and flourish that seemed dated almost back to the 60s. The pair felt even more alien to her than they already were. Yet, curiously, putting them on, she found that they fitted perfectly and her vision had cleared up.

Everything... everything just doesn't make sense! Supergirl rubbed the sides of her head. *I remember leaving them at work, but they didn't look like this.* She looked around, trudging towards the alley exit unaware. *And why am I here and not in my car? Everything is... is...*

And then, she stepped out onto the sidewalk and into the daylight. It shined brightly down on her, the young woman blinking her eyes several times. She shook her head as a few gears in her head snapped into place.

She looked around once more. *Wait... where am I?* A frown crept onto her face. *I was just at work and I... I'm...*

Jamie. She was Jamie? ...yeah, she's Jamie.

Jamie shook her head, smacking her forehead a few times. *God, my head is so screwed up.* There were still some parts fogged over, but most of her mind felt clear for the first time in a while. *Did I have some kind of episode? Crap, I can't remember anything!*

Rubbing her head once more, she decided to walk. She knew roughly where she was. She had gone down this road several times on her way to work. If she took this sidewalk for a bit, she would get back in no time.

Why am I here? Jamie tried to think. Why would she have come over here, leaving work in the middle of the day and not even taking her car? Something was very wrong. She had to think back and try to recall every little detail she could.

Thinking as hard as she could, images started forming. She remembered being at work certainly. She was... doing work in the back for the costume shop. There was a box involved. It was annoying to her, having to... to...

Then nothing else. She recalled feelings of confusion and then distress, but that was it.

I'll probably remember when I get back. Maybe I could sneak in through the back and-

“Did you hear the news?”

“How did I not? We have a superhero in our city!”

“It's so cool! It's like living in a comic book!”

What the hell are they talking about? Jamie slowed down as she came upon two people sitting on a bench, waiting for a bus. They talked loudly, like excited teenage girls fawning over some celebrity crush. However, a certain word in their chattering caught her attention.

“And, like, literally too! Supergirl!”

“Our own Supergirl, looking and dressing just like her!”

Jamie felt her blood run cold. She came to a stop behind their bench, almost freezing in place. *Super... Supergirl?* Her lower lip twitched. *That... that's... that can't be...*

One of them pulled a phone from their jacket. “People are already posting video about it! You gotta see this!”

The two huddled together as the person popped up a video. Jamie's entire body fidgeted. Part of her wanted to keep walking. This couldn't be anything good.

Yet, she was compelled. She silently moved in, looking down over their heads as best as she could. She stared, seeing a video pop up. The title simply read, "Our city's Supergirl!"

The video began to play, and Jamie felt her heart almost skip a beat right there. There she was: Supergirl. The heroine was ripping the door off a car that had bent inward after a wreck. She carefully helped people get out and those she couldn't, she got paramedics to them.

It... looked so familiar, nostalgic despite the video only being an hour old.

Jamie jolted. Like a bolt of lightning, it clicked in her head. *I'm... Supergirl?*

Her stomach churned, sweat started forming. Her head was a blur as emotions swirled all around in it. She felt queasy. She became a superheroine. Why? Why her? She hated superheroes! Why would she become one?

Her face scrunched up, eyes clenching shut and teeth gritting. *I need to think. Think back. Something happened. Something happened at work! That's when I did... something that caused this!*

Slowly, more details and pieces came back to her. The assistant manager, Alice, a lady who dressed up as Sailor Moon like every Halloween, had switched duties with her. She was to be in the back taking care of stock and inventory. A delivery had come in.

It was a big box. Yes, the box she vaguely remembered. It was clearing up. It was a box full of unsorted costume pieces. It was really annoying to her. She had opened it up and-

"Excuse me, what are you doing?" Jamie snapped back to reality as an annoyed voice cut into her. The two people on the bench were looking up at her. They did not seem happy, and why should they? Jamie was not only looking over their shoulders at the video but had somehow also gotten closer while doing so.

"Oh!" Her face was hotter than the sun it felt like. She stepped back. "S-sorry." She stepped further back. "I'm sorry! I'll just go!" She did just that without another word, feeling more embarrassed by the second.

Though, to her, was it as embarrassing as turning into a superhero? That was so wrong. So very, very wrong to the lady.

Me, a superhero? She gritted her teeth as she hurried. *A frickin' superhero. A stupid, juvenile power fantasy and looking like one that "certain" people get off too?* Her fists clenched now, her pace heavy and angry. *God, this sucks! This sucks so much!*

Once she reached the corner of the block, she stopped. With a long, deep breath, she exhaled and let her chest sink. She still felt angry, but a new feeling was fluttering up. Relief.

Jamie was back to normal. She no longer was Supergirl. She could go back to her life and not have to think about all of that nonsense. She didn't have to embarrass herself anymore. Plus, as far as she could remember, she didn't expose herself as Supergirl to anyone else.

Just get back to work, she thought, crossing the street, *go back and... ugh, probably noticed I left. Maybe... maybe just admit you had an "episode" of sorts and you won't get into trouble? Just get through that and get back to normal.*

How any of that would work, she had no idea. It was best to try and be positive instead of worrying herself sick. She would cross the road soon enough.

Though, as soon as she crossed the literal road she was on and reached the other side, she heard a roar. Sirens started blaring off in the distance, getting closer and closer. Soon, a parade of fire trucks, cars, and ambulances roared on by. Her heart skipped a beat, shivers rolling down her spine at the sight of this.

Something was wrong. Slowly, she turned and looked back. Off in the distance, nestled between and behind some skyscrapers, she could see it. Smoke was rising from somewhere.

A fire. Jamie bit her bottom lip, hands clenching. *I hope...* She twitched, shoulders jerking. *I hope they can handle that.* She may not want to be a superhero but that didn't mean she was heartless. Hopefully first responders would solve this matter.

They're professionals. They can... can... Jamie started to tilt forward. Her head was so light, the world feeling a bit blurry. Something was wrong with her now too it felt like.

She reached up to feel her forehead, but her hand only rose to her chest before stopping. Her gaze fell upon it, the cold sweat from before coming back. Her hand... it was so much tanner now. And her nails? They definitely didn't look like they were chewed on but properly manicured to perfection.

The sight of it made memories flood back. No more fog, just clarity. This is how it began.

The tan complexion of her hand spread onto her arm, disappearing under her shirt. It was going and moving to the rest of her body. Just like before. So very much like before.

Dread poured in as everything felt tight. Her clothing shrank, clinging more perfectly to her figure. Said figure was tightening up, muscles growing tone and fit for an athletic build. The only part that didn't grow was her waist, narrowing and flattening there.

Crap crap crap crap! Jamie's head jerked all around, spotting another alley up ahead. She rushed into it, growing a few inches taller. She couldn't let anyone see her like this!

She ran deep between the buildings, far outside of sight and, just to be certain, stood behind a dumpster. Breathing was heavy, her body breaking out into shivers. She tried to focus on her breathing and take deep, calming breaths like before. She couldn't manage such a thing now. The woman was transforming again, and she had no way to stop it!

She leaned back against the wall, face scrunching up with fear. Out of the corner of her eyes and felt against her cheeks, her hair was growing back. It cascaded down onto her shoulders and onto her chest. Locks went wavy as streaks of blonde ran through rapidly.

The changing lady couldn't watch, shutting her eyes tightly. *This can't be happening again!* Her cheeks warmed, her face softening and slightly shifting into a cuter look. *I can't have this happen again... I just... just...*

Jamie bit her bottom lip, now slightly plumper. She could feel something. It was from when she first changed into Supergirl. It was a pleasant, warming sensation that was blooming from in. Nothing sensual, but it was... welcomed.

Her eyes slowly opened, a dotting, sweet shade of blue now. She looked down, seeing that all of her hair was blonde. Blonde, wavy, conditioned, absolutely perfect looking. *Oh my.* A soft giggle left her lips. *It looks good on me, doesn't it?*

That warmth spread into her chest, her heart racing. She could see the area rise, her shirt stretching forward and out. Her breasts had gone up a cup size right there.

Jamie still felt warm and pleasantly cool seeing her breast size increase. However, her true feelings returned and knocked sense back into her upon the next sight. Her shirt turned sky blue and over her enhanced chest, a logo appeared: the Superman logo.

No no no no! Jamie moaned like an angry child internally. *I don't want this! Stop this nonsense right now!* Even though it was pointless and would stop nothing, she grabbed her shirt by the chest. She started to tug, prepared to rip it off.

A small semblance of rationality and reality hit her then. Would that be even remotely a good idea? Turning into a hero was embarrassing, but turning into one and then stripping down to her undies? That would be even worse.

Besides, when she tugged on it, Jamie realized it wouldn't work. Despite how spandex-y her shirt felt like, it was durable. It simply stretched and didn't even react otherwise.

So, Jamie let go and just groaned. *I can't believe this! I'm gonna be some stupid Barbie hero again! I can't... can't...I can feel so good again.*

That radiating positivity and giddiness returned, causing her to shiver. A small smile formed, her cheeks rosey red with joy. *I'm gonna be so beautiful, so powerful!*

I shouldn't... I shouldn't just roll over and take it. She bit her bottom lip again. *But it does feel so nice!* Her pants stretched in the back. *I feel so good!* Her butt grew, pushing out into a full but firm shape. *Being good and helping others is so wonderful.*

Jamie's smile grew more. She couldn't resist it. The call to heroism in this transformation was too wonderful. Helping others, flying over the city, being an inspiration for little girls, and more was so nice. She most certainly would hate it after it was over and had reverted back yet again, but currently, she couldn't stop herself from loving it.

And as such, more of her appearance changed. A yellow belt appeared over her jeans, which were slowly shrinking up her legs again. The denim reddened as the texture softened. Red fabric appeared around her neck, stretching down her back and forming a stunning cape.

I know... I know I hate this. Her eyes scrunched close again but opened soon after, the world blurry again. *But... but I want this too.* She removed her glasses, stuffing them into a zipper pocket on the inside of her cape. The world was crystal clear. *I'm going to be her.*

And that's okay. Her hips widened a touch more as her jeans finished converting into a dashing, heroic red skirt. Her thighs thickened a little more, the muscles in them tighter and stronger to fit her heroine shape.

Jamie took a deep breath and released, her body settling down further. Her feet bent up onto her tippy toes before going flat against the ground again. Doing so, her shoes stretched and pulled up into leather red boots, completing her outfit.

She took another breath and released again, everything washing away. Her breasts rose with it and stayed up, now heavy, protruding C-cups. The way she stood shifted ever so slightly, moving to a stance that prominently pushed her chest out.

Super Jamie quivered, biting her bottom lip. Her body shook, eyes rolling back. A soft moan left her lips. Something was released, something truly wonderful. She felt more awake than she had ever felt in her whole life.

Jamiegirl nodded, taking a deep breath and releasing that excitement. She felt so much better, so focused and sure of herself. All her fears, embarrassment, and, most important of all, anger, were buried. She was reborn once more.

“I’m Supergirl again!” A proud grin stretched across her face as she put her hands on her hips. She pushed her chest further out, standing in the best Superman-esque pose she could pull off. She boastfully declared, “The hero this town needs is back!”

Becoming this heroine again was different this time, rather strange feeling. She still felt and remembered her old self clearly enough. However, this hero persona had taken hold, one that had a mix of Supergirl’s own memories and attitude in it. It coated everything, making her a mixture of the two identities in a way.

It was strange to think about or consider, so the DC Comics character decided to do neither. She just focused on her more confident attitude and feelings. She knew what her powers were and could control them well. Whatever came up, she could handle it.

Help! Save us! Please! There’s so much smoke! Get that ladder up there! Tighten up the pressure! Move into position now, stat!

Supergirl heard it faintly but when she focused in, it became so clear. *The fire!* The reason why she had changed in the first place she guessed. *I need to help them now!*

With the sound of a **FWOOSH**, the Girl of Tomorrow shot into the sky in mere seconds. She soared high above the skyscrapers and looked around. Off in the distance, she could see the dark smoke rising out of the concrete jungle.

Not wasting a second longer, she shot towards it. *I’ll save everyone! No one is going to die in this fire! Not on my watch! I’m Supergirl!*

She grew closer and closer by every half-second. The building became clearer; it was an apartment complex! There were so many people crying out for help, at the windows or stuck behind the walls. So many citizens were in need of rescue.

Everyone is going to be fine. She flew in closer and closer, spotting an open window clear of people. She headed straight for it.

Jamie turned the doorknob, a wave of relief washing over her. It was still unlocked. It looked like Alice had forgotten to lock the door after the delivery man dropped off the package and it hadn't locked when she left through it to go do hero stuff earlier either.

Lucky for her!

Jamie opened the door a crack and peeked through. The TV was on, showing local news before cutting to a commercial. Then, the door leading to the front swung shut. There was a flash of "Sailor Moon" disappearing behind it.

Good. All alone.

Now was her chance. Jamie crept into the room, taking a breath. It was good to be inside, back to normal. It was far less stressful than where she just came from.

"Supergirl" had spent a good, long while clearing that towering apartment complex. People rescued, floors supported for victims to cross, fires put out, firefighters and paramedics guided, she had done it all. It all worked out. Not a single person perished. Sure, some needed to go to hospital for injuries, but it could've been a lot worse.

Like when she ran out of things to do on patrol, the superhero then slowly reverted back. Thankfully for her, it was out of sight again. She managed to maneuver herself much closer to work this time, so that helped a lot. Having her memories intact (mostly?) was also nice.

Jamie looked around and found her glasses on the table. She put them on and sighed. It felt good to be wearing them and not some weird set that her transformation deemed her to have.

Glasses obtained, now, time to search! Jamie bent down and got on her knees. She looked around the table and under the chairs. *Let's see, gotta be somewhere.*

The young woman searched under the other tables and chairs around. She checked between boxes and around the racks. She was careful, thorough in her search. *It has to be here! Where could it have gone?*

The item in question she remembered clearly now. It had come back to her. Perhaps the intense heat of the building fire made it click in her mind, but she had it.

It was that fake Kryptonite rock. When she was originally sorting through the costumes from the box, she had found it inside. Picking it up, she remembered it heating up in her palm right before changing. It had to be the cause of all of her misfortune.

Now, would finding it help her? Would obtaining it be able to fix all of this superhero transforming? Jamie wasn't sure, but she knew she had to at least get a hold of it.

Okay, okay. Not finding it. Where could it have gone? She looked off to the far corner away from her. *Maybe it rolled over there?* She checked it, looking around those boxes over there. *No... dammit, where did it go?!*

A low creak pierced through the silence of the room. A shiver went down her spine. "Oh? Back at long last?" The shiver went into her very soul.

Oh... oh no... Jamie gulped and got to her feet, nearly stumbling with how much her legs started to shake. She turned around. Her fear was true.

It was the assistant manager. Alice was in the doorway, gazing at her accusingly. It would look ridiculous given her sailor scout uniform and wig, but it didn't register in Jamie's mind at all.

She knew and it made Jamie nervous. Her boss knew that she had transformed. She could remember it clearly, transforming before her. Maybe she didn't see all of it, but she saw enough. Jamie had transformed and neglected her work duties to go play superheroine/Supergirl.

I'm screwed. Jamie could feel her body fidget, eyes twitching. *What... what is she going to do?* Dread is overflowing. *I snuck back in, and she found me. I'm... I'm going to be fired, aren't I? M-maybe I should just quit now and avoid any awkward-*

And then, Alice did something she did not expect. The older woman sighed. "Well, don't worry about sorting. I went through and handled everything."

That's... that's it? Jamie stood there in disbelief. She blinked a few times and even rubbed her eyes. Alice's expression had softened... or maybe it already was to begin with and she imagined that hard stare? She didn't know.

Jamie had to ask however, just to be certain. "Wait, that's it?"

Alice gave her a strange look. “Yeah?” She looked back out front. “Listen, you should just get back behind the register. I need to get back to all of my actual job. I can't be doing yours all day.”

That wasn't good enough. “That's really it? After everything that happened?!” Jamie felt like her head was about to pop. “That's all you have to say about... like anything?!”

“Well, yeah.” Alice shrugged, stepping more into the room. “I thought about it and, frankly, whatever you did was probably more important than inventory.” She nodded over to the TV. The news had come on, showing a story on Supergirl. “I caught a little bit of what was going on. It seemed like you were doing good, so why be upset?”

Jamie felt lightheaded. On one hand, there was some relief. She wasn't in trouble for anything, for ditching out on her job and being gone for hours on end. It didn't seem like she was going to be fired.

But on the other hand, all of this felt like an underreaction to her. “But I,” she stuttered, trying to find the right words, “I just... I turned into Supergirl!”

“And? You're back to normal and probably helped a bunch of people.”

“That's not the goddamn point!” Jamie shouted, gripping her head. “I trans-form-ed into a superhero! That's not normal! That's crazy! Things like this shouldn't be happening. I shouldn't be like this! I shouldn't be turning into some dumb blonde flying lady! Don't you get it?!”

“I don't see the problem personally.” The expression on her boss shifted, one that was just filled with pity. That grinded Jamie up more. “You got to turn into a hero and help everyone! If you want me to be frustrated or angry at you, I could act like that and say you needed to find a better time to hero up so it won't interfere with your shift. Does that work?”

“I. Don't. Want. To. Be. SUPERGIRL!” Jamie didn't feel embarrassed or anything of the like anymore. She just felt rage. “I don't want to be any hero! They're so... stupid! Stupid, low class, childish, unrealistic nonsense! I don't want to be associated with such things, but here I am, continuing to turn into her!”

Alice stroked her chin. “Continuing? This happened more than once?”

“Yes. I wasn't Supergirl the whole time. I just turned back at some point and was coming back when I saw the fire. Then... boom, I was her again!”

“I see,” her manager said with a nod, “Sounds like it was lucky that you turned back. You helped a lot of people there.”

“Sure.” Jamie knew it was true. Her heroic transformation had helped a lot of people in that fire. Perhaps the first responders would've handled everything just as well, but her presence made a difference and part of her, deep down, liked that.

Yet, she could only shake her head. “But, do I need to spell it out? I don't want to be a superhero! I want to stay me and not turn into some blond barbie doll with a cape! I never want this to ever happen again!”

Jamie looked back towards the box on the table from long ago. “You or the store manager ordered that box, right? You must know where you got it from! There was a rock in there that made me like this! If I can find it, maybe I can fix things or maybe there's a way to suppress-”

“Oh, the Kryptonite?” “Sailor Moon” walked over to a desk near the door and picked up a black case on it. “It's right here.” She brought it over and opened it up, revealing the green fake rock. “Probably should've been packaged better.”

“You think?!” Jamie tried reaching for it, but Alice shut the box.

“I don't think it'll help you. Given who it was for, I doubt it'll suppress or stop your changes all together.” She said no more on that or who ordered it, just putting away the box.

“Honestly, I just don't get you!” Alice huffed. “It's a lot of fun transforming into someone super cool and having all of those powers.”

“I don't-”

“I DoN't WanT it, I get it already!” She looked at her harshly. “Look, you'll get used to it and probably end up enjoying it after a while. There's nothing wrong with being a hero and helping others, despite what *you* think.”

“I'm not you, and I'm not going to change my mind!” Jamie was close to exploding at her boss, whether it would cost her job or not. “I just want this over and done with. Can't you just contact the people who made the rock? I'm sure they might have a fix for this! Or, better yet, let me call them if you won't!”

Alice sighed. “I can provide you the number, but first, you need to settle down. I don't want you to start shouting at people if you don't get your way.”

“Look, I’m pleeeenty calm,” lied Jamie. “I’m just very annoyed right now. I don’t want to keep transforming whenever another problem pops out. I don’t want to see trouble and think “This looks like a job for Supergirl” ever agai-”

Suddenly, everything felt like it slowed waaaaaaaay down. Her eyes twitched and dilated, muscles pulsing. A pleasant, very familiar feeling started going through her. Something had been set off in her mind.

Jamie knew what it was but couldn’t understand why. She didn’t hear anything this time. There was no distant noise that sounded like trouble. She certainly couldn’t see anything outside the building with no x-ray vision. The TV wasn’t even showing anything on the news.

Yet, that all too familiar sensation was bubbling forth yet again. Her Supergirl alter ego was coming back.

“You okay?” Alice asked, “You look pale... well, not so much pale as weirdly put off.”

Jamie looked down at her hands. Her skin was turning tan again, her fingernails growing long and manicured. Here it came again.

And it was coming in fast. She looked up at Alice as streaks of blonde ran through her hair once more, locks growing out. “There’s no problem.” She blushed, muscles and figure growing to its superhero build again, “But... but I’m turning back. Supergirl is coming back!”

She’s coming back... Jamie quivered, her chest pulsing as her breasts grew yet again. *And it feels so... so... gooooooooood.*

As her appearance rapidly changed, Jamie tried thinking through pleasant feelings and sensations. *Why is this happening now? There’s no trouble. All I was doing was talking.* She bit her plump lip. *All I was talking about was a job for Supergirl and-*

Her shoulders scrunched up, and a delighted groan escaped her maw. Her clothing rapidly shifted, her cape returning and jeans becoming her red skirt. *That... that must’ve triggered it. Right? Saying that phrase!* Jamie could feel her body tremble all over. *I can feel the urge to say it again! I can’t... fight it...*

Then, her hands moved on their own. They removed her glasses, putting them back on the table again. They then reached up to her shirt, still unchanged despite everything, and gripped it tightly. *This... this looks like a job for Supergirl!*

Jamie pulled, tearing open her shirt with ease and tossing it aside. Beneath it, her Supergirl blue shirt was waiting, the iconic S symbol gleaming under the lights. Her breasts rose once more, pushing that logo further out.

Alice watched the scene thoughtfully, seeing Jamie super-fy once again. “Well, I suppose duty calls. Must’ve heard something big. I’ll clock you out, Jamie.”

She was wrong. There was no danger or trouble as far as Jamie could tell or sense. Her words triggered things this time. However, she couldn’t say that.

As her shoes turned into Supergirl’s iconic red boots and her breasts swelled one final time, stretching out her top, Jamie spoke from deep within her. “Th-thank you. I-I need to get going now.”

A switch flipped. “And please, call me Supergirl, not Lin...” She shook her head, quivering. “Not Jamie.”

Supergirl turned and headed back for the exit. Her body felt electric and alive with such joy and pleasure. Everything felt wonderful once again. She loved being super again, all fears, anger, and doubt washed away.

She loved always being super? Sometimes super? A little super? There were weird, conflicting thoughts in her mind. Perhaps all of these changes were having some kind of effect?

It didn’t matter though. She was Supergirl and that was what actually mattered.

She stepped out into the backlot and looked to the sky. With a bright smile, she declared, “Up, up, and away!” She burst off the ground and high into the sky. She started flying over the city. Even though it wasn’t around at the moment, she would stop whatever trouble was afoot when it came. Supergirl would always save the day.

THE END