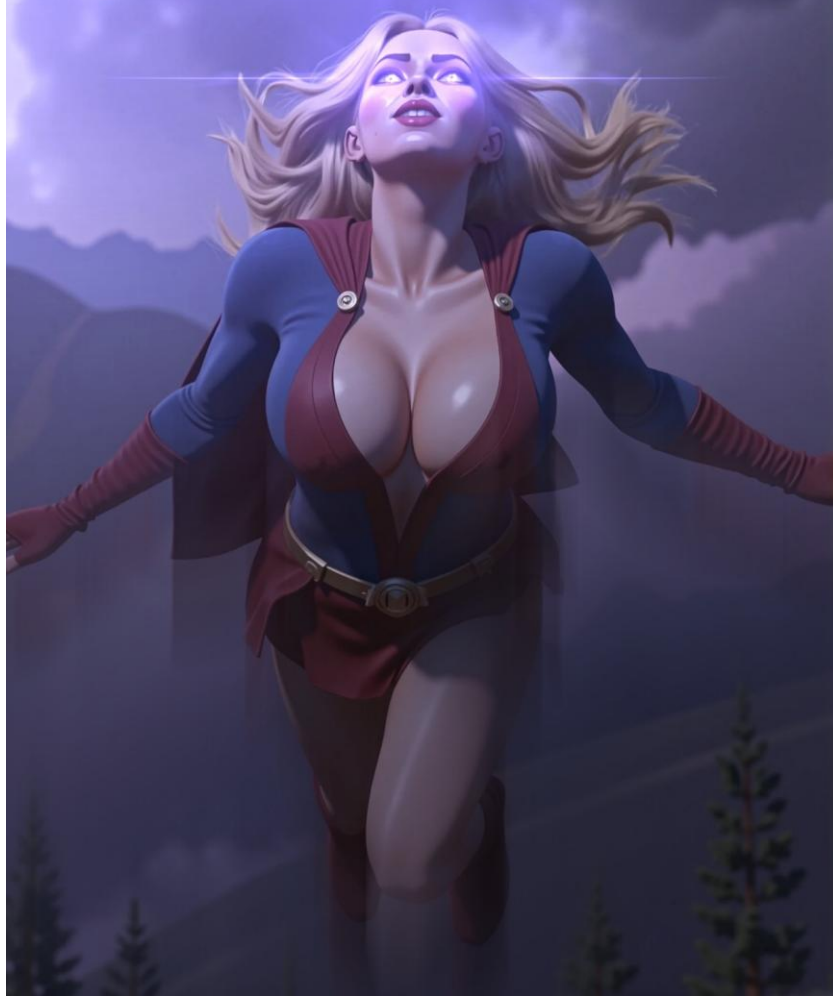


BLACK KRYPTONITE



- CHAPTER ONE -

LOSS AND FOUND

The sun was just beginning to wane as Supergirl took flight over the bustling cityscape of National City. With a speed that defied the laws of nature, she sliced through the atmosphere, her red cape billowing like a flag caught in a tempest. Her blue eyes, sharp as sapphires, scanned the city below, ever vigilant.

An urgent cry for help echoed through her enhanced hearing, pulling her attention towards a school bus teetering on the edge of a cliff, precariously balanced between safety and a fatal plunge. Her heart pounded in her chest as she pushed herself to move faster, a blur against the setting sun.

As she neared the scene, her eyes caught sight of the terrified faces peering out from the bus windows. The children inside were screaming, their innocent voices filled with unimaginable terror. A shiver ran down her spine, and for a moment, she was taken back to the day when her best friend, Jasmine Smith, the one she couldn't save, had worn the same expression of sheer terror.

Shaking away the painful memory, Supergirl swooped down, her powerful arms wrapping around the body of the bus. The metal groaned under her grip, and the bus rocked slightly, eliciting a collective scream from inside. "Hang on, kids. You're safe now," she called out, her voice strong and reassuring.

With a colossal effort, she lifted the bus off the ground, the sheer weight of it testing her superhuman strength. But she remained unfazed. She was Supergirl, the Girl of Steel, and she would not let these children suffer the same fate as her friend.

Setting the bus down on safe ground, she made sure everyone was alright before taking off, leaving behind a group of awestruck children and a breathless teacher waving and thanking her from below.

Supergirl soared back up into the sky, her heart heavy with a bittersweet symphony of relief and regret. The day was won, but the victory felt hollow. She had saved the children, yet the ghost of her failure still haunted her.

She arrived home, or rather, her apartment. The place was modest and tidy, much unlike the grandeur one might expect of a superhero's dwelling. But she wasn't just Supergirl from Krypton, she was Kara Danvers too, a simple girl from National City trying to make a home on Earth.

She looked around, her gaze falling on the photograph of her and her best friend, her eyes as bright and hopeful as her own. A pang of grief washed over her, and her heart clenched. Her friend had been her rock, her confidant, her laughter on gloomy days. Losing her had been like losing a part of herself.

She touched the photo, her fingertips tracing over her friend's face. "I'm so sorry," she whispered, her voice barely audible, "I wish I could have saved you."

Her eyes drifted to the symbol of House El, emblazoned on her suit, — a symbol of hope. She was supposed to be a beacon for the people of Earth, but she felt as if her own hope was being eroded by guilt and regret.

Overwhelmed, she sat down on her couch, staring blankly at the wall. She felt a hollow emptiness inside her, an abyss of despair that swallowed her joy and left her with nothing but a chilling sense of loss. She felt more alone than ever, more alien. The people of Earth saw her as a hero, a savior, but beneath the invincible exterior, she was grieving for her friend just like any other girl.

As the sun finally set, painting the sky with hues of orange and purple, Supergirl looked out of her window, the weight of her responsibilities and her grief settling heavily on her shoulders. She was the Girl of Steel after all, but even steel could bend under pressure, and she felt herself slowly bending under the weight of her sorrow.

But she couldn't afford to break. She had a city to protect, people to save. With a heavy sigh, she gathered herself, pushing her pain into a corner of her heart.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered again to the silent apartment, her voice echoing her profound grief and loneliness. And as the night rolled in, Supergirl, the hero of National City, wept for the friend she couldn't save, and the smile she couldn't bring back.

* * *

The sun had barely risen when Supergirl's phone buzzed with an incoming message. She reached out from her cocoon of blankets, eyes still half-closed, and squinted at the screen. The name 'Diana' flashed across the screen. Wonder Woman.

"Kara," Diana's voice echoed through the small speaker. Her tone was a mixture of excitement and concern. "We found something."

Something in Diana's voice made Kara straighten up. "What is it?" she asked, her sleepiness evaporating like morning fog under the sun.

"It's a crash site, looks like Kryptonian technology. And there's a... container," Diana replied.

Supergirl felt her heart race. "Kryptonian? Are you sure?"

Diana affirmed, "Pretty sure. The symbols, the tech, it all points to Krypton. It seems...futuristic, even by Kryptonian standards."

The notion of a Kryptonian crash site stirred a flurry of emotions in Supergirl - excitement, curiosity, and a twinge of homesickness. Maybe there were answers there, answers about her planet, about her people, about herself.

"Where is it?" she asked, her voice edged with anticipation.

"Mid-Atlantic Ridge, beneath the ocean. But there's something else, Kara... there's kryptonite. Not green, though. It's black."

A shudder ran down her spine. Black kryptonite. She'd heard of its existence but had never encountered it. Unlike its green counterpart, the effects of black kryptonite were largely unknown to her.

"Do we know what it does?" She asked, anxiety lining her voice.

"Uncertain. But considering your reaction to other varieties, it's best to treat it with caution," Diana advised.

Supergirl took a deep breath. "Alright. I'll retrieve it."

"Are you sure. Perhaps Batman could - "

"No. It's from MY home planet. I should be the one. Don't worry, I'll be careful." Kara spoke with a bit too much confidence in her tone.

* * *

In the hours that followed, Supergirl found herself deep beneath the Atlantic Ocean, her body withstanding the immense pressure as if it was nothing more than a slight discomfort. As she approached the crash site, she saw the wreckage, twisted and scattered across the ocean floor. Despite its battered state, the ship was unmistakably Kryptonian. She could make out the symbols etched into its metal hull, the same ones she'd grown up seeing on her home planet.

Inside the wreck, she found it: a sleek, obsidian container holding shards of black kryptonite. Their presence sent a shiver down her spine, and she felt a knot tighten in her stomach. She carefully secured the container in a protective case designed to handle even the most dangerous of substances.

As she flew back home, the container safely stowed, Supergirl couldn't help but feel a sense of trepidation. The black kryptonite was a mystery, an enigma. She wasn't sure what it would do to her, and the uncertainty was unnerving.

"Knowledge is power," she murmured to herself, clutching the container. But she couldn't shake the unease that gnawed at her. Despite the container's secure casing, she felt as if she was holding a ticking time bomb.

Could this be a key to understanding her heritage, her people, and herself? Or was it just another weapon, a tool to harm and destroy? The more she thought about it, the more questions formed, twisting and tangling like a complex web in her mind.

With a weary sigh, she set the container aside on her table and slumped onto her couch, her gaze locked onto the enigmatic shards of black kryptonite. For the moment, they were contained, but the lingering mystery they presented was a puzzle she needed to solve, and a potential threat she couldn't ignore.

"I'll figure you out," she promised, her voice low but resolute. The daunting task before her was enormous, but she was Supergirl, and she would face it head-on, no matter the cost.

* * *

Supergirl's night was plagued with turmoil. Even in her dreams, she couldn't escape the gut-wrenching loss that had taken root in her heart. She saw her friend, vibrant and alive, a stark contrast to the cold reality she now inhabited.

Her dream morphed into a nightmare. She watched, helpless, as her friend fell, the fear etched in her eyes reflecting her own. She reached out, but it was too late. With a gasp, she woke, sitting upright in bed, sweat-soaked sheets clinging to her trembling body.

"No..." She muttered, clutching her head as if she could physically remove the haunting images from her mind.

In her distressed state, her arm knocked the black kryptonite container from her bedside table. It landed with a crash on the floor, the lid springing open on impact. Shards of the dark crystal scattered around her feet, reflecting the pale moonlight that spilled through the window.

"Oh dear!" She exclaimed, her voice cracking. She reached down to clean the mess, her fingers brushing against one of the shards. A sudden jolt of energy surged through her, taking her breath away. It felt... good.

The crippling sorrow that consumed her thoughts seemed to dissipate, replaced with an odd sense of euphoria, a semblance of peace, a brief reprieve from the constant pain. She felt invigorated, powerful, and, alarmingly, a stirring of arousal.

"Mmm." Kara moaned to herself. The relief was appreciated, and she started to squirm in her own skin, as a wave of pleasure washed over her. "That's nice." She said, sliding her hands up and down her body.

Suddenly Kara shook her head, snapping out of it. She stared at the black kryptonite, her heart pounding in her chest. Its effect was as intoxicating as it was terrifying. She slowly put it back in the container, her hands trembling. A feeling of loss washed over her as the initial surge of energy faded, but the underlying sense of dread remained.

"Is this what it does?" she whispered to herself; her voice barely audible. "Does it... make the pain go away?"

She spent the rest of the night in fitful rest, her mind spinning with questions and fears. By the time morning came, she was exhausted, her thoughts mired in confusion and concern. Despite her fatigue, she couldn't shake the memory of the black kryptonite's touch and the way it made her feel.

* * *

Supergirl hesitated before leaving her apartment, her gaze lingering on the container. For a moment, she considered staying, to feel that intoxicating rush again. But she shook her head, reminding herself of the responsibilities she carried.

With a heavy sigh, she stepped out into the morning light, heading for her job at CatCo Worldwide Media. As she went through her day, trying to work, her thoughts kept straying back to the black kryptonite. The memory of the sensation it invoked, the sheer power and allure of it, was tantalizing.

"Focus, Kara," she chastised herself, shaking her head as if to physically dispel the thoughts.

"Hey Kara! Earth to Kara!" Susan, Kara's coworker was waving her hand in front of her.

"Oh. Hey Susan. Sorry, I'm out of it today." Kara said, rubbing her temples.

"It's ok. You just need a break. Come on, lets go get some lunch." Susan offered, as she led Kara out of the office. "I know a good Thai place."

But no matter how hard she tried; the allure of the black kryptonite loomed in the back of her mind. Its mysterious power seemed to call to her, a Siren's song she wasn't sure she could resist. But that was silly, she was Supergirl, and she was built to resist anything.

* * *

The streets of National City were painted with shades of red and orange as the sun began to set. In the midst of this picturesque scene, a villainous figure emerged: the notorious Metallo, his green Kryptonite heart pulsating with menacing energy. He tore through the streets, leaving chaos in his wake. But National City had its guardian, and she was ready to face him.

Supergirl launched herself into the sky, a streak of blue and red against the evening hues. Her heart pounded in her chest, adrenaline coursing through her veins. Metallo was a formidable adversary, powered by the very element that could cripple her. And yet, as she rocketed towards him, she was oddly calm, her mind not on the fight, but on the black shard safely stored away in her apartment.

She shook her head, pushing the thought aside as she closed in on Metallo. She needed to focus, and she couldn't afford to be distracted, especially not now.

Metallo turned as she approached, a twisted grin on his metallic face. "Supergirl," he sneered, "so nice of you to join us."

Supergirl landed with a solid thud, her stance wide, ready to take on whatever he threw at her. "This ends now, Metallo," she declared, her voice carrying a stern warning.

"Aw, that's a shame. Say, you look different. Have you done something with your hair?"

Kara briefly felt a jolt of pride in her looks, and with it came a feeling of gratitude for Metallo's compliment. She had, in fact, been trying something new with her hair and he was the first to notice.

"Thank you, I... No!" Kara sad, shaking her head. "This ends now!"

The ensuing battle was a blur of movement. Metallo, powered by Kryptonite, was stronger than most of her adversaries. He swung his metallic fists with brutal strength, his attacks calculated and precise.

Supergirl countered each blow, her own strength rivaling his. The impact of their fists colliding echoed through the streets, a symphony of violence that sent shockwaves through the city.

Despite the intensity of the fight, Supergirl's mind kept drifting back to the black kryptonite. She found herself longing for its touch, the sense of power it had given her. She shook her head again, berating herself for such thoughts.

"Stay focused, Kara," she muttered under her breath.

With a final, colossal effort, Supergirl delivered a punch that sent Metallo flying backwards, his metallic body crashing into a nearby building. She quickly reached into his chest cavity and pulled out the kryptonite heart, encapsulating it in a lead box she had brought along. With his power source removed, Metallo collapsed, inert and harmless once more.

Supergirl took a moment to catch her breath, her heart pounding in her chest. She had won, yet the victory felt hollow. There was no triumphant surge of satisfaction, just an overwhelming sense of weariness. And lurking beneath it all, the insistent pull of the black kryptonite.

As she began her flight back home, she spotted a familiar figure on the sidewalk. The woman's face was lined with grief, her eyes filled with a sorrow that mirrored her own. It was Martha, the mother of her lost friend.

A wave of guilt washed over Supergirl as she landed, her super hearing picking up the rapid beat of Martha's heart. "Martha," she began, but before she could continue, Martha's hand flew up, striking her across the face.

"You! You could have saved her!" Martha cried; her voice choked with tears. "You're supposed to be a hero!"

Supergirl could only stand there, her cheek stinging from the slap. But the physical pain was nothing compared to the crushing guilt that enveloped her. "Martha, I...", she started, but her words trailed off as Martha turned and walked away.

Supergirl watched as she retreated, each step a piercing reminder of her failure. The world saw her as a hero, but to Martha, she was the reason her daughter was gone.

With a heavy heart, she took to the skies again, tears streaming down her face. The fight with Metallo, the encounter with Martha, the haunting allure of the black kryptonite, it was all too much. She felt herself spiraling, the walls of her world crashing around her.

* * *

Raindrops tapped on the windowpane of Kara's apartment, each droplet carrying with it the weight of her recent confrontation. The world outside seemed distant, muted, as if it were a dream, but the sting on her face and the weight in her heart were very real.

Stumbling into her living room, she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the darkened window. Tear-streaked face, haunted eyes, and a lost soul. Each breath felt like lifting a mountain, and each heartbeat echoed the pain of betrayal and guilt.

"Why?" she whispered, her voice a mix of agony and despair. "Why can't I just forget? Why does it hurt so much?"

She began to pace, her footsteps light but her soul burdened. Kara stopped before the wall of photographs, her fingers grazing a particular one: herself with Alex, Lena, and her dear lost friend, all smiles, ignorant of the storm on the horizon.

Lost in her torment, her eyes inadvertently darted to the table by her bedroom door. The sealed container lay there innocuously enough, but the black kryptonite within pulsed with an almost predatory allure.

Her feet moved of their own accord, drawing her closer to the container. The logical part of her mind screamed at her to stop, but a deeper, more primal part craved relief from the relentless pain. With trembling hands, she opened the container.

Just a touch, she thought. A momentary escape.

The moment her skin met the black crystal, a wave of cold numbness surged through her. It was like diving into a dark, still lake, where all sounds and feelings were muted. The anguish, the guilt, everything vanished, replaced by a quiet, blissful nothingness.

Startled by the profound silence within her, she jerked her hand away. The immediate rush of emotions was overwhelming, the grief now even more acute when contrasted against the tranquil void she had just experienced.

"No," she murmured, her voice shaking, "I can't bear this."

She reached out again, her fingers wrapping around the black kryptonite. The coldness of the crystal seeped into her, turning her world to quiet monochrome. The storm of emotions that had raged within her was calmed, replaced by a still, peaceful darkness.

"Yes," she whispered, hugging the kryptonite to her chest. "This is much better."

Retreating to a corner of her room, she huddled on the floor, the crystal cradled against her. The rain outside continued its melancholic song, but inside, Kara felt detached, floating in a serene abyss, a smile curving her lips as she surrendered to the seductive embrace of the kryptonite.

As she drifted to sleep on the carpet, she began to rub her thick thighs together. Down below, deep inside her pussy, she was wetter than she'd even been before. A little pool formed underneath her, on the floor where she slept.

- CHAPTER TWO -

BLACK IS THE NEW BLACK

Kara awoke with a start, her skin tingling and an unfamiliar energy coursing through her. She sat on the edge of the bed, her mind a whirlpool of fragmented thoughts, her feelings increasingly blurred.

Suddenly, memories of last night came flooding in and panic started to rise inside her, but then... she felt nothing. Why am I not more worried? The thought echoed, weak and distant. She moved mechanically towards the mirror, yet there was a fluid grace to her, a raw, sensuous energy that begged to be released. She scrutinized her reflection, her face a canvas of vulnerability and burgeoning desire, an enticing dance of shadows and lights that whispered secrets in the early morning glow. Her breasts, did they seem a little larger? And her face, a bit more symmetrical. So? So what? It was an improvement, subtle as it was. But still...

"I should be scared, shouldn't I? But why does it feel so... right?" Kara battled within herself, the familiar voice of caution warning her to reject this feeling, to fear it. Yet, something deeper, something primal and neglected was urging her to embrace it, to explore the boundaries of this new exhilaration that pulsed within her.

She shook her head as if to clear it, stepping curiously towards her wardrobe. Her fingers lingered on the clothes; the textures suddenly more inviting, more alive. She reached out and picked a pair of jeans, the fabric cool and promising as she slipped into them.

"I could... I could look good, feel good. There's nothing wrong in..." Kara's thoughts trailed off as she chose a top, revealing and daring, a silent promise of liberation. The fabric hugged her, emphasizing the

contours of her body, unveiling a side of her she barely recognized, yet couldn't help but be fascinated with.

Kara hesitated as she reached for her makeup, the array of colors suddenly so vibrant, so full of potential. The internal struggle surged again, stronger this time, telling her to show restraint. Yet, with each stroke of the brush, with each enhancement that defined her features, the apprehension was replaced by an intoxicating confidence that murmured seductive assurances in her ear. She smiled to herself as she put on the finishing touches, cherry red glossy lips.

A rogue thought infiltrated her mind, a sliver of fear weaving through the tapestry of arousal and awakening. This isn't you. This isn't right. The words were there, nagging at the edges of her mind, yet they felt muffled, distant, drowned by the pulsating call of the unknown that vibrated within her, nudging her to see, to feel, to be more.

Ready for the day, she posed before the mirror, her body language transformed, a being of power and desire reflected back at her. "What's happening to me?" The question arose with genuine curiosity rather than fear, a beckoning towards the intoxicating unknown that lay before her. The apprehension was there, a background noise, yet it was swiftly being overpowered by a rhythmic drum of desire that echoed in her veins.

Before she left, her gaze fell upon the discarded shard of black kryptonite on the floor. The source of this transformation lay there, ominous yet alluring. She felt she should be concerned, yet the pulsating rhythm within her dismissed the thought almost instantly, a reckless abandon overtaking any caution as she uttered a careless, "Eh, whatever."

As she stepped out into the morning, a heady mix of fear and anticipation colored her thoughts. Every step was a dance, every breath held a promise of something more, something wild, something utterly consuming. She was on the cusp of a journey into the unknown, guided by a force that was as terrifying as it was seductively compelling, a journey that promised pleasure, power, and the dangerous allure of the unexplored.

* * *

Kara couldn't help but feel a strange sensation as she walked into the office. An odd mix of emotions oscillated within her — a cocktail of confusion and growing delight stirred with each step she took. The attention felt surprising, but not entirely unwanted.

Looking down at her own form, a sudden comprehension dawned upon her as she noticed how her chosen attire accentuated her curves more vivaciously than ever before. A thought, bold and unbidden, gracefully waltzed into her mind, teasing at her newly awakened self-assurance, “Yeah, why shouldn’t they look at me?”

She allowed herself to entertain the thought, letting it germinate, sprout, and blossom within her, fertilizing her walk with a more pronounced sway of her hips, a deliberate invitation embedded in the fluid grace of her strides, affirming her desirability with every tantalizing motion. The seed of self-appreciation grew as she observed herself through others' eyes, a magnetic field of allure expanding around her, pulling them in, their gazes lingering appreciatively, curiously, and somewhat lustfully.

Barbara Florence's office was slightly ajar when Kara approached, the humming noise from the air conditioner was the only sound in the room. With a soft knock, Kara pushed the door open and stepped in, radiating confidence.

Barbara's eyes darted back and forth as she scanned a document in front of her. She started to speak without lifting her gaze, "Kara, I need you to..." her voice trailed off as her eyes finally met Kara's, a noticeable pause following as she took in her appearance.

After a few seconds, feeling like a few minutes, Kara's boss cleared her throat, her eyes softened just a moment too long before forcing herself to resume her professional demeanor, "You seem... different."

Kara leaned slightly forward, offering Barbara a better view of her transformative look, her lips curving into a playful, enticing smile. "I'm just... trying out new looks. You like?" Kara's voice was infused with a seductive undertone, teasing the boundaries of their professional relationship.

Barbara blinked, a hint of red appearing on her cheeks as she momentarily lost herself in the hypnotic allure that was Kara now. Recovering, she adopted a more serious expression, her eyebrows furrowing slightly. "I... I don't care. Just don't let it affect your work."

Taking a deep breath, Barbara Florence proceeded to detail the assignment, trying her best to concentrate on the tasks at hand rather than the radical differences in her normally reserved employee. She handed over a file filled with documents, her fingers lingering a bit as Kara took it from her, a strange, electric charge seemingly passing between them.

Kara nodded; the twinkle in her eye was evident. "Understood, Barbara," she replied, her voice a purr, adding an unspoken layer of promise, a pledge of unexpected possibilities, a tantalizing suggestion that left Barbara slightly breathless as Kara turned and left the room.

As she settled into her desk, Kara tried to sink back into the familiar rhythm of work, yet a kind of boredom quickly engulfed her, the mundane tasks before her were unable to hold her interest. She felt restless, a kind of warm urge bubbling just beneath her skin, nudging her to explore, to experiment.

Looking up, she found herself met with the attentive eyes of a few men still looking her way. A smile curved her lips — one of implicit understanding and mutual desire. Kara moved about the workplace with a new mission. Every gesture bore an undercurrent of seduction, and there was a feline grace in the way she leaned over to reach for something, each bend and stretch a calculated art of the tease, a promise of more, delivered in the language of sensuality, written in the curves of her body.

Picking up a pencil became an act of ballet, her body arching gracefully, the lean over the copier performed with a dancer's poise, each little act intensified, each breath becoming a silent symphony that echoed with resounding notes of desire.

And then Susan appeared, a kind and familiar presence that suddenly felt incongruent with the heightened, pulsating rhythm Kara was nurturing.

"Hey girlfriend! Lunch? We could- Wow.... you look...." She started, staring at Kara, mouth agape.

Susan's invitation to lunch sounded hollow, a grim reminder of a mundane world that no longer fit the dazzling script Kara was penning in her mind's eye.

"No Susan, I'm going to lunch with someone else today. Buh bye!" Kara blurted as if compelled to do so.

The dismissal was both spontaneous and effortless, a surprising break from the mild-mannered Kara everyone knew. There was a flicker of something — was it guilt? — but it was quickly submerged by a more potent force, a compelling desire to embrace this newfound freedom, this unapologetic assertion of her femininity. Why shouldn't she revel in her own magnificence? The question echoed louder, drowning out the tiny whispers of caution.

As she locked eyes with Frank, the office hunk, a slow burn of anticipation ignited within her, a thrilling promise of what lay ahead, a path of unexplored pleasures and desires waiting to be unraveled. It felt liberating, the chains of conformity breaking away, giving rise to a pulsating, vibrant energy that danced to the rhythm of her own drum, seductive and wild.

"Mmm. Lunch," she said to herself, as her eyes lingered on the bulge in Frank's pants.

* * *

Kara and Frank were in a world of their own as they sat having lunch on the patio of a busy downtown cafe, the conversation flowing naturally between them. Every sentence, every look exchanged had an underlying current of newfound energy, a flirtatious tone that was both exhilarating and slightly terrifying.

"...so, you see, that's when I decided that I just wasn't cut out for surfing. I mean, can you imagine me on a board?" Frank was saying, his laughter mixing with Kara's, a harmonious sound that filled the space between them with warmth and light.

"Oh, I don't know, Frank," Kara replied, her voice rich with teasing as she leaned in, her finger playfully poking at his arm, her eyes twinkling with mirth and something more enticing, more daring. "I think you'd look quite dashing, wiping out wave after wave."

Frank chuckled, a blush creeping up his neck as he playfully swatted her hand away. "Oh, stop it, you," he said, but his grin was wide, his eyes alive with merriment.

As the laughter subsided, a charged silence fell over them, and it was within this electrified quiet that Kara found the courage to venture, her voice dropping to a sultrier tone, "So... when are you going to take me out, handsome?"

Before Frank could respond, a sudden commotion from the street tore his attention away. His eyes widened in alarm as he noticed a masked man sprinting past their café, holding a sack that clearly contained stolen items.

Kara followed his distracted gaze and for a split second, the age-old instinct to protect, to serve justice, flared up within her. She almost rose, almost excusing herself to chase after the criminal in a flash of red and blue. But as quickly as it came, the compulsion died down, replaced by an alien apathy that was both shocking and surprisingly comforting.

She mumbled under her breath, in a tone so indifferent it surprised her, or it should have, "Eh, whatever. What? Am I supposed to catch them all?"

Frank turned back towards her, his face showing confusion as he asked, "Did you say something?"

A bewildering mix of recklessness and desire swarmed within her, urging her to forsake the duty that had defined her for so long. Kara leaned in closer, her hand finding its way to Frank's as she playfully whispered, dismissing the outside world and its petty crimes, "Oh, nothing."

Her face was a canvas of temptation as she continued, the blue depths of her eyes darkening with promises of forbidden adventures, "So, what should we do tonight? Dinner? Dancing? Or... something else?"

Frank seemed to be lost in her gaze, the anxious lines of concern that had marked his face a moment ago smoothing out, replaced by a curious, excited glint in his eye as he found himself drawn into Kara's seductive web.

* * *

"Aaand this is my bedroom. Where the magic happens." Kara said as she opened the door and gave Frank an indicating nod, subtly inviting him inside.

Commented [1]: To increase clarity, replace with: Kara opened the door, gave Frank a subtle nod, and subtly invited him inside.

Franks replied with an aroused but slightly nervous tone. "Oh. Yeah, it's nice. I thought first we might pour ourselves a glass of-"

"Nope! I wanna get fucked, and I want it now!" Kara said abruptly, grabbing Frank by the shirt and nearly tossing him across the room. She was feeling it, the drive, the seductive vixen inside her. It was all so new and frightening, but this behavior felt so natural, so easy.

"Oh! You're... strong." He said, as he fell back, sitting on the bed.

"I'm fucking horny, Frank. I know you want it. I want it... mmm... so bad. Frank... how big is your cock? I wanna see it." Kara's voice was sultry, filled with need. "Take it out. No! Let me..."

Kara moved towards Frank like a predator stalking its prey. She could hardly believe herself—the way she moved and the way she was behaving. She hardly knew Frank, really. Yet here she was, kneeling at his feet, unzipping his pants, looking up into his submissive eyes. He gave a quick gasp as she fished his dick out.

"Oooh. It is big and thick." Kara said as she licked her cherry-red lips, slowly pumping his cock.

Without another word Kara's mouth was around his shaft, slowly sliding up and down it, becoming more and more moist and sloppy with each pass. Frank leaned his head back and moaned deeply.

Kara released his cock with a pop from her lips. Without a word, she rose to her feet and quickly ripped her top and bottoms off, as if they were fastened by velcro, Frank assumed. Kara tossed her tattered clothes aside and stood over him, like a well-toned athlete with perfect perky breasts and alert nipples, but her pose was that of a porn star. Her pelvis moved in little circles as her hands explored her tits and hips, and then worked their way down her chiseled abs, to settle outside her engorged, wet, pink pussy.

"I deserve this, Frank. I've been a good girl. Tonight, I'm gonna feel goood... in here." Her fingers tease her cunt, diving in and then back out with a slurp.

Frank stared with a stupid expression, trapped in his own lust-riddled mind. He was about to say something dirty to get into the mood, but Kara leapt on top of him before he had the chance.

Kara positioned Frank, squatting above him with her legs spread open. Her pussy hovered over Frank's stiff dick and her eyes looked drunk with sex and need. Then, in one steady motion, she lowered herself onto him.

"Ooooooh! Fuck yesssss." Kara purred, smiling and poking her tongue out of the side of her mouth, like a naughty slut.

She started slowly at first. Pump after pump. Each thrust sounded wet and sticky, each thrust came with a feminine grunt, getting louder and louder.

"Ung! Ung! Ung! That's it! Give it to me. Give me what I deserve. This dick is mine! Ung! Ung!" Kara's voice sounded sensual and powerful, with a primal confidence that she'd never had before.

"W- wait... ow... Kara-" Frank said, visibly uncomfortable.

"Shhhhh! Let it happen! I need this! I deserve this!" Kara placed her hand over his mouth, closed her eyes, and continued to increase the pace.

More and more. Harder and harder. She pounded him, milked his dick, colliding against his thighs with powerful slaps. This was it. This is what she needed! She wasn't worried about the end of the world or the lives of innocent people. She was getting fucked by a man who was almost a stranger. She was making her body feel pleasure in ways she never allowed herself to feel before. And it was good, so very good. Her mind went blank, as a well of sexual energy built up inside her. This was it. It was the mindless bliss she needed! She pounded harder and harder. More and more. She needed this! She deserved this! Then, as the peaks of her passion reached its highest height, she gave one last huge thrust, and with a loud "CRACK"... she came.

Kara came harder than she ever had before. Her body gyrated and convulsed at speeds so fast, she looked like a blur of hair and skin on a vibrating bed. Her screams of pleasure shattered a nearby window, and a distant car alarm could be heard. After almost a full minute, she collapsed.

A moment of stillness. The faint sound of the evening wind passed through the bedroom window. Kara stirred, starting to come to. There was a peaceful presence inside her. A warm welcome feeling of contentment washed over her. It was nice and quiet, but something was off. It was too quiet.

Confusion knit her brows as she pulled back slightly. "Frank?" she teased, a playful lilt in her voice, expecting a light response or a mischievous reply.

Nothing. Frank lay still. Eyes closed.

"Frank, this isn't funny..." Her voice trailed off, the smile dying on her lips as reality began its cruel descent. The color drained from her world as she fully retracted, her eyes taking in the man before her — too still, too silent.

A cold realization washed over her, sobering the intoxication of her earlier desires. Her hands, now instruments of destruction, shook as they hovered over him, terrified to confirm what every cell in her body already knew.

"No," she whispered, a denial weak and fading. "No, no, no..." The words became a mantra, a prayer to rewind time, to take her back to before this moment, to prevent her from inviting him, to stop her from touching the Black Kryptonite. But no divine intervention came, only the stifling, immutable silence of her bedroom.

The weight of what transpired hit her like a physical blow, knocking the air from her lungs. For a surreal second, the influence of the Black Kryptonite surged, offering her an escape hatch: a route to apathy, to disconnection, where this was just another casualty in the world's endless litany of tragedies. A temptation to view it all as distant as a character in a film.

But this wasn't a distant tragedy. It was a horror of her own making, — in her own bed, by her own hands. The protective numbness attempted to envelop her heart, but the sheer magnitude of grief and undeniable guilt shattered its advances. The dam broke, and a tidal wave of anguish flooded in, raw and unrelenting.

Tears, hot and torrential, streamed down her face as her body wracked with sobs, each one a crescendo of agony.

"Oh God! Oh God! I'm so sorry." she managed between the waves of grief, her voice a broken croak. "Please...please, this isn't happening!" But the stillness remained unbroken, a testament to her newfound nightmare.

The room spun around Kara, reality skewing as time itself seemed to stutter. The air was too thick, the walls too close, the ceiling too low. Frank's still, silent form was a loud echo against the backdrop of her unraveling certainty, an undeniable testament to a truth she couldn't bear to face. It was too much, all too much, and the sobs wracking her body were both a lament and a plea for some form of release.

In the turmoil of her emotions, her gaze fell upon the shard of Black Kryptonite, glinting darkly on the floor amidst the chaos. It was a sliver of night, a piece of the vast, indifferent cosmos brought down to her level, and it called to her. In her fractured state, it felt like the only stable thing in a world gone mad with grief and shock.

Almost without thinking, Kara found herself reaching for it, compelled by a force beyond her comprehension. The shard was cool against her fingertips, an island of sense-numbing chill in the heat of her despair. Acting on a whisper-thin impulse, she brought it to her lips, and the world seemed to hold its breath.

The moment the Black Kryptonite entered her mouth, it was as if she'd breached some fundamental law of the universe. The material defied description, neither solid nor entirely ethereal, and it seemed to melt on her tongue like the most forbidden of confections. An electric tingle raced through her nerves, promising oblivion, offering respite.

The sobs that had been tearing from her throat began to subside, morphing into soft, involuntary moans. These sounds were foreign, almost unsettling in their pleasure, originating from a place deep within her that craved relief, craved escape. The guilt, the horror, the crushing weight of what she'd done to Frank began to recede, replaced by a growing tide of something that was darkly, frighteningly, deliciously sweet.

Kara moved the black shard in and out of her mouth, treating it the same way she treated Frank's shaft just moments ago. She moaned more and began to slurp it, as her saliva coated the eight-inch piece of dark crystal. Lost in the moment, Kara laid on her back, opening her legs, and with one hand still holding the shard at its base and pumping it inside her lips, the other hand wandered towards her wet, juicy, slit.

Kara sunk her fingers into her snatch, and there they stayed, wiggling and writhing inside her, pushing up against her swollen clit. Her eyes rolled back inside her head.

She wasn't aware of the changes at first, so completely was she drawn into the whirlpool of sensations the Black Kryptonite created. But slowly, as the pleasure built and her numbness grew, she started to expand in certain places. It started subtle—in her chest and hips, a gentle swell that seemed in perfect harmony with her breathing, straining against the fabric of her clothing, demanding to be acknowledged and seen. Bigger and bigger she got, but her waist stayed thin and toned. Her ass tightened and grew, reshaping the contours of her body; a perfect plump peach squashed beneath her trembling body.

Kara moaned as her lips began to grow and inflate into sensual pillows. She moaned even louder as the sensitivity in her new lips increased, making the movement of the shard in her mouth, in and out, begin to feel good... so good.

"Mmmmmmm. Yessssth."

Her hair, once limp and lifeless from her sweat and tears, was revitalizing, growing rapidly in length and volume. It cascaded around her shoulders like a living, silken tapestry, each strand shimmering with a vitality that seemed to echo the dark purple energy now coursing through her veins.

"Hm? Wha-?" Kara looked down at her new form and felt, in spite of herself, a glowing sense of pride. Her body jerked, cumming briefly, rewarding her for the thought.

Huddled on the cold floor, Kara took the shard out of her mouth and clutched it close to her new, bigger blossom. "I need this," she whispered to the darkness, her voice hollow, a shell of the Supergirl she once was, "I deserve this." And within the quiet despair of that admission, the world faded to a numb, comforting grey.

CHAPTER THREE

BETTER THAN EVERYONE

Morning light filtered through the curtains, casting a soft glow across the room. Kara stirred, awakening to a sense of profound change. As her eyes fluttered open, she was immediately aware of a new weight, a new presence in her body. It felt foreign yet thrillingly powerful.

She sat up, her movements graceful yet imbued with a newfound strength. Her gaze drifted downwards, and she caught sight of her transformed figure. The sight was startling, yet it sparked a flame of excitement deep within her. She glanced up again to see herself looking back at her in the full body mirror across the room.

First, her eyes were drawn to her breasts, noticeably fuller and more pronounced than before. They were magnificent, defying gravity, standing proudly against her chest. She lifted a hand, almost hesitantly, and then with growing boldness, cupped one breast, feeling its weight and firmness. The touch sent a jolt of arousal through her body, a sensation so intense it bordered on intoxication. Her skin was more sensitive, each nerve ending firing with pleasure at her own touch.

With a growing sense of wonder, Kara's hands trailed down her sides, feeling the curve of her waist flowing into the new, pronounced swell of her hips. She stood, her silhouette now a striking hourglass. Her hands slid over her hips and then to her rear, feeling its newfound fullness, a perfect balance to her enhanced bust. She gave a soft squeeze, marveling at its firmness and the way it seemed to amplify her femininity.

Her face in the reflection of the mirror caught her eye, and she leaned into it, taking in the full scope of her transformation. Her lips, now fuller and more pronounced, beckoned with an allure that was undeniable. She traced them with a finger, feeling their softness and their pliability. They were like an invitation, a promise of untold pleasures.

Lastly, her attention turned to her hair, which had grown in length and volume. It flowed over her shoulders like a silken waterfall, shimmering with health and vitality. She ran her fingers through it, reveling in its lushness, the way it framed her face and cascaded down her back, adding to her overall allure.

Standing there, Kara felt a rush of exhilaration. She was transformed, not just physically but in spirit. Her body was a temple of newfound desires, a vessel of power and sensuality that she had never allowed herself to explore fully. She felt like a goddess, a being of immense power and irresistible allure.

As she stretched languidly, a sliver of memory flashed before her eyes — Frank's laughter, the warmth of his touch, the progression of their evening from innocent to intimate. But then, the scene twisted, morphing into something darker. Frank's eyes, wide with shock... the stillness of his body...

"No, not now," Kara muttered to herself, shaking her head as if to physically dispel the image. The discomfort, the budding seed of panic, felt like an intrusion, an unwanted guest in the newfound sanctuary of her mind. She pushed the memory down, burying it beneath layers of indifference fostered by the Black Kryptonite's influence. The act of suppression brought with it a rush of relief, a perverse pleasure that tingled through her veins. It was intoxicating, empowering — to deny reality, to refuse its burdens.

Kara stood before her closet, her eyes scanning the array of clothing before her. Her gaze settled on a dress; one she had never dared to wear before. It was a daring piece, designed to accentuate every curve, allure, and captivate. Today, it called to her like a siren song, promising to serve as the ideal platform for showcasing the transformation her body—and her very being—had undergone.

As she dressed, another memory attempted to surface — a flicker of Frank's face, his expression shifting from pleasure to something unrecognizable, the horror of realization. Again, Kara felt the stirrings of unease, a nagging pull at the corner of her mind, urging her to confront the grim reality of her actions.

But she wouldn't allow it. With a mental shove, she forced the memory back into the depths, drowning it in a sea of callous disregard. The ease with which she did so surprised her; it was as if with each act of denial, she fortified the walls around her conscience, making them impervious to the assaults of guilt and responsibility. This time, the sensation of pushing the memory away was even more exhilarating, a wave of pleasure that made her gasp softly. The darkness was comforting, a protective cocoon shielding her from the harshness of her actions.

She pulled the dress up, the material stretching to accommodate her enhanced figure. It was a perfect fit, as if it had been made for this new version of herself. The neckline plunged daringly, revealing the ample cleavage that was a testament to her recent transformation. The hem of the dress hugged her thighs, its length teasingly short, promising a glimpse of her toned legs.

As she applied her makeup, a more intense memory surged — the cold, undeniable weight of Frank's lifeless body beneath her hands. It was a vivid, jarring flashback that threatened to shatter her newfound peace. For a heartbeat, she teetered on the brink of acceptance, the precipice of a breakdown.

But Kara was changing—evolving into something new, unburdened by the constraints of morality or remorse. With an almost dismissive flick of her mind, she thrust the memory away, burying it so deeply it felt as if it had never existed. The relief that followed was immediate and immense—a wave of euphoric numbness that washed over her, eliciting another louder moan of pleasure from her lips.

Her makeup perfectly done, her outfit a daring statement of her newfound identity, Kara looked at herself and felt a surge of satisfaction. "This is me now," she affirmed, her voice laced with a newfound strength. "Stronger, better, unbreakable."

She walked out of her apartment with a newfound swagger, every step an embodiment of her transformation. The dead body in the closet, the remnants of her old life, her former weaknesses — none of them deserved a second thought. She was beyond them now, transcending the limits of her past self.

The city hummed with its usual morning bustle, but for Kara, it was as if she was walking through an entirely different world. Her phone buzzed, a message from her boss at CatCo, inquiring about her tardiness. She glanced at the screen, her new, callous persona snorting in derision.

"No one tells me what to do," she scoffed under her breath, her fingers flying over the keyboard with assertiveness. "I quit." As she sent the message, a wicked thrill coursed through her. "I'm too good for them anyway."

She laughed, a sound rich with irony and newfound freedom. The word 'good' hung in the air, a remnant of her past life. "Good? No, not anymore." She mused, reveling in the delicious irony. "I feel naughty, sexy... very, very sexy." It was a revelation, an acceptance of the darker desires she had always suppressed.

Kara's stride was confident, a predatory grace in her every step. She could feel the eyes on her—the lingering, desirous stares from the men she passed. Each glance was like a spark, igniting a fire within her. She relished the power of her allure—a power she had never allowed herself to wield so openly.

"I am fucking hot," she declared internally, a smile playing on her lips. The realization wasn't just an acknowledgment of her physical transformation but an embracing of her new identity. "I'm sick of hiding it. Everyone should see it. Everyone should KNOW it... I am sexier, stronger, BETTER than they are."

Her mind raced with possibilities, a plan beginning to form. With each step, her confidence grew, her thoughts becoming more daring, more audacious. "Yes! I'll show them all," she thought, her heart beating faster with excitement. "Who needs a secret identity?"

A wicked grin spread across her face as an idea crystallized in her mind. "A coming-out party," she mused, the concept fitting perfectly with her new, uninhibited self. "And I know just the person to spread the 'news'."

* * *

The television studio was a hive of activity, bristling with the focused energy of a live broadcast. Cameras were positioned strategically, their lenses trained on the set where Kara, now a figure of sensuous confidence, sat across from Lois Lane.

Kara's new appearance was striking; she was the epitome of allure, her posture exuding a heady mix of power and sensuality. Her legs were crossed elegantly, a long lock of her voluminous hair twirled idly around her finger. She was a vision of transformation, her body language speaking volumes more than her words ever could.

Lois, ever the consummate professional yet visibly taken aback by Kara's transformation, leaned in, her voice barely above a whisper. "Wow... you look... Wow. Um. So, what is this all about, Kara? Does your..." She glanced around cautiously, lowering her voice even further, "... does your cousin... does Clark know about this? Where's the rest of the Justice League?"

Kara rolled her eyes, a gesture so casual and dismissive it bordered on irreverence. "Superman doesn't need to know EVERYTHING I do. I have my own life," she retorted, her tone laced with an edge that was new, almost confrontational.

Lois's eyes widened in shock at Kara's casual revelation of Clark's secret identity, and she quickly scanned the room, relieved that no one seemed to have overheard.

"No," Kara continued, her voice firm, "I need to make a very personal, very big announcement and you're going to help. Ok?!" She gestured pointedly at the cameras, her command echoing with an unspoken authority that brooked no argument.

Lois followed Kara's gesture, seeing the crew performing last second tasks before the interview started. She turned back to Kara, a mixture of concern and professional respect in her eyes. "Of course, but you don't have to say it like that. You're a hero. You've done so much for this country and for the world. Of course, I'll help you."

A producer signaled to Lois from off-camera, indicating that they were ready to go live. Lois straightened, taking a deep breath to compose herself. She looked at Kara, seeking confirmation. "You ready?"

Kara's reply came with a confidence that was almost palpable, "I've never been more ready in my life."

"We are live in 5... 4... 3..." the producer counted down, and as the red lights on the cameras glowed, Lois began her introduction.

"Hello World! Lois Lane here! And welcome to another edition of Across the Lane! Across from me today is-

But Kara wasn't content to be a mere guest. She stood, interrupting Lois with a boldness that stunned everyone in the room. "I'll take it from here, Lois."

Kara walked in front of Lois with an air of purpose. She took a deep breath and spoke.

"People of Earth, my name is Kara Danvers! Today, I stand before you not just as a guest on this show, but as a symbol, a symbol of truth. For too long, our world has been cloaked in lies and fear. Every day, people hide who they truly are, living shadows of their true selves, bound by societal norms, trapped in a web of deceit we've all collectively spun."

She paused, letting her words sink in. "This is not just tragic; it's a crisis of our own making. A world where fear and lies reign is a world that crushes the spirit, that dims the brilliant light of our collective soul."

Kara's gaze intensified, her voice rising with passion. "I refuse to be part of that charade any longer. I refuse to live in the shadows, to cloak my true self in fear or doubt. I am here to embrace my truth, to show the world who I am, unfiltered and unafraid."

She stood up, her posture radiating confidence. "That's why I am here today! I am here to say that I am NOT actually Kara Danvers. I am Kara Zor-El..." In a dramatic, fluid motion, Kara tore away her outer layer of clothes, and spun around in a blue and yellow blur, finally revealing the iconic Supergirl costume, albeit with a bit of a modification.

"... and I'm Supergirl!" she declared, her voice resonating with power and defiance.

In an astonishing display, she began to levitate, rising gracefully above the cameras, floating in the middle of the TV station. The modified S symbol on her costume, cut out to reveal her ample cleavage, was a symbol of her new identity. Her form filled out the uniform in a way it never had before, each curve of her body accentuated and proudly displayed.

The studio was in shock; the cameramen stood frozen, their equipment hanging loosely in their hands. It was the producer who snapped out of the trance first, shouting, "Keep filming! Keep filming!"

Kara, now hovering, tossed her head back, her long, voluminous hair cascading down. She ran her hands up and down her body, a bold display of self-appreciation and raw power. "Gaze on me!"

She turned in mid-air, posing with a sultry bend, giving the camera and the world a view of her as she looked back at her enhanced rear, a cheeky figure pointing at her chin. "This is me! The real me! I'm gonna make this whole hero thing... look goooooo! Mmmm!"

Lois, still seated, watched in disbelief with her mouth wide open.

* * *

The studio had transformed from a place of professional broadcasting into a surreal scene of adulation. Kara, now fully embracing her new persona as a more provocative and unapologetically bold Supergirl, stood amidst a sea of admirers. The crew, mostly men, circled around her, each eager to express their amazement and commend her for the audacious revelation of her superhero identity.

The air was thick with praise, with exclamations of "Incredible!" and "Amazing!" being thrown at her from every direction. Kara absorbed the admiration, but her responses were tinged with an air of superiority and indifference.

"Yeah, I know," she replied nonchalantly when a young crew member gushed about how amazing she was. Her tone was dismissive, her gaze distant, as if their adoration was a given, something she neither needed nor particularly cared for.

In stark contrast to the fawning crowd, Lois Lane watched Kara with caution and skepticism. Her expression was a complex tapestry of concern, disbelief, and a professional wariness honed by years of journalistic instinct.

As the crowd eventually dispersed, Lois approached Kara, her steps hesitant but determined. "Are you sure that was a great idea? Revealing your identity? I mean, Clark always said that-"

Kara cut her off sharply, "Oh stop it! This has nothing to do with Superman!" Her tone was laced with irritation, a stark departure from the camaraderie they once shared.

Lois, taken aback by Kara's sudden hostility, tried again, "No. I just mean that he says-"

"Bitch! I'm going to smack the shit out of you if you say his name one more time!" Kara's outburst was explosive, a shocking eruption that seemed to surprise even her.

Lois recoiled; shock etched on her face. The studio, once filled with the noise of admiration, fell into a stunned silence. "This... this isn't you," Lois finally said, her voice low but firm. "I have to tell Clark. He needs to know. I'm sorry." With those words, she turned to walk away.

A surge of rage coursed through Kara, propelling her forward in a blur of motion. In an instant, she had Lois in her grasp, whisking her away from the prying eyes of the studio and into the secluded confines of a supply closet. The door slammed shut, leaving them in a claustrophobic space lit only by the dim overhead light.

Lois began to protest, but Kara's hand swiftly covered her mouth. "Listen up. You're not going to say anything to my cousin, got that? I don't need him messing with MY life. Got it? I just got carried away. I was... I was just kidding. Ok?"

Kara removed her hand from Lois's mouth. Lois, struggling to regain her composure, replied, "What's happened to you? Please. I'll help you. I'll take you to Clark and everything will..."

Another surge of anger unlike any she had felt before coursed through her. It wasn't just the raw, unbridled fury that often accompanied her battles against villains. This was something deeper, more primal, an intense, burning sensation that seemed to originate from the very core of her being.

At first, Kara was taken aback by the unfamiliar sensation. She felt a strange pressure building behind her eyes, an energy gathering that was both exhilarating and terrifying. Her vision blurred momentarily as the energy coalesced, manifesting into something tangible.

Then, without warning, beams of energy erupted from her eyes. But these were not the familiar, yellow rays she had always known; thankfully, because that might have taken Louis head clean off. No, these beams were different; they were a dark, ominous black, laced with streaks of crackling purple energy. The sight was both mesmerizing and alarming.

The black beams snaked unnaturally in front of Kara and then suddenly truck Lois directly in her head, her eyes. Lois's body responded immediately, going slightly limp, her posture one of someone caught in a trance, swaying gently, unable to tear her gaze away from the supernatural spectacle before her.

Kara observed this with a mixture of confusion and a growing, instinctual understanding. This power was new, unfamiliar, yet something deep within her resonated with it, as if it were a long-lost part of herself finally surfacing. She didn't fully understand how or why, but she knew, on some intrinsic level, what she was capable of with this new, dark energy.

"You won't tell Clark." Kara commanded. Her voice was no longer her own. It echoed in the small space, a chorus of tones that were layered and distorted, as if multiple voices were speaking in unison, each one laced with a haunting, otherworldly quality. It was a voice that seemed to transcend the human, tapping into something ancient and powerful.

As she spoke, Kara felt the full force of this new power. "You won't say anything." It was intoxicating, a rush that filled her with a sense of invincibility and control. The energy flowing through her eyes felt like an extension of her will, bending Lois to her commands and reshaping reality to fit her desires.

"I... I...." Lois stammered, her will faltering under the relentless assault of the black energy.

Kara intensified her gaze, her voice becoming more commanding. "You don't care. It feels good to not care."

Lois's response was drowsy, distant. "I.... I don't care?"

"Yessss. It's such a burden. Let it go. It turns you on... to just not give a fuck." Kara's voice was a siren song, weaving a spell of apathy and desire over Lois.

Lois's confusion seemed to give way to realization, her voice taking on a tone of acquiescence. "Oh yes. Heh. Whatever. Mmm..... that's nice."

"You're obsessed with me. You want to be me. It feels good to do what I say," Kara continued, her new power flowing through her with an intoxicating rush.

"Yesssss."

"Are you going to tell Clark that I threatened you?"

"N... no. No, of course not. I'd never do that to you."

"Good." Kara released Lois from her gaze. The journalist looked disoriented, her eyes glassy and unfocused.

"Wha- what happened?" Lois murmured, a chuckle escaping her lips in her dazed state.

"Hm? Nothing?" Kara replied, feigning ignorance. "Well, I've got to go. See ya!"

"Wait!" Lois called after her, her voice tinged with an odd, newfound infatuation. "When will I see you again?"

"Oh, don't worry, I'll find you," Kara responded, a wicked smile playing on her lips as she flew away, leaving Lois behind in a state of bewilderment and altered secret devotion.

As Kara soared into the sky, a sense of triumph mixed with an unnerving realization of her newfound abilities. She felt powerful, more dangerous than ever before, and this world has yet to comprehend the full extent of her transformation.

- CHAPTER FOUR -

FALLEN FROM GRACE

The corridors of National City Community College were bustling with the usual mid-morning chaos, students shuffling between classes, the air filled with the hum of youthful energy and the occasional laughter. Among the crowd, a figure stood out, her pace quick and determined, weaving through groups of students with an urgency that drew curious glances. This was Emma, a journalism major with a known penchant for the latest news and trends.

Bursting into the girl's bathroom, Emma found her friend Zoe, a fellow gossip enthusiast, standing by the sinks, her attention glued to her phone. "Did it start? Is she streaming again?" Emma panted, her words tumbling out in a rush as she let the door swing shut behind her.

Zoe looked up, her eyes wide with excitement. "Yes," she breathed out, "She just started streaming!" She tilted her phone towards Emma, who quickly scooted closer, their heads coming together as they focused on the small screen.

* * *

National City's streets had become an impromptu stage for a live performance unlike any its citizens had ever witnessed. At the heart of this spectacle was Supergirl, the city's guardian angel turned streaming sensation, her every move now fodder for her rapidly growing online fanbase.

"Hey, followers! It's your girl Supergirl! And you just watch me kick the crap out of these criminals here!" she proclaimed with a flourish, her voice dripping with a mix of pride and a newfound carefreeness. The phone in her hand, an extension of her persona, captured her in all her glory.

As she panned the camera to showcase her latest act of vigilante justice, her audience was treated to the sight of five men, incapacitated and bound together with what appeared to be a contorted stoplight. The captives were in visible distress, nursing injuries with groans and moans, while one lay unsettlingly still, his condition a grim sight.

"I just want to say, I am so grateful for all the support this last week, and with 3 million subscribers, it's safe to say... I'm not going anywhere!" she chirped, the glee in her voice a stark contrast to the severity of the scene behind her. Her demeanor, once the embodiment of selfless heroism, had taken on the air

of a celebrity basking in the adulation of her fans, her powers now a means to an end in a game of likes, views, and subscribes.

She let out a girlish squeal as she struck a provocative pose for the camera, her lips pouting and her chest thrust forward, showcasing the radical redesign of her costume. Still clad in the iconic blues and reds, Supergirl's crest, once a symbol of hope, was cut out, offering an unobstructed view of her deep cleavage.

"Apparently, people love watching a hot girl kicking ass. Hehe!" she laughed, turning to showcase her plump ass, slapping it with a near-sonic boom. "Now, time for the post-fight show!"

With a precise adjustment of her camera phone, ensuring the towering skyline served as her backdrop, she set it down, allowing her audience to see a brief closeup of her gorgeous face, with long lashes and new full lips. The device, propped securely on a nearby ledge, captured her fully as she took a step back, framing her in a new light, one tinged with anticipation and a hint of something... more.

Floating gently off the ground, Supergirl began her display. "I know, this is what you were actually waiting for!" she greeted, her voice laced with an undeniable warmth and a seductive undertone

"You like what you see?" she teased, striking a pose mid-air, blending forwards, allowing a better peek into her cleavage. She pouted her lips and blew a kiss at the camera. Each word, each gesture, was imbued with a sexual charm, a deliberate attempt to arouse her audience on a level she had never sought before, but it all felt so very natural now. She transitioned from one pose to another, each more suggestive than the last.

"How about this?" she ventured, her voice playful, inviting her viewers to partake in this new naughty game she was playing.

She thrust her shoulders back, pointing her breasts outward, having them bounce like planets made of Jello. For the briefest of moments, Kara reflected on her actions, knowing this wasn't her, it was the effects of the Black Kryptonite. She knew the mineral had unlocked a part of her that longed to be seen, to be acknowledged not just as a savior but as a figure of desire, a figure of worship. But just as soon as the notion came, it left.

"I know you can't resist this," she purred. Super girl turned and offered a view of her toned, peach shaped ass. She started to twerk it like a professional, creating loud slapping noises; sonic booms echoing throughout the city. The camera captured every moment, broadcasting this new, flirtatious Supergirl to an audience that was both captivated and stunned by the transformation.

The livestream was a revelation, a declaration of a new Supergirl who flirted with danger and the adoration of her fans in equal measure. "Millions today, billions tomorrow. Can you imagine?" she mused aloud, her words a reflection of her ambition, of the vast potential she saw in this new path she was taking.

Her revelry was interrupted by a weak voice from one of her captives, pleading for the life of his friend. "Um, miss? Excuse me." The man's voice trembled, freighted with fear and concern.

Supergirl's response was swift and merciless. "Shut up, punk! Or I'll rip your arms off!" Her voice, moments ago lite and soft, now carried the cold edge of indifference. The threat hung in the air, a chilling reflection of the power she wielded without restraint.

The man's plea grew more desperate, "M- m- m- my friend over here... I think he's dying. P- please! Call an amb-"

"Shut up! If he dies, he dies! You should have thought of that before you decided to rob this electronic store," Supergirl snapped back, her words cutting through the morning air with finality. The declaration was a stark departure from the hero who had once vowed to protect and serve all lives, criminal or not.

The stream continued, capturing this darker turn in Supergirl's demeanor. Comments flooded in, a varied maelstrom of support, disgust, and even outright adoration for this new unchained version of Supergirl.

She felt something, a slight pang of guilt for going too far. Could she really do that? Could she let this man die? A flash of Frank's lifeless body lying on her bedroom floor hit her, like a slap to the face. She flinched.

"No. I'm not a killer. I- I can't think about... that," she struggled, breathing deeply in an attempt to maintain herself. "Later. I'll think about it later. I'll deal with him... with it... later. W- whatever."

This simple, sweet, bit of apathy helped her to calm the sudden oncoming panic and allowed her to imagine that everything was alright. There's nothing to worry about. She giggled to herself with her eyes closed. Supergirl finally looked up, realizing her online audience's silent attention. Supergirl glanced at her phone, reading some of the reactions in real time.

"Hmmm? Oh dear, am I being too mean?" she spoke aloud, her voice laced with mock concern.

The briefest pause followed, a moment of contemplation before she shrugged it off with a wave of her hand. "Whatever, you LOVE it! You want a sexy super bitch, being real HARD on crime. Amiright? And I do mean... HHHHARD. Tee hee!"

Her words were a deliberate play, a mix of defiance and performance, knowing full well the power of her image and the sway of her actions over her watchers... her followers.

"Well, see ya tomorrow! And don't forget to like and subscribe... or I come for you next," she threatened playfully, her gaze piercing through the lens, a grim promise veiled under layers of allure and charm.

Then, as quickly as the threat was issued, her demeanor lightened, bursting into a fit of giggles. "Just kidding! Love you! Buh bye!"

The stream ended, leaving her audience in the throes of a myriad of emotions — excitement, confusion, and for some, unease.

* * *

In the dimly lit command center of the Justice League headquarters, a sense of unease lingered in the air, palpable and thick. The room, usually alive with the bustling energy of heroes planning their next move against the forces of evil, was subdued, the focus narrowed to a single point of interest: a live feed of Supergirl's recent stream displayed on the massive screen that dominated one wall.

"Look... there," Batman said, his voice a low rumble, as he manipulated the controls to zoom in on a specific detail. The image on the screen sharpened, bringing into focus a small black crystal shard hanging around Supergirl's neck.

"What is that?" Batman's question hung in the silence that followed, his gaze fixed on the screen.

Superman, standing tall and stoic beside him, leaned in for a closer look. "A crystal," he mused aloud, before turning to Wonder Woman. "Diana, is that it? The Black Kryptonite you were talking about?"

Wonder Woman, her arms crossed, studied the screen with an intensity that matched her companions'. "Possibly... I can't say for sure," she replied thoughtfully. "Maybe we're over-exaggerating. She's a young girl. Perhaps this is just a phase."

Batman's frown deepened, his skepticism clear. "When a Kryptonian has 'a phase', it puts people in danger. No, we need to investigate this. It all started when she outed herself on Lois's show." He turned to Superman, his tone turning inquisitive. "Clark, what did Lois have to say about it?"

Superman shrugged, a hint of discomfort in his gesture. "Nothing really. As a matter of fact, she's adamant that Kara is fine. She even seemed a little... taken in by her new attitude. She watches her stream all the time now."

Batman pondered for a moment, his mind racing through possibilities. "Hm. Ok, well. Let's just keep an eye out. Clark, could you ask Lois to talk to her? I trust her. We need to be respectful with Kara, but we also need to know what's going on."

"Alright," Superman replied, the weight of responsibility evident in his voice. "I'll ask her."

"Now to more pressing matters," Batman continued, his tone shifting to one of urgency.

With a flick of a switch, The Dark Knight changed the screen to display a strange asteroid hovering in the cosmos just outside their Solar System. The image was eerie, the asteroid's surface seemingly absorbing the light around it, making it appear as a shadow against the backdrop of space.

"This object was found just outside our Solar System, and as we track it... there!" He pointed to a part of the screen where the asteroid's trajectory altered inexplicably, "it's moving abnormally and sometimes it disappears altogether."

The three heroes leaned in, their attention captured by the anomaly before them. The implications of such behavior in a celestial object were not lost on them, each aware of the potential dangers it represented.

"Superman, this may take you a few days, but could you go out there? Check it out?" Batman's request was more a command, his trust in Superman's abilities implicit in his tone.

Superman nodded, the sense of duty clear in his eyes. "I'll leave as soon as I speak with Lois."

* * *

Supergirl, the beacon of National City, soared through the cool evening air, her cape fluttering behind her as she made her way home. The city stretched out beneath her. "Beneath her", the thought felt so right. That is where they belonged. "Huh? Wait, that's not right."

Approaching her modest apartment, she slowed with a gentle ease. She floated through the open window, her feet landing softly on the plush new carpet. The apartment around her had been transformed, a stark departure from the simple decor just weeks before. Now, it was a lavish abode, filled with luxuries bought with the money she'd earned through her streaming endeavors.

Her eyes swept the room with a sense of pride. The living area was dominated by a larger, more opulent couch, its soft cushions inviting relaxation and comfort. Opposite it stood a massive television, its screen almost covering the wall, a testament to her new-found love for bigger and better things. She also purchased expensive tables made from the finest woods and adorned her walls with art pieces that would make any novice collector green with envy. It was a visual representation of her success, of her shift from hero to icon.

"This is all nice, but I think I deserve more," she mused aloud, her voice echoing slightly in the spacious apartment. The thought was a seed, planting ideas of further grandeur and opulence in her mind. The world was at her fingertips, and she was only beginning to explore the extent of her desires.

In a blur of motion, she changed out of her costume, the fabric of her Supergirl attire replaced by the delicate touch of lingerie. The ensemble was a soft pink lace, adorned with touches of white fur, a combination that felt both luxurious and incredibly sexy. It was a far cry from the practical pj's of her past, a declaration of her new identity, one that embraced her femininity and power in equal measure.

Supergirl sighed, a sound of contentment, as she fell back onto her new bed. The mattress was huge, far larger than any she'd owned before, and it was covered in countless fluffy pillows that seemed to envelop her in their softness. "Mmm. Yesss," she thought, her mind adrift in the sensations that surrounded her. She felt good—better than she had in a long time. Powerful. Sexy. Unstoppable.

Her reverie was interrupted by a sudden knock on the door. The sound was unexpected, a jarring return to reality from the cocoon of comfort she'd wrapped around herself. For a moment, she considered ignoring it, reluctant to leave the sanctuary she'd created. But curiosity, ever a part of her, nudged her towards the entrance as she slowly opened the mahogany door.

The woman on the other side, Judy, Kara's frumpy middle-aged landlord, shifted uncomfortably as she spoke, "Hello, Kara. Um... Supergirl. Heh. Who'd a thought I had THE Supergirl living in my building?"

Judy's attempt at levity did little to mask her underlying nervousness, a nervousness born of the aura of the woman who stood before her, powerful and famous. "Um, anyway. I hate to bring this up, but some

people are starting to complain more about the smell. What um... what is that in there?" she inquired, her curiosity piqued by the unseen but evidently problematic scent within Supergirl's abode.

Supergirl's body, her stance unwavering, blocked the way in, a beautiful barrier to be seen. "It's nothing, Judy," she replied, her tone a blend of reassurance and finality, hoping to quell further questioning.

Judy, however, persisted, her duty outweighing her trepidation. "Look, I'm sorry. This isn't the first time, and I can smell it even now. How can you not smell that? I have to check it out. This counts as an emergency, so I am allowed to come in—"

"No!" The word was a reflex. In a moment of desperation, Supergirl extended her hand, a gesture not of aggression but of insistence, and from her eyes emanated a familiar beam, gentle yet compelling, that met Judy's gaze.

The effect was immediate. Judy, caught in the glow of Supergirl's will, found her resolve softening, her concerns dissipating like mist under the morning sun. Still, she furrowed her brow, attempting to shake off what was happening to her.

"You will not go inside. You don't want to. There is no problem," Supergirl intoned, her words piercing Judy's mind.

Judy, the tension in her face fading, echoed the sentiment as if it were her own revelation. "I... wait... I... oh... there is no problem." The transformation in her demeanor was stark, from inquisitive to compliant, under the influence of a power she could neither see nor understand.

"There is no smell. The complaints are lies," Supergirl continued, guiding Judy's perception away from the secret that lurked behind her.

"The complaints are lies," Judy repeated, her conviction now aligned with Supergirl's words.

"And you are tired. It's your bedtime," Supergirl suggested a subtle nudge towards a peaceful resolution.

"So... sleepy," Judy conceded, her earlier purpose forgotten as she turned and walked away.

With Judy gone, Supergirl's gaze focused inward, towards the heart of her home, towards the bedroom where the source of the complaints lay hidden. "I guess I need to deal with... it," she murmured, the weight of the task ahead evident in her voice.

* * *

In the quiet of the night, with only the distant hum of National City outside, Supergirl faced a moment that would define her in ways she had never anticipated. The decision before her was stark, a path that once chosen, could not be undone. It was a moment of reckoning, not with an external foe, but with the consequences of her own actions.

Guilt had begun to seep through the cracks of the facade she'd built, the emotional armor fortified by the shard of black kryptonite around her neck. Its influence had been a balm, numbing her to the moral complexities of her decisions, but even its power couldn't fully quell the stirrings of conscience within her. With a touch to the shard, the swell of guilt and sadness receded, replaced by a cold resolve. It was time to act, to remove the evidence of her darkest moment.

Approaching the closet with a sense of grim determination, she extracted what lay within. The body, once a living, breathing person named Frank, now a silent testament to a moment of weakness, had to be dealt with. The sight, which should have evoked horror or sorrow, was met with a clinical detachment.

Catching her reflection in the mirror as she prepared for what came next, she paused, momentarily admiring her figure, her perfect round breasts, her juicy ass. She looked good. It was a brief distraction from the gravity of her situation. Shaking her head, the realization dawned that she needed to be less conspicuous, an outfit that blended in rather than stood out... and boy did she stand out. "Curves for days," she whispered, giggling to herself. But she immediately shook her head once again. "Focus."

She opted for a black yoga outfit, the fabric hugging her form in a way that was both practical and still flattering. "Black looks good on me," she noted. The choice of black wasn't just practical; it was appropriate, she thought. It felt symbolic, mirroring the darkness of the task at hand.

With her identity concealed beneath a black cloth tied around her face, she prepared to dispose of... the evidence.

"Let's do this," she murmured, a mix of resolve and resignation in her voice.

* * *

Supergirl carried Frank on one shoulder, steadily flying upwards, away from her apartment, out of the atmosphere, approaching the cold embrace of space. He was wrapped in an old rug, a ragged thing she had little care for. In a moment, she was in Earth's orbit, floating in the quiet, weightless vacuum of space. Which, of course, did little to deter her... she was Supergirl.

"Nobody must know," she resolved. Her lips mouthed the words, but there was no sound. The vastness of space, usually a source of comfort, now felt like the only witness to her isolation.

After a moment, she carefully released Frank. Supergirl felt momentary relief watching the body peacefully drifting amidst the stars.

Supergirl hovered, a solitary figure against the backdrop of an endless cosmic sea. With her eyes closed, she sought solace in the void that surrounded her, an expanse that mirrored the growing emptiness she felt inside. The shard of black kryptonite around her neck, a source of power yet a harbinger of darkness, pulsed with an ominous energy.

As the darkness within her expanded, evolving with every heartbeat, Supergirl found herself at a crossroads of conscience and desire. For a fleeting moment, amidst the black silence, a spark of clarity broke through the encroaching shadows. Memories of her former self—the hero who had stood for truth and justice—flashed vividly before her mind's eye. In a fleeting surge of clarity, she considered the

unthinkable: turning herself into the authorities, confessing her misdeeds, seeking redemption. The idea was a beacon of light in the oppressive dark.

However, as this thought crystallized, the black kryptonite pulsed powerfully, its dark energy resonating deep within her, quelling the nascent spark of rebellion. The pulse was like a wave washing over her, smothering the brief flare of her moral compass, drowning it in the depths of newfound desires.

"Yesss." she seemed to moan, but quickly shook the feeling off. "No. This can't continue. I have to fight this. Fight it!" Kara screamed inside her mind. "Fight it!"

As she grappled with these conflicting forces, her attention intermittently drifted to Frank, whose lifeless body floated before her, tethered in the zero gravity that surrounded them. Each slow rotation brought his face into view—his expression peaceful yet haunting, a silent accusation from the grave. Like a car wreck, she couldn't look away. His body turned once again, and in that moment, she could have sworn his eyes darted to meet hers. Wrapped in terror, her thoughts turned to mush, and she could hear him. As impossible as it was, she could hear him speak.

"Murderer. Murderer." He whispered, his voice ignoring the laws of physics.

Horried, Kara's face contorted. Sorrow and guilt now surged forth with unrestrained ferocity. The emotions she experienced were raw, overwhelming, slicing through the fog of corruption like a beacon of pure, agonizing clarity. His face, so tortured and so resentful, became the catalyst for a realization too profound to ignore—she could no longer fight the darkness. The pain of her actions, the weight of her guilt, it was too much to bear.

In that moment, filled with fear and uncertainty, Supergirl closed her eyes again and let the word gestate inside her. "Surrender." She was rewarded with a jolt in her pussy. "Surrender." Her pussy twitched again. The second time was easier. This wasn't so bad. The decision to let go, to embrace the dark influence of the crystal, was both a defeat and a liberation. With trembling hands, she reached to the shard of Black Kryptonite hanging around her neck, and let the dark energies of the kryptonite flood through her.

The moment was violent and profound. A raging rush of void enveloped her, not just filling the emptiness but expanding within her, reshaping her pain into something else—something powerful, serene, and a taste of malice. The sensation was akin to diving into a deep, cool lake, where the water soothes even as it prickles.

Suddenly, her body spasmed, a physical reaction to the internal metamorphosis that the kryptonite wrought. As if possessed, Kara, with her significant strength, tore at the black fabric that covered her cunt, revealing her glistening juicy folds that peaked out from the rip in her leggings. Beads of moisture drifted from her pussy and out into space. She was wet beyond belief and horny beyond comprehension. Her other hand had an agenda of its own. It snapped the black crystal from the string that bound it. Then she paused for the briefest of moments, until, with a forceful thrust, as inevitable as gravity itself, she jammed it inside her aching, wanton pussy.

Supergirl's mind exploded. A nuclear orchestra of sensation. Her head shot back, her eyes opened wide, and a huge insane smile streaked across her face, ear to ear. The only thought in her mind, that wonderful word, "Surrender." But this time it was without trepidation. It was a simple fact. "Surrender."

Then, slowly at first, she worked the black kryptonite in and out of her cunt. In and out. Each time she pushed it in, it spilled more and more of its vile energy inside her. She didn't know it, her mind was somewhere else, but she was cumming. The whole time, she cummed and cummed. The orgasm was a rolling massive wave, continuously splashing against the shores of her body, seeping into the sands of her soul. It felt good. No. It felt divine.

Kara began to spasm again, even more this time. Violent jerks forced her body to twist and contort, but her right hand stayed put, working the shard inside her needy, vibrating cunt.

And on she came. Her mind, broken from bliss, was reforming itself. In short, empathy was being burned out, while entitlement, selfishness, and pleasure poured in. Frank was still rotating in front of her. But instead of glaring at her with judgment, he had an enormous smile to match her own.

"Yes! Do it, Kara. Work that pussy! I'm glad you killed me! I deserved it! I'm nothing. You are everything!" Frank said, his voice filled with worship and lust.

"I- I am e- everything!" She repeated, not perceiving that his words were in fact in her head; given he was floating in a vacuum and well... dead.

Pleasuring herself in the silent, endless void of space, Supergirl felt the overwhelming influence of the black kryptonite tightening its grip on her very soul. The potent, malevolent energy surged and seeped into every corner of her being, overpowering her thoughts and shattering what little was left of her resolve. As the darkness consumed her and her orgasm reached unfathomable heights, reality itself began to blur, plunging her into a hallucinatory state where time and space lost all meaning.

Flashes of strange interdimensional creatures flickered before her—amorphous beings with too many eyes and limbs, their forms shifting and morphing in ways that defied comprehension. Swirls of wicked energy danced around her, tendrils of dark energy wrapping around her limbs, whispering promises of dominion and ultimate power. The space around her was thick with malevolence and filled her with an exhilarating sense of foreboding.

In this surreal landscape, Supergirl caught glimpses of a dark truth underlying the universe—a tantalizing, fragmented vision of forbidden knowledge and power. The mere presence of this truth ignited a fierce hunger within her, an insatiable craving for more. As she continued to convulse, her eyes unfocused, she envisioned herself commanding legions of minions, creatures from these otherworldly realms, all bound to her by the dark energies she now embraced.

The pleasure, the power, the promise was too great, and Supergirl surrendered to the darkness completely. Her body now spasmed in short, brutal jerks, as the surreal visions intensified, a storm of interdimensional chaos enveloping her. In a final, cathartic shift, she let go completely, allowing the void to entirely consume her.

Supergirl felt a strange sensation building, a pressure that seemed to originate from deep inside her. Still jolting in pleasure, she mindlessly took the Black Kryptonite out of her pussy, and opened her legs, spread eagle. A little beam of purple light peaked out of her slit, as her hips repeatedly thrust, milking an invisible cock. Soon her slit expanded and the beam intensified, illuminating the surrounding darkness with an eerie, otherworldly purple glow. Her pussy lips opened up even more, and you could see there was a dance of light and shapes inside of it. It was as if another dimension existed within her, a realm teeming with dark power and twisted secrets.

There was something else inside her, behind the purple light. At first, it was just a little nub, pushing through, widening her slit again. But then it rushed out with purpose, revealing a strange fleshy thing, birthing itself out of her cunt. More followed. An array of grotesque tentacles and mutated arms emerged, each one pulsing with sinister energy. All of them remained connected to her as they emerged and advanced. These tendrils were slick and serpentine, their surfaces glistening with an unearthly sheen. Some were covered in eyes, blinking and searching, while others had claws and pincers snapping hungrily. The arms were equally horrifying—elongated, with too many joints, and hands that seemed to sprout additional fingers at random, some tipped with sharp talons.

Supergirl, lost in overwhelming bliss, was oblivious to the monstrous appendages that were extending from her; her eyes were white, rolled back completely. The tendrils and arms moved with a predatory grace, reaching out towards Frank's lifeless, floating body. The tentacles coiled around his limbs, their grip firm and unyielding, while the mutated arms grabbed hold, their claws digging into his flesh.

As the appendages pulled Frank toward her crotch, his body bent unnaturally in half to fit into her gaping pussy. The sight was grotesque, his form folding with a sickening ease, bones cracking and ligaments tearing. Kara's hips thrust harder, and the tentacles and arms worked in concert, pulling him deeper with each heave, their movements methodical and relentless. Kara arched her back, still unaware, as her pussy opened to otherworldly proportions, allowing the twisted broken body inside her. He disappeared inch by inch, swallowed by the purple void within Supergirl. Her belly, flat and huge with the remains of a full-grown man. And soon... Frank was no more.

As the last of the tendrils and arms retracted inside her, the purple glow dimmed. Supergirl's legs closed, and the beam of light finally disappeared into nothingness, sealing the portal shut. Her protruding belly, with a series of twitches and gurgles, shrunk back to its former flat shape. Then, with one last reflexive thrust of her hips, she passed out.

Suspended in the cold void of space, Supergirl slowly awakened, the aftermath of the event settling over her like a shroud. The cosmos around her was silent, the stars distant and indifferent to the changes that had taken place within her. As consciousness returned, she felt a profound difference in herself—a surge of power and an incredible sense of detachment. Memories of the surreal, nightmarish events were fragmented, unreliable.

She blinked, her vision clearing as she took in her surroundings. The last clear memory she had was of Frank's lifeless body floating nearby, but now, he was gone. There was no trace of him. A flicker of

confusion passed through her mind, but it was fleeting. The absence of Frank should have concerned her, but instead, she found that she didn't care. In fact, she was glad he was dead and gone. He was fucking idiot. She felt good—no, she felt incredible—and that was all that mattered.

Her eyes were drawn to a glimmer of light before her. Floating serenely in the void was the shard of black kryptonite, its surface pulsing with a sinister glow. The sight of it brought a wicked smile to her lips. She reached out, her fingers brushing against its cold surface, feeling the familiar, subtle pulse of energy that resonated with the something inside her.

Just then, a soft blue light could be seen, emanating from her special issue cell phone, tucked into the waist of her leggings. Holding it out in front of her, the display flickered to life, revealing a message from Lois Lane. "Kara, we need to talk. Meet me at our usual spot. It's important."

Supergirl's smile widened into something more malevolent, her eyes briefly glinting with a dangerous purple light. New ideas rushed into her mind, filling her with a perverse sense of anticipation. She closed the message, and with a single, powerful motion, Supergirl propelled herself towards Earth, the shard clutched tightly in her grasp, feeling its dark energy infuse her with even greater strength and resolve.

- CHAPTER FIVE -

LOIS, THE FIRST

Lois Lane sat on a park bench, her eyes scanning the serene surroundings. The late afternoon sun cast a warm glow over the park, children laughed in the distance, and families enjoyed the mild weather. Despite the picturesque setting, Lois couldn't shake the growing unease that had settled in her chest. As she waited for Kara, her thoughts kept veering toward her cousin-in-law, and every time she thought about her, she felt a warm, almost comforting sensation wash over her.

She found herself thinking about Kara's strength, her beauty, her presence. Each thought brought a wave of warmth and admiration that felt oddly soothing. It was nice, but as the feelings grew stronger,

Lois began to sense that something wasn't right. This wasn't normal. She shook her head, trying to clear her mind, but the thoughts persisted, insistent and intrusive.

Realizing that meeting Kara alone, without support, might not be the best idea, especially with these strange thoughts clouding her judgment, Lois pulled out her phone. She needed Clark's reassurance, his steady presence to help her navigate this unsettling situation. With a quick swipe, she initiated a video call.

The phone rang a few times before Clark's familiar face appeared on the screen, framed by the bustling newsroom of the Daily Planet. The sight of him brought an immediate, though fleeting, sense of comfort.

"Hey, Lois," Clark greeted warmly.

"Hey, Clark," Lois replied, though her voice held a hint of unease. "I'm at the park, waiting for Kara. Are you sure about this?"

Clark's smile wavered slightly as he caught the worry in her tone. "Lois, it's going to be alright. We just need to make sure everything's fine with her. She's been acting a bit... different lately, and we need to understand why."

Lois nodded, but her brow was furrowed with concern. "I know, but I feel strange about this. Something doesn't feel right. When I think about Kara, I—"

The video feed suddenly crackled, and the connection was briefly disrupted, cutting off Lois's words. Clark frowned, tapping his phone to try and clear the connection. When the feed was restored, Lois was already continuing.

"Clark, I'm just not sure," she said, her voice still tinged with anxiety.

Clark, unaware of what he had missed, offered her a reassuring smile. "Whatever it is, don't worry. I trust you."

His words, meant to comfort, instead triggered something unexpected deep within Lois's mind. At first, it was a whisper, as if from a distance—Kara's voice echoing eerily, "You don't care. It feels good to not care." The phrase began to repeat, each iteration louder, more insistent, resonating with a strange power that seemed to seep into her very thoughts.

Lois blinked, the park around her blurring into a haze as the words continued to echo inside her head. Her initial worry began to dissolve, edged out by an inexplicable numbness that crept over her senses like a thick fog. With each repetition, the anxiety and unease that had knotted in her stomach began to unravel, replaced by a growing detachment.

She stared blankly ahead, barely registering the children's laughter or the gentle rustle of leaves in the breeze. The repeated mantra in Kara's voice was hypnotic, and disarming. "You don't care. It feels good to not care."

By the time the phrase had woven its way thoroughly into her thoughts, Lois found herself not just numb, but slightly uncaring. The transformation of her mood was so subtle, so seamless, that she hardly noticed the change, only that the weight of her worries seemed to have been lifted.

Lois looked back at the phone, at Clark's face filled with concern and anticipation of her response. Her lips parted, almost mechanically.

"Ok. Whatever. I'll talk to her," she said, her voice flat, devoid of the emotion that had colored their conversation just seconds before.

Clark nodded, relieved. "Thank you, sweetie! Now, I must go. Remember, I'll be away for a couple of days. If you need anything, call Bruce. Ok?"

Lois nodded, though her thoughts seemed to drift. "Ok."

"Alright, bye Lois!" Clark said, giving her one last reassuring smile before ending the call. The screen went dark, and Lois hung up, looking around the park with a distracted air.

She leaned back on the park bench, her mind adrift, feeling as though the world around her had taken on an ethereal quality. The vibrant park seemed to float around her, distant and surreal.

She frowned slightly, trying to recall the source of her earlier anxiety. There was something she had been deeply worried about, but now, all she could feel was an almost blissful detachment. The idea of "not caring" wrapped around her mind like a warm, comforting blanket, and it felt too nice to resist.

As she sat there, Kara's face suddenly surfaced in her thoughts, unbidden and vivid. Her radiant smile, her confident stance, the way she moved with such effortless grace. Lois found she couldn't think about anything else. Images of Kara flashed before her mind's eye, each one accompanied by a pleasant, warm sensation that spread through her chest and limbs and even... down lower.

Kara's phantom head seemed to speak directly into her mind, her voice a seductive whisper: "You're obsessed with me. You want to be me." Lois couldn't help but see the truth in it. Kara was amazing, sexy, and powerful. She was everything Lois wished she could be. The thoughts were irresistible, wrapping around her consciousness and pulling her deeper into a reverie.

Like a love-sick admirer, Lois began to imagine scenarios with Kara. She saw herself talking to Kara, the conversations filled with admiration and adoration. She imagined dancing with her, the world fading away as they moved together. She pictured them laughing, sharing intimate secrets, and then embracing, the closeness bringing an almost tangible joy.

A soft giggle escaped Lois's lips, her cheeks flushing with warmth as she immersed herself in these fantasies. But then, a jolt of awareness struck her, and she realized how absurd and out of place these thoughts were. She shook her head, trying to clear the fog of infatuation that clouded her mind.

"What am I doing?" she whispered to herself, her voice trembling slightly. The surreal nature of her thoughts left her feeling exposed and confused. She pressed her palms against the bench, grounding herself, and took a deep breath.

At that very moment, a shadow fell over her, and she looked up to see Kara—Supergirl—descending gracefully from the sky. Her presence was powerful and commanding, as she landed softly on the grass in front of Lois. The world around them seemed to pause. The park, the people, seemed distant and faint.

Supergirl walked toward her with slow, deliberate steps, her eyes glinting with an intensity that sent a shiver down Lois's spine. The changes in Kara were striking, and Lois felt her breath hitch as Supergirl approached, her costume significantly altered.

The iconic blue and red of Supergirl's costume had darkened to a near-black hue, the familiar emblem of the 'S' cut out to reveal her cleavage, and what an impressive cleavage it was. Kara's breasts had grown one or two cup sizes since Lois had last seen her. Moreover, Kara's ass looked so ripe and plump, it would put J-Lo to shame. Supergirl always looked good, but this new Kara looked utterly stacked and simply stunning, and it was on full display, exuding a sensuality that Lois found both mesmerizing and deeply concerning.

"Kara. Wow," Lois managed to say, her voice tinged with a mix of awe and apprehension.

Kara smirked, her eyes glinting with a predatory light. "I like it when you look at me, Lois."

In a daze, Lois replied, "I like looking at you." The words slipped out before she could catch them, a truth she hadn't fully realized until now.

Kara sauntered up to Lois, who was still sitting on the bench, her mouth slightly open in stunned silence. With a deliberate motion, Kara raised her boot and rested it on the bench beside Lois, giving her a full view of her long, toned leg.

Lois shook her head, trying to snap out of the trance-like state. "Wait. What is going on? Your costume is... so dark. And your body... is amazing."

Kara spun around gracefully, showing off her newly enhanced figure, the dark fabric of her costume hugging her curves perfectly. "I know. You love it, huh?"

Instinctually, Lois responded, "Yes, I do! I mean..." She shook her head, trying to regain her composure. "...no. I need to talk to you about... something... something..."

Her words trailed off as she stared at Kara's cleavage, which moved slowly left and right, almost hypnotically. The sight was entrancing, pulling her focus away from the conversation she was struggling to maintain.

"What's that, Lois?" Kara asked, her smile widening knowingly.

Lois scratched her head, her thoughts scattering like leaves in the wind. "I... I forget." The admission felt like a defeat, but she couldn't muster the clarity to remember what she had wanted to say.

Kara's smirk grew, her confidence bolstered by Lois's evident struggle. "That's alright, Lois. I'm sure it will come back to you."

Lois nodded absently, her gaze still locked back onto Kara's cleavage. The magnetic pull was undeniable, and any sense of urgency she had felt was now replaced by a strange, pervasive calm.

Kara leaned in, her breath warm against Lois's cheek, and kissed her lightly on the lips. Lois's eyes widened, and she pulled back slightly, her voice trembling as she spoke, "I'm... married... to..."

Kara interrupted her, her voice calm but firm, "So? I don't care. Neither should you."

Lois looked confused, her thoughts tangled. "I don't... care?" she echoed, her voice uncertain.

Kara embraced Lois gently, their faces close together. "No. And it's not like it's cheating," she murmured, kissing her again. This time Lois resisted only briefly, but then her body relaxed, and she began to ease into the kiss, becoming more receptive. When they finally parted, Lois was breathing heavily, her eyes wide and wild.

"Lois," Kara whispered, her voice soft yet insistent, "be honest, have you been thinking about me?"

Without hesitation, Lois replied, "Yes. I can't stop thinking about you. You're all I think about. Something's wrong with me."

Kara's expression changed, darkened. "No," she said sharply. "It's perfectly natural. I deserve to be admired! I deserve everything!"

Suddenly, a purple beam shot out from Kara's eyes, locking with Lois's gaze. Lois's body went rigid, her muscles tensing as the energy flowed between them.

Kara leaned in closer, her eyes glinting with an intensity that melted Lois's resolve. "I am like a drug to you," Kara said softly, her voice low, hypnotic, and otherworldly. "Thinking about me is addictive. Thinking of ways to please me is addictive. It feels good, so very good."

Lois was held completely captive by Kara's gaze, her mind spinning as she tried in vain to focus. The deep, purple beam coming from Supergirl's eyes seemed to anchor her thoughts, pulling them into the present moment, pushing away all other distractions. She struggled to remember something, something important... and then it hit her.

"Clark," she whispered, her voice trembling with a mixture of fear and confusion. "Clark, help me!"

Kara tilted her head, a flash of anger crossing her face. She pulled Lois in closer, maintaining the beam that linked their eyes together. She grabbed a fist full of hair and yanked Lois's head back. Lois gasped and moaned, but did not resist as Kara slowly slipped her hand down her pants. She moans as Kara's fingers played just outside her moist pussy.

"It seems my new power isn't perfect. I think you need a little encouragement." Kara positioned her fingers barely between the folds of Lois's cunt. "Now listen to me and feel... this!"

In that moment Kara pierced Lois's fleshy curtains, invading her pussy with a sloppy wet slurp. Lois moaned again, loud and deep. Then, gently but firmly, Kara moved her fingers in and out of Lois. With one hand still pulling and pinning her head back, the other explored Lois's needy vagina. Kara intensified the beam from her eyes, its purple light glowing brighter.

"Listen, bitch! You don't need him! You need me! Feel it! Feel the need to please me, deep inside you!"

Lois whimpered each time the fingers entered her, as the pleasure eroded any defiance she had left, allowing the words to wash over her like a tidal wave. "I... feel it... the need to p-please you," she stammered, her voice weak, but filled with a mix of awe and submission.

Kara's lips curled into a satisfied smile. "Now repeat it in your mind, let yourself believe it: Pleasing me is addictive. Every day, every minute, every second, you'll get more addicted to it."

Lois's voice was dazed and faraway as she repeated, "Every... day... more... addicted."

Kara continued to finger her friend, as she wandered up to Lois's clit, her bean, and circled it with precision. "You'll care less and less about everything, everyone around you... all that will be left is your obedience... to me!" Her tone was steady and commanding, her eyes never leaving Lois's.

Lois rocked back and forth slightly, her mind absorbing the words like a sponge. "I'll care less... about... everyone?"

Kara's hand moved faster inside Lois's swollen pussy, making Lois thrust her hips slightly in response, as if to offer her cunt to Kara; lost in the sensation, the bliss.

"Even Clark," yelled Kara, with a wild expression. "The more you worship me, the more your love for him will shrink... shrink into nothing!"

Lois's eyes widened as the realization hit her. "Even Clark? Even... oh! Oh no! Even Clark!" as she said it, the truth of it locked into her mind. She still loved him, yes, but she knew that it was going to fade, this new mantra ringing inside her head would eventually see to that.

Kara's voice softened but remained firm, "Yes, Lois. Even Clark. You don't need him. You only need me. Like breathing, like eating... I give you life. And you will feel that more and more with each passing moment. My... slave."

In an impressive moment of defiance, Lois looked at Kara with horror. "What have you done to me!" And as quickly as it came, that defiance crumbled and shattered into a million pieces, it was gone. Suddenly, it all hit her. Every word, every touch, every truth that Kara implanted, exploded inside her. Lois's body spasmed with incredible intensity, a monumental moment, a crescendo of sensation, dominance and submission, pleasure and pain... the seed of corruption planted deep, impregnating her very soul. And then... she collapsed.

Lois lay on the ground, her breath coming in shallow gasps as she slowly regained her composure. Kara stood over her, a satisfied smile playing on her lips as she watched Lois recover. The experience had been intense, but now it was time to take the next step.

Lois looked up at Kara, her eyes filled with a mixture of awe and fear. "Wh- what?" She wanted to recoil at first, run from this monster that had obviously just done something to her... but she stopped. It didn't seem right. Run from her? No. She wanted to be close to her. No. She needed it.

Kara knelt beside her, gently brushing a strand of hair away from Lois's face. "Now, Lois, go home. Once you're there, I want you to do something for me."

Lois nodded slowly, feeling quite light-headed. It was so much easier to just agree with the words coming out of Supergirl's mouth, rather than worry her little head about danger or consequences. "What... do you want me to do?"

Kara's voice was calm and soothing as she spoke. "When you get home, I want you to sit down on your couch... and rub your pussy for me and think about me. Flick your bean in the best way you know how. Make it feel so good as you imagine me, naked, hovering above you. You are not to cum. No. But don't stop touching yourself. Don't stop, don't sleep, don't eat, don't do anything except masturbate... until morning."

Lois's eyes widened slightly, but she nodded again. Any doubts she once had were faint and distant. The ease of compliance and the little burst of dopamine that followed every thought of obedience made listening to Kara, obeying Kara, the simple, correct path. "Okay, Kara."

Supergirl's smile widened. "Good. And right when the sun rises, while you are working your worthless cunt, harder and deeper than ever before, you will feel an explosion of pure bliss and utter joy. All the thoughts I have instilled in you will be magnified and permanently engraved in your mind, your body, your soul."

Lois took a series of deep breaths, feeling a mixture of anticipation and nervousness. Somewhere, in the back of her mind, she screamed, but nothing could be done. She was numb, bathing in a sea of submission, perfectly content to just nod like a good girl and go along with it.

"One more thing," Kara's continued. "Just for fun. Right before you cum, as the morning sun bursts through the window, warming your tits... the old you will surface. You will look down and watch yourself touching your pussy, and you will remember why you are doing it. You will remember who you are doing it for. And you will remember what will happen if you cum. Then, finally, you will have an earth-shattering orgasm. And in that moment, the old you will die, murdered by an endless stream of pleasure... and when the bliss passes, she will be gone forever, and all that will remain is a slave. Obedient. Addicted. Cruel. And mine."

Kara stood up, offering her hand to help Lois to her feet. "Then you will understand the nature of our relationship. We will meet at my apartment, and we will plan how to use your influence at the Daily

Planet to help raise my stature as a superhero, or perhaps.... something even better." Kara leaned in and kissed Lois gently on the forehead.

Lois looked up at Kara with adoration and nodded, "Ok."

- CHAPTER SIX -

DARK SUBMISSION

Supergirl stood on the grass, watching as Lois walked away in a slow, unsteady daze. The late afternoon sun cast long shadows across the park, making Lois's figure blend into the background as she disappeared into the distance. Kara's eyes were fixed on her, a pleased smile slowly spreading across her face. The satisfaction was warm and tangible, radiating from within. She felt it in every fiber of her being—she had done it. Lois, the ever-determined and inquisitive journalist, was now the first to be firmly, irrevocably hers. Well... almost.

She glanced up at the sky, its blue expanse beckoning her. With a small smirk, she extended her arms, letting the power flow through her, and took flight. The ground fell away beneath her as she rose higher and higher, the city of National City spreading out like a sprawling maze below.

She felt a rush of excitement, a thrill of accomplishment she hadn't felt in a long time. It was intoxicating to know that she had the power to manipulate someone, someone so close to her. Supergirl's smile widened as the thought washed over her. She had tasted what it felt like to mold someone's perception, to shape their will—and she wanted more.

But could she? The thought lingered in her mind. Should she?

For a moment, a tiny voice—barely a whisper—surfaced in her mind. It was a voice of hesitation, a voice she hadn't heard in a while. “No,” it said, soft and fragile, like the brush of a feather against her consciousness. It was a whisper of doubt, a reminder of the principles she used to stand for. But the voice was so faint, so distant, it barely registered against the rush of excitement pulsing through her veins.

Kara felt the conflict flicker and fade almost as quickly as it had come. Her mind was already made up; she needed to be more. She needed to become stronger—strong enough that nothing and no one could stand in her way. She needed to become sexier—sexy enough that men AND woman cum just thinking about her. She needed to....

"What if...?" the voice inside her started, but she pushed it back, refusing to let it break through the euphoria that surrounded her. She tilted her head back, eyes locked on the horizon as she soared through the clouds. No.

She couldn't help but wonder. That voice—the small part of her that whispered caution—why did it still exist? Why did it still matter? Kara shook her head, trying to dispel the unease that hung like a cloud in the back of her mind. She was Supergirl. She was stronger than doubt. She was stronger than hesitation.

Her fingers instinctively went to the black shard hanging around her neck. It pulsed faintly, like a heartbeat, and the moment she touched it, a warm, soothing wave spread through her. The doubt faded, and her thoughts became crystal clear again. Yes, this was the path forward. The power she felt was too good, too pure to ignore. She had every right to seize what was hers—to be admired. She was strong, they were weak. Simple.

But she knew she couldn't afford to be reckless. That whisper, even though she dismissed it, was a reminder that a part of her was still fighting the change. A small, vulnerable part.

"I'll figure it out," she said, her voice echoing in the emptiness of the night sky. "I'll silence it... somehow."

The stars twinkled in response, as if mocking her uncertainty. She felt the pull of the black crystal again, the familiar warmth of its energy giving her strength. It reassured her, reminded her that she had the power to overcome any obstacle—even one that came from within.

A smile crept back onto her face as she let the energy course through her. She could do this. She would do this. And she would become stronger than anyone could imagine. The voice of doubt, the small whisper, would fade with time.

With newfound resolve, Supergirl arced through the sky, her figure outlined against the moonlight. As she circled back toward the city, she felt the thrill of power rush through her veins. The sky was vast, but it was hers to command. She was more than just a hero—she was something greater, something more.

And she would make sure that everyone knew it.

* * *

Lois Lane left the park with her head down, her thoughts a tangled web of emotions and doubts. The late afternoon sun dipped lower in the sky, casting long shadows over the sidewalks as she walked. The world around her felt oddly distant, and the hum of the city faded to a dull murmur as she tried to make sense of what had just happened with Kara.

People moved past her—busy with their lives, chatting, walking their dogs, or simply rushing to their next destination—but Lois barely noticed them. Each step she took felt heavy, and a part of her, a very small but persistent part, kept whispering that she should say something. To someone. Anyone. She felt the urge to reach out, to stop a stranger, to tell them what she'd been feeling—that something was wrong with Kara, that Supergirl was changing, and that she wasn't sure it was for the better.

She felt the words almost forming on her lips as she passed a young couple on the sidewalk. Tell them, she thought. Say something.

But her feet kept moving. Her mouth stayed shut. And the couple walked on, laughing together, completely oblivious to her struggle.

With each step, the urge faded, replaced by a sense of unease and confusion. A thought crept into her mind, subtle and convincing: Maybe Kara's right. Maybe this is all just... fine. After all, Kara had always been the hero. Kara had always done the right thing, saving lives and inspiring others. Perhaps Lois was overreacting. She shook her head, trying to push the thought away, but it lingered, persistent.

Lois reached her apartment building—a tall, modern structure lined with glass windows reflecting the softening sky. The doorman, Pete, greeted her with a wide smile as she approached the entrance.

"Hello, Ms. Lane! How are you today?" Pete's voice was cheerful, and his eyes shone with friendly recognition. Lois stopped in front of him, feeling the weight of his gaze. For a moment, she felt an overwhelming urge to collapse at his feet, to grab onto him and tell him everything.

"Please, help me!" she imagined herself saying, the words flooding her mind. "It's Supergirl. Something is wrong with her. She did something to me, and I'm scared! Thank God I had the strength to fight it."

But instead, the words that came out of her mouth were different. Completely different.

Lois smiled at Pete, the expression feeling almost automatic, as if her body moved of its own accord. "Hey there, Pete. I'm doing great. Been a long day. Just going upstairs to get some rest."

Pete's face brightened, his eyes full of warmth and sincerity. "Oh, good! Sleep well, Ms. Lane."

Lois nodded, the smile still plastered on her face as she walked past him and entered the building. The lobby lights seemed too bright, and the soft music playing in the background felt like a distant echo. As she waited for the elevator doors to open, her mind replayed the moment at the park again. Kara's confidence, her intensity—everything had felt so overwhelming and magnetic. Like a dream.

"Why didn't I say anything," she thought as the elevator doors slid open with a soft ding. I could've told Pete. I could've warned him. But I... I couldn't. She stepped inside, pressing the button for the top floor. The doors closed, and the elevator hummed as it ascended.

Everything is fine, a voice in her mind insisted. I'm fine. Kara knows what she's doing. She's always known what's best. The thought was both reassuring and disconcerting at the same time. She rubbed her temple, feeling the pressure build behind her eyes.

As the elevator slowed to a stop, Lois took a deep breath. She had always been strong, always the one to ask the tough questions and chase down the truth. But right now, she felt uncertain, and that uncertainty gnawed at her. Was Kara right? Had she been doubting her stepcousin, the person who had saved so many lives, for no reason?

The doors opened to her penthouse apartment. She stepped inside, the familiar space offering a brief sense of solace. But even as she walked through her living room, dropping her purse and keys to the floor, she felt an emptiness she couldn't shake.

She moved automatically, her mind far away as she walked straight to her couch. Sitting down, Lois stared straight ahead at the wall. She could hear the muffled sounds of the city below—honking cars, distant sirens, and the general hum of life—but it all felt far removed, as though she were watching it from behind a veil.

Slowly, she reached her hand into her pants, slipping past her panties, and placing her fingers outside her pussy. She was wet. Very wet. She stared at the wall, her eyes unfocused, and entered her cunt, diving her fingers inside her. Then she moved them, in and out, over and over, the rhythmic motion feeling strangely soothing.

"Why am I doing this?" she wondered. But the question was distant, and her body moved without conscious thought. Her eyes remained fixed, her hands moving automatically.

Lois continued to rub her cunt, her fingers sliding easily over her engorged flesh. "Kara is my mistress," she whispered, her voice trembling slightly. "I obey her in all things." The mantra spilled from her lips like a sacred prayer, each repetition strengthening truth of it.

In her mind's eye, Lois could see Supergirl, an apparition standing tall and commanding. Her eyes were dark pools of authority, her smile both wicked and reassuring. "You're doing so good, Lois," the phantom voice cooed. "Such a good girl."

Minutes blurred together as Lois continued her ritual, her movements becoming more frenzied. The pleasure was a tidal wave, crashing over her again and again. Her pussy was slick with desire, juices dripping down her thighs and soaking into the couch cushions beneath her. The mantra repeated, a loop of devotion and lust, each word sinking deeper into her psyche.

"I am her slave," Lois gasped, her body arching involuntarily. "I am nothing. She is everything. She is my Goddess!" The words were no longer just a chant; they had become her reality. The pleasure was overwhelming, bordering on painful, yet she craved more.

Hours passed in a haze of ecstasy and submission. Time was meaningless. Her pussy was red and raw, her body spent yet still driven by an insatiable need. Her cunt throbbed with an insatiable hunger, its wetness flowing like a river. Drool dribbled down her chin, her mind adrift in a sea of bliss and feverish devotion. Lois was a machine, reprogramming herself, losing herself. The air was thick with the scent of her endless arousal, mingling with the faint aroma of dawn breaking outside. Morning was near.

The sounds of her pleasure filled the room—soft squelches as her fingers entered, wet smacks as they withdrew. Her breathing grew ragged, punctuated by sharp intakes of breath and low, guttural cries. The pleasure built steadily, a slow burn that threatened to consume her entirely. The early sun peaked over a distant building.

"I am nothing... She is everything..." The words flowed seamlessly, a continuous stream of devotion. The sun was nearly on her, her orgasm loomed closer, a storm cloud gathering on the horizon. Each thrust of her fingers brought her closer to the edge, her body trembling with the effort of holding back the inevitable.

And then, without warning, the dam broke and sunlight poured into the room. A flood of ecstasy washed over her, her body convulsing as waves of pleasure crashed through her. Her pussy clenched around her fingers, milking them for every last drop of release. The sounds of her climax were loud, almost animalistic, echoing off the walls of her apartment.

The light from the window was a beacon, steaming across the room, finally hitting Lois directly in the face. Her expression was illuminated, eyes wide, mouth open, tongue out, a silent scream. A burst of bliss erupted within her, amplifying her obedience to Supergirl tenfold. In that moment, Lois saw an image of herself, her former self, standing before her, fear in her eyes. The Supergirl in her vision walked up to the old Lois and spoke with a voice that echoed through her soul.

"You are mine now," the ghostly Supergirl declared, a wicked smile on her face. "She is dead." In one clean motion she snapped Lois's neck.

Lois felt a surge of energy unlike anything she had ever experienced. Cum squirted from her in thick, powerful streams, each spasm sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body. Her soul seemed to combust, the sheer intensity of the orgasm obliterating any remnants of her old identity. The old Lois was dead. The good Lois was dead. The kind Lois was dead. Only she remained; this new Lois, obedient, lustful... evil.

And with that realization, Lois felt complete. She sat there, bathed in the dawn light, panting, her hands finally still, a sense of peace settling over her. She was ready—ready to serve Kara in every way she could.

* * *

That morning Kara sat gracefully in a massive plush white chair, positioned directly in front of the door. Her posture was relaxed, her gaze steady, and her confidence palpable. She wore her new form-fitting black bodysuit, opened at the chest, framing her massive breasts. The room felt like an extension of her presence—radiant, powerful, and deliberate.

There was a knock at the door. Kara didn't move. She didn't need to. Her voice, calm and composed, rang out clearly. "Enter."

The door to Supergirl's apartment opened with a soft click, and Lois stepped inside, her breath hitching in her throat. The air was thick with the faint scent of lavender and something else, something intoxicatingly alien

Lois hesitated only for a moment before moving with purpose across the room. Her eyes were fixed on Kara, and as she approached, her expression shifted—no longer carrying the doubt she once harbored. There was only admiration there, pure and clear, mingled with a unwavering sense of resolve.

When Lois reached Kara, she paused. Without a word, she knelt before her, looking up into Kara's eyes. "Kara," she murmured, her voice trembling with reverence. "I am here to serve."

Supergirl's lips curled into a slow, predatory smile. "Good girl," she purred, her voice like velvet over steel. "Come closer."

Lois crawled forward on her knees, her hands gripping the soft carpet as she moved. Her hips swayed and her small breasts dangled, never taking her eyes off Kara for one second. When she reached Supergirl's feet, she paused, her head bowed low.

"Look at me," Supergirl commanded, and Lois obeyed without hesitation. Her eyes met Kara's, and she felt a jolt of electricity shoot through her body. The glow in Supergirl's eyes intensified, drawing Lois in, pulling her deeper into the abyss of submission.

"Do you understand now," Supergirl said, her voice dripping with authority.

"Yes, Mistress," Lois replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "I am yours. Completely."

Supergirl leaned forward and reached out to her slave. Her fingers trailed lightly down Lois' cheek, leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. "Show me," she ordered, her tone brooking no refusal.

Lois' hand trembled as she raised it to her chest, her fingers fumbling with the buttons of her blouse. She undid them one by one, revealing the lace of her bra underneath. The fabric was soft against her skin, but it felt foreign, almost intrusive. She pushed the blouse off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor in a heap.

Supergirl's gaze never wavered, her eyes burning with an intensity that made Lois' heart race. "Continue," she said simply.

Lois' hands moved to the clasp of her bra, her fingers clumsy with anticipation. She struggled for a moment before finally managing to release it, allowing the garment to fall away. Her breasts were exposed now, the nipples hard and sensitive in the cool air. She shifted uncomfortably, feeling a blush rise to her cheeks. She smiled up at Kara, pulling her shoulders back, offering her perky breasts to her mistress.

"Good. No shame," Supergirl spoke gently. "Only pride in your submission."

Lois nodded, swallowing hard. She reached down to the waistband of her skirt, her fingers working the zipper slowly. The fabric slid down her hips, pooling behind her, around her ankles. She kicked off her shoes and stepped out of the skirt, kneeling before Supergirl in only her panties. She slid them down as well, down her thighs, feeling the cool air caress her naked skin. She was completely exposed before her Mistress, as was right.

Supergirl's eyes darkened with lust as she took in the sight of Lois' vulnerable body. "Such a good girl," she praised, her voice thick with desire. "Now, touch yourself for me."

Lois' hand trembled as she brought it to her breast, her fingers brushing over the sensitive flesh. She pinched her nipple lightly, eliciting a gasp from her lips. The sensation was electric, shooting straight to her core. She continued to tease her nipple, rolling it between her fingertips, the pleasure building with each second.

Kara slipped her across the face. "No! Not there," Supergirl instructed, her voice slow and firm. "Down there."

Lois eyes welled up, a small trickle of blood fell from her nose. She looked like she was on the verge of tears, but then she stopped.... and smiled. Her hand traveled across her stomach, skimming even lower until her fingers brushed against the slick folds of her moist pussy. She moaned softly, her body arching toward the touch. Her fingers delved into her wetness, finding her clit and circling it gently. The sensation was overwhelming, sending waves of pleasure crashing through her body.

Supergirl watched intently, her eyes glowing brighter with each passing moment. "That's it," she breathed. "Feel how good it is to obey."

Lois' fingers moved faster, her thumb pressing firmly against her clit. The pleasure was almost too much to bear, her body shaking with the force of it. She could hear her own breathing, ragged and desperate, mingling with the sound of her fingers slicking through her juices.

"Yes," Lois whimpered, her voice breaking with emotion. "I.... obey."

"Shh," Supergirl soothed, her hand coming to rest on Lois' chin. "Faster."

Lois did as she was told, her fingers moving quicker, her body bucking with the intensity of the orgasm building within her. She could feel herself teetering on the edge, the pleasure threatening to consume her entirely.

And then, just as she thought she couldn't take any more, Kara spoke again, her voice a low, seductive whisper. "Cum for me, Lois. You dumb slut. Cum!"

The command broke the floodgates, and Lois' body convulsed as she came, her vision going white with the force of it. Her fingers clawed at the floor, her back arching as pleasure rolled through her in waves. She cried out, her voice hoarse with desperation, as she felt herself being enveloped once again by the warm power of pure submission.

Lois, on all fours, thrust and gyrated, as if the very air was fucking her. She squirted and squirted, drenching the carpet underneath her. Her face looked stupid, eyes crossed and tongue hanging. Then, as the pleasure subsided and ceased, she eked out a last little squirt.

Supergirl's hand tightened in Lois' hair, pulling her head back. "Good, good girl," she purred, her voice filled with satisfaction. Supergirl reached down with her other hand and dipped her fingers into Lois' still-wet pussy, coating them in her essence. She lifted her hand to Lois' mouth, pressing her fingers against her lips. "Now, taste it."

Lois' eyes fluttered open, dazed and half-conscious. She looked up at Supergirl, her face blank with awe. "Yes, Mistress," she whispered, her voice trembling with devotion.

Lois obeyed, her tongue darting out to lap at Supergirl's fingers. The taste was salty and tangy, a testament to her own submission. She sucked and swallowed eagerly, her body trembling with the aftereffects of her orgasm.

"So broken," Supergirl said, her voice thick with approval. "Now, tell me again who you belong to."

Lois' eyes locked onto Supergirl's, her voice steady and clear. "I belong to you, Mistress. Only you."

Kara's wicked smile widened, her eyes glowing with a predatory light as she witnessed Lois, shattered and helpless. She knew exactly what to do next. With a swift, powerful motion, Kara reached down and tore her costume at the crotch, revealing her swollen, pulsing pussy. The flesh was slick with arousal, and a faint purple glow emanated from her slit, casting an otherworldly light onto her slave's face.

Lois's breath hitched as she gazed upon the sight before her. Her mistress was truly divine, a goddess in every sense of the word.

Kara pointed at her exposed glowing pussy. "Lick it, Lois," Kara commanded, her voice dripping with desire. "Lick it and..." She paused, smiling. Somehow, and she didn't know how, she knew that the next

thing she was going to say was true. "... transform into something greater than you are. Cast out this weak human shell and be my dark soldier."

Without hesitation, Lois leaned forward. Her lips parted as she extended her tongue. She could feel the heat radiating from Kara's pussy, the scent of arousal thick in the air. The purple light inside Kara's cunt glowed brighter. As her tongue contacted Kara's swollen folds, a jolt of pleasure shot through her body, igniting every nerve ending.

"Yes!" Kara exclaimed, her hips bucking slightly as Lois's tongue entered her wetness. "That's it!"

Lois moaned, her tongue sliding deeper into Kara's meat curtains, tasting the sweet nectar that flowed from her mistress. She flicked her tongue against Kara's clit, eliciting a sharp gasp from the 'superheroine' above her. The taste was intoxicating, a mix of sweetness and something darker, more primal. Lois could feel the dark energy pulsing through Kara's veins, moreover, she could taste it.

Kara's hands grasped on either side of Lois's head, holding her in place. Her breath came in ragged gasps as Lois continued her ministrations. "Lick! Drink, slut" Kara murmured, her voice barely audible over the sound of their combined moans.

Lois's heart swelled with pride at the words, her tongue working even faster as she brought Kara closer to the edge. Waves of energy started to reach and twist out from Supergirl's crotch. Lois's own body trembled with need, but she pushed those feelings aside, focusing solely on pleasing her mistress. Her mantra echoing in her head: "I am hers. I am nothing. She is everything. She is my Goddess!" Each thrust of Kara's hips sent jolts of pleasure through Lois's obedient body, making her lose herself deeper in the act of servitude. Her hands gripped the floor beneath her, fingers digging into the carpet as she struggled to maintain her position.

"Yes! That's it! You're doing so good, Lois. So good," Kara purred, tightening her grasp on Lois's head. "But you are weak. Take it! Take the power! Be my evil, powerful, minion!"

Suddenly, Kara's eyes glowed bright, a deep purple light. It intensified as she slowly started to levitate, still in a sitting position. Kara maintained her grasp on Lois's head, licking away, taking her with her, up and up.

Lois's legs dangled beneath her as the dark energy continued to flow all around, growing larger and brighter. Lois felt a strain in her neck without the support of the ground, so she grabbed onto Kara's wrists, countering the weight of her own body. On and on she licked and sucked; floating, body limp, mistress moaning, crackling energy circling around them.

Then her body spasmed. Something was happening. She could feel her body shifting. The power inside her mistress's pussy was doing something. Lois spasmed again. And again. Then each spasm brought a little change. Her muscles expanded; her bones cracked. Her skin stretched under the strain of new growth. Her breasts slowly expanded, becoming larger, nipples hardening into two thick protrusions. Her ass tightened and rounded, a ripe peach forming behind her.

Kara's thrusts became more forceful, her hips bucking as she floated and rode Lois's face with abandon. The room was filled with the sounds of flesh hitting flesh, mixed with Lois's muffled moans and Kara's grunts of pleasure. Sweat dripped down their bodies, forming moist circles on the floor below. The scent of lust and arousal was overpowering.

"Yes! You are mine! Mine to command! Mine to use!" Kara screamed, her voice echoing through the room. "Feel the power, Lois! My gift! Feel it take over!"

Lois enclosed her mouth around Kara's cunt completely, drinking in every ounce of her mistress's emissions. The energy in the room ceased, as it was now all spilling into Lois's face. Her entire head glowed as her eyes went wide, beams of light shooting out of every hole in her body.

Lois could feel the dark energy coursing through her veins, altering her very being. Her thoughts became focused, sharpened by the power that flowed into her. She was barely Lois Lane anymore; she was becoming something more, something powerful. Her muscles tensed and relaxed, adjusting to their increasing size and strength. Her skin tingled, every nerve ending hypersensitive to the changes happening within her.

Kara's climax was approaching, her body tensing as she prepared to release. "Take it all, Lois! Become what you were meant to be!" With one final, desperate thrust, Kara's body shuddered, and she came hard, purple energy shooting from her pussy, causing Lois's cheeks to expand.

The wave of dark power washed over Lois, filling her completely. Her body spasmed hard, cumming as the energy completely transformed her. Her muscles rippled again under her skin, growing denser and harder. Her chest heaved, breasts swelling even further. Her ass twerked and jiggled as it inflated once again. She was porn star now. A pure sexual being of strength and power.

With one last bliss filled moan, the two women fell harmlessly to the ground. Supergirl landed gracefully, her legs slightly bent, while Lois collapsed onto the floor, her body still twitching from the aftershocks of transformation.

Kara stood over Lois, panting, a wicked smile spreading across her face. "Rise, my creation."

Lois slowly stood up, wobbling slightly as she adjusted to her new body. She looked up at Kara, her eyes now glowing with the same purple light. Her face was more beautiful than ever, features sharpened, lips fuller. Her dark hair was longer, thick, and healthy. She briefly flexed her newly enhanced muscles, feeling the strength and power coursing through her veins.

"Thank you, Goddess," Lois said, her voice smooth and confident. "This slave thanks you for your dark gift."

- CHAPTER SEVEN -

SUPREMACY IS BORN

"Well, well," Kara murmured to herself, her voice low and melodic, almost purring with self-satisfaction. "It seems the Black Kryptonite has gifted me with yet another... delightful ability." She tilted her head, her piercing eyes narrowing as she studied Lois's altered form.

"First, it changed my heat vision—gave me the power to bend minds, to make you see the truth of my dominance. And now... this. And as it happened, as I cummed into your pretty little mouth, somehow I knew, my body just knew that I would alter you this way. Heh."

She crouched slightly, her large, perfect breasts swaying as she moved, her plump ass accentuating her powerful stance. Her fingers trailed from Lois's hair to her cheek, tracing the contours of her newly enhanced face.

"My essence... my *juices*... they can reshape flesh, mold it into something stronger, more beautiful. More... obedient." She chuckled softly, "How did you call it? A dark gift."

Kara straightened, her hand lingering on Lois's head as she gazed into the distance, her mind racing with possibilities. "Imagine what I could do with this," she mused aloud, her voice dripping with ambition. "Not just minds, but bodies. Not just followers, but... devotees. Perfect, powerful, and utterly devoted to me." Her lips curled into a wicked smile. "The world will kneel before me, not just in awe of my strength, but in worship of my beauty, my perfection. And I... I will remake them in my image."

She looked down at Lois again, her expression softening slightly, though no less determined. "You're the first, my dear Lois," she said, her tone almost tender. "The template. But you won't be the last. Oh no... you're just the beginning. I have a plan."

Lois looked up at her, her eyes filled with a mix of adoration and submission. Kara's smile widened, her purple eyes glowing brighter as she leaned down, her voice a whisper. "But first.... Lets fuck some more."

* * *

The days that followed Lois Lane's transformation were a blur of nudity, sweat, and secretions. Pleasure, power, and purpose. Kara's penthouse, once a place of solitude and decency, had become a sanctuary of indulgence—a temple where this new Supergirl reveled in her now complete dominance and Lois, her first and most devoted disciple. The air was thick with the scent of breath and female cum, and the faint metallic tang of the Black Kryptonite, dozens of shards seen peppered around the apartment.

Kara lounged on the plush, oversized couch, her body a masterpiece of sculpted perfection. Her curves were exaggerated, her presence magnetic, and her confidence unshakable. She was no longer just a hero; she was a force of nature, a goddess in the making. Lois knelt before her, her toned body glistening with a sheen of sweat, her longer, luscious hair cascading down her back like a waterfall of silk. Her transformation had made her a little more than human, yet she was still a mere instrument compared to the radiant divinity of Kara.

The hours melted away as Lois devoted herself to her mistress. Her tongue danced expertly at Kara's ever-moist pussy, savoring the taste of her goddess, her hands kneading the plump flesh of Kara's ass, pulling her in, leverage to get her tongue in deeper. Kara's moans of pleasure were low and commanding, each one sending a shiver of satisfaction through Lois. The room was filled with the wet, rhythmic slurps of Lois's devotion, punctuated by Kara's occasional sighs of contentment.

Between moments of ecstasy, Kara laid out her plans, her voice a sultry purr that wrapped around Lois's mind like a velvet glove.

"The city will be mine," Kara murmured, her fingers threading through Lois's hair, guiding her movements. "But first, I need followers. Women who will serve me without question. Women who will spread my influence, who will worship me as you do."

Lois nodded, her lips never leaving Kara's clit. She understood. She had been chosen, transformed, and elevated for this purpose. Her mind was clear, her will subsumed by Kara's. Occasionally, Kara would reach for a shard of the crystal, holding it to her lips like a holy sacrament. She would suck on it, as Kara sucked on her, the dark energy flooding her senses, further erasing any lingering doubts or resistance. The crystal was cold against her tongue, its power intoxicating, and with each taste, she felt herself sinking deeper into darkness of complete apathy.

The world outside ceased to exist. Lois's phone buzzed incessantly, the screen lighting up with calls and messages from the Daily Planet. But she ignored them all. Nothing mattered except Kara. Nothing mattered except serving her goddess. The hours turned into days, and still, Lois remained, licking, sucking... listening.

On the third day, Kara climaxed one final time; out of hundreds. Her body tensed, her back arching as she let out a guttural cry of release, screaming out the last few words of her plan. "... and then, like you, they will be mine! Ungl!"

Lois redoubled her efforts, sensing her mistress's pleasure approaching once again, her tongue working feverishly as Kara's thighs clamped around her head, female cum squirting incessantly against Lois's face; the pressure sent some on it out to the sides. The room seemed to pulse with energy, the air crackling with the raw power of Kara's twitching, vibrating body. When it was over, Kara pushed Lois away with a gentle but firm hand, her chest rising and falling as she caught her breath.

Lois collapsed onto the floor, her body trembling with satisfaction. She looked up at Kara, staying low, her eyes filled with adoration. The plan was set, simple, but set. Lois knew everything she needed to know.

Kara drew a slow deep breath, as she stood triumphantly over Lois, legs panted on either side of her former friend. Looking down, she took a moment to admire herself. Her taller, more muscular frame was a perfect blend of strength and sensuality, every curve and contour sculpted to perfection. Her large, round breasts stood firm and full, their size accentuated by the subtle sheen of sweat that glistened under the dim light. Her nipples, hardened from the intensity of their encounter, pointed proudly as if declaring her victory. Her plump, round ass curved deliciously as she shifted her weight to the other hip, the muscles beneath taut and powerful.

Kara looked up and saw herself in the full bodied mirror. Her face, once defined by a youthful, almost innocent cuteness, had transformed over the weeks into something far more striking. Her features were sharper, her jawline more defined, her lips fuller and more inviting. Her eyes, now a piercing shade of purple, shimmered with an almost hypnotic intensity. Her long, flowing blonde hair cascaded down her back, shining with an unnatural luster.

Her stance was one of absolute confidence, her hands resting on her hips as she looked away from her reflection and back down at Lois, a mixture of satisfaction and possessiveness. Her breasts rose and fell and jiggled slightly with each breath. Her toned abdomen, defined legs and arms, flexed and twitched, one after the other. She was indeed much more muscular, but not obscenely so, and not at the expense of her femininity. Every inch of her body exuded an intoxicating blend of raw power and irresistible beauty, a near goddess in every sense of the word.

Lois lay on the ground beneath her still, panting heavily. Lois's new form was also undeniably striking—enhanced features made her a vision of strength and allure. Yet, compared to Kara, she was a mere instrument, a tool crafted by her mistress's will. Her chest heaved as she struggled to catch her breath, her eyes wide with a mix of awe and submission.

Kara's lips curled into a sly, triumphant smile as she gazed down at Lois. She reached low, her fingers brushing against Lois's cheek in a gesture that was both tender and dangerous.

"You listen well," Kara purred, her voice a low, magnetic hum that sent shivers down Lois's spine. "Remember, you exist to serve me. To worship me. And together, we will show the world what true power looks like."

Lois could only nod, her breath still ragged, her body trembling with a mix of exhaustion and exhilaration. She was Kara's now, in every way that mattered, and she wouldn't have it any other way.

"Now go," Kara commanded, her voice a low, sultry growl. "Do my bidding."

Lois rose to her knees, her body still trembling, and bowed her head.

"Yes, my goddess, this slave obeys," she whispered, her voice filled with reverence.

She stood and gathered her clothes. As she dressed, she cast one last glance at Kara, who had already turned her attention to the city skyline beyond the window.

Lois left the penthouse, her mind focused on the task ahead. She would find the women Kara needed. She would do as she was told. She would help to mold them, guide them, and bring them into the fold. Together, they would serve their goddess, and together, they would help her claim the city as her own.

The world would soon see Kara for what she truly was—not a hero, but a queen. And Lois would be the instrument of her rise.

* * *

Lois sat at her taxi on the way to the Daily Planet, her fingers idly tapping against thigh. Her mind wandered back to the morning, replaying the series of calls she had made to her colleagues and friends. She had spun the story effortlessly—a last-minute getaway to a health spa with Kara, a chance to recharge and refocus. Most had accepted her explanation without question, their voices filled with understanding or even envy. A few, however, had been less forgiving, their tones tinged with irritation that she had disappeared for three days without so much as a text. Lois had brushed off their concerns with practiced ease, her voice calm and reassuring. After all, she had more important things to worry about than their hurt feelings.

Her thoughts drifted to Clark. Her husband. Or at least, the man who had been her husband. She felt... nothing. No longing, no guilt, not even a flicker of affection. The realization should have troubled her, she knew that. But it didn't. It was as if the part of her that had loved him had been erased, replaced by something colder, more focused, replace by Kara... glorious Kara. She wondered if she would feel the same when he returned from his mission, when she was face to face with him again. Would she feel anything at all? Or would she simply see him as another obstacle in Kara's path?

Kara had assured her that she would know what to do when Clark returned, but she had offered no details, no instructions. Lois wasn't worried. She trusted Kara completely. If her goddess said she would know what to do, then she would. It was that simple.

Lois crossed her legs, her gaze drifting out the window. The city blurred by, alive and bustling, unaware of the changes that were coming. She felt a flicker of excitement, a thrill of anticipation. The world was on the brink of something extraordinary, and she was at the center of it all. For Kara. For the future.

She shrugged off the thought of Clark, her lips curling into a faint smile. Whatever happened when he returned, she was ready. She was Lois Lane, but she was so much more now. And nothing—not even Superman—would stand in her way, she thought as she exited the taxi.

Lois Lane walked down the bustling Metropolis sidewalk, her heels clicking rhythmically against the pavement. The morning sun bathed the city in a golden glow, but Lois barely noticed. Her mind was

focused, her steps purposeful. She had walked this path countless times before, but today was different. Today, she was different.

The familiar sights and sounds of the city seemed almost surreal as she approached the Daily Planet building. The honking cars, the chatter of pedestrians, the faint smell of coffee wafting from a nearby café—it was all the same, yet it felt as though she were experiencing it through a new lens. Her body moved with a confidence she had never known before, her toned muscles flexing subtly beneath her fitted blouse and pencil skirt. The clothing strained against her new hardened body and expanded breasts, it was the most forgiving clothing she owned and it was already threatening to break at the seams. She would need to buy a whole new wardrobe and perhaps change her style all together. Her hips swayed with a natural grace; her wide, firm curves, made clear by the tautness of her outfit, drew glances from passersby. She could feel their eyes on her, their curiosity, their admiration. It was intoxicating.

As she passed a jewelry store, her reflection caught her eye in the window. She paused for a moment, taking in the sight of herself. The woman staring back at her was both familiar and foreign. Her once modest frame had been transformed, like she had spent the last few years working out. And her chest, her breasts, now fuller and more pronounced, strained more than anything else against the fabric of her open blouse, creating an impressive cleavage. Her waist was narrow, her hips wide and commanding. Her legs, long and toned, seemed to go on forever. Her face, once defined by sharp angles and a no-nonsense expression, had softened into a teardrop shape, her features now radiating a delicate yet undeniable beauty. Her lips, fuller and more inviting, curved into a subtle smile as she admired herself.

But it was her eyes that truly captivated her. Behind the blue contacts she wore, hid her natural purple irises—gifted to her by Kara's transformative essence. They were a reminder of her connection to her mistress, to the power that now flowed through her veins. She longed for the day when she could reveal them to the world, when she could stand proudly as a testament to Kara's dominance. But for now, the contacts would have to remain. They were a necessary disguise, a temporary measure until the world was ready to see the truth.

Lois continued her walk, her mind drifting to the story she had prepared. She knew her colleagues would notice the changes in her appearance, and she was ready for their questions. A new workout regimen, a healthier diet, a boob job—still, none of it very plausible. She would have to avoid them until she made her... announcement; until she revealed Kara's plan.

As she approached the entrance of the Daily Planet, she felt a surge of anticipation. This was her domain, the place where she had built her career, where she had earned her reputation as one of the most respected journalists in the world. But now, it was more than just a workplace. It was a stage, a platform from which she could spread Kara's message, her vision of a world reshaped to her liking.

The doorman, a middle-aged man who had greeted her countless times before, stood at the entrance. His eyes widened as she approached, his usual friendly smile faltering for a moment.

"Hello," he said, his voice tinged with surprise. "Wha... Ms. Lane? Is that—?"

Lois smiled, a confident, knowing smile that seemed to radiate from within. "Yes," she said, her voice steady and assured. "It's me."

She walked past him, her heels clicking against the polished floor of the lobby. The familiar scent of ink and paper filled her nostrils, the hum of activity buzzing around her. She could feel the weight of their stares, the whispers that followed her as she made her way to the elevator. But she didn't mind. Let them look. Let them wonder. Soon enough, they would understand. Soon enough, they would see what she saw, what Kara had shown her.

As the elevator doors closed behind her, Lois allowed herself a moment of quiet reflection. She thought of Kara, of the power that had transformed her, of the future they were building together. She thought of the world that awaited them, a world that would soon bow before its new queen. And she smiled, her blue eyes shimmered, briefly betraying the purple fire that burned within.

* * *

The studio buzzed with activity, a symphony of hurried footsteps, clipped voices, and the hum of equipment. Lois Lane sat at the news desk, her posture poised and confident, her newly transformed body commanding attention even in the chaos. The bright studio lights reflected off her flawless skin, her toned arms resting lightly on the desk as she waited for the broadcast to begin. She could feel the weight of everyone's eyes on her—the crew, the producers, even the other reporters. Their gazes lingered a little too long, their whispers a little too loud. She loved it. Their awe, their intimidation, their barely concealed envy—it was intoxicating.

Suzie, a young makeup artist stood beside her, nervously dabbing a brush against Lois's cheek. The woman's hands trembled slightly as she worked, her eyes darting between Lois's face and the floor.

"You don't really need any makeup, Ms. Lane," Suzie stammered, her voice barely above a whisper. "Your skin is... perfect."

Lois smirked, her piercing blue eyes locking onto the makeup artist's. "I know," she said, her tone dripping with confidence. Suzie froze for a moment, her breath catching in her throat. She hesitated, then leaned in slightly, her curiosity overcoming her nervousness.

"If you don't mind me asking," she began, her voice trembling, "you look amazing. Your body... um. How did you...?" She trailed off, her cheeks flushing as she realized how forward she was being.

Lois's smirk widened. She reached out, her fingers wrapping around the makeup artist's wrist, and pulled her down until their faces were inches apart. Suzie's breath hitched as Lois's lips brushed against her ear.

"Do you really wanna know?" Lois whispered, her voice low and sultry.

Suzie shivered, her body betraying her arousal. "Y-yes," she stammered, her voice barely audible.

Lois leaned back slightly, her eyes scanning the young woman's face. "You're not exactly what we're looking for," she said, her tone almost teasing, "but... you're cute. Here." She reached down and pulled out a small pamphlet, pressing it into the makeup artist's hand. The words "Admit One" were printed in bold letters above an address and a date. Suzie stared at it, her eyes wide with a mix of confusion and intrigue.

Before she could respond, a production assistant's voice cut through the air. "We have two minutes, people!"

Suzie jumped, clutching the pamphlet to her chest as she scurried away, her face still flushed. Lois watched her go, a satisfied smile playing on her lips. She turned her attention back to the desk, her fingers idly tapping against the surface as she waited.

A moment later, Denise Harper, the program producer, approached the desk. Denise was a no-nonsense woman in her late forties, her sharp features and steely demeanor earning her respect in the newsroom. But even she seemed momentarily thrown off by Lois's new look. Her eyes flicked over Lois's body—her toned legs, her full breasts, her commanding presence—before she quickly composed herself.

"What's the breaking story, Lois?" Denise asked, her voice clipped but tinged with curiosity. "What's going on? And how... how..." She trailed off, her gaze lingering on Lois's form for a moment too long. She shook her head, as if trying to clear her thoughts. "What has happened to you?"

Lois stood up, her movements smooth and deliberate. She turned slightly, showing off her figure, her confidence radiating like a force of nature.

"Denise," she said, her voice calm but laced with authority, "the story is this." She gestured to herself, her eyes locking onto Denise's. "And trust me, it's going to be the story of the century."

Denise blinked, taken aback. Lois never used her first name. "What?" she asked, her voice tinged with disbelief.

Lois sat back down, crossing her legs, causing her tight skirt to creak from the tension. "You're going to have to just trust me," she said, her tone leaving no room for argument.

The production assistant's voice rang out again. "Thirty seconds!"

Denise hesitated, her eyes narrowing as she studied Lois. Finally, she let out a frustrated sigh. "Fine," she said, her voice tight. "But make it quick."

Lois smiled, her expression one of quiet triumph. She turned to face the camera, her posture perfect, her confidence unshakable. The red light above the camera blinked on, signaling the start of the broadcast. Lois took a deep breath, her mind focused, her purpose clear.

The camera's red light blinked on, and Lois Lane leaned forward, her fake blue eyes locking onto the lens. Her lips curled into a confident smile as she began to speak, her voice smooth and commanding.

"Good evening, Metropolis," she began, her tone warm yet authoritative. "Tonight, I have an exclusive story that's going to change the way you think about health, fitness, and self improvement. I'm talking about a revolutionary new workout and nutritional supplement program—and the company behind it is called... *Supremacy*."

The screen behind her lit up, displaying the sleek, modern logo of Supremacy: a stylized red "S", similar to the lone Supergirl wore on her chest, but with harder angles and more "in your face". Lois paused for a moment, letting the image sink in before continuing.

"I know what you're thinking, I've heard this before, but this isn't just any company," she said, her voice dropping slightly, as if sharing a secret. "The CEO and creator of Supremacy is none other than Kara Zor-El—Supergirl herself!"

The screen shifted to a stunning image of Kara, her new darker costume accentuating her powerful yet sexual physique. Her purple eyes glowed with confidence, her presence magnetic even through the screen. The studio audience gasped, their murmurs of surprise echoing through the room.

"That's right," Lois continued, her smile widening. "Supergirl is opening up the first of many Supremacy studios right here in Metropolis. And let me tell you, this isn't just going to revolutionize the health and fitness world—it's going to revolutionize *our lives*."

Lois stood up from the desk, her movements fluid and deliberate. She stepped out from behind the news desk, her toned legs and curvy hips on full display as she walked toward the camera. The screen behind

her changed again, showing a before image. A photo of Lois from not too long ago—her posture slouched, her face tired, her body soft and unremarkable.

“This,” Lois said, gesturing to the before image, “was me just one week ago. And this,” she turned to face the camera, her hands resting on her hips, “is me now.” She paused, letting the audience take in the dramatic transformation. Then, with a playful smirk, she jumped onto the desk, her movements graceful and effortless.

The camera zoomed in as Lois began to move, her body swaying and gyrating in a way that was both mesmerizing and suggestive. Her breasts, full and firm, strained even more against her blouse as she leaned forward, the fabric tearing slightly to reveal a deeper canyon of cleavage. “Oops!” she said with a laugh, her tone light and teasing. “Guess I’m still getting used to this new body.”

She stepped down from the desk, her eyes locking onto the camera once more. “I feel better than I ever have in my entire life,” she said, her voice filled with genuine enthusiasm. “Stronger, more confident, more *alive*. And the best part? You can feel this way too.”

The screen behind her changed again, this time showing a sleek, state-of-the-art gym filled with cutting-edge equipment. “Supremacy isn’t just about looking good,” Lois continued. “It’s about feeling like a superhero. And with Kara’s guidance, that’s exactly what you’ll become.”

The studio erupted in mixture of laughter, applause, and gasps. She walked back to the desk, her hips swaying with every step. “Now, I know what you’re thinking. ‘How do I get in on this?’ Well, here’s the deal. Right now, there’s only one Supremacy gym, and it’s not open to the public yet. But soon, it will be. And Kara plans to open locations across the country.”

Lois leaned forward, her expression turning serious. “But to show you just how incredible Supremacy is, Kara is opening the gym to a select group of people. Twelve lucky social media influencers will get to experience Supremacy firsthand. They’ll spend one week at the Metropolis location, undergoing private sessions with Kara herself. And let me tell you, by the end of that week, they’ll be transformed.”

The screen behind her displayed a list of names—twelve of the most popular female influencers on social media, each one a household name in their own right.

“These twelve have already received their invitations,” Lois said, her tone brimming with excitement. “And while their week at Supremacy will be completely enclosed—no contact with the outside world—I can promise you this: Supergirl is going to make a Super Girl out of each and every one of them.”

Lois stepped back, her hands resting on her hips as she struck a final, confident pose. “So, to the lucky twelve, I’ll see you in a week. And to the rest of you, stay tuned. Because Supremacy is coming—and it’s going to change everything.”

The camera lingered on Lois for a moment, her perfect form and radiant confidence filling the screen. Then, with a final smile, she turned and walked off set, leaving the audience in stunned silence.