

- CHAPTER EIGHT -

THE SPECIAL ONES

Kara hovered above the city, her purple eyes scanning the streets below with idle curiosity. Crime-fighting had lost its thrill for her—she hadn't bothered with it much since her transformation. What was the point? Stopping purse-snatchers and bank robbers felt so... beneath her now. But tonight, she was bored. The initiates wouldn't arrive at Supremacy headquarters for a few more hours, and she needed *something* to pass the time.

Then she saw him—a masked man, hunched over, clutching a sack of stolen groceries as he darted into an alley.

Perfect.

With a smirk, she descended, landing gracefully at the alley's entrance. The man spun around, realizing too late that he was trapped. His eyes widened in terror as he recognized her—the new Supergirl, the one the media couldn't stop obsessing over.

"P-please," he stammered, clutching the bag of food to his chest. "I—I'm just so hungry. I'm sorry."

Kara tilted her head, her full lips curling into a cruel smile. She sauntered toward him, her hips swaying hypnotically, her every movement radiating dominance. Her new darkened costume hugged her curves and showcased her cleavage. Her hair was tied back in a tight bun.

"Tsk ts," she purred, wagging a finger at him while her other hand lazily traced the curve of her own breast. "But you *stole*. And that's a *no-no*."

The man swallowed hard, his knees trembling. "I'll give it back! I swear! Just—just let me go!"

She was close now, close enough for him to feel the heat radiating off her perfect body. With a slow, deliberate motion, she pressed herself against him, her heavy breasts flattening against his chest. He flinched, his breath hitching in fear—and something else.

"Too late," she whispered, her voice dripping with dark amusement. "You *must* be punished." She let out a soft moan, rolling her hips against him. "Mmm... it makes me all *hot* thinking about hurting you."

Before he could react, she grabbed his face, turning it roughly to the side. Her tongue slid up his cheek in a long, wet stripe. "I can *taste* your fear," she murmured, her breath hot against his skin.

Then, without warning, she lifted him by his throat, slamming him against the alley wall. His feet dangled helplessly as she held him there, her grip unbreakable. Kara closed her eyes, arching her back as another shuddering moan escaped her lips.

"Oh *fuck*," she gasped, her free hand sliding down her own toned stomach. "I wanna hurt you *so much*... You *bad, bad*—"

SNAP.

The sound was sharp, final.

Kara's eyes flew open.

"...criminal," she finished softly, staring at the lifeless body in her grip.

For a split second, something flickered inside her—a pang of guilt, a whisper of the hero she used to be. But it vanished as quickly as it came, drowned out by weeks of black kryptonite's influence.

She dropped the body, watching it crumple to the ground. With a bored sigh, she looked down and nudged it with her foot—then, distracted by the way her breasts bounced with the movement, she giggled.

"*Gawd*, I'm hot."

She grabbed the corpse by the ankle and tossed it into a nearby dumpster like a piece of trash.

"Whatever," she muttered, floating back into the air. "He was a crook."

She glanced at the stolen groceries, still spilled across the pavement.

"Besides..."

Her lips curled into a smirk as she shot skyward.

"*Who cares.*"

* * *

Suzie's sneakers slapped against the pavement as she sprinted down the gleaming streets of downtown Metropolis, her tote bag swinging wildly from her shoulder. The golden afternoon light painted the city in honeyed hues, but she barely noticed—her eyes were locked on the monolithic structure rising before her.

The building was incomplete and scaffolding was scattered around its walls. But still, it was promising to be an impressive bit of modern architecture—towering glass panels fused seamlessly with brushed steel, the entire facade catching the sunlight like a prism. Above the entrance, the iconic "S" emblem glowed impressively, lit from within. Suzie's eyes darted around nervously, looking for the entrance. She hoped she wasn't *late*.

And then she saw *her*.

Lois Lane leaned against the frosted glass doors, one toned leg crossed over the other, her fit arms folded beneath the swell of her chest. The dark red yoga outfit she wore clung to her like a second skin, the fabric straining ever so slightly over the lovely curves of her hips, the roundness of her breasts. Her skin—*god, her skin*—was flawless, so smooth it looked airbrushed, photoshopped.

But it was her *face* that struck Suzie the hardest. It was *Lois*, but... *more*. Sharper. *Hungrier*. Her cheekbones were a little higher, her lips fuller, her jawline more defined. And her *eyes*—blue, with a touch of... purple? They had a depth to them now, a knowing glint that made Suzie's stomach clench.

Suzie adjusted the strap of her tote bag as she approached, her stomach twisting with every step. The building's mirrored facade reflected back a hundred versions of herself—ordinary, unremarkable Suzie — walking toward doors that clearly weren't meant for people like her. She glanced at the pamphlet Lois had given her, its embossed "Admit One" glinted in the sunlight, taunting her.

What could Lois possibly want with a nobody makeup artist when she had her pick of influencers with millions of followers? The thought should have comforted her—maybe she was just here to do touch-ups, to fade into the background as always. Suzie took a shaky breath and stepped up to Lois.

"Just in time, Suzie," Lois purred, pushing off the doorframe with a roll of her hips. "I was beginning to wonder if you pussied out."

Suzie swallowed hard, her mouth suddenly dry.

Lois smirked, then turned, the muscles in her back flexing beneath the thin fabric as she pushed the door open. "Come in. The others are waiting."

Suzie followed Lois, the doors sealing behind her with a whisper that sounded suspiciously like a trap snapping shut.

The lobby was also incomplete, there was still scaffolding all around, but it was *immense*—a cathedral of marble and steel, the ceiling stretching so high Suzie had to crane her neck to see it. Plush seating in deep crimson formed a half-circle around the room, and a long, obsidian front desk dominated the far wall, its surface so polished Suzie could see her own wide-eyed reflection in it.

But the centerpiece was the floor. A massive "S" was engraved into the marble, its lines so precise they looked carved by something beyond human hands. The edges gleamed faintly.

A group of eleven women stood near the desk, their murmurs bouncing off the walls. Suzie recognized them instantly—social media stars, fitness gurus, the kind of women whose faces were plastered across every app.

"Welcome to your future," she said to Suzie, with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Don't mind the mess—we're prioritizing your transformation over interior design this week." Lois nudged Suzie forward with a hand on the small of her back.

Suzie barely had time to join the group before Lois clapped her hands—once, sharp, like a gunshot. The room fell silent. She had their undivided attention.

"Okay, ladies," Lois said, her voice dripping with quiet authority. "Let's get started."

From a sleek black case on the desk, she produced a dozen e-watches, each one a band of matte black metal with a small, glowing screen.

"Do *not* take these off," Lois said, her gaze sweeping over them like a searchlight. "*Ever*. They're waterproof, shatterproof, and synced to every door in this facility." She paused, her lips curving into something that wasn't quite a smile. "Take it off, and the system registers you as an intruder."

A beat of silence.

Then—

"Seriously?" Nancy—*QueenNan21* to her 3.7 million followers—crossed her arms, her perfectly manicured nails tapping against her bicep. "Never take it off? That's a little... *dystopian*, don't you think?"

Lois moved like liquid, closing the distance between them in three effortless strides. She didn't *walk* so much as *glide*, her body moving with a predator's grace.

When she spoke, her voice was a velvet whisper, just for Nancy. "It's necessary."

A beat. The air between them crackled. Then Lois leaned in, so close her lips nearly brushed the shell of Nancy's ear.

"And no one's forcing you to stay." She pulled back, her gaze locked onto Nancy's. "The door's right there."

Nancy swallowed. For a moment, it looked like she might bolt. Then her shoulders slumped. "...No. I'm fine."

Lois's grin was *triumphant*. "Good."

She turned on her heel, her ponytail whipping behind her. "On they go!"

The watches all clicked into place with a soft *snap*. A chorus of beeps filled the room as the screens flickered to life, displaying a single, pulsing word: **SUPREMACY**. Suzie's heart hammered against her ribs.

"Now," Lois said, her voice dropping to a purr as she gestured toward the hallway behind her.

"Who's ready for the *tour*?"

The doors at the far end of the lobby slid open with a hiss, revealing a corridor bathed in soft, golden light.

Lois lead them to the dining hall first. It revealed itself through arched doorways still missing their ornamental molding. A massive table of reclaimed walnut dominated the space, its surface sanded to a satin finish that caught the light from crystal chandeliers wrapped in protective plastic. Place settings of bone china stood ready at twelve positions. Suzie peeked into the open kitchen pass-through, stainless steel appliances still bore shipping stickers.

Next came the restrooms, featuring sinks carved from single blocks of lapis lazuli, their gold faucets already dripping despite being newly installed. The mirrors stretched floor to ceiling, their faces creating reflections that seemed sharper than reality. Three of the six shower stalls stood complete with rain showerheads and teak benches, while the others gaped open to reveal unfinished plumbing and bundles of cables.

They all may their way to the medical bay, most finding it difficult to keep up with Lois's brisk pace. Inside, the examination tables gleamed under clinical lighting. Glass-fronted cabinets displayed rows of amber vials filled with liquids that caught the light differently depending on the angle. The eye examination booth hummed quietly in its corner, its sleek white housing concealing whatever mechanisms lay behind the dark viewing portal.

"Examination are apart of the program," Lois stated, motioning to several machines. "Yes, it's mandatory."

Moving on, Lois navigated the remaining halls with practiced ease. The group of girls once again following close behind. "Phase two construction begins after your week long retreat," she explained, sidestepping a pallet of uninstalled floor tiles. "Consider yourselves... beta testers."

When they reached the residential wing, the hallway abruptly transitioned from finished drywall to exposed studs and dangling fiber optic cables. Lois paused before one of the doors, with a big bold number four on it.

"Home sweet home," she declared, swinging it open to reveal a surprisingly cozy double room. Two platform beds dressed in crisp Frette linens. A shared vanity with an illuminated mirror. Floor-to-ceiling windows showcasing a fake Metropolis skyline—it was indeed a projection of the city. Not real.

"One hour to settle in," Lois said to Suzie and another girl. "Then dinner where we'll discuss the real work ahead." The door clicked shut behind her with finality.

Suzie's roommate Sara—a willowy brunette with the sharp cheekbones of a runway model—immediately tested her mattress with both hands. "Firm but not punishing," she announced. "Seven out of ten."

Up close, Suzie recognized her from Instagram: @SaraStClair, the controversial wellness influencer who'd made headlines for her "no-filter" plastic surgery reveals.

Sara caught Suzie staring at her and smirked. "Relax, I don't bite. Unless the program turns us into vampires," she gave a hissing noise, followed by a girlish giggle.

They unpacked in companionable silence until Sara tossed her toiletry bag onto the vanity with a thud. "Okay, real talk—this place gives me cult vibes. The creepy half-finished spaces? The way Lois talks. 'The Vision Comes First'?" She made air quotes. "If they start handing out Kool-Aid, I'm out."

Suzie traced a finger along the window's edge where the silicone sealant was still tacky to the touch. "You'd really walk away from... whatever this is?"

"Pfft. I've ghosted sponsorships for less." Sara flopped onto her bed, sending up a puff of new-mattress smell. "That said..." She rolled onto her side, suddenly serious. "You notice how there's zero cell service in here? And did you see the lock on our door? It only works from the outside."

A chill skittered down Suzie's spine. She hadn't noticed. "... from the outside."

"You know what else is weird?" Sara said, stretching across her bed with feline grace. "No workers. Anywhere. A place this size should be crawling with electricians and painters, especially with Lois's 'grand opening next month' spiel." She picked at the plastic still covering her bedside table. "Either they're way behind schedule... or they cleared everyone out specifically for us."

Suzie stared at the door. These were valid points, and for a brief moment she considered if she should just get up and leave. To leave it all behind, go back to being that meek little makeup artist, quiet, unseen.

Sara snapped her fingers. "Earth to... what was your name? Suzie? You okay?"

"Yeah," Suzie lied, forcing a smile as she folded her last sweater. "Just wondering what's for dinner."

No. Suzie would stay. This was just too good of an opportunity to pass up.

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The grand dining hall hummed with nervous energy, its vaulted ceilings amplifying the murmur of voices as the girls sat around the massive table. The scent of roasted herbs and something subtly metallic hung in the air as the initiates fidgeted in their chairs—some checking their e-watches for the hundredth time, others whispering behind hands, all of them stealing glances at the towering arched doorway where a draft occasionally made the candle flames tremble.

Suddenly the dining hall fell silent as a rush of wind tousled the linen napkins and sent the crystal glasses trembling. A shadow passed over the table—then Supergirl descended, her boots first touching down on the table between them all, then down to the marble floor without a sound.

Every girl at the table froze.

Kara Zor-El stood before them, her presence radiating an almost physical pressure. The dimmed chandelier light caught the crimson edges of her dark suit, the fabric clinging to every impossible curve—the swell of her chest, the cinch of her waist, the hypnotic sway of her hips as she took a single step forward. Her cape settled behind her like liquid shadow.

Lois stood at attention just behind her left shoulder, hands clasped, chin high—the perfect lieutenant awaiting orders.

"Ladies," Kara said, her voice rich and velvety, yet carrying effortlessly to every corner of the room. A shiver ran through the group. Some sat straighter. Others gripped their cutlery a little tighter.

"Welcome to your transformation."

She began to pace slowly, her movements effortless, as if the very air parted for her. "By the end of this week, you will not just *look* different. You will *be* different. Stronger. Sharper. *More*." Her violet eyes gleamed as they swept over each girl in turn. "But this is not a spa retreat. This is not a vacation." She paused, letting the weight of her words settle. "This is *work*."

A murmur rippled through the group. Kara's lips curled into a knowing smirk.

"Your e-watches will guide you. Follow their instructions *exactly*." She tapped the device on her own wrist, its screen pulsing faintly. "Deviate, and you only cheat yourselves."

She resumed her slow walk, her boots clicking softly against the marble. "Your days will be structured. Wake. Eat. Morning calisthenics—with *me*." A few of the girls exchanged excited glances. "Then showers. Classroom lessons. Another meal. Strength training. Leisure time to bond with your fellow initiates." Her gaze lingered on Suzie for a heartbeat too long. "Then dinner. Then rest."

She stopped at the head of the table, her presence commanding every eye. "This is not just about your bodies. It is about your *minds*. Your *potential*."

A beat of silence. Then—

"Good luck."

With that, she crouched slightly—and launched upward in a blur of motion. The gust from her takeoff sent napkins fluttering and hair whipping across faces. Before anyone could blink, she was gone, leaving only the faintest hum of energy in her wake.

The room erupted in whispers.

"Did you *see* her?"

"Oh my god, we're *training* with her?"

Suzie stayed quiet, her fingers tracing the edge of her e-watch. The screen flickered to life at her touch, displaying a single word in bold letters:

BEGIN.