

Supergirl: Argo's New Home Part 2: Getting Abreast of the Situation

The city's leading scientists had worked through the night, utilizing some of the city's emergency power to deploy a massive inertial dampening field. It was a field of energy that stretched across the entire city, which was anchored to the deeper "ground" of the pink, fleshy plain. As the dampeners hummed to life, the violent, seismic lurches of the night subsided into a dull, manageable vibration. The citizens could finally stand without the constant fear of being flung into the sky or crushed under rubble. Though the world remained a terrifying, warm, and pulsing landscape. Only a thin layer of terrain remained, and it was stretched and warped over the massive mountain they were on. The magnificent engineering of Krypton and the stabilizing effect of the barrier and dampener fields were the only things keeping their buildings and the remnants of the ground itself stable.

The Kryptonian forcefield, designed to protect the city from the vacuum of space, was now acting as a permanent barrier to the yellow sun's radiation. While the slowly waking Kara was absorbing yellow sun radiation via the sun peaking through her window, the citizens of Argo remained in the same state as they would under Krypton's red sun. They were physically unchanged, still fragile, still mortal, and still utterly dwarfed by the simple biology of the titaness they inhabited.

Finally awakened from mixed dreams to find herself in the comfort of her apartment, Kara groaned, her eyes fluttering open to the bright rising Metropolis sun. She felt incredibly groggy, her muscles aching with a strange, phantom tension as if she had been tossed around in her sleep. Which, to the terror of the times, she had been.

"Worst sleep of my life," she yawned, her voice a low, rolling thunder that vibrated through the very foundations of the city on her breast. To the Argonians, her simple morning

yawn was a monstrous, distant rumble shaking through the ground beneath them as it thundered through her chest.

She rolled out of bed, the movement causing a massive, strange, slow-motion tilt in the city's horizon. They were still unsure what was outside of the dome. They were so small that the scale of everything was too abstract to understand. Once she was upright, she headed toward the bathroom. The sound of the shower turning on was the first sign of the coming crisis. As Kara stepped into the stream, the temperature of the "ground" beneath the city quickly began to rise. The warmth of the water seeped through her skin beneath the forcefield, creating a humid, tropical atmosphere within the city. She began to lather up and wash, her hands moving over her chest to rinse the soap away.

To Kara, it was just the pleasant, rhythmic hiss of warm water hitting her skin and the shower tiles. To the citizens of Argo, it was the sound of a thousand heavy, liquid meteors falling from the heavens. The water droplets, appearing as gargantuan, translucent spheres of immense weight, slammed against the translucent dome of the forcefield. Each impact sounded like a cannon blast. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Though with the speed of the water hitting the dome and breast, it was more the sound of hundreds of Daxamite warships launching full barrages at a planet's surface. As it did during wars of old, the forcefield held, but the sheer kinetic energy of the water striking the barrier sent shockwaves through the city, rattling the windows of every crystalline spire and making the very ground jump. Were it not for the dampeners, they feared their city would be leveled.

"Brace yourselves!" a commander shouted against the deafening roar of the liquid bombardment. "The heavens are falling!"

As her fingers brushed near the nipple, the city experienced it as a terrifying, fleshy mountain range descending from the sky. A massive and terrifyingly large entity, which they had

no way of knowing was a dainty digit, textured with microscopic ridges of skin, pressed down near the edge of the city's perimeter. The pressure was immense, a slow, crushing weight that the dampeners struggled to counteract.

Then, it happened.

As Kara leaned in closer to her chest to let water run through her long blonde hair, her super hearing picked up a sound she had never heard before. It wasn't the sound of Metropolis, or the wind, or the water. It was a high-pitched, frantic, collective wail. Almost like it was a thousand tiny, desperate voices, screaming in a frequency so high it should have been impossible to hear without her super senses. She thought her mind was wandering, and this was nonsense, but she could have sworn she could pick up random bits of almost intelligible words.

"Help us!"

"The gods are descending!"

"The mountain is moving!"

At least that is what she was assuming some of the sounds were saying. To Kara, it sounded like a swarm of far or instant, angry bugs mixed with garbled radio signals. She couldn't really understand them. It was just noise. But the sound was so indistinct and far away, yet still so strangely localized, that it made her heart skip a beat. She wanted to focus on them, but just could not place where the sound was coming from. She froze, the water cascading over her shoulders, as she focused her hearing to try to figure out what was going on. She shifted her torso, fully submerging her breasts in the torrent of water, completely drowning out the noise.

She reached up with a drenched hand, her index finger hovering just millimeters above the shield that sat upon her skin. As her finger approached, the citizens of Argo looked up in sheer, unadulterated terror. To them, the fleshy, world-destroying pillar was returning from the heavens. Some viewed it as the finger of an ancient Kryptonian god poised to either caress them or crush them into the very terrain they now called home. It alone would levy judgment upon the people of Argo.

She turned slightly, her breast leaving the stream of water, and the sound returned. She could swear she heard the word god being cried out. But not in English. None of this was English, she realized through the groggy morning haze. It was Kryptonian. Kara stood frozen under the cascading spray, the steam from the hot water swirling around her like a thick, white fog. The sound was there for sure, and she was trying to locate it. She closed her eyes and focused on her superhearing to pinpoint this sound. It was a bizarre, localized cacophony, a tiny, buzzing swarm of sound that seemed to emanate directly from the very tip of her left breast.

"What is wrong with me today?" she murmured, shaking her head, causing a torrent of water droplets to leap from her hair and dance on her skin. "Still though..."

Curious and slightly unnerved, she reached up with her hand. She intended to simply rub the area, not sure what was going on at this point. As her large, warm fingertip made contact with the skin just above the nipple, she applied a gentle, rhythmic pressure, probing to see if someone had bugged her or something else with nefarious intent. She and her cousin did have a nearly endless list of enemies after all. Hell, their dog had a list of foes.

To the citizens of Argo, this was a cataclysm of unimaginable proportions. The descent of Kara's massive finger was a slow-motion nightmare. As her finger pressed into the soft tissue, the very ground of their world buckled and groaned. The inertial dampeners struggled as they fought to stabilize the city against the massive, crushing force of her touch. The streets, once

straight and orderly, began to warp and twist once again as the skin beneath them compressed. Buildings swayed violently, and the very topography of their world shifted, the “mountain” beneath them hardening and rising as the physiological response took hold.

As Kara rubbed the spot, the sensation of her touch caused her nipple to react. The smooth, soft mound began to stiffen, the tissue tightening and the tip pulling taut. For the Argonians, it was as if the world itself was undergoing a massive growth or upheaval. The ground beneath them rose sharply, the mountain growing taller and more rigid, thrusting the city upward toward the sky. The sudden change in angle sent people tumbling before the dampeners steadied them.

“Is that... grit?” she wondered aloud.

Kara squinted through the veil of steam and the rushing water. She leaned in closer, her eyes narrowing as she focused her vision. At first, she saw nothing but the familiar, brownish-pink hue of her own skin, glistening with moisture and something else. The forcefield was incredibly efficient, but its translucent surface unfortunately nearly matched the color of her nipple to the naked eye. Then she saw something. It looked like a tiny imperfection on her nipple. Nothing more.

She decided to use her microscopic vision, pushing her Kryptonian senses to uncover the problem. She focused the lens of her eyes on the tiny, brownish pink speck on her nipple. The world began to zoom in, the blurry texture of her skin resolving into individual pores, wrinkles becoming canyons, and there, nestled on a ridge, she saw it. With a growing sense of dread, she started to understand what she was seeing. It was a shimmering dome that sat flush against her, blending seamlessly with the landscape.

“What the hell?” She muttered.

She saw what looked like dirt or rock crystals through it. As the magnification increased, the “dirt” began to take on a shape. It wasn’t a random clump of debris. It was structured. It had geometry. Planning. People. Her breath hitched in her throat. Through the steam and the water, the tiny, shimmering outlines of crystalline spires began to emerge. She saw the unmistakable silhouette of a sprawling metropolis, a complex network of towers, domes, and streets, all miniature and fragile, clinging to the curve of her nipple. The scale was impossible, yet the detail was undeniable. She could see the tiny, glinting lights of the city’s infrastructure, the microscopic lines of its broken highways, and the sheer, impossible complexity of its architecture.

The realization hit her like a physical blow, more powerful than any punch from Doomsday. Her pulse quickened, and her heart hammered against her ribs, a sensation that, to the tiny people below, felt like a series of distant explosions.

“Argo...” she whispered, her voice trembling with a mixture of profound dread and breathtaking amazement. “It’s... It’s actually there. I mean, here...”

The city of her people, the lost jewel of Krypton, wasn’t gone. It was right here. It was living, breathing, and screaming in terror on the tip of her breast, a microscopic civilization surviving on the skin of a girl who had almost rubbed them into extinction through the simple act of bathing.