

SUPERGIRL BECOMES SUPERSLUT, PART ONE

Kara had been quite busy. With Superman off-world dealing with Darkseid, she had volunteered to fill in as guardian of Metropolis.

The Maiden of Might had her hands full with the usual group of slugs who believed themselves immune to, or considered themselves too lowly for her attentions. She wasn't quite sure how Clark managed to handle it all AND maintain a secret identity as well. But she flew on to the next problem spot.

A throng of people blocked the street by the LexCorp Global Headquarters. Some with concerned looks, others simply screaming "Jump". The object of their attention was a woman on the eighth floor ledge. As Supergirl came into range, the woman stepped from the ledge and plummeted toward the ground. Within a blink of an eye, the superheroine had collected the woman and landed her safely on the sidewalk.

"Thank you," the woman began, "I don't know what I could have been thinking. Could I give you a hug?"

Supergirl was well used to this type of appreciative gesture by now and accepted it gratefully. At this point, the woman attached a small blue gem to the back of Kara's neck. Another cry for help reached Kara's ears and away she flew before she realized that she had been tagged.

From his penthouse suite, Lex Luthor watched the Girl of Steel fly off. "Superheroes are so magnificently predictable." He raised a glass in toast

and
acknowledged his partner in this endeavor, Mr. Mxyzptlh. The two chuckled
as
Supergirl flew to her next encounter.

When she arrived at the pier, there was no one around.

"Either somebody is playing games, or they figured out how to solve a problem without me for a change." Supergirl took a last look around to be sure
all was alright before flying off again. "Finally all is quiet," she thought.
"Maybe now I can get to bed and play with my twat."

The odd thought made her stop in mid-flight. It's not like Kara never masturbated, but it wasn't usually so blatant a plan. She shrugged it off as being the result of too much work and not enough sleeping around.... er.... sleep. "Boy, I really do need to get to bed....with someone. Her mind was so involved with it's sudden preoccupation with sex that she didn't notice the not-so-subtle changes to her body and costume.

She finally just admitted to herself that she was as horny as she'd ever remembered being. Too bad she wasn't seeing anybody right at the moment. Fortunately, she'd packed her trusty vibrator when she came to Metropolis.

A
quick tryst with the fake dong, a shower, and a good night's sleep. She'd convinced herself that was all she needed.

"Help!"

She cursed her superhearing as she headed off to the rescue.

A family was being held up by a couple of thugs when Supergirl landed in the alley. Not wanting to delay her self-gratification, she was glad that they scared off when she approached. As she turned to calm the family, the father
and mother each gasped and covered the eyes of their young son.

Kara was too tired, and too horny, to care about the reaction and went on her way. Only later giving it any thought. She landed on Clark's balcony and went into the apartment. That's when she realized why the parents had reacted the way they had.

There, in the full-length mirror was a reflection she didn't expect. She looked like what a stripper might wear to dance as Supergirl at a club. Her leotard had been reduced to nothing more than the briefest of slingshot thongs.

The blue material stretching over her shoulders down to barely cover her nipples. Her breasts were fuller and rounder than ever before. As she followed

the material down she realized that the material just barely covered her cunt.

And there, carved out of her blonde tuft of pubic hair, was the "S" logo that would normally have been on her chest.

Around the back, her cape had reduced to nothing more than strips of red lace that followed the straps down her back and disappearing deep into the curve of her ass. And what an ass, it was rounder... plumper. And one final touch, a tattoo of the "S" logo on her right ass cheek, and underneath it in large letters the word "SLUT".

Kara couldn't believe what she was seeing. Moreso, she couldn't believe that the sight was making her hornier. She began furiously pumping at her pussy

with one hand as the slight material of her "uniform" pushed aside. The other hand was busy pulling at those magnificent tits of hers.

She couldn't stop herself. She couldn't look away. She was mesmerized by the vision of sex in the mirror.

"How did this happen. Why did this happen. Oh, I'm gonna cum." The

thoughts of her predicament gave way to the super-orgasm that she was inflicting upon herself. Her knees buckled, she fell to the floor and finished herself off. In doing so, the small blue gem was knocked from her neck.

SUPERGIRL BECOMES SUPERSLUT, PART TWO

Kara's head cleared fairly quickly after her orgasm. At least enough for her to take a shower before dropping off to sleep. It was a restless sleep though. Her dreams were filled with images of her new body. She saw herself walking into a darkened room wearing only her new uniform. As she walked to the center of the room, the lights came on... spotlights glaring at her. Then loud dance music came blaring out, along with the hoots of dozens of men who were surrounding what she now saw to be a stage.

Her first thought was to turn and get out of there. But then she realized her voluptuous new body had other plans. She started dancing in the most erotic ways. Thrusting her hips. Gyrating out of control. She actually took flight over the stage as she spread her legs wide above the appreciative crowd.

First one finger. Then two. Soon she was fist-fucking herself as she glided over the stage. So lost in the feeling, she didn't even notice the men start to climb the stage. Her hand was replaced by a dick. Another in her mouth. Seemingly endless fucking and sucking ensued as she hovered between two well hung cocks at a time.

Ten men? Twenty? Thirty? She lost count.

When she woke, Kara was covered in her own sweat and cum. Her body had retained the changes caused by ... whatever. Right down to the well-pruned logo

in her pussy hair. She wasn't sure what was causing this, she had a good idea. But first another shower.

Getting dressed was another problem. Her new body wouldn't fit into Linda's conservative wardrobe. She certainly couldn't go out in broad daylight in that "thing" that her uniform had become. Fortunately she had a spare uniform. It would certainly test the limits of the spandex, but she had to wear something.

As she flew toward LexCorp, her uniform started reportioning again. This time it seemed to change pattern slightly. Her boots became stiletto heeled shoes and red thigh highs attached to a blue garter belt. The now-transparent red cape draped over her shoulders and attached to two gold nipple rings. The final touch was a clit ring with a tiny bell on her now exposed pussy.

Unfortunately, Kara was too lost in thought to notice these changes.

She landed on the balcony of Lex Luthor's suite and caught a glimpse of herself in the window. Embarrassed, she was about to fly away when...

"I must say, I like the new look. Trashy, yet colorful."

Kara turned to face Luthor. Her face flushed with embarrassment. But she was determined.

"Just what did you do to me, Luthor?"

"A little experiment that I dreamed up for your big brother."

"Cousin."

"Whatever." Lex was obviously gloating. "You see, since Big Blue had managed to ferret away all of my kryptonite, I decided to try and create an artificial version. Unfortunately, my attempts never quite lived up to the original. Then, I hit on the idea of combining the weaker compound with something else. If I couldn't kill the boy scout, I could take the shine off his merit badges perhaps."

Lex could sense the rising anger in Supergirl.

"Viagra." He stated.

"What?"

"The little blue pill.... pop it down and pop it up! Miracle of the '90s."

"I know what it is Luthor. I want to know why."

Lex let out a chuckle. "What good is a superhero who can't get away from his, or her, own fist? You being here instead of Superstud was just happenstance. But I must say I approve of the results so far. I am surprised that your staunch moral code allowed you to be seen in public in such racy attire though."

"Exactly. Your little concoction couldn't have managed to do this. Maybe boost the sex drive, possible alter my body chemistry, but what's with my clothing?" Kara felt as long as he was answering so easily, she might as well try.

"Ah yes. A brilliant touch added by a partner I've taken on for the endeavor. And the results speak for themselves. Basically, anything you put on will mold itself to the new you. By the way, I've never been so happy to see that 'S'."

Having heard all she could take, Supergirl started toward Luthor. He promptly opened a box on the table next to him and produced a long, smooth

blue

crystal. "Let me introduce you to my latest creation. I call it Blue Kryptonium."

Kara stopped in her tracks, a familiar tingle coursing through her body.

"The volume is about 500 fold that of your first exposure. I don't know if it will have 500 times the effect. But you should have fun finding out."

With that, Luthor stepped toward Kara. She was obviously feeling the effects of the crystal as he ran it down between her breasts, over her firm stomach, past the pubic logo. She grabbed his hand just as he was about to insert it into her cunt. But she couldn't pull it away. He, of course, wouldn't pull it away. They stared at each other for a long moment. She then helped him guide it into her wet snatch.

SUPERGIRL BECOMES SUPERSLUT, PART THREE

The realization of what she'd done hit Kara like, well, a massive orgasm. She had willingly allowed Lex Luthor to fuck her with his Blue Kryptonium dildo. Her head was swimming. He was right, she did have a strict moral code. At the same time, his latest creation was having a dizzying effect on her.

Kara flew away, as high and as fast as she could. Even this was little help. The wind was only increasing the sensations she was feeling. The cool breeze had her nipples fully erect. The constant tugging of her cape at the nipple rings only heightened the feeling. She was cumming, just from the sensations of flying! Kara knew she had to find a way out of this or she was screwed, literally and figuratively.

There was only one place to go when the world was crashing in on her. At this speed she could be in Smallville in no time. The Kents had kind of adopted her as Clark's only living relative. They would help her, no matter

what her current state of mind.

Unfortunately, Jonathan and Martha were out when Kara arrived. She was distraught as she knocked on the door to no answer. But her reflection in the window caused her even more concern. Then she remembered an old mirror in the barn. Better to see what was happening to her than sit and wait.

There was a crack in the mirror, but it would do the trick. What she saw was a shock to her.

The reflection seemed to mock her. Her long blonde hair was now a cascade of platinum blonde curls. Her mouth seemed permanently fixed in a cupie doll pucker. Though she was wearing no make up, it appeared that she had caked on the trampiest look she could. And her eyes, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get that "come fuck me" stare out of them.

Supergirl was afraid to continue the survey, but realized that she had to know.

Her breasts were now officially huge. She guessed about a 44DD. But they defied gravity as though they were an A cup. They were graced by the slight upturn to her massive nipples. Her waist was impossibly narrow by comparison ... only 18 to 20 inches. Her waist expanded down to what would easily be called a bubble butt, complete with that "Superslut" tattoo. Her thatch of pussy hair had lightened to match that on her head but was still adorned with the "S".

The uniform had transformed itself again. The nipple and pussy rings were gone. Now her top was little more than full-length blue gloves that stretched over her shoulders to a choker around her neck. A slight gold chain adorned her tiny stomach. Her vinyl boots were thigh high and skin tight adorned with about a two inch platform and six inch heels.

"This girl is built to fuck!" The thought caught her off guard just when she realized that she'd never taken out Luthor's infernal dildo. She

dropped to her hands and knees and was about to go for the invader when her

libido kicked in again. She started grabbing at her still sopping cunt when she heard a grunt.

Slowly looking down between her legs and behind her, she saw Loco at the entrance from the pasture. The Kents prize stud bull had caught her scent. He was ambling up behind her. From her vantage point, she could see his massive cock preparing for his next conquest. Fear gripped her. She wasn't sure what the Blue Kryptonium had done to her. Could she withstand that massive attack? She decided she couldn't chance it. But her fingers wouldn't leave her engorged pussy. She was helpless, a victim of her own wanton desires.

Her fingers wrapped around the edge of the dildo and slid it out just as the head of Loco's prick was about to touch her. She quickly slid her little blue friend into her ass, then guided Loco to her hot hole. He rammed in with all his might. Kara realized from the first stroke that she had retained her invincibility. By the second stroke she was cumming as hard as she ever had. But Loco was not even close to being finished.

The massive bull continually buried his shaft deep within Kara. His body nearly enveloping her. Stroke after stroke after stroke. It went on for what seemed like hours. Supergirl's body was wracked with orgasms. She couldn't tell if it was multiple, or the longest in recorded history.

When he was done, she could feel the prick inside her well up as he shot his load. By the third blast, she was too exhausted to hold on any longer. The fourth spurt knocked her off his dick which continued to rain semen upon her. She eagerly was licking up what she could. Catching it in her mouth. Scooping it out of her twat. She couldn't believe how wantonly she was drinking down this beast's cum ... but she wanted more.

She leaned in and grabbed the dong up in her mouth to catch the last few jolts so as not to let it go to waste. When he was done, she licked the remains of their session from his slowly retiring shaft.

Loco made his way back out to the pasture having been well satisfied.

Kara was another matter. She suddenly realized that not only had she allowed herself to be fucked by a bull, she had given it her first blowjob. Even as she thought this, Kara caught herself playing with her pussy again. She went out to the yard to hose herself down, taking longer than usual when the sensation of the cool water forcing into her pussy made her cum again.

This was going too far. She had to get control of herself and quickly. Before she managed to fuck a sperm whale. After pondering that possibility longer than she should have, Kara took flight once again.

SUPERGIRL BECOMES SUPERSLUT, PART FOUR

Kara's flight back to Metropolis was only hindered by the fact that she spent more time fingering her pussy than paying attention to where she was going. Once there though, her resolve was clear. Get to Lex Luthor and find a way out of this.

Landing at LexCorp proved a pleasant surprise as a glimpse in the window showed that she was back in a somewhat familiar version of her uniform. It was translucent, but at least she was covered. It helped strengthen her resolve and she burst through the plate glass window into Luthor's office.

"My, my," Luthor began "I am getting to like the new you. Personally, the waif look is out though. My preference runs a little larger than those puny.... what are those double D's?"

"Very funny Luthor." The high pitch of her voice took Kara off guard. "Get me out of this little fantasy of yours now."

Luthor just chuckled, "Sorry my dear. It's hard to take you seriously

when you look so fuckable. You would rather be fucked wouldn't you?"

Kara's resolve started to slip just hearing the word "fuck". She could feel herself juicing up again. Her eyes closed briefly. When she opened them, Luthor was exiting to an adjoining room. She was quick to follow.

On the other side of the doorway was a hall with several doors. A quick glance proved that her x-ray vision was useless. The doors were either lead lined, or she just couldn't manage to concentrate enough. It was the old fashioned way then.

As she turned the doorknob, she had a sensation wash over her. She shouldn't go in, but she couldn't stop herself. Inside the room was what appeared to be a nursery. On the changing table was a full grown man in a diaper. She looked down to see that her uniform was now a nightgown and fuzzy slippers. The man started crying.

Without a second thought, Supergirl walked to the changing table and started to change the man's diaper. When she was finished, she picked him up and he started trying to suck her tit through the nightgown. She lowered the strap and his mouth grabbed onto her nipple. The sucking was great as it allowed her to release some of the pent up sexual frustration.

It wasn't long before she realized that he was actually drawing milk from her tit. She was lactating. What's more, as he sucked, her tits were growing. Her thought again went to her crotch. Every suck seemed to go right from the nipple to her clit. She was in a daze as she realized that she was now on her back as the man continued to suckle her titanic tits. They had ballooned to unreal proportions. She couldn't believe it, she couldn't stop fingering herself. Then she remembered the Blue Kryptonium dildo in her ass. Once she retrieved it, she plunged it into her sopping cunt over and over.

After what seemed like hours, she finally fell off to sleep.

On waking up, she realized that she was in a different room. This one

was a kitchen. Not very well kept, she thought. As she stood, she realized that her tits were back to their previous proportions. She had also changed outfits again. She was now in a maid's outfit, of course retaining her usual uniform colors right down to the ruffled red panties and thigh high stockings.

This place needed a good cleaning and it was up to her. As she set about her duties, a man entered the room. He wasn't happy.

"Look at this place," he started "you know what this means of course?" He took a seat at the table, turning the chair out.

Supergirl knew what it meant. She didn't know why, but she knew. Kara immediately walked over to the man and lay across his lap. He pulled her panties down and her short skirt up. He drew his hand back and slapped her ass hard.

"Owww!" she screamed. Kara hadn't expected to feel the slap, but it was as stinging as anything she'd felt in her life. Another slap, and another. Her eyes were welling with tears even as her pussy welled with cum. Her nipples hardened, she was squirming on the man's lap trying to relieve herself.

The man stopped slapping her ass and placed a finger on her pussy lips. "So that's what you want... a bit more motivation."

He pushed her onto the floor, stood and undid his pants. "Well, you'll need to motivate me first."

Supergirl had his dick in her mouth almost as soon as he'd ordered it. She was insatiable as she slurped at his cock. Licking and sucking until he pulled it away. She immediately knew to turn around and present her ass to him. With no further foreplay, he drilled his cock into her ass and again began spanking her as he fucked.

Kara couldn't believe the pain and the pleasure she was feeling. But

she wasn't going to stop now. She ground her ass back onto his dick with the wanton abandon of the slut she had become.

The orgasm that enveloped her sent her off into another nap.

This time, she awoke to find herself in what appeared to be a cheap hotel room. On the bed was a man dressed in woman's clothing. He looked ridiculous in the spandex minidress and whorish makeup.

A quick look in the mirror showed that she was now in some sort of Super Dominatrix attire. She looked the same as she had, with an added surprise... a massive cock between her legs. She gripped the phallus thinking it to be a strap-on, but it was very real. At least a foot long and very thick. What's more, she had a hard-on.

She turned to her little sissy-slut on the bed. His over made up eyes widened at the sight of her cock.

"Does my little sissy want me to take her sissy ass?" Her voice seemed closer to normal.

The sissy turned over and presented his ass to her. "Please Mistress, please fuck your little sissy whore."

Remembering what she had learned in the last "fantasy", Supergirl mounted the sissy and plunged her cock into his tight ass. If she'd doubted that the cock was indeed her's, the feeling of the sissy's tight ass gripping it removed all doubt. It was a remarkable feeling as she plunged in and out of his sphincter.

It wasn't long before Kara's balls released a torrent of cum into the sissy's ass. She collapsed on top of the sissy and half expected to be asleep to awaken in some other bizarre scenario.

"Thanks Supes, I haven't had a good fucking for centuries."

Kara looked up to see the sissy morph into Mr. Mxyzptlk.

"Mxyzptlk! Luthor's partner no doubt."

"You're much smarter than, well, you look. Who does your hair?"

Supergirl grabbed the elfin magician by the neck.

"Ah uh, that's no way to treat the guy who gave you a way back to being yourself."

She let him down.

"You see, Luthor screwed me over on a deal a few years ago. Basically, this has all been a set up to get him back. He came up with this Blue Kryptonium crap, it was me who added the little changes of wardrobe."

"What's the way back?"

Mxyzptlk scratched his head. "See that's the unfortunate thing. I can't actually tell you, but you'll know it when you see it. In the mean time, Luthor is in the second door to the left down the hall. Kltpzyxm."

After saying his name backwards, Mr. Mxyzptlk returned to his own dimension leaving Kara to ponder his cryptic clue.

As she sat there, her cock started to spring to life again. She leaned down and kissed the head, then tried to get the head into her mouth. After sucking herself off again, she decided to see how much control she had over herself. She went to the mirror and concentrated on her looks. Her clothes. But it only served to make her horny again.

She forced herself to focus on getting to Luthor. As she turned to leave, in the mirror she saw that tattoo on her ample ass. Mxyzptlk didn't lie, she knew it when she saw it. But she had to wait to lure Luthor in.

On exiting the room, she returned to her female genitalia. Her uniform was a fringed bra and g-string. Again, her pubes were exposed showing that shaved "S". She put on her best strut as she entered the second door on the right. No wait, the left... Luthor is on the left. It was too late, she was onto the next fantasy.

SUPERGIRL BECOMES SUPERSLUT - FINALE

The room was dark but felt familiar. The dance music blared out and went right to Kara's crotch. It was as if someone had wired a woofer into her cunt. The beat of the music was driving her to yet another orgasm. Despite the darkness, she started dancing in the most lewd manner imaginable.

Suddenly, the walls seemed to fall around her. The music got louder as strobe lights filled her view. She looked down to see a huge cake at her feet. She got it now. She was the Super-stripper at this party. The cat calls and cheers started as she did her bump and grind.

In spite of the flashing lights, she could make out the stage. There were several people around the room. Kara was center and just to the side of her was about a five foot tall, stainless steel pole. It was rounded at the top like a dildo. Just the thought had her grinding her hips faster as the cheers continued.

Even as her mind thought that she had to get to Luthor, her hands were ripping the fringed bra off her tits. Kara was once again lost to the illusion before her. Or was it real? She didn't care any longer as she ripped the panties off her body. She had to have that pole in her now.

Her usual grace gave way to wanton desire as she sprang up and impaled her hot pussy on the cold steel. The contrast made her cum immediately. Her feet positioned on either side of the pole, she began to piston herself up

and down on the phallus. Much to the appreciation of her audience.

The lights, the music, it all became a blur as her orgasms seemed to meld into one.

Before she realized it, Kara was being lifted from the pole. There were hands everywhere. This is what she needed, what she wanted. Sex. As many cocks as she could get. But when the first crotch was positioned over her face, she got a surprise. The beautiful blonde pussy in front of her was dripping wet, just begging to be sucked and licked. As she latched on to the clit, someone returned the favor to her. More mouths attached themselves to her rock hard nipples. The feeling was unbelievable.

The lights, and her own ecstasy, allowed her only glimpses of the women. But there seemed to be tits and cunts everywhere. Her legs were spread for a surprise as she shared a double dong with another woman. The others seemed to join in to guide them back and forth on the fake cock. Then another in her ass, or was that still the Kryptonium? There were tits being thrust at her mouth. She sucked and fucked for all she was worth.

After hours and hours, things went black again. Exhaustion caught up with Supergirl and she fell off to sleep in the middle of this lesbian orgy.

When she woke, she was alone. The room was bare. She had to get Luthor while she still could. She stood up and saw the Kryptonium dildo had been thrown to one side in the decadence she had experienced.

Looking down, she realized it still had some hold on her since her body was still that of a sexpot Superslut.

Luthor had to be across the hall, she had just turned right instead of left. Mustering the last of her will, she sped toward the door. Kara burst through it and the door to the other side of the hall at super-speed. Luthor's smiling face greeted her.

"I was beginning to think you'd gotten lost my dear." He simply oozed confidence. "Oh by the way, here's your cut." With that he pushed a open briefcase filled with money toward her.

Kara smirked, "You should know I don't take bribes Luthor."

He crossed around behind her "No bribe, Superslut." He smacked her ass right on her tattoo. "You've earned every penny, minus my seventy percent finders fee of course."

"Earned? What are you trying to pull?"

Lex seemed hurt, "Nothing at all. It just so happens that there are a lot of people willing to pay generously to have a piece of that super-ass. You've just become the highest paid call girl in Metropolis. Oh hell, the world. At a million a pop, you'll excuse the pun, you've just fucked your way to three million dollars."

Now it was time. He was gloating to much. Not to mention the fact that he'd turned her into a whore.

"Tulsrepus!" Kara said simply.

Before Luthor's ever widening eyes, Superslut turned back into Supergirl. Her costume returned to normal.

"How...." Luthor stumbled "You couldn't...."

As she grabbed him by the neck, Supergirl explained "If you're going to pick a partner. You should get one you haven't pissed off. Now, since I can't allow this escapade to be made public. A little poetic justice is called for."

With her other hand, Supergirl ripped off Luthor's pants and underwear with one stroke. His dick was hard already. She then pulled her own red panties down. Kara slowly pulled Lex to her and guided his dick into her pussy. Just as

he thought to enjoy the experience, she allowed her cunt muscles to contract around his rod.

The pain that shot through him was excruciating as his dick wilted faster than he thought possible. He crumpled in a crying heap at her feet.

"I'd hold off a few months on any Viagra." She started to hover above him as she pulled her panties up again. "At least until the bruises heal."

With a laugh, she flew through the window and headed for Clark's apartment.

EPILOGUE

Kara was fresh out of the shower, a towel wrapped around her restored body. As she looked in the mirror she was pleased to see her normal self once again. She turned and allowed the towel to drop just in time to see IT. Right there on her ass, that damned "Superslut" tattoo.

"Just a little something to remember me by." She whirled around to see Mr. Mxyzptlk staring her up and down. "Maybe just one more added touch." There was a flash of light at her crotch as the Super-symbol pussy hair returned. "Kltpzyxm!" With another flash he was gone.

Kara returned to the mirror to survey his handiwork. She actually kinda liked the look of her Super-pussy, but that tattoo was too much. Then another stray thought crossed her mind.

"Where's my dildo?"

THE END