

Meteor Woman (Man to Superheroine TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Burt may live in a world of superheroes and supervillains, but he's just a regular burglar trying to support his sickly mother and teenage sister with ill-gotten gains. But when he is hired to help break into a superhero vault facility, Burt accidentally triggers an artefact that gives him the power to turn into Meteor Woman, the superstrong and incredibly busty heroine. Now juggling two lives, Burt tries to stay under the radar even as his super person becomes an increasingly huge sensation.

Meteor Woman

Issue 1: Origin Story

Burt leapt over the fence in a single bound. He was only able to do so because of the adjacent trash compactor he had pulled over, of course, but the thought amused him nonetheless. It was a dark night in Star City, and that suited him just fine, particularly on a job like this. He didn't know anyone else on this job, and that frightened him a little, but if the take really was big, then they could be in and out in a jiffy, and not have to worry about the Hero Society showing up.

"Hurry up," the group's leader said. "We have this timed to the second. No delays!"

Burt nodded, ran to the wall of the facility in the spot they'd trained for, and opened a panel in the wall. Working carefully, he shut off the building's electricity without allowing it to shunt to the backup generator, and his unnamed compatriot worked to tamper with the security system from the other side.

One last job, he thought to himself as he moved quickly to the next position to the auxiliary entrance. *One last job, before the Blue Trident gets me. Or worse, Clockstopper. I could do with seeing Lightning Lass, though. At least she's a looker.*

He chuckled nervously to himself as he retrieved the crowbar from his coat and held it back in a readied swing aimed at the glass at the auxiliary entrance. Twenty minutes and counting.

SMASH!

Burt Conway was an ordinary man thirty years of age: dark brown hair, brown eyes, a nose that was a bit too big for his face, and perhaps a bit more flab on his gut than a doctor would be happy to recommend. He was a heavier-set man by nature: not fat - at least, not yet - but bigger. Unfortunately that size didn't extend to height: he was only about 5'6, and so gave off the look of being compressed by some kind of metal compactor. The fact that his cheeks were often a bit red only added to that impression.

Not that many people got an impression: he was the kind of sad-sack looking man that faded into the background of every crowd shot, and always had. He'd been unlucky for a lot of his life: his ma Sally was a loving single mom who'd gotten sick when he was little, and ever since their upbringing had been one long battle with poverty. She'd done everything she could to raise him, but still he went to school with shitty torn clothing and cheap food, and had been mocked relentlessly by it. The experience had hardened him, especially since he'd had to take on work selling newspapers and serving terrible fast food while all the other kids were getting to go to the Hero Dome and meeting all their favourite costumed crusaders. While Blue Trident was summoning creatures of water to entertain their excursion, and Ice Shard was letting them dance in the snow, and Flame Dancer was giving a spectacularly fiery display, he was stuck working a dead end job under a horrible manager.

Since then, he had always shunned the heroes that protected the world. Perhaps things might have been better if one of them had actually tried to help people like him, but they only battled with the Apocalypse Order and Doom Society and all that. It was all the flashy stuff and violent crime. Poverty, sickness, medical bills . . . that was just for regular Joes like him.

Things nearly turned around. Sally's health improved, and she began seeing someone for a brief time. But it all came crashing down when she got pregnant, and chose to keep the baby. The man left her, and she was left to fend for herself. It taxed her health even further, and while she managed to survive the birth - just barely - her sickness worsened, and by the time her little daughter, Burt's sister Alexis - was six years old, Sally could barely get out of the apartment, and was often having to rest. At just the age of twenty one, Burt was forced to become the primary carer for his mother, and be responsible for the practical raising of his sister. Some days his mother was better, some days she was worse. She was always thankful, always apologetic, and it wounded him to see her that way: his mother had done so much to raise him despite her sickness, and he never blamed her one bit. Just as he didn't blame his much younger sister for their increased troubles: she was a gift, and he swore to protect her. To protect them both. Which was more than superheroes ever did.

But Burt felt the horrible pressure of life weighing down upon him, especially when medical bills for Sally's pills and medical equipment, and for Alexis' education, came in. It

was crushing, and made his squat appearance all the more metaphorical. He loved his mom, and his sister was the world to him.

Which was why he turned to crime.

It hadn't been a difficult transition. Burt had never been an egghead, or one for book smarts, but he was pretty *street* smart, and turned out to be pretty good at circumnavigating security systems. He'd started out petty, but as his desperation for funds to help his Mom and care for the now-teenage Alexis grew, he took to becoming riskier and more challenging jobs. Despite his talent, he didn't really *want* to be a thief, but as he saw it, society left him no choice. It meant Alexis could have a life, and his Mom could keep her life. He never told them, of course. To his annoyance, Alexis grew up to be a massive superhero fan, especially for the handsome Blue Trident and the stylish Flame Dancer. She wanted to be one when she was older, not that she was born with powers, or likely to get them. But it didn't stop her from papering every square inch of her room with posters of crusaders from the Hero Society. He tried to bite his tongue, but she was well aware from his many muttered comments that he couldn't stand heroes.

"They don't do anything for us, so why do you even care for them?"

"Because they *do* save us, Burt. They can't just make Mom's sickness go away, but they keep the world safe and stuff. Besides, they look so cool. How great would it be to have powers?"

"The power to pay the bills is the only thing I care about, kiddo. Now don't forget to do your homework."

"Ugh, you're no fun. You're the boring kind of big brother."

That was fine by him, so long as they never suspected. His career took off, but never so much that it got the attention of the Society. That was the crucial thing. He once saw Buzz Saw fighting Gator Aid outside the city centre during a job, and it simply meant he chose to up and leave before the job was done. A good thing too: the situation spiralled into a massive brawl between the heroes who arrived mere minutes later and the Underground Guild. His sister raved about it later, but his reaction was just one of frustration, as it always was. When people were singing praises about Clockstopper for ending Night Garden's vine-filled reign of terror, he just rolled his eyes and muttered under his breath.

"If they'd all just get out of our way. The heroes don't care about us. They're just gods playing with us."

Eventually, he must have come to the attention of someone important. He never wanted to really work with a team, but some jobs demanded it, and that meant he picked up contacts to help him. It also meant that word spread about the so-called 'Silent Burglar', enough so that he was contacted by an anonymous figure to organise what they called 'the big score.'

Burt was hesitant, but the money was too good. It was a facility at the edge of the warehouse district near Sprang Station, and the payoff was supposedly in the tens and tens of thousands - for each of them. He didn't know the others on the job, and they didn't know each other. They wore masks, hiding their identities, and the thin, intelligent figure organising the heist did the same. His voice was like shattered glass, and he had a habit of humming to himself, likely classical music or something. But he'd provided all the details, and while he crept Burt right out, he'd decided that this would be the big one before he went honest and got out. His part-time job as a security guard at the Kane Goods store would just have to do for now.

And so it was that their mysterious employer, who simply went by 'the Collector', set the date, the time, and the plan for the team to kick into motion. The money in the safe was all theirs for the taking.

All he wanted, supposedly, was some kind of priceless blue cape.

Great, Burt had thought to himself, *another person obsessed with the crusaders. Hope Alexis doesn't turn out like that.*

He thought nothing more of it until the job went all wrong.

They entered the facility. The fellow who went by the codename 'Blackjack' removed the large stack of crates from the wall and typed in the passcode they'd been given on the pad hidden behind them. It was just an ordinary warehouse as far as they could see, maybe with just a little extra security. That was, until the password opened a secret elevator by the office near the back. Another code was required, but Burt was called upon to hack it: he wasn't a computer guy, but he was a security guy, so he knew how to reset the system and simply use administrator access. A brute force approach, really. The elevator was now accessible.

"Here he comes," someone whispered through their black mask. "The Collector."

He wore the same clothing as them, but his thin figure and strangely confident, whimsical walk made him quite noticeable.

"My friends, we are right on schedule. Good work, sirs. We must move with alacrity, however, to secure what is rightfully mine, and what shall become so unrightfully yours, ahmm-hmm." He chuckled to himself in that strange way. "Let us be moving together. Keep your wits about. The security down there may have contingencies I am unaware of."

Burt swallowed, trying not to be nervous.

"What is this place?" a man who went by 'Joker' asked.

The figure turned his mask upon him. "It's a treasure vault, and I've found my X."

With that vague yet somewhat exciting pronouncement, they headed down. When the elevator opened, they were in a concrete bunker-like entrance. They moved quickly, Burt helping feed recycled images to the cameras and then working on cracking the door. There were biometric scans and all sorts of other things he didn't really understand about them, but he knew wiring, and he knew electricity, and he knew how security worked on a fundamental level. What he couldn't solve, he could direct Blackjack and Joker to solve.

"Nice work, King," the Collector said. "You are acquitting yourselves marvellously. We are ahead of time. We have fifteen minutes. That should be more than enough time for you to get filthy stinking rich, and me to finally have what should never have been denied me."

"Must be some cape," Joker remarked.

"You have no idea, my good fellow. No idea. But perhaps you shall receive an inkling when that door opens, right about . . . now."

The enormous vault door opened, and each of them fell silent. Beneath the warehouse was, funnily enough, another warehouse, but this one was larger and more impressive, with immense racks containing heavy crates and displays and tagged evidence and all sorts of colourful equipment. Burt was momentarily confused, until he noticed something on a nearby rack as they entered: it was a helmet with skeleton teeth painted on. Black and sleek. It had belonged to Devildare, a villain who had terrorised a town to the south several years ago with her dangerous daredevil stunts.

"Wait, stop," he said. "You didn't tell us what this was."

Blackjack and Joker turned to him.

"What is it?" the former asked.

"Don't you see? Look at all the villain equipment. The strange devices. I'm pretty sure that thing looks interdimensional. I recognise some of these from my si- from posters near where I live. This is a *Hero Society* vault for storing dangerous shit."

"Quite right, King," came the raspy, yet refined voice of the Collector. "You are more astute than our other friends."

Burt began to back away. "You didn't tell us this. This is way too far."

"On the contrary, this is exactly why I didn't tell you. We're in too deep to stop now, my good fellows. There is enough equipment, weapons, technology, and antique items here to make you a fortune beyond paltry money. I can even fence it for you. Take what you will, and look for my cape. It is a navy blue, with a pattern of a falling meteor upon its shoulder clasp. Find it, and you will be further rewarded."

Blackjack and Joker paused again, but only for a moment. Then they ran on, looking over this treasure trove for anything worth a little - or a lot - of money. Burt wanted to back out. He was truly tempted. And he could have, easily: the Collector was already sweeping down the aisles, scanning them with some device on his wrist, all in search of his cape. It

gave Burt the shivers. This was actual Cape shit. He didn't want to be involved with that world, not one bit.

But the allure of wealth was strong. And the idea of impressing Alexis, of being the cool older brother to make up for his frequent absences at night . . . that was enough to draw him forward.

Just a few items, maybe. If I play my cards right, I can keep Mom's treatments going for another year, maybe even pay for her surgery, and even pay for Alexis to visit that dumb Hero Dome or whatever.

He moved down the aisles, eyes scanning the numerous items. He had to look for the cape, he knew. All of them were well aware that this Collector, as flamboyant as he was, could be fairly dangerous. He just gave that slightly maddened vibe that was best left alone. And that strange thing on his wrist . . .

He began grabbing the small items and putting them in a sack. Moneyshot's lucky coin, Powergrabber's glove, Torrent's flask. There was a strange cube-like device that he took, and another he returned when it started buzzing in a low ebb. Other items were even odder, and more dangerous. There was no way he was opening the heavy lead case that contained Nuclear Man's equipment for instance, but he did grab Acidira's chemical belt. That could fetch a fine price. All the time as this was happening he routinely checked his watch, ensuring that they were sticking to the time. His radio buzzed, jolting him. He hadn't even realised he'd been so on edge.

'Any eyes on the cape? It should be listed as 'Meteor' or 'M' or some variation. You must find it. We cannot leave if we do not find it.'

'None,' someone else said. *'But we got only four minutes before we're out of time. Maybe we should-'*

'NO. WE FIND IT NOW OR WE STAY UNTIL WE DO, GOT IT!?'

Burt flinched again. It was the first time the Collector had freaked out like that. He didn't want to see it again. He began to search purely for the cape, mainly to get the hell out of this place before he was discovered.

But that was when the alarms began to ring, and the room turned red, and all notion of them not being discovered went out the window.

'They've arrived early. Find the cape. It's your only hope now.'

Burt had no fucking intention of doing that. *Screw you, Collector,* he thought, *I'm out of here.* He hoisted his sack and ran as fast as his slightly-stubby legs would allow, straight for the entrance, until something blue in colour suddenly appeared right before him and he smacked against it, *hard.*

"Oh, f-fuck!" he grunted, "what the hell was - oh."

Blue Trident, the olive-skinned, long-haired master of water, stood before him in all his masculine glory. His skin-tight suit was ocean blue and covered in scales, and he held in his hand a shining blue-silver trident that could summon creatures of the sea in watery form. One was already approaching: an octopus the size of a man that slid down the staircase that led out of there and up to the elevator.

“Oh, indeed,” he said. “You’ve made a very, very bad decision coming here, criminal scum! I wouldn’t worry about how many minutes you’ve got left in here, because the only time you’ll need to worry about is the time you’ll be doing in prison.”

Trident was infamous for his terrible, straight-faced puns, but he was *the* leader of the Hero Society’s local chapter, and a force to be reckoned with. Super-strength, ability to breathe underwater, and the power to control water as well.

Oh God, oh damn, oh shit, of fuck!

Burt scrambled backwards, and even faster when he saw that two other heroes had arrived: the gorgeous redhead Flame Dancer in her red and yellow costume, literally surfing along a generated flame, and Polymorph, his form currently altered so that he had an equine lower half like a centaur.

“Fan out,” Trident directed. “He’ll be here. I’ll make short work of this miscreant!”

They nodded, doing so, and it made Burt horrified to think that he might just be paraded to the police station by Trident and Flame Dancer, his daughter’s two favourite heroes. He got to his feet and ran away, only to trip as a surge of water hit him.

“Don’t move, thief!” Trident ordered. “I don’t want to hurt you, but if you’ll allow me to _”

He didn’t get to finish the sentence, because suddenly a *burst* of purple energy that inhabited by what looked like living black spots erupted from far away, tearing apart entire sections of several shelves.

“The fiend, he has his displacer! Take him down!”

Trident pushed Burt just in time to keep him from being crushed by a falling series of wooden crates. *Shit shit shit shit!*

He had to loop around, dodging and weaving as the fighting grew. Whatever was going on was quickly becoming a cape fight, and that was far beyond anything he wanted to be involved with. Another crash of timber and shelving and technology as a mix of flame and purple energy collided. One of Buzzsaw’s buzzsaws sprang to life, whirring and skidding around the room. Burt had to turn down another aisle, getting lost in the process. An Exterminator costume came to life as a purple beam hit it, and he just barely avoided its lumbering focus. The thing could split him in half.

“This is crazy, this is crazy!” he said. “I need to, shit!”

A wall came tumbling down. The heroes were shouting, and to his horror, he managed to catch a glimpse of the Collector, not that he was dressed as such anymore. He wore a form-fitting suit of interlocking gears and glowing technology. His mask had cruel slits that glowed that same alien green, and a horizontal mouthpiece that imitated the jaw of a skull. Floating weapons above his shoulders shot forth concussion bombs, and the purple beams erupted from his left hand.

Holy fuck, I took a job from freakin' Hyperion.

This dude was bad. Real bad. The kind of bad that could take on multiple heroes at once: and why he could see that Ice Shard and Signet Lance had arrived. There was nothing to do but flee, but there was little place left to go.

Except up. Except on top of the shelves.

Burt was no great climber, but left with no other avenue he made his way up quickly, grabbing onto box after box. His hands still held the sack he'd taken, but it was fast becoming dead weight.

Can't let it go. Difference b-between life and d-

A box came loose, erupting open. His eyes went wide, and he toppled back from what had to be a near two-story height. There was nothing but concrete below him. He reached out to hold onto anything to stop him from cracking his skull, only to grip a strong fabric. It came with him, flowed around him.

Enveloped him in a way that made no sense.

And then he stopped falling.

Then he was elsewhere entirely.

Burt gasped. He was floating somehow. He was in a void of darkness surrounded by lights and - *holy shit I'm in space. This makes no sense!*

He tried to turn, and indeed that only made things worse. He screamed when he saw what could only be *planet Earth* before him, its immensity taking up much of his vision, but still far enough away that he was free of its gravity.

"What the hell? How am I here? How am I breathing?"

'The power of the Meteor has chosen you, Burt Conway.'

He looked around, but could find nobody. "Who was that? Come out! Take me back!"

'Do not fear, Burt Conway. This is a vision. You have taken the cloak that was fashioned from the substance of the Meteor. It has been worn by several in its past, and each time it strengthens to imbue the next wearer with more power. And you have been chosen: you are compatible. You have a good heart, and a sense of justice, and-'

“Lady, if you even are a lady, I don’t know what the hell you’re even talking about! I’m a goddamn thief. Please just let me go!”

There was a pause. *‘You wish to let go? Are you sure you are ready. You know not all your capabilities, and you are the first male to hold the cloak. The change would be-’*

“Let me down! Whatever I touched, I want no part in it. Get me back down there!”

‘Very well. May the might and power of the Meteor be yours to command, in the name of justice and righteousness. Its wisdom is always available here for you to return to. Fall, Burt Conway, and rise again as Meteor Woman!’

He froze. “Wait, wha-AAAGGGHHHH!!!!”

He began to fall. Fast. Burt flailed in the air, panicking as his body descended through the atmosphere at lightning speed down to earth. He screamed as he tumbled head over heels, the entirety of the Earth getting nearer and nearer until it devoured his vision.

But something else was happening too. Right before his eyes, his clothing was changing, becoming a brilliant silver suit that was tight against his form, much like that of a superhero outfit. Around his shoulders formed the blue cape, the one that he had accidentally grappled when he’d fallen from the shelf.

“What is this!?! What’s happening to MEEEE!?!?”

His trousers evaporated, leaving his legs on display as the silver costume became a unitard that hugged against his upper thighs, just shy of showing off his ass cheeks. His body altered, becoming thinner in some places, thicker in others, and stretching out. His hair spiralled from his scalp, and as it flitted in the air he was horrified to see that it had become a platinum blonde colour that seemed to shimmer with a faint silvery quality.

This is crazy. This can’t be real. This is just cape nonsense, but I’M NOT A CAPE!

Except his body was increasingly looking like one. He tore down towards earth, accelerating even as he grew in height. His body righted itself so that he was falling feet first, his blue cape blooming out behind and above him. It gave him the perfect view of the bigger changes. And they were *big* changes.

His thick body became muscled and toned even as it smoothed over. His new silver superhero unitard bared his arms completely, and they now looked completely feminine, hairless and everything. His hands were slender too, and this was matched by his feet, which were encased along with his shins up to his knees in tight-fitting navy boots that matched his cape. His hands developed gloves of a similar design, but otherwise his thighs, arms and face were on display.

“Stop it! I reject this stupid blessing! Stop it!”

But instead his ass simply took on a wonderful peachy shape, inflated behind him to stretch his costume. His thighs swelled with muscle but also in a more feminine curve, while his hips widened to look positively attractive. His face bubbled and shifted while his

shoulders shrunk a little. He could feel his jaw soften, and his nose reduce substantially, and his lips become fuller. It was a nightmare, and still the Earth was rushing ever closer towards him. His crotch tingled, leaving him to groan in a strange mix of discomfort and pleasure.

“No! Not my dick! Whatever you’re d-doing, don’t take my - NNGHH!!!”

It pulled inside him, allowing his unitard to sit right, not that it should ever have sat right. In mere moments, his genitalia had become female, leaving him gasping in horror and almost wanting to splat against the ground. He thought it would be the last of the changes, this terrible one.

He was wrong.

As the atmosphere thickened, as mountains and cities became visible, as he rushed through the clouds, still falling, his chest burst forth with a pressure he’d never before felt. His costume opened up, creating a cavernous, shield-shaped window that gave him a full view of a blossoming bustline that quickly became larger than any woman he’d ever met.

“Ohhh! Why does it f-feel so g-good!?”

It was like he was not only growing a huge set of big round tits, but that a whole lot of power was being poured into him at the same time. His muscles flexed automatically, and an energy he couldn’t describe filled his core, eliminating any sense of tiredness. He felt like he could take on the world, and still his boobs grew until they stretched the confines of the costume, a massive curve of cleavage filling his view until he couldn’t see his feet. They were the best pair of breasts he’d ever seen before in his life, and they were on *him*. The power and energy *explode* within him, and it finally became too much.

“STOOOOP!!!” he screamed, his voice now that of a powerfully dominant woman.

And he did. He hung in the air overlooking a landscape over ten thousand feet below him, his gorgeous new body easily overpowering gravity itself, his blue cape rippling slowly behind him like it was alive.

Holy shit, he thought. *I’ve got goddamn superpowers.*

He blinked, and then he was gone again.

Burt opened his eyes. He was back in the warehouse, still falling. No, that wasn’t true. He wasn’t falling at all, but neither was he attached to anything. And his body still felt all wrong.

“Oh God, oh God, it was real!”

He looked down to see that same silvery costume, the same revealing ‘boob window,’ the same huge pair of tits that rode firm and proud on his chest. He was female, and he was floating, his hair moving slowly with the lack of gravity on his form. The battle

between Hyperion and the Hero Society continued around the vault, but all he could focus on was his own voluptuous body and its strange powers.

What the hell do I do? I've turned into a freakin' superheroine!

Issue 2: Take My Card

Burt Conway, desperate thief, had gotten in way over his head. Way, way over his head. The short, heavier-set man was no longer short, heavy-set, or a man. Instead, after accidentally grabbing onto the navy blue superheroic Meteor Cape, he'd been transformed into a statuesque Amazonian woman with long platinum blonde hair, impressive muscles, and a bustline you could suffocate a whole parade in. He was now a *her*, in every way that counted except for his fractured, terrified mental state.

"Shit, give me back my body!" he cried. He tried to land, but only succeeded in flying *backward*, his cape fluttering to one side, dragging as he crashed through shelf after shelf of warehouse material. He managed to turn, only to scream as he headed straight at a metal wall. He smashed into it at over sixty miles per hour.

He didn't feel a lick of pain, and the wall dented.

Burt pulled himself back, and he was still floating. He could sense some sort of control, almost like a psychic control over his form, but it was imperfect, without practice. It almost made him wish he'd stayed in space with that strange voice listening to the instruction manual.

"Calm down Burt, calm down, just have to - SHIT!"

He instinctively burst backwards and to the side, evading a purple ray that disintegrated part of the wall and caused the entire area to buckle and groan. With horror, he saw a section of the concrete ceiling collapse, and it was falling straight onto Black Jack and Joker, who were still trying to flee the scene. Again without thought, he sped forward and grabbed Black Jack, pulling him aside. But he couldn't save Joker, and for a terrible moment he thought the poor man would be crushed.

Until Flame Dancer pulled alongside him, surfing on her flames, dragging the man along to the side.

"Nicely done, Silver!" she exclaimed. "Good to see someone cares about more than property damage. But, um, who are you?"

Burt squeaked in an embarrassingly feminine manner. He managed to zip around, still flying awkwardly and barely in control, and ended up heading straight into the maelstrom. Hyperion was in full armour now, and he was firing lasers and magna-beams and

everything he had to take out the heroes. Blue Trident and Polymorph were keeping him at bay, or so it seemed: one of the villain's drones sidled around behind Trident, and began firing up, as if about to explode violently. Burt may have hated heroes, but he didn't want them dead. He cried out to warn him.

"Watch out!"

Instantly energy rushed straight to his eye sockets. For a moment he thought *he* would explode along with the drone, but instead an incredibly intense heat followed by *red lasers* shot from his eyes and disintegrated the drone. Trident looked astonished.

"Who the heck was that!?"

But Hyperion was surging forth, sending blade after blade from his suit to cut down his opposition.

'I will have my powers, my dear heroes. I shall gain strength to add to my intelligence, and I shall flense you before the world when I control this city! I'll cut your bones to atoms with - no. NO! NO NO NO!!'

Those glowing eye slits turned to face turned to face Burt, and the former male put two and two together. *Oh God, I've stolen the power he wanted. That's why he wanted the cape. Wait, did Hyperion seriously want to become a chick with huge tits?*

The thought couldn't be elaborated upon, as the villain rocketed up towards him, flames bursting from his feet.

'I'll kill you! I'll cut you down, you insensate thief!'

Burt had no time to think. His entire sad, pathetic life flashed before his eyes. He thought, *great, here's how I die, stuck as a buxom superheroine getting carved open by a villain. I'll never get to help Ma and Alex.* Except his worst fears didn't come true. He yelled in horror, and a terrible eruption leapt forth from his mouth, a vibration that shattered parts of Hyperion's suit before he could reach her. The air warbled with the power of it, and while he wasn't finished, Trident and Polymorph and several other heroes took that chance to leap upon the villain and put him down for good.

Black Jack and Joker had gotten away, apparently. Good for them. But Burt was still surrounded by heroes as they stood or perched or floated outside the facility while the dreadful techno-villain was placed into a secure loading van and carried away. He was still in his crumpled armour, but its gadgets had been torn away. Half his face showed, and its pale expression was one of rage.

"No! You cannot beat Hyperion! Not when I'm so close! Whoever you are, thief, I'll find you, and I'll take what is rightfully mine!"

But then he was knocked out by a well-placed thrust by Trident, and he was carted away. It would almost be a relief, if the subject of interest didn't immediately turn to Burt himself. He was still floating, trying to touch the ground and failing to do so, but he had mastered basic direction even if he looked a little lopsided. He was trying to ignore how his boobs wobbled a little, even in his tight outfit, or the distinct absence between his legs. Or, especially, how Blue Trident was looking up at her with an expression behind his mask that seemed a bit *too* interested.

"Well, it seems we have much to thank this newcomer for," he said. "You arrived in the nick of time. How did you know Hyperion was there?"

"I didn't," Burt replied, which was sort of the truth. His voice was far too female for his liking, though at least it wasn't overly sweet. In fact, it had a raw, powerful quality to it. "I just heard what was happening under there. Um, super hearing, I guess."

"The facility should be sound-proofed."

"Well, I guess they took down security, real good, huh? Anyway, I'll be going now."

But when he turned around, Flame Dancer was floating on a living flame right behind her, her expression sweet but sceptical.

"Hang on," she said, "we haven't even been introduced! You helped save lives back there, including the head of the Hero Society. That's not nothin', girl. Are you new?"

"Um, what gave it away?"

She chuckled. "Well, for one, you seem to be struggling keeping yourself upright in the air."

"We all go through it," Lightning Lass said. She was one of Alexis' favourites, and it galled Burt that he couldn't just ask for a photo.

"Those of you who *can* fly," Signet Lance remarked, sighing.

"But seriously, thank you," Trident said. "You proved yourself a capable hero, even for a novice. The power you possess, I've heard legends of the Meteor and its endowments—"

At that, Lightning Lass snorted with laughter. With his superhearing, Burt could hear her remark to Signet Lance: "*Two really big endowments, huh? Hot!*"

Blue Trident blushed. "I mean that you have clearly been chosen by this power, yes?"

"Uh, yes. It talked to me."

"So you just ran into the vault without—"

"I've had the power a long time. I'm just showing it now. I can't really explain it, I really should be—"

But Trident was insistent. He called water up from a nearby fountain and rose up near her. "I respect your privacy," he said. "And if you do not wish to talk further then I understand too. The start of a heroic career is difficult, especially with trust. But I hope this at least forms *some* trust."

With that, he handed Burt a ring. He smiled, and for a moment, Burt felt his heart flutter. *Why the fuck is that smile making me feel warm? Why am I finding it hard not to look at his muscles? Shit, did this thing make me into dudes?*

“It will grant you visitor’s access to the Hero Dome,” Trident said in his classically heroic voice, which now sounded weirdly attractive, “and if you wish, we can help you in your career to superherodom. You don’t have to be alone.”

Burt took the ring quickly and put it in the only place he could think of with spare space: his cleavage. Lightning Lass spluttered again.

“Holy shit she’s perfect. Signet Lance, is my nose spurting blood? Tell me if my nose is spurting blood, okay?”

“Your nose isn’t spurting blood. Be honourable, woman.”

“How can anyone be anything but dishonourable around a pair of melons like that? No wonder she can’t fly straight!”

Burt turned a deep shade of red, and tried (and failed) to right himself again.

“Th-thank you. I have to, um, go. I think I left the oven on?”

“Wait!” he called, as Burt started to move further up into the air to try and fly away. “At least tell us your mantle?”

“Um, my what?”

“Your superhero name!” Flame Dancer called. “You have one, right?”

“Uh, Meteor Woman,” he blurted out.

And then he flew away. Reporter cars were arriving, and police vehicles too, and he didn’t want to be anywhere near them. Still, it was a tricky thing to fly, and he ended up losing height and skidding along a by-road in his attempt to escape.

“Goddamn tits, why do they have to be so big? I swear I left two dents in the road there.” He grabbed his cape, flicked it back, looked over his body. “What the hell even is this costume? I don’t even have a symbol, just a ‘hey, look at these big tits’ sign! Who invented this, and how do I get out of it!?”

He sighed, gritted his teeth. Out of frustration he punched a streetlamp and dented it so much it became a Banksy art piece.

“Holy shit, I’ve got super strength,” he said. *Flying, super strength, laser vision, some kind of hypersonic scream . . . I’m like an S-tier hero here. Alexis would be all over this. But it doesn’t help me!*

He fumed, choosing to walk home instead of risk flying again. Unfortunately, it meant that he was immediately catcalled as he passed a busier section of town.

“Hey sweetie, nice melons!”

“New hero on the block, or just a costume? Come over here and I’ll show you some power!”

“Swing those hips baby, it’ll make your tits bounce all the more! You know you like the attention with a costume like that.”

Burt gritted his teeth, and tried not to laser them to death. It was only when he accidentally bowled a man in a suit over that he realised he hadn’t been paying attention to those in front of him.

“Watch where you’re going!” he snapped.

“I’m so sorry!” the man said, scrambling up. “I had my head in the clouds. Do you see them?”

Burt looked up - members of the Hero Society were flying overhead back to their base. He sighed in annoyance. *Assholes*. But when he lowered his gaze he realised that the man had lowered his also, and was trying very hard - and failing - not to stare at the two enormous globes shown off in Burt’s costume. It didn’t help that with his new 6’2 height, they were at the man’s eye level.

“Hey, my eyes are up here, bozo!” he snapped. “Who the hell are you, anyway?”

“Oh, sorry. I’m Ralph Riley, reporter for the *Daily Star*. “I - am I talking to a superhero right now.”

“No, just some schmuck who got superpowers and wants to go home.”

He pushed past this ‘Ralph’. He wasn’t a bad looking man, in fact he was annoyingly cute, with rectangular glasses, black hair with a spicurl, and a modestly muscular figure. *God, why does this body seem to be attracted to whatever man it looks at.*

Unfortunately, he walked alongside her, keeping pace with her long legs with their bare thighs. Burt tried not to swing his hips when he walked, but his new pelvis demanded it.

“Dude, I said buzz off.”

“I know, but you can’t blame me for wanting an interview, if you really are a superhero. Your description matches something a friend on scene just put over by text.”

“What does it say?”

“Oh, it’s a bit, um, rude.”

He looked over Ralph’s shoulder and cringed. It read: *Hot new superhero with huge tits spilling out of her costume! Got like five or six powers, maybe. New big story?*

“Your friend sucks.”

“He’s more of an acquaintance. Please, would you tell me your name? Not your secret identity, obviously, though you don’t seem to wear a mask.”

Burt laughed. “Please, with *these*, who needs a mask?”

That did make him chuckle, both of them in fact. “But what is your mantle?”

“Meteor Woman, I guess.”

“You guess?”

“I’m new to this whole thing.”

“To being a superhero?”

Burt shook his head, accidentally setting off his breasts. “Yeah, sure. Why not.”

“And you do have multiple powers?”

“I’ve got four. So far. Flying, super strength, laser vision, some kind of shattering scream. I don’t know. Who cares? It’s all just lame superhero bullshit. I didn’t ask for this.”

Ralph looked gobsmacked. “Are you telling me you don’t want powers?”

“Dude, I don’t want any of this. I just wanna go back home. You stick that in your magazine and print it.”

He began to float into the air. Screw not flying, it was worse. More boob jiggle, too.

“You saved several people, apparently,” Ralph said.

It made Burt pause in mid-air. *Yeah. Wow. I did, didn’t I?*

“Was that not worth it?” Ralph prodded. He had his tape recorder out, and Burt’s super hearing picked up that he’d taken an image. *Goddamnit.*

“Yeah, obviously that was worth it.”

“You’d do it again.”

“Look, this is a long night and I’m still pretty new at this.”

Ralph passed him a card. He had to jump to pass it to Burt.

“What’s this?”

“My card. If you want a proper interview, or just to talk or whatever. You seem like you need a friend more than an interview, actually.”

Burt sighed, tucked that in his cleavage too. “What? It’s the only place this dumb costume lets me put it.”

“I didn’t say anything!”

“Your eyes did. Look, thanks Ralph, but no thanks. This superhero shit isn’t me, and I’m not cut out for it. I’m damaged goods. You have good night now, and don’t you dare fucking publish that photo, *or* that interview.”

To his surprise, the man nodded. More than that, he deleted both right before Burt’s eyes. “Promise,” he said. “Hope it works out for you, Meteor Woman. Thanks for your time.”

Burt took into the air.

I need to change back. He really was cute. Stupid busty blonde bimbo super body.

It was with exceeding caution that Burt managed to get back to the eighth floor apartment that he lived in with his mother and sister. Floating outside, he carefully pried the shutter open and slipped into his room. He had no idea if his condition was permanent or not, but his hopes were all on the latter.

“Turn back. C’mon, turn back!” he hissed quietly to himself.

He focused his energy. “There’s got to be a way. C’mon! Make me Burt again!”

There was a sudden rush of energy leaving him, and to his astonishment, his body slowly altered back to normal. His huge breasts reduced down to his usual chest, and his body hair regrew, and even his silvery costume with all its revealing aspects just became his black thief outfit again. In moments, even the long, gorgeous blonde hair had become his curly brown top once more.

“Holy shit, thank you,” he muttered to himself. “And let that be the end of *that*.”

He flopped into his bed, still unbelieving that he had just somehow been transformed into a voluptuous female superhero, and then promptly fell asleep anyway.

He dreamed of silver costumes, of flying through the city, and of people never quite managing to keep their focus on his eyes.

Issue 3: New Heroine on the Block

Despite the kindness of Ralph Riley, reporter for the *Daily Star*, news about the new superheroine on the block rippled out through the city and onto the news within no time. It was all that Alexis could talk about during breakfast, when their mother was strong enough to wheel herself out to the table.

“She’s totally awesome already!” declared the sixteen year old Alexis as they ate up the scrambled eggs and toast that Burt had made two days after those crazy events. “She just turned up out of nowhere, literally helped take down Hyperion, and apparently even saved the lives of the two thieves who broke into that dusty old warehouse. And her name is Meteor Woman, how rad is that?”

The curly-haired teenager with her thick glasses and noticeable braces held up the slightly blurry photo a reporter had evidently taken, or gotten a hold of. In it, the new heroine was flying over the cityscape, one hand outstretched in the classical hero’s pose. It wasn’t the most elegant positioning as Burt recalled it - he accidentally chipped an old gargoyle by flying more sideways than intended, but in photo form the woman in the picture was an image of power, elegance, and utter beauty.

“Wow,” he said. “Is that what I - I mean, *she* looks like?”

“Yep!” Alex beamed. “Check her out Mom! They’re saying she has super strength, the power of flight, and maybe laser eyes.”

“And sonic breath,” Burt said idly.

“Be serious, big brother! How cool is she, Mom?”

Sally looked at the photo. She was in good health that morning, which brought her cheeky spirit out. "Well, I'd say she has *two* superpowers that are very noticeable indeed," she remarked, causing Alexis to frown.

"Mom, that's body shaming."

"Well, I don't think it's body shaming if she's certainly very proud of them, is it? Thank goodness she has super strength, or else she might topple over! They look almost the size of her head."

"They're not that big," Burt said, taking the photo. His eyes went wide. "Okay, they're pretty big. Wow."

He looked again at that superheroine. She was incredibly beautiful, the kind of woman that Burt could only fantasise about: huge bust, wide hips, hourglass figure, and toned, muscled body. Combine that with her long blonde hair and staggeringly form-fitting costume, and she may well have had the most bombshell body of any superheroine around.

And that was me, only two days ago. Holy shit.

"Well, I think she's awesome," Alexis said. "And it's really cool that she's proud of her body. If I looked pretty as her I'd so the same."

"You *are* pretty," Sally remarked. "You're beautiful the way you are."

"And hella cute, kiddo," Burt remarked, giving her a tap on the cheek. "I was so ready to hate you when you turned up on the scene, but even as an angsty teenager, I know you were gonna be an awesome little sis."

Alexis beamed, her braces gleaming in the morning light. "Aww, big bro! You big teddy bear, you!"

"It is good to have you," Sally said. "We don't get enough mornings like this."

"You just take care of your health, Mom. I'll take this one to school. She can tell me all about Comet Lass-

"Meteor Woman! I know you hate supes, but you can at least pretend to recognise how awesome they are!"

"Fine, fine! I was just joking, tyke! You can chew my ear off about how cool she is on the way there, okay? You can even speculate about her secret identity."

Alexis beamed. "I'll get dressed real quick!"

She took off, leaving mother and son together. Sally was silent a moment before speaking. "You're so good with her, Burt. I'm so proud of you for holding it all together. It must be so hard. You've got super strength, even if you aren't like Meteor Woman here."

Burt chuckled to himself. "Thanks Mom. You rest up easy today, okay? I'm still looking for better work. I'll find something to pay for your operation."

She nodded. "Don't push yourself. I want you to have your own life. And Alexis to have hers. We should put that money towards a tour of the Hero Dome."

But Burt's expression turned dark. "Don't bother, it's not like we can afford the fees."

"It's not that expensive."

"And it's not necessary. We have to save all the money we can, until we have enough."

Sally nodded. "Just make sure you don't forget she's still a kid. She's allowed to have her heroes too, Burt."

He sighed. "Yeah. I wish mine didn't keep following me around. I'd like to put it all behind me."

Alex returned, giggling and excited. "I never get to take capes with you, Burt! C'mon, let's go! I'm going to talk your ear off about Meteor Woman. I bet it's not the last we've seen of her."

"Don't be too sure," Burt said.

Of course, Alexis ended up being more right than she knew, while Burt was entirely - and embarrassingly wrong. While speculation continued about Meteor Woman - and many radio, TV, and internet personalities joked about her very revealing costume and prominent bust - Burt was simply anxious not to be tracked down and caught for the thief he was by the Hero Society. He kept his head down, worked as a security guard during particular nights of the week, and tried to banish the memories of Meteor Woman from his mind.

Still, though having the heavy tits and the lack of a penis and all the curves and stuff had been really weird, he couldn't deny how fun flying had been. He daydreamed about it often, and wondered if he'd wasted an opportunity to have at least zipped around a bit more that night. And he couldn't deny that there was a bit of pride in what he'd done. Sure, the whole 'already famous for the body and costume boob window' stuff wasn't great, but he'd actually saved Blue Trident, Black Jack, and likely other people when he helped take down Hyperion. He'd been, just for a moment, able to live out the fantasy of every boy on the planet: having superpowers and saving the day. Sure, he'd done it while having a *vagina* and a skintight outfit that showed entirely too much of his thighs and hips than he would have liked, but he'd done it. And perhaps, if he wasn't caught and could find money another way, that would be it, and he could look back on that funny memory with a strange pride.

But everything changed when the window cleaners on the thirtieth floor of the O'Neill Tower suddenly found their platform hanging by only one tether, the other having snapped and left them hanging on to their dear lives. Burt was only walking past by sheer coincidence: he was returning from picking up Sally's medicine as well as visiting the bank to free up some money they didn't have to deal with some overdue bills they couldn't pay.

Suddenly, people were screaming, something crashed upon a car, and a crowd gathered, pointing up the side of the great tower.

“Oh my God! They’re gonna fall! Someone dial the Hero line!”

“It’s already been done, they say they’ll be here in ten minutes, there’s a situation downtown and some of them are dealing with Nepraxis up north.”

“These guys don’t *have* ten minutes! They’ll fall at any second.”

Burt didn’t say a word. He simply looked at the poor men dangling from the half-collapsed platform, a nearly thirty story drop awaiting them. He swallowed, knowing what he had to do - if he could even do it.

Goddamn it, am I really doing this? This is just crazy, right?

He ducked out of sight and ran to a toilet in the lobby of that very same building. He took up residence in a stall, and tried to think very deeply upon the change. He wasn’t even sure if the Meteor magic was still in him, or if it was how he could even activate it.

“C’mon,” he groaned, flexing his fists. “Just the once! Make me Meteor, ugh, *Woman*, one more time. I just need to save those - Ohh!”

The pleasurable rush of power flushed through him, and then the change began. It happened more quickly this time, but the sensation of being transformed, of becoming bigger, buffer, and *tougher* was just as amazing as it had been the first time. Better even, given he wasn’t terrified. As his silver costume flashed into existence, as his silvery-blond hair cascaded down his shoulders, and as his penis withdrew and huge breasts swelled into being, everything went white.

And he was again floating in space like a meteor, the Earth in all its glory below him.

‘You have summoned the power of the Meteor again,’ came the voice.

“Yes, I have, must hurry up and let me out there! Two men are going to die!”

‘Time is different here, do not worry. Are you accepting the mantle, then?’

“No! I mean, sort of. Just for this one quick moment. I can’t let them die, even if I have to save them in this ridiculous body wearing this ridiculously showy outfit!”

The voice chuckled lightly. It was older, like a woman in her fifties, but it had a cadence of both wisdom and whimsy to it. *‘The start of a journey then. You may not yet know it, but you possess the heart of a heroine!’*

“I definitely do not!” he replied, exasperated. “I’m just a random schmuck trying to look after his mother and keep his sister strong. I just need a job and money with it. This stuff is getting in the way: after this, you can take that blue cape back!”

‘It will be taken back, if you truly reject it. For now, Burt Conway, become Meteor Woman, and show yourself the hero I sense you to be.’

And with that, he plummeted to Earth once more. He screamed again, yelling in shock, and tumbling head over heels - and his costume did have slight heels, to his chagrin - but this time he managed to right himself, pointing *down* towards the planet.

Okay, I'm a meteor. I get it. The two 'other' meteors on my chest I can ignore for now. But if I put one hand out like this, and focusing on racing forward like this, then maybe-

He was back in the toilet stall, but no longer Burt. Meteor Woman stood, and she felt damn strong and powerful, and with an urgent need to save those two men. Her mind had not exactly switched to female, but she embraced the feeling of persona while she wore the costume and had this body. She burst from the stall, terrifying a man who was just entering.

"Move aside, citizen!" she said, trying to be as commanding with her 'hero talk' as possible. "I've got, er, two other citizens to save!"

Wow, what a corny start. This better be the last time I do this.

She ran out of the building, and people gasped at her appearance.

"Meteor Woman, there's -"

"I know, I'm going to go up and try to save them!" she said. "I need you all to stay clear."

To her surprise, they actually listened, though one took a photo. She sighed, tried to adopt a good pose for flying, despite knowing it would only emphasise her chest all thrust out, and then took off into the air.

Good lord, I'm actually doing this. This is - wow, this is incredible!

She flew upwards with a surprising ease, a little more used to how to navigate the air now that she was no longer fighting her power set. Her speed was incredible: she rushed up, streaming past stories at over a hundred miles per hour. In fact, she overshot her goal, had to stop very quickly (thankfully her costume was more durable around the bust than it looked) and turn around.

"Help us! Please!" one of the men screamed.

"It's okay! I've got you!" she cried back. *I think.*

She lowered herself and grabbed one of them by the waist. With her super strength, he was light as a feather. But the other man clung to the platform like it could save him.

"I c-can't! It's too far down!"

"I need you to let go!" she called. He was panicking, but nodded. She took his weight with supreme ease. The entire platform buckled, the metal cables struggling to hold it up.

"I'll keep you safe, don't worry!"

The man grimaced, then allowed her to grab him around the waist with her strong right arm. At that moment, the entire platform came free. In slow motion, it seemed to fall, and Burt - Meteor Woman - realised it could very well flatten the people below.

"Shit! I mean, shoot! Whatever heroes say!"

Hold on tight to the two men she'd rescued, she surged after it.

"Hold onto me for a second!" she cried to the first man. He clung firm, squeezing his eyes shut as she sped towards the falling platform. It freed up one blue-gloved hand, and with it she managed to snag the trailing cable and arrest the falling debris' velocity. It was heavier, and for a moment she was worried she might not be able to do it. But she'd underestimated her superstrength: after a passing tension, she was able to lower the entire thing the last five stories gently, placing it down before the crowd. She landed in front of it, holding both men by their waist again. *That was exhilarating!*

Someone snapped a photo. Several did, in fact, including what looked to be a couple of photographers with their reporters. One of them, she realised, was Ralph Riley, the kind reporter from the other night.

"Meteor Woman, could you give us a word?"

"Meteor Woman, would you like an interview?"

"Excuse me, Meteor Woman, would you be willing to tell us what your power set is?"

"Have you joined the Hero Society? What are your plans?"

"Are you staying with us in Star City?"

She grinned awkwardly, not really knowing what to say. "Well, uh . . ."

Someone in the crowd chuckled. "Enjoying the afterlife, guys?"

She looked down, and realised to her embarrassment that due to being so tall, and still holding both men at the waist, their heads were being pressed right up against the sides of the superheroic bosom. In fact, the bosom itself looked near-equal to the men's faces besides it. She released them both, but it took a moment of extricating to get the terrified men off of her.

"Thank you! Thank you so much," one of them said. "You saved our lives."

"Um, no problem. It's . . . what a hero should do, right?"

The man smiled, but before the interaction could continue, a rude male reporter thrust his microphone in her face. He had to reach up. *God, I'm tall. It's pretty damn liberating. Except for the fact that this guy is looking straight at my tits.*

"Meteor Girl, I'm Harv Kent of the *Star City Bugle*, would you be willing to tell us what happened here, and how it happened? Two major appearances at sites of destruction can't be a coincidence: how can you reassure people at home that you're a good guy?"

She frowned, stepped forward so that she loomed over him, and indicated with her fingers where her eyes were.

"Hey, Harv, first of all, my eyes are up here."

There was a laugh from the crowd, leaving him flustered.

"I'm just saying that the people have a right to know if-"

“Get a girlfriend, Harv,” she said, and swaggered past, her hips swaying even a little deliberately this time. The crowd laughed again. Instead, she approached Ralph Riley. With a smile, she nodded, and he raised his mic. He too was struggling to meet her eyes, but she didn’t comment on this.

“Three questions,” she said.

He beamed, and his photographer readied himself.

“What happened here, Meteor Girl?”

She put her hands on her hips, subconsciously adopting a powerful, yet attractive power. “I was nearby when I heard these men cry out - super hearing. I don’t know how the accident happened, but everyone should be safe now. I just went up and plucked them down.”

“Do you plan to stay in Star City? Are you the new superhero in town?”

She raised an eyebrow. “That’s *two* questions, man. I’ll answer them as one though. I don’t know if I plan to stay, and I don’t really think of myself as a superhero. Just a regular person.”

There was an amused current from the crowd.

“What you did was pretty super.”

She folded her arms beneath her chest, unintentionally emphasising it, and looked back up at the O’Neill tower. “Yeah, I guess it kinda was, huh? Last question.”

“Do you plan on joining the Hero Society?”

“They gave me a card, but I’m not sure yet. I . . . yeah, maybe.” It was a weak, untruthful answer. She had nearly mocked the society, but then thought of Alexis, and what she would think. “They’re good people, but I’m just starting out, y’know.”

“One more question.”

She snorted. “That’s four!”

“Would you be willing to have a private interview with me for the *Daily Star*?”

Someone in the crowd went, “Oooohh!” causing another stir of laughter. Meteor Woman just rolled her eyes, then retrained them on Ralph. *He’s like a kind of hot nerd. Is this a female hormone thing? Do I suddenly have a thing for pretty boys in glasses with slightly ruffled hair?*

“Don’t count it out, Ralph,” she said. And then she took to the sky once again.

This time she was a lot more careful entering the apartment. Yes, she had a silver-blue costume and a body that would make women weep for jealousy and men weep for joy, but there were workarounds. She snagged a trenchcoat and hat from a vendor across town and

overpaid with cash. She was able to summon a wallet from her transformed clothing, at least! She covered herself up as best she could, though the coat certainly pulled a little at the front - what wouldn't? - and made her way back into her place, summoning the key as well.

Useful. Now I just have to learn how to summon my penis back. Or better yet, my whole male body. Wouldn't mind this so much if I could just be some ripped hunk with superpowers. Wait, did I just think the word 'hunk'? Ugh!

She tiptoed into the apartment. Alexis would be at school, but Sally would be in, as she always was. Thankfully, there was no issue: she was sound asleep in her room, her snore emanating. That was good: Mom needed her sleep.

"Now to turn back," she whispered as she entered the bathroom. She had a look at her utterly bodacious form in the mirror. "Geez, no wonder no one can look me in the eyes. What am I, a G-cup? H-cup? Do superheroines have sizes? I guess they do. I'm bigger than even Lightning Lass, that's for sure. Okay, let's do this."

She concentrated on her form, willing it to return. Finally, after intense focus . . .

Nothing happened.

She concentrated again, but nothing happened once more.

"C'mon! I can't wear these tits forever!" she said, lifting them up for show. "And I *am not a fan* of how high this unitard goes. It basically showed my whole hips!"

And what hips they were, curvaceous without being exaggerated. Feminine, yet endowed with muscle. She gritted her teeth, tried to focus again, but the memory of saving those two men was too prominent. Too special.

"Fuck it," she said to herself. "Mum won't wake for a bit. Alex is at school. Might as well try to calm myself with a damn bath and actually get to know this body."

She got the hot water going, and minutes later she was stripping off her clothing, seeing herself naked for the first time.

"Holy hell, whatever a ten out of ten is, I am twice as good as that."

She posed her naked form in the mirror, grinning more than a little. Her breasts only drooped a little bit more from the lack of support, and certainly were 'active' without it too. They were perfect though, big ripe melons with prominent nipples. Her stomach was toned and athletic, her ass pert but likewise fit. Her legs were huge! The kind of legs that would get a leg-man revving.

"Goddamn, what I wouldn't give to be this lady's boyfriend, instead of just *being* her."

She gave a sigh, and got in the bath. It was scalding hot, perhaps a bit too much so, but thanks to her new durability, it felt *perfect*. She sighed contentedly, getting her long blonde hair wet as she luxuriated within it.

“Mmhhh, this week has been crazy. Why couldn’t this happen to someone else? I frickin’ hate supers!”

But she couldn’t bring herself to really feel that way. The memory of saving those two men clung to her like a warm blanket, impossible to throw off. It had felt good. Really good. And the freedom of her powers, of flight itself . . .

. . . and the handsome face of Ralph Riley, trying not to look at her tits. *And they are a set of tits that demand attention. Goddamn.*

She ran her hands over them, and delighted in the sensation. They were fantastically sensitive, particularly her nipples. She began to stroke her form, still thinking of Ralph. He really was a cutie. In moments, the former male was gasping in her feminine voice as she lowered her hand down between her thighs. She felt a heat there, and not from the bath.

Could feel it for just a little moment . . .

Instead, after giving a pleasurable moan on first contact, she began to rub and play with her new pussy, whimpering in response to the delirious sensations it produced. She grasped and groped her own big tits, and she couldn’t help but imagine Ralph or Blue Trident or some super-man consisting of both of them doing the squeezing. The caressing. The rubbing.

“Ohhhhh, yes. Ohhhhh, that’s n-nice. That’s - Oh! OHH! YESSSS!!!”

She didn’t mean to. She hit just the right spot. Her body was so smooth, so muscled, so gorgeous, so fucking *stacked*, and the sensations it produced so wonderful, that she stumbled into an orgasm quicker than expected. She shuddered, quaking in the bath and sending splashes of water everywhere. She reached for the porcelain lip to steady herself, even as a second orgasm came over her. She squeezed her big tits together with her upper arms, producing a sight that could knock a man out given how much blood would rush from his brain to his dick.

“UGHHHH!!!”

And then she smashed the bath. Literally. The side cracked away from her super strength, and water came flooding outwards and onto the floor, spilling under the door to the main room. There was a horrible pause as she picked herself up from the ground, big breasts wobbling.

“Burt?” came a waking voice. “Was that you?”

The woman currently going by Meteor Woman panicked. *Shit! What am I going to do?*

Issue 4: Like a Meteor

“Burt? Burt?” I heard a crash. “I - I need to know it’s you, Burt.”

Meteor Woman grimaced. Sally was so damn paranoid about burglars - the news was always rife with images of them being rounded up by Lightning Lass and Signet Lance, the pair who seemed to always be picking them up. Most assumed they were a couple, except now the former man had good knowledge that the Lass’s lightning ‘forked the other way’, as it were. There was a thump as Sally got to her feet, and the new superheroine could hear her mother approaching.

“Damn it, Mom,” she whispered to herself. “You’re not even meant to be out of bed without help!”

“Hello?” the voice came again. “Is - is anyone there?”

The handle began to turn. It was locked, thankfully. But then Meteor Woman remembered that Sally always had a key.

Shit. Oh shit. I’m a woman. A superpowered one. And I’m completely naked and just broke the bathtub of my apartment. What the hell do I do? I need to turn back!

The key was inserted into the lock. It began to turn. Meteor Woman began to panic, hyperventilating. Unfortunately, this had the added effect of causing her large, round breasts to rise and fall on her chest rapidly, wobbling a little.

This stupid body! These stupid giant boobs! What the hell will Mom think of those!?

“Turn me back. I am Burt Conway, not Meteor Woman.”

She closed her eyes and thought of Burt. Of her true male self. The slightly schlubby body, the dark brown hair and brown eyes, so different from the blonde-haired and blue-eyed form she had now. She focused on the slight flab of her gut, and her rather short height that made her look compressed. She even focused on her slightly red-cheeked and red-nosed complexion.

There was a flash, and the door opened, revealing Sally with her walking monitor.

“Is anyone in - Burt! Oh, God! I’m so sorry! What happened?”

Burt had thankfully just managed to cover himself with a towel, but nothing was hiding the overflow from the broken bathtub, or the spill across the floor.

“Sorry Mom!” he quickly said. “The bathtub broke. It was my fault! I, uh, tripped over and fell against it. Conked my head a bit: it was why I didn’t respond.”

“Do you need to go to the hospital?”

“No, it’s not bad.”

“You don’t even have a mark!”

He smirked knowingly. “That’s because I’m indestructible, Ma.”

Sally rolled her eyes. “Good Lord, what do we do about this? There’s water everywhere. I’ll -”

“Go back to bed is what you’ll do, Ma. I’ll sort it out. Don’t worry.”

“But what will we do about the money? I -”

“I’ll sort it out, Ma,” he reiterated.

Sally withdrew, perhaps because the situation was admittedly awkward, but Burt could tell she was troubled. Mind, she would have been a lot more troubled if a naked blonde-haired goddess of a woman was suddenly in the room, trying to explain that she was actually Sally’s son. Burt breathed a sigh of relief and patted his round gut.

“Well, that’s a relief. Not that I don’t miss the abs. Or the super strength, even if it causes some . . . issues.”

He sighed, placed his hands on his now thinner hips, and surveyed the damage. It would indeed be expensive to fix, and annoying to clean: in his throes of womanly passion, he had accidentally annihilated sections of the upper bath. Porcelain shards were everywhere.

But holy flying capes, it felt good. Damn, I guess the rumours are true: superheroes really do get super orgasms. And I have to admit, the tits felt nice too. Holy shit they did.

He shook off his thoughts: literally shaking his head in wonderment that he was actually dwelling deep on this. And then he got to work.

It was a damn good thing that Sally hadn’t noticed the silver leotard along with the blue globes, boots, and cape that were nestled up against the side of the bath.

At first the plan had just been to get rid of the costume. He did so, in fact. He threw it straight in the trash dispenser outside the apartment building the next day, content in the knowledge that it would be disposed of and he’d never have to put up with being Meteor Woman again, or converse with ‘the Meteor entity’, whatever that thing was that claimed to ‘bless’ him with its power. And while he’d had fun with the power of flight and super strength - a lot of fun, in fact - he still disliked superheroes and their hypocritical claims to protect humanity, all while his mother ailed up in the apartment. And while the temptation to conduct a bit of superpowered crime to get cash was indeed present, he’d always succeeded by going *under* the radar, not by drawing the attention of the Hero Society. The one time he’d chosen a bigger job he’d ended up working for fucking *Hyperion*.

So he threw the costume out.

Only to get it back a couple of hours later.

It was Alexis' fault. She was amused by the bath incident until she realised the costs, and immediately offered to get a job to help fix it.

"You won't do no such thing," Burt said at the lunch table. It was a Saturday, so all three were at the table eating his home-made spaghetti, which was pretty damn good by his own estimate. "You'll focus on your studies. I may just work the oddjobs and night watch gig, but you're smart kid sister, so I want a good future for you."

"Agreed," Sally said, smiling wanly. "Our little future engineer."

"Exactly," Burt said. "Now eat up, because you're too scrawny."

Alexis just grinned and rolled her eyes. "Always trying to look out for me, that's Mom's job."

"Well, I support your brother," Sally said. "Besides, he's been a good caretaker for you. He loves you deeply."

Alexis acquiesced and began eating. "Did anyone hear the news yesterday? About Meteor Woman?"

"No idea what you're talking about," Burt murmured, but Sally was interested.

"Is this your new favourite hero, darling?"

"Uh-huh! Check her out: she saved some window washers from, like, a billion floors up the other day. Someone caught it on video, and there's news reports too. Look!"

She played an uploaded compilation from Youtube that made Burt cringe a little. It was titled *Sighting of Superhot New Superheroine Compilation*. It already had several million views, and thousands upon thousands of comments. He could imagine what the comments would likely be about, because in the cam footage and more professional reporter footage, he could see just how amazing his alter ego's body was. His jaw dropped, and he actually got a little hard under the table - an embarrassing thing, given that this was literally *him* - but it was hard to look past that bombshell body, the toned and fit muscles, the leotard that exposed her thighs all the way up to her hips, and - of course - the enormous swell of cleavage in her large 'boob window.'

"She's a little . . . scandalous, isn't she?" Sally mused.

"Mom, you're just old-fashioned. She *owns* her body."

"Two parts of it in particular, I notice," Burt joked, more than a little mesmerised.

"Gross, Burt!" she said, but chuckling a little.

"They are . . . rather prominent," Sally mused, eating her small portion slowly.

"Well, at least she has them," Alexis said, looking down at herself. "I'm sick of being flat as a board. I wish I had half the body of Meteor Woman. Why aren't there any curves in our family?"

Burt suddenly coughed, and had to wash the food down. The audio was recorded after the event, and had several news anchors discussing the supposed 'spark' this new

Meteor Woman showed with their own reporter Ralph Riley, which he denied vehemently. Alexis gave a sound that could only be a 'squee.'

"She's already got, like, a love interest!"

"Is that a thing?" Burt asked.

"Yeah, but I was pulling for her to end up with Blue Trident. They'd be such a power couple."

"Blue Trident is a self-righteous windbag, though I guess he's a little nicer in person."

"Oh, you've met him, have you?"

Burt blushed. "Well, I met someone who met him."

"Saved by him, I bet."

"Actually, she saved him, if you can believe it."

But Alexis wasn't listening. She was entranced by Meteor Woman, and already speculating about all her cool powers and whether she'd join the Hero Society, and that made her morose again because she was reminded of the fact that she didn't get to make it to the Hero Dome. It was all she'd ever wanted, but she hadn't been able to pay the expense for the excursion: Burt couldn't spare it due to their mother's bills.

"I'd love to see it sometime," she said. "Burt, promise you'll take me if you get the chance. Please."

"Of course, kiddo," he said, kissing his little sister on the cheek. "Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a delivery job. Don't worry Ma, it's just a temp thing. I'm finding better work to help us. Don't worry about the bath. Don't worry about anything. I've just had a really, really good idea that might just help us."

He left the apartment building. He had another burglary job that night, another low key job that would score some quick cash they needed. But first he needed to get that costume back.

I can't let Alexis down. And while Burt Conway doesn't have a way into the Hero Dome, I know someone who does.

Burt didn't put on the costume for several more days, despite his personal vow to do it again for his sister and mother's sake. There was a nervousness there, but more than that, there was, frustratingly, an excitement. It had never really left him, even when he'd thrown the costume in the trash. As totally weird and wrong as it felt to be superpowered, and even more so to be a *woman* (a *very* womanly one at that), he couldn't deny the joy that had come from being able to fly, or being indestructible, or possessing the power to laser things with

his eyes or use sonic screams or whatever conglomeration of powers he had. Even the super hearing was damn useful.

But all of that also scared him, so for the next few days he laid low, let the buzzing of the news die off in all corners of the internet except for the Superhero Boards and the more horny parts of the web. *Okay, so that's like ninety five percent of it, but still.* Instead, he let Blue Trident return to the news, as he helped plug a volcanic eruption in Fiji. Lightning Lass and Signet Lance were doing a superpowered charity event - not for his mother's illness, he noted - and there was speculation that they were in love (this made Burt snort once again). *Killer Kobot* and several allied villains were on the loose, and a big battle happened on the outskirts of town to bring him in. It almost made him itch to join in.

Meanwhile, Burt worked his odd jobs, his night security gigs, and engaged in his small time burglary. He focused on the big businesses that could afford the hit, but that meant picking and choosing his jobs. He wasn't proud of it: in fact, he was more discomfited by his actions than ever. Something about the cheering crowd from when he'd been Meteor Woman stuck with him. They'd actually applauded do-gooding. It should have been naive and sappy, but he found himself thinking back to it often.

Hell, even when they were looking at my chest at least they were looking at me like someone they wanted to know. Especially that Ralph. He seemed like a good guy.

Of course, Alexis spent every day hoping to see a return of her new hero. But in Burt's estimation, he needed to play his cards right. If he was going to see through this whole secret identity shtick thing, then he needed to be a bit mysterious. He wasn't ignorant of marketing, and that the secret to building hype was to avoid oversaturation. He even made some accounts online to follow information and speculation about Meteor Woman. He wasn't the most tech-savvy person, but he pretended to be interested in Alexis' superhero hobby, and so she helped him set up an account. He didn't make any posts, but he looked at the Meteor Woman threads. As he expected, there were a lot of boob jokes. A lot of them. A few even made him chuckle quite a bit. Some cosplayer types were annoyed at how hard it would be to 'fill in' for her, which made him feel oddly proud for a moment. But true enough, there was that increasing build of excitement around her next appearance.

He decided to wait for a big one.

And on the following Tuesday, it came.

Killer Kobot had escaped the battle on the edge of town. The mad scientist had managed to hijack the airwaves from within his adamantine robotic suit's shell, and was broadcasting from the *Daily Star*, issuing his demands alongside his various allied villains. Burt recognised

Heartstopper and Silent Flame among them. Schools were cancelled, just in case something horrible happened, but the hostages were just the *Daily Star* staff at the moment. Burt was afraid for Ralph, and knew that the moment had come to put the costume back on.

"I've got to head out," he told his little sister. "I won't be too long."

"Burt! You can't go out now!" Alexis said. "You could get hurt!"

"Just take care of Ma, okay? I promise it's important. It may help us. Please, just trust me."

She nodded uneasily, eyes wandering back to the television. Their mother was resting, having no clue what was going on.

"Just come back safe," she said. He hugged her, ruffled her curly hair.

"I'm always safe," he said. "I'm stronger than any cape, don't you worry."

"You better be."

He left, making sure Alexis triple-locked the door. The *Daily Star* building was only a couple of blocks away, after all. Then, Burt up the stairs until he could find a small closet to quickly change in. The costume had separated from him last time, something it hadn't done when he'd first changed. He wasn't sure of the significance of that, but perhaps it was because he had rejected it? He focused his thoughts, hoping against hope that he could change once more.

And then he was elsewhere.

He was floating above Earth once more.

'You had rejected the cloak of the Meteor, Burt Conway.'

"There were extenuating circumstances!" he called.

'You wish to take up the mantle again?'

"I'm not rejecting it! I just have a, uh, day job, okay?"

There seemed to be satisfaction in the tone that followed. *'There was concern that the blessing had been . . . misplaced. You wish to be Meteor Woman for good?'*

"How about just for a trial run? I need to be able to become Burt again, when I need to. But I could, you know, be Meteor Woman - or Man? - for a spell. See if it, well, fits?"

There was a moment of silence. He still wasn't used to floating in space.

'This is . . . acceptable. But beware, the power of the Meteor is mighty, and can overwhelm a mortal's form to become its permanent vessel, as it is meant to be. Each time you change, becoming Burt again will be more difficult. You will have to choose your path eventually, brave heroine. You have the great potential to do good in the world. But we will do our best to aid you in maintaining two forms as long as we can.'

“Good enough for now!” cried Burt, who had little intention of becoming Meteor Woman any longer than his plan to help Alexis and Sally would take to complete.

‘Then fly like the meteor, and make a heroic landing.’

“Damn fucking straight,” Burt said.

Meteor Woman shot across the sky. She couldn’t believe how immensely rejuvenating it felt to be so lively, so healthy, so damn fit and powerful. She was already flying with more confidence, her blonde hair and blue cape streaming behind her. She swallowed, readied herself, and then lowered so that she was flying over the crowd of onlookers gathering in the streets below. A battle between the Hero Society and Kobot and his minions had already started within and on top of the building.

Time to make a big damn hero entrance, she thought. Not something she was used to, given her night burglary, but sometimes you needed to make a big presence on the radar instead of flying under it. Numerous figures in the crowd pointed up at her, shouting exclamations of surprise, joy, and yes, a couple of crude remarks. She caught them all with her super hearing.

“Is that a bird? A plane?”

“Put your glasses on Steve, you moron, it’s Meteor Woman!”

“It’s the new hero!”

“Goddamn, she’s gorgeous!”

“Date me!”

“Kick their asses, Meteor Woman!”

She smiled, unable to help herself. “I aim to!” she shouted, and then flew up the building, hugging close to its side. She narrowed her eyes, focusing on what was happening. Blue Trident and Flame Dancer were flying about on waves of water and flame, engaged in Silent Flame and Heartstopper and several robotic minions. Tendrils of gross flesh erupted from Heartstopper, seizing what looked like Clockstopper, preventing his time stop ability. Polymorph was a giant eagle, but being overwhelmed by robots. The heroes were winning, but not fast enough. A hostage situation was precarious, after all, and Kobot must still be in the building.

He’s in the editor’s room, she thought. It wasn’t a brilliant revelation: a new superpower had activated automatically, the power of *X-Ray Vision*. She could see the robotic suit of the mad scientist before a group of reporters and editors, holding them in. Ralph Riley was among them.

“You’re not getting him,” she declared. She shot up into the air. She shot several lasers from her eyes, destroying the robots on Polymorph’s form and freeing the eagle’s actions. It squawked in thanks. Next, she shot through the tendrils that were holding Clockstopper, severing them.

“Meteor Woman!” Blue Trident exclaimed. “Good to have you! Watch out for-”

Several swords made of living darkness slammed into her. They failed to pierce her skin, but they smashed her against the roof of the building, penning her in with jagged hit after hit after hit. Several scraped her skin enough to draw a little blood, though it was nothing serious. The former male screamed, but the sonic yell made no difference, and for a moment she didn’t know what to do.

Thankfully Flame Dancer saved her. She surfed through and grabbed her hand, pulling her free while Trident distracted Silent Flame.

“I hate that guy!” she said, smirking. “He doesn’t even do a flame shtick like I do. What a dumb name. Are you okay?”

“Y-yeah,” Meteor Woman said. “Th-thanks. I’m not . . . still getting used to this.”

Flame Dancer pulled her aside just in time to avoid more fleshy organic tendrils from Heartstopper. “Trust me, you never get used to it. We managed to draw these guys out. Kobot knows we’re here, but the hostages -”

“I got it,” Meteor Woman said. “He doesn’t know I’m here.”

“Exactly.”

Blue Trident soared past on a generated wave, blocking Meteor Woman from view of the villains. “Use this moment!” he called. “We think he’s in-”

“I know where he is!” she said. Then, without any more time, she punched the ground, and flew into the building, smashing through several stories where people had been evacuated.

She landed right on Killer Kobot. He had several powerful looking devices around the room, all of them set to go off by the looks of it. But she was faster than any of his tricks. It was like being on speed, with none of the drawbacks. She whirled about the room, taking advantage of the surprise to grab each and every one and throw them up through the hole she’d just created in mere seconds: right into the back of Heartstopper, who yelped at the resulting explosion. Kobot rose, but she lasered off one of his weapons and punched him through a wall. Then, she grabbed hostage after hostage and took them to safety across the floor. She didn’t have time to be too careful: a few men and women got very, very lucky and ended up with a faceful of cleavage or a squeeze of sideboob as she pressed them against her.

Killer Kobot rose.

'Who the hell are you, big tits?' his electronic voice screeched. His suit of armour was buzzing with electricity, already heavily damaged. Hyperion, he was not. He made a couple of attacks against her, several of which hit. She yelled as one blasted her back through a wall, scratching a leg and a cheek. But both were superficial: her skin was like diamonds. She came at him with a fury, dismantling his suit with her laser vision, with her punches, and by wrenching the metal apart until the old, shrivelled scientist within was cowering at the sight of her.

"I'm Meteor Woman," she said, and she actually felt damn fucking proud to be saying it. It was as if she'd *been* a meteor during the previous action, crashing through every obstacle at lightning speed. "And you, my friend, are going lights out."

She extended a finger out and flicked him in the head. It was enough to knock him out. He deserved it. *Big tits, huh? Not wrong, but not original either, dummy.* She quickly flew to the hostages across the room. The battle on top was winding down: she could hear Silent Flame go down. In a moment she would help, but innocents mattered first. *I'm becoming a real bland hero type, God. If only Alexis could know it was me.*

They were all fine, though a few were crying.

"Um, you're all safe now, I promise," she said weakly. "Sorry, I'm new to this superhero thing. Are you all okay?"

"We'll be fine, thanks to you, Meteor Woman," came a familiar voice. She turned to see the familiar dark hair, cute glasses, and spit curl of Ralph Riley. Despite his flustered appearance, and a nasty bruise on his left cheek, he already had his recorder in hand.

"Ralph!" she said, a little more excitedly than she intended. She moved to him and extended a hand to check his bruise, only to pull it back when she realised what she was doing.

"I mean, uh, Mr Riley. Reporter. Are *you* okay?"

He gave a smirk. "Just fine. All in a day for a reporter, though usually I'm out in the field. Does this mean you'll give me that exclusive interview?"

She couldn't help but grin. She folded her arms beneath her breasts, and once again had the accidental effect of emphasising them. They strained against the silver fabric of her leotard. Ralph was looking her dead in the eye, though the other rescued male hostages - and a few female ones - were obviously gazing at her chest, though one was looking at her thighs instead. *Great, I attract the 'leg guys', too.*

"Fine," she said, sighing. "One interview."

"Tonight?"

"I've got a thing. One week from now I'm free, how about that?"

"Excellent. How will I get in touch with you?"

She leaned forward and whispered in his ear, trying not to bump him with her chest. Thankfully, she had the greater height. "On top of the building. Seven."

He smirked as she pulled back. "Got it."

She placed her hands on her hips, trying to assume a classically heroic pose. "Now, uh, stay safe, citizens. I have to see the rest of the Hero Society."

She flew up, and saw that the villains were mopped up. Blue Trident was there, grinning, and Lightning Lass was further away, biting her lip.

"So fucking hot," she whispered to herself. *"I didn't even notice the thighs the first time. Signet, how did I not notice the thighs?"*

"Calm yourself women."

Meteor Woman tried not to laugh. Instead, she walked to Blue Trident and Flame Dancer, the leaders of the Society. Trident had less will than Ralph: he peaked at her cleavage, though only for a moment since Flame Dancer elbowed him pointedly.

"Eyes up, stupid," the heroine teased.

"Thanks," Meteor Woman said.

"Trust me, I get it. Though your costume . . ."

"Not my choice. It's a whole thing I can't get into. Look, Blue Trident, I just wanted to say I want to accept. I'd like to . . . maybe not join up. But maybe get a sense of the Hero Society. If, uh, the offer still stands."

Blue Trident extended a hand. "It does. On a trial membership, obviously. We can't let you have full access to the Hero Dome until you're a full member of the Society, but you can have visitor access that's a few grades above the tourist setting."

"Well, that works for me," she said, hoping to sound eager. "Thanks again for the offer."

"Thanks for helping us, once again. You're turning out to be quite the super."

She tried to avoid blushing, and reflexively made a show of flexing a strong bicep.

"We'll, I've got the superpowers for it, right?"

"Oh my God Signet, she's buff, tough, and busty. I'm seriously going to die."

"Lightning Lass, a warrior must keep his or her cool!"

"But - but boobs!"

Meteor Woman ignored this banter, simply smirking out the side of her mouth. She looked at Lightning Lass, whose own two-piece costume showed off a very lovely midriff. *Well, turns out I am bi in this alter-ego. That's good, I guess? I love her white hair.*

She gathered her senses and shook Trident's hand.

"I guess I'll come visit in a few days, then."

"Can we expect to see you around?" Trident said, and Flame Dancer nudged him. He was a bit too eager.

Meteor Woman grinned, placed her hands on her hips in a way that felt quite superheroic, and oddly natural. She flicked her blonde hair over her shoulder.

“Count on it,” she said, and she winked at him.

Then she took off into the sky.

“You are hopeless,” she heard Flame Dancer saying to Blue Trident. “We don’t know anything about her!”

“I have a good sense of character, Flame. I think she’s a good person.”

“She’s hiding something.”

“Maybe. But I trust her.”

Then their conversation disappeared from her hearing, and she continued to soar. It felt fantastic.

Issue 5: Investigative Reporter

Meteor Woman continued to make appearances over the next week. While Burt wound down his ‘night job’, making only the occasional burglary job when necessary, he gave more free time for himself to act as Meteor Woman. He was well aware of the warning given by the Meteor, so his appearances were brief and only used to good effect. He never hung around, or stayed in his female body if he could help it. He had mastered the ability to focus his mind and change back, and even make the costume separate to himself rather than something innate, but he wasn’t going to be an idiot: he was meddling with something dangerous, and so he had to be careful. So far, it had meant that changing back to his true self didn’t require an increased effort. Yet.

His new superheroine alter-ego was making a massive splash in the news and wider media, and social media even more so. Burt made sure to become Meteor Woman whenever he saw a crime that needed stopping, or caught an immediate disaster on the news, or - in a few cases - even attended to some helpful duties that Blue Trident and Flame Dancer asked her to when they crossed her path. Simple stuff, of course, like escorting an armoured vehicle that had villainous weaponry in it. She got the sense that she was being tested by the more suspicious Flame Dancer, so she stayed on her best behaviour.

The public, of course, *loved* her. The men for one - well, *two* - very obvious reasons, but the heir of mystery around her and her origins, her stylish costume, and the fact that she was a little awkward in public all made her feel like something else. Meteor Woman was gradually getting better at projecting confidence, even in her body, and some of her jibes at others for staring at her chest or jokes about her ‘lack of symbol being its own impressive symbol’ had even gone viral. But most of all, she was beloved for the same reason that all

heroes are: she saved people. And, importantly, she tried to focus her efforts on the downtrodden and often forgotten neighbourhoods, more than most heroes. She had always disliked that burroughs such as the Cornwall, or Metropole, or even the Narrows, were often overlooked by heroes. She supposed it wasn't entirely their fault: street knowledge was hard to grasp if you didn't come from there, and understanding of the kind of crimes and gangs that operated from their shadows would be hard to spot from above.

But not for her. Despite the often sexist and demonising language she was subjected to in her actions, she was rounding up criminals and saving innocent lives in the kind of places that had far less hope than they ought to. A big moment came when a little girl hugged her leg, looked up at her, and said, "I want to be like you when I grow up, Meteor Woman." She chalked it up to her new female hormones that she choked up a little and had to wipe her eyes. It made all the crude come-ons and jokes about her chest size (of which there were ten different threads speculating about that on the forums) worth it.

His family had no suspicion, though when she was awake, Ma did notice that Burt looked more tired and haggard lately.

"Just late nights and too much work for too little money, Ma," he said, and it wasn't exactly a lie.

"Well, I hope you're giving yourself time for a little fun in life," Sally replied from her bed. "Goodness knows, now that I'm sick, I wish I'd set aside more time for pleasure in life."

Burt just smiled to himself, and reassured his mother. He couldn't exactly tell her of the pleasures of flying through the clouds, of giggling as he soaked his long blonde hair through thunderclouds, and felt the buzz of electricity against his form that would kill an ordinary man or woman. He couldn't explain that he'd carved his initials on a gargoyle from half a mile away using nothing but his eyes, or that he went out into the forest to practise how strong he was by lifting massive boulders and hurling them into empty fields. And he *certainly* would never, ever tell his Ma that as much as having such a top-heavy and hourglass-perfect female form embarrassed him, it was damn *pleasurable* when he wanted it to be. Whatever masturbation was as a man paled against the pleasure of being able to fondle his big, sensitive tits and slip his fingers inside his wet entrance. He had wailed in a voice that was far too high for his own liking more than once, and the fact that he could fly meant that he had even done so above the clouds.

But that's the only bit I really love. I mean, except for the superpowers. The flight. And the fact that people actually kind of like me now, even if half of them just want to shove their face in my tits.

And there was the biggest reason of all, his sister Alexis. She was all about Meteor Woman now, idolising her completely. And while he'd always had his sister's love and respect, it felt like something else entirely to have her admiration.

It was the morning of the interview - something Burt was nervous about and feeling like an idiot of accepting - when he walked Alexis' bedroom and noticed through the open door a big change. His teenage sister had already printed off posters of Meteor Woman from news reports and captured images and put them up on her wall. Some had even replaced - to his shock - Flame Dancer and Lightning Lass.

"I hope they all team up," she said, her braces flashing as she grinned at him. "I know you hate superheroes, but they're so cool."

"Eh, she's alright," Burt said. "But coming from a male perspective-"

"Ugh, you are so gross! I bet she can't stand getting those kind of comments."

"Well, maybe she's inviting them."

Alexis smiled. "She had confidence. I wish I had that."

It was then that he noticed she'd been crying: her cheeks were reddish, and she'd removed her glasses. He sat on her bed opposite her.

"Hey. Hey. What's wrong, kiddo?"

She shook her head. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Look, if it's because I don't like superheroes . . ."

"It's not that," she said. "There's just some assholes at school. They've been bullying me because of my braces and glasses and stuff. And some of the girls . . . you know."

He didn't, and she could see she didn't.

"Mom knows all this stuff," she said. "Ask her."

Sally filled in the blanks. Alexis was being bullied for her looks. It made no sense to Burt, for whom his little sister was beautiful and amazing and precious. He'd done so much to raise her a loving big brother, especially in these recent years, that the idea of others not seeing her the way he did made him feel utterly incensed. Apparently, the fact that she was still thin as a rake and had no chest was a fun source of mockery for the popular girls, who picked on her because she was the excitable nerdy type who loved heroes. The fact that she couldn't stop gushing about Meteor Woman only made her a greater target. Sally said that one girl had even said, "no wonder you idolise her, she's got everything you lack: a beautiful face, two good eyes, an actual figure, and a real set of boobs."

Burt swallowed his anger. He decided to do something about it when school returned. But for now, he had an appointment to get to.

Burt sighed as he looked up at the *Daily Star* building with its famous spinning globe monument up top. It was a bit wonkier after the fight, even a week on, but at least the roof had apparently been repaired: the miracles of having Mr Fix-It as a hero who could be hired out to city management.

I can't believe I'm about to do this, he thought. *If he takes pictures I'll have to watch my damn poses. I swear every shot of me as Meteor Woman has my damn melons straining to escape my suit. That one of me bending over - God!*

He went into an alley that was deserted and focused his thoughts.

Make me Meteor Woman. The blonde hair. The silver leotard. The blue cape and gloves and shoes. The muscles and power. The . . . floatation devices. The works.

There was a flash, a brief sighting of Earth from far above, and that voice of the power, of the cape, in his mind.

'You are doing well, servant of the Meteor. You are proving your worth as a mighty heroine, as I know you would. Show the world your power and goodness.'

The flash ended, and he looked down to see a chest that would block the sight of the toes of even the longest-footed man. Meteor Woman took a deep breath, and her chest rose and fell pneumatically.

"Well, at least Ralph will enjoy this," she said to herself. Still, she flexed her muscles for a moment, and savoured the feeling of that power. Then, stopping just for a moment before a shop window to check that her hair looked okay - *why am I even doing that? It's just a dang interview!* - she rose into the air.

Ralph Riley was standing on the roof of the *Daily Star*, away from the patched concrete where she'd busted through, near the roof tower. She descended slowly. He hadn't seen her yet, and with her magnifying vision, she took a moment to take in his cute, somewhat nerdy face, and those kind eyes that were concentrating on whatever was in his notes. *This is pathetic. I'm checking out a dude like a total female. Which . . . if the boobs fit. But still!*

"Hey," she said, and he almost jumped, before looking up at her with relief. She was thirty feet away or so, and hanging in the air.

"That's quite a neat trick," he replied coolly.

"Thanks," she replied. "I hope I'm not late."

He gestured with his watch. "Right on time. Did you want to start the interview straight away?"

"First, let me get some ground rules down." She descended down to the roof and placed her hands on her hips. She wasn't sure if it looked *less* sexual than crossing her arms under her boobs, but she did it anyway. "First, no talk of my secret identity. That's off limits."

"Don't worry, that's par for course."

“And no talk about the whole, y’know, *chestal* region.”

She circled a finger pointedly around her massive cleavage, one eyebrow raised. She was amused to see him look for a moment before gulping. Then he raised his eyes up apologetically.

“I *am* a gentleman, you know,” he said.

“Huh. You’d be the first,” she said. Then she crossed her arms, unable to help herself from teasing him as she stepped closer.

“Well, uh, I was raised by good parents,” he said. But it was too late, his eyes fell again, and she just rolled her eyes.

“Look, it’s not *my* costume, alright? The costume chose me. I can’t help that I’m . . .”

“A very forward girl?”

“Sure, let’s call it that.”

“Must be a bit getting used to! The costume, I mean. With the hole.”

He circled his finger as she had, but this time he resisted staring. *God, they’re like the sun. People know they shouldn’t look, but they can’t help themselves. And when they manage, it’s only by sheer force of will.*

“You better not be recording now.”

He lifted out his little personal recorder and threw it to her. She caught it easily, and he gave her a kind, yet cheeky, grin. “You decide when it starts and ends, how about that.”

She relaxed a bit, and sat on a nearby block of concrete that was serving as a crude guard against the spot she’d wrecked a week ago. She breathed a sigh of relief, not caring that she was giving him a show of the swell of her breasts rising and falling.

“Thanks. Just nervous, that’s all. This whole last couple of weeks has been really weird for me.”

“If you’ll allow me to say, you don’t seem like any hero I’ve interviewed.”

“What gives it away? The fact that I kind of appear out of nowhere then vanish? Or is it that I clearly feel pretty odd about this whole fucking thing.”

He chuckled.

“What?”

Another chuckle. “Sorry, it’s just - most heroes with good PR don’t like to swear around reporters. Leads to bad press.”

“Eh, I can just drop you off a skyscraper if that happens.”

This time he laughed. “Okay, that’s a new one. And even worse for your press.”

“Lucky I’m not recording your interview, then.”

“Well, we can make a start, if you like? Get down to business.”

She nodded, still feeling a little anxious but a bit more relaxed. *He has that kind of presence. Confident, easy-going, yet strangely sly. Not the kind of guy I'd get along with as Burt.* She clicked the recorder.

"So," he said, taking out his little notebook. "Your superhero moniker is Meteor Woman. Where does that come from?"

"Space, stupid," she replied. His snorted, and she had to amend herself quickly - this was going to be *printed*, after all. "Shit, sorry. Damn, cut out all the swearing. That was just a dumb joke."

"I figured."

"Basically, I inherited the power of the Meteor. It's like this vast cosmic entity thingy-

"Thingy?"

"Don't interrupt. Anyway, it's this big fu - I mean, big whats-it that probably exists in another dimension. I was chosen to represent its power."

"And how were you chosen?"

She grinned. "I was just too awesome, I guess. Nah, I can't tell you that. Secrets and everything."

"Something to do with Hyperion's attack on that building?"

Another shrug. She turned to face him, leaning forward a little as she got more relaxed. She realised she was giving him a show of her cleavage, but what pose didn't? So she stayed leaning forward, hoping it would trip him up a little more. Certainly, he stopped to swallow.

"Maybe," she said. "But like I said, I can't say. But the Meteor believed I was a worthy recipient of the power, so I guess I'm just trying, you know, to make do and stuff. Get the hang of it."

"Have you been offered help from the other heroes?"

"I don't know if I can share that, but yeah. They've been . . . surprisingly nice, actually."

Ralph's eyes narrowed. She remembered that she'd expressed quite the anti-superheroic sentiment when he'd run into her, and even called the affair 'lame superhero bullshit.' *He puts things together quickly.*

"Look, I admit, I wasn't the biggest fan of superheroes."

"You alluded to that once," he said, though per their agreement, he didn't mention that fateful first meeting. "Can you elaborate?"

"Oh, you know. When you grow up poor, and struggling, and you see the kind of crime and sickness and suffering that goes unaddressed, it's easy to look at these titans in the sky and resent them."

"And do you? Resent them, I mean."

She swallowed, unsure how to proceed. She liked to fly under the radar, after all, but she was coming perilously close to ramming into the side of the whole frickin' dish.

"I think I can grow to like them," she answered honestly. "I haven't met them much, but they've invited me to the Hero Dome, and I'd like to see it. I haven't . . . perhaps I haven't been entirely fair to them in my other life. Everyone has their own point of view, and stuff."

"Let's pivot to that, then. Do you plan on joining the Hero Society?"

"No solid plans. I don't even know if I'll stick around as a hero!"

At this, his eyes widened a little. "Well, if I may say personally, Star City would be lucky to have you, and it would be a great loss for you not to continue."

It made her blush. *Goddamn, is he playing me, or is he just that suave? Goddamn cute reporters with spit curls.*

"Well, thanks. That's - fuck, that's the nicest thing I've heard in a while."

"Any time," he said. "What future plans do you have for Star City, then?"

"I guess just keep on heroing. See the Dome. Try to make a good impression. Get used to my powers."

"So far we've seen superstrength, flight, laser vision, and possibly invulnerability? Any others? In last week's hostage crisis involving yours truly, you moved very quick."

"Yeah, I guess I have a kind of low-level superspeed, maybe? I don't know. Also a breath that - hang on, I shouldn't be giving all this away, should I?"

He shrugged. "We can follow another line of questioning. You've gained a lot of popularity already, in public and online. What do you think most people like about you? What is making so many gravitate towards you?"

She couldn't help herself. The joke was right. Damn. There. She raised her hands and pointed at her breasts, the boob window exposing a great deal of their impressively round flesh pushed up into a mammoth curve of cleavage.

"Well, for one, *these* things are generating all the gravity. Like your gaze right now, Ralph Riley."

He snapped himself out of it, and blushed a deep red. "Uh, is that your answer to the question?"

"No! Fuck, no way! Shit, that was a dumb joke."

"It was pretty funny."

"And true," she admitted. "Look, how about this instead: I am well aware that part of my popularity comes from my looks and my costume, but I genuinely believe that people are happy to see some of the rougher neighbourhoods being looked after, and they always want more hope in their lives. I've met such wonderful people as Meteor Woman already, and looks are never everything. I think people have, I don't know, had a positive erection to me because-

She stopped, and her jaw fell at the same time as his.

“REACTION!” she squealed, enough that her sonic shriek made a small crack in a nearby pane of glass. “I meant reaction! A positive *reaction* because I’m trying to focus on the local stuff that many people miss. And because I’m new to it. People like new stuff. Or something. I meant *reaction*, Ralph.”

Ralph pointedly sat and crossed his leg. He was trying not to look at her, and clearly trying to cover something in his pants.

“I know. I’ll fix it,” he said.

“You better.”

“Okay, uh, let’s choose another topic, Meteor Woman. How about this: what part of superheroing do you enjoy the most?”

“Oh, that’s easy. I know I should say something noble and heroic like saving people but that’s fucking terrifying, dude. I mean, mann. Reporter Ralph.”

He smirked, trying to not laugh. She gave him a light punch on the arm that felt more . . . flirty than she intended.

“But,” he prompted.

“Flying,” she said, grinning. “It’s the best thing in the world. I can’t believe it.”

“And I can’t imagine it.”

“I can show you.”

“Well, I have *seen* it, I just mean-”

But she had already turned off the recorder and thrown it back to him. He caught it with solid reflexes - he had nice muscle, underneath that nerdy exterior.

“No, I mean I can *show* you. Come here. Don’t worry, I don’t have a Superbite. I don’t think.”

Cautiously, Ralph put his recorder in his pocket, and the same for his notebook. Then, he approached Meteor Woman, whose own heart was beating tremulously.

“Arms around my waist, Reporter Ralph,” she said. “And watch the hands. And the general, er, *sightline*.”

Given her height compared to his, he was in a good position to take in the world’s best view, and it wasn’t the city. But he managed to resist after just a split-second glance down.

“Got it. I’m a gentleman, remember?”

“Good, because we’re being *real* fucking formal about this.”

“You truly are unique in terms of superheroes I’ve interviewed.”

“So you say. Now hold on tight.”

He did, and the feeling of his hands around her waist was *good*. She placed her feet underneath his, easily holding him as she raised slowly into the air. Ralph gasped, taking in

the incredible sight of Star City as she took him up and up and up, circling slowly so he could see it all.

"You're right," he said, marvelling at it. "This is incredible. And terrifying. God."

"How do you think I felt when I first flew?"

"But you enjoy it now. Damn, what a view."

"How about you, Ralph?" she asked, suddenly interested. "What made you a reporter?"

He looked into her eyes, and it was a piercing gaze. She could get lost in that gaze.

"I - wow, we are really high up."

"I can lower you, if you want."

"No, just . . . don't let me go." He held her a little tighter. It was pretty nice. His chest was close to hers, though hers was higher up. Again, his view ostensibly flicked down to the city below, but he caught a glimpse and got flustered. "I - well, I grew up on a farm, way west. Iowa, actually."

"Farm boy? No kidding!"

"I know, right? But I was drawn to the city. I wanted to make a difference. I've always felt that reporters were kind of their own hero, not that many others do. But they investigate the stories that people need to hear, find corruption where it's hidden, speak truth to power. They bring a light to dark places."

"Wow," she said, smiling at him. "I guess I never thought of it that way, but you're right. That is pretty heroic."

"Well, it doesn't always *feel* heroic."

"But you like the *Daily Star*?"

He nodded, looking around again as he surveyed the city. They were holding steady about twenty stories above the building, and he looked afraid and fascinated and amazed all at once. "Love it. It's a great workplace. One of the few non-tabloid publications left, really. The boss rides us hard, but that's an editor-in-chief for you. We're always looking for new recruits though: investigative journalism doesn't pay like it should."

She scoffed. "Yeah, I know a thing or two about not getting paid."

"In your job as a superheroine, or . . . ?"

"Let's just say I've got a real good sympathy for the working class," she said.

"You've been there."

"I *am* there. Shit, I'm giving everything away. Has anyone told you that you're really, *really* good at getting secrets out of people?"

He pulled back from her. She was a little disappointed. Feeling her chest squash up against someone . . . it was exhilarating. A good thing her costume wasn't spandex, or he'd

see her nipples protruding really hard at that moment. But he risk shifting back to see as much of her as he could.

“Maybe it’s just my natural charm,” he said.

“Oh, we are so going down, now. I could drop you right here.”

“Like you would.”

She feigned that action, and the poor man yelped and clung to her as tight as he could. She squealed lightly in response to something very unexpected, something *he* clearly didn’t expect to do either: in his rush to cling to her, he pressed his face right into her boob window, right into her cleavage. Her breasts pushed outwards a bit to accommodate him, and just as quickly as he had accidentally motorboated her he pulled back, red as a tomato.

“Meteor Woman! I’m so, so sorry! I didn’t mean! I - shit! I swear I didn’t -”

She began to take him down. They were both blushing, and she was trying to play it off. “It’s okay. It was . . . that was a stupid joke. It’s not your fault. Really. That was dumb. Ugh, I’m still getting used to all of this! It’s crazy.”

“I’ll say,” he said, stepping off her feet as they reached the roof again. “But at least if you decide to hunt me down I can run inside.”

“Ha! Like that’d stop me. I’ve got x-ray vision.”

“Really?”

She groaned, placing her head in her hands. “Ughhh, you’re so good at this. Or I’m so bad. Ugh!” She brushed her hair back. “Look, awkward circumstances aside, this was actually pretty nice. Thanks for, y’know, not being a real jerk and letting me not answer questions and stuff. And thanks even more for when we first met, and not telling anyone.”

He gave a soft smile as he checked his recorder, showing her it was still turned off.

“Of course. Ma and Pa raised me to not take advantage of good people.”

“Ha! I’m not a good person. Trust me. I’m the furthest fucking thing from a good person.”

He stepped closer, rubbed his glasses. “Trust me, Meteor Woman, you are. I don’t know your whole story, but I’m a good judge of character. And you’re a good person.”

She kissed him. It happened all at once. She didn’t mean to, but suddenly she was holding him for a moment, kissing him, her full lips on his. She pulled back instantly, and looked away.

“Shit. Fuck. That was stupid. That was a mistake.”

“I’m sorry, I - I kissed you back.”

“No, it was nice. I mean, it was nice. Look, I’ve got a lot to work out. I - God, I’ve got to go. Fuck!”

“Is there anything I can do?”

She looked at him again: that caring face, that somewhat disarming attitude, mixed with a quiet determination and confidence. She could've kissed his face again in that moment.

"No, sorry. I'm sorry for all of this. Look, I trust you with the interview. I guess I'll see you around. I hope to, Ralph."

"Me too, Meteor Woman," he said.

"It's Kara," she said without thinking, reciting the name Sally had intended to give her if she'd been a girl. "And that is *off* the record."

"I won't say a word. Or publish it. Thanks for the interview Kara. And . . . thanks for the kiss. I thought it was 'nice' too."

She blushed, grinned like a moron, and took off into the sky.

You just kissed a guy you fucking moron. And you liked it!

She got back into her apartment, secretly avoiding noticing. For the first time since the bath incident, she struggled to get back to her Burt Conway form. It was only after a couple of minutes that she managed it, when she'd finally forced that kiss out of her mind.

Issue 6: Sister's Keeper

The interview was a big deal, and true to his word, Ralph Riley didn't print anything that was off the record, and *certainly* didn't mention the late night flight or especially the kiss, much to Burt's relief. But it swelled further interest in the superheroine, and already questions were being asked about her. Much to Burt's frustration, more than a few questions were centred around her lack of symbol, or rather more accurately, the very cleavage-filled hole that was present instead. Was Meteor Woman showing off? Did she have a right to? Was it sending a bad body expectation for girls? A bad moral trajectory for teen boys? Religious groups weren't the biggest fans, but unsurprisingly men were in favour of her staying as she was, and most women seemed to be championing her right to dress how she damn well wanted.

If only I actually got a choice in that, ladies.

Still, it was good to get that weight off of his shoulders; literally, in the sense of being unburdened by his heavy mammaries. Even with his super strength, he was certainly aware of that constant weight on Meteor Woman's, though at least it didn't cause pain. Burt had decided to lay low for a bit for a couple of days and focus on his own life, including spending more time with his sister and helping out with his mother: he didn't want Alexis to have to play caretaker too often, she already had too much of her life sapped away from helping Mom, not that she'd ever complain. Besides, Burt felt it was important to take a small break

from his alter-ego. He had dreamed, more than once, of being in Meteor Woman's body again, on that same roof, with the same cute reporter, kissing Ralph on the lips.

Some dreams had gone even further. Some dreams have him pressing his face into her cleavage again, this time deliberately, and then the pair were moaning as they removed her leotard, making love aggressively, she taking charge as she straddled him. His cock was hard and long, and she eased herself onto his depths, feeling him penetrate her.

And then Burt would wake with a terrific boner, and an inability to get it down until he'd thought sexy thoughts. Lightning Lass was a good target for keeping in mind during a little date with Rosie Palms. After all, she had a terrific figure and a sexy excitability about her, and both Burt and his female alter-ego could agree on her attractiveness rating.

So yeah, I need a short break. I kissed a guy. A freakin' dude! Just a few weeks ago I was a schlubby dude breaking locks and codes, and now I'm hitting on an investigative reporter and signing on to join the Hero Society. Goddamn, this whole plan better be worth it.

It wasn't the most well-thought out plan, of course, but then most burglaries just required you getting *in* to the building, and from there you operated on instinct, searching out the best valuables in the shortest time. If he could be allowed into the Hero Society, he could make out with the kind of valuables that would sell big, more than enough to put Alexis in a better school without her shitty bullies, and to pay for his Ma's treatment. And best of all, he could then 'revert to Burt' and ditch the Meteor Woman identity completely, leaving no one the wiser. Hell, even that Hyperion weirdo didn't know his real identity. At least, he hoped so.

Just gotta get the heroes to trust me for a bit. Then I'm in.

He decided that the following Friday would be good. Alexis could enjoy an afternoon and night to herself, maybe do a movie night with Sally if she was awake, and he could visit the Dome.

But of course, the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry, and what went awry was what was happening to his kid sister. The bullies wouldn't stop. Two days in a row, Alexis came home in tears, recounting to Sally how the bullies at school were getting meaner. Burt bit his lip, drawing blood in anger as he listened in on what she was saying.

"They - they make fun of everything n-now! Kids call me 'Braces' or 'Four Eyes.' B-Britney, she's the b-bitch who's the queen bee, she calls me f-fucking 'pancake', because I've got a f-flat ass and no chest. They all say I'm a transvestite and stuff, which is also super bigoted, but they make fun of me for saying that too. They say I didn't go through puberty right. And they found out you're s-sick, Mom, and they say all this horrible shit about you. It's not f-fair!"

Sally comforted her as best as she could, but eventually she had to rest, and Alexis sat in her room, sniffing. She was trying to make her curly hair straight, an act that was

impossible, of course. She had thrown her glasses across the room, and thankfully they were not broken.

“Go away, Burt,” she said, before flopping dramatically on her back on the bed. He noticed that she had torn down half of all her hero posters, and the rest were barely hanging on to the tac on the walls. She’d even thrown her collection of licensed hero bobbleheads and miniatures into the trash can.

“Alexis,” he said. “Look, I’m not going to pretend this doesn’t suck. I went through it all.”

“No you didn’t.”

He huffed. “You’re right, not in the way you are, kiddo. Teen girls can be real monsters. But I had kids making fun of my poverty, making fun of Ma, tearing us both down. And it’s shit. All I can say is that it gets better.”

“Does it? *Does it?*” She wiped her tears and sat up. “Because you’re working dead end jobs and Mom’s dying because there’s a treatment we can’t afford! How does it get better?”

Burt had no answer to that. *I wish I could make things right. I wish I could tell you.* He noticed that one of the only posters still up was a cut out of Meteor Woman from a magazine cover. “How about I ask around, see if I can get a favour called in?” he said.

She paused. “What kind of favour?”

“It’s a surprise. Look, I can’t promise anything. I know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy. But I think I can put together something that might make those girls think twice about mocking you.”

“Are you - are you going to *beat them up* or something?”

“No! Jesus, what kind of monster do you think I am? Just - just trust me, okay? They follow you from the bus in town when you switch, right?”

“Yeah,” she said, a little confused. “Them and a heap of kids from school.”

Burt smiled. “Good, that’s a big crowd. Just trust me: I think I can make this work. Tomorrow’s gonna be better. Go to school, put up with it. Don’t say anything. Keep your head down.”

He gave her a quick hug, a brotherly tap on the chin. “Cheer up slugger.”

Meteor Woman is going to make a little surprise appearance.

The timing worked well, because it turns out there was a cat stuck up a tree - literally, the big one in the centre of the mall - that needed rescuing. Burt had always liked cats: they liked to laze around just like him, but to the crowd’s amusement when he - or rather, *she* - turned up

as Meteor Woman, the male tabby scratched and clawed and howled as she tried to keep it in her arms. She barely managed to get it to the ground. It was more vicious than Killer Kobot!

“I guess he doesn’t like blondes!” she joked to the crowd as she got him down. He jumped out of her hands, and the crowd laughed as he passed through them back to his aged owner, who scooped him up immediately. She just stood there, scowling, so Meteor Woman just said: “Stay safe, folks. Don’t get in trouble!”

She soared back into the air, her pre-text for being here conveniently established. The cat owner in the crowd scoffed, and with her super-hearing she made out the old hag saying, “look at how she dresses. What a harlot!”

Bitch, she thought. Just saved your fucking cat, but whatever! I bet Blue Trident never gets called out despite his pecs nearly showing through that swimsuit he wears.

She rolled her eyes, flying over towards the bus station. She was later than she wanted to be, and to her dismay she could see something that almost stopped her heart and dropped her out of the sky: a number of teens had formed a loose circle, and Alexis was in the centre of it.

Those fucking assholes. Teens are the goddamned worst!

She had a brief thought of lasering them. Not a real consideration, but she was angry enough to at least have it on her mind. Instead, she flew down and landed right in the centre of them. The last cry of ‘Braces for Faces!’ and ‘Super Simp!’ died away as suddenly a real and genuine superheroine was standing among them. *Over* them, in fact. It was good to be damn tall *and* superpowered. It gave her a commanding presence.

“Holy shit, it’s Meteor Woman!” one of them said.

A girl stepped forward, a pretty teen that she could only guess was this ‘Britney’ Alexis was describing.

“Meteor Woman,” she said. “Oh my God, I’m like, a super big fan, I’m -”

“Bullying is a pretty shitty awful thing to do, you know,” she said crossing her arms. She didn’t care that a bunch of guys were drawing out their cell phones to take a snap of her body, her eyes were burning with metaphorical (but not literal) lasers straight into this ‘queen bee.’

“We weren’t, we swear! We were just having fun.”

“That’s not what I was hearing. You know, I really, really hate bullies. Just a bunch of cowards who think they’re better than others. You were calling this poor girl ‘flat as a pancake’, don’t deny it. I have super hearing. Well, from where I’m standing-”, she stepped forward so that her very prominent chest was practically looming over the girl’s face, “-you’re not that big either, darlin’.”

There was a loud laugh from several of the boys, and titters from the girls too. Britney went bright red. With all the embarrassment, she even got a little agitated.

“No, no, you don’t understand! It was just a joke, it was -”

But the superheroine had no time for her. She just cocked her hips to one side, placed a hand on it, and raised her eyebrow in the universal gesture of ‘sure, honey.’

“Sure honey,” she said, just to make sure she *really* understood the *sure, honeyness* of it all. “By the way, I have X-ray vision too. That means I can see you *had* braces. And a few fillings. Might want to avoid throwing stones from that metal-filled glass house mouth of yours. Same goes for your little minions.”

She turned and left the girl reeling. Already the crowd was chuckling and mocking her: teens were fickle, after all.

“Nice one, you guys! Fucking Meteor Woman hates your guts!”

“Holy shit, the new superhero literally came down just to tell us how much you suck. I’ve got this shit on video! This’ll go freakin’ viral!”

“Stop it! She’s lying! I didn’t have braces!”

But Meteor Woman’s attention was all on Alexis. Her unknowing teen sister was looking up at her like she was the stars and the moon and the hand that guided all of them. It was a look of shocked, wordless awe, and expression she’d never seen before. It lit up the former male’s world.

“You - my brother - h-how!?”

Meteor Woman chuckled. “Your brother is Burt, right?”

“Y-yeah. I didn’t - he knows you?”

“Well, you could say that, but not exactly. He helped a friend of mine out of a sticky situation when I had to run across town dealing with some petty criminals. He’s a bit of a hero on the security circuit, you know. Everyday hero.”

Okay, I’m laying it on too thick here. This is pathetic. I’m literally shilling myself to my teen sister. This is sad. Moving on.

“He - he never told me.”

“Well, to be fair, I only met him once, and it was brief. But he called in a favour through our mutual friend to ask me to check on you. Well, I was in the neighbourhood rescuing a cat as it turned out, so I figured I might do so. I hope you don’t mind?”

“Mind? Oh my God, I’m literally going to faint. This - this is the best thing ever. You’re - you’re my biggest hero. Seriously.”

Fuck, I’m going to cry. Goddamn female hormones.

Meteor Woman wiped her eyes. “Wow, that means a lot. Thanks. Thanks, kiddo.”

“That’s what my brother calls me.”

The superheroine stopped for a moment. “Well, it’s a common saying.”

“Meteor Woman, can I have a photo?” someone yelled.

“Me too, an autograph!”

She looked around at the group of schoolkids and teenagers and even a few adults. They were mounting in number around her, but the bully group seemed to have slunk off but for a few members. She turned back to Alexis. “Um, should I-?”

“Yes! Yes please! They’ll never forget this if you do. Please!”

She was bright-eyed, as if totally starstruck. *I can’t disappoint that face*, she thought.

“Okay, just a few autographs and a couple of photos! Boys, nothing crude, okay?”

She regretted her choice immediately. ‘Just a couple’ turned out to be more than a few, and she had to simply sign ‘M.W’ on several journals and diaries and schoolbooks. One boy had a note that simply read ‘Date me PLS!?!?!’, and she smirked and wrote back ‘Meteor Woman says find someone your own size.’ His friends ragged on him but he seemed to treasure the note all the same. Several of them took photos, asking to pose with her, but she made sure that Alexis got the first couple of photos. She caught a couple of the boys, again, trying to get a self with just their heads near her tits.

“Hey, eyes *and* camera up here, okay?” she said. “And I think that’s more than enough teenage hormones around. Alexis, how long do you have to wait for the bus?”

“Oh, it takes fifteen minutes. Are you going now?”

She was practically pleading for Meteor Woman to stay.

“Sorry, I have to,” she responded. “But I think it’s time you got home soon anyway. Let’s go.”

Alexis’s eyes widened behind her thick glasses. “Um, what? I mean, pardon?”

“Do you want to fly home?”

There was a collective gasp from her school friends. She took a moment to look at them. They nodded, urging her too.

“I’ll fly if Alexis won’t!”

“Like hell you will kid. Stop taking photos of my ass. I’ll throw your phone to Mars.”

She turned back to Alexis. “How about it, ki-uh, Alexis?”

Alexis gulped. There were tears in her eyes, and not the sad kind.

“Yes, please.”

“Okay, hold on tight, and watch the hands.”

She pulled Alexis up against her left side, gave a little wave to her school buddies, and took off. Alexis squealed, her eyes shut for a moment. Meteor Woman let her ride out the initial fear. Finally, she opened them.

“Oh my God! Oh my God oh my God oh my God. This is crazy. I’m actually flying.”

“Well, I’m flying. You’re just my copilot.”

She began taking her home.

“Holy shit, this is incredible!” Alexis continued. “Thank you so much. I can’t believe this. Am I dreaming?”

“No dream, k-Alexis.”

“How do you know where my house is?”

“Uh, I don’t. But the bus to Metropole was the one that left in fifteen minutes, right? Sorry, I just assumed.”

“No, that’s right!” Alexis said, and then gave more specific directions. “Oh my God, this is so amazing. And terrifying. P-please don’t let me go.”

“I won’t, don’t worry.”

“You’re my favourite hero.”

“So I’ve heard! If I can ask, what do you like about me?”

Alexis gushed, even as they approached the apartment across town. “You’re brave and beautiful and you have the most amazing power set. I’m a huge superhero fan and yours is just so cool. And I love your costume. It’s so daring and cool: I wish I could wear something like that, but I get made fun of and haven’t got the body for it. But you patrol my own neighbourhood, and the others that often get ignored. And you’re funny in interviews and super sweet and kind and-”

Meteor Woman let her down outside the building. “Okay, okay! Wow, that’s more than enough,” she said, laughing. “Well, it’s good to hear I’m making a splash. And that someone appreciates me, since I’m still new and nervous about this. Look, Alexis, I didn’t help your brother out just because I owe him a favour, okay?”

She went down on one knee so she could face her little sister directly. She smoothed back some of her hair, and smiled as softly and gently as she could. Being a woman had many downsides - the constant catcalls even when she could seriously laser some genitals being one of them - but it was easier to be more open with her emotions.

“Alexis, listen to me. You’re stronger than you think you are, and more beautiful than you know, okay? I know you wouldn’t think so, but I was . . . I was bullied a lot when I was your age too. Horribly. It made me shut down and close myself off to the world. Please don’t go down that path. You can be better. You have the power to rise above it. I know you can. The world needs more bright, passionate, earnest people in the world like you. Never forget that, okay?”

Alexis was crying by that point, wiping her tears and nodding profusely.

“O-okay,” she stammered, crying to hold it all in.

And then she hugged Meteor Woman and didn’t let go for some long seconds.

“Thank you,” she whispered to her.

“No worries, kid. Now scurry on home. I’ve got to get back to kicking butt and saving lives and all that jazz. You go be your own hero, but make sure to leave room for me.”

“Oh, I will. I so will. Thank you! I’ll never forget this moment!”

Meteor Woman hugged her a second time, then took to the skies, grinning from ear to ear. She knew she should turn back to Burt as soon as she could. That she should be conserving her time as Meteor Woman. But she was riding high, and instead she looped around and above the city, stopping to foil a few crimes, help a few old ladies across the street, and even aid a man stuck on the highway in getting his car to a garage. And then she took to the skies and floated among the clouds.

Damn, it really does feel good being Meteor Woman, sometimes.

Too bad she was going to have to be a villain, soon.

Issue 7: Card Activated

Alexis couldn’t stop talking about Meteor Woman’s visit. Ma didn’t believe her until the footage was posted online and shared by her peers at school. Overnight, Alexis’ bullies had practically fallen silent, and Alexis was the one everyone wanted to talk to. Burt smiled from a distance, trying to act nonchalant and uninquisitive, though not so much as to not be suspicious either. A prideful part of him loved lapping up the attention through the proxy of his male self, and that included hearing his little sister gush all about Meteor Woman.

“Bro, you should have seen her! She was incredible.”

“I bet she was, with those huge cans.”

She stuck out her tongue at him. “I’m serious! Mom, make him stop!”

Sally was feeling better that day, and was nestled up on the sofa, softly chuckling at the interplay between her children.

“Can’t, Alexis! Never could! Burt, you should have more respect for women.”

Still, from her amused smile, he knew she had that same thought: *seriously, why is the costume that . . . showy?* Certainly, it was something he was still getting used to, though at least he could be hella empowered even while giving everyone a show.

“Apologies, ma,” he said. “I’ll retract my comment about the two most obvious things about Meteor Woman. Still, I can’t believe you got to meet her, kiddo. And to fly with her!”

“Well, it was thanks to you, big bro,” she beamed, flashing her braces. “She owed you a favour! I can’t believe you never told me you met her!”

Burt pulled at his collar, immediately remembering the made-up ‘meeting’ he’d told Alexis. *Got to keep all the lies from crashing together, moron. Should I write this down? No, that’s stupid as hell. Why not flash a sign to Blue Trident while I’m at it? Ugh, I guess I’m already nearly ‘flashing’ him whenever we interact anyway.*

“Well, I mean, I only saw her for a bit. It was just some woman that I helped after a security scuffle. I mean, it was pretty hairy, and the man was a drugged up loon with a knife, but I only saw her briefly. Told her that you were her biggest fan and gave me an anonymous number to ring. I didn’t expect her to actually turn up. You know those flaky superhero types.”

Alexis rolled her eyes. “Meteor Woman is anything but flaky. She’s fucking awesome, Burt.”

“Language,” he and Sally said at the same time, but then Sally erupted into a fit of coughing, and both son and daughter ran to her side.

“I’m okay, I’m okay,” she wheezed. “Just need rest. Don’t worry about me.”

“I’m always worrying about you, Mom,” Burt said, whose heart was racing a thousand pulses a minute. It took a moment for him to calm down, and for his blood to unfreeze.

“C’mon, let’s get you back to bed.”

He helped his mother back to her room and got Alexis to stay to clean up their lunch. When Sally was back in her bed and her monitor hooked up, he grimaced at her heartbeat. Her vitals were still taking a beating, but it was a slow, monotonous decline.

And I’d thought this was a good day, he thought. I’ve got superpowers and I can’t do a fucking thing.

He wiped his eyes, took a deep breath, and turned to face her. “I’ll make a call to the free service line,” he said, “and we’ll book another appointment too. If things get bad we’ll organise a ward visit. I’ve saved up some money and we’ll just eat lighter for a spell. We’ll get you the treatment, Ma. The drug price went down a little yesterday. It might be a trend.”

But Sally just shook her head.

“We can’t afford it,” she said bluntly. “Besides, I want Alexis on the Hero Dome trip. She couldn’t go last time. I paid for it yesterday.”

What.

“You - what? You *paid* for it?”

She closed her eyes, and once again Burt could see just how *tired* his mother was. Just how *over it* she clearly was. She opened them again and nodded.

“I don’t think I have long, Burt. I’m sorry I couldn’t give you the life you deserved. I’m sorry things didn’t work out. I don’t want you to think I’ve given up, or that I’m favouring Alexis, but I think I just don’t have as much fight in me anymore. But she’s got a future, and so do you. I know it. And if I can spend some of my last few weeks giving her something that she’ll be able to look back on and remember fondly, and know that her mother was able to provide it for her . . .”

Burt was trembling. The world was falling out from under his feet. He knew Ma had savings put aside, meagre as they were, but the intention was that they’d be put to her

medical expenses when the time for proper treatment came. Her cellular disease was rare and expensive to treat, so why do this?

“Mom, you’re being stupid. You can’t do this. I told you I’ve been saving.”

“I know, honey,” she said, patting his hand. “I know. But we can’t all be Meteor Woman.”

His heart stopped. For just a moment, he thought that she suspected the truth. Except she just chuckled. “Or any other hero for that matter. I’m only human. I have to do what’s right by my daughter, and my son. I’ve put aside money to go to you as well, don’t worry. You use it to build yourself a better life, and when the time comes, take care of Alexis, okay?”

It was impossible to stop the trembling. He was shaking. Tears boiled in his eyes, and his intestines twisted like a snake inside his stomach. He was struggling to breathe.

“Mom, this is just the sickness speaking.”

“It isn’t, honey. I’m so sorry I couldn’t be the mother you deserve.”

“That’s bullshit, Mom. I’ll get the money back and -”

“Don’t you dare. Alexis is going on that trip. It’ll be a big surprise. I know she’s been down about it. I don’t want to drain you anymore.”

“You never did,” he said, swallowing his emotions down. “You never did.”

“Thank you, honey. My precious son. Just . . . let me sleep a while. We can argue later. Please.”

He nodded and left her, barely able to contain his emotions. He had to put a brave face on when Alexis caught up with him.

“Is Ma alright?” she asked. “I was going to show her some more of the videos, but if she’s bad-”

“She’s just sleeping,” Burt said. “Everything’s okay, kiddo.”

“Really? No offence, you look like shit. Please Burt, tell me what’s going on?”

“Just life getting to me. I need to go up for air, Alexis. You stay here. Just want to spend some time in the clouds.”

That he did. Literally.

The wannabe villain calling himself The Red Rocket fell to the ground of the empty stadium he’d landed in, unconscious. He’d been a surprisingly difficult capture after he raided the Second Bank of Star City. His power set came from a technological suit that used a number of boosters to propel him about on all fours, and his lasers had actually worked to counter her own more than once. It had been the first time in a few days she’d managed to feel pain

as Meteor Woman, and something about that invigorated her after the conversation with Sally three days prior. She was ripping off segments of his suit so he couldn't escape again when she noticed a familiar symbol imprinted on one of his pauldrons: the grilled mask of Hyperion.

"What the - hey, wake up, bozo. Did you steal this shit from Hyperion? You know he's an A-lister villain, right?"

The lanky man in the suit laughed as she tore off his helmet. "Stole it from him? He gave it to me! Haven't you heard? He's got storage facilities all over the city, and he wants you brought down, Meteor Woman! There's a big prize in it for whoever gets your cape to him."

Fuck. FUUUUUUUCK. Fuck fuck fuck. I do not want that psycho up against me. He's the one that put me in this situation in the first place. Thank God he didn't know my real name even when he hired me.

"Really?" she said, trying to play it cool. "And you really thought you could take down me? How does Hyperion plan to get my cape when he's deep in a max security prison?"

She loomed over the fallen would-be villain, letting him take in her tall and muscular form, the one that had just beaten his ass. Sure, he was also getting a look at her two most noticeable features, but the intimidation factor seemed to work.

"All I know is that he's got guys, okay? He just wants your cape!"

"Is that why you tried to tear it off me?"

He grinned. "Well, I bet you'd sure look even hotter naked, right?"

She punched the earth next to his face, leaving a deep fissure. He quickly lost the smirk. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding! Haven't you seen all the memes?"

"The memes?"

"About your costume? On the internet?"

"Dude, I am about to throw you into the sky again, this time without your rocket attached to you."

"Yes, fine, yes! I wanted to take your costume, but obviously it turns out I have to kill you to get it. Which I am obviously not doing."

"No, you are obviously not," came a female voice. "In fact, rocket man, I'd say you're going to tell the Hero Society a lot more about Hyperion's prison wager, once you're in custody."

It was Flame Dancer, her red hair flickering like living fire on her head as she surfed a wave of flame down to the stadium ground. She was accompanied by Ice Shard, who had her arms crossed, and was looking a little dour. One might even say 'frosty.'

Good, I've got their attention, at least.

"Hey Flame Dancer," she tried to say casually. "Caught this one for you."

“Appreciated,” she said. “Though please don’t punch the home ground of my favourite team. It’s bad luck.”

“You’re a Bulls fan? Huh, I thought you would have better taste.”

Ice Shard rolled her eyes as she encased the defeated villain in ice, then lifted the shard psychically into the air.

“Can we just get this over with, already? Some of us have places to be, and standards to uphold.” Her eyes flickered up and down Meteor Woman’s costume, lingering on her bare thighs, bare arms, and finally on her nearly-bare chest through her boob window.

Oh, so she’s one of those women. The judgy kind. Or jealous? She’s kinda flat as a pancake, but then her suit is pretty covering, I guess, so who knows what she’s smuggling there. Fuck, I’m actually smug about this, aren’t I? Quick, better think of a clever retort.

“Well, to be fair, it doesn’t look like you have a lot to ‘uphold,’” she said, thrusting out her own larger chest for emphasis.

Flame Dancer’s eyes went wide. Ice Shard just froze, appropriately.

“And *what* might you mean by that?” she said.

Meteor Woman pointed at the floating villain encased in ice. “He’s a small figure, right? You don’t seem to be exactly struggling with him. Why, what did you think I meant?”

The woman went red-faced, and Flame Dancer disguised her laugh with a well-planned cough. “Well, let’s avoid a cliché hero v hero battle, shall we?” she said sweetly. “We just came to help, but it seems you’re on top of it, property damage aside.”

Meteor Woman grimaced. “Uh, yeah. Sorry. We were pingponging through the city a bit.”

“We noticed,” Ice shard said, *icily*.

“It happens,” her partner replied. “Do you mind if we take this one off your hands? No offence, but we work with local law enforcement. I’m not sure you have such a deal, being so new.”

“Yeah, I kind of am making this up as I go along-”

Ice Shard sighed.

“-but it’s good that you’re here, actually. I’ve decided to accept Blue Trident’s invitation. I’d like to see the Hero Dome, maybe even join the Hero Society.”

Flame Dancer folded her arms. She had always been nice to Meteor Woman from the very beginning, but the busty blonde hadn’t forgotten that the fiery redhead had also secretly told Blue Trident that she thought the former male was ‘hiding something.’

“Is that so? Good to hear. I’m sure Trident will be very . . . pleased to hear that.”

Ice Shard groaned. “That’s one way of putting it.”

Meaning the gorgeous watery hunk really likes the look of me. God knows he'll break his neck struggling not to look down at my cleavage if I'm there all the time. God, why couldn't the Meteor have made me a male hero!?

"Look, barrier for entry is pretty high," Flame Dancer said, dimming her flames for a moment so that her red hair fell down. Like a lot of superheroes, she was hot as hell, and not just literally, but Meteor Woman was surprised to see that there was a weariness to her as well. A human fragility up close that as Burt she'd never thought could be there. "Still, Trident is impressed with you, and you did great work at the tower saving the hostages. And the media loves you. Particularly that Ralph Riley fellow."

She gave a meaningful glance, and now Meteor Woman was the one that was blushing.

"He's just a nice guy."

"Mm-hm. Very nice. And very glowing in his reporting of you. Look, cards on the table, Meteor Woman, I don't really know you. None of us do, and while Ice Shard here is more obviously sceptical, all we've got to go on is the legend of the Meteor and the fact that there were other Meteor Women operating in the past, and that was before photography existed. So we'll take this slow, okay? You can access the Hero Dome and get access to some of our perks, but we always slow walk membership, okay? And at some point, the mask comes off - figuratively speaking, since you don't have one for some reason - and we need to learn your real identity for security purposes."

"Makes sense to me," she replied happily, given that she had no intention at all of giving a real identity. *I could have one of my contacts make one, though.*

"Good," she said. "I want to trust you, and I've got a good feeling about you for the most part, but you sort of showed up on the scene. Us heroes can be a little . . . catty."

Her eyes wandered to Ice Shard, who sighed wearily. "Whatever. Let's just take the bimbo and go."

"Not a bimbo," Meteor Woman said. "I can't help that my tits are this big, or the boob window, okay? The aesthetic chose me, alright? Not the other way around! I can't help but show it off."

"But you *do* show it off," she relied. "I've seen the pictures."

"Look at me? What pose can I make to make these jugs look smaller? Look, just because you're jealous doesn't mean-

"Jealous!? Of that ridiculous body! At least I can see my toes!"

Flame Dancer just slapped her forehead. "Let's just get to the Hero Dome now, okay?"

"Now?"

“Right now, before you and Ice Shard kill each other or worse, start becoming a pair of rival mean girls. So put away the mud and don’t even think of wrestling, because I promise you the media - and the internet - will have an absolute field day with it, okay?”

The two of them awkwardly gave their okays to the senior heroine.

“Good,” she said sweetly. “Let’s get you to the Hero Dome. Good thing we can all fly, right? You still got your card, blonde?”

Meteor Woman flashed the one that Trident had given her.

“Great,” Flame Dancer said. “I bet big blue will be real happy to know you kept that in your cleavage.” And then with a smirk from her and a grunt from Ice Shard, the pair took to the sky.

Oh. Yeah. Whoops.

“It’s not like this costume has pockets!” Meteor Woman cried, before following after them.

Issue 8: There’s No Place Like Hero Dome

It was still relatively early in the day, about 11am. As such, the mid-morning light cast the great Hero Dome in spectacular hues of light which reflected off of its many panes. It was located fairly centrally in Star City, in the centre of a great plaza where the first seven members of the Hero Society had fought off the ground zero of an alien invasion. Many buildings had been toppled, and in the rebuilding it was decided that their headquarters would be at the centre of a great park, along with monuments to fallen heroes such as Eyebeam and Green Sonar. It was a magnificent sight in all, but it made Meteor Woman incredibly nervous. Not only was she entering some of the more highly protected and secure parts of the great spherical building, but it was also the home of some of the most powerful heroes this side of the country.

Not to mention I’m here to steal shit. It’s not like they’ll need their trophies anyway. I get in, make some faces, maybe distracted Blue Trident with my ridiculous boobs, then get out with the stuff. Sell it, never become Meteor Woman again, and funnel the money to help Ma. Worse case if it all goes right is that Alexis is disappointed in me and Ralph writes about how I turned out to be a petty criminal.

Somehow, just thinking of disappointing her sister - and letting down the handsome reporter - made her heart drop suddenly. She swallowed, and tried to keep her focus on her Ma.

Besides, it took real fucking effort to go back to being Burt last time. I thought I might burst a blood vessel. If I keep switching back and forth like this I might get trapped as Meteor

Woman for days, weeks, maybe even forever. God, imaging living with this chest forever. I'd never see my damn toes again. Not to mention bras are damn expensive. Thank God Alexis is tiny in that regard since I'm paying most of the bills.

There was a flash, a scan, and the card in her hand lit up a vibrant blue. The enormous doors, complete with the high-tech and even arcane-reinforced barriers, opened to receive them. Meteor Woman took a deep breath, trying not to look too nervous as she was led by Flame Dancer and Ice Shard into the inner sanctum of the east coast heroes.

She lost that same breath as she beheld the massive inner structure. It was a high-tech paradise, teeming with dozens and dozens of costumed heroes moving, floating, flying, and zipping between stations, practising against dummies and holograms and each other, and equipping themselves for missions across the globe. An enormous projection of Earth rotated slowly in the centre of the grand chamber, with numerous crisis points displayed where heroes were being sent to intercept trouble. There were also peaceful gardens, artificial waterfalls, and what looked to be an entrance to a grand cafeteria. It made her stomach rumble.

"Holy shi-I mean, shoot," she said, as she took in the sights.

"We can swear, you know," Ice Shard said.

"Yeah, sure, it's just . . . holy fuck, right?"

"The space station is more impressive," Flame Dancer said casually.

"You gotta be fucking with me, lady."

God, they even had an aquarium wall. How can they afford all this and not my mother's treatment?

Just the thought of it made her angry, and she used that anger to fuel her serious expression as she landed on the main floor. Ice Shard quickly peeled off with the so-called Red Rocket or whatever his final moniker was going to be, leaving Meteor Woman kind of bewildered until Flame Dancer told her to hurry along.

"Sorry, it's just, this place is something else. Holy shit, is that Necro-Phantom? I thought he died."

"He got better," Flame Dancer chuckled.

"But - he died!"

"His name is *Necro* and *Phantom*, Meteor Woman, how do you think he came back?"

She bit her cheek, thinking herself a bit of an idiot for that particular impression. As she continued forward, Flame Dancer waved hello to a number of heroes including Polymorph. "I'll give you the tour," she said. "Don't worry about the stares, that's just people checking out the new hero."

"Yeah," Meteor Woman, noticing indeed that a number of people were checking her out as she walked, "I'm pretty damn used to that, alright."

“What do - ah. Of course. Well, we’re a pretty heroic, good-minded bunch, but I’m not gonna lie to you, M. You’re probably gonna get some stares from the guys for the more typical reasons here too.”

Meteor Woman sighed, which caused her breasts to rise and fall like two bulbous mountains, unintentionally giving the heroes a show. One of them, a man with a rooster-like crest on his mask, accidentally walked straight into a pole. She couldn’t even blame him; the fact that her body automatically swayed her hips from side to side in a sexy sashay, all while her chest was thrust out made it difficult *not* to look so damn attractive. A small part of her even appreciated the fact that she was a showstopper.

I bet Riley would be jealous of all the other men giving me these looks. Not that I’m into him, really!

“Like I said, I didn’t choose the costume. It was never my intention to be this . . . showy.”

“Well, like they say, if you’ve got ‘em, flaunt ‘em. It’s not like my costume is exactly modest either. You’ve just got more of the curves.”

“I think Ice Shard took issue with that.”

“She’ll thaw. Heroes trend fairly good looking; peak strength and all, so it can get a little competitive. And you’re a newcomer who jumped straight to the top of the pyramid. Not that *some* people mind.”

They passed into the cafeteria as the tour continued, and Meteor Woman understood what she was talking about: a number of the men looked fairly appreciative, though a number of female heroes simply waved in her direction. Signet Lance elbowed his apparent best friend Lightning Lass. The gorgeous electricity-based heroine was halfway through her rice meal when she suddenly coughed at the sight of Meteor Woman entering.

“Urk! Ach! Signet, warn me next time! Holy shit!”

“I was warning you, woman.”

“I mean not so suddenly! Oh my God, is she joining the Hero Society? I seriously might die of happiness. She’s sooooo hot.”

“Do you think she can hear you? She might have enhanced hearing.”

“Eep! Oh God, please no. I’m crushing on her so hard. Is the boob window bigger?”

“I think that’s just your imagination. Be honourable.”

“It is literally impossible to be honourable in the presence of those tits. They’re like juicy watermelons.”

“Please, spare me.”

“You notified me! This is your fault!”

Meteor Woman couldn't help but smirk and walk a little more confidently, a bit more of a sway to her hips and thrust to her chest than usual. She was pretty sure Lightning Lass was on the verge of fainting when they left the room.

The rest of the tour went smoothly, and fascinatingly. The Hero Dome was beyond anything she could have imagined, with technology that was cutting edge. There were numerous displays to defeated enemies and threats, including a life-size Gigantosaurus skeleton in the lobby from when Tyrannus tried resurrecting the old lizards for, you guessed it, world conquest. And even more to Meteor Woman's surprise was the fact that ordinary humans also functioned as civilian administrators, liaisons, ambassadors, and technicians, even security personnel!

Damn, why didn't I ever apply here? Oh yeah, 'cause I can't stand superheroes. Irony is a bitch, huh?

They continued the tour, Flame Dancer pointed out a number of areas where Meteor Woman's card wouldn't have access yet, which included the armoury, the trophy room, and the archives: all locations that she took a *great* deal of interest in. The whole time, other superheroes waved hello, introduced themselves, or asked about her in turn. It was quite overwhelming:

"Hey, I'm Giga-Lad, I just joined a month ago. Are you signing up too?"

"Meteor Woman, nice work with that hostage situation! I bet the reporters love you now, huh?"

"So, uh, can I ask about the costume? I'm just curious, that's all!"

"Don't let the others get you down. You're hot and you know it. If I had your figure, I'd damn well wear a costume just like that!"

"So what is the Meteor thing about? Is it really like a celestial patron deal?"

She tried to deal with the questions as best as she could, but it was obvious to everyone that this was all new to her, and she was trying to keep her lies simple and to a minimum. Flame Dancer seemed to sense this, because she took her down an elevator away from the group (and a conveniently present Lightning Lass) to where the Public Access was.

"You're probably seen this before," she said idly. "But I figure not being in the heart of the operation for a moment will help you. Besides, Blue is here."

"I've actually never been here," Meteor Woman said, as she beheld the museum-like and kid-friendly public access space.

"Oh. I'm surprised."

"Couldn't afford it."

There was a pause from Flame Dancer. "I'm sorry. I've argued about free access but part of the agreement with the city is that we provide funding. The tours are the biggest source of income."

"Yeah, I've heard the spill. Still sucks shit as a kid."

"You couldn't get a, er, low income coupon?"

Meteor Woman raised an eyebrow and stared back at her flame-powered peer. "Probably. But not every family knows the ins and outs of stuff like that. And sometimes you gotta trade stuff like that away just to keep on trucking."

Flame Dancer nodded. "Shit. I'm sorry. I don't really know this stuff much. I hear you're quite popular around Cornwall and Metropole. Even the Narrows. I can see why."

Meteor Woman smiled. "We'll, there's always the big tits, too."

She laughed. "Sure! We heroines certainly get that kind of attention. But I'm glad you're here, then. We need more heroes who grew up hard. We need the perspective - Lord knows I need it sometimes."

"Yeah, I guess that makes sense."

They moved aside as a couple of superheroes looked to be chaperoning a class of young elementary students. It made her currently-feminine heart swoon just a little.

Goddamn, kids are adorable. Damn female hormones. Fuck, I can actually get pregnant in this body, can't I? Not that I actually plan on . . . fucking . . . anyone.

She gulped as she saw two familiar figures talking, both of whom were so damn handsome she swore she could feel her damn eggs percolating. One was the olive-skinned, stalwart form of Blue Trident. The other was Ralph Riley, taking notes and sharing a laugh with the lead hero. Laughing with those perfect lips she could still remember kissing. Clearly, he was following up on a story. At once, they both seemed to notice her entrance, and both beamed. She froze.

"Meteor Woman!" Blue Trident declared in his boisterous way. "Wonderful of you to join us! I'm so glad - I'd almost lost hope."

Ralph was more restrained, though he did adjust his glasses in that cute way that made her bite her lip. "Meteor Woman, good to see you again."

He had a magnificent poker face. It had been over a couple of weeks since the interview, and nothing had happened since the kiss. Even as Burt, she dreamed of doing it again. She had to swallow, then Flame Dancer had to elbow her to remind her to breathe.

"G-Good to see you both. I'm, uh, here on initiation."

"Do you mind if I include that in my report as a side-line?" Ralph asked. "The public will be very interested to know that you're thinking of joining the Hero Society."

"Um, yeah, sure."

“Fantastic!” Blue Trident added. “I had a good feeling about you, Meteor Woman. I was just telling Mr Riley here about Hyperion, and how his machinations are still ongoing despite his imprisonment: thanks again for apprehending that rocket fellow.”

She folded her arms beneath her chest by habit, accidentally emphasising them. Blue Trident went from trying not to stare at her bare thighs and hips revealed by her leotard to desperately trying not to stare at her cleavage. She even caught Ralph peeking by accident, though he was far more subtle.

God, they're both so fucking good looking. Thank God this costume is made of good material or my damn nips would be piercing through it. Need to get back to being a guy before I develop a serious shoulder and forearm fetish.

“Um, it was no problem, seriously,” she said, trying to play it off casually, though she did brush her long blonde hair back behind her ear in the manner of every girl who's ever been in the presence of one of their hot crushes. “I just want to, uh, help. You know, get more involved and be a proper superhero.”

Blue Trident grinned. “Sounds fantastic!”

“It does,” Ralph said. “You’re certainly going up the ranks! I hope you won’t be leaving any of the little people behind?”

“Are you angling for another interview, Mr Riley?” she said, grinning.

He grinned. “Of course. You know I’d love one. That last went quite well, after all.” He said it in a way that was layered with subtext. Before she realised what she was doing she was speaking.

“Well, let’s do another if you want. Tuesday night? I know a good pizza place I can take you to.”

Ralph was momentarily flustered, but recovered well. “It’s a date,” he said. “Shall I pick you up or . . . ?”

She flexed a muscle. “I think we both know I’ll be the one picking *you* up, Ralph.”

Why the fuck am I agreeing to this? Ughh, I'm meant to be doing a smash'n'grab job!

But it was too late.

“Shall I get a photo of your three?” he said, trying to stay professional. “It’ll be a good cap to the overall Hero Dome activities.”

Blue Trident couldn’t rush to Meteor Woman’s side quickly enough. He was too gentlemanly to put an arm anywhere near her, but his position beside her certainly gave him quite a view. She responded by putting an arm over his shoulder. She almost giggled at the way he stiffened in response.

Ralph took the photo, and then politely excused himself after checking it. It left Meteor Woman in the company of Blue Trident and Flame Dancer, and the former was clearly ecstatic.

"It's truly great to have you," he said, as they continued to walk on the makeshift tour. "I like to come here and give tours to keep me grounded. Also, the kids love the water shows with the dolphins. But from everything I've been told, you're good at keeping our profession grounded: Flame Dancer told me about the neighbourhoods you chiefly work in. That's good stuff. We need to do more in those communities."

"Yes," she said easily. "You do. There's some sick people with some pretty rare conditions that can't get treatment."

He frowned. "I feel I've hit a personal spot. Sorry. We're not a medical organisation, but if you give me a name I'm sure I can find something to help."

Her heart briefly soared. "You could get a super doctor or something?"

"A regular doctor, but some are willing to lend a hand for us or provide a discount. You'd have to get full membership of course, and then -"

Her ears turned off. Discounts. Possible lending of help. A path to full membership that would take half a year or more. All vague promises, the kind that Sally had received all of her life. No, far better to get what she needed *now*, while her health could still be ensured.

"Well, regardless," she said, pivoting. "I'm happy to be here. I'm looking forward to working with you guys and seeing if this is right for me."

"I'm sure it will be," Blue Trident said. "I've got a good feeling about you."

She felt a painful twinge of guilt in her chest.

Sadly, Burt realised he'd have to play a longer game than intended. The armoury and the trophy room were both valid targets for robbery, but he'd have to choose his time carefully when there were the least amount of heroes during a crisis, and then smash and grab what he could in the least amount of time possible. But even for Meteor Woman's powers, the initial phase fields protecting non-members from entry would likely halt his/her advance. So, much to the squat security worker's chagrin, he needed to keep becoming Meteor Woman over the coming weeks.

Alexis was joyous to find out that her favourite heroine was joining the Hero Society, of course, and even more so when she found out that she was able to go on the Hero Dome tour. Burt had mixed feelings about it, particularly given where the money had come from. Still, he tried to act enthusiastic, and she interpreted his reluctance as just his superhero hate.

"You're still super wrong about heroes, brother. Meteor Woman, Lightning Lass, they're the best!"

Burt let it slide. He had other concerns, like the fact that changing back to his male self from his superheroic self took extra time these days. It was a mental struggle, as if his soul *wanted* to reside in that young, blonde, incredibly voluptuous super body, instead of his usual schlubby self. On some level he couldn't even blame it. It could do such incredible things, even for silly purposes (he'd used the laser vision to carve 'Meteor Woman Rules' on a big rock by the old Adams highway, for instance). But it didn't stop it from being damn stressful when he needed to return to Burt. More than once, he'd actually had to quickly steal some female clothing and walk around as a regular (well, as regular as someone who apparently had H-cup tits could be called such) human woman for a while, until he got the mental lock necessary to change back. And each time he summoned the power of the cape again, the Meteor's presence whispered in his ear.

"You are becoming a true hero. Soon you will be able to shed your male form completely, and embrace being Meteor Woman for good."

"Yeah, uh, sure," he said, lying to it. "I'm still not totally sold on it, yet."

"You must decide quickly. You are running out of time. I believe in you, Meteor Woman."

It was weirdly encouraging, and the moment of change back to Meteor Woman was truly exhilarating. It didn't matter that the paparazzi and media were trying to get showy snaps of her when she saved people from burning buildings or pulled in a criminal, or that the internet had a lot of jokes and memes about her 'impressive meteors'. The truth was that it was truly fulfilling.

And then there was Ralph Riley, reporter for the *Daily Star*.

Damn Ralph, with his sexy, slightly nerd appearance, with his glasses and reporter's suit and unflappable manner - unflappable until *she* struck a particular pose, or drew near enough to him that two particular parts of her nearly pressed against him, and then she could hear his heartbeat flutter with her super senses.

They did indeed have that pizza date, and she did indeed pick him up, quite literally, from the roof of the *Daily Star* building, and took him to her favourite pizza joint. The owner, a fat Greek named Spiros, was shocked that freaking Meteor Woman was visiting his store, and several of the other patrons took photos. She had to excuse herself from Ralph to sign a few things and be in a couple of selfies with apparent fans, but thankfully it was a tucked away joint, and Spiros made damn sure they weren't too interrupted. He was a good one.

"Holy moly, this is good," Ralph said, eating a slice of pizza.

"Told you!" she replied, taking one of her own. She was famished. "Spiros here does the best pizza on the planet, and - oh."

A melty piece of cheese had dripped off the pizza and landed right on her left breast, part of it down into her cleavage. Her cheeks turned red, and she grinned sheepishly as she wiped it away.

"You can, uh, not include that in your interview," she said.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have looked!"

"Nah, it's all good. They're on display. Can't exactly help it, after all."

He raised an eyebrow. "You've said before you don't get a choice in the costume. Sorry to hear that. If I may say so, you wear it very well, Meteor Woman."

She smiled genuinely. "I rather think so. Beats what I wear in my day job."

"And what would that be?"

"No way, reporter man, you're not getting my secrets. I'm keeping my shit locked down tight."

He laughed, and it was a wonderful laugh. "Well, I actually lied to you. Another interview would be lovely, but editorial doesn't need one. I'm off the clock right now."

She leaned forward over the table, aware of the image she was presenting.

"Then what exactly was your intention with answering this summons then, dude?"

He took another bite of his pizza. "I wanted to get to know you better. And, frankly, you kissed me, and I rather feel quite smitten."

"Really?" she said, folding her arms and taking another bite. She was trying not to enjoy herself so much.

"Really," he replied. "I meet a lot of fascinating people in my work, and scary ones too. But I've never met someone quite like you, Meteor Woman. Kara."

There was a shiver inside her at the way he called her Kara. *Why does that name feel so good? It's like I've come to fancy it. Sounds nicer than Burt, that's for sure.* When she was occasionally stuck as a woman before turning back to Burt, she took on that name for a time. She could only hide her smile by eating more.

"I - I like you too, Ralph. But there's shit you don't know about me, too. Secret stuff."

"I'd assumed as much. I know I'm a reporter, but I promise I won't pry."

"Thanks. I don't know how much longer I'll be in Star City, is what I'm saying. I just thought you should know."

"Oh." His disappointment was obvious, but he rallied well, holding up a beer. "I guess we'll just have to enjoy ourselves while we're here. Do you like baseball?"

Her eyes beamed. "I love baseball."

It was the first of many successful dates with Ralph, as she juggled her time as a part-time security guard, frequent hero, and got to know more about the Hero Dome under the tutelage of Flame Dancer and Blue Trident. Alexis continued to stargaze at her favourite hero, and Sally's health continued to worsen. Burt couldn't put everything off together. Too

many things were coming to a bursting point. Soon, he would reach the point where he would be unable to turn back from Meteor Woman, unless he acted fast. He'd held out a tiny secret hope that the Hero Dome could help Sally, but full membership was too far away. He couldn't keep holding things off, no matter how much he enjoyed being Meteor Woman. Enjoyed being Kara.

But the catalyst for taking action only came when Meteor Woman made the mistake of sleeping with Ralph.

Issue 9: That Felt Super

It was a secret date, not between Ralph and Meteor Woman, but between Ralph and *Kara*. Part of it was accidental. It came after having to change into her superheroic form to quite literally save a cat stuck up a tree (*I couldn't help my damn self. Stupid fucking hero instincts. Risking being stuck as a blonde babe just to save a cat!*). As usual these days, she had a few hours before she'd be able to change back, and that's when she received a text from Ralph on the burner phone she'd purchased, asking if she wanted to 'catch up.'

'How about you meet me at the ice rink in 20?' she wrote.

'I'll be there.'

It was getting colder in the city, not that Meteor Woman needed to cover up with her super body, but this time she decided to rock up more anonymously, wearing a woman's jacket and pants. She still looked utterly gorgeous, she knew, and part of her was starting to very much like that, but it certainly took Ralph by surprise when she tapped the man on the shoulder from behind.

"Oh my God, it's you!" he said. "I'm sorry, I didn't notice you without the, uh—"

"Tits out?" she said, amused.

"I was going to say the silver leotard and blue cape."

"Nice save, smoothie. We gonna skate on the ice with all these other rinkers or what?"

He chuckled. "I just love the way you talk. I'd warn you about my two left feet, but I'm actually a damn good skater. I can go backwards and everything."

"Well, let's skate together and you can show me. Because I may be a damn superhero, but I *cannot* skate to save my life. That's what you're here for, handsome."

Fuck I just called him handsome I called him handsome what the hell are you doing Burt?

They started, and for the next ten minutes he got her onto the basics. At least her female body was more elegant and dancer-like than her original, because so long as she held - and tried not to crush - his hand, she started to get the hang of it.

"There we are!" he declared. "You're doing great, Kara. Just don't almost break my arm this time."

"I said I was sorry about that. I'm still getting used to all this strength."

"So, is this a date?"

God, no way. I am definitely not dating a man.

But as much as she tried to think that, her stupid female instincts were in overdrive, and she found herself just as smitten as she looked into his confident eyes. "Of course it is, dummy. Just . . . a casual date."

"I can do casual."

"Don't expect any kisses."

"I know, that was a one time thing. Only one kiss from Meteor Woman at a time."

"Exactly. I'm not handing them out around here. A girl's got super stuff to do."

They shared a laugh, and then talked about other things - how the Bulls would do in the next game, what Ralph was reporting on next - Hyperion, apparently, and general struggles with city life that were the baseline of their lives. And as they talked, and skated, and occasionally toppled against one another, Kara found herself drawing closer and closer to him, letting him place a hand around her waist, and finding excuses to press herself against him when they peeled off to the side of the rink. She was taller than him, and that too was kind of enjoyable, even if it made her topples more spectacular. But then she zipped her jacket down a little, revealing her top straining to contain her breasts, and he keeled right over. She laughed as she pulled him up.

"That was an impressively dirty trick," he said.

"Sorry! I didn't expect *that!* Are you alright? Lemme get a look at you, man."

She did, up close. He looked fine. A little bruised. Handsome.

She kissed him, and this time the kiss was longer, more passionate than the one weeks before, and he returned the kiss just as passionately. He held her, and she held him, until they finally parted and she actually gave a little *giggle*.

What the fuck are you doing, Burt? He's a dude! He's got a damn cock! Ugh, but he's so damn sexy with those nerdy glasses.

Her chest heaved as she continued to hold him, staring into those eyes. And then she made a fateful, foolish decision.

"Do you want to get out of here?"

There was no alcohol involved, so she couldn't blame that. Nor was it purely hormonal: she was more emotional as Meteor Woman, but it wasn't mind control. No, this was all her, and she knew it.

And she couldn't help it.

Once they'd gotten into a private enough alley, she'd literally *flown* him back to his apartment, or at least to a convenient spot on the rooftop of the building he lived at. Her costume was beneath the shirt and pants, naturally, but he didn't know that until he opened the door to his apartment and she strolled in and removed all over clothing except for her costume, sans cape and boots, which she summoned mere moments later.

"That's a neat trick," he said. "Um, welcome to my place. I know it's not much, but I can make you a drink if you-"

But she was already kissing him again. *Fuck, I want him so bad*, she thought to herself. *Want his lips on mine. Want his hands on my tits. His tongue on my nipples! God, I even want his goddamn cock inside me. Ohhhhh, this f-feels too good!*

He kissed her slender neck, and she pressed her massive chest against him. She could feel his hardness against her lower belly, and she moaned as he traced his hands down her back and to her bare hips and thighs.

"Mhmmm, that's n-nice."

"Are you sure about this, Kara?" he asked. "I don't want to take advantage of you."

At that, she literally picked him up, and threw him carefully on the bed using her strength. She floated above him - again, literally - and began to unzip her costume, freeing her enormous H-cup breasts, which dangles pendulously before his gaze. The boots came off, the cape came off, and the leotard after it in full, until she was fully naked above him.

"You couldn't take advantage of me if you tried, dude. Just fuck me already before I regret this. I'm so goddamn horny out of my mind right now and I *need* to try this before it's all over."

Before he could inquire what she meant, she lowered herself upon him, her taller yet feminine frame upon his smaller masculine one, and they began making out. Sure enough, he felt her breasts, squeezed her perfect ass, and soon she was ripping his clothes off - again and again, literally.

"My suit!" he cried.

"Mhm, sorry. Just need you out of it, big boy!"

Why does calling this smaller guy 'big boy' such a fucking turn on?

She didn't much care why, really, just that it was. Ralph gave up any protests of taking advantage of her, and the pair made out passionately, feeling each other all over. She ripped off his pants - more carefully this time, though she still tore the fabric in her

enthusiasm - and in moments he was completely naked, his incredibly stiff cock rubbing against her muscled stomach. It shouldn't have felt so divine and right, but it did. It made her pussy so damn moist, but that wasn't even the source of the best pleasure yet: her nipples stiffened with bliss as he squeezed and played with her tits. She pressed his face against them, suffocating him.

"Holy God, you are amazing," he said. "I can't even describe-

"You love my big, round tits, don't you? I always catch you peeking. Some sneaky reporter you are!"

"They're hard to miss!" he protested, squeezing them again as she pressed herself over him.

"Mhmm, but soft to feel, right? All natural, sort of. Keep t-touching them. I love catching you looking at them. I love the way you're so obsessed with them."

"I'm just doing some journalistic digging," he said.

"Then hurry up and grab your scoop."

"A damn big pair of scoops," he corrected, before sinking both hands into her enormous breasts. She moaned in ecstasy, her voice high and sweet and so very aroused.

"Oohhhhh, yes! Oh f-fuck, having bit t-tits is the best! Don't s-stop! MMhm!!"

She kissed him, her body on fire, and before she could even grapple with what she was doing she was positioning her wide hips over him, thighs to either side of his waist, and lowering her womanhood towards his cock. She vital, she was strong, and she was damn well in charge, and that made her all the more desirous to fuck this man.

He entered her, and for a moment her eyes bulged. It was not like anything she'd anticipated. Her insides clamped down upon him, but he was penetrating her nonetheless, sliding into her moist tunnel deeply.

"Ahhhhhhh, ohhhhhh! Yesssssss!!!"

There was no pain: her body was too tough. But there was pleasure, more than she could imagine. And then, when he reached his zenith of entry, she settled herself on him, and began to rock her hips with his, riding him. Her breasts bounced heavily on her chest, and he continued to fondle them as she looked down upon him.

Fuck. This is amazing. Even with everything, I've never f-felt so powerful. Goddamn, I want to ride him. Ohhhhh! YESS!!!

She vocalised that last part as well, beginning to slide up and down his cock. She lowered herself so that her big tits brushed against his hairy chest. They kissed lovingly, moaning in each other's mouths. The feeling of her huge breasts squashing up against him was something else, and made all the better as she continued to ride his hard cock. Kara couldn't believe she was doing it, but there was no turning back. She needed to cum, and cum hard, and she was getting so damn close.

“You’re amazing!” she cried, gripping him.

“Not so tight!” he gasped, and she relented.

“Sorry, super strength!”

“It’s alright. Here.”

He grasped her hips, and got back into the flow of it. Her hair fell in a perfect blonde curtain as she lifted herself up. She planted her hands on his shoulders, letting him fondle her breasts as she got closer and closer to the point of ultimate ecstasy.

And then it came. *She* came.

His cock shuddered within her, and she felt warm streams of his cum pumping into her. Ralph’s body went rigid, but hers shook, causing her big breasts to wobble all over the place. She arched her back, giving him quite the sight.

“Yes! YES! YESSSSSS!!!!”

She collapsed down upon him, still shaking from the orgasm, his dick still pumping its issue inside her. She clutched him, making sure not to crush her lover, and moaned softly.

“Hey, keep it down in there!” a voice echoed from the apartment space one over.

The pair exchanged a horrified look, then broke out into laughter.

“How was that?” Ralph whispered in her ear as she slid herself off of him and pressed her full chest against his side.

“S-super,” she said.

Holy shit. What the hell did I just do?

But despite all of Burt’s male pride being shattered to pieces, Kara couldn’t suppress a giant grin. She felt *fantastic*.

And that was the problem.

She got up out of bed like lightning.

“Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I just - sorry! This is a lot!”

She was trying to cover her tits with her forearm, and they were doing a damn spectacular job of spilling over her arm instead. She looked like the world’s sexiest pinup and she knew it. She had to spare a hand to brush back her blonde hair.

Ralph sat up, alarmed. “Kara, I’m sorry. You seemed to be enjoying yourself. You seemed so sure. I didn’t mean - is everything okay?”

Tears blurred her vision. “No, everything’s not okay! It’s not you Ralph - you’re amazing. *That* was amazing. Fuck, it was way too amazing. Shit, it was so damn good I could do it again. And that’s the problem. You don’t know me, Ralph. Not really, deep down. I’m a piece of shit. You have no idea. You deserve better.”

She was getting her costume back on, but had to stop to wipe some of his fluid off of her leg. He passed her a tissue, and she thanked him, trying not to sob. He placed a hand up to her shoulder.

“Hey, it’s alright. I do know you enough, Kara. I know you’re a hero, and one that helps people who need it, in places others don’t think to go. I know that you care. I know that you go for the right baseball team too, even if your idea of a star pitcher is a little wonky.”

She chuckled through the tears. “You don’t get it. I won’t be around long. You’ll hate me. I’ve always been a total scumbag. I’m sorry.”

She kissed him, then pushed him lightly away. She put the rest of the costume on, swallowed, and took one last look at him.

“Just - just go easy on me,” she said. “When the news comes out. I - I don’t want to see your name under the headline. Please.”

And with that, she opened the window of the apartment, checked that no one was looking, and flew into the air so quickly that no one would be able to tell she’d gone. She raised herself up above the clouds and let loose a sonic scream to the heavens that tore apart a cumulus.

Goddamnit. I’m falling in love with a fucking man. A kind, sweet man. And I’m falling in love with this. It’s time to stop stalling. Tomorrow, I go to Hero Dome and steal their shit. Then I save Ma.

Issue 10: Starcrossed

Meteor Woman didn’t return home. It was too risky to be constantly changing back. This would be her last time as the superheroine, and so she refused to risk it. Besides, she wanted to leave a good impression before she fucked over her entire reputation and betrayed her allies, her friends, her lover, and her sister. So she spent the next twenty four hours using her superheroic energy to do everything she could to make the city a better place. She teamed up with Lightning Lass to stop some crooks, even if it meant that the other - still impressively busty - heroine had to be let down lightly.

“Oh, I know,” she said morosely, flicking a rock with lightning after they’d handed the criminals over to the police. “I could tell from the way you were looking at Blue Trident that you weren’t batting for my team. It was just fun to imagine. I’m super embarrassed.”

“Hey,” Meteor Woman said, “I promise you, I *do* bat for both teams, and you are sexy as fuck, Lightning Lass. Seriously, your costume is amazing.”

She brightened. “Really? You think so?”

“Damn well so. You rock it, and I’ve given the occasional look your way.” She tapped her temple. “Super sight as well.”

Lightning Lass’s amazed grin could have powered the sun. “Ohmigod, ohmigod.”

“It’s just that I’m already sort of taken.”

“You - you and *Blue Trident*?”

Meteor Woman laughed. “Oh God, no. Look, he is *hot*, I won’t lie. And really nice. But he’s not really my type, even if I’m his. No, someone else.”

“Oh, thank God! So . . . there’s a chance . . . ?”

Meteor Woman grinned. “Don’t count yourself out, but in the meantime, plenty of fish in the sea would be lucky to have you, *hotstuff*.”

She took off as Signet Lance arrived on scene.

“Lance, she thinks I’m hot. Did you hear that? I told you!”

“By the Codes, does this mean I have to put up with you dating?”

“Does it look like I’m drowning in tears of joy? But there’s a chance! And if not, I bet she has a ton of hot girlfriends!”

“Ahh, it never ends.”

It was an amusing end to that particular tale, but there was also more serious business to attend to. She sent texts to Alexis apologising, explaining that as Burt she would have to work some longer shifts, and to alert ‘him’ if anything happened with their Ma. It seemed to work, and so Meteor Woman could focus on doing all she could to help the boroughs and neighbourhoods she loved, be it getting old Mrs Cally across the street or helping Mr Fitch find his missing cocker spaniel. Again. She put out fires, stopped two kidnappings, and saved several women from a vicious pimp and got rescue services on the scene as soon as possible. She refused all media interviews, but did at least sign a few things for fans, and even took a few photos with some groups that cheered her on. They weren’t even trying to put her breasts in the main frame (though they were hard *not* to include in the picture, of course), because they really were just fans, and mostly female ones at that. She had to fly off before she started crying again, though, especially when one young woman called her “our hero,” like she was part of *their* neighbourhood. Like she was part of their home.

But then she left that home, and headed to the Hero Dome. She played the part, going out on a patrol with Blue Trident, who was kind and mentoring and gentlemanly and quite hokey, and Flame Dancer, who was lovely and professional but just a little inquisitive beyond Kara’s comfort.

And then it happened. The break that Meteor Woman had assumed would never come actually came, and it was a blessing and a bane both. Gadgets on the wrists of Flame Dancer and Blue Trident lit up, and she caught the message.

'Hyperion has escaped from prison along with half the prisoners! Maximum Red Alert. I repeat, Maximum Red Alert. Polymorph and Argent are already down. They're being transported back in stable condition, but it was a close one. Hyperion had his followers assemble some device that's counteracting powers. All hands on deck for this one, Hero Society!'

Blue Trident immediately let out a response, coordinating various groups and squads. It was actually amazing to see. He even sent out several watery creations to search the city and direct people nearest to the prison to safety, all while barking out orders and getting further information. Then, he turned to Meteor Woman.

"You don't have to come, but your help would be mightily appreciated. I know he wants something from you, though. So if there's a risk—"

She leapt on that. "There is!" she said. "You need to keep him as far from me as possible. If he gets his hands on the power of the Meteor, Hyperion will be unstoppable."

"Hm. I don't pretend to understand your power, but I respect it. Get to the Hero Dome. Here, take my Beta-Override. It's not Alpha-access, but you can hide in the armoury, not that I imagine you'll hide. Tacticon will be in the Recon Room helping manage the heroes. Talk to him and he'll help find something for you to help. I know you want to help."

God, I'm being given everything on a platter. And I do want to help. How can he be so naively, wonderfully optimistic and so easy to fool at the same time?

But she just took a deep breath and nodded. "I'll do that. I'm sorry I can't help."

"Don't be," Flame Dancer said. "Just be careful."

She took off to the Hero Dome, Beta-Access now available to her.

Meteor Woman didn't see Tacticon. Instead, she went straight for the armoury. It was like a repeat of her original burglary attempt, back when Hyperion had just been some anonymous employer. Only she had changed so much, and not just in the 'growing tits and a vagina and some genuinely amazing blonde hair' department either. So many of the devices from the secret storehouses had been moved here. She recognised several of the artefacts, some of them quite dangerous, such as Obelisk's teleporter and Black Ice's freeze ray. The base was not on red alert, but it was nearly empty. And it was definitely on lockdown: a number of civilians were stuck inside in the meantime, for their own safety. Most were herded to the cafeteria. Several news screens located even in the armoury showed heroes battling a number of escaped criminals. She had little doubt that Ralph was on the scene.

"Be safe, Ralph," she said. "I might be able to help. Just briefly, after this. But I need to do this first."

Her upgraded card had easily allowed her through the phase walls, but it would not let her take items from the shelf. She reached into her cleavage and pulled out a large sack of thin fabric. The lack of pockets was a real problem. Her heart beat heavily and quickly in her chest as she picked out a number of items mentally. She'd need to use superspeed, of course. Smash the glass, take out any traps, quickly grab what items she could, stuff them, then soar away. By the time she was gone she could figure out if there were any trackers inside the items and ditch them. She'd always been not-bad, tech-wise.

"Okay, freeze ray, obelisk, orb transporter, knife array, satellite merge, and the collection of crystal-growth armour shards. They should all fit. C'mon, you can do this, Meteor Woman."

She raised her fist, ready to punch through the glass. The power of the Meteor hummed in her ears.

"This is not right, Kara. This is not right. You are Meteor Woman. This is unworthy of you. Stop before it is too late. You must be the hero!"

She ignored it, blinking back tears. "I'm sorry. You picked the wrong man for the job." And then another voice.

"I knew you were hiding something, but I didn't expect *this, criminal.*"

She turned, and to her horror saw that Flame Dancer had just entered the armoury silently, her Omega-clearance activated. Her hands were on her hips, but fire stirred behind her like a wall of living flame, ready to be unleashed.

"It's not what it looks like—"

"It's *exactly* what it looks like, Meteor Woman, if we should even call you that. Come with me. You are under arrest, and as a founding member of this society I am fully authorised to place you in lockdown using Platinum seals that not even your strength can counteract."

It was all going wrong. So wrong. "I can't do that. Look, you don't understand—"

"Would you tell me the full truth if I gave you the chance?"

The silence that followed must have told her everything, because Flame Dancer raised her hands, and the room filled with scorching heat.

"Last chance, surrender."

"I can't do that. I have to do this. Just . . . look the other way."

The flame-haired heroine's expression turned dark, possibly even sorrowful.

"Heroes don't look the other way, Meteor Woman. I'd have hoped you would know that."

And then everything happened at once. Flame Dancer launched several winding tendrils of flame at Meteor Woman, even as the latter smashed the glass and grabbed as many items as she could. She was blown backwards, losing half of them, and there was a

terrifically hot roar of flame that singed even her super skin. The entire room was bathed in red light as the alarms sounded. She flew backwards, grabbing as much as she could even as she ducked and weaved around Flame Dancer's strikes. One connected, batting her aside from the exit.

"JUST LET ME LEAVE!"

"I can't do that. We don't have to fight!"

But there was no option. Meteor Woman *smashed* into the other heroine, knocking her through the exit. There was a terrific pain as flames separated the pair of them. Meteor Woman tried to get away, but the other woman was more practised, and whips of flame caught her leg as she tried to fly away. She separated them with her laser vision, but Flame Dancer was closing the distance. She connected, and the two soared across the building, smashing through walls and crashing through the other side as great blocks of concrete flew apart.

"Stop, Kara! I gave you the power of the Meteor because I sensed you were capable of great change! I still believe in you, but you must prove it. Do not fight this woman."

"I HAVE TO!" she roared, and her sonic scream rocketed Flame Dancer backwards, crashing her through the cafeteria. A coil of flame pulled Meteor Woman with her, unfortunately, and she barely managed to keep hold of the sack of goods. They crashed into a table as a group of civilians separated just in time.

Shit, this is where they funnelled the civilians, to keep them fed and well-cared for.

Flame Dancer pulled her away, and the two flew through the air.

"What's happening?" someone screamed.

"Everyone get out of here!" Flame Dancer called. "Meteor Woman is a rogue agent. A thief! She came to undermine our security. I don't know how dangerous she is."

"I'm only dangerous SO LONG AS YOU'RE AGAINST ME!" she cried, sending another sonic scream. This one missed, and once again the highly mobile heroine closed the gap. She went toe to toe with her flames, fighting as the cafeteria emptied, people screaming in horror. The walls shook as punches connected, as flames scorched the sides, and Meteor Woman realised that for all her own power, Flame Dancer was able to manage her *and* keep any collateral damage from happening at the same time. She had to let loose.

So she did.

Flame Dancer had some super speed, but nothing on Meteor Woman unleashed. She rocketed around her fire, grabbed her by the scorching hot hair, and threw her at the wall. The cafeteria was a huge, vaulting space, and Flame Dancer barely had impacted against the wall when another sonic scream buried her within it. The now-maddened Kara lasered the wall, causing a massive section of it to collapse with Flame Dancer still in it. She fell over thirty feet to the ground after that pummelling. She didn't get back up.

I did it. I can still do it.

There were heroes inbound, no doubt. Tacticon would be calling them in. But this was her chance to escape. She flew to the bag, still in the centre of the empty cafeteria.

That was when she realised that there were *two* heartbeats in the room other than her own. The first belonged to the now-unconscious Flame Dancer. The other was smaller, faster, and filled with dawning terror. Slow as a mountain's rise, Meteor Woman turned to look behind her, already filled with dread. She knew that heartbeat without even quite realising it.

Standing there, covered in plaster dust, curly hair a mess, her eyes filled with tears, was Alexis in her school uniform.

No. No no no no. It was today? Her school trip was today? Why didn't she run?

"Meteor Woman, why?" she said, and the sadness and fear in her voice made Kara want to die right there.

The bag of valuable armoury items was between them on the ground. The alarm continued to sound. Hyperion was on the loose, and heroes were coming to arrest her. And worst of all, she'd put her sister at risk in a way she'd never imagined.

"I'm sorry, Burt. I guess I was wrong about you."

The power of the Meteor began to fade.

Issue 11: Crashing Down

Kara shuddered. She doubled over, falling to all fours. She could feel it; the power within her beginning to wither away, leaving her as nothing more than a mortal woman . . . or worse. The pain was shocking, like her very invulnerability was being ripped through her skin, but with her meagre super strength remaining she crumbled a section of the floor in each hand, grasping for a hold as the Meteor's power retreated. It would have been the greatest agony she'd ever felt, were it not for her kid sister standing right before her.

"Alexis," Meteor Woman managed, stammering through the pain.

"Wh-why?" Alexis repeated. Her eyes were wide, brimmed with tears. She looked as if her entire world had collapsed down upon her, as surely as a section of the wall had collapsed upon Flame Dancer. No, it was worse than that. It was as if her soul had been crushed out from her.

"I'm - you don't understand. I had to-"

“You’re a villain!” she cried. “I trusted you! I looked up to you! And you’re nothing but a - but a thief! Why did you take me flying? Was it just to make yourself feel better? Oh God, I thought you were so cool. You were - you were my *fucking* hero!”

Kara tried to stumble forward, but again there was that contraction of energy within her. That wide band of pain that signalled a further reduction of her superpowers. Her limbs felt heavier. All of her did, including the two obvious bits, much to her chagrin.

“Please, Alexis! Just listen to me!”

“Why should I?” she cried, stepping back. Tears continued to run tracks down her cheeks. It made Kara’s heart rend open just to see it.

“Because - because - shit!”

Her powers were not so gone as to not notice what was coming. With her enhanced hearing, she could make out the wire chatter of approaching heroes and others calling for help. Tacticon had sent reserves from whoever they could spare from the fight with Hyperion - maybe they were winning? Worse, maybe they were in retreat. Meteor Woman acted fast and without thinking: she launched herself forward and grabbed Alexis carefully around the waist. The other woman squirmed in shock, but Kara gave her no chance to complain, because she took them both into the air as rapidly as she could. Alexis’ fists beat against Meteor Woman’s back uselessly as she carried them out of the Hero Dome. Alarms continued to blare and various workers ran from the chaos, but soon they emerged from it, soaring past several buildings with less control than either heroine-turned-villain or fan-turned-hater would have liked. They twirled about in the air, Kara struggling to maintain her trajectory. In the distance, several heroes were heading for the Dome, but she was quick enough to get out of the main city square. Alexis screamed in her ear, making the landing all the more difficult thanks to the distraction.

‘You were unworthy in the end, Burt,’ echoed the Meteor’s voice in her mind.

‘Perhaps another is more worthy in this time of desperation.’

“No!” she cried, faltering in the air, her powers shrinking ever faster than before. “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean - I had to! My mother!”

“What!?” Alexis cried, but then she screamed again as they careened down to the street level.

‘The cape will be worn by another. You are not worthy. A shame: I truly believed you had the makings of a great hero. You had such potential, and now you have thrown it away.’

The words scorched Meteor Woman’s soul. Tears welled in her own eyes, making the landing even more perilous. She staggered, crashing to the ground harder than she should have, managing to keep Alexis safe but scraping her own back in the process. Her skin was meant to be diamond hard, but now it hurt like hell. She staggered to her feet, cape fluttering around her awkwardly. She had managed to land them in an alley well out of view, and it

didn't seem anyone was coming for them. At least not yet. She staggered to Alexis' side: her young sister was getting to her own feet.

"Alexis? Alexis, are you okay? Alexis, I'm so sorry!"

"Get away from me!" the frizzy-haired girl cried. "Are you kidnapping me? You were stealing shit from the Hero Dome! I saw you fight Flame Dancer! You're a monster!"

"I'm not a goddamn monster!" Kara shouted. "God! Oh sh-shit!"

She stumbled to the ground and screamed. The pain of the power leaving her was immense. It was like she was being emptied of energy, squeezed dry like a tube of toothpaste being rolled up. For a moment, Alexis' face shifted to abject concern.

"What's going on? I don't understand what the fuck is going on!"

"Alexis, p-please, trust me. You don't kn-know everything. I'm - I'm not who you think I am."

"You're goddamn right. You were my hero! I'm getting the police!"

"No, p-please! Just - just watch! Please, just watch. And please don't hate me. I don't want you to hate me, Alexis. All I ever wanted was for you to look up to me, kiddo."

Alexis halted, eyebrows raised, expression caught between recognition and confusion. Kara focused on her body, on the disappointment of the power of the Meteor within her, of her failure to be a hero. She couldn't help but think of the fun she'd had as well, the joy of the power, the people she had helped, the villains she had fought. The man she had made love to. Ralph's face flickered in her mind, warm and comforting and witty.

And then she let it all go, releasing it back to the cape which had empowered her in the first place. The pain stopped, and instead there was just the gentle pouring away of power as it filtered from her form.

That form too changed, as did her clothing. Alexis gasped, but Kara could only close her eyes and try not to burn up with shame as her body became male again, became *Burt* again. In moments, she was on her knees wearing a pair of ordinary trousers and schlubby button shirt, male once more in mind and body. He was short and pudgy again, face a little too unshaven, his figure coarse and obstinate. In his hands was the silver-blue cape of Meteor Woman, no longer receptive to his touch.

Time to face the music, he thought. *Even if I can't look her in the eyes.*

"Alexis," he murmured.

"Holy shit - Burt!? I don't - what!?"

Burt looked up, though he still couldn't meet her eyes.

"Surprise, kiddo," he said, grinning sheepishly. "I'm, uh, Meteor Woman."

Alexis' jaw dropped. She staggered back, only just managing to catch herself from falling. She was staring at the blue cape and then back to her brother in horror.

Yeah, there had to be a better way to explain that, he thought.

Alexis had a thousand questions, and each answer brought a thousand more. Burt couldn't blame her. In the last couple of hours her city had come under attack from a supervillain, her favourite hero had also become a villain, and then after being briefly kidnapped by said former hero, she'd also found out that her hero-turned-villain-turned kidnapper was secretly her older brother.

It was a hell of a thing to take in, though Burt tried to clamp down upon the discussion as they made their way hurriedly to the apartment. There were sirens of warning everywhere, and numerous lower tier heroes - the C and D-listers - advising people to stay home and get to shelter. Evidently, things weren't going well with the fight against Hyperion: a number of heroes including Signet Lance were being evacuated for medical treatment.

"I hear he's got some kind of new weapon," someone proclaimed excitedly as an electronic billboard played helicopter footage of a fight. "It can shut off superpowers. He's broken half the villains free of their cells, and the rest are rioting."

"He's demanding Meteor Woman come face him," a woman added. "Despicable."

"Where is she?" another said.

"Yeah, she should be in the thick of it, protecting us!"

"Meteor Woman shouldn't have to answer to terrorists."

"But she could stop him."

"Or give him what he wants! She helps us here. She's the only one looking out for us Cornwallians and Metropole folk, even the Narrows know her better than the like of Blue Trident!"

"Still, it's weird not seeing her around. I'm worried."

The conversation continued as Burt continued to walk, Alexis by his side. He occasionally had to pull her forward as they headed to their apartment building, but he tried to be gentle: her world was collapsing from underneath her, and she couldn't stop looking at the terrible news. Apparently a seven-story building over by the Eastman had been flattened in the chaos. *This is big A-level supervillainy shit. God, I hope Ralph is safe.*

"I don't understand," Alexis said.

"I'll explain when we get to safety, kid."

"How can you be Meteor Woman? It makes no sense!"

"You're telling me. I didn't deserve it."

"You - but how?"

He sighed as they turned a corner. In the far distance, something was colliding from the heavens. Starcaller bringing down celestial motes of energy from the upper atmosphere,

perhaps. God, he hated how much he knew this superhero shit now. But if Starcaller was involved this close to the city with *her* power, then stuff was getting serious. There was a massive series of detonations, then something akin to a gigantic, Godzilla-like roar. Something was stomping out there, but the rising black smoke and flames were making it hard to discern.

“Christ, it’s like a fucking warzone,” he said. “I can’t believe I took a job from him.”

“From who - from *Hyperion*? Burt, what the hell is going on? I’m scared!”

“Let’s get back to the apartment first and -”

“No!” she shouted, pulling away from him. “You’re carrying her damn cape. You’re *her*, or something! You hurt Flame Dancer! You have to explain this to me.” Her eyes pleaded with him, and it withered him. “Please, Burt.”

Burt sagged. He still lacked energy from everything that had gone on. *I could take the big tits and the vagina again if it meant I never had to feel puffed again.* But the time for truth had come. He looked around, but the crowds were thinning as people ran for safety, and the blare of ambulance and police and fire sirens overrode any chance of people hearing him.

“I - I’m a shitty person, Alexis. You know I’ve always had a run in with trouble. Ma’s so proud of me for pulling myself out of it, but the truth is . . . the truth is I never did. I work security, yeah, but I’ve also been breaking into security for a good few years now. Small-time jobs to make cash on the side.”

Alexis gasped. “You’re a robber?”

“A burglar. Robbing means putting people in harm’s way, and I don’t -”

An image of Flame Dancer unconscious flickered in his mind, a blade of guilt digging into his heart.

“-I *didn’t* do that. I just worked odd jobs and kept my head under. It wasn’t for me, little one, it was for you and Ma. With her medical bills-”

“It was wrong,” she said emphatically.

“Yeah, it was. It is. But I needed the money so we could have a mother, and you could go to school and have a future.”

“I would have preferred you not do any of that for us.”

“Yeah, well, it’s easy to say that, kid. Don’t think I didn’t feel guilty about it. But I got in deep, and ended up working with the wrong person. That *Hyperion* asshole. I didn’t know it at the time, but he got me and several others to help him break into a superhero vault facility. He wanted, well, he wanted the cape of the Meteor. Things went sideways and I sorta ended up with it. When it landed on me, some weird bird out in space told me I had the power of the Comet now, and that I had the chance to be a genuine superheroine: Meteor Woman.”

Alexis looked up at him, and he took that opportunity to keep moving. Things were tense on the streets, and that loud booming noise was only continuing. Whatever Hyperion had out there, he didn't like it.

"You're kidding!" Alexis said. "You got turned into Meteor Woman? Is she another identity? Is she a different person? Do you forget what you're like when you're her?"

"No, no! She's me, alright? Same person. It's why the bathtub broke: I didn't realise my own superstrength and I was trying to turn back into my Burt-self. I mean, some things are different."

Alexis realised before even he did what was being indicated there. "Oh my God, that reporter! Ralph Riley! The superhero forums all say you've got a thing for him! That you kissed when you rescued him!"

Burt flushed a deep red.

"We can talk about that later. Look, there's some changes. I turned into a blonde chick in her twenties with big stonkin' tits, okay? Anyone would act a little different!"

Alexis giggled for a moment, until she remembered her anger and regained her glare.

"And all this time you've been lying to Ma and me."

"To protect you. That's what your heroes all do, right? Secret identities and stuff? I was doing the same."

"You were making a difference! People loved you! I loved you! You - you meant so much, and it was all so you could rob the Hero Dome and make some quick money?"

"For Mom's treatment, Alexis. For Mom. I would have done anything for her, and for you. But I didn't *just* do that. I would have robbed the Hero Dome weeks ago if that was the case. I - I liked being a hero. Even if I had to be a woman and deal with all the gross comments and that ridiculous body-hugging, cleavage-showing costume and all the internet memes and posters and all that . . . I liked it. I felt like I was doing good in my life, for once."

She folded her arms and looked away. "You were."

They were nearly to the apartment. He had no idea what to do from there, but at least it would be a sort of shelter for now. Other heroes in the city were already looking for Meteor Woman, but apparently her new vigilante status was being clamped down upon. *Fuck, I hope Flame Dancer is okay. What the fuck was I thinking? The spirit of the Meteor was right, I didn't deserve any of that power.*

"C'mon," he said. "Let's get to Mom. She matters most here. We need to make sure she's safe."

"You care about people's safety now?"

"I always did, Alex. I just . . . suck at it."

She glared again, but the expression was more one of disbelief and hurt than anything else, instead of true anger. She followed Burt into the building.

Ma was safe, though she'd gotten out of bed against what the doctor's had advised to her last time, and was sitting in the living room with a shell-shocked expression on her face.

"Oh thank God, you're both safe!" she exclaimed as Burt and Alexis entered. "I was so worried - thank you for keeping her safe, my son."

"Yeah, *thanks for keeping us safe*, Burt," Alexis added.

"Mom, you shouldn't be in bed."

She waved him off, though she had to pause to give a wet-sounding cough. "I'll be f-fine. I've got my liquids. Besides, nowhere is safe at the moment - look at the news!"

She gestured to the television, and Burt paused.

Holy shit, it's worse than I could have imagined.

The footage was from a helicopter overseeing the carnage. The reporter wasn't Ralph Riley - it wasn't a *Daily Star* channel - but he knew that he'd be there somewhere. Trieker's Prison was an open maw, bent and ruined, its walls collapsed on two sides. Numerous emergency services were responding to round up escaping inmates, but dozens of villains were on the loose and engaging with the Hero Society in the air. Some were even fleeing into their constituent villains gangs - the Apocalypse Order, the Deterrents, even the shadow Doom Society were forming ranks. The battle was reaching the city despite Blue Trident's water constructs trying to keep a seal on it, and part of that was because of what Hyperion had brought to the fore.

"It's a goddamn mecha," Burt said. "It's huge."

It was still assembling too, still growing like a gigantic kaiju, the kind of which hadn't been fought by the Hero Society since the Ancient One had been accidentally unearthed ten years ago. But unlike that fossil, this thing was alive and electric with modern technology, standing over five or six stories tall. It was like a giant version of Hyperion's own suit, albeit with a long whip-like series of tails and more draconic looking legs that ripped up the road work. Its helmet had the alien green slits that spewed forth radioactive flame, and it too was shaped into a metallic skull. Large floating cannons orbited its shoulders, firing wildly through buildings and shredding apart surfaces. People were only being evacuated just in time. Hopefully.

"Why can't they stop it?" Alexis said.

"Look," their Mom replied.

They watched, and saw the rumours unfold. Lightning Lass - adorable, perky Lightning Lass - rode upon a fork of living lightning to discharge a beam of energy. It shattered one of the cannons, which exploded, damaging part of the hull. The mech's

skullplate shifted to one side and focused upon her. From the grill came a burst of that sickly green energy. She dodged it, arcing around and around, the helicopter barely managing to follow her with its camera.

And then the energy collided. The heroine screamed, though the sound couldn't capture it. She fell, and only one of Trident's water constructs caught her in time to stop her from splattering on the street. She raised her arm, and a beam of electricity surged forth, but it fell short, as if she had been drained.

Which she had: the mech suddenly grew a little taller, a little stouter. It fed off the energy of Lightning Lass, expanding its mass and repairing its cannon. Another rose in place.

"Holy fuck, it doesn't shut down powers, but it does *drain them*," Burt said.

"They can't stop it," their Mom murmured. "At least, they haven't found a way too. The reporters are covering it on every channel but they're having to be evacu-"

Burt was already grabbing the remote and checking the different channels. Ralph Riley appeared on the screen, looking haggard and covered in dust and debris as he moved closer to the chaos.

'The list of casualties keep coming in. No heroes are dead, but some are in serious condition, others wounded and out of action. Lightning Lass was just drained as it being pulled back to rejoin the fight with us. Lightning Lass, can you tell us anything?'

The haggard-looking beauty sighed. *'Hyperion hurt Signet, so I'm gonna hurt him back. J-just need a moment. Everyone needs to evacuate though. Follow the - agh! - the directions of your local authority. Sorry, hurts to breathe. If you're in Cornwall or Metropole, get out of here - he's headed that way. And for the love of God if any heroes are left, please come and help. Even just to stall him.'*

"Is it true that he wants Meteor Woman?"

Lightning Lass nodded after a moment's hesitation. *"He says he'll stop if she comes. Don't believe him. He wants her power."*

"Do you think she'll come?"

"I hope so. I really hope so. I trust her."

Another explosion rocketed, and this one was not just on the screen but could be seen out the window upon the horizon. Ralph looked okay, but he had to cover himself. Burt's heart skipped a beat. Unlike all the other times he'd changed back, his attraction to the man remained this time. That connection, ever since they'd slept together. Since he'd shared such a personal side with him. He turned off the screen.

"Shit," he said.

"Yeah," Ma said, for once not correcting his language.

"We need to get you two out of here."

"We *all* need to get out of here," Sally said. "But - I don't know if I can, Burt. I'm . . . I'm pretty weak right now. You take Alexis, and make sure she gets to a shelter. Both of you. I'll be fine."

"I'm not leaving you in danger, Sally," he said.

"Me either," Alexis added.

Burt cringed. *How is she playing the hero right now?*

"No, you don't understand," he said. He gazed out the window to where the carnage was occurring. "I need to get out there."

"What?" Sally said. "Burt, that's ridiculous! You're just a security guard!"

"I'm not," he said. "I can't explain it, Ma, but there's more going on than you know. I have to be out there, helping people. I . . . can do things. Maybe. Sort of. I've got a power, though I don't know if I'm worthy of it right now."

But I'll have to try. Goddamn it, how could you stuff this shit up so much, Burt? You've got to get out there and try, or you'll never forgive yourself for letting Alexis down, or your fellow heroes, or Ralph. Or the city, and all the people you've loved protecting when you thought you were running a quick con.

Sally's jaw slowly fell. "You don't mean . . . Burt, are you saying that . . ."

Alexis stepped forward, eyes brimming with tears again.

"He's a hero, Mom. He is."

She hugged him, and he returned the hug, a well of emotional bubbling up inside him as well. He held his kid sister for a long while, then embraced Sally.

"I promise I'll explain everything when I'm back," he said. "Everything. I don't know if this will even work. It's crazy, and I've already been rejected by the power. I did some stupid shit, Ma-

"Language."

"Sorry, but I did. I thought I could help you, but you wouldn't have been proud. But I can try and make up for it. I can try this. Alexis, get Mom to safety. I'll do what I can to stop that monster. It's what I should have been doing this whole time."

He pulled forth the blue cape of the Meteor from his backpack, and Sally gasped at the sight of it.

"I love you both," he said. "And I'm sorry for lying, Alexis. I meant what I said when I was her, though: you're a damn hero to me."

And with that, he strode from the apartment, cape in hands.

I'm not worthy, huh? Then I'll make myself worthy. Hyperion can't have this power, and he won't have this city. I'd rather be stuck as a woman for life than let that happen.

Issue 12: One Last Time

Screams. Explosions. Debris and dust and chaos everywhere. The streets were largely empty, but for the image of numerous superpowered individuals fighting, rounding up what they could of the escaped criminals, and fighting against the ever-growing mechanical monster that was housing Hyperion. Burt wasn't stupid: he'd done his reading on the freak who'd hired him. He was a tech genius who'd literally implanted his body with all sorts of upgrades, a figure ruthlessly dedicated to overcoming his bodily limitations and establishing a dictatorship with him at the top. He'd almost died once in a fight, and his carapace-like armour had only grown in complexity ever since, designed to dish out painful punishment but also stop him from being harmed. Burt had the sense that the jackass was terrified of death, and would use any method to maintain his health and age and genius, all for the suffering of others.

Like the power of the Meteor. Could he even harvest it? Would he become a busty blonde bimbo-bodied type, too? Would the bastard even care, so long as he could laser his enemies to pieces? Shit, it's not like his growing armour is having too much trouble at the moment, what does he need me for?

But the answer was obvious, because it was the same for every villain: more power, more ease. A body that could travel at lightning speed and intimidate up close and from afar, without the clunkiness of a giant mecha suit. It also meant that the suit itself might have some vulnerabilities.

Fuck, there better be. Because if I can't get this power back, I'm just a random stocky dude in a sweaty button shirt and a cape in his hands.

Still, Burt ran towards the chaos. He managed to sneak past barricades, and when a hero he assumed was Tiger Heart tried to warn him back, one of the captured villains - Alonzo, maybe? - tackled him with green fists aflame, and Burt was able to advance ahead of that brewing fight. All the time he was reminded of how small and weak and vulnerable he was.

"How does Ralph stand it?" he gasped to himself.

Because he's a goddamn hero, is how, he thought. Even back in male form his Kara-thoughts swept over him. A damn handsome hero who charges into danger knowing he could get hurt. Well, damn it, I'm doing the same!

His heart nearly exploded when he saw a helicopter fall out of the sky. A news chopper. Kaser Beam caught it with her tactile hard light lasers, but it was a close thing. Burt still rushed past: the great mecha was in view.

"I am worthy," he chanted to himself, and the cape. "You'll see. I *am* worthy. I'll prove it, Meteor."

'There is nothing to prove,' the voice echoed in his ears. *'You committed an act of greed, of selfishness. You stole, and hurt a defender of the people.'*

"I did," he replied, coughing as he moved through the smoke. "And I'll regret that for the rest of my life. Maybe I'm not worthy, then. But Hyperion is hurting people. I have to help."

'You do not have the power of the Meteor. You are vulnerable. You may die.'

"Lots of people die helping others. That's what Ralph is doing right now: he's broadcasting safe zones, interviewing survivors, helping connect families who've been split apart. I've got to do something."

'Hmm.'

The cape went silent in his mind, but his own was racing. He passed through the acrid smoke and stepped into a scene of immense anarchy: heroes were fighting villains, and everyone was pulling clear of the immense mech that was scraping between two towers. It was easily over ten stories in height now, firing beams of energy in great strafing blasts that knocked individuals from the sky. The grill glowed, and from its maw came a terrible, mechanical voice devoid of pity or humanity.

'BRING ME METEOR WOMAN AND YOUR PAIN WILL END. BRING ME HER CORPSE IF YOU MUST. I NEED ONLY HER CAPE. CONTINUE TO STALL, AND THE LIVES OF THIS CITY ARE FORFEIT. SO SAY I, HYPERION.'

"Fuck," Burt managed. "How the hell do I even . . . Ralph!"

He said it too loud, before remembering that the reporter didn't even know this guy named 'Burt.' The reporter was helping move a number of civilians from some blast. Lightning Lass had an arm on his shoulder as he helped move her.

"Uh, do I know you?" he asked.

Burt ignored the question and quickly got under Lass's other arm. "I'm, er, a big fan of your reports."

"Well, it's always nice to have fans, and some help. You are?"

"Burt Conway. I work security. I was in the area and saw people needed helping."

"Well, it's the only thing I can do now that my equipment's shot and my camera boy pulled a runner." He gave a gleaming smirk, but the anxiety behind it was clear, and the innate heroism. It made Burt's heart skip a beat. *Goddamn, do I have it hard for this man. I could really have that pair of tits again right now if it meant I could smooch him with my girly lips. God!*

They moved Lightning Lass, who'd taken another beating. There was a shelter by the side of the street, but who knew if it could stand the pounding that Hyperion's mecha was giving to the pavement. Everyone was covered by ash and debris, but they managed to get her to the side, away from the crowd.

"Th-thanks," she said. "Fucker got Signet Lance. Is he okay?"

"I think so," Burt said. "I saw him being taken by an ambulance twenty minutes ago."

"G-good. Things aren't g-going well. Flame Dancer's missing. Something's happened at the tower. They're saying Meteor Woman's rogue. I don't get it. She wouldn't . . ."

"I agree," Ralph said. "There's no way Meteor Woman would go rogue. I, uh, know her quite well too."

"Lucky bastard," Lightning Lass said, noticing his blush. "God, I wish we could switch places. She is seriously so fucking hot, especially those big - ughh!"

She clutched her side in pain.

"Damn it, can't even wax lyrical about that hot piece without being in pain. Fuckin' Hyperion."

"Just hold still, Lightning Lass," Ralph said. He applied some bandages to her side, and she accidentally gave him a brief shock.

"Sorry!" she said. "Accidental reflex."

"I'll help," Burt replied, and he and Ralph worked to help her as much as possible.

"Need to g-get back into the fight," she said. "Especially with Meteor Woman m-missing."

"Not yet, give yourself time," Ralph said. "There are plenty of other heroes out there. And besides, I'm sure she'll turn up. She has to."

Burt looked at the man, taking in his features. He could read Ralph. Even while he lacked that feminine compassion that had increased his empathy, that understanding still lingered.

"You really believe in her, huh?"

Ralph sighed. "Of course I do. She's saved my life. She's . . . troubled. I don't know how. But she's a good person. I know it."

"You sure she's not just some shitty heel who played us or something? I mean, she's just some big-titted blonde who can fly around showing off what the rest of us don't have."

Ralph shocked Burt by actually *shoving* him backwards. He nearly lost his footing. *Damn, I'm not only weak, but he's way stronger than I thought. Weird turn on by this point.*

"Don't say that about her," Ralph warned. "Ka - I mean, Meteor Woman is so much more than that. She looks after the neighbourhoods that other heroes either ignore or just don't think about. She helps old ladies cross the street! She tries damn hard when she's new at this. Even when all the media and fans can focus on is her body, she damn well tries. She fucking cares, and I care about her, and . . . that's that. If she's not here fighting Hyperion, she has a reason."

Burt nodded. Ralph couldn't know it, but he'd grown the man's heart three sizes that day. Unfortunately, another quake rocked the shelter, and a number of people screamed. Even Lightning Lass looked about with fear.

"He's getting closer! Blue Trident's construct line must be falling apart."

"Then it's time for me to go and face him," Burt said.

The two looked at him like he'd grown a second head. In some ways, he was hoping to, at least in a way. Though his heart was beating like a jackhammer, he moved to leave the shelter, shouldering past a number of panicked individuals who were fleeing the madness above.

'You would deliver me to the Hyperion? Are you mad?'

"Not crazy," he said to the cape in his backpack. "Just determined. I've got to do the right thing."

'That does not mean you can have my power again.'

"It's not power I want anymore. I just want to do the right thing, like I said. You can take the power away from me later if you want, but you need to give it to me now. One last time as a hero, so I can save lives."

He entered out into the sun, though the sky was also raining ash and debris as the mech surged forward. It was only two blocks away, and pushing forward, leaving a trail of destruction in its wake. Burt breathed slowly, closing his eyes. He was damn terrified, feeling like an idiot, and not just for that moment but for all he'd done while he'd held the mantle.

I could have been better. I need to be better now.

He took the backpack from his shoulders. It was the moment of truth. But then suddenly someone was approaching him, and he realised almost by a sixth sense that it was Ralph. He adjusted his glasses in a cute manner as he drew near. He had his recorder out, sensing a story even among the much, much bigger one ahead.

"Wait! We need to talk. What were you talking about earlier?" Ralph said. "Who are you?"

Burt bit his lip. "You wouldn't believe me. I'm sorry Ralph, again. I told you I was a piece of shit, but I'm trying to make it up to everyone. I think this is the only way."

"I - we have met, haven't we? You can't hurt that thing. No one can. Even Blue Trident is struggling. We need to get back to the shelter. Look, I can do an interview if you want to help on the human interest side. I can get a statement and-"

Burt shot his hand out and grabbed Riley's in a surprisingly soft manner. He smiled, and for a moment felt like Meteor Woman again, even if he was damn short and wide and male.

"Hey, I told you before, remember? No recordings. You were pretty good about that."

Slowly, something approaching a dawning realisation crested over Ralph's face, but Burt was already moving forward. He withdrew the cape from the pack and flourished it around his shoulders. It was too big by half, and certainly didn't work with his body type, but in that moment he didn't care. Hyperion's enormous mech was pressing forwards, advancing implacably like ten thousand storms coalescing together. Unstoppable. Invincible.

"HYPERION!" Burt shouted. "YOU WANTED ME! COME GET ME!"

The mech halted, and its purple eyes darted about until they zeroed in on Burt.

"YOU!" it cried, its voice carrying like a tornado.

"Yeah," Burt said. "Me."

'The power of the Meteor will change you, Burt. Permanently. Even if you gain the power for a short time, that does not mean I will let you keep it. If so, you will be trapped in your other body, a woman for the rest of your life, and an unpowered one at that.'

"It's worth the risk. Hell, I'll deserve it. Just let me be her again, and face evil one last time."

The cape glowed, shimmering its approval. Ralph staggered back behind Burt as the transformation began, and the heroic and intrepid reporter fell silent, dropping the recorder from his hand as he took in a sight that Burt had taken such pains to hide until now. The mech roared, booming with fury as his form altered and twisted in a way that might never be reversed. Burt savoured the feeling of growth, gaining inches of height, his flab melting away to gorgeous ab muscles, his chest blooming into a set of incredible HH-cup breasts, his hips widening, his clothes shifting about to becoming the silver leotard, blue boots and gloves of *her* heroic identity. Her hair cascaded out, blonde and wavy and beautiful, and her manhood retreated into womanhood in a manner that could well be permanent. She shivered in a strange delight as the power returned to her. In seconds, she was Meteor Woman again, tall and voluptuous and mighty and utterly, obviously *female*.

It felt damn right.

This is me, she realised. *This is who I want to be*.

She turned and smirked in Ralph's direction. He looked starstruck, and deeply concerned.

"Kara?" he said.

"That's me," she replied. "I told you I was complicated. Now get back, hot stuff. I've got a villain to fight, and I don't want you hurt. I care about you too much."

"But - but -"

"I'll explain later Ralph. I'll explain everything. I promise."

She didn't kiss him. That would be too soon. But she did embrace him, pressing her newly ample chest against his, and savouring his warmth. And then she looked him in the eyes with all the love she felt in her heart.

“Go!” she said. “I’ll save the day.”

Because I’m a goddamn superheroine. Check me out, Hyperion. I’m Meteor Woman.

Issue 13: Beatdown

Meteor Woman looked over herself and smirked. She couldn’t see her toes, once more. Maybe she never would again while standing! And yet . . .

God, it feels fucking good to have my tits back. Can’t believe I ever missed ‘em, but yeah, they’re back. And the superstrength too.

“Thanks, Meteor,” she said.

‘This may just be temporary. But lives are at stake.’

“That’s exactly what I’m thinking,” she said. She floated into the air, once more able to fly with practised ease. Her cape fluttered behind her, and she did her best to adopt a classically heroic pose, hands on her wide, powerful hips, chest thrust out. Too bad Ralph’s camera man had run off: the Channel 13 news chopper would be the one getting the real money shot as it circled above: Meteor Woman in all her busty glory standing alone against the great mecha.

Well, that wasn’t exactly true: Blue Trident’s constructs were still battling it, and she could see the man himself in the distance, grappling with several villains who were pulling him away from the centrestage battle. No, this was just between her and the man who had started it all. She used her X-ray vision to search deep into the hulking frame of the expanding robot and saw the sheer intricacy of the machinery within. There, in the centre, was a humanoid figure connected to the circuitry through numerous cables that were grotesquely implanted into his body. Like a child in a womb, he floated within.

‘GIVE ME THE CAPE, METEOR WOMAN,’ the figure boomed. *‘IT IS MINE. DO THIS, AND I WILL LET THE CITY LIVE.’*

“And what will you do then, Hyperion? Go into retirement? We both know why you want the cape! You want more power, and you don’t want to have to rely on big clunky mechs and cannons that can be broken. If I give you the cape, you never have to worry about all your precious power being taken again. Asshole.”

The mech rose, its gears grinding, parts reshifting.

‘I AM USUALLY A PATIENT MAN, METEOR WOMAN, BUT TIME RUNS SHORT. YOUR ALLIES ARE SUFFERING, YOUR CITY IS FALLING TO ITS KNEES. YOU CAN TRY TO STOP ME LATER, BUT IF YOU OPPOSE ME NOW, I WILL BRING DOWN EVERY BUILDING AROUND ME. THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE IN THEM.’

He wasn't wrong. There was no way to evacuate everyone quickly. No way to get them all out. She turned in the air briefly, taking in where some of the citizens were, trying to figure out how to save them.

And that was her first mistake, because suddenly Hyperion's cannons fired, and she was rocketed across several blocks of the city by the full power of his weaponry.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck FUCK!" she cried, bouncing across the pavement. She got to her feet, shocked at how painful the experience had been. "Goddamn big tits are back and I can't even use 'em as airbags!"

The cannons fired again, but this time she was quicker, moving with lightning speed up into the air so that he had to shoot up rather than across the city. She darted overhead, but was unable to hide behind buildings: Hyperion was more than happy to target them.

'THE CAPE, METEOR WOMAN. NOW!'

I need to get him out of the city, Kara thought. Where are the other heroes?

She managed to hear a few with her increased senses. They were brawling with the Apocalypse Order and slowly winning, but it was a hard going fight. She needed their help, if they would even trust her.

"Goddamn it, why did I have to break into the Hero Dome? Damn stupid, Kara."

It occurred to her that she was already thinking of herself as Kara again. Perhaps it was selfish, but in embracing the power once more she was already fearing the loss of it to Hyperion: this was *her*.

'YOU HAVE TWELVE SECONDS TO COMPLY!' the mech boomed.

"That's more than enough time!" she yelled. She dodged another ion blast, then a shot from the grill of the beast. A small part of it scorched her, and sure enough she felt a momentary weakening as it drained some of her batteries. The mech reinforced, expanding as it reorganised that energy . . . but not as much as it had for the other heroes.

I'm more resistant to that jackass' tech. Not immune, but I'm not as affected. No wonder that piece of shit wants the power of the Meteor. Fucker.

She soared down, dodging more blasts and more cannons. Floating weapons of strange lattice-like crystal structures formed into being, firing laser-like effects that bloomed into intricate energy nets to capture her. She swatted them aside or punched through them or simply manoeuvred around them. Her senses were heightened once more, and she was aware of every part of her surroundings, every part of her perfect feminine body in its superheroic pose.

"My turn," she said. Her eyes glowed, and she fired her own lasers from her vision in a wide sweep, detonating numerous turrets and the bigger ion cannons by the mechs shoulders. The grill glowed that sickly green, and she was forced to stall her descent. The mech spewed radioactive-looking flame against a nearby skyscraper. With horror, she

changed course and swung into the side of the building, the world moving in slow motion. Five people, caught in mid-scream. She grabbed each one of them, holding them to her as best as she could - the businessman would probably be quite happy to find his face in his cleavage once he recovered. She got them to the ground and deposited them, only to be hit by another blast just as she shooed them away.

“Meteor Woman, run!” one of them called.

“C-can’t! Gotta keep you safe!” she replied, taking to the air again.

She launched at Hyperion, intent on dislodging him, but the carapace was too strong for her laser vision unless she had more time to melt it. *Like the opening of that Star Wars movie Alexis loves, or whatever,* she thought.

So she opted for the more direct approach: she *slammed* into the side of the mecha with the full force of her strength and kept on pushing. The armour buckled, but resisted her ability to punch through. So instead she kept on punching the *entire thing* back across the city block, toppling it over dramatically along the path it had come.

“Sorry, Central Park!” she exclaimed as she careened it into the lake. “But you’re the closest thing to a safe zone right now!”

Hyperion’s massive suit smashed upon the greenery and the lake, causing miniature tidal waves to erupt, but Meteor Woman was already moving while it was disoriented. She burst across the sky, summoning all of her returned power.

Jesus, I really did commit to this. This could be me now, forever.

It was exciting. It was terrifying and daunting. But some part of it felt right too: a worthy sacrifice if it meant doing the right thing.

She caught up quickly to Blue Trident and Ice Shard, both pitted against Knight Crier and some other Apocalypse villains she had no damn time to try and bother recognising. They were running interference for Hyperion, clearly, maybe they’d cut a deal with the asshole or something. Either way, she was happy to help take them down.

“Trident!” she called. “Ice! Get down!”

They looked up, and for a moment she saw the confusion and concern on their faces - they knew she’d broken into the Hero Dome. Word had gotten to them. Still, she surged forth and collided with Knight Crier, shattering part of his helmet and tossing him against a building in a manner that perhaps caused a bit too much collateral damage.

“Meteor Woman, what are you doing here?” Blue Trident said. He batted aside a lunging thrust of an ethereal spear from his enemy, while Ice Shard froze several summoned robotic goons from Warblax or whatever the fuck his name was: Kara didn’t really have time to learn the catalogue by that point.

“I’m here to help!” she said.

“You’re a traitor,” Ice Shard snapped. “We’ve gotten word from Flame Dancer. She’s injured thanks to you.”

A spike of fear shot up Meteor Woman’s spine.

“Is she okay?”

Ice Shard blasted another horde while Kara used her sonic scream to shatter another piece of the advancing Knight Crier’s armour.

“She’s got fucking broken ribs, thanks to you, and a broken arm. What the hell were you doing? I should ice you right now.”

“You should,” Kara said, though the two combined their forces to knock away the last villain while Trident finished off his. “But not yet. We still have Hyperion. He wants me.”

It was the lead hero who turned to Kara at that point, examining her. It wounded her heart to see the betrayal on his features, after all the trust he’d put in her.

“Why?” he said.

Something about being a woman made her more receptive to such an emotional state, and she couldn’t help herself: she had to wipe some tears from her eyes as they began to well up.

“I’m s-sorry,” she stammered. “I can’t explain it all. I’m not - I wasn’t always Meteor Woman. I tried to steal some things for the Hero Dome. Someone I care very much for is dying, and I thought if I could make some money . . . it wasn’t right, and now I’ve fucked everything up. But that,” she indicated to the recovering mech, which was scanning the area and beginning to march to their position, “is hurting a lot more people. You can put me in prison after this. I won’t fight. I’ll tell you everything, and the mantle of the Meteor can go to someone who actually fucking deserves it. I’ve already stuck myself in this body for life just by taking it on again, and I deserve that too. But please, I need your help. If I can get to the centre of that mech, I can get Hyperion. But only I can distract him while you break part of the shell, then I can swoop in. Please, trust me.”

Ice Shard folded her arms. “Why should we, big tits? You’ve already turned on us once. Flame Dancer is my best friend.”

Kara swallowed. “Please. Trident, you put your trust in me, and I took advantage of that. I won’t again. Ever. When you gave me the chance to be a hero, it meant so much to me. Please. My little sister is out there. My Mom. They’re in danger.”

Blue Trident nodded slowly. His disappointment was still clear, but the man was nothing if not the classical hero. He looked her in the eyes, and despite her likely being a little taller than him, she felt small.

“Very well, Meteor Woman,” he said in his booming voice. “We’ll sort this out later. For now, I choose to trust you.”

“But Trident, we-”

“Ice, we don’t have many reserves left. I’ll take what help we can get.”

“Thank you,” Kara said. “There’s a weak point along the back, but it’ll take too long to crack. If we can make our attacks look uncoordinated, like *you’re* trying to distract him and prevent him from getting me, when it’s the other way around, I may be able to do something. But we have to act quickly.”

To her shock, Trident placed a sudden hand on her shoulder and smiled.

“I might still be right, you know. You might still have the heart of the hero.”

Wow. Holy shit. He actually really thinks that - annnnnnd he’s peaking at my tits.

Better get used to that for the rest of your life, Kara.

He noticed her noticing his noticing, and he blushed. “Sorry, I didn’t mean, er-”

“It’s okay,” she laughed. “They’re, er, quite prominent.”

Ice Shard scoffed.

“Don’t be jealous,” Kara said, then took off into the air to face Hyperion, once again adopting her heroic pose. Behind her she could hear Ice Shard complain.

“I swear, she is an absolute bitch. Don’t even think about trying to date her, Trident. We are putting her away after this. She can hide those tits away in an orange uniform.”

“We’ll see what Flame Dancer says about all this first. And I was not looking at - it was about her heart!”

“Sure, sure. And I’m sure you were just admiring her cape and not her a-”

“Let’s just enact the plan! Delta-one.”

“Fine. Got it.”

Kara rolled her eyes at the exchange. There was no getting around what she’d done, but she was rapidly becoming aware that even if she did get to keep her powers, this was just a taste of what she’d have to deal with for a long time. *It’s not like the costume doesn’t show off the goods, after all. God, they’ll probably have merchandise of me. Little action dolls and shit. Wait, will I be a hero or villainess? Shit, this is complicated. Alexis would have a better idea than me.*

The thought of her sister and mother allowed her to refocus as she approached the mecha. It rose from the lake of Central Park, weapons reforging, as well as large scything glades along its knuckles which shot forth to shred her. She caught one and threw it right back.

“You’re going down Hyperion!” she called.

That was lame. I need to work on - SHIT!

A cannon burst took her, followed by a grill blast. She briefly lost control of her left arm, nearly collided with a building across the road from the park, and regained herself just in time to pull a civilian to safety as a wide energy beam lanced across its rooftop. She hurried the person away before launching back into action, and then the dance began. She

needed to keep Hyperion's attention on her while also making it appear as if she didn't want him to, so she excised the 'witty' banter in favour of letting the crazed villain rant.

'POOR PATHETIC METEOR WOMAN. I WISH I HAD LEARNED YOUR IDENTITY WHEN YOU WERE SIMPLY CODENAME 'KING.' THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR EASIER, YOU KNOW. DO YOUR ALLIES KNOW THAT YOU WERE ONCE A MAN, HMM?'

Kara's gut clenched. *Shit. He figured some things out. And just in time for Trident and Ice to appear on scene. Goddamnit.*

She proceeded to fire off several lasers and pound away at the outer shell, tipping the mech back. This time it grew a rocket booster and pushed her instead, slamming her against a treeline and skidding her across the ground.

'I DON'T IMAGINE THEY KNOW YOU WERE A HUMBLE CAT BURGLAR. A COMMON PETTY THIEF. HOW THE POWER OF THE METEOR EVER FOUND YOU WORTHY IS A JOKE, BUT MY TECHNOLOGY WILL BYPASS ANY MEASURE OF 'WORTHINESS.' I WILL PEEL YOUR CORPSE OF THE WOMANFLESH FOISTED UPON YOU AND THEN SEIZE THE CAPE FOR MY OWN. STILL, HOW AMUSING TO THINK YOU HAVE HAD TO MASQUERADE AS THIS BIMBO-LIKE FIGURE ALL THIS TIME? HAVE YOU BEEN ENJOYING IT?'

Kara roared. She tried a different tactic, surging underground through the dirt, tunnelling rapidly until she launched out from underneath the mech and tore away at some plating.

"Actually, I did fucking enjoy bits of it!" she yelled. "Even if the costume is way too damn revealing! Even if these boobs are way too big! And even if the internet has a fucking field day over me, I actually *have* enjoyed it, and I'm certainly not going to let you get away with taking this power, even if I don't deserve it!"

It was a mistake, because the grill fired in her face, spewing forth green flames from the face of the mecha. She screamed in agony as her power drained, and it was only by letting off a quick sonic scream that she could redirect the energy drain and escape.

'HOW FASCINATING. WHAT A TURN OF EVENTS. THE VILLAIN CREATES HIS OWN HERO. IT FEELS ODDLY APPROPRIATE, METEOR WOMAN. BUT YOUR FRIENDS WILL NOT DISTRACT ME. MY ONLY GOAL IS YOU, THEN THIS CITY.'

More cannons, more scythes, more weapons. She was getting less effective at dodging them, even as Ice Shard and Trident worked a disorganised-but-secretly-organised campaign to tear at the rear plating. Several other heroes were rallying to join them, including Polymorph. Lightning Lass was arriving on the scene as well, albeit still injured.

"Fuck yeah, told you she was a hero. A hot hero. Lucky reporter."

Kara had to smile at that, but couldn't be too distracted. Hyperion was in full rant mode, and that was good: he thought he was winning. Which wasn't far from the truth unless she started dodging his lasers better and getting some hits in.

THE MANTLE WILL BE MINE SOON, METEOR WOMAN. AND REST ASSURED, I WON'T END UP WITH SUCH A JOKE OF A BODY. MINE WILL BE PERFECT.'

Kara sneered. *The absolute temerity of this fucker. My sister has a poster of me up on her wall!*

She soared up into the air and came down hard upon the mechsuit, smashing it with her fists and tearing huge pieces of steel away.

"My body *is* perfect!" she roared. "It's the rest of me that needs some work, but I'm getting there, starting with taking *you* down!"

'YOU DIE NOW, METEOR WOMAN.'

The grill rose to meet her, and there was no dodging it this time. She braced herself for the pain, but there was a sudden cacophony from the rear of the mech. Trident's constructs had been empowered with Ice Shard's frosty powers, and had managed to pry apart the weak spot at the lower spine. Lightning Lass was melting the melting, preventing it from resealing, while Polymorph had become a giant ape, climbing into the hole and forcing it yet wider. They were in.

'WHAT!?!'

"Now, Meteor Woman!" Trident called.

Kara said nothing. There was no time for a pithy phrase or heroic statement. Hyperion reeled about, turning all weapons on the remaining heroes, but she used the last of her superspeed to rocket around to the hole created in the mech and shoot through. Ice Shard, for all of her distrust, froze the innards of the machine, and hundreds of interior defences shattered. Meteor Woman moved like Lass's lightning, right to the core, her laser vision carving the last of the path to the womb of the machine. Its control centre. She smashed through, and there was Hyperion, his paltry body connected by dozens of cables. He twisted, staring at her with panic and alarm. A powerful shield rose up to defend him, while her fists beat against it.

"Fuck!" she said.

"That's right," he replied on the other side, suspended by the cables. "Even you can't hurt me here."

The hole was sealing up in the back, trapping her within.

"And now I have you exactly where I want you. Now the cape is mine. The power is mine. And you will be nothing."

Numerous mechanical arms reached out to grab her body, some in places she definitely did not appreciate.

“Hey, creep! Watch where the hands go, asshole.”

“My, my, you have taken to being a woman. Very comedic. To think this might be your form forever, once I take the cape. Or perhaps you will be the man you were. I wonder which is sadder? Either way, I will end you, and all those you love, just for defying me.”

More arms, more clamps, more control over her body, the one thing she had finally gained acceptance of. It was a cruel mockery of her journey. Kara closed her eyes, trying to focus her power and figure out what to do, when suddenly -

- she was standing on the Meteor, floating above the Earth and looking down upon it.

“Send me back!” she cried to the Power. “Please! I’ll find a way to stop him. You have to believe me. My mother, my sister - everyone in Metropole and Cornwall are in danger!”

The voice echoed throughout this strange plane.

‘I know. You have proved yourself most valiant after your mistake, Kara. This is your true name now isn’t it? Kara?’

Kara swallowed. She ran her hands down her form, which was still very female. It would still take some getting used to, but there was no denying that one some level . . .

“Yes,” she admitted. “I - think it is. I want it to be.”

‘I can sense it so. Perhaps the power of the Meteor is not beyond you yet.’

“But Hyperion will take it away. He needs to be stopped. Look, I don’t care if I go to prison, or if I’m stuck as a woman - I guess I sort of feel like a woman these days anyway - or if my identity gets out, or whatever. But he needs to be stopped. I need to save the day here.”

The power thrummed. Beneath, the Earth was so small, and yet so vast. She wanted to soar down to it and take action, but the Power was clearly deliberating on something. The Meteor itself was making a decision.

‘There is one final power for you to unlock,’ it finally said in that woman-like voice. ‘I will grant it to you. You must use it wisely Kara, if you are to remain a heroine of legend.’

“I - remain??”

‘Yes. You made a terrible choice, and did harm, but like a true hero you seek atonement and justice, and hold yourself to a higher standard in doing so. I knew I chose well in giving you this power. You do indeed have the heart of a hero. And I know that heart is also spoken for.’

She blushed. “We don’t have to talk about this now.”

'Very well, Kara. But think on the matters of the heart as you summon this power. You will know what to do. Go out there, and be the hero. Embrace it. Live it. Take it as your destiny, for life. Can you do this?'

Surprisingly, there was no hesitation this time.

"Fuck yeah, I will," she said, and this time she *jumped*, leaping down to Earth before the Meteor could even send her there.

The arms were all around her. The cape was being pulled from her neck, and her head feeling like it was about to be severed with it. But the pain was distant, because Kara was suddenly *glowing*, her skin looking like it was on fire. Like a meteor descending upon the earth and burning through the atmosphere. Several of the arms began to melt off of her, while others grew to try and restrain her again. But it was too late: she tore them away as the power welled up within her. Hyperion - the frail man, not the machine - looked at her with horror.

"Impossible. This is impossible. You can't do this! The cape is mine! I will claim the power of the Meteor!"

Kara brought her hands together, shredding two more mechanical arms, and summoned the power of the meteor within her hands: a literal manifestation of a glowing hot rock forming like molten metal in her hands.

"You want the Meteor, dickhead?" she said. "Then have it."

And then, like a basketball player passing the ball casually to a teammate, she tossed it through the shield. It smashed through easily, melting through the mecha and carving a path out of the machine. Kara grabbed Hyperion, ripping away his sockets and chords of control. He screamed in fury, all outward appearances of the calm manipulator vanished. She carried him out as the mech began to explode around them, and emerged out into the light just as it all went off.

Holy fuck, that was incredible.

The team below worked to contain the blast, Ice Shard especially, but the main threat was over. Meteor Woman carried the frenzied man who was pathetically clinging to her as if he were afraid of heights. She soared past the Channel 13 news chopper and couldn't help herself: she gave them a wave. No doubt the cameraman got the money shot. She'd have to make sure that Ralph got a better one later . . . in private. If she got the chance.

She landed down among the heroes and threw Hyperion to the ground before them.

"It's done," she said. "Let's get this asshole to prison. And me too."

Issue 14: Impact

Kara's heart was beating like a jackhammer in her chest, and there was certainly a lot of chest for it to beat in, all things considered. Her costume was very good at becoming pristine again all on its own, and her flowing blonde hair had lost all trace of debris and dust, but she still felt dishevelled and wrong in a way. She was in the Hero Dome once more, summoned before the central council, and Flame Dancer was among them. It had been two days since the defeat of Hyperion, and she hadn't been allowed to leave the Dome for obvious reasons of security, though the nature of her remand was secret to most of the rank and file. Only those at the final battle had heard the testimony from Hyperion that she had once been a cat burglar, and a man to boot. None of them at all knew her actual identity except for Blue Trident, Ice Shard, and Flame Dancer, who were taking into account her personal circumstances when weighing her future.

Still, she'd managed to get word out to Alexis that she was okay after being given permission to video call her and Sally while she was in a cell. Her kid sister had been ecstatic as hell, a real blubbering mess, and she had apologised over and over again.

"I'm sorry for not believing in you," she'd said. "I'm so sorry, Burt. I didn't mean—"

"Hey, hey, it's okay kiddo. You were right. I made some shit decisions, and kept stuff from you. I never should have let you down."

"You didn't let me down. You - you saved us. All of us. They have to see that, right?"

"Well, we'll see. I also did some damage, tried to steal some stuff, and hurt a great hero. The Meteor says I get to keep the power, but I'll try and give it up to someone else if I can't use it right. It only makes sense."

Alexis eyed her curiously through the screen. "Does that mean you'll be a man again?"

"Yes, ask him about that, honey!" called Sally. Alexis adjusted the screen to reveal their mom, who was lying back on the couch with a look of serious concern. "Am I getting my boy back?"

Kara grinned sheepishly. "Uh, hey Ma. Didn't realise you were awake."

"You've got me fretting, honey! First I found out my responsible son is a hero, and that he's turned into a woman, and then he fights a giant evil robot—"

"Mecha."

"Whatever. And then he's in jail—"

"Remand."

"Honey, it's a lot to take in for a sick woman!"

Kara nodded. "I know, Ma. I'm sorry. But at least you know how the bath was broken?"

“Just tell me I’m getting my boy back.”

It was hard to tell the truth, but she had to. “I’m sorry, Mom, but you aren’t. When I made the choice to be Meteor Woman again, I went in knowing it had to be permanent. Something about the power sticking to me. I’m sorry to say, but you’ve got two daughters now.”

Sally gave a funny look. She’d always been damn perceptive. “Are *you* sorry, Burt?”

She chuckled. *So damn perceptive.* “I’m . . . not. I know it sounds crazy, Sally, but I’m not. I’m, uh . . . I go by Kara, now.”

Sally was silent for some long seconds. “I always did like the idea of two daughters.”

“Mom!”

“But you’ll have to wear a more appropriate costume! It’s ridiculous!”

“I’m well aware, Mom, but I don’t exactly get a choice here.”

Alexis just giggled. “I love it. It’s so sexy and stylish, *sis*. Oh man, I just realised this means my big brother has bigger boobs than I do. And wears more revealing stuff.”

They laughed together as Kara groaned. “God, don’t remind me!”

“And she has a boyfriend, Mom! It’s a cute reporter.”

“Oh, lord. Really, Bur - Kara?”

“I am terminating this call, seriously.”

“Can we meet him?”

“Goodbye!”

It wasn’t the last call they had. Alexis was back to being ecstatic again, even if worried for her new ‘older sister.’ It felt strange to be a big sis, but maybe it was a dynamic that would bring them even closer together. As way of apology, Kara had already promised plenty of free flight rides, and to maaaaaybe carve Alexis’ initials on the moon, if that was even possible. One thing was for certain: Meteor Woman was Alexis’ favourite hero again, but now there was an extra flavour of playful ribbing. Goodness knows, Alexis was positively over the moon about being able to fully introduce Kara to womanhood, to have girl nights, try makeup together, go shopping together, and generally stir her new big sister about her very busty body.

Can’t say I don’t deserve it. And hey, maybe she can help me pick out something cute for Ralph. If I don’t end up in max prison or something. Share a cell with Hyperion, maybe? Ha!

That was still an anxiety on her mind as she went to the council meeting, however. Blue Trident, Flame Dancer, and Ice Shard were in attendance, with Flame’s arm in a case. The room was surprisingly small, but their chairs presided over hers, raised over the table she was on the other side of. She was led in by civilian staff and moved willingly, though she was still in her hero costume. It made her feel a mix of powerful and vulnerable at once.

“Thank you for coming Meteor Woman,” Blue Trident said. “This meeting, as you know, is to determine your level of culpability in the events that took place two days ago, and discuss what charges and sanctions will be pressed in accordance with local authorities. As you know, you tried to rob the armoury while a threat to the city was being dealt with. When you were discovered by Flame Dancer, you resisted arrest, and in the process injured her in an ensuing fight that left considerable damage to the building. You put lives at risk.”

“I did,” she said, failing to meet their faces. “I take full responsibility. Flame Dancer, I’m so fucking sorry. I was - am - a total piece of shit.”

“Yes, I’d say that’s accurate,” she responded.

“I don’t make any excuses,” Kara continued. “You all know my identity - my *real* identity. I haven’t exactly been an angel. I didn’t expect any of this.”

She gestured to her body, and as always, felt Blue Trident’s gaze upon it. Not that she could blame him: she was damn dynamite, and she knew it. It was weird to think that she’d have these wide hips, hourglass figure, and mega-chest for life now.

I’ll have to buy so many expensive bras. Custom-fitted ones, most likely.

“None of this excuses what you did,” Ice Shard countered. “You attacked our base when it was vulnerable, and knocked out a leading member when she could have helped lead a counterattack. You were lucky that no lives were lost-”

“And that the evidence shows you rescued many yourself, at great personal risk,” Blue Trident added.

Meteor Woman sighed. “I can’t make any justification for what I did. I wanted to save my mother’s life, and get her the treatment she needed. Trust me, there’s nothing you could do to punish me further than I haven’t already inflicted on myself these past two days, though I would deserve that too. I only ask that you help take care of Alexis and Sally, and try to get my mother the treatment she needs. That’s all I care about, that and the people of the neighbourhoods I patrolled. Please don’t forget about them and stuff. Sorry, I’m pretty shit at this whole talking thing.”

Flame Dancer actually smirked. “At least we aren’t coming to blows.”

Kara gave a sheepish smile back. “I really am sorry about that.”

“You had better be. Remain here while we confer.”

Some technology activated, and the three talked. And talked. And damn well talked. Kara, despite the stakes, actually found herself getting a little bit bored. In fact, she started daydreaming about Ralph Riley and his cute kissable face, feeling her nipples stiffen, when suddenly she was called back to attention by the group, who had seemingly reached a decision.

“Meteor Woman? Kara? Are you listening?”

“Huh - wha? Yes, of course!”

Nice going. Try being a busty blonde superhero without looking like a total lovey-dovey bimbo, Kara.

“We have rendered judgement,” Blue Trident said. “Flame Dancer will naturally announce it. Her vote matters more than mine and Ice Shard’s.”

Kara cringed. It only made sense, but it wasn’t a good sign. And yet, when Flame Dancer stood, her expression was not unkind.

“Meteor Woman, you showed great cowardice and cunning and villainous intent two days ago.”

Kara gulped.

“But you also fought Hyperion at great risk, saving the city. From what we can gather, you took the ultimate sacrifice of accepting womanhood for life, regardless of whether you kept your powers, in order to save the day. You rescued citizens, kept others at bay, and helped Lightning Lass’s wounds. You even risked yourself when you were a depowered man, when you were most vulnerable. More than that, you indeed seem to show true remorse. It is the mission statement of the Hero Dome that we believe that heroism can lie within everyone - within *everyone*. And we cannot escape that certain outside events make us willing to believe that this statement applies deeply to you.”

At this, Blue Trident raised a newspaper, and Kara’s eyes widened. It was the front page of the *Daily Star* from the previous day, and on it was her image, flying triumphantly off to face the Hyperion mecha from behind. For once, her big boobs weren’t on display, though her lips admittedly looked amazing as her cape fluttered. It was the ultimate David and Goliath shot.

That sneaky, sexy reporter, she thought to herself. He did take a photo of me after I told him to run.

It was better than any helicopter shot, and conveyed everything. The title was simple, and the article clearly written by Ralph: *Meteor Woman saves Star City*. She actually got a little emotional seeing it, and had to wipe her eyes again. Damn female emotions.

“The public loves you,” Flame Dancer said, “and we would not like to crush the public after such an event. Particularly since you have endeared yourself greatly to neighbourhoods that we have perhaps . . . not paid as great attention to as we should have.”

At this, Ice Shard crossed her arms and pouted, though Blue Trident nodded in agreement.

“As such, our punishment will *not* involve prosecution for imprisonment, even if you did pack a mean left punch against me.”

Kara could barely believe it. “You - you mean it? Thank you!”

Flame Dancer held up a hand. “That doesn’t mean you’re left off light, missy. You still tried to rob the armoury, and beat me up - something I didn’t appreciate. You get to remain a

hero with the Hero Society, but you aren't entering the Dome again until you have completed a training program and a supervision program. Ice Shard will oversee you."

"Whoop to me, big tits," Ice Shard said.

"I also have a great face," Kara replied, "but no one ever comments on that."

"That's because no one's looking at it."

"If we can get back on topic," Flame Dancer continued, "I can tell you that we'll also be monitoring your heroism, and setting certain conditions over where you can operate in coming months. We've also got some community service programs for heroes that you will have to be part of, including our school visit program and juvenile reform program."

Great. I bet the horny teenage boys won't exactly be sad about that. Ice Shard is so smug right now.

But still, it was a good deal, better than she could have imagined.

"Thank you," she said, her sweet voice cracking a little. "Thank you. This is better than I deserve."

"It is, but we're heroes. We have to believe in people. And even after you knocked me unconscious, I believe you want to be better. Which is why we have decided to help with your home situation."

Kara looked up, unbelieving what she was hearing. "You - you -"

"Thank Blue Trident," she said.

He grinned. "It's an area we've overlooked when it comes to heroism. We do what we can, but our power sets are not always the healing variety. But we do have good funding, and your mother can get the care she needs as part of the deal. In fact, once your supervisory program ends, and you prove yourself - which I know you will - you can even work to help us set up a charity fund for caring for similar cases."

Kara simply had to take a moment and calm herself. If she breathed in any more in her attempt to wrangle her emotions, she might well bust right out of her outfit.

"Thank you," she said. "I promise, I'll do everything to be a hero from here on out."

"You better," Ice Shard said. "After all, you're a heroine for good now right? I still can't believe Trident was head over heels for a man."

But the main hero just took it in stride. "No, Shard. She's a woman now. I think we can all see that. Right, Kara?"

She smiled sweetly. "Right," she said. "And . . . on that note, would it be possible to ask for a tiny little bit of early release? There's someone special I'd like to see."

It was, perhaps, the only part of the proceedings that left Trident disappointed. But some bandaids needed to be ripped off, and she needed to see Ralph. She needed to talk.

"Yes, well," Trident said. "On that note, we can help set you up with a new identity, at least. I imagine you'll be needing one now."

Issue 15: Kara

“Ohhhhh, f-fuck! Yes, s-suck on them! They’re so f-fucking sensitive! Mhmmph!!”

Ralph was on top of her this time, and she had her legs spread wide to receive him. Her naked tits bounced heavily on her chest, slapping up nearly to her chin before sliding back to her stomach, a result of every thrust into her pussy. It was goddamn heaven, the height of female pleasure, and her body craves so much more.

“You’re so b-beautiful,” Ralph grunted, nibbling at her ear. She pulled him in for a passionate kiss easily with her superhuman strength, ensuring that he never let up thrusting. He lowered a hand to her perfect hips and stroked her left flank, sinking his fingers into her generous rear. It made her moan again, but the true pleasure was in being fucked by his impressively sized cock, all while he lowered his mouth again to lick her nipples.

“Awwww, you’re n-not bad yourself! So f-fucking cute. And big! Ohhhh! S-so big! I’m so g-goddamn close, Ralph! C-cum in me! Make me a w-woman again!”

“I did enjoy d-doing it the first time,” he stammered, focusing on the act. He thrust again, and she had to be careful not to crush him a little with her muscular thighs. She wrapped him with her legs, embracing him, milking him for all he was worth. All words left them as the lovers went at it, not for the first time that evening. The bliss rose and rose and rose until finally Kara could take no more.

“Oh G-God! Yes! I love you! I love - OHHHH!!!”

She came, and with two more thrusts so did he. His member stiffened inside her slick passage, and then she was filled with his hot seed, which flooded deep into her. Kara cried out in high feminine pleasure, uncaring how sexy and sweet her voice was now. She was a woman, experiencing a woman’s orgasm and expressing it in a womanly way: it was only natural, now. She writhed beneath her lover, and two more orgasms rolled through her like thunderquakes as he took a moment to squeeze and fondle her perfect HH-cup breasts.

“Mmhmhm, yesssss,” she moaned.

Finally, he collapsed down upon her, his face right in her chest, smothered within her gargantuan cleavage. She held him there for some time, loving the sensation of it - his weight was no issue, after all.

“That was perfect,” Ralph finally said when he lifted himself off of her. He slid out, making them both moan, and she nestled against him so that he could rub her hip and rear and back.

“Agreed. Hot damn, that was hot.”

“You know, I should have figured you used to be a man. I’m meant to be an investigative reporter, and your speech patterns, the way you occasionally walked, how you were when we had sex the first time . . .”

She giggled. “I won’t lie, I thought I was pretty obvious, but who would have guessed *this* body had a dude inside it, right?”

Ralph snorted. “Well, it sure fooled me.”

“And you’re sure you’ve got no problem with it? I feel like a real asshole lying to you. Bad enough lying to my sister and ma. And to the Hero Dome. And to everyone, really.”

“Well, it comes with the super territory, from what I understand. I won’t lie, it was pretty shocking to see the ‘real’ you for a time. But then, it wasn’t the real you by that point, was it?” He caressed her left breast, feeling its heft and weight. She shivered from the sensation. *This guy makes me damn happy to have big boobs, I tell ya.* “This is the real you, Kara.”

“It is,” she said. “Now, at least. I won’t claim I’ve always been a girl inside or something, but . . . I am now. I’m Kara, and I always will be. And frankly, after all the amazing fucking I’ve been doing with this damn cute reporter man, I’m more than happy to stay that way.”

Ralph kissed her, and she returned it for long seconds. But when he pulled back, he had a knowing expression that confused her.

“What?” she said. “You’re not going to joke about my tits again, are you? Seriously, I get it from all sides now, especially from my own damn sister. Just wait till you meet her, she’ll have a thousand questions.”

“Oh, it’s not that,” he said. “It’s just . . . when we were, er, finishing, you said something to me.”

Kara paused. “Oh. Oh God, I did, didn’t I? I said I loved you.”

“Yeah, you did sort of do that. Now, I’m no investigative reporter - oh wait, yes I am, so I *will* speculate on this news - so I’d say that this does indeed confirm rumours that you have got it bad for a certain charming, far-sighted everyman who works for the *Daily Star*. Am I right, Meteor Woman? Can you confirm this?”

God, I do fucking love him. I’m head over blue hero boots.

“Yes,” she said, grinning from ear to ear. She crawled up on top of him, letting her large breasts press against her chest as she brought him close for a kiss. “I can confirm, Mr Reporter, sir. And what about you, Ralph Riley? Is it true you’re in love with the woman known only as Meteor Woman too?”

Another kiss, another loving caress. “I can deny that emphatically,” he said. “After all, I’m in a committed and loving relationship with one *Kara Conway*.”

“Good enough, sexy!”

It was nearly six months later, and Meteor Woman had finished her shift. Only a few weeks, and her provisional period would be over. But life had improved so much that the timeline didn't bother her. Sally's health was already improving, and Alexis was in high spirits. Meteor Woman was damn popular - still more among men, for two obvious reasons - but her neighbourhoods cared for her, and she for them. More than that, she had her family and her life under control, and she had a sexy reporter boyfriend who was madly in love with her.

Quite a change of pace from being a schlubby burglar in the night named Burt.

Besides, it was also Christmas Eve, and that meant a wonderful dinner with her family and a great big turkey.

"This is so cool," Alexis said, watching Kara heat it with her laser vision. "No waiting for it in the oven. Are you heating the inside, too?"

"Just gimme a tick, kiddo," Kara replied, "I'm also using my X-ray vision here. It's a balancing act, and I can't be distract - hey!"

She looked around, dropping the heat vision, to see that Ralph had playfully grabbed her backside as he'd walked past.

"Perv!" she muttered.

"You're under the mistletoe, honey, but I didn't dare kiss you while you were lasering the turkey."

"I'll laser something else if you do that again!"

Alexis just giggled. "I love you guys. It's so classic: the hero and the reporter. When are you getting married?"

The pair coughed. Sally, even from the living room and hooked up to her fluids, perked up to listen in. "Yes, when shall we hear some news?" she asked, expectantly.

Kara grinned a little awkwardly. "Give me a break, you two! I've only been a full woman for a couple of months now."

"And we've been loving the change of pace, honey," Sally said. "So much more sensitive. And we do so love Ralph."

"Thank you Sally!" he said jovially.

Kara punched him lightly on the shoulder - really, *really* lightly, given her strength.

"I'll marry him when he proposes, how about that? But he's not allowed to propose until I'm full hero again. I want to get used to one thing at a time. It was a damn big step just getting used to buying bras."

"They look great on you!" Alexis said, who'd been the one to go with her.

Kara puffed up with pride. She wasn't in her costume any more, of course, but in a really cute red skirt and stockings, with a Christmas sweater that was shoulderless, and had a slight plunge to show off her impressive cleavage. She was getting used to showing it off: hard to hide her boobs, so why not?

"Damn straight, kiddo, they do. But, well, we do have *some* news, don't we, Ralph?"

Ralph coughed again, and tugged a little nervously at his collar.

"Are we pulling the ripcord on that, honey?"

She sighed. "I think we'll have to. God knows the news will be all over it soon enough. I may be invulnerable, but this will be hard to hide."

They gestured for the interested Alexis to follow them to the next room over so they could talk to Sally directly.

"Okay," Ma said. "Colour me curious. Are you moving out already?"

"Yes! But that's not it. It's, um, very unexpected. And super embarrassing. Alexis, I will seriously not take you flying if you make fun of me too much for this."

Alexis beamed. She knew this was good. *God, she'll go ape. Ma will go ape. In a good way, both of them, but Jesus this is embarrassing. First a heroine, then one in a relationship with a man, and then . . .*

"Well, Ralph and I have been together for a bit, and, uh, we're in love."

"Ha! I knew it!"

"That's not a secret, Alexis."

"But you blush when you say it. It's hilarious. And soooo romantic."

Kara blushed indeed. "Well, it's not it. Well, one thing led to another, and we haven't been, uh, super careful. Not the identity thing, I've been super careful about that. But careful in, uh . . . other ways."

There was a long pause, so that only the ambient Christmas music was playing. And then Sally gasped. And then Alexis too, who began bouncing on the spot, her brace-filled teeth gleaming with excitement.

"Oh my God! Holy shit!"

Sally marvelled. "You don't mean - my Burt. My Kara. You're actually - ?"

Kara lowered a hand to her belly, which was still flat and slim and perfect at that time, but would not be for too long. Already, she was feeling those surges of hunger, those cravings for particular meats that were just another sign on top of the tiredness and nauseousness she was feeling lately.

"Y-yeah," she said. "I'm - fuck, this is embarrassig - I'm sorta pregnant with a super baby, Ma."

Ralph kissed her on the cheek. "She's the super part. I take no blame for that."

Sally was bewildered. “Well, you just keep on changing, missy! How do you feel about it?”

“Nervous as all hell. Terrified as fuck-”

“Language.”

“Terrified as all hell. But . . . excited, sort of. More nervous than excited, but . . . I guess I’m here, right? And *someone* is happy.”

Ralph kissed her again. “I admit it, I’m very keen.”

“So I guess this is happening. I’m pregnant. I’m - holy shit - I’m going to give birth. You’re going to be a grandma, Sally. And you’re going to be an aunt, Alexis.”

“Oh, honey!”

“Sis!”

The two embraced her, and the tear flowed. Kara found herself surrounded by warmth. She had to be careful not to fly up into the air and hit her head on the ceiling, she was so overwhelmed. Alexis took some time to tease her still, naturally.

“Your boobs are going to get way bigger, by the way. Again.”

“I am well aware, kiddo.”

“This is hilarious.”

“But you’re still my biggest fan, right?”

“Oh, are you kidding me? No one can ever dethrone you *now!* What if your super baby is an actual superbaby?”

Ralph and Kara exchanged a nervous glance. It had crossed their minds more than once.

“We’ll cross that bridge once we get to it. For now, I’m just coming to term with it - literally, I guess. Ha! And I’ll have to put a pause on being Meteor Woman, outside of some activities.”

It was at that point that she heard a voice echoing in her mind. The Meteor itself.

‘Yes, you indeed will, though this is not a bad thing. And your child may indeed carry the power of the Meteor within as well. But while you cannot perform all your duties, one will have to be selected to share you power for a time, and perhaps even prove worthy of it for longer, if need be.’

Kara nodded. It made sense. And more than that, it gave her an idea.

“Do I get to choose?” she said, to the confusion of the others.

‘Indeed. You are Meteor Woman. You are worthy of the power, and so can choose a worthy one to share the power.’

Kara looked at her gangly, flat-chested, awkward little sister, who had come so much into her own over the past half-year. She grinned, even as Alex looked at her with a bit of confusion.

“Sorry guys, I was just sort of communing with the Meteor.”

“She does that,” Ralph said casually. “What was it about this time?”

“An employment opportunity,” she explained. “Hey Alexis,” she said. “How would you feel about getting a job?”

Alexis gave a quizzical look. “How do you mean? What kind of job?”

“Oh, the kind that comes with great responsibilities, and a few little bodily upgrades. How would you feel about potentially helping out while I’m, uh, filling out.”

“You - do you mean . . .”

“How would you feel about becoming my sidekick? Meteor Girl? Meteor Lass?”

To say Alexis squealed in excitement would be an understatement. It was practically a sonic scream already in training.

The End