

The New, Classic Super (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

The backroom door swung open. “Alright, time for a swap!”

Jamie looked up from the counter she was wiping. “Wait, what?”

The employee sighed and walked over closer. “I’m swapping with you. I’ll watch the counter. You just go into the back. We just had a last-minute delivery, again. I need you to sort through everything.”

Jamie looked at her co-worker with surprise. “I don’t understand. I’m assigned up front today. Isn’t this more of a managerial thing?”

“Well, yes, but I’m still going to need you to do it. You’ve done sorting and cataloguing before. All the paperwork is back there. I’m just going to have you do it instead of me this time.”

Right. This time. However, Jamie didn’t fight the assistant manager on this, just nodding and leaving the cash register behind. Far enough away, she let out a quiet sigh.

She passed by the superhero aisle on the way to the backroom. She quietly glanced at the outfits on sale and looked away. Her neutral expression shifted into a small frown.

Stepping through the background, she coughed slightly as oodles of dust clogged her throat briefly. The backroom/employee break room held a single folded, metal table with two metal chairs. Off in the corner was the bathroom and a dusty old mirror, almost hidden by the assorted amounts of clothing racks and boxes cluttering the area.

The real draw was the rather large cardboard box on the table. It was already opened with a set of papers laying out beside it. She took a deep breath and peered in.

Her mood further deflated by the sight, her breath leaving by the sound of blowing raspberries. She found an assortment of costumes... not neatly folded, cared for, or placed into bags. Just a bunch of costume pieces and items all tossed in without a care in the world.

Yep. I can see why I’m doing this. Jamie thought, removing her glasses and rubbing her eyes for a bit. *This job can be a real pain in the ass sometimes.*

It really could be, especially when one wasn’t a fan of it. Jamie was a girl with pride in her mind. Pride that prevented her from being sucked into the frivolous and childish worlds of pop and nerd culture. It was something she felt she was very much above.

However, her pride took a hit when she lost her old job and she needed work fast. With October fast approaching, she took a job at the seasonal costume shop. It was a place full of everything she hated, in costume forms that everyone had to put on. Even the other employees did it, like her assistant manager dressing up like Sailor Moon.

Still, money was money and this job would do until she could find a better, more suitable career for herself.

As such, she started shifting through the costume box. She yanked part after part out, sometimes a dress, sometimes a mask, sometimes a helmet. She glanced at the paperwork beside her, putting the items nearby into groups. Reading it over and glancing at the box again, a small smile formed.

“Hmm, not many superhero costumes. Guess people are starting to wise up.”

However, her smug satisfaction gave way to utter contempt. She pulled out a long sleeved, blue spandex dress with a red skirt. On its chest was a familiar red and gold “S”.

“Dammit, really people?” She huffed and shook her head. It was a Supergirl costume.

Not that she had an issue with Supergirl in particular. Her beef was with superheroes in general. They were complete and utter juvenile power fantasies where characters never fight any real social issues or tackle any real problems. It wasn't “true art” or helped open one's mind like the novels and films she watched. It was disposable junk food for the masses that made them dumber and think the solution to any problem could be punched and tossed in jail.

At least it isn't Bat related. Jamie thought, shaking her head. Regardless of her feelings, she looked over the paperwork and marked down finding the costume. She placed down on the table and continued her sorting.

She continued her dispassionate sorting for several more minutes, yawning every so often. Eventually, she grabbed something silky from the container. She pulled and out popped a red, flowing cape. *And there's the cape... god, these things are tacky.*

She tossed it onto the Supergirl uniform. There was a soft thunk noise when she did, drawing her attention. She picked the cape up and looked at it carefully, eventually noticing a pocket sewn into it.

She reached in and found something cold and hard. She pulled it out. It was a small, green rock. It looked like a cross between a regular rock and a fake green gemstone.

Despite not being into nerd culture, Jamie still knew what she was holding. “Really, Kryptonite? Weird choice to go with a Supergirl costume.”

She groaned. *Oh, yeah... its probably for some stupid cosplay or roleplay or what play thing idiots do. Pfffft, people seriously need to grow up and appreciate better, more mature-*

As she started to put the rock back, something grabbed her attention. There was this odd, eerie, green glow just out of the corner of her eye. It was the “Kryptonite”, just softly, subtly glowing, a light coming from its center.

She started to utter a profanity when the stone turned hot. It stung, her hand quickly letting go as she winced and groaned. The rock hit the table, bouncing and rolling off somewhere. She neither noticed nor cared, just rapidly shaking her hand over and over.

What the hell was that?! Stupid, cheap-ass superhero junk. Probably some knockoff from China or something. Jamie took a look at her hand. No burn, irritation, or redness thankfully. However, the palm of her hand looked slightly tanner. Not much, but enough to signal that she spent more time in the Sun than actually did.

Her head tilted as she brought the hand in for a closer look. She turned it over to its back. It looked the same as always. She flipped it back to her palm. Still dark. She flipped it again. The back of her hand matched her palm now.

She mouthed something, her eyes focusing on her wrist and then her arm. The wrist was tanner as well and pulling back her sleeve, her arm was the same as well. There was no trace of body hair either and it even looked like her limb had a bit more muscle to it.

She shook her head, pulling her sleeve back. *The lighting... the lighting in this room is just messing with me. Sit back here long enough, breathing all of this dust, and my mind goes screwy. Has to be it.*

Regardless if it was a trick or not, she needed to sit. She reached over and grabbed a chair with her rather manicured hand. She gripped it tightly and began to pull it over.

Crunch. The back of the metal chair suddenly caved in, bending oddly from the tiniest amount of pressure put on it. The sound scared Jamie, causing her to jump back.

She held in place midair for a moment, looking briefly down on the bent chair. She started to mouth something again, feeling airy and oddly free. But suddenly, gravity reasserted itself and she fell onto her feet.

The shock sent her heart racing, but she had no time to figure out what had happened. She was now distracted by a waterfall of yellow that covered her face.

Her short black hair had quietly quivered when she briefly floated. From its roots to its tip, her mop brightened to a dazzling, golden blonde. Its straightened form grew wavy and flowing, like its style came straight out of the 80's. When she dropped to the ground, her hair bloomed, growing several inches long. It tumbled onto her shoulders and down her back.

“What the hell?!” Jamie spat out of some of her longer locks, brushing as many as she could from her face. She kept a little in front just so she could twiddle and feel its texture. Very silky, very real. A quick tug assured her that it was attached to her head. This was not like any of the numerous wigs she handled.

She bit her bottom lip. Her heart raced, goosebumps on her skin. She felt a certain thought rise to the top of her mind. Her blonde locks... were kind of nice. She... liked them.

She shook her head, trying to get that feeling and thought from mind. Brush her hair back again, her mind was a blur with so many thoughts. *Something's happening. Why is my hair blonde?! What happened to the chair? How high did I jump?!*

She panted a little, rubbing her eyes gently. Pulling her hands back, she noticed both of them had the same tan, hairlessness, and strength behind them. She gritted her teeth before hunching over, her body suddenly shaking.

Jamie took several deep breaths, the shakes dying down to small quivers. Beneath her top, her body was already shifting. Her wide waist narrowed, pushing in somewhat. Her stomach flattened before toning, giving her a more physically fit figure. Her back arched naturally as well, lifting her chest more than usual.

Just as the quaking ended, she started running hot. *Oh great... now what?* She thought, panting quicker as she brushed her forehead. Her body slowly extended, gaining several extra inches and half-inches across it. Soon, her calves, arms, and even navel were visible with her clothing covering less.

Eventually though, the new feeling would pass. She sighed and started to stand up as her body cooled. *This is just freakin' nuts... what is happening to me?*

Standing up straight, she felt something off. Her chest felt a little... heavier than she recalled. She glanced down, spotting the issue. Her breasts were larger, maybe almost an extra cup-size higher than before.

...wellllll great! Now I need to get a new bra.

But, despite that frustrating notion, looking down at herself, she felt her heart race. Her cheeks warmed as she ran a hand over her chest and onto her stomach. *I... I guess I don't look or feel all THAT bad though... but... but...*

But nothing. She couldn't find a way or thought in her that could look at this development with disdain or anger. She was slowly growing to like this new, emerging figure. From the larger chest, blonde hair, better figure, to even the new, swelling lower half with thickening thighs and widening hips; it was all strange but nice.

Very nice... She finished with her touching and looked around. She spotted the dusty, full-length mirror in the back. *Guess I better take a look.*

Heart pounding, she rushed over anxiously to see herself. However, that rush was more of a zip as she sped over to the mirror, a gust of air and dust kicking up behind her. Papers and costumes flew up and were tossed around as she stopped perfectly before her reflection.

She was a little surprised by that speed burst, but she was more taken aback by her new self. Having a better look at herself, she looked rather alluring. She had a thin, but rather fit figure. She had a few more curves that fitted her rather well, and her blonde hair was simply dazzling. She was very attractive.

Attractive in a conventional manner with the certain sized figure and blonde hair. She felt like some kind of Barbie doll with this look and body. She frowned, but still felt her cheeks warm the longer she looked at herself. She wanted to be upset and angry, but more and more of her body was fighting that and saying how wonderful it was.

Staring at her reflection, her vision started to blur. She squinted, but no matter how hard she did, things wouldn't come into focus. Frustrated, she pulled off her glasses... and everything came into crystal clear vision again.

That's when she saw it. Her face... it was different. Not to an absurd degree, but just different enough. Smaller jawline, thinner nose, slightly bigger bottom lip, blonde eyebrows, and such. The big change though was her eyes. Their dull brown irises had brightened to lively blue.

"Wow. I'm... I'm beautiful." Admitting that out loud felt good. She felt fluttery, happy, even airy. It was like all of her problems and concerns were gone. The weight had been lifted and she was free to fly.

Though almost literally. Her staring was interrupted when she noticed her eyeline was at the top of the mirror. She looked down and gasped. She was floating off the ground by almost two or three feet.

She shook nervously, slowly drifting down. *Crap crap crap! What the hell was that?! She thought, biting on her fingernails. This is crazy. Wait... gotta use logic and reason here. What's happening... I've transformed into some kind of blonde airhead... a blonde airhead who can float, run real fast, and maybe even-* "SHIT!"

There was a skeleton in the mirror, its head facing her. She yipped loudly, a cold chill running through her blood. She quickly rubbed her eyes furiously and looked back.

Thankfully, there was no skeleton. Bad news? She was standing there in the buff now.

She looked down. She was definitely nude. She rubbed her eyes. She was wearing clothing again. She checked the reflection. She was wearing clothes there as well.

"...was that x-ray vision?" she muttered, "Gotta be... right? Can't be anything else. Unless I'm going crazy, which is still possible."

She sighed, scratching at her face. That's when she noticed something new. The arm collars of her shirts looked brighter than before. Looking closer, the dull, grey tone was shifting into a vibrant blue. Not only that but the silky, rough material was softening. Its material felt airy and elastic, almost like spandex, but yet, tugging at it, it still felt tough and durable.

Just as she started questioning this new change, her work shirt continued morphing. The arm collars stretched out over the back of her hands, forming triangular points. The shirt collar melted into top along with the buttons, folding melding together entirely. Even the undershirt melted away, merging with her top until it was one entire article of clothing.

The material shifted, slowly giving away to its new spandex-esque feel and blue color. Jamie felt her new tight on her as it shifted, highlighting her curves and figure much more prominently than before.

At least it isn't painted on like some costumes, she thought, remembering some comics her friends shoved in her face in the past.

The top's neck hole slowly widened, stretching out to show more of her bare shoulders and part of her back. However, they were not bare for long. With a big fwoosh, a large, flowing red piece of clothing bloomed. It flowed down her back, stretching wider and long at the ends, forming an elegant, dashing red cape.

Jamie just watched as her clothing transformed before her eyes. The sight wasn't nearly as impressive as her body changing for more personal reasons. However, she was still in awe and growing a little more impressed by the second.

"This is... this... it's-it's like I'm becoming a superhero or something." Her heart pounded at those words. She felt her face warm as she twitched. The idea of that sounded oddly nice.

On her chest, just below her collarbone, a symbol started to appear. A yellow emblem with a red border, diamond in shape, appeared on her shirt. It was vibrant and bright, fighting perfectly with her blue top. Then, the letter "S" appeared in the center of it and it all clicked.

She bit her bottom lip, fingers trembling. *S... Superman. Or, Supergirl in this case. Yeah... definitely becoming a superhero.*

She frowned as a chill ran up her spine. Even thinking that now sounded so wonderful.

She shook her head, even smacking it gently (which kind of hurt more than usual). *No no! I can't be this stupid! Superheroes are just stupid. They are stupid power fantasies that only naive people think are good.*

But... but they can be symbols of hope and love. The voice in her head shifted. *They fight crime in different ways, rescue people in need, and represent the best in people. What they have done to inspire people and make them about their world in different ways is very important and helpful to all in this day and age.*

She shook her head again and looked back at the mirror, trying to focus on her appearance. She flinched, seeing her eyes bright red and glowing now. Suddenly, beams of energy shot out of them and hit the mirror... bouncing right off of it.

The energy blast zipped away, striking the wall behind her. A small scorch mark was left, black smoke drifting off of it for a moment. *...and then there's super vision. I can't be a hero. I don't know how to control this power! I could harm someone!*

Don't worry. All will be fine. Just relax. You can control your powers. You will control your powers. You can be a hero. Everything will be fine.

She smiled softly. Everything will be fine... everything will be fine. She didn't know why or how, but it sounded true. This had to be true. Everything would be fine.

Her pants legs were shortening up by then, changing themselves. The legs ran all the way up to her thighs, stopping a few inches above her knees. The leg holes quivered and began to widen, brushing up against each other until they merged. Two holes became one, the denim texture turning smooth and soft. The color shifted to a bright red. Lastly, the belt holding it all up thickened, turning yellow itself.

Jamie saw the changes finally reach her footwear, her heart racing with excitement. Her socks first sunk into her shoes, melding with them. The material smoothed over as rubber, leather, and laces transformed or vanished. Her shoes shifted into boots, stretching all the way up to her calves as their color turned red.

This is incredible. So incredible. Everything about her transformation was amazing to her as her way of thinking shifted further. Being a hero didn't sound as bad as it used to. It wasn't about being some idiot in a costume being judge and jury. It was more about helping and inspiring people, being the kind of figure that the world needed.

Looking at her fully changed self, her eyes lingered on the emblem on her chest. Everything made sense. She knew what she wanted and who she was meant to be.

She felt a shake in her chest, a rising, pleasurable feeling as her uniform seemed to tighten on her breasts. Her breasts were swelling, slowly crawling out of B-cup range and into C-cup. Her body quivered in delight, her eyes closing as she breathed long and deep.

Jamie's slow breathes began to deepen and grow heavy. Her body was heating up, especially down below. She did not know where it was coming from, but it was nice. Her thighs gently rubbed against each other as sweat formed on her brow.

Despite the heat, her breaths were growing colder and colder. Icy clouds escaped her maw, frosting the mirror in front of her. Her eyes weakly opened, feeling chill in the air. She saw the mirror iced over and without thought or hesitation, used her heat vision.

The hot beams carefully melted the ice off the glass, vanishing before they could bounce off again. She smiled. *Yes... I can control this. Everything will be fine. Everything will be great...*

Her hands slipped down to her hips. The heat was growing down below. It was growing far, far too intense to hold it in. "...because... because I am... I am..."

A soft moan left. Her body shook. She felt pressure on her breasts as they fully swelled into hefty C-cups. Most importantly, she felt a strong wetness from below.

She croaked out, a soft moan following, "I am Supergirl."

Jamie smiled and stretched, pushing her chest out. Looking over herself one final time, she felt proud, wonderful. She was a real Supergirl if she had ever seen one.

Curious, she glanced around the room, taking note of everything. She took a deep breath and started floating in the air, hanging off the ground by several inches. She flew gently around the room a bit before stopping in front of a tower of large boxes. She reached and easily lifted the weights with one hand, even keeping the tower from tipping.

She dropped them down and chuckled. "I do have control. I do have the power. This is amazing. I got test some more things out or-"

"Hey Jamie! How is it coming along back-what?!" Her Sailor Moon dressed manager entered, taking a look around before spotting her in all her new, super glory.

Jamie stared, the assistant manager stared back. "Wha-what happened to you?!"

The new heroine smiled. "Only the most wonderful thing. I have discovered my true calling. Everything has changed. Everything just-"

She paused, closing her eyes. Her brow furrowed. There was a voice. A low voice, but a voice nonetheless. It slowly came into focus and she knew what it was.

"Excuse me," Jamie said with a smile, "I just heard a cry for help and I need to attend to that issue right now before anything bad happens."

She turned around and headed for the backdoor. She carefully grabbed hold of the doorknob and turned it gently. While she was sure she had control over herself now, she still wanted to be just a little bit cautious in case she accidentally yanked the door right off its hinges.

She stepped out behind the building, taking a look around. Thankfully, no body but her, and her manager as she raced out the door, was around. With the coast clear, she bent her knees and lowered herself. *Three... two... one...*

FWOOSH! She launched into the air with a mighty jump. The pavement, the store, and entire block soon vanished from sight as she plowed through a cloud. Once high enough, she blasted off in the direction she heard the cry.

High above the world, flying through the air, Jamie felt something. She felt truly alive for the first time, her whole worldview shattered. Things would be a lot more fun from now on.

Though, she couldn't help but hear in the far background a familiar voice. "HEY! You're still on the clock! Get back here and finish your costume sorting!"

Jamie smiled, shaking her head. *Maybe later~ Right now, it's time to be Supergirl.*

THE END