

Meteor Woman: The Stories After (Man to Superheroine TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Burt Conway has become Meteor Woman, the former male thief having turned into the most powerful and attractive superheroine around. After a tumultuous period she has accepted her life as a woman, taking the civilian identity Kara. But while her journey of acceptance has ended, it is not the only story to tell. This is a collection of moments in Meteor Woman's life as she experiences other aspects of womanhood, sisterhood, and motherhood, all while juggling life as a famous superheroine.

Meteor Woman: The Stories After

"So, are you sure you're ready for this?"

Alexis was practically *giddy*, and it made Kara's own heart flutter with a mix of big-sisterly pride and more than a little nervousness.

"Of course I'm *not* ready!" she cried. "I'm gonna be a superhero! I'm seriously gonna freak, big brother. I mean, big sis. Sorry, I'm still not used to that, even after all these months."

Me either kid, me either.

Kara Conway took a deep breath, her chest swelling in her costume, magnificent cleavage displayed through the 'window' in her silver costume. Her cape rippled in the wind behind her. There was no sign of any other soul out here in the forest valley beyond the horizon of Star City, but she still quickly used her X-ray vision to check, sweeping it through the treeline in a three-sixty degree motion.

"Okay, we're definitely clear," Kara said. "We can start."

"I'm gonna be a superhero! Oh my God, I can barely believe it, I'm gonna get the power of the meteor!"

Kara chuckled. "Well, at least it won't come as a big surprise to you like it did for me."

"Well, you *were* burglarising a superhero safehouse."

"I had no idea I was doing that at the time!"

"And you were working for a supervillain named Hyperion."

"Again, didn't know that. Besides, I turned it around, didn't I? Even got used to having the kind of body that fits into a costume like this."

Kara indicated herself. Really, in this moment, she would more accurately be called *Meteor Woman*, one of the most powerful heroes on earth and a member of the Hero Society. She'd battled villains, helped thwart natural disasters, and always looked damn

good doing so, because her tight silver leotard did wonders to reveal her powerful and gorgeous thighs, and her cleavage window certainly displayed her large breasts. Her very large breasts. Large enough to be subject to more than a few memes online, and make her the top voted hottest superheroine on numerous polls. It didn't help that she had a beautiful face, with long blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. But as her now-seventeen year old sister never failed to remind her, she *had* been a man before accidentally grabbing the cape that endowed her with the mighty powers of the Meteor entity. And now, having changed for the better and accepted her mantle, she was having to live with those 'meteors' on her chest twenty-four-seven. Goodbye Burt Conway, hello Kara, and that included her very own intrepid reporter boyfriend, Ralph Riley. Who was *also* the reason she was having to train up a sidekick and partner.

"You won't be fitting into that costume for long," Alexis reminded her. She gestured to Kara's belly, which was showing just the slightest, tiniest hint of becoming taut.

"Ugh, don't remind me! I finally get used to being a tall superwoman everyone makes boob jokes at and now Ralph gets me knocked up."

"Takes two to tango."

Meteor Woman blushed. "You're not wrong. Now don't be gross with your much older sister. And don't get pregnant!"

"Are you seriously giving me the teen lecture right now? Wait, is this because I might get boobs when I become Meteor Lass?"

"Meteor Lass?"

Her sister grinned, her braces showing. She was a nerdy, angular, and definitely flat-chested girl, with thick glasses and often tangled hair. She was the very image of a nerdy superhero fan, in fact.

"It's just the codename I've been thinking about. Now stop dodging the question? Will I finally get boobs? Because puberty has *not* helped me there, and I am so over the girls at school flaunting that about."

Meteor Woman chuckled. "I have no idea. Just try not to turn into a man."

"Ew, is that a possibility?"

She shrugged. "I became a woman, right? Are you gonna take the risk or what? I need someone to help fill my shoes while I'm growing a freaking baby in my belly, and probably having therapy about that."

Alexis took a moment, then grinned. "Let's do it!"

Meteor Woman handed her part of her cape to hold. "Don't let go, no matter what." Then she concentrated, drawing on the power of the Meteor, and suddenly they were both elsewhere, travelling upon a great rock orbiting Earth's atmosphere. It was just a psychic image, but it was still astonishing.

"You have chosen a successor, a partner," the female voice of the meteor called.

"I have!" Meteor Woman said. "As we discussed! Um, I kinda don't want to be fighting crime while preggers. God, that's a thing I never expected to say. I mean, I can still help out with events and smaller natural disasters, but when I start to show I'll take some time off, you know, take a bit more care of Mom and stuff."

"Hmmm, your sister is indeed eager. Will she show the attributes of a hero, though?"

"I will!" Alexis said, still astonished by it all. "I promise! I'll be the best hero I can be, especially if I get my own costume!"

There was an odd sound, and Meteor Woman raised an eyebrow. *Did the spirit of the Meteor just . . . chuckle?*

"I have read your mind and your soul, young one. You will need training. You will need advice, but you do indeed possess the spirit of a hero. Accept its power into you, and do good in its name."

"OhmyGodohmyGodohmyGodohmyGodohmy-"

There was a great flash, and the meteor they were standing on flashed down to earth. A great strike of power emanated when they opened their eyes, standing back in the forest valley as they had been the whole time, only Alexis was illuminated in light. Meteor Woman heard a rev and looked behind her, but thankfully it was just her boyfriend Ralph arriving from the treeline. She wasn't sure if he could make it, but evidently he'd followed her instructions and walked the remainder of the way.

"Did I miss it?" he called, running up to her. She embraced him, loving the way he fit into the crook of her shoulder. With her statuesque height, she was much taller than him, and they both loved it. Besides, for the intrepid reporter, it allowed him to 'investigate and report' on her enormous mammaries, which were at face height for him.

"It's happening right now," she declared, gesturing to the bright light. "And if I'm not mistaken, it looks like my sister my be developing-"

"BOOBS!"

A powerful voice cried out to the sky as the light faded. Before them was a new and changed Alexis. She hadn't grown much in height, perhaps only a couple of inches at best, but the rest of her was quite changed indeed. She no longer had braces, or glasses, and instead of her jeans and 'Hero Gal' t-shirt was a skin-tight blue leotard with a silver cape, a reverse of Meteor Woman's colour scheme. She didn't have a cleavage window, but it did dip down to reveal a peek at a new bust, one that was easily far more substantial. They were easily Double-D's in size, perhaps even E-cups, large and full. Her body was now muscular, her frailness gone, and her hair flowed with beautiful curls rather than tangles.

But despite her newfound power and costume, her first delight was clear. She cupped her chest, already floating off the ground a little and not even realising it.

“Kara! I’ve got boobs! Actual BOOBS! YES!”

Meteor Woman just laughed. “Well, I’m glad someone’s happy to receive them this time!”

“Of course I’m happy! I’m over the moon!”

And with that, perhaps not even meaning to, Alexis shot up into the sky, laughing maniacally at her newfound superherodom.

“Kids, they grow up so fast,” Ralph said.

Meteor Woman nudged her lover in the ribs gently, before kissing him passionately on the lips.

“I better go get her. She probably doesn’t know how to stop.”

“You just be careful, honey. You’re flying for two now.”

“Oh, stop.”

She kissed him passionately again, pressing her full chest against him as she lifted Ralph off of the ground. He liked that, she knew.

Mhmm, I’ll have to take him for a fly later. I want to try a few new things in midair.

She pushed away her body’s strong libido and looked up.

“Oh shit, she’s entering the stratosphere. Better go apply the breaks! We’ll be back down in a moment, love!”

Still, she took a moment to squeeze his butt, winking at him, and then taking after her little sister.

Meteor Lass, huh? Well, she’s certainly moving like one already.

“So, it’s been amazing. I’m working with Pallas and Scyther, and I’ve already made friends with Flame Lass. We’re both lasses, so it seems like a good start. At least, I think we’re friends. Oh God, what if she was just humouring me? I probably came on too strong, asking her for her autograph. Kara, can you find out if I came on too strong? You can ask Tecton for the surveillance controls, right? Or Flame Dancer? She’s her boss, I’m sure she’d know if I made a bad impression!”

“A’m thure yoo made a gooth emprethon!”

“Jeez, can you swallow that down first? I’m trying to air out my super anxieties here!”

Meteor Woman smirked as she took a bite out of her bagel. She was back in costume, even if she was visibly stretching it out now (in the belly area, that was, the chest was always straining to contain her). It was worth it for the view of the city from Starlight Tower, the tallest building in the city. They were both on top of the flashing beacon on top. In

her womb, her little girl (she'd abused her x-ray vision to find out that one) shifted occasionally, making little alien tremors that still made her feel so damn weird and wonderful.

God, it's so fucking strange. Ralph can't get enough of it and . . . sometimes I feel the same way. Not that I'd say it out loud, just yet.

"Would it make you feel better that I'm distracted by a little gremlin kicking away in my belly?"

Alexis's - Meteor Lass's - eyes went wide. "Uh, obviously! Lemme feel!"

Meteor Woman giggled lightly as her sister placed a hand on her stomach.

"Gentle, gentle. You've got super strength now, remember?"

Alexis blushed. "Yeah, sorry. Still getting used to that. Thank God for your training, right?" She stopped, closing her eyes, then opened them again. "Oh my God, I felt that! It was a teeny tiny little kick?"

"*That* was tiny to you? Fuck, it felt like being whalloped by a sledgehammer against my insides!"

"Does that mean you and Ralph have a super baby on the way?" Alexis teased.

Kara sighed, leaning back a little. She rubbed her stomach. "I can only imagine. That will be a handful."

They watched the skyline of Star City together, and it was Kara that broke the peaceful silence.

"Look, you haven't made a bad impression, kiddo. Maaaaybe you came across a bit strong with Flame Girl as I've heard it."

Alexis put her hands in her silver gloves. "I knew it. I freakin' knew it!"

"No, but she liked that! At least, that's what Flame Dancer told me. You're clearly very excited. Everyone expects the new girl to be excited."

"But - what about Fisticuff? She didn't seem to like me."

"Kid, Fisticuff is just another cheerleader type who thinks she's hot shit. She's just jealous that you've got bigger boobs than her, and a better powerset."

"You really think so?"

Kara shrugged and gestured to her own spectacular bosom, swollen a little from pregnancy. "Alex, how do you think Ice Heart treated me when I first came onto the scene? I mean, she had good reason not to trust me at first, but she called me a 'blonde bimbo cape' more than once. And while your costume is thankfully more conservative than mine, there's always gonna be jealous women and asshole men."

Alexis blushed again. She brushed some stray hairs behind her ear. "Um, I haven't minded that attention so much, actually. I mean, I caught Pallas peaking at me-"

"He wears armour."

"X-ray vision."

So you've mastered that, she thought. Proud of you, kiddo.

"Anyway, I've never had a guy look at me like that! And I think Fisticuffs, even if she was being mean, was sorta checking me out as well. That was . . . kinda cool."

Great, here's how I find out you swing both ways. You'll be fending them all off, soon.

"Well, you enjoy the parts you enjoy, *Meteor Lass*. You're a member of the Hero Society Wards, and you're making a solid impression. We keep training together, and soon you'll have the confidence to match. And as luck would have it, do you hear that?"

Alexis frowned, pricking her ears. "Is that a siren?"

"Police siren. And gunshots."

"I couldn't hear that!"

"Well, I'm still *Meteor Woman*, kid. You'll get there. C'mon, let's go stop some crime. Or better yet, I stay out of sight so no one reports that Meteor Woman is pregnant, and *you* show me how it's done."

Alexis grinned, her confidence already up. From superhero fan to superhero herself, she was still drinking it all in.

"You're on!" she proclaimed.

Together, they shot into the air and soared across the city. Kara clutched her stomach with one hand as she did so, following her kid sister.

I just hope Ralph doesn't see me. You'd think I was just an ordinary lady from how worried he gets!

Kara entered the Hero Dome. Officially, she was now Kara Conway, fiancée of Ralph Riley and the owner of Conway Security, a company that specialised in designing security systems for houses and larger facilities. She had been a burglar once, so she knew what she was doing. She strode in, her cute husband accompanying her and adjusting his glasses every few seconds.

"Stop fidgeting," she said to him. "You'd think you'd never been here."

"I think I'm having an allergic reaction. Is that new Gaia woman here? I think her pollen sets me off."

She smooched his cheek, taking his hand. *God I love your dark hair, she thought to herself. Your cute nerdy face. You put a baby in me, you sexy intrepid reporter. I never expected that, and I know you didn't. You bagged the goddamn Meteor Woman, you lucky hot hunk of a man, and I don't regret it one bit.*

"What are you thinking about?" Ralph asked her.

"Oh, just that I feel like a whale."

"A sexy whale, at least. With nice hair."

"I'll take it," she said, grinning. She placed a hand on her belly. She didn't often wear dresses, but so far into maternity - seven months now - and it seemed appropriate to finally give herself over to it. Besides, her mother had been insisting she dress a bit more 'feminine' rather than just wearing loose t-shirts and unzipped jeans as she swelled. She had to admit she cut a fine figure in the maternity green she was wearing, her bump proudly displayed, and her boobs too. She'd even dared a little in-joke with a slight cleavage window.

They passed through the outer security using their passes, and reached the main foyer where the public was allowed access. They halted near the cafeteria to grab a quick bite to eat - she was damn hungry producing a possible superbaby these days.

"You're off to see how the sidekick is doing?" Ralph asked.

She nodded. "You go enjoy your interview with Flame Dancer on the new direction of the Society. Try to somehow work in that you enjoy paper mache. I have it on good authority that it's her secret little hobby. She'll open up to you then."

"I knew there was a reason I fell in love with you."

"You mean other than my height, my muscles, my big boobs and spectacular ass?"

"You forgot astonishing beauty and sharp wit. Oh, and humility."

"Now you're just describing someone made up."

She gave him a peck on the lips, which turned into a smooch, which turned into a deeply passionate kiss that may have featured a slight moan and a bit of tongue.

"Hey! There's school tours here!" a member of non-powered staff called jokingly.

The pair of them laughed, she holding her fiancé with ease. She kissed him on the forehead again, smacked his butt, and then headed up to the more secure stations. There, she could be among those who knew her true identity. She still turned back to see Ralph running off as she ascended the elevator.

Man, I am so going to marry him. And fuck him. A lot of times, actually. Twice tonight, if I'm lucky.

Kara strode forth into the inner chambers of the Hero Dome, using her security pass to get in.

"Welcome, Meteor Woman," the system announced automatically.

That's me, she thought to herself. Even super pregnant and out of costume, I'm still goddamn Meteor Woman.

Just to remind herself, she floated up to the floor she wanted rather than walking, and used her super strength to pry the doors open rather than pressing the button.

"Please don't do that," Flame Dancer reminded her as she entered the observation deck. "Those aren't cheap to repair."

"Yeah, sorry. Just venting some frustration."

"And here I thought pregnant women were glowing. You're looking good, Kara."

She smiled sheepishly. "Thanks."

Lightning Lass turned away from the sight beyond the deck. "Oh my God, you're glowing! Can I hug you? Wait, is that bad? I won't emanate electricity, I swear?"

"It's fine! Hug away. You can feel if you want, too. I'm . . . getting more used to it."

"Oh my God, did you hear that Signet Lance? I can't believe it!"

The cute lightning-themed heroine zapped across the room and hugged Kara, before withdrawing.

"It's so incredible! And you of all people on maternity leave! I mean, it must be so strange to be pregnant, given that you were, you know . . ."

"A man before?" Kara said, putting one hand on the small of her back to emphasise her big belly. "Trust me, I think about it everyday."

"No regrets, though?" Flame Dancer asked.

"None. Even if, you know, giving birth freaks me the fuck out. I certainly never had *that* on my life bucket list. Hell, I was pretty dry on relationships with women before."

"Well done on Ralph for winning the suitor race, then," Flame Dancer said slyly. "But you're not here for another Baby Shower. I'm fairly sure we embarrassed you enough last time. Keen to see your sidekick in action?"

Kara indicated she was, and the pair went to the glass. She could feel Lightning Lass still staring at her.

I love that girl, but she really needs to find her own girlfriend. I swear, she always gets so weird around me. And her gaze on my tits is not subtle.

Thankfully, her attention was taken up by a tremendous sight: Meteor Lass in fine form alongside the purple-garbed Fisticuffs, blue-robed Pallas, and various other hero wards as they worked together to fight against a horde of Hero Society training robots. Kara's heart leapt as she took in the sight of her little sister. She kept in the air, shooting from one end of the miniature training dome to the next, darting behind the cover of the artificial building to avoid the harmless lasers of the bots. Her laser vision melted them one by one, and when one nearly caught her by surprise she turned and punched its head cleanoff.

She heard it. She's finally using that super hearing.

Meteor Lass didn't have Meteor Woman's sonic scream, nor were her powers quite as advanced, but the more important thing was the team work. She stayed above, preventing the robots from flanking her teammates, letting Fisticuff get in close with the larger waves on the ground and pound them into submission, while Pallas spun with his staff, redirecting energy beams and calling out commands to the rest of the team. Flame Lass surfed through the air, and she and Meteor Lass were like a perfect set of partners.

Is Flame Lass looking at my sister . . . strangely? Maybe I'm just reading into things. Ugh, my kid sister is growing up. She's trying to show off in front of Pallas and - oh fuck, pay attention!

A zap almost hit her, but Alexis regained herself, rocketing not just into but *through* a training bot, separating it into shards. She laughed awkwardly, Flame Lass making some joke no one could hear . . . no one without super hearing.

"You can check out your lover boy when we're not fighting, Meteor Girl!"

"That's Lass, thank you very much! And he's not my lover boy!"

"Then start pointing those tits at the enemy if you don't want to leave that impression!"

Kara had to smirk. They really were just a group of superpowered teens; full of hot air, hormones, and excitement for the future.

And why shouldn't they be? You used to hate superheroes until you became one, but Alexis always loved them, looked up to them.

Alexis flew into the air, dashing the last robot to bits with another magnificent punch. She turned her head to the side, and in that moment Kara knew that Alexis was seeing her, courtesy of her x-ray vision peering through the one-way glass of the observation deck. She burst into a magnificent smile and waved like an absolute dork before diving down to celebrate with her team.

She looks up to you too, Meteor Woman, Kara thought. She smiled and waved right back.

Kara waddled into her apartment, grateful that she could subtly use her powers of flight to lighten the load of her belly when no one was looking. It had been a long day at work, and she'd also been just a bit, perhaps, naughty as well.

Ralph won't know. It's okay to keep one little secret in a relationship, right? He already knows I used to be a guy and still loves me. That's enough, right?

She opened the door, stepped through, and shed her coat, putting it on the coat rack. The superpowered woman let down her long blonde hair finally, shaking it out so that it much more closely resembled her appearance as Meteor Woman, and she unburdened herself of her jacket and pants that had been created by The Tailor herself to subtly change her dimensions, hiding her athletic frame and altering the perception of her height.

"Ahh," she sighed, "that's better."

Her little girl squirmed in her belly, making her grunt a little.

“Stop that,” she said, grinning just a little. “How come you weigh so heavily on me when I’ve got damn superpowers? I swear, it’s like pregnancy throws everything out. You’d think I could have survived with no morning sickness.”

Birth loomed, and it sent a shiver of nervousness down her spine to think that she could go into labour literally any day now. She should have been more excited for it, she knew, but at the same time it seemed to be the ultimate act of womanhood: to literally lay on her back and push, push, push a child into the world, through and out of her body.

Fuck me, that’ll be something. Though I guess the ‘fuck me’ part was what got me into this mess. Well done, Ralph, you sexy reporter man. So protective, despite me having all the power in the world. At least you don’t know about the thing I did today.

She opened the door to their bedroom, fully expecting her fiancé to already be asleep. Instead, he was sitting on the end of the bed, wearing a singlet and sleep shorts and looking utterly *fantastic* to her womanly eyes, but with a single raised eyebrow that was, perhaps, the most interrogative image she’d ever come across.

“Oh,” she said.

“Oh, indeed,” he replied, adjusting his frames.

“You . . . found out about my little incident today.”

“That I did.”

“Fuck! Shit. Um, how exactly did you find out?”

Another raised eyebrow, this one just as devastating. “I’m a reporter, sweetie. It’s what I do. Also, your sister told me.”

“What!? Alexis was out there!?”

“Four neighbourhoods over, apparently. She caught enough with her x-ray vision when she heard a scuffle. Said that a very, *very* pregnant woman was nearly robbed, and then miraculously able to not only subdue her attackers, but twist a metal bar into a pretzel around them for the police to pick up. Quite a tight pretzel, apparently, but then mothers are protective of their babies.”

Being called a ‘mother’ still didn’t feel right to Kara, even as she was literally about to drop a baby. Still, she focused on what he’d said.

“Well, there you have it,” she replied, shedding her top and trousers so that she was just in her lingerie. It was another way to hypnotise her lover. “I was just defending myself. I wasn’t flaunting my powers or anything. I saved our baby!”

She moved to their wardrobe and grabbed her night clothing, changing so that she now had a white singlet that only covered half of her belly and a pair of sleep shorts. Her maternity bra was soft on her, and she was grateful for that. All the superpowers in the world couldn’t save her from pre-birth leakage from her chest.

“First of all . . . you’re bulletproof, Kara. Second of all, I’m also very good at detecting a liar. Your sister is a wonderful human being and a great hero, but I could tell she was covering for you. So . . . did those robbers really try to rob you? Or were they robbing someone else and you jumped in?”

Kara emerged, doing her best to look very gorgeous, which was not hard at all for someone voted hottest superhero in multiple online forum polls. Even with her pregnant belly full and round, she was a powerful goddess of a woman, and Ralph worshipped her.

“Well . . . maybe there was a little exaggeration. But c’mon, Ralph! Someone could have been in danger! Besides, I got out of there quick! And like you said, there was no real risk to me or the baby.”

He sighed. “I know, I just worry.”

She licked her lips, getting up on the bed slowly with some wriggling involved, and pressing her dome of a stomach against him.

“I know a good way to get rid of those worries, you know.”

She lowered her hand to rub at his lap, causing his half-erection from the mere sight of her to become a full-fledged hardness. He grunted a little, skipping a breath.

“This doesn’t - ahh - let you off the hook, you know.”

“Mmmh, do you really want a lover’s tiff when I’m so close to giving birth to our baby?”

He shook his head, smiling. “I guess not. Truthfully, Kara, I just want you. My superwoman.”

You know, I never thought I’d love being called ‘my superwoman,’ but I guess time makes fools of us all. Especially since hearing Ralph say that makes me so fucking wet as well.

She climbed on top of him, and he helped pull down the underwear that was hard to reach now, as well as unclasp her bra. She sighed as her large, HH-cup breasts were released. She could feel them tightening with the promise of future milk, and needed that sweet relief as well. She needed her man.

“Lie back against the headboard,” she purred, making her voice as sensual as possible - and after over a year and a half of being a woman, she *knew* how to do sensual.

Holy shit, I’ve spent nearly half my time as a woman pregnant. Damn, I need this baby out of me. I need something else in me first, though. Mhmm.

Ralph did as she asked, and she placed her hands on his shoulders, pressing her large breasts into his face, practically smothering him. Her strength was far, far, far beyond his, and they both liked it that way. She settled her hips down slowly upon him as he grasped, and then he was inside of her. She let loose a moan of delight at feeling her moist emptiness fulfilled.

"Ahhh, that's even better than stopping three robbers."

"Three? I thought it was two?"

"Oh, h-hush. Just let me have my way with you. You can feel my belly."

She pressed it against him as surely as her chest, and delighted in the way he rubbed her orb. She'd never expected pregnancy, despite all its discomforts and poor sleep, to be so damn empowering at times, or so sexy. She began to rise up and down on his lap, riding him, bouncing upon him, and the two made such pleasurable sounds. She'd long since abandoned any shame over having sex as a woman. Now, when she wasn't busy, or being a superhero, or enjoying downtime, she was getting laid with her loving fiancé. Damn, it felt good to have a great sex life.

"You're s-so fucking gorgeous," Ralph groaned. "I love your b-big milky tits, Kara. My Meteor Woman."

"Suck on them!" she cried. "D-drink from m-me. Taste my meteors, honey! Mhmm!"

He did so, and it drove her to greater heights. The pleasure was unbelievable, it was astonishing, it was -

Ohhhh! Oh, that was - oh God!

It was wet. Very wet. Kara's eyes went wide and she floated off Ralph, jolted backwards at superspeed and landed on her feet, already cradling her belly. A ripple of pain passed through it, and she clenched her eyes shut. Liquid poured down her legs, the first sign of labour.

"Kara, is that . . . ?"

"Ughhh . . . ahhh. Ralph! I think my goddamn water just broke! Nghh!"

"Are you sure?"

She cradled her belly, supporting its weight, her eyes clenched shut. "Sh-shit! How should I know? I was born a dude, remember?"

"Well, we did get that book."

"I was going to r-read it sometime!"

"You didn't read it? / read it!"

"I've b-been busy. This is n-not helping. Call Meteor Lass. Tell her to give us a lift to the Hero Dome hospital. Oh, and call Mom. I want her there with me in the delivery room. Yes, it'll be - ahh - weird, but I get why women want that now!"

Ralph moved beside her, rubbing the small of her back and smiling.

"You got this, honey. You can do this."

She exhaled, comforted by him. "I'm goddamn Meteor Woman."

"Exactly."

Meteor Lass had been fighting a kaiju off the coast of South Korea. Apparently it had been quite the team effort, and she had acquitted herself well. But it meant that word of Kara going into labor only reached her after a long, arduous battle, at which point a very tired and exhausted Alexis *still* shot halfway across the world to be there for her sister.

Kara was tired and exhausted herself, lying back in a Hero Society Hospital ward bed with every comfort imaginable. She'd been in labour twelve excruciating hours, during which she'd managed to scream every invective she could think of, as well as let loose some sonic screams that shorted out the electronics until she got ahold of herself. Her mother and Ralph had been with her, and she'd managed *not* to break his hand or squish it into paste while he held it; his trust in her not to do that made her love him all the more. And despite the humiliation of being a woman, lying back, and pushing a baby through her vagina . . . she was unbelievably proud of herself. She had done it. She'd birthed a baby girl with bright blonde hair.

I'm not just the goddamn Meteor Woman, she thought as she lay back, her baby nursing from her full breast, hungry and content against her. *I'm a goddamn mom now too.*

Somehow, the title had never seemed quite so badass, or so suited to her. Ralph was beside her, smiling at mother and daughter both, a proud father. Her mother was in the seat opposite, giving little gestures of how to improve the latch, and otherwise looking dreamily too.

It was this scene that Meteor Lass burst into.

"Kara!" she cried, using her superspeed to rush to Kara's side. The superpowered woman chuckled.

"It's okay, sis, it's okay."

"I missed it!"

"I wasn't going to let my own sister give birth. Besides, it's only been a couple of hours. You've got a little niece, kiddo."

She removed her domino mask and beamed, tears forming in the edges of her eyes. "She's beautiful. God, she's beautiful. I'm so proud of you, big sis. I'm so proud you *are* my big sis."

"Me too."

"Did . . . did you give her a name?"

Ralph went to speak, but Kara put up her hand to silence him.

"Burtie," she said. Named after my former life. "Little Burtie Conway."

Alexis swallowed. The air in the room was still. Their mother tried not to laugh, folding her mouth behind her hand. Ralph just sighed, putting his face in his own hands.

“Um,” Alexis started. “That’s, uh, a really nice name, um, sis. Are you sure that it’s not just a little bit, uh, masculine?”

A moment of silence, and then Ralph and Sally both burst out laughing. Kara did too, until it caused her daughter to unlatch for a moment and begin fussing. Her mother and fiancé quickly shut up too, trying not to scare the baby.

“I’m just messin’ with you, sis. Her name is Dinah.”

Alexis sighed happily. “Oh, thank God. Burtie is a terrible name. Nearly as bad as Burt.”

Sally batted at her youngest daughter with a rolled paper. “I’ll have you know I chose that name myself!” she said.

But Meteor Lass was too quick, darting closer again to the baby.

“Hello, little Dinah. You’ve got a great mom, you know. A real superhero, in fact.”

“That she does,” said Ralph, squeezing his lover’s hand.

Kara, however, just rested her head back, ready to sleep again the moment her daughter unlatched. Of all the battles she had fought, from childhood to superherodom, this was somehow the biggest. And she’d won. She’d won *big*.

Glad to finally meet you, Dinah, she thought to herself, getting weary. *I promise to be the best mom you could ever have. Of course, I also look forward to getting back into my suit soon. And I’m not talking about my work at Conway Security.*

But that could wait for later. She would be Meteor Woman again, and soon, she knew. For now, on this night, she was content simply to be Kara. Sister, daughter, fiancée, and now mother. And that was pretty damn super.

The End