

## Aurora Episode 01-1

### Exploration

*(Revision: 2)*

*by Sharon Best*

*In the previous episode, Aurora suddenly found herself on a strange planet, one she suspects is the mythical planet called EARTH, the wild genetic origin of all humanoid life in the galaxy, including her own race. She has also begun to discover the most dramatic effects of her arrival, that being the increase of her physical powers to super-human levels!*

*Her exploration of both her new home and her fantastic powers continues in this episode.*

### EXPLORATION

Having walked from the house, Fairchild walked out into the grassy area and stared up at the huge mountains, the peaks seemingly towering over the narrow valley. Turning around and around, she surveyed the mountains, the peaks circling her in all directions. Suddenly determined to see what the rest of this strange new land looked like, she walked back into the house to rummage around in the closets again, looking for something she could carry a few things in. Finally finding a small backpack, one that she could sling over one shoulder, she grabbed a few changes of clothing. Stuffing the ones that seemed closest to fitting her, she jogged outside and across the grass, her effortless gait taking her quickly toward the base of 'her' mountain, the tallest one, the one she was determined to climb.

The first hour of climbing passed quickly even though it was a very steep climb. Finding she could jog up the steep slopes at a brisk pace, she soon approached the mile-high summit, all the while without having felt the slightest bit of fatigue or lack of breath. She had even been forced to climb up a very smooth vertical wall at one point, jamming just her hands and fingers into cracks, yet her arms hadn't become the least bit tired.

In fact, because there weren't many cracks in the sheer basaltic wall, she climbed solely with her fingers, forcing them into what tiny cracks she could find, sometimes lifting her entire body several feet upwards while suspended by only a finger or two while stretching blindly overhead for the next purchase. Climbing higher, the cracks grew smaller, finally shrinking until they were too small to grip with anything more than her fingernails. Climbing with her fingertips for an unprotected two hundred feet, her hand suddenly slipped, her quick grab for a handhold with her opposite hand succeeding in smashing her fingers into a crack so tightly that she felt it opening up, the rock splintering around her fingers!

Despite her precarious exposure, she was fascinated by what she had just done! Jamming her other hand into another tiny crack, she flexed the steel that had her fingers had become, the rock shattering and crumbling as if it was made of soft plaster. A wonderful feeling of confidence growing in her chest, she kept climbing, somehow knowing that her steely fingers were a *lot* stronger than the cracks of mere rock and stone! Yet even those cracks finally gave out, forcing her to grip her long fingernails strongly enough against the rock to chip off pieces of it, digging her nails into the hard basalt to literally make her own handholds from 'scratch'!

Finally, after an hour and a half of almost vertical climbing, she scrambled over a final edge to stand on the lofty summit, the top of the mountain nearly flat and more than a hundred meters across. Jogging around the periphery of the mountain top, she surveyed her surroundings, anxiously looking for any sign of the people who must live on this world. Stopping to stare at anything that looked promising, she was disappointed when she returned to her starting point, having seen only the blue water of a huge ocean in every direction. There was no doubt now that she was on an island. And a small one at that, the ocean less than a dozen miles distant in every direction!

Feeling a sinking feeling in her stomach, she walked despondently over to the edge of the cliff on the side opposite from the sun, sitting down to dangle her long legs over the edge as she looked down to examine the valley below, still hoping to see some sign of civilization. She saw nothing at first as her eyes behaved unusually, seemingly zooming in and then coming back to normal. Suddenly, during one of the 'zooms', something caught her eye. Focusing on a faint object, her keen eyes somehow zoomed in to see clear evidence of several small fishing camps along this shore of the island and some equally primitive campsites in the valley immediately below!

Excited now, she stood back up, her toes hanging over the very edge of the vertical cliff while refocusing her eyes down the long drop in front of her. The campsites were suddenly very clear, expanding in her view as they seemed to zoom up to meet her eyes. Blinking, she made the mistake of looking back at her feet without refocusing her eyes, her feet suddenly visible as if seen through a powerful magnifying glass. Staggering backward, she realized that she had almost walked over the edge in her confusion!

Taking a second involuntary step back, she felt a rush of butterflies in her stomach. It was a faintly familiar feeling, one you might feel after looking through magnifying distance glasses: once you took them off, you suddenly had to readjust to your immediate surroundings. However, it had been just her own eyes doing the magnifying, not some optical instrument!

*"Damn!"* she muttered to herself as she carefully stepped forward again to look down over the edge. *"It must be at least a five thousand foot drop on this side."* She was proud of the studying she had done to learn Terran measurements, her grasp of the foot, the inch and the meter having always earned her high marks in her classes.

Her eyes followed the broken rocks downward until the curve of the rock face obscured the bottom of the cliff. Her strong legs began to tremble a bit, the old reflexes from her years on Velor still stronger than the confidence she was developing in the new abilities she was discovering on this primitive planet. Yet she closed her eyes and forced herself to shuffle forward until she was standing near the edge, holding her breath until the butterflies settled down. Another shuffling step. Her toes were now hanging over empty space as she gripped the edge of the cliff with them, opening her eyes to study the rocks at the bottom. They were very sharp and pointy, rising well above the ground near the base of the cliff. The actual base of the cliff, nearly a mile below her, was hidden by some rocks that stuck out from the cliff about halfway down.

Fairchild thought back to the previous day and to her climb, to the experiments she had conducted on her 'new strength'. She suspected that she possessed a rudimentary flying ability on this planet, it was the only thing that could explain how she had flown back up to the road. She had been told to expect this in one of her preliminary briefings, but had never been trained in how to use this wildly unique power. In fact, she had had no success in controlling it during her climb. Every time she had tried to fly, she had found herself flailing around head over heels in midair until she eventually crashed into something.

On the other hand, she still felt incredibly strong and was pretty sure that she was essentially invulnerable here; after all, she hadn't yet found anything that could hurt her on this world. Maybe she just needed to find enough free air that she would have the time to master her flying before she hit anything.

*"Besides,"* she argued with herself while looking down between her feet, *"I need a confidence builder. This cliff is going to have to be it!"*

"Right," the other half of her brain muttered to herself, a nervous grin spreading across her face, "as if experts all agreed that the best way to bolster one's self-confidence was by jumping off a mile high cliff and trying to fly!"

One part of her mind argued with the other for a while, her legs getting into the 'vote' by trembling weakly, her knees seemingly made of rubber. While there was little doubt that she was now some kind of super girl, at least in terms of the strength of her muscles, she really didn't know what the limits of her body really were. She was continually discovering amazing things that she could do with this 'new' body of hers. Her head swimming with conflicting emotions, she started to feel like she was in an incredible dream that she couldn't wake up from.

Looking down at her hands, she raised them up to examine them closely, remembering how she had crushed hard wind-worn granite rocks and that bronze doorknob with them the day before. They seemed to look and feel about like they always had, the tendons on the back of her hands looking perhaps stronger than normal. But they certainly worked a lot differently, crushing granite in her grip and all!

Despite the dreamlike thoughts flowing through her mind, she felt a growing confidence in herself, a part of her mind growing more certain that no length of fall on this planet could really injure her. She also knew that she *really* wanted to master this flying ability that she seemed to have. Suddenly determined to test herself, she opened her eyes and made a final decision that this was the time and this was the place. She was going to DO IT!

Looking upward while closing her eyes, she spread her arms out to her sides, the wind flowing across her bare legs. She was dressed in only a very short pair of cut-off jeans and a much too tight T-shirt, the undersized outfit leaving her arms and her lower stomach bare along with most of her long legs. She smiled as she sensed how her cut-offs were now stretched so very tightly across her bottom and how her breasts were straining the thin fabric of the top almost to the tearing point, her firm nipples clearly visible under the thin cotton fabric. Although all the clothing she had found so far seemed to be really tight on her, this didn't bother her anymore like it used to, as she had quickly found that she loved the feeling of wearing this kind of clothing here. On Velor she had always wanted a lot of room to move around comfortably in her clothes, but here, even the sturdiest and tightest clothing didn't hamper her movements at all. She had already found that if anything was going to give when she moved, it was going to be the clothing, not her body!

In addition, except during her recent brief exhibitionism back on Velor in her skimpy exercise suit, she had always been very shy about showing off the very unusual muscles she had developed. To disguise her dramatic physique, she had usually worn baggy clothes when she worked out, at least when there were people around. She also preferred the normal Velorian style of wearing long sleeved blouses and pants at other times.

A suddenly powerful image formed in her mind, the one from that recurring dream, the one where she was showing a man, maybe even a potential lover, her fully-flexed muscles. Yet she remained convinced that she would be ridiculed if she actually acted on such a silly impulse! Of all the people she had known, only her mother had had encouraged her to develop her body to her fullest potential. No, she knew that no Velorian man would feel this way about her, no man would want to see her body like that. Even Galtere had withdrawn from her for a few days one time after he had accidentally brushed against her flexed bicep, a bicep MUCH larger than his! The fact that they had been friends for a long time was the only thing that had kept them together. That and her efforts to carefully keep herself covered and to never use her unusual strength around him after that day.

She was just about to open her eyes when a new thought slipped through her thoughts. She remembered some images she had seen on that glowing projection screen up at the house, the one where women were exercising and showing off their muscles so that everyone could see! She suddenly had a wildly imaginative fantasy that maybe people on this world actually appreciated strong attractive women - at least if that exercise show, something called Flex Appeal that she had watched in the early morning, was any indication. Unless perhaps it had truly been a show that most people considered pornographic, just as they would have back on Velor!

Yet despite her doubts, she was now secretly looking forward to displaying herself and her dramatic physical powers. To letting some men see all of her. Blushing with that thought, she had this momentary fantasy of taking ALL her clothes off and flexing her muscles! Suddenly almost swooning with desire, she forced that ridiculous thought from her mind. Besides, the odds were that she would *never* meet anyone on this isolated island anyway!

The wind coming up the cliff-face suddenly blew stronger, the warmth bringing Fairchild's thoughts back to the present as it felt so wonderful, sweeping between her bare legs and up over her flat stomach, finally pushing her long blond hair freely back from her shoulders. Feeling stronger and more energetic than she had ever felt before, she knew that it was now time to test herself on the cliff!

Yet her old reflexes, the ones she had learned so well in her 18 years, now asserted themselves strongly as she forced herself to look down the cliff. Her knees were shaking once again and she felt the familiar butterflies in her stomach as she leaned forward, finally gasping out loud as she felt her footing start to slip away. Finding herself staring straight down the face of the cliff, a wild rush of panic filled her body, her arms swinging backward in a last-gasp attempt to regain her balance. Yet it was too late, the butterflies now swarming through her entire body as she felt herself falling over the edge of the cliff!

Everything seemed to move in slow motion as she realized she was actually doing it, she was deliberately falling off the edge of this mile-high cliff! Things moved slower and slower as her body slowly fell forward, her legs soon leaning out at a 45 degree angle, her eyes staring directly beneath her as she looked down to see the sharp rocks sticking out of the cliff part way down the face. Gasping in fear and anxiety, she suddenly 'dove', flexing her powerful calves strongly enough to push herself well away from the cliff-edge.

She quickly found herself about three hundred feet out from the edge as she started to pick up speed. Strangely, she felt better now, knowing that she would at least have a clean fall all the way to the bottom; a thought that should have been scary but somehow wasn't anymore. Somehow she just knew that this flying thing was going to work!

Yet it was still scary as hell! Although after a few moments of nearly heartbursting anxiety, Fair found that she was starting to enjoy the feeling of the air rushing past her skin as her speed started to build. Fortunately the cliff still seemed to move by her in slow motion, yet she could tell that she was actually accelerating rapidly. Rolling onto her back, she watched as the top of the cliff slowly fell further and further behind her until it started to disappear above her. Amazed that her thoughts and reflexes seemed to be accelerated so much by the adrenaline rush of her leap, she felt as if she had all the time in the world to look around, even enough time to enjoy the view!

Turning back around, she extended her arms and legs as far as she could, spreading them to the side as she fell chest first toward the ground below. A few seconds pass, seconds that seemed more like a few minutes, during which she seemed to very slowly float down past a hawk that was hunting along the face of the cliff. Laughing with childish joy, she watched as it turned its head to stare at her before darting away in a flurry of feathers as it escaped from under her. Apparently flying women were not common here!

A surge of indescribable joy filled her chest as she floating downward, her sky-blue eyes sparkling as she looked out across to the other mountains, enjoying the spectacular view, waiting until she was nearly half way down the cliff before she decided it was time to finally try her latent flying abilities. She had found earlier that if she flexed her muscles very strongly and visualized her body flying, then she would sometimes shoot off in some unpredictable direction. This time, however, she was determined to shape that power into something she could control. Her theory was that the 'thrust' produced by her body was due to excess power produced when her super muscles were straining against each other. She figured that she just needed to learn to direct the resulting energies better.

Moving her wide-spread arms and legs around, she gradually slowed her spinning until her head was facing directly toward the cliff. Wanting to move a little closer to it, so she started to squeeze her legs together as she visualized moving in that direction. Nothing happened at first. She squeezed her legs harder, a slight wetness noticeable between her thighs, one that reminded her of how she often felt when she touched herself, when she pleased her body. That thought had barely crossed her mind when her breasts began to feel tingly, almost like she really was getting turned on. At the same time, she felt a wild surge of nearly erotic power that exploded from between her legs: the strength of the star-born muscles in her legs suddenly generating a burst of Velorian flying power. She suddenly found herself racing toward the cliff face at incredible speed!

Fairchild's frantically outstretched hands impacted the sharp granite less than a second later, breaking off a small cloud of shattered rock! Falling downwards at nearly two hundred miles per hour, she was probably doing nearly one hundred miles per hour directly toward the cliff when she struck it face first, and the combined vector forces resulted in total chaos! Her fingers tore into the cliff as she struggled to get a grip, her face smashing into some sharp protruding rocks, her body suddenly tumbling end over end down the cliff face! Her chin hit the wall several times, each impact knocking off large pieces of granite as the entire front of her body scraped along the rushing rock face. Her T-shirt ripping apart, it was her bared breasts that now scraped roughly along the sharp rocks, the tattered remains of her T-shirt flapping around her face as she scraped and tumbled and swore her way down the cliff face.

A ledge suddenly rushed up at her, her body crashing head first into it, the rocks shattering as her head fortunately proved to be far harder than the rocks! Crumpling into a heap of arms and legs and tangled blond hair, she gasped for breath while laying wedged in between the rocks. Wild tingles of something that was a cross between pleasure and pain came from the parts of her body that had impacted the rocks. Her face felt numb as it was jammed between two large rocks, her long blond hair splayed over both sides of them. Another sharp point was jutting into her stomach, and yet another was jammed between her knees. Lying very still for a moment, she mentally examined her body for injury. She was only slightly surprised, really more amazed than surprised, to find that while her face and stomach were definitely tingling, she seemed to be OK. But she was a little embarrassed by her stupid crash and would certainly hate to have had any witnesses. She felt incredibly awkward every time she tried to learn to use her new powers. But except for feeling rather silly at her endless clumsy landings, the worst that she apparently had to fear on this world was going to be tangled hair, tingling skin, and endlessly ruined clothing!

Slowly pushing herself back up, she was surprised to notice that the rock between her legs actually felt kind of pleasant as it rubbed roughly against the inside of her thighs. The 'turned-on' feeling she had felt when that burst of flying power had filled her body was still present. Straddling the strangely comfortable rock, she lowered her bare legs over the side of the ledge while looking down to see that the front of her T-shirt was now torn completely open. A quick examination showed that one side of her cut-offs was also ripped open up to her hip, the fabric hanging together only by the top seam.

*"I guess I really need to get stronger clothes."* she said out loud, needing to hear the reassuring sound of someone's voice, even if it was her own. *"Otherwise, I'm going to embarrass myself one of these days. That is, if I ever MEET any other people on this damn planet!"*

Slowly rising to her feet while standing at the edge of the ledge, she started to flex the muscles of her powerful legs again as she built up her strength. Bending over, she ran her hands down over the front of one of her thighs as she felt her smooth hard muscles of her quads flexing, the hard curves more than filling her hands. Yet her long fingers could not even come close to surrounding the front of just one thigh: the massively flexed muscle was just too large now, several times larger than it had been when she was relaxed! Startled by the apparent transformation of her flexed muscles on this planet, feeling as is she was some kind of super girl now, she moved her hands around behind herself, feeling her denim cut-offs ripping slightly under her fingers as she cupped her very tight ass a bit more strongly than the denim fabric could withstand. She knew her legs were now squeezing together with incredible force - far more force than she had used earlier to crush the granite rocks.

She suddenly giggled out loud as she remembered how much she had enjoyed touching herself with those rocks the previous day, suddenly wondering about other ways to excite herself now that she had these new powers. She had enjoyed pleasuring herself in private back on Velor (more often than she was willing to admit, actually), and she still remembered the rush she had felt only yesterday while doing the same thing in that meadow. And then there was the tingle from that flying thing! Running her hands down over the firm muscles of her thigh once again, she began tracing her fingers lightly between her legs, pausing to trace them over her nether lips for a moment as she closed her eyes in pleasure, the normally soft contours of her mons apparent even under the heavy denim. Shivering slightly from desire, she slowly swept her warm hands up across her abs and flat stomach, brushing the torn edges of her T-shirt to the side as she firmly cupped her soft bared breasts.

Looking back down between her legs, she saw that there was a protruding rock directly below her that was nearly a foot tall and tapered to a point. A brief girlish smile crossed her lips as she imagined it was some kind of fantastic dildo, the super organ of a super man! It was a familiar fantasy, one that had filled her thoughts on many occasions as she had touched herself so intimately. Spreading her legs further apart as the fantasy grew, she wondered what that rock protrusion would feel like to play with? Would it be as strong as the super cock that she fantasized about? She had barely allowed herself to ask that question when she began scrunching her feet outward across the rocks, using her excellent flexibility to lower herself downward until she felt the sharp point of the granite rock pressing against her denim Jeans, the point pressing through the heavy fabric against her now moistened labia. The weight of her body slowly shifted from her feet to the tip of the rock as she felt it pressing against the fabric, her nether lips spreading slightly as the rocky projection pressing harder and harder against her tingling sex. Closing her eyes again, she ran her hands along the strong muscles of her thighs until she was reaching down far enough to hold her knees.

She suddenly had this incredible fantasy of taking that entire rock protrusion into herself, an immense pressure crushing upward between her legs barely a second later as her flying power was unleashed by her thoughts. Screaming with sudden pain/pleasure, she felt a burst of wonderful pressure and penetration, the crotch seams of her cut-offs shredding apart by the force of her body pushing down against the ragged point of rock! Her high-pitched cries echoed from an opposing cliff as she felt the rock penetrating deeper and deeper within her, her powerful flying power pushing her body downward onto it, the pyramidal rock point finally reaching a width and depth where it simply became too large to enter her invulnerable sex any further!

All the rocks on the ledge now began to vibrate and dance wildly as she used her flying power to push herself down onto it even harder, trying to take it deeper inside herself. It filled her so wonderfully, its size larger than she could ever imagine taking into herself. Yet she wanted more... MORE! Raising her arms up into a double bicep pose, she added the immense flying power of her gorgeous biceps to her downward push, her breasts channeling all the power of her fabulous arms into flying power, the rock dildo entering her further yet before she felt a cracking sensation that began deeply inside her! Without further warning, the rock shattered between her legs, the entire face of the cliff tilting and then tearing away from the mountain as she exerted a hundred tons of force against the rock from the intimate depths of her body!

The rock shattering all around her, she fell face forward, tumbling in midair inside a cloud of shattered rocks, falling downward for about fifty feet before landing in the middle of the debris on another ledge, her legs tangled and half buried beneath her, a cascade of small boulders nearly burying her!

Shaking her long blond tresses to clear her head, rocks the size of her upper body flying to the sides, she looked back down over the edge of this new ledge. Struggling a bit to sit up among the tons of rock that half buried her, powerful friction tore the remains of her cut-offs from her firm body as she slowly regained her feet. Her body also seemed to be on fire now as she still felt the strong tingling between her legs, the stimulation coming both from the wonderful pressures she had exerted against the rocks and from that brief but very significant penetration!

Finding that she was just barely teetering on the edge of this much narrower ledge, her arousal was making her entire body feel so tingly and strong that she could barely hold still. Flexing her legs, she made her super muscles burst forth again, finding that she couldn't even see her toes over the huge bulges of her massively muscular quads! She had already learned that those muscles were harder than any rock or stone could ever be, maybe harder than anything on this entire planet! Yet to her they still felt as they always had, warm and firm and sexy, her hands enjoying the smooth silk of her softly tanned skin and smooth rippling muscles that moved beneath them.

Finally leaning further over the edge to look down again, she was surprised to see that she was still over a thousand feet above the valley floor. Looking back up to the sky, she spread her arms out to her sides. Even though her thighs were now flexed and generating tremendous power, she didn't seem to have any tendency to move, her breasts barely tingling now.

Looking far out from the cliff, she saw a large jumble of rocks about a mile in front of her. Focusing on that spot, she let her body fall smoothly forward off the edge of the rock ledge as she had before. When her body was tilted at about a 45 degree angle to the horizon, she raised her hands over her head and clasped her hands together like she was going to do a surface dive into a pool, flexing her legs even more powerfully while mentally visualizing diving into that pool of warm water.

Those thoughts had no sooner filled her mind than she felt an incredible acceleration, her body rocketing off the ledge, her velocity so fantastic that it blurred the terrain in front of her! Quickly relaxing her leg muscles to slow her acceleration, her body had already accumulated so much velocity in only a few seconds that she continued to soar upward for several thousand feet. Finally coming to a stop at the top of her initial trajectory, she looked around and found that she was much higher than the top of the mountain she had initially jumped from! Bending her arms and flexing her biceps very slightly, she concentrated on an image of herself hanging in mid-air. It worked perfectly, the slightest flexing of her biceps allowing her to move slightly up and down. Quickly mastering the technique of controlling her flight using only her arm muscles, it took her only a few minutes to find that she could hover in mid-air or soar slowly up and down at will, the slightest flex of her biceps or grip of her hands all that was required to generate enough power to overcome the weight of her body!

Crying and laughing in sudden joy, she had this irrepressible urge to let it all out again, to use all her power in a burst of acceleration. Flexing her legs again into sculptured living steel, she also flexed her arms in a double bicep pose, aiming herself straight up into the blue sky. Visualized herself flying upward once again, she was rewarded with an incredible burst of acceleration! Keeping her legs and arms flexed for nearly ten seconds this time before relaxing them, the air screamed by her face, a visible cone forming around her body as she eased her hands further forward into a diver's pose, the cone of air starting at her outstretched arms and hands. Realizing that she was actually seeing a supersonic shock wave forming around her body, she was thrilled to realize that she was traveling much, much faster than even the speed of sound!

Breathless with joy, she hardly noticed that the sky had started to grow darker, her lungs unable to find anything to breathe anymore. Surprisingly, this didn't seem to really bother her. "*Nothing to breathe up here anyway,*" she thought to herself, amazed that she could be so calm about it. The sky rapidly grew darker and darker as her coasting climb continued, stars suddenly appearing in mid-day. The sight of the stars finally started to concern her a bit as she was suddenly afraid that she may have accelerated too strongly and that she was going to soar right up into space! Feeling frightened, she frantically twisted her body around so that her head was facing back down toward the earth.

Stunned by the view, she couldn't think for a few seconds, the distant blue curve of the surface of the Earth bending around what was obviously a globe. A tiny island lay far below her, standing all by itself in a large blue sea. The only other islands she could see were on the far horizon, perhaps a few hundred miles away. The sight of those other islands was somehow comforting as she realized that there were other places on this planet that might contain people! Angry with herself that she hadn't studied Earth geography very hard, she could only remember that it had a lot of water, especially the part called the Pacific. Whatever that was.

Shaking her head, her blond hair flying in the near vacuum, she started to flex her legs again as she pointed her hands directly down at the tiny dot that was the island she had flown from. Her upward velocity stopped immediately, her breasts tingling wildly, her nipples erect due to the cold vacuum that surrounded her. Experimenting by using her hands to steer herself as she raced back toward the ground so far below, she found that it kind of worked once she got back down to where there was some air. Using her arms and hands, she began to steer her body into large sweeping turns.

Eventually, she saw the flat top of her mountain rushing back up at her at many hundreds of miles per hour, adjusting her hands to guide herself into the valley beside it. Her body still felt so very strong and invincible that she was becoming a bit overconfident as she flexed her chest and buttocks while trying to use those energies to turn herself around in mid-air so that she could stop. Yet she turned far too slowly, not knowing how to efficiently vector her body with her muscular flying powers. The realization hit her that she wasn't going to be able to stop in time! Panicking, her arms and legs flailed uselessly as she lost control of her body, frantically trying to aim herself toward a grassy spot in the valley, but instead finding that she was falling face first toward a huge pile of broken rocks on the valley floor. Seemingly fated to land among them, she closed her eyes as the ground suddenly rushed up at her!

A tremendous blow traveled up through her arms and shoulders as her body smashed into the shattered boulders at nearly the speed of sound, her outstretched fists pulverizing the biggest rocks as her body crashed to a halt between the rubble of stones her impact had created. Wincing as her face crashed into a large rock, she opened her eyes just in time to see many small pieces of rock and lichens flying off in all directions from the impact of her nose and chin. She then bounced sideways into a deep crack in the rocks, finally coming to a shuddering stop.

Laying perfectly still, she daring not to move, her chest rising and falling as she gasped for air. Mentally feeling for pain anywhere in her body, she was relieved to find that even a crash of this magnitude had left her feeling just fine. Tingly perhaps, her stomach and nose a bit numb from the impact, but otherwise the fall had not affected her at all! Her problem now was that she was stuck deep down in the narrow cleft between some large rocks, rocks far taller than she was. She was trapped on her side with her head slightly lower than her legs. Trying to pull her legs down and around the large rock on one side of the cleft, she found that there wasn't room. Her legs were clearly stuck on one side of the rock and her head and arms on the other. Damn... she was trapped!



Almost panicking for a moment, Fair bit her lip while struggling to bring her emotions under control. While this might have been a really bad situation for an ordinary girl, she was most definitely not ordinary anymore. Working to figure a way out of this, not sure how to use her flying power in this position, she finally decided to try to simply use her raw strength to get herself out. Starting by slowly tightening her abs, she felt the ripples of her stomach pushing strongly against the rough hard rock. The strain on her abs increased more and more until she was pressing against the rock with incredible pressure. Her abs were burning a little as she flexed them ever harder while starting to press her upper and lower body against the rock at the same time, surprised once again to find that her body was starting to tingle wildly as she used her enormous strength. It seemed that the harder she flexed her muscles, the more turned-on she was starting to get!

Lost in the erotic sensuality of her flexing muscles, she kept increasing the pressure against the rock, moment by moment. Less than a minute later, her sensuous introspection was broken when she suddenly felt and heard the rock start to groan and crumble under the forces of her immensely strong abdominal muscles. Biting her lip, she was now determined to crush the rock between her upper body and thighs using only the raw strength of those abs! Slowly forcing her knees upward toward her face, her strong thighs crushed the rock against her stomach and ribcage, the rock now crumbling and cracking loudly, the immense pressure of this super girl's abdominal crunch finally becoming too much for even hard granite to contain! The rock suddenly exploded loudly, hundreds of pieces of crumbled rock falling down into the cracks of the underlying rocks.

Fairchild rose like a blonde Goddess from the rubble to finally stand unsteadily on the crumbled rock while brushing the dust off her body. Her hands traveled down to dwell on the soft ripples of her firm flat stomach and thighs while she reveled in the strength she had just exerted on the Terran rock! It seemed there was nothing at all on this planet that could now resist the full power of her Velorian muscles!

Bending down, she picked up a large piece of granite about the size of a basketball as she slowly placed it between her upper thighs. Turning her legs into steel once again, she squeezed the rock with her intimate strength, an incredible glow beginning between her upper thighs as her muscles strained to push the rock up against herself! The tingling glow became much stronger as her muscles grew gradually larger and harder, an inexorable pressure building up against the rock. The rock suddenly lurched, slipping upward to transmit most of the nearly immeasurable pressure of her thighs against her 'delicate' sex. She immediately felt the sharp snaps and jolts as it started to crack and crumble against her hard pubic bone. Rapidly increasing her strength further, the muscles of her inner thighs now grew harder than any steel. The rock lasted only for a few more seconds, finally giving way completely, pieces exploding between her amazing thighs as she felt her legs suddenly touching together again!

Thrilled and aroused again, she began to brush herself off, noticing this time that she was more than a little wet between her legs. She was *really* beginning to like the feeling she got when she used her full strength like this! Looking down again at herself, she realized that all evidence of her clothing was gone now. The remains of her torn T-shirt had apparently been ripped or burned off by her latest supersonic flying! Looking back up at the top of the cliff, over five thousand feet above her, she suddenly decided that she wanted to get back up there and get one of the several changes of clothing she had brought from the house. Stepping away from the wall a few feet, Fair decided to see if her legs were strong enough to jump that distance without using her still awkward flying power.

She climbed up on top of a large flat boulder that was about ten feet thick, scrunching her toes until she felt the hard rock crumbling slightly between them. She bent her legs as she lowered herself down as close to the rock as she could. Taking a deep breath, she suddenly sprung upward, her legs flexing with a great deal of her strength. The huge rock cracked in half under her feet as her muscular calves were suddenly unleashed against it, the wind shrieking past her face as she soared effortlessly up along the face of the cliff. Unfortunately, she had miscalculated her strength, leaping so powerfully that she raced past the summit and soared more than a thousand feet above it, her jump carrying her well over a mile straight up. Pausing helplessly at the top of her arc, she began tumbling downward, her arms and legs flailing in a futile effort to hold herself upright. Trying to land on her feet, she instead landed on her butt - *again!* - right on top of a sharp pile of rocks! Feeling them crush beneath her 'buns of steel', she stood back up while reaching behind to massage herself, finally walked over to her backpack to rummage around for something else to wear.

She first found a tiny silky mini-skirt and a fairly tight halter top, one that left her stomach, shoulders and arms bare. Realizing that she was going to be completely exposed if this feathery skirt rose in the slightest wind, she was about to put it back into the pack, especially since she didn't have anything to wear under it. Reaching for something else, she suddenly realized she didn't really mind showing herself, in fact, she uncharacteristically felt quite the opposite! She was blonde, beautiful and awesomely athletic. She had a body that could flex far more powerfully than anyone who she had ever known, and that included the men at her father's athletic club. Why should she be concerned about what somebody might or might not see beneath her skirt?

She realized, as she thought about this for a moment, that she was actually looking *forward* to showing off her new abilities. After watching the 'beautiful' people on that projection tube the previous night, some show called 'Baywatch', she knew that she, or probably any Velorian woman for that matter, could win any beauty or fitness pageant on this planet without even trying. And she knew she could do it in such a way as to dazzle anyone who watched. She could even do all that without disclosing the real capabilities of her body, her super strength and flying powers.

Pausing to think about that, she instinctively knew that she had to be very cautious to not allow her ego to get away from her. It would be too easy to simply think of herself as some kind of Goddess and then lose contact with the rest of humanity. She also knew that she probably wouldn't always want to be treated like a super girl either. It suddenly occurred to her that she should try to maintain two identities. Considering what she might call herself here, she quickly decided to retain her given name of Fairchild for any personal friends she might make. But to the rest of the world, she would call herself by the fantasy name she had long ago discovered in her dreams: **Aurora!** A name that seemed unusual and powerful, and a name that would not in any way become confused with her more private self.

This separate identify would also allow her to freely demonstrate and use all the power of her body when appearing as Aurora, but would allow her to still live a more private life as a somewhat more subdued Fairchild. The two identities felt just right. One was really an extension of her previous life; the other used her new powers to their full extent. She was immensely strong, more beautiful than any woman who had ever lived on perhaps any planet other than Velor, and she was immune to any type of injury. She looked and felt like a Goddess. She was determined to act like one when she was appearing as Aurora.

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Blinking while forcing her thoughts to return to her immediate surroundings, Fairchild started to look around again to see if there was any new sign of life on the island. While it was possible to see every part of the island from this vantage point, she still saw nothing other than those abandoned fishing villages. Frustrated, she let her eyes roam further out, staring at the distant horizon of the ocean. It was then that she it, a small boat approaching from many miles out at sea!

Even though it was still more than ten miles from the shore, she was excited to find that she could clearly make out all the details of the boat and even see the faces of everyone on it when she squinted her eyes just right. There were three men moving around on the deck and one man tied to the mast of the ship. They all looked healthy and strong, except perhaps for the bound man. He had bruises on his face and looked like he was in pretty bad shape. Frowning, she noticed that the other men on the ship were wearing numerous weapons on their belts. She wondered if they were some kind of policemen or if they were the opposite, violent criminals!

Based on some of the papers she had seen in the house and on the projection screen she had watched, Fairchild was pretty sure that the men operating the boat were not police. They were probably some kind of criminal or outlaw, or maybe even pirates! She also suspected from the news clipping from some newspaper that she had seen in the house that they were probably the men the article mentioned. Pirates, engaging in the plunder of yachts, the incidents increasingly occurring in this part of the ocean.

Looking ahead of the boat's path, she saw that it was headed toward the lagoon on the far side of the island, about twenty miles from where she stood. Suddenly excited by a chance to meet some of the people who lived on this world, she decided to go and visit them when they docked the boat. She really wanted to find out why they had the man tied to the mast, to know if he was a criminal or if he was the victim she suspected he was. But most of all, she wanted to talk to someone and find out if she really *was* on Earth! And to meet the local inhabitants that she was supposed to... protect?

That last thought was still echoing in her head when she turned, her tiny skirt and long hair flying upward in the breeze as she started climbing down the back side of the summit, the steep cliffs soon giving way to rocky paths that she was able to run down in her bare feet. The trees seemed to zoom past her in a blur as she ran faster and faster, feelings of exhilaration and excitement growing as her speed kept increasing. In fact, the faster she ran, the stronger and more in-control of her body she seemed to feel. And despite the pace, her feet moving far faster than anyone on Velor could move, she didn't feel the slightest sign of becoming tired or winded, just an overwhelming desire to move her legs faster and faster. Her long blond hair blew wildly out behind her as her arms and legs soon were pumping so fast that she would have been nothing but a blur to any bystander as she ran by at more than three hundred miles per hour. They would have seen only a blurry image of a blonde super girl as she raced to meet her destiny, her first contact with the people of her new world! The people she would now protect!

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