

Aurora Episode 02-0

The Pirates

(Revision: 5)

by Sharon Best

Aurora finally meets her first Terrans and discovers that their violent tendencies are even worse than the rumors back on Velor had indicated, and that they are even weaker than she had ever imagined they would be! At the same time, her continuing discoveries of her own powers while fighting these men are both violent and shocking. Especially as she discovers the extent of her own invulnerability at the same time she finds that Terran flesh can hardly resist Velorian steel!

The Middle of a South Pacific Island

Fairchild ran across the entire width of the small island in only a couple of minutes, the fallen palm fronds and leaves of the rough foot trail flying up into the air in the tornado of her wake. The trees along the side of the trail blurred from her speed, her vision narrowing as if she was running through a long tube. Startled to realize that she was running at a substantial fraction of the speed of sound, she suddenly broke out of the dense jungle, backpeddling frantically, her feet digging a hundred yard long trench in the dirt, as she skidded to a halt. Stopping just as the trees ended and the sandy beach began, she stepped softly onto the grass that formed a border between the jungle and beach, a dense line of overhanging palm trees still sheltering her from view. Despite her incredible super-speed sprint, she was surprised that she was not out of breath or tired, her legs feeling strong and incredibly energized. Looking down at the tendrils of smoke that rose from her bare feet, she slapped her hand across her mouth, suppressing the urge to giggle out loud. Something about smoking toes was wildly funny!

Finally remembering why she was here, her eyes were bright and playful as she hid behind one of the palm trees, one crystal blue eye peaking around it to stare out at the flat sea. The small powerboat, maybe forty feet in length, was approaching a floating dock in the lagoon, the men walking purposely around the deck as they prepared for docking. Squinting her eyes to 'magnify' things, the boat seemed to rush toward her, allowing her to get a close look at the man who was tied to the mast. She wasn't sure why, but she felt strangely concerned about him, especially the way he was slumping forward to hang from his restraints, clearly exhausted from what must have been a long trip. She wondered again why this man was a prisoner. And who were the criminals here: the handcuffed man, or the men who had obviously captured him?

Watching discretely from the safety of her shady hiding place in the trees, Fairchild patiently studied the men. Hardly moving a muscle, not breathing for many minutes at a time as she concentrated on the men, she watched for more than a half hour as they unloaded the small boat. Finally, the tallest of the men, the man with the black skin, began shouting at the man who was tied to the mast, seemingly in an attempt to wake him up. Fairchild could hear his words clearly despite the distance, yet she didn't recognize them at first. Worried that he might be speaking a language that she hadn't learned back on Velor, she watched as he walked over and slapped at his prisoner, the SMACK against his cheek audible from a hundred yards away!

Suddenly snapping awake, the prisoner jerked his head upright as the other man began untying him, the man staggering forward to land on his knees as his restraints were removed. The tall man began shouting again, but this time Fairchild could understand his words. As opposed to the screen up at the house where the people spoke in French, this man was talking in the language called English.

"Get the FUCK back on your feet, you asshole! Remember, you live only as long as you are useful to us. And you're only fucking useful as long as you can do those wire transfers you talked about. The computers are up at the house so don't tell me any more shit about being tired! Otherwise I'll fucking waste you right here and let the crabs have your sorry ass. Now get UP... and MOVE it!"

Struggling to his feet, the man tried to walk, half falling down the ladder to land face first on the rough wooden dock. Getting back up, his knees and hands bleeding, he continued to stumble as he headed toward the shore, stumbling to fall painfully on his knees again and again, a look of anguish washing the desperate fearful look from his face. The man with the gun painfully jerked him back to his feet each time he fell, rudely shoving him forward with a kick in his ass as soon as he was on his feet.

Watching from her hiding place, Fairchild suddenly felt sorry for the handcuffed man, her instincts telling her that the other men had to be the criminals, especially after listening to their crude speech. Convinced now that the handcuffed man was the innocent hostage of these men, she decided that she had to save him.

The men were all headed toward a primitive four-wheeled vehicle that was parked on the sand, so that's where Aurora decided she was going to confront them. She would then act to protect this defenseless man, this being her first act as a Protector.

Yet despite having made her mind up, she still procrastinated for a final moment before stepping out from the trees, her heart pounding with excitement, her mind racing to recall everything she had ever learned about Earth. This would be her first meeting with a Terran, and she had no idea how they were going to react, either to her alien appearance or to her unusual powers. Desperately wishing that she had completed her training before being transported here, a wish that was already becoming all too familiar, she hoped that she at least looked enough like a Terran to be accepted by them. After all, these people were her long lost genetic 'ancestors' and her outward appearance was still fairly normal. Her race, the Velorians, had only been culturally and physically separated from the Terrans for about a thousand of years, a short time by galactic standards.

Faintly remembering a seminar that she had once attended years before, she recalled how the lecturer had talked about the Norse 'gods' of Earth, telling his audience that they were the first Velorians who had been returned to Earth. Unfortunately, she couldn't remember any of their names. Her only clear memory was that the Terrans had rejected them as 'gods' and that the elders had quit sending anyone other than Protectors to such primitive planets after some early incidents on Earth. Now, in modern times, the Protectors were supposed to keep a very low profile, at least as compared to the Gods and Goddess who had come before them, their goal being to protect a planet from outside interference without disturbing the native culture.

All of that, of course, paled beside the fact that Terran culture, unlike Velorian culture, had changed **tremendously** in the last thousand years. These Terrans were now apparently in possession of some significant technology, and Fairchild was afraid that they would be completely different than the people she had studied in primary school. Those simple texts had been full of stories written by the Norse 'gods' after they had returned to Velor. Stories about the Vikings and Celts and the other related tribes that they had lived among.

Taking another deep breath, Fairchild realized that she might be the first Velorian to live among the people of Earth since those days. Unfortunately, things had obviously changed a LOT since the days of the Vikings. The boat, for instance, looked completely different, the oars of a dozen strong men replaced by a machine that lived in the bottom of the boat. In fact, her only clue to the expected behavior of these people were the few images she had picked up from the late night 'talk shows' and 'sex movies' on that tiny projection screen the night before. She desperately hoped that what she had seen was representative of how Terrans behaved today.

Watching the rough way the men were shoving their captive around, she remembered a similar scene from one of the movies. Remembering how that violence had been met by other violence, Fairchild was now sure that she was going to need to use some of her special abilities to free the man. His captors were just too well armed and, from what she had inferred from reading the papers she had found back at the house, were far too violent and dangerous for any other interpretation of their behavior. They were also probably going to be difficult to logically reason with. In fact, if the movies she had watched the night before were any indication, few Terrans spent much time reasoning about **anything**. They just acted, and often used violence to get their ways, especially criminals like these men!

Taking a final deep shuddering breath while crossing her fingers behind her back, she stepped out from the trees and began running slowly and carefully across the warm sand toward them. Not wanting to reveal too much about herself right away, she struggled to control her flying instinct and to keep her feet on the ground. Yet she still ran very rapidly by Terran standards, her speed on the upper end of what she had seen on TV.

Chris was exhausted and still in shock as the pirates shoved him roughly along the dock. It had been less than two days since these men had brutally executed his girlfriend and his other sailing friends from Oregon. They had shown no mercy at all as they had callously shot all the other members of his party in front of him and had thrown their bodies to a growing swarm of sharks. Choking in anguish once again as he thought of it, he began shaking in anger, desperately hoping he could find a way to revenge their deaths. With his eyes filled once again with images of that heartbreaking maelstrom of churning red water, it was all he could do to stay on his feet.

Closing his mind, he tried to narrow his consciousness to focus on his painfully swollen feet: they hurt terribly now as he tried to walk, his knees collapsing from pain every few steps. Staring blankly at the ground in front of him, he concentrated his entire being on just completing the next step, his view of the world narrowing to the few feet on either side of him. He had lost everything in his life during the last days - his friends, his lover, his boat; everything that meant anything to him. Feeling the dark despair returning as his anger left him, he was also certain that he was going to lose his own life once these men got what they wanted from him! He felt only the numb hopelessness of the half-dead and the damned as he stumbled painfully along the rough wood planking of the dock.

He had nearly reached the end of the dock when the man behind him suddenly pulled him roughly to a stop. Turning weakly to stare back at him through glazed eyes, Chris saw that Jim, the tallest of the smugglers, was peering over his shoulder with a surprised look on his face. Turning to follow the man's gaze, he felt a tiny and irrational surge of hope as he wondered what could have surprised *these* men. They had seemed so completely in control the last days, bragging on and on about owning their own private island, of 'governing' their own 'country' as they described it.

While it was still hard to focus his eyes, Chris was able to barely make out something that looked like a mirage, like one of those car commercials on TV. He saw a vision of a tall blonde woman running across the sand toward them. Blinking his eyes furiously in an attempt to dispel the mirage, it did the opposite, coming into sharper focus. His heart suddenly began to beat faster, a tiny ray of hope taking life inside his head as he turned his head to listen to the way the men were talking excitedly among themselves. It was clear from the profane comments they directed toward the girl, that they hadn't expected anyone else to be on the island. Yet seeing that the girl was apparently alone, his brief moment of hope was dashed as he felt the barrel of a gun jabbing painfully against his back, a reminder to stay quiet, or else. His feelings turning black once again, as he knew with all certainty that she would be just one more victim for these fucking pirates to exploit.

Yet despite the events that he knew were about to transpire, her rape and her death inevitable, he couldn't resist staring at her. She was tall and stunningly beautiful, possibly even taller than his 6 feet, her long honey blond hair blowing wildly in the wind of her passage. Her stride was loose and surprisingly powerful, her body clearly athletic as she moved much the same a long distance runner would run at the beginning of a race. Yet she seemed unusually strong even for a trained runner, each step taking her much further off the ground than was normal for anyone needing to preserve their strength.

He was even more surprised when she got close enough so that he could clearly see the movement of her long tanned legs, the powerful musculature of those long legs very visible as she slowed to a walk while approaching the Jeep. Despite the rough appearance of his captors, she didn't hesitate to approach them, walking briskly toward the end of the dock. At the same time, the lithe movements of her body truly startled, Chris, in fact, he couldn't remember ever seeing a girl - or any grown woman, for that matter - with so many muscular curves on her body! Each movement of her legs or arms seemed to send a ripple of animalistic power through her body.

The other men seemed to overcome their initial surprise at seeing the girl, the gun barrel digging harder into Chris' back as he was pushed forward again, the small group of men walking cautiously toward the girl as she neared the end of the dock. Fascinated by her exotic appearance, Chris watched how her eyes coolly met each of the other men's, studying their faces for a moment before finally pausing to stare directly into his own. Her sparkling blue eyes momentarily mesmerizing him, they were so big and so brilliantly blue that he suddenly felt his knees growing even weaker than they already were, the beautiful features of her face stunning him as she broke into a dazzling smile. Her bright eyes, glowing white teeth and cute dimpled cheeks, all framed by her golden blond hair, were enough to make his already weakened legs collapse! Falling to his knees yet again, he couldn't help but sigh quietly in response to her beauty and her smile, eventually realizing that he had been staring dumbfounded at her for nearly a minute. Struggling against the hypnotic pull of her beauty, he was finally able to blink his eyes and look down her body.

She was wearing a very short burnt-orange mini-skirt that was barely long enough to be considered decent, the view of her long legs as they rose upward to disappear under it tantalized him with what he couldn't see. Her tiny halter-top was equally skimpy, the deeply dished top cut scandalously low, the bottom edge barely covering her nipples, revealing the lower curves of her perfectly circular breasts, leaving most of the rest of her body bare. Her beautifully tanned body seemed to have a moist sheen to it that made her skin glow healthily in the noonday sun.

"My God, she's beautiful," he breathed to himself, his pain and loss momentarily forgotten. "But beautiful in such an exotic and powerful way! Where on Earth could she possibly be from? And why is she here?"

Chris couldn't help himself as his eyes swept upward once again to dwell on her dramatic breasts. They were the firmest and most perfectly rounded breasts he had ever seen, except perhaps in a fantasy drawing in a comic book! Her halter top was daringly tiny, the fabric so thin that every rounded curve of her remarkable breasts was visible as they jiggled ever so slightly as she walked. They seemed to be set unusually high and were widely separated as they sat on top of what appeared to be a strongly muscled broad chest, at least for such a young woman. Looking down her body further, he admired her flat stomach and tiny waist, the grid of her abdominal muscles flexing visibly as she walked. Overall, she projected a stunningly sexual and athletic image, one that made her seem dramatically more powerful than any woman he had set eyes on before!

Like her chest, her shoulders were surprisingly broad and strong looking, the tendons of her neck standing out in bold relief against her upper chest and shoulders. Sweeping his eyes way down to her legs again, Chris felt a surge of arousal sweeping his body as he found that he could see the outline of every major muscle flexing as she walked toward him. He had never seen so many smooth hard curves on a woman's legs, nor ones that danced in rhythm to her steps like hers did. Overall, she looked like an immensely strong and agile gymnast graced with the height, beauty and fluid physique of an exotic dancer.

His eyes finally rose back to her face as she reached the men, her hands confidently resting on her hips as she came to a stop, her deep blue eyes focusing on each of their faces in turn until her eyes once again returned to dwell solely on Chris'. Dwelling on his as he saw a hesitant look in her eye, the look no longer that of a confident woman, but instead, she looked like a young and confused girl!

The leader of the pirates, Jim, stepped confidently forward to meet the girl. Looking up at her face, he was obviously surprised that she was a few inches taller than he was, her eyes looking like cool sky-blue lagoons as she looked down into his. Yet despite her calm look, his eyes were anything but polite as he quickly glanced up and down her body, his weight shifting from foot to foot as his body language communicated how 'impressed' he was with her figure! Despite his earlier bravado regarding his violent sexual exploits, he seemed genuinely impressed with the girl, and surprised that she didn't seem particularly concerned about his rough appearance or the weapons his men were openly displaying.

From the man's earlier boasting, Chris knew that the Captain had always liked strong Amazonic women. In fact, he had driven him to distraction the night before with his crude stories of how he liked to humiliate such strong women, showing the bitches that no mere woman could equal the strength of a strong man like himself. Nor could they match the cruelty of his sadistic imagination.

His thoughts racing, Chris unconsciously gestured slightly with his head as he tried to subtly motion the girl away, hoping she would flee before the men attacked her as they had his friends. Yet she simply moved her gaze from the Captain's face to his once again, turning her head slightly to stare directly at him with those incredible blue eyes of hers. Smiling this time, her broad reassuring grin slowly crinkling the corners of her eyes as she gently shook her head, telling him that she understood him, but that she wasn't going to take his hint!

Remembering his girlfriend, Sue, and how she had been terrified when these men had boarded their boat, he was struck by the contrast in this girl's behavior. While Sue had immediately known that these men were dangerous, her suspicions confirmed only moments later when they had casually shot her twice in the chest, one round in the center of each soft breast! Leaning forward, he almost vomited again as he remembered that final shocked look in her eyes, the way her bright eyes had slowly dimmed as she had collapsed onto the deck, a final bullet crashing through her forehead to close her eyes forever. Suddenly jerking his head back up as he imagined these men shooting this girl the same way, he could not take his eyes off her face, imagining a bullet crashing through her forehead to dim those sparkling eyes.

Yet somehow, he knew that she knew what she was doing. Perhaps it was the confident way that she carried herself, combined with the movements of her strong athletic body, or maybe it was just the frank look in her eyes, but something made Chris think that she could even handle herself in this crowd. That she was some kind of super girl. Unfortunately, this ridiculous fantasy lasted for only a moment, the pain from the gun barrel jabbing into his back forcing him back to his feet. He felt that sick sinking feeling in his stomach again as his momentary fantasy evaporated, realizing that there was really no way that she could handle these men. She was too close to them and they were far too well armed for her to now have any hope of escape.

Fairchild saw the handcuffed man motioning her away as some strong emotions twisted his facial expressions. She instinctively understood what he was trying to communicate and realized that he must have had an extremely rough time with these men. Nevertheless, she simply gave him a warm smile while slowly shaking her head. He didn't understand that she wasn't really in any danger here. At least she didn't think she was!

However, the bound man himself clearly WAS in danger since the men were obviously using him as some kind of hostage. Although everyone was facing her, Fairchild's unusual eyesight had not missed the gun being held against his back, the man's body momentarily becoming transparent to her, a vision of white bones and a dark ugly gun pressing against his backbone filling her vision. Various thoughts swirled through her mind as she struggled to figure out a plan to ensure that she could distract and disarm these men before they could hurt him, the insecurities of a few minutes before suddenly returning, once again regretting not having finished her training back on Velor. She had no idea if she could move fast enough to take their guns away before they could use them. She only knew that whenever she tried to move quickly here on Earth, she wound up tripping over her own long legs! No, she would have to do this some other way.

Given the way their eyes were roaming lecherously up and down her body, she suddenly had an unusual idea, one that reminded her of her 'demonstration' back in her father's gym. While she may not have been considered particularly attractive back on Velor - muscular woman never were - what she had learned by watching that screen up in the house was that these Terrans, as a rule, were absolutely plain, downright ugly really, at least by Velorian standards! It was clear to her now that her blonde athletic looks would definitely stand out here.

Turning her attention back to the lead member of the party, she saw how he was standing proudly and confidently in front of her. Her stomach lurched a little as she saw the way he was grinning at her, his filthy yellowed teeth visible as he slowly scanned her body from head to toe, his eyes dwelling often on her breasts.

"Well, well," he finally said as he walked closer, "what do we have here on our little private island? You must be our reward for all our hard and virtuous work. I'm the Captain here and you'll get to know me *much* better in a little while. And just who in the fuck ARE you?"

The men all laughed and began to relax at the promise in his words. They knew exactly how they were going to get to 'know' this girl, the female captives from previously pirated ships had been great fun for these men. The ones that survived their initial capture that is.

Fairchild listened to the man's unusual-sounding speech. Just like when she had watched the screen up at the house, she found that she could understand him, her own thoughts quickly changing to the language he was using. She remembered that this particular Terran language was called 'English' and that she had taken an implant course once to embed the knowledge of how to speak it in her mind. Remembering something she had once been told about hiding herself, she decided that this was the time to start using the public identity she had just invented for herself, the one that had come to her in a dream when she had first started to have her many erotic fantasies, the fantasies of a girl coming of age. Yet it still sounded a little weird as she heard herself say her private dream-name out loud for the first time in life!

"My name is Aurora," she said softly, pausing briefly to listen to the strange sound of the unfamiliar language leaving her lips. "My flightcra... my **vehicle** crashed over there, on the other side of the island."

The Captain smiled broadly at her halting speech as she pointed into the jungle behind her, her accent somehow reminding him of someone from Paris. Strolling around to stand behind her, he stared at her body with all the arrogance of a horse trader inspecting a new filly.

"So," he said in his coarse voice, "you're some blonde bitch walking around on my private island and calling yourself some kind of northern light. You're a real looker for sure and I don't know where you got all those muscles, but this here is my private little spot, you see. I don't let nobody land on it without my say so. Beautiful bitches like you included. I think I'll just claim you as salvage from the wreck! Are there any more like you around?"

Smiling at her, his yellow teeth looking like fangs, he glanced back at the other men. "My men could use some of your kind of company and I don't think you'll last long enough to go around all by yourself."

The men laughed lecherously, enjoying their leader's rough humor while they gawked openly at the stunning blonde. It had been a while since a woman had been here on this island, the last one managing to kill herself after the first few days of 'enjoying their hospitality'.

"No," she said tentatively as she tried their strange language again. "You are the first people I have seen on this island. Other than the people I saw on the glowing screen in your house," she hastily added.

"The 'glowing screen'... Oh, you must mean the satellite TV," he said with a puzzled look, wondering why she called it that. "Well then," he leered, "you're in for a treat then! You're going to meet some *real* people tonight! You see, we've been at sea for more than a month, and my men get *real appreciative* of a bitch like you after they've been at sea that long!" he smirked.

The men now began to make rude male noises behind his back as they each envisioned what they would do with this girl. Meanwhile, the Captain displayed his filthy teeth again as he smiled broadly, reaching down behind Aurora to casually lift up the back of her tiny orange mini-skirt. Whistling appreciatively, he saw that she wasn't wearing anything under it. Staring in amazed arousal at her tight and very bare ass, he suddenly yanked her skirt up high enough to show her cute butt off to the other men, stepping grandly aside to bow while he let them leer and whistle at her.

He was still grinning broadly at his men when he reached down to run his hand over her softly firm flesh, slowly sliding his fingers between her beautiful legs. He was a little surprised that her thighs, while so very smooth and feminine looking, were pressed together firmly enough that he had trouble getting his hand between them! Suddenly grinning even more broadly, he jerked his hand upward to finger her privates as he nearly lifted her body off the ground. He liked to be very rough with his bitches and he had no interest in foreplay.

Aurora felt a wave of disgust wash over her as she felt him intruding between her legs, his filthy fingers even trying to penetrate her as he attempted to lift her upward. She had never liked anyone, especially a man, forcing himself on her or groping her in any way, especially this crudely! The anger that had started when he had pulled her skirt up grew much stronger as she turned her head to glare back over her shoulder at him! How *dare* he violate her like this?

Yet despite her disgust, her body almost betrayed her for a brief moment. She gasped softly as his fingers touched and penetrated her nether lips, a wild tingling sensation reaching deeply inside her! Yet this was hardly the touch of a lover, this was little more than an intrusion, the foreplay to rape, certainly not a lover's touch. Feeling him trying to force his rough callused fingers further into her sex, she instinctively tightened her muscles, squeezing her thighs against his hand. Flexing very hard to stop him, she was immediately rewarded with a slight crunching sensation, one that reminded her of eggshells breaking. Her momentary surge of arousal turned into a satisfying tingle as she was pretty sure that some of the bones in his hand had been crushed against her sex!

"What the fucking HELL...!" the man grunted in surprise, the waves of pain from his crushed hand radiating up his arm so strongly that he was rendered speechless! Finally opening his mouth, a screaming groan escaped him as he felt and heard his bones continuing to crush and splintering between the girl's steel-like thighs. FUCK! This bitch was breaking his bones with just her pussy muscles!

Aurora heard the man groaning loudly as he strained to pull his hand back. Yet she angrily continued to hold him tighter yet as she felt more crunching sensations vibrating against her sex. It took her nearly another half-minute to regain sufficient control of her emotions that she could force her muscles to relax. Meanwhile, the man continued to struggle helplessly, pulling on his hand while screaming in pain.

The Captain had never felt such excruciating pain as he had stared dumbly at her gorgeous ass, unable to comprehend how the blonde's muscles could have turned as hard as steel, his hand completely crushed between her powerful inner thighs! Truly shocked by her steely strength, he had desperately tried to pull his injured hand back, his shock becoming even greater when he had found that he couldn't budge it from between her strong beautiful legs. This cunt had legs like a fucking vise!

Finally turning her head around to look coldly into his face, she saw his eyes staring up under her skirt as he slumped onto his knees behind her, his teeth tearing at her ass as he tried to get her to release him. Relaxing her muscles just a bit, she allowed him to remove his ruined hand, quickly turning around to face him.

Looking up at her face now in shock and pain, he seemed frozen in her cobra-like gaze. Taking advantage of his shock, she reached down to grab his wrists, her grip easily overpowering him as she lifted him bodily to his feet.

Damn, Jim thought to himself, *what's this bitch made of anyway?* He was a strong man, and proud of his work-hardened muscles, but no matter how he strained to release himself from this new embarrassment, he felt her hands holding him fast, her arms seemingly flexing only slightly as she lifted him upward until his feet were dangling. He felt completely helpless in her grip as she smoothly and easily set him back down on the sand, almost as if he was just a little child.

Despite the pain, a mask of dark anger clouded his face at the humiliation of being overpowered by a *mere woman!* A teenage girl at that. Pulling himself backward with all his strength, he finally managed to jerk his hand free of her grip, quickly balling up his good hand to deliver a smashing blow against the side of her face.

Aurora saw the blow coming long before it arrived, and her quick reflexes allowed her to brace her neck and head against it. The sickening cracking impact of his fist striking her face was a completely unequal contest of human flesh hitting case-hardened steel, his blow failing to move her head so much as a single millimeter. The sound of the bones breaking in his *other* hand now filled the air as his fist crunched against her cheekbones and jaw. Screaming in pain, he fell backward to land on his ass, doubling over to now hold *both* hands gingerly against his stomach.

The First Mate had been watching this all in amusement, at least until he saw the Captain trying to punch the girl out. Seeing his hand trapped between those gorgeous thighs had been almost funny, but the way she shrugged off his roundhouse punch was something else again. This bitch was definitely strong! Quickly running up to help his Captain, he grabbed the blonde's long hair with his right hand while pulling downward, trying to painfully throw her down onto the ground. Shocked at how firmly she held herself, he momentarily felt his entire weight hanging from her long hair, pulling with all his strength and weight, while the girl remained perfectly still. Pulling harder and harder, he grunted and strained like a madman, yet he could do no more than move her silky hair around. Finally, grabbing her hair with both hands, he yanked backward with all his strength, his entire body weight hardly managing to do no more than to pull her hair from side to side. Her head had not moved so much as an inch!

Amazed and angry and puzzled, he finally let go of her hair and grabbed her face, one hand across her mouth and another behind her neck. Gripping her cheeks cruelly with his fingers, he used all his strength to try and twist her head down towards the ground as he jammed his knee hard upward into her stomach. Yet she didn't even seem to know he was there, her body remaining completely immobile, her hands resting calmly on her hips, the little smile on her face growing broader. Growing more and more enraged, it finally began to sink in that she was very strong, and that he hadn't caused her any pain.

"Shit," he shouted to the other men. This bitch is like a fucking steel statue. Are you OK, Jim?" he grunted to the Captain, finally giving up on trying to force the girl to her knees.

Aurora calmly gazed at this second man as she felt him using all his strength and weight to try to move her. She was surprised at how easy it was for her to resist him. The man's straining muscles told her that he was using a LOT of force against her, yet her muscles were hardly even flexing, let alone straining, as she easily resisted his efforts. She felt a surge of warmth filling her body as she began to appreciate how powerful her body had become on this planet, thrilled as she discovered the huge difference between her strength and the puny strength of these Terran men. Smiling excitedly to herself, she casually reaching up with a flick of her hands to push her tangled hair back behind her shoulders.

She had always enjoyed this one recurring erotic dream of being so strong that no man could harm her, yet at the same time, the men had not been able to resist her sensual charms. That same incredible thrill, now becoming reality as opposed to dream, rushed through her body as she realized that her dreams may have come true beyond her wildest imagination in this strange place!

Standing in front of her, the First Mate had been surprised as he had caught a glimpse of her rounded biceps flexing when she raised her arms to straighten her hair. This was one *strong* bitch, he thought. Maybe the reason that he couldn't hurt her was that she was actually stronger than he was? He shook his head as he dismissed that thought almost immediately. No way! He knew that no woman had ever even come close to having his strength, no matter how fit she seemed to be! However, he really had no idea how she was managing to resist him. Maybe it was some dumb-ass martial arts trick?

Despite his growing anger, he felt his pants getting tight for this blonde. She was so young and so incredibly fucking beautiful! Her mix of honey and golden blond hair and her big blue eyes, her strong shapely tanned body - God, she was really turning him on! She was going to be a lot of fun and, based on what he had seen so far, maybe even strong enough to last for a few days before they used her up.

But first he needed to show this bitch who was really in control here, she seemed way too sure of herself. Besides, he always got a real thrill from hurting his bitches before raping them. Once they were softened up, he would convince them that their only hope of survival, their only long-shot chance, was to be *really* foxy in bed, and give him more pleasure than any bitch before her. Once they understood that, they would usually do anything to please him, trying hopelessly to keep him from causing them any more pain, trying desperately to stay alive. He loved the feeling of the strength and nearly unlimited power that this control over their life and death gave him! God, he loved this business!

His thoughts came back to the here-and-now as he smiled sadistically up at the tall blonde. Jumping forward without even thinking, he gave her a powerful kick with his heavy boot right up between her legs, up under her mini-skirt, trying to bruise the pussy that he knew his men would soon be pounding away on. Yet despite his vision of hurting the girl, his foot came to a jarring stop as the steel-tipped boot struck her pubic bone, the strong impact jolting his leg painfully while it threw him backward and off balance. Staggering to fall on his ass in the sand, he desperately grabbed his sore foot, his big toe hurting so bad that he was afraid he had broken it!

Looking back up at the teenage girl as she stood calmly over him, he saw that she still had that cute little fucking smile on her face! The bitch didn't even seem to have noticed his kick until she casually reached down with her hands to smooth out her tiny skirt. Staggering back to his feet, he limped sideways a few steps before violently jerking his handgun from its holster.

"I don't know what kind of game you're playing here, bitch," he yelled loudly, "but gorgeous or not, you've had it; *nobody* hurts me like that and lives!"

Aiming his 9mm at her stomach, he felt a sick calm coming over him, waiting eagerly for her pitiful pleading to start, preparing to revel in the emotions he enjoyed so much in his victims. He already knew *exactly* what he was going to do to 'allow' her to make it up to him. He was getting so hard just by thinking about the fun he and the boys were going to have with her tonight, he decided that they would start right here on the beach, and right now!

Lost in a blur of violently sexual thoughts, sinking into the depravity of the damned, he was surprised, when she calmly put her hands back on her hips and threw her blond hair back, her smile growing broader and sexier as she looked directly at him, her eyes mocking him.

"What are you going to do little man, shoot me or something? Somehow I don't think your bullets will bother me any more than your little tugging on my hair did."

The mate didn't know what the hell she was talking about. Guns and bullets killed *anyone* they were used against. Didn't she know how powerful a gun was? Was this bimbo *stupid* or something?

Realizing that it was time to break through her stupid overconfidence to show her who really was in charge here, he decided that she would be nearly as much fun to fuck when she was unconscious as when she was awake. Limping back up to her again, he smashed the handle of the heavy handgun across her face, pistol-whipping her with a violence that should have broken her cheek-bones. Yet instead of the very familiar smack of steel against soft yielding flesh, there was a sharp impact and an almost metallic ring as the hard steel handle of the gun crashed against her cheekbones. Cursing in shock, the Mate almost freaked out as the gun bounced off her so strongly that it sent another painful shock back up his arm!

Once again, Aurora had held her neck muscles so rigid that her head remained completely immobile under the force of the blow. The man might as well have smashed his gun into a steel or granite statue! Or something that, unbeknown to the men, was actually far FAR harder than either of those native materials!

"To hell with you bitch, you're going to pay for that. Nobody hurts me and lives!" Pointing the gun at the middle of her stomach, he jerked the trigger awhile snarling evilly.

"DIE YOU FUCKING BITCH!"

Everything seemed to move in slow motion as Aurora saw the first bullet emerge from the smoke and flame at the end of the gun barrel. While she knew that she might be able to move aside before it traveled the five feet or so to her body, she also knew, from watching what she now knew was called a "TV", that these guns were common and dangerous weapons on this planet. Yet based on her experiences on the island so far, especially the impact of that twin-barreled gun that she had take in the chest while breaking into the cabin, she was pretty sure that his bullet couldn't *really* hurt her. But she was still concerned as she followed it across the gap between their bodies, watching it move slowly toward the flat smooth skin just above the waistband of her skirt.

Concentrating on keeping her body completely relaxed, she watched as the bullet slowly dimpling her soft skin just above her bellybutton, moving inward until it met her powerful underlying abdominal muscles. At that point, the soft give of her feminine body ended and the Velorian 'steel' started, the bullet pressing her soft yet impermeable skin against the underlying muscles of a true girl of steel. The steel-encased head bullet could not resist her nor penetrate her, it merely flattened into a disk before bouncing energetically from her hard stomach to go whizzing off into the water.

Her reflexes returning to normal as she blinded her eyes, she looked down at her bare skin while gently rubbing her tummy, her fingers wiping off the small amount of lead the bullet had left behind, relieved that there wasn't any other mark on her. No real discomfort either. In fact, it had actually left a slight, but pleasant, tingling at the spot of the impact!

Staring at her response, her smile making it appear as if he had given her a simple love tape, he swore loudly, assuming that the bullet had been a dud. He knew that he had to end this confrontation now before the rest of the men started razzing him. He could already hear them snickering in the background as they commented on his lousy aim. Well, he would end this and he would end it now! Raising the gun, he pointed it directly at her chest while starting to pull the trigger of his 9mm Glock automatic as fast as he could.

Aurora watched as each glowing bullet appeared to float lazily toward her chest, her reflexes greatly accelerated as the adrenaline surged into her bloodstream. So much so that each bullet seemingly took several seconds to reach her. Glancing down at herself as the first bullet struck her left breast about two inches below her nipple, and about an inch below the thin fabric of her top, she watched as it gradually decelerated, creating a much deeper dimple this time in the vastly softer flesh of her breast, the dimple continuing to grow until it finally reached the underlying steel of her chest muscles. At that point, the bullet didn't have enough energy to compress her flesh any further and its forward progress stopped, the natural tone of her firm breast popping it back fast enough to rebound five feet, finally plopping in the sand near the man's feet!

The slow motion effect had an astounding on this young girl from the stars, a surge of excitement filling her body as she felt her body more than matching the crude power of the Terran projectile gun. Now VERY impressed with her new powers of invulnerability, shocked that her normally sensitive breasts could resist the violent force of the gun, she was pleased to discover that her breast simply acted like some kind of a crazy shock absorber for the bullet. Instead of causing the bullet to zing off into the water like the one that had hit her ab muscles, the initial force of the bullet caused a huge shock wave to run through body, the impact lifting her breast a couple of inches higher on her chest. And the tingles... GOD, she had NEVER felt anything like THAT before! Her nipple was suddenly tingling and burning in such a pleasant and funny kind of way, almost like she was getting turned on!

She suddenly had a really wild idea. Moving her upper body around slightly, she began to guide the bullets closer and closer to her rapidly firming nipples. She found that the closer they came to them the less recoil the rebounds had, and the stronger that wild tingling in her nipples grew! Watching each rebound with fascination, she was careful to move her breasts so that the rebounds would not fly toward the man in the handcuffs. One of the bullets finally landed directly on her now very erect left nipple, the impact sending a quick fiery tingle through her entire body! It also bounced off this far firmer flesh so strongly that it hit the man with the gun squarely in the chest. Barely breaking his skin, the impact made him stagger backward while he rubbed his badly bruised chest and swore loudly.

"Jesus Christ... you fucking BITCH! What the hell are you doing to me!?"

Dropping his hand from his painful chest, he dropped his 9mm in the sand while pulling out a huge 44-magnum from a holster behind his back. Quickly aiming it at the girl's bared stomach, he squeezed off a round from this much more powerful gun! *"Bulletproof chest or not, nobody could withstand a fucking 44-Magnum"*, he thought to himself.

Seeing this much larger and faster bullet racing toward her, Aurora instinctively tightened her abdominal muscles - this was obviously a much more powerful gun than the smaller one. The force of the heavy impact rocked her backward and sent a huge shock wave across her stomach, the bullet itself flattening between two pronounced ripples of her steel-hard abs. Bright sparks exploding across her stomach as steel-jacketed lead met her suddenly harder-than-steel muscles, the deformed bullet shattering before the pieces flew several hundred yards out to sea!

Swearing in frustration, the man aimed his 44 higher, up toward her nearly bared chest now. The next bullet struck directly on her slightly aroused nipple, a wild flurry of sparks momentarily lighting her deep cleavage, the torn fabric of her top floating down to cover the sand in front of her. Staggered by the force of the blow, Aurora gasped as the more powerful impact set off a new wave of wonderfully fiery tingles that spread from her nipple, moving across both breasts and even down between her legs! The bullet was so powerful, in fact, that it depressed her breast inward until her hard nipple was smashed up against one of her ribs.

The rebound was not at all gentle this time as the armor-piercing bullet bounced off her steel-hard rib and engorged nipple with enough force to punch a hole completely through the prow of the smuggler's boat!

The First Mate was amazed beyond words now, gawking at the girl with his mouth hanging open as he saw her breasts bouncing wildly around under each impact, each powerful bullet tearing another hole in her halter top, the impacts spreading huge ripples through her soft flesh, some so powerful that her large breasts flew up to nearly touch her face! Stalking closer to this incredible teenage super girl, he reached out with his hand and roughly ripped the remains of the right side of her halter-top downward to fully expose her tit. Surprised that she didn't resist him, she was licking her lips, her nipple fully engorged and moist. Her eyes following his down to stare at that beautiful mound, both of them shocked when they saw that there was hardly a mark on her soft flesh! He couldn't understand how the thin torn fabric he was holding in his hand could have protected her from the powerful slugs.

Fortunately, there was *nothing* between the gun and her bare skin of her chest now. Stepping back a few steps, he fired several more times directly into the soft flesh of her bared breast, more amazed than angry now. Gasping as he saw her big tit flying around wildly under the impacts of the powerful bullets, she stood there with her hands on her hips, acting as if this was just some kind of weird alien foreplay! In fact, she was smiling at him as she reached up now to cup her breasts, pressing them together while lifting them up higher on her chest to give him an even better target. Noticing that her fingers paused briefly as they caressed her hard nipples, he saw those hard points growing remarkably larger as her fingers caressed them. Without even thinking, his mind completely overwhelmed by the impossibly erotic scene that was unfolding in front of him, he unconsciously shoved the gun roughly toward her as he tried to figure out what the FUCK was going on here.

Aurora was absolutely fascinated with the power and invulnerability of even this softest part of her body by now. Lost in her own pleasures, she was surprised when the man jabbed the gun barrel forward, jamming it firmly against her chest. Sliding her fingers downward to grasp the hot gun barrel, she moved her breast slightly to the side so that one firm nipple slid inside the huge open end of the .44. She didn't really know why she had instinctively done that, but was immediately rewarded with a wildly erotic sensation as the smoking hot gun barrel slid over her tingling nipple. Hold her breath while concentrating on her expanding nipple, willing it to get even harder, she felt her nipple engorging further as it tightly squeezed the inside of the barrel.

The sudden engorgement of this super girl's nipple put enough upward force on the gun that it was almost torn from the man's hand. Gripping the handle tighter, he tried to pull it back with all his strength, but was stunned when he realized that her nipple was actually stuck in the barrel! Roughly jamming the gun against her chest as hard and as fast as he could, he twisted it from side to side, trying to free it from her chest. With his amazement turning to anger once again, he *really* wanted to hurt the bitch!

Yet on each powerful shove, he felt her large breast dimpling inward far enough to bury half of the barrel of the gun. In fact, when he leaned his whole weight against the gun while pushing it and twisting it as hard as he could, his eyes got a little misty, looking almost as if she was getting turned on. Feeling the back of his hand pressing against the warm soft flesh of her tit, his body instantly responded in a similar way, his unbidden erection pressing painfully against his tight jeans. Yet he was too shocked and angry to dwell on such pleasures as he tried to violently twist and pull the gun free again, the girl's big nipple staying infuriatingly wedged in the barrel.

Staring down at the gun and the straining muscles that were so apparent on the man's arm, Aurora could not believe how good the rough twisting forces felt against her nipple. She especially liked the sensation of the sharp rifling inside the barrel as it grabbed and twisted her. Enjoyed the sensation of the man using all his strength in an effort to free the gun, she smiled softly at him while holding herself perfectly still, her hands on her hips again, flexing her chest muscles as she found she could almost lift the man off the ground with just the rise of her breasts!

Finding that she was *really* starting to get off on this feeling of absolute power, she suddenly wanted the man to do impossible things to her body, enjoying each new 'assault' that he inflicted on her. The more he tried to injure her, the more she shrugged off the blows, the stronger, and more confident she felt. Breathing excitedly, she began envisioning herself as some kind of ancient Norse Goddess as she stood proudly before these weak pitiful men.

The Mate's face was now a mask of anger, pain and embarrassment now as he tried to get his gun back. "How could a girl's fucking nipple get stuck in my gun?" he grimaced half out loud to himself! Finding himself idiotically thinking of Bre'er Rabbit and tar babies, he glared again at her large round melon-sized breast as it refused to release his gun. The young girl was *still* smiling sweetly and innocently, as she looked down at herself, lifting her hands from her hips to run them sensually over her breasts, her fingers tracing the outline of her other nipple. She was breathing faster and faster as her fingers fondled her breasts ever more firmly as she tried to stroke the gun across her nipple. He was shocked as he suddenly realized that she was actually getting *turned on* by the struggle, watching in amazement as the nipple of her other breast grew much larger between her fingers, the hard point straining outward against the thin fabric of her top! Suddenly, with her other nipple growing impossibly large, he heard and felt a loud crack radiating up through his gun hand!

Almost screaming in shocked surprise, the Mate saw the heavy barrel of his gun splitting open simply from the force of her expanding nipple! He was so startled that he convulsively jerked the trigger to send another powerful bullet racing down the now shattered barrel to impact her now harder-than-steel nipple. Something clearly had to give, and wasn't going to be the flesh of this young Velorian's breasts! The powerful bullet instead rammed against her super hard nipple before heading in the only direction it could, racing *back* up the barrel. The gun exploded in the man's hand, hot fragments of steel flying all directions. Screaming in pain, the Mate crumpled over as he held his shattered hand against his stomach, his legs finally collapsing as he fell sideways onto the sand.

Equally shocked but completely unhurt, Aurora gasped at the burst of pleasure that the explosion brought her. Despite the pleasures the bullets and the explosion had brought her, she now clearly understood that these men were evil and that they would injure or kill anyone who crossed their path. They had already tried to kill *her* several times, and had only failed because of her newly gained invulnerability. She knew she had to stop them before they injured anyone else, but had no real idea about how to do it. While she was obviously some kind of super girl now, she had lived a fairly ordinary life on her home planet only a few days ago, at least when she wasn't working out in her father's gym. She had never deliberately hurt anyone before and had no training in any kind of fighting skills. Acting naively, she stepped closer to the man while attempting to pull the remains of her torn halter-top back up to cover her breast. Somehow she knew she would figure out what to do with this horrible man once she actually laid her hands on him!

* * *

While the smugglers were trying to blow the young girl away, Chris had simply stood watching in awe as the bullets had bounced off her golden body. Astounded beyond words, he saw her large breasts bouncing around wildly under the strong impacts of the bullets, each shot tearing a huge hole in her top until it looked like a ragged fishnet. The traumatic memory of how his girlfriend had crumpled and died when she had been shot the same way rushed back to him now as he saw the bullets tearing her top apart, unable to comprehend how this girl didn't seem to be injured by the powerful impacts! With his mouth hanging open, he had been flabbergasted to see her smile becoming ever broader as the bullets kept bouncing off her amazingly firm chest. It was unbelievable, but she actually seemed to be enjoying having her tits shot up this way!

Having no idea how such a gorgeously feminine chest could stop such powerful bullets, especially considering the way her breasts were jiggling from the force of the impacts, he knew that the fabric of her top was not what was protecting her. Each bullet tore a new hole in her top, her halter brief enough in the first place to provide only a hint of modesty. Besides, the first bullet had definitely hit the smooth flesh of her breast that was well outside the small coverage of her top. Continuing to stare at her beautiful chest as it became more and more revealed as the fabric was shredded by the bullets, he was still surprised when the man pulled her top down to fully reveal one gorgeous tit. Gaspd in surprise a moment later from the huge report, he watched as the man fired his 44-Magnum at point-blank range directly into that sexy bare mound! He could have sworn he heard the hull of the boat shattering behind him from the rebound. Then, when the man shoved the gun barrel against her breast and it got stuck with her nipple inside it, he had realized that he was seeing something that was completely impossible, at least outside of his wildest midnight fantasies. Despite the obvious violence of this young girl's encounter with his captors, he could not help but become very aroused as he watched this super girl casually using her invulnerability and strength. He had no idea how she was doing it, but this incredible teenager was defeating these murderers with nothing but her soft tits and her sweet smile! He had a sudden wild fantasy about what would happen if her hard nipple continued to expand inside the barrel of the gun - the realization of this fantasy coming only seconds later when he saw the barrel split open; his impossible fantasy somehow incredibly fulfilled. The resulting explosion that knocked the man down only confirmed what he had been imagining - this girl was so strong and so invulnerable that the most powerful gun on the planet could not hurt even the softest and most delicate part of her body!

Unconsciously brushing the residue of the exploding handgun from cleavage, metal shards tinkling to the ground in front of her, Aurora looked back at the handcuffed man again as she smiled to reassure him that she hadn't been hurt. Unconsciously rubbing the blackened residue from her nipple before pulling the tattered remains of her top back up, she noticed how closely that man was watching her now. Smiling confidently, she focused her attention again on the man with the gun, calmly reaching down to twist the smoking gun out of his shattered hand. Turning the hot gun over in her hands several times while looking closely at it, she was surprised how primitive it was. She had seen energy weapons that looked vaguely like this in movies back on her home planet and had already seen enough television here to know that this far cruder projectile weapon was very lethal to the inhabitants of this world. It could easily kill the man these men were holding prisoner. She had to prevent that.

Feeling all of the men's eyes on her, she smiled sensually while reaching her fingers around the middle of the large gun while beginning to squeeze it. The rough edges of the hard gun steel shifted under her fingers at first, forcing her to turn the gun slightly to get a better grip. Gripping it hard, she was pleasantly surprised to feel the metal starting to give slightly under her fingers. Raising her hand so that the men could all see what she was doing, she looked at the strong tendons that were now so pronounced along the back of her hand, noticing that they were standing out like steel cables. Feeling a burst of warmth rushing down her arm, she gripped the gun harder still, the steel suddenly feeling soft and squishy as it began to slowly bend under her grip, her fingers squeezing deeply inward until the entire gun collapsed in her strong grip as if it were made only of warm wax. Squeezing her hand completely closed, the gun was now crushed into two pieces as the steel squished out from either side of her hand. Raising her other hand, she cupped the barrel while slowly pressing her palms inward against it. Her breasts now pushed strongly up against the thin fabric of her top as her underlying chest muscles strained, the gun slowly bent in half between her palms. With the hard gun steel groaning and creaking loudly under the incredible pressure from her chest, she simply kept increasing her strength until her hands were nearly touching, the gun now folded completely in half.

Looking up with a girlish smile at the man who had shot her, she casually cupped both of her hands around the crushed steel remains of the large gun like she was making a snowball, squeezing it in her fingers several more times as she gradually collapsed the steel down to the size and shape of a baseball. Squeezing it again and again, the steel suddenly reminded her of one of those 'stress balls' that she had exercised with back on Velor, a teasing smile crossed her face as she turned to stare at the handcuffed man's amazed expression, winking playfully at him. Sensing the full capability of her body as she grew more and more aroused, she lifted up the torn fabric of her top to place the now warm ball of steel between her large breasts. Pressing her hands together again, this time squeezing only the soft flesh of her breasts, the steel 'stress ball' was immediately swallowed into her generous cleavage. With her breasts tingling wildly in anticipation of what she was going to do, she felt the steel ball flattening as she squeezing them together, her hands pushing harder and harder against the soft flesh.

It wasn't long before the hot steel started squeezing out of her cleavage like melted wax, her fingers buried so deeply in the soft flesh of her body. She was shocked when she looked down at herself, noticing that some of the steel was actually turning white hot as it melted from the extreme pressures between her now invulnerable super-breasts. Watching as several small rivulets of molten steel began to snake their way down the middle of her flat stomach, she was amused by the way it traced along the strong rippling contours of her abs.

Suddenly shocked at what she was doing in front of these men, she relaxed her grip on her breasts as the molten metal began to flow freely now, having been heated to tremendous temperatures by the incredible pressures she had exerted on it by the softest flesh of her body. Slipping her hands beneath her breasts, she collected the half-molten steel as it flowed from her cleavage, casually watching the warm metal flow across up her wrist before she threw the glowing remains of the gun far out into the water.

With her breasts now tingling from the incredible sensation of crushing the gun, she was surprised to find that her entire body was glowing with a pleasant sensual feeling. Recognizing the old 'muscle high' that she had always gotten when working out at her father's gym, she knew that it was going to be the same here on Earth as on Velor. She knew that she was going to get turned on whenever she really used her remarkable strength. Looking back at the small group of men, she was secretly pleased by their startled reactions, their wide-open eyes staring at her glowing breasts, their jaws almost touching their chests as she pulled her top back down again. Barely able to suppress a soft giggle, she realized that she was the one who was *really* getting turned on by displaying her strength to these men; strength that must be thousands of times greater than any man or woman they had ever heard of before.

Chris had been totally astounded as he had watched her muscles flexing so unbelievably large as she took the gun away from the man. He had never before seen such an incredible display of strength and power, not even in a comic book! Yet her arms and body were so beautiful, her physique suggesting more of a fitness model than a true bodybuilder. At least not until she exerted herself. She then looked incredibly strong as her flawlessly tanned and supple skin stretched tightly over her impossibly sculpted muscles. The tendons on the back of her hands and wrists stood out so prominently as she rotated her wrist to bring the gun up to chest level. He thought he was past being surprised by anything this super girl did when he heard the steel starting to squeal and saw the gun deforming in the strength of her grip, the gun looking more like it was made of a softy putty as opposed to hard gun-steel. Somehow he had known, just by her appearance and her invulnerability to the smuggler's bullets, that her muscles would also be incredibly strong. The sight of the gun crushing slowly in her strong hand made his head, and something else, feel like it was going to explode!

He had always been fascinated by comics of well-endowed women possessing fantastic strength, yet he could not truly believe that he was standing next to the incarnation of his wildest fantasies! This was a real flesh and blood super girl, and she was defeating these men without even working at it. Forgetting to even breathe, he almost passed out as he compulsively watched her while she went on to lift her top up before squeezing the gun to molten steel between her gorgeous tits! He could barely comprehend what she was doing as her strong arm and chest muscles pushed her soft breasts so tightly against the gun steel. Surprisingly, she seemed just as amazed as she was obviously experimenting with her body. In spite of his early deductions about her powers, he was still astounded when he saw the rivulet of hot molten steel flowing from the bottom of her cleavage. Tracing it downward with his eyes, he felt a thrill as he saw it run over her flat stomach, a white-hot glow lighting up the entire front of her body as the remaining hot steel made her beautifully tanned skin glow so brightly. He could only stare in slack-jawed disbelief as she then relaxed her grip, watching a glowing rivulet of steel flowing around her wrist before she casually tossed the glowing remains of the gun into the ocean!

He was in such shock that he hardly noticed it when she reached down to pick up the 9mm the man had dropped, her hand closing effortlessly around both the grip and slide of the gun. She quickly and effortlessly squeezed her hand completely closed until the remaining bullets exploded loudly, yet harmlessly, in her grip, finally throwing the crushed remains of that gun into the lagoon alongside the first one.

His eyes, hell, all parts of his entire body, now exploded with wild arousal, his eyes rapturously traveling up and down along the steely curves of her body, his imaginary hands and lips following close behind them. He could not get enough of this teenage girl, her gorgeous tanned skin and beautiful blond hair making her look like some kind of Goddess! Finally gasping for air, suddenly realizing how long he must have been holding his breath, his eyes rose back up to her chest, his body growing even more aroused as he saw how huge her erect nipples had grown, as he saw how they were sticking so far out from the holes in her torn top as she pulled it back down to cover herself. A thrill coursed through his body as he realized that she was getting as turned on by all this as he was!

Aurora felt an incredible tingling sensation that seemed to home in on her nipples as she cleaned the remnants of the glowing steel from the softness of her chest. Closing her eyes for a moment, she tried to force herself to relax, forcing herself to control the arousal that was racing out of control. Slowly reaching up to cup and lift herself, she felt just how large and hard her nipples were truly getting, her fingers playing gently with them. Despite being far too young for the men who surrounded her, she knew it was useless to try to ignore the growing power of her strongly erotic impulses, her newfound strength and confidence overcoming any girlish hesitations. Blinking her sparkingly clear blue eyes, she stepped forward to gently wrap her arms around the evil man who had been shooting at her, holding him tightly against her body, pressing herself against his chest to try to calm the wild tingling that filled her breasts.

The First Mate felt a pleasant sensation from the girl's warm hands as she ran them across his back while pressing her body so closely against his own. At first, her warm soft breasts felt incredibly good as they pushed so firmly against his hard muscled chest, her silky hair falling across his face and shoulders. Feeling himself starting to get really hard, he also was so very aware of the amazingly firm points of her nipples as they pressed against him, the pressure of those nearly inch-long nipples almost painful as they dimpled his own powerful chest. Sliding his leg up between hers, he pressed his knee against her crotch as hard as he could. Unsure how to hold her, he decided to not hold back at all, the vision of her crushing his gun in her hands and then between her breasts still stunning him.

"Maybe this is how the bitch gets turned on," he thought to himself. "Maybe she needs a strong man like me to satisfy her young body." He got even harder as he felt his manhood pressing against the softly rippling muscles of her flat stomach. Reaching down, he ran his hands up under her mini-skirt to grip her tight ass in his hands with all his strength! God... she had the most perfect Buns of Steel he had EVER felt!

As he held her, Aurora felt her breasts beginning to flatten very slightly against the man's strong chest as she started to hold him more tightly, his knee rubbing against her crotch and his hard cock throbbing insistently against her lower stomach, both sensations sending thrills through her strong body. She also felt the firm grip of his fingers under her skirt as he held her bottom so tightly. Pausing for a moment, her senses full of these wonderful feelings, she found herself getting very aroused, her arms instinctively holding him more and more tightly, the tiny muscles under her soft skin tightening as her breasts became so much firmer.

Smiling suddenly, she decided that maybe she was going to enjoy these Terran men after all, especially if they were really into sex. No man on Velor had been all that interested in making it with her, especially after he knew about her strength problem.

Yet here on Earth, her 'strength problem' was a thousand times worse, her embrace getting firmer and firmer as she relished these new sensations. With her mind floating in blissful forgetfulness, her unique abilities were forgotten for the moment as she began to react simply as women have always reacted to being turned on. Without thinking, she soon found she was holding him so tightly that her now breasts had stopped compressing, the man's ribs bending slightly inward under the firm pressure of her no longer soft mounds. Sensing the erotic contrast between her strength and the man's, a feeling of tremendous power surged through her body. Yet despite that awareness, she was completely unaware of how strongly she was holding him, his body bending around her firm chest. A thrilling tingle started between her legs and ran up across her stomach until it reached her breasts, unconsciously compelling her to begin to use her breasts in a way she had never imagined possible, using them to completely overpower this man. A distant part of her mind knew she could just as easily use them to destroy him if she wanted!

That hidden part of her mind suddenly rushed forward, relishing the sensation of his ribs bending further inward as she flexed her biceps more strongly. She suddenly remembered what this man had tried to do to her. Without truly understanding where it was coming from, she felt a sudden wave of righteous anger flowing through her as her subconscious mind resolved to stop this man from ever hurting anyone else!

This wildly forbidden thought, that of using the softest part of her body to completely overpower this man, suddenly excited a young girl's libido to new heights. Fleeting thoughts of how her best friend back on Velor had been overpowered and raped by a man that one time now flitted through the back of her mind, her frequent fantasy of having the physical strength to right that wrong moving closer to the forefront of her consciousness. She had always known that it was a normal part of Velorian culture for men to physically, and sometimes painfully, dominate women, although outright rape on her home planet was strongly punished. Yet Fairchild had always secretly hated this aspect of her culture, this concept of male dominance and female subservience, and had exercised her body for years to make her muscles hard and strong enough to hold her own against *any* man. And now those impossible dreams had been more than fulfilled on this far away planet as she realized that no man could ever again force her to do anything she didn't want to do!

That exciting thought, one that was strangely erotic, the thought of totally overpowering a man with just her physical strength, was enough to cause her body to become totally aroused again. Her nipples, now as 'super' as her muscles, grew until they were more than an inch in length as they pressed firmly into the man's chest. Yet because her breasts were already compressed to the point where they were in equilibrium with the man's strongly muscled chest, the increase in pressure gave them no place to go except *through* the soft masculine body that she held in her arms. She was barely conscious of the man's final gasps as the air in his lungs was forcefully expelled by her expanding chest. She knew only that her nipples were burning and tingling strongly, and that she needed to stroke them across his strong chest. She suddenly loved the little thrills she felt as each of the man's ribs bent her nipple downward slightly before they would slip free and snap upright again, his chest growing wetter, the slippery warmth helping her nipples slip smoothly over his ribs.

"Mmmm, *heavenly!*", she sighed as she rested her cheek on his shoulder, her long silky hair draped luxuriously over his upper body. Without realizing that she was doing anything but indulging in her own sensual pleasures, her steely nipples slowly ripped through his heavy work shirt and into his chest muscles themselves while she simply basked in the wonderful sensation of rubbing her nipples against his hard ribs! Her powerful hands held his upper arms as she started lifting his body up and down across her body, her embrace so forceful that her now steel-hard nipples began creating two huge deep furrows down his chest. She continued to hug him tighter and tighter as she slowly reached her arms further around his back, his ribs painfully and slowly bending inward around her inhumanly erotic breasts as she pressed them more and more firmly against his chest.

The man reacted by painfully reaching up to grab the sides of her chest while frantically trying to push the distracted teenager away from himself. Yet he was terrified when he found that he couldn't make the slightest difference in the pressure her breasts were exerting against his chest, her eyes closed as she seemed to be indulging in some private fantasy. Struggling like a man possessed, his vision started to grow darker as he found he couldn't breathe any more either, the pain of his torn skin and muscles becoming more than he could bear. Finally, with one last gasp of strangely erotic agony sweeping through his body, he felt his ribs passing the point of no return, his fragile calcium bones collapsing noisily under the inexorable pressures exerted by this super girl's beautifully firm and now completely lethal breasts!

Meanwhile, lost in a fantasy that was beyond human comprehension, Aurora continued to dreamily hug the man even tighter to herself as she unconsciously bent his spine further and further under her hands until it too snapped in half, her hands effortlessly pushing his shoulder blades into the remains of his chest as his body collapsed in her tight embrace. So lost was she in her erotic reverie that she still had no idea what she was doing to this man. Her eyes remained closed as she enjoyed the tingling feelings that coursed through her young body. Smiling dreamily, her soft lips gently kissing his ear, she leaned her head on his shoulder while letting her long silky blond hair flow gently down his back. Dreaming of her boyfriend back on Velor, of embracing him this strongly, she ran her hands luxuriously down this man's strong back, imagining it was Galtere's body she was holding so tightly against her own, her thoughts momentarily lost in the rapturous sensations of that unexplored fantasy.

At the same time, the immense and uncontrolled strength of her hands continued to crush the remainder of this Terran man's ribs, fracturing his lower spine while she gently ran her fingers across his torso. Squeezing her thighs together to try to push his knee more firmly up against her hungry crotch, she was frustrated when she felt his leg suddenly dissolving softly between hers, a muffled snap barely audible before all the resistance of his leg faded away. Galtere's body had never felt THIS way to her in her dreams!

Growing more and more frustrated, she ran her lower down his back until she finally held his hips, a sudden irresistible urge to press his body even more firmly against herself. Tightening her abdominal muscles, she suddenly felt several very sharp cracks, totally unaware that his hips had just shattered against the wet steel of her hard pubic bone, guarding as it did her suddenly needful sex. Completely lost in the overwhelming sensuousness of her passion, she pressed him ever more firmly between her legs, the remaining bones of his thighs bending the little they could before they also shattered loudly.

Never in her young life had Fairchild felt herself this turned on or had she felt this strong and vital. Her passion grew so great that she never noticed what she was doing to this man until she finally felt her own fingers reaching unobstructed between her legs. Until she felt the wonderful sensation of her wet fingers sliding gently between her swollen labia, as she felt the electric tingles as she touched her clitoris, as she felt her body now becoming fully aroused. Adrift in a feeling of wild sexual power and pleasure, she slid her fingers faster across her sex, her entire body vibrating with desire, her fingers overcoming the growing frustration she had been feeling.

Yet at the same time, another part of her mind was awakening, the part that had been programmed at birth to be a Protector, to be a girl who protected those who were weaker than herself. That part of her consciousness quickly noticed that the man seemed much smaller and softer in her arms now, his body now far too soft in fact to be interesting to the 'other' part of her anymore.

It was at this moment when the Protector part of her mind screamed, the flash of realization of what she was doing to this man causing her to suddenly snap her eyes open. Overcoming her hazy sensual daze, she looked down to see the man's distorted and crushed body hanging in her arms, horrified as she suddenly realized that she had broken nearly all of the bones in his body as she had hugged him to herself so passionately! Gasping in horror, as she opened her arms and stepped backward, the crushed body of the now dead man falling into the formless heap of a ragdoll on the ground!

The sudden realization that she had actually become sexually aroused while crushing the life from this man crashed in on her. While one part of her mind exalted in her new sexual and muscular powers, a larger part of her was nauseated that she could kill a man so easily and unconsciously with just her bare hands. Even if he *had* been evil and dangerous. And all the while feeling such wild and forbidden pleasures!

With her passion escaping her as fast as it had come, she brushed her tousled blond hair from her face to reveal her eyes, looking up at the two remaining pirates and their captive, feeling a little ill as she saw their wild eyes filled with a strange combination of desire and unspeakable horror. Staring back at them, the intensity of her gaze making their clothes smolder as their hair lifted from their heads, the young girl in her did not understand what to do or say now. Blinking her eyes as she saw the men stepping backward to protect themselves, she noticed that the Captain's gaze had moved upward to look over her shoulder. Curious, she turned around to look in the same direction.

Chris had watched in awe and righteous anger as Aurora had crushed the Mate's chest with nothing but her beautiful breasts, all the while running her hands slowly and sensually up and down his back. He could see the warm distant smile on her lips as she rested her head softly on his shoulder, her eyes finally closing as she enjoyed the sensuous feeling of his body against her own. Yet despite his vengeful anger, he was shocked when he saw her hands pressing deeply into his back while his body flattened against her own, his back taking on the molded mirror shape of her own dramatic physique. He could see that her hands were actually cupped in the shape of her firm breasts as she pushed those remarkable contours completely through his hard body, her hands firmly holding them again! Even though Chris was twenty feet away, he could hear the loud crunching of the man's bones as she extended her strong passionate embrace down his back until his body was crushed to just a silhouette of her own. He suddenly realized that this was NOT the two-dimensional comic book heroine that he had read about over the years, this was a young passionate and vengeful girl, her alien strength now far beyond human control!

Yet he couldn't help but stare at her huge erect nipples after she finally dropped the man's body to the ground. To his credit, he also sensed her horror, a look of anguish crossing her face while she looked down at the man's formless carcass, and then back at herself. He wasn't sure of all the emotions she was feeling now, but he could clearly see that she was very sexually aroused, but also totally appalled at what she had just done to the man. She seemed bewildered as she looked back and forth between her hands and the crushed remains of the man at her feet, and then directly into his own eyes, a look of confused vulnerability very clear in those incredibly blue eyes. His mind was suddenly filled with conflicting emotions of his own as he watched her hands suddenly behave very shyly as they reached up to cover her erect nipples, her breasts protruding so far outward from the thin wet fabric of her top.

Chris continued to stare at the girl as she turned around to see what the men were looking at. Suddenly realizing that the men were pulling a ruse, he saw Pete, the man who had been holding him, leaping over to a large shipping box to push the front of it aside. He immediately aimed the concealed 50 caliber machine gun at the girl, one that they had earlier removed from the boat. His body seemingly moving in slow motion, he tried to shout to Aurora to warn her, but the huge machine gun began to fire immediately. Still hoping she could jump out of the way of the stream of bullets, he saw her standing looking confused, completely unaware of the violence that was directed her way.

Chris was nearly thrown from his feet by the sudden explosive flurry of bright sparks that impacted across the girl's back, the huge bullets exploding against her bare skin as each powerful impact threw her body forward many feet. Her long blond hair flew up into the air as bullets struck the back of her head and neck, her mini-skirt flew wildly as a further stream of death flew up under it, her body flying forward like a rag doll as the man kept firing away at her.

With her gorgeous body encased in a fiery ball of exploding bullets, she staggered to her knees, the powerful rounds pounding against her ass before blowing the back of her skirt off, exposing her tight bare ass for all to see. The impacts reaching between those gorgeous cheeks that were on such display, she was finally thrown painfully forward to land on her face in the sand.

Yet despite the explosive fury of the heavy weapon, Chris could see that she still lived, slowly shaking her head as she tried to raise it from the sand! Yet she had barely begun to rise when the Captain ran over with twin .44-Magnums in his hands, obviously so furious and so afraid that he hardly noticed the agony of the recoils against his broken bones. He fired them rapidly into the back of her head at point-blank range, the impacts of the powerful guns smashing her head back down into the sand, her blond hair flying about her. Eventually, after struggling to get up several times, she collapsed limply as Pete rushed up with a shotgun and began firing slugs into her back and head, these even more powerful impacts smashing her head even further into the sand.

They did not stop shooting at her until they ran out of ammunition, her body now laying face down and still, her chest no longer rising with her breathing, one leg twisted under her, her blond hair splayed wildly across the sand.

With that final image in his mind... Chris felt his legs shaking beneath him, his vision going dim as he fainted dead away!

(Continued in Aurora Chapter 02-1)

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