

Aurora Episode 03-0

Chris

(Revision: 3)

by Sharon Best

This chapter continues the saga of Aurora's early experiences on Earth as she and Chris discover what it means for a Velorian woman and a Terran man not only to become friends, but to attempt to become much more than that.

In this episode, this golden 'supergirl', an alien to Earth, and this injured man, find ways to help each other, an undeniable attraction growing between them as they both explore the bonds that still tie Homo Supremis and Homo Sapiens. Yet Fairchild remains cautious, clearly remembering the way that strong women were looked down upon and ridiculed on her home planet. She cannot initially understand this Terran man's attraction for her, her strength easily a thousand times his own!

The Beach

The preceding hour had been one of the most amazing hours of Chris's life. Standing on the beach, his arms bound with handcuffs, he had watched this amazing alien teenager, a long-haired blonde who called herself Aurora, while she had wiped out the entire gang of pirates! While Chris had never condoned violence as a reaction to violence, he couldn't help but shout a primitive victory cry as those assholes got everything that was coming to them. Especially given the reign of terror they had extended into the ocean around this island for the last few years. He wasn't even **about** to forgive them for killing his friends and his long-time girlfriend, Sue!

Sinking back to his knees at that thought, memories of Sue rushed through his mind, her death now almost like more of a dream, a cruel nightmare, than reality. The boarding of his boat, the sick smiles on the pirates faces as they shot his friends, the way the leader had looked him in the eyes while putting a bullet into Sue's brain! NO, they got no more than what they deserved from this supergirl! **THE FUCKING BASTARDS!!**

Despite the strong emotions that were still confusing his thoughts, Chris' visceral reaction to Aurora's dramatic and excessive display of force added to the confusion and disorientation that he was feeling. His head spinning, the events of the previous days already beginning to take on a dreamlike reality, his thoughts instead were focused on the present, and on the fact that it was now just the two of them, the tall blonde, this virtual supergirl, and himself. Struggling back to his feet, she reached out to hold his hands to effortlessly lift him to his feet, her eyes staring into his, a look of concern and compassion on her face. Staring back at her, he felt a warm flush rushing through his body. Forgetting the horror of the last days, he instead focused on her remarkable blond beauty.

She was so young and so stunningly adorable, her honey blond hair hiding part of her face as it kept falling over her eyes, her hand nervously brushing it away, her blue eyes mesmerizing him with their sparkling beauty. They were intensely blue, so clear and bright that they took his breath away. Forcing himself to swallow hard, he struggled to say sometime appropriate, to at least thank her for saving his life. Yet the vivid images of what she had just done to the other men still flashed through his mind; the images of the way she had crushed them between her legs or against her chest, the wild image of her pleasing herself with that ragged steel tube as she clearly lost control of her passions. He suddenly felt a surge of anxiety, realizing that she didn't really know who he was or how he had become involved with this band of cut-throats. Desperately aware that she could kill him even more easily than the other men, his hands handcuffed so that he could not even try to escape her, he could only hope that she understood that he had simply been their captive and their victim. That he was not one of them!

Yet she gave no sign that she understood anything. She just stood close to him, staring into his eyes with those amazing baby blues of hers. The itchy tingling that he suddenly felt inside his head brought forth a questioning thought as he wondered if she was reading his mind or something. Images of alien encounters from all the science fiction movies he had watched suddenly filled his thoughts.

That thought was still crossing his mind when he saw a shy and slightly embarrassed expression cross her face, a hesitant smile. An expression that was certainly not what he had seen earlier when she had appeared as nothing less than a vengeful alien Goddess. Perhaps she really could read minds?

He was also starting to feel embarrassed the way he was standing in silence staring at her. His mind raced as he tried to comprehend the things that this teenage girl had just done to the other men. While he had never had trouble being charming around attractive women before, he was now at a complete loss as to what to do or say to this supergirl! To this Supreme Being!

Luckily for Chris, his stunned and dazed look must have been amusing to her, her little smile growing broader until it lit her entire face. At the same time, he felt her holding his hand more tightly. He was still too stunned to move, his body suddenly feeling weak and helpless as his hands rested in hers, both of his wrists still fastened with the handcuffs. He finally pulled his gaze away from hers, his eyes traveling down across her incredible body. It was so astounding that despite everything she had just gone through, there STILL wasn't a single sign of injury on her body, not even a bruise, nothing other than the stained remnants of her torn clothing! (*See Adventures of Aurora, Chapter 2*)

Meanwhile, as this bound man stared at her, Aurora couldn't help but stare back at him, her eyes watching his as they slowly traveled down her body. She was suddenly very aware of both her torn clothing and of all the things that she had just done while he had watched her. She felt a funny tingle inside her at the same time, one that was vaguely arousing, the remnants of the most powerful emotions she had ever felt still echoing deep inside her. The wild contrast between her behavior of the last few hours and her usual reserved personality was threatening to unbalance her! She had always been shy and timid back on Velor, her only emotional and physical outlet being her energetic workouts in her father's gym.

Yet thinking back almost dreamlike over the things she had done during the last hour, she knew she had been far from timid! In fact, she felt the strangest feelings as she tried to imagine what this man must be thinking of her now. Looking down at him, she saw that he was being very much a man, his body betraying his thoughts. Giggling softly, her cheeks dimpled as she smiled gorgeously at him. His wild reaction left little to her imagination as she was thrilled that he was reacting this way to the rather dramatic display of her powers that she had given him.

That last thought was most interesting, especially now that she was standing so close to him, the torn fragments of her clothing hiding very little of her body. She realized that she probably looked like some kind of malevolent blonde Goddess to him! That ridiculous thought was more than she could hold inside, a small giggle escaping her lips before she slapped her hand over her mouth, her eyes still dancing with her laughter. Who would ever have thought that shy little Fairchild would ever be thought of as a Goddess! And malevolent? Her friends back on Velor would have thought that was hysterical!

But of course, the more sober part of her mind realized that everything in her life had changed when she crossed the Dimensional Barrier - everything! She was now her dream character, she was Aurora. She was no longer Fairchild, or at least, she was far more than Fairchild had ever been. To make matters worse, her body was still tingling softly from her violent super-orgasms, that wonderful tingling growing stronger and stronger again as she vividly recalled her violent masturbation. She felt herself blush and becoming even more excited as she recalled that this man had been staring directly up between her legs - that she had even encouraged him to look at her in her wild excitement as she had striven for by far the best orgasm of her young life. This was the most amazing thing of all! Up until half an hour ago, she had been very much a virgin, and perhaps she still was, at least technically - the now-dead pirates hadn't really managed to 'deflower' her with their frail Terran flesh. They had not in fact 'done it' inside her. But she had never ever masturbated before except in absolute total privacy and darkness, her shyness back on her home planet of Velor had kept her from even thinking about it except when totally alone in the dark. She had most certainly not let her occasional boyfriends touch her so intimately, let alone ever dreaming of touching herself in front of them.

Yet here on Earth it was so different somehow. Especially the way her passions had driven her new strength right out of control, how they had made her WANT to have this stranger watch her. By Krom, she still couldn't truly believe what she had done to that steel tube, how it had gotten white-hot inside her and how it had almost completely melted, how it had first ensured that her virginity was now technical as opposed to physical. It was obvious that the myths about the effects of a yellow sun on a Velorian were true!

Her sudden memories made her swoon a bit, the man's hand suddenly gripping hers as he tried to steady her. Dwelling on the memory of how wonderful it had felt to do that in front of him, for him to watch her as she touched herself, she was amazed to find that her body already wanted to do it again. Yet this time, she wanted this man to watch her even more closely, to even talk to her while she did it.

Yet this was just a part of her mind that was talking now, a part that seemed so much stronger now that she was being bombarded with the rays of a yellow sun. Still another part of her felt so differently about it all, the shy part of her that she knew so well. A flood of confusing thoughts swept through her, the familiar part of her mind almost screaming at her, amazed that she had done all *that* in full view of this strange man, that she dared even think about flagrantly doing it AGAIN! Yet surprisingly, she wasn't really all that embarrassed by it all when she let her thoughts drift freely. And while there was a part of her, a part that she was already thinking of as the 'Fairchild' part, that was truly in shock, there was also this new part of her consciousness that had been unleashed. A much stronger part, a part that she now realized had always been buried deep inside her, appearing only in her dreams. The 'Aurora' part of her. A part that would no longer be denied.

Fairchild had read everything that had been printed about Protectors before her untimely departure from Velor, the central library containing the chronicles of the Scribes that they had been sent out periodically to record the exploits of the young Protectors. Their stories had initially been too fantastic to be believed, yet now that she was here on Earth, she realized that they might indeed be the chronicles they were purported to be. She finally understood how a Protector could feel this way, how she could almost have two personas, one that of a normal Velorian, the other filled with the thoughts and drives appropriate to a true super being! After all, she had known since she was young girl that her genetics had been selected for this role. That her entire race had been artificially engineered by the Ancient Ones, and that their creator's starting point had been the genetic structure of this simpler race that still lived on Earth, *Homo Sapiens*. She finally began to understand what it was to be a *Homo Supremis*, a supreme being. To be part of the rarest group of Velorians, part of a group of specially-endowed women who were simply called Protectors! A group of young women whose destiny was not to be found in the comforts of Velor or Daxxan. Their true home was the stars, to live on these primitive pre-Federation planets.

Suddenly swelling with pride at that thought, she realized that she was now walking on her 'star'. And despite the powerful weapon that had knocked her out for a few moments, she was absolutely thrilled that she had been able to overcome her enemies in her first battle, her body now feeling so strong, so unimaginably powerful, so totally invincible! And yet, other than her physical powers, her strength and her invulnerability, the thing that amazed her the most was how thrilled she had been when this man had watched her as she had finally pleased herself. Smiling softly, she realized that it wasn't just her muscles that had become stronger on this alien planet, her libido had obviously grown just as dramatically.

Looking back up into the man's eyes, she wondered again what he thought of all the things she had done this day. No woman on this planet could ever have done *that* before, at least not the way **she** had, not with that steel tube and all. Slowly shaking her head, her long silky hair flowing over her mostly bared shoulders, she looked down at his hands again. They looked kind of cute tied up that way as he tried to raise them to return her handshake, a soft giggle finally escaping her as she realized how hard it must be to shake hands with handcuffs on!

Stepping closer to him, her body softly brushing against his, she looked down to examine the handcuffs more closely. Instead of seeing the steel bands surrounding his wrists, she suddenly found that she was looking right through them, her eyes focusing on his jeans. A sudden view of his tightly confined manhood filled her vision, his erect and straining manhood visible right *through* his pants! The sudden and unexpected view of his aroused body came as a pleasant but amazing surprise to her. She had no idea how she had just seen beneath his clothes, but for just a moment, his clothing had become transparent to her. Blinking, the image slowly dissolved. Yet, it had left her with a clear after-image of how he was now reacting to her presence, to the soft touches of her hands and hips. Her heart began to race as a flush of warmth moved up across her chest, thrilling her as she realized that she was actually turning this older man on.

Her nipples snapped erect once again, those steely points stretching the frail remains of her torn halter top almost to the tearing point. Desperately trying to break the silence between them, Chris smiled broadly as he suddenly felt brave enough to try to joke with her.

"Careful with those 'weapons'. If they are as firm as I suspect they are, you could poke someone's eye out with them!"

Horrified as he listened to the words that came unbidden from his mouth, he realized that they had sounded so lame. He had always been a master of intimate small talk, yet now he was talking like a 13-year-old adolescent boy. Fortunately, she merely gave him a slightly embarrassed smile, one that put him at ease, her eyes moving away from the handcuffs as they rose to meet his, her hands rising at the same time to shyly cover her dramatically protruding nipples. She blushed brightly, her girlish reaction so different from the outrageous way she had been acting earlier that Chris had to smile back at her. Struggling not to laugh at the endearing and arousing image of this tall teenage supergirl covering herself, he realized that he was still far too off-balance from the emotional whirlwinds of the last days to trust any of his emotions now. Emotions that had run the gamut from being sickened at his helplessness when the men had tried to rape Aurora, his mind equally thrilled and terrified when she had literally torn her rapists' bodies apart. He had been enraged when he had thought that she was going to be destroyed by the men's military-grade weaponry, then faint with gratitude when she unexpectedly saved his life. Finally overcome with awe when she utilized her other-worldly strengths and powers to destroy the men who had kept him a chained prisoner for so many days, a vindictive and vengeful part of his mind was overjoyed that they had paid the ultimate price for killing his girlfriend and his friends out on the boat! And now, all these emotions were reverberating inside him, these events having all occurred during such a short time. It was just too much.

Yet despite all that, a part of him, the powerful libido of a healthy man, was thrilled by the overpowering sexual appetite that she had so openly displayed. The extravagant and demonstrative way she had excited him to far beyond even the point of orgasm as he had stood watching her. (*Editors' Note: If you haven't, you really should see Adventures of Aurora, Chapter 2!*)

And now, this mind-blowing blonde titan was standing before him, holding herself with the shyness and innocence of a young maiden, obviously hoping that he didn't think the worse of her for her awe-inspiring displays. Chris just couldn't help but grin broadly at the amazing contrasts visible in her face as she shifted transparently between the roles of omnipotent Goddess and virginal schoolgirl. Standing so close to her, her firm hip pressing against his, his head swim with uncontrolled arousal, he almost felt as if he was floating. Floating into her eyes, drawn irresistibly into those deep pools of innocence as she looked down with her big blue eyes, her soft voice reached out to enhance the spell he was under. A spell that Chris hadn't felt since his first teenage love so many years ago. Deeply touched by both her beauty and her naiveté, he resolved then and there to be at least her friend, hoping against hope that he could someday become much more than that to this young woman from the stars.

"I'm sorry," she said softly as she leaned closer, her lips brushing his ear, her delightful accent making her voice sound so rich. Her accent was almost 'Parisian', but with a twist Chris had never heard before. "I'm probably not acting correctly. You see, he I'm not really used to being around Terran people, at least not since I came to this planet. You were the first people I'd seen, except for on the 'TV' up at the house."

Finding that it was his turn again to be tongue-tied again, his eyes were drawn downward to the strong tendons on the backs of her hands as she continued to shyly cover her breasts as she talked. Looking up into those sparkling blue orbs again, he almost lost his balance as he truly felt as if he was floating away, falling deeply into those deep blue pools. Completely mesmerized as she looked deeply back into his eyes, a shy smile grew from the corners of her lips as she seemed to be waiting for him to do something. After all, he was the mature one here, the older man.

Finally breaking eye contact, Chris glancing back down to see that she was unconsciously tracing her fingers over her nipples as she held herself, one very large nipple momentarily displayed as it spread her fingers apart! His God, what a delightful and sensuous girl/Goddess she was! Shocked, his initial resolution towards simple friendship was swept aside by a burst of passion, suddenly replaced by a deep desire to get to know this alien girl better than that, *much* better!

Yet he couldn't help but recall the strong images of those same strong hands as they had torn the steel tubing of the motorcycle apart, almost as if it had been made of modeling clay or maybe even soft wax. He tried to imagine the strength that those same fingers must be exerting even now as he watched her fondling the softness of her own body! A sudden thought of how those hands would feel touching his body began to fill Chris' mind, that thought immediately replaced by the even more pleasurable one of imagining how *his* hands would feel running over the soft steel of *her* body!

He shook his head, struggling to push those impossible fantasies aside as he again faced the very real and serious problems surrounding him. The torn bodies of the pirates still lay in several places on the beach as he stood with his hands tightly handcuffed. The very real possibility that these men might have friends still alive on this island suddenly started to frighten him. Yet somehow this girl made him feel safe, her presence creating feelings of security and warmth that he had never felt before, at least not while under the protection of a member of the 'weaker' sex. Struggling to get his voice back, he figured that he should at least thank her for saving his life.

"Well, ah, Aurora," he began as he cleared his throat, "you seem to have made a quick determination about who the good guys and the bad guys are. I want to thank you for saving my life! Those guys were going to torture me until I gave them the passwords for some computers back at my lab in the U.S. I'm sure they would have killed me as soon as they had gotten me to tell them what they wanted. They already killed the rest of my party."

He paused for a moment, his eyes traveling down to look at her strong legs again. "But, ah, where *did* you come from? I mean, I've never heard of anyone like you before, I mean, not for real or anything." Grimacing at his inane question, he realized that he didn't know how to ask what world she was from. Given her abilities, it was clear she wasn't from Earth, that much was clear. And star maps, while popular in Beverly Hills, weren't exactly the kind of map for this girl to use to describe her origin among the stars. He suddenly felt like an idiot.

It was now Aurora's turn to be silent, not knowing how to answer him. She was still trying to comprehend the staggering fact that she now had a lifetime 'kiralng' commitment to him because of his selfless act in trying to save her own life. In her culture, he would have the very same obligation to her in return for saving his life. Yet they truly didn't know a thing about each other. She was astute enough, or woman enough, to know that he must be in a state of shock from seeing her actions and their cataclysmic effects. She just wished she had some clue as to how he was going to react to her later, once he got over this initial shock. She simply stared back at him, her mind racing in circles.

Chris in turn stared back at her, unable to get enough of her beautiful face and sparkling blue eyes. He had never seen eyes with such a deep blue color nor inhaled a perfume with such a sweet and natural fragrance, the breeze wafting her fragrant warmth toward him. The delightful and unusual fragrance was a bit like the scent of a flower, with maybe a little clover honey and musk mixed in. His feet now felt so light that he thought he was floating on air, gazing up into those beautiful eyes, deeply inhaling her delicate perfume. He was completely mesmerized by her beautiful tanned face, framed by such gorgeous flowing blond hair. Eyes drifting across her glowing hair, the color a beautiful mix of sunshine honey blond gently accented with streaks of a darker gold, he stared wordlessly at her athletic beauty. Finally shaking his head to clear his spellbound response to her, he knew he HAD to start thinking, to take control of the situation. In the end, it was simply the ache in his shoulder from the grazing wound and the numbness in his hands that brought him back to reality. Pain does have its advantages sometimes.

"Aurora, I... I need your help getting these cuffs off," he managed to stammer, "they're killing my arms and shoulders. Besides, I need to get his shoulder bandaged before it gets infected. Pete, the man who had the shotgun, he has the key in his pocket." Quickly looking around for where he had fallen, he suddenly remembered that Pete was the man she had vaporized with the energies from her incredible eyes! Damn! So much for the key, it had probably vaporized just like the man's body!

She didn't say a word as she listened to him rambling on, her hands moving gently downward to her waist, uncovering her mostly bare nipples. His eyes were drawn from her face to admire them, sticking out of the rips in her top the way they were. Forced his eyes to follow her hands downward, he watched as she gently grasped lifted his hands above his waist, a thrill racing through his body as his fingertips just barely brushed her warm nipples as she looked closely at the handcuffs. His breathing stopped as he felt her long silky hair brushing against his arms as she leaned forward to examine them, her hands gently lowering his to rest gently on the broad platform of her firm breasts!

Gasping, Chris was thrilled by the casual way she rested his hands so intimately against herself, the soft flesh giving only slightly as they supported his tired arms. He had been expecting her hands, and every other part of her body, to feel like they were made of sculptured steel. Instead, her touch was soothing and her hands were surprisingly soft and smooth, her skin cool and dry. Running her hands sensuously over his, she lightly grasped the top of one of the cuffs between her thumbs and forefingers, lifting the metal slightly away from his wrist as she studied it.

"I don't think I'll need a key to get these off," she said with a faint smile, her eyes looking up to meet his again. "They don't look very strong to me."

Staring in fascination, his hands instinctively opening slightly to rest on the firm/soft contours of her chest, he felt the handcuffs vibrate strongly as the grip of her fingers tightened on the steel band of the cuff, the tendons on the backs of her hands visibly tensing. Squeezing her fingers against the cold steel, the muscles on her forearms flexed surprisingly large, the tendons on the backs of her hands and wrists suddenly standing out literally like steel cables. It took only a few moments of squeezing before the steel started to groan faintly, his eyes opening wider as he saw the cuffs starting to bend under the force of her fingers. She didn't show the slightest strain in her face as she slowly and smoothly pressed her fingers together, crushing the impossibly hard steel between them. In seconds, her fingers and thumbs met, the steel flattened to no more than a paper-thin sheet. Pulling on the flattened remains, she stretched the steel slightly, the cuffs tearing apart as if they were made of nothing more than warm taffy!

His mind reeling from the gentle demonstration of inhuman power that she had just performed, Chris stared at the mangled cuffs, knowing that they were made of a special hardened steel that was supposedly impossible to even cut apart. He suddenly felt dizzy as the engineer inside him quickly tried to calculate the tens of thousands of pounds of force she must have used to get steel to flow apart like that. Yet she was applying that power with just her fingertips! And such control! Tons and tons of force in direct contact with his wrists, yet he hadn't felt the slightest pressure against his skin, and not the slightest sign of strain in her beautiful hands!

Stunned once again, all Chris could think to do was to flex his free hand, trying to get some circulation back into it as he watched her raise his arm while grasping the other cuff, holding it in mid-air close to her face. This time, instead of bending the steel with her fingers, she slipped her hand under this looser cuff, the backs of her strong fingers pressing against his wrist.

"Don't move for a moment," she said softly, a funny smile on her lips. "You'll feel a bit of heat, but I promise I won't hurt you."

Taking a deep breath, Chris reached out with his newly free hand to place it on the soft warmth of Aurora's waist, using her body to steady his still shaky legs. The touch of his fingers to her skin sent an electric shock up his arm, her skin was so silky soft and warm - hardly the steely hardness that he had expected. Yet holding her more tightly, the pressure of his fingers revealed the hard contours of the incredibly firm muscles that underlay such deceptive softness!

Lost in the sensation of touching her softly tanned skin, his eyes were suddenly dazzled by two violet beams that lanced from her eyes. Quickly looking up at his other hand, he saw the two beams converging on the remaining handcuff, her focus less than an inch from his wrist! With her hand insulating him, he watched as the steel grew brighter and brighter, finally reaching white hot, heating to the point where it began to melt and flow into the palm of her hand. She quickly flicked the melted cuff apart and shook the molten steel off onto the sand. More than a little frightened by the intensity of those beams, Chris couldn't help himself as he jerked his hand free from her grasp, stepping backward as he massaged his nearly scalded wrist. Examining it, he saw that it wasn't burned, her hand had insulated him so well that it hadn't burned a single hair on his arm!

Chris stared at her now as she held up the ruined cuffs and studied, stretching his arms behind his back to relieve the cramps and numbness from his arms. His eyes never left her hands as she turned to the side and stepped closer to him, still studying the handcuffs. His eyes were suddenly drawn from her hands to her nearly bare back as he saw a deep maze of clefts appearing across her beautiful torso while she appeared to be testing the connecting chain. The cuffs immediately failed the test, a sudden sharp **SNAP** indicating that the hardened steel chain had just shattered in her hands!

Looking up, she gave him a shy smile as she held the ruined steel up for him to see.

"Well, I guess I really *don't* know his own strength yet," she said as her smile broadened. "I was just trying to see how strong these were and they snapped right apart before I could even pull on them. Not very strong at all is his guess! Watch this..."

She turned to face him again while cupping the remains of both the handcuffs and the chain in her right hand, raising it to chest height. Squeezing her hand closed, he heard the steel immediately emitting a high pitched keening sound, almost as if it was mixed with a deeper groan. He could only assume that this was from the immense strength of her grip. Watching her fingers, he saw her grip tightening more and more as she quickly and effortlessly crushed the steel into a crude ball, opening her hand to transfer it into her other hand. He watched her in fascination, noting how she actually seemed to be experimenting with this new object, trying to figure out what she could do with her own strength.

His jaw began to drop as she closed her hand around the crude steel ball, her entire forearm suddenly exploding into the most amazing display of muscles he had ever seen on a woman! Muscles and tendons strained along the length of her arm and up over her largely bare shoulder, her hand quickly beginning to glow so brightly that he found it hard to look at it, the heat forcing him backward a few steps. She held her powerful grip for another ten seconds or so before slowly opening her hand to reveal that the handcuffs were now nothing but glowing molten steel! He was too stunned for words as she poured the glowing molten steel back and forth between both her hands before letting it trickle between her fingers to flow down onto the sand! She smiled, giggling almost like a little girl, as she looked at both sides of her hands before shaking the rapidly hardening steel from them.

He now couldn't trust himself to speak even if he knew what to say! He had just watched her compress the steel handcuffs with such incredible pressure that she had actually heated the steel to the flow point! He couldn't calculate, hell, he could hardly even *conceive* of the kind of pressures she must have subjected that steel to for it to have heated up so much. He had even *more* trouble conceiving how such a young beautifully sexy girl could be *generating* such awesome forces with her bare hands!

His heart was beating wildly in his chest as Fairchild - he hoped she would let him call her by the name she had said she reserved for her friends - turned back to him, gently placing her hands on his shoulders. He couldn't help but flinch at her touch, the vision of the white-hot steel they had just been holding still fresh in his mind. The worry was for naught however, her hands feeling only pleasantly warm as she began to deeply massage the cramped muscles of his shoulders and upper arms.

Closing his eyes in pleasure, he luxuriated in the feel of her hands as she slowly reached down to massage his forearms, feeling the startling sensation of her almost bare breasts brushing lightly against his chest as she leaned close. He couldn't help but gasp out loud, they felt so soft and so firm at the same time, her large nipples bending back only slightly as she leaned closer into him. After watching bullets bounce off these same breasts, he had expected them to be rigid and inflexible, the breasts of a true Girl of Steel. Yet he felt just how wrong he was as she leaned more firmly against him, her hands so soothing as they sensuously massaged the cramps from his shoulders and down over his back. She held him tightly against her as her fingers did their magic, his eyes opening as if in a trance. Gazing into her blue eyes again, his lips only inches from hers, he noticed that she was gently biting her lip as if worried about something. Yet their faces moved closer as this enthralling girl bewitched him with the bottomless depths of her sparkling eyes.

The gentle pressure of her soft breasts against his chest suddenly changed as she moved herself slightly to the side, the silky touch of her long blond hair feeling so feminine as it fell across his bare arms and chest. Sensing also a firmness and strength in her that he had never felt before when touching a woman, he was thrilled by the impossible contrast of femininity and power that she exuded!

Looking downward from her sparkling eyes, he saw that her lips were trembling slightly, looking for all the world as if she wanted to kiss him. Losing all sense of restraint, he couldn't help himself from falling even deeper into this Goddesses' well of arousal as her sensuous touch performed its magic, his pants bulging strongly as his erection began to press ever so firmly against her lower body!

Fairchild definitely noticed *that* change in his body, suddenly pulling herself from her own daze as the pulsing hardness of his body touched hers, quickly stepping back before running her hands down his arms a final time. Taking his hand in hers, she turned around while flicking her pale blond hair behind her shoulders, looking over her shoulder as she led him toward the trees.

"Not now Chris, we will have lots of time for that later," she breathed enticingly, "but right now, we really need to talk. There is a very special bond between them because we saved each other's lives. We need to talk about what that means. And we need to get you fixed up!"

She continued to lead him across the beach toward the trees as he painfully limped along behind her, trying his best to not slow her down. She suddenly stopped, a concerned look creasing her brow as she looked down at his sore feet.

"Sorry to slow you down, Fairchild," he winced, "but I've been standing for two days on wood decking and his feet are really raw. But don't worry, I'll find a way to keep up with you. I'm not letting you get away now!"

Smiling, Fairchild turned back toward him, putting her arm around his waist to help support him as he put his arm around her strong shoulders, trying to take some of the weight off his sore feet. She didn't even seem to notice the extra weight, as her body felt so wonderfully strong under his arm.

They walked this way for twenty steps before she stopped. "Chris, would you be terribly embarrassed if he carried you up to the house?", she asked, her voice a little hesitant. At the sound of her words, a thrill exploded inside his body, some long buried fantasies suddenly finding their way to the surface.

"Oh God, I thought you'd never ask," he answered with sincere relief, knowing that this was the first of many gender roles that would be reversed if he spent much time around this amazing girl.

She smiled knowingly at him, her thoughts again somehow sensing his, turning her back to him while pulling her long hair around to the front of her shoulders. Looking down her suddenly bare back, Chris paused for a moment, admiring the incredible muscular definition in her shoulders and back, his eyes barely able to comprehend the complexity of the soft maze of feminine muscles that were displayed before him.

"It's OK, just lean up against me," she said while turning to smile at the worshipful look on his face, "and wrap your arms tightly around my neck. Don't worry about holding me too tightly. Remember, the kids invulnerable!"

She flashed him a warm smile as he slipped his hands beneath the golden strands of her hair, noticing once again how silky soft it felt as he held his face against the side of her head. He was also very aware that she seemed to be just slightly taller than his own 5' 11" height, his upper arms resting against the firm muscles of her shoulders, her skin so incredibly soft and warm. *Perhaps this girl's muscles were made of steel some of the time*, he thought to himself, *but she sure hasn't given up any of her sex appeal for it!*

Chris wasn't sure what she had in mind as she started leaning forward slightly, his body resting against the growing curve of her back, her firm buttocks pressing upward against him as she started to lift his feet completely off the ground. Suddenly afraid he was going to lose his balance and fall on top of her, he looked up to meet her eyes as she turned her head to look at him. Grinning brightly, she whispered in his ear.

"By the way, I hope you aren't afraid of heights or anything like that."

Chris had no idea why she was asking about that, the hill in front of them didn't look that steep!

"Ah, yes, kind of. But I think I can handle being a few feet off the ground."

Fairchild didn't respond as he felt her body continuing slowly to fall forward, her long legs slowly rising up to support his until he was suddenly laying flat against her strong bare back. It took him a moment to realize that she was laying horizontally about three feet off the ground! Gasping in disbelief, he suddenly had a wild idea of what she must be doing, quickly leaning his head over her shoulder to look down at the ground. Everything he imagined was happening!

"My God!" he cried out loud. "You're floating in mid-air!" Fairchild just turned her head and grinned at him for a moment. Then, without another word, he felt her buttocks suddenly flexing under his hips as she accelerated her body forward and upward, soaring straight up into the blue sky until they were several thousand feet above the island!

With his heart in his mouth, Chris wrapped his arm around her neck VERY tightly, his panicky grip enough to strangle a lesser woman, his legs wrapped strongly around hers, his eyes mostly closed. It was very disconcerting to be this high above the ground without any normal means of support! However, after a few minutes, he began to relax and open his eyes, looking around as he realized that this amazing girl actually seemed to know what she was doing, that she wasn't about to suddenly fall out of the air!

Fairchild flew with her arms straight out to her side, her soft blond hair whipping around him as they floated along on the warm air currents, her body feeling so strong beneath his. She gradually started to fly faster and faster, making wide sweeping turns in the warm air, obviously enjoying showing off a little. However, it wasn't long before Chris started to have trouble breathing in the violent slipstream. Slipping lower down her back, he struggled to bring his mouth closer to her ear as he yelled, "SLOW DOWN, PLEASE."

It took a couple of tries before she understood what he was saying, immediately pointing her body vertically upward to soar into the sky while losing speed. His stomach was suddenly full of butterflies as he looked back over his shoulder, their shared momentum quickly slowing until they were just hovering in mid-air about three thousand feet above the valley.

Holding her with a death-grip, Chris wasn't able to relax until she lay horizontally in mid-air again, his body fitting comfortably against her warm back, the two of them just hanging in space. His eyes finally dared to take in the beautiful view of the rugged tropical island below them. Growing braver, he wiggled around a bit while slipping a few inches further down her back, thrilled as he felt the now ever present bulge in his pants sliding between her pronounced buttocks, her sheer silky skirt providing no obstacle! The way she was affecting him now, that was a *lot* more comfortable!

Looking around again, he was surprised that he could still feel the warm breeze coming off the ocean at this height, the canyon below them lifting the air upward over the mountains. Fairchild was silent now as she gently shifted beneath him, reaching up with her hands to hold his wrists as she slipped his hands out beyond her shoulders, gently wrapping them around her torso beneath her own arms, his forearms crossing over her chest. His crossed arms now allowed him to grasp her opposite shoulders from the front while she then crossed her arms over his, pressing his forearms comfortably into the soft depths of her breasts.

"Let's try that again," she said, "this time I'll hang on to you!" Without waiting for a reply, she suddenly accelerated at several times the force of gravity.

Chris didn't slide downward so much as an inch this time as her strong arms held him in place, even when she twisted and rolled her body wildly across the sky before diving nearly straight down toward the ground. Suddenly leveling off just above the trees, the G forces pressed him very strongly against her back, his manhood slipping even deeper between her cheeks. Lost in a mixture of arousal and exhilaration and fear, Chris' mind was racing as she zoomed around the edge of a huge rock wall, missing it by inches, before flying up a long deep valley. Twisting and turning her body dizzily to follow the terrain, she zoomed up to the head of one canyon only to crest the saddle and then drop down into the next canyon. He felt like he was in one of those Imax movies about flight as he saw the ground speeding past him, his view unfettered by windows or goggles. With his stomach dropping away many times, he was in awe as Fairchild barely skimmed over the top of one ridge before huge cliffs fell away below them, her body following them down as they entered yet another deep canyon.

Despite the dizzying sensations of the girl's flight, Chris was absolutely thrilled as he felt their bodies melding together as one, her strong muscles flexing beneath him, the sensation making it clear that she used those same muscles somehow to control her flight. The sensation was incredibly exciting as he felt her tensioning and releasing her glutes slightly as she accelerated and decelerated, his throbbing erection alternately squeezed and released, and her breasts seeming to swell slightly under his arms when she accelerated strongly. He was almost out of his mind with pleasure, the sensations of her strong body and their unfettered flight combining into a feeling of total freedom and unbounded ecstasy!

Aurora was truly enjoying showing off for Chris as she flew up and down the canyons and over the tall summits of the mountains. She finally did a huge inverted loop, pressing Chris strongly against her back, as she zoomed nearly straight down a mile high cliff face to drop into one particular valley. Gradually slowing down as they approached the bottom of the canyon, her feet finally touched down in the grassy front yard of a large house that was cleverly hidden at the end of it. She took several awkward steps as both their feet touched the ground at the same time, two pairs of feet tangling in each other as both of them instinctively tried to stand up at the same time. She tripped first and then he did, both of them falling face forward. Aurora tumbled onto the ground first, deliberately absorbing the force of the impact with her chest to protect Chris as he landed on her back.

Chris couldn't keep from laughing as he rolled off her back to lay on his own, struggling to stand up as he chuckled loudly! Her sudden and very 'human' clumsiness after such a dazzling display of aeronautic grace was totally unexpected, and so disarming!

"I think we need to call you a Gooney Bird! That was a crash landing if I ever felt one!" His wide grin convinced her that he was actually OK.

"Well, I am getting pretty good at flying now," she giggled as she stayed sitting on the ground with her legs crossed. "But we obviously have to practice 'dual' landings a bit more. I think maybe you should let me do the walking until we come to a stop next time. Besides, his legs are a lot stronger than yours and you don't weigh much."

Chris couldn't help but look down the open top of her torn halter again as he stood over her, his eyes tracing over the firmest breasts he had ever seen as he saw how they pressed dramatically upward against the remaining shreds of her clothing! There was no evidence that gravity had any effect on them despite their large size, none whatsoever! The overall combination of her long golden blond hair, glowing tan skin, large perfect breasts and powerfully muscled body was constantly making his head swim! And he still could hardly believe that he had just been soaring through the air like a pair of young eagles!

Fairchild looked up to see him looking down at her, realizing both by the flushed look on his face and the frequent return of his erections that she was having a truly profound effect on him. "*I guess I should expect that,*" she thought to herself, "*after all, how would I have reacted to a superman back on Velor if he had done all the things I just did? I'm sure I would have had an orgasm just from looking at him, let alone if he had actually touched me the way we have been touching!*"

Lost in her own thoughts for a moment, Fairchild thought back to her life on Velor, about the frequent sexual fantasies she'd had. Yet despite those fantasies, she hadn't had any real sexual experiences back home, except perhaps for some heavy necking in the back of the local holographic theater and such. Yet even though she had no personal experiences, she had seen enough films to know a fair bit about sex, at least in an academic and fanciful way. Overall, the Velorians were an extraordinarily athletic race, even on their home planets, and their sexual habits reflected their special energies and strengths. A 'borrowed' film she and her girlfriend had recently giggled through had portrayed what was supposed to be a normal evening of lovemaking, a wild scene that she now knew would have been regarded as an impossibly athletic sexual fantasy by anyone from Earth.

Yet despite her concerns about her lack of real experience, her nipples started to tingle slightly again as she found herself thinking how nice it would feel if he would hold her like she had seen that man holding that woman in the movie! She still clearly remembered the pleasant sensations of Chris' hand as he had held her waist earlier and of his arms as they had crossed so firmly over her breasts. Yet despite the fact that she could see that his body obviously shared her growing arousal, she was unsure about how he really felt about her and whether he would even *want* to hold her, especially the way she was now imagining. It had been *very* clear to her on Velor that men really *didn't* like women who were nearly as strong as they were. Let alone stronger. She had been truly shocked once when she heard her uncles using some really crude terms to describe a very muscular female athlete on the holovision.

She had in fact been raised in a strongly patriarchal culture where the men were both aggressive and dominating, the women almost universally subservient. All women except the Protectors, and they always left the planet at a young age and never returned to Velor. Since she had never heard of a situation on Velor where an ordinary woman was physically stronger than a man, other than her own brief 'adventure' in her father's gym, she had no idea how to handle herself in this situation. But she knew she had to learn, this role reversal was going to be a fact of life in all her relationships as long as she lived on Earth! In addition, she now knew that she could never return to Velor herself. That was one of the first things she had been taught during her training.

Finding that she was holding her breath while considering the extreme difference between this man's strength and her own, she slowly exhaled as she relaxed her body. If Chris disliked stronger women like the men on Velor did, then he was *really* going to dislike her! Yet she *had* to find a way to prevent that if she was going to fulfill her 'kiralng' obligation and become this man's protector. To be unable to carry out that obligation would be a breach of gratitude and honor that was unthinkable!

Still puzzling that a few moments later, wondered as well how she could ensure his desire for her friendship and protection, she looked back at him, noticing the way he was looking down at her. While Fairchild Zar El wasn't very experienced in the ways of men, she was smart enough of a girl to know *that* look well enough! He was completely infatuated with her! How wonderful!

* * *

Chris stared down at this wondrous supergirl as she sat on the ground with her legs folded under her, her eyes looking up at him, a funny smile growing on her lips. She didn't seem at all uncomfortable with his looking down her top, in fact, she even seemed to pause for a moment as she leaned forward a bit further, looked up through the strands of her tousled blond hair to smile coyly at him while shrugging her shoulders slightly to teasingly enhance his view! He felt embarrassed for a moment at his obviousness until he saw her smile grow even warmer as their eyes met again. Everything somehow just felt right with this girl, even if she was clearly some kind of alien super being. He knew he should have been completely intimidated and afraid of her, but instead, he was incredibly attracted to her!

Her eyes suddenly took on a distant misty look and she began to look a little uncomfortable again. Rising lithely and effortlessly from the ground, floating upward more than standing, she brushed her long legs off, his eyes following her hands, even as he knew his gaze had long passed the point of being polite. Impossible as it seemed after the amazing things she had just done, she once again looked like an insecure and very confused young girl. Instinctively responding to her confusion, he reached out to wrap his arms around her, to hold her tightly to his chest.

Her body initially stiffened slightly as he put his arms around her, the analytical part of his brain knowing full well that he could get hurt in a hurry if he was making an unwelcome advance. But the emotional side of him won out as he simply couldn't resist holding her in his arms. She really looked as if she needed a hug!

He was thrilled a moment later when her firm body began to slowly relax, melting softly into his arms. Running his hands gently upwards under her soft hair, he caressed her neck as he held her so gently to him.

* * *

Fairchild started to truly relax and breathe again as she felt Chris reaching out to hold her. She was amazed that despite her alien powers, he appeared to actually be attracted to her! Smiling softly, almost purring, she felt his warm hands caressing her back and her neck, pleasantly surprised to find how much she enjoyed the feeling of his soft touch. She suddenly had the thrilling and forbidden thought that she might be able to fulfill her 'kiralizing' bond by becoming his lover, something that was socially unacceptable for kiralings on Velor! Yet she really liked the sound of that. Not that she had had a lover before, but it seemed a very romantic way for her to stay close enough to always protect him. And based on the way her body tingled whenever he touched her, she imagined that she would find that role very enjoyable!

* * *

Chris felt Fairchild relaxing her body even further as she leaned her head gently on his shoulder. Her soft hair brushed across his face, and he felt her beginning to respond to him as she raised her arms around his neck to hold him as well. It seemed incredible, but this super girl actually seemed to be interested in him, maybe even attracted to him! It made no sense given her alien beauty and power, but like any healthy man, he wasn't about to question such incredible good fortune!

Holding each other for a while in silence, neither of them really knowing what to say or do next, they wondered about each other's thoughts, Fairchild having the advantage in that she could get occasional glimpses of another person's feelings or thoughts. Yet Chris, despite his long experience with women, had no idea how to move forward with this incredible girl. The magnitude of both her beauty and strength were so far beyond any Terran norm that he wasn't sure he could bring her pleasure no matter what he did. A sudden chilling thought occurred to him; maybe she needed a super man to please her, one with muscles like her own!

She finally broke their shared hesitation by stepping back and looking over her shoulder toward the house.

"Come on, Chris, let's go inside," she said in almost a whisper, looking down at herself. "I need to find something else to wear before these torn rags fall completely off me."

His broad smile communicated his lack of enthusiasm at that thought, for he had no problem at all with what she was wearing or with the delicious possibility she had just mentioned. The torn mini-skirt and ragged halter top reminded him vividly of the incredible superhuman feats she had performed back on the beach, the torn clothes somehow enhancing the exotic and powerful nature of her body. However, he suspected that Fairchild would look exotically beautiful even if she were wearing a hospital smock!

Taking his hand in hers, she helped him step gingerly up the steps and onto the wide porch. Walking through the front door, they held each other again for a moment while standing in the living room, finally parting company as he limped into the kitchen to look for something to eat while Fairchild went into one of the bedrooms to look for some clothes to change into. Looking around the untidy house in disdain, it was clear to Chris that the pirates had a lot of women's clothing here, torn pieces of it were tossed all around the place. He didn't want to even think about whom it might have come from or what had happened to the women who had worn it!

Fairchild searched through several closets until she found a pair of very short cut-offs that sort of fit her, although they were a bit tight in the rear. She stood and looked at herself in the mirror while removing her torn top, noticing with satisfaction how the torn and ragged bottoms of the cut-offs actually emphasized the shape of her tanned legs and the dramatic way they contrasted with her tiny waist and her nude upper body. She turned to pick up a soft blue denim blouse, holding it up to herself while judging that it would fit too snugly over her chest. But it was the closest thing she had found so far to her size. It was too tight for her to button up, so she just tied the shirrtails off below her breasts to form a crude halter, leaving her midriff bare. She looked back at the mirror, well aware that she was now about to show herself for the first time as her true self, or maybe just her former self. She was again just Fairchild, no longer Aurora the Protector.

Fairchild's look was distinctly different when she came out of the bedroom and smiled at him, turning in a slow circle for him to appreciate her choice of clothing. His grin felt like it was going to split his face as he saw that she still possessed all of the athletic beauty he had seen before. He was quietly stunned as he saw the way the edges of her tied blouse barely covered her pronounced nipples, the generous swell of her breasts so clearly visible in the deep cleavage. Her tanned legs also somehow seemed even stronger and more shapely in the torn cut-offs than he had noticed before and her firm rounded behind was very pronounced. In fact, the tight denim behaved like the sheerest silk molded across her firm glutes, displaying the changing contours of her rounded muscles as they flexed with each step she took. Shaking his head, he had trouble imagining how impossibly firm she would have to be to expand such sturdy fabric in such a sensuous way, the denim looking like silk the way it conformed to her body.

Walking slowly toward Chris, Fairchild's eyes secretly watched his as he looked down at her chest, behaving as men had done with her since she was fifteen years old. She was surprised to feel a little thrill that her breasts were so expansively on display for him, she had never deliberately worn clothing as revealing as this before! Finally reaching him, she slowly turned around to lean her back gently against his chest, turning her head to the side to rest it lightly against his shoulder. At the same time, she languorously adjusted the lay of the fabric of her blouse before raising her hands high behind his neck to begin running her fingers softly through his hair.

Entranced by what he saw as he looked down over her shoulder, Chris was briefly uncomfortable as this teenage girl started to deliberately show him her firm breasts. Yet he couldn't help but stare at the way they tightly filled the soft fabric of her top, tantalized at the same time by a brief glimpse of one precocious nipple that tried to peak out as she raised her arms behind her. Her breasts now seemed to be straining the fabric almost to the tearing point as she arched her body slightly backwards, leaning her back firmly against his chest as she ran her fingers soothingly through his hair. At the same time, she seemed to be holding her breath again as he ran his hands around her tiny waist and then up across the soft ripples of her bare stomach. Staring down at her gorgeously displayed chest, he became very aware of the sensuous invitation she was offering him.

Fairchild continued to hold her breath as she let his hands drift upward slowly along her sides, his broad hands caressing her soft skin until they reached the backs of her upraised arms, slowly tracing his fingers down over her broad shoulders, finally reaching around her to trace gently down across the strong deep muscles of her upper chest.

At the same time, Chris could feel her strong heart beating faster under his hands as his fingers daringly began to slip under the edges of her denim top! Gasping in pleasure as his fingers lingered at the boundary between her firm chest muscles and her wonderfully soft full breasts, he took a deeper breath while slowly moving his hands gently down over those wonderfully warm feminine mounds. Still a bit concerned that he was straying into forbidden territory, he found her irresistible, and was so very relieved to hear her softly sigh as she finally let her breath out and started to breathe normally once again.

Feeling bolder now, he slipped his hands further under her denim top until he found his hands cupping breasts that were so large that he could not even begin to surround them. They felt so wonderfully feminine as they filled his hands, yet he felt a firm tone to them, a softly firm sensation unlike any other woman he had ever held. Sensing that her her pronounced nipples were growing larger and harder now under each stroke of his fingers, he started to gently squeeze them. Remembering how the pirates' bullets had bounced off these same breasts earlier in the day, he found it amazing that they now felt so soft, so erotic, so infinitely feminine. He had no clue as to how they could have been impenetrable to such powerful bullets!

Fondling and exploring her, he found that he could nearly bury his hands in her soft breasts as he gripped them more firmly than he had ever held a woman's breasts before. Her little gasps of pleasure and her rapid shallow breathing told him that his earlier instincts were correct. The stronger he held her, the more strongly she arched her back against him and the faster she started to breathe, his strong masculine touch obviously exciting this super girl. Staring down at the largest and firmest nipples he had ever seen on any woman, he was lost in wonder as they grew huge, engorging so much that they tented the soft denim fabric of her top outward even beyond his hands. Closed her eyes in pleasure, he began to feel the muscles of her back and shoulders flexing gently against his chest. With the powerful sensuousness of a tigress, she began to gently sway her body back and forth against his. The huge bulge in his pants was soon pressed gently between her firm buttocks and he was held firmly by the sinuous flexing of her latent strength. Using all the strength in his fingers now, fondling her big tingling nipples, he was very aware of the contrast of her soft blond hair as it fell across his hands as she leaned her head forward slightly, turning her lips up towards his to begin kissing him.

Chris couldn't restrain himself any longer as her soft full lips met his. Pulling his hands from under her blouse, he reached down to gently untie the bottom of her blouse, spreading it open while she turned her head to the side. Looking down to see her breasts freely and proudly displayed, his eyes were full participants in his pleasure as he ran his hands back up over these wonderful mounds again and again, both of them gasping whenever he cupped her breasts and lifted them strongly upward with his hands. Holding nothing back this time, he lifted them high up on her chest and massaged them with all his strength. With their shared arousal growing and growing, he felt his erection beginning to press between her buttocks so firmly that it was beginning to spread them apart. Fairchild merely responded by gently tensing her buttocks so that they held him firmly one moment, relaxing to allow him to press a bit deeper the next. Her nipples responded in time, getting even bigger and harder as he increased the strength of his grip. Amazed and delighted to realize that she appeared to be enjoying his touch as much as he was enjoying touching her, Chris was lost in a sensuousness that was as powerful as he had felt the very first time he'd touched a girl's breasts!

Fairchild simply sighed softly as she leaned backward and arched her body further until she covered his face with her long hair. She loved the sensation of his strong hands as they explored her breasts, and of his fingers as they danced over her hard nipples. She had been afraid earlier that she would not be able to enjoy being caressed here on Earth due to her great strength and invulnerability, especially afraid that she would need someone with muscles like her own to really bring her pleasure. But she was thrilled now as she found that if anything, her breasts seemed to be even more sensitive to being touched than they had been on Velor. Slipping her hands slowly down his arms, she covered his hands with her, encouraging his hands to hold her even more firmly. Squeezing his strong hands against her full breasts, she turned to kiss him more passionately now, her lips full and soft as they melted into his own. Moving sensuously against him as her hands slid down over his hips, she reached around to hold his ass in her strong hands, gently pulling him even more firmly against herself while she insistently kissed him. Feeling the bulge in his pants wedging even further between her firm buttocks, she continued to alternately tighten and relax her glutes, wondering if that was going to be enough to make him go off.

Barely able to get his breath he was so excited, Chris felt her starting to breathe faster and faster, her body clearly becoming very aroused by his touch and his kisses! Startlingly, her body drifted up a few inches off the floor and she turned slowly around in his arms until she was facing him, her soft bare breasts now pressing firmly against his chest. Her hard steel-like nipples pressed almost painfully against his chest as she put her arms back around him and began to hold him with increasing strength. A quick memory of her crushing the men in her arms back on the beach flashed through his head again. Fortunately, she seemed to sense his worries and she suddenly relaxed her embrace to step back from him.

"Wait," she said, her delightfully accented voice husky with desire. "I want to make very sure you know what you are getting into with him before we go any further."

Sharon Best, Aurora Universe, Copyright 1995,1996,1997

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