

Aurora Episode 04-0

Laura

(Revision: 2)

by Sharon Best

Fairchild and Chris prepare to travel to his home, Los Angeles, to open a business there, one that he had arranged to establish using the money that the now dead pirates had accumulated. Meanwhile, Fairchild reflects on what she had learned while studying the Velorian library archives that Chris had found in her ship, her amnesia from her accidental dimensional transport easing a bit as she tries to connect her life on Velor with her new responsibilities on Earth.

Enroute to LA, Fairchild discovers some of the delights awaiting her on the legendary planet Earth when she meets Laura, a beautiful athlete, a woman who is wonderfully appreciative of all that Fairchild's incredible body has to offer.

She also discovers some of the hazards of her new role as Protector of Earth when she meets terrorists, aided by powerful alien weapons provided by her arch enemy; the battle for Earth now beginning! She also discovers that the cat-like super-powered Kintzi - mortal enemies of all Velorians - are not as extinct as she had earlier been led to believe!

In the process, she discovers that not all of her powers are muscular in origin!

Tahiti International Airport

Fairchild sat in the international waiting room as the ground crew prepared to board the passengers of their 747 BigTop flight from Tahiti to Los Angeles. She and Chris had barely gotten to the airport in time, Fairchild having flown them across the island under her own power to save time. The long rush down the causeway at a dead run had left Chris slightly out of breath, despite his new abilities.

As usual, Fair was looking radiant, wearing what was - by her standards - a modest skirt, one that reached almost to mid-thigh. Her tan skirt was matched by a bright yellow blouse, one that was tied off at the bottom to leave her tanned abdomen bare. Her casually mismatched outfit was completed by a faded denim jacket, her long multi-colored blond hair glowing brilliantly in the sunlight as it contrasted with the blue denim.

Looking around while sitting in the crowded waiting area, she quickly realized that she was the center of attention. Smiling faintly at the men who kept glancing at her, she found most of them were unable to meet her stare, particularly the Asian and Oriental men. Standing a head taller than any of them, her glowing blonde hair a magnet for everyone's eyes, she was both irresistible and unapproachable at the same time.

Surprisingly, Fair found she was enjoying being on display like this. Despite trying to follow Chris' earlier suggestion to buy some conservative clothes, she hadn't been able to find anything on Tahiti that she liked and which also fit her dramatic figure. The shopkeepers had tried to be helpful, but normal clothes off the rack in the Far East just weren't going to fit her tall physique. Maybe in a specialty shop in Sweden or LA or Minneapolis, a Victoria's Secret or whatever, but hardly an ordinary dress shop in Tahiti. Besides, in contrast to her conservative preference of dress back on Velor, she found that she was really enjoying wearing extremely brief clothing here, especially these casually mismatched skirts, cotton tops and jackets that felt so comfortable, clothes that made her feel so 'free' compared to the regimented dress that was common on Velor.

When the First Class boarding call finally came, Chris motioned to Fairchild, the two of them gathering up their luggage to begin walking toward the door. The eyes of every man in the room now looked up to stare at Fairchild, everyone seemingly enjoying this last chance to capture her sexy image in their memories, her long blond hair catching yet another beam of sunlight as it came through the skylight. A hundred men were mesmerized by the sight of her glowing hair and her extremely tall lithe body as she walked across the room, her heavy carry-on baggage seemingly weightless in her hands as she walked smoothly toward the doorway. Her short silky skirt seemed to float about her thighs, displaying almost every inch of the well-defined muscles that were now flexing gently in her strong legs.

The fortunate onlookers instinctively knew they were seeing a woman totally unique in both stature and beauty. Some wondered if she was an actress, although they would certainly have remembered if they had ever seen a knockout like her on the screen. Yet none realized the impossible truth, that she was not even of this Earth! No one knew how truly unique she was among the inhabitants of this planet, not only in beauty, but also in her powers and strengths: she was literally thousands of times stronger than any Terran being, many hundreds of times stronger than the combined strength of every man in the waiting area!

Yet for now, Fair remained content to hide her real abilities and attempt to blend in with the other people of this primitive world. She and Chris had discussed at length the need for her to experience life on this planet among ordinary people, to try to restrain the use of her powers unless she really needed to appear as the mighty Aurora. After all, it would be far too easy to start thinking of herself as some kind of unrepentable Goddess or super girl and lose touch with her 'human' side. They had decided together that she should experience the Terran side of life, if only in a secret identity, to help her remain in contact with the worries and the feelings of the ordinary people of this planet.

The two of them had also decided that as far as possible, she would confine any overt demonstration of her alien powers to when she was appearing as the costumed identity of Aurora, the actual 'costume' consisting of no masks, just a couple of tiny bits of fabric and the dramatic expanses of her powerful, tanned yet invulnerable flesh. For her everyday identity she would attempt to be slightly more demure, and to use her given name of Fairchild, a woman who now owned and operated a specialized modeling firm in LA. She and Chris had been busy the last two weeks, using the vast wealth that the pirates had accumulated [*See Adventures of Aurora, Chapter 2*] to finance a new firm called The New Woman. They were now flying to LA to finalize the initial arrangements their lawyers had made and to hire several of the popular fitness models who lived in that area. Fairchild was planning to not only use them to gain entrance to the inner sanctums of industry and government, Chris having convinced her that private fitness modeling shows were becoming very popular among the rich and empowered, but she intended to also train them for something quite different than simply modeling clothing!

After Chris had retrieved her records from the damaged dimension-spanning craft back on the island [*See Adventures of Aurora, Chapter 3*], she had learned of her true background and her indispensable and vital mission here on Earth. Although her Aurora identity was the only one that would use her powers openly and publicly, she did plan to reveal all aspects of her special abilities to the carefully selected members of her new firm and to include those few Terrans in her own mission on Earth.

Standing in line to board now, her thoughts drifted back to her studies on Velor, to the many technical lectures and discussions that she had been part of, seminars where she had learned how the scientists on Velor had perfected a time viewing machine. She recalled how they had devoted the last several decades to studying Earth's potential futures. Earth was, after all, their ancient homeworld before their 'Gods', the Ancient Ones, had abducted them and greatly improved their genetic structure. The 'Gods', an ancient race of near immortals, had turned the Velorians into a powerful race of people to help them protect the galaxy from various warlike and brutal races. They had created mortals whose powers were said to be nearly the equal of the Gods themselves.

Their home planet of Velor had been chosen solely because of its core of solid gold, the universal emanations from this strength-depleting metal preventing the Velorians from manifesting their unusual powers unless they were well away from their own planet. Yet despite the strength-depleting properties of gold, they were still a very well-endowed and athletic race.. Yet what truly made their race so valuable as Protectors was that they became amazingly strong and nearly invulnerable to injury when they traveled to just about any other spot in the galaxy.

Meanwhile, the scientists who were studying the various possibilities for Earth's future in their time viewer gradually became aware that their ancient home was facing an imminent catastrophe. Many off-planet intruders, some of them far more powerful physically than Earth humans, were infiltrating the leadership positions of nations, businesses and crime syndicates all over the world, and had already begun steering Earth toward a massive nuclear war.

There were two such intrusive races that Fairchild had learned about from the files on her ship. The members of the first race were called Arions, a race of people that looked very much like ordinary humans but who had much of the strength and powers of the Velorian race. They had, in fact, once been Velorians, before leaving to populate another gold-core planet a few light-years from Velor. This violent splinter group had fought many secret wars against the Velorians, the knowledge of most of those wars having been suppressed back on Velor. Sending out Protectors and other agents, the Velorians had fought the Arions on many a planet, yet neither side had ever managed to completely conquer the other.

The second race was the Kintzi, an unusual cat-like species whose members were also very strong and very quick. They had also fought the Velorians in several wars, often as agents of the Arions. The popular press on Velor had reported them extinct after the last war, yet the dimensional viewer had shown they were anything but extinct on Earth!

The recently stated goal of the Arions, and the Kintzis as well, was to destroy the world that the Velorians most valued - Earth. That threatening boast had been made after a negotiated peace had been established in the Gamma Sector, a remote arm of the galaxy that Velor and Aria and Earth all belonged to. At first the boast had been ignored, the Velorian diplomats believing it to be the result of the amount of Vlactin Ale that was flowing at the meeting. Yet the scientists using the time-viewer believed otherwise. They saw evidence that the Arions hungered for revenge after the many defeats they had suffered at the hands of the Velorians.

Yet Earth, while in the same galaxy, was in a different dimension from the planets of these other races, a multiplicity of dimensions laying on top of each other in time-space, each one having slightly separate time continuums. Earth existed in several of those dimensions, but not all, and it had been declared off limits to interference by the Ancient Ones - the Velorian 'Gods' - the ones who had genetically-engineered the Velorian race and many of the other races in known space. In fact, it was common knowledge that most of the humanoid species of this galaxy had been created from the genetic stock of the wild and fertile Earth. While the enemies of the Velorians could not openly wage war on this ancient planet, they could encourage the Terrans to do their dirty work for them, their goal being to destabilize the Earth governments through nuclear terrorism until the major powers reacted in their usual irrational way, hopefully releasing enough of their own nuclear weapons to poison the Earth forever.

Since the Velorians, and of course the Arions, knew that that the almost godlike but currently slumbering race who created them would surely wake up and enforce their dictates of non-interference with Earth, they kept as low a profile as they could. After all, it was very possible that the Gods might destroy their race entirely for such an open trespass of their First Directive.

It was therefore with great trepidation that the leaders of Velor had dared to develop a plan to break the First Directive of non-interference in the affairs of Earth. Yet they felt they now had no choice, for they had seen the beginnings of infiltration and corruption of Earth's institutions by their enemies and knew they had to act decisively before it was too late. The barbaric Terrans were still very capable of bringing about their own destruction given the right political climate. A climate that a few hundred well-placed Arions could potentially establish.

The Velorian solution was to send a single member of their race to Earth as Protector of the planet, a tactic they had used to protect thousands of other planets from encroachment from their enemies, an act they had been prohibited from doing on Earth prior to this. Their creator's stated goal was to leave Earth wild and native, to have it continue to fulfill its role as a 'seed' planet for the rest of the galaxy. To have its genetics remain pure and simple and unaffected, a storehouse of seed waiting for the day when it might be required again. For despite the awesome powers of the Ancient Ones, they were still unable to create life on their own. They were the masters of genetic enhancement, capable of transforming the human genome. But in the end, they were only engineers, not creators.

Therefore, since Earth was still the jewel of their 'creators' eye, they thought that by sending just one person, a young girl, that they could reduce their chances of being discovered by their masters. In point of fact, the Velorian scientists had learned much from their ancient masters and had finally even surpassed the great ones in some aspects of their manipulation of genetics. These genetic discoveries, the ones used to program the Velorian reproductive computers in the first place, had been enhanced numerous times, the scientists creating only a few true Protectors each year to help keep control of their expanding universe. Yet their most expansive use of such genetic gifts had been waiting in reserve for many years, waiting for a crisis so great that they would need to use everything they knew about this dangerous science.

They had used these genetic powers several times before to send a man and a woman to Earth to act as deeply hidden Protectors. Yet those attempts had apparently failed as their monitors had never seen any sign of them after their supposed arrival, the only visible evidence was a mythos that had been continued forward in the form of small periodic books, books that described two people named 'Superman' and 'Supergirl'. They suspected that their earlier Protectors had actually arrived, but had apparently been killed after perhaps influencing nothing more than the imagination of a few men and women who later became active in the entertainment industry.

Yet despite their previous failures, they used this science once again to create a far more powerful being, a young girl who would be stronger than any Velorian who had ever lived - a girl who eventually was named for the ancient lights that their ancient Terran forefathers had worshipped, the Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis!

They had created this artificial being, her real name that of Fairchild Zar-El, as the single person who would someday be able to defeat the combined forces of the armies of their enemies. They knew the person they sent would be a virtual goddess on Earth, so they decided that their champion must be an innocent girl whose genetic structure was based on one of the most compassionate and compelling leaders to ever live on Velor. They carefully attempted to control every aspect of her upbringing to ensure that not only would she have all the physical powers necessary to defeat her enemies, but that she would also possess the humanity and sensitivity to others necessary to avoid becoming corrupted by her own insuperable powers. She would grow up as an ordinary girl on Velor, but on or near Earth she would become a true super being.

Their only regret was that this girl would be forever cut-off from her native Velorian culture. Because of the known barbarism that she would undoubtedly be exposed to on Earth, she could never return to Velor, living out the rest of her long life on Earth. They had learned before that the adaptations that a Protector would necessarily incorporate in her thinking, the personality changes she would undergo living among such barbarians, would be inconsistent with her home world. In addition, it would be extremely difficult for a superbeing to return to a world where she would lose most of her special physical attributes.

They had proceeded to artificially create this girl in their laboratories, to engineer her existence, to make her the closest thing to a supreme being that they could. Giving the new-born child to a loving couple to raise as they would any other girl, they were constantly vigilant, watching over the young girl as she grew up on Velor, ensuring that she remained humble and true to the ideals of Velorian culture and beliefs. It was their goal that Fairchild would grow up and mature without ever suspecting the nature of her unique destiny until the inevitable day came when her spectacular powers were needed on Earth.

The scientists' biggest fear regarding the placement of a member of their own powerful race on Earth had always been that this person might displace one set of tyrants and become yet another tyrant. The history of known space was ripe with examples of virtuous and liberating leaders who became despots after their revolutionary struggles resulted in victory. And since a single young female such as Fairchild could dominate and lay waste to an entire planet, they had to choose their ambassadors so very carefully. With her formidable powers, she would unavoidably wind up changing Earth's history for good or ill.

As a result of their concerns, their careful upbringing of this Protector was focused on ensuring her compassion. They did everything possible to ensure that Fairchild would understand her role before they sent her to Earth, desperately hoping that she would remain unaffected by her god-like powers and by any ambition to rule.

However, despite their diligent attempts to form a nearly perfect Protector, the scientists had made a significant error in Fairchild's genetics, or at least they had failed to exclude one dramatic characteristic of her genetic personality. The beautiful woman who had provided the original natural genes that had been the basis for Fairchild's own synthesized genes was known across the entire planet as a great and kind leader, an inspiration to millions. However, only a few men very close to her also knew that she was an unusually liberated and sensual woman who spent a great deal of time making joyful and athletic love with a small loyal band of male lovers, often with several of them at the same time. When aroused, her devotion to the act of love often drove all other concerns - even planetary emergencies - completely from her mind!

The fact that her secret was never known outside what she called her 'intimate circle' was a deep tribute to the emotional bonds she established with her lovers. They all knew there was no other woman like her on Velor and they simultaneously respected her wisdom while constantly longing for the sensuous touch of her wildly sexy body. She sexually and emotionally dominated all men she met, but due to her great beauty and compassion, she was able to keep this special knowledge totally within her close circle of lovers.

With the scientists drawing on this woman's genes to form a portion of Fairchild's, she had been born with all the dominant sexual desires and urges of her genetic donor, desires would become a central part of her identity as the fabulous Aurora on Earth.

Upon arriving on Earth, Fairchild had quickly found that her personality underwent a subtle transformation when she shifted between her two closely related identities. As Aurora, she was physically assertive, confident and very outgoing, a woman who truly enjoyed showing off the extravagant strength and beauty of her body.

Yet as Fairchild, even though her physical powers were the same, she was more conservative, reluctant to use those powers openly, at least in front of strangers. She was very sensitive to the thoughts and feelings of those around her in a way that was impossible when she was overtly using her awesome physical powers.

Fair had also found that having two identities allowed her to express herself over a broad range of emotions and to experience life on a grand scale. It also was essential to her emotional stability to keep the young and somewhat naive girl that lived inside her alive. The last thing she wanted was to spend all her time being some kind of powerful goddess, although there were times when she enjoyed that role immensely.

Her friends back on Velor would easily recognize and understand Fairchild, but they would stand in total awe of the mighty goddess named Aurora!

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With her thoughts finally drifting back to the present, Fairchild turned her head to look at Chris while smiling broadly at him, remembering how much he thrilled to both the goddess *and* the girl in her. Memories of their last night together in the honeymoon suite of the Hilton still made her body tingle. Rising to walk beside him, they finally entered the plane and climbed the spiral stairway to the upper deck, Fairchild sitting in the aisle seat along the left side of the plane. She arranged her things and crossed her right leg as she got comfortable, her comfortably snug clothing adjusting to the firm contours that it surrounded. As her skirt innocently rode up her thigh as she got comfortable, the man across the aisle nearly dropping his book as he suddenly noticed her, staring longingly at the tanned expanse of her shapely thigh as it grew suddenly rounded, her surprisingly large muscles flexing as she shifted in her seat.

She turned her head and smiled at him, instinctively understanding his startled look. He caught himself staring, quickly looking up to meet her eyes, those orbs a flash of deep midnight blue, her beautiful face framed by glowing honey blond hair. His heart was suddenly beating painfully in his chest, his mouth dry.

"God she's beautiful," he almost whispered out loud, a rush of unexpected arousal making him shift in his seat. He had traveled the world for years, yet *never* had he seen such a stunningly beautiful and athletic woman. He was man enough to understand by the sly look she returned him and the hint of a smile at the corners of her mouth that she knew exactly where he had been staring and why. She seemed to openly enjoy his appreciative look, but by the time he looked down at her leg again, she had disappointingly adjusted her short skirt downward and was only displaying the lower half of her thigh. Yet the remaining visible portions of her legs looked extremely strong, and her muscles rippled like those of a restless lioness as she further adjusted her position in the chair. He sighed and mumbled something about the irresistible charms of young athletic women before he finally managed to pull his gaze away and distractedly began to read his book again. He, like everyone else, ignored the safety messages as the huge 747 finally climbed from the runway, leaving the paradise of Tahiti rapidly behind.

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More than an hour into the flight, Chris had started dozing while Fairchild remained alert, reading a magazine. There was just so much to learn about Earth that she could never stop reading. Even if it was an airline travel magazine.

The cabin attendant assigned to working First Class came by with some drinks, Fairchild noticing the woman as she working her way down the aisle of the intimate upper cabin. She wasn't quite as tall and she looked a few years older than she was, probably in her mid-twenties, but otherwise she looked as if she could be Fairchild's older sister. She moved with great ease and confidence, very much like a trained athlete might. Even her blond hair was about the same color and length as Fairchild's, except that it was tied tightly back as she worked. The woman's very deep tan created a stark contrast with her golden glowing hair.

Sweeping her eyes over the woman's uniform, Fairchild decided that the attendant's breasts were a little smaller than her own and the contrasts between her chest, waist and hips were slightly less pronounced. Having a 20" waist was both a blessing and a curse for Fairchild. A blessing in that it made her figure dramatically eye-catching, something that she was just learning to enjoy. A curse in that it meant she could only wear tailored clothing, especially given her 42" bust and 36" hips.

The attendant was wearing the long-sleeved blouse and slacks that were the normal uniform for cabin attendants on this airline, but her uniform failed to hide the strong tendons and muscles that clearly stood out along her neck and her wrists. Fairchild smiled softly to herself as she grew increasingly curious about the attributes of this woman's body, so much of it hidden under those unflattering clothes. Despite her promise to Chris to behave like a Terran woman, she couldn't help but take a quick peek with her Tachyon vision. The woman's clothes seemed to melt away before her eyes, surprising Fairchild as she saw how muscular this woman's body was. She was built like a cross between a world-class bodybuilder and a fitness model, her entire body layered in strong pronounced muscles, yet her overall figure still had a smooth rounded feminine look. In fact, she didn't look all that different than Fairchild did herself.

Fairchild wasn't sure why she was suddenly admiring this woman, her breasts looking unnaturally confined as her bra melted away before her Tachyon vision. Yet she was beginning to learn that most things that caught her attention this strongly were somehow significant. Besides, while she had always thought of herself as being totally heterosexual on her home planet, on Earth, her instincts seemed to be guiding her into a greater range of options, especially as she felt the way this woman's incredibly strong body was somehow triggering feelings she had never truly felt before. Despite feeling a little insecure about these new impulses, she decided to go with the flow of her feelings, simply appreciating this woman's strong beauty as she came down the aisle and approached her seat.

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Laura was finally working her last day as a flight attendant, having originally taken this job eight years ago in the hope of enjoying a lot of time in exotic locations around the world. She loved sunbathing and swimming in the warm ocean and was a very accomplished scuba diver. While she had always been tall and athletic, she had grown unusually strong during the last eight years of almost constant swimming, diving and weight lifting. In those same years as an attendant, she had managed to secure her place as a crew member on flights to most of the exotic destinations her airline flew. She smiled softly as she thought about the numerous men and the occasional woman she had bribed with her body to get assigned such desirable routes without needing to wait for the usual rises in seniority. She was a practical woman, and felt no inhibitions against using all of her assets as currency so that she could enjoy her life to the maximum. While her reputation among her peers certainly hadn't been enhanced by her activities, she felt it was a good tradeoff for being able to live in such a place as Tahiti. To work when she wanted to, to play in the ocean when she wished.

What was most interesting to her now was that she had recently secured an audition as a fitness model for a new and mysterious LA firm called 'The New Woman'. She had been astounded that her portfolio had been accepted, especially since her age well past her mid-twenties. Yet this firm had been looking for women who were both strong and pretty, a blend of sensual strength that few models could claim.

Smiling even now as she re-read the letter of invitation in her mind, she had somehow known since she was a young girl that she was destined to be a remarkable woman. But still, it was unheard of for someone her age to start a brand new modeling career. At the same time, she knew that most people who met her or saw her pictures assumed that nobody could be as fit and radiant as she so obviously was without being five or six years younger than she actually was. Only the tiny sun wrinkles around her eyes, easily covered with makeup, were a give-away to her true age.

Letting her thoughts casually drift as she served drinks, her easy smile a part of her professional talents, she remembered how she had been secretly contacted by a man who had briefly been her lover a few years before. He had sent her \$10,000 in cash and an address in LA. The accompanying note told her that this was the modeling job that would change her life!

She had been wary at first, especially since nobody local knew anything about a company named The New Woman. She finally had to resort to making some inquiries through a business woman she knew back in LA. It turned out that the firm was legitimate and well-funded, the Chairman a man with a long reputation for handling the most beautiful and successful fitness models. She also learned that the CEO of the company was a totally unknown woman whose pictures had recently created a silent sensation when they had appeared on the desks of several modeling agencies. Everyone had been looking for the girl that matched the pictures, but she had never been seen in person. While Laura had not seen the pictures herself, she had been told that her appearance was a lot like the mysterious woman she would hopefully soon be working for.

Laura knew it was time for a change in her lifestyle, her social life on Tahiti having become less than interesting to her lately. Most importantly, she had found that as she grew stronger and stronger from her dedicated body building, that she was running out of potential lovers. Her sexual responses had always been such that she could only become aroused by men and women who could physically match or exceed her own strength, and people who could meet these expectations had become increasingly rare as she got stronger, especially on this remote island. Sadly, she found that she was spending more and more time alone as each year went by. By this time she wasn't sure there was a person alive who could now match her strength, who could ever again excite her sexually.

She had tried many times to awaken her slumbering sensuality, recently spending an intimate weekend with a world-class femme bodybuilder. Yet her soaring expectations had been dashed when she discovered that her own muscles were far stronger than this very famous woman's. A few months before that, she had developed a friendly and sometimes intimate relationship with a couple of male bodybuilders who could still come fairly close to igniting her passion, but had found recently that she had grown so much stronger that now they could no longer keep up with her lovemaking unless both of them were strenuously active participants at the same time. While the two of them often tried to please her, it had recently become obvious that even these two guys were no longer enough for her.

She silently thanked her mother once again for her extraordinary genetics and beauty, but she simultaneously cursed her for limiting her options so severely as she grew ever stronger. She remembered how her mother had lost interest in men while Laura was a young girl and she thought she now understood why. She was suddenly looking forward to discussing this new insight with her mom when she arrived in LA. It was time to understand why she was so different than other women.

Laura was halfway through the small cabin when she suddenly noticed a tall blonde girl sitting in the aisle seat a couple of rows ahead of her. She was young, clearly on the low side of 20, but was extremely tall with long flowing blond hair, her face incredibly beautiful, stunningly attractive in fact. She could also tell by the constant glances from other passengers that she wasn't the only person who had noticed her, this beautiful girl creating a silent stir throughout the upper cabin.

Laura herself had become used to being the center of attention wherever she went, her tall blonde athletic looks able to turn any head. Yet she had also learned to take this for granted, determined to not let people's responses to her beauty affect her open and friendly personality. She knew men's eyes always followed her up and down the plane as she worked, and someone almost invariably tried to pick her up after each flight. She would laugh and turn them down with good excuses that normally didn't damage their egos, but she now lived a solitary personal life except for a few close friends. Fortunately her unusual strength and athletic prowess had removed the usual burden of fear for her own safety that plagued so many beautiful woman. She had learned to fight many years before and had eventually found that no one, not even her male instructors, could come close to defeating her in a fair fight. Her combination of quickness, strength and size was undefeatable, even when faced with one of the masters of oriental fighting disciplines.

Laura finally reached the blonde girl, her male companion dozing next to her. She found herself pausing as she stared at the expanse of firmly muscled thigh the girl was showing, her hand absently running along the contours of her pronounced quads and slightly under the hem of her skirt while she read her magazine. Laura smiled as she guessed what the combined increase in blood pressure for all the nearby males must be because of this innocent and unconscious gesture on the girl's part. Laura had long ago learned to precisely control how she moved and how she affected the people around her, yet this young girl had not yet realized the strong effects her appearance and such simple innocent movements of her body could have on other people.

Hardly unaffected herself, Laura's eyes absorbed the impression of the girl's blond hair glowing radiantly in the sunlight and the remarkable swell of her breasts under her tied-off T-shirt. She looked down towards the seatbelt and could not believe how tiny the girl's bare waist appeared, the seatbelt pulled all the way in.

Finally coming to her senses, Laura leaned down to her to take the girl's drink order, her body flushing as she noticed the unusual and delicate flowery scent of her perfume.

The girl looked up from her magazine, her eyes smiling warmly and frankly into Laura's own. It suddenly felt as if the plane had fallen away leaving Laura suddenly afloat on a wispy cloud as she gazed back into such deep blue eyes and such a perfect face. While Laura herself had always received many compliments on having the deepest blue eyes anyone had ever seen, this young beauty had her beat in spades.

"W-what would you like to d-drink, ma'am?" Laura asked. She actually stammered unprofessionally.

"I don't know, what is suitable? I've never been on one of your airplanes before," the girl replied with a delightful accent. It almost sounded French, but was sweeter and softer, her voice slightly throaty but having great sibilance and richness. The combination of her striking accent and rich tone of voice was startling, coming as it was from so young a woman.

"Well, the pilots up in the cockpit usually have a Coke, but passengers often have something a bit stronger." Laura was now doing fairly well at maintaining her professional demeanor.

"Up in the *what?* What do they *do* there?" Fairchild didn't wait for an answer, leaning to the side as she used her super vision to look through the door that the attendant had gestured towards, seeing three men in uniforms operating some controls for the airplane. She had recently learned the word 'cock' and assumed that it had little to do with flying airplanes. "Oh, I see. Yes, a Coke would be very nice, thank you."

A sudden wild and sexy image entered Laura's head of the passenger services that might be offered in a 'cockpit' on an unusually open-minded airline, a couple of private charters she had crewed on had in fact violated every FAA rule in existence regarding activities in the cockpit, an image of a slim red-head sitting the wrong way on the Captain's lap flashing through her mind. She felt her composure slipping again as she thought back to those trips, nervously turning back to her cart before handing the girl a Coke. It was rather embarrassing to find herself starting to get so turned on simply by standing next to this teenage girl. If she wanted to maintain any professionalism at all, she would have to keep her mind on the job!

But when the girl raised her arm to take the drink and Laura saw the muscles of her arm flexing larger than she ever would have imagined possible, she almost lost it again. While the girl's arm had been fairly slim a moment before, it now bulged with muscles nearly as large as Laura's own as the girl stretched her arms slightly before reaching up to accept the drink. Laura knew that her own arms were similarly large when she flexed them, but she knew of no possible way that arms as slim as this girl's could flex that large!

Laura had always been attracted to pure physical strength, at least ever since she was in her mid-teens, and this girl's arms were the sexiest she had ever seen. The girl was looking back at her with a quizzical expression as she apparently tried to understand Laura's hesitation and the emotions openly crossing her face.

Fortunately the first movie was about to begin, and Laura had only one more row to serve before she had some free time. She soon found herself in one of the lavatories, looking into the mirror and comparing her own face to the girl's. She had always regarded herself, and had been regarded by others, as incredibly attractive, but the face looking back at her now almost paled in comparison to that remarkable girl's. She rolled up her sleeve and moved her arm up and down, imitating the movements of the girl when she had stretched out her arm before taking the drink. Her hard muscles were also clearly displayed now as she moved her arm. Yet despite the fact that her arms were the equal of any pro bodybuilder when she worked at it, she had been right about one thing: they did not hold the same muscular promise that she had seen in the girl's arm.

She firmly squeezed her fist while watching as her forearm grew from subtle curves into large deeply-sculpted muscles. She pushed the sleeve of her blouse up over her upper arm and flexed her massive bicep, her powerful arm bursting into a huge rounded muscle that was far too large for her to contain in her other hand. In fact, her biceps were so large that they would split the sleeves of any normal blouse if she flexed them without first rolling them up. At least no woman can top that, she thought, as she rolled her sleeve back down, somehow knowing that she was unique among all women, her true muscular powers revealed to only a few lovers. At the same time, she had never understood her own contradictory desires of wanting to be the strongest person around while at the same time longing to be physically dominated by someone so much stronger.

Still mysteriously aroused from thinking about that remarkable girl, and astounded at her physical reaction, she was a bit afraid that the wetness in her crotch might grow and become visible. This might be her last flight, but she didn't want people to remember her that way! She decided to go downstairs to the kitchen to be alone for a while. The elevator was noisy enough and slow enough that she would have a long warning before anyone could interrupt her down there. The only other way into that area was through the cargo doors, and there wasn't much traffic through them at 40,000 feet!

When she got downstairs she went around a corner of the kitchen and into the luggage compartment, immediately making herself comfortable on some soft suitcases. She started to undo her blouse, her firm breasts spilling out as she marveled, for the thousandth time, that they were still as round and firm as they had been ten years ago when she was only 18. She ran her hands over her pronounced nipples as she felt her whole body tingling with pleasure.

She was used to her own touch, having been forced to rely on masturbation for any real stimulation now that her lovers were no longer strong enough to really interest her; they could no longer satisfy or even withstand the enthusiastic demands of her powerful body during lovemaking.

Her muscles had now become far stronger than any woman's she had ever heard of, also far stronger than any man she had met. Also, as she had grown stronger, she had found that her body had become far less delicate, now finding that it felt good instead of painful when she used all of her strength to massage her breasts and nipples. She had often marveled at how sensitive her breasts had remained even though they were now easily capable of withstanding the great pressure she exerted on them when she was aroused. They never seemed to get bruised or raw despite a lot of rough handling from her hands or even other more 'rugged' devices. Remembering the time she had encourage a lover, a man she had met on the mainland, to use her breasts as twin punching bags, the strong man had wailed away on her with all her strength while Laura had become more and more excited. The man had finally collapsed in exhaustion, defeated by the soft breasts of the woman he soon began to call 'super girl'.

She smiled as she remembered that night, the last time she had made love with a man. She had been actively exercising her vaginal muscles for years to help increase the pleasurable friction during intercourse. In the case of this man, her last male lover, his unusually large cock had reminded her of the large dildo that she often used for exercise. Without thinking, she had instinctively contracted her vaginal muscles against him as if he actually was her dildo. The warm pleasure from her clitoris had washed through her body as it pressed much more firmly against his cock. She had continued to hold him tighter and tighter until she felt the man's strong movements freeze and heard him gasp, looking up to see a wash of pain cross his face. She realized she was actually hurting him!

She hadn't realized until that moment that it was physically possible for *any* woman to do that with her vagina, and it came as a great shock to discover that every aspect of her body was slowly becoming different from more ordinary people. She had been truly dismayed at that time to realize that she might never again reach orgasm from intercourse with a man, no matter how strong he might appear. Unfortunately, the strength and resilience of a man's cock was not related to the size or strength of his muscles!

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Meanwhile, as Laura was lost in her thoughts and her arousal, Fairchild was lost in her own emotions. She had been very surprised to discover how much the blonde flight attendant's attractive appearance had affected her. She had never really been attracted to a woman before, but this woman seemed completely different. She had also never seen such powerful muscles on a woman other than herself and somehow she found them incredibly sexy. A glance toward the back of the cabin with her Tachyon vision had confirmed that her own appearance had also aroused the other woman, and she had noted her quick disappearance into the lavatory, then down the elevator into the secluded kitchen.

Fairchild waited for a bit before rising from her seat to wander back to the lavatory herself. Once inside, she secretly used her Tachyon vision to figure out how the elevator worked, also observing the woman below as she lay back on some soft luggage, her hand sliding wetly between her legs. Fairchild smiled, realizing that she had judged the woman's responses correctly. She thought to herself that she ought to be a bit kinder, and quit sending people off to be frustrated in the darkness of drafty luggage compartments!

She waited until the other attendants were occupied elsewhere, then came out of the lavatory and casually stepped into the elevator. Her deep blue eyes sparkled again as she examined the internals of the coded control for the elevator, the control panel appearing as a wire-frame drawing to her eyes. Looking inside several of the silicon chips, she quickly decoded the appropriate combination to activate it.

The elevator soon hummed to a stop on the lower level, Fairchild stepping out of it just as the attendant walked quickly around the corner of the kitchen. Before she could even open her mouth to say anything, Fairchild put out her hand.

"Hi, I'm Fairchild. I believe you indicated that you wished me to join you." She grinned broadly at the shocked expression on the woman's face.

Laura was stunned to realize that this young woman had somehow understood the emotions and passions she thought she had been so successfully hiding up in the cabin. Yet how had she figured out the combination of the elevator and why was she down here now?

This is not right, she thought to herself, suddenly growing suspicious of the girl's motivations. After all, this wasn't the safest place in the world to fly of late. Besides that, the name Fairchild was familiar, but in her confusion she couldn't place it. Yet she surprised herself by instinctively taking the offered hand to introduce herself in turn.

"Uh, I'm Laura Arness, glad to meet you", she stammered, surprised at the strength of the girl's handshake, her eyes noticing the play of the muscles on her forearm as the loose sleeve of her jacket slid up a ways. Laura gripped her hand back very firmly, but as always did not use anything near her full strength for fear of hurting her. She had recently seen several strong men wince in her grip when she had become careless, yet this girl's hand somehow felt different, easily matching her own strength.

It was Fairchild's turn to smile as she pulled Laura firmly towards her, her arms sliding around her slim waist. Without giving her time to react, she leaned forward and flipped her long blond hair over Laura's head, their interwoven blonde locks virtually making a tent over them.

Laura was shocked by the young girl's aggressiveness, her eyes drinking in the golden light streaming through their intertwined blond hair as Fairchild began to brush her full, slightly moist lips over her own. The combination of the sudden intimacy of her leaning forward to cover her with her hair, the golden light filtering through it, and the unexpected rush of desire from her soft lips made her body respond as if it had received an electric shock. Her heart started to pound and her breathing grew fast and shallow, staggered by the strength of her own body's physical reaction, Fairchild having to hold her up by pressing their hips together, her hand tightly holding the back of Laura's waist.

Laura's reaction came without conscious thought, her body and her emotions reacting while her mind remained too stunned to react. Releasing her formidable strength, she met Fairchild's kisses with her own, her arms flinging around the girl's neck to hold her with all her might. Their full mouths crushed together, Fairchild's tongue meeting Laura's as they kissed deeply.

Their deep kiss went on and on, the perfect match between the soft luscious lips of two femmes thrilled them both, lipstick that was supposed to be kissable proving otherwise as they kissed with an enthusiasm and power that no man could equal. It was several minutes later when Laura came up for air, suddenly pushing herself backward while started to tear at the buttons of her own blouse. Fairchild quickly reached up to take her hands in her own.

"Take it easy", she said with a soft giggle, her soft lips brushing Laura's ear, "you still have a job to do upstairs. Let me undo those for you."

Leaning back against the bulkhead, Laura placed her hands on Fairchild's strong shoulders as the girl started to slowly undo the buttons on her flight uniform. Feeling the most amazing muscles flexing under Fairchild's blouse, the young girl seemingly lingering over each button of her own blouse as they both watched the visible expanse of Laura's chest, growing as it did from two unusual ridges of toned muscle just beneath her collarbone to the soft, firm swells, each lifted upward by her astoundingly broad and muscular chest. Those large round expanses of beautifully tanned flesh sat high on her chest, her perfect breasts and large brown aureoles topped by large nipples that swelled noticeably as they both stared down at them.

Fairchild finally pushed Laura's blouse over her shoulders, thrilled as she saw that she was no longer wearing her bra, her strong body and firm breasts needing no such support. She felt a thrill run all the way down her own spine as she admired the amazingly well-defined muscles on Laura's wide shoulders. Her soft fingers lovingly traced the contours of all the deeply sculpted bronze muscles that she saw before her as she let Laura's blouse slip to the floor.

Laura suddenly couldn't believe that she was standing here in the lower kitchen allowing this beautiful teenage girl to intimately undress her! She had always been in control of every aspect of her lovemaking before, yet somehow it seemed natural for this younger woman to assume that role now. In fact, she was so caught up in the emotions permeating this wildly intimate and out-of-control scene that she felt she was seeing and admiring her own dramatic body for the first time, this young girl taking such pleasure in slowly revealing it.

Her eyes glanced to the side as she saw the girl momentarily reaching her arm behind herself to grip the railing of the elevator with her thumb and forefinger. Blinking her eyes in shock, Laura could have sworn that she saw the aluminum rail of the elevator deforming under the girl's fingers, but she was diverted from that impossible thought as Fairchild now dropped down to her knees to unzip Laura's slacks, pulling them gently down over her legs.

Laura gasped loudly, still unable to stop the girl as she seemed to possess her physical being! Fairchild's hand felt so possessive yet so sensuous as it reached up to cup her breasts briefly, her warm fingers then tracing a tingling path downward as they ran smoothly over her flat stomach and down across her blond bush to pause between her legs. Laura involuntarily flexed her powerful thighs, squeezing the girl's hand in a grip that no man had ever been able to resist, the girl's hand never even slowing as it moved gently down between her thighs. Her hand quickly proved to be far stronger than the powerful grip of Laura's thighs, even as Laura instinctively flexed each muscle at the approach of Fairchild's caress. She felt the satisfying warmth and pressure of her muscles massively expanding, the girl's hands opening wide as they attempted to surround her steely quads. Laura gasped loudly, soft moans coming with each breath now as she felt her own hard muscles actually *yielding* slightly under the girl's grip, muscles that had always reacted like inflexible steel beneath the hands of her partners.

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Fairchild's was not unaffected by the silky skin that she felt stretched over Laura's rippling muscles, slowly running her hand back up over Laura's strong thighs to begin pulling down her panties. She found that they would not fit over her huge hard-flexed thighs. Smiling softly as she thought Laura might find it a bit of a turn-on when she resumed her job upstairs without them, she tore them noisily in half with just a twist of her hand. Laura's surprised cry almost made her laugh, her body now completely naked except for her flight attendant's slacks, now pooled around her ankles.

Laura's hands now rested on Fairchild's powerful shoulders, her legs bulging with hard-flexed muscles as the girl's soft lips traced along the pronounced curves of them. She felt herself trembling slightly, both from the coolness of the air in the luggage compartment and from her own building passion. This was unlike anything she had ever experienced: she was not in control of this situation at all! She was being irresistibly seduced in the belly of a 747 while at work by the most gorgeous teenage girl she had ever seen. If this was a planned inducement on the part of the airline for her not to quit her job, Laura laughed to herself, it was probably going to work!

Laura closed her eyes now while putting her arms around Fairchild's neck, the athletic girl's strong arm reaching around to squeeze her tightly muscular ass while suddenly lifting her effortlessly off the ground. Fairchild fondled Laura's firm glutes with one hand while she pulled her shoes and slacks off with the other, Laura gasping in wonder as she realized that her entire weight was being impossibly held in the air by the girl's one hand, her body seemingly weightless in her grasp!

Fairchild put her other hand around Laura's shoulders as she lifted her to chest height, carrying her further into the baggage compartment. She finally set her down where a strong light was shining across her body, Laura's blond hair and tan skin glowing so softly. Her deep blue eyes glittered above her hesitant smile as Fairchild's gaze traveled again over the beautiful sculpted muscles of her nude body.

Fairchild herself finally stepped back, slowly removing her jacket, before untying the knot at the bottom of her own blouse, pulling it over her head with a single lithe movement. She heard Laura's gasping intake of breath while she kicked off her sandals, a quick downward tug releasing her skirt so that it fluttered to the floor.

Now it was Laura's turn to be impressed! Fairchild's body was revealed in its beauty and power, displaying dramatically flowing feminine curves that were covered by the softest skin, a perfect all-over tan. The largest and firmest breasts Laura had ever seen jiggled so slightly, the tips of them only inches away from touching her own. Yet they didn't seem to sag even an inch, standing out proudly from her well-muscled chest. Laura could hardly breathe now, having never seen anyone with a body that was remotely as strong and beautiful as Fairchild's, except perhaps for her own as a close second. The sweep of her figure, from her rich 42 inch chest down to her remarkably tiny 20 inch waist and then back outwards to her athletically trim hips... it all took Laura's breath away.

She was still staring at the girl when she suddenly felt an irrational desire to compare the strength of her own body with that of this young girl. She had never before met a woman who could come close to matching the size, hardness and strength of her own muscles, but she thought that perhaps she might not be able to say that after today!

Feeling a tremendous sense of strength coursing through her body as her passion took on a new dimension, she reached out to hold Fairchild's hand while starting to slowly flex her bicep, straining her arm against the girl's. She watched the reflection in the polished aluminum behind Fairchild, thrilled as she saw the muscles on Fairchild's back growing more and more defined as the girl met Laura's powerful strength with her own.

Laura eventually reached up and tried to put her free hand around her own straining bicep, thrilling as she always did to find that it was far too large to be contained in just her hand. She felt her own breasts rising up firmly as she flexed her chest under the strain, her hard stomach becoming a perfect washboard of firm ridges.

Fairchild's breathing now quickened noticeably while her eyes roamed over Laura's body, the girl so obviously impressed with this nearly middle-aged woman. They both seemed to be thinking the same thoughts as they reached out together to place their free hands against the solid muscles of each other's upper chests. Yet before they started to really strain against each other, Fairchild felt Laura's hand move sensuously down her chest until she had centered her hand over her left breast, her fingers sinking deeply into her pronounced femininity. She felt her nipple tingling as it grew so much harder under Laura's firm grip, immediately understanding that this was going to be a uniquely female test of both strength and resistance to pain. Fairchild smiled as she remembered how much pressure she could exert against her own breasts now before they showed any sign of pain, knowing this was not going to be much of a contest. Visions of armor-piercing bullets bouncing from her breasts made her smile as she ran her own hand down Laura's left breast until it was centered over her nipple, gripping her just as firmly. She could also feel Laura's nipple growing bigger and firmer, pressing surprisingly firmly into the palm of her hand as the two of them started to strain against each other.

Fairchild's arm initially extended slightly as Laura's great strength was suddenly exerted against her, Laura drawing an appreciative glance as Fairchild realized that she had totally underestimated this woman's strength! She was many times stronger than any of the men she had met back on that island. In fact, her strength seemed to be well beyond anything she would have expected from a Terran woman, she seemed almost the equal of Chris, and he had been enhanced to superhuman levels!

Laura started to tighten her grip on Fairchild's breast in an effort to take control of this young girl, squeezing harder and harder. She was only rewarded with only a growing smile on the girl's face, and a nipple under her hand that had become amazingly large, erect and solid. Laura now poured her full strength into her grip, yet Fairchild easily met her strength with her own.

Laura was puzzled as the grip against her own breast bordered on being painful, yet it didn't look to her as if Fairchild was working very hard at this contest! Laura replayed that thought in her head before looking closer at her, realizing that Fairchild really wasn't exerting herself much at all. Her smiling face was relaxed and she showed no signs of strain, only greater and greater enjoyment and arousal. Yet this girl would have to be some kind of super girl to have the kind of easy strength she was now displaying!

"That's enough for now," said Fairchild, releasing her grip on Laura's hand and her breast. Laura's nipple had become noticeably erect under her hand during their contest, her eyes sparkling now as she used her super vision to scan Laura's body, noticing that she was beginning to respond sexually to her in some very apparent ways. She thought she understood what was turning Laura on, quickly deciding to test out her theory. She took a step backwards while whispering intimately.

"Watch my body, Laura. I think you of all people will be impressed with what I'm about to show you. I'm going to show you the full size and hardness of the most incredible muscles you have ever seen, muscles that make me stronger than any one who has ever lived on this planet. Far stronger even than yourself!"

Laura gasped at the words. This was a fantasy come true! A woman who not only worshipped the size and strength of powerful feminine muscles as she herself did, but also joined her in feeling that the full use of her own strength and another's admiration and response to her power during sex was the ultimate turn-on. Even more incredibly, this girl had the kind of superhuman muscles that were so clearly worthy of that admiration.

"Relax your arms and put your hands on my biceps," Fairchild commanded. Laura complied, relaxing her own arms to run her hands lingeringly over Fairchild's breasts before reaching upwards to hold her upper arms. Pressing her chest firmly against the mounded warmth of the girl's, she was astounded at how large and firm her breasts were. Both women's breasts compressed against their chests as the pressure built, Laura's yielding significantly more than Fairchild's.

Laura ran one hand up Fairchild's now relaxed arm until she was gripping her bicep, finding that she could put her long fingers most of the way around the girl's arm. She gripped her with all of her considerable strength, determined to show this girl a thing or two about strength.

Fairchild simply looked into Laura's eyes and smiled as she understood what the older woman was trying to do. She started to very gradually flex her biceps under the woman's hands, moving incredibly slowly so that Laura would get the full benefit of what she was about to share for the second time since she had arrived on Earth.

Laura grew increasingly excited as she felt the growing hardness in Fairchild's muscles, smiling as she felt that her tremendous grip was going to keep the girl from flexing her muscles properly. After a few moments however, she noticed that her fingers were no longer digging into Fairchild's arm and that her palm was being stretched around the rounded contours of her wildly growing bicep. Since Fairchild's arm was still extended nearly straight out from her body, she began to disbelieve the discoveries of her own hand. She was in shock as the girl started to bend her wrist and forearm slowly upwards, her bicep stretched Laura's hand until she could just barely reach around it. She looked down at Fairchild's arm, shocked and astounded by the size of the muscle she saw growing impossibly under her hand!

"Your arm! So slender before, but, but it's growing so big!" she gasped. Fairchild only smiled, gradually increasing the strain. Soon Laura's long fingers could no longer come even close to reaching around the girl's huge bicep. Fairchild's smile broadened as she saw the sense of wonder on the woman's face, her lips brushing her lips again as she whispered "Do you like my big bicep Laura, it's bigger and stronger than any woman, bigger even than any man who has ever lived on your planet. Would you like me to now flex it ALL the way?"

Laura pulled her hand away to stare down at the immense muscle that was still growing on Fairchild's arm! She reached back up with both of her hands as Fairchild rapidly expanded her bicep to its full softball-sized mound, her 24" arm putting any male bodybuilder to shame!

Laura gasped as her legs grew weak. "I can't even hold your wonderful huge muscle in *both* of my hands now. My God, Fairchild, you... your slim arms, they, I mean, they've have grown into muscles even larger than my own! How... God, I'm squeezing you as hard as I can, but there's NO give! It's like you're are made of steel, a Girl of Steel!" A sudden vision of a comic-book heroine flashed through Laura's head, yet no artist had ever dared draw even a comic-book heroine with a body the equal of Fairchild's!

Fairchild gasped in reply as she sensed the strength of Laura's passion. "Oh, yes, that's nice Laura! Your hands feel so wonderful. Hold me as hard as you can! Oh yes! Your hands on my bicep, GOD, you are holding me stronger than anyone ever has before! My lord, you're making my nipples so hard! Can you feel them boring into your breasts?"

"They're so wonderful!" Laura breathed in her ear. "May I taste them?"

Fairchild put her hands behind Laura and gently lowered her onto a group of soft bags, keeping her body impossibly flexed as she raised herself up while starting to run her big tingling nipples over Laura's mouth, her hand tracing down over Laura's hard flat stomach to reach between her legs. Laura bit down gently on Fairchild's hard nipples while arching her body upward towards her approaching hand. She kept increasing the force of her bite until she was using all her strength, Fairchild now moaning in pleasure and she started to roughly run her tightly clenched teeth over her huge nipples. There was obviously nothing she could do that would ever hurt this apparent super girl, so she unleashed all the power of her own body!

Laura's powerful vaginal muscles unconsciously contracted harder than they ever had before. Yet she tried to relax her excited muscles - she wanted Fairchild's fingers inside her! - but it suddenly didn't matter as she felt Fairchild's strong fingers entering her anyway, effortlessly expanding her tight vaginal walls! The sensation of her hard vaginal muscles being overcome effortlessly by this super girl was almost too much for Laura to contain. She arched her back and felt an intense orgasm starting to well up so quickly deep inside her.

Fairchild pressed her breasts firmly over Laura's mouth to smother her loud passionate cries as she rapidly vibrated the muscles in her arm, sliding her fingers in and out of Laura's firm vagina and across her hard clitoris at super speed. Every time Laura thought she had hit her orgasmic peak, Fairchild would change the incredible motions of her hand slightly and Laura would surge upward to even greater passion, Fair denying her any release as she took her higher and higher toward ecstasy. Laura frantically reached down to run her hands over the steel-hard muscles of Fairchild's arm as she used those obviously super muscles to find new ways to heighten her orgasm. The sensations of her own hands as she felt Fairchild's surging and vibrating arm muscles combined with the stimulation of the girl's fingers deep in her vagina caused her to finally have orgasm after orgasm. She screamed with all her energy, but the noise was suppressed by the large beautiful breast that was pressed so tightly against her face.

It was nearly thirty minutes later when Laura finally sagged to the floor, gasping for breath as Fairchild let her head fall onto the bags. Her entire body was still buzzing, having never had orgasms even remotely as intense as the ones she had just enjoyed! She had probably been in nearly a continuous orgasm for twenty minutes or more, this super girl having shown no signs of tiring even though she had been pouring tremendous strength into Laura's body the entire time!

Fairchild now sat back down beside her and wished she could share in Laura's pleasure herself. She was so very aroused by the strength and beauty of the woman beside her, but she knew that the strength of even one of her gentler orgasms would shake the plane and all the passengers and could possibly even damage the aircraft. She was still too inexperienced in the use of her new powers to have that much control over herself, especially if she let her passion run free. Besides, she knew Laura had to get back to work upstairs before she was missed.

Helping Laura get dressed again, the two of them paused to kiss several times as they both knew that something incredible, something that should have been impossible, had happened here today. Yet they both got dressed in silence before walking back to the elevator together, Laura a feeling a little daring while thinking about going back to work without her panties, her lipstick nearly kissed off and her hair tousled.

Glancing down, she was amazed to see Fairchild freeing the elevator by using her fingernail to separate the crushed metal rail from where she had frozen it into place earlier, Gasping at such a casual use of Fairchild's unbelievable strength, they shared a last brief kiss before Laura stepped into the elevator.

When Laura arrived back upstairs, she was quickly pulled away to help the other attendants at the front of the aircraft. Yet she kept glancing nervously back toward the rear elevator, hoping she could distract the other attendants while Fairchild came back up. Suddenly bending down to load up one of the ovens, she didn't see the man who got up from the rear of the plane, entering the elevator before immediately activating the correct combination. The elevator started to take him downstairs!

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Fairchild heard the elevator starting to move again and expected Laura to be returning. She was therefore surprised when a man in a leather jacket stepped out of it. He appeared equally startled, quickly jumping aside before pulling a small block of plastic from his coat and aiming it at her. Fairchild looked down to see a small opening in the end of the block and a button on the side that his finger rested against. Narrowing her eyes, she quickly scanned the internals of the block with her Tachyon vision, dismayed to discover that it was some kind of energy weapon!

Fairchild slowly stepped backward as the man approached her, moving into the huge luggage area where she had more room to move around. Her Protector's instincts told her that she had to disarm this man, but since they were standing around a lot of flammable luggage and directly below the huge fuel tanks of the plane, she didn't want him to start firing an energy weapon here. Her heat vision would be just as bad as she wasn't sure how the weapon in his hand would react if she tried to disable it. Besides, she was still having trouble controlling her eyes.

Despite that, she knew she couldn't allow him to get by her to reach the front of the plane, so she stopped in a narrow spot in the middle of the luggage compartment and put her hands on her hips to block his way. He tried to motion her away with a flick of his weapon, but she shook her head. His look was contemptuous as he gave her a leering grin, obviously thinking she was going to be a pushover. He was probably used to the kind of subservient women who usually hung around criminals like himself.

"This is as far as you go," Fairchild said firmly to him. "Why don't you just drop that weapon now before somebody gets hurt down here?"

"Hey, move aside, bitch. I got business to attend to."

"This is as far as I go," she said firmly. "You want to get past me, you'll have to go through me, and I doubt you're man enough to do that."

The man glanced up at the ceiling as he also realized the danger of using his weapon down here, so he shoved it into his back pocket. He looked back at the tall teenage girl, very aware of her beauty yet hardly worried about defeating her. He was a hell of a lot stronger than any blonde bimbo, and he still had some time to kill before he was due at the front of the plane anyway. Besides, he felt himself getting turned on as he stared down at her very impressive tits as she rested her hands on her hips. He thought it was cute the way they pushed upward defiantly and very distinctly under her blouse.

Despite her cutely determined look, he couldn't figure out why she was challenging him like this. It would take little more than one good slap in the face, and she would be as humble as all the other women he had known. Walking confidently forward, he opened his hand to deliver just such a staggering blow across her face.

The sharp sound of the slap was different than what he expected, an electric shock running up his arm as his hand simply bounced off her face. In fact, his entire hand was stinging strongly enough now to put tears in his eyes, his arm feeling exactly as if he had just slapped a bronze statue or whatever!

"God damn it," he gasped as he held his stinging hand between his legs, "what did you just do to me?"

A smile grew on her lips and she seemed to grow even taller as she looked at him with her calm deep blue eyes.

"Ah, I think you did that to me. And if that was supposed to hurt me," she said with a little smile on her face, "then you had better try a lot harder the next time!"

Angry at her mocking response, he quickly reached up to grab her hair while trying to throw her violently up against the wall. He threw all the strength and weight of his body into the effort, but she didn't move more than a fraction of an inch. He suddenly felt ridiculous, like a little boy tugging and pulling on a big bronze statue as she just stood still and smiled down at him. Pulling his hand free, he doubled up his fist and smashed it strongly into her stomach. His hand simply rebounded painfully, doubling him over with pain as it felt as if he had just punched his fist against a rippling steel plate!

He was ANGRY now. "You are just pissing me off, sweetcakes, you better move now before you really get hurt!" A smirking smile crossed the girl's face as the man lost control now, stepping forward to deliver a powerful roundhouse blow to the side of her face, his years as a boxer giving him unusual strength

A blaze of pain rushed up his arm as he felt something rip deep inside his shoulder, an agonizing CRUNCH coming from his knuckles as they hit her face. His wrist bent painfully backward as his hand just bounced off her jaw, a gasp of pain escaping his lips as he leaned over to hold his bruised hand against his stomach.

"Is THAT all you can do?" she asked derisively as she looked down at the pitiful man as he held his injured hand. "You haven't even gotten my attention yet, let alone hurt me. Here, let me give you some motivation. God knows you haven't given *me* any yet."

Fairchild was starting to really get into how much stronger she was than this violent man. Crossing her arms as she reached down to pull her blouse up over her shoulders, she realized that she was actually *enjoying* his pitiful attempts hurt her, realizing he had no idea who he was dealing with, that there was absolutely nothing he could do to actually injure her. As before back on that island, she found she was really enjoying this feeling of female superiority as she knew she was better than this man in every possible way! This sure beat kowtowing to those arrogant males back on Velor!

She watched his eyes staring at her strong flat stomach as she began to slowly pull her top upward. She heard him gasp as her breasts jiggled free, the man obviously impressed as he stared at the largest and firmest tits he could ever have seen. She saw him flushing as he inhaled her incredible natural perfume, her pheromones now permeating the luggage compartment. She responded by just smiling at him with her big blue eyes, wondering what he was going to do now.

His pain suddenly melted away as he breathed in the scent of honey and flowers, suddenly wanting to do far more than pound on this gorgeous girl.

"To hell with the schedule," he thought, *"this bimbo is going to get a taste of a real man here."* He reached up and roughly grabbed her breasts as he tried, but failed, to close his hands completely around them. They were just too big!

Fairchild looked down at his hands as he grabbed her tits, gently placing her own hands over his as he held her with his pitiful strength. She looked down through his clothes to see that he was getting an erection, but she was not impressed at all by how small and soft his cock actually was, once again realizing how 'insufficient' these ordinary Terran men were. Her eyes rose back up to meet his.

"Are you sure you're man enough to finish what you're trying to start, especially with that little 'thing'?" she asked as she looked him straight in the eyes. "I'm far more woman than you could possibly *begin* to satisfy with that itty-bitty thing."

The man was shocked and angered by her crude taunts, suddenly feeling himself shrink further as she insulted his manhood. What the hell did this bimbo think she was trying to do: piss him off? His face was a dangerous mask of anger and confusion as he gripped and twisted her breasts in his hands so hard that he jerked her whole body toward his own. But she didn't cry and sob as his hands tried to bruise her tits, in fact she didn't change her expression in the least, apparently *allowing* him to pull her face up against his. He was too surprised by her sudden complacency to notice that her breasts were growing a lot firmer under his hands than they had any right to be!

Fairchild felt herself getting just a bit pissed now as she felt his hands crudely gripping and twisting at her breasts. His grip would have caused any Terran woman incredible pain, pain that he obviously was trying to inflict on her.

Despite her growing contempt for the man, she calmly raised her hands to place them on the back of his as she looked him in the eye.

"So, you like hurting women, do you, showing off the strength of your grip and all? Well, I certainly hope my tits feel good to you, because you aren't going to ever feel anything with those hands again." Her smile suddenly became a deadly glare as she began to squeeze his hands against her body with her own strength. She was feeling a little pissed at Terran men in general and this man in particular, always trying to use their strength to take advantage of women. This man was about to find out who had the real strength here!

"Yeouch!!" The man cried as he began writhing and twisting in an attempt to pull his hands away from a grip that was suddenly extremely painful. Yet he still felt her soft breasts compressing under his hands, both of them growing ever firmer as he felt the very bones of his hands bending against them, her hard nipples pressing painfully into his palms. Pain shot up his arms as she continued to increase her iron grip, her arm muscles startling him as they flexed far larger than he had ever seen on a woman. Her nipples soon felt like they were boring holes in his palms, the pressure building impossibly yet inexorably until he finally heard himself screaming: the bones in his hands just couldn't take anymore. The last thing he heard before he blacked out was the loud crunching of every bone in his hands and wrists, her hands and breasts now feeling like they were made of granite, his legs turning to jelly, his entire body weight suddenly hanging from her powerfully feminine tits!

After letting him hang unconscious for a few moments, Fairchild let go as he slid down her body to collapse onto the floor. She picked him up roughly by the front of his jacket and threw him over to the side of the compartment. Walking after him, she pushed her fingertips into the sheet metal wall to tear long strips of aluminum from it, twisting the sharp metal around his body before twisting it back around one of the pipes in the wall. He wasn't going *anywhere* now.

*

Up in the passenger cabin, Laura was closely watching a group of six men in the rear of the main cabin while she worked her way back down the aisle. They looked awfully nervous for people in the middle of such a long flight. Since this wasn't the safest part of the world, she knew there might easily be trouble from this bunch before this flight was over. She was just passing them while starting back up the aisle when two of them jumped up and grabbed her arms, pointing some strange plastic blocks at her while roughly pulling her back toward the rear of the plane.

With her heart suddenly pounding with fear, she looked at the blocky thing in one man's hand - apparently a weapon - and suddenly realized that the airport security screen had made a serious mistake!

*

Meanwhile down in the cargo area, Fairchild had reached down to take the weapon from the man's pocket. She squinted her eyes and increased the power of her Tachyon vision until she was able to see inside the plastic block, her heart skipping a few beats as she saw what it contained! These were clearly not Terran weapons, but instead were an advanced particle beam technology. Witnessing the first overt evidence she had seen of the alien interference on Earth she had been sent by her home planet to fight, her body was flushed with adrenaline, suddenly angry that some alien race was arming Terran thugs with advanced weapons. Arion's no doubt!

She knew about these weapons, about how they exploded within a few minutes of being taken from the body of the owner, tuned as they were to the chemical signature of their owner's skin. She had seen pictures back on Velor of the violent explosions, the crater often nearly a hundred yards in diameter, a blast of nearly nuclear power! While Fairchild wasn't afraid for herself, she could survive such a blast and the subsequent drop to the sea so far below, she had to think of the fate of Chris and Laura and the other 400 people on the plane. In addition, if anyone started firing these things, she could not predict what affect they might have on the airframe and engines. And if this thing self-destructed, the entire plane would be instantly vaporized!

She had barely thought this through when she felt the weapon suddenly buzzing in her hand, a high pitched piercing whistle indicating that she only had a few seconds left before it exploded! Looking around wildly, she saw that she had no place to throw it, the aircraft being pressured as it was. Looking down at herself, she realized that she was going to have to smother it with her own body. Not knowing if she was strong enough or invulnerable enough to survive such an incredible blast, the Protector in her barely hesitated as she slid it deeply into the cleavage between her breasts, her hands closing to squeeze the soft flesh around it, pressing inward with much of the power in her arms and chest. The last thing she saw before her eyes were dazzled by the flash was the man's eyes opening wide as he woke back up, his eyes staring directly at her tightly squeezed breasts!

A blinding blast of heat energy exploded into existence deep between Fairchild's super breasts, a minor version of the sun itself sending out angry energies, the explosion reaching near nuclear temperatures as it struggled to expand. Laura gasped as her chest suddenly expanded elastically to fill her encircling arms, growing from melon-size to nearly beachball-size as the powerful energies impossibly expanded her soft flesh. It took all the power of her Velorian muscles to keep her breasts squeezed together as many millions of pounds of pressure tried to blow them apart, her flesh suddenly blazing red-hot as the energies heated her skin. Her eyes grew huge in surprise as her flesh soon grew too large to even reach around, her fingers slipping from her nipples as they grew too far outward to reach. With every ounce of her powerful arms straining to keep her massive cleavage closed, the energies all turned to heat, her breasts the perfect organ to absorb such power.

She could barely see between them to watch the man's eyes as they grew as large as saucers, the impossible sight of such massive breasts filling his vision! They continued to balloon outward, the soft warm contours finally pinning the man against the wall, his crushed hands unable to rise to push back against them, his face pressed deeply into them as he was suddenly unable to breathe, the silky soft flesh, now heated to a thousand degrees, smothering the last spark of his miserable existence!

Fairchild had no idea what was happening to the man, closing her eyes as she concentrated on absorbing and concentrating the power she had absorbed, her absolutely mammoth tits gradually shrinking as she stored the energy chemically in the fluids that always infused them. It took nearly five minutes, but they finally shrank down until they were near normal size again, the glow deep inside her cleavage fading as her skin temperature came back down to normal!

*

Up in the cockpit, all the instruments suddenly went haywire, the electromagnetic burst from the explosion melting half of them down, sparks flashing everywhere. Pulling circuit breakers out as fast as they could, the crew struggled to regain navigational control, the wiring harness of the aircraft damaged and smoking, a dozen alarms going off at the same time.

*

Meanwhile, back in the cabin, the only effect was that every digital watch suddenly stopped, a small curl of smoke rising from them as their wearers quickly removed them before they burned their wrists.

At the same time, Laura stood obediently still as the men held her, acting as if she was afraid for her safety as the men pointed the weapons at her. The man next to her surprised her as he suddenly placed a wide belt around her waist and snapped it shut. She heard a humming noise and felt the belt tighten around her slim waist.

One of the men said, "All right doll, this thing's a bomb and we've got the detonator! Either you cooperate or . . ." One of the men indeed waved an electronic detonator around in his hand, and all six of them started to yell as they shoved her forward up toward the flight deck.

*

Fairchild heard the men yelling above her and looked up through the floor with her Tachyon vision, her body now feeling even stronger and more energetic than normal from all the new energy she had just absorbed. She quickly comprehended the situation, immediately turning to fly forward along the length of the entire airplane in less than a second. She landed inside the front elevator and quickly punched the buttons to make it rise up to meet the men as they approached the cockpit.

Arriving on the upper deck, Fairchild looked out through the wall of the front kitchen as the men approached. She quickly realized that the belt around Laura's waist was a far more powerful version of the explosive she had just smothered. Her sensitive hearing also picked up the high pitched humming of an energy field that had formed around the belt, her training sufficient to tell her that the field probably acted as a detonator - breaking the field would cause the belt to explode. The explosive itself also certainly looked like yet another advanced alien construct. She correctly assumed that it was also more than powerful enough to vaporize the aircraft, leaving no evidence behind.

The men finally came around the side of the forward kitchen to see a young blond girl confronting them. Watching their surprised reactions, Fair suddenly realized that she had forgotten to put her top back on, their eyes growing very wide as they looked down at her bare breasts. The leader recovered quickly however; understanding that this girl was simply trying to distract them. He smiled and silently congratulated her on coming up with an innovative attempt to slow them down, but he still rewarded her with a vicious blow to her face.

Fairchild didn't want to spoil her secret identity just yet, so she allowed his blow to knock her head aside while pretending to be stunned. He responded by cruelly grabbing the hair at the back of her head while dragging her forward across the floor. They also dragged Laura with them for another twenty feet before finally reaching the cockpit door, the leader roughly throwing Laura to the floor of the tiny adjacent kitchen. She hit hard, suddenly terrified that the belt was going to explode then and there, but apparently it contained a detonator sophisticated enough to ignore fairly minor impacts.

Laura turned to look over her shoulder to see what the hijackers were doing, and to her surprise, saw them tapping out a code on the cockpit door. Someone inside immediately opened the door and cordially invited them into the cockpit, leaving a single man outside to guard the two of them as the heavy armored door locked shut securely behind them.

Fairchild didn't hesitate as she saw her opportunity, casually stepping forward while pretending to stumble, falling heavily against the armored cockpit door. She was surprised to feel how sturdy it was, the airline having recently made an investment to improve the security of the cockpit by installing a several thousand pound hardened steel door and frame. The metal was the same kind of high tensile steel used on bank vaults and was several inches thick.

While Fairchild knew that her strength was clearly adequate to force even an armored door such as this open, she was not ready to reveal herself yet. She knew that she and everyone around her would become instant targets for these men once they discovered her unusual abilities. She had a lot of work to do before that happened!

Thinking furiously about how she could open the cockpit door without the guard or the men in the cockpit realizing what she was doing, it wasn't until she saw the way the guard was looking at her that she got an idea. She turned to see that most of the other First Class passengers were also staring at her, her only clothing being her tiny mini-skirt and a pair of sneakers. Sighing, she realized that she would have preferred some privacy for what she now had in mind, but this would just have to do. There were only twenty people on the upper deck.

Placing her back against the armored door, she slowly straightened her legs to rise up from the floor, flicking her silky hair behind her back, staring into the man's eyes as she gave him her biggest and sexiest smile. At the same time, she took a big breath and flexed her chest slightly to push her breasts up even higher on her chest. She carefully held his eyes in her own while slowly reaching up to hold herself, lifting her breasts even higher on her chest. Her fingers twirled around her nipples as she drew the man's eyes slowly downward as he followed her every move. Her smile never wavered, her big blue eyes meeting his fervid glances as she ran her hand up under her skirt, lifting it higher and higher. His eyes followed her hands eagerly, catching increasingly tantalizing glimpses of a bright blond bush before her skirt covered it again.

Fairchild was surprised at how much her own body was responding to her touch and to his eyes, her nipples tingling wildly as they started to grow larger and harder. The eyes of her rapt audience, the hijacker and the fascinated passengers, grew wide as they saw the largest nipples any of them had ever seen sticking out from her breasts. They each grew to nearly an inch long and nearly half as wide, inspired by the gaze of her onlookers.

At the same time, the hijacker smelled an incredibly sweet perfume, one that made his entire body feel like it was floating off the floor. His jaw dropped and the detonator he was holding began wandering around as his mind stopped sending signals to his hand to hold it steady. He was so totally occupied by watching her fingers as they gently stroking across her pussy, by the wonderful little flashes of her blond bush that she tantalized him with, her ample breasts so excitingly visible to him as she ran her hands firmly over them, lifting them up almost as if she was offering them to him personally! He was also clearly aware that she was becoming more and more aroused, openly masturbating right in front of him! He almost lost control as she cupped her hands firmly under her tits and lifted them high up her chest, leaning down to rub her huge nipples repeatedly and sensuously across her own lips!

Lifting them even more firmly against her mouth, her tongue darted over her nipples before she gripped them in her teeth, her eyes looking up through the blonde strands of her hair, never losing their focus on the man's shocked face. Fairchild could now barely remember that this display wasn't just for her own enjoyment, she was supposed to be acting here! She turned her head slightly to look down the aisle and suddenly realized that there must be at least twenty people watching her every move! Their eyes were riveted to her body, and everywhere she looked she could see trousers bulging and panties moistening as they and she became more and more aroused.

Despite the seriousness of the situation and her own arousal, she almost laughed, so aware that she was no longer the demure teenage girl she had been only a few weeks ago on her home planet of Velor. In fact, this was actually fun! She now couldn't help herself from showing off even more, her super muscles flexing as she used her immense strength to arouse herself even further.

She was also no longer acting, really getting turned on now! Sensing that what was really turning her on was that there were so many people watching her touch herself, she suddenly felt a burst of sexual energy coming from between her legs. She had never been an exhibitionist before - quite the opposite - but now she found she was secretly thrilled to feel all those eyes watching and appreciating her body as she performed for them. Quickly pulling her skirt completely above her waist, she reached down to begin sliding her fingers into her pussy again, using one finger to fondle her hard clit. She spread her sexy lips wide apart to show her audience everything, the protruding pinkness clearly visible to all the passengers in the upper cabin as well as to the man she was trying to seduce! She followed his eyes down to her muscles as she used her super strength to arouse herself.

It didn't take long now before the man was so turned on by her erotic display that he forgot what he was holding in his hand. The detonator clattered to the floor as he single-mindedly reached down to begin opening his fly, convinced that this girl wanted him to fuck her right here and now!

Fairchild finally realized that her primitive effort to seduce the man had caused another power to manifest itself: her super pheromones. Yet despite that, she was astounded at what she had just done to this man! She had taken a dangerous and desperate man and somehow disarmed him with only her smile and with the vague promise of her body. Tearing her eyes from his, she stared back at the flushed faces of the passengers, realizing that the powerful aphrodisiac effects of the unique Velorian pheromones her body emitted when she was aroused were probably drifting throughout the entire cabin, exciting everyone! Her thoughts were confirmed when she saw couples all over the upper deck holding each other closely, perfect strangers suddenly conversing excitedly with their seat mates, leaning close as a sense of closeness and warmth filled the huge plane!

Suddenly feeling like a super girl in more than one way, Fairchild breathed her scent down the aisle way, determined to be as super as she knew how!

*

(To be continued...)

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