

## Aurora Episode 04-1

*Fairchild begins to explore her obligations as Aurora, the planetary protector, as she defeats the terrorists. In the process, the giant 747 BigTop they are flying in becomes disabled over the Pacific, Aurora finding that she must now save 500 people, her newly acquired flying powers put to the ultimate test.*

(Revision: 2)

by Sharon Best

### *Battle over the Pacific*

During the time that Fairchild was exploring her ability to overpower the man with her sexuality, Laura had been lying on the floor of the kitchen, initially afraid to move for fear of detonating the explosive about her waist. Yet she couldn't imagine how a trained terrorist could be so careless as to have turned his back on her. Screwing up her courage, she decided to take advantage of the opportunity, rising quietly and cat-like from the corner of the kitchen. She couldn't see what Fairchild was doing, but she saw the man concentrating on something other than her, his hand wavering until she saw him actually drop the detonator! Suddenly rising to wrap her strong arms around his body, she held him in a mighty bear hug. Yet the man still didn't react, his body trembling strongly as he stared out toward the cockpit door. Twisting her head, Laura looked around his shoulder to see for the first time what was distracting him so powerfully. She was shocked to see Fairchild standing with her chest bared and her huge nipples erect, leaning her back against the cockpit door while masturbating in front of everyone!

Laura suddenly felt a strange combination of protectiveness and wild jealousy to see the man staring so fixedly at Fairchild's fingers. She had no idea what this man had done to her to force her to show herself off so blatantly, but adrenaline suddenly coursed through her veins, fueling a sudden and violent anger. While one side of her knew that Fairchild could certainly protect herself physically, another part knew that she was still a very young and inexperienced teenage girl, despite her incredible physical powers.

Laura had no idea what could have happened to make Fairchild behave like this, but whatever it was, Fairchild was not controlling the situation as well as she apparently thought she was. Laura's protectiveness quickly came to the surface as she began to flex her powerful arms while squeezing the man's upper body as firmly as she could.

The man belatedly came to his senses as Laura's python-like grip suddenly began to hold him tighter and tighter. Struggled futilely to pull his arms free, he reached up to try to separate her joined hands. Laura suddenly changed holds, seizing his neck inside her left elbow while grabbing his right wrist with her free hand, powerfully levering it behind his back. He was a very strong man, his body momentarily challenging Laura's strength as he tried to twist himself free with all his strength. Yet she succeeded in holding him firmly against her body, knowing the penalty for failure was death!

Pulling him back against her powerful body, forcing his right arm higher and higher up his back as he struggled with all his might to break free, she suddenly heard him gasp, his arm popping loudly as she dislocated his shoulder. Feeling an electric surge of power running up through her body, a wild tingling power that started between her legs and ran upward across her stomach and deep into her breasts, she was shocked to discover how much stronger she was than this athletic man. Her nipples snapped fully erect at the same time, her aroused strength spreading through her chest muscles and down into her arms. Exulting in the sensation of femme power, her breasts felt like they were either growing larger or getting firmer as they pushed against his back.

Releasing his now useless arm, Laura wrapped both of her arms back around his chest to hold him tightly against her own, his ribs noticeably bending against her firm breasts as she held him tighter and tighter, her muscles flexing harder than she had ever felt them before as her anger and her arousal grew. Squeezing for all she was worth, she suddenly felt his body giving way, the strong bones in his upper arms breaking into pieces under her tremendous strength.

Sensing what was happening on one level, she was thrilled by the sense of power that filled her arms on another level, suddenly too surprised and too angry to ease up her fierce embrace. It wasn't until she felt heard another loud crack, this one coming from his spine as it snapped in half from where it had been twisted into the now significant cleavage between her impossibly firm breasts!

Meanwhile, Fairchild was so caught up in the sexual spell she had spun for the man, finally shaking her head to clear out the cobwebs as she came back to her senses. Despite her inexperience, she had enough presence of mind to know that it was now time for business, not for sexual games. Turning her head while brushing the hair from her right ear, she tried to hear what was being said in the cockpit, her super hearing picking up a conversation between the crew and the hijackers. She was shocked to hear them discussing how to bail out of the plane before blowing it up in mid-air!

She realized that she, Laura, and all the passengers were trapped several ways. The flight crew controlled the aircraft, the hijackers controlled the cockpit, and the very explosive they were all planning to use to blow up the plane was wrapped around Laura's waist! She heard the copilot, a guy who had apparently been hitting on Laura for some time without success, laughing about how the explosion was going to ensure that the 'frigid blonde bitch' was going to get seriously warmed up before this day was over!

Fairchild's concentration was broken when she heard a cracking and gasping sound coming from the man that Laura was holding, looking around just in time to see his wide-open eyes and gaping mouth as his chest collapsed under Laura's strong embrace. Fairchild knew that Laura was extremely strong, but this went far beyond human strength, and well beyond the power she had displayed when they had been together. Watching Laura drop the crushed man to the floor, her breasts now standing up on her chest more firmly than should have been possible for a normal woman, she looked like she was wearing a WonderBra, except for the minor fact that her nipples were now sticking out of the holes they had torn in her thin blouse.

Laura caught Fairchild's eyes, following them down to look in shocked surprise at herself. Strangely, she was no more embarrassed than Fairchild had been a few minutes before, smiling back at her while holding her breasts in her hands, giving them a quick and playful shake. Shrugging her shoulders, she dropped her hands, then closed the front curtain to walk softly over to stand beside Fairchild.

She whispered in her ear, "It looks like we both have some mysteries to solve once we get out of this mess, girlfriend!" Fairchild returned her warm smile before turning sideways to study the locked cockpit door. Reaching down to the lock, she placed her fingertips against the hardened steel surrounding the lock mechanism. Pressing them firmly inward, she began to slowly increase the pressure, knowing that she had to do this slowly so as not to over-stress the external airframe that this armored wall was attached to. She knew she probably had the strength to tear this 747 apart with her bare hands.

She had barely begun to work when she felt Laura's warm hands running strongly over her muscles, adoring the size and power of her arms as they flexed, Fairchild turning her head to smile back at her as she gradually and carefully increased her strength. It took nearly a minute before she began to feel the steel gently yielding beneath her fingers, the tendons of her wrist standing out strongly as she used slightly more than five tons of pressure against the door. At the same time, Laura felt Fairchild's arm muscles growing impossibly large under her hands, staring down at those same tendons as all of her incredible strength flowed into her fingers. Fingers that were suddenly making indentations in the steel lock! Laura's eyes opened wide in amazement as the steel flowed up around Fairchild's intruding fingers as they forced themselves deeply into the steel door, the effect looking for all the world like someone pushing their fingers into soft modeling clay!

Laura finally began to understand the full magnitude of this teenager's strength. Still feeling very protective towards her, knowing that she was very naïve in the ways of the world, she also felt tremendously attracted to her as well. What gorgeous femme power she possessed, she was everything that the comic-book Supergirl should have been! Squeezing Fairchild's now harder-than-steel muscles as hard as she could, she couldn't help herself as she leaned closer to run her tongue into Fairchild's ear and nibble on her earlobe.

Fairchild's fingers were now pushed almost completely into the steel lock as she discovered once again how much she enjoyed using her powers as Aurora, especially before an appreciative audience. She felt Laura lean toward her and shivered at the delicious sensations as Laura placed her tongue in her ear and nibbled on her earlobe. It was still amazing to her that the steel-hard muscles in one part of her body could be exerting many thousands of pounds of force, while another part of her body was so thrillingly sensitive to the gentlest touch. Turning her head sideways, she brushed her lips against Laura's, feeling the softness of another femme and the sensuous promises she was making to her. Becoming more and more excited by the attentions of this beautiful woman, Fairchild felt her nipples growing hard once again.

Despite her arousal, or perhaps because of it, she could not begin to calculate the force she must be exerting to make steel flow under her fingers. She still hadn't completely accepted the strength that she now possessed on this planet, looking down again and again with her super vision to confirm that her grip was accomplishing what she had planned. Sure enough, the six heavy steel rods radiating out from the lock were bending inward and pulling out of their seats in the door frame as she collapsed the lock mechanism controlling them. Needing only to pull the lock mechanism out of the door to get them to fully retract, she started to pull her hand backward along with the hardened lock mechanism. Keeping her movements slow and steady to prevent any noise, she also succeeded in keeping from overstressing the attached airframe, finally removing her hand completely. Reaching over to drop the mangled steel remains of the lock into the trash container next to the elevator, she could feel the door now moving freely on its hinges.

Fairchild didn't realize it, but her work on the lock had created an inward bulge on the other side of the door. One of the hijackers had noticed it, silently directing his companions toward the threat. While they had no idea how such an occurrence was possible, they understood enough to know that someone or something was about to open the cockpit door. Two of the terrorists stood facing it, their energy weapons ready for anyone or anything foolish enough to come through. They had all personally seen these weapons melt through both sides of a huge battle tank within a couple of seconds. They had been thrilled with avarice when they had seen them burn through a bank vault door three feet thick in less than ten seconds. In both cases the steel had sparked and sputtered momentarily, then had flowed in great liquid waves away from the point of contact. If someone was coming through that door, there was no conceivable body armor they could wear that would resist these weapons!

Fairchild still thought she had gotten past the lock in secrecy, but Laura was more cautious, putting her hand on her shoulder to stop her when she started to open the door.

She whispered, "Better make sure they don't know you're coming."

Fairchild shook her blond hair and pushed Laura back behind her body while whispering back. "You'll be safe behind me, just stay put. They can't possibly know I'm coming, so I'll be fine."

Taking a deep breath, Fairchild quickly pulled the door open and stepped into the opening, not realizing that her youth and inexperience had led her into serious trouble. She was immediately dazzled by the sun shining through the cockpit windows directly into her eyes. Before she could adjust to the glare, two orange beams lanced out from the men who were standing about five feet in front of her, realizing from their quick reaction that she had just made a serious mistake.

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The two armed men had been watching the door carefully when it suddenly opened and a young girl, possibly 18 or 19, stepped into the opening, her perfect body naked from the waist up. They had assumed that some kind of powerful robotic weapon or other armored device was going to enter, not a beautiful, young, and nearly naked young woman! Their reactions to her body were typically male, their eyes immediately converged on her unusually large breasts and her erect nipples. Keyed up from expecting to defend themselves against a powerful SWAT team or worse, their fingers were ready on the buttons and their reflexes pointed their weapons where their eyes were converging. The orange beams lanced out of their weapons and landed directly on Fairchild's breasts!

Fairchild's was struck by a tremendous shock wave and a powerful blast of heat that generated millions of watts of energy. The force of the particle beams formed a huge dimple in the center of each of her breasts and pressed her hard nipples so deeply into her flesh that they were pressing painfully into the muscles underneath. For the second time in half an hour, she was assaulted by weapons that were clearly not of Terran manufacture. Feeling an intense burning and a burst of tremendous pain as the combined power of the particle beams and the heat they generated pulsed through her unprotected breasts, she feared that she was not as invulnerable as she had thought. Staggering under the pain of the twin assault; she realized she had never experienced this kind of agony before, not even when smothering the explosion of one of these device's self-destruct machinery only a short time ago. Looking down at herself, she saw that her breasts were beginning to glow white-hot, instinctively raising her palms to intercept the beams.

Now the painful beams were impacting on her hands, but she could at least bear that better than having them raging against her far more sensitive breasts. She forced herself forward against the beams' tremendous power, the sun's glare now but a shadow compared to the intense glow of her hands as they heated white-hot from the energy weapons. Yet the pain in her breasts was still lancing through her chest as she forced herself forward against this mighty current until her hands reached the very weapons the men were holding. Wondering why her body hadn't vaporized, they continued to fire as her white-hot hands gripped the weapons, her grip burning and crushing the weapons and the men's hands together into a tangle of partially melted alien metal and seared human flesh. The men screamed in pain as they fell to their knees, the clothing of their upper bodies exploding into flame.

The First Officer turned around when he heard the men scream, the Flight Engineer aiming a CO2 extinguisher at the men, the cockpit suddenly filled with a dense white vapor. Reaching down into his flight bag, the FO grabbed a handgun from his bag, firing several rounds at the girl just before she was obscured by the mist. He was rewarded with bright sparks as the bullets struck and bounced off the bare skin of her flat hard stomach.

Meanwhile, Fairchild was discovering yet another aspect of the remarkable new powers she had gained since arriving here on Earth: incredibly fast physical reflexes! As the bullets bounced off her stomach, she reached out and snagged them with her hands to prevent the forceful rebounds from damaging the aircraft.

The co-pilot quickly realized that he hadn't hurt this apparent super girl at all! Staring at her as she walked closer to him, he lowered the gun and jammed it up under her skirt as she reached down to take it away from him. Fairchild felt the hot barrel being forced between the lips of her labia, taking an involuntary breath at the sensation of the hot steel entering her vagina, her entire body lifting violently into the air a second later as the man began firing it directly into her!

A thrilling tingle blasted deep into her vagina as she felt the hot gases from the gun expanding inside her, tracing the sensation of each burning bullet as it raced deeply into her until it was flattened against her steel-hard cervix. She then felt another incredible shock through her body, one that was hardly unpleasant, one that made her body tingle and burn with an insatiable desire. Gasping with pleasure as her body was lifted into the air, the gun slipped outward until each powerful bullet smashed into her clitoris, some of them bouncing from that steely organ before ricocheting deeply inside her. The shock and the pleasure so consumed her that she thrust her hips forward, her normally soft labia swallowing the gun again as they crushed down against the barrel of the gun strongly enough that the man couldn't pull it back out again. Powerful and wonderful sensations continued to blast through her body as the hot gases of each round sent a new wave of pleasure through her body.

The hot powerful stimulation of the bullets brought her instantly to orgasm, overcoming her with needs that were so immediate that she couldn't stop herself even after the gun ran out of bullets. Reaching down with both of her hands to grab the hot gun, she pressed it deeper into herself, the uncontrolled power of her intimate muscles gripping and bent the steel as her preoccupied hands unknowingly crushed the man's hand and the steel together as she shoved the barrel of the gun deeper into herself. The man screamed in agony as he felt his flesh and broken bones merging with the twisted steel.

Bending the barrel upward, she jammed the top of the now empty gun against her hard clitoris again and again as she felt her orgasm continuing to surge from deep inside her. Her body shook and vibrated against the floor so strongly that the First Officer's body was ripped from his seat, his shoulder harnesses tearing apart as the erratic forces tore his shoulder apart. The force of her long intense orgasm continued for more than half a minute and was so extreme that the vibrations traveled all through the aircraft, the men in the cockpit staring wide-eyed at her as they held onto the aircraft for dear life. The metal floor beneath her feet deformed and a hundred passengers reached in panic for their seatbelts, thinking the plane had suddenly hit some extreme air turbulence!

It was a couple of minutes later when Aurora finally got herself back under control, relaxed her vagina while pulling the now shapeless mass of the crushed gun out from under her skirt. She quickly scanned the cockpit for any other weapons, but saw none, her long legs suddenly trembling as she staggered backward against Laura. She was ready with a blanket, wrapping it around her shoulders as she was glad to feel that the heat in the girl's breasts and hands had dissipated so quickly. Yet based on the expression on Fairchild's face, the pain was still surging through her breasts from all the assaults they had contained during the last half hour and from the incredible burning afterglow of her violent sexual assault.

Laura was flabbergasted to see that Fairchild had not only survived the bullets smashing between her legs, but had been amazed when she had reached down to begin thrusting the gun deeply inside herself, the hot steel bending from forces it had never been designed to survive! Like everyone else on the plane, she had to hold onto the handholds as she felt the entire plane shaking from the force of this supergirl's intense and totally unexpected sexual response to her assault! Yet despite her prodigious powers, she was still just an inexperienced teenage girl, her blond hair covering her face as she staggered backwards into the blanket that Laura was holding. Laura knew that not only was Fairchild hurt, but that there was a need to protect her privacy at this point. While she didn't understand where the hijackers had gotten these advanced weapons, she was smart enough to realize that it had to be connected to this alien supergirl in some way.

Fortunately by this time, several air marshals who had been cowering secretly on the plane now bravely rushed in and engaged the remaining hijackers, all of them still in shock from seeing their amazing weapons defeated by a cute teenage girl. They didn't even notice as another woman covered the blonde with a blanket and hurried her out of the cockpit.

Fairchild started to get her bearings back a couple of minutes later as she found herself descending in the elevator. Feeling Laura's cool hands brushing her hair from her face, she looked up to see Laura's concerned face as she held the blanket firmly around her shoulders. The elevator reached the bottom and Laura helped Fairchild stagger out and into the baggage area. She sat down together on a box as Laura hugged her tightly, lightly rubbing her back to comfort her. Fairchild leaned her head on Laura's shoulder as she saw the familiar black spots return to her eyes. Feeling like she was going to pass out again, she barely felt it as Laura moved her body around sideways so that she could look to see what the damage was.

Opening the blanket, Laura fully expected to see Fairchild's chest and hands burned badly. She was astounded to see that, except for some faint redness and the black powder residue between her legs, the child appeared totally unhurt. Taking her relaxed hands in her own, she examined them for injury as well. Nothing. Not daring to believe this girl's invulnerability, she ran her hands gently between Fairchild's legs and up over her breasts, looking and feeling for any sign of injury. Her skin was slightly warm but otherwise she felt completely unhurt, her skin as inhumanly soft and resilient as ever. In fact, she couldn't help but notice that the girl's nipples grew slightly firmer as her fingers brushed them. Fairchild raised her head to meet Laura's eyes.

"Just the friend I need", Fairchild said weakly as she lay her head back down on Laura's shoulder. "I get blasted with some damn alien energy weapons and you want to play with my tits." Gentle smiles passed between two new friends as Fairchild felt the super strength and unconquerable energy surging back into her body.

Laura's warm smile faded quickly as she then followed Fairchild's eyes downward to her own waist, both of them suddenly realizing that this saga wasn't over yet, what with that explosive wrapped around Laura's body. The men above could have another detonator and could even now be activating it!

Fairchild was just reaching for the explosive belt when they heard the engines of the plane beginning to spin down, the aircraft tilting strongly forward to begin a steep descent toward the water below. Brushing her hair from her face again, Fairchild used her Tachyon vision to look back up into the cockpit. The entire compartment was filled with smoke, the pilot holding another of those damn energy weapons as he melted the engine control panel, then destroying the flight controls, sheering them both off at the floor line. The air marshals threw themselves on him, one of them sliced in half by the red beam before they smashed the pilot face first onto the floor. She suddenly knew with a sick feeling that there was now no way to get the engines running again or even to control the aircraft!

Turning her sparkling eyes to the side, Fairchild quickly began scanning the wing structure of the aircraft to determine where the strongest sections of the huge wing spars were located. Standing up, she walked down the length of the cargo compartment while staring up at the ceiling.

To Laura's eyes it appeared as if she was studying the dirty ceiling of the compartment, yet somehow she knew that the girl was looking at something that she couldn't see. Pausing, Fairchild seemed to find what she was looking for, reaching up to push her fingers through the soft aluminum ceiling, casually tearing huge sheets of metal off with her bare hands. She quickly uncovered the huge steel center section of the wing, the massive spars located directly over her head.

Laura began to wonder when Fairchild turned her back to her and bent over a bit, reaching up under her skirt to retrieve a small, slightly blackened package. Snapping her wrist, she expanded it to reveal that it was a tiny red and blue costume. Turning back to smile at Laura, she reached down to tear the waistband of her skirt open, the fabric floating to the ground around her. Her arms and legs were a blur, her hair flying wildly as she moved almost too fast to see, suddenly appearing solid again as she stood wearing a tiny red and blue costume. Laura could only stare open mouthed as she watched her adjust the costume, realizing that she had never before seen such a vision of beauty and strength!

Fairchild was now dressed in the tiniest pieces of fabric that ever pretended to the word 'garments'. The top was a minuscule blue halter top, held barely in place by slender red ribbons traveling around her neck and her back. The bottom was simply a red and blue thong, covering her blond thatch, and really nothing else at all! Every soft curve and strong sinew of this girl's glorious tanned body was exposed to Laura's worshipful gaze as Fairchild took a few moments to model and pose for her.

"This is the costume I use when I appear as my alterego, going by the name Aurora," she explained. "I try to keep from using my super powers when I'm Fairchild, although I haven't done very well at that today!" she grinned. "What do you think?"

Laura finally managed to close her mouth and figure out how to get it working again. "It's ... it's so daring! I can see all of you, and I just can't believe how beautiful you are! I mean ALL of you!"

"Not bad for my 'working clothes', then? When I'm being Aurora I don't mind capturing people's attention, and I'm *certainly* enjoying capturing yours right now!" She glanced back up at the ceiling. "But I'd better get to work, or a lot of people will soon be dead."

Aurora reached above her head to the huge spars, floating up into them until her bare back was pushing up against the center steel spar. Reaching her hands above her head, she grabbed the front of the spar while bending her legs to hold herself securely in place in the massive framework of the plane's skeleton. Flipping her hair from her face, she looked back toward the front of the plane while narrowing her eyes slightly, using her Tachyon vision to see where the plane was going. She was immediately surprised to see how far they had already descended. The ocean was only a few thousand feet below them now and it was approaching frighteningly fast! Realizing that she had maybe another minute at the very best to get the plane under control, she closed her eyes and began to envision what she was about to do. She knew this massive 747 was immensely heavy, it hadn't traveled far enough to burn off more than a small fraction of its fuel supply, Aurora guessed from what she had read on one of the placards that it must still weigh well over 500,000 lbs. Because her recently acquired flying power was still less than 50% efficient, she knew she would have to generate much more than a million pounds of strength in her muscles to be able to support the plane.

Not knowing if she was up to the task, she crossed her ankles together and gripped the steel spar with both hands, slowly flexing her arms and legs so that all her muscles were straining against each other. She couldn't actually fly the aircraft because the controls had been destroyed, so she decided she would have to slow it down and simply carry it on her back as she 'landed' it on the distant island that she could see directly in front of the aircraft.

Concentrating on flying upward, her back began to press strongly against the spar, the steel and aluminum groaning and flexing upward under the awesome pressure. Desperately hoping that the wings would hold together as she strained to slow and lift the plane at the same time, she felt her back pressing more and more strongly against the steel spar. Knowing that she was applying most of her strength as she concentrated on an image of her body pressing upward against the massively heavy aircraft, she felt the nose slowly lifting as the plane started to slow down. Dropping from near the speed of sound to less than a hundred miles per hour, Fairchild felt the wings giving up their lift, feeling the immense strain in her arms growing as she started to assume the full weight of the massive aircraft on just her back and shoulders. Finally slowing the huge plane to no more than fifty miles per hour, she dropped down toward the island, the airplane now a huge dead weight pressing forcefully into her back.

Despite the strain she felt through her body, she was secretly thrilled that her strength and flying power were adequate to perform yet another impossible task, supporting the largest airplane on Earth with just the strength of her arms.

Laura watched in fascination as Aurora's body exploded into hard muscles from head to toe as she strained her body against the heavy aircraft. She had never imagined any woman having muscles like the ones she saw displayed in front of her, and outside the comics, she had never imagined that a girl could really fly! Yet feeling the 747 slowing, holding onto one of the supports as the huge plane violently stalled out, she felt the powerful vibrations shaking the plane as the nose approached the horizontal. She was astounded as she realized that it was only the hard-flexed muscles of this teenage girl that was making this all possible!

Walking up to stand under Aurora, she felt a funny force radiating from her body, reaching her hands up to run them over the grid of the girl's stomach muscles, tracing them down along the powerful curves of her thighs. Her body felt exactly like she imagined warm sculpted steel would feel under her hands, the living steel of a girl named Aurora, a girl who was using all of her incredible super muscles to replace the lift of the huge wings and the power of the engines.

Opening her eyes, Aurora smiled down at her, now confident of her ability to land the plane. Besides, Laura's hands felt so delicious, especially the way her fingertips were tracing the curves of her muscles. It was incredible to be here with a woman who could really appreciate her as she used her body in these many amazing ways. All of the crazy dreams she had had for years were coming true as she was now truly the supergirl she had always dreamed about becoming!

Aurora quickly brought her attention back to the job as one wing started to drop, lifting her left arm to force it back to level as she slowly descended over the mountains of the island, guiding the plane with her Tachyon vision. Finally coming to a complete stop fifty feet above the ground, she settled gently into the middle of a huge meadow. The belly of the plane sank touched the soft soil and then sank deeply into it as she slowly relaxed her hard-flexed muscles to reduce her flying power. The plane finally tipped to one side and came to rest, the left wingtip touching the ground.

Aurora now relaxed herself completely as she heard and felt the huge steel spar over her head groaning as it tried to regain its original shape. She dropped back down to land lightly beside Laura, both of them looking up to see a perfect impression of the flexed muscles of her back and buttocks where they had pressed into the steel while she had been holding the immense weight of the aircraft. There were also small cracks running out in all directions from the spar as Laura realized that Fairchild, no **Aurora**, had placed far more force against the spar than it was intended to support, at least concentrated in an area as small as her body.

Her shocked eyes met Aurora's, both of them suddenly realizing how close this had been, how close the aircraft had been to simply splitting in half and dropping them all into the ocean!

Putting her arms around Fairchild's shoulders, Laura pulled her close, their lips finding each other as she silently thanked her for saving her life!

(To be continued...)

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