

Aurora Episode 5-0

Reunion

(Revision: 2)

by Sharon Best

Author's note: I've incorporated a non-consensual sex scene in this story, one where the man is the non-consenting partner. This was really hard for me to write and it may not be very believable, but it was the best I could do. I wanted to capture the helplessness and violence of rape as it is perceived by women, but with the tables turned on a man. \Sharon

An Isolated Island in the South Pacific

The slow motion crash-landing of the 747 on the island had shaken Chris up, along with everyone else on board, the professionalism of the cabin crew the only thing that prevented a panic as they had all slid down the emergency chutes. Chris was less worried than the others, since he had known from the way the plane was flying toward the island, or rather not flying yet still staying in the air somehow, that only his new girlfriend could have been responsible for what had been happening.

However, Chris had no idea what was going on after they landed, especially when he found that Fairchild was no longer on-board the plane! The passengers milled around the crew who unfortunately were barely more organized than anyone else now that they were on the ground. Everyone had their own theory on what had happened, most of them having to do with alien abduction. At least they had the alien part right. Unfortunately, the destruction up in the cockpit had also knocked out their radios so that they couldn't call for help.

Chris was as surprised as everyone else a few minutes later when the shattering triple-boom of Aurora's supersonic shock-wave rolled over the crowd, her gorgeous blond hair flying in the wind as she swooped down. He was too stunned for words as he saw her gathering the blonde flight attendant up in her arms, the one who had helped subdue the hijackers. Waving his arms, he tried to catch her attention from a hundred yards away, but she seemed to ignore him, or perhaps she was simply preoccupied. In any case, she just leaped back into the air and flew away, leaving behind a stunned silence as everyone stared after her. All eyes followed her flight until she disappeared, the tiny spec that was her body barely clearing the tops of the small peaks surrounding the center of the island.

Everyone was suddenly talking at once.

"My God, did you see that, she was really flying. And what a scandalous outfit she was wearing!"

"I can't believe that she landed our plane here, this is just like the fucking comics! Does anyone remember the theme song of the Twilight Zone?"

"Wow, did you see those legs... she gorgeous! And those tits... I'm in love!"

"Well, I don't give a damn how good that blond bimbo looks, she owes us an explanation for stranding us on this island. Hell, even the flight attendants seem lost. Who does she think she is, anyway?"

"I swear I saw her getting on the plane, six foot tall, looking like some kind of Amazon!"

"That's nothing, my man, you should have been up in First Class. She put on some kind of show up there, let me tell you, better than anything I've ever seen in a strip joint. She ripped off her clothes and was touching herself, you know, 'that way', just to get the hijackers attention. She may be a 'supergirl', but she's all woman in my book!"

"Bullshit, old man, how many drinks did you have anyway? And I didn't hear nothing about no hijackers. No, this is an alien abduction, I know it. I read all about this kind of shit in those magazines in the supermarket."

"I tell you, she did this number upstairs that you wouldn't believe. Ask that guy, he was sitting next to her when we took off?"

Chris had been trying to ignore the dozens of conversations buzzing around him, but he couldn't ignore the redneck and the businessman who were staring at him now.

"So, buddy, what do you know about the blonde that was sitting next to you? She looked like your girlfriend or something. Too pretty to be a wife. Where is she now?"

Chris ignored them while staring off in the direction Fairchild had flown, his eyes suddenly dazzled by an incredible burst of white light, the Earth suddenly shuddering beneath him! His eyes were nearly blinded by the huge explosion that lit up the distant sky.

The ground lurched again and again until nearly everyone had been knocked off their feet, those still standing were put down a few seconds later by a huge shock wave that blasted across the island! Most of the trees on the peaks just above the meadow were knocked down, smoke appearing from the other side of the ridge as the explosion ignited some of the forests!

Dumb luck was the only thing that saved the crew and passengers, Fairchild having landed the huge aircraft in a valley, the shelter of some low lying hills protecting them. Chris was just getting back to his feet when several people looked up and pointed in terror at a huge mushroom cloud rising up behind the peaks, swelling grotesquely until it blocked out the sun! It seemed to grow taller and taller, looming over the island for hours before the offshore winds began to dissipate it and blow it out to sea.

"Holy shit, we've been nuked! Maybe that bitch was trying to save us, hiding us behind those hills. I've seen this shit on TV, I bet two different alien army's are fighting or somthin."

Chris said nothing, a cold emptiness filling his stomach. Fairchild may have been able to deflect the smuggler's bullets with her invulnerable skin, but a nuke! No way.

Sitting down hard on a log, he felt an overwhelming numbness coming over him, the sounds of excited conversation going on throughout the long night as the crew and passengers tried to figure out any conceivable explanation for what they had seen. It simply seemed too incredible to believe that a nuclear weapon had exploded next to this island! And that the explosion had occurred just after a beautiful flying woman had swooped down to abduct one of the cabin crew!

The explosion had fortunately been a rather dramatic beacon, and rescue helicopters finally began arriving on the beaches at the other side of the island to evacuate everyone. Like most of the rest of the passengers, Chris hadn't slept a wink all night, worrying about whether Fairchild had been caught in the tremendous explosion and waiting to see if she or that flight attendant would show up alive. He did learn one thing during the night, and that was that a flight attendant by the name of Laura was missing as well. He also learned that she was sort of a mystery woman to the rest of the crew, even among those who had crewed with her before. She was viewed as being highly competent and friendly in her duties for the airline, but she was infamous for being rather distant and standoffish during her off-duty hours.

Unfortunately, these details didn't really offer him any clues as to why Fair had chosen her to fly off with nor what might have happened to them. He was pissed off that Fair had not included him in her plans, and for keeping him awake all night worrying about her. He knew he was behaving like a worried, overprotective parent instead of her boyfriend, but at this point he didn't care. He just kept looking around for her as the helicopters came and went, slowly evacuating everyone from the island, delaying his departure as long as he could.

When the last helicopter was finally ready to take off, Chris reluctantly climbed aboard. The downdraft from the rotors was kicking up huge clouds of sand, making visibility almost impossible, yet he shielded his eyes and kept staring across the meadow, hoping Fair would show up. Looking up from snapping his seatbelt in place, he saw what looked like a tall blond woman running toward the helicopter. Her features were lost to him in the flying sand, but her strong athletic style of running, and her flying blond hair, told him that this had to be his Fairchild!

He had no idea why she hadn't shown up until now, but he was desperately relieved to see her, reaching out to pull her up into the helicopter just as it left the ground. She melted into his arms as he kissed her and held her tight, everything feeling wonderful again for a moment as he felt her kisses meeting his, the roar and vibration from the helicopter making their bodies vibrate. He was smiling broadly when she flipped her hair around to her back and looked up at him, his smile collapsing to one of shock when he saw a totally unfamiliar face looking up at him!

Chris' heart sank. This wasn't Fair, it was that flight attendant, Laura. Her back was to the rest of the crew as she leaned closer to him, silently mouthed the words "*Pretend that I'm your friend.*"

Seeing the shocked look on his face, she leaned forward to cover his face with her hair, touching her lips to his ear. "Gee, that's a lot better service than I expected for my tax dollars!"

Chris had no idea what was going on, but he took her hesitantly back into his arms, her body melting against his as she rested her head on his shoulder, whispering into his ear.

"I'm Laura and a friend of Fair's. I think it's best if you just pretend that I'm her. The airlines and news people will really freak out if they lose a passenger. The press excitement will die down sooner if they think they only lost a crew member." He nodded his head in resigned agreement as he sat down heavily in his seat, Laura snuggling comfortably up against him, a thousand thoughts racing through his mind.

A rescue worker wrapped a blanket around them so they could stay warm during the long flight. Chris couldn't help but notice that Laura looked and felt a lot like Fair as she snuggled up to him. She had the same shade of blond hair and blue eyes and she was nearly as tall as Fair and amazingly, from what he had seen of her figure and face, she was just as attractive, although maybe a little older, perhaps in her mid-twenties. Chris again thought about the coincidences that always seemed to accompany Fair. There had to be another level of interaction or preparation that had gone on between Velor and Earth that neither he nor Fair knew about.

Laura was also becoming very aware of Chris on the flight back as they huddled together under the blanket. She mentally reviewed what little she knew of him. First, he was traveling with Fair. Two, he seemed to understand instinctively about her need for secrecy. Three, he was the most handsome and well-built man she had ever met, and she had dated bodybuilders and male models for years! She loved the feel of his hard muscles as she huddled against him. A last thought rather surprised her when it appeared in her head. "*If this is Fair's boyfriend, lover, whatever... is this also her superman?*"

Staggered by the possibilities of that thought, she realized that she actually knew nothing about Fair except what she had observed on the plane. The experiences they had shared almost seemed like a dream, and it had only been a few hours since they had been together in the belly of the 747-500 that she had been crewing on. The awesome physical demonstration of Fair's powers, the wonderful sex, the impossible overpowering of the hijackers, the violence of the explosion - each vivid recollection seemed too incredible to believe, enough so that she was beginning to think her memories of these events were just some after-effect of the stress of the explosion. But she knew that Chris had many of the answers she was looking for, so she was impatient for the long flight to end so they could find some privacy to speak freely.

Chris was **more** than impatient for answers by the time they approached the airport at Tahiti. He had a hundred questions, but he couldn't ask them here with the helicopter full of passengers and crew. He still didn't know where Fair was, didn't know how this woman could know her so well when they hadn't even met before the flight, and he didn't really know why this woman was asking him to pretend she was Fair or why Fair had flown down to grab her without even looking at him! He didn't know anything! Yet all the answers must revolve somehow around the hijacking, his frustration at not knowing the details so great that it made his stomach hurt!

Their shared desire for privacy was ultimately frustrated for another full day as the authorities in Tahiti debriefed them and subjected them to scrupulous medical examinations. The doctors spent many extra hours examining both Chris and Laura, discovering many inexplicable physiological anomalies in each of them. Their fitness levels just seemed to be TOO perfect, their bodies flawless and so very attractive. Every vital sign at the top of the charts.

Chris and Laura each claimed ignorance about anything being unusual about themselves, except maybe for having spent "many hours in the gym." Since there was nothing remotely unhealthy about either one of them, the doctors finally ran out of excuses to retain them and released them with a clean bill of health, but also with many puzzled looks.

Fortunately for Chris and Laura, the authorities were totally preoccupied by the hijacking and the huge explosion that had occurred near the island, and couldn't be bothered about two young doctors' urgent whispers about "potential fitness breakthroughs." They finally put them both on another plane to LA, their seats widely separated as they tried to get as many passengers from the earlier unfortunate flight onto this one. It was more than twelve hours later when they finally landed in LA, after which they grabbed a taxi together and rode to the hotel that Chris had originally booked for himself and Fairchild. The reservation had, of course, expired, but they were able to obtain a suite without any difficulty. The privacy they needed was finally at hand.

The door to their hotel suite had hardly closed when they both started to fire questions at each other. Laura wanted to know everything about who Chris was, but all Chris wanted to know was where Fair was. They both stopped their rapid-fire questions after a bit and looked at each other. Biting his lip in frustration, Chris decided to let Laura ask her questions first.

He soon found that he was answering that, yes, he was indeed Fair's boyfriend (he noticed how Laura stiffened when he said that). That they had just met about two months ago but that they had been living together since then, shuttling frequently back and forth between Tahiti and a house that he had purchased for Fair in Hawaii. This time, however, the two of them had been traveling to LA to start a new business. No, they weren't married or anything, and yes, Laura did look amazingly like Fair.

Finally it was Laura turn. She began to describe who she was and why she was going to be staying in LA. When she described how she was coming to LA to interview for a job at The New Woman, Chris nearly fell out of his chair. Another one of those damned coincidences that can't be, he thought to himself. He told her that New Woman was the business he and Fair were just starting, and they were indeed flying here to audition several women this week! Chris suddenly remembered that he had heard Laura's name before. She was on the list of 'special women' that Fair had intended to interview personally and privately.

Laura was shocked as Chris told her about the New Woman, she couldn't believe that the woman she had been intimate with on the plane was the same mystery woman who was her potential employer. The very one she was flying to meet! Chris laughed at her shocked reaction and told her that if she was going to be around Fair, she should get used to this kind of amazing coincidences happening all the time. Fair was not a normal woman and the people close to her were most certainly not destined to live normal lives.

The next hour was a fascinating one as they found that there were more holes in their knowledge of Fairchild than there were facts. Finally running out of anything decent to drink in the mini-bar, they walking arm in arm down the hall, laughing about some reminiscence that Chris had of his first meeting with Fair. They were in the elevator when they heard a sonic boom that was loud enough to shake the floor and rattle the windows. Neither of them thought much about it; after all, this was LA and Edwards Air Force Base was just over the mountains. Sonic booms were not uncommon here.

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Fair had definitely had a very rough day, climaxing with her being inside the fireball of a very low yield nuclear explosion. The heat and blast, similar to that of the sun itself, had knocked her unconscious while her superheated body fell to the ocean below, her heavy body drifted to the bottom in about a thousand feet of water. She lay unconscious on the bottom for nearly two days before she was finally awakened by the tickling sensations of various sea bottom creatures that were trying, but failing, to make a meal of her unconscious body.

Opening her bright eyes, she surveyed her surroundings, the absolute blackness of the depths no impediment to the vision of a girl born under a distant star. She shuddered as she saw the collection of creatures, most of them with grotesquely large teeth, that had been chewing on her invulnerable skin. With a thrust from her powerful legs, she soared upward, flying at more than a hundred miles per hour toward the surface, her heart pounding. She wanted to get away from 'those' things as fast as she could. Even in her worst nightmares, she had never seen pictures of such gruesome beasts!

Breaking through the surface in a wild shower of seawater, she quickly flew back to the nearby island, feeling a cold knot in her stomach as she saw how one end of the island had been nearly totally destroyed from the blast. Crossing the low mountains, she found that everyone from the 747 was also gone, probably having been airlifted out. Fortunately, the aircraft looked undamaged, so the passengers should have survived the explosion. Not knowing where they had gone, she decided to continue her trip under her own power, beginning a very fast flight toward LA.

She quickly found that she had absorbed so much energy from the blast that she was able to accelerate above the atmosphere and into a suborbital trajectory. Soaring up more than five hundred miles into space, her path arced across more than half the width of the Pacific Ocean. Floating along just outside the atmosphere, she saw the coast of California coming into view far below her, realizing too late that she had misjudged her trajectory. Using her flying powers this way was still very new, and she hardly had an intuitive feel for orbital mechanics. In any case, intuition was hardly going to be of much use when she was flying more than 17,000 miles per hour in space!

Trying to force a re-entry over LA, she entered at a very steep angle, thrusting hard with her powerful legs in an effort to avoid overshooting the city. The heat build-up from her steep re-entry was so intense that her outstretched hands began glowing cherry-red from friction with the atmosphere. A deep warmth spread across her shoulders and chest at the same time. A little worried, she glanced down, shocked to see that her breasts were passing through red-hot, trails of white-hot incandescence coming from her chest as she streaked back down into the atmosphere.

Once she got down near sea level, she found herself flashing along just above the water, moving at what must have been many times the speed of sound. Climbing higher when she saw a long island coming up, one she recognized from its shape as Catalina Island, she soared over the width of it in a matter of seconds. There, spread out in front of her, was the sprawling mass of LA. Her new home.

The search was on now, her sparkling blue eyes looking through the smog to try to locate the hotel that Chris had made the reservations at before they began their fateful flight. It took her nearly thirty minutes of supersonic flight over the city before she found it, decelerating rapidly as she turned to aim directly toward it. She was still flying at supersonic speed when she flashed over the roof of the adjacent building, her hair plastered over her face as she decelerated feet first at more than 50G's. Flexing her strong legs even tighter, she finally slowed to an astounding stop just a couple of inches above the rooftop of the hotel. Landing lightly on her bare feet, she walked across the rough tar rooftop, scanning down through many levels of the building with her super vision until she found her luggage. The comforting presence of her bags indicated that Chris was indeed staying here, and that he was OK!

Feeling elated that he had survived, she walked casually over to the edge of the fifty story building, casually stepping off the edge of the roof. Drifting downward, her tiny skirt lifting above her waist, she slid down the glass exterior of the building until she was at his room. A quick tug with her diamond-hard fingernails and the 'permanently closed' window was no longer. Closed that is.

Entering the room, her elation turned to anger a moment later when she saw that her clothes, the exotic ones she had bought on Tahiti, were now mixed in with another woman's open luggage. Taking a deep breath, she decided to give Chris the benefit of the doubt about what was going on here. Shrugging it off, she stripped off her tiny costume and walked into the bathroom to take a very hot shower. She wasn't worried. Competition from a Terran woman was the last thing a Velorian Protector needed to worry about.

It was fifteen minutes later when the hot water began to run out, the full power spray of the hottest water having depleted the heater on this floor of the hotel. Stepping out of the thick steam that filled the bathroom, she toweled off before walking back into the bedroom to select what she was going to wear tonight. The sexiest clothing she had suddenly seemed to be appropriate, a slow smile crossing her face as she realized that she was unconsciously reacting to the challenge of this other faceless woman. Yet these clothes seemed right, her body feeling so very sexy from all the energy she had absorbed. And some of them were almost Velorian in their styling, the fabric consisting of some strategically placed cut-outs.

Sliding into the very sexy white party dress that she had bought at that exotic boutique in Hawaii, she remembered Chris's rather amazing reaction when she had first modeled this outfit for him. After all, it had been very hard to find a place that carried the kind of clothing that would fit her. The store that Chris had finally brought her to was a very exclusive one that carried clothing that looked almost as if it imported them from Velor! Glancing at the label in her tiny dress as she slipped it on, she smiled again as she saw the name of the store. Her **Secret** was certainly safe enough with **Victoria**, whoever she was! She would just have to find their local store, one that the clerk in Hawaii had told her was in a place called Beverly Hills, on a street named Rodeo Drive.

Shaking her blond hair to clear her thoughts, she put on a pair of white high-heels she had bought at the same store, finally standing in front of the mirror to admire herself. She loved the way her long tanned legs swept upward, seemingly forever, until her strong thighs eventually disappeared under the very short hem of the filmy little dress. The back was cut down to her waist and the front was cut sufficiently low and wide that the edges of the dress just barely covered her nipples, meanwhile leaving the cleavage of her large rounded breasts fully visible. Another dramatic and unusual cutout revealed the firm washboard of her abs, her tanned skin-tone contrasting so dramatically with the stark white fabric of the dress. She approved of the unconventional and exhibitionist nature of the dress, the silky fabric feeling so wonderful as it seemed to fit her as tightly as a second skin. The dress accented everything, yet it truly covered nothing. Deciding that it was a very 'Velorian' look, she eagerly opened the door to head downstairs to find Chris, who she figured was probably in the bar.

As Fair rode down in the elevator she looked frankly back to meet the stares of the three men who had joined her at an intermediate floor. Smiling warmly at them, she found that she was really enjoying their appreciative looks and the excitement of being the center of so much male attention. She even felt herself becoming a little aroused by the looks she was getting from men as she turned and walked across the lobby and into the restaurant.

The short hem of her dress swished softly across the top of her firm shapely thighs, and her blond hair flowed across the tanned skin of her supple exposed back as she strode through the restaurant. She had never before felt so bold and sexy, quickly deciding that she was going to enjoy every minute of this. Smiling seductively at each man she passed, she could actually feel the sexual tension she was creating crackling through the air as she walked towards the bar, her appearance stopping conversations as she passed each table. Truly enjoying the adoration as she walked around the expansive lounge, everyone's eyes following her, she finally found Chris.

Stopping in mid-stride, momentarily floating a few inches above the floor, it was her turn to be amused. Chris was sitting with Laura of all people, the very woman she had seduced on the airplane. What a coincidence!

Laura and Chris both fairly leaped from their chairs and hugged her, both of them obviously worried about what had happened to her. Chris looked closely for any signs of injury, her tiny clothing certainly couldn't hide any, and saw only that Fair looked as gorgeous as ever before, except that maybe her tan was a bit deeper. Her skin seemed to glow with a light of its own as it contrasted so strongly and beautifully with her white dress and honey blond hair. He quickly assumed that the glow must be a side-effect of the explosion she had endured. After all, when you live with a beautiful alien super-girl, you quickly learn to expect the unexpected!

The three friends sat in the bar over drinks until closing time while they quietly discussed the last few amazing days. Chris eventually found himself starting to get sleepy, suddenly remembering that he really hadn't slept for the last three days, and reluctantly excused himself to go back to the room. Hoping that Fair would come with him, she was so engrossed in talking to Laura that she just blew him a kiss. They two girls looked so fresh and energetic that he suddenly felt like an old man. Feeling a bit unappreciated, he headed for the elevator, knowing he'd feel better after a good nights sleep.

A dozen men saw a sudden opportunity, one that was quickly dashed when they saw the way the two gorgeous blondes were leaning closely together, their delicate touches and near kisses sending more than one man away in disgust. It was clear that they were far more interested in each other than in anyone else in the bar. Putting their arms around each other, they shocked even the bartender as they kissed openly, their whispered laughter and fond embraces telegraphing their obvious sexual preferences.

Laura continued to feel incredibly strong and energetic even after the excitement of the last couple of days and Fair, of course, rarely needed any physical rest, so they both decided to get out of the building and get some fresh air. Besides, it was embarrassing the way people were staring at them. Ignoring the doorman who told them that this was NOT a good neighborhood to be walking around in at night, especially if you were female, they walked off into the darkness. There was no conceivable violence which could trouble these two amazing women!

They hadn't walked more than a dozen blocks before they saw a group of young men standing in the dark near the corner of a building. They looked like members of one of the local gangs, and might easily be out looking for trouble. Fair's sharp eyes immediately noticed that they were watching a woman who was locking up a building across the street, closing her restaurant for the night. Putting her keys in her purse, she walked tiredly down the alley to get into her car. At the same time, the gang members looking around carefully for the cops before gradually drifting across the street and into the alley behind the woman. Laura suddenly knew exactly what was going to happen. One of her girlfriends, a flight attendant working for another airline, had been raped and brutally beaten a few years ago in this same neighborhood. After visiting her in the hospital, Laura knew how dangerous these gangs could be.

Taking Fair's hand in hers, Laura led the way to the entrance of the alley. They were almost there when the sound of a woman's frightened voice drifted back up the alley. Holding Fair back as she prepared to fly down the alley, Laura asked her to stay back; she wanted to handle this herself. She had a score to settle with these men on behalf of her friend!

Laura walked carefully down the alley, finally coming across the men as they forced the woman up against her car. They were terrorizing her - one of them was stretching her head back by her hair, another waving a knife in her face while two others tried to tear her clothes off. The woman was kicking and cursing them and fighting back as best she could, but the men were just laughing and teasing her for her futile efforts. That was until they suddenly heard another women's forceful voice behind them. A calm and forceful voice.

"That's enough, 'gentlemen!'"

The men quickly turned around, surprised to see a tall blond standing in the shadows about twenty feet away. She stood with her legs spread slightly apart and her arms confidently crossed over her chest.

"Let her go, now!," she commanded. "Why waste your time on that poor woman? You want some action? I'll give you all the action you can handle."

With that, she stepped out into the light, her body tall and gorgeous, her figure like that of a fitness model. The thugs took one look at her before dropping the restaurant owner onto the ground without another thought. Now here was a **real** babe!

The woman sank to the ground next to her car while watching the men walk toward this new woman, spreading out across the alley as they approached her. She had no idea what this other woman was doing here, but unless she had a gun and some backup, she was in very deep trouble. But she was also very grateful for the distraction, and she seized the opportunity to gather up her torn clothes and lock herself quietly in her car.

The men walked slowly toward Laura, grinning at what they were seeing as they came closer. Her long blond hair was shining in the street lights as their eyes feasted on her strong beautiful body. She looked strong and confident, but hell, what could one woman do against all seven of them? They drifted around her until she was surrounded by leering violent men on all sides.

The men started to joke with each other as evil men everywhere do, talking about her almost as if she wasn't there, as if she was an object instead of a person. One of them reached out to touch her hair, but her hand flashed up like lightning to swat him firmly away, the man whistling respectfully as he held his stinging hand. But this did not deter them as they all started to press in closer to her, another man finally reaching out to touch her face. She grabbed his hand and pushed him strongly away from herself as well, another man having to catch him to keep him on his feet.

"Whoa, the bitch is strong," the man teased as he felt himself rocking back on his heels from her strong push. "Hey bitch, you think you're strong enough to handle this?" he boasted, reaching down to hold his crotch. The men laughed at her again, just as she felt someone's hands fumbling with the back of her dress.

Shrugging her back to push his hands away, she stared directly into the eyes of the biggest man. "Ok, you guys think you're such studs?" she retorted. "You really think you've got what it takes to handle me? From what I can see, it would take all of your peckers together to make one decent one."

Watching the shocked looks on their faces as they turned back into leering grins, she glanced back at the other woman, hoping that the diversion she was providing would let her get away. She was frustrated to see her simply sitting in her car watching!

"WheeOh, the bitch thinks she's hot!" one man shouted as the rest of them whistled at her. "Lets see if she feels as hot as she looks." As if these words were a prearranged cue, two of them grabbed her arms, hooking their legs inside hers, spreading her legs apart and bending her backward, forcing her up against the wall. Laura struggled against them, but not hard enough to make them let go. She was only playing with them, buying time for the other woman to get away.

"Ah, now that's just the way I like my bitches," the biggest man said as he stood in front of her and ran his eyes up and down her long beautiful legs. "Long legs, wide spread, and helpless." He laughed again as he pulled his shirt off, reaching down to suddenly unzip his pants, his manhood suddenly and dramatically visible! Reaching out to lift the hem of her tiny mini-skirt up, he revealed the rest of her long gorgeous legs. At the same time, the men struggled with her as they roughly forced her legs even further apart. Letting them have their way for a moment, Laura motioned with her head for the other woman to drive away. Unfortunately, the men began to force her hand, especially when the big man in front of her unzipped his pants and exposed himself.

Deciding that the game was over, Laura simply flexed her inner thighs, overpowering the strong legs of the men holding her, snapping her legs closed again against their exertions. The men strained with their own legs to spread her apart again, but they couldn't budge her. The biggest man's eyes flashed with anger and frustration, moving closer as he smacked her across the face so hard that her head flew to the side.

"You better be nice to me bitch. The only way you're walking out of here alive is if you can handle every one of my boys tonight. And I'm first." He stepped back up to her, holding himself in his hand while he tried to force himself between her smooth thighs. His men struggled to part her legs again, but they were having no luck. Looking back up at her, he felt a tingle of anxiety as he saw her blue eyes blazing with anger. He was expecting her to be shivering fear by this point, not filled with the hot rage he now saw in her eyes!

Resisting her first impulse, that of smashing the big man's face with her fist, Laura forced a sexy croon into her voice as she said, "Wait a sec. If this is how it's going to be, why don't we go inside over there where it'll be a little more comfortable? You guys are so big and strong, I'd hate to see you wasting your strength holding me out here in the street. And maybe, just maybe, you guys can even do something for me that my boyfriend can't. He works in an office up at the top of that big building behind you."

The men looked around at each other and smiled. Yeah, this bitch probably never did get any real loving, not where she lived. Everybody knew that the real men lived out here on the streets, not in some penthouse apartment or beachhouse or whatever.

The big man nodded to his men, two of them thrusting her forward to land roughly against his chest. He grabbed the hair at the back of her head with all his strength, bending her over as he forced her through the broken doorway on the other side of the alley, finally throwing her down on the filthy floor. It was dark enough that she could barely see him as he reached down to grab her breast roughly in his hand.

She was quickly startled as he tried to pull her weight upward holding just her tit, smacking her across her face with his other hand. Laura could hear the men laughing in the alley as they looked in the windows and waited for their turn with her. Laura realized that if they had to wait out there too long, they might get impatient and return to the other woman. However, she had business to finish here, this man had very thoroughly pissed her off by now! There was no way she was going to delay getting her revenge on him, both as payback for her friend who had been raped and beaten near here, and for the way they were treating her. The way these gangs guarded their turf, it was very likely these were the same men who had brutalized her friend!

After shrugging off another strong blow, she began to exert herself, grabbing his wrists while using them to pull herself up to her feet.

"Ok big boy, if you think you're man enough for this, go for it." She stepped closer to him, wrapping her arms around his body and rubbing her firm breasts against his hairy chest.

The man felt a surge of arousal, the bitch's breasts felt so good against him. He could feel her large hard nipples sliding through the hair of his chest, misunderstanding the feel of this amazing woman's chest, believing she was highly aroused. Yet that thought had barely crossed his dull male brain when he felt his wrists beginning to hurt as her grip tightened on them, shocked to discover that she was actually forcing his arms behind his back! Struggling to push her back, he was amazed to find that he couldn't do it! Her arms just bent him backward with more and more strength, his massive muscles flexing vainly in an effort to overpower her. *Holy shit*, he thought to himself, *this bitch is actually stronger than I am!*

The man was getting confused by the mixed signals she was sending him now. She kept bending him over, intimidating him with her obviously superior strength, yet her delicious breasts never left his chest until the moment when he lost his balance and fell backward onto the floor. He struggled to get back up, but she sat down on his stomach and pinned his arms to the floor above his shoulders! He struggled violently against her with all his strength, but couldn't overcome her firm grip on his wrists.

Yet even as she overpowered him, seemingly so easily, she brought her firm breasts into play again, this time rubbing them back and forth across his face, the fabric of her blouse scratching him as she pressed her deep warm cleavage around him. He didn't like this at all! He was a man and he was supposed to be in charge of his bitches! Still, he was surprised as he felt himself becoming aroused in spite of himself, his body mindlessly responding to this very sexy yet very strong woman. Very aware now of the actions of her lower body, feeling her intimate flesh sliding sinuously over his naked sex, his pulse was pounding as he felt his manhood rising strongly into the air while he vainly told it to go down again. He didn't want it like this! She was so sexy, yet so strong, a combination of traits that made no sense in a woman. The beautiful legs he had been admiring only a few minutes earlier were now gripping his hips with painful force. Straightening her arms, she raised her upper body above his and looked down on him with a cold smile.

Meanwhile, she was pressing her hips against his, teasing his manhood irresistibly until her sex slowly surrounded him, suddenly thrusting her body downward with all her weight! Plunging into the wonderfully tight slipperiness of her sex, he gasped in pain as his body was crushed downward with tremendous force. Feeling as if his manhood was going to be jammed back deeply into his own crotch, he felt the ligaments holding it beginning to tear painfully, searing pain filling his crotch! Yet the woman kept thrusting herself up and down on him with increasing strength, a wave of pain surging through him each time she descended on him, her pubic bone smashing painfully into his crotch. His normally impressive manhood was being pulled up and down unmercifully by the amazingly firm grip of her soft moist flesh, the grip of her sex so tight that he began to feel pain shooting all across his crotch, suddenly afraid that she was going to tear his manhood right off his body!

He also felt a growing pain in his wrists as her grip became so strong that he was afraid she would crush them as well. The agony of her pubic bone smashing down on him was excruciating now, and he yelled for her to stop, struggling harder and harder against her as he felt a wave of hopeless panic rising up within him, finally realizing that she was intent on hurting him and that he had no control over the situation! She obviously wanted his body for sex, yet she was tearing him apart with the violence of her athletic fucking!

Despite the beauty of her nude body as she pressed herself to him, he felt all remnants of desire leaving his mind: he only wanted to get away from this crazy musclewoman! Screaming as he felt her labial muscles gripping him so hard now that he couldn't push her away, trapping the blood in his manhood, she was completely in control of his body. Incredibly strong vibrations coursed through his hips as she held him immobile in her tight folds and crushed them inward against him, vibrations that sent waves of pain through his torn intimate ligaments as she leaned over to whip her hair across his face.

He suddenly heard a crunch and screamed as incredible pain shot through his wrists, her hands gripping him so tightly that all the bones in his lower arms were being crushed and splintered. He started yelling for her to stop, PLEASE STOP, until she finally moaned and cried out as she threw her entire body down across his own, a wild climax shuddering through her body.

Laura lay across the big man's heaving body for a moment before she leaped lithely back to her feet, her body moving in one single smooth movement. Looking down at him, she smiled at the embarrassed and frightened look on his face. The man's pain turned to embarrassment as he suddenly realized that he had been screaming for her to stop for the last several minutes, and his gang had heard his every cry! The other men stood silently in the doorway watching him; watching as his bruised manhood finally shrank, watching as he curled his body up on the floor in a fetal position, attempting to hide from his pain and anguish.

"Ok, who's next?" Laura asked loudly, turning to face them. "I don't think I'd have any trouble taking on the whole bunch of you, although I'd probably have to get myself off at the end just to make it worthwhile!" She stalked toward them as they retreated before her until they were all back in the street.

One foolhardy man started to wave his arms at her and began taunting her. "Ok, bitch, you think you can handle me?! Handle this...!" With that he reached up and tore his shirt off to display his huge, massively muscled body. He advanced toward her with his arms spread wide, watching her eyes traveling over his impressive muscles.

A slight smile crossed Laura's lips as if to say "Two can play at that game!" She reached up to grab the top of her own blouse and with a loud ripping noise, tore it all the way down to her waist. Ripping her torn blouse out of her waistband, she threw it toward him, her upper body now as naked as his. He caught her blouse, pressing it to his face to feel her warmth and to smell her perfume. Now it was his turn to be impressed, his eyes opening wide as she stretched her arms and flexed the strong muscles of her body. The men were all thrilled to see her firm bare breasts standing proudly on her chest as she reached her arms behind her to stretch. As she did so, her breasts rose up until her huge nipples were pointing straight into the air. She didn't show the slightest sign of fear as she met his eyes with her own, even though he was moving closer and closer to her.

Never before had Laura confronted this many men at once, yet her confidence surprised even herself. She was still bubbling with energy from the overpowering and humiliating effect she had had on the first man, and felt stronger than she ever had before. She also knew that ripping off her top and throwing it to the man would guarantee that she would hold the men's full attention while the other woman got away.

The man who was challenging her suddenly rushed toward her, his huge hands reaching out to crudely grab one of her breasts, twisting it with his full strength as he shoved her back, smashing her up against the wall of the alley. His massive muscles flexed again and again as he twisted her breast upward, his arms so powerful that she felt her feet almost coming off the ground, most of her bodyweight being suspended by only one breast!

Tears of pain filled Laura's eyes as she quickly responded, twisting her body downward until she could reach her hand between his legs and grab his balls!

"Ok, asshole," she growled, ignoring the pain of his grip. "You want to hurt me... let's see what's stronger, my tits or your balls." Without waiting for an answer, she started to grip his nuts just as hard as he was squeezing her breast. His shocked eyes grew wide and his mouth twisted in agony, yet the sinews of his forearm flexed even stronger as he tried to maintain his grip for another few seconds. Unfortunately for him, the pain of her matching grip was far too much for him. He finally had to jerk his hand away from her breast just as she slowly lifted his entire body into the air by his crotch. Reaching down with both hands to grab her arm, trying to take the weight off his balls, he desperately tried to pry her hand free. But his powerful hands couldn't make the slightest dent in the strong muscles and tendons of her relentless arm as she lifted him higher and higher into the air.

When her hand was finally level with her chest, Laura smiled cruelly at him and strengthened her grip until her hand closed completely! The force of her now 'super' grip would have been enough to crush soft metal, but only the fragile flesh of the man's balls was there to resist his strength. His screams echoed down the alley as Laura's hand closed remorselessly around him, not stopping until her fingertips touched her palm.

She finally threw him backwards so hard that his body fell heavily across several other members of the gang, the man curling up and groaning on the ground as he reached down to hold himself, flinching in agony as he covered the crushed remains of his manhood.

Yet another man jumped forward and slashed out with his fist to catch Laura in the side of her face. She didn't even try to block the punch, bracing her neck against the blow instead. He was a powerful man, an boxer, and the power of his punch banged her head against the wall. She was momentarily dazed, but did her best to act as if nothing had happened.

"Touch me again, asshole," she said, "and I swear you'll never use that arm again."

He laughed and swung his fist again, this time straight at her nose. His previous blow had clearly stunned her for a moment, and he was sure he would now finish her off. However, instead of his fist landing against her face, it stopped dead, smacking loudly into her open hand!

Laura pushed his arm backwards as she gripped his fist in her hand so tightly that she could feel his bones bending. The muscles bulged all over her arm as they lent power to her grip, her fingers tightening until his knuckles started to crack and pop! He kicked his foot out at her but was only rewarded with a flash of anger in her blue eyes. Suddenly gasping, he felt waves of sharp pain radiating outward from his fist as her powerful grip began crushing all the bones and knuckles in his hand.

Laura was still crushing his fist in her grip when she twisted his arm violently around until she heard something tearing in his shoulder. His face was a mask of pain as she felt several more soft popping noises as she tore the ligaments of his shoulder apart while twisting his arm around the wrong way. He stumbled and fell to the ground, holding his torn and broken arm while cursing loudly.

One of the other gang members immediately swung his fist into her stomach. Yet instead of doubling her over as he had expected, he felt his fist bounce painfully off the hard plates of her abdominal muscles. He whirled around to deliver a karate kick to her solar plexus, only to feel the tremendous blow radiating intense pain up his own lower leg. It felt for all the world as if he had just kicked a concrete wall! He spun around again and lashed out with his fist to catch her by surprise, slamming his hand into her face.

Her strength was now growing as she overcame punk after punk, easily shaking off their blows before stepping forward to wrap her arm around one man's neck to hold him closely. The man struggled violently against the huge bicep that flexed against his throat, but he was totally unable to stop her arm tightening around his neck. He reached up and felt the largest and hardest bicep he had ever felt on a woman flexing ever larger and larger against his neck, her hard muscle pressing sharply into his windpipe until he couldn't breathe. Laura couldn't hold herself back now as she flexed her massive bicep to its maximum size. The pressure on his neck suddenly grew so great that she heard a crunch as his neck was dislocated and his body went totally limp!

She dropped the unconscious man to the ground as two of the remaining three men finally overcame the astonishment that had paralyzed their actions, and they rushed her at the same time. Her hands flashed out and grabbed them by their wrists, her strong arms flexing with both size and power as she bent them backwards and down toward the ground. They struggled and flailed against her hard body with their other fists, but she easily overpowered them until their knees collapsed. They sank to the ground, finally yielding to her submissively, their final goal being simply that of trying to prevent her from breaking their wrists!

By this time, Laura was really starting to get into the power she had over these men. They were used to terrorizing the people around them, but they had no experience in being overpowered themselves, especially not by a woman. Reaching down, she grabbed the two men by their necks and lifted them both up into the air over her head. They struggled and clawed at her with their hands, trying to loosen her grip, but they might as well have been trying to undo a stainless steel collar. She felt their hands struggling to get a grip on her arms as she held them effortlessly in the air until they began to pass out from lack of oxygen, finally dropping them roughly back to the ground next to each other. Stepping forward, she closed her powerful thighs around both of their heads. Every time they struggled, she squeezed her legs together harder until they knew they were in real danger of her crushing their skulls. Their hands were running up and down her legs, the frantic attempts to free themselves proving totally ineffectual against the hard-flexed muscles of the woman who was holding them fast. The men struggled to escape with all their strength, but quickly learned that they were far too weak to have any chance of removing themselves from her vice-like grip. They finally cried out in pain and gave in.

Smiling, Laura finally relaxed her grip to let them flop to the ground, the two of them crawling over to join their fellow gang members. "OK, anybody want any more of this?" Laura asked with a tight smile on her face as she faced the four men who were still conscious, her hands on her hips.

The men knew that they were in really deep shit now. They had never heard of a woman this strong before, and they felt very panicky. They had each proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that there was nothing - nothing! - they could do to hurt her. They turned and ran down the alley toward the street, but Laura leaped after them and her strong legs allowed her to overtake them quickly. She got well ahead of them before turning and stretching her arms out to stop them in their tracks.

"My, My...you can't leave me now, boys", she said. "I'm just starting to get warmed up to you. Besides, you still haven't apologized for hurting that poor woman." Laura grabbed their jackets, two of them in each hand, lifting them off the ground before walking back down the alley carrying two men from each of her outstretched arms. She dumped them on the ground in front of the woman's car.

The men were staring at her in shock by this time, unfortunately the dumber men still had some fight left. Suddenly leaping upward one last time in an attempt to overpower her, her leg flew out to cut their legs out from under them so fast that they hit the hard ground before they even knew what was happening. Laura buried her hands in their hair and smashed their faces into the ground until they cried out for her to stop. When one of them tried to get back up, she smashed her foot into his back to crush him back to the ground. They tried to get up several more times before they eventually realized the futility of their hopes of escape.

Crawling painfully forward on their knees, they rejoined their comrades as they huddled against the car.

Laura was looking down at these pathetic beaten men when she felt an incredible blow against the back of her head. A riot of stars filled her vision as she staggered and crumpled painfully to her knees. Trying to turn her head, another incredible blow smashed her forehead down against the pavement. She felt blow after blow across her back - the pain almost overwhelming her, a heavy boot smashing into her back, flattening her chest against the ground.

Her long blond hair was splayed across the filthy pavement as she started to rise slightly, muscles tensing as she pulled her legs under herself and staggered unsteadily back to her feet.

"God damn it, what did you do to me?" she demanded as she twisted her body around. Standing straight back up with eyes blazing, she focused on a very surprised man who was holding a slightly bent tire iron in both hands, the heavy type of iron used by truckers! Reaching out to struggle with him for a moment, she finally snatched it away from him and held it up at eye level. The men all stared open mouthed at her as they heard the steel creak and groan, watching the impossible sight of her bending the tire iron into a U-shape! Her arms were flexing impossibly as the inch thick steel bar yielded to her amazing muscles, finally stepping up to the man who had wielded it to bend it around his neck until his eyes began to bulge. She then twisted the ends together to form a crude collar and pushed him forward to sprawl with the rest of the men as they sat huddled against the car. Smiling, she briefly speculated about how he was going to get **that** thing off his neck!

Turning to the side, Laura looked down into the woman's eyes and smiled broadly to reassure her. Suddenly, she saw the woman's eyes opening wide in fear, her focus up above her shoulder. Laura felt a hand roughly grabbing her shoulder at the same time, her body suddenly twisted violently around by yet another gang member. These guys were coming out of the woodwork!

This gang obviously had more members than the few she had started with, and new ones were happening by and foolishly springing to the rescue of their home-boys. This man's arm flashed forward as he plunged a long cruel knife into Laura's bare stomach. Fortunately, Laura saw it coming and quickly flexed her abdominal muscles, making them as hard as she could. The sharp blade struck the hard ridges of her abs as the man put all his weight behind it, a sharp prick of pain and tremendous pressure building against her stomach before the blade snapped in half. They both looked down as the shattered blade tinkled to the pavement.

A wild rush of power coursed through Laura's body now as she looked down at the broken blade, hardly daring to breathe as she realized that her abs had just proved to be harder and stronger than the blade of that huge knife. She was also starting to get really pissed now! Trying to rape and beat a woman was one thing; but this guy was trying to kill her. She didn't even pause to consider her actions as she angrily swung both her fists down on his shoulders with such force that his collarbones shattered and his ankles broke as he was slammed down against the pavement. She reached out and grabbed the front of his jacket with one hand, lifting and throwing him more than fifty feet backward down the alley, his body tumbling in midair until he finally fell through the open top of a dumpster.

Walking angrily toward him, her blood felt like it was boiling in her veins! Reaching the dumpster, she bent down to pick up the massive container, lifting it high over her head. The man tried to scramble out of it, but she kept tilting it to throw him back inside, toying with him as she held a half-ton of steel and garbage over her head. Finally tiring of her game, she flexed her shoulders strongly, throwing the thousand pound object across the alley to smash into the opposite wall. The violent impact partially crushed the dumpster, but not before the man flew out of it and landed on his face on the asphalt.

The stunned man was just rolling over painfully, still trying to get to his feet as Laura walked slowly toward him again. His eyes traveled across her arms and legs, staring pitifully at the pumped-up muscles that bulged from her efforts. He was suddenly terrified – finally realizing that she was many times stronger than the whole group of them put together!

He suddenly felt something break inside of him as she stopped in front of him, unable to help himself as he looked up to see her powerful, beautiful legs towering over him. His hands seemed to be under someone else's control as they reached up and began to fondle the steely muscles of her powerful legs as he begged her to let him live. He felt like a small kitten faced with a Bengal tigress, running his kisses up her thighs, worshipping each of her hard muscles, pleading for her to spare his pitiful life.

This time, Laura felt no mercy. He had tried to use deadly force against her, and she knew he would do it again, the next time to someone who couldn't defend themselves. She would allow no jails this time, no courts, just cold street justice. Reaching down for him, she grabbed his belt and lifted him up into the air. Raising her right leg upward, she rested the middle of his back on her upraised thigh, placing one hand on his upper chest, grabbing his crotch with the other, holding him with her arms outstretched. Gritting her teeth, she she began raising her muscular thigh slowly upward, looking not at the man in her grasp, but glaring coldly back at all the rest of the men's staring eyes.

The man's body started to bend the wrong way as his back bent painfully over the hard muscles of her powerful thigh. Continuing the inexorable flex of her muscles, slowly raising her thigh higher, the grotesque bend in his back suddenly became too much for his spine to support, a loud crunching noise signaling the end of his resistance. Raising her thigh smoothly up to her chest, the man's body was suddenly bent completely in half the wrong way. Finally raising him into the air by only his crotch, she threw his lifeless body into the crushed remains of the dumpster!

The men staggered to their feet in a panic as she walked back their way, trying to run past her as they wanted nothing more than to escape this crazy woman. Reaching their lowrider as it was parked near the end of the alley, they jumped in and squealed the tires as they raced toward the street. They almost had it made when they saw another tall blonde step out from the side of the alley, her body impossibly looking even stronger than the woman behind them.

The driver smashed his foot on the brake and the car screeched to a stop a few feet in front of her. Looking back at the first blond, the gang suddenly knew they'd had more than their fill of statuesque blondes for one night, they just wanted to find somewhere safe now. Seeing their way blocked, the driver threw the car into reverse and backed up, a soft BUMP stopping the car suddenly. Looking in the rear-view mirror, the driver saw the first woman leaning her hands against the back of the car. She quickly bent down and astounded them all by lifting the back of the car rising slowly up into the air! Shifting to first gear, the driver raced the engine madly, trying to get away, the rear wheels spinning uselessly in mid-air.

The men were all screaming in terror now as the car tilted higher into the air until Laura had lifted the back of it completely over her head. Stretching her arms up, she suddenly shoved the car forward and away from her, sending it crashing to the ground nearly ten feet in front of her. The tires bounced and squealed as it sped forward again, the driver suddenly seeing the teenage girl standing in front of them again. This time, in his panic to avoid the crazy bitch behind him, he figured he'd just run the young girl down. He had no idea how big a mistake he was making!

The car accelerated to almost thirty miles per hour before it reached Fairchild. Expecting the girl to jump aside at the last moment, she shocked them by standing her ground until the car smashed headlong into her. Everyone in the front seat was suddenly thrown halfway through the windshield – the impact as severe as if they'd just hit a brick wall! The front-seat passenger lay across the hood for a moment before he looked up groggily to see that the front of his car was now crumpled around the young blonde's body!

The men were all just barely coming around when they looked up to see the girl reaching down to grab the front bumper, lifting it effortlessly off the ground with one hand.

"Everybody out, now!" she shouted as she reached her other arm underneath the car and lifted the whole thing over her head. The doors opened and they all tumbled out of the car or jumped off the hood. They barely made it before the girl ran down the alley and into the street with their car held high over her head. Leaning her arms behind her back, she gave it a mighty toss, the car flying high up into the air!

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Two LA cops were just getting out of their squad car to investigate reports of screams in the alley, when they suddenly saw a car flying out of the alley, climbing over their patrol car until it smashed into the concrete culvert behind them. Momentarily blinded as it burst into flames, they grabbed for their radios and called for backup. If whoever, or whatever, was in that alley was capable of throwing cars over their heads, they had no desire to handle this situation alone!

Meanwhile, waiting for backup, the officers grabbed their shotguns and turned back around just in time to see a tall blonde girl chasing a couple of gang members as they ran out of the alley and into the street. The men suddenly stopped and reached into their belts to pull out variety of handguns. Turning back toward her, they started blazing away at the girl, who had now slowed and was just walking calmly toward them. The policemen expected her to dive for the ground, but instead were astounded to see her simply stop and put her hands on her hips.

Fair gently flexed her stomach and chest muscles to let the bullets bounce off her, closely watching the ones that ricocheted energetically enough from her hard muscles to hurt someone. Turning her body slightly to make sure the spent bullets missed the cops, she stood and absorbed all the punishment they could inflict on her, the bright flashes of the ricochets visible in the darkness of the alley.

The cops were astounded as they stared at her! They had seen the recent fragmentary news reports of a mysterious super-powered blonde girl rescuing a hijacked plane in the South Pacific, but like most sensible people, had considered the idea totally ridiculous. Yet after tonight, they were definitely going to be believers. They could hear the sharp pings as the bullets ricocheted off the harder parts of the young girl's body, quieter thumps indicating when they hit the softer parts. She finally walked slowly forward into the stream of bullets until she could reach down to place her hands around the guns, most of the men still firing at her at point-blank range. She closed her hands around their hands, crushing their shattered fingers and steel together into a twisted mass of flesh and scrap metal.

Unfortunately, Fair was too busy handling the men with the guns to see the other gang member who was standing in the shadows and aiming a powerful hunting rifle at her. Firing at her head, he was rewarded with a bright flash as the bullet appeared to hit directly against her ear. Shouting with relief, he saw the girl stumble and fall to her knees, her hand whipping up to hold the side of her head.

Fair felt an incredible stinging pain as the powerful bullet landed completely inside her ear, the impact sending a wave of dizziness through her, so much so that she couldn't stay on her feet. Stumbling to her knees, she rubbed her ear rapidly while shaking her head, grabbing the smashed bullet from her ear canal with her fingernails. With her ear still ringing from the impact, she looked back toward the man with the rifle, suddenly angry as she saw him holding it against the head of the woman that Laura had tried to save back in the alley.

"Take it easy," she warned, her 'french' accent sounding strange in the streets of LA. "You don't want to really piss me off, do you? You saw how much effect your little peashooter had on me just now!"

Fair walked a few steps closer to the man as she spoke. "If you shoot that woman," she said in a voice suddenly too low for the cops to hear, "I promise you I'll use all my strength to tear your body into little pieces while you scream for mercy. Nobody, including those cops, will be able to save you!"

Realizing that she needed a little demonstration to convince the man, she glanced down at a manhole cover in front of her, suddenly seeing a way to emphasize her words. Slipping her finger in the hole, she casually flipped the thick steel cover end over end into the air like a giant coin. Grabbing one side of it with both hands, the muscles of her shoulders and arms flexed larger than the man had ever seen anyone's muscles flex before. Even bigger than that other girl who had trashed the entire gang single-handedly. The inch thick steel started groaning as the teenage girl tore the heavy steel cover in half as if it was nothing but a thick piece of paper! She then casually tossed the pieces to her sides, the man flinching as they clanged loudly against the concrete.

"Now, do you really want me to lay these hands on you? Your body will be a lot easier to tear apart than that steel cover was!"

The man's eyes were big as saucers as he watched the girl tear the thick steel manhole cover in half. He finally understood that he had no chance against her, his hands suddenly starting to shake so badly that he dropped the rifle on the sidewalk.

The two cops rushed up with guns drawn to kick the rifle away and handcuff him. Quickly restraining the terrified man, they turned around to thank the girl, but she was gone. Looking up and down the street, they couldn't imagine how she had disappeared so quickly. Finally shrugging their shoulders, they hauled the man into the station, eventually spending the rest of the night trying to explain to their sergeant what had happened. He still didn't believe their story as the sun came up!

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