

Alpha Taskforce IV – Battle Scars

By Kurt Logan

Prologue:

Key Lake City's Silent Port was shaken by a terrible battle between the newly formed ATF strike team and the Verducci metahuman enforcers Dee-Dee and Stacy. Dozens of buildings were leveled by the encounter and hundreds of casualties have been reported. The ATF suffered their first major defeat which resulted in two of their agents to be severely injured.

Laura Jensen, one of the team's Alpha Metahumans was pummeled and sexually assaulted by Dee-Dee until she was rendered comatose and Scott Anderson beaten to the edge of death by Stacy when he attempted to distract her to buy Rose time to evacuate a collapsing building. With the Verducci enforcers gone, the ATF picked up their wounded and left the scene when local emergency services arrived.

ATF Transport Helicopter

John, the newly appointed field commander of the team sat next to Laura's unconscious body. Even with all the bruises around her face and body, he couldn't resist noticing how incredible her figure is. Her clothes had been ripped off violently by Dee-Dee who had her fun at Laura's expense. John had removed his long trench coat and draped it over Laura's long body, covering her exposed breasts and pubic area, but was still barely long enough to cover two thirds of the tall blonde's legs. Her large, gravity defying breasts pushed the leather coat upwards forming a steep "tent" over her chest.

John: *"Hang in there kiddo, I can't lose you too!"* He reflected on how he had met her so long ago, when she was just a twelve-year-old kid whose parents had tragically died in a car accident. She was then adopted by her uncle, his late partner Jeff "Sparks" Jensen, who died nearly a month ago. He looks at the unconscious woman before him and can barely recognize her. She looks so different from the last time he saw her, about three years ago, in a small gathering on Sparks' home before she went out to college. She was always tall, almost his height, but she was a very thin woman, almost flat-chested; now, she is like a towering supermodel with insane measurements. Even her face, which has always been very pretty, now somehow looks almost perfect. Her lips are fuller her blue eyes are now brighter with a deeper hue of blue. The overall shape of her face remains very similar, just with her features more proportionate to each other making her even more pleasing to the eye. *"What am I thinking about."* He shook his head realizing he was focusing much on her physical transformation and getting quite hot under the collar, forgetting it's the same girl who not long ago referred to him as Uncle John.

He decides its best to put his attention elsewhere and moves into the cockpit, where his old friend is piloting the aircraft. The short stocky Irish man turns to John as he sees him come in.

John: *"How could this have happened? I've never heard they could be hurt like this. I've seen tanks fall on them without them even flinching!"*

Wolf: *"Aye, but that big one... you've seen her, I'm sure her fists hit much harder than a tank."* He pauses for a few seconds and asks in a somber tone. *"how's the kid?"*

John's shoulders drop and he turns around and moves to the back where Rose and Jane are kneeling next to Scott's body.

John: *"Jane... How is he?"*

Jane: *"It...it looks bad. His vital signs are getting fainter by the minute."*

John: *"We'll be back at the base soon, our doctors..."*

Rose: *"They can't help! We need her..."*

John: *"Her!? Who are you talking about? Our medical staff is the best in the country..."*

Rose: *"And they'll watch him die on the operating table!!!"* Rose wipes the tears off her face *"Wolf, please, take us to her"*

ATF-IV by Kurt Logan [Patreon exclusive short story]

Wolf: *"Are you sure lass.... you know what's going to happen if she..."*

Rose: *"Please! it's his only chance and you know it!"* Rose pleaded. Wolf and Jane looked down in acceptance of what she was saying.

John: *"Will someone tell me who are we talking about?"*

Wolf: *"A healer. A very special healer"*

John: *"Do you think he can save his life?"*

Wolf: *"Aye, She can... but..."*

John: *"Then what are we waiting for? Let's go!"*

Wolf: *"The price might be a wee high"* Said Wolf looking at Rose.

John: *"We'll worry about it after he is safe"*

Wolf: *"Alright, changing our heading to Key Lake Hill, ETA 3 minutes."*

Rose: *"Merci!"* She bends down to him kissing Scott's battered cheek. *"Just hang on a little longer baby, we'll make it"*

The helicopter banks right as it adjusts its heading. The rugged pilot touches a cellular uplink panel in the dashboard and after a few seconds a sweet female voice answers. Only he can hear it through the headphones, but everyone did hear what he responds. *"This is ATF Agent Wolf Westcott, we need your assistance. We have two injured agents, one of them in critical condition."* After a short pause a voice responded on the radio. *"We'll be ready for your arrival"* said the female voice.

Three minutes later, the helicopter arrived at a high-profile residential area, landing loudly in front of a small clinic next to a large house. The loud sound of the aircraft alerted the whole neighborhood and soon a large crowd formed on the sidewalks. The clinic door opened, and three figures raced out, two women were running ahead and at the back there was a young man pushing a gurney.

The tallest figure was clearly the doctor, wearing a long white robe. At a distance John noted something very different about her. Just from her size he knew instantly she was another metahuman but when she got closer, he realized there was so much more to her. She had feral characteristics, with white skin and turquoise hair. Her ears were very interesting, similar to those of a hare or rabbit. At first John thought it was head gear, like some cosplay girls sometimes use, but when he saw the ears move on their own, then he knew they were real. Finally, he noticed she has a small fluffy bunny tail and rabbit paws instead of feet. The woman moved very fast, each step carried her dozens of feet as she bounced gracefully. She moved so gracefully she seemed to be floating, carried through the air by her pair of very strong legs.

Aside from her shape, the size of the doctor was impressive. John noticed Wolf had gone ahead to greet her when she landed only inches from the man; granted Wolf was not a very tall man, reaching to John's shoulder; he looked like a child next to her imposing stature. She was twice as tall as he and his head was at the same level as the zipper on her jeans. She was even taller than Jane, who until that moment had been the tallest person he had ever met.

Right behind the doctor was another woman with similar attributes. She was much younger but very similar to the doctor; *"Must be sisters"* thought John. Seconds later arrived the boy pushing the gurney; he seemed like a teenage boy, typical human-looking high school teenager. The only distinctive attribute on the boy was his hair color, of similar blue hue as the two females.

The three moved to the helicopter, running past him. She examined Scott and placed her hand on his face gently and with her other hand held him by the wrist and checked his pulse.

Rose: *"Pam, can you save him?"*

Pam: *"His vitals are very faint. The damage is very extensive and looks like he has lost a lot of blood."*

Jane: *"You've helped him before..."*

Pam: *"Mending a broken hand is one thing... this is too much! I... I can't help him like this; my "touch" can't deal with something this extreme..."* She turns to her assistant. *"Liz, let's get him inside."* The younger bunny-ear woman brought in a thin fiberglass plane which she gently slipped under Scott's body. Rose held him steady, keeping him in place until he was completely resting on the plane. Liz then

lifted the plane with Scott on it with distinct ease, and swiftly but gently carried him over to the portable bed. Once she transferred the agent to the bed, she and the boy quickly rolled him into the clinic.

Jane came out of the helicopter carrying Laura in her arms following the group into the clinic.

Pam: *"Sweet Carrot! What happened to her?"* As Liz and Rose placed Scott on the examination bed, the doctor moved to the unconscious Laura and checked her pulse and heartbeat. *"Her vital signs seem stable, please lay her down on that bed and I will treat her next."*

She walked next to the table and caressed the man's forehead, closing her eyes she concentrated her energy on him. Her face became hard with her brow tightened as she concentrated herself. Her hand began to glow white. Her ears pulled back and one could see her feral toes curling as her toned body tightened with incredible effort.

Wolf: *"Amazing! Isn't she?"* He whispered to an astounded John standing next to him.

John: *"What's going on exactly? Who is she?"*

Wolf: *"Her name is Pam Anderson, she is probably the world's best field medic. She aided the old team a few years ago. If it wasn't for her, me and a bunch of other agents would have been buried long ago."*

John: *"Great, now we have to deal with two more metas!"*

Wolf: *"I know you don't like them, but she is one of the good ones. She's... very special, you'll see."*

John: *"I'm set on my ways. Regarding metas, I have issues... lots of issues. So, what's she doing to the kid?"*

Wolf: *"She has some strange power. She can heal someone just by touching him."*

John: *"That's useful! Is it working?"*

Wolf: *"Not sure. She said something about the damage being too extensive for her hands to heal"*

As the two men were talking, Scott began to moan, and his eyes opened slightly. He tried to move his head but if was immobilized by the doctor's hand. His eyes moved slowly, initially out of focus, but he could see the shape of a huge figure looming over him. Her imposing figure blocks the light from the overhead lamp, showcasing her silhouette with an aura all around her. He mistook her for Stacy ready to finish the job she started. His heart began to race and tried to move away but his body didn't respond. He managed to look to the side and got a glimpse of his face on a reflective surface. He saw himself bruised to an extreme, with many cuts on his skin, some so severe the bone was visible, and his nose had been mashed, his jaw was crushed with many teeth missing plus there were massive lumps over his entire face, hiding his features completely. One eye was shut, with the surrounding area swollen and blood dripping from the opening signaling he had lost that eye. Tears began to drip down the sides of his broken face as he howled in despair, barely making a sound as his lungs were failing.

Rose ran to his side and clutched his hand. *"Baby I'm here, please hang on, for me please, hang on!"* It was too much for Scott and he fell back to unconsciousness. *"Please! Help him!"* She shouted in despair.

Pam took a few steps back, wiping the sweat from her brow. *"I can't help him like this. His body is shutting down faster than I can heal it...there is only one way I can help him."* She turned around and faced the group. *"I'm going to need you all to wait behind the curtain!"* They all stepped back except for Rose who stayed at Scott's side. *"That means you too, love. I'm sorry but I need to be alone with him."* Rose shook her head and held on to his hand tighter. Pam's tone became harder and more forceful *"You brought him to me and I'm not having him die on my bed so Get Back!"*

Rose: *"You can't be serious! I won't leave you alone with him!"*

Wolf: *"Rose! You know it has to be this way. You asked us to come to her, let her do her thing"*

Pam: *"I promise you, I will not hurt him"*

Rose sighed in resignation and let go of Scott's hand. She walks back ominously to the group and when she passed next to Wolf, she mumbled

Rose: *"I won't hurt him, She says"* Rose mumbled as she moved pass the curtain. *"She will hurt **US!**"*

Wolf: *"Rose, listen..."* Rose gave him a really angry look which stopped him cold. He stepped back and moved clear out of the way.

John: *"Can anyone tell me what was that all about?"* He got no answer.

Wolf moved closer to John as they both watched pam close the curtain leaving her alone inside with Scott. The curtain had a level of translucency and one could make out her tall silhouette as she moved to the side of the bed. They were shocked when they see her silhouette remove her long coat, shirt and pants. They onlookers got a clear view of her nude silhouette, with her impossibly thin waist leading up to a lightly toned upper body and shoulders and the amazing contour of her prominent breasts.

Wolf: *"She can heal you with simple skin contact. A brush of her skin can heal a bruise, cure a cold and even stop a migraine in seconds. For more intense injuries, like lacerations, broken bones, torn ligaments, etc. she uses her hands and channels her healing aura on that spot and in minutes she can heal most injuries. However, there is a limit on how much she can heal like that, channeling her energy through her hands can only focus on one injury at a time. Scott's injuries are very severe and varied in nature. She has to contain the internal bleeding, mend his broken bones and cause major tissue regeneration all at once if he has a chance to survive; but to do that, the contact must be... intimate, bordering on sexual."*

John: *"But look at him, he is more gone than alive...can she really do all that?"*

Wolf: *"I know she can, because some years ago, it was me on that table. Took a grenade blast up close on a mission, ended up with a big hole on my chest, lung, liver, kidneys, most destroyed. I was so lucky she was there with us as a field medic. She got to me fast and before I knew it, her marvelous long hard body was around me. She wrapped her arms and legs around my body and buried my head in her large chest... Suddenly the pain stopped, and I was filled with an incredible amount of pleasure. I felt my body as if it was caught on fire but without the pain. When it was over...I was whole again. She saved my life and those of countless boys in the field."*

John was silent, trying to process what his old friend had told him. They watched in awe as she leaned closer and removed his urban body armor and opened his blood-stained shirt, ripping open the hard carbon fiber armor with her fingers as if it was made of wet tissue paper; reminding everyone she is a metahuman and has the strength and durability that comes with that. She leaned over him, slowly getting herself on the bed and resting her long sensual body over the young man's battered form. She slowly draped herself over him, letting her hips rest on his, and her flat belly in full contact with his abdomen and chest. She placed her hands firmly on the bed on each side of the man, holding herself up so all her weight does not rest on the hurt human. Under normal circumstances, her weight is not enough to seriously hurt a grown man, he will be pinned down and have difficulties breathing but nothing would break, but Scott's body was very fragile, with so many broken ribs, she could cause his thorax to collapse and kill him if she was not careful. In this position gravity pulled down on her marvelous ample breasts, causing them to hang forward and gently rest on his face. She lowered herself slowly until both breasts had slid down each side of his face, practically swallowing the agent's head into her cleavage.

John: *"I can see why Rose is not particularly happy with Scott getting that treatment. I can't blame her for being jealous."*

Wolf: *"It's not only that. There is a side effect to Pam's intense healing... It is addictive... very addictive. It's common for her patients to become obsessed with her. I was unconscious almost through the whole thing, but the experience sinks in to your subconscious and you savor every second of it. I still remember as the most pleasurable sensation I've ever had. It's like feeling her embrace as the safest place you can be, where you feel your life only has meaning if you are in there, and it becomes where you want to return to at all costs."*

John: *"Seriously!?"*

Wolf: *"It took me a long time to get over that... addiction."*

Wolf and John continued to watch the tall woman gently couldn't help but become instantly aroused. The boy next to them was also showing signs of excitement, but in his case was from looking at Jane and Rose. Jane turned to Pam's assistant and the two girls exchanged a wicked smile.

Rose on the other hand looked very uneasy, filling up with jealousy. She refrained from watching but from time to time she would turn to see and turn back more annoyed every time.

Behind the curtain, the soft taunt skin on Pam's generous bosom hugged Scott's face tightly. Her powerful sweet aroma penetrated the young man and he began to move again. A gentle white aura covered Pam and Scott, a soft healing wave which began to slowly mend his wounds. He regained limited consciousness and his first reaction was to raise his hands and place them on whatever was hugging his face so tightly. His palms landed weakly on Pam's full breasts and unwittingly began to caress them as he tried to figure out what it was.

Rose saw what Scott was doing and immediately rushed in, opening the curtains as she went in, allowing everyone else to see a brief glimpse of the doctor's majestic nearly nude body lying on Scott. John and Wolf gasped at the sight of Pam's amazing body, visible from the side and behind in her nude glory with the exception of a tiny thong which she did not remove. Rose quickly got next to Scott, held onto his arms and gently pulled them down. She looked at the doctor intensely "*Was that really necessary?*"

Pam ignored Rose's outburst, keeping herself focused on channeling the energies flowing from her body into Scott. Pam's eyes were closed, and she barely acknowledged Rose's demand. "*I must concentrate...almost finished*" The strain in Pam's voice was evident. It was taking every ounce of her energy to heal the extensive fatal wounds inflicted by Stacy. She held the man's head tightly between her breasts until she felt he no longer needed it; she could feel his heart beat strongly once again. She slowly straightened up and rose to her feet. Scott, lying face up on the bed had his vision completely blinded until the doctor moved away. His sight returned as two massive breasts rose up above him and gave him a unique view of Doctor Pamela from the bottom. He kept staring at the woman, missing the incredible sensation of her soft healing touch and the incredible smell of the woman's breasts and the wonderful warmth of her nude body on his. Scott was in fact so enthralled with her that he didn't realize Rose was there next to him holding his hands.

Rose: "*Scott, I'm right here!*" She said quite annoyed.

Scott: "*Huh!?*" responded the young man without taking his eyes off the imposing figure of Dr. Anderson as she fastened her brassiere and put on her pants, shirt and coat. His mind was still spinning from the experience and could not form coherent thoughts yet, slowly awakening from primal instinctive responses.

Rose: "*Scott!*" She shouted gently squeezing his hands, nearly breaking a bone or two. The quick shot of pain in his hand sped up his awakening and soon he shook his head trying to figure out what was happening.

Scott: "*What.... Rose!?*" He shouted, sitting up as fast as he could and hugging the woman. The doctor turned around and took a rag and began to clean the traces of Scott's blood that had gotten on her skin, specially between her large white breasts. She looks up and realizes Rose had left the curtain open and everyone was astonished watching her wipe her boobs clean. She sighed and grabbed her clothes from the chair she had left them on and got dressed. She saw no need this time to close the curtain since everyone had seen her practically nude already. As Pam moved about, she began to feel somewhat light-headed. The child ran in and brought a chair close to the doctor "*here sis, sit down here*" He held onto her hips trying to keep her from falling down, but she is so large compared to him, if she did topple there would be no way he could hold her.

After a few seconds of a warm embrace between Rose and Scott, his head dropped limp to one side as he became unconscious once more.

Rose: "*Scott! Doc, help he is out again!*"

Pam: "*Don't worry, that's perfectly normal*" said the doctor as she sat down on a stool and slowly buttoned up her blouse. "*His body has to rest to cope with the treatment.*"

Rose: "*Is he going to be alright?*"

Pam: "*He is out of danger. He still needs time to recover and will need some rehabilitation.*" The woman pauses to catch her breath. Her heart pounds very fast in her chest, trying to wind down after the intense stress she has just put her body through. "*His injuries were too extreme... I couldn't do more... it really drained me...*"

Rose: "*Thank you so much... will he...?*" Rose paused looking into the doctor's eyes. "*Are we going to be OK?*"

Pam: "*Give it time. At first it will be rough for him, but he will learn to manage... isn't it right, Wolf?*" She said with a smile looking past Rose at the familiar face peeking in. "*It's great to see you again dear friend!*"

Wolf: "*Thank you lass, it's really nice to see you again too!*" The man smiles at her and looks at Rose's distraught expression. "*She is right, Rose. I can tell you from experience it will be very hard for him at first, but he is strong and with time he will be ok. You just have to understand what he is going to go through and know that if I could make it, so can he. And also, he has something I didn't. An anchor to keep him grounded.*"

Rose: "*Yes? What would that be?*" Rose was filled with conflicting emotions. She is thankful and happy the man she loves is safe and is at the same time distraught that he might have just been bewitched by someone who might replace her as the most important woman in his life. Hard as she tried, Rose could not stop a single tear to come down her cheek and drip to her prominent cleavage.

Wolf: *"Your love, lass! The love of a wonderful and gorgeous woman who in all accounts is more amazing than the wildest fantasy any man could have."* He looks at her with an almost paternal expression. *"With you at his side, I think it would be impossible for him to think of anyone else."*

Rose smiles, wiping the tears off her cheeks. *"You really know how to lift a girl's spirits, old dog."*

Pam: *"Rose, it doesn't mean he will change towards you. If I'm not around, there might not be any difference and...in time, the effect might go away"* the doctor slowly stands up and walks over to the still unconscious Laura. She looks at her and can't help but wonder what kind of beast could have done this to someone so beautiful. She gently places her hands on Laura's chest and forehead and closes her eyes, concentrating her energy on her hands slowly forming a healing aura around the blonde girl. Slowly,

In the meantime, John had moved over to the second table where Laura was lying down. On the opposite side of the table was the doctor's assistant, Liz. The man didn't fail to notice the appearance of the young woman. She looked much younger than Pam, in her early twenties he guessed. She was also much shorter, about 8 feet tall compared to the doctor's 10 feet in height and her female attributes were not as exaggerated as the doctor's. The assistant however looked much stronger, with the musculature of a female bodybuilder. She noticed him staring at her, which she has gotten very used to. She considered teasing him, which is what she would normally do, but one look at him and she decided against it. He is not the playing around type, she thought. She opted to divert his attention down to Laura.

Liz gently caresses Laura's bruised face. Her soft snow-white fingers traced the contours of Laura's cheeks and jaw. *"Who could possibly have done something like this to her...?"* she pauses for a moment and looks to the man *"I didn't know anyone could do this to people like us!"*

John could see the genuine worry in the young woman's eyes. It's true, he thought, despite her feral qualities, this girl shares the basic gene sequence that gives Laura, Rose, Jane and other metas their core characteristics: like greater size, more dense muscles and extreme durability. Until now, they believed there was nothing strong enough to cause serious injury to metas, however that has changed today. The proof was in front of them, unconscious, battered, violated. His eyes went back to the girl; where he at first only saw an 8-foot muscular bunny female, he now sees a girl, who maybe for the first time is feeling vulnerable. *"It was one of you who did this. She was so strong that every punch she gave poor Laura was so powerful it shook the ground and tossed cars and people high into the air."* He paused *"The same woman who weeks before murdered my partner and Laura's uncle"*

The room had gone quiet after what John had said. Pam moved close to him and placed a hand on his shoulder. *"Let me help her"* She said. John looked up at the majestic bunny woman and noticed she was having trouble keeping her balance.

John: *"Yes, please!"* He answers moving aside. He notices the tall doctor stagger as she moves close to the table. *"Are you sure you are alright?"* He asks concerned.

Pam: *"Yeah, I think I'll be alright. The young man took more of me than I had anticipated"* She said, holding on to the bed. The young teen boy who was there with Pam and Liz when they arrived moved to Pam's side and held on to her by the hips. *"I've got you sis!"* He said.

John: *"He is your brother?"*

Elizabeth: *"Ray, yup. He is our baby brother."* She noticed the confused look on his face. Ray was after all a normal looking human 15-year-old boy and his two sisters were large bunny goddesses. *"He takes after our dad"* she said with a shrug.

John's eyes widened. *"Then your mom..."* Liz and Pam smiled.

Elizabeth: *"If you think Pam is tall, then you should definitely meet mom... she will blow your mind away!"*

Pam: *"And if you think Liz looks strong, our mom could give Jane here a run for her money"* Pam smiled as she leaned down to Laura and placed her hands on the sides of her face. The doctor closed her eyes and began to focus her energy on her patient. Again, her body tightened and an aura, a slight glow began to flow from every part of her body into her arms and into her hands. *"She has no internal injuries, I feel her wounds are superficial...She'll be alright!"* She held onto Laura for ten minutes and once she finished, she slumped back, almost passing out. Ray tried to hold her, but he was only able to slow her fall. Her weight dragged both of them down and just when he was going to hit the floor with Pam's weight falling on him in a dangerous way, Jane caught the large doctor in her arms and gently cradled her in her massively muscular arms. Liz also moved in and had reached under Ray with her hands and was able to pick him up before he hit the ground. She held her brother up with one arm like a small child. *"Got you, bro!"* She said hugging him, to his annoyance.

Ray: *"I had her!"*

Elizabeth: *"Obviously!"* Liz said smiling.

Laura slowly opened her eyes and slowly sat up. Everyone was amazed at the sight of the blonde Alpha's beautiful face fully healed and looking so perfect as if nothing had happened. The bruises on her shoulders and arms were also gone. She looked around confused trying to figure out where she was. *"What happened?"* she asked confused but almost as soon as she had finished uttering those words, the mental images of her encounter with Stacy and DeeDee came flooding back into her mind. She recalled the abuse, the brutality and how the larger alpha had raped her. She felt the complete degradation and the sense of impotence. She had tried to resist but the other woman was way stronger than her and she proceeded to beat Laura into submission and finally jammed her hand into her exposed vagina and finger fucked so hard and violently that Laura felt so much pain but above it a physical sexual stimulation that became oddly pleasurable. She was forced to cum and then be beaten again. The last thing she remembers is being thrown face first into the ground on a pool of her own cum and being stomped on the back of the head until she lost consciousness.

Laura was flooded with so many painful memories and emotions she screamed and began to cry, clutching her chest. Her scream was so powerful it made the men's ears ring and lose their balance, falling to the ground. The coat that John had used to cover her nude form fell off the moment she sat up. All present were heartbroken at the sight of Laura crying. John, who was closest and was the first to react picked up the coat from the floor and moved closer to Laura to place it over her shoulders. When he was close enough, before he could put the coat on her, she reached for him and pulled him towards her, wrapping her arms around him, hugging him tightly and crying on his shoulder. He didn't know what to do so he stood there with his arms spread to her sides. *"Uncle John..." she cried "What she did to me... was so horrible!!!"* John slowly brought his arms around her, gently hugging her back. *"I know..."* is all he managed to say.

Twenty minutes later the group returned to the helicopter. Scott was still passed out, but he was physically whole again. His missing teeth had grown back and the eye that he had lost had regenerated. Even old high school injuries had healed. Rose carried him in her arms. Laura walked in on her own, wearing some clothes Pam had given her. Wolf got himself on the cockpit readying the engines for takeoff. He glances through the window, looking at Pam standing by the door of her office waving. His heart skips a beat at the thought of not seeing her again for some time. He realizes he might not be 100% over the obsession he developed for her after his treatment.

As the helicopter began to ascend, Pam, Liz and Ray jumped into Pam's ambulance and they were joined by three more of Pam's sisters. All drove off towards the Silent Port to lend medical aid to the injured and help out on the rescue efforts.

The flight back to base was a silent one. The sound of the helicopter's engine filled the void as each of the team members was quite lost in their own thoughts. Jane, the least affected of the group had sat in the copilot seat and was flying the helicopter along with Wolf. The short veteran was had his hands on the stick, but his mind was back in the doctor's office, back in time when it was him being healed by her amazing body. Rose was in the back of the helicopter with a sleeping Scott on her lap. Her eyes were wet with tears that occasionally came out and slid down her cheek and chin. Scott was stable but exhausted from the experience, he would need some rehabilitation, but he should make a full recovery. She looks at him, relieved he is no longer the broken shell he had been only an hour ago. In the middle of the craft, John sat next to Laura. She was looking out the window, her eyes looking towards the horizon at nothing in particular. John sat next to her holding her hand.

The helicopter lands at their home base and when the door slides open, they are met by a lone figure of advanced age with a very serious expression on his face. Behind him a group of doctors wearing white robes were ready with two gurneys.

John was the first to climb out of the helicopter. *"Ronald..."*

Ronald: *"Would you care to tell me what the hell happened out there!?"* Interrupted the old man.

John: *"The mission didn't go as planned..."*

Ronald: *"Go as planned!?! You got your asses handed to you in public. Everyone with a cell phone posted videos of what happened online."*

John: *"We got caught off guard this time, next time..."*

Ronald: *"Next time!?! We'll be lucky if they don't shut us down after that fiasco..."* Ronald pauses for a few moments *"John, there are videos of that Asian bitch grabbing people off the street and throwing them at Rose; so much blood and death."* Ronald looks at Rose who is climbing off the helicopter carrying Scott. Her torn uniform carried the blood stains of the people that were thrown at her. She caught and saved many, but not all of them. *"That's one hell of an unveiling of the team to the general public."*

John: *"You have to convince them to give us another chance to prove our value."* John pleaded.

Ronald: *"What do you think I've been doing the past 3 hours!"* Ronald replied calmly. *"It's hairy but we might pull through this one, but... We need results and soon or they WILL shut us down. Now, let's tend to your injured."* He signals the medical team to move forward.

Rose: *"That won't be necessary. He just needs sleep"* She cradles him against her chest protectively.

Ronald: *"How is that possible!?"*

John: *"Long story..."*

Rose: *"I'm taking him home."* said Rose walking pass the two men. She didn't wait for an acknowledgment from anyone, she just continued to walk passed everyone towards the elevator. Everyone was silent as the French amazon walked by them with a very uncharacteristic serious expression. Even the power house of the group, Jane, stepped aside and let Rose pass without saying a word; they all knew it was not wise to get in her way at her present mood.

An hour later, the couple arrive at Scott's apartment. He had awoken during the ride home. Rose was very quiet during the drive, often glancing at her boyfriend who seemed lost, staring at empty space out the window. She tries to start a conversation; however, he didn't engage her much.

Once In the parking lot, he found he couldn't get up on his own, so Rose goes to his aid and gently carries him off the car. She noticed he began to shiver. *"Put me down, please!"* he begged her. Surprised, Rose complied and gently lowered him until his feet touched the ground. She let him support himself up and both realized he was still too weak to stand on his own. Rose put her arm around Scott's back and helped him walk to the elevator.

As they walked, Scott couldn't help to notice one of Rose's particularly large breasts was right next to his face. He could see most of her exposed skin through her torn blouse and jacket and began to relax. Her beautiful attributes always excite him and relaxes him at the same time, her dark tan skin color and flawless smooth skin is something he absolutely adores. Almost subconsciously he leans towards her and lets his face rub gently against her heavy bust. She notices he had stopped shivering and feels his caressing against her body. She smiles, enjoying the wonderful sensation of feeling his love for her.

The two enter the elevator, with Rose having to crouch a little to fit inside the small box. Scott was happy in the arms the woman she loves more than his own life. It was all good until half way up to his floor, he glances to his side and sees their reflection on the elevator reflective wall. Suddenly he pulls away from Rose with an expression Rose had never seen on her partner. She moves closer to him, but he backs away, so she stops, and steps back, completely confused.

They enter his apartment and he slowly makes his way to the couch in his living room. He makes his way on his own, with Rose close by ready to catch him if he were to fall.

Rose: *"Take it slow, babe!"* She paused as seemed he was going to fall but then managed to keep his balance. *"Pam said it would take a few days for your strength to come back to normal."*

Scott reaches the couch and drops on it, exhausted. Rose goes into his bedroom and walks out with comfortable clothes and a few pillows which she gently places under his head. She sees his expression of fear when she reaches under him, to the point she became really uncomfortable.

Rose: *"Scott, what is it? You've been looking at me so strangely!"*

Scott: *"Rose, I..."* He pauses and closes his eyes; a lone tear runs down his cheek. *"You remind me of her..."*

Rose: *"Her, who? Stacy!?"* Asked Rose feeling almost insulted. *"How can you say that!"*

Scott: *"It's not you exactly; it's... I don't know how to explain it. She used her muscles to break me... I felt them, big, hot and so hard. They squeezed me and my bones cracked. So much agony... Her big metahuman muscles were the last thing I saw before everything went dark"*

Rose moves next to the sofa and sits on the ground next to Scott. *"look at me, at my face"* she asks. *"Don't look at my body, just my face, my eyes!"* He looks into her beautiful green eyes. *"You once told me that looking at my eyes always makes you feel happy. How do you feel now?"*

He looks at her beautiful young face, her bright green eyes almost glowing from the head lamp light reflecting on them. *"I love them, as I love everything about you... I just have to get over this... trauma"*

Rose: *"Close your eyes"* He does as she asks *"Don't open them. Just concentrate on your other senses. Concentrate on my voice, how I smell..."*

Scott: *"I love how you smell, and your voice excites me always."* He smiles and Rose smiles back. She quickly unbuttons her blouse and takes her top off, remaining topless next to Scott's face. Rose leans forward, reminding him it's her who is about to touch him and to not open his eyes. Soon he feels the contact between her silky-smooth skin and his face. Her two large breasts softly press against Scott's cheeks and mouth. Their weight massages his skin and their softness lets him feel less threatened.

Rose sees and feels how his heart begins to race, but from excitement instead of fear. He seems relaxed and happy, feeling her body caress his. She gently slid her fingers over his chest and down to his crotch which was already fully erect. She gently opened his pants and let out his excitement out in the open. *"Relax, don't move and let me do this for you please!"* Scott nodded and Rose began to gently stroke his stiff penis. Scott's heart began to beat even faster. She was really careful to handle his equipment with gentle firmness. Her hand gripped him tightly and jerked him energetically, while being absolutely gentle ensuring that he felt no discomfort at all.

Rose's hand moved very fast, almost vibrating while caressing the whole length of his shaft. She maneuvered her stiff nipple over his lips, which he welcomed immediately, letting it into his mouth, sucking and gently biting on it. Rose became really excited from his gentle touch. Even when Scott bit on her nipple a little too hard, she felt no discomfort and moaned from the waves of pleasure she was bathed in. She begins to feel his excitement about to climax, so she moves closer to his hips and leans into his crotch, letting his stiff member into her mouth completely and using her dexterous tongue she massaged his head with so much gentle pressure it didn't take long for him to explode into her mouth.

She smiled after swallowing his seed, sliding towards his side and gently resting her head on his chest. *"I love you so much!"* she whispers, gently caressing his face. His eyes remained closed and it didn't take long for him to fall asleep. During the night, his dreams were plagued by flashbacks of the battle and the sight of his own reflection with his face beaten to a pulp haunt him repeatedly. He awoke in the middle of the night and could not go back to sleep.

The next day, Scott was able to stand on his own and walk around his apartment without having to hold on to the walls. Rose did not leave his side, and as the day went on, he became more comfortable around her; he was no longer afraid of her strong muscles; however, he was not fully comfortable yet. That night, he went to bed alone, asking Rose he needed to be alone for a bit. Rose felt a little sad by his decision but agreed and left for her own apartment.

Same as the night before, Scott turned and tossed unable to get proper sleep. At one AM he falls off his bed and decides he has had enough. He puts on his street clothes as fast as he can and storms out of his apartment. Thirty minutes later he arrives at his destination; it was a two-story building where Pam's clinic operates. He rings the bell on a door next to the entrance of the clinic which leads to an apartment on the top floor. A few moments pass and the door opens, revealing the tall woman wearing a revealing red silk bedroom chemise.

Pam: *"I've been expecting you"* She says letting him inside. The tall feral woman gently crouches and picks him up on her arms, gently cuddling him against her very large bust. She climbs up the stairs carrying him like a baby on her arms. *"Don't worry, the doctor will make you feel alright!"*

The door closes behind them as they disappear into her apartment.

The next morning, Rose arrives at Scott's apartment with a breakfast she had prepared for him. He had always loved her cooking, and she wanted to surprise him. The one surprised is her however, as she can't find him in the apartment. She sees his bed unmade which is very much unlike him as it is to leave his clothes laying around on the floor. She begins to worry and decides to find out where he is. She pulls out her cell phone and activates a cell tracking app she is authorized to use as part of her job as a Security Forces Special Agent. She waits expectedly for a result to come up and after a few moments a very recognizable address shows up on the screen, with the indication his phone had been at that location for the last 6 hours.

Rose: *"No, god no!"* She shouts as she storms out of the apartment. *"This can't be happening!"* She cries as she runs out.

To be continued