

ANGEL OF SALVATION

- a Spoonmaster story -

(amysconquest.com)

Four years! Four years since I'd left Westlake. I thought when I left that I'd never return; I certainly never wanted to return. I had bad memories from this place. Sure there were good ones too, but the bad were much more recent, and much, much stronger. I stopped my car in front of the sign that said *Welcome to Westlake*. For a long while I seriously considered turning around, but in the end I really had no choice. A twenty-two year old man who just graduated college with no job experience didn't exactly have a lot of choices in where he worked, and the family connection gave me an opportunity that really was too good to pass up. So ever so reluctantly, I put the car back in drive and headed on to my new home.

The second floor, one bedroom condo wasn't all that big, but then at five feet eight inches tall, I wasn't either, and the price was right. It was a relatively easy move. I didn't really have much in the way of furniture. A desk, a dresser and a bed were all donated by my parents. A couch, a few folding chairs and an odd assortment of tables all came from Goodwill and looked it, but again the price was right. The only piece of furniture I already owned, a weight set, was thrown in the corner, where it sat mocking me. I really thought I could get bigger and stronger, at least strong enough to defend myself, but this body was just meant to be a hundred fifty pounds of skin, bones and beer gut. I really should throw the thing in the trash, but I keep telling myself that I'll start working out again. Now that I'm back, the need to get stronger is greater than ever.

All and all, I was fine with my meagre dwelling. It might be humble, but it was mine, and I'd be able to afford some better stuff once I started getting some pay-checks. For now, what I had would do.

It only took me a couple of days to find a place for everything. Besides my parents, no one came calling and that was fine with me, there was no one else I wanted to see. The future is what I was most interested in. It was time to bury the past. I decided to make that my motto: *live for the moment*. It seemed like it would be a great way for me to carry on. It lasted until the doorbell rang on my third day back. My outlook on life was about to change in ways I could never have expected.

I assumed it was my parents, as far as I knew they were the only ones who knew I was in town. So I was surprised to open the door to find a beautiful woman looking back at me. She was a couple inches shorter than me, with dirty blonde hair that fell in waves to the middle of her back and framed a gorgeous, tanned face. High cheekbones set against a small mouth with lush red lips, slightly opened to reveal gleaming white teeth. A thin nose led up to deep brown eyes that seemed to glisten with excitement. Long lashes and well-trimmed eyebrows gave her an elegant look.

She wore a pink hoodie that was unzipped low enough to display an impressive amount of cleavage. The rest of the top was too baggy to tell much what her body looked like, but the short jean-shorts she was wearing displayed well-muscled thighs and nicely-toned calves wrapped in silky-smooth skin.

The twinkle in her eye and warmth of her smile enhanced her natural beauty. I was so entranced by her beauty; it took me a moment to realize I was staring. I could feel my face redden as I shook myself from my stupor. I finally get a smoking-hot neighbor and all I can do is gawk at her like some buffoon! Great first impression.

"Uh, hi. How... uh... how are you... uh, doing?" Yeah, that was much better.

She just stood there, with an expectant look on her face. I stared back, trying and failing to keep my eyes from dropping down to her inviting cleavage. Her breasts must have been huge. What the hell was she waiting for? Oh. "Oh, I'm... I'm sorry. My name is Ethan Hill. Would you like to come in?"

Her grin widened even further as she followed me into my condo. "I know who you are, silly. Don't tell me you don't remember me!"

I gave her another once over. Her thighs flexed with power as she made her way into my living room. When she sat, she crossed her legs, causing the muscle of her calf to bulge out to the side. She bent over slightly, giving me an even better look at her amazing cleavage. There was no way I'd ever forget a body like that! But that voice... that voice *did* sound strangely familiar. I tore my gaze from her body and brought it back up to her face, a face *that* pretty stayed with a guy. I could recall the face of every model I'd seen on TV, and this face was at least as pretty, maybe even more, especially those eyes. The way they twinkled, like gazing into the stars... that twinkle! There was something so familiar about... I *did* know her! I was suddenly sure of it! I closed my eyes, tried to shut out the incredible vision of her beauty, and concentrated on her voice. I played back what she just said in my mind. Funny, she sounded just like...

My eyes shot open, getting wider and wider as I stared at the woman in front of me. "Erica!"

Her whole face lit up at the sound of her name. "It's me! How could you have forgotten me?" She said with a bit of a pout. "Though in your defense, I do look a little different."

A little different? That was the understatement of the decade.

The Erica Hayward that moved into my neighborhood with her family when I was in middle school bore little resemblance to the dazzling coed sitting before me. The Erica Hayward I grew up with never put highlights in her hair, and she wore glasses. The eyes were the same color, and that same twinkle was there, but Erica never smiled that wide, at least not often, and she certainly wasn't anywhere near as fit as the woman crossing her powerfully toned thighs on my sofa

Erica Hayward was fat, or at the very least overweight, when we were in middle school. Not that I cared all that much. I never had much luck getting along with women, and the fact that Erica even talked to me, let alone seemed to enjoy my company, made her more appealing to me than any other woman I knew.

You see, I'm a bona-fide nerd. I like Star Trek and Star Wars, I play computers games and role-playing games, I collect comic books and action figures, and I read sci-fi and fantasy novels. I've never been good at sports, and quite honestly, could care less about any of them. I was never interested in fashion; most of my shirts bore designs reflecting my interests. And I had trouble relating to people outside the scope of my interests. As a result, I got made fun of in school. I got made fun of quite a lot.

Erica didn't share many of my interests, but she was a fat girl in a society that shunned the obese, and so she lived with the same burden of solitude that I did. Not that Erica was ugly. If you could see past the extra weight, you could tell that she was pretty. Her eyes had always been enticing, and her mirth was contagious. But more than that, she was such a good person. She was so kind to me, and was just about the only person outside of my family that made me feel good about being myself. It wasn't long at all before we became fast friends.

Our friendship began to evolve when puberty hit. Like most guys I loved big boobs, and while

Erica's girth gave her sizeable breasts for as long as I knew her, puberty pushed her past the limits of ridiculous. Suddenly this girl who was my best friend grew an incredible set of tits I simply found intoxicating. I fell head over heels.

By some strange twist of fate, she also found me attractive, though I can't understand why. I never thought I was all that good looking, but Erica at least pretended she was attracted to me. So we started making out. It didn't take long before making out turned into dating.

At first it was wonderful. I never thought of myself as the kind of guy who would have a girlfriend, and so I looked at every day as a miracle, and Erica seemed to feel the same way. But mine was never to be a life of happiness, and so it was only a matter of time before my happiness was crushed. The crusher was Biff.

Terrance Hayward was Erica's older brother, but everyone called him Biff. While Erica seemed to have waded in the shallow end of the gene pool, Biff hit the genetic jackpot. He was tall, handsome, strong, muscular, and just smart enough to get by. He was a natural born athlete good at every sport he tried, which made him the coolest kid in school. All the prettiest girls in school fawned over Biff to get him to notice them, while all the coolest guys did whatever was necessary to stay on his good side. He was king of his domain. He knew it, and he relished it.

Initially, this was no big deal to me. Biff teased me for sure, especially once I started dating his sister, but no more than anyone else, in fact a little less. Truth was, we were so far out of his league that we were beneath his notice, and from time to time, he even seemed happy his sister found someone. All that changed when Biff went to college.

In high school, Biff was by far the biggest and strongest kid not just in our school, but in the whole county. His size and strength allowed him to dominate in sports without much effort, especially in football, where he was somewhat of a local legend.

In college however, everyone was the biggest and strongest from their hometown. Only many of these other athletes had also spent years working on technique and the mental aspect of their game, two things Biff had never bothered with. Suddenly the star athlete was just another bench warmer. Biff was sure it was all just a fluke. He was way too arrogant to ever think himself culpable, and made no effort to improve himself, thinking that once the seniors left, he'd be promoted. The coaches noticed his lack of improvement and he didn't even make the team his second year.

That started his downward spiral. Getting kicked off the team cost him his smoking hot girlfriend, who was clearly hoping to hitch a ride on a meal ticket. He also lost his scholarship, and most of his friends, who were all as materialistic as Biff was. Faced with a loneliness he'd never experienced in his entire life, he sought solace with the natural crutch of the lonely: alcohol. The decent into alcoholism was swift and only served to enhance the worst of his traits. It also caused him to neglect school entirely. The next semester he flunked out. Disgraced, he moved back home with his parents, a bitter, angry man.

It was my senior year in high school, Erica was a couple of years younger than me, and was just starting her Sophomore year. Things were going great between the two of us, which angered Biff immensely. He couldn't believe that his fat, ugly sister was dating someone while he was alone. Erica and I became the object of his wrath.

Over those last couple of years, dating Erica had emboldened me in ways I had never thought possible. I no longer cared much what anyone thought of me, except for Erica of course. Like I said, she made me happy to be who I was, and for the first time in my life I actually had a bit of pride. I started taking offense to people making fun of Erica, which both endeared her even more to me, and earned me grudging respect from a decent amount of the student body. So when Biff came home and started treating Erica like total shit, I stood up for her. Biff was not as amused with my bravado as other people were.

At first he was just more belligerent. He made sure it was clear that he wouldn't be taking any shit from Erica or me. In hindsight, I should have seen that as a warning, but at the time I thought he was all bark. When the bite came, it was a terrible thing to behold.

At first it was just a push here, or a trip there. I was smart enough to not fight back. Biff was almost twice my size, and probably close to four times my strength. At the same time, I had begun to think it was my duty to defend Erica's honor, and Biff knew how to push my buttons. I tried to stand up to him, show him I wasn't afraid, show him I wasn't going to let him be mean to Erica. And for a while, I thought I was at least holding my own. Then one day, I took it too far.

I don't know what happened. I guess Biff was either in a bad mood, or drunk, or both, but he came at me that day. His parents were out of town, and he was laying into Erica particularly hard, calling her the worst names you can call a woman, on top of every word for fat imaginable. Erica was crying, trying to leave the house, but Biff wouldn't let her. When I finally showed up, he was raising his hand like he was going to slap her.

Biff was often belligerent, but he had never been violent, toward his sister at least. Perhaps it was the knowledge that he had never hit his sister that gave me the courage to intervene. I stood before Erica, telling Biff to back away, feeling so brave, like a true hero, and a little excited. Sticking up for Erica often earned me a "special reward", and I was feeling especially randy.

Unfortunately, I only thought I knew Biff. I misjudged him, and now I was going to pay. He hit me. He hit me hard. I had been hit before; bullies often hit weaker kids to make themselves feel better, but never like this before. He was so strong; it was like he swung a mallet at my gut. My body crumpled to the ground. I sucked in for air that wouldn't come, and fought the urge to throw up everywhere.

I could hear Erica crying, but I couldn't move to do anything about it, and probably wouldn't have done anything if I could move. For the first time in my life I felt true terror. I always wanted to think of myself as a brave man, someone who would sacrifice himself to save the woman he loved. The last couple of years of standing up for Erica had made me believe that lie. But lying there on the ground at Biff's feet, made me realize what a coward I was. I would have done anything to make the pain stop, I would have hit Erica myself if it would have helped. And I felt no remorse, or shame at the thought. Looking back on it now, I realize how pathetic I was, but at that moment it was the furthest thing from my mind. At that moment, all that existed was the pain.

Biff was just getting started. He kicked me while I was curled up on the floor, pulled me back to my feet and punched me in my face. He picked me up, with frightening ease, and literally threw me across the room. I was howling in pain, begging him to stop hurting me, promising to do anything he wanted. Unfortunately, this gave Biff a terrible idea.

He left the room, with me writhing on the ground. Erica rushed up to me, trying to help me up to leave, but I was in so much pain, and furious with her. This was all her fault! I wouldn't be in this predicament if it weren't for her. Between sobs, I yelled at her to get away from me, which made her cry even more. Then Biff came back.

He brought a camcorder with him and wore a sadistic smile, which sent further tremors down my spine. He told me he'd stop beating me up as long as I did exactly what he said. The next twenty minutes were the worst moments of my life. He made me strip down naked, while filming it, and then made me do all kinds of horrible degrading things; shoving various things up my butt, eating disgusting things, crawling around making animal sounds, whacking off. He filmed it all. I cried the whole time, but never once thought of disobeying. My whole body was in agony, and I was willing to do whatever it took to stop the pain.

Finally, Biff tired of his game, and went to upload his video on the Internet. Erica was sobbing. She had watched the whole thing from the corner. She moved to comfort me, trying to tell me that it was

going to be all right, but I hardly heard a word she said. I was so terrified that Biff might come back down that I grabbed my clothes, ran out the door to my car naked, and then sped away as fast as my car would go. It was a wonder I didn't get in an accident.

Biff posted the video he'd made online and spammed out emails to everyone at school with the web link. The website took it down after just one day, but the damage was already done. Going back to school, seeing the way everyone looked at me, knowing what they saw me do, was almost more than I could bear. No one knew what to say, so they said nothing, and I was glad they didn't. I never wanted to talk to anyone again.

Putting the video online turned out to be a stupid move for Biff. He was dumb enough to put himself on camera, mostly laughing at the things he was making me do, and verbally threatening to beat me up and kill me. It was more than enough; Biff was arrested, tried and convicted on assault, battery, and a dozen other things. He was sentenced right before I graduated. It felt good that he was behind bars, but his incarceration did little to lessen the humiliation I felt everyday going to school.

But the worst was with Erica. Naturally, she felt terrible about the whole thing, and wanted to try to make it up to me, but I was so irrationally mad at her. If I so much as thought of her name, the entire event with Biff would play out so vividly in my mind that I would wind up curled on the floor in actual pain. The first time she approached me after the incident, I got so mad I screamed at her until she left me alone. Shortly after that, I transferred to another school. I didn't see Erica much after that.

The worst part was, I still loved her of course. I missed her so much when she wasn't with me, but the mere sight of her sent me into psychotic episodes that I simply couldn't control. I just wound up being miserable all the time.

I was initially going to pick a college close to home, so that I could spend more time with Erica, but after my encounter with Biff, I chose a college on the other side of the country. It was a relief to get out of town, away from all those bad memories. After four years of college, and enough hours of therapy to qualify for a rewards program, I was doing much better. The incident was still with me, it will always be with me, but it didn't control my life the way it once did.

Except now Erica was sitting in my living room. The color drained from my face as I realized who she was. All thoughts of her beauty left my mind, replaced by the indelible image of the beating I had suffered at her brother's hands. My throat dried up and my heart started pounding as terror seized my body. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, trying to get my emotions under control.

I turned away from her, unable to even look at her. "What are you doing here?" My voice was shaking, and only partially with fear. There was also shame, a deep shame at the way I treated her after the incident. I had no right to blame her for my problems, but I did anyway. There was little doubt in my mind that she must hate me.

There was a pause. When she spoke again, the playfulness was gone from her voice, replaced by uncertainty. "I... I wanted to see you."

I turned around slowly, forcing myself to look at her. For a second I didn't understand, and then it dawned on me, the way she was dressed, what she was undoubtedly wearing underneath that hoodie. "I know why you're here. You want to show me how beautiful you've become. You wanted me to see what I'm missing out in because I'm such a coward. That's fine. I suppose I deserve that. But you should know that as much as you might hate and revile me, it's nothing compared to how much I hate and revile myself."

Erica's eyes started to well up in tears. "I don't hate you, Ethan, I love you. And I'm so sorry for what happened, it was all my fault. Let me make it up to you, let me try to make things right between us."

Make it up to me? I thought she was going to be furious at me, or at least make me jealous that she looked so good, but make it up to me? Once again I noticed her outfit, how bare her legs were, and what she must be hiding underneath that hoodie. Her hand was up near the zipper. A few minutes ago, when I thought she was a complete stranger, I would have been delighted at the thought of intimate contact with such a beautiful creature. But now, seeing her look at me with those seductive eyes, I felt my blood begin to boil, and not from passion.

"You came here to have sex with me!? I got my ass kicked and publicly humiliated in front of everyone I know and you think a little hop in the sack is going to make everything all better!?"

"I couldn't breathe without it hurting for three months! It took over a year of therapy until I could close my eyes without seeing and feeling your brother kicking my ass, and you think because you lost a little weight you could saunter in here, give me a blow job and make everything all right! What the hell is wrong with you! He ruined my life! How the hell can you just... Get the fuck out of here!" I was screaming so loud the windows were shaking. Blood was pounding in my ears and my eyes were getting blurry as my body trembled with rage.

Erica was clearly envisioning a different conversation. Her tanned skin turned pale, and her eyes widened with surprise. But she stood up and planted her feet squarely on the ground like she was taking root. She talked in a quiet, soothing voice one would use with a crying child. "Calm down, Ethan. Just stop... Take a breath and stop." Her voice quivered with uncertainty, but her eyes were steady and her posture rigid. She wasn't going to back down despite whatever misgiving she might be feeling.

"Look, I can't imagine what you must have gone through, and this is coming from a person who was the subject of scorn and ridicule for most of her life. And I felt terrible, I still feel terrible. Not a day goes by that I don't think about what happened, and not a day goes by that I don't feel guilty because it happened to you while you were defending me. That makes it my fault, and I've felt guilty every day since. I *need* to make it up to you, Ethan. And yes, I thought that having sex with me might make you feel better. Believe me, Ethan, I've learned how to make a man's toes curl without even touching him." Her voice was gaining strength and resolve. She even managed a seductive tone. "And when I do touch a man, I can make him feel sensations he didn't even know existed."

I gulped loudly at that last part and felt my anger slightly abate. No one had ever said anything like that to me before, not even Erica when we used to date.

"But I didn't come here just for sex, Ethan. You protected me, and not just against Biff. You stood up for me against a lot of people. And the one time you needed me the most, I just cowered in the corner like some coward. You deserved more than that, you earned more than that. I realized that I had no right to expect you to protect me. It's not your job to protect me."

Her words hurt just as much as any of Biff's punches. Well... "It was my job to protect you, Erica. You think I didn't want to protect you? You think I wouldn't do anything to be able to stand up to your brother, or anyone else who wants to hurt you... but I can't, Erica, I can't beat him, I can't beat anyone." My eyes started to tear up. "And I wanted to be that guy for you, the guy that loves you so much that he's willing to die for you, because I love you, Erica, I've always loved you."

Saying it brought back all the pain and the loneliness. For a moment I couldn't speak, but I had to go on. "But I'm not that guy. I don't want to get beat up, I don't want to get hurt." I could feel tears rolling down my cheek, and didn't stop them. I should be crying like a baby. It seemed fitting. "I'm sorry. You deserve a guy who'll defend you, but I can't... I'm just too scared."

Erica's eyes welled up, but she didn't cry. She took a couple of long deep breaths before she went on. "You are wonderful in so many different ways. You're the only person I ever met that made me feel like I was fine the way I was. You gave me pride, which is something I never felt before I met you."

"And so what if you're not a fighter. Not everyone is big and strong, not everyone is built to be able to protect people. And it's okay to be afraid of a guy like Biff, anyone with the sense that God gave a pistachio would be afraid of a guy like Biff. But being afraid doesn't change all the ways that you are a wonderful person. You went through hell, all because of me. No one should have to go through that, and not a day goes by that I don't wish that there was something I could do to make it up to you."

Another couple of deep breaths. But this time she wasn't fighting back tears. There was a fire in her eyes, a rage I had never seen from her before. I took a step back in spite of myself.

"Well, the time for wishing is over." She reached up and grabbed the zipper of her hoodie. "I'm going to make it up to you, in the only way I know how."

She pulled down the zipper. As she did, her huge tits seemed to expand further and further to epic proportions. As Erica shrugged out of the hoodie I couldn't help but stare; they were simply magnificent, straining the white sports bra she wore beneath to its limits. For a moment, I forgot my remembered fear and pain. Instead, I recalled how, big, soft and smooth her breasts were, how wonderful they were to feel, how much I loved to suck on them. Despite Biff's omnipresent threat, I yearned to envelop myself in the vast expanse of her cleavage.

Unfortunately, it was only a fleeting moment. The very thought of physical contact with this woman I still loved brought back the phantom pain of my brutal beating. I loved sex as much as the next guy, but sometimes it simply wasn't worth it. "I'm sorry Erica, but sex isn't going to make things better." I felt dejected saying it. "In fact, in this case, it may make things worse."

The impish grin she wore when I opened my door was back. "I'm not talking about sex Ethan, though I like where your head's at. I'm talking about these." She dropped the garment and raised her arms out to her sides.

For the first time since she removed her hoodie, I tore my eyes from her chest, and was surprised to see her flexing her biceps. Even more surprising was how big those biceps were. Two impressive peaks of muscle rose up from her toned, buff arms. They weren't huge, but they were definitely much bigger than you'd expect to see on a girl. One of my hands wandered up to my own meagre bicep. There was little doubt in my mind that the muscle I was looking at was bigger than my own, probably by a good bit, despite my slight height advantage.

And it wasn't just her biceps. The bulge under her arm hinted to an equally impressive triceps. Her shoulders were broad and solidly built, and her back flared out from a narrow waist that showed the outline of a solid six-pack. Coupled with her powerfully-built legs that bulged as she rose to her toes, Erica cut a pretty impressive image.

"Wow, Erica. You look amazing," I said under my breath. I was more than just a little impressed by her physique. I had collected a lot of comic books over the years, and I discovered that I found buff, powerful women very arousing. More than a few of my comics featured Supergirl, Wonder Woman, Power Girl, She Hulk, and whatever other various super-strong superheroines I could find. With Erica's buff physique, huge chest and blonde hair, she looked like she was ripped from the pages of a Power Girl comic. Quite frankly, I had never been so aroused by a woman in my life.

Of course, as buff as she looked, she still would be dwarfed by Biff. And Biff wasn't just big; he was strong as an ox. The guy won local bench press contests! And while Erica was undoubtedly stronger than me, there was simply no way she could ever hold a candle to her brother.

That thought was hard to hold on to. Erica was treating me to an impromptu flexing session, and I was awe inspired by her incredible physique. She relaxed and flexed her arms several times. I watched in hypnotic fascination every time the biceps grew and inflated into the solid baseball-sized rock on her arm. She turned around, still flexing her biceps, and brought her back into play. Holy shit! I never knew people had so many different muscles on their back, and every one was prominently etched in a grand tapestry of power and strength. And I couldn't believe how wide her back had gotten. It was so damned broad I wondered if I could even get my arms around her!

She turned to the side and lowered her arms. Incredibly thick triceps popped out of her arm in a perfect horseshoe shape. My god they were huge! They looked bigger than her biceps. Not only that, but as she flexed, her breasts rose up on her chest and hardened right before my eyes. Jesus, she had muscle everywhere.

She turned back to the front. Suddenly the faint outline of abs turned into a rigid cobblestone wall of solid muscle. And it wasn't just her abs; her obliques were etched in bold relief as well. Her entire abdomen looked as solid as a brick wall.

Then she stuck out a leg. The thick, toned thigh I had noticed before, separated into a vast array of incredibly sculpted muscle that looked as solid as an oak tree. Damn, her thighs looked like they were even bigger than her waist! Two perfect, diamond shaped calves completed her powerful set of legs.

My attention was brought back up as Erica saved the best for last. First one then the other, her huge breasts lifted up and solidified into solid-looking masses of muscle. Erica started bouncing her tits up and down one at a time, or both at once. I was completely mesmerized by the hypnotic display. She bounced her mighty tits up and down forever. I just stared the whole time, entranced by her hypnotic bosom.

Finally, she brought her arms back up to a double biceps flex. Her biceps actually looked bigger than when her posing routine started. "You see, Biff isn't the only Hayward with muscle now. I know you can't protect me, and I truly don't care. Besides, it doesn't matter any more, because from now on, I'm gonna be the one protecting you!"

For a while I could only stare. She looked incredible, my fantasy woman made flesh. But then I came back to reality. As powerful and awesome as she looked, it truly would be a fantasy to think she had any chance of standing up to Biff. "Erica, you look awesome, you truly do. I can't believe how much you've changed. But compared to Biff? Even if he was half as strong as he used to be, he'd still be more than you and I could handle combined." I felt dejected.

Erica relaxed her body, but maintained a smug confidence that belied her words. "Oh, Biff is hardly half as strong as he used to be, in fact, he's bigger and stronger than ever. Apparently he spent his whole time in jail working out, and has hardly put his weights down since getting out. He's so strong, he just beat the world record in the bench press."

My heart sank further and further with each word. Like Biff needed to be stronger. And now that he was... Wait a damn second! "Did you just say Biff was out of jail!? He was supposed to in jail for years!" I didn't need this job. I could live anywhere. I had a degree right? Who wouldn't want me? I could move to Europe.

I was mumbling so much in my head; it took me a moment to realize that Erica was talking to me. "Believe it or not, he got out early for good behavior. But I'm telling you that you don't have to worry about him any more. I'll protect you from Biff."

She sounded so confident, was she crazy. "Are you kidding!? You're telling me that he's the strongest man in the world! That doesn't bode well for a guy with a bad temper who thinks I'm responsible for putting him in prison. He told me he'd kill me if he ever saw me again, and I really

have no reason not to take him at his word. And while I admire your confidence and appreciate all the hard work you must have put into changing your body, unless you've become a master of karate, or developed your own Ironman body armor, I don't see how you can hope to protect me from him."

She wore the broadest smile, like she found the whole thing amusing. Maybe she was crazy! "As a matter of fact, not only do I have a fourth degree black belt in karate, I have a fourth degree black belt in jujitsu. But I'd hardly need either to handle Biff." The way she said it made the very thought sound ridiculous. "And as for armor." She put her hands on her hips and flexed. Her entire body hardened into a seemingly impenetrable mass of rock-hard muscle. "This is the only armor I'll ever need."

Just looking at her insane definition and muscle tone almost made me believe that she could handle Biff, or whatever else could possibly get thrown my way. Almost. "Erica, there's no doubt you look strong, but Biff is *huge*. He's got to be five times stronger than me, if not more. And Biff's not the kind of guy to take it easy on you just because you're his sister."

Erica gave me a patient, loving look. God I just wanted to dive into her arms, but not so much that I wanted to get my ass kicked. "I'm strong enough to handle my brother. And I understand that you don't believe me. If I were in your shoes, I wouldn't believe me either. And I'm absolutely not going to expect you to take my word for it. Instead, how about this. I'll prove to you, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that I'm more than a match for Biff. If I can't, then I'll leave and you'll never see me again. If I can, then we get back together, and I'll make sure I make it up to you for all the pain and suffering my brother -- and everyone else -- has ever caused you."

I swallowed hard at that last statement. The way she lightly ran her hand over her breast as she spoke left little doubt how she planned to "make it up to me", a prospect that excited me immensely. Erica and I had our fair share of sex while we were dating, and I thought it was wonderful back then. But in my wildest dreams I never imagined having sex with such a woman as gorgeous as the one Erica had become. On top of that, if she was half as powerful as she claimed to be, she'd fulfil fantasies I'd never thought possible. How could I say no?

"All right, if you put it that way..." Truth was, beyond the fact that Erica had turned herself into a total babe, I did still love her. Missing her was one of the things that had kept me perpetually depressed over the last four years. Knowing she'd be here and I'd never be able to see her was one of the things that made coming back home so hard. My heart yearned for her to prove she could do what I knew in my head to be impossible. "So, how do you propose we do this?"

She put her finger up to her chin and started tapping it as she looked around my sparse apartment. Suddenly her eyes lit up. "Well, how about this. You said you think Biff is five or six times stronger than you right?"

"Yeah, if I had to guess, I'd say somewhere around there."

"Okay, and do you think I'm stronger than you?" She flexed her biceps again, in case I forgot how buff she'd become.

"Well, you clearly look stronger than me, and I was never much of an athlete, so yeah, I'd be surprised if you weren't stronger than me."

Her face lit up at the admission. "Perfect. So, how much stronger than you do you think I am."

Now I had to think about that for a moment. There really wasn't any doubt that Erica was stronger than me, but that wasn't exactly a huge hurdle. One of the reasons my parents bought me a weight set is because I was too embarrassed to work out at a gym. Sure enough, when I started lifting at home, the weights I could handle were pathetic, and after months of training as best as I could,

they didn't get much better. Still I did have a little height advantage, though the more I looked at her body, the more I wasn't sure whether or not I had a weight advantage. "I don't know, maybe twice as strong?"

Erica either didn't care for my lack of conviction, or was upset at my lack of faith in her strength. Either way I got a bit of a condescending look before it melted away, replaced once more by that dazzling smile. "Okay, why don't we start with testing that, to see if I am indeed twice as strong as you." She headed over to my weight bench and put her hands on her hips, looking over my set up. It was actually a pretty decent set up. My parents are well off and they hoped that having an expensive weight set would inspire me to use it. The dust collecting on most of the plates spoke to how well that strategy panned out. "So, how much can you lift?" She asked.

I could only shrug. It had been years since I touched a weight. Besides, I was more than a little embarrassed to tell her what I remember lifting. "I honestly don't know."

The smile she gave me this time had a little mischievousness to it. "Well let's find out then." She took a bar that was bent in several different places and put a pair of weights on it. The twenty-five pound weight discs she added were bigger than what I used to use. I gulped so loudly I'd be shocked if she didn't hear me.

"All right, this looks like a standard fifteen-pound bar, so this would be sixty-five pounds, a pretty decent starting weight for curls. Now why don't you come over here and show me what you got."

I could feel my face redden from embarrassment as I got a sinking feeling I knew where this was going. Though if we were going to find out how much stronger than me she was, I suppose knowing how strong I am was pretty relevant. So with great reluctance, I walked up to the barbell and heaved it up off the ground.

My god it was heavy! I got it up to my waist, but as I felt the weight of the thing pulling down on my arms, I had little hope that I'd be able to curl so much. Still, I gave it the good ole college try. I took a couple of deep breaths and heaved up on the barbell with all of my might. To my credit, my arms did move, and I probably got the barbell about a third of the way up, but it was not going any further. A decent starting weight? Maybe for the Incredible Hulk!

"Oh wait!" Erica said. "I almost forgot, when you're lifting heavy weights you should always use a spotter." She moved to stand right in front of me, and placed two fingers from each hand on the bar outside of my hands. "I'm sorry, that was my bad, I should know better. Now why don't you try that again."

Her broad grin told me that she was up to something, but I couldn't for the life of me figure out what. So I decided to play along. I took another couple of deep breaths, tensed my arms, and with a loud grunt pulled up on the weight with all of my might.

This time the barbell moved quite easily. The same bar I couldn't get halfway up just a moment ago felt like a light warm-up weight. I looked at Erica, who smiled at me pleasantly. There was no indication she was exerting any force on the barbell at all, hell she only had four fingers on it, and her biceps looked completely relaxed, how much force could she be putting on it? Nonetheless, she was clearly supporting a better part of the weight, and with minimal effort. Maybe she was stronger than I thought.

"You see," she said in an encouraging tone. "All you needed was a little spot. You wanna do a couple of reps?"

"Sure." Of course using a spotter would never make this much difference, though I'd never used a spotter before, since I did all of my workouts in private. The truth was, I was a little excited to see where this was going. Erica said she was going to lift twice what I could lift, and if she was going to help me lift more than I could on my own, maybe she was stronger than she looked. I lowered the

weight back to my waist and curled it back up again. It was so easy, I did a whole bunch of reps. I could hardly keep the smile from my face. Despite the fact that I knew Erica was doing a good part of the work, there was a bit of me that imagined that I was doing it all myself. It felt pretty cool to be so strong.

"All right, that seems too easy for you. How about we add a little more weight?" When the bar got back down to my waist, she took her fingers away. The increase of weight was so sudden and surprising, I nearly dropped the bar. I quickly set it down, so that Erica wouldn't notice, but she was already off retrieving more weights.

She came back with another pair of twenty-fives and put one on each side. "There; 115 pounds. That should be enough to make you work for it." She motioned for me to grab the bar.

She had to know that I couldn't even lift the lighter weight on my own, let alone this heavier barbell. What was she playing at? Still, I was curious to see where this was going, so I reached down and pulled up on the weight.

Holy fuck! It was heavy as shit. Jesus, it felt like my arms were going to fall off. It was all I could do to keep from dropping it. I could feel the blood rushing to my head and arms, and soon, my whole body was shaking. No way I was curling this!

I was just about to drop it back on the floor, when suddenly Erica was there. Again she slipped two fingers from either hand under the bar and suddenly the overwhelming weight became completely manageable. I gave Erica a look of amazement. She still gave no sign that she was exerting any force at all. Her body seemed totally relaxed, and she still wore a lazy smile on her face, but there was no denying that she was supporting most of the weight. Just how strong was she?

"All right, ready?" She asked. "Nice and easy now."

If anything, this weight felt even lighter than the last one did. It came up so easily to my chest, like it was damn near weightless. I knew Erica had to be applying tremendous pressure to make the bar feel so light, yet still she looked like she was doing little more than touching it. I was starting to get really turned on. I was sure that I was helping some, but I was also sure that Erica was handling most of the 115 pounds all by herself, without any effort. I never imagined she could be that strong. The thought was very arousing.

I did a whole bunch of reps, wondering if I lifted it enough times, that Erica would start to show some sign of strain, but even after more than twenty reps, Erica still seemed to be hardly doing anything. My cock was starting to push against my shorts as I was getting pretty turned on by this display of improbable strength. Erica giggled at what must have been an interesting combination of lust and stunned disbelief on my face.

"Wow Ethan, you sure are strong, lifting this big, heavy weight so many times." Her sultry voice made my heart skip a beat. I think I was almost as turned on by her teasing as I was at the display of strength. "I bet you're so strong that you can keep curling this big barbell over and over and over again, all night long." Her voice was so casual, as if she was just sitting there watching.

Part of me wanted to keep curling the barbell, to see how long I could go before she showed just a hint of effort, but a bigger part of me was wondering what was going to come next! "Uh, I think I'm gonna stop this for now. I'm, uh ready to go on to something a little heavier."

Her eyes widened in mock surprise. She certainly was hamming this up. "You're going to lift even more! Wow, you're such a strong man. I don't know if I'm going to be able to double your lift if you add much more weight." This time, she kept her four fingers under the bar the whole time I lowered it, until it was resting gently on the floor.

As she stood up, one of her big breasts brushed lightly against my head. I was so surprised by the

move, and so ramped up from my arousal, that I actually jumped a little bit at her touch. She shot me a sexy, seductive smile that set my heart pounding.

Erica was having the time of her life. She exuded this aura of sexy, playful confidence that was becoming quite infectious. "All right, lets see about getting a little more weight on this thing." She went back over to my collection of weights and came back with another pair of twenty-five pounders. "These are the last ones." She said as she bent down and attached the weights to the bar.

I looked down at the bar, 165 pounds. More than I had ever lifted before, more than I weighed! It looked so massive sitting there; a huge, immovable object. I glanced at Erica. She was just standing there, waiting patiently. I knew she wanted me to have a go at it by myself before she helped. It was all part of the act. I was happy to oblige her.

Once more I grabbed the barbell. This time, I psyched myself up a bit before taking a deep breath and heaving up on the weight with all my might. All my might wasn't really a whole lot. Even pulling with every scrap of power I could muster, I still could barely manage to get the bar off the ground. The damn thing barely moved an inch! I couldn't believe how heavy it was! There was no doubt in my mind that I wouldn't even be able to dead-lift the thing, let alone curl it!

And then Erica was there. I felt her above me, more than saw her. Her presence loomed large over me. Then she bent down. This time, her breasts did more than just brush against me. She lowered her massive melons right down over my head until my face was buried in her incredible cleavage. God, her tits were so huge. My entire face was lost in that wonderful valley of flesh, the faint smell of lavender, the feel of her impossibly smooth skin, the weight of her two titanic tits pressing down on me. For that moment, all my cares and worries evaporated into the air. All that existed was me, and Erica's incredible rack.

She gently rubbed her tits up and down my face. Oh god, it felt so damn good. My erection kept growing as I was getting incredibly aroused. And then her wonderful bosom slid down past my face. I looked down at her amazing cleavage with regret, contemplating whether or not I should follow it. Before I could make a decision, her lips came and swept across my mouth. Gently, she let her full red, pouty lips press against my skin. Her tongue slipped from her mouth and tenderly ran across my lips. I returned the kiss, my tongue eagerly seeking out hers. As our lips and tongues met, my mind flashed back to a simpler time; fooling around with Erica, when it seemed we were the only two people in the world. I remembered how incredible it was to share that connection with another person, a connection that I was afraid I had lost forever.

Between kisses Erica whispered, "I know... sometimes... we come across an obstacle... and it seems... that it's impossible... to overcome." She pulled back from me and looked me in the eye with such love that it brought a tear to my eye. Then the teasing smile was back. She raised her hands and extended two fingers from each. She traced her fingers down my arms and slipped them underneath the bar, which I was still clutching tightly. She leaned forward again, this time her lips sliding past my own, across my cheek, to rest on my ear. She gave my lobe a little nibble and then whispered so softly I could barely make out the words: "But together, you and I can handle anything."

And then the bar started to rise. I was so surprised by the motion, I didn't make any move at all to help, in fact, my arms were actually being pulled up along with the bar. I followed Erica to a standing posture, and the weight came with us. We were in the familiar position of me grasping onto a weight I had no business lifting, while Erica seemed to be doing little more than resting her fingers underneath it. God, her strength, her tits, her kiss -- I felt like I was about to explode!

"Why Ethan," she said with a sly smile on her face. "Who knew you could be so strong. You are so much stronger than you look." The bar once more started to rise, and again my hands were just along for the ride. Her four fingers powered the entire weight up to my chest. All I could do was stare at her dumbfounded by this impossible show of power.

Erica was eating up my expression, clearly pleased at the effect she was having. On a whim, I let go of the bar. It didn't dip in the slightest. It simply rested comfortably on the top of Erica's four fingers. I stared in open-mouthed awe. A weight I could barely budge, she held with no effort at all.

"You know, I think this is very interesting." She spoke in a casual voice, like she was holding nothing heavier than a pencil. "Back in high school, I noticed that a great many of your comic books featured female superheroes. I just assumed it was because you liked thin girls with huge boobs." She gently set down the barbell and stood up again. "But your reaction to the way I've been 'helping' you with these weights makes me think that your interest is in more than just big boobs."

She stretched one arm out to her side and took my wrist with her other hand. She placed my hand right on top of her arm. "I think someone really likes my muscles, and all the amazing things I can do with them. Go ahead, touch them, feel them; let me know what you think."

I let my fingers run over her arm. The skin was just as silky-smooth as it was on her tits; I couldn't believe how smooth her skin was. But it was what was under her skin that got me really excited. I gave her arm a little squeeze and was astounded at how hard it was. It didn't give at all. I lifted my other arm and felt my own bicep. There was some hardness there, but I could also easily dent the muscle, even with my weak fingers. Erica's arm was far harder; I couldn't dent it at all no matter how hard I pressed, and she wasn't even flexing!

Suddenly, I felt the already rock-hard muscle beneath my hand tense and harden. Now the arm that felt as hard as a rock felt much, much harder. She started to bend her arm, and I felt her muscle expand under my hand. I watched in fascination as my hand was pushed up and my fingers were spread farther and farther apart. Holy crap, the thing felt even bigger than it looked. Soon her bicep filled my hand -- more than filled my hand. I tried to wrap both of my hands around her muscle, but I couldn't do it! Even stretching my fingers as far as they'd go, there was still a good inch or two gap between my two hands. My god, I'd never felt a muscle so big.

"Mmmmm, you like that, don't you?" She cooed erotically into my ear. She straightened and curled her arm over and over. When her bicep wasn't flexed, my fingers could just barely touch, then she'd flex and I'd watch in rapt fascination, as my fingers were irresistibly forced apart.

Erica giggled at my expression. "You know, I was a little nervous about how you'd react when you saw what my new body looked like. There are a lot of guys out there who'd be threatened or turned off by a girl as buff and strong as I am." She reached her free hand down and ran in over my bulging crotch. "But your reaction is quite the opposite." She slid my zipper down and fished into my pants for my cock. My raging erection sprang free of its cotton prison, thrusting straight out to an impressive length. Erica cooed in delight. "Ooo, my bicep isn't the only thing rock-hard around here."

Her fingers danced along the length of my cock, causing me to shudder in pleasure. We had experimented on each other quite often in high school, and she knew just how to touch me. Of course it didn't take much at the moment. I was so turned on by Erica's amazing new body, incredible muscles and astounding strength, that I was almost ready to burst without even being touched. It only took a few practised strokes before a powerful stream of cum shot out from my cock. My body shuddered as it was wracked by an intense orgasm. I think my grip on Erica's arm was the only thing keeping me on my feet.

"Wow," was all I could manage.

"Hehe, you liked that didn't you? Well I'm just getting started. I'm gonna give you pleasure like you've never known before. This body is going to do things to you that you never thought possible."

I was so turned on by the mere thought, that I felt my dick start to grow again.

"Mmmmm, you really do like that, don't you. I think this is going to wind up being a lot of fun. But before we get to that, we have to get back to our little competition."

That shook me from my reverie. "Huh, what are you talking about?"

She gave me a coy smile. "You said that you thought I was twice as strong as you and I was going to try to prove I was."

"Yeah, but you just lift..."

She cut me off. "You just curled that big 165-pound weight, and so now I have to try to curl twice as much." She started rummaging through the weights again.

I was about to open my mouth and mention how I wouldn't have been able to lift 165 pounds off the ground, let alone curl it, if she hadn't been doing most of the work. Hell, I couldn't even curl the sixty-five pound bar without help. She'd already proved that she was more than twice as strong as me. But then it occurred to me that she was about to try to lift over 300 pounds, more than twice what I weighed. The mere thought seemed impossible for a girl her size, but the ease with which she seemingly handled 165 made me think that if anyone could, Erica could. So I bit my tongue and waited to see where this was going.

I watched in fascination as Erica cleared the bar of all the twenty-five pound plates and replaced them with the much larger forty-five pound plates. She just kept adding plate after plate after plate, until the bar was filled to the limit. All told, she managed to stuff four plates on each side, for a staggering 375 pounds! More than double what I just "curled". I looked at her incredulously, to see if there was any sign that she might be kidding, but she was looking at the bar with a satisfied smile.

She looked up at me, her eyes twinkling. She looked so excited; I was waiting for her to start jumping up and down and squealing. "Are you ready?" The excitement on her face came through on her voice.

"Are *you* ready?" I replied, still not believing this was about to happen.

But then she bent over and grabbed the bar, this time with two firm hand-grips, and then, without any fanfare, stood up. I could only gawk at the incredible sight of someone Erica's size lifting such an immense weight. Hell someone of any size would have had problems handling that beast of a barbell.

Yet Erica was grinning from ear to ear, and she still hardly looked like she was trying. "All right, to make this fair, you have to spot me, cause I spotted your lifts."

She was absolutely insane if she thought my meagre strength would be of any help at all, but I was sure she still had something up her sleeve. I walked up to stand in front of her, like she stood in front of me, and placed two fingers of each hand under the bar right next to her hands, like she did for me.

Erica shook her head, a big goofy smile on her face. "No, you're not doing it right. Put your hands on top of the bar... yeah like that. Now grip the bar as hard as you can... perfect! Now push *down* on the bar as hard as you can."

My eyes nearly bugged out of my head as I realized what she was proposing. I hesitated, waiting for her to tell me she was kidding.

But she seemed dead serious. "Go ahead, Ethan. Push as hard as you can," her voice got low and

sexy again and she continued, "let me blow your mind."

I was a little afraid of hurting her, but incredibly excited to see if she really was this strong. I leaned forward, putting all my weight over top of the bar, and locked my elbows. My arms trembled, as a good bit of my weight transferred to them, though my toes, which were still on the ground, were still supporting some.

Erica's arms however, still weren't trembling in the slightest. And the smile never left her face. She leaned forward ever so slightly, and whispered softly into my ear. "Have a nice trip." And then the bar started to rise. In moments my feet were entirely off of the ground. She was now supporting 525 pounds of man and iron with the strength of just her arms, and yet, despite the quarter ton of weight, she still performed her rep smoothly with no effort whatsoever.

Even though she was performing such an incredible feat of strength, her attention was elsewhere. Her eyes remained locked with mine, a smug smile on her face. "Still think I don't have what it takes to handle Biff?"

I didn't know what to say. 525 pounds seemed like more than anyone should be able to curl, even though Erica was handling it so easily. But maybe I was wrong. Regardless, I didn't say a word. It was taking all of my effort and concentration just to support my body with my arms this way.

Erica giggled softly below me. The broad smile never left her face as she lowered the barbell down until my toes just barely grazed the floor. She held it there for a second, and then smoothly and effortlessly curled the weight again. "Just for a reference," she said in a completely casual voice, "my brother's one-rep max record on the bench press is right around 750 pounds. Now most people can curl about half of what they can bench, which would put my brother's curling weight around 370 pounds, or the weight of this bar without you hanging on. Now mind you, 370 pounds would be his max. While I suppose you could say the 525 pounds I'm curling right now is just a tiny bit less than my one-rep max, hehehe."

That last bit was dripping with sarcasm, and rightfully so, Erica performed rep after effortless rep as she spoke. I didn't have any concentration left to count, but she had to have done at least ten, and she still didn't seem like she was trying. The 525 pounds seemed practically weightless to her.

My arms were a totally different matter. The effort of supporting my own 150 pounds was a tremendous strain, made even harder by the constantly moving bar. I held on as long as I could, determined to hang on for as long as she could do curls, but as she neared what must have been close to her twentieth rep, with no signs of slowing down, I knew it was a contest I had no chance of winning. So when I could hold on no more, I let go of the bar and dropped to the floor.

At least that was my intention. The second I let go of the bar; Erica let go with her left hand. It shot it out like a dart, grabbing my belt and instantly stopping my descent. She moved so damn quickly I barely saw it, but the next thing I knew, she had me by the belt, my feet still inches from the floor. Even more incredibly, she still held the 375 pound barbell in her other hand! Not only that, hand wasn't in the middle of the barbell, it was closer to the side, making the weight unbalanced and much harder to handle. You'd never know it by looking at Erica's face. She was looking up at me with that same pleasant smile, like she was doing nothing more taxing than holding a couple balloons. Jesus, just how strong was she?!

"Don't you worry honey, I'm never going to let you down again." She lifted me up higher, my weight proving no challenge for her incredible strength. "Now, let's find somewhere safe to set you down. Ah, here's a good place."

She set me down gently on the huge barbell she was still holding, plopping me right down on the side opposite from where she was holding it. It made the weight incredibly imbalanced, but that didn't seem to bother her in the least. The bar didn't even dip, and she still didn't look like she was trying!

"There, that's better. Okay, now where were we... ah yes, I remember." And with that she resumed curling the bar, but now, using just one arm! Holy shit!

"H... how... how are you... do... doing this?" I was far too flabbergasted to speak normally.

Erica smiled, clearly pleased at my reaction to her incredible might. "What, this? This is nothing. You have no idea how hard I've been working, making sure that I was strong enough, fast enough, and powerful enough to protect you from anything."

Her face darkened. "I love you so much, Ethan. For as long as I've known you, I've loved you. I was always an outcast because of my weight. People were always so mean to me. No matter how nice I was, I was made fun of constantly; but not by you. You were kind and charming and attentive and funny. You made me feel beautiful even when everyone else tried to make me feel ugly. When I was with you, I could always just be myself, and I always tried to make you feel the same way.

"But it was more than that. You stood up for me. You weren't big, or popular, but you didn't care. You stood up for me against everyone, even my brother." Her face darkened even further. "That day, when he beat you... I felt so ashamed. You had always stood up for me, and yet, when you needed me the most, I did nothing. I couldn't do anything. I was so scared, too scared to move, too scared to even think. I had never felt so helpless in my life. I promised myself that I would never be so helpless again. So I started working out, determined to get as powerful as I could.

"Everyone says that Biff was the one with the good genes. Well it turns out that my genes are even better than Biff's. Much, much better. I had just never developed it. As soon as I started training, I realized I was special. My body just reacted like weight lifting is what it was made for it. Every single time I lifted weights I was able to lift more than the last time; every single time."

It wasn't just the genetics, it was my rage. Any time I was having trouble lifting a weight, I'd just think of Biff beating you up, and me doing nothing about it, and it made me so angry. It helped me conquer any weight I tried to lift. "

I listened to Erica's story mesmerized. I had always thought that she thought less of me because she watched me get beaten and humiliated. It never occurred to me that she'd feel responsible. "I don't know what to say, Erica. I had no idea you felt that way. I was so ashamed that I let you down; I thought you'd be so disappointed in me. I thought a woman could never love a man who couldn't protect her."

Erica gave me such a look of love that I actually felt my heart melt. "Ethan, you could never disappoint me. Besides, it's not your job to protect me. Sure, I like it that you take care of me, but lets face it, you're just not built for the protection business." The grin came back. "While I, on the other hand...." She looked down at her arm.

I was so intent on her story that I actually forgot for a second that she was still curling over 500 pounds with one arm. She'd been talking for a while, and never so much as slowed down her curls, and she still seemed like she was handling the weight effortlessly. "Uh Erica, how many times can you do this?"

She beamed up at me. "What? You mean curl this thing? Well I honestly don't know, it's been a long time since I've lifted something so light."

So light! It was 525 pounds! More if you considered the way the weight was distributed, maybe a lot more, and yet her arm moved so smoothly, with no more effort than I'd use to curl a pencil. I remembered thinking it would be impressive if she was twice as strong as me. Now here she was, curling ten times the weight I could curl, and doing it with one arm! She had to be thirty times my strength -- forty times, or more; maybe much, much more. I looked down at her in awe. She more than just looked like Power Girl, she was Power Girl!

The awe I felt at her impossible power was having a profound effect on me. I could feel my cock harden and poke out of my still unzipped pants. With every curl my cock got harder and longer, sliding against the cool metal of the gigantic weight that Erica was so easily curling.

It did not go unnoticed. "Mmmmm, I think somebody is more than a little impressed by his girlfriend's strength." She reached out and slipped her free hand under my butt. I felt myself being lifted up off the barbell, resting in the palm of Erica's hand. She lifted my body until my crotch was right in front of her face. "Ooo, you've always had such a big cock for such a little guy." She ran her tongue down the length of my cock. "Ooo yeah, I remember how good that used to feel inside of me, when I'd turn you on with my big ole boobies, and you'd get so hard. Looking at this thing now though, I think you might just be more turned on by my strength than you ever were by my tits. Maybe I'll have to find a way to combine your interests"

She pulled me closer to her, and then slipped my cock into her mouth. Oh shit, that felt so good! Her lips were so soft, her mouth so warm and wet. She moved me in and out of her mouth, working my cock like a pro. She had always given good blow-jobs. But her doing it while holding me off the ground with one hand added a whole new dimension, making the experience that much more amazing.

My body lurched so hard with an explosive orgasm that I almost lost my balance. My hands shot out, looking for something to grasp to stop myself from falling. Surprisingly enough, my hand found solid steel to wrap around. I looked to see what I was grabbing. Erica was still holding the barbell with her one hand, and had lifted it up so that I could lean on it. All while sucking every last drop of cum from my cock. Jesus! She was incredible.

When she had finally drunk her fill, she let my cock slide out of her mouth. "Mmmmm, I forgot how good you taste."

Finally Erica set me back on my feet and gently laid the barbell on the floor. She stood up tall, adopting a common superheroine pose. "So, you still think I can't handle Biff?"

I was too overwhelmed to speak. What Erica had done, what she had become... my protector, my heroine, my goddess. I wordlessly bent down and kissed her arm. Again and again, I pecked at her incredibly smooth skin with my lips. She lifted her arm and flexed her mighty bicep. I massaged it gently, marvelling at how big it felt against my lips. I let my fingers wander along her arm, gently caressing her soft skin and probe at her steely muscles. I made my way off her bicep, and travelled further up her arm to her broad shoulders and finally to her neck. I remembered that Erica had a very sensitive neck, and I knew just what she liked. She began to moan a bit as I massaged her neck with my lips. Then I started to drop down, past her clavicle to her enormous breasts. I reached up to peel off her sports bra, but she stopped me. She grabbed me by my shoulders and pushed me away to arms length.

I couldn't for the life of me think of what I might have done wrong. I was about to ask, when she smiled and I heard her take a deep breath. Her chest started to swell as her lungs filled up with air, thrusting her enormous tits hard against the confining garment. I watched in awe as her ever-expanding chest kept pushing and pushing against the sports bra. The bra did its best to contain Erica's chest, but I doubted there was a bra in the world that could stand up to that kind of pressure. Suddenly, the silence was filled with the ripping of fabric as Erica's titanic tits tore through the top. They stood high and proud on her chest, two magnificent mountainous mammaries.

Her sports bra disposed of I went straight to work, first grabbing her bountiful bosom with my hands. They were every bit as big as I remembered, covered by the smoothest skin imaginable. But they were a little different. Where before her breasts were soft and pliable, they were now so much firmer. Sure, there was still a wonderful softness to them as I kneaded my fingers across their unending expanse, but beyond the initial softness was a firmness, a fullness, that made her chest even more majestic than before. They just felt so damn incredible.

I played with her tits for a little while, enjoying the feel and watching them deform and spring back into shape as I squeezed and released them over and over. Erica waited for me, eyes filled with love as I enjoyed my former favorite playthings, even letting out an occasional purr when I touched her just right. I moved my hands to the sides and brought my face down, burying it in the canyon of her cleavage. I rubbed my light stubble up and down her cleavage, much to her delight, then I started kissing her tits. My mouth slowly made it's way around to her nipple. Even before I got there, her nipple had already grown to an impressive size. I wrapped my lips around one and began to suck on it and nibble lightly.

I was well acquainted with Erica's tits, and I knew just what she liked. The moans she emitted from above me was testament to the fact that I hadn't forgotten much. I played with her tits forever, they were simply wonderful, but I could hear in her moans that she was really started getting into it. I moved my lips from her nipples and down off of her tits to her stomach.

Nothing had changed more on Erica than her tummy. She used to have quite the pudgy stomach, but now there wasn't even a hint of her old fat. Instead, her broad shoulders, wide back, and gigantic tits tapered down to a ridiculously tiny waist before flaring out again to a nice set of wide hips. Her entire stomach looked as though it was etched in marble, with every single muscle of her abdomen showing clearly. I pressed my hands against her stomach and marvelled at its amazing hardness. It was like pushing against a brick wall. I had never felt anything so firm, so solid in my life. I started to rain kisses on her stomach, making sure my lips made contact with every brick of her six-pack.

The lower I moved, the more Erica started to loose herself in ecstasy. Finally, I got to her honey pot. This time, Erica let me slide her panties down from her waist past her thick, muscular thighs and diamond-shaped calves. I leaned in gently, starting slow, letting my tongue gently roam across her labia. I increased the pressure and speed of my tongue as she began to react to my touch.

Back in high school, we were both very eager to be compatible sexually, and were quite open and honest about what made us feel good. Erica went into great detail, describing what really felt good, and I was quite the adept pupil. She may well have known all my buttons, but I knew hers as well, and right now I was pressing every single one.

She was moaning loudly now as my tongue found all of her sweetest spots at just the right time. Her body undulated above me. I reached behind her, grabbing two handfuls of her rock-hard ass to make sure I kept her close. I could have sworn I heard the bending of metal, but I refused to be diverted from the task at hand. I started kneading her ass, or at least as much as one can knead a couple of cannonballs, and plunged forward, working furiously at her steaming hot box.

Finally, she let out a great scream of pleasure as she reached her climax. The sound of rending metal was much louder now, but I stayed down there until the job was done. I was not generally a macho guy, but one thing I did that made me feel more like a man than anything was getting a woman off like that. And that a guy like me could make such a beautiful, sexy, powerful woman like Erica feel that way made my heart swell with a pride I never thought I'd feel again.

Once her orgasm was done, I looked up. Sweat had matted her blonde hair to her head, and her entire body glistened. She had apparently grabbed one of the support bars of my weight bench. The thing was twisted and mangled beyond recognition. I swore I saw indentions that looked like they were made by her fingers in the metal.

Erica dropped to her knees and smothered me with a long, passionate kiss. She wrapped her arms around me and enveloped me in a warm, firm hug. For a moment, I was afraid that she might inadvertently crush me in her iron grip, but her arms squeezed me with the perfect amount of force. I squeezed her back as hard as I could. It was like squeezing a statue, except for the way I mashed into her breasts.

"God, I missed this so much; I missed you so much," she whispered softly into my ear.

"Me, too. I never thought I'd feel this way again. I'm so glad you came back to me. I haven't felt this way in a long time."

In one single movement, she stood up, and scooped me up into her arms. "Well, the night is still young and I still need that big cock inside of me. So how about we go to your bedroom, and we can see about making up for lost time.

"And then tomorrow, we can see about settling an old score with my dear brother."

As she carried me off to my bedroom, I realized that all my fear and apprehension at coming back were gone. I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that Erica would and could protect me from Biff or anything else the world could throw at us. It never felt so good to be home.

THE END.....for now

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