

ANGEL OF SALVATION 2

- a Spoonmaster story -

(amysconquest.com)

I paced back and forth in my living room. My hands were shaking as my mind raced with worry and fear.

I had woken up in such good spirits. Erica had seemed intent on righting every wrong in one night. She'd satisfied every single sexual fantasy I'd ever had, and gave me some new ones to boot. It left me spent and exhausted, which helped me to the most restful sleep I could ever remember. I woke up feeling better than I'd ever felt in my life.

Erica wasn't there when I woke, which wasn't much of a surprise. To keep her body as buff and muscular as it was, not to mention as strong, must have taken a lot of time at the gym. I had no trouble believing that she worked out for several hours every day to maintain her level of fitness. So I took my sweet time getting out of bed, took a long soaking shower, and put on some comfortable clothes before heading downstairs to start my day.

I was quite surprised to see a huge, flat screen TV mounted to the wall. The thing was 60" at least, Ultra HD, and a name brand smart TV. It must have cost a couple thousand dollars. There was a small post-it note attached, written in Erica's flowery handwriting. I couldn't believe she bought me a TV, especially one as nice as this! I smiled to myself, wondering what I ever did to deserve such an amazing woman as Erica. I was feeling on top of the world.....until I read the note.

Hey sweetie. Had a wonderful night last night xoxoxoxoxo. Hope you like your new present. I'll be home in a little while to watch some movies with you. First I'm going to see Biff and put him in his place. See you soon!

Erica

Biff. The very thought of his name sent shivers up and down my spine. She went to *see him! Alone!* I felt the familiar sensation of ice-cold dread spread through my body. Sure, Erica had proven last night that she had developed an incredible level of strength, but Biff was strong too. He was also vicious, conniving and wholly without mercy. He was not above stooping to any level to get his way, and would not let up one bit once he gained the upper hand. He'd been a bully for as long as I could remember and had probably forgotten more about fighting than I'd ever known. And yet Erica went out to confront him! She could get seriously hurt!

And worse, now Biff would know I was back in town. I had assumed Biff was still in prison when I decided to move back home, and even still I had planned to keep a low profile so that none of Biff's friends would have any idea I was back. Erica had just ruined all of that. Even if she was able to overcome Biff today, I knew exactly what would happen the second Biff saw me. The thought nearly caused me to wet my pants.

And so I locked every door and window in my condo as many ways as I could, not that a locked door was going to stop a guy as big as Biff, and began pacing up and down the living room. I kept one eye on the clock and one eye on the door. Every minute seemed to drag on longer than the

last. My heart pounded faster and faster, I began sweating more and more profusely. With every passing second, I was more and more sure that something terrible had happened to Erica.

When the doorbell finally rang, I practically jumped out of my skin, and then I *did* pee my pants. For a moment I considered jumping out the back window, or running into my room and curling up in a ball in the closet. But what if it was Erica? What if she had been successful?

Slowly, I crept as quietly as I could on my tippy toes to the door. My pulse was pounding so hard it was the only thing I could hear. My entire body was trembling so badly I nearly lost my balance, *twice*! I was sweating so profusely that I had to wipe my brow clean *three times*!

Finally I got to the door. With my body turned, ready to run in the other direction, I peeked an eye through the peep-hole and...

With a sigh of relief I opened the door for Erica. I was so happy to see her that I wrapped my arms around her and squeezed her with all of my might. I started to weep on her shoulder.

Erica wrapped her arms around me in a warm, comforting embrace. "Hey, it's okay, it's okay. I'm fine, there's no reason to be upset."

I pulled back away from her and looked her up and down. She certainly looked fine. No cuts, no bruises; heck, her hair didn't even look the slightest bit messed up. She looked like she just came back from a trip to the salon, not a fight against a vicious bully.

"I...I'm sorry. I thought you went to see Biff." I told her as I wiped the tears from my eyes.

"I did." Erica replied, entirely too nonchalantly.

My eyes bulged as my paranoia returned. "Why would you do something like that?" I practically screamed at her. "Biff is a psychopath! He'd rip you apart just because he was bored! You could have been seriously hurt!"

Erica gave me a wry smile and flexed one of her incredibly defined biceps. "Do I need to give you another little demonstration of what this body can do and why I'm more than capable of handling my brother?"

"No, I remember." I wasn't likely to forget. The strength display she put on yesterday was simply unbelievable. "But Biff is ruthless, and he's probably been fighting since before either of us were born. Not to mention the fact that he could have been with a friend, or *two* friends. Hell he could have had a weapon! Just because you've gotten really strong doesn't mean that you're invincible!"

Erica was smiling at me, giggling like I was doing a set at The Improv. "Oh Ethan, it's so cute that you get worried about me. But sweetie, your fears are totally unfounded. What I showed you yesterday was just the smallest taste of what I'm capable of." She reached into her pocket, and pulled out what looked like a thumb drive. "Maybe this will help assuage your fears."

She glanced down at the big wet spot on my crotch and shook her head, tsking me with her tongue. "Now why don't you run to your room and clean yourself up while I get this set up."

My face colored in embarrassment, but Erica seemed more amused than disgusted. So I tried to nonchalantly (quite unsuccessfully) slip into my bedroom where I washed up and changed my pants before returning to the living room.

I sat down on the couch opposite the TV, my curiosity beginning to show through my fear. Erica was standing at the TV, looking absolutely giddy. She plugged the thumb drive into the TV, grabbed the remote, and skipped over to me on the couch. I couldn't stop myself from watching her chest bounce up and down as she skipped. God her tits were massive!

Of course she saw right where I was staring, so she came to a stop right in front of me and then treated me to a little pec bounce display. She had a goofy grin on her face, like she was doing some kind of bit, and I started to wonder if maybe Biff *had* hit her in the head and knocked something loose.

After her little display was over, she plopped down on the couch right next to me. She gave me a kiss on the cheek and rubbed her hand against my thigh. It *wasn't* a random rub. She knew just where to touch me, and I got a chill as her fingers found my sweet spot. She giggled in my ear as I shivered next to her.

"Now why don't you sit back and relax." She put her hand against my chest and gently pushed me back against the couch. With her other hand, she was undoing the button and zipper of my pants. "I have a feeling you're going to love this show." She slid the pants down my legs and fished my cock out of my boxers. I was damned near panting in eager anticipation. If she was going to spend the movie treating my cock *half* as good as she treated it last night, I would be okay with a video of a *pig* fucking a *sheep*!

She clicked on the TV and cycled through inputs until she got to the thumb drive. Then she hit Play. The screen was blank for a second, then some fuzzy static, and then it resolved to an image of a gym. The room was empty, but filled with enough equipment for some hardcore weightlifting. I wondered if I was about to be treated to one of Erica's hardcore weightlifting routines.

The camera zoomed in and out a couple of times and the image blurred and then refocused. Then the image changed. It was a gym again; in fact, it looked like the same gym, but from a different angle. Again it seemed like someone was fine-tuning a camera. Two more angles followed with the same routine.

"Now, unfortunately we don't have any sound." Erica cooed in my ear with a seductive voice. Her fingers playfully dancing up and down my cock. "But don't you worry about a thing. I'll make sure the oral part is well taken care of."

The screen went blank. The words **When Amazons Attack** popped up on the screen in large white block letters. Then they faded out, and were replaced by **Starring Erica Hayward**. Erica's name also faded out. The screen was blank for a few moments, then an image faded in. It was a close up shot of the gym. Every couple seconds, a stack of weights popped up from the bottom of the screen. The camera slowly started panning back, and I could see that someone was benching what looked to be a whole lot of weight. This was a video of Erica lifting! I was starting to really get into it; of course, Erica's hand stroking my cock helped immensely.

The camera pulled back further and further until I could finally see the face of the person on the bench. My heart stopped and my whole body stiffened. It was the face that had dominated my nightmares for years, Biff! For a long time his sneering, evil grin was all I saw every time I closed my eyes. I probably would've peed myself right there if I hadn't already vacated my bowels.

Erica put a reassuring hand on my shoulder. "It's okay honey, he won't be bothering you any more. I promise."

That was easy for her to say. Biff looked even bigger than I remembered him, and he was *huge* before. Plus, he was benching a gigantic looking weight! Jesus, he was even stronger than I thought! As the camera continued to pull back, I could see another guy in the gym, standing behind the bench, spotting Biff. He wasn't quite as big as Biff, but the guy was still massive, with huge, bulging muscles.

"That's Bull, Biff's best friend. He's almost as strong as Biff is and even dumber, if such a thing is possible." Erica sounded almost amused by the whole thing.

The camera pulled further back to find even more of Biff's buddies at the gym with him. "Oooo, there's Tank. He's even bigger than Biff. That's over 1000lbs he's deadlifting. His body is like a hunk of iron though, and I hear no one has ever been able to knock him down. The guy on the heavy bag is Vic. He doesn't speak much English, but he's about as vicious a guy as you'll ever meet. He's supposed to be this great boxer. And that's Blade. I probably don't need to tell you what he's known for."

They were all huge. Erica went through all their heights and weights. Blade was the smallest of them all and *he* weighed 245lb! Tank was the biggest at 325lbs with Vic, Bull, and Biff coming in at 270, 285, and 290lbs respectively. Then she went through some of the lifts. Biff was benching 545lbs, for 10 reps! Tank was maxing out at 1045lbs in the deadlift. Vic could curl 275lbs for five reps and could wreck a heavy bag after a good workout. Blade was the weakest of them all, but even he could bench 500lbs! Oh God, if Erica walked into that, she'd be crushed! For a couple moments, the camera just panned around the five guys, showing them all lifting huge stacks of weights that I wouldn't be able to budge if I brought a couple friends. In between sets, they would joke around with each other. As often as they were grabbing their crotches, there was little doubt what they were joking about.

I kept waiting for some of them to leave, assuming that Erica was going to wait to get Biff alone, but they all seemed to be just getting started their workout and they sauntered around the gym at a leisurely pace. None of them appeared to be going anywhere any time soon.

Erica leaned over and started purring in my ear. "Oooo, they're such big, strong, vicious guys. It would take a whole *posse* of men to have even the hope of standing up to Biff and his gang."

Suddenly the camera changed to a shot of the front door. It slowly opened, and there came Erica, striding into the gym like she owned the place. She was all alone and wearing the exact same outfit she had on now. I gave her an incredulous look. She smiled in delight. "I said it would take a whole posse of *men*. One super strong girl; however, should be more than enough to handle just five guys."

I was about to protest that she couldn't be serious, that she had to be joking, when Erica reached out and grabbed my cock. She slowly and deftly started to stroke it, freezing whatever I'd been about to say on the tip of my tongue. I felt her breath on my ear as her hand continued to slide up and down my growing erection. Damn she was good at this! "Uh oh, this doesn't wook wike it's going to be an even fight at awl." She teasingly whispered into my ear using a little baby voice. "Let's see what happens, shall we?"

The camera followed Erica as she strolled right into the gym with the utmost confidence. Then the camera angle changed to show close ups of the guys as they noticed Erica was there. Of the five, only Tank didn't seem aware anything was happening. Vic and Bull both stared at Erica with lust filled eyes, leaving little doubt what they were thinking. Blade fixed her with an evil leer that made my skin crawl. Biff just looked angry, which damn near stopped my heart. I didn't like Biff when he was angry; actually I didn't like Biff whether he was angry or not, but especially not when he was angry. He got up from the bench he was using and started to talk. He looked ready to lash out at any moment.

"Hmmm, right now Biff is telling me how happy he is to see me, and how glad he is that I came to visit him at his gym." She told me in a happy, chipper voice.

Yeah right! I'm no lip reader, but Biff was clearly doing his best to fill up the swear jar. Normally the mere *sight* of Biff would cause me to curl up into a ball and cry, but with Erica working her hand up and down my cock, I was actually having a hard time concentrating on anything.

Erica was making sure I wasn't missing a second of the action as she continued her rose colored commentary. "Watch this. Here's the part where I tell Biff you're back in town and that we're dating again." As soon as the words left her mouth I could see Biff's eyes gloss over and his face start to

darken into a dangerous shade of red. In a blinding rage, he picked up an empty weight bar and smashed it down onto one of the benches. The bench practically disintegrated under the force of his blow. "See how happy he is to hear you're back?" Biff's eyes were filled with rage. Spit flew from his mouth as he screamed at Erica. "And now he's telling me how much he'd like to hang out with you and spend some quality time together."

God, I felt terrified, or at least part of me did. The sensible part of me was ready to race to my car and put as many miles between Biff and me as possible. I hear Anchorage is nice this time of year. And yet I didn't move an inch from the couch. It wasn't courage so much as it was Erica moving her hand faster and faster across my cock. I was starting to squirm in my seat as she brought me nearer and nearer to orgasm. Oh God! It felt so damn good!

I let out an involuntary moan, which made Erica giggle. "Mmmmm, you like that, don't you. Well, what guy doesn't like getting a hand job, especially from a sexy, gorgeous, busty, fit, super strong woman. Lets finish you off quickly. We're about to get to the good part, and I don't want you to miss it." Almost on cue, I felt the sweet release of a jet of steaming hot semen explode from my cock. My body spasmed with unbridled ecstasy as I shot my load all over the couch.

Erica watched in delight, and a little bit of amazement, at the vast amounts of jizz. "Damn Ethan. Next time, remind me to put a tarp down first. Hehehe."

After I was done, she wrapped her arms around me and pulled me close to her. "There, do you feel better now?"

I was barely able to murmur my assent.

"Excellent. Now watch the TV. The good part's about to begin."

On the TV, Biff was done with his tirade and was charging off towards the door, presumably to come see me. I should have been frightened out of my mind, but instead I felt totally relaxed, almost like I was drugged; which I suppose wasn't too far from the truth. So I just watched in detached interest as Biff strode toward the door of the gym, likely on his way to kill me.

Except Erica was standing directly between Biff and the door. He didn't seem to care. As he approached her, he reared his hand back and swatted at her like she was an insect. It was an offhanded blow using relatively little force, though it probably would have still sent *me* flying through the air. Erica, on the other hand, was unaffected by the blow. His backhanded swat merely bounced off her shoulder, not moving her one iota.

That perked me up a bit. Sure I knew Erica was strong, stronger even than her gigantic brother, but to just completely ignore his swat peaked my interest. I felt my eyes widen a little bit in surprise.

No one was as surprised as Biff. He looked at Erica, seemingly confused that she was still there. He reached out a hand and gave her a much harder shove; but instead of pushing Erica backwards, he found himself being pushed back from his immovable sister. My eyes widened even more. How was that possible?

Biff couldn't believe it either. This time he put both hands on Erica's shoulders and pushed, but she *still* didn't budge! He leaned into her; the muscles on his arms, shoulders, back and legs bulged as he brought all of his might to bear against his younger sister. But all of his efforts were for naught. Erica still didn't budge an inch. On top of that, Erica's own considerable muscles seemed completely relaxed, like she wasn't exerting herself in the least.

"Oh my god." I muttered in disbelief.

"Hehehe," Erica giggled beside me. "Look at how hard he's pushing, look at how big his muscles

are bulging, trying to move little ole me. And it's not that he's weak. He's probably strong enough to flip over a car." Her hand was back on my thigh, her fingers gently caressing it. She leaned in to once more whisper in my ear. "But his manly strength is *nothing* compared to my feminine might!"

At that exact moment, Erica on the screen reached a hand up and grabbed Biff's wrist. She plucked his hand off of her shoulder like she was removing a piece of lint. The camera angle changed and I saw Biff's eyes widen in shock at the irresistible force on his arm. He tried to yank his arm out of Erica's grip, but it was like his arm was encased in cement. It wasn't going anywhere.

"Oooo, wook at how hard wittle Biffy's is twying. But he just can't get his arm out of the wittle, itty bitty giwls gwip." Damn, her teasing baby voice was driving me wild. My cock was getting hard *again!* Jesus, I had never been so turned on in my life!

Biff had grabbed onto Erica's hand with his other hand and was now pulling on her hand with both of his, but it seemed to make little difference to Erica, who was still resisting him without seeming to try. Erica giggled next to me. "That doesn't seem to help now does it?"

Biff pulled and pulled, but to no avail. Finally, he shouted over his shoulder, and Bull ran over to help him. Bull grabbed Erica's arm with both of his hands and began pulling along with Biff. Their four arms bulged with huge muscles, yet it made no difference. Bull even put his foot up on Erica's thigh and added one of his legs to the fray, but it still made no difference. The two guys pulled with all of their might, but they were being completely overpowered by the single arm of this incredible girl.

The camera tightened a little on Erica's face. She turned, looked directly into the camera, smiled, and blew a kiss.

"That was just for you, my loving man." She cooed into my ear. My erection was back in full force.

The camera panned back slightly, the two guys were still pulling uselessly, when all of the sudden, Erica let go! Biff and Bull went stumbling backwards, tripping all over their own feet before falling into a heap on the ground. Erica laughed uproariously at the sight, as did her image on screen. Biff got up and shot her a look that made my heart stop, and my erection disappear.

I gulped loudly, once more afraid of what an angry Biff was capable of. It was a little weird to be worried about Erica's safety, since Erica was sitting right next to me and seemed perfectly fine, but it was an impulse I couldn't control.

Biff was shouting at Erica now, his face beet red, spittle flying from his mouth in rage. At his direction, Tank and Bull flanked Erica on either side. In a completely uncoordinated (and almost comical) effort, they both lunged at Erica and grabbed her arms. It was a slow, clumsy, ponderous attack that a turtle would have been able to avoid, but Erica made no move to get out of their way. She just stood there, as still as a statue, as the guys grabbed her wrists. The two big men, each twice Erica's size, pulled at her wrists with all of their might, but her hands stayed on her hips like they were welded there. The two men struggled for several moments to no avail before finally giving up and contenting themselves with just holding onto her wrists where they were.

"Oh no!" She said in mock fright beside me. "Those two big men are holding me totally immobile. What will I ever do? Hehehe."

Biff made some more gestures, and now Vic, the guy who Erica said was the boxer, lumbered forward to stand in front of her. His gaze was squarely fixated on Erica's chest. I could hardly blame him, but the look on his face almost made me want to shower.

"You know," Erica was practically giggling with delight as we continued to watch, "they say Vic

punches so hard that he can put a hole through a brick wall with a single punch."

As she said that, Vic got into a boxers stance and threw a solid looking shot right into Erica's gut. She made absolutely no move to get out of the way, she just smiled pleasantly as his fist got closer and closer to her tummy. The punch landed squarely right in the middle of her stomach and.....and did nothing! She didn't even so much as flinch! And it didn't even look like she was flexing her abs. I looked over at her abs to compare them to how they looked on screen.

Erica knew just what I was doing. "Nope I wasn't flexing. *This* is what my abs look like when I flex." Suddenly, the faint outline of a six-pack turned into a rigid cobblestone wall of solid muscle. "Feel." She commanded.

I needed no further instruction. I touched her stomach, letting my fingers trace along the ridges of her abs and pressed hard against each muscle. The damn things felt like solid steel! My hands weren't denting them in the slightest. Then she relaxed her abs. The muscle got less defined, though you could still see every muscular contour of her stomach. Again I pushed against her stomach, it felt no different than when she was flexing. "Jesus." I breathed in awe.

"I know you can't tell, but my abs are much harder when I flex than when they're relaxed." She was grinning with delight. "Of course even relaxed, they're so hard that most people are too weak to tell the difference." She nodded toward the screen. "Take poor Vic over there."

On screen, Vic looked thoroughly confused. He slammed his fist into Erica's stomach again and again, but none of his punches seemed to have any effect. Erica's body didn't so much as budge an inch, and she was smiling like she found the whole thing amusing.

"That poor guy is hitting me as hard as he can, but I can barely feel it, even with my abs relaxed. I think Biff and his friends are starting to realize what deep shit they're in."

Sure enough, the camera panned from face to face as Vic pounded away on Erica's rock hard body. Bull and Tank looked confused, Vic looked angry, and Biff was starting to look nervous. But Blade... Blade's look froze my heart. He looked excited. He reached down into his gym bag, and pulled out a hunting knife that looked like it belonged to Rambo. I could see his lips move and the corners of his mouth turned up in a sneer. I have no idea what he said, but the visual was enough to make me start to curl up into a ball.

Erica patted me soothingly. "Its okay honey. Big bad Blade isn't going to hurt you any more than any of the other guys will, and he's certainly not going to hurt me. He might be brave with his little weapon, but he's going to need more than a knife to contend with me."

On the screen, Vic moved back to give way to Blade. All the guys looked on in delight, certain they were about to get the upper hand. It was extremely disconcerting that none of the guys on screen seemed to be bothered in the slightest with what it looked like Blade was about to do. *My God, these guys are completely psychotic!*

Unbelievably, Erica was calmly waiting for Blade. For a moment, I wasn't even sure she saw him. Then suddenly she moved. With incredible speed, her hands left her hips, and grabbed Tank and Bull by their belts. Then, in an incredible display of strength, she pulled Tank and Bull's 300lb bodies forward, swinging the two guys into Blade with an incredible force. Tank and Bull could have been pillows for all the resistance they were able to put up, but the effect of the two huge guys slamming into Blade made it clear they were anything but pillows.

Blade was simply *crushed* between the two behemoths. The knife fell instantly from his hand and his eyes bulged out in pain. Erica pulled the two giants away and Blade started to fall to the ground. He never got that far. In another surprising burst of speed, Erica leapt up from the ground, and whipped her right leg forward. Her foot smashed into Blade's jaw with so much force it changed his trajectory. Now the knife wielder was launched up and backwards, flying through

the air before landing in a lump at Biff's feet. He was out cold!

"Serves him right for pulling a knife on a defenseless woman. Of course, I'm not exactly defenseless, hehehe."

On screen, Erica had released her grip on Tank and Bull's belts and instead grabbed them by their wrists. Then she started spinning around. She started slowly, then slowly built up more and more speed. As she spun, she pulled the two guys around with her. They pulled and yanked at her hands, trying to free themselves from her grasp, but it was useless. Eventually, it was all they could do to keep up with her ever-increasing speed. Finally, Erica was spinning too fast for the lumbering brutes to keep up. They both tripped over their own two feet and fell to the ground.

But Erica didn't stop. She kept spinning faster and faster, dragging the two men around with her. Soon she was spinning so quickly that Tank and Bull's feet were lifted off the ground by the incredible centripetal force. Erica was twirling so fast that all three bodies became practically a blur. The two men hanging from her arms were hovering five feet off the ground, completely parallel to the ground. Finally Erica let go. In the blink of an eye, Bull and Tank flew away from Erica like they were shot out of a cannon. Each man flew across the gym in opposite directions until they slammed into walls or equipment, dozens of feet away. Erica on the screen finally stopped spinning and ended up in a flourish, like she just finished some kind of ice skating maneuver.

I was so stunned by what I just saw, my jaw dropped and the bottom of my mouth practically fell off. "Holy shit!"

The two men left standing mirrored my amazement. Bull and Tank were off screen, Blade was still lying on the floor unconscious, but Biff and Vic looked at Erica with the same stunned, amazed look that was on my face. "Holy shit." I said again. Erica giggled beside me.

On screen, Erica reached down and picked up Blade's knife. Vic and Biff looked terrified. I would be too. She was kicking their asses so easily with just her bare hands, the thought of her using a weapon against them probably was making them piss themselves. But it was instantly clear Erica had no intention of using the knife, at least not on her assailants. She turned the knife around, and pointed the tip of the blade right at her own stomach.

My eyes bugged out in disbelief! "What are you doing?" I practically shouted.

"Hehehe. Whatever do you mean? Oh, you don't think that little toothpick can actually hurt me, do you sweetie?"

"Toothpick! That damn thing's a hunting knife! It could probably put a hole through a brick wall!"

"Oh honey. When are you going to learn that this body is so, so, so much harder than any little brick wall?"

I watched, completely mesmerized, as Erica slowly started moving the point of the blade toward her own stomach. My eyes were glued on the knifepoint as it got closer and closer, and then finally touched Erica's steel hard mid section. For the fraction of a second as the blade came in contact with Erica's skin, I felt my heart stop. *What the hell was she doing?* After a brief moment, I got the stunning answer.

Erica kept pushing the blade into her abs, but instead of watching the knife pierce her stomach, I watched in complete disbelief as the thick, sturdy blade of the hunting knife crumpled against the steel hardness of her abs.

"Oh.....my.....God." It seemed to be the only phrase my overloaded mind could process, but it was the only phrase appropriate for what I was watching on the screen. Erica pulled the knife away

from her belly. The entire length of the blade was crumpled, yet not a single blemish appeared anywhere on her skin.

And she wasn't finished. After displaying the destroyed blade to the remaining thugs, she placed the crumpled piece of metal between her two enormous breasts. Then, placing her arms on either side of her chest, she flexed her breasts for all they were worth. I watched in wonder and lust as her already huge tits expanded further and further until I thought they'd burst right out of the skimpy top she was wearing. She held her flex for several long moments, letting everyone drink in the incredible size of her chest, before finally relaxing. Then she reached between her tits, and pulled out what used to be the knife. Now it was basically a disc of metal, crushed nearly flat by the pressure of Erica's amazing breasts.

I was too stunned by what I was seeing for words. I couldn't even manage an "oh my God". Suddenly, I was no longer worried about Erica getting hurt by Biff. I was starting to worry about Biff and his friends.....well no, not really. Biff and whatever lowlifes he hung out with were well beyond the limits of my compassion. Actually, I was really enjoying what I was seeing.

Biff and Vic weren't having quite as much fun. They both looked scared shitless. I didn't blame them. I had first hand experience at the feeling of total helplessness in the face of overwhelming force.

Unfortunately for them, Erica was offering no quarter. She sauntered over to the two big men, who instantly dropped to their knees and started begging for mercy. Seeing Biff in that position gave me more joy than I would have ever thought I'd feel at seeing someone treated that way. But then, no one on earth deserved it more than him.

Like so many of their victims in the past, the two men's begging fell on deaf ears. Erica walked right up to Vic without so much as a pause. Even on his knees, Vic was as tall as Erica, but size meant nothing to someone as overwhelmingly powerful as my girlfriend. She reached down and grabbed Vic by his crotch and neck, and then, in another display of her endless power, lifted the huge man up over her head. Truth be told, it wasn't quite as impressive as some of her earlier feats of strength, but to see her standing there, holding a man who was easily twice her size, was an amazing sight; especially with the complete lack of effort on her face.

"You like that, don't you?" She whispered into my ear. "Seeing me lift them like that is a huge turn on for you isn't it." Erica slid off the couch and knelt before me. I couldn't help but to stare at her abundant cleavage, cleavage powerful enough to crush solid metal. Her breasts were so full, so firm, so perfectly shaped, so inviting. I just had to reach out and touch them. God, they felt amazing.

Erica was looking up at me with the sultriest of looks. She cooed softly at my touch, the soft purr of a feminine pleasure.

I was rock hard. Watching her use her tremendous strength, strength that was far greater than I had ever dreamed of, was a huge turn on.

"Now pay close attention, Ethan. You're not gonna to want to miss this." She put a hand on each of my thighs, and ran her fingers lightly up my legs toward my crotch. My entire body shivered at the sensation. "I'm gonna stay right here and make sure you thoroughly enjoy the moment." And with that, she bent down and wrapped her lips around my cock.

Oh God. My body stiffened at the wonderful sensation. Damn did she ever know what she was doing! It was hard for me to concentrate on anything while her lips were so tenderly massaging my cock, but I didn't want to miss a second of Erica's dominant display.

She was still standing over Biff, Vic held high over her head, a neutral expression on her face as Biff continued to grovel before her.

Mmmmm that feels so good!

She did a couple of shoulder presses, just to show off how easy it was to handle his weight.

*Oohh! Oohh! Oh God, oh God! Jesus, where did she learn to do **that**?*

Finally, she hurled Vic at Biff. The two men collided with such force that they both fell to the ground in a heap. On the screen, Erica laughed at the two men. In my living room, her mouth was far too busy for laughter.

Oh shit! Jesus! Don't stop, my God, don't stop!

With a delighted smile on her face, Erica skipped across the gym to where she had launched Bull. The camera followed her. The big man was just now getting up to his knees. He was clearly shaken from being woman-handled so harshly. It wasn't going to get any better.

Erica skipped right up beside him, bent down at her waist and grabbed a couple handfuls of his clothes. Then, with a seemingly light toss, she sent Bull flying through the air. The camera followed him as he sailed across the gym, arms and feet wind-milling uselessly in the air. He flew all the way to where Biff and Vic were pushing themselves up off the ground, and landed right on top of the both of them, sending all three crashing back to the ground.

I reached my hands out, grasping at the couch pillows as my body twitched and shook with unknown sensations of pleasure. How I had kept from cumming so far was one of the great mysteries of our time!

Erica was skipping over to the other side of the gym where Tank laid. Tank was the biggest of the five, 325lbs Erica said, but his huge girth simply made no difference to Erica. Like Bull, a seemingly light toss sent the giant hurling through the air, and like Bull, he crash-landed on his friends, sending the whole lot of them back to the ground.

God, I was so close! Her lips were so soft. It was like I was sheathing my cock in a bolt of silk. Her pace was quickening as I got closer and closer to my release.

Erica sauntered over to where the guys were all still laying on the ground in a heap. On the way, she stopped by the barbell Tank had been deadlifting when she walked in. She had said it weighed 1045lbs; half a ton! Yet she plucked it up off the ground like it was a purse and placed it on the ground near the five men.

She first reached for Tank and Bull, who were on top. She grabbed each by the scruff of their necks and hauled them to their knees. The two men looked practically out. Erica made sure they were by bashing their two heads together. Satisfied that they were unconscious, she draped them over the barbell she had brought over.

She reached for Blade and Vic the same way. Blade was still out from before, but Vic was still conscious; at least for the moment. She grabbed him by the back of his head and slammed him into one of her breasts. His face bounced off her tit like it was a brick wall. One would think that would be enough to knock anyone out, but she slammed his face into her breast once more, just to be sure. They got loaded onto the barbell on top of Bull and Tank.

Finally, all that was left was Biff. She reached down and pulled him up by his shirt so that he was eye level with her. His feet were still on the ground, but it was pretty clear by the way he was dangling from her hand that they weren't supporting his weight at all. Erica was talking to Biff quite sternly, motioning to the four men draped over the barbell.

Biff looked utterly terrified, and completely cooed. The camera panned down and showed a big

wet spot right in the front of Biff's pants.

I was about to make a wet spot of my own, right into Erica's mouth! I could feel the dam begin to burst inside of my loins. It was cumming fast!

On the screen, Erica, still holding Biff with her one hand, leaned over to grab the barbell with her other hand. Then, in the most amazing display of strength I had ever seen, she hoisted what must have been over a ton of man and metal right up off the ground. Biff's eyes widened in stunned disbelief as he watched her lift the barbell higher, and higher, and higher until she had finally pressed it all the way over her head. Erica didn't pay the barbell any mind at all! She simply held it overhead like it was a toothpick!

In all my wildest dreams, I had never imagined such strength. It was more than I could handle.

Erica's unbelievable display of power, plus the incredible sensation of her lips around my cock, finally caused an eruption in my cock so powerful that I was surprised the Earth didn't shake.

Steaming hot cum shot from my cock with such force, I was stunned it didn't drill a hole in the back of Erica's head. Despite the copious amounts of semen, she kept her lips wrapped around my cock, swallowing every last drop as my body spasmed with the most intense orgasm I could ever remember having.

Finally, when I was done, Erica slowly slipped her lips off of my cock. She looked at me with eyes so seductive they made my heart flutter. She sensually licked her lips with her tongue, and then in a voice that was dripping heavily with lust, purred, "Mmmmm, yummy."

"Whoa... oh my God... Erica... Jesus... that was... I mean, holy shit... I'm just... I mean I can't... it's just... wow... I don't..."

She reached a finger up and placed it on my lips. "Shhhh. It's okay, sweetie. I know you must be a little overwhelmed. It's not every day a guy finds out he's dating a girl with superhuman strength. A girl who's damn near invincible and has more stamina and endurance than he could possibly imagine. A girl who has spent years practicing every possible way to sexually please a man, and has become a master at them all. A girl who has made it her life's purpose to protect and defend her boyfriend from anyone and everyone, to be his own guardian angel. And a girl who will personally see to it that he feels such pleasure that he never before thought was possible."

My mind was spinning. If I had found a magic lamp and a genie granted me only one wish, it would probably be that. It was the essence of every wet dream I ever had. How the hell did I get so lucky?

Erica sat back on the couch next to me, a smile adorning her face. "Now I'm sure you're still a little worried about what might happen when I'm not with you, that Biff might be waiting out there somewhere, until I left, to pounce on you."

I blinked. Actually, I hadn't given that a moment's thought, until now. Suddenly my feelings of safety and security vanished. *My God, he's going to be furious, and he's going to take it out on me!*

Erica gave me a playful jab on the shoulder. "Oh sweetie, don't worry. I promised that I wouldn't let anything bad happen to you, and I am a woman of my word. Watch this."

For a brief, terrifying second, I thought she was going to kill them. The camera panned back over to the door to the gym and I was sure she was massacring the guys off-screen. But then the door opened and in walked five gorgeous women. They were all tall and beautiful, busty and built, and all five strolled into the gym with supreme confidence.

"I've been helping some ladies from my gym realize their fullest potential. All five have developed their bodies to an incredible degree, and all five have been looking for an opportunity to test out

their newfound power. So I asked them if they'd like to try their hands at.....taming some wild beasts."

The five women walked right up to Erica. The women had a little conversation. They spent some time pointing at the various men, all still unconscious save Biff, who was looking completely dumbfounded.

Finally one of Erica's friends grabbed Biff's belt with one of her hands and plucked him off the ground. She held him in front of her with little to no effort, moving him back and forth like she was examining a piece of luggage. Then the other women began lifting the other guys, everyone lifting the much bigger men easily up into the air with one hand.

"Jesus, does every woman in town have super strength?"

"Not everyone, but more people than you'd expect. I've trained some people at your work, a couple of your neighbors, waitresses in various bars and restaurants around town. They're all capable of handling Biff and his cronies as easily as I just did, though none of them are anywhere near as strong as I am. They are all well aware of your situation, and they are all willing, if not eager, to show any would be bully that there's more than one guardian angel in this town. Believe me, Ethan, someone will always be there to protect you."

She picked up the remote, and turned off the TV. "So, what do you think? Impressed?"

I gave her an incredulous look. "Impressed! Are you kidding me? Impressed doesn't even begin to describe it! I mean, damn Erica, the things I just saw you do.....they were simply unbelievable! If I didn't know any better, I'd think the whole video was done with special effects."

That earned me an arched eyebrow. "Are you saying that you don't believe that I can do all those things that you just saw?"

"What? No... no... no, not at all. I mean, I've seen you do some incredible things; it's just that.....some of those things were even more amazing than what you did here yesterday. It's just hard to believe that somebody can truly be that strong. I mean, I know that you are, but even knowing what I know, it's just so.....you know.....unbelievable."

Her lips curled up in a slight smile. "Well it sounds to me like someone needs a little more proof that his girlfriend is really that strong."

"No, no, of course not. I totally believe you. In fact, I....." Then, it suddenly occurred to me what she was saying. I actually felt as though a light bulb went off inside of my head. I looked over to Erica, who winked at me. *Oh boy!* My heart skipped a beat in anticipation over what was to come. "Well... I guess, you know to really be sure, I really should see... you know... uh... further evidence... you know, just to uh... verify... you know..."

Erica giggled at me. She leaned over and gave me a kiss on the forehead. "You are so cute." She got up from the couch and grabbed my hand, pulling me easily to my feet. "Come on, sweetie. We're gonna make sure you have no doubt how strong I really am."

She pulled me behind her into the parking lot of our condo, which was behind the unit, butted up against some trees, which afforded us some measure of privacy. She kept pulling me until it was clear we were heading right toward my bright blue Cooper Mini. My heartbeat quickened as I began to realize what might have been running through her head.

She let go of me and let her fingers trace along the length of my car. "This is a pretty little car you have here Ethan. Do you happen to know how much it weighs?"

I was getting so excited my body was actually trembling. "Oh wow. Uh... I don't... uh think that..."

uh... I mean... Wait! Hold on just a second.” I thrust my hands into my pocket and whipped out my cellphone, which I fumbled and almost dropped on the ground before wrapping both hands around it. Taking a deep breath to calm my nerves, I tried to look up my car online. My hands were shaking so badly, it took me forever. Erica just stood there smiling, stroking my car gently with her hands.

Finally I was able to find what I was looking for. When I saw the actual number, I actually gulped loud enough that Erica heard me. She giggled. “It’s uh.....it weighs 2,535lbs!” I looked up at her anxiously, eagerly anticipating what was about to come.

Erica put her hands over her chest in mock surprise. “2,535lbs? Wow, that’s sooooooo much weight.” She turned back toward the car and swayed up to the front of the vehicle. “Wow, over a ton.” She leaned down, placing her hands on the car’s hood with enough force that the whole front of the car was pressed down. I could actually hear the car frame creak in protest, though I wasn’t paying that much attention. The way she was leaning down gave me an incredible view of her fantastic cleavage. It was basically all I could think of.

Erica held the pose for a few moments, enjoying me staring at her. Then she started to slide her hands down toward the car’s bumper, crouching down to reach far enough. “Can you even imagine if I were strong enough to just crouch down here in front of your car, grab your bumper with my two hands, and then pulllllllllll.....”

Erica started to straighten up her body. Again the Cooper creaked and moaned, but this time, it was because the weight of the car was being lifted up off its suspension. I watched in open mouth awe as the wheel well lifted up higher and higher. For a moment, the tire seemed to refuse to budge from the ground, then finally, it succumbed to Erica’s incredible strength. The front tires of the car slowly pulled away from the ground as Erica straightened to a full standing position, completely supporting the entire weight of the vehicle. I was so overwhelmed I was speechless.

Erica was purring in satisfaction at her own incredible feat. “Mmmmmmm, you like that, don’t you? You love that your girlfriend is sooooo strong. So unbelievably, incredibly strong.” As she spoke, she slowly curled the entire front of the car up until the bumper pressed into her thick, voluptuous breasts. Erica moaned in pleasure as she lowered the car down, and then curled it again.

I was so turned on; I was about to blow my load just watching her. Even standing there, watching her curl a car with her bare hands, I still found myself unable to believe what I was seeing. It was like I was in some kind of dream.

I shuffled over to her in a trance and stood behind her. I reached out my hands and grasped onto her biceps, feeling the steel hard muscle expand in my hands as she curled the car for what must have been the tenth time. Her muscles grew in my hands, their impenetrable hardness pushing my fingers easily aside as they expanded into twin mounds of unfathomable power.

She cooed at my touch and turned her head around toward mine. I bent my head over her shoulder, and my lips found hers. I clamped down on her arms with all my might as my lips and tongue attacked hers in a furiously passionate kiss. She bent a little at the waist, pressing her incredible ass into my raging hard-on, and then pressed her butt up and down against my cock and she attacked my mouth, seemingly oblivious to the weight of the car that she continued to curl up and down, up and down. It was one of the most arousing experiences of my life, and it wasn’t long at all until I once more soiled my trousers.

I pulled away from her as my orgasm ended. She pivoted around so that she was facing more toward me. It took me a moment to realize that to do that, she had to let go of the car with one of her hands. It didn’t seem to bother her one bit as she was now supporting the full weight of the car with just one hand!

It was all I could do to simply stand there and stare at this newest show of incredible strength, and

Erica didn't disappoint. Once more the car was curled, this time using the strength of just one of her incredible arms. Only this time, the lift didn't stop at the top of the curl. She twisted her arm around and then slowly pressed the front of my car all the way up over her head. I was so awestruck at this newest show of strength that I barely realized that I my cock was once more straining against the front of my pants.

Erica giggled in delight. "Wow, Ethan. You are simply insatiable." She reached her free hand behind my head and pulled my mouth down to hers. This time, her kiss was far softer, more gentle and sensual. This time she brought one of her silky smooth, muscular thighs up to my crotch and gently stroked my cock as she pressed the front end of my car with a single hand. All these sensations were more than I could bare, and for the billionth time today a steaming hot jet of semen was ejected from my cock as my body was wracked with another amazing orgasm.

This time I collapsed to the ground when Erica released me. I was spent. My whole body was in sensory overload. Erica on the other hand, seemed fresh as a daisy. She stood over me, looking down at me with a pleasant smile on her face. The front of my car was held all the way up over her head, resting on the palm of a single hand. She didn't even seem to be aware that it was there.

"My God," I managed, "You're incredible!"

She gave me a smile that light up the whole world. "You don't even know the half of it." She turned back toward the Mini and crouched down under it. She placed her free hand more toward the middle of the car, and then let go of the hand on the bumper. She reached that hand down toward the rear of the car, grasping a piece of the frame, and then she pushed up. The back of the car came easily off the ground, and as she straightened back up to a standing position, pressing the entire 2,535lb car all the way up to the limit of her reach.

Now the Cooper Mini isn't exactly a big car. But seeing it perched upon the hands of a 5'8", twenty-year-old girl who couldn't weigh much more than 150-160lbs, it simply looked massive. And yet there was Erica holding it calmly like it was the easiest thing in the world.

I sat there on the ground stunned. Looking up at her, the sun was right behind her back, which made it seem as though the light was almost emanating from her. She looked more than just human, like an angel of might and power, sent down from the heavens as a protector. Sitting there, gawking at the remarkable image, seeing her hold such a gigantic weight over her head, made me think that maybe she really was an angel. No mere mortal could possibly do what she was doing, and she was making it look so easy.

I tried to open my mouth to say something, but I couldn't find the words. I was completely overwhelmed by the awesome aura that Erica cast.

"You like this don't you; this strength, this power. Five Biffs wouldn't be able to do this, and this isn't even heavy to me. Do you want to see some real power?" Without even waiting for an answer, Erica turned and strolled down the parking lot. I sat there and stared at her ass as she carried the 2,500lb car like it was nothing.

She didn't go far, just to her own huge, grey pickup truck. She gently lowered my car into the bed of her truck. It was just narrow enough to fit, though she had to lower the back to fit it totally. She took a second to admire her handy work and then walked over to the side of the vehicle.

I watched in complete disbelief as she crouched down next to the truck. She couldn't be serious! Her pick-up was huge! It had to be close to three times the size of my Mini! I would have looked it up, but there was no way I was tearing my eyes away from what she was going to try.

Erica reached up and grabbed the frame of the truck through the open window, and then slipped her other hand under the side of the truck. There was simply no fucking way!! And yet, as I looked on in wonder, Erica lifted both car and truck up off the ground and all the way up to her shoulder.

She tilted the truck slightly forward so that my car wouldn't fall out of the back, took a moment to get the balance right, and then let go of the hand at the window. Then she turned and strutted back over to me with 10,000lbs of vehicle perched on her shoulder.

My mind was numb. I could hardly believe what I was seeing, and yet I couldn't deny my own senses. This was my own car and her car. They were real things. And yet as Erica stopped before me, once more framed by the light of the sun, she set her free hand gently on her hip, and then, with the slightest of grunts, pressed the five tons of machinery up over her head, using nothing more than the strength of one arm. My cock exploded at the unbelievable sight. I was so engrossed by what I was seeing, I didn't even realize I was hard!

A slight tremble of her arm was the only sign that what she was doing taxed her at all, but the calm expression on her face told me that she still wasn't at her max. She proved that beyond the shadow of a doubt by lowering the load down to her shoulder and then pressing it up again. It was clear that she was now expending some energy to perform this unreal task, but she still managed 15 reps before once more holding the weight high over her head.

My God! Fifty Biffs wouldn't be able to do what she just did; a hundred wouldn't! Gyms full of strong men would be helpless against such power, power that she would use to protect me from now until the end of my days.

Erica held the weight overhead forever, letting me drink in her magnificence. Finally, she lowered the vehicles back down into a parking space. She walked over to me, and lifted me from the ground. I finally understood just how light I must have felt to her.

"Come on, sweetie." She told me as she carried me back up to my condo. "It's time to get you more used to being touched by an angel."

I let myself get comfortable in her arms, because for the first time in what seemed like forever, I wasn't afraid. I had my own personal guardian, or guardians I guess, and I knew that as long as Erica was by my side, that I'd never have anything to fear again.

THE END

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