

ANGEL OF SALVATION (Part 1)

(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 descent 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 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 massively 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.

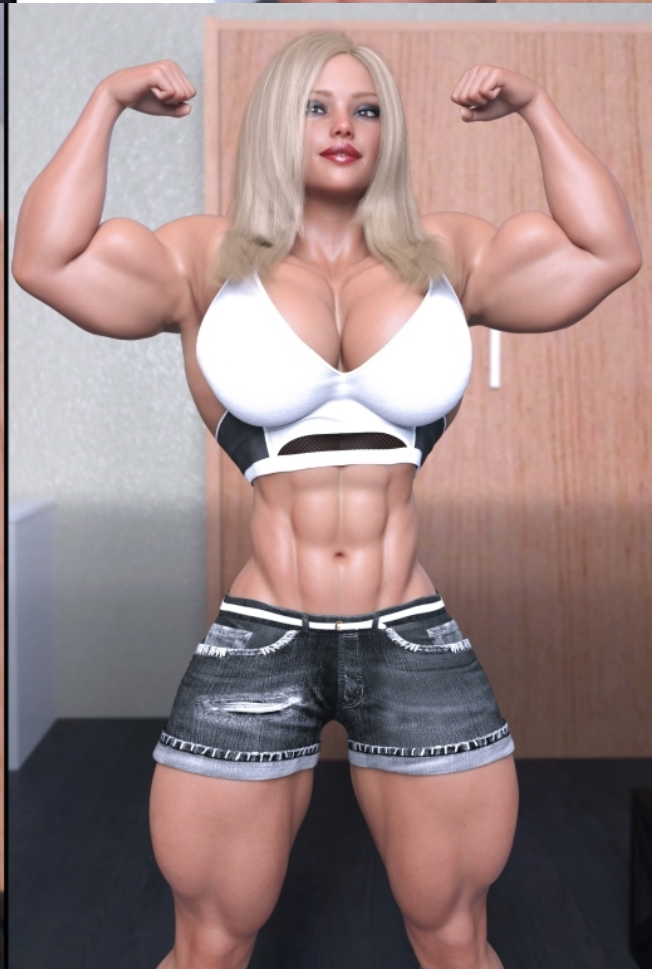
She turned around, still flexing her biceps, and brought her back into play. Holy shit! I never knew people had so many different muscles on their back, and every one was prominently etched in a grand tapestry of power and strength. And I couldn't believe how wide her back had gotten. It was so damned 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 Iron Man 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?"

THE END
(Part 2 – Coming Soon)

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