

# ANGEL OF SALVATION 2 (Part 1)

(a Spoonmaster story)

**([amysconquest.com](http://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 red 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 danced 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.

"HmMMM, 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. Let's 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 totally 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 END

(Or More Specifically - To Be Concluded.....)

**Copyright 2020 Amy's Conquest ([amysconquest.com](http://amysconquest.com))**