

Pizza Boy

By AmazonFan

The pizza boy meets two strong women

It was the last delivery on the last run of my shift. I work part time delivering pizzas, driving the peak hours of 5:00 to 8:00 PM when orders are heaviest. I was glad this particular shift was about over. It had been a shitty day. Two phony orders. Waste of time. And nobody liked to tip anymore.

Well, after this last delivery I could head home and hang out watching the tube. I thought I was smart back when I first got this job. Finishing by 8:00. I could have my evenings free to go out on dates. Problem was I don't get many dates. I'm not rich. I don't drive a fancy car. And while girls think I'm cute they can't seem to see past the fact that I am very slim. I call it slim. You'd call it skinny.

Being underweight has always been a problem for me. "Skinny minny!" had been the childhood chant all the kids used to tease me with. Growing up, I tried everything I could think of to put on weight, from milk shakes to second helpings at meals, but nothing seemed to work. I remember the ads for Charles Atlas in the back of comic books and dreamed of what it would be like to have muscles. I thought of taking up weight lifting, but I'd be too embarrassed to be seen at a gym. They'd all snicker at me, all those hulking types. I'd had enough of being laughed at for years. I wasn't going to subject myself to it at some gym.

I picked up a bodybuilding magazine from time to time, hoping there'd be some new nutritional supplement that would help me gain weight. But all the ones I tried didn't work. I'd put on a few pounds and then a few weeks later I'd lose it.

In reading the magazines I noticed the increasing coverage female bodybuilders were getting. I have to admit I've been a bit jealous of the physiques they have. Many of the top heavyweights are much bigger than me. It wasn't fair. They were females! But I also found myself fantasizing about what it would be like to be with one of these amazonic creatures, of being with a woman who was bigger and stronger than me. I find the thought of being dominated by sheer female muscle power both frightening and arousing. In my fantasy world, the women had ample breasts that the pro bodybuilders

didn't. I realize all that dieting the pros do to get really ripped for competition reduces body fat so much their breasts get sacrificed. I'd have been more than happy to give up a little muscle definition for ample cleavage. It wouldn't change how strong they'd be. But that was just my private little fantasy world. Let me return to my story.

I found the address and drove my battered Subaru into the driveway. Two red BMW convertibles were sitting there. With vanity plates "B BMW 1" AND "B BMW 2". "How cute," I thought sarcastically, "matching cars and vanity plates. More rich people who don't know what else to do with their money."

As I approached the front door I could hear Aerosmith blaring from a window up on the second floor. Must have been a big stereo because the sound was very loud. I rang the doorbell. And waited. And waited. A few minutes went by. I rang the bell again. Still no response. I waited and waited. I looked at my watch. I'd been waiting for ten minutes. One gourmet super-deluxe pizza with all the toppings was going to waste. I delivered only one or two of these babies a month.

Finally the music stopped and I punched the doorbell with my finger three times. I could hear the elaborate chimes inside ringing again and again. I was pissed at being kept waiting, but now I realized I'd overdone it with the doorbell.

"All right all ready. Hold your horses!" a voice yelled from inside. A young woman's voice. She didn't sound pleased.

Suddenly one of the two double doors swung open. "Oh, it's you. It's about time you got here." she said. I almost began to protest that I'd been standing there for 10 minutes, but I remembered that there was still a chance for a tip. Besides all it took was one look at the girl and I knew it would be stupid to argue with her. She was gorgeous. She looked to be about my age. Shining blond hair. Deep blue eyes. Perfect complexion. Bronzed skin. She was wrapped in a huge white terrycloth robe, the thick, luxurious kind you only saw rich people wear in ads for ritzy hotels.

"Come in for a sec. I'm not carrying any money," she said. I stepped into the gleaming black and white marble foyer and looked up. It was over two stories high. A massive crystal chandelier hung down from the top, a million twinkling facets cut in the lead crystal baubles.

"Brenda, it's the pizza. Haul your ass down here with some money." the blond yelled. I heard footsteps in the hallway upstairs and turned to the circular staircase that spiraled upwards.

The first thing I saw was a side profile of a pair of legs. They were long. They were shapely. But they were unlike any legs I'd ever seen in person. They were so big! The calves. The quads. Massive. Bulging. And solid. This was not fat I was spying. This was well toned, well developed muscle.

She rounded the turn and was facing me straight on. That's when I looked at her face. And then I looked at the girl beside me again. And then I looked back at the approaching Brenda just to make sure. Good grief! They were identical twins!

Brenda, however, was not wearing the big robe her sister was. I gulped. This couldn't be possible. This was my female muscle fantasy in the flesh. But the flesh and blood and muscle proof was coming down the last few stairs. Brenda was wearing a bright red leotard and midriff baring tank top. This minimum of clothing could barely contain the most voluptuous female body I'd ever seen. Her v-shaped torso began with broad shoulders capped by mountains of deltoid muscle, continued down past wide lats, and tapered to washboard abs and a small waist. Along the way, large, lethal looking arms. And there jutting straight out, straining the tight white fabric was a generously prodigious pair of perfectly full firm breasts.

"You never seem to have money, Bridget. How much?" she asked me.

"Tw-tw-twelve fifty" I answered, finding it a bit hard to speak. She handed me fifteen bucks. I handed the box to Bridget. I started fumbling in my pocket for change for Brenda.

"Keep it." she said. Finally, I got a tip.

"Unh. Unh. We're not paying for this." Brenda interjected. "It's ice cold."

"That's not my fault. I waited outside ten minutes before you answered the doorbell." I protested, seeing the possibility of not only my tip but the whole fifteen bucks floating away.

"We didn't hear any doorbell," Brenda countered, "You took forever to get here and now it's cold." Turning to her twin she said, "Don't get ripped off. Get your money back."

Bridget walked over, right in front of me, and stood with her arms crossed in front. She was sizing me up. "Would you like to hand the money over to me?" she asked me, matter-of-factly.

"Look, if I don't get paid for this pizza, then it comes out of my pay," I said. "I can't return it because nobody else is going to order a super-deluxe. Heat it up. It'll be fine. It's your fault, not mine, that it got cold. I don't have to give you your money back."

"I would have thought that someone as scrawny as you would avoid getting into physical confrontations." she replied. She stared right at me, trying to intimidate me. She uncrossed her arms, made a fist with her right hand, and started bending her arm, raising her fist towards her shoulder. I watched in amazement as her biceps ballooned, first elongating, then bunching up into a hard ball of muscle exploding in size and detail. It was mammoth. Far bigger than mine.

I knew right then and there that she had to be much stronger than I was. And there was no mistaking the fact that she would have little trouble overpowering me and getting her money back. Yet, I sensed that she didn't want me to back down. Maybe she wanted to show me just how phenomenal she was. And maybe I just wanted to find out.

"Look girls," I said, "You're pretty. And you're rich. And as a result I'm sure you're used to getting whatever you want. But in this case I need the money a lot more than you do. So I'm afraid that this discussion's over. Thank you and good night and enjoy your pizza." I stepped sideways, signaling my intent to walk out the front door. Bridget and Brenda closed ranks in front of me, blocking my exit.

Brenda began to untie the sash of her robe. "Before you do anything else stupid, pizza boy, I think you should take a moment to look at the situation and rethink your decision." she said. Off came the robe. Brenda was wearing a sports bra and a thong bikini bottom. If they hadn't been wearing different outfits I wouldn't have been able to tell them apart. Brenda was every bit as extraordinarily well-muscled as Bridget.

"What? Is this supposed to scare me? Two girls with hardly any clothes on? Come on girls. Out of my way, please, before I get mad. My shift's finished for the night and I'm going home." I said. Did they know I was bluffing? That I knew that one of them was more than I could handle and both of them was suicide?

"You mean they're not expecting you back at Domino's?" Bridget asked, surprised. The twins looked at each other and laughed and said to each other in chorus, "Then we can keep him here as long as we want!"

Bridget and Brenda turned back towards me and started coming at me. I retreated. "Now wait a minute," I pleaded, "What's going on? What are you doing?"

"Let's take him upstairs," Brenda said to her sister. I backed up against a table and Bridget pounced on me. She grabbed me around the waist and just tossed my body onto her shoulder, like I was a pillow. She jogged up the stairs. Brenda was right behind us.

Bridget strode down a hallway and turned into the third room on the right. Suddenly I was being tossed to the floor. As soon as I hit, they were on top of me. I tried to get my bearings. I had landed on rubber mats. I tilted my head back and saw lots of exercise equipment. I guessed I was in some kind of family gym. Brenda was sitting on my chest facing my feet and Bridget was holding my legs. Despite my furious squirming and protests I couldn't dislodge them as Brenda pulled off my sneakers and Bridget unbuckled and unzipped my pants.

In thirty seconds they had my pants. They got off me and Brenda started going through the pockets for my money. I charged at her, but Bridget stepped between us and shoved me backwards. I was thrown back three feet onto my rear end. Bridget stepped forward and leaned down and ripped my jersey off. Now all I had on was my briefs. Brenda counted out fifteen bucks and tossed my pants and wallet aside.

"Look at how skinny he is!" Bridget exclaimed. "What are you, a male anorexic? You are a stick!"

"So I don't have a lot of body fat. There's nothing wrong with that," I answered defensively.

"Not fat's one thing. No muscle is quite another." Brenda countered, "You're, what, about six feet tall? How little do you weigh?"

"139." I replied, getting to my feet.

"That's pathetic," Brenda said derisively. She stood just inches from me. "Look how big I am compared to you."

Bridget moved behind her sister. She began to point to her sister's powerful physique. "We each stand an even 6 feet tall and weigh 199 pounds. Our arms measure a full 17 1/4 inches. Our thighs, 27 inches. Calves are 17."

"Your bodies are both exactly the same?" I asked.

"From head to toe," Bridget nodded affirmatively, moving from behind to her sister's side. "And the 47-25-38 in between."

"This is what happens when you take a six foot frame and put some muscle on it." Brenda added. "I'd bet that every one of the sixty pounds we outweigh you by is a pound of muscle."

"Muscle or not, it took two of you to steal my money," I shot back. I was not about to let their boasting about their physiques get us off the subject at hand -- the fifteen bucks that Brenda had lifted from my pants.

"Let's see if I've got this straight," Brenda chuckled, "One on one you could have prevented either one of us from wrestling you to the ground and taking your money?"

"Yeah." I answered, mustering up my best false bravado.

"You want to bet?" Bridget asked.

I hesitated. Should I keep going with my bluff? Brenda reached for my pants. I went to stop her, but Bridget intercepted me and shoved me on my butt again.

"He's got 26 dollars and 37 cents." Brenda announced.

"Okay, here's the deal," Bridget said, "First you wrestle me. Then you wrestle Brenda. You lose to both of us, we keep all your money. You beat either one of us, you get a hundred bucks. Since we know you're going to be penniless after wrestling us individually we'll be generous and give you one last chance to win. You lose, you are our personal slave for the rest of the weekend while our parents aren't home. You win, you can have both us in bed."

"What's the catch?" I asked.

"Well with that much at stake we get to wrestle you tag team and there's no rule against double teaming you," Bridget smiled.

At that moment, they were holding all my money anyway. What did I have to lose? "And what are we calling a win?" I asked, all but committing myself to this insanity.

"Submissions only," Brenda declared. "I can assure you there will be no question in your mind when we've won." Brenda stood there waving my money in front on my face. "Come on there, skinny little pizza boy," she teased, "Gonna try to win your money back?"

I figured if I could keep from giving up, they might just get bored and give me my money. Besides, when was I ever going to have another chance like this in my life?

"You're on, girls," I declared. "Either I'm going to walk out of here richer than when I walked in, or I'm going to have the time of my life in bed with you two." I thought I'd take advantage of what would likely be my last opportunity to do any boasting.

Bridget stood there laughing while Brenda moved over and sat down on one of the pieces of equipment. I quickly decided that the only chance I had was to make a sudden, unexpected attack. I thought if I leapt in the air and threw my body at Bridget, colliding into her as high and hard as I could, I stood a decent chance of knocking her backwards off her feet. Somewhere in the back of my mind was the idea that smaller opponents stood a better chance after knocking larger foes off their feet.

So, without any warning, I ran three steps and launched myself at Bridget. Everything seemed to shift to slow motion. I heard Brenda yell, "Look out!" My body hit the height

of its trajectory and started falling towards Brenda as she raised her arms up. My body collided into hers full force. I felt her arms encircling me. She took one step back, absorbing the force hitting her. She stopped. She stood there. Still on her feet. My attack had hardly fazed her.

Instead, I was trapped in her arms. She held me dangling off the mats, my crotch pressed against her twin torpedoes. Her round globes so remarkably firm that they barely compressed as she squeezed me against her.

I grabbed her shoulders and tried pushing against her to break free. My fingers barely dented the hard mass of deltoid muscle. I slid my hands down to her bulging biceps, astonished that I could not fit my hands halfway around her mammoth upper arms. I kept struggling, but I knew it was futile.

Bridget suddenly quadrupled the force she was using against me. My back and my sides were shot with pain as my flesh and bone was forced to yield to the crushing power of her arms. She leaned forward and my back arched, a hot searing pain shooting out from the base of my spine. It felt like she was about to break my back.

"No. No. Please stop. No more. My back. I can't take it. Please don't do that anymore." The words tumbled out of my mouth between my moans and groans. I who had planned not to give up no matter what so I could get the money had been reduced to a pleading wimp in the mighty arms of this amazon. It had happened so fast I doubt Bridget had even gotten warmed up.

Bridget threw me to the floor. "That was a submission, wasn't it?" she glared.

"Yes. Yes it was." I answered meekly. The desperateness of my situation and the enormity of the twin's power hit me in a double wave of fear and despair. Bridget placed one foot on my chest and struck a double biceps victory pose.

"You'll have to be careful to hold back," she remarked to Brenda, "Or you'll snap his stick body in two."

Brenda stepped onto the mats as Bridget moved over and sat down. "Come on there skinny, get up and face the music." she said. She stroked the insides of her thighs. "Wait

until you feel what these babies can do." I looked at their incredible girth, bronzed and solid as oak, and I wanted to run away. "Guys always think differently about wanting to get between a girl's legs when they've been between these."

Warily I rose to my feet and Brenda started coming at me. I crouched down and started circling. Staying out of her reach was difficult because she was so quick. I tried ducking under her arms, but she fooled me and slapped on a side headlock.

"Shit." I grunted as the pressure from her 17 1/4" steel arms made my cheekbone ache. I think if she had squeezed with all her might she might have been able to get me to submit to her headlock alone. She tossed me over her hip and I went flying to the mats.

She waited for me to get back to my feet and she waded in again. I tried grabbing her arms to keep her from getting me in another headlock. Holding them was one thing. Trying to exert any control was quite another. Brenda smiled at my struggles as she methodically bent both of my arms behind my back.

She pressed her body against mine and whispered in my ear, "Do you like what you feel, skinny? Do you like to be controlled? What's it like to feel weak and helpless?" One of her thighs slid between mine. I could offer little resistance as it slid up and pressed against my crotch. She kept pressing upward until she had lifted me off my feet. There I was, my hands trapped behind my back, riding her massive thigh.

I twisted and turned until I managed to slide off her thigh and regain my footing, but she still held my arms. Hooking my left arm with her elbow and holding my right wrist with her hand, she was able to trap both my arms behind my back with just one of hers.

Her free hand slid down my chest and across my stomach. She slipped her index finger inside the elastic waistband, slid her finger from side to side, and then pulled the elastic out and let it snap back.

"Not much going on down here," she chuckled. "What's the matter? You need a little help?" Her hand covered my cock and balls and she began to massage them. Fearing damage to my balls if I jerked away, I had no choice but to stand there and let her play with me. She played me like a virtuoso. Despite my resistance, despite the pain I'd just endured, despite my fear, her coaxing massage made my cock begin to swell.

"How would this feel if my hand was inside your shorts?" she threatened. In the instant between letting go of my shorts and slipping her fingers inside I twisted as hard and fast as I could and I broke out of her grip. Brenda checked out my briefs and seemed smugly satisfied with the bulge she'd initiated.

"Okay. That's enough cock teasing for now." she exclaimed, charging at me. I couldn't back pedal fast enough and she tackled me like she was going straight through me. I was slammed hard on the mats, her full weight pulverizing me.

She body splashed me three times to further flatten me. Then she slid up my body. She snaked her legs under me, under my shoulders, and then around and up so she could lock her ankles on top of my gut. The back of my head was wedged against her glutes. She braced herself with her arms and pushed her torso up and back. I was forced into a sitting position with her legs encasing my ribcage.

The thick slabs of steel exploded with power. One jolt and I was in such pain I was seeing stars. Another jolt and I welped like an injured dog. A third jolt and I was ready to submit. Brenda held the pressure and let me paw and pound on her mammoth muscles, pleading for mercy, begging for release from the agonizing crushing force.

"I give. I give. I submit. Please. My god you're so strong. You're too strong. I can't take it. PLEASE!" I begged.

"You can never be too strong," Brenda corrected. "Bridget was right.. I have to be careful or I will snap you in two. Well I guess I'll have to let you loose if we're going to have our final fun round and then make you our slave." Brenda finally unlocked her legs and lifted off me. I couldn't imagine how I could continue.

Brenda and Bridget exchanged high fives and stood watching me, waiting for me to recover enough to stand up. Brenda whispered something to Bridget. They nodded and exchanged a few more words and then turned back to me.

"We decided to make this last round as hard for you as possible," Brenda said. She put special emphasis on the word "hard". "Maybe you were holding back, hoping you win the last fall so you could get us in bed." They couldn't help roaring with laughter.

"If you thought it was tough facing us one at a time, wait till you see our tag routine." Bridget added. "You're not even going to be able to tell who you're wrestling."

Did she mean what I thought that meant? After all there was only one surefire way that I could think of to prevent me from telling the twins apart. They wouldn't go that far, would they?

"Look Bridget. Look Brenda. You've got all my money. Why don't you just let me go?" I proposed, getting to my feet. I tried to walk over to my pile of clothes.

"We're not finished," Brenda said, blocking my way.

"You proved your point. You're both much stronger than I am. Let's leave it at that." I offered.

"We're not finished until you are groveling at our feet begging us to let you be our skinny little slave boy," Bridget countered. She positioned herself at my side. Brenda was still right in front of me. I knew they were going to attack. I froze, terrified.

Bridget flashed behind me and locked me up in a full nelson. I tried to break out of it, but I couldn't budge her arms an inch. Brenda snickered at my futile efforts. She put her hand on my short's waistband and pulled the elastic towards her. She peered inside. Then she yanked them down and let them drop around my ankles. She stepped back and studied my equipment. I was so self-conscious standing there with my manhood exposed, unable to do anything. I was about as limp as I could be.

"Not much to look at," Brenda taunted. "Don't you wish you had a real body, skinny boy? Don't you wish you had shoulders as wide as mine? And arms with big hard muscles like these? And a taut rippling stomach? And legs with this kind of development?" Brenda punctuated each question by posing and flexing. I was in awe of her remarkable physical development. The size. The definition. The symmetry. All so solid. All so powerful. She kept flexing and posing, her muscles getting pumped. Her muscles were getting bigger and more defined right before my eyes. She turned and showed off her back, spreading her lats, clenching her glutes.

My amazement and fascination was becoming hypnotic. Embarrassed self-consciousness was being overwhelmed by the incredible sights before me. Of course she was right. Somehow she understood me. She possessed the muscular development I could only dream of and never attain. I was filled with a desire I could not control.

I have never gotten a full hard throbbing erection so fast in my life.

"Whoa!" Brenda exclaimed, "That sure did the trick. So skinny little pizza boy, you've got more down there than I thought. And you get so aroused just looking at my muscles. I told you I was going to make it hard for you!"

Bridget suddenly released the full nelson, wrapped an arm around my waist, and lifted me off the floor using just one arm. Her free hand encircled my erection and slid up and down to gauge its length. "Not bad for a skinny boy," she said, "You know it's easy to tell if a guy masturbates a lot. Because if he does, he's training himself to come quickly. So if he can't last very long when you give him a hand job, then he masturbates often. Do you play with yourself a lot, skinny boy?"

"Please. Stop that." I asked.

"Just answer the question," Bridget replied, giving my shaft a few more pumps.

"Yes. Yes I do. Now let go of me." I yelled.

"My pleasure," she replied, throwing me to the mats. I landed on my stomach and was very lucky my hard on didn't smash into the mats. "Let's go make us a slave boy," one of the girl's said.

I laid flat on the floor, bracing myself for what I figured would be an instant attack by the amazon twins. Nothing happened. I could hear that they weren't approaching me. I turned my head from left to right to see what was going on.

"Oh my god," I exclaimed to myself. "They did do it." There, hands on hips, stood Brenda and Bridget. Or was it Bridget and Brenda. I couldn't tell. They were both naked. My mouth went dry. My eyes feasted upon the magnificent sight of their ample jutting

breasts, crowned by intoxicatingly large areolae. As I looked lower I learned that they were natural blondes, with just tiny trimmed patches of pubic hair.

"One of us told you you wouldn't be able to tell who you were wrestling," one twin reminded me.

"I thought you might have meant this, but I never imagined..." I replied.

"Can you tell who's who?" the other asked. I shook my head no. "Good. This will be fun! Get up skinny. Who do you want to start with?" I got to my feet, but I said nothing. I was dazed by their naked magnificence. "Can't decide?" They both came at me.

I was trying to back up from one and walked right into the arms of the other. They grabbed my wrists and ankles and started swinging me left and right. "One. Two. Three!" they shouted in unison, throwing me ten feet across the floor. I hit the mats with a resounding thud, my ass bearing the brunt of the impact.

One of the twins came after me while the other watched. Shit, I still don't know which was which, but I'm going to call one Bridget and one Brenda so you can follow the story easier.

Bridget leaned over and grabbed an arm and yanked me to my feet. She yelled at me, "Come on. Don't just stand there like a helpless skinny shit. Fight back. Wrestle. Try!" She slapped me across the face so hard I almost was knocked down, but it woke me up. I slapped her back. I think we were both stunned I'd gotten in the blow.

I stepped forward and got her in a side headlock. I twisted her head against my hip and tried to leverage her down, but she resisted. She braced one hand under my thigh and the other against my back and scooped me up in her arms.

"Let go of my head," she ordered.

"Why should I?" I answered. She lifted me up higher and suddenly slammed me across her leg. My back ached but I held on. "Silly boy," she scolded. She lifted me up and slammed me another three times in rapid and painful succession. Her head popped out of my weakened grip.

"Hand him to me," Brenda said. Bridget carried me over, cradled in her arms, and passed me to Brenda. "You are such a lightweight!" she declared. She tossed me up and caught me. She tossed me higher and caught me again. "Whee! Isn't this fun!" She tossed me up again, even higher. I felt like a helpless doll in her incredibly strong arms.

Then she got down on one knee and draped me over her other thigh. I groaned as she bent me backwards over her leg, pressing down on my chest and my legs. I tried to roll off her, but her hold was too powerful for me to break.

Bridget came over and knelt down on the other side of me. She massaged my balls as Brenda eased up on her downward pressure a bit. With two walls of muscle and prodigious breasts on either side of me and Bridget's expert stroking, I was soon hard as steel again. I felt her slide her leg under my back too.

"I'll take over," Bridget told her sister. Brenda pulled away, leaving me draped over Bridget's thigh. She continued to grasp my penis. "How many times do you think you can get it up in one night?" she purred, gently squeezing my erection.

"I, I don't know" I muttered, fearing that I would soon erupt if she kept milking me.

"Well then, I better not use one up now jerking you off. Who knows how few you've got in you?" she giggled. Their bodies were so hard and muscular and well developed. Yet with those big ripe melons thrusting off their chests, they were so feminine too. And those blond snatches. I was so aroused.

Bridget stood up, pressed me over her head and then just dropped me to the floor. Each girl grabbed one of my ankles and they picked me up upside down. They were standing behind me, so there wasn't a thing I could do to get hold of them. I braced myself with my hands on the mats, fearing that they were going to drop me on my head. But they had a worse torture in mind. They began moving to the sides, splitting my legs wider and wider.

"Make a wish!" Brenda yelled as the girls spread me still wider. I felt like they were going to tear me in half. My leg muscles and tendons were stretched beyond their limits. My groin burned with pain.

"Stop. Please stop. You're going to injure me. I won't be any good to you if I can't walk." I pleaded.

Bridget let go of my ankle and I tumbled to the mats. Brenda let go too. "We're just trying to have a little fun, skinny!" she said, "Can we help it if you're too weak to take it?"

"Don't worry," cooed Brenda, kneeling beside me, "We won't hurt you as long as you please us and do what we say."

"Please, let me leave," I asked.

"Oh no," she replied, "You agreed to play this game and there's no quitting now. We told you you were going to have to beg us to let you be our skinny little slave boy. How should we do that?" She ran her hands over her mammoth thighs. "Now if I scissor you and my dear sister scissors you at the same time, we could have you begging for your very life in about, oh say, two seconds. But that's too easy. I mean look how much bigger our legs are compared to yours." She squeezed my mushy thigh. "Or one of us could just pin you down and smother you out with our breasts. How humiliating. Unable to fight your way out of our cleavage." My cock began to stir to life again. "Oh looks like you might even enjoy that. Well I guess that eliminates that option."

"I know," Bridget chimed in. "I'll do that standing cradle."

"What do you think, skinny boy?" Brenda asked, "That doesn't sound too scary, does it? Being cradled in my sister's arms. Think you can handle that?"

Before I could say a word, Bridget told Brenda to pick me up as Bridget got to her feet. Brenda scooped me up and carried me tight against her magnificent torso. She walked over to her sister. I felt my back pressing against Bridget's. She hooked her arms around my chest and between my legs. I was being held crosswise against her. It wasn't the cradle I imagined. I was bent around her back.

"Got him?" Brenda asked her sister. Brenda pulled her arms away, leaving me solely in Bridget's clutches.

"Yeah, he's such a lightweight he doesn't feel much heavier than my backpack." Bridget replied. "This is really easy."

"That's great," Brenda remarked. "Because he's facing away from you he can't really get at you. Of course..." She paused until she caught my eye. "He's wide open for anything I want to do."

"You can't resist playing with boys, can you?" Bridget smirked.

"When they're all helpless and can't stop me from doing anything I want? No, I can't." Brenda gushed.

"Well hurry up and play with him if you want because I've got him in position to finish him off and I really want to see how well this hold works." Bridget instructed.

Brenda stepped closer to me and grinned. The only parts of Bridget's body I could touch were her prodigious arms that had me solidly locked in place. My wriggling was accomplishing nothing.

"Sis can just pull forward and try to make your head meet your feet in front of her." Brenda said. "When she does that your pitifully skinny body is going to feel like it'll snap in two. Your back is going to ache and your little tummy is going to stretch until it feels like it's tearing apart. Then you'll be begging us to let you be our little slave. You ready to see how much you can take?"

"No. Please." I implored.

She reached over and wrapped her fingers around my semi-hard penis. "Now here's your dilemma, pizza boy," Brenda said. "I know you want to come. My sister wants to bend you in half till you squeal. The instant you ejaculate I'm going to tell her, and then she's going to break you in two. So, even though you want to come, you're going to be trying to avoid it. That's your dilemma. That and the fact that I am now going to do a number on your cock that you will not be able to resist. Just try to hold back. Just try!" She snickered.

Brenda cupped my sack in one hand and rolled my balls with her fingers while she stroked my cock with the other. She kept tugging and massaging until I was really really hard.

"Long and thin, just like his bod. All in all though, he's pretty big." she remarked to her sister. She massaged my tip between her thumb and index finger. She grasped the base of my cock to hold it steady. She crouched slightly, and her breasts were level with my rod. Then she stepped up close. No matter how big my cock might have looked it was dwarfed by her supreme breasts.

"You like our big boobies, don't you pizza boy?" she purred, rubbing her globes against my cock. "I bet I can make you come real quick doing this." I gritted my teeth and tried to hold myself back. "Why fight it? You know you can't stop it."

Brenda's hand was pumping up and down on my shaft in a slow steady excruciatingly marvelous pace. Her grip was just perfect. I couldn't have given myself a better hand job.

"He's about to do it," she warned her sister. I tried to clench my balls, but I was being overwhelmed by Brenda's technique. "If you lean forward he'll be facing up. That way he'll come all over himself." I felt Bridget bend over and sure enough I was looking at the ceiling. Just her shifting forward was putting more strain on my back. I could tell this hold would be a killer.

"Please, please don't do it to me. I don't want your sister to hurt me," I pleaded to Brenda.

"Oh just give in to it skinny," she replied. "You sure as hell aren't going to set any records for endurance here. I've been nice to you letting you last even this short a time. If I had kept rubbing my boobs against you, you would have shot off in seconds. Come on pizza boy. Double time." Brenda started jerking me off much faster, her fingers flying up and down the middle third of my cock. I groaned as I could feel myself pass the point where there was no stopping me. A huge load was readying itself to explode. This would be a Richter scale shattering quake.

"Unh. Ungh. AAHH. Aargghhhh!" I moaned as my climax exploded with a sea of come. I could feel it splattering on my stomach and my thighs.

"Shit, he must've shot off a foot high!" Brenda exclaimed, obviously pleased with her manual dexterity. "Well he's all yours."

Bridget straightened up and adjusted her hold on me. "I don't think this will take very long, pizza boy." she said. "But just to remind you, when you submit to me, you become our slave for the weekend."

"Please. No." I asked again.

"I think this might work even better bending over again," Bridget remarked to Brenda, as if they were fellow doctors discussing surgical procedures. And I was rolled upwards to await my tortured fate.

"The magic words are 'I give up. I am a weakling. I am your slave.'" Bridget told me. Ever so slowly I felt her pulling her arms forward. Her massive arms cinched tightly against my skinny body. My back arched more and more, twisting around her wide, hard and unyielding frame. The pressure on my backbone filled my body with an ache that grew into intense pain. And my sad excuse for stomach muscles burned with a searing sensation as the muscle fibers were stretched beyond the limits of their elasticity. I howled in pain, but I would not concede.

"You should see the look on his face," Brenda commented. "An expression of pure torture."

"Then we'll just bend him a little more," Bridget responded. I was almost in tears, but still I would not say anything.

"Hey pizza boy. That's gotta hurt." Brenda said.

"How would you know? Ever had anyone try to break your back?" I hissed through gritted teeth.

"No. No one's ever been in a position to try that to me." she chuckled. "But I'll hand it to you. You're lasting longer than I thought you would. You may prove more worthy of being our slave than I supposed."

"We like our slaves to last long, whether it's fighting or fucking," added Bridget. Both girls giggled. "But we know there are limits to everything." She bent me even more and I shrieked in pain.

"Why don't you give in?" Brenda asked.

"I won't." I groaned.

"Stupid male pride." she said.

"Would you give in?" I asked. "Male or female has nothing to do with it. I've been picked on my whole life because I'm skinny. You have no idea what it's like to be built like I am. But this time I won't give in. Pride has everything to do with it. Gender means shit."

"Do you admit you're weaker than we are?" Bridget asked.

"Oh come on, what the fuck do you think I'd say," I answered. But, of course that wasn't good enough for her. She stretched me further. "Of course you are!" I bellowed in response.

"And you admit that we've beaten you in wrestling?" Brenda asked.

"Yes. I think that's more than painfully obvious." I grunted.

"What do you think? Think he's had enough?" she asked her sister.

Instead of answering, Bridget leaned further forward and let go of me. I rolled off her shoulders and flopped onto the mats. I just lay there flat, trying to figure out if my back would ever feel normal again. The amazon twins stood over me, hands on hips.

"You showed some guts, pizza boy," Bridget said. "And maybe you taught us something too. We've got physical gifts that maybe we sometimes take for granted."

"Don't get her wrong. We work at it. We work out a lot." Brenda added. "But all in all, this comes pretty naturally to us. Have you ever tried going to a gym and working out?"

"No. I've tried a million things to gain weight and they've never worked and I was ashamed to show this body in a gym," I confessed. "I mean look at the two of you. You're beyond incredible. I'd look like a jackass. People would laugh at me in a gym if they ever saw me beside women like you. No sexist remark intended."

Brenda and Bridget just looked at each other, somehow silently communicating in that way that twins seem gifted with.

"Well pizza boy, why don't you think about staying here this weekend, not as our slave, but as our guest." Brenda said.

"We've got the gym right here, so you don't have to worry about people seeing you," Bridget added. "And we can show you how to use the equipment and begin you on a program to get bigger."

"You can see if you like it," Brenda continued, "And if you do, we can talk about your working out here in the future."

"And if it works, just think you'll finally put on enough weight so that you won't be ashamed to go to a gym." Bridget finished.

"I don't know." I answered. "I think even with you two, no I mean especially with you two, I'm going to feel really intimidated. You're both so strong and muscular."

"Instead of feeling intimidated," Brenda replied, "Why don't you feel inspired?" The twins winked at each other and, with perfect choreography, put their hands behind their heads and flexed. And god do I mean flexed! Arms, abs and thighs all exploded in awesome steely size and definition.

"Shit. That's is unbe-fucking-lievable!" I exclaimed.

"So, do you accept our invitation?" Bridget asked.

"Why me?" I asked incredulously. "What's in it for you two?"

"Maybe we think you're cute," Bridget replied. "Look like we're going to have to work on your self-image as well as your body."

"And maybe something will come up that we might like," Brenda added coyly as her gaze drifted to my crotch.

"You're not subtle," I laughed, knowing she was referring to my cock.

"So you'll stay?" Bridget asked, pretending she'd pout if I said no.

"Oh he'll stay," Brenda said, gently running her toes up my thigh. I felt like I should get to my feet. Having these twin towers of amazonia hovering over me with lust in their eyes was making me a bit nervous.

I stood up between them and exhaled deeply to signal my announcement. "OK. I'll stay. It may kill me one way or the other, but I accept your invitation."

"Oh goodie!" they chimed in chorus. Brenda slid behind me and Bridget stood in front.

"I didn't hurt your back too much, did I?" she inquired.

"It hurt like hell at the time, but I think I'll recover," I answered.

I felt Brenda's hands on my chest, pulling me back against her. I could feel her prodigious breasts pressing against my back. Bridget took one quick look down at my cock and then stepped forward, pressing her equally prodigious pair against my chest. I looked down at her cleavage. Her breasts maintained their round fullness even as she pressed tighter.

There I was, sandwiched in sensual splendor. A frail frame pressed between twin dynamos of unfathomable erotic and physical power. When I felt four hands begin to massage my cock and balls I thought I'd faint. But I wouldn't have fallen to the floor even if I did because I was unable to move between them.

My cock surged to life, swelling and lengthening with an uncontrollable urgency.

"Mmm. I love to feel a penis get big in my hands," purred Bridget.

"Mmm. So do I" Brenda echoed.

My erection was pressing insistently against one of them, though I couldn't quite tell in the tangle of bodies. Bridget stepped back and my cock sprang up.

"Well now that we know we have don't any permanent damage to him," she chuckled, "I'm getting kind of hungry. Seeing that thing sprouting up between your legs kind of reminds me of sausage. And you know what I think of when I think of sausage!"

"Pizza!" Brenda roared. "And guess who brought us pizza? Pizza boy!" We all broke up laughing.

"Why do I think this pizza's going to be my treat?" I asked sheepishly.

"Find your way downstairs to the kitchen, heat it up and then bring it back up here," Bridget said. "In the meantime Sis and I will fill the jacuzzi. We'll dine in the tub."

"Then we'll find out who treats whom to what," winked Brenda.

Well I'm still not sure which amazon was which, but the rest of the evening and weekend was an erotic and athletic adventure which left me dazed and sporting a shit-eating grin for the better part of a week.

And yes, I've begun my exercise and weight training with Bridget and Brenda and much to my amazement I can see results. I've gained ten pounds, which still makes me a stick compared to them, but it's a real gain and I think it'll stay with me.

And as long as I can stay with these two amazing creatures I will. They learned something from me and I learned something from them. Underneath those rich bitch exteriors were two genuine and giving women. I have learned and I have loved and I have been fucked silly. I know that someday, probably not that far in the future, we'll drift apart.

But I cannot control the future. I can only experience the present. And these two have given me presents that will last a lifetime.

The End.