

THE CHEERLEADER CHRONICLES (Part 1)

(amysconquest.com)

"Hello! Anyone home!" yelled out Dale Tomlinson, as he and his two brothers entered their home, just days after returning from their respective colleges, after a fun day out with the boys.

"Yo Mom! Dad! Helloooo!" added Aaron, his just minutes younger brother.

"Eh, I guess nobody's home.....lets see what Mom left for us in the frig!" anxiously made out John, the oldest of the Tomlinson Triplets. (a nick-name that was given to them soon after they were born)

As one would expect, these three 21 year olds were always in the mood for a feed, something their growing 6' 2" 235 pound, frames could more than attest to. Each of them hurriedly bounding across their house, pulling down and tackling each other for the coveted prize of being the first into the kitchen, and the first to take their pick of whatever foods lie inside. Though as they made their way to their always heavily stocked refrigerator, Dale at the head this time, they noticed something other than food awaited them:



"Hi boys,

Hope you had fun today, whatever you were doing. Your father and I have decided to take a spontaneous trip for ourselves, and will be gone all weekend. Sorry its so soon after you've all gotten home from school, well make it up to you when we get back, promise. There's plenty of food in the frig, and take care of one another while were gone.

Oh, and could you Please pick up Wendy from cheerleading practice tonight, I forgot to tell her we were leaving before she went, and she's expecting a ride home.

Love you all, Mom and Dad"

"So, Mom and Dad are out for the weekend eh?" made out Dale in any excited tone, the thought of a weekend with just him and his brothers in charge, free to do whatever they wished, was enough to make his mouth water.

"Party Time, my brothers!" added Aaron with a huge grin.

"Hey, but what about Wendy, she's gonna be home too, and you know she won't let us get away with anything" spoke out John.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about Wendy, she'll fall in line with the three of us here telling her what to do. I mean, what's she gonna do against her three older, bigger brothers?" Dale spoke out with a smile.

"Yeah, I guess you're right.....Oh, and speaking of Wendy, let's get a move on to go pick her up" Aaron excitedly made out.

"Sheesh, whipped much" John playfully returned.

"No, dumbass, she's at cheerleading practice remember, so let's get there a bit early and....."



“Check out all the Hotties!!” they all roared out in unison, something that wasn't uncommon for these triplets. So with that, they each made their way out the door they had only just minutes before entered (each of the grabbing a handful of snacks from the frig as they did), and jumped in their car for a swift and speedy trip over to their old High School, where their younger sister Wendy was practicing.

“Ready girls and Go!” Wendy Tomlinson shouted, as Captain of her cheerleading squad, it was her responsibility to see that her girls were giving it their all at each and every practice. Wendy, being by far the strongest (with the possible exception of a few other Seniors on this Varsity Squad coming close), was always in the middle of the action, one of the main pillars of strength with every pyramid pose; being the star tosser and catcher for her team, able to perform the most amazing jumps, flips and gymnastics maneuvers herself. Always there when she was needed, never letting her team down, this 18 year old supergirl was the epitome of teenage pride and strength (something that made her the choice for Cheerleading Team Captain a given)

These girls practiced this day just like any other, with expert grace and skill, amazing flexibility and agility, and incredible power and excitement. Each of them were not only remarkably fit, but also extremely beautiful as well, but none moreso (in either respect), than Wendy herself. A truly gorgeous young girl, she not only had the beauty, but also the brains (not to mention brawn) to make her a truly perfect package.

A few minutes before their final series of flips, jumps, lifts and kicks, Wendy's brothers pulled up to give her a lift back home. The trio of lurking males didn't come any closer than the their parking space would allow, and didn't get out of their car at all, as they didn't want to come off too much that they were there, watching with lust-filled eyes this grouping of beautiful and fit young women, as they were showing off their very revealed tanned, toned and hard-bodied physiques.



“Hey, is that your brothers” one of the other girls on the squad asked Wendy, gesturing over to where they parked.

“Uhhhhh, yep, that's them. The Terror Triplets” Wendy replied with rolled eyes.

“What's so bad about them?” asked another member from this squad.

“They always think they're such big stuff. Always bossing me around, always laughing at my expense. Usual big brother/little sister stuff I guess, but I guess I'm just getting more and more sick of it as I'm getting older. As horrible as this is to say, sometimes I wish I was an only child.....or at least tell me I was adopted. Hee hee hee” Wendy joked, ending with a girlish giggle.

“Oh come on, I've seen pictures of them around your house, those guys are Hot!” added another of the girls nearby.

“Who's Hot” yet another one chimed in, bouncing her way over to this growing conversation.

“Wendy's brothers, over there in the gray car”

“And best of all, they're triplets! God, that is So Hot!” another girl spoke, causing them all to burst out with girlish giggles.

“OK, Wendy, their sister and Your Team Captain, is standing right here, you know” she spoke out in a teasing manner. “I think this practice is officially over, before I have to keep hearing about how Hot my brothers are and vomit all the way home. Hahahaha. Now get going you lot, before I give us a double practice tomorrow morning” Wendy concluded with a joking smile.



“Damn, I don't care how old we are, or they are for that matter, those are some Fine lookin' Hotties over there” John spoke out with luring eyes.

"Mmmmm Mmmmm Mmmmm, you ain't kidding brother, especially that tall girl over there" Aaron added.

"The one with the big tits?" John excitedly asked.

"Which girl on this team Doesn't have big tits?" Dale replied, his statement of this grouping of amazingly voluptuously built young athletes spoke with the utmost truth.

"Shit, if I wasn't an upstanding college man, more into girls my own age over these young things....." Aaron said.

"What young, they're High School Seniors" John supportingly added.

"That makes them 18, to our 21, not so young to me" Dale continued to coax his brothers on.

"OK, OK, you got yourselves a point. Hmmmmmm, so maybe we should....."

"Shhhh, Wendy's coming over" John hurriedly made out, causing this topic of conversation (which they wouldn't want to be out in the open at this stage), to end abruptly.

"Hey guys, where's Mom?" Wendy asked as she bounced into the back seat.

"What, we're not good enough for ya? Maybe I'll just kick your butt out of the car and make you walk home" Dale made out with a harsh teasing tone.

"You could try, but you'd fail" Wendy proudly returned.

"Ooooooooo, she got ya good Dale" John laughed out.

"Yeah, I mean, I wouldn't let her talk to me like that" Aaron boastfully spoke.

"Oh, and what do you think you could do about it if I did?" Wendy semi-teasingly chirped out, a wide grin across her beautiful young face as she did.

"Ahhhhhh, you've got some spirit in you now, eh Wendy?" John added in.

"Well, I am the Captain of the Cheerleading Squad, would be a pretty bad one without some Spirit" she smiled back, playfully batting her eyes as she did.

And with that, Aaron started up the car and drove them all back to their awaiting empty and carefree home. The trip was relatively short, during which time the three boys all talked amongst themselves, mostly ignoring Wendy completely, unless it was just to give her a harsh (though brotherly-loving) gab or shot. That's how things always were with her and her three identical brothers, always on the outside, always the butt of their jokes, always treated as the annoying little sister and that's all.....something Wendy now was old enough to change forever more.

"So, where are Mom and Dad, why didn't one of them come to pick me up?" Wendy inquired again, as they stepped out of their newly parked car and made their way inside their open home.

"Oh they went out for the weekend, the entire weekend, some surprise trip or something" John replied

"That's right, and you know what that means little sister?" Dale added with a smile and in a teasing tone



"That means, WE'RE in charge. We're the bosses this weekend, and until they get back, and you have to do whatever we say. Heh heh" Aaron continued.

"What? No way!!" Wendy defiantly spoke.

"Yes Way!" John replied with a vicious grin, which was followed by laughter amongst him and his two brothers.

"But...but that's not fair! I'm not a child anymore, I'm 18 years old!" Wendy continued to protest.

"Ah, but as that may be, we'll always be older, we'll always be bigger, and we'll always be stronger. So face it little sis, you're ours this weekend" Dale semi-threateningly returned.

"So don't make any big plans without consulting us first, understand?" John harshly spoke.

"HmMMMM, unless it's with some of those cheerleading hotties, maybe a sleep-over party? Heh heh" Aaron whispered to his nearby brothers in a lecherous manner, though his tone wasn't so low that Wendy couldn't hear it anyway.

"What??? So just because you're all older and bigger than me, you can tell me what to do???" she asked in anger.

"Don't forget Stronger" Dale proudly added.

"I didn't, frankly because you're Not" Wendy spoke out with firm defiance.

"Ooooooooooooo....." the three bullying brothers made out with near laughter at what had just come out of their sister's mouth.



"You're kidding right? What are you, 5' 7", maybe 135. Wendy, you're literally half the size of just one of us" John made out.

"Yeah, I mean really, you're fit and all, we all know you were in gymnastics as a kid and now cheerleading, but really, what are you gonna do, Jumping Jack us to death!" Dale barked out, causing them all to burst out laughing once again.

"OK then, let today be the day" Wendy spoke to herself, as she knew full well this day would come, the day when she would have to show her three semi-abusive brothers the true meaning of the word, Power, and more specifically, which of them here had it.

"So, what you're saying is, if I can prove that I'm stronger than you, all of you combined, then I can be in charge this weekend?" Wendy asked.

"HA, what's in the water in the High School these days, or maybe you've been bouncing your pom-poms around too much?" Aaron joked back, causing him and his brothers to laugh aloud.

"You didn't answer my question" Wendy spoke with incredible power and authority, something that made her brothers all stop their teasing, and take her quite seriously.

"Yeah.....yeah, sure. You prove to us that you're stronger than all of us combined, and you can be the boss this weekend" Dale spoke back with rolled eyes.

"And any time were together without Mom or Dad!" she added.

"Sure kid, anything you say. Now how are we gonna prove this little impossibility?" John made out.

And with a liquid cool voice coming from her soft, luscious lips, came three words that would change Wendy's relationship with her brothers forever. "Follow me, boys"



Wendy then lead her brothers downstairs to their basement, which in their most recent absence from this house, being away at college as they were, she had turned into quite an impressive little gym. Various pieces of workout equipment, various stations all around this spacious area, to allow her to work out each and every bodypart imaginable. Something that helped keep her in the best shape possible, and even, the impossible as well.

“HA, what are wer gonna do, have a contest of strength on Those???” Dale laughed out, as he pointed to his little sister's weight set, which had been colored a very girlish pink, with little multi-color stickers of flowers all around them.

“Yeah, is this a gym or Elementary School art class?” John laughed out, causing his brothers to follow suit.

“What are you, afraid?” Wendy softly cooed to her brothers, in a daring tone of voice.

“Bring it on sister. I can't wait for this to end, and you to make us all dinner, we're Starved” Aaron returned.

With that, Wendy give a sly little smile across her beautiful young face, and turned away from her trio of tormentors, and towards her very girly looking exercise area. Her body was very hard and pumped looking from her hours long cheerleading practice, which was clearly evident to anyone watching her, as she dressed in a very revealing spandex mini bike shorts and matching half top for her upper body. She was definitely visible athletic, fit and even strong looking, especially as she continued to pick up what looked like 45 lb. weights and placing them on a heavy bar on the bench (something she did with surprising ease), but surely her being strong for a girl her size meant little to her three very large, very strong older brothers.....surely.



Be that as it may, her brothers had to give pause, complete with looks of slight shock and awe, as their years younger sister kept piling such weights for the bench press, her fit and firm young body clearly showing an impressive amount of fitness-girl level muscle as she did so. When all was said and done, she appeared to have three 45 lb. plates on each side, a total of six for the entire bar, plus the bar itself, which in the end looked to her bewildered brothers to be just a bit over 300 pounds!!

“You, can lift That??” John shockingly blurted out.

“Yep, and you better hope you can too, unless you want to start cooking Me dinner tonight” Wendy made out with a young girl’s giggle. “I figure you each do your best, get your best shots in, and then we’ll add them all up and I’ll see what I need to beat. So, big brothers, who’s first?”

“Eh, this is bullshit!” defiantly spoke out Dale, as he stepped forward towards the impressive looking weight bench. “You guys saw how easily she was handling each of those plates. They’re probably filled with cotton balls or something, no way even all together are they gonna pose a challenge to any of us!” he concluded, taking his position on this flat bench, raised his arms to grab the massive looking weight-stack above him, as he got ready to make his sister eat his dust.

“When we’re done here Wendy, I want a nice big plate of pasta, freshly grated cheese, homemade sauce and.....and.....Errrrrr.....Uhhhhhh.....Errrrrr.....What The Fuck!!” Dale made out in complete shock, as try as he might, with all of his impressive young male strength, he couldn’t budge this bar in the least, not even a single half-inch off its held position. It was as if a mouse was trying to lift an elephant, it was simply of a level that was well beyond what he could possibly ever hope to move; something that caused more than a bit of frustration in his eyes, as well as very concerned and surprised faces on his two awaiting brothers.

“Come on man, what are you doing??” John shockingly made out.

“Yeah, finish your turn and let’s get this thing over with!” Aaron angrily added.

“What the fuck do you think I’m trying to do here!!” Dale frustratingly barked out, as so forceful were his attempts to lift this weight, that his face was turning red, blue and then purple.



“Awwww, what’s the matter? Big Bad older brother cant lift his little sister’s girlie weight set? Hee hee hee” Wendy teased over him with a cute little smile, which caused Dale to give moving this massively heavy weight one last try, before he burst off of the bench, shouting curses loudly in the air as he did so.

"This.....this.....is some kinda fucking trick!" Dale shouted in protest. "Some kinda fake weight set, with magnets to lock it place or something?!?"

"No trick, no magnets, no locks. You want to lift this bar off the bench, all you need is a little of This!" Wendy proudly made out, as she flexed one of her arms in a bicep shot that showed off an impressive amount of muscle underneath her silky smooth skin. "Not to mention, a little of This!" she continued, as she flexed her D cup breasts to even greater size, helped no doubt by the incredible amounts of muscle she carried on her now rippling pecs. "So, who's next?"

And with that first very intimidating and shocking display of strength, or to the contrary, each of the remaining two brothers took their turns, and though they all tried their hardest to so much as move this unreal weight above them, even a fraction of an inch, their outcomes were all the same. This made each of her brothers more than a bit confused, frustrated and in the end, Angry.

"Fuck this shit, this is obvious some fucking trick!" Dale made out.

"Yeah, you better tell us what you're doing here Wendy, or else....." John began to threaten his younger sister.

"Or Else What?" she dominantly spoke out, as she crossed her arms over her lusciously firm chest, standing her ground, not backing down an inch. This new stance on their bullying ways, not to mention their inability to move something she just minutes ago put together (and with relative ease) caught them all by surprise, and made them for the first time in their lives, back down from their little sister.

"Nevermind....." John softly spoke in a defeated tone.

"Look, I don't want this to turn into a big fight, so why don't I take some weights off and let's get to something you guys can actually lift" Wendy made out, as she began to remove two plates from each side, something her brothers watched in awe at her doing, as she seemed to be handling these weights vastly easier than they themselves could. None of them had ever been more in awe or shock in their lives at what their little sister was proving physically capable of here and now. "There you go, one plate on each side. That should be enough for you big, strong, muscle-heads to manage" Wendy concluded with a smile, as she bounced herself out of the way.

Dale was the first to move forward towards this almost simple looking, pink and flowery, weight bar, though with all that had been happening here and now, he wasn't about to take anything for granted. He slumped into his position, placed his hands firmly on the bar above him, and proceeded to give it all of his remaining strength, which surprisingly enough to all of the men present, was starting to get the desired results.

The bar itself, though with much less weight than it originally had on it, began to move under all of Dale's impressive strength, of which due to his red colored face, it was clear to see he was using all he had. Seeing their identical brother struggling so, and knowing that each of them were going to have to go next, Aaron and John made their way over to Dale, and spotted him on this obviously incredibly trying physical feat. In the end, using every last ounce of power his 235 pound form had, he managed to lift the bar off its rack, lowered it down to his pumped up chest, and with the utmost of exertion managed to push it back up to its resting place. One single rep.

CLANG!! went the bar as Dale hurriedly dropped it back into position, with a bit of help from his brothers on either side of him. He then rose up off the bench, and with a series of heavy, drained puffs of breath, managed to regain his composure, not to mention the color back into his face.

"I'm very impressed Dale, that was really quite a feat. You should be very proud, I know a lot of guys that can't even lift that weight off the bar" Wendy spoke out with a smile.



Unable to say anything back to her teasing younger sister, Dale simply took whatever she was giving him, somewhere deep inside him knowing that he more than deserved it, and a lot more. So with him done and now fully recovered, something his remaining brothers felt that they need him to be, in order for him to assist them in their attempts, Both John and Aaron made their way onto this Bench Of Doom, and tried their absolute hardest to accomplish this clearly impressive physical feat to the best of their abilities. And in the end, when all was said and

done, just as they were near exact duplicates of one another genetically, their attempts to bench this weight was equally the exact duplicate of the other.

Each of them using every ounce of their strength (which shocked the Hell out of them, as this bar looked to be no more than 135 pounds, something each of them could bench for many reps), they could lift this object for a single bench, each of them needing their supportive brothers aid for the final few seconds, not to mention all of them needing several minutes to recuperate from just a single lifting of this flowery decorated weight.

“Wow, I’m impressed guys, that’s actually cause a bit of weight there, well done” Wendy supportively spoke out, clapping her hands at their final efforts as she did.

“What are you talking about “impressive”, that’s not even 150, and I can go as high as 300 myself!” roared out Aaron, his frustration getting the better of him.

“Actually, you can go as high as 315, as that’s how much that bar there weighs” Wendy continued with an evil grin across her gorgeous teenage face.

“What the Fuck are you talking about?!? That’s two 45 plates and a standard heavy bar, that’s not even close to 315!”

“Ah, well you’re right about the bar, though I had to have that given a bit of additional support as well, you’re very much mistaken about the weights” she continued with a proud look about her, as if she was about to reveal the greatest secret of the their lives “These weights are not 45 pounds a piece, they’re actually three times that (in honor of the three of you maybe?), 135 for each plate. See, go ahead and take a closer look” Wendy gestured to her older brothers to take a clearly look at these amazingly heavy weights before them.



Yet again John, Aaron and Dale were shocked beyond reason here, as surely this couldn't be so, surely such weights didn't exist, and even if they did, surely their little 5' 7" 135 pound sister couldn't hope to budge them. Even now, looking at her amazingly athletic and quite muscular frame, none of them believed she could come close to being so strong.....and yet.....

"Right here, under the blue and yellow flowers" Dale pointed out to were just a single plate of this work-out equipment read 135lb.

"And here, on this one, covered in the pink" John added, as he too found another such marking on another incredibly heavy, though ordinary looking, weight.

"So you see, you guys did really very well.....for a man that is. Hee hee" Wendy teased them with girlish delight, "Though you can now also see you stood no chance in benching that with all six plates on"

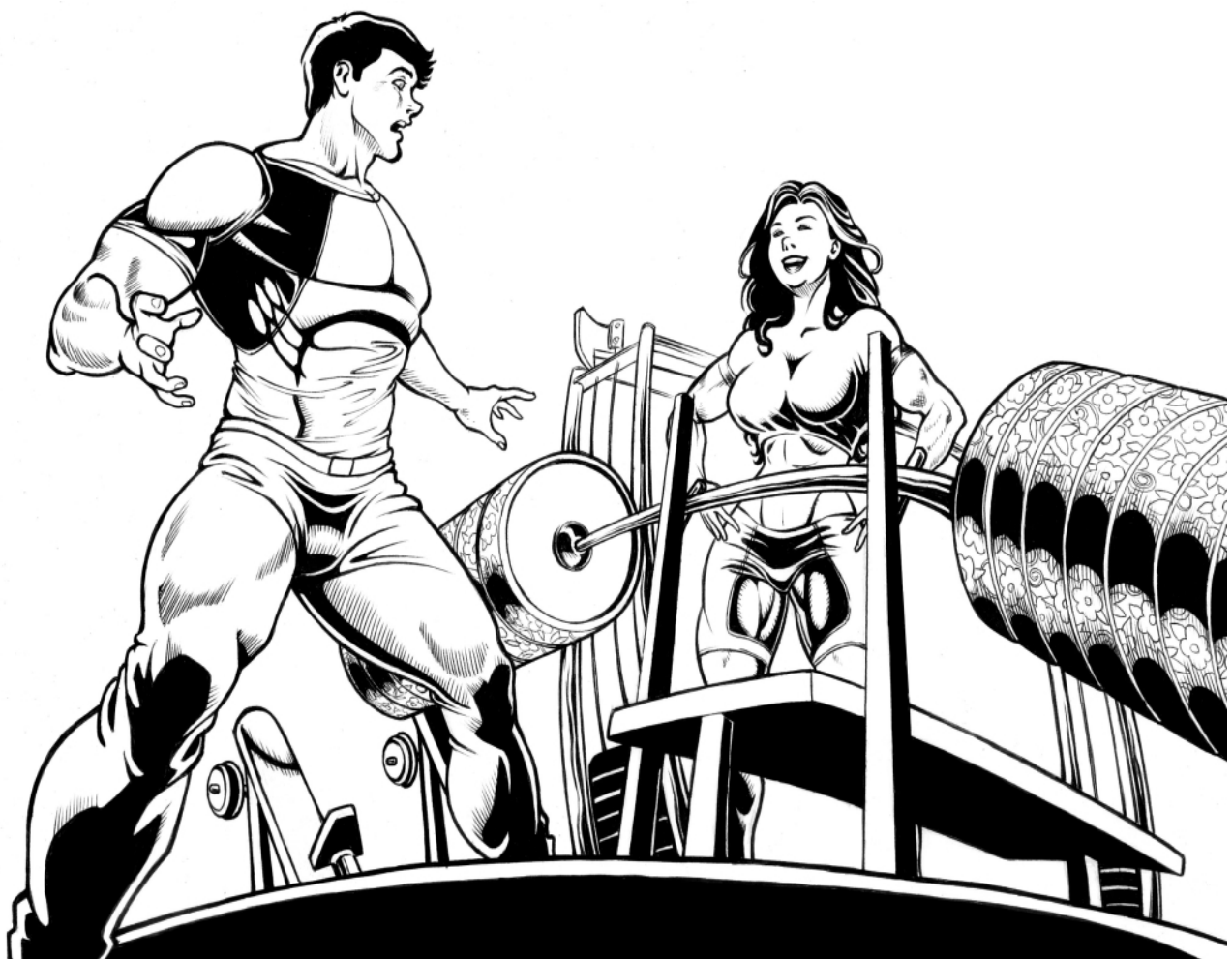
"And YOU can!"

"I can, and I do" Wendy confidently replied back, her stance one of unreal power and strength. "So if you boys would be so kind as to load her up for me again, I'll show you" Wendy asked of her much larger, though much weaker, brothers, which due to their inability to move as she requested, caused her to follow up with, "Don't make me ask again, or I'll personally show you just how strong these babies really are" she concluded flexing her tanned, toned and visibly muscle packed arms as she did.

This was all the persuasion these boys needed, as they then bolted from their standing positions and proceeded to load up this girly looking (which hid its true power amazingly well) weight bench back to what Wendy had it at originally. Three plates on either side, six plates in total, near 900 pounds of awe inspiring, steel hard, immobile weight.....well, immobile to most anyway. Though as their night of mind-blowing shocks continued, Wendy was about to do something that would literally blow them all away.

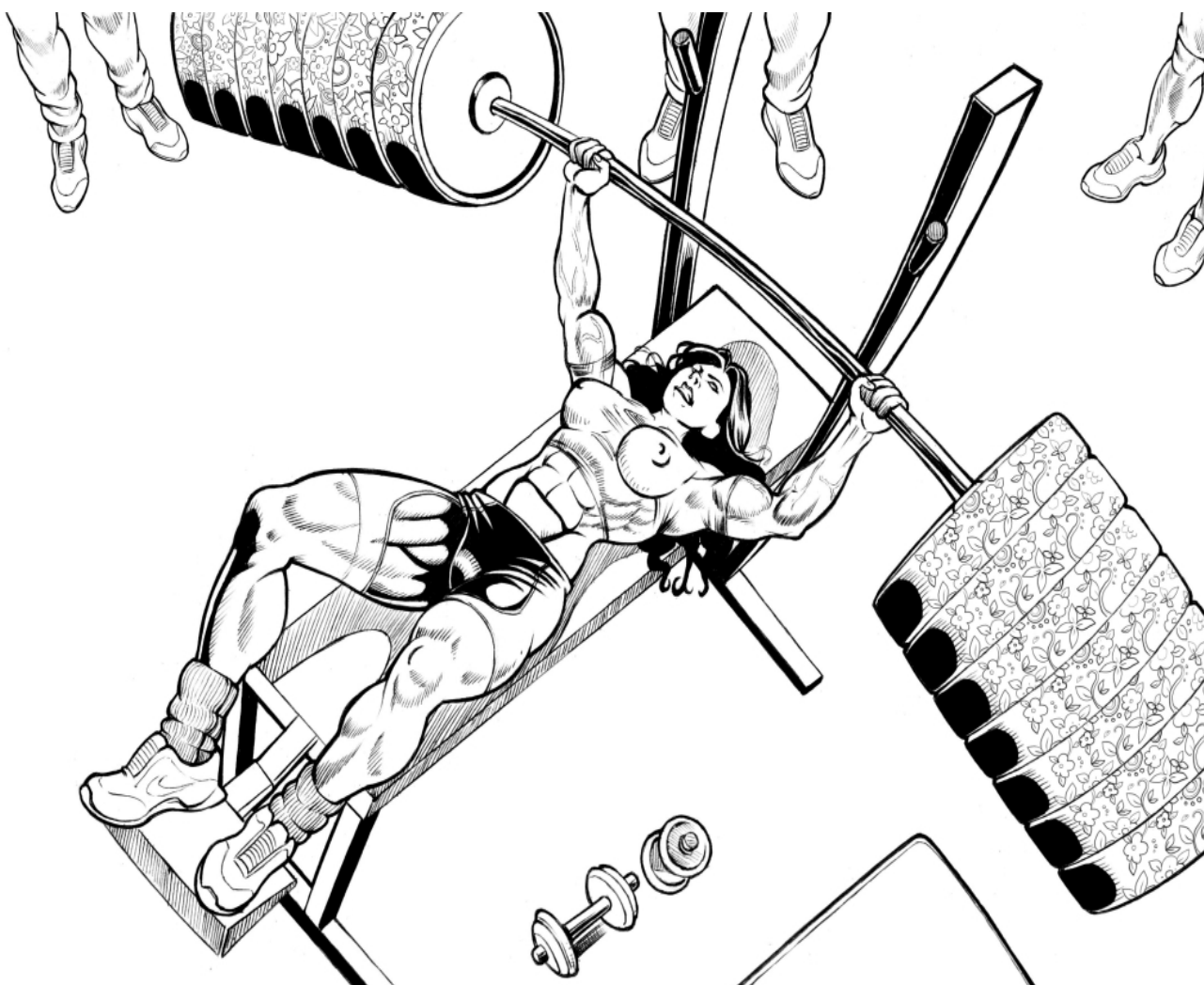
“Oh come on boys, there's still plenty of room left on that bar, and as you can see, there's more than enough “girly pink, flowery weights” to go around” Wendy playfully spoke out, which caused looks of complete confusion to cover each of her older brother's faces. “Oh, sit down before you hurt yourselves. I guess if I want this done right, I've gotta do it myself” she teased, as she made her way over to this work-out area, and continued to load more and more weight on this virtually bent over bar.

In the end there was a total of seven plates on each side, fourteen over the entire bar, making this weight very close to 1 Full Ton.



“You've gotta be fucking kidding me.....” all three of her brothers spoke in near unison, their minds about to snap from reality, Wendy grinning and bouncing around excitedly, all too eager to finally show off her truly Amazonian Power and Strength. She more than willing to once and for all teach her bullying brothers one very valuable lesson. Women are no longer the Weaker Sex.

With the excitement of a young teenage girl, Wendy made her way onto this weight bench (which even being bolted to the ground, was pushed to its limits to hold such a massive amount), grabbed the bar with two amazingly strong hands, gave out a few puffs of breath as she was now getting ready to exert even her massively powerful body to its limits, and just pushed.



“Grrrrrrr.....Uhhhhh.....Uhhhh.....Uhhhh.....” Wendy grunted and groaned with strain, as she literally began to do this impossible, several times over in fact, as she was benching nearly 2000 pounds of weight above her (something even her three brothers together wouldn't have a prayer in doing, and all of them knew it).

Her upper body seems to harden and bugle with muscle right before their very eyes. While still not looking close to the actual muscle size of her brothers (with the possible exception of her muscle packed chest which seemed to be pushing its spandex top to its limits), her actual strength level was clearly well beyond their own, even combined. Their minds were overcome with awe and shock, as they continued to watch their younger sister, who was literally half of their size, bench press nearly 1 ton of weight, and for reps at that. How was this possible, they all thought to themselves, as they could only marvel at the incredible power that this 18 year old cheerleader possessed.

Though when she reached the 10th rep mark, their confusion and surprise turned into rage and anger. So leaving their reason and logic behind them, not to mention their love for their sister's well-being and physical health, John, Dale and Aaron all rushed towards their sister's truly incredible physical display, and when she raised this massive weight up for her next rep, they each grabbed hold and pushed down on it with all of their remaining strength. This sudden addition of nearly 800 more pounds caught Wendy with surprise, as did her brother's reckless actions towards her and her well-being. As such, the massive weight she held came down, though more slow and controlled over crashing down, due to her truly Amazon-like strength.

“Hey, you jerks! Can't you guys do anything fairly!” Wendy angrily spoke out at such a betrayal and lack of concern for her by her three older brothers.

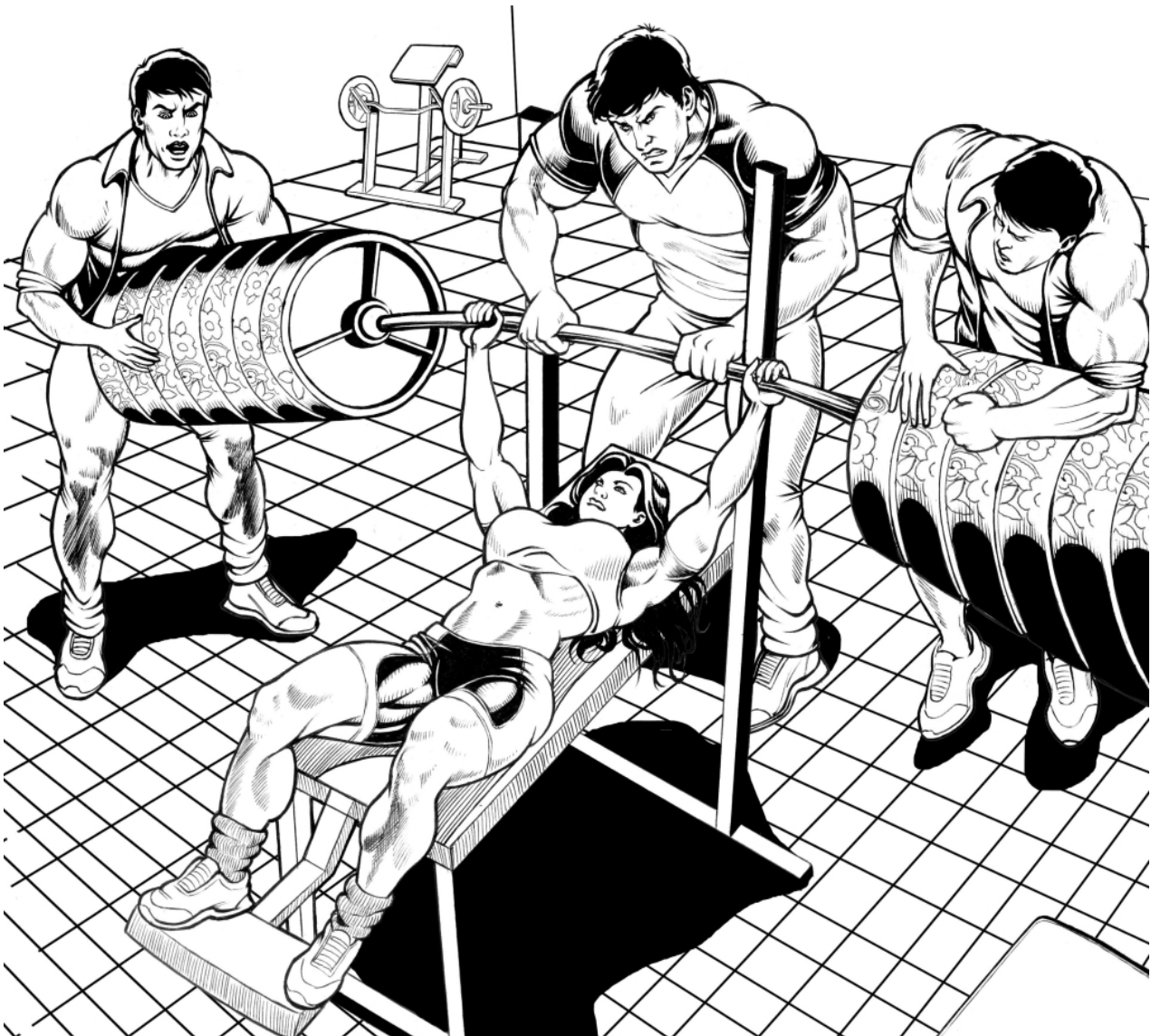
“You're so strong, why don't you just push your way outta this!” Dale spoke with an evil grin.

“Yeah Supergirl, come on, let's see how strong you really are!” John followed suit.

“You better let us be in charge, or we're never gonna let you up! Heh heh” Aaron brutally made out.

“Grrrrrrrr.....you guys are So Dead!!.....Grrrrrrrrrr” Wendy roared out, as she pushed her young Amazonian body to its limits, and shocked not only her three brothers, but this time, also she herself as well. As impossibly as it sounded, this 5' 7” incredibly fit 135 pound girl pushed with all of her might, grunting and groaning with supreme effort as she did so, which managed to not only lift up this nearly 2000 pound weight stack off of her thickly muscled chest, but the combined weight of her trio of tormentors as well.

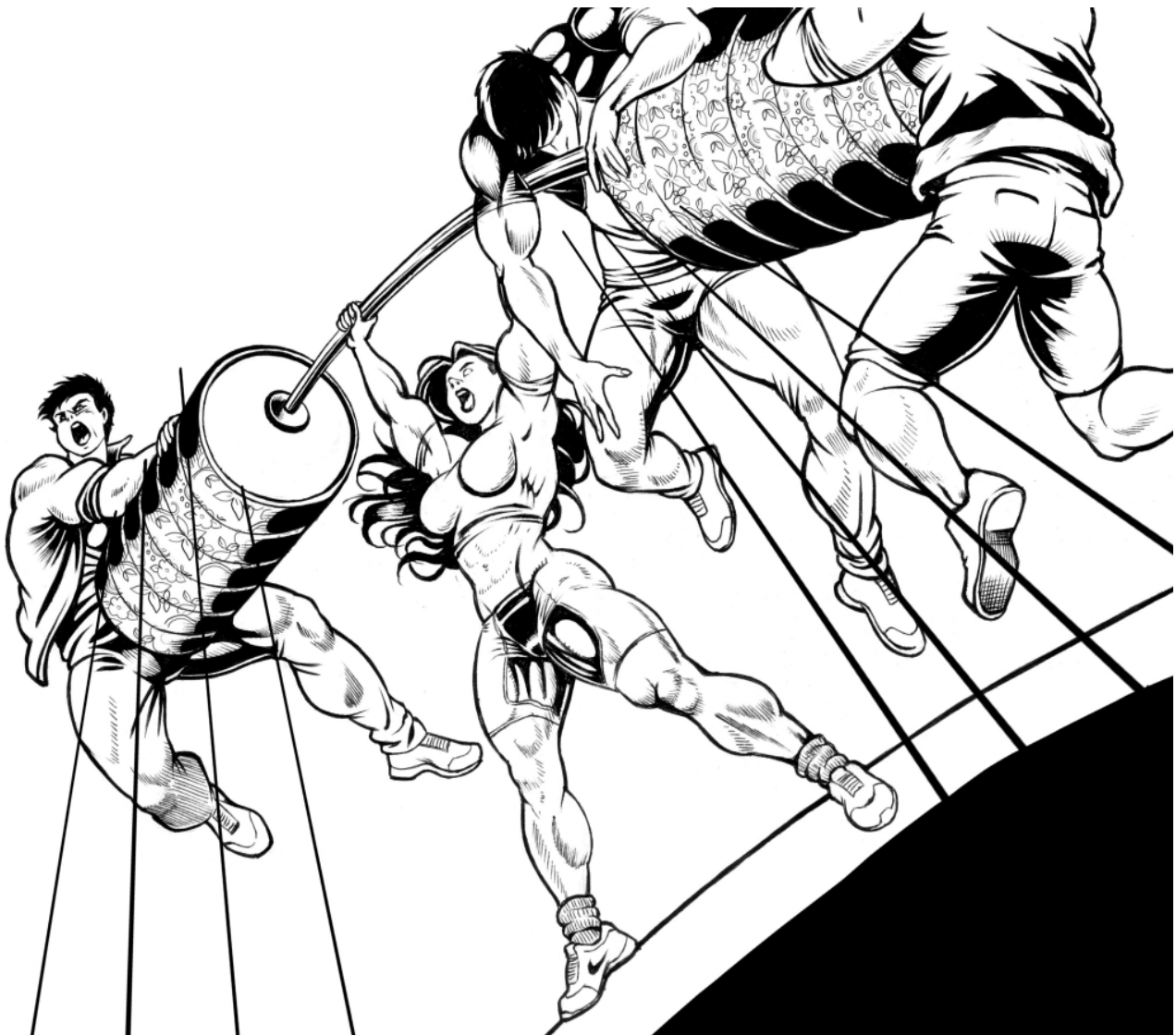
“You wanna see my strength.....Grrrrrrrr.....you wanna see my power.....Grrrrrr.....well then take.....Grrrrr.....a look.....Grrrrrr.....at THIS!” Wendy growled out with unreal power, as she began not only lifting this now over 1 ton of weight off of her, but doing so for several reps as well.



Her brothers had to do their best to hold on to this massive weight bar below them, as their little sister continued to literally blow their minds as she used her superhumanly strong arms to power all of this amazing weight from her muscle packed frame. A feat that even more impossibly so, looked like it was becoming easier and easier for her to accomplish.....something Wendy was more than noticing herself.

Her first attempt at lifting this unreal amount off of her took all of the strength her teenage fitness-girl level physique could muster, as while she had maxed out at a full weight stack before, the added weight of her three brothers combined initially threw her for a loop. But never one to quit, Wendy powered up with her amazingly strong arms and chest, moving a weight that even the strongest men on Earth couldn't hope to handle. And with each and every second, her body seemed to be getting even stronger, her muscles even harder, her shape and form even bigger. Her massive chest seemed to be filling itself with more and more rippling female muscle with each pump, and her arms looked inches bigger than when she first began. Her strength, not to mention her confidence, were at an all time high, something she was going to display with an even greater impossible feat right here and now.

“Uhhhhh,.....so, you thought you could all team up on me huh? Grrrrrr.....you planned to triple team me, your little sister, while I was in the middle of my work out? Uhhhhh.....well, I think I proved to you all.....Grrrrrr.....beyond the shadow of a doubt.....Uhhhhhhh.....just who the stronger one of us here is.....Grrrrrrrr.....but just in case” Wendy continued, as she pumped this impossible amount of weight (which included not only the fully stack bar, but her three brothers as well), over and over and over again. “Hang on boys, this might get a bit bumpy!”



With that, Wendy pumped this weight one final time, as high as both of her super strong arms could reach. Her brothers whimpering and crying in fear, not at the height of their bodies off the floor from her lift, but at the might of their now intimidating teenage Amazon sister beneath them. With that, feeling her body harder and stronger than ever before, Wendy pushed her incredibly powerful frame up off the bench, and onto a full standing position. Her thickly muscled, and amazingly smooth and shapely legs held all of their combined weight with good effort, just as her arms held this unreal amount high above her head.

“So, you think you guys are still the stronger? You think you're going to be the ones to boss me around this weekend - or ever again?” Wendy roared with dominant power, as she began pumping her rock hard arms, back and shoulders to a superhuman degree.

“God, please Wendy! We're sorry, we're so sorry!!” Aaron fearfully cried out.

“Yes, yes, we'll stop, we'll never bully you around again, just please, no more!!” John added.

“I.....I think I'm gonna be sick!” Dale could barely make out.

Thinking their former bullying brothers had certainly gotten the message, a message very long time in coming, Wendy decided her Amazonian instruction was over.....that is, after this one final display of her supreme physical power and strength.

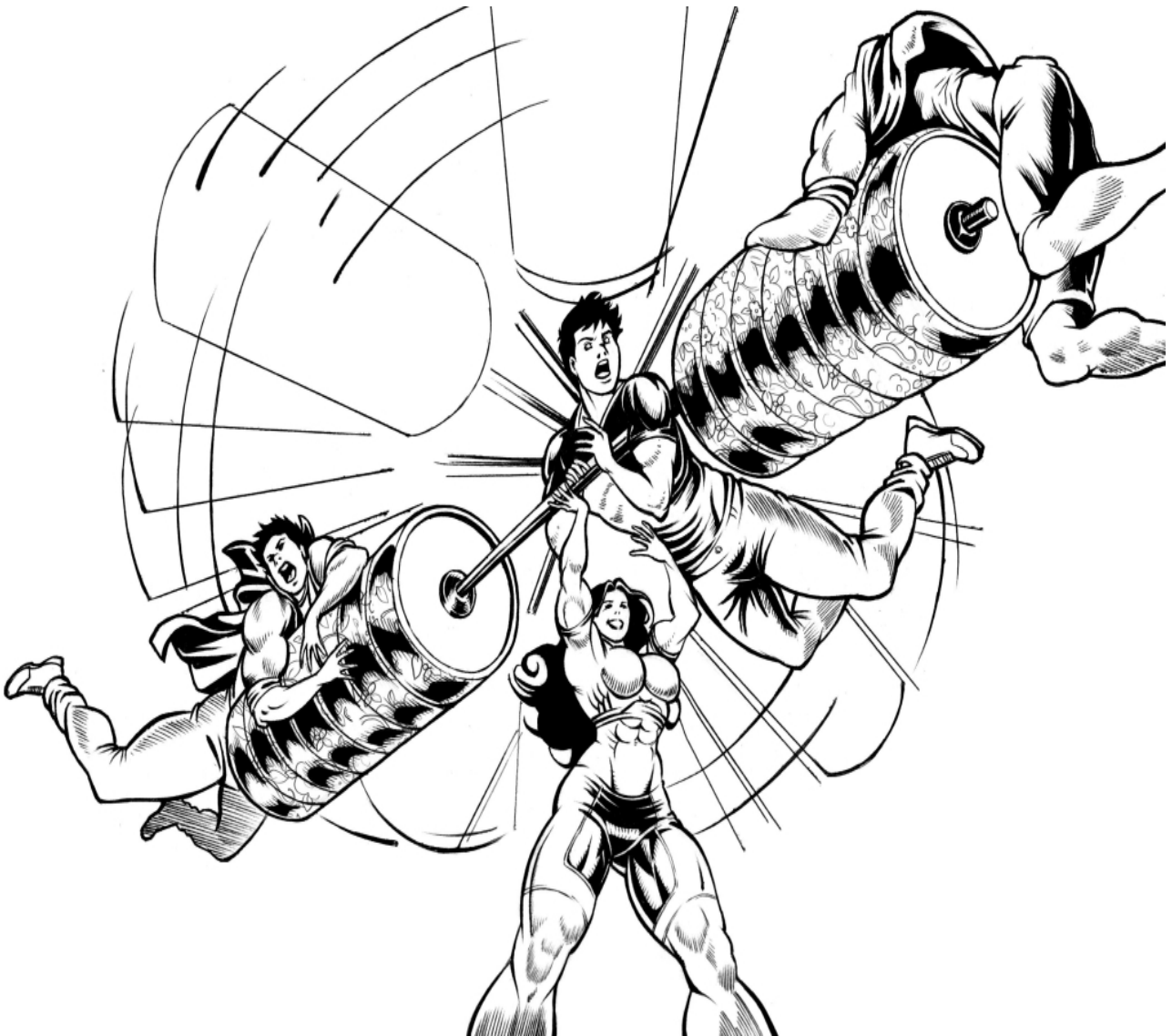
“Just a few more seconds guys, trust me, you're not going to want to miss this one” Wendy chirped out in a young girl's voice, as she removed one hand from this massive weight above her, holding it now with only a single arm, which was outstretched high above her as far as it could reach. Her body truly packed with seemingly endless, and impossible, amounts of power. Each and every smooth, shapely curve littered with muscular bulges and steel hard forms.



“What do you think of this as a picture for the Yearbook?” Wendy teased with a wide smile across her beautiful young face, as she looked onto the nearby wall's several full length mirrors, to see her own perfectly shaped and superhumanly strong physique, pushing her stretchy gym attire to its limits, as she held this incredible amount of weight high above her head. Her body looked like it was cut from silky smooth stone, a look of total dominance and control across her gorgeous teenage face, while her brothers looked like the exact opposite. Their complexions pale and white, their faces looking sickly and weak.

Wendy then began shaking the bar, up and down, left and right, gentle though forceful pops and pumps of this vast weight above her, as a true testament to her unreal physical superiority, and a means to get her brothers down from their supergirl-held perch. Though in such a state as they were in, their terror induced grip on this bar held them all tight onto it, as if they were glued to it for their dear lives.

“Uh, in case you didn't know, I was trying to get you boys off.....unless you want to spend all day up there?” Wendy teased with a beautiful smile, as her brothers simply shook their heads back and forth, grasping anywhere and everywhere they could to prevent them from falling down to the floor, to return to clutches of her amazingly strong little sister. “Well, OK then, don't say I didn't warn you. Hee hee hee”



With that, Wendy began to turn the massive bar above over, all still just with her single incredibly powerful arm. First slow at first, then as the seconds went on, faster and faster. Each twist and turn of this amazing weight above her speeding up from its previous rotation. So much so that Dale, Aaron and John were beginning to lose their grip due to the huge amount of centripetal force acting on them by the spinning motions of the object they so clung to. Twirling and spinning it around and around, like a cheerleader would a baton (something her background in the sport helped greatly with), Wendy was soon spinning this weight bar with such speed that her brothers feet were off and trailing in its motions.

She gave a few more girlish giggles of delight with the final few twists of this unreal weight, as such incredible speed and balance, that her brothers could hold on no longer and were flung off with tremendous force. Each of them flying through the air and across their basement, each of them slamming into its surrounding walls with a huge THUD.....each of them knocked unconscious from the blow, a simple tossing of their combined weight by their 3 years younger sister.

“Wakey wakey, sleepyheads” Wendy spoke out in her high pitched feminine voice, standing over the physically and mentally drained forms of her three older brothers.

“Wha.....how long have we been.....”

“Out?” Wendy replied, finishing her brother's sentence for him. “Oh, not too long, maybe 45 minutes or so. Looks like you guys were a bit exhausted from our little workout below, so I hope you don't mind I moved you all upstairs to your room” she continued, as the boys looked around, their vision groggily returning to them, noticing that they were all now in their respective beds.

“How did you.....”

“Get you guys up here? You're kidding, right?” she added with a sly smile. “Though I must say, for this special chore, I called in some extra help. Come on in girls!” Wendy spoke out with an even wider grin across her beautiful young face.



With that, the door to their bedroom opened, and in came three gorgeous teenage girls. Each of them dressed in very tight, very revealing schoolgirl outfits, each of their forms looking as unbelievably shapely and amazingly fit as their sister's. As their vision finally returned to them in full, these young men recognized these girls as part of Wendy's Cheerleading squad, of which they had spent several minutes lecherously eyeing up and lustfully talking about earlier today.

"Boys, this is Cassie, Vivian and Patty. They're my stars of the cheerleading team from school, though something tells me you already know that very well already. Hee hee hee" she giggled aloud, which was followed by her fellow female athletes responding in kind, as they could all clearly see each of these very aroused men's erections growing hard and thick underneath their thin, satin sheet covering. A few seconds of girlish laughter filling their room, and the boys noticed what they were all reacting to, causing each of them to turn and angle their undercover forms to hide their obviously aroused reactions.

"Ah Ah Ah, too late for that boys, we've all seen how you really feel about our weekend guests, not to mention heard from your very lips earlier today" Wendy teasingly made out. "That's right, I said weekend guests, as I've just invited them all to stay the next few days, now that I have you all to help out around the house as I do, I'll have more free time to have a little High School girl fun. Hee hee"

"Oh, and in case you need another little reminder of why I'm the boss from now on" Wendy made out with a girlish glee, as she reached behind one of her friend's well muscled backs to reveal a thick metal bar. She then sexily placed the bar in front of her muscle packed D-cup chest, and began to bend it in half with ease. "Oh, and if you think you'll be bullying your way around my friends when I'm not around.....ladies" she continued with a huge grin, which was followed by her trio of hard-bodied cheerleader friends pulling out their own metal bars. Each of them thinner than the one Wendy just mangled, though still very thick and visible hard nonetheless.



Without any words spoken, just a series of girlish giggles from them all, each of these gorgeous young girls began to flex their own very visible female muscles, and with a screaming of metal clearly heard, each of them managed to copy Wendy's Amazonian feat and bent their own metal bars in half. This truly amazing feat, performed by three truly incredibly sexy teenage girls, made Wendy's brothers both tremble in fear and their erections hard with lust.

“Well, I've got some last minute things to do, namely getting your hunky friend Dan Castner over here to join in our fun tonight, so while I'm gone why don't you girls get to know my brothers a bit more?” Wendy spoke out with a smile, watching as her identical triplet brothers all shared the same identical Amazon-powered fate.

Watching with untold excitement as her supergirl friends each picked one of these hunky males for their night (or is that weekend) of fun. Sexily flexing their own mightily muscled, rock hard physiques at their intended targets, before pulling their covers off of them, and joining them in their beds for their first of many sessions of Muscle Girl Fun.



“The girls are in charge while I'm gone, so behave yourselves boys.....they're not as patient and forgiving as I am. Hee hee hee” Wendy softly spoke, as she made her way out of her brother's bedroom, closing the door behind her as she did, off to capture her own play-toy for the evening. Her beautiful face sporting a devilish smile, as she listened with girlish glee and tremendous excitement to the sounds of her brothers screaming and her girlfriends laughing coming from within.

God it's good to be an Amazon.

THE END

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