

HEATHER

- an AmazonFan story -

(amysconquest.com)

Tom's widowed dad was transferred to California, met a rich woman out there, and the next thing Tom knew his dad went to Vegas one weekend and got married. Tom was away at his senior year in college so the first time he was to meet the new wife was during break. His dad had moved into his wife's ritzy house. She had one daughter, a college freshman. Tom will never forget the first time he met her.

His new 'sister' was catching some rays by the pool. This gorgeous **blond** started up off her chaise and just got taller and taller. Stepsister Heather was six feet tall - and big! But not fat, even though she probably weighed 175. One look and you knew she was solid and in incredible condition. He asked her to give him a tour of the house. Heather wasn't too friendly. She came to one closed door and said "That's the gym. It's got everything. If you use it, there's one rule. It is absolutely positively off limits to you when my girlfriend Claire and I work out." She stared coldly at him and then looked contemptuously at his 5' 8", 140 pound body. "No one will believe you're my 'big' brother," she laughed.



Human nature being what it is, you tell someone something's off limits, they only want it more. So Tom had to find out what was so special about the girls' workouts. First he saw Claire. She made him feel smaller than Heather. Claire was 6' 3" and 190 pounds. He hung around outside the gym during their workouts. After he figured out their schedule, he went into the gym before they got there. They walked in and Heather told him he'd have to leave. As Tom was protesting that it was his house too and she couldn't just kick him out he felt two arms grab from behind. Claire picked him up and carried him out of the room. The door slammed and locked behind him. The girls laughed uproariously.



The next day Tom hid in the shower room adjoining the gym. By standing in just the right place he could look in a mirror and peer into the gym, minimizing the chance of being seen. He waited until he thought they were well into their routine before daring to move into position. He peeked into the mirror and gasped. Claire was stark naked, bench pressing 200 pounds! Heather's back was to him. She was doing barbell curls. He couldn't see how much she was lifting, but it looked heavy. She was topless, with just a thong bikini on. Then she turned and put down the weights to go spot for Claire. He couldn't get over how muscular they both were - everywhere. Their arms and legs were so huge compared to his. And their breasts! So firm they just stood straight out. Tom got an instant hard-on.

Claire finished her set and sat up. She glanced into the shower room right at the mirror. Their eyes met for a millisecond. Tom ducked out of the line of sight. He didn't hear anything from the other room, except for the door open and close. Maybe she

hadn't seen him. He peeked back in the mirror. Heather wasn't visible. Claire was sitting on the bench doing dumbbell curls. Her biceps would balloon and harden into a huge mass of muscle as she did her reps. He heard the door open and close again, followed by the unmistakable sound of the lock clicking. It was Heather, carrying two beers.

"I was right," she said, "Nobody's home." They both laughed and then chugged down the brews. "Ready?" Heather asked. Claire nodded. Heather raised her voice, "Get your sorry butt in here or we'll come get you!" Tom ducked in a corner and froze. He heard footsteps coming behind, followed by Claire's laughter, "You're little. You think you're invisible too?" Two hands grabbed the back of his neck, pulled him up and spun him around. Claire bent over and hoisted him effortlessly over her shoulder and carried him into the gym.

She dumped him in the middle of the floor. Both girls stood over him. "I told you never to come in here," Heather intoned, "because we like exercising in the nude. We don't want a horny geek gawking at us, clothes or not. Besides you'd only get in our way. You chose to break my rules. So now you pay the price." Tom scrambled to his feet and bolted for the door. But it was a key lock. He was trapped. He turned around and the two of them were just standing there smiling. Heather held the key in her hand.

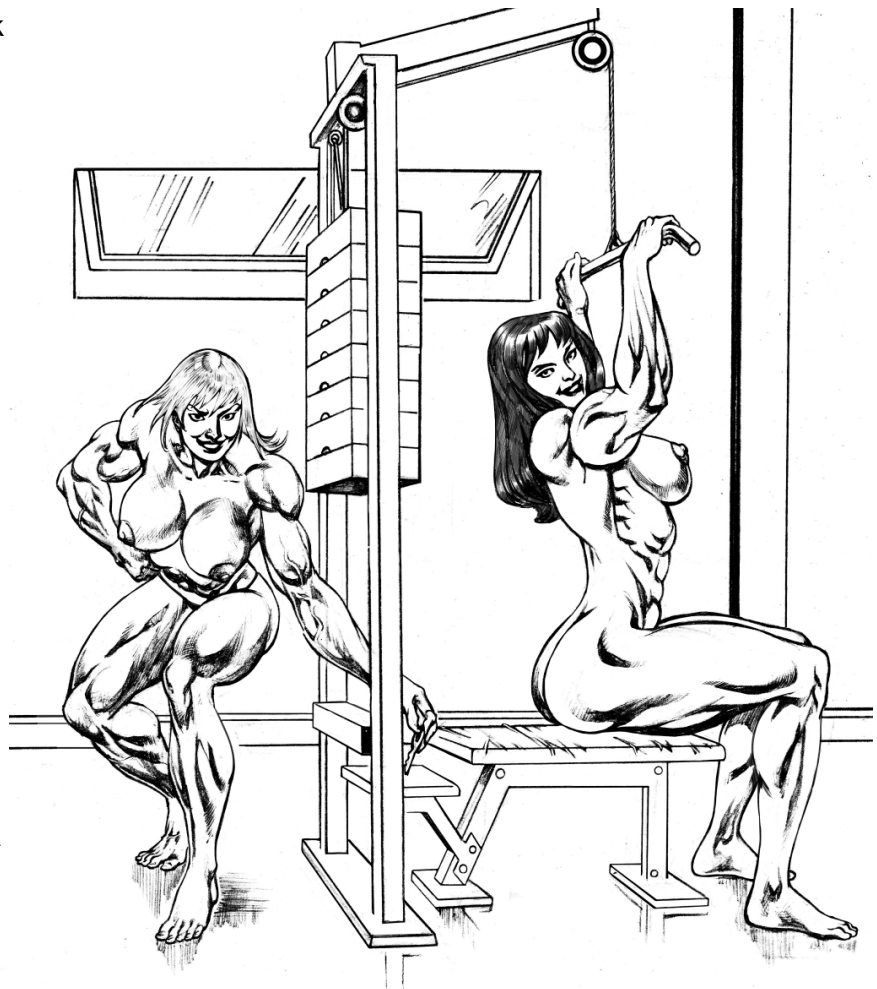
"Looking for this?" she asked, "It's right here." Claire went to a weight stack and pulled down on a lat bar, lifting the full stack. Heather put the key underneath and Claire let the weights back down. Heather said, "Now you know where the key is. If you can get it, you can leave." He walked over to the machine and grabbed the lat bar and tried pulling down. He could barely budge what Claire had lifted. With all his might he raised the stack up, but then he realized he'd have to be able to lift it with just one arm in order to pick up the key. Tom gave up and let the lat bar go. The girls laughed.

Claire said, "His brain's as weak as his body. Let's do it." They spread apart and started coming towards him. He had to try to stall.

"I'm not lifting a finger against either of you," he said, "You're both girls."

Heather proudly thrust her 42 inch chest out and chuckled, "Oh did you just notice that?" Then she flexed one massive bicep and asked, "Or are you afraid of this? Whether you defend yourself or not, I'm still gonna trash you. So you might as well try."

Tom stood still, hands at his sides. Heather stood before him, bouncing lightly on her feet. "You're a wimp," she said beginning her verbal assault, "A skinny little chicken shit wimp."



SMACK! She slapped him hard across the cheek. SMACK!! She backhanded him. She had such power he almost lost his footing. "You're nothing like you're father," she continued, "He's old, but at least he looks and acts like a real man. Were you a little mama's boy?" The mention of his dead mother infuriated Tom. He leapt at Heather to strike her, but her hand grabbed his wrist and blocked him in mid-swing.

"So much for not lifting a finger," she smiled. She wrenched his wrist around behind his back, twisting his poor shoulder socket. She pulled up so high she had him on tiptoes.

"AARGH!" Tom grunted, "Take it easy!"

"Oh, so you think you can give orders here?" asked Heather, "You want anything, you'll have to beg for it!" Tom reached back with his free arm to try to grab her head and flip her over him.



But Heather was much too strong and heavy to fall prey to that. She applied a tight full nelson, lifted him off the ground and began swinging him from side to side. Tom was afraid his neck would snap. Heather kned him in the center of the back and let go. Tom slumped to the floor in pain, feeling like he'd been hit with a battering ram.

Claire took over from Heather. She reached down and grabbed the collar of his shirt. RIP!! In the blink of an eye she had reduced it to a rag on the floor. "My what an impressive physique," she said mockingly, "I can't describe the fear I have when I see you." Claire bent down and picked Tom up under the armpits. She wrapped her immense arms around his middle and began to squash him with a mighty bearhug.

Tom didn't know which was worse - not being able to breathe or knowing he was a nearly helpless toy in her arms. What he didn't anticipate as he struggled to break her potent grip, as his hands fought against her rock-hard muscles, were the pleasurable sensations in his groin. He looked down from his precarious perch in her arms to see her firm 46 inch breasts pressing against his crotch, obliterating it from view.



Looking down was a mistake. Seeing what was happening only intensified what Tom was feeling. "Oh God you're hurting me, please put me down," he pleaded. Claire dropped him to his feet and shoved him backwards - right into the waiting arms of Heather. She scooped him up around the waist and bear hugged him again, this time from behind. Tom's stomach felt like it was being squeezed against his backbone.

Claire spotted the bulge in his shorts. "Heather, you won't believe this," she exclaimed, "But the little pervert is enjoying this. Looks like he's ready to rip through his shorts."

"Well then, let's just rip them off and see what all the excitement's about," replied Heather. She nodded to Claire to come forward, since Tom couldn't do anything to stop them.



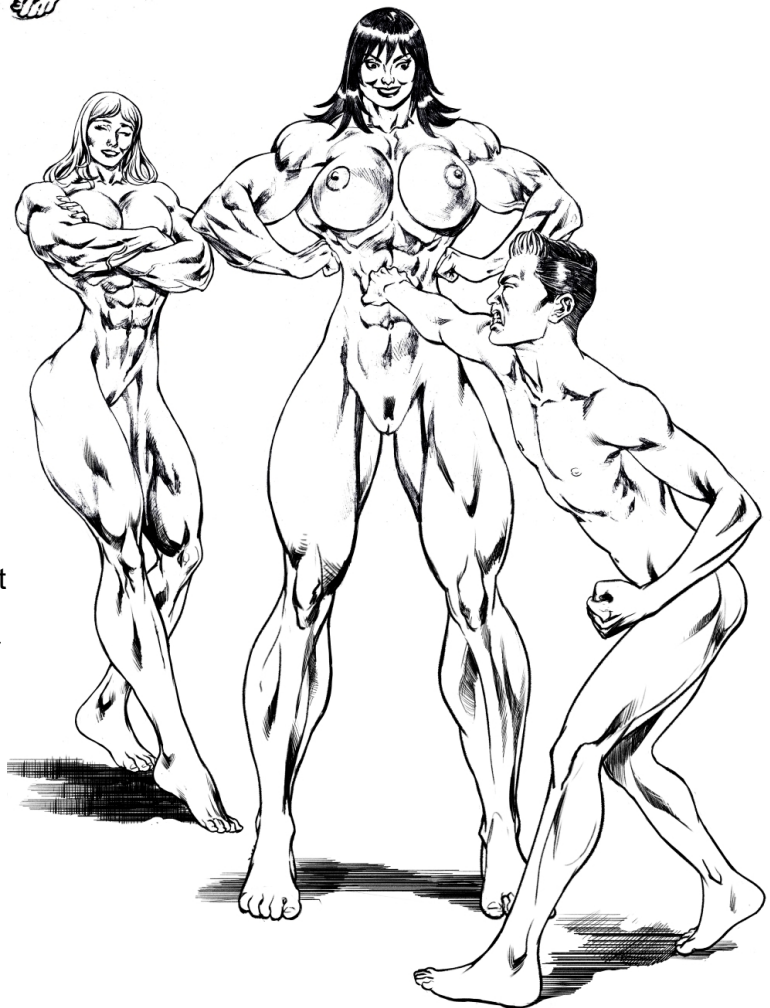
Claire came a couple of steps forward and Tom kicked out at her to try to keep her back. But she was so fast she caught his foot in mid-kick. She twisted his ankle until he screamed. "You seem to forget there's two of us here and either one of us can break every bone in your scrawny body," Claire said, "So cut the kicking crap."

Tom stood still, knowing it was foolish to try stopping her. Claire stood before him and slipped her fingers inside the waistband of his shorts and underpants. She gripped them firmly and stared right into Tom's eyes, enjoying the fear she saw there. Then she yanked them off. Heather watched Claire step back and look down. The surprise registered clearly on her face as she muttered, "Who'd have guessed."

Tom wasn't hard enough to be erect, but he was swollen enough to show Claire he was very well endowed. Heather turned Tom around so she could make her own inspection. She was quite surprised too. And turned on.

"Well this changes things, doesn't it," Heather said, "All I wanted to do was kick his butt, but now it's obvious we can use him for more than just a punching bag." She stepped out of her panties. "Listen wimp," she addressed Tom, "Just so you don't get the wrong idea. Anything Claire or I choose to do with you is solely for our pleasure, not yours. You're our slave and you'll serve us as long and as often as your performance satisfies us."

"No fucking way!" Tom replied. He started for the door, forgetting it was locked.



"An amusing choice of words," Claire said smiling as she stood in Tom's path, hands on hips. Tom threw a slow short left hook at her stomach. She made no attempt to stop the punch. His hand thudded against the steel wall of abdominal muscle. Claire smiled. Tom spun around to retreat and there was Heather.

"Let's make a little Tommy sandwich," she called to Claire. Both girls linked arms and pulled together, with Tom trapped in between. As they pulled tighter Tom was squashed by the unyielding force of their hard muscles.

"Do you like slam dancing?" Claire asked Tom. The girls then pulled apart only to slam Tom from both sides. They repeated this maneuver several times until a dazed Tom slumped to the floor between them. Claire sat straddling Tom, bouncing all 190 pounds of female power on his chest. Tom begged her to stop.

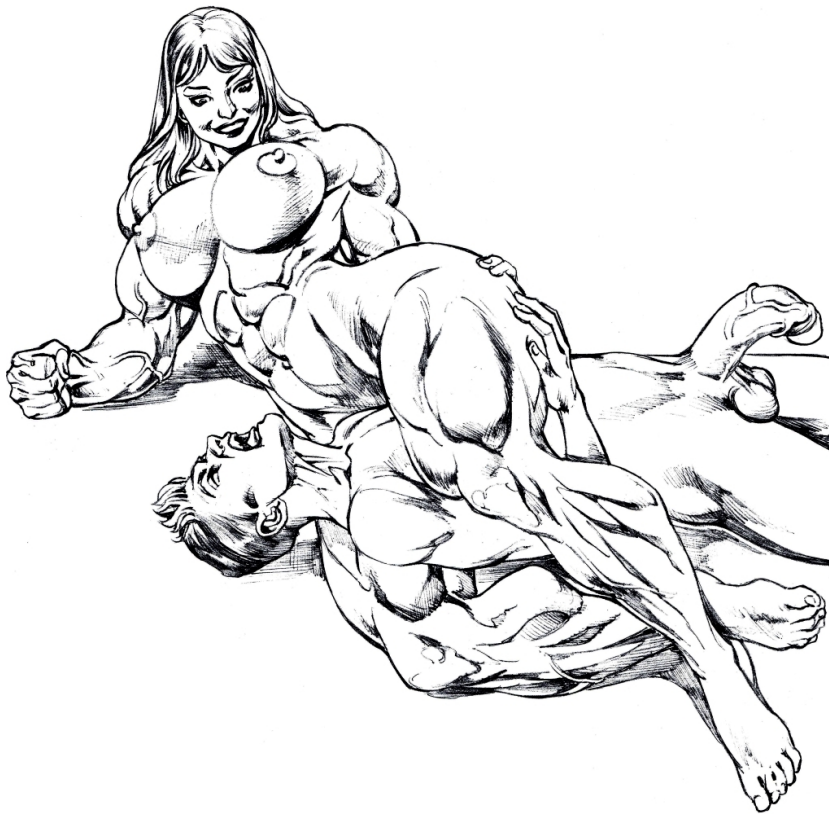


She gazed down at Tom and could see the defeat registered in his eyes. Proudly she flexed her prodigious arms and leaned forward. "See my arms, Tom?" she said, "Yours are half my size. These are the reasons you'll do whatever I say. Won't you?"

"God they're so big!" Tom blurted out, surprised at himself that he'd admit his feelings to her. He feared that she enjoyed his fear. But her muscles were exerting a hypnotic effect on him.

Claire stood up and Heather slid into her place on Tom's chest. She rolled sideways and slid her legs around Tom's chest. "And these are the reasons you'll do what I say," she said pointing to the stupendous mass of her thighs, "I'm quite sure I could end your life with these." She tensed her muscles, using only half her strength. Tom experienced a crushing force unlike anything he'd ever felt before. He very nearly passed out. He grabbed at her thighs in a futile effort to spread her legs apart. Her steel coiled muscles were so hard his fingers could hardly make an indentation on her skin.

She slid behind him and slapped on a full nelson. Then she hooked her legs over his and spread him apart. Claire knelt down between his legs. "Give him a couple of squeezes," she told Heather, whose thighs collapsed Tom's aching sides. "So Tom," Claire said, "In lab at college they teach us about empirical evidence.



You know what that is. Well the more you see and feel our muscles, the more aroused you get. Is that proof you want to become our little slave and worship our strong, superior bodies or what?"

"No, it's not true!" protested Tom.

"Tom, stop trying to deny your true feelings," Claire continued, "Just take a good look at me." Claire raised her arms up in a colossal double biceps pose, twin 18" peaks of power exploding in front of Tom's eyes. "We're all muscle, Tom," she cooed, "All outrageous strength and endurance, far beyond your limits. You'd do anything for either one of us in the hopes that we'd take you."

"He's as erect as a flagpole," Claire told Heather, "and almost as big. How'd such a wimp end up being so well hung? I doubt he'll ever last long enough for the both of us? What do you want to do?"

Heather pulled back and pinned Tom to the floor. "Talk about getting pumped up," she said to Claire, "You got him that big, you might as well enjoy it. I'm just going to sit on his face and find out if he's got any other talents." She pinned his arms between her thigh and calf and lowered herself onto Tom's face. "Pleasure my pussy Tom," she ordered.

"Just don't smother him to death," cautioned Claire as she positioned herself above Tom's tool and lowered herself in one slow smooth slide. Each girl stared into the other's eyes and saw the rapidly increasing excitement and pleasure.





Moans filled the room as they used Tom for their intense, multi-orgasmic pleasure. The powerful spasms of Claire's vagina eventually milked a powerful explosion from Tom. But Tom felt nothing, having passed out from Heather's suffocating pressure.

Sated, the girls dismounted Tom. They retrieved the key and unlocked the door as Tom was coming back to his senses. "Tomorrow. You come back," ordered Heather, "Or I'll sneak into your room in the middle of the night and scissor you till I feel bones break. Now haul your butt out of here. We're going to shower."

Tom grabbed his things and scurried for the door. As he closed it behind him he heard Claire remark, "Fucking great workout." Both girls laughed uproariously.

THE END

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