

TWIN TERRORS

- a Kandor story -

(amysconquest.com)

Don Stenhaus' blood pressure rose with the temperature gauge on his 1988 Ford Escort. He eyeballed the needle as it slowly bobbed toward the 'H', finally getting so pissed off at it he punched the instrument panel, succeeding only in cracking the plastic over the gauges that had been coffee stained a day or two earlier when a cup lost its balance on the dash and tumbled onto the steering wheel, spraying the hot beverage everywhere, including the temperature gauge and Don's balls.

"Fucking car," Don mumbled to himself, and the car, actually, like it would help. "Fucking piece of shit car. Fucking piece of shit job.

Fucking piece of shit life." Ordinarily in a situation like this, Don would just turn up the radio, cranking in some oldies station that suited the mindset of a travelling salesman in his early 40s. But even that couldn't happen today, since the fucking piece of shit radio died on him somewhere outside Tulsa, which he dubbed that "fucking piece of shit red-neck city." It was a God-awful hot August day as Don tooted down Route 40 in western Oklahoma toward his next stop somewhere in Texas, which he hoped he'd make by the next business day. But it was Thursday now, and late at that, with the slant of the setting sun getting more harsh as he chugged his dying Escort ever onward. He was giving up hope of calling on his account by Friday and wondered where he'd stay for the night, and the weekend, from the looks of things.

"Probably some fucking piece of shit motel," he grumbled out loud, then checking the temp gauge one more time, adding "If I make it that far."

Things hadn't looked good from the outset of this trip. He'd left Chicago promising his girlfriend that things would get better, that this job, the seventh in four years, would be his last and that he could, if he put his pecker to the grindstone, as he put it, make a living out of being a feed salesman, calling on mid-western farm stores and selling them the latest combination of grain and chemicals and additives that were guaranteed to fatten a farmer's livestock while minimizing the chance that those eating the beasts would later contract cancer. The last part wasn't in the sales pitch he'd spent two weeks learning in the conference room of a Motel 6 outside Chicago, but he felt it should be.

He smiled at the memory of his new sales manager going all red in the face when Don offered that unwanted medical prognostication during the training. Lorraine had stuck by Don for the last seven jobs and Don had no clear idea why. She was a pretty girl for her age, which was roughly his, and had a dynamite body to boot. Don looked in the rear-view mirror for a second and saw a craggy face middle-age man who'd come a long way to go absolutely nowhere. But Lorraine stuck by him, despite his asshole tantrums, his rantings and ravings about the better life he swore was around the next corner, the big account, that really huge fucker, that would put him on top, or as on top as a loser like himself could get.

Even a saint like Lorraine was getting tired of waiting, however, tired of hanging around while her boyfriend (she hated using the word 'boyfriend' when most of her friends her age were using the word 'husband' or even 'ex-husband) tried to find himself in a beat-up Ford Escort, a front floor full of crumpled coffee cups, a seat full of badly-folded maps and a briefcase full of order sheets and bullshit.

She kissed him goodbye when he left Chicago three days earlier, but there wasn't much to it, nor to the smile she offered him with her lips only. He knew he was on the outs with her and maybe that would be for the best. He'd taken up with her right after his first marriage dissolved in a haze of booze and accusations, and he knew she pitied him. But the pity well only runs so deep when the years stack up behind a woman and he sensed she'd soon pull up her pail and head for deeper waters.

He wandered off Route 40 somewhere in Texas and got totally and irreversibly lost. He grabbed a fistful of map off the front seat and splayed it out over the steering wheel as he drove, reading and weaving and thanking whatever God that could look down on him that no cars were coming the other way. Or any way, for that matter. He was, he thought, shit fucking lost.

The car was steaming and so was Don, so he pulled over so the both of them could cool off. Checking the map, he figured he was somewhere in the Oklahoma pan-handle, that little strip of land that looks about a pussy hair wide on the map but a million miles deep if you're stuck in the middle of it with a car that burns more water than gas. He got out and popped the hood and jumped back a foot or two when a mad plume of steam blasted up into his face. He grabbed a rag from the car and tried to open the cap, but it was too hot. He looked over his shoulder; in no more than an hour, the sun would set. The really shitty part was that the sun on the horizon looked to be the closest sign of life he could see in either direction. He knew he'd blown calling on anyone else today, he only hoped he could find a place to stay and get the car fixed in time to make at least one call on Friday.

The car wasn't cooling down any, so he got back in, figuring he'd drive until it got good and hot again, stop, cool it off a bit, and drive again, a stop-and-go cycle that just make take him to where humans dwelled. But that wasn't going to work, either; he cranked the engine and it did nothing, not "rrrrr....rrrrrr...rrrrrr...", not click, not grind, nothing, which to Don's angry ears sounded sure enough like the little Escort that wouldn't was saying, "You fucking piece of shit driver, let's see how far you get now."

He got out and slammed the door with both hands, evoking a tinny slap from the tiny car, then turned around to kick it, succeeding only in hurting his foot and putting a dent in the door. Pissed off, he limped up the road in search of life, not bothering to lock the door or even take the keys, knowing full well that car thieves, no matter how young and stupid, aren't going to get all hot over an abandoned Escort.

The slight rise in the road he aimed for shimmered under the late afternoon sun. He had no idea what was on other side and didn't much care, although his spirits were lifted only a little when he noticed a driveway sprouting off to the left, one of those things that in a more civilized world might be called a dirt road. The driveway (he knew it was because of the mailbox at the entrance) wound through a flat chunk of farmland and over a minor hill to what he hoped was a house and a phone. He broke into a near jog when he rounded the first corner, the sweat running down his back like a river. He loosened his tie and couldn't help wondering how stupid he looked, a middle-aged salesman jogging through the middle of a fucking Oklahoma farm with a shirt and tie and dress shoes. Very, very dusty dress shoes.

"It's about fucking time," he muttered to himself, when he finally spotted a large white farmhouse around another bend in the driveway.

Wheat fanned out from it and the large barn nearby and all the way up the dirt path to the road.

He jog/walked the last quarter mile to the house, stopping on the porch to catch his breath before ringing the bell. The sun had nearly disappeared behind his back as he stood, impatiently waiting for a hick farmer or his wife to appear at the door. None did, and he rang again and again, muttering curses to himself before finally heading around the side of the house to the barn, where he assumed someone would be.

He was right. The huge front door was slid wide open on its tracks, at the top of a cement apron outside that had been cracked from many years of heavy tractors and bad weather running over it. He walked in, the harsh rays of the setting sun blasting through a dirty window on the far side of the barn and right into his eyes. He detected movement.

Squinting, he saw someone forking hay into a stall and took a step forward. The person shifted a bit to the left and into the beacon of red light that had been coming through the window, silhouetting itself and causing Don's eyes to pop open and his throat to work into a loud gulp.

Whoever it was was the biggest goddamn human being he'd ever seen. It was a wall of a man, he thought, and from where Don stood, only five-feet-four inches off the Earth, it looked to be nearly touching a massive, ancient crossbeam above with the top of its head.

"Excuse me, mister?" Don said, taking another step forward into the dusty gloam of the barn.

"That ain't no mister, mister," he heard a giggling girl's voice say from behind him. "That's mah sister."

Don spun around and found himself staring open-mouthed at what his mind instantly deemed the biggest farm girl in the history of agriculture.

Biggest wouldn't do it, he thought as he looked up until his gaze landed on the beaming, beautiful face of a pig-tailed blonde smiling down at him. It was bigger than big, it was as huge as the Oklahoma landscape he'd just covered to get here.

"My...my car, uh, broke down, um, a couple of miles up the, uh, the road, and I was wondering..." Don stammered, running his eyes up and down the girl's extraordinary length.

"You a salesman, mister?" another girlish voice said from behind him, causing him to spin around on his heels to look at the looming figure he'd seen seconds before. His eyes adjusted to the darkening interior of the barn as the figure took a step toward him. Again, he was forced to pull his head back and up, and again he found himself staring into that face, the same, exact face that had just spoken to him. His eyes went wide and his mouth dropped even more: They were twins, Don's mind whispered, identical, massive twins. And they were drop-dead gorgeous.

"This here's Bobbi-Jo," the one girl said, stepping around Don, although she could've just as easily stepped over him, to stand next to her sister. "Mah name's Betty-Sue. Pleased to meet ya."



Betty-Sue extended a hand that was nearly as big as Don's head. He took it and watched in awe as the girl's rugged, calloused fingers closed around his city-boy hand, swallowing it whole in its powerful grip.

Betty-Sue pumped it once, shook it free and it was immediately replaced with her sister's.



Don stepped back, he had to, to take in the sight of these two enormous twin girls standing massive shoulder to massive shoulder in the doorway of the barn that their double images just about filled. Each wore tight, sleeveless denim shirts that exposed tremendously long, tanned and muscularly smooth arms. The shirts rode high on their midriffs to just below their huge, hard breasts, revealing thick ribs of washboard muscles on their silky bellies. Below, they wore very tight, very short jean cut-offs, the frayed hems of which barely contained mile-long thighs that were each as big around as Don's whole torso. The sun-browned legs tapered down to rocky tubes of muscled meat that were their calves, all four of which were stuffed into dirty white socks and low leather work boots. He looked back up into their smiling, farm-girl faces and the blond-pig tails that framed each one. He gulped again. The girls giggled.

"Sweet mother of God, they grow them big around here, don't they," he found himself saying out loud, embarrassed as the words came out.

"Reckon they do," Bobbi-Jo laughed in Okie drawl, her mouth cracking open to reveal perfect milk-white teeth. "Heck, we're both about six-foot-10 and 300 pounds and not even done growin' yet! "

Don's mouth fell open anew. "Uh, just how old are you girls?"

They giggled together and answered together: "18."

"Your parents, are they around?" he asked.

"Mom's gone to town to do some errands," Betty-Sue answered. "Should be back before long."

"And your dad?"

The girl shifted uncomfortably on their at least size 16 boots.

"Daddy done died a couple of years ago," Bobby-Jo said, looking down, and then answering the next expected question. "Farm accident."

Don expressed his condolences and then stammered as he explained his situation, trying, and failing, to take his eyes off the gorgeous farm amazons before him as he did. He told them about his job, his car, where he was from, and asked if they could help. "If I could just use your phone..." he said.

"Ain't got one," Betty-Sue answered. "But we could haul your car back here and take a look. We're pretty handy."

"I'll bet you are," Don found himself saying, leering at the mountains of huge female flesh before him, envisioning them nude and crawling all over him and....

He shook the thoughts away and tried to concentrate, which was made tougher when one of the girls, Betty-Sue, he thought, turned to hang her pitchfork on a high hook, standing on her toes to do it, causing those gargantuan calves to ball up in thick knots of jagged muscle above her socks and boots. Don's eyes shot to them involuntarily and he heard the other sister giggle again.

"Some kind of legs, huh mister?" Bobbi-Jo asked. "They don't have legs like that in Ch-eye-cago?"

Don looked at her and managed a weak smile, amused by her attempt to over-pronounce the city's name.

"No, they don't," he said. "But I tell you, you girls, when you get a little older, could make a fortune in the big city as pro wrestlers."

He was again embarrassed by what he had said to girls so young, especially as he watched them turn to each other with looks of surprise on their freckled, smooth faces. "You mean like this?" Bobbi-Jo sang out and descended on him like an Oklahoma tornado. She swooped one arm down and around him, easily scooping his surprised little body into a cradle position across her hard gut. He yelped as she lifted him higher into a full overhead position, like a bodybuilder, gripping his leg and shirt front as she did. She started to spin him around when he whacked his head on the frame of the barn door some 10 feet or so above the haystrewn floor.

"Ooops, sorry, mister," she laughed, and then rolling him down her long arms into a frightened ball, said "Here ya go, Betty-Sue!"

With that, she tossed him like a pair of rolled-up socks across the floor to her waiting sister, who reeled him in with ease, his scared body bouncing painfully off the twin sister's rugged midsection. They whooped and hollered and played literal catch with him for a minute before one of them spiked him into a stall, where on his way down he figured he would smash his skull open on the floor below but was pleasantly surprised to find himself bouncing off a thick blanket of hay.

The girls stepped, not jumped, over the high rails of the stall, laughing as they came. Don tried to stand, but Betty-Sue dropped atop him, rolling to her side and clamping her powerful legs around his body.

The massive girth of those farm-girl thighs engulfed his entire torso, from waist to neck, and she locked up her boots and leaned up on one elbow to view her scissored prey.

"You mean this kind of rasslin', mister?" she roared in a hearty laugh, squeezing ever so slightly until Don's air left his crushed body in a rush.

"Or this kind of rasslin'?" Bobbi-Jo said, dropping to his side to wrap him up in a headlock, the incredible bulk of her smooth bicep pinning one ear, the thick rope of her forearm glueing itself to the other.



Don's eyes crossed, not so much in pain since they weren't squeezing all that hard, thank God, but from the delirious notion of being so easily captured by 18-year-old girls. Extremely large, extremely strong 18-year-old girls, granted, but girls not too long out of puberty nonetheless.

He wasn't sure if he was hating it or loving it when he heard another voice, a woman's, boom from the side, "Now, girls, you let that little fella go before you go to cracking him."

"Aw, Ma, we's just havin' a little fun," Bobbi-Jo said dejectedly, letting go the headlock.

"Yeah, we weren't hurtin' him none," Betty-Sue drawled, unlocking those mammoth legs from his guts and standing up.

Don got up and brushed himself off, smiling sheepishly as he climbed over the stall and into the barn's main entryway, expecting to see a little leathery old farm woman. He did see a leathery farm woman. But she wasn't old. And she was most certainly not little. His neck was beginning to hurt from all the craning back it was doing to take in the full view of the womanfolk around these parts.

As he gazed ever upward, he gulped even louder than he did when he saw the woman's daughters: Mom was even taller. "She's an even seven-feet!" Bobbi-Joe chortled, running beside her mother where, once her sister took her place on the other side, she looked nearly dwarfed by the farm matriarch.

The hard-looking, broad-shouldered woman wore a stern look on a deeply tanned face that was wrinkled by years of hard work and exposure to the elements. Her dirty blonde hair was streaked with gray and all of it was pulled back tight behind her head, which made her look older than the 40 Don later found out she was. She wore a tight T-shirt and cut-offs that weren't nearly as snug or short as her daughters', but what skin was revealed was equally if not more muscular than her amazon offspring. Her calves, Don noticed, were wickedly long with thick cables of muscle lining the insides. Her arms were as dangerous looking, ropes of sinew and muscle dancing in her forearms as she stood with them crossed over her huge chest.

"What brings you here, mister?" she asked, no sign of a smile on an amazingly pretty face despite the hardship it showed.

Don started to explain but the girls excitedly cut him off and told the full story. The mother never took her suspicious eyes off her visitor as they did.

When they were finished, she said, "Name's Karen. We'll get your car tomorrow, but for now you're welcome to stay for supper and spend the night. We got a spare room upstairs you can bunk in."

It was a very friendly gesture expressed in a non-friendly sort of way, but Don shrugged and thanked her. He silently followed the form of the three gargantuan women out of the barn and into the house. He used the washroom, as they called it, to clean himself up and then stood in the doorway of the kitchen watching the twins whip up dinner, amazed at the grace and ease with which they moved about the room of an old home obviously not made for occupants so large. Don also couldn't keep his eyes off those miraculously huge bodies, from their rugged arms to those legs, long, thick and ribbed with muscle, all the way from their boots to the gloriously-hard mounds of curved flesh that was nearly hanging from the seats of their too-short shorts. His surveillance was something that didn't escape their mother's eyes. After dinner, when the girls were cleaning up and Don sat in the living room watching a black and white TV with bad reception, Karen sat down hard next to him on the couch.

"I want to tell you somethin', mister," she said quietly but in an intimidating way as she leaned over until her face was inches from his.

"My girls are a little, well, adventurous, if you knows what I mean.

They like to rough it up with boys and sometimes they get carried away.

I'm of a mind to stop it when they get like that, but girls will be girls. I was the same way, so I guess I got no quarrel with the way they turned out. I'm just tellin' you to be careful when you're playing with those girls."

"I think I know what you mean," Don said with a weak smile, rubbing his stomach. "My belly's still a little sore."

Karen, for the first time, smiled back at him.

"That weren't nothin', friend," she said, sitting back and watching the girls work in the kitchen. "I've seen those girls bust open feed bags just by squeezin' 'em in those legs. They can do some damage to whatever gets betwixt 'em, lemme tell you."

Don swallowed hard as he watched the girls giggling and smacking each other with towels in the kitchen. If it weren't for their overwhelming size and musculature, they could've been any 18 year old girls anywhere else.

"Girls, better get outside and get things ready for tonight," Karen hollered. "Boys should be comin' anytime soon."

Karen put her large, leathery hands on her rugged thighs and pushed off the couch. She turned to face Don.

"You're welcome to turn in whenever you like," she said. "I reckon you're tired."

As she walked away, Don asked "Get things ready? What does that mean, if you don't mind my asking?"

Karen didn't turn around, but he swore she was smiling again.

"Come on outside in an hour or so, if you're of a mind to," she said.

"Oughta be interesting to a city fella."

The thought was intriguing for a few minutes, but as the static-filled screen of the antiquated TV crackled on, he found himself almost falling asleep. He wandered upstairs and threw himself on his bed, figuring he'd go outside later to check out whatever it was that Karen was talking about, but in a matter of minutes, he was out like a light. He found himself dreaming of being in an auditorium full of screaming people.

They were cheering somebody on, but he couldn't quite make out who. Even in his sleepy state, the dream seemed so real, with the sounds swirling in his head sounding like they were coming from right outside his window until the noise grew so loud it woke him up with the realization that it was indeed coming from right outside his window.

He pulled himself out of bed and walked across the room to look outside.

There, next to the barn, was a makeshift wrestling ring, a heavy bed of straw doubling as the mat, with posts in the corners and ropes strung between them. On either side were a couple of dozen people, men and women, shouting at the goings-on inside the ring. And what was going on inside the ring made Don rub his eyes in amazement.

One of the twins, Bobbi-Jo from what he could tell, was squared off against a young man, a farm boy, he guessed, who although he was massive and muscled in his own right, looked downright small next to his opponent. She had her thick left arm laced around his neck in a brutal headlock. Betty-Sue stood off to the side, outside the ring, and on the other side, also outside the ropes, was another young farmer, who looked to be about the size of a bull, only with less neck. The girls both wore what they had on earlier, and the men were stripped down to just jeans, revealing broad chests and flat bellies, chiselled to farm-work hardness.

Refereeing the affair was Karen, staked out in the middle of the ring watching one of her daughters easily contain her opponent. Bobbi-Jo worked the headlock like a pro, wringing the young man's neck, snapping the hold up and down, jamming the side of his arm-trapped face into the ribs of her stomach muscles.

"Give it up, Billy, give it up now!" the girl grunted, powering down the hold. Karen circled them both, awaiting a submission. "You know you don't want my big legs in on this!"

Somehow, Billy broke the hold and managed to sneak behind Bobbi-Jo and snake on a bearhug. The lad's huge arms cut into the girl's sides and he even managed to lift her off the ground as he squeezed. The crowd went wild. Don squinted; clenched in the waving fists of most members of the audience, he saw money. He laughed to himself. "So this is what the folks around here do for entertainment," he said.

He threw his clothes on and walked downstairs to check things out more closely. By the time he got out the door and made his way to ringside, Bobbi-Jo had tagged off to her sister, who had taken the farm boy to the hay from behind, engulfing his head in a sea of thigh muscle. She had her rugged calves crossed on his naked chest and was squeezing him so hard, the kid's face was barely visible and what was rapidly turning blue. "Howdy, mister," one older guy said to Don as he stood next to him watching the match. "You must be the guy Karen said was stayin' over."

Don chatted with the man for a few minutes and found out that Friday night "rasslin'" matches, as he called them, were regular occurrences on the farm, had been for a couple of years, ever since the twins started shooting up like mutant beanstalks. The man said that in the two years since the matches had been going on, the girls had rarely lost, just enough to keep folks coming and betting. But the boys and men from area farms kept trying, he said, because lost pride was a big thing in the country and they always came back in an effort to reclaim it.

"Karen didn't always approve of things, but with the bettin' and all, and farmin' ain't bein' what it used to, well, the money comes in handy, I reckon," he said, watching Betty-Sue let go the scissors to pick up the barely-conscious man in an over-the-shoulder backbreaker hold.

Don watched in fascination as the boy screamed his submission and Betty-Sue dropped him with a thud to the hay far below. Bobbi-Jo ran inside and Karen stood, the proud mother and referee, holding up the twins' hands in victory as the crowd either groaned or cheered, depending on where their money was. The girls saw Don and ran to the side of the ring, slapping their big hands on his back.

"Whatcha think, mister?" Bobby-Sue said, laughing. "Think we got what it takes to be big time pro rasslers back in Ch-eye-cago?"

Don smiled and a bell went off in his head, just as Karen rang a real one across the ring. The girls giggled and skipped away to start the last match of the night. The tag team twins were taking on a new pair, two surly looking guys from a farm down state, Karen announced. They weren't as big as the last couple of guys, but just as muscular. It didn't matter. The girls won their two-out-of-three fall match in less than 10 minutes. Bobbi-Jo started by taking her man down with a thundering drop kick that the poor bastard never saw coming, moving her 300 pound muscled bulk across the ring like greased lightning. From there, she lifted him high overhead and pressed him for a minute before twirling him around in an airplane spin and dumping him across one kneeling thigh for a backbreaker that would have had him submitting if she didn't drop him down and slam on a flat bodyscissors. As her massive thighs rippled in the spotlights that flooded the makeshift ring, she easily wrenched a screaming submission from him.

Bobby-Sue did her man in in even less time, clamping a full nelson on her victim and putting enough pressure on to snap the head off a less capable opponent. Three vicious bodyslams later and a double hammerlock applied to him as he lay belly down in the hay, her kneeling over his head, chewing it in her squatting thighs, and it was all over but for Karen counting their winnings.

As the crowd made its way back to the variety of rusted pick-up trucks that clogged the driveway, Don approached the ladies of the farm.

"Karen, these girls are really something," he said, eyeing the giggling girls as they towelled the sweat off their massive bodies before heading inside to shower.

"Yeah, I guess I learnt them pretty good," she said as she knelt to tie a boot lace. "I used to be a pretty fair rassler myself in my day."

"Exactly," Don said, seizing the moment. "You know, Karen, I have some connections with fight promoters back in Chicago, and with the right kind of marketing..."

Karen rose up slowly to her full seven-foot height and glowered down at Don with a suspicious glare, stopping the little man's speech cold.

"Promoters?" she drawled. "You mean like rasslin' promoters?"

"Well, yes," Don said nervously, looking way up at the big woman. "I'm telling you, this farm-girl shtick would be a big, big seller. Forget this Friday night at the fights crap, I'm talking tours all over the country."

Karen raised an eyebrow. Don had her hooked. He reeled her in.

"With you there with them, of course," he quickly added. "I know the girls love farming and all, but there's a lot of money to be made here."

"They love rasslin' more, I think," Karen said, a slight, wistful smile on her lined face. "Might be good for 'em to get outta Oklahoma, I guess."

"Let's talk to the girls about it right now," he said, starting for the house. He suddenly felt the biggest hand he'd ever felt in his life clamp on his shoulder. "Not tonight," Karen said, walking ahead of him, casting him in darkness with her huge shadow from the bright spotlight.

"The girls need their rest. Chores tomorrow." And that was that. She went in and showered after the girls and Don hit the sack wondering what tomorrow would bring.

The cock crowed at dawn, which woke Don briefly before he went back to sleep until awhile later he heard the grinding of a tractor coming up the driveway. He groggily went to a window and looked out to see Karen at the wheel of a beat-up John Deere, his little Ford Escort in tow.

Crowding on the hood were the twins, laughing and waving to Don when they spotted him in the window. He waved back and wondered if the Escort's shocks could take it, since the entire front of his vehicle was covered by the massive asses and legs and combined 600-pound bulk of the teen girls.

He dressed and went downstairs. The girls pulled a suitcase out of the back and tossed it to him.

"Better change into somethin' more sensible, Mr. Stenhaus," Karen said, swinging her long legs off the tractor to the ground. "Lot of chores to be done, and you'll be doin' your share."

"I...I will?" he asked weakly, clutching his suitcase.

"You bet," she said, unhooking his car from the John Deere. "You eat here, you stay here, you work here. Fair trade?"

"But, uh, I don't know anything about farming," he offered in mild defense.

Karen smiled. "You know how to use a shovel?" she asked, nodding her head toward the barn.

"You don't mean..."

"Shovelin' shit's the same as shovelin' dirt, friend," she laughed, the first time she'd done that since he got to the farm. "Just smells worse."



The girls giggled and Don looked at them. It was shaping up to be a brutally hot day, and they were dressed for it. They had on skimpy tank tops, which revealed even more brawny, muscled arms, back, shoulders and bellies, and the tight cut-offs they wore today above their usual socks and work boots were shorter than ever. He turned to walk back inside to change.

There were few highlights of the day, which was one of the longest of Don's life. He shoveled cow shit for what seemed a smelly eternity, and then languished in the fields for most of the rest of the day, picking whatever it was that needed to be picked and weeding around the rest of it until his city-boy hands were a pink mass of blisters-in-waiting. The highlights came when he would walk back to the house for a shot of coolness from a garden hose and was treated to the site of the twins leaning into his engine, fixing the water pump. As they bent way over to look inside, the firm, sweet cheeks of their gloriously hard asses hung from the seats of their sinfully short shorts in delicious,

milky orbs, about the only part of their massive bodies that wasn't tanned. And later, when they were getting a drink themselves and playfully turned the cold water on each other, their thick nipples exploded from their muscled tits through their white tank tops until it looked like they could hang a pitchfork from each one. Don found himself rubbing his hardening crotch as he watched them, only to be stopped by the burning pain of his newly-acquired blisters.

When the day was finally done, just before sunset, Don sat with what he hoped was his business future on the steps of the house. He decided to broach the pro wrestling subject and was barely into it when the girls jumped up excitedly.

"Oh, maw, can we do it, can we pleeeeeease!!" Bobbi-Jo gushed over Don's surprised shoulder to where Karen had been standing in the doorway listening the whole time. He turned to look at her. He thought she'd be pissed, but she was smiling. It was a wary smile, but a smile nonetheless.

"Mebbe we'll talk about it later girls," she said, turning to walk into the house. "Right now, everybody git cleaned up for supper."

Don was suddenly aloft and realized in their excitement, the girls had each grabbed an arm and lifted him high on their mighty shoulders.

"Pro rasslers, ain't that grand?!" Betty-Sue roared.



Don laughed and put his hands down on the muscled caps of their shoulders for balance, strangely excited by the ride. His fingers had never felt anything so hard in his life, until he realized that might not include his dick, which had turned rocky in his shit and dirt-stained pants as the girls danced him around the yard. They dumped him to the ground where to Don's surprise and delight, Bobbi-Jo straddled him with her long legs, her intensely hot crotch rubbing on his. Her eyes bugged out as she felt what he had there.

"Ooo, Mr. Stenhaus, you liked our little ride, didn't ya?" she teased, her blue eyes sparkling as she pumped her ass on his groin. Don went dry in the mouth and rested his hands on her pulsating thighs.

"Not now, girls," he heard Karen roar from the door. "Let the man rest a spell, for heaven's sake."

Don nearly snapped his neck looking from the big girl dry-humping him on the lawn to the doorway where Karen stood, fully expecting the woman to come out and break him in half. But she didn't seem to mind. And neither did he, at least not until Betty-Sue pulled her sister off the little man and toward the house.

"Time enough for that later, Bobbi-Jo, let's go clean up," she giggled, turning to laugh as the site of Don struggling to get up and hide the bulge in his pants at the same time.

The girls and their mother showered before Don, and when he came out for supper, he noticed they'd changed into T-shirts and tight jeans, the supreme snugness of which made him think that this is one family that gets the most for their fabric dollar. The girls' bodies rippled even through their clothes and Don couldn't keep his eyes them, especially considering the crotch ride Bobbi-Jo had given him earlier. They were making him horny as hell, but he had no idea what to expect from them, or even if he should. He saw them as his ticket to the big time, their massive legs ready to scissor submissions from any opponent while it all squeezed some hefty dollars from promoters and the general rasslin'-lovin' public.

So when they all turned in for the night, he figured it was for the better. He didn't want to get caught with his hand or anything else in the twins' cookie jar which could put the damper on any deal with their mother. Besides, he was dog-tired from working on the farm and was sound asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

When next he awoke, he felt a stinging sensation on his ass, and what struck his sleepy mind about this was not only the needle-like feeling on his butt, but that he was naked. He wasn't when he went to bed.

He looked around and realized he was lying nude in the middle of the outdoor ring, the light of a bright, mid-summer moon in his eyes, the cool night air brushing his cock. Looking up he saw the twins looking down at him.

They wore smiles - and nothing else. He realized they must have carried his sleeping form down to the ring and stripped him bare.

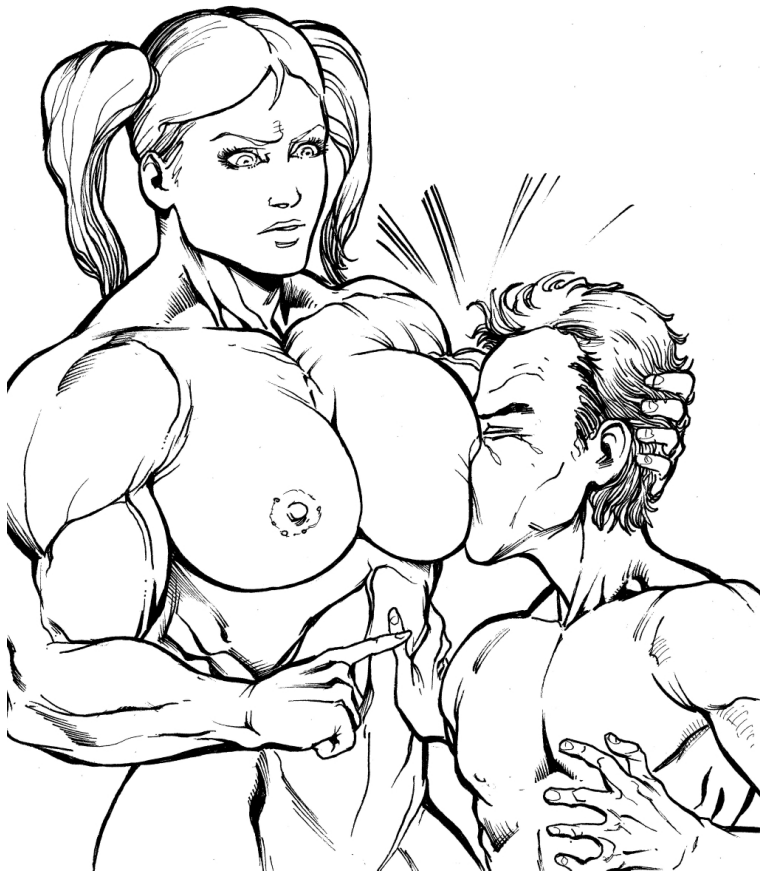


"We just wanted to show you the kind of rasslin' we really like to do," Bobbi-Jo said, and then it was lights out for the little feed salesman from Ch-eye-cago.

With the grace of a large jungle cat, she reached down and scooped him up in her rugged arms, curling him to her chest and mashing one thick, muscled tit into his face. Don couldn't breathe as he flailed, his little hands stinging as he bounced them off the towering teen's back and shoulders. She laughed and pulled him away from her tit a bit to let him catch his breath.

"Suck it," she glowered down at him. "Put that titty in your mouth and suck on it!" Don obeyed, his wide-open eyes glued to the beaming blue ones of the amazon who held him, his wide-open mouth suckling the creamy tit that filled it. He reached up to cup it to his lips and was hard pressed to have his fingers make any dent at all in the thick muscle of her breast. He put one arm behind her and ran his hand down the swell of her long back where his stretching fingers barely touched her magnificent ass. Bobbi-Jo laughed as she pulled his sucking face away from her chest with a popping sound before curling him up and tossing him to Betty-Sue, medicine ball style. The other amazon teen easily hoisted him overhead, holding him aloft by a hand to the throat and another high on his thigh, the strong grip just millimeters from his throbbing cock. Betty-Sue looked up at it and laughed.

"Guess you ain't afraid of heights, huh Mr. Stenhaus?" she giggled.



She then dropped him across her brawny shoulder, his lower back smashing into the muscled cap of it as Betty-Sue bounced him up and down in a painful backbreaker hold like the one she'd made the farm boy submit to the night before. Now Don knew why. His back felt like it would snap over the muscled fulcrum of the massive girl's rippling shoulder and he bellowed out his submission.

Betty-Sue laughed and flipped him over and slid him down until his agonized face was staring at her wild blonde bush. Her strong arms effortlessly held him tight to her body as she did.

"Time for some night chores, Mr. Stenhaus," Betty-Sue growled, slightly spreading her huge legs as she stood. "Now get in there and do your duty!!"

She held him with one hand and with the other, reached down and rudely stuffed him face first up and into her cunt, holding him tightly there by slamming her majestic thighs around his ears.

Don was at once overwhelmed by the pain of her tree-trunk thighs rippling in muscular magnificence on his trapped head and by the searing heat of her pussy as it baked his face.

He was at first unsure what to do, but Betty-Sue reminded him of his mission by tensing the thick cables of her inner thighs around his face. He couldn't see a thing, as his entire head was trapped in the suffocating embrace of the gigantic teen girl's legs, but he knew exactly where his mouth was by the moist heat swamping his lips.

He snaked his tongue out and deeply into the folds of her young twat and was rewarded by a slight lessening of the scissor pressure on his skull so he could penetrate her deeper still.





Don's tongue flew up and down the dripping gash of his amazon tormentress, slapping against her bulbous clit on the upstroke and slicing high into her hole as it came down. He counted himself a talented pussy-eater and was pulling out all the stops for the one he was now being force fed. He grabbed the monumental thighs that scissored his face into her cunt and was again amazed by the girth and solidity of them. His fingers made the long trip around them and up where they tried sinking into the lush flesh of her powerful, jutting ass, but the muscles in her football-hard rump were set in silky stone as the big girl hunched her crotch forward and down, riding his trapped face like a cowgirl on a bucking bronco.

She came with a wash of sweet pussy juice all over his face until he thought he would drown in the stuff. As she let up slightly to allow him in deeper, it was only then that he realized the whole time he'd spent eating her, his stiff dick was being rubbed in the muscled tits between which they were trapped. Betty-Sue continued to grind her tireless twat into his mouth while grabbing his ass and humping her thick boobs around his throbbing cock.

His ass suddenly stung and he realized Bobbi-Jo had entered the match by roundly slapping his naked ass. He tried to scream but the sounds were muffled by the rock-hard sponges of Betty-Sue's relentless thighs. She finally let his head pop free as she kept up the titty fuck on his dick.

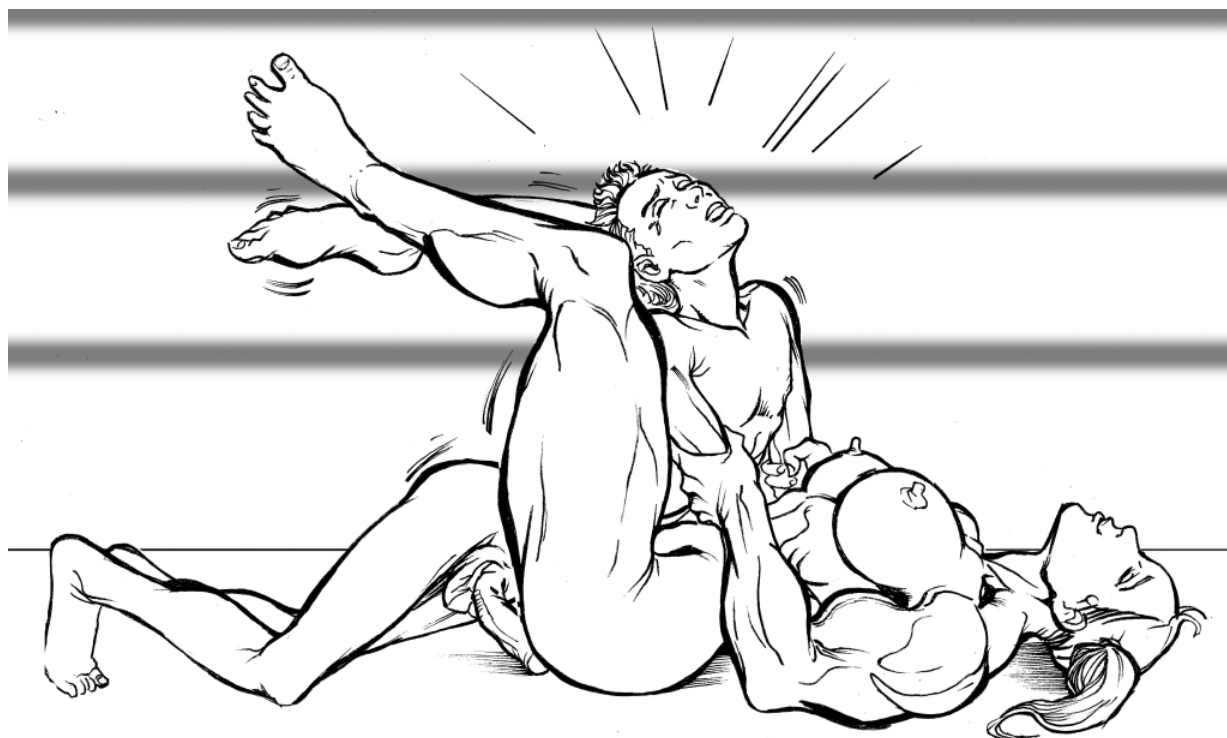
"C'mon, Betty-Sue, when's it gonna be mah turn?" Bobbi-Jo whined, smashing his sore ass even harder as her sister laughed.

Without warning, the twin that held him dropped him like a stone to the hay far below and as he sat up, his ass stinging from the spanking and the spikes of straw jamming his butt, he saw the sisters tag off like pro wrestlers. Betty-Sue strode off to the side and in the moonlight, Don saw the red marks on her inner thighs where his head was scissored, and a thick layer of her pussy juice streaking down over them.

He had no time to recover. Bobbi-Jo hoisted him over her big shoulders and airplane spun him to the ground again. Grabbing an arm, the big girl whipped him into the tight ropes where he rebounded back towards her even faster than he went in. He couldn't slow himself, not even as he saw her sailing toward him, her huge feet at head level in an astoundingly accurate flying drop kick. The bottoms of her massive feet slapped his face like it had been hit with a rock, and he snapped off his own feet to land with a thud flat on his back.

She dropped heavily atop him, snaking her long, ridiculously muscular legs around him for a grapevine hold, snapping her thick ass down until it felt like she'd rip his legs from the hip sockets. Adding to the agony of that hold, she draped her huge tits over his face and smothered him in their sweaty embrace. He tried to submit but his crying words could barely be heard from the fleshy cover of her hard chest, and what words of submission Bobbi-Jo could hear, she just smiled and ignored.

With a grunt, Bobbi-Jo then rolled over to her back, her moaning victim between her spread legs which she violently slammed shut around his ribs. He put his head back and howled in pain as the beautiful blonde grit her pearly-white teeth and went to work slicing his sides in the muscled blades of her scissoring legs.

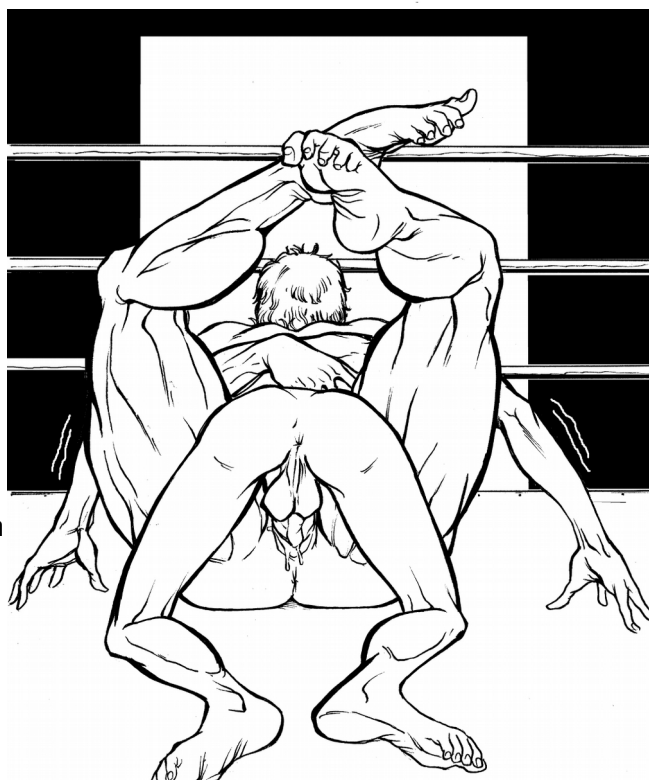


"I.....give.....up....." Don gasped, eyes shut tight against the pain.

Bobbi-Jo laughed and suddenly let up. The lessening of all pressure caused Don to fall forward and he felt an intense white heat envelop his cock, which was as hard as it ever had been, despite the pain and humiliation. His dick had sliced into Bobbi-Jo's boiling cunt up to the balls as she let up the scissors squeeze and he was amazed at both the feeling of it and by the way a groan of exceptional pleasure involuntarily escaped from him.

"Not too much, now," the girl giggled and slammed her legs back together so violently Don heard the thick calves slap above his back.

At once, he was pulled from the volcano of her pussy and found the gripping pain return to his battered sides.





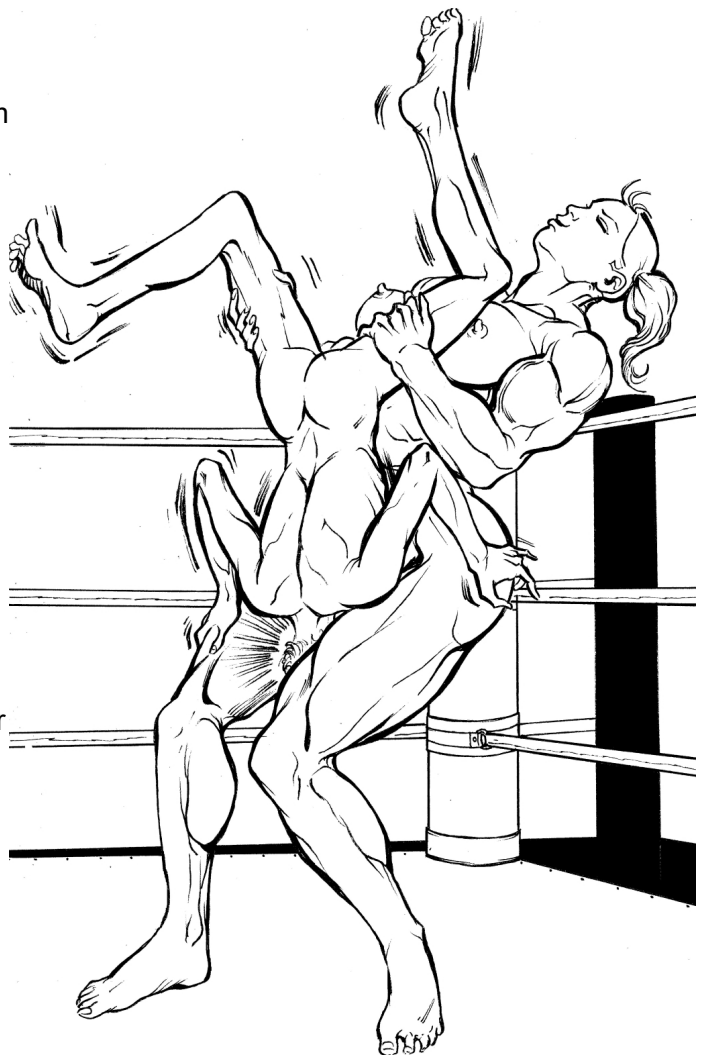
Bobbi-Jo kept up the pleasure and pain routine, letting go the scissors to allow him to fall deep into her hot cunt only to squeeze him tight again, pulling him from the only place on earth he wanted to be.

"C'mon, Bobbi-Jo, lemme at him!" he heard Betty-Sue crow from behind.

He was suddenly free and at the end of Bobbi-Jo's long arm as she whipped him across the ring to where her sister was waiting, big legs spread, sitting on a corner post. Don's face slammed into the moist bush of the big girl and like a mousetrap, her deadly thighs smashed shut around his head. His entire face was buried in Betty-Sue's dripping pussy as his hands clung to the muscle-bumpy thighs that held him there.

His tongue shot out instinctively to service her again and she threw her head back and moaned, the ponytailed blonde hair brushing the post behind her.

Suddenly he felt a hand brutally tearing at his hair and as his face was pulled from the sloshy grip of Betty-Sue's cunt, he heard Bobbi-Jo lament, "Hey, you've had your fun, now it's mah turn!!!"

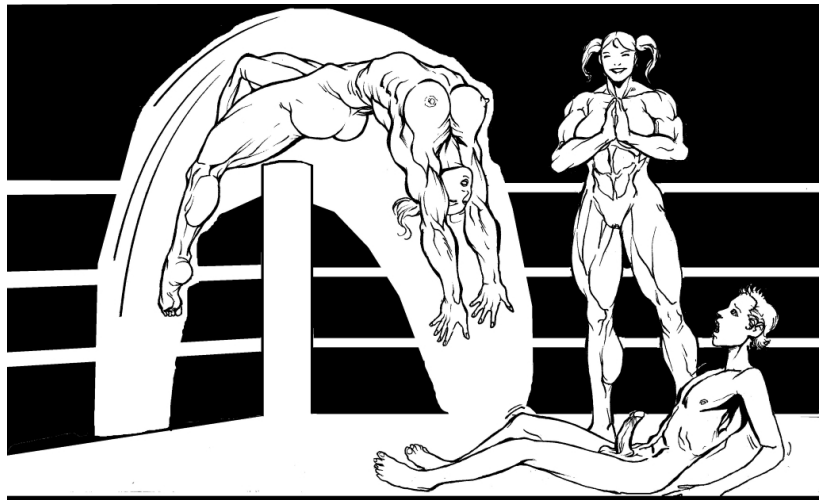


The wrestling teenage amazon easily tossed Don to his back in the hay.

He looked up and saw Bobbi-Jo do a pair of back handsprings that delivered her with a crushing thud atop his abused face. She was facing his feet and her mammoth ass swallowed up his entire head as she ground her anxious pussy down into his mouth. He lapped up at it as his hands gripped the pulsating hamhocks that were Bobbi-Jo's pinching buttocks, his nose sucking for air between them. She rode his face hard, snapping her big hips, lashing his licking mouth with her gushing gash.

Stretching her long legs out behind her, she captured his head in the nutcracker grip of her titanic upper thighs, the ribbed muscles on the insides lining his jaw and face with pain and pleasure. He opened his terrorized eyes and could only see the sexy swell of her gigantic, shapely ass as it engulfed his face. He licked and sucked and chewed for dear life.

Suddenly, his throbbing cock was enveloped in a new wet heat and he realized Bobbi-Jo was devouring it with her moaning mouth. For a girl so young, she was sexually experienced well beyond her years as she slapped a massive hand around his quivering joint to jerk off the spit-slicked tool into her aching lips. Don ate her with renewed vigor and within minutes found his face drenched with the girl's love juices. When she finished wriggling out her orgasm, Bobbi-Jo sat up and splayed her legs out wider, his nose and eyes all but disappearing up her thick, hungry ass.



"Oh, Mr. Stenhaus, I ain't never been done like that before," she hissed, slowly dragging her dripping sex back and forth across his butt-buried face. "I think you deserve a little re-ward!"

With that, she slithered off his mouth, spun around and spiked her hot pussy with his trembling love stick. She sat on him, her big hands planted on his bucking belly for balance, and let him have at her, his hips driving up to go deeper inside her. He was beside himself in pleasure and could barely believe what was happening to him, but before he could clear his head and concentrate on the gorgeous giant riding him like no woman had ever ridden him before, his vision was again blocked, along with his breathing, as Betty-Sue jumped onto his vacant face.

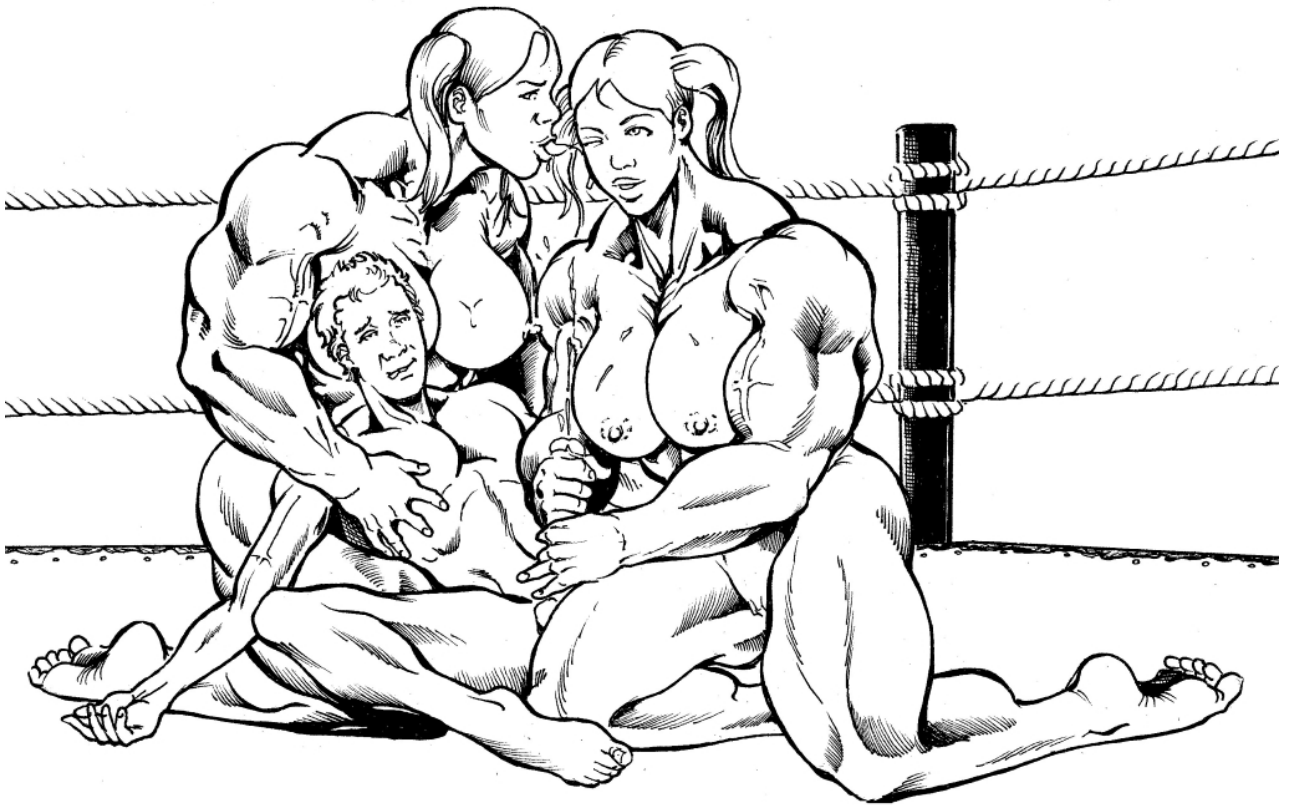


The sisters rode him in tandem like a pair of well-trained animals.

Bobbi-Jo's scalding snatch gobbled his cock, her hips snapping with seamless motion atop him as her sister duplicated the movement on his face. His shaking hands first caressed the gigantic thighs that straddled his waist and then shot up to roam the wide expanse of the muscled ass that was grinding his head into the hay blanket of the wrestling ring. And then the girls switched, high-fiving each other in a tag-team slap as they did it, his cock and head again engulfed in searing farm girl pussy. Back and forth they went and Don felt himself wanting to come and never wanting to come and lost complete track of how long it was all going on.

Then regretfully, he was free, but his regret was soon replaced by pleasure as the two girls knelt beside him, Betty-Sue strapping a calloused but sexy strong hand on his crank to jerk him off with wild abandon as Bobbi-Jo not-too-gently cupped his aching balls in one of hers.

"Give it up, Mr. Stenhaus, show us what you can do," Betty-Sue breathed huskily. He didn't have to be told twice. His belly went into a huge knot and he felt his orgasm explode from deep within him. He let out an animal cry and as Bobbi-Jo's tight fingers squeezed his nuts and Betty-Sue's hand blurred in a blinding display of handjob prowess, he bucked his hips and shot three feet straight up in the air.



He and the girls watched in awe as the jet of come fountained high in a creamy arc and splashed in thick strips along Betty-Sue's sinewy, pumping forearm.



He shot high again and again until he could shoot no more and both girls' maddening grips eased a bit, Betty-Sue's hand a shiny sheet of his juice as she continued to slap his shrinking dick up and down until it slid from her fist with a squishy plop. She looked at her sister and laughed; a dollop of come had spotted her forehead right between the eyes, which Betty-Sue graciously leaned forward to lick off. Bobbi-Jo giggled and began rubbing the thick cream into her sister's well-worked forearm as Don watched the whole thing with nothing less than complete, satisfied awe.

"Sweet Jesus, girls, I...I never..." he said, unable to finish. He flopped to his back, exhausted.

"We rassel purty good, don't we Mr. Stenhaus?" Bobbi-Jo said with a laugh.

"Yeah, we good enough to make a livin' from it?" Betty-Sue hissed, lifting her shiny fingers to her lips for a quick lick.

"Oh, shit, yes," Don babbled, raising up to his elbows. "Just give me a little time to work out the details and I'll..."

"Mr. Stenhaus!!" Karen barked from outside the ring where she'd been watching for God only knew how long, Don feared. "May I remind you that these girls have chores to get up for in a few hours?"

Don tried to leap up but was driven back by the pain in his head and ribs and by sheer sexual exhaustion. The teens, however, leaped to their feet, where they helped up their victim.

"Karen, Jesus, I'm sorry, but I...I..." he stammered as he stood sheepishly between the twin towers of powers who were smiling girlishly.

"I warned you that my daughters sometimes get a little carried away,"

Karen said evenly, stepping over the ropes, holding closed her long flannel nightgown. "You and I need to have a little talk."

Don watched as she gave a barely noticeable nod to her daughters, who giggled girlishly and vaulted easily over the ropes to run inside, their massive backsides jiggling in fleshy undulation as they did, leaving Karen to stare down, way down, at the naked feed salesman standing in the middle of the makeshift wrestling ring.

"Uh, I don't know what to say, Karen, but they sort of got me out here and I didn't even know it until I was awake and then I was in between those legs and under their, uh, well, it didn't seem real, like it wasn't really happening, at least not until you got here," Don said in a pause-free rush, trying to explain something he could not understand himself, in a manner that would keep the seven-foot tall middle-aged farm amazon standing in front of him from tearing him in half and feeding him to the hogs. He couldn't think of anything else to say and then suddenly noticed he was standing there, naked, with his hands out to the side. He also noticed Karen's dark eyes riveted to his focal point, which was beginning to swell with renewed life, for some reason.

His hands shot down to cover himself up, which prompted the slightest of smiles to cross Karen's stern lips.

"I understand, Mr. Stenhaus," she said, folding her big arms across her bigger chest, her nightgown riding up a bit to reveal the untied workboots she'd hastily thrown on when the commotion from outside had woken her up. "I told you, my girls sometimes get carried away. I was young once, too. I guess that's somethin' they just got from their mother."

"Not to mention their good looks," Don found himself saying as smoothly as possible. Karen's eyes softened a bit, and she smiled.

"You're a salesman, all right," she said, turning to hold up the ropes so he could step through. "But don't forget, I grew up around bullshit, so I knows what it smells like." "No, no, really, I mean it," Don tried as he ducked under the ropes that Karen then let down to step over easily. And he did mean it. The big woman had spent a lot of years in the sun and rain and snow and it showed, but it showed sexy, especially in the sensual glow of the moon, Don suddenly realized.

Karen noticed Don was walking a little gamely, and said "The girls sure can do a job on a fella, can't they?" as she reached down to sweep him under one long, insanely strong arm to carry him in the house.

She easily hoisted him over a shoulder and made her way up the stairs.

Walking past the girls' bedroom, she heard them giggling and hushed them to get to sleep. And then she kept walking, right past Don's bedroom, and into her own where she rolled him off her shoulder and onto her bed.

She closed the door behind her.

"Mr. Stenhaus," she began, standing in the frame of the door, filling it as the moonlight streamed through the window to light her rugged, pretty face. "Your car is fixed and you don't owe us nothin'. Come mornin', you can just pack up and leave. My girls'll be sad to see you go, but that's the way it is. I know you made promises to them, talkin' about a career in rasslin' and all, and you may have somethin' there, I don't know. I do know I don't expect to ever see you again, and I guess that's all right. You got your business to attend to, we got ours. If the girls never leave the farm, well, that's just the way it is, and I don't hold you to no dream you may have put in their heads."

"No, Karen, honestly, I have connections with fight promoters, and I think this can work," Don said, kneeling up on the bed, his hands falling away from his dick that he didn't even know he was stiff again and had been since Karen hoisted him across her shoulder. "I'll be back, I promise you."

Karen smiled as her gaze drifted south from his imploring eyes.

"Come what may, Mr. Stenhaus, come what may," she said, slowly peeling her flannel nightgown off her broad shoulders to let it fall in a crumpled heap around her booted feet, revealing seven feet of massive, muscled body that the years had treated exceptionally well despite the rigors of farming.

Don gulped. He watched the muscles tense in her rugged body as she strode toward the first man that had been in her bed since her husband died. He lay back as she towered over him, straddling his little body with her brown, mile-long legs.

"We'll talk about my daughters' future in the mornin'," Karen breathed huskily, leaning down to Don's disbelieving face as her silky buttocks brushed his straining cock and skirted his belly as they travelled up to their final destination of his face. "In the meanwhile, you up for one last chore?"

He was. And more than once, too.

The girls helped him pack in the morning, as their mother stood leaning in the doorway in her ratty flannel nightgown, looking as at peace with herself as she had in years, the girls thought looking back at her.

They ate breakfast and talked business and when it was time to go, Don collected a goodbye kiss from each twin as they leaned into where Don sat behind the wheel of his Escort.

"I'll be back soon, girls, you just let me work my connections back in the city," he said, gunning the engine which sounded better than it ever had. "Within a year - hell, maybe six months, you're gonna see some big changes in your lives, believe me."

He looked beyond them to where Karen stood, the red ball of the morning sun rising over her brawny shoulder.

"And you, too, my dear," he smiled. "I'm telling you, I'll be back."

Karen softly smiled and walked to the car.

"Like I said, Mr. Stenhaus, come what may," she said, flipping his business card between her long, strong fingers. "But if you get my girls all fired up on what turns out to be nonsense, I'll come lookin' for you in that big city of yours. And I'll find you. You don't wanna make me or my girls mad."

She leaned in to give him such a long, lingering kiss that the girls got to whooping and hollering behind her as she did. Don took a long breath when she finally broke off and jumped a bit as the girls slapped the roof of his little car.

"Oh, I'll be back, ladies, you can make book on that," he said to himself, watching them wave goodbye in his rear-view mirror and sticking his own hand out the window to return the gesture. "I know a goldmine when I'm caught in one."

He headed the little car out to the road and headed back to the highway that would return him to Chicago. His mind raced with possibility until he looked beside him and saw the list of sales calls he was supposed to make this week.

He laughed as he balled it up in his fist and shoved it happily out of his open window.

THE END

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