

TWIN TERRORS 2 (Part 1)

- a Kandor story -

(amysconquest.com)

Betty-Sue and Bobby-Jo were ecstatic. Their mom, Karen, however, did not share her daughters' enthusiasm.

The two 18-year-old identical twin Amazons, each pushing seven-feet tall of country-girl muscle, had been talking with their mother, a middle-aged woman of equally formidable proportions, about heading out to the big city, in search of fame and fortune that they knew would be theirs.

In wrestling. They were legendary as the Twin Terrors, as they were known in their little dusty neck of the western Oklahoma woods they called home but desperately sought not to. They'd been huge girls from birth, blooming into blonde bombshells of towering muscle, their bodies honed from years of tending the farm with their single mother.

It didn't take long for the girls to learn the wrestling ropes, also from their mother, and were soon "whuppin' butt," as they liked to say, of the boys in the area that dared challenge them. They used their huge bodies to good effect, every inch bursting with muscle, particularly their incredibly long, thick, and steel-ripping legs. Their scissor holds meant instant submission when locked on an opponent, or worse. Many was the stupid boy who dared challenge the legendary legs of the Twin Terrors who found themselves knocked out cold, or with shattered ribs and the more than occasional concussion from thighs the size and hardness of beer kegs.

When the girls were 15, and still growing, they were befriended by Don Stenhaus, a traveling salesman whose car had broken down miles from their farmhouse and who sought their help. They gave it, in more ways than the little middle-aged man had bargained for, showing him their wrestling prowess and completely sexually dominating him.

Stenhaus hated being a salesman, fancying himself a promoter who "knew people," he assured the girls and their mother, telling them he could make connections and have them on their way to being female wrestling champions. It wasn't only his own experience that made him think that way: At the farmhouse one night of his stay, he watched one of their regular one-sided matches, where the twins wrestled local farm boys and thoroughly destroyed them, earning a tidy little sum of money for their efforts.

That's all it took to put the bug in their heads that this could be their future. He left, vowing to return – but never did. But the twins were relentless in begging their mother to let them pursue their passion of power.

"Mebbe when you're 18, girls," Karen would say, putting them off for only a little while.

They persisted, and when they hit 18, ramped up the pressure. Karen reluctantly acquiesced, looking around the farm and the dismal future it promised. She let them go, with apprehensive blessings, giving them what extra cash she had that she'd saved for them from their wrestling matches, and the farm's rusty old pick-up truck.

And they were off, to "Ch-EYE-Cago," as they playfully over-pronounced the Windy City, where Stenhaus was from.

It was a long, hard ride, 12 hours they figured, but they set out with high hopes and soaring dreams. The twins bounced along the highways and back roads, consulting maps in the pre-GPS days, wearing what made them look best: Tiny cut-off jeans hugging their impossibly thick, tree-trunk thighs, midriff shirts and low boots and socks, their blonde hair in innocent looking pigtails, singing and laughing as they went.

“Darn it, Betty-Sue, you know what?” Bobby-Jo finally said after hours of talking about the various boys they’d crushed in their young lives and how horny it made them. “We ain’t had no man to play with in awhile, has we?”

“No, sister, we have not, and that’s a cryin’ shame,” Bobby-Jo sighed as she drove, the Amazons taking up nearly every inch of the not-small cab of the truck, her huge hands tight on the wheel and squeezing, forearms and biceps rippling with tense frustration. “What are we fixin’ to do about that out here in the middle of nowhere?”

The girls were very religious, and took their signs from above when they presented themselves, and no sooner had they talked about their lack of a male plaything for their dominant ways than one appeared.

“Well lookie here, lookie here!” Betty-Sue squealed, slapping her sister’s mammoth thigh as she did, pointing out the window into the dark of night.

“Lord be praised!” Bobby-Jo howled, eyes wide and flashing fire. “Lord be praised, He has provided agin!”

They’d taken a back road to get to a highway, having gotten a bit lost, and apparently for a divine reason. There at the side of the road was a scrawny, bedraggled man, 20-something, maybe 30, a little bit of a thing in beat-up jacket and jeans, long scraggly hair and a worn look. His thumb was out, a very old backpack slung over one skinny shoulder. He smiled as the rusty pickup creaked to a halt just ahead of him.



He peered into the cab as it rolled to a stop, trying to make out who was in it. When they stepped out into the moonlight, his eyes went wide and blinking disbelief, his mouth hanging open.

“Uh..hello...girls...” he stammered, craning his neck to look up at them as they approached, all smiles and bursting muscle.

“Well now, ain’t you a cute little fella?” Betty-Sue laughed. “How small is you, honey? How short you stand?”

“Uh...five feet...well, just five feet, but what’s that....”

“Get in, little boy,” Bobby-Jo said, holding open the door. “Ain’t no room in back, full of our stuff. We headin’ to Ch-EYE-cago” to be lady rasslers!”

“Do tell,” the little man said warily, gulping as he slipped into the cab.

He had taken off in search of real America. He wasn’t sure, as he got in the truck, this was it.



If they seemed huge outside, their size doubled inside. He sat, squished up, arms between his tiny legs, as they brushed up against their mammoth ones, squeezed between them. All he could see in the dim light was muscle, to his right and left, arms immense and rippling with smooth silky steel, thighs and calves seemingly chiselled from flesh-coated marble.

He smelled them, too, their slightly musky, well-travelled scent, and the little-girl perfume they wore, reminding them of just how young they appeared to be.

“How...how old are you guy...you girls?” he asked in a squeaky, nervous voice as they spread their giant legs a bit, pressing more tightly to his.

“We is 18!” Betty-Sue said proudly. “Just turned about a week back! Momma said we done had to wait ‘til then to go pro wrestlin’, ya know? So that’s where we’s goin’, to the big city!”

They made small talk for awhile longer, the girls anyway; the little man could only stare, listen, smell and fear. They were girls, he figured, seemingly sweet kids who would mean him no harm. But if they did, he knew damn well they could do it. Never had he seen two females bigger, more muscular - or more beautiful.

"My sis and I was just talkin' about missin' a boy to play with, it's been too durn long," Betty-Sue hissed as her sister drove, both girls now caressing their own giant thighs, sticking a hand between them and rubbing their insatiable pussies.

"Yeah, and son of a gun, by divine right or somethin', you pop outta the dark," Bobby-Jo growled, thrusting her fingers under the tight strip of fabric covering her pussy.

The man couldn't believe it, the sounds, squishy and wet, easily louder than the creaking of the beat-up truck as it bounced down uneven back roads. The smell thickened, of young pussy mixed with cheap perfume and as he noticed their incredible muscular arms swelling from their pussy flagellation, he felt fear well up inside him.

It was well founded. Bobby-Jo rumbled the truck to a stop, pulling well off the side, behind a stand of trees. Both girls turned to face him, smiling in the dark, thighs meaty and sweaty and spreading.

"Mister, there ain't no other way of puttin' this," Bobby-Jo growled. "We needs a man, and you, little as you is, is it!"

"Need? A man?" he gulped nervously.

"Don't worry, little feller," Betty-Sue giggled, slipping out of the truck and clamping a meaty paw on his shirt, hauling him out easily, "we won't hurt ya...much!"

He could only stand and stare as the seven-foot Amazons stripped out of their skimpy clothes, standing only in low grubby socks and work boots, every inch of their titanic muscular bodies glowing in the moonlight. They jumped at him, quickly stripping him down as well, growling with delight as his cock thickened before their eyes.

"Well now, you ain't little ALL over, is you?" Bobby-Jo laughed, pushing him back onto the grassy area behind the trees.

He was suddenly a human medicine ball, scooped into the arms of one laughing teen giant and tossed to the other, back and forth, slamming into their superbly muscled bodies that quickly slickened with sweat. Each girl then took a turn hoisting the little man up over their shoulders, one giant hand cupped around his balls, the other under his neck, pumping him up and down as if he were a barbell with very little weight.

He looked down helplessly as Betty-Sue lifted him up and down while sister Bobby-Jo stood, madly fingering her blonde bushy cunt, diddling what appeared to be a massive clit in the greasy lips, jerking herself to orgasm that flooded down the muscle-corded columns of her massive thighs.

"Toss the boy here, sis," she growled, opening her arms into which Betty-Sue flipped him easily.

She did some curls with the gasping little man, his cock fully erect, pulling her big arms up and spearing her lips with his dick, up and down, curling him into her sucking mouth and popping him out again before dropping to one knee and slamming him over the kneeling thigh, bending him brutally over the muscular fulcrum of that big leg.

"Backbreaker, baby!" she howled, twisting her giant hand around his aching balls and squeezing as she pushed down on his legs and neck, bending his back at a savagely painful angle.

"I GIVE I GIVE!" the little man howled.

"I don't care!" she laughed, cracking his spine, the noise delighting her. "I ain't done bustin' yer back yet!"



She snapped him a few more times before dropping the leg down and lying on her side, slamming her tremendous thighs around his guts.

"Bodyscissorin' is one of the thangs my sis does best, Mister!" Betty-Sue laughed, kneeling to watch and slowly stroke his cock. "Dang, sis, this little feller is so small, your thigh just about covers him up from his pecker to his chin! Squeeze, baby, squееееeze!"

Bobby-Joe did, locking her booted feet, the leather creaking in the dark, her top thigh a plank of muscular power as it compressed his belly and chest, forcing the air from his lungs and letting none back in. The little man went blue in the face, arching up to look down at the tree-trunk thigh threatening to squash his guts out of his mouth and ass.



"Can't...breathe..." he wheezed, eyes bulging wide, his legs gone numb from the bottom thigh knifing into his spine. "Please...stop...squeezing...me..."

"Shut him up, Betty-Sue," Bobby-Joe growled, flipping him to his belly to resume the breath-taking body scissors. "Boy talks to dang much!"

"Oh, yeah, no problem!" her sister giggled.

The little man's world was all leg now as Betty-Sue slammed his face into her gushing pussy, drenching him with her flow as her massive thighs squeezed his head, the sheer bulk of them bubbling up around him to hide it completely. Bobby-Jo continued to lay down paralyzing jolts of scissoring power, bending her legs and slamming them out straight, each shattering snap taking more air from his desperate lungs.

They let him go only to work with merciless precision, Bobby-Jo standing behind him and engulfing his head in her arms for a crushing sleeper while Betty-Sue knelt and power-jerked his cock in and out of her madly sucking mouth. Bobby-Jo backed them up to a nearby tree, latching her hands onto a branch and swinging her majestic legs up and around his skull, splattering the bulky thighs around his ears for a hanging head scissors as Betty-Sue continued to suck his dick.

"Oh...oh fuck...oh FUCK!!!" the little man howled, his trembling fingers cupping her killer quads as the sister kneeling before him mauled his balls, squeezing and coaxing the load from them.

"Yeah, baby girl, you go, git that juice, git it!" Bobby-Jo snarled, quivering her mammoth thighs on the man's skull.

He'd had many blowjobs in his life, but nothing compared to this. His entire body twitched and convulsed as he came, pumping scorching jets of hot cum into Betty-Sue's madly moaning mouth, the big girl fingering her cunt between her squatting thighs to a flooding orgasm of her own. Bobby-Joe laughed as she watched, humping the back of his head as her thighs laid waste to it, drenching his ratty hair with her girly cream.

She finally let go and dropped her thighs from his head, pushing him out of the way and standing her sister up. He could only watch in disbelief as the twin Amazons embraced, massive sweaty tits and thighs rubbing into each other, and they kissed, snowballing his massive load between them. They swallowed, groaning and stepped back, their beautiful faces glowing with his cum in the moonlight.

They picked him up, pushing him against the tree, where he leaned on it, trembling with fear as they approached him. His cock bobbed stiffly in the cool night air, showing no signs of going down. The girls looked at it and groaned.

"Mah turn, baby," Betty-Sue grunted, leaning on the tree and holding the trunk, opening her huge legs as Bobby-Jo steered him to her dripping cunt. "YEAH BABY YEAH!"

She hung onto the tree, wrapping her giant thighs around his tiny middle, squeezing him to her as he slammed away, thrusting in and out of the tightest pussy he'd ever felt, ignoring the pain in his ribs as her huge legs scissored him. Bobby-Jo stepped up behind him, bending her legs and thrusting her own juicy pussy into his little ass, rubbing herself off on it, the man now sandwiched between the biggest, most beautiful girls he'd ever seen.

He hung on for dear life, his hands cupping Betty-Sue's thighs around him, feeling her sister's quivering cunt flooding his ass with cum as she rubbed him, fighting the urge to cum. But it was a losing battle inside Betty-Sue's insanely muscular pussy, and he felt his cock thicken inside her, ready to blow.



“Give to me, little man, fill ‘er up!” she screamed, cupping his head in her hands and ramming it between her muscular, sweaty tits, the rocky bulk of them smothering him, the muscles compressing his trapped, screaming face.

He nudded like he hadn’t just moments ago, feeling himself go empty inside her as she came as well, along with Bobby-Jo grunting and pumping her cunt into his ass. He finally stopped cumming, letting his dick slip from Betty-Sue’s sopping snatch. She released her legs and leaned against the tree, Bobby-Jo quickly kneeling to attach her hungry lips to her sister’s pussy, madly slurping the creampie into her mouth.

He thought that was it, as his cock wilted before him. But he was wrong. They turned on him, the twin sex freaks insatiable, sexual hunger gleaming in their eyes.

He found himself on his back, Bobby-Jo leaping atop his face, spreading her muscular haunches to bury his mouth inside her soaking-wet quim. She leaned forward, humping his face with mounting fury, her big hips thrusting back and forth, her furry wet pussy scraping brutally hard over him as she ground her way to an endless stream of orgasms.

His cock stiffened again, thanks to Betty-Sue kneeling between his legs and sucking him hard. His nuts ached from overuse as her massive hand engulfed his wet dick, stroking with twisting motions, relentlessly pumping his dick into her red-hot mouth.

It was all a blur as they continued to rape him, at one point forcing him to his knees behind Bobby-Jo’s massive ass, fucking her from behind. Betty-Sue stood before him, straddling her sister and he watched helplessly as she shot her mile-long muscular legs back, burying his face up her sweaty, chiselled ass, her monster thighs slapping shut on his ears.

She leaned on her hands on Bobby-Jo’s back, parallel to it, pulverizing the screaming man’s head in her thighs, his mouth caught in the creamy clamp of her rock-ribbed butt.

“Lick my bummy, Mister, lick it goood!” she squealed, snapping her thighs harder on his head. “It’s all sweaty and cummy and stuff, so clean it out good!”

He had no choice. With one hand on Bobby-Jo’s quaking ass, the other desperately pulling at Betty-Sue’s crushing thighs that threatened to implode his skull, he stabbed his tongue into her tight rectal ring and felt it drawn inside. Betty-Sue’s tight asshole was like a fiercely sucking mouth, pulling his tongue inside, chewing at it, forcing it so deep he thought she’d tear it right out of his face and swallow it in her churning bowels.



Her thighs were killing him, and he felt himself dizzy in her pumping scissors, trying to focus on the intensely good feeling of being balls deep in her sister's ass. It was sensory overload, the feel of thighs crushing and cunt milking him, the scent of Betty-Sue's asshole, the taste of it, the sound of their sexual cries muted by the scissors packing his ears. And it all swept over him in an orgasmic rush as he gave up another load, slamming at the muscular ass before him, feeling his balls ache in pain as Bobby-Jo's cunt, milking and hot, drained him dry.

He fell back, Betty-Sue mercifully releasing her head scissors, and slumped to his back on the grass, panting and exhausted. He watched Bobby-Jo stand in a half squat, smiling at him as she cupped her hands between her massive thighs, and let a thin ribbon of his cum dribble into them. She rubbed it up over her rock-hard eight-pack gut and huge, muscular tits, smearing it into the sweaty flesh, twisting her fingers over her nipples.

"Thanks for the body lotion, Mister," she giggled as Betty-Sue ran her hand into her sister's sopping snatch, scooping out some cream to rub on her own gigantic body.

The sisters pulled their clothes back on, the cutoffs snug around their humongous thighs that made the little man's head ache anew just looking at them and remembering their violent, sexual power.

"You get some rest, Mister," Betty-Sue sighed, walking away. "You done good."

"Thanks...girls," he said with a tired smile, watching them lumber back to the truck and speed away, headed for the big city, laying on the grass with his backpack at his head, quickly lapsing into a well-earned sleep.

The girls made it to Chicago the next day, all wide-eyed innocent teens, staring up at the city's towering skyline as they drove into it, looking decidedly out of place in the beat-up truck, and gathering stares even from seasoned residents who couldn't believe the size of the twin girls whenever they stepped out into the streets.

They acclimated quickly, finding cheap housing in the city, and a gym in which they worked out religiously. They'd not had much experience with actual weights or machines, having achieved their superbly muscular bodies by dint of hard work on the farm. But they adapted, particularly with the help of adoring young men at the gym who hoped to curry sexual favors with one or both of the monstrously muscled teen beauties.

And it didn't take long for anyone to figure out just how good Bobby-Jo and Betty-Sue were at wrestling. They'd been 'funnin' around,' as they called it, with a couple of gym rats, muscular young men, on the gym mats one day. And when the girls quickly and easily took both stunned boys in their titanic thighs, laying behind them to overpower each in lingering, agonizing head scissors, their skills became painfully apparent.

"Gotcha now, buddy boy!" Betty-Sue crowed, thundering her meaty, mammoth thighs on her victim's head which was completely obliterated by the hammering flesh surrounding it.

"Leg Jail time!" Bobby-Jo added with a laugh, tucking one 16-inch calf up into her victim's throat for a trachea-cracking figure four. "That's what we call it, Leg Jail! Back home, we once kept some naughty boys like you in our Leg Jail for four hours! 'Member that, Betty-Sue?"

"Oh, sure do, sis, we was what, 13 at the time? Golly, how many times we scissor those boys to sleep? And now we's all growed up, so I figger we can keep these boys in our Leg Jail all night long if we's a wantin' to!"

The boys groaned, hands desperately pawing the tremendous girth of thighs devouring their skulls, unable to beg for mercy, all voice scissored from them and reducing their whimpering sounds to plaintive squeals and croaks. As the twins punished them, a crowd gathered in the gym, watching and marvelling.

"Hey, you girls sure know your stuff! Damn, those boys' heads are gonna pop you keep squeezing like that!" one older very fit woman said, kneeling to watch in rapt fascination the two muscular studs so easily held in the twins' relentless scissors, their faces gone from red to blue with each passing second. "You girls know about the wrestling league here? You'd be a natural, believe me."

"What?" Bobby-Jo asked, eyes going wide. "Rasslin'? Really? That's why we is here, in Ch-EYE-Cago, to rassle, we wanna be rasslers!"

"Well, you came to the right place," the woman laughed. "Tell you all about it...uh, when you're done scissoring the hell outta these boys! Better ease the squeeze, girls, before you kill 'em!"

The twins hooted and hollered and high-fived each other – and then put on a severe, sudden squeeze so fast and hard the boys passed out instantly, bodies convulsing with their heads imprisoned in the twins' brutal, muscle-bubbling thighs.

Arrangements were quickly made, the matches set up for the next night. There would be a few, with the girls going on last. And they proudly let it be known they're billing was to be "The Twin Terrors."

They were nervous when the night came, alone in their dressing room, pulling on their classic country-girl costumes. They'd washed them, but they were still worn and threadbare, showing signs of repeated wrestling use.

Their plaid shirts were quite snug, open in front to reveal their titanic tits, hard and striated with muscle, the bottoms tied up underneath and exposing their impossibly rocky abs. The faded, tiny cutoffs rode higher and tighter than, molding to their titanic thighs and voluptuous asses, so brief as it to resemble sexy denim booty shorts. Alluring arcs of creamy white muscle teased out of the leg holes in back.

Below they wore worn socks and dark leather work boots that tied up the front and ended just below the enormous muscular ridges of their calves, which were thick and laced with snaky veins, rock-hard diamond-shaped slabs of steel that bulged with every step they took.

"This is it, sis, this is it!" Betty-Sue laughed as they sat in the dressing room, waiting, listening to the crowd's cheering in the main wrestling area. "This gonna put on the map, I know it!"

"Mama be proud, if she was here," Bobby-Jo sighed, dangling her long legs as she sat on a table, her massive thighs pressed into a mighty flare. "We'll do right by her, ya know? Make us a bundle and go back and spruce up that dang farm she just won't leave!"



A man came into the room, alerting them they were next. He nearly gasped when he saw them.

"Uh, Twin Terrors I assume?"

"That's right, Mister," Betty-Sue said proudly. "Who we rasslin'?"

"Uh..." the man said, looking at a clipboard he held. "Oh, the Buckwalt brothers, twins..hey, like you! Yeah, a couple big bruisers...nowhere as big as you ladies, that's for damn sure. Cocky little pricks, too. Think it'll be a good match."

"We'll take 'em," Bobby-Jo sniffed.

"They're tough as nails, those two, you'll have your work cut out, that's for sure," he laughed.

"You just watch, Mister," Betty-Sue growled, stretching her back and extending her long, powerful arms with sweeping muscles bulging beneath tight skin, drawing the man's astonished look. "You just watch..."

He did, as they stood to bend to touch their toes and stretch their legs, the hamstrings in the backs of their mammoth thighs pulling taut, deep furrows of muscular separation sculpted down from their asses to their knees. He shook his head in astonishment as they did toe raises, the madly bulging calves threatening to pop the boots and grimy socks that dared try to hold them.



Sitting on the table, they each locked their long legs out straight, tensing and quivering their majestic thighs, the quads bulging madly into thick slabs of fleshy steel.

“Boys ain’t got a prayer,” he sighed quietly, walking out the door. “Five minutes, ladies, then you’re on!”

The time came and the girls hugged and walked out of the room, down the hall to the wrestling ring, a genuine one and not layered with hay like the one in the barn back home. As they made their way to the ring, the crowd went silent as they caught a glimpse of the biggest female wrestlers – or even male – they had ever seen.

The girls danced into the ring, ducking under the ropes, waving and smiling, their pigtailed bobbing at the sides of their heads, every inch of their seven-foot bodies pumped with sweaty steel.

“In this corner,” the ring announcer boomed, looking at the girls with wide, disbelieving eyes, then down at his sheet of paper to read, “hailing

from the fields of Oklahoma, straight from the farm to the ring, standing...oh my God...nearly seven feet tall and weighing....300 pounds!!! They are, THE TWIN TERRORS!”

The girls felt goose bumps bubble on their smooth, tight skin as the crowd roared its approval, drinking it in, parading around the ring strutting their stuff, completely relaxed and natural. They let the cheers wash over them, eager for battle.

“And in this corner,” the man continued, as the other twins waltzed to the ring, embracing their well-known redneck shtick, wearing half buttoned jean coveralls, dumb looks and straw hats, with “also twins, but not nearly as big as their counterparts, standing six-feet tall, and frequent wrestling champeens...The Battering Buckwalt Boys!”

The boys danced under the ropes and froze the second they laid eyes on the grinning towers of power before them.

“Are you fucking serious?” Johnny hissed to his brother Billy. “Christ, they’re fucking huge!”

“Yeah, dude, but they’re girls, we’ll fuck ‘em up, don’t worry,” Billy said, gulping down the nerves he felt welling up inside him. “Why the fuck they got us wrestling amateurs though, this some sort of joke?”

“Jesus, I think I heard about some big bitches from the sticks like this...nah, must be bullshit...let’s just kick some ass, bro!” Johnny said, chest bumping Billy as the girls watched and giggled coquettishly.

“OK, boys and girls,” the announcer boomed as a very small male referee entered the ring to officiate the bout. “WRESTLE!”

Bobby-Jo came out first, squaring off and circling the wary Billy, who looked up at her, uncertainly, figuring to take it easy on her at first. But Bobby-Jo would have none of it and easily scooped him into a side headlock, pumping her thick bicep into his neck and skull, jacking it hard and fast. She stood up, one hand holding the other, and pressed hard, hooting as she did, sweat pouring off that big arm and stinging Billy’s eyes.

“Christ, what the fuck?” he screamed, trying to counter the brutal hold, holding onto Bobby-Jo’s tree-trunk thigh for support and feeling steely flesh in his fingers. “Goddammit, bitch!”

“Oh, you got a dirty little mouth on you, boy!” she growled, snapping the headlock on harder, making him scream in pain.

“C’mon...this is...,” he slurred on the verge of passing out as she jerked him around the ring in her huge arm, his body flopping along like a rag doll, “fake...not real...”



“You talk too much, boy,” she snarled. “Lemme fix that!”

She spun him around to face her, slamming his face between her chiselled tits, mashing him into the thick, sweaty boobs and smothering him, wrapping her beefy arms around the back of his head to keep him in place.

His screams were muffled as his face was pressed mercilessly hard into her breastplate, the huge, hard tits crushing in on the sides of his head. She roared with laughter, dancing around the ring as she imprisoned his face in her tits, pulling him off the floor, his bare feet dangling like a little boy’s.

The crowd roared its approval, and then winced when Bobby-Jo fell to her back, still with the muscular titty smother on, and added a bruising body scissors. Her massive legs flew up around Billy’s slender middle, snapping shut, boots locked and creaking as she squeezed.

“OH GOD NO!!!” he screamed into the suffocating, sweaty grip of her tits as she locked her big arms on tighter to hold him there. “PLEASE! MY RIBS!!!!”

“Yup, that’s right, smarty pants, your ribs, I’ll BUST every one of ‘em in my thighs!” she howled. “Done it before, happy to do it again!”

She toyed with him, bending her legs a bit and then cruelly slamming them out straight, over and over, harder and faster, sending the ropy cords of her inner thigh muscles into his yielding ribs, then locking up tight and taking them to the point of nearly breaking. He felt them bend under her scissoring legs and could barely breathe in her anaconda grip.

“Don’t bust him up too bad, Bobby-Jo!” Betty-Sue laughed from the side of the ring. “Leave some for me!”

“Nah, ain’t gonna bust you just yet,” Bobby-Jo growled into his ear, biting it. “But you know what hurts almost as much as busted ribs? When I bend ‘em in like this...”

She squeezed harder, feeling his ribs bow in her grip, holding it there as he groaned in his titty prison, blanching on the sweat running into his mouth.

“And then let go all at once, like this!” she barked.

The pain was searing as Bobby-Jo completely relaxed her scissoring thighs, the ribs rebounding back into place and sending white-hot sheets of agony coursing through his midsection. He screamed in agony, arching his back as she finally let go of his head, leaning back and desperately pulling at the mile-long weapons of scissoring destruction cinched around his waist.

“Please...lady...please...you’re killin’ me...,” he begged. “I GIVE I GIVE I FUCKING SUBMIT!!!”

The ref registered the submission, tapping Bobby-Jo’s thighs to signal it was over. She hollered in victory, unHINGING her massive thighs from Billy and rolling him out, standing to thrust her huge arms into the air, dancing over to Betty-Sue who happily tagged her. The big blonde stepped over the ropes into the ring just as Billy dragged himself to the corner to slap Johnny’s hand, the brother cockily stepping under the ropes to face her.

“Fucking Amazon ain’t gonna fuck ME up,” he snarled, circling her.

He, nor anyone else in the arena, save for Bobby-Jo, had ever seen such a big human, man or woman, move as gracefully, quickly or acrobatically as Betty-Sue. She launched into a series of blindingly fast handsprings that took her across the ring, flying into a drop kick and plastering her monster boots into his chest, sending the stunned boy crashing back first into the ropes.

He rebounded off helplessly, and Betty-Sue, moving at impossibly fast speeds for someone pushing 300 pounds, launched herself again, her huge feet slamming into his face and knocking him flat on his back. She laughed, ran to bounce off the far ropes and come flying back to him, leaping 10 feet in the air – and dropping on his face, legs first, an atomic leg drop of shattering magnitude, her tremendous hamstrings pounding down into his skull.



The crowd went silent from the savagery, then erupted into raucous cheers.

"They lovin' it, boy," Betty-Sue laughed, standing to pick Johnny off the mat by the hair and easily snap-maring him across the ring, sending him crashing to his sore back. "Gotta give 'em what they want!"

The crowd screamed itself hoarse as she flipped him in mares again and again, five, six, 10 times, his 200-pound muscular body tossed about like one of the hay bales back home.

At the last one, she came up behind him as he sat up, groggy and shaken, and twisted his arms behind him, planting a booted foot between his shoulder blades and brutally pulling back. The standing surfboard she employed was threatening to tear his arms clean from the shoulder sockets.

"I GIVE I GIVE GODDAMMIT I GIVE!!!" he howled.

She shrugged – and kept it on, twisting his arms nearly all the way around and pushing hard with her boot. She knew two submissions won them the match, but she wasn't keen on stopping. The nervous little ref tried to get her to stop, but she wouldn't.

"You won, honey, you won," he said. "He submitted, leggo before you tear his arms off!"

"It ain't over," she snarled at him, "til we SAY it's over! Now git that announcer feller over here!"



The ref called out, and the announcer stepped warily up to her as she continued to torture Johnny in the surfboard.

"Now you ask the folks here if they want us to stop," she instructed, twisting Johnny's arms again, making him howl anew. "Or keep it goin' 'til we feel like quittin'! Got it?"

He gulped and grabbed the mike, announcing "Uh, the girls want to know if you wanna see it end now...or see more!"

"MORE! MORE! MORE!!!!" they chorused in unison.

The announcer backed out of the ring, taking the ref with him, telling the trembling Billy on his way by, "You boys are all on your own. Best of luck."

The crowd went insane as Betty-Sue let go the surfboard to stand Johnny up, turn him around, bend him over and slam-wrap her gigantic thighs around his head for a brutal standing head scissors, hands on her broad hips and grinding his skull in her clenching legs. He screamed and clung to them, his big hands unable to pull them apart, and now she bent to lift him by the waist like a toy and drop down, slamming his head to the mat in a blisteringly brutal piled river.

“OHHHHH!” the crowd groaned watching the carnage, as she stood up and Johnny stayed on the mat, unconscious and his big body convulsing in seizure.

Until she picked him up, locked him in her thighs and held him until he woke up - and drove him down in another piled river. And another. And a third.

“JESUS CHRIST!” Billy cried from the outside of the ropes, and then watching helplessly as big Bobby-Jo leaped over her side of the ring ropes and raced his way.

Both girls grabbed the trembling boy, hauling him into the ring by his arms, Billy protesting weakly, struggling to get free. Betty-Sue took him from the front in a crushing bear hug, her huge arms squeezing around his back, his face in her sweaty muscular tits. Bobby-Jo stepped up and bear hugged him from behind, pressing into his back and wrapping her arms around her sister.

Billy looked tiny in the Amazon sandwich, squeezed between the Twin Terrors, his feet off the mats and dangling between them. He screamed in agony into Betty-Sue’s tits as she smothered him, his body feeling as if caught in a car crusher.

“PLEASE I SUBMIT I SUBMIT!” he bellowed in squeaky voice from between the crushing sisters.

“No submissions, little boy,” Bobby-Jo roared. “JES’ PAIN!”

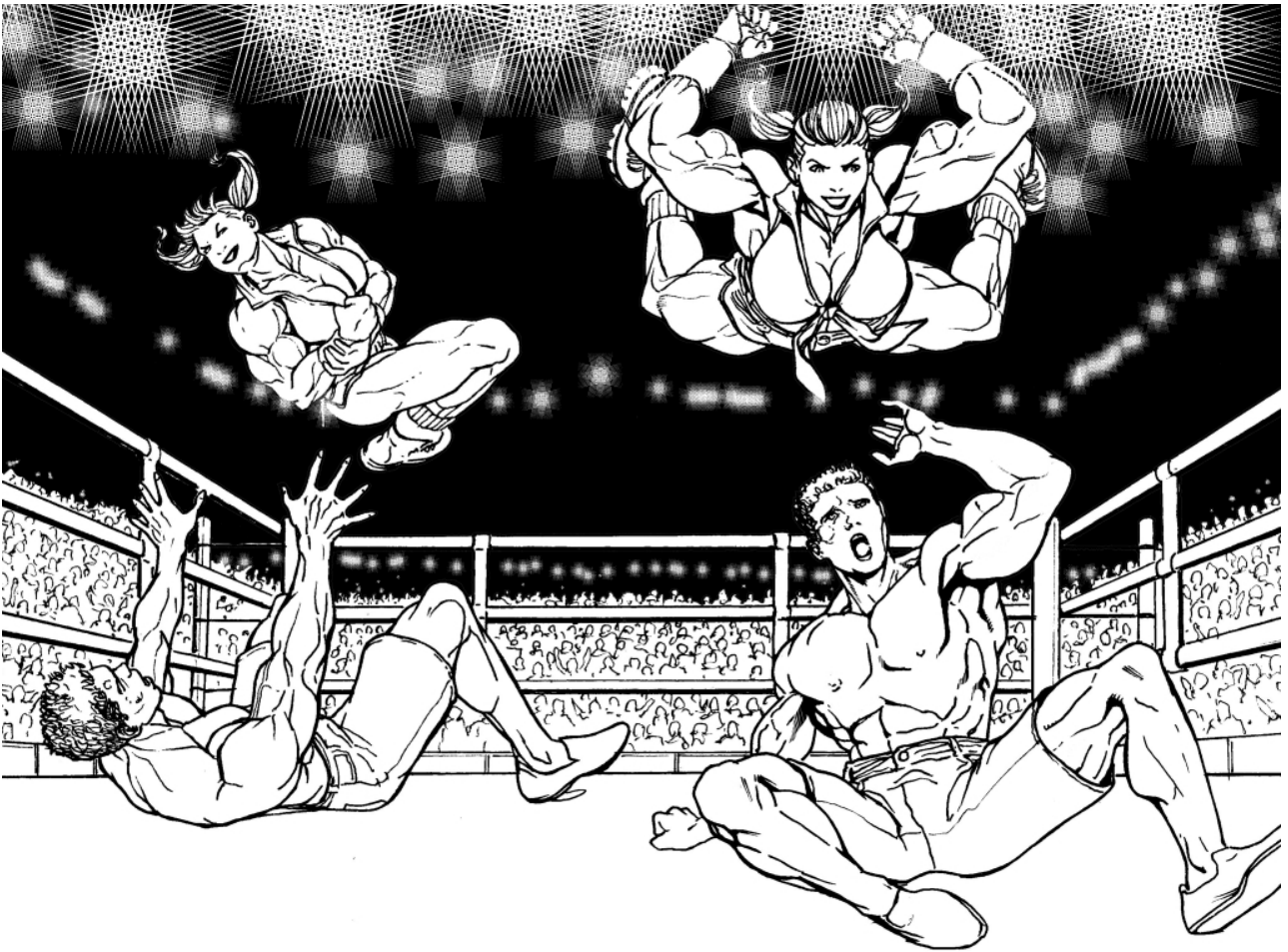
They squeezed in, hearing bones snap, crackle and pop before letting him go, slumping to the mats, practically out. Now the girls each knelt on one knee at center ring, each taking a man and draping them across their upraised massive thighs, applying torturous backbreakers. Billy screamed in agony as Bobby-Joe bent him over her leg and Betty-Sue did the same to Johnny, pressing down and gritting their pearly white teeth in concentration, the bones in their victims’ spines crackling loudly to the ongoing delight of the appreciative crowd.

“Golly, Betty-Sue, I is gettin’ SO worked up doin’ this!” Bobby-Jo snarled, feeling her young pussy flow from horniness, soaking the thin strand of fabric over her aching cunt.

“Me, too, sis, me too,” Betty-Sue hissed as she continued to crackle her victim’s spine in her backbreaker. “We needs to take care o’ that, and give these folks somethin’ special...”

The girls winked at each other and let the boys go, standing to take each by the arm and violently fling them across the ring into opposite turnbuckles, their backs slamming painfully into them. The twins launched themselves at each, leaping and slamming crotch first into the boys’ stunned faces as they hung limply from the corner ropes, Bobby-Jo mashing her hot cunt into Billy’s and Betty-Sue doing the same to Johnny.





The crowd gasped as they watched, both girls scissoring their giant thighs around their slave's faces and the posts, holding onto the tops of their heads and humping and grinding mercilessly into them. They were as horny as they'd ever been beating up boys, and rode their faces with pounding fury, giant thighs etched in steel and quivering from the scissoring efforts, their pussies soaking through their shorts and drenching the boys' trapped faces.

"OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD!!!!" they each howled from their respective corners, scissoring and face-fucking the boys so brutally hard each passed out.

But they wouldn't let go until both had cum in a violent explosion of raw power and screaming pleasure, finally climbing off the faces, leaving the twins dangling from the ropes, faces dripping girly goop. The Twin Terrors walked to center ring, tearing off their tops to strut about in soaked shorts and boots, arms raised and smiling, their nipples thick and hard on their tremendously muscled tits.

"Oh, Christ, you can't let them do this!" the announcer barked at the ref.

"Fuck that," the little man said. "You gonna get in there and stop 'em? I sure as shit ain't!"

Finally, the boys snapped back awake, shaking their heads and trying to rub their faces clean of the twins' hot cum. They staggered toward each other to the center of the ring, barely able to stand. Betty-Sue calmly walked up to them, smiling – and clamped one huge paw into each boy's throat, lifting them completely off their feet.

She held them aloft in each hand, her long, strong fingers clamped nearly all the way around their necks. Her gigantic arms flexed in brutal muscle, insanely, otherworldly huge, pumped up and thick with veins from the exertion of holding up 200-pound squirming men, their feet kicking, their eyes bulging, hands clamped on the Amazon's huge wrists to alleviate the choking pressure.

She paraded around the ring holding them up, showing the roaring crowd the ease of which she did it. The boys choked in her powerful hands as Betty-Sue revelled in their gagging for a moment longer, then grunted and thrust forward, power-slamming each boy to their backs with such force the entire ring shook.

“You next, girl!” she laughed, slapping palms with Bobby-Jo.

Her sister got the boys to their feet, slapping Billy in a tight headlock, her massive arm engulfing his skull and then whipped her long legs up to snare Johnny in a face scissors. His nose and mouth smashed into her crotch, held there by her 35-inch thighs, rocky and bulging, clamping in a meaty death grip around it. She snapped her legs out, squeezing hard, Johnny barely able to stand, eyes rolling over white, skull engulfed in the fleshy mass of them.

She applied pressure to both holds and the boys quickly succumbed, passing out in the pulverizing Amazonian arm and thighs. Bobby-Jo released them to watch them crumble to the mat, standing triumphantly, locking hands with her sister and raising them high to the cheers of the crowd.

“YOU WANT MORE?” Betty-Sue screamed, holding a cupped hand to her ear, a la her idol, Hulk Hogan.

“MOOOOOORRE!” they screamed.

“WATCH THIS!” she screamed back.



THE END
(Part 2 – Coming Soon)

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