

# TWIN TERRORS 2 (Part 2)

- a Kandor story -

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She grabbed Billy from his corner, nodding to her sister to do the same to Johnny, and laid them in the center ring, head to head on their sides, facing in opposite directions. Betty-Sue laid down and expertly slipped her legs over both, slamming Billy's face up her superbly muscular ass to bury him in it, clamping her thighs on his head and Johnny's as well. It was a double head scissor of brutal proportion, her thighs so incredibly long there was still a good foot of muscle left between her victims' heads and her knees.

She locked her boots, leaned up on one arm and applied shattering pressure, the thick cords of her quads bulging, her thighs and calves running thick with veins pumping blood to her tremendous legs.

"ATTA GIRL!" Bobby-Jo squealed with delight, groaning with pleasure as she tweaked her thick nipples in her fingers watching.

The boys' bodies trembled and convulsed in the double squeeze, flopping around, their hand slapping

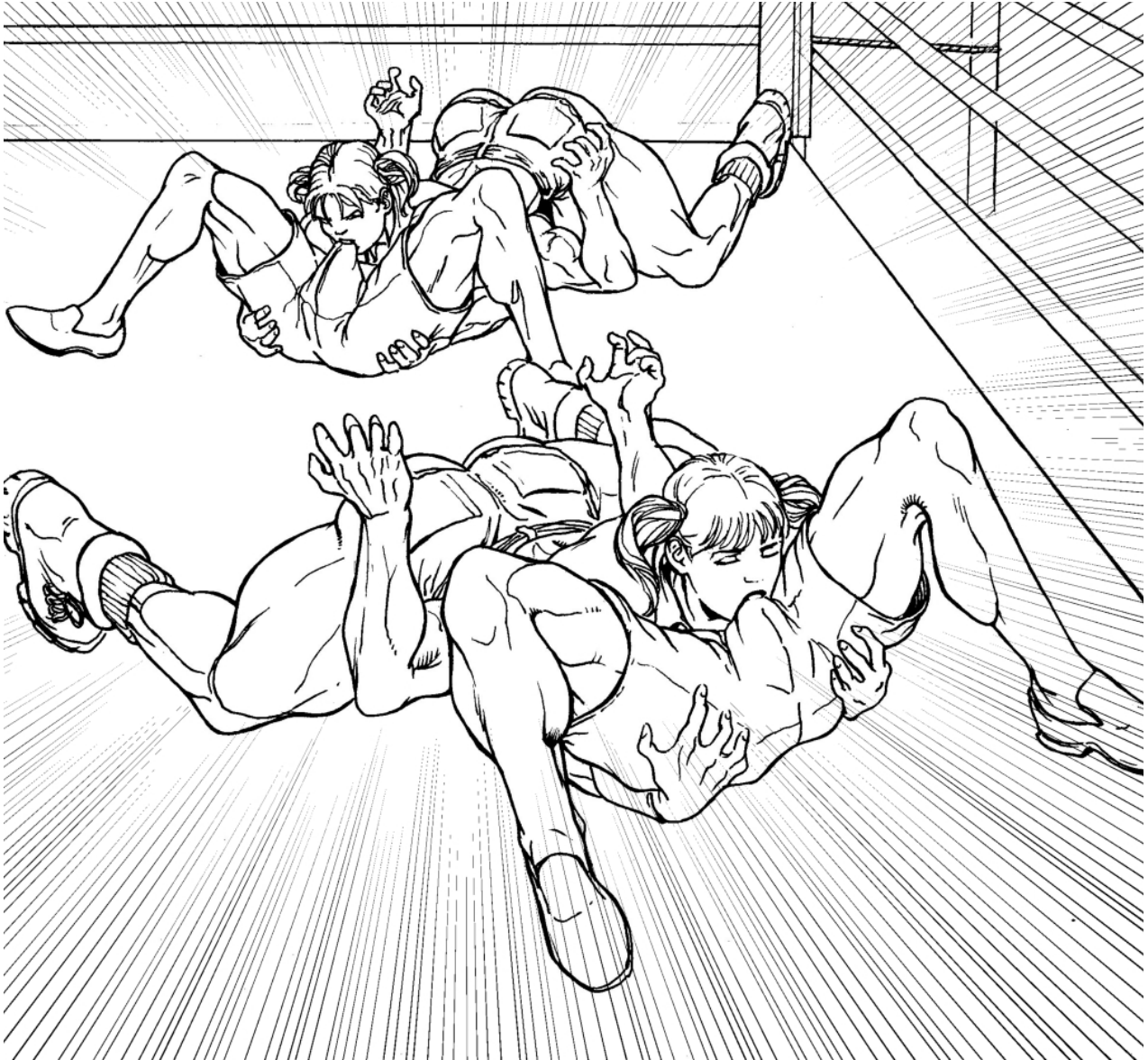
the mats to signal a submission they knew would be ignored. Billy's face was completely buried inside Betty-Sue's bowling ball asscheeks, the thick muscle surrounding it and trapping his nose into the slimy ring of her asshole as she pulled aside the thin strip of fabric covering it. Johnny's head was a ghoulish blue-gray as it lay mashed in her thighs, feeling his cranial plates grind against each other in the punishing, relentless squeeze.

"God, sis, so hot...so hot...." Bobby-Jo hissed, tweaking her fat nipples. "I need face baby! Let's take face!"

"You got it, honey child," Betty-Sue giggled.

She unlocked her thighs from the boys' heads, and they lay on their backs, moaning. And there, sticking up in their clownish country boy coveralls, were hard cocks, ripe and ready. The girls pointed and laughed.

"Every time this happens, those little weenies get hard, I swear, these bad boys love this!" Betty-Sue laughed. "Heck, sis, might as well take full advantage, I reckon!"



Betty-Sue dropped her full body weight crotch first onto Johnny's sputtering face as he lay next to Billy, his face absorbed by Bobby-Jo's crushing cunt. The Twin Terrors, thick tits sweaty and bobbing, pounded up and down, grinding back and forth on the boys, face sitting them with mounting fury, facing their feet and then leaning over to scoop them into devastatingly tight reverse head scissors, faces buried in the quivering mounds of the muscular meat of their imposing asses.

They bent further, growling, biting the boys' hard cocks through their jeans, the crowd gasping and roaring approval, more so as the girls, using their powerful hands, tore the jeans from them to free their bare cocks, hard and dripping and huge, as they bounced into view.

"OK, that's it, kill the lights!" the announcer screamed from outside the ring, not daring to enter it. "Gonna lose our fucking license with this shit, the lights, kill the lights!"

The lights clicked off by unseen hand and the crowd boomed lustily, staring into the dark ring to see whatever they could. They saw nothing, hearing only the moans of the boys trapped under a combined 600 pounds and 14 feet of Amazon power. And then they heard the gushing wet sounds as the screaming and creaming girls came with a flood of thick juices on their moaning victims' faces.

The moans got louder as the girls now relinquished their lethal head scissors to slither down the boys' bodies and impale their hot cunts on their hard cocks, facing their feet and pulling their cutoffs aside to pull the boys' dick fully inside them. The boys groaned with pain and pleasure as each girl used their hands to maul and crush their balls, squeezing the meaty flesh until it oozed between their fingers.



The crowd hearing the moans of pleasure, screamed in delight, even as the frantic announcer tried to get them to leave, an impossible task in the dark. They would not go anyway, as the moans from the ring intensified into yelps of intense passion, the girls' churning cunts and punishing hands milking their victims' cocks and balls dry. Johnny jetted helplessly into Bobby-Jo's gripping pussy, Billy scorching his load into the hungry walls of Betty-Sue's. Both boys roared with guttural screams of pleasure mixed with pain, unlike anything they'd experienced before.

"Be good boys now, ya hear?" Betty-Sue hissed, slipping off Billy's wilting cock, her cunt dripping cum as Bobby-Jo did the same with Johnny. "You made the mess..."

"Now clean it UP!" Bobby-Jo howled.

And the crowd roared, unseeing what was going on but hearing Bobby-Jo and Betty-Sue grinding their sopping wet, cum-drenched hairy cunts into the twins' faces, the girls' frantic screams filling the arena, as the boys could only obey and slurp clean the gushing pussies of the Twin Terrors. Each girl came brutally hard, riding their slaves' faces with such violent hip snaps and crushing thighs, they smothered them to sleep as they came.

The girls finally stood in the dark, hugging and kissing, pressing their sweaty torsos tight to the other, playfully cupping each other's monumental asses, striding out of the ring.

"Jesus Christ, you two," the announcer said, finding them and guiding them to their dressing room with a flashlight, through the throng of adoring fans who reached out in the dark to pat the monstrous twins. "You're something else, you know that?"

"Durn right we are!" Bobby-Jo laughed.

"We are THE TWIN TERRORS RASSLIN' CHAMPEEEEEENS!" Betty-Sue finished.

The crowd went nuts. The Amazons' career was well underway.

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Don Stenhaus sat in a dinghy gym on the other side of Chicago, just outside city limits, watching his team train.

He'd dumped his dead-end salesman job after returning to town and promising the Twin Terrors a wrestling career. He felt badly he hadn't acted on it, but he did become a wrestling manager, now running the team of two lumbering young men, tag-team champions, and making a name for himself in the business.

He watched them work out, thinking of what he'd just heard through the grapevine that morning: That two Amazonian twin sisters, seven footers, boasting 300 pounds of sheer steely muscle, had found their way to the city from the sticks, and for the past several weeks were running amok in the underground wrestling world, defeating all comers.

And all of them men.

"That has to be them," he thought to himself, mind racing. "Christ, who else could be that fucking big?"

He thought long and hard about the girls, and their incredibly muscular mom, the torment and torture they'd put him through, and exquisite pleasure. Never had he been so beautifully and painfully manhandled by females. He missed it.

And he missed the chance of managing them, making a bundle off of them. But his time was completely taken up the men under his wing, who were making him good money. He couldn't help wonder, however, how much more he could make off those lusty young teen girls.

A gimmick is everything in the business, he knew, and no better gimmick than the marquee-grabbing nature of two drop-dead gorgeous muscle queens squeezing and face humping their way to victory after victory.

He heard they would be wrestling this night down by the waterfront. He would be there, anxious to see the girls again, hopeful for what he did not know. He just knew he had to find out.

He got there just ahead of the match, and stood in back, watching. His cock stiffened in his pants as the crowd roared at the entry of The Twin Terrors, bedecked in their usual country-girl attire of short jean shorts, open plaid and tied-up shirts, low socks and boots.

They were fucking magnificent, he thought. And so much bigger than when he saw them last three years ago.

"Holy shit," he whispered to himself as they squared off against two humongous men, though much smaller by comparison to the twins, the girls' body even more muscular and vascular than ever.

“They’re un-fucking-believable!”

And so were their wrestling abilities, vastly greater, more fluid and lethal than before. He watched them totally dismantle the big men with ease, a total mismatch start to finish, much to the delight of the roaring crowd.

He watched Betty-Sue pick up one man on her shoulders, press him upward as if hoisting a 20-pound barbell, and then viciously slam him down over her brawny, muscle capped shoulders. She cracked his spine and made him scream 10 times in a row before tossing the poor bastard over to Bobby-Jo who did the same. By the time they’d finished, Stenhaus wondered if the poor fucker was still breathing.

He watched Bobby-Jo take the other guy to the mat with flying head scissors, laying her humungous thighs to his throat until it looked like it would pop off his shoulders like a cork. She grinned broadly, ignoring his frantic slaps at her thighs in submission before twisting him to his back and bending his legs up under her arms, nearly cracking him in two. Betty-Sue playfully raced in and repeatedly slammed one huge, booted foot into his balls, over and over and over.

It was a veritable bloodbath as the torture continued, unabated, the girls moving with incredible acrobatic precision. Bobby-Jo started in one corner and executed a blurry-fast series of handsprings that landed her astride the shoulders of a kneeling man, reminiscent of the scene in “Blade Runner.” The big blonde clamped her muscle-ripped thighs onto his skull with a resounding blast of meat, then standing to hold his head and repeatedly open and close her vast thighs in ear-splitting scissor snaps against it.

And just like the movie, she playfully inserted two fingers in his nostrils, twisting them open and reveling in his screams, turning his head around in her clenching thighs to face up and thunder hand slaps to either side of it before letting him slump to the mat, barely alive.

The coup de grace, the finisher, the most savage thing Stenhaus had ever seen took his breath away. The girls laid their inert victims on the mat side by side, shoulder to shoulder, and completely devoured them in their prodigious legs.

Betty-Sue wrapped her impossibly long legs around both bodies at once, the length of them easily containing both bellies and chests, locking her boots on the far side, the sheer expanse of them stunning and sweeping and crushing. As they screamed, fearful their torsos would be reduced to pulp in her churning thighs, Bobby-Jo lay down and scooped both their protesting heads in her legs. Her long, strong and rippling thighs encased their skulls, the flesh covering their faces entirely. She squeezed, boots locked and creaking, their screams of anguish muffled in the thick flesh of her hulking thighs.

And it was over, the girls standing to the cheers of the crowd, both men out like lights, convulsing on the mat. Stenhaus watched them stride on thunderous feet, massive legs quaking with each step, toward their dressing room and took a position nearby. He saw them approach and broke into a wide smile.

They saw him standing there and stopped, a look of total disapproval on their beautiful, sweaty faces.

“Well, well, lookie here,” Betty-Sue growled, barely containing her anger. “Mr. Stenhaus, as I live and breathe, ain’t never thought I’d see the likes of you again.”

“Yes, yes, well, I know, I know,” he stammered nervously, the tiny middle-aged man suddenly fearful for his life. “It’s just that...I tried...I just couldn’t find the farm, you know, so easy to get lost out there, ya know...”



"Bull poopie, pardon my language," Bobby-Jo snarled. "We ain't that hard to find, and you had to know we was in Ch-EYE-Cago!"

"Yes, well, I heard...and that's why I'm here...you girls, my GOD, how you've grown!" he gushed. "It's incredible, YOU are incredible, and so skilled! You're much better wrestlers than ever, I just wanted to tell you that...that's all..."

"So what're you doin' now?" Betty-Sue asked, arms folded across her titanic tits, forearms twitching with sinewy steel and tight tendons.

"I...well, I manage wrestlers...male wrestlers...Gorgeous Gordon and Big Mike, maybe you heard of them?"

"We have," Bobby-Jo sniffed. "Ain't much to those boys..."

"No, not compared to you...but they...we're doing well, it's a full-time thing, keeps me busy..." He said. "I'm so sorry I wasn't able to manage you...VERY sorry, in fact, you girls..."

He shook his head, looking at his feet, ashamed for having abandoned them. They looked at the sad little man and smiled.

"Ohhhhh, it's OK, I reckon you tried, Mr. Stenhaus," Betty-Sue laughed, embracing the little man, Bobby-Jo quickly doing so from behind, the trembling man pinned tightly and happily between the Twin Terrors, smelling their sweat mixed with juvenile perfume and the unmistakable musk of their pussies and asses he missed so very much.

"Yeah, we forgive you," Bobby-Jo growled, pushing her pussy into his back and grinding, the force nearly breaking his spine as his chest was pressed into Betty-Sue's chiselled torso, his face mashed into her thick cleavage,



the muscles bending his nose. "You is just so darn cute!"

By the time they let him go, he realized he hadn't been able to breathe, and gasped for air. They smiled down at him.

"So you gonna manage us now, Mr. Stenhaus, huh?" Bobby-Jo beamed. "C'mon, you said you would!"

"I...I want to...but just busy with these boys, ya know, God, I'd love to you know that..."

"We really improved since you saw us...and RASSLED us last, Mr. Stenhaus," Betty-Sue grinned.

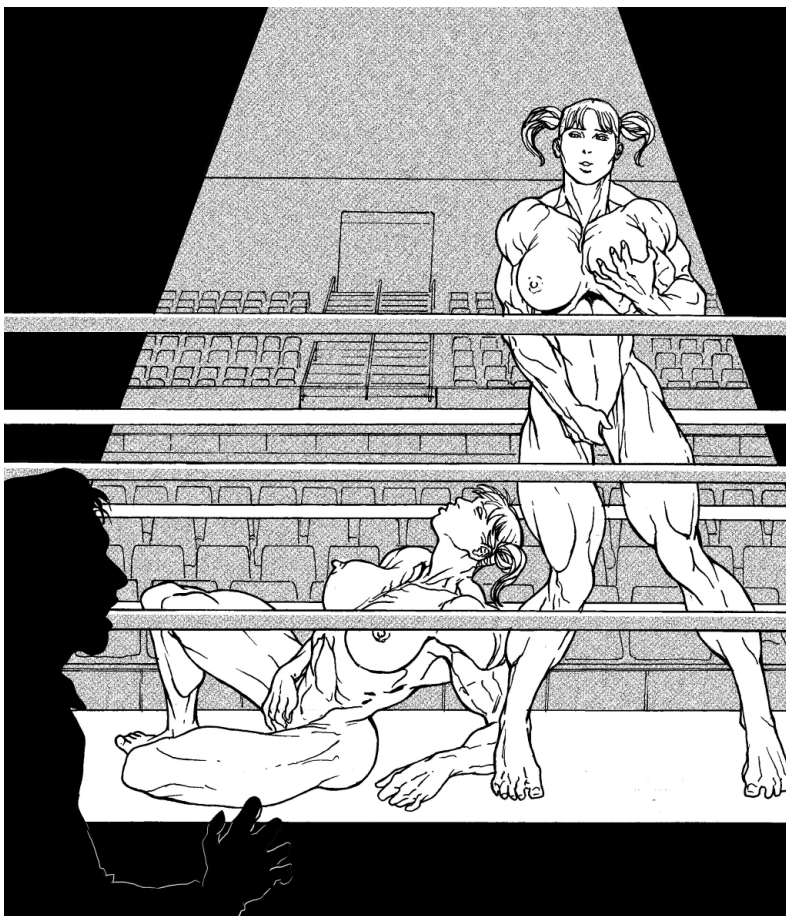
"Oh, I know, I know," he sighed.

The girls looked at each other and winked.

"We'd love to show ya," Bobby-Jo growled, slapping her meaty thighs together with such force Stenhaus winced at the sound, and sight of the fleshy limbs flexing into no-nonsense muscle. "Whaddya say?"

"Oh, God, what am I getting myself into," he groaned to himself, knowing full well what that was. "Oh hell, why not?"

The girls giggled with delight, hugging and smothering him again.



"You come back here later, couple hours, we'll make sure to leave the door open for ya...JUST for you," Betty-Sue laughed, slapping his back and knocking him to his knees, from where he looked up and into four giant, sweaty, muscle-shredded thighs and gulped.

"O...OK..." he said weakly, his cock throbbing in his pants watching them waltz away, their gigantic asses hanging out of those tight shorts.

He returned as requested, the door left ajar. He locked it behind him and entered the big arena, quiet and dark, making his way to the ring. And then a thundering voice filled the void.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he heard Betty-Sue boom over the PA system. "Well, ladies and gentleMAN! In this corner, fresh from Oklahoma to the big city of Ch-EYE-Cago! THE TWIN TERRORS!!!"

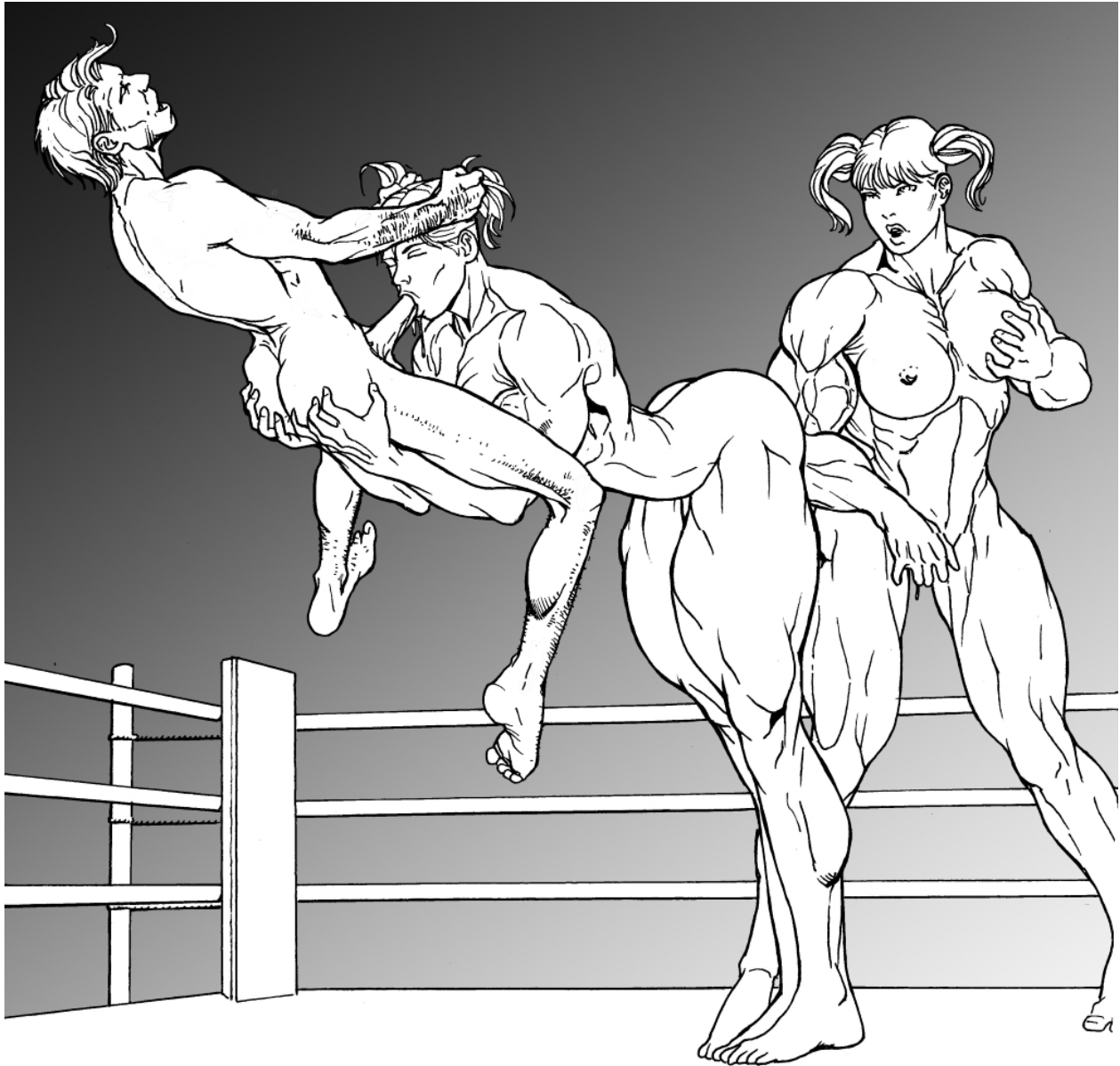
The lights crackled on, flooding the ring. In the middle of which stood the stark naked girls. Their bodies were tremendous and bumpy with muscles, their Oklahoma tan lines fully exposed, heaving, hard tits and massive asses gleaming white against the brown flesh everywhere else. They laughed and leaned over the ropes to scoop the stunned Stenhaus into their sexy den of destruction.

"You ready for this, Mr. Stenhaus?" Bobby-Jo snarled, tearing his jacket and shirt off.

"Ready for our new moves, we think you gonna like 'em," Betty-Sue giggled, all schoolgirl sweet and innocent charm, tugging his shoes, socks and pants off, leaving him naked between them.

"Oh, I doubt I'm ready, girls, doubt that very much," he smiled weakly. "Does that matter to you?"

"NOT AT ALL!" they chorused in unison.



He found himself aloft, easily and quickly, held in Bobby-Jo's massive arms cradled against her huge, succulent tits. She smiled at him and curled him up, his hard cock pushing between her groaning lips. Over and over she curled him, effortlessly, bulging biceps flexed, sucking his cock, curling him down, and then up again to spear his dick into her hungry mouth.

"Over here, sis, be fair now!" Betty-Sue laughed.

Bobby-Jo tossed him like a basketball and Betty-Sue curled him to her waiting mouth, hungrily sucking his cock balls deep, throat muscles working against him, making him writhe in pleasure.

He groaned and let her do her work, his arms around her bulging shoulders thick with sweat, that heady mix of their funky body aroma and teen girly-girl perfume intoxicating as it swept over him.

“OH GOD BETTY-SUE!!!” he screamed, feeling his balls about to explode.

“NOT YET YOU DON’T!” she laughed.

She dropped him down and arm whipped him across the ring – where Bobby-Jo stood waiting, back to him. With stunning precision, Betty-Sue snapped him face first into her sister’s waiting ass, those titanic white cheeks flexing open and devouring him. His entire face was lost in the sweaty hams of her massive rump, fluttering shut around it. His tongue was at her hole and he eagerly thrust it out to feel it sucked into her muscular rectal ring.

“MMMMMM, EAT THAT BUMMY MR. STENHAUS!” she screamed.

He was kneeling behind her, his cock brushing her columnar calves, thick and pulsing with vascular steel. Mischievously, she opened those calves and took his cock inside. At once, he felt velvety heat devour it as she rubbed them back and forth, the silky skin slick with sweat and his oozing pre-cum, and he knew he couldn’t hold back. His face was pressed fully into her clenching ass flesh, his tongue flickering deeper and faster into her anus.

“We said NOT YET!” she howled, feeling his cock thickening in her calves.

He screamed in pain as she scissored down on his cock, the impossibly hard interiors clamping around it, staunching any cum about to burst forth, and then popped his nuts in as well. It was agonizing, his entire package scissored in her churning calves, and at the same time more pleasurable than anything he’d ever felt before. She squeezed and flexed, sending her calves on a quivering mission of pain and pleasure that threatened to tear his cock and balls off. Her gripping calves were so broad and wide, every inch of his dick was consumed by them.

“OK, sis, mah turn!” he heard Betty-Sue snarl behind him.

She yanked his panting face out of the clutching confines of her sister’s massive ass, pulling him back to the mat and engulfing his skull from behind in a thrusting head scissors, her giant thighs quivering and quaking in a muscular undulating wave around him. Her locked feet crashed down into his balls, his hands pawing the thick bars of the leg jail crushing his skull.





He screamed in agony, whimpering his submission. She laughed – and squeezed harder, Stenhaus feeling like his skull would cave in from the relentless, scissoring pressure.

Then pleasure mixed with pain again as Bobby-Jo knelt, fisting his cock, stroking it, her forearm and bicep muscles flexing madly as she worked. She popped it into her beautiful mouth, mewling as she sucked and stroked. He was in heaven, sweet, scissored, sucking heaven, feeling Betty-Sue's colossal thighs engulf his moaning head, looking over the bubbly quads to Bobby-Jo frantically sucking his cock.

He felt himself about to cum again, fighting the urge. The girls read it as well, and suddenly released him from his leggy and oral prison, giggling as they circled him, his wet cock bobbing in the air.

"Git yer tongue back up my bummy, Mr. Stenhaus," Bobby-Jo growled, descending on his face, her tremendous shanks enveloping his face, his mouth at her hungry. "Lick it goooood..."

He did, eagerly, seeing and hearing nothing, his entire head now lost in the pumping bubbles of Bobby-Jo's rapidly flexing ass. His cock was suddenly enveloped in velvety heat again as Betty-Sue knelt between his legs, gorging herself on it, taking him balls deep in one liquid stroke, her hands mauling his agonized balls. Which she then slurped into her mouth as well, his entire package, balls and cock, sucked into her cheeks, filling them.

The tip of his cock was in her gullet and he felt the incredible vibrations of her throat as she happily hummed, sucking his dick and balls all at once, making him feel like she could easily chomp down, sever his package and swallow him whole. His nuts throbbed in the sucking confines of her mouth and he felt them pulsate with pre-orgasmic trembling.

And he was free again, Bobby-Jo dismounting his face, his tongue slurping free of her gripping asshole, Betty-Sue standing.



Both looked down at him, grinning like Cheshire cats, arms around each other and fondling their bountiful butts.

“We think you gonna like this one, Mr. Stenhaus,” Betty-Sue growled.

She lay on her back, legs open, reaching for him and turning him atop her in a 69, his cock gobbled down her throat, his face at her pussy. She slammed it up into his mouth, flooding it with her thick girl cream, and suddenly he felt 300 pounds of teen Amazon pressed to his back. Bobby-Jo laid atop him, her soaking cunt pressed into his ass, forcing his cock deeper into her sister’s throat.

At the other end, her face was next to his, hissing into it and watching him eat her sister’s gushing cunt.

“Lick it, Mr. Stenhaus, lick Betty-Sue’s hot little pussy!” she snarled, biting his ears and neck and licking down to join him, both of their tongues slashing away at Betty-Sue’s boiling bush. “Taste mah sister, taste her...taste her....”

She punched her own cunt down onto his ass, tribbing it, rubbing her huge clit into his butt. He felt it flooded by her juices, her gushing orgasmic cream running down the crack of his ass, over his balls and down his cock that was lodged in Betty-Sue’s moaning mouth.

The surreal sexual fog enveloped them all, three people locked into an impossible 69. Betty-Sue spread her tremendous legs widely to accept both their tongues, Stenhaus lapping furiously at the big lips, watching Bobby-Jo’s grunting mouth clamp over her sister’s whopping clit, thick and pronounced, sucking it like a small wet cock.

Both girls came at once, Bobby-Jo humping madly at his ass, soaking it, the juices dripping into Betty-Sue’s eager mouth full of dick, Betty-Sue thrusting her cunt into the sucking mouths, squirting jets of thick, sticky girl cum into her sister’s and Stenhaus’s eager faces.

The only one who hadn’t cum was Stenhaus, and he ached to as the girls peeled off him, leaving him gasping on the mat, his cock impossibly hard.

“Please...please girls...PLEASE let me cum!” he begged, struggling to his knees before them.

They laughed.

“You made us wait, now YOU gotta wait!” Bobby-Joe giggled.

And they did make him wait – and watch as they hugged, arms around each other’s massive, sweaty bodies, kissing like long-lost lovers, tongues thrusting into mouths, pussies grinding, hips thrusting and asses flexing.





“Oh, God,” he groaned, trying not to stroke his cock, fearful the slightest touch would ignite his orgasm.

They finally broke their sloppy, slurping kisses to grab him, Betty-Sue scooping him into her brawny arms for a crushing bear hug, his face clamped into her rock-hard titties, sweat filling his mouth. Bobby-Jo pressed him from behind, her long arms around both of them, violently thrusting her tireless cunt into his ass, pumping and grinding and soaking him with her relentless flow. He could feel her thick clit poking at him and wondered if she were going to fuck his ass with her clit-cock.

The torment continued, as they flung him to the ropes now, bending his back under the middle one and twisting the other over his neck, imprisoning him face up, legs sticking out inside the ring. He cried out as he felt Bobby-Jo straddle his legs and slowly settle her scorching-hot pussy onto his cock, inch by inch, grinning at him and settling down to the balls. His dick felt like it was surrounded by liquid steel, hot and muscular and pulsating around it.

“In ya go, Mr. Stenhaus,” Betty-Sue hissed, stepping over the ropes and devouring his rope-wrapped neck in her thighs, ass and pussy.

He could see and hear nothing, his entire face clamped inside the twitching orbs of Betty-Sue's ass, his mouth at her dripping hole. He ate, sucked, licked and chewed the giant, floppy wet pussy lips filling his mouth, his tongue scouring the hole, choking on her endless flow of thick cream. She stood on crossed feet, the crushing pressure threatening to implode his trapped skull, her quads quivering and pressing on his shoulders, making his head feel like it would pop off her shoulders and be sucked up inside her clutching cunt.

It was an impossible sensory over load: His cock was milked in the muscular walls of Bobby-Jo's gripping snatch, his face lost in her sister's pussy, all sight and sound confined to her thighs and ass, his taste buds flooded with her endless orgasmic slime filling his mouth.

He felt himself going under from the sheer pleasure and outright pain, his neck arteries compressed in Betty-Sue's thick inner thigh muscles. He grew dizzier and dizzier, his fingers and feet tingling from lack of blood and then he was dreaming, out like a light. His scissor-addled mind raced with incongruous images of his head being run over by a tractor driven by their mom back on the farm.

And then the dream ended as they disengaged from him, letting blood flow back to his brain and air to his lungs. He woke, stunned and numb, in the center of the ring, his cock stiff before him, aching for release.



"Please," he wheezed laying on his back, the girls towering over him, grins beaming on their sweet young faces, their thighs and calves slick with sweat and the flow of girly juices streaming out of their pussies. "Please..."

Betty-Sue sat on him, facing his feet, her haunches huge and rippling with steel as she took him into her cunt in one excruciatingly slow stroke, nuzzling down onto his balls. He watched those massive, chiselled ass cheeks, basketball sized and just as hard, hollow on the sides in deep concave sweeps of muscle, his cock lost in their grip.

"Put them in there, sis," she growled over her shoulder.

Stenhaus watched Bobby-Jo's gushing pussy descend on his face, and felt her lean forward to grab his balls – and stuff both of them inside her sister's hungry

cunt. He screamed in pain and pleasure, the screams lost in the suffocating grip of Bobby-Jo's ass, as he felt his nuts being forced into the incredibly tight cunt along with his cock.

"Got 'em!" Bobby-Jo squealed with delight, sitting back on her victim's face, spreading her chiselled cheeks to completely engulf it, stealing his breath away with its smothering mass. "You got 'em both in your hole, girl!"

He'd never experienced anything like this, his cock lost in the clenching heat of pussy, his balls crammed in along with it. Betty-Sue milked him now, flexing her pussy walls, and he felt the gripping muscles of them nearly crush his cock and nuts to a bloody pulp. She pushed up and down, squeezing in on his package, and he thought she'd tear off the entire thing inside her madly flexing hole and swallow it into her womb.

They worked him for long, agonizing minutes, he eating Bobby-Jo's pussy and asshole, lungs aching from lack of air, his balls and dick imprisoned in Betty-Sue's punishing pussy. And as he felt his cum building, nuts about to explode in either orgasmic splendor or from the muscular crush of Betty-Sue's pussy, it suddenly went away as she pulled off, his dick and balls slipping wetly from it. Bobby-Jo stood, peeling her sweaty pussy off his sticky, soaked face, and they both looked down at him.

"Give it up, Mr. Stenhaus," Bobby-Jo growled, pulling the trembling, exhausted little man to his feet.

"Show us what you can do," Betty-Sue snarled.

They stood on one side of the ring, Stenhaus on the other. He frantically fisted his cock, stroking with feverish intensity, watching them standing, waiting, every inch of their seven-foot, 300-pound bodies fully flexed with steel cords of muscle, thick and sweaty. They smiled, tweaking their tits at him, flexing their thunderous thighs, taunting him, daring him.

"OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCKKKKK!" he screamed.

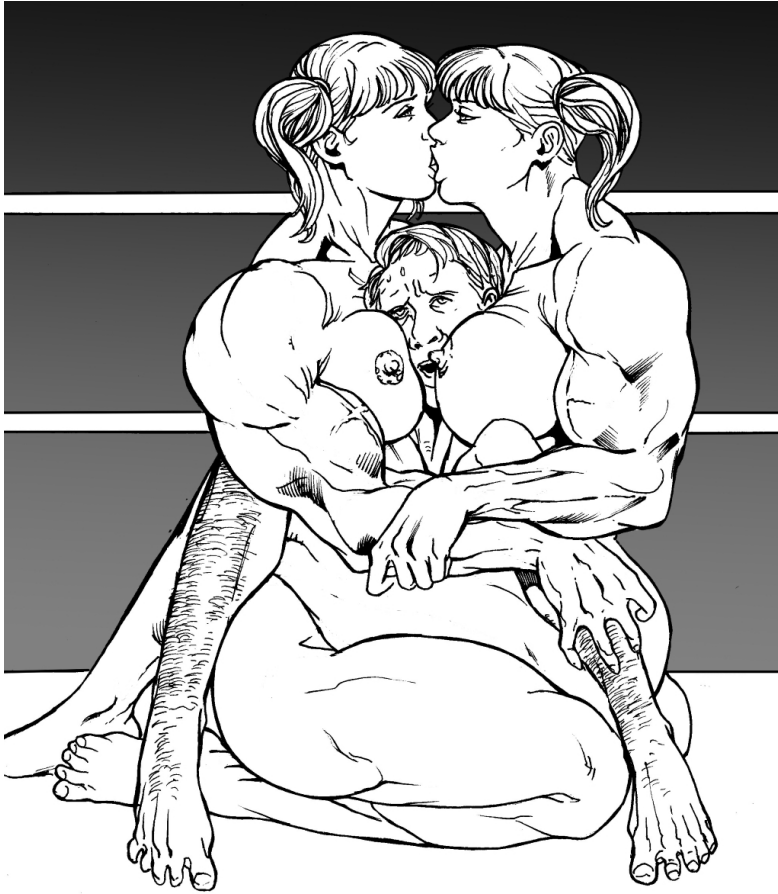
His nuts felt like they were turning inside out as he came, releasing thick, arching jets of pure white cum that streamed across the ring and splattered on the girls' giggling bodies. Long, gushing ropes of it layered their laughing faces, massive, muscular tits, rock-hard abs, hairy pussies and down over their hugely ripped quads and shins, soaking them head to foot. He came like he never came before in his life in fire-hose blasts, his entire body trembling from the effort. He was seemingly cumming for hours, splashing his long-distance load in jetting ribbons up and down their massive forms, painting them with spunk.

He finally stopped, letting his cock go, the limp meat hanging between his thighs. He smiled weakly as they approached, their fantastically muscled bodies gleaming with sweat, blanketed with his hot cum that clung to their silky skin in huge, bubbling clumps.

"Now THAT was nice," Bobby-Jo hissed, running a finger through it on her belly and holding it up for Betty-Sue to lick off with a growl.

"Very nice," Betty-Sue giggled, kissing her sister with cummy lips. "Now, you gonna manage the Twin Terrors or WHAT, Mr. Stenhaus?"





“Girls...I....”

That’s as far as he got.

He was in their grip again, on his back, Bobby-Jo’s titanic, cum-soaked thighs latched around his skull, Betty-Sue’s enormous, long legs around his guts in a rib-bending body scissors. The girls faced one another, arms around each other, kissing, growling, moaning, slurping his cum from each other’s lips, chins and cheeks and sharing it with long, sloppy wet kisses.

He groaned in pain as he watched, Bobby-Jo lapping down her sister’s muscular neck, sucking the cum from it, and her throbbing tits, licking every drop of white from every striated muscle there. On and on they went, taking turns slobbering over whatever cum-covered part of each other’s bodies they could reach, bringing their treasure to each other, kissing, snowballing the cream between their mouths and going back for more.

Betty-Sue leaned to lick her sister’s belly clean, and then over her hips to run her long talented tongue over Bobby-Jo’s glistening thigh, smiling over it at Stenhaus whose eyes bulged from the scissors and shock of what he was seeing. They both continued to exert tremendous pressure on their scissored slave who watched enraptured as the girls cleaned each other’s huge bodies and sharing every mouthful.

“Now, we asks you agin, Mr. Stenhaus,” Bobby-Jo growled, twisting his face into her pussy and clenching her thighs tight around it to hold him there. “You gonna manage us?”

“Yeah, Mr. Stenhaus, whaddya say?” Betty-Sue giggled, quivering her plank-hard thighs on his middle, crushing his guts and making him howl in pain into her sister’s cunt.

“Let’s make a deal, Mr. Stenhaus,” Bobby-Jo said, looking down into his trapped face surrounded by her monstrous quads. “You arrange a match with your boys. We win, you manage us and ONLY us...”

“And if we lose,” Betty-Sue added with a laugh. “Well, that ain’t gonna happen now, is it?”

“O....O...K...” he croaked weakly from the prison of the Twin Terrors’ pulsating thighs crushing him to sleep. “O.....K....”

He passed out as the girls continued to squeeze him, high-fiving each other. His mind dreamed again, this time imagining the glory that awaited the Twin Terrors, pro wrestling’s newest, best and biggest champions.

## THE END

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