

Social

Jennifer, Judy and I made our way down to the gym again for another one of my little sister's workouts. We were in uniform, and as usual, we wore our skort-skits and workout bra's while making sure to have my hair in twin pony-tails, kind of to the sides while my sis Jen had hers in a single pony-tail to the rear. Normally, Emily let us pick out our own outfits, but for some reason, today she told us to wear these matching pink and purple outfits and asked us to be sure to put on a little extra make-up. It was a bit of an odd request I thought, I mean, it's not like we were going out to dinner or something, where she always made sure Jen and I were dressed extra cute. So anyway, obviously after a year of being Emily's little sisters, we had our routines down pat and were very good at putting on cute amounts of make-up and making sure we looked exactly how Emily demanded. We had been on our best behavior and obedience to Emily, as she had promised to not make us take another round of Triptudor. And I was very excited to possibly hit a growth spurt and be taller, and weigh more than girls several years younger than me.

Over the past couple of months, she actually had us doing massive ab routines as she had decided they would look good on us and wanted her little sisters to have six packs. We stood at full attention on the white tape line and presented ourselves for my sisters' inspection. She walked up to me first and said, "Ok short stuff, give me the Front Abdominals & Thigh pose." It's a standard pose bodybuilding contestant have to do where you bring your hands up behind your head, one leg forward, kind of curve your midsection slightly and flex the hell out of your abs. To my little sister's approval, my abs bulged up in little bumps of muscle and my side obliques did as well. The relentless core workouts she made me do were working their magic, and I had a very impressive set of abs. My arms and legs were still sticks...but at least I had abs. "Good job Denise." she said, "Very impressive." I was relieved I had pleased her and glad we got off on the right foot today.

Jen was next and she hit the same pose I had just performed. She also had a nice six pack developing and me and my kid brother, I mean sister, had something we could really be proud of. "See." Emily said emphatically, "A little hard work goes a long way. Wouldn't you agree Judy?" With that, Emily motioned me and Jen to give my mom the same pose. We did and my little sister had us hold our ab poses for my mom. "Feel them Judy, feel how hard your little pixies abs are now." Emily demanded. My mom didn't waste a second and began feeling my rock-hard abs. "Wow!" she said impressively as she felt every bump, nook and cranny of their surface. I was getting tired from holding the pose for so long, but didn't dream of relaxing until my little sister instructed me too. She had my mom do the same with Jen and then told us we could relax. I almost fainted from trying to flex for so long, but was glad I could finally take a deep breath.

Next, my sister grabbed a box and pulled out a black strap with plastic handles on it. She stretched out the item and it looked to me like a harness you'd wear to go zip lining or something. "Come over here Jen." Emily commanded, "and bring your little sissy too." Jen grabbed my hand and walked us 10 feet over to where Emily stood. She had me step thru two holes for the legs and then fastened a strap

around my shoulders and waist. She then tightened it securely. It was really tight around me and I felt squeezed inside of it. Emily then did the same to Jen and we stood there like a deer in headlights wondering what these were. "You see girls." my bigger little sister said, "Sometimes I get bored with these old, clanky, metal weights. I thought it would be fun to work out with you instead." "It'll be fun, don't you think?" she finished. "Yes. Yes, It will be fun, great idea miss Emily." I answered instinctively. With that, she had each of us lay down chest first on the ground. She then stood in between us, told us to both flex our newly developed core muscles and remain stiff as a board. She then grabbed the handles on the back of our harnesses and with a heave, lifted us both off the ground.

Emily was insanely strong for a 13-year-old girl and she farmer carried us over in front of the large mirror on the wall and told us to look forward. As I looked up, I was peering at the sight of my Muscle-bound little sister holding both me and Jen at arm's length down at each side of her really muscular legs. She had a huge grin on her face and said to keep watching. "Yes Emily." Jen and I both said in unison, as we knew a pause or wrong response to any of her questions could end in a bit of pain. With that, she told my mom to count as she deadlifted us again and again and again. I stared at my sister's insane physique in the mirror as she lowered and raised, like sacks of potatoes us over and over.

Emily wore these Otomix, high top bodybuilding shoes which led to her now bulging calf muscles that jettied out to both sides and looked larger than my thighs. That led up to her knee which was surrounded on each side by slabs of rounded, powerful, full muscle that led further up to three distinct quad muscles that were huge and probably as big around as my waist. Emily was wearing tiny black, silky, smooth gymshark branded, dolphin style shorts that barely contained her thick, muscle bound, ab laden torso. Unlike mine, Emily's abs bulged out tremendously and were supper rounded with deep, deep crevasses between them. They looked so big and so full, I knew they could probably stop a bullet, let alone the hardest punch me or any other person could throw. They led up to a full, defined, muscular chest that I had a feeling could easily bench press me, and her pecs were starting to develop a deep valley between their bulging muscle bodies. Her arms were massively flexed due to holding our weight, and she was a muscle-bound monster to me, as I looked back at my tiny, puny reflection being lifted up and down so effortlessly by her.

My mom kept on counting as my little sister easily lifted her two older siblings up and down so many times. "Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." my mom said outloud before my little sister finally quit elevating us up off the ground. She then put us down and walked over to her phone which she had propped up to the side of the mirror. "Wave hello girls." Emily instructed, "I just posted this to my snapchat and will be posting some TikTok vids too." A chill went down my spine when I realized she had posted this to social media. I didn't mind having her be stronger and dominate me and her other older brother in private, but to have it out for the whole world to see. That was really freaking me out. But my training took over and I quickly waved and smiled to the camera.

Emily then had me and Jen stand up next to her, me to the right and Jen to the left. She was herculean in comparison to her two older brothers and I knew she was already bigger and stronger at 13 than I would ever be in my life. My little sister was bursting with muscles and her biceps were now so big, they looked larger than my little legs. She also stood 7" taller than me and at least 5" taller than Jen. She instructed us that she wanted to do an introduction video for her snapchat and then TikTok accounts. My mom started taking the Video and Emily said, "Hi everyone, I'm Emily. I'm super into fitness and I'm probably the strongest 13-year-old there is. These were my two older brothers, yep, they were my brothers. But I always wanted little sisters and now I have them. Introduce yourselves girls." she instructed with a smile. I instinctively waved and blurted out, "Hi, I'm Denise!" Then my sis blurted out, "Hi, I'm Jen." "Aren't they just the cutest little sisters ever!!!" she said with a smile as she side hugged us tightly against her muscle-bound physique. "Well, I hope you like us, cause we're going to bring you the funnest work out video's we can...please like and subscribe to my socials at Em-and-sissys." With that, Em let us go and grabbed the phone from my mom to re-watch the video. "Oh my gosh." she said, "these are going to be so fun to make."

My sister instructed us to be super-duper cute for the videos, so she had me skip over to the scale. The Triptudor was probably starting to wear off by now, but Jen and I had been skipping around and enjoyed being goofy and cute and fun anyway, so it came naturally at this point. With the video going, she said, "Ok pip-squeak, how much does my 2 years older little sissy weigh now?" She was really playing up the cuteness for the video, so I stepped on the scale with a smile as instructed. The numbers flashed for a few moments and then stopped at 95. "Hmmm." she snickered, "still not 100, but that's ok, at least you're the average weight of a 12-year-old girl now, and as cute as one too." She then gave me a delightful sisterly hug and walked me over to the bicep workout station.

The bicep station was a chest leveled black padded stand that was straight on one side and slightly angled down on the far side. She had me stand with my back on the far side while she leaned her rock-hard chest against the other. I felt her grab the handles on the back of my harness and with a quick flick, woosh, I was flung off my feet and was held vertically with my front side facing the ground, obviously being held above by Emily's powerful arms. Again, my mom was at the ready with the phone and began the video. Emily looked at the camera and said, "Denise here is up to 95 pounds guys and girls out there, so you may need to work up to this, or who knows, maybe she's just a nice little warm-up for y'all." With that, I could feel myself being raised and lowered, raised and lowered, raised and lowered. Looking in the mirror, I could see Emily's biceps flexing massively with each rep of my body. My little sister was so fucking strong she was now bicep curling my entire bodyweight. I had never felt so dainty and meager in my life. After several more powerful reps, as my sister's forearms and biceps were bursting out of her skin, she managed a smile and had me lower a leg and stand up. "Taa Daa" I instinctively said with a grin, playing up for my sister's workout vid. She laughed out loud, and I knew I was getting a bonus point from her for that.

Next, Emily wanted to do some squat work with us. She had us walk over to the squat rack and facing out, towards the center of the gym, looking at my mom holding the camera. She instructed us to wrap

our arms around the top of the bar, me on one side where plates would normally go, and Jen on the opposite end, and then bring our legs out in front of us vertically and now at a 90-degree angle from the floor. Our legs were so petite, and our abs so strong, it was pretty easy for me and Jen to hold this position. With the video going, Emily positioned herself under the bar, also looking at my mom and said, "What do you think girls, time for another ride?" "Yes Emily, Yes." We both responded quickly. With that, my little sister easily lowered her body, and us down to full squat position and then with an explosion, shot straight up into the air and even jumped, not only hoisting us way up into the air, but actually getting a few inches of air under her feet as well. "Oooooo" I said out loud on accident as we came back down to the ground. Emily laughed loudly and said, "Don't be scared girls. I got you." With that, she did it again and again. Each time, my petite body struggled mightily to keep my L-Hold position as me and Jen's pony-tails flew up wildly with each of my sister's powerful leaps. I kind of peered over and noticed her newly developed, thick, hard traps under the bar, easily absorbing our weight with the downward motion of each completed jump. Trying to score some more bonus points with my sis I said, "Weeee! Again Em, Again, this is fun!" She laughed again and leapt us into the air a few more times and then finally stepped back and re-racked the bar.

With that she did a front biceps pose, her biceps peaked massively and I knew my Testosterone boosted, freak of a little sister had 15" biceps at least. I looked down at my 8" twig arms and couldn't even make a hard muscle. I couldn't help but be in total awe of her body and it seemed like I was looking at a fully developed, mountain of a woman, not my kid sister. But she was bouncy, and cute and played it up for the video saying, "I hope you're all having as much fun as we are...so please...like, subscribe and stay tuned for more workout fun." We finally got to relax and my arms were fully exhausted and I fell to the floor. "Good job girls" Emily said enthusiastically, "Let's go to the mall, I think we should get some matching outfits for our next video. Does that sound fun?" "Yes Emily, it sounds really fun." I answered, again trying to keep on her good side. Jen also agreed and we set out for a fun trip to the mall.