

Admiration

We arrived at the house and Em hurried and carried me into the kitchen. I was still smiling from ear to ear having received a loving kiss from my muscle-laden little sister. She lifted the bag off her buff shoulder and put me on the kitchen counter. “Judy, Judy!” she shouted as she awaited my mom’s quick arrival.

I always knew it would be quick, since my mom was under strict instructions from em...like me and Jennifer, to stop whatever we’re doing when she arrives and be available for her every wish or demand. You’d think it was a tough way to live, but I always wanted to be around Em so to me it was a treat when she arrived home and I was like a happy puppy when she did...trying my best not to drool all over myself at the sight of her beautiful face and muscular, athletic, tall body.

My mom rushed into the kitchen and Em immediately went into the story about how she and I just beat the neighborhood champs at a Tennis game. My mom was excited for Em and me as always but finally asked, “Where’s D?” “Oh, that’s the best part Judy.” My sister replied. “She fits conveniently in this little duffle bag right here, so I can carry her around wherever I go now.” All of a sudden, I felt Em’s strong hand grab the tab and *Ziiiiip* the bag went as she unzipped the bag. Now open, I lifted my legs out and straight, raised my torso and with a smile said to my mom, “Ta-Da” My mom smiled and laughed and thought it was funny that Em’s oldest brother, I mean sister, could be stuffed in a duffle bag and easily hoisted up and carried around by her youngest daughter. “Isn’t she heavy?” my mom asked earnestly. With that, Em just raised her right arm, flexed it massively, allowing the bicep to ball up into a baseball sized, rock-hard muscle and said, “Are you kidding, she’s light as a feather when you have guns like these Judy!” my little sister replied as my mom and I ogled her huge, powerful muscles.

I slithered out of the bag and dropped off the counter and onto the ground to stand next to my little sister. She towered over me by seven inches and her physique was massive and fully developed compared to my skinny little frame. As I looked to my left at her, I noticed that her legs and thighs were thick and probably had more muscle than I’d ever have in my life. Each of her muscle-laden thighs were more bulky than my torso and her calves were larger than my thighs. The workout regimen and T-patches had certainly turned her into the muscle beast she wanted to be and may have even allowed her to surpass her own wild expectations.

My mom instinctively opened the fridge door to make Em something to eat. My little sister was always hungry and trying to feed her growing, powerful body at all times. She really wanted to get home to workout but needed to wait to eat here and then endure the long ride home. Thinking quickly I said to my little sister, “Why don’t you work out here Em? You can use me as your weights.” She peered down at me, kind of smiled and said, “Good idea D.” And with that she hoisted me up and carried me easily into the living room.

Em got into the pushup position and then instructed me to get on her back. I couldn’t believe what was happening and was ecstatic that she actually was going along with my idea. I quickly crawled up on my little sister’s wide, muscle covered back and laid as close to it as possible, while I wrapped my hands onto her rounded, heavy shoulders to secure myself to her. With ease, Emily began lowering and raising herself to the ground. I had no idea anyone even had so many different muscles in their back, but it seemed like everywhere underneath me, rounded, hard, muscle bodies were popping up all over the place.

My little sis was raising and lowering herself and me one after another after another. Before we started, she had instructed me to count. I had been yelling out, “One, Two, Three, Four...Fifteen, Sixteen, Seventeen, Eighteen...Twenty-seven, Twenty-eight, Twenty-nine, Thirty!” By then, everyone in the house had made their way into the room and watched in awe as Em so easily handled my weight.

Feeling the vibe, Em decided she wanted to continue her chest workout in front of everybody. She rolled over on her back, had me flex my body tightly and lay on top of her. She then placed one hand on my chest and one on my right thigh, just below my crotch. Her hands were strong and powerful and I loved the feeling of them against me. This time, Em instructed my other little sister Jennifer to count. With seemingly little effort, Em easily hoisted my 100 pound frame up and down over and over and over again. She pumped out 30 reps with my body and then lowered me down and on top of her pumped up chest. Grandma, my mom and Jennifer cheered with hoots and hollers and claps as Emily displayed her superior strength.

My little sister used me as her human dumbbell and continued to switch between pushups and bench presses for four, muscle pumping sets each. By the end, her triceps and chest were greatly expanded and she decided to give us all some straight arm triceps poses and for good measure then hit a most-muscular pose. Em was enjoying the attention and loved showing off her muscle-bound size and power. She had grown addicted to our constant admiration for her and loved walking around our house as the clear Alpha. The days of her being mean to us were now gone as she was no longer in the transition stage of developing her superiority and our

blind obedience to her. Now that those things were clearly in order, she was able to converse with us on a normal level as we all knew our place.

I loved my kinder, but all powerful little sister and was still honored that she considered me her best friend. I congratulated her on her show of power and strength and gave her huge arm a feel and squeeze. I just shook my head in disbelief at her size and the hardness of it. She smiled, knowing just how impressed I was with it and gave me a fun, loving bear hug. Not finished with her workout, she instructed Jennifer to come over as well. Now standing next to her, Em squatted down and had us both wrap our hands around her muscular shoulders and neck and kind of jump and wrap our skinny legs around her thick torso.

With the full weight of her two older siblings upon her. Em began squatting down to full depth and then exploding upward. The force of her accelerated burst upward made me and Jen weightless for a moment before Em again squatted down. She did this again and again and again and me and Jen's long hair was flying up and crashing down with each, violent rep. It seemed like she could have gone on forever, but after yet another thirty reps, Em stopped for a break. Instead of putting us down, my little sister simply rested in place, carrying our weight the whole time, and then squatted us for another three sets. Her strength was beyond belief and my mom and grandma cheered her excitedly as she now used her two older siblings as simplistic weights for her own gain.

As she finally put us down, I was amazed at the huge quad development in her legs. I placed my hand on one and asked her to flex. Em loved showing off her muscles and immediately hit a leg pose. The three headed muscle in her upper leg jumped to attention and the separation between the muscle bodies was insane. It formed high rounded, long, peaks and the overall girth of her quads was massive. I still wore my mid-section exposed little tennis outfit, it seemed obvious that her quad and hamstring were larger than my waist. I loved comparing her massive, muscle-bound size against my skinny, frail, weak body and I pushed hard against her muscle to feel their superior power.

Jen didn't seem at all interested in my sister, but my infatuation and lust for her was growing. She knew she had my full, and worship-like attention and Em began flexing and fully relaxing her quad. Every time she re-flexed it, the muscles again jumped to overwhelming size. I was enamored and eventually became obsessed and put into some sort of trance-like state. Although, I was still on the last round of puberty blockers m had given me, there was a definite new feeling down below and I was confused by the emotions and tingling sensation I was feeling.

Em realized something was confusing me and quickly grabbed my hand and rushed us both upstairs. As we ran into the room, Em sat on the edge of the bed facing me. I was standing in front of her and her two, massively pumped thighs were at my sides. She kind of closed her thighs around my body and with me just a foot away, she raised both arms and hit a double-biceps pose. The muscles exploded in size and her flexed, muscle-laden arms were the most beautiful things I had ever seen. Because of our BFF relationship, I reached out and began to caress their surface. The hard, rounded, muscles in my hands felt amazing and I was completely enamored by them.

Sensing my infatuation, Em asked, “You like my muscles don’t you?” I nodded my head up and down in affirmation. “You can’t take your eyes off them and want to feel them all the time, don’t you?” Again, I nodded my head, yes. “You like how much bigger and stronger than you I am don’t you D?” Yes, I responded once more. “Good!” she responded with a wide smile.

Em then slowly lowered her huge arms to her sides. Looking lovingly into each other’s eyes, she said, “Ok D, now you hit a double-biceps pose.” I was shocked, and kind of embarrassed, but she quickly encouraged me and said, “C’mon, let’s see em.” Slowly, I raised them up and tried to hit that same pose. Unfortunately, there was such a lack of muscle, they didn’t even get hard. I tried to flex with all my might, but my skinny little arms just didn’t even make a muscle or firm up. My little sis squeezed where a bicep muscle should be and said, “Oh D, you have the cutest little twigs. I’m going to be sad when you start to grow a little, I just love you the way you are. That was enough praise for me to want to stay this tiny little girl forever.

My little sis then grabbed me behind the back with her powerful hand and pulled me in closer to her. She must have realized the infatuation with her I was developing and she rewarded me with a nice warm, loving peck on the lips. I loved that she loved me and just the quickest little peck sent my emotions into outer-space. She quickly stood up, grabbed my hand and led me back down to the kitchen to have our lunch.

I had just confessed to her how much I loved her muscles and ogled her every, powerful movement. She knew it now 100% for sure and I wasn’t clear on how she would respond. She let me know pretty quickly though as we sat down at the table. As usual, Emily had me sit next to her, but the next act was very telling. While sitting and complimenting my grandma on the great spread of food, Em reached over, grabbed my chair and pulled it next to hers, so close that the chairs were now up against each other. My shoulder was now leaning hard into her

massive, buff arm and she reached under the table, grabbed my hand, and brought it over and placed it on her exposed, warm skinned thigh.

I looked over and up at my towering, muscle-bound little sister. She got a huge grin on her face and with my hand firmly upon her thigh, she began flexing and relaxing her gorgeous quad. The muscles were rippling under my palm and feeling the hardness and raw power they contained had me sweating in enjoyment. I got a huge smile on my face and Emily couldn't contain herself either and began laughing out loud. My mom was wondering what the hell was so funny and asked Em what it was. My sis just smiled back and said, "Oh it's nothing mom, just a little inside joke between me and D." I shook my head in agreement and continued to smile widely as Em flexed her quad periodically for me while we ate our lunch.

Emily seemed very happy that I was honestly so enamored and a bit infatuated with her muscles. Being so strong and powerful and the obvious Alpha around the house was rewarding for Em, but the fact that I actually enjoyed it, somehow turned a switch in her. She actually called our mom, "Mom." For the first time in over a year and I felt she might finally be coming off her high horse.

After lunch, Em again grabbed my hand and led me up to her room. She sat on the edge of the bed and we got in the same positions as before. She had me lower my arms against my sides and then squeezed her legs tightly against me. Their size and strength had me fighting to breathe and she told me to try to get free. I tried to turn and pull and jump and twist. It was of no use. By just using her legs, Em had me completely helpless in front of her, unable to move. Just confirming what I'd told her before she asked, "Do you like that? Do you like how I can hold you so helpless with almost no or little effort?" I had kind of a serious look on my face and somehow took in a breath and answered, "Uh Hu."

With that, Em reached out her massive, muscle-laden arms and grabbed my long hair. She ran it through her hands and then kind of pulled it back and tightly against my head and behind me. She just kept staring at me and kind of turned my head to get a different angle. After doing this for ten or twenty seconds I finally asked, "What?" "Oh, don't worry." She responded, "Just seeing something." She continued to kind of turn my head back and forth and a little up and down. After another twenty seconds, she got a grin on her face as I ogled the hanging muscle from her outstretched biceps. Again I asked, "Whaaaaaat!"

“I don’t know.” Em replied with a bit of a happy look, “It’s just that, as cute as a sister as you are...I think you’d be a cuter boy.” I sat there in shock. For two years she turned me into her sister and created her own BFF. I couldn’t have been happier to be her BFF and stood there speechless...wanting to be the boy I knew I was but more-so, wanting to be Em’s best friend and play mate. “But, um...we’re, um...” I stuttered. “Best Friends?” Em quickly responded. “Ya.” I answered back. “Well, we can still be best friends cant we?” She replied with a grin. “I got a big grin too and shook my head Yes.” “Good!” Em responded quickly again, “Now go throw on some shorts and let’s go for another swim!” My little sis released her vice-like grip on me and I threw my arms around her massive shoulders and gave her a huge hug. “I love you Em!” I said as I held her tightly. “I love you too Davey.” She responded. Calling me by my real name for the first time in years...

We hit the pool, and this time, instead of wearing my one piece cute, purple swimsuit, I walked out in my small, Dolphin running shorts. They were still a bit feminine, but my upper body was bare. Jennifer walked out and apparently Em had let her know to do the same. She was also wearing just a pair of shorts. My mom joined us at the pool and Em took this moment to make an announcement. “Mom, come here.” Em said. My mom quickly walked over as instructed and asked what was up. Em stood with us in the shallow end of the pool. I was chest deep as I stood in the water, while Em’s entire ripped torso and muscle-bound upper body was above the water-line.

“I’ve decided it’s time for me to have some little brothers.” Emily stated. “So let’s go later and get some cute, boys haircuts for Davey and Derek on the way home.” My mom and Derek were in shock. Their jaws dropped and I could see the utter joy and happiness on my mom’s face, knowing Emily was finally relenting on her over-reaching, Alpha prescribed identities for us. She also noticed that Em had started calling her “Mom” again and she almost fainted. Still wearing her clothes, she gained her breath back and jumped in the pool to embrace her daughter. She laid several kisses on Em and there was a feeling of relief as the iron clad dictatorship of my sister had finally relaxed a bit. As she held my mom firmly in her arms, I couldn’t help but ogle the massive shoulder, triceps and trap muscles on my little sister. Derek then made his way over and gave her a big hug as well.

I kept my distance and let them all enjoy their moment. It took a couple of minutes, but eventually, Em turned her herculean frame towards me and slowly approached. The water cascaded down her dripping wet, muscular body and I watched the droplets move gracefully down towards the pool.

My little sister grabbed me under the arm pits and lifted me high into the air. I looked down at her smiling face and she slowly lowered me and brought me in to her rock-hard body. I wrapped my legs around her thickly muscled, wet torso and my arms around her wide, powerful neck and traps. She leaned in and our lips met again. She lowered us under the water surface and continued her long loving kiss. Eventually, I returned the favor in a passionate way. It seemed wrong but right all at the same time. We made out for a long moment, before we eventually ran out of breath. It was the first time I'd ever "really" kissed a girl and the first time for Em as well.

Em raised us up out of the water. We stared lovingly into each other's eyes, giddy smiles strewn across our innocent faces. I wasn't sure how to react, but as I was held in my little sister's muscle filled arms, she nodded with a wink, said, "C'mon." and she turned and slowly carried me back over to the fam...