

Grandma's House

Em and I rode on and arrived at the mall \$20 richer. We locked up the bike and headed in to find my grandmother something for her birthday. I wasn't sure what to get but Em thought a necklace would be a good gift. Even though she was a 5'7" ball of muscle, she still had an eye for girly things and I was just following her lead. We walked up to the counter of a kiosk that sold attractive but cheap costume and silver jewelry. Em knew that our grandma always wore rings and other jewelry with colored stones in them, so she decided upon a necklace with a heart pendant that had 4 or 5 different stones. There was green, blue, red and yellow. It was pretty and I knew she'd like it. The bill came to \$38 so the extra \$20 Emily won from the big bully at the playground came in handy.

I figured we were done and ready to head back home but Em said hold on. She then grabbed me under the arms and easily lifted me up and sat me on the kiosk counter. I must have felt light as a feather to her muscle-bound arms and she had a big smile on her face as she said she wanted to get me something. Before the woman operating the kiosk looked at Em and said, "You girls are just the cutest. Are you sisters?" "Not just that." Em replied, "We're also Best Friends!" I looked at the woman and blushed beat red, knowing my idol and hero was calling me her best friend. "Well." The woman said, "I have just the thing for you two." She then opened a drawer and pulled out two bracelets with pink, knotted thread or thin rope I guess and a half a heart emblem on each one. The heart halves matched up perfectly and when held together read, "Best Friends!"

My sister loved them and clapped out loud as she saw them and reached out for them. "Hold out your arm." Em instructed me. I held it out and she clasped the bracelet on. It was a little loose, but I loved it. She then held out her arm and asked me to put the other one on her. I unclasped the back and tried to put it on Em's muscular wrist. I hadn't realized it, but Em actually had thick muscle on the underside of her arm and wrist running all the way up to her hand. It was a bit of a struggle, but without pinching her skin in the clasp, I finally got it secured. "So Cute!!!" Em said loudly and lovingly as she had us put our arms next to each other's for a cute picture. As we did, I immediately noticed another major size difference. Her heavily muscled forearm and wrist were double the size of mine. My feminine, beanpole of an arm was barely even noticeable in the pic, dwarfed by her massive one. She didn't seem to care and posted it to her social media right then. Next, she had the woman take another picture of us as Em leaned into me, while I still sat on the counter. Her rounded, muscular shoulder pushed against mine and in the pic, her thick neck again made mine look non-existent next to hers. "I just love these." Em said to the woman, "How much?" "Oh, for you two cuties, I'll give them to you for cost. \$30 each." Damn, I thought, we don't have that kind of money. But Em was prepared, pulled out mom's credit card and said, "Here you go!" I looked at Em and said, "I love it!!!" and while still probably blushing, wrapped my thin arms around her wide, muscle-bound shoulders and gave her a pec on the cheek.

Em grabbed my hand and we walked out of the mall, constantly giggling and bumping into each other like besties as we did. It was pretty much the happiest I had ever been and I wanted our new

relationship to last forever. I put grandma's gift in my pocket, we hopped on the E-bike and I grabbed my usual spot behind my sister, firmly grabbing her thick torso and protruding ab muscles as we went.

We arrived home and I jumped off the bike to go tell my mom what Emily just bought us. I was giddy as could be and blushing from ear to ear as I told her how Em said we were now best friends and bought us these cute bracelets. My mom was genuinely happy for me as all mom's would be to have such a happy child. But as Em walked in, she said she needed to talk to her. "What's up mom?" Em asked, thinking she'd already be questioned about her \$60 mall purchase. Not that Em had to worry though, she ran the household now and it would be more likely that she would question a unannounced \$60 purchase made by my mom! "Well miss Emily." My mom said, still treating her muscle-bound daughter with the respect she required. "I found out that your cousin Timmy and uncle Brad will be at grandma's today too for the BBQ." "OK, so..." Em responded. "I was thinking it might be a little odd for them to see their cousins David and Derek as Denise and Jennifer?" Em was shocked at such insolence and grabbed my mother forcefully by the arm. "Judy!" she exclaimed, "You are never to refer to Denise and Jennifer using their former names. Do you understand me?" "Yes miss Emily, Yes. I'm so sorry...I'm so sorry!" she answered. "Don't apologize to me Judy, apologize to Denise and Jen right now." Without hesitation, my mom apologized to me emphatically and then ran upstairs to apologize to Jen too. My sister then walked up to me, wrapped me in her muscular arms and said, "It's OK Dee, don't be upset. I don't think she'll ever make that mistake again." I enjoyed being in the grasp of my powerful hero and thanked her for supporting me.

Emily and I were ready to go and before long, Jen made her way down the stairs in some jeans and her favorite light blue Elsa Disney T-shirt; her hair back in her typical pony-tail. We all gathered up and jumped in the car to head to grandma's house. Normally Em rode up front with my mom, but today, she sat in the back seat with me. She grabbed my hand and wanted to sit so our Best Friend bracelets made the completed heart. As we did, it was beyond noticeable to me how much larger her thick, muscular forearm and biceps were compared to mine. In fact, as I peered down, her forearm was bigger than my biceps and her biceps seemed as big as my little chicken legs. Our legs were of course bumping against each other's and I made a funny comment, "Look how buff my legs are!" then flexed my quad, which barely moved or gained any size at all. She took the bait, laughed back and decided to flex her relaxed leg. It exploded in size and three huge muscle bodies protruded greatly from its surface. Her short shorts kind of veered back only covering half of the side of her muscle-bound ass and the quad and hamstring muscles filled to max capacity and dwarfed my legs, looking easily three times bigger than mine. I placed my palm on her leg muscles and loved feeling the rock-hard bulge as I massaged them firmly. "Squeeze harder." She said. "No problem." I responded and I turned towards her and began massaging it with both hands as deeply as possible. The surface was too hard though, I barely made a dent. "If you relaxed it a bit, I can massage you better." I said.

With that, my mom turned around and said, "What's going on back there?" "I'm getting a massage from Denise Judy, she's really good at it!" Em answered. A huge smile came across my face and I know I blushed a bit, getting yet another compliment from my new best friend. I gripped her quad even deeper and tried to really make her muscles feel good. As I did, Em loved the feeling so much, she tilted her head back and closed her eyes. After several minutes on that leg, I reached over and grabbed onto her

right quad. It felt awesome to have such powerful muscle in my hands and I began releasing the blood in her muscles and her leg began turning red. Her skin was thick, and tight and firm, even while relaxed. I could actually feel every pumped-up muscle and when she occasionally flexed accidentally, the surface became rock-hard and impossible to penetrate. Em still had her eyes closed and I could hear a light moan as she was truly enjoying the experience and damn near falling asleep. I massaged her gorgeous, muscle-bound legs for the entire trip, and didn't stop until we finally arrived at my grandma's house. Em opened her eyes, looked at me with very loving eyes, had a satisfied smile on her face and reached over and hugged me in her large, muscular, powerful arms and gave me a peck on the cheek. I was in heaven, being adored by my little sister and hero and my obsession to her and her muscular physique was growing by the minute.

As we stopped, Jen jumped from the car to go see grandma and dig into her famous, freshly baked chocolate chip cookies. I was looking forward to those too, but Em and I grabbed hands and kind of skipped to the house more slowly. As Jen got to the door, Grandma was there waiting and gave her a big hug. "And who are you?" she asked Jen. "I'm Jen now grandma. Not Derek" My grandma looked confused so my mom was quick to say, "Oh mom, let me introduce you to Jen and Denise. They're Emily's siblings...the little sisters she always wanted." My grandma still looked very confused as I also reached in and gave her a hug. Then Emily piped up, grabbed my grandma in a nice bear hug and said, "Hi Grandma...Happy Birthday." She obviously recognized Em and gave her a kiss and thanked her. "Well kids." She said, "Let's go inside and have some cookies." We rushed in for the world's Best Chocolate Chip cookies, the smell thick in the air as they had just come out of the oven.

To my surprise, there was a man and his son standing in the kitchen. As we ran in, the man looked at my mom and said, "Hi Judy, great to see you again! Is this Emily?" "Yes." My mom replied, "Great to see you too Grant!" They hugged briefly and he said, "Wow Emily, you've certainly grown tall and athletic! What sports are you doing?" "Ummm. Just working out a lot." Emily replied as she downed a cookie and smiled. "Well, who are these little cuties?" he asked, looking at me and Jen. "Oh, my little sisters Denise and Jen." Em said with her mouth full of goodies. Grant looked at my mom and said, "Oh, where are the two boys? I thought Connor here might have your sons to play with today." Before my mom could say anything, Em answered, "Oh, they were my brothers, but now they're my sisters. I always wanted little sisters...and now I have two!" She said nonchalantly as she grabbed another chocolate chip. Connor and Grant burst out laughing loudly. Realizing he probably shouldn't, Grant looked back at us and my mom, also with a very confused look but shit eating grin on his face. "Oh....um....uh....sorry, I didn't know." Jen and I turned beet red and Em said sarcastically, "Don't worry Grant. We'll play your games, and maybe a few of ours...If you're up for it."

Grant didn't know what to say, but Connor thought himself quite the stud and said, "How old are you guys now anyway?" "I'm 15 and a half, Jen's 14 and Em's 13." I answered, "How old are you now?" "I'm 15 too." Connor answered, but he towered over me and was probably eye to eye with Em and 135 pounds. Turns out, Grant and Connor were our cousin's by marriage, but he had divorced my aunt when

I was only 6, so I had maybe met him a few times till then, but obviously didn't remember him or Connor.

Before long, Grandma asked us to stand against the wall where she marked our heights every year. I was not very excited to do it as I knew I had barely grown. But grandma wanted to do it by age, and as the oldest, I went first. I pushed my back hard against the wall and stood on my tippy toes...making me more like 5'4" tall. But everyone laughed as they were on to me and made me stand with heels on the floor. My grandma still looked down at me and it was easy for her to make the pencil mark. She wrote my name, Denise, next to that line and got out the tape measure. It stretched up and I could see my new line was barely taller than last years line. 5' ½". "Ok dear." She said nicely to me, "Maybe next year is your year to really grow up tall." I walked away from the wall and Em grabbed me in a big bear hug, knowing how disappointed I was to still be so short, with no real height growth in an entire year!

Next went Connor, to my surprise, there was a mark for him too, which I hadn't noticed in the past. But sure enough, he grew like two inches from that mark and his towered above mine at 5'7". He looked way down at me, here I was, a half a year older and damn near 7" shorter. I was like a pip-squeak compared to him. He walked away from the wall and Jen took her turn. Unlike me, she actually grew a little and my grandma made a mark and measured it to 5'2" tall. Even my little sister Jen was starting to leave me in the dust and tower over me. I felt like I looked up 2 inches to her now. Finally it was the youngest's turn. Em sauntered over, backed her muscular physique against the wall and gave grandma a shot to measure her height. But she was too short for Em, so Grant, who probably stood at least 5'10 or 5'11" made the measurement and mark. Even to Em's surprise it read...5'8 ½". Damn she was getting tall, she was now easily more than half a foot taller than me and almost as tall as Grant. With a pair of runners on, she'd be looking Grant eye to eye no problem. I stood a bit dejected, older than all of these relatives but far, far shorter and more feeble. I was almost glad to be a girl now where it wasn't that odd to be little and everyone was nice to me, for if everyone knew me as a boy, I'd be bullied for sure.

Mom had all us kids line up with grandma for a picture. Em and Connor stood on either side of her while the shorties...me and Jen stood in front. She took the picture and I knew when I came back next year, it's be on the wall with all the rest. I had to go to the bathroom at one point and as I walked down the hall and looked at the past pictures, it was easy to see over the past few years where I pretty much stayed the same size while Jen and especially Em started growing. But I knew after this year, when I got off the puberty blocker, I'd finally grow and finally be tall.

Not too long after lunch, Em told Connor we were going outside to play and asked him along. She kind of gave me a wink and I knew she had something up her sleeve. We all went outside and she said, "Hey, why don't we have a little competition." Connor was game and answered, "I don't know, I mean, I guess I could take it easy on you guys, but I'll probably get bored quickly." "Here then." Em said. "You line-up against Denise, then I'll race Jen, and winners will match up to see who's the fastest." "I guess that'll work." He said and so Em lined us up. I knew this route way to well as it was where Em destroyed me and Jen and we found out just how much faster and more athletic our little sister was over us.

We took our mark and on the count of three, Em yelled, “Go!!!” Connor was pretty fast and he gapped me by at least ten or fifteen feet by the time we hit the tree. He turned and fired back, while I eventually did the same. Like my little sis had done before, Connor beat me easily and won by probably 30 feet. It was a killing, but I thought I remembered Em beating me by about that amount before, so I felt like they might have a good race. Next, Em lined up against Jen and they held their race. It went much like me and Connor as Em easily out-paced Jen and won by a similar 30 feet or so. By now, Grant and my mom and grandma had come out and the playfulness of the event got a bit more serious for Connor. Grant yelled down from his perch, “Connor, I know she’s a girl, but you gotta show off that track team experience for this old man ok.” Before he lined up against Em he said, “No hard feelings when I beat you Emily, just gotta show my dad and grandma that I’m the fastest.” “No worries.” Emily responded and then looked at me with a smile.

Emily had taken a real liking...maybe even an obsession over beating guys and making them feel small. I guess I experienced it first hand when I was David, but now as Denise, I loved watching her show off her Girl-Power and send boys off with their tails between their legs. As I mentioned, the adults had taken an interest in our little track meet and lined up on grandmas deck to watch the championship race. I counted to three and then yelled, “Go!!!” In a flash, Em’s calf and quad muscled flexed greatly and she took off in a dead sprint. With each stride away, I ogled her long, gorgeous, muscle-bound legs with each powerful, quick stride. At the same time, the thinner Connor was also sprinting at full speed. Grant, who seemed an innocent bystander at first was now loudly yelling, “C’mon Connor, whip her butt Connor...Go Connor Go!!!” He was serious and I knew he didn’t want his 15 year old son losing to a 13 year old girl.

However, the confidence Connor had before the race had to be fading as we could tell Em hit the tree first. Grant was yelling even louder now and as Emily was passing Connor in the opposite direction on her way back to us, he stuck out his leg and she went falling hard to the ground. As she rolled and kind of gathered herself back to standing on her feet Connor had hit the tree, turned around and blasted past my still sister. What he had just done was dirty as hell, but he was still acting like the race was on. Although it took a moment to process, Em finally realized he had done that on purpose and was planning on beating her back. As Grant still cheered him, Emily took off in pursuit. He now had a big lead, but Emily began pumping her muscular arms forcefully and the quad muscles in Emily’s legs were flexing to herculean proportions with each stride and she began making up ground quickly. Connor had his head back and was trying hard, but Em had put in some sort of testosterone enhanced super speed and began catching him quickly. My muscular little sister looked like an Olympic sprinter and ran faster than I’d ever see her run before. They got closer and closer to the finish and within 20 feet of the finish line, Em caught him and by the finish, she had beat him by a full stride.

I ran up to Em and jumped into her muscle-bound arms. “You won! You won! What a comeback! That was awesome!” I screamed. Even with me in her arms, Em found the strength to jump up in victory and

we were both airborne with each of her powerful leaps. After four or five more victorious moments, Em put me down and walked over to shake Connor's hand as a show of grace. "Aw." He said, "Not a real victory since I hadn't really stretched and I wasn't even running that hard." And he didn't shake back. I knew that was a bullshit poor sport move, which I knew would make Em want to beat him by even more next time. She said, "Oh, why don't we wait a couple minutes and then we'll go again. But this time I won't "Accidentally" fall down and quit running in the middle of the race." Em said with a really sarcastic tone. Connor knew he'd been beat even after he cheated and tripped her and said, "Nah, I think I kinda pulled something, we'll have to do something else."

"OK." Em replied, "Can you do pull ups." "Of course I can!" Connor answered, "You're a girl though, I bet you can't even do 5." I laughed out loud, knowing she could probably do 5 with one hand. Em looked over and kind of gave me the "be quiet" look and then she answered, "I think so. Show me how many you can do, then I'll try to do at least 5." Sensing a possible easy victory, Connor said, "Sure, I'll go first...show you how it's done." With that, he jumped up and started doing reps. To my surprise, he was kind of strong and easily did the first five. He kept going though and eventually did an 8th, 9th, 10th then paused, jerked his body around and got an 11th and finally, with a bit of a cheating kip, hit a 12th...barely, before dropping to the ground and pumping his chest out like he was a stud. "Great job Connor!" Grant cheered out from the deck. "I'm sure the 3 girls can't even combine for 12 between all three." He then laughed like he was being funny, but I could again tell there was some seriousness in his comment.

"Go ahead Denise and Jen, see if you can give your big, sorry, I mean little sister some help." Grant said. I wanted to try so I got under the bar and jumped up to grab it. Unfortunately, I was short and apparently had no hops, so I missed. Sensing my frustration, Emily walked up, grabbed my waist in her hands and easily lifted me up to the bar. I grabbed on tightly and hung down below. With all the strength in my little arms, I pulled up. Second by second, inch by inch, I slowly made my way up towards the bar. But unfortunately, I got to that sticking point just a couple inches below and couldn't budge. I didn't know what to do and was going to be incredibly embarrassed to not even be able to do one when I remembered what Connor did. He kind of kipped his hips and kicked his legs and it gave him the needed momentum to get that last rep. With that thought in mind, I did what he did and miraculously it worked. My chin rose a couple inches and I now got my one rep and happily dropped to the ground having contributed towards our total.

While I was congratulated by Em, Jen jumped up, grabbed the bar and took her turn. It was not with a lot of heart, but she got two solid reps before dropping to the ground. I gave her a high-five and Emily walked herself under the bar. She reached up, took a tiny leap for her and grabbed the horizontal, round bar. As she hung, the muscles in her biceps separated greatly and you could see her well defined arm muscles like looking at an anatomy book. Her forearms also bulged greatly and with a grin on her face she began to pull herself up. As she reached the top, her biceps now formed beautifully rounded balls on the tops of her arms and the power they possessed was obvious. Everyone noticed her huge muscle bulge but Grant and Connor didn't say a word, super impressed with the sheer size of her muscles compared to his. With a gulp, Connor watched in horror as Emily slowly, methodically,

confidently pulled herself skyward and completed rep after powerful rep. She was purposely going slow to show the guys how much control and strength she had, but also making Grant and Connor think she might not be able to do 12. I was counting them out while also ogling my little sister's huge muscles. She got to ten, then kind of paused at the bottom. I could tell she just gave Connor a millimeter of hope then, after that long pause, cranked out 11, then 12, then a slow 13, a slow 14, a slow 15...all the way to 25 unbelievable, powerful reps. Connor's jaw had dropped and as she gave him a fake hug, she looked at his dad with a smirk and said, "Soo, I was supposed to do twice as many as Connor, right?" He stood there speechless. He was embarrassed for his son, having been physically beat twice by a 13-year-old girl. It was killing his ego so he just kind of shook his head and thought for a minute.

Wanting to figure out something his supposedly athletic 15-year-old son could beat a 13-year-old girl at, he said, "Why don't we have a little arm wrestling competition." He figured Connor had a good shot at that since guys typically are much stronger than girls in the upper body, and although she had just beat him at pull-ups, even relatively thin guys can beat strong looking girls at arm wrestling.

For some reason, there's nothing more humiliating than losing to a girl at arm wrestling. For a guy, it is an emasculating event and it can be tough to recover from. Knowing that, I kind of felt bad for Connor that his dad was about to thrust this embarrassment upon him. But to my surprise, Em looked at Grant and said, "Well, I won't arm wrestle Connor right now...but I'll arm wrestle you." "Ha Ha Ha." He laughed out as he thought it was a joke and a preposterous idea. "No, I'm serious." Em said in response. "That's funny." He answered, "I'm a grown man Emily, and it just wouldn't be fair." 'C'mon, c'mon, C'mon." everyone started goading Grant into it. He shook it off, declined a couple more times...and then after continuous egging on by us all said, "Fine, I'll arm wrestle with you Emily. Just don't get too upset when it's not much of a match." Yey! We all cheered when he agreed and I thought she might actually give him a good match.

Reluctantly, Grant took a seat at the picnic table opposite Emily. As they stuck out their arms, it was obvious that his was longer, but hers was absolutely packed with muscle and was full and gorgeous looking. They locked grips and Em squeezed tightly. Within seconds Grant yelled, "Ouch!" And tried to pull his hand away. Emily had purposely hurt him briefly and he got kind of serious real quick at that point. She smiled and said, "Oh, I'm sorry Grant, are you OK?" In a very condescending way...just to let him know she wasn't real happy with him. It helped the mood and the tension got pretty thick.

They locked grips again, this time Grant was a little more prepared and he forcefully took Emily's hand, thus keeping his from getting crushed again. Connor grabbed their grip and counted down, "Three, two, one!" BAM. Grant did that thing where he didn't try and Em accidentally slammed his hand hard into the table. "Ahhh" he screamed in pain, not expecting her to be so strong. "Shit." He replied, "I wasn't even trying." "Well try next time Grant!" Em said in response. "Ok, little lady." He replied, "But don't get too upset." "OK!" she said quickly.

Again they locked grips, Connor held them securely and then let go and said, “Go!” Grant’s arm flexed quickly and he put full force into the match. Em’s bicep also jumped to attention and her arm was fully peaked out and looking absolutely stunning in its massive, flexed state. “Holy Shit!” Grant let out as he was really trying hard, but Em was so strong he couldn’t budge her. She sat there with a stern look on her face too as she was trying to hold him off, but with a heavy effort, Grant slightly moved Em’s arm back a few inches. It got to that point and he grunted hard, two or three times as he thought he could overpower Em and force her arm down. But she had a plan. She was just holding her ground while he tired himself out. After a couple more hard efforts by Grant, a grin came across her face and she slowly moved their arms back to neutral. Having him back where it all started, even after his herculean effort, Em’s forearm and bicep flexed massively and her rounded shoulder was pumped to a huge, beautiful, muscle-bound shape and she began to force his arm back. He looked up in awe and there was complete disbelief on this man’s face as this 13-year-old girl was over-powering him and turning him into a helpless little girl as she was physically over matching him and forcing his arm to the table.

His now feeble arm was a mere inch from the table when, for some reason, he resorted to cheating. He reached his free hand over, grabbed their grip with it and tried to rip it back up. It worked and he was able to raise his arm several inches off the table. But now he had shown his true colors and that gave Em even more motivation to humiliate him in front of his son and family. She said, “Sure Grant, you can use both arms.” With a smile on her face, she let him sit there and try to defeat her with two arms versus her one. Then, in a fit of rage. She let out a large grunt and put all her strength into the match. Her one, muscle-laden arm was too much for him and both arms were forced back and then slammed hard into the table! While Grant looked down and shook his head in shame, Emily raised both of her thick arms into the air to claim victory over this fully grown man. I jumped at the chance to slide on to the chair beside her, wrap my arms around her thick, rock-hard torso and hug Emily tightly. My muscular best friend was stronger than anyone and I never wanted to let her go!