

## The Race

It had been a bit of a frustrating summer after my senior year. I was often at the track with my future teammates and away from the house and Emily most of the day. As a result, I wasn't spending all day with her and we hadn't shared a kiss or special moment at all. I was usually so tired because of my practices; I would fall asleep ten minutes into any movie we tried to watch. Then I'd be up and out the door for another day of practice, sometimes two a day.

My days of helping her in her gym and watching her pump her muscles to sweat dripping, vein bursting size were over. Our damn Cross-Country coach had us doing run after run after run and he was one of the military type coaches who wanted us to eat, drink and sleep running. His name was Pablo and he had been a top runner back in his college days and even ran professionally in Europe. He was tall and thin which is perfect for running long distance and he was always letting us know about his amazing accomplishment in the sport.

I liked the running as it cleared my head from the distractions of life and it got me in the best shape of my life. By the end of the summer and right before school started, I was still only 5'5" but had actually put on a few pounds of muscle. I was up to 124 pounds, had rock hard, defined abs and my legs had added a little muscle, surprisingly, I could feel a little hamstring muscle in the back of my leg, which I thought was cool.

I guess I couldn't really argue with Coach Pablo's training regimen though. I was getting much faster and able to keep cutting down my race times as we ran one practice race per week. I started off as the slowest guy on the team as the incoming, inexperienced freshman, but by the time school was about to start, I was up to sixth fastest out of ten. I knew I was at a disadvantage as the shortest guy on the team, but for some reason, I could beat several guys taller than me. I was really starting to gain some self-confidence for the first time in my life and I was walking around with a real spring in my step.

Emily loved that I was on a sports team and was often complimenting me about it. At the end of the summer, one day when I came home from practice she was waiting. I was a bit surprised at her outfit though. She normally wore short, spandex workout shorts and a sports bra. I loved it of course because it really showed off her massive quad muscles, abs and ever-growing shoulders and strong arms. But today was a bit of a surprise. Em had on a running kit like me. She wore the same Puma running shoes, gold colored short, silky running shorts and a track style tank top.

My little sister looked absolutely stunning in everything and the running kit was no different. For some reason, I actually liked her ass in these little running shorts more than even her tight little spandex shorts. Her rounded, muscle-bound ass stretched the material to its absolute limit and I also kind of liked the way the running tank and its thicker shoulder straps hung over her tremendously developed traps. As tired as I was from the practice, I could sense a little excitement down below and had to immediately look away to keep from getting a bit of a bulge in my shorts.

As I walked up to her, she was standing on the stairs at the porch and I was on the paved walkway two steps below her. As I looked up at my towering, muscle-laden sister, she had a huge smile on her face. “You look great in that.” I stated right away. “Thanks pip. You do too.” She replied quickly and with a smirk. Still not knowing what was going on, I began to walk up the stairs, but she had the opposite idea. Em grabbed my hand, spun me around, gave me a slap on the ass and walked us back towards the street and said, “You know Davey, you’ve been walking around her with a bit too much confidence lately. I think I need to knock that down a notch.”

“What do you mean Em?” I asked quickly, knowing I never wanted her to be mad at me. She was my best friend and I would rather die than have her upset with me. “Well.” She said, “We haven’t really competed in anything in quite a while, and I just can’t have you walk around here like some running god without proving yourself to me. So we’re going to have a little race.” “What are you talking about Em?” I asked, “You know you’re much faster than me. Hell Em, you’re faster than anyone I’d ever seen her race and your height and muscles are clearly superior to mine.” “I know pip.” She answered, “But let’s do it anyway. I need a little competition; it’s been a while.”

I couldn’t argue with her, because for the last several years she’s been able to do or say what she wanted to me. At first it was out of fear that I followed her every order, but over the last year and a half it’s been out of respect, admiration and love that I’ve wanted to do what she asks and always make her happy. With that in mind, I eagerly walked with her to the street, again ogling her firm, perfectly sculpted glutes and legs as I followed closely behind.

We got to the edge of the street and I asked “Where to?” Expecting her to point to some tree 50 meters away and knowing she could out sprint me easily and probably beat me by a really wide margin. She looked down at me and said, “To the elementary school fence and back.” I

looked at her with a confused stare. The elementary school was about a half mile away and that was definitely no sprint. It was going to be a mile round trip and I don't know if Em had ever even run a mile. She was busy putting on pounds and pounds of muscle, and could obviously out power anyone in a short sprint. Her height and huge, strong legs gave her an obvious advantage in short distances, but a mile...hmmm, I thought, I might have a chance.

Em knew she could beat me in any physical activity on earth, but a long distance run actually provided a little bit of a challenge for her. I was happy she had chosen something I might have an equal chance at. She was obviously a physically superior athlete but with no training, I knew it helped equal the playing field. We stood next to each other for a brief moment, I looked in her eyes and she gave me a deep, serious stare and it was definitely her game face. She patted me again in the ass and said, "Three, Two, One, Go!"

We both took a firm step and within ten seconds Em was already outpacing me. As much as I wanted to win and finally beat Em at something, once again, she was in the lead over me. As I paced myself behind her I was able to match her speed once she got off to a quick 10-meter lead. I enjoyed watching the huge calf muscles in her legs flex massively with each stride. Her thighs also bulged out widely as her foot struck the ground in quick succession. My own legs were feeling a bit of a burn from our team's hard practice that morning and I was already fearful that I might lose.

Em was unrelenting and she even started to quicken her pace as we got close to the school. I hadn't been able to eat into her lead and she probably hit the turn with a 15-meter advantage. As she raced by me the other way, I thought I might get a smile or a wink, but it was a serious, almost pained look on her face. Her wide, muscle filled shoulder almost hit me and would surely have knocked me to the ground, but it just kissed off of mine like a strong breeze and I was able to avoid hitting the ground.

As I hit the fence and turned, I took a few quick steps and immediately noticed that it felt like I was running downhill. My heart rate had finally sped up enough to start moving my blood and processing oxygen at maximum level and I seemed to have more energy than I had for the first half mile. Em must have sprinted a little after she hit the fence because she was now easily 20 meters ahead. I got a fire in my belly and wanted to finally beat Em at something. I quickened my pace and with a half a kilometer to go, I had cut the lead in half. She still had me by five or six paces as we turned the corner for my street and luckily, I had enough energy for a strong finish. I put it into high gear and began the finishing 200-meter sprint.

Em seemed a bit shocked when I caught her with 100 meters to go and she felt me by her side and began her own sprint as well. We were neck and neck as we got closer and closer and closer, but the last twenty meters she faded a bit and I was able to pull ahead and edge her by three or four steps.

We had both clearly given it our all and we both collapsed on the grass in front of the house, lying on our back and gasping for air. Em had to move her mountain of a body the same distance as my small frame and I couldn't believe that with absolutely no distance training, and after I had spent the entire summer running every day, she almost beat me. If the distance to the school was half a football field shorter, she would have won. But she didn't, I was the victor and as I stared up at the sky, a huge smile was written all over my face, knowing that after 3 to 4 years of being completely dominated by her physically and athletically, I had finally come out on top.

I reached my right hand out and grabbed her outstretched left hand as our backs were still planted firmly to the ground. Our chests heaving heavily and trying to take in as much air as humanly possible. In an instant, my little sister rolled her heavily muscled physique over and directly on top of mine. The weight was immense but I thoroughly enjoyed the feel of her thundering quads and thickly muscled torso on top of mine. It was hard to breath under her heaving, hot, sweaty frame and as I looked into her eyes, she had the most beautiful, heart melting gaze I'd ever seen.

Em's face was flush red from the run, but a wry grin soon covered it and she just looked lovingly at me and said, "Oh Davey, you're just full of surprises lately aren't you." I didn't know what to say or how to respond, but with her face just inches from mine, I wanted desperately to kiss her. She was so beautiful and the look of her rosy red cheeks, with small beads of sweat dripping down it had me completely speechless and enamored. But the look in her eyes were equally loving and I could tell she was impressed and maybe even a little smitten with me. I reached my hand up, swiped off a few beads of her sweat with my fingers and then put them in my mouth. I slowly pulled my finger out, licked my lips and said, "Mmmm, delicious."

Her head was still just inches above mine, her long hair draped down and fell upon my face, barely giving me vision of my crushes gorgeous, athletic face. She slowly lowered her head and within a moment, her moist, soft lips fell sweetly against mine. Even though the breathing was still heavy, we locked lips and began making out like two, lust filled young bae's. The fact that I could still barely breathe under the muscle-bound weight of my sister didn't matter and our tongues played their twisting, interlocking game. I reached up and grabbed her massive biceps in my hands, feeling the flexing, bulging muscles in her arms and loving the sensation of all that rock hard, biceps and triceps hugeness.

I was starting to get turned on massively, and just as passionate thoughts started racing through my mind, I heard a yell from our front door. “Kids!....Kids!” my mom shouted loudly. Em gave me one more forceful little body press, a deep kiss and then pull out and peck and vented, “Ugggggggh!” “Damn it!” I thought as my sister rolled her heaving muscles off of me and quickly stood up. My mom was kind of shaking her head at Emily and although my sister clearly ruled the household and called all the shots, apparently they had come to some sort of agreement when it involved me and Em making out.

“Calm down Judy!” my sister said loudly as she stuck out a hand and helped me to my feet, “I was just congratulating Davey for beating me in a race.” After calling her mom again all summer and showing a bit more respect, Em was clearly annoyed and made it clear to our mom by calling her Judy again. My mom knew she had ticked off Em so she quickly turned tail and walked back inside. Still clasping Em’s hand firmly, we both looked down and noticed the massive bulge in my shorts. “Well.” Em said jokingly to me, “At last I know you’ve been rewarded for your big win!” I laughed out loud, and eagerly followed Em inside. I then quickly ran upstairs to take a shower and finish myself off, thoughts of Em’s massive muscle-laden body on top of mine, still burned solidly in my mind.

Unfortunately, Em kept to her agreement with mom and the next week was much like the entire summer. Me at Cross-County practice and her doing her own workout thing alone. I desperately missed those hours in the gym with my little sister, watching her pump her vein covered muscles to maximum size and occasionally using me as her weights. Luckily, I still got to cuddle up with her on the couch and use her massive arm or chest as my pillow at night, but it was getting physically more and more difficult for me to be around her without getting turned on.

The best and worst day had finally come. It was my day to move into the dorms at University. I was super excited to finally take my life into the next phase, but at the same time was going to miss my sister greatly. The rooms came with beds, a desk, a closet...and a roommate. Mom and Em came to help with the move and also check out the room and campus with me. It was a 40-minute drive from my house, so not too far, but too far for me to walk or ride a bike home to visit Em. With no car, I was basically going to be marooned at school.

Em obviously wanted to help with the move, so I packed everything I thought I needed into two big suitcases and she helped me load them in the car. My mom drove us to campus and because I was an athlete and got to check in a week earlier than the regular students, it wasn’t too busy. It was raining that day, so unfortunately Em wasn’t wearing her normal skimpy clothes, allowing me to ogle her perfectly formed ass and bulging triceps. She had on a long sleeved and long pant track style outfit. It was light blue with a wide white stripe flowing down the sleeve and down the sides of the pants. Even though it was supposed to be a little loose fitting, Em filled it nicely and her ass and quads did stretch

the material slightly as she walked. It wasn't her bare skin, which I loved to stare at so much, but it was still good to look at.

We parked in the parking lot near my building and walked in to check in with the RA. She was a really cute brunette and welcomed us in. She was excited to hear that I was on the CC team, because she was on the girl's CC team. I could tell Em wasn't thrilled about Beth being so cute and also on the CC team, so she was sure to give me a long intimate hug and quick peck on the lips as I grabbed my key-card and welcome packet. She then introduced herself to Beth and gave her an extra hard handshake. Beth pulled her hand back quickly and exclaimed "Ouch" as the strength in Em's hand had crushed hers and damn near broken all the bones it contained. "I'm Sorry." Em replied, "Sometimes I don't know my own strength." Beth just kind of nodded her head in acknowledgement as she shook her hand in the air to work away the pain. With that, Em wanted to show one more sign of obvious intimidation. She grabbed both my heavy suitcases, and instead of rolling them on their wheels, picked them up and turned to the stairs. Instead of taking the elevator to the third story, Em decided she needed to show off a bit and started quickly stepping up the stairwell in front of the RA's desk.

I was feeling a bit giddy inside realizing Em was obviously a bit jealous that Beth kind of took some interest in me. I loved how Em had to show Beth I was hers by giving me a nice hug and kiss. Our mutual crushes on each other were clear as day to my mom and I'm sure she wasn't sure how to parent this particular situation. My mom was trying to just deal with it, but she could tell our bond was as strong as steel and I guess she had to think that was better than having us hate each other.

We arrived at the room and I flashed the keycard by the sensor. The door unlocked and I quickly stepped inside. It was bigger than I thought, with two twin beds on each side a desk and small refrigerator up and to the left side of a window and a tall closet to the right side of the window. My new roommate wasn't there but he had obviously moved in and by looking in the closet, he was obviously on the baseball team. In addition to his belongings, he also had a Bud Light poster with a picture of two really hot models by a pool holding cans of the beer. Em took a long look at the Bud Light poster and I could tell she didn't approve. "Looks like we'll need to get rid of that." Em said. "It's not mine Em." I answered, "I can't just take it down." She gave me a long stare and I could tell I had to make a quick decision. "Ok, OK Em." I said, "I'll get him to take it down as soon as he gets back."

Just as we were about to leave the room, my new roommate Eric showed up. He was thin but easily 6' tall and I looked way up at him. I shook his hand and introduced myself and then turned to my mom and Em. I said, "Eric, this is my mom Judy." They both exchanged handshakes and then before I could introduce Em she said, "Hi Eric, I'm Davey's friend Emily." I was shocked she jumped the introduction and also shocked she introduced herself as my friend...which could mean anything, rather than as my sister.

They exchanged a few pleasantries, and before I could get anything in Emily asked, “So Eric, do you think you could take that Bud Light poster off the wall?” Eric laughed out loud and said, “You’re kidding right?” “No, I mean, why do you need that on the wall anyway.” Em asked. “Umm, it’s my favorite poster so, ya, I’m sorry but it’s going to stay up. Don’t be jealous.” he then finished. With that, Em gave him the stare down of the century and I was thinking, “Oh shit, I’ve known my new roommate for three minutes and my sister is already creating a problem with him.” If looks could kill, Eric would probably be dead, but he couldn’t tell the massive, bulging muscles that lied underneath her track outfit so he kind of stared back and again laughed it off. He had every right to hang that poster on the wall, but Emily’s jealousy was starting to show and I was hoping to just calm everything down.

“So everyone.” I said, “Nice for everyone to meet, but I’m starving and I think it’s time to grab some grub.” We needed to cut the tension and I think Em knew it. She looked at me and said, “Good idea Davey, let’s go.” My mom and I gave Eric a friendly nod and nice to meet you comment while Em just turned and left the room.

There was a Chipotle that they had on campus and my mom and I got regular sized chicken bowls while Emily ordered like always and got a double portion. I enjoyed the lunch, but like the girls, I was a bit sad as we finished up our meals and eventually headed back to the parking lot. My mom gave me a hug and a kiss and was really happy for me. As she got in the car, I looked at Em and she was really starting to tear up. I gave her a huge hug and we shared a long, loving kiss. As Em finished off with a back breaking squeeze, I felt the strength in her muscle-bound arms and was impressed as always. “Gonna miss you Em!” I said as she started to get into the car. “Gonna miss you pip.” She answered back as she tried to fight off the tears that were welling up in her eyes and starting to stream down her face.

Late that night I was really bummed and starting to feel a bit depressed and missing Em. I was in my bed, alone and really wishing I had her muscle-laden body draped all over me. Here I was one half of one day in and already contemplating quitting school and heading back home. I had sent her a couple of texts after they left and they went unanswered. I figured she was sulking too and maybe just wanted some alone time. I was just about to finally doze off when all of a sudden I felt a vibration and immediately peered down at my screen. A shot of adrenaline went through my body when I saw her name appear.

I immediately opened the text and read it eagerly. It read; *Hey pip, quick question, what’s your favorite outfit on me...let me know ASAP!* Wow! What an amazing text I’d just received. My mind was instantly racing with emotions. Shit, she looked good in everything...what the hell was I going to say....She looked great in shorts, in a dress, in workout gear, in a tennis outfit.....shit, shit, shit! Then I remembered that night in her room. The night she came and got me, and revealed herself to me like she had never done before...the night she let me rub oil on her muscular body and reveled in my pleasure as I caressed her sinuous muscles from head to toe in her rhinestone covered posing bikini. That was it...that was our most special moment to date and that was the outfit I would have to pick. I quickly began typing and

sent; *You've never looked more gorgeous than you did that night in your rhinestone covered posing bikini!* ;) The text went unanswered for a couple of minutes and I was just starting to get nervous about my response until finally she texted back...*LOL...I guessed you would say that!* *Ok babe, she responded, be patient, I'll get back to you in a couple days.*

I loved the response but a couple of days. That seemed like it would be forever, I wanted to talk to her all day...every day...now I had to wait a couple of days? *A couple of days???* I texted her. *Patience* is all that came back...then a few moments later a *Red Heart emoji* followed, and I felt at ease, laid my head back and couldn't wait to hear back from her soon.