

Hero

After the long, rough, enjoyable ride, we finally arrived home from the mall. Jen and I hopped off the E-Bike and raced inside to tell my mom about how Emily beat up the mean boy and then his mom and dad. We ran about the living room acting it out, punch by punch, face washes in the dirt included. My mom stood there baffled and really couldn't believe that her 13-year-old daughter could beat up a 15-year-old bully and even his 6 foot tall dad that easily, but Jen and I were trying to be as convincing as possible. Still, there was some serious doubt in her mind and I'm pretty sure she believed we were all just trying to have fun at her expense. Emily just stood there the whole time, not saying a word, just perched up against the wall, looking exponentially more imposing to me now than she had just a few hours earlier. I now knew the true power she contained in her muscle-bound quads and calves, her thick, ripped torso, and her brawny, strong arms. When I looked at her muscular jaw and face, she just gave me an all knowing smile and a wink. I blinked confusingly, thinking what was that, why did I think it was flirty? Did she know I was starting to have weird feelings about her? I looked away quickly, avoiding eye contact and kind of walked by and up to my room.

A few minutes later, I was taking out my new skirts and dressed from the shopping bags when I heard someone behind me. I turned to look and it was Emily. She looked gorgeous. She had quickly changed and was now barefoot standing in my doorway, leaning against one side with her long, straight hair laying over her left shoulder. She was wearing really short, pink cotton running shorts and a matching pink cotton crop top. This one had no sleeves and her muscular shoulders and arms were fully exposed. Her beautiful abs, which I was lucky enough to grab on to during our bike ride were also highly visible and kind of flexed and relaxed with each breath she took. Most notably, her muscle bound thighs and calves were glistening and massive looking, each defined muscle highlighted by the lamp light in the corner of my room. My jaw and eyes were probably wide open as I ogled my little sister's magnificent physique. She didn't say a word but then slowly walked over to my bed, her long muscular legs bulging beautifully with each step. "Holy Shit!" I thought to myself, "She's sooooo fucking hot!"

Emily then turned towards me and sat down on the edge of my bed. "What?" I asked inquisitively. She still didn't say a word and just patted the bed next to her left hip, obviously signaling me to come sit next to her. I caught the hint, put down the skirt I was holding and walked over and sat down next to her. She then slowly reached her powerful left arm around my feeble shoulder and pulled me tightly next to her and said, "I'm sorry if I scared you earlier at the mall Denise. I didn't mean too." "Oh, no Em." I answered, "You didn't scare me, it was amazing how you beat up that bully and his mom and dad. I thought you were amazing!" "Oh." she responded, "I just thought we were having so much fun and such a great time at the mall before that and then, ever since the fight, I noticed you were looking at me weirdly. I was hoping I didn't scare you to badly ya know, cause I felt like you and me were finally connecting." "We were, we were." I exclaimed, "No, It was really fun. I want to do it again soon for sure. I mean, maybe not that mall though, cause, ya know...you probably don't need to be shoving boy's moms and dads faces into the planters anytime soon!" Emily burst out laughing hysterically and I did too. She gave me another big hug and said, "Good, I'm so glad to hear that. Are you up for movie

night?" Emily asked. "Heck yes I am." I answered, "And since it's almost Halloween, we should probably watch something scary...right!" "For sure!" Emily answered and she stood up and said, "I'll tell Jen and Judy. It's scary movie night!" With that, my little sister walked briskly out of my room, my eyes transfixed on her muscular legs with each powerful stride.

Wow! That was close. I thought for sure she knew I was a bit smitten on her lately. I guess I did a good job of talking my way around that time-bomb. I sighed a bit in relief and then walked back over to my dresser to put away my new clothes.

We ate dinner and then got the place ready for the movie. I popped the popcorn while my mom got the sodas poured and Jen turned down the lights and cued up the movie. We decided to watch an old one that came out before we were ever born, but my mom said she had seen it before and we'd all like it. We took her word for it and began taking our places. My mom and sister sat on the two ends of the couch, with their legs outstretched on to the padded coffee table while Jen and I laid on the floor in front of the TV. The movie started and in the opening scene, Drew Barrymore is talking on the phone with a person who has a deep, scary voice. It was getting very suspenseful right off the bat and when the killer in the scary mask appears suddenly in front of her at the glass door, we all screamed in terror! I jumped up and leapt on to the couch between my mom and Em, ya know, because it was much safer there than on the ground in front of the TV right!!!

Normally Emily would have told me to get off the couch and back on the floor with her other older sibling, but she always screamed the loudest when watching scary movies so maybe she liked someone else up there with her too. The scene was getting very suspenseful as Drew tried to make her escape, and of course, out of nowhere, the killer jumps out a window and lands on top of her. That, and the high-pitched violin sounds all happening at the same time made me jump towards my sister as she screamed loudly again. Emily and I simultaneously embraced each other tightly as we watched in horror as the killer finished Drew off. We held each other for a few moments longer, until the scene faded away and then kind of relaxed our grip. Em and I then had a nice collective sigh as the movie switched to plot development with detectives walking about the house trying to figure out what happened.

I was now sitting shoulder to shoulder with my buff little sister. Our legs were also touching and I looked down at her magnificent quads. Her thigh was easily three times as big as mine and towering and full of rock-hard muscle. My little twig looked sooo skinny next to her and as the movie played on, I found myself constantly ogling her strong calves and muscular legs. While I was doing that, I grabbed the popcorn bowl and held it between us, nestled in between our two torsos. At this point, I was pretty much not watching the movie at all and just concentrating on the popcorn and Emily's legs. Sure enough, another suspenseful moment happened as one of the killers jumped out as a victim walked around a dark corner. Emily screamed and lurched up forcefully! The popcorn bowl and I went flying, popcorn scattered everywhere. I stood up to start picking up the big mess. Emily, still scared, reached out, grabbed my hand and thrust me back towards her, crashing onto her rock-solid body. My head was

on her chest, just below her chin. She again grasped me tightly and said, "No way D, not right now, I need you right here next to me." With that, I stayed put, laying on her torso and chest, feeling comfortable and warm. Making her feel safer somehow. I reached my arms around her, grasping tightly and trying to return the firm grasp she still had on me.

As the intensity level of the movie again calmed down, Emily instructed Jen to begin picking up the dispersed popcorn and had my mom microwave another batch. Meanwhile, I got to stay nestled against her, watching the movie and making her feel more comfortable. Eventually, I kind of slid back to her side, like we had been during the start of the movie and it was nice to continually share firm embraces with her whenever the movie got super suspenseful again. I knew at this moment, Emily and I formed a trusting bond, and I knew I'd do anything to protect it. Eventually, the movie ended, you all know the final, kind of double twist it took at the end and we all decided that it was a great choice of movies by my mom. Tired, and worn out from the emotional rollercoaster, we all got up and walked to our rooms.

I got in by bed and laid down, the lights off, but the door cracked just a smidge to let a tiny sliver of hall lighting into the room. It had been about ten or fifteen minutes and I was still wide awake, staring at the bottom of Jen's bunk above me, just thinking about Em and her ridiculous muscle-bound physique. I just couldn't get the sight of her damn quads out of my mind. While lying there, the hall lighting slowly got brighter and brighter, I peered over and in the doorway, was Emily's gorgeous, perfectly formed body, illuminated like a shadow with the hall lighting behind her. She saw me staring back at her and asked, "Are you awake?" "Ya" I answered back quietly. "Good." she answered as she took a step into the room, turned, slowly closed the door almost all the way, just as it had been positioned before and slowly walked over. Without asking, she climbed onto my small twin bed, past me and up against the wall. I turned towards her, our bodies and faces now just inches apart. She looked back at me with these kind of soft, sweet eyes and said, "Sorry, I'm still kinda freaked out from the movie, I'm going to sleep here tonight." I didn't get the feeling she was asking to share the bed with me tonight, more like she was just commanding it, but I said, "OK." anyway. She wasn't tired though, and we chatted and laughed for an hour, talking about the different parts of the movie and how scared we were at different times. It was the most I had talked to my sister ever probably, if you added up every word, every minute. But I enjoyed every second of it, sharing that much and bonding that much with her. It took a while, but she finally closed her eyes and dozed off. I was laying on my back, while she was kind of on her side, facing towards me, her massive, heavy, warm, muscular left leg lying across my two twigs, her thick left arm stretched out across my chest. I reached down with my left hand and rested my palm on her muscular quad. It was so warm, so thick and so firm. Fully content, I went back to what I was doing before she came in, staring at the bottom of the bunk above me.

Early morning came quickly and as I laid in my slumber, I felt a little rustling around from Emily. I opened my eyes and turned my head towards her. She already had her eyes open and was staring right back at me. We both got wide grins on our faces and started laughing hysterically. "Oh my God!" I said, "My bad ass sister, who single handedly kicked a families ass at the mall, Is somehow afraid of a little movie." She didn't know what to say and just smiled and started tickling me under the arms and on the

sides. I laughed hard and tried to hold her back, but she was way too strong and easily bounced on top of me, her massive body holding me motionless beneath her. I tried putting up my arms in defense, but she forced them back over my head, and then held them both down with one strong hand, while the other was free to continue her tickling. Her ripped abs were in my face and her muscular bicep just above my head. As she bent down slightly towards me to continue the attack, her long, sweet scented hair continually brushed against my face...which also tickled. This playfulness from my sister was a huge change from the drill sergeant she had been over the last year. I was so glad we now were sharing this awesome, sisterly connection and I was praying it would continue. She finally tired of tickling me, laughed a little snicker, leaned down and gave me a cute peck on the forehead and popped off, landing her feet firmly on the floor next to the bed. Without a word, she walked out of the room and down the stairs to make yet another morning protein shake. I just sat there in disbelief. Had we just become best friends? I would have expected to with my little brother, I mean little sister Jen, but no. It was me and Em. I got this fluttery feeling in my chest and was smiling from ear to ear...giddy as a schoolgirl, eager to hang out with her every moment moving forward!!!

As usual, my mom, Jen and I needed to get ready and meet Emily down stairs for her workout. I took a peak to see what Emily was wearing and then ran back to my room to put on a matching pair of black workout shorts and a light blue top. I didn't get lazy and spent an extra few minutes making sure my hair and make-up were really cute. Finally, I did a bunch of sit ups to make sure my core was nice and hard and then headed down to meet her. As I ran down, my mom and Jen were already lined up on the white tape waiting for inspection. I took my place to Jen's left. Emily walked over, gave my mom an up and down and said, "OK Judy, go grab the phone for the videos." Em then looked at Jen, gave her a quick up and down and instructed her to go stand over by the dumbbells. She then looked at me. She started at my shoes and then slowly worked her way up, stopping at my hard abs. "Wow!" she stated, "Abs and outfit are on point today D, looking good." I smiled widely and as we made eye contact, it was not the usual and we definitely had a gleam and connection." Emily winked, gave me a snappy pat on the butt and asked me to go over to the dumbbells as well.

Emily decided it was back day and sat down on the universal machine next to us and began pulling down the bar above her head, attached to a belt and a stack of weights in front of her. She was warming up with the pin in the weight stack at 100 pounds. She made it look easy and my mom was focusing the camera on her muscular back. When she finished her first warm-up set, she asked me to sit on the pad and attempt a rep. I kind of smiled at her thinking, "There's no frickin' way I'll be able to do that. "100-pounds?" I questioned, "That's more than I weigh." Emily kind of snickered and said, "I know D, but for some reason, I'm a little curious just how strong you are." I kind of shook my head, reached up with my thin little arms and grabbed the bar. I then took a deep breath and pulled down. It was heavier than anything ever and I barely moved the stack of weights half an inch for about a tenth of a second before it banged back down. "Ok, Ok." Em said as she pulled out the pin and put it at 80 pounds. Again, I took a deep breath and pulled hard. This time, I got a little more movement from the stack as the weights lifted about two inches before they banged back down. "Hmm." she stated, "Ya, a little weaker than I thought." she finished as she turned back at the camera and smiled. Emily then moved the pin to 50 pounds

I reached up, grasped the bar firmly and again pulled down hard. To my amazement, the weight stack lifted and I was able to pull the bar down to about the top of my head before I was too weak to move it further. I gasped and shook as I tried to bring the bar down lower, but no luck, and I eventually lost strength and the weight stack fell. Emily gave me a pat on the back, a minute to rest and then moved the pin to 30 pounds. She said, "C'mon you darn 15-year-old, you're not gonna let your little sister lift over 3 times more than you, are you?" Embarrassed, I reached up, grabbed the bar, took a deep breath and then pulled down with all my might. The 30 pound weight was dramatically lighter than the 50 and I was able to pull it all the way down to my chest. I was stoked to have accomplished the lift and relaxed my arm letting the bar go back up to the top. Emily encouraged me to keep going, so I lowered it again, and again and even a fourth time, before my arms tired and I was no longer able to do it again. I let go of the bar and stood up from the padded seat. Emily wrapped her muscular arms around me and gave me a congratulatory hug. I enjoyed being wrapped up by her powerful arms and got an immediate warm feeling throughout my body and a big smile covered my face. Emily then let go of me and took a seat on the pad.

This time, Emily moved the pin from the 30 pounds I had just lifted and moved it to 130. A full 100 pounds more than I had just moved. She turned her head towards me, got a huge grin on her face and easily lowered the bar to her full, strong chest. My mouth dropped in amazement at the weight she had so easily moved and I even smiled back sheepishly at her as she pulled the bar down over and over, never taking our gazes off of each other. She finally stopped at ten reps, laughed a little, took a minute and then put the pin in the 170 pound mark. This time, she got serious and looked forward. Took a deep breath, and pulled.

As she pumped rep after rep after rep her back seemed to be continually growing and exploding with muscle. As I had learned from a couple of anatomy charts she had hanging on the gym wall, her Lats were getting super wide and really powerful looking. Her traps were also bulging greatly and had a V-shape as they triangled down into between her massive Lats and at the top, they towered up, merging in to her thick, brawny neck! Also looking enormous, her rear Delts protruded outward, hard, firm and rounded and moist from the small amount of glistening sweat that was forming across her taut skin. She kept pumping the weights and kept adding even more. She finally took a small break, a drink of her pre-workout and put the pin in at the 210 pound mark. She reached her pumped arms up to the bar, took a firm grip and a deep breath and then, with a jerk of her body and a loud grunt...BAM!...pulled the bar down to her chest in a massive, violent motion! The bar banged into her chest hard and she relaxed slightly, letting the bar raise to the top. As soon as it peaked out...BAM!, she pulled down again, in another violent motion as her back muscles and arm muscles flexed tremendously. The bar again pounded into her strong chest forcibly. She did it again and again until she finally tired out on her 7th rep. Finished, she let go of the bar, the weight stack slamming into the lower plates, causing a loud Clank that rang through the gym. She then bent over forward, exhausted from the heavy lifting and began breathing deeply. As she inhaled, her wide back filled massively and of course bulged with all of the little protruding muscles that covered its surface. Instinctively, I walked over and wrapped my arms around her herculean physique, congratulating her on her awesome show of strength.

Emily enjoyed my hug. While still leaning over, she grabbed my right fore-arm, pulled it into her chest and nestled her tired head into my underarm and bicep. Not that I had a bicep, but that's where her head rested anyway. After a few more heartfelt moments, Emily stood up, her muscle-bound, tall, athletic physique surely overshadowing mine, grabbed my hand and walked us over to the pull-up bar. Once there, she pulled a small stool over to just under the bar. I thought that was weird, since she normally just jumped up to do pull-ups. But knew she was up to something. Emily looked at our mom and instructed her to start filming again. As my mom said, "Rolling." Emily turned at me and told me to get on her back. She then turned her back towards me and kind of bent down. I reached up, put my hands atop her rounded, bulging shoulders and jumped and wrapped my skinny legs around her thick mid-section. At that point, Emily stood up straight, my eyes peering directly at her towering traps as I held on to her powerful body. She then stepped up on the stool, reached up and grabbed the pull-up bar. Emily then kind of kicked at the stool, sending it a few feet back and out of her way. With the strength of a professional bodybuilder, my little sister grunted loudly and jerked her whole body, with me attached to it, up towards the bar. I was 95 pounds attached to her and it wasn't easy and Emily struggled to get all the way up. I started yelling, "C'mon Em, you can do it! You can do it!" Jen and my mom started encouraging her too and as her massive back muscles bulged against our tightly connected bodies, I could feel us rising. Inch by inch we ascended towards the bar. And with a final grunt and pulse of power shooting through her back, her chin reached the goal and she dropped us back to the ground, Victorious in her efforts. I grasped her rock solid body even tighter and nestled my head tenderly into her back, right between her pumped up Traps. Emily must have enjoyed that as she turned towards my mom and struck an impressive Double-Biceps pose to the camera.

I eventually slid off my sister's considerable physique and stood next to her. Totally in awe of the power-laden girl she had become. Emily had just lifted 7 times the amount of weight I was able to lift on the pull down machine. Then she did a pull-up, with all of my 95 pounds draping her back. The amazing part was, I knew she was only part of the way on her muscle and strength building journey, and I couldn't wait to be there for every single minute of it.