

## Tennis

It seemed like Em had fallen asleep under the warm sun as we bathed in it near the pool. I was as content as I could possibly be. Her muscle-bound quad was lying on top of mine and the sweat that it caused was drenching us both. At the same time, I had at some point, pulled her thick arm and bicep over my torso and the weight of it and its heat had also caused some sweating. While she rested and we tanned, I found myself slowly and methodically squeezing and massaging her thick forearm. I was somehow becoming addicted to its size and thickness and I loved the separated, hard muscles in it. While lying there, at one point, I kind of put my bicep next to it and realized that her muscle-bound forearm was twice as big as my upper arm.

Turns out, my little sister was becoming a muscle-laden girl that I simply couldn't resist being around constantly. While I was enjoying every second of our closeness, I finally decided to get a few minutes of rest myself, closed my eyes and finally stopped massaging her arm. As I did, Em squeezed me tightly in her strong, massive arm and whispered, "Oh no Denise, keep doing that."

I was startled at first that she was awake the whole time, and immediately began caressing and squeezing her muscular forearm again. As I did, she let out a satisfying sigh and kind of pulled my leg back with hers and squeezed my leg into and in between her two gargantuan thighs and clamped down on it. I was immediately trapped and there was no escape from doing exactly what my little sister wanted me to do to her. It was subtle, and done in a loving way, but the message was clear that she wanted me completely in her powerful grasp and I was happy to oblige.

My sister closed her eyes again and enjoyed my gratifying strokes of pressure as she again fell into her half-sleep state. The moment was absolutely perfect and only interrupted by the sounds of a tennis game being played at the court just 30 or 40 yards down the street. I think we probably would have stayed there, knotted together as one until the sun went down, but the sounds of tennis kept Em awake. After a few short minutes, my sister decided it was time to take action. "C'mon D." she said as she slowly untangled her muscular quads from my leg, let's go hit some balls."

"I'm no good at sports Em." I answered, "Plus, I think there's only one court and it sounds like it's being used."

That didn't mean anything to my little sister. Once she got an idea in her head...it was solidified. She stood up, grabbed my hand, and walked me into the house. She grabbed a bag we had brought and pulled out some workout outfits. We put on our matching light blue workout shorts that had the pleated skirt outer covering and then put on our matching Adidas sports tops. Em stood behind me and pulled my long hair back and put it in a pink scrunchy, forming one long pony-tail. She then reached up

with her gargantuan biceps, pulled her own hair back, and put it through a matching pink scrunchy. The baseball sized peaks now completely flexed and moving as she adjusted her hair just about knocked the wind out of me. The skin was soft to the touch, but soo rock-hard underneath. I wanted to reach up and grab them, but kept my hands down and just ogled their perfection for a few moments.

I then purposely followed Em as she walked so I could stare at her protruding, muscular ass and calves. She led us into the garage where there was a bunch of sports equipment in one corner. Of course there were tennis racquets which made sense, as there was the court just across the street. I grabbed the two best looking ones called HEAD and then put them in a matching tennis bag that already had what looked to be a new three-pack of balls in it. We were about to leave and Em goes, “Wait a minute D...I have a funny idea.” Then she gave me a sideways grin. “Oh oh.” I thought as I stared her in the eyes.

There was kind of a medium sized duffel also sitting in the corner that looked to have a soccer ball, a volleyball and a basketball in it. Em pulled out the three balls, put the black bag on the ground and said, “Get in it.” I looked at her, looked at the bag and answered, “Em, I don’t think I’ll fit.” She nodded yes and said again, “Denise, be a besty and get in ok.” She then gave me a friendly smile and I knew I really couldn’t resist any request from her. One, because I had a massive crush on her, and Two, because she could smash me into a pulp at any time anyway if I didn’t do what she said.

I walked over to the small bag, put my feet in it and kind of sat on top of it. Em leaned down, laid me on my back, smashed my knees into my face practically so my quads were on my chest and my lower legs bent back down and my feet were just past my butt. She then pulled the bottom of the opening around my ass and feet followed by pulling the upper part above my head. I was smashed together like a sardine but somehow, kind of “in” the duffel bag. She then manually slipped my arms into the opening of the bag and slowly zipped the zipper from the bottom to just above my chin. “See!” she hailed in victory, “I told you you’d fit!” She was laughing as she looked at my tin body jammed into this little bag. “Now let’s go play some tennis.” She told me as she zipped the bag up all the way now, my entire body completely incased in the bag. Em then grabbed the long strap and easily hoisted me over her muscular shoulder.

Em then walked us back into the house and through the kitchen to grab a couple of Gatorades. She asked my mom to throw them in the HEAD tennis bag and said we were going to go play tennis. My mom then asked, “Where’s Denise?” “Oh, she’s meeting me there mom, don’t worry.” Emily then quickly walked us out the front door and down the sidewalk to the court. As she did, I was realizing just how strong my little sister was as she easily hoisted my bodyweight over her shoulder and down the street. She even had kind of a pep in her step and I could tell that I was as light as a feather to her.

After a couple minutes, I could hear the balls being struck very loudly and knew we were there. Emily came to a stop and said to whomever was playing, “Hi, can we have next game?”

“You and who?” a male voice said loudly from what I think was my left. “Sure.” The guy answered, “Just let us know when your sister gets here.”

“Oh, she’s here now.” Emily answered him quickly.

“Okaaaaaay.” He answered slowly, thinking she was bonkers or something since she obviously stood alone in their eyes.

Game now set, Emily just stood there, with me in still in the bag, held easily over her muscle-covered body. Minute after minute, tennis stroke after tennis stroke went by. It seemed like forever, my legs were going asleep but finally I heard one of the teams say, “That’s Match!” I’m assuming it was the same guy Em was speaking with earlier, and then he said, “So, where’s your sister?”

“Right here!” Em said excitedly. With that, I felt her swing me off her arm, gently place the bag on the ground and with a whoosh, the bag was unzipped. Finally, I was staring at the sun and breathing fresh air again. Emily reached down, grabbed me in her muscle-bound arms and lifted me high up into the air. She twisted me around to face the players and said, “Ta Da!!!” I smiled, as I knew Emily would be upset if I acted like a little brat and the guys and their wives laughed out loud at the scene.

The husband and wife team that won the game against the other couple walked up. “Wow!” the wife said to Emily, “You’re very muscular. How old are you?”

“Oh thanks.” Emily responded. “I work out a lot and I’m 17. This is my little sister Denise, she’s 15.” Well, at least she didn’t lie about my age I guess. “Do you want to play now?” Em asked.

“Sure girls.” The wife said back, “let’s play.”

After letting us warm up a little bit, they knew it was going to be an easy match. Even though Em got the hang of it pretty quickly and was hitting the ball with some real zip, I could barely hit the ball in play initially. Basically, all they had to do was hit it to me every point I figured. They were going easy on us the first couple of games and although they beat us quickly, I did manage to get the hang of at least hitting the ball in play. They weren’t the greatest either so Em and I actually won a couple points even though they won the games.

After eventually going down two games to zero, the competitiveness of my little sister was exposed. Emily walked up to me and said, “OK Denise, I want to win this damn game, so just try to get out of my way ok.” I nodded in agreement and went back to my position. I didn’t feel like she was being mean to me, really, she just wanted to win and with all honesty, that’s probably how we were going to have to do it.

The husband Mike had served first. They won that game and then Emily had served. She was trying to figure out how hard she could hit it and unfortunately several of her serves went too far and so they won that game too. We had one decent rally and I was stoked that I had actually returned a couple and kept them in play, but eventually they had won that second game as well. That’s when Emily and I had the previously mentioned brief discussion.

Now it was the wife Erin's turn. She hoisted the ball up into the air and hit it firmly. The ball cleared the net and hit the service area. Em had figured something out though, and instead of standing way in the back, behind the line, she had sneaked up a bit and as the ball rebounded off the ground she smashed it! The ball cleared the net by several inches and shot back at Erin in a flash. Erin barely had an instant to put her racquet up in defense as the ball bounced off the ground and hit her. Obviously the ball deflected off out of play and Em and I had actually taken a lead in a game.

Erin wasn't too rattled and Em actually apologized and said she didn't mean to hit her. Erin accepted the apology and laughed it off. Next, the pressure was on me. I knew how bad Em wanted to win at everything and this would be my chance to be a teammate instead of always being the opponent. I stood way back behind the service line and waited for the serve. The ball came at me and I was getting used to a little speed and hit the ball back. Unfortunately, the ball went back kind of high and Mike trotted up for kind of an easy slam. He hit the ball pretty hard and as it zipped by me I felt the point was lost. Whoosh was the sound I heard as the ball came flying back past me at 100 MPH. Emily had ran across behind me, dove and hammered the ball the other way. Since Mike was so close to the net, he couldn't react in time and the ball cleared the net by an inch and bounced just inside the line.

As I turned, Em was on the ground and getting up. I ran over and gave her a huge high-five. "Oh my God Em!" I shouted, "That shot was amazing!" Even our opponents thought so and they were clapping their racquets and giving her props for such an amazing effort.

Up 30-Love, Erin again got the ball and prepared to serve. This time, Em stayed back a little closer to the line and waited. As she did, I looked over. Em was bent over like a pro, her gorgeous, separated, muscular quads, protruding hamstrings and bulging diamond shaped calves at the ready. In this bent over position, the tops of her muscular shoulder caps were clearly exposed and looked huge and intimidating. Her biceps were hanging down beautifully and her large forearms were flexing and relaxing as she was spinning the racquet in her hands. My muscle-bound sister was getting that killer look in her eyes and she gave her perfectly formed, muscular ass a couple of sideways shakes as Erin began her serve. The ball bounced in the service area and like a cat, Em leapt to her left and absolutely destroyed the ball with a rocket shot right between Mike and Erin. The shot was so hard and so fast, they just looked at each other in awe, knowing neither one of them had any chance of returning the ball off of my sister's two handed backhand.

I leapt over to give my thundering sister another high-five. She screamed, "Let's Go!" and practically blasted my arm out of its socket with the power of her hand. I kind of shook my arm a little to release the pain and turned to walk over to the receiving area to get accept another serve from Erin. As I had turned, Em gave me a nice slap on the ass and said, "C'mon De...you can do this!" It excited me immediately. That was some physical contact I hadn't expected and the fact that I had an insane crush

on her, it emotionally sent me into orbit. At that point, I felt like I could return a serve from Serena Williams!

Erin tossed her ball up, and hit the serve as hard as she could. I turned my petite body, tightened my grip and swung level at the ball. It ricochet off my strings with a pop and flew swiftly to the other side of the net back at Erin. She quickly swung her own racquet and returned it. But Em was in the net position and with a lightning quick swing, she blasted the ball down at the court and high above Mike and off in the distance. “Wow Hoo!” she yelled as she turned to come towards me, “One down, Five to go!” I was so happy we had actually won a game. I figured they were going to beat us Six to Zero, but that wouldn’t happen now. Somehow, Em still thought we had a chance to win five more games, but I was pretty doubtful. It was Em’s turn to serve now and as I turned to walk to my net position, she again gave me a nice, firm tap on the ass. I didn’t even turn back towards her this time, I just had a huge, happy grin on my face and skipped to my spot.

I stood at the net and awaited Em’s serve. “Whaaack...wizzz!” I heard as her powerful shot zipped by me, struck the service box on the other side of the net and flew by Mike before he had time to react.

“Nice Serve!” he yelled back at Em as he again gave her a clap by hitting the palm of his hand against his racquet strings. I couldn’t believe how hard she had just hit it and decided on the next serve, I would kind of peer back and watch her in action. She took her position and turned to the side, bouncing the ball on the ground in preparation for her serve. Her legs were bulging with tan, powerful muscles and she looked like she could hit the ball a million miles an hour with her extremely buff physique. As I watched, Em tossed the ball up with her meaty left arm and then to my surprise, she then leapt up at the ball, easily a couple feet off the ground and in a flash of speed and power, her right arm swung above her head and again crushed the ball towards Erin. Erin never stood a chance. The ball whizzed by her before she could even try to swing at it and in two quick, powerful serves by my little sister, with her muscle-bound, athletic body, we were up 30 – love.

Erin and Mike had to be really impressed with Em as she was just crushing the ball with her serves. She lined her powerful physique up for her next serve and I could tell by the look in her eye that this was going to be another ace. The ball was tossed to the sky again and with the same, lightening quick motion, Em mashed the ball hard. It again exploded off her racquet like a laser beam and hit the center white line for a perfect serve that Mike didn’t even come close to. I quickly ran up to Em for another congratulatory high-five and reveled in the fact that we were having so much success together. Em then strutted back to the service line and lined up for another stroke. Just like she had done to Mike, Em again easily whizzed the ball past Erin for the game winning point. My sister hadn’t played tennis at all to my knowledge, and in a few short minutes of warm-up and play, she was absolutely destroying this couple who had probably played for years. I was simply in awe of her at this point and held her in even higher esteem than ever.

Over the next ten to fifteen minutes, we played point after point. Mike and Erin had done what I had expected and tried to hit the ball towards me whenever possible. Luckily, I occasionally returned the ball over the net, and when they hit the ball back, my little sister's dashing speed got her to the right spot and the ball was immediately crushed by her pro-level power for an easy winner. I could tell Erin was now afraid of every ball Em hit and Mike was cowering as well by staying way back at the service line to avoid being hit by one of her rocket shots. With my muscle bound sister wreaking havoc all over the court, we won game after game after game and easily defeated the well experienced couple 6 games to 2.

As Emily had blasted the final winning backhand, I ran up and leapt in her arms. Victorious, she easily hoisted me in her muscle-bound arms and spun me around like a doll. I leaned in and gave her a congratulatory kiss on the lips. She didn't even react, but as I pulled my head back to see her reaction, she leaned in and returned the favor by giving me an equally loving kiss back. She was still spinning me easily and our pony-tails were flying through the air with joy and I never wanted to leave this happy, loving, winning embrace. Of course, we had to be cordial to our opponents and Em finally put be down to go shake the hands of our opponents. Giddy with the happiest feeling I had ever had in my life, I kind of skipped over and shook Mike and Eric's hands.

They were friendly and complimented Em several times on her insanely spectacular play and told her she should try working to get a college scholarship for tennis. Em thanked them and then grabbed my hand warmly and then skipped me back to the bench that had our stuff on it. My little sister then laid the duffel bag out on the ground and said, "Get in D, I want to go home and tell mom all about how we whipped these tennis veterans' butts!" Wanting desperately to please Em, and do whatever she asked of me, I quickly placed my petite butt on one of the inside ends of the bag, laid on my back and held my legs tightly against my chest. Emily quickly moved my arms inside the edges of the bag opening, zipped up the zipper and I immediately felt myself being swung wildly in the air as she flung the bag up and pulled the strap over her rounded, perfectly tanned, muscle-laden shoulder.

I heard her say goodbye to the couple as she hurriedly skipped us back to the house. The smile on my face went from ear to ear, having received a kiss back from my breathtaking, athletic, muscular crush. I was so happy to have been able to join her in the excitement of victory and would do anything possible to make this kind of loving, bonding experience last a lifetime!