

The Present

Emily was in a really good mood over the course of the week. She was able to walk without needing any of my assistance, and she was starting to lift more and more weight on the squat rack. By Thursday, she had asked me to come over next to her in front of the mirror in the basement gym. As I did, she reached her right arm under my crotch, grabbed my left hand and with a swift motion, flung me onto her back. As we made eye contact in the mirror, Emily began to squat me. And not for just one rep. She was gaining strength by the day and she was able to easily squat me 10 times before finally putting me down. As she did, I jumped in her herculean, muscular arms in excitement for her progress. We shared a brief kiss, but to be honest, I was hoping for more. Anyway, just seeing her gain strength in her once, useless legs was really encouraging. Em was walking around the house with a glow and essence of happiness.

By Saturday, my mom was beyond excited about the gift she'd gotten my little sister. Emily was a bad ass for sure...and she laid the law down in our household for the last few years. It was her way or the highway at first. Once we all learned our roles in the household, and how each one of us could provide certain duties to make Em's life easier, so that she could concentrate on what she really loved...building muscle...all was good! We came to love and respect my sister and she in turn seemed to love and want to protect us. In addition to an ultimate respect for my little sister, the fact is, I had become just as addicted to watching my little sister grow and develop bigger and bigger muscles, as she had become in developing them.

I once feared being in her presence. I was afraid that if I looked at her the wrong way, or said the wrong thing, I would pay an immediate and painful price. But now, you'd have to pry me from her presence with a crow bar. My first obsession was with her muscular ass. I found myself always wanting to follow her as she walked thru the mall or waited in line at the food court. It had this perky, rounded bulge and powerful curve. Then I started to notice her growing hamstrings. There was a beautiful, for some reason mesmerizing, protruding, perfectly sculpted curve on the back of her leg. Next, I think I started to ogle and admire her triceps. She would be cutting a piece of steak, or lifting up and drinking a bottle of water or something. And this muscle would pop out of the back and side of her arm. You'd think I would have been super-impressed with her growing quads or big biceps. But no, my first loves were more obscure...like I mentioned, the small but growing ass, the perfect shape and musculature of the back of her leg...and of course, those exquisitely formed triceps.

Oh, how I grew to love every inch of her growing, muscle-bound, strong body. But then I matured...and she did too. I soon found myself obsessed with her gorgeous, athletic face, the delicate shape of her cute ears, the smell of her breath and the girl who's personality was growing on me as well. As I sat there, I realized that now...there wasn't a single thing about her I didn't long for. I found myself brushing my own hair with her hair brush. Inadvertently, some of her left-behind long hair would intertwine with mine, and I knew I was wearing around a small piece of her with me thru the day. That too became a daily ritual. I don't know how I had become so obsessed with my little sister...but I was. I was probably more excited for her birthday than she was, and it was just about here...

Saturday arrived and it was time to head out for Em's birthday dinner. My mom had on a nice dress, Derek wore some jeans and a polo shirt. I wasn't to take this lightly though. I wore the suit pants from my high school graduation, some nice leather shoes with socks that matched my long sleeve button down small checkered style blue and white shirt. My hair was perfectly feathered back with my slightly long hair hanging back behind my ears. I was dressed to the best of my ability given my feeble clothes selection and I was desperate to impress my little sister.

As my mom, Derek and I waited, we eventually heard Emily walking down the wooden stairs. We all poked our head around the corner to get a glimpse. We first saw her feet in her high-heeled shoes with silver straps wrapped around and tied just at her ankle. A small peak of her nicely developed calf poked thru the long slit in her tight fitting, long silver colored dress. The dress nicely displayed the roundness of her quad muscles which hid beneath, but that was about it for discreetness in the dress.

At the waist, there was no material covering her rock hard six-pack abs, just straps that started on the side of her hips, stretched up and in a diagonal to cover just a little of her insanely developed, muscular pecs. They then went over and past that muscle and then wrapped over the top of her gorgeously built rounded shoulders and tall trap muscles. So in essence, the right strap went from the hip to across her left breast and shoulder. The other strap started at her left hip and then stretched across her right shoulder. Her gorgeous abs, lats, pecs, shoulders and arms were essentially uncovered and absolutely pumped to the extreme.

Emily's stocky neck had a beautiful, thick vein that ran all the way up and just under her chin. She had on a very light coating of lipstick and eye liner and it made her gorgeous blue eyes pop! She looked like a dream and her long, partially curled hair hung long and draped over her

muscle-bound shoulders and back. My heart almost stopped beating when she gave me a smile and a wink and in unison, my mom and I said, “You look gorgeous!” as she walked towards us.

Emily was already pushing six feet tall, and in these high heeled shoes, she towered over me at probably close to six feet, four inches tall. My 5’5” height was nearly a foot lower than my little sister and I stood on my tippy toes as she grabbed my arm and leaned down to give me a loving peck. Bolts of lightning shot through me as this muscle-bound goddess had just honored me with her warm, moist lips. The quickness of the peck didn’t matter...the memory would last me a lifetime.

She gave my mom and equally quick kiss and said, “Shall we?”

“Of course birthday girl.” My mom quickly responded, “Now gather the gifts boys and meet us at the car.”

I gathered my small box, wrapped with heart and passion and the best of my ability. In fact, I had re-wrapped it three times before I was happy with the outcome. Derek had barely taken two minutes to wrap his gift to her and I’m sure he did it in a quick pause from his video games, since he couldn’t be bothered. And lastly, I grabbed my mom’s gift to her which was also a small box. It had a weird weight to it and kind of had something moving in it I thought.

We made it to the restaurant and Emily reached out and put her strong hand and then wrist through my arm. I immediately realized she was allowing me to escort her into the fine steak house and I was honored to do so. I was sure to open the door for her and my mom as we got to it and walked in behind, letting Derek fend the door for himself since he was trailing behind anyway.

The restaurant was dimly lit but beautiful inside with glass windows all around, allowing those closest to peer down at the river below. Our table was in a perfect spot against the window and there were two seats on one side and two on the other. The host held the chair for Emily and she sat next to the window. I strode to the chair across from her and she quickly corrected me and said, “No David, come sit in this chair here, and she patted the chair top next to her. I thought I would enjoy sitting across from my little sister, so I could stare at her beautiful face and massive muscles all night, but she ordered me otherwise. Instead, my mom sat across from Em and Derek was across from me.

I wanted to look at her fully exposed, pumped up biceps all night, but instead, I was forced to kind of peer at them out of the corner of my eye as we ordered. While I looked down at the

menu, Emily reached out her muscle-bulging right arm, grabbed the bottom of my chair and easily scooted the chair, with my full weight on it, up next to and actually touching her chair. My leg was now brushing against her buff quads and Emily's heavily muscled right arm now leaned into and against my miniscule left arm. The hardness and weight of her muscle against mine felt exhilarating and I was now going to thoroughly enjoy sitting next to my little sister instead of across from her.

As we sat there, Emily handed her phone over to my mom and said, "Mom, take a picture of me and Davey, I want to post it to my social media."

Of course my mom immediately did what she was told and grabbed the phone for the photo. "Smile." She said as she started to take some pics.

Emily reached her massive right arm around my shoulder and pulled me tightly into her rock-hard body. We leaned our heads in towards each other and for some reason, Emily lifted her far left arm up and hit a very muscular biceps pose. The rounded peak was massive and well defined since she had been on the juice! I knew it was probably twice as big as mine at least.

My mom's jaw dropped at the sight of it. Em's arm had grown significantly since the accident and it was the first time my mom had seen it fully flexed in months. Derek was disinterested as always and looking down at his phone playing a game. I was stoked that Em had chosen to go full-fledged, mass gaining bodybuilder and my pants were feeling a little tight at the moment.

My mom then handed the phone back to Em and asked if the pictures were all right. Em said "Ya." and I saw her doing a quick edit before sending it out.

"So honey." My mom asked Em, "Just how big are you trying to get?"

"What the fuck does that mean mom?" Emily questioned back in defense.

"Nothing dear. Nothing. I was just curious how much muscle you were trying to gain to be satisfied with your...ya know...size." My mom responded.

"I don't really have an answer mom." My little sister answered, "But Davey wants me to get as big as humanly possible...isn't that right babe." He finished as she looked at me.

"Um, well, ya. I mean, ya I guess just as big as you could get would be awesome...right?" I answered sheepishly.

"See mom. At least David loves my muscles. Isn't that right?" She finished and she held her flexed right bicep in front of my face. Instinctively, I nodded my head YES and leaned in and kissed her gorgeous, bulging rock of a muscle.

Emily then lowered her arm and hand below the table height and reached under the tablecloth to place her palm on my left thigh. She then squeezed it firmly several times, letting me know

she appreciated my loving support. I lowered my hand under the table as well and took the opportunity to place my palm on her muscular thigh and feel the power in her once again, growing quads. She then kind of extended her leg, wrapped her ankle around mine and scooted my left leg under her two legs. We were now pretty much as physically joined together as we could be in this setting and I was enjoying every second of it.

The dinner was amazing and as usual, Emily ordered and finished two full filets while I barely finished my smaller portion. Her appetite for food was almost as big as her appetite for lifting weights. I loved watching her triceps as she cut her fine steaks and then lifted the fork to her mouth to take another fierce bite of meat. Her jaw was athletic and the muscles in it bulged greatly as she chewed.

Conversation was light, and eventually it came time to let Emily open her gifts. She decided to open Derek's first, since she knew it would have the least amount of meaning. Sure enough, it was fine, but pretty straight forward. It was two movie tickets to the theater by our house. Emily thanked Derek for them and he was nice enough to say, "You're welcome." Before looking back down at his phone and game.

I thought she would open mine next, but she grabbed the box from my mom, looked at me and said, "I'm saving the best for last." I smiled nervously, now hoping she would like it...

Emily opened the gift from my mom. The wrapping paper was off and now exposed a clear plastic box with a bunch of sand in it. There was a fun looking drink umbrella in it and a hard piece of card stock about the size of a business card. It had writing on it and Emily opened the top of the plastic, sand filled box to grab the card. It read, "Family Trip to Hawaii next month!!!" Emily and I were totally excited and Em jumped up and walked over to my mom to give her a big hug!

"Wow mom...that's awesome!" I exclaimed in excitement.

"You're welcome dear." She replied, "but I have to let you know, it's also your and Derek's upcoming birthday gift too...but Emily got to open it..."

"Holy shit mom. I don't care about that...I'm just stoked to be going to Hawaii!!!" I exclaimed back.

It was turning out to be a great birthday dinner I thought. But I was feeling a bit nervous as Emily came back over and took the seat next to me...about to open my present.

She turned her chair slightly, so she was now kind of angled towards and facing me. Her muscle bound body just a few inches from mine, and the gift I had gotten her, had my heart racing. She slowly began to peel away the perfectly folded wrapping paper and bow. Watching her muscular hands move and carefully unwrap the gift was also a turn on for some reason. She soon exposed the famous green color of the Tiffany & Co box.

Emily immediately looked up in shock. "Tiffany's???" she questioned, knowing all of their jewelry was super expensive. I was especially nervous in that Emily didn't wear jewelry, so this might have been a huge strike-out. A \$1000 strike out to be exact!

Emily's hand was almost shaking as she slowly lifted the upper lid from the package. It exposed the necklace lying on a perfectly cut piece of white, fluffy cloth. She paused as she took it in and then grabbed the necklace for a closer inspection. It was a 18" Silver chain with two open hearts hanging next to one another. Both had the Tiffany & Company inscription forged into them, but the larger, Silver Heart also had Emily inscribed in it, while the smaller, Golden Heart had then name David inscribed.

She peered up at me with loving eyes and said, "It's perfect Davey. Absolutely perfect!" Em then reached her hands out and took my small chin and face in their powerful grasp, leaned in and gave me a long, loving, wet kiss.

Emily was almost teary eyed with happiness as she turned her back towards me, took her hair in her hands and asked me to fasten it around her neck. As I pulled it up her muscle-bound pecks, I draped the chain around her thick, muscular neck and slowly fastened the clamp. Even at 18", the chain did not have a lot of extra room. I'm glad I paid a little extra for the longer chain...I don't think the 16" chain would have fit. The two hearts hung perfectly just at the top edge and between her pecs. It was the first time I'd seen her wear jewelry and she looked fantastic in it. I looked her deeply in the eyes as she turned back towards me and said, "The muscles, the hair, the dress, the necklace...Utter Perfection!"

Now actually kind of tearing up, she kind of half smiled, laughed and said, "I love you Davey." And leaned in for another nice long, loving kiss. She wasn't fearful of what mom would think of

her attraction to me, and I damn sure didn't care at this point, with my hunky sister now in my arms and kissing me publicly.

Unfortunately, it didn't linger too long and my happy sister now wanted to order dessert. She loved chocolate and this five star steak restaurant had an amazing Chocolate Lava Cake. We ordered one up and without too much delay, the cake was placed in front of us. My mom and Derek were about to dig in and I yelled, "Hold on everybody!" Startled, they paused and looked at me as I pulled out a candle and lighter. "We can't have this birthday cake without singing first." I exclaimed.

Emily looked at me with an embarrassed smile as I lit the candle and began to sing. I was never shy to sing Happy Birthday and I was letting my lungs ring. Luckily, there were some fun loving other guests nearby and they joined in the serenade as well. By the end of the song, Emily's face was bright red and easily 10 to 12 people had joined in on the song. Applause rang out and Emily leaned in and blew out the candle.

I was standing still and looked down at my gorgeous little sister and said, "I hope you get your wish Em."

She looked up at me and smiled, she reached her hand out to grab mine and said, "I think I already have."

This was turning into the night of my dreams and I never wanted it to end. But alas, we eventually finished the cake, were all full and decided to head home.

My mom headed to her room and Derek and I headed to ours to get out of our nice, but kind of uncomfortable clothes. Just as I was about to get into something more comfortable, my phone buzzed. It was a text from Em that read, *Check out my Instagram.*

I immediately opened up IG and noticed I was tagged in a picture. It was a two picture post from Emily. The first picture was the one of me and her, embracing at dinner, her massive bicep flexed for all to see while our heads were lovingly tilted into each other. In addition to the pic, she had added several, red Heart emoji's to it. I was overjoyed that she would post a picture of me and her looking so happy together, and then even add all the hearts. I then scrolled to the next picture to see she the two hearts on the Tiffany & Co necklace I bought her. You could clearly read our inscribed names on the hearts and she added the text *Soulmates* to the pic.

I then received a quick follow up text from her. "Come Here 😊" it read.

My heart was racing again as I quickly walked down to Emily's closed bedroom door. I lightly knocked on the door, trying to keep it quiet so my mom wouldn't hear. Slowly, the door began to creek open. It was dark in the room and there was an amazing vanilla scent in the air. The door got about half way open and Emily grabbed my arm and gently pulled me inside. She was still in her beautiful dress and heels and she towered over me.

Emily quietly closed the door behind me, leaned her spectacular, heavily muscled, heavily weighted body against mine and firmly pressed me against the wall just beside the door. I looked up at her gorgeous, athletic face as she peered down at me with her intensely dedicated eyes. Her nose was almost touching mine. She grabbed my hands and placed my palms on each of her muscular, bountiful, hard-as-a-rock glutes. With the feeling of her power in my hands, her stout body leaning heavily into mine and staring up at her, Emily said, "I've been waiting for two excruciatingly long years for this moment Davey. I've finally got you right where I want you, and I'm not ever letting you go."

My jaw dropped to the floor, realizing she had been in love with me for so long. Now at 18, she could finally do with me what she wished and tonight I was going to realize the dreams I've had about her as well. She leaned in just a bit more, took my mouth in hers and pressed her muscular face and lips very strongly into mine as we began swapping a wet, warm, passion filled kiss as I grabbed her muscle-laden glutes as hard as I could, while my cock became the raging hard-on I knew it needed to be on this long awaited night....

Too be continued...