

Surgery

The docs had evaluated Emily the next morning. The good news was that the swelling had been reduced enough to operate. The bad news was that she still did not have feeling in her extremities. I was very, very worried, and my mom and I spent several tense hours in the waiting room. I couldn't imagine Emily as a normal sized human, let alone a cripple and I was dreading the possibility of that becoming our reality.

The few hours under the operating lights seemed like an eternity to me, but eventually, my mom and I were greeted by the doctor. He looked confident and a little reserved at the same time. As we sat there, he patiently explained the procedure. She had graphite inserts put into some portions of her spine where there was the possibility of the nerves being compressed and causing permanent damage. This would serve to protect her vulnerable areas. At the same time, it would help to straighten her slightly curved back and would actually make her a bit taller.

I asked the doc how much taller Emily would be, with the combination of the inserts and the straightening of the spine. "I would expect her to be one to two inches taller at least." He answered assuredly, "But the most important aspect, is that we've really created a protective gap between several compromised vertebra, so as much as she may dislike the increased height, her back and spinal cord will be in a much better situation than without the spacers."

He had no idea how excited I was that Emily might actually become taller, but next I asked him the most important question. "What are the chances she regains all of her feeling back?"

"We really give her a good chance of recovery David." He said, "She has quite an athletic, muscular build, and that probably helped protect her vulnerable spinal cord and there were no severed sections. The swelling definitely contributed to her current loss of feeling in her extremities, and we're very hopeful and slightly confident, that there was no permanent damage done. We are concerned that she still had not regained any sensation of touch in the last couple of days in the hospital, but I have seen it take weeks to regain sensation, and that was with much less trauma to the area." He finished.

The doc did give me and my mom some reassurance that Em would recover. Even so, I just couldn't wait to see my little sister again. I wanted to feel her touch and smell her sweet sense. I wanted to place my lips upon hers and taste her and feel her warm, soft breath against my cheek. I wanted to feel her flexing, powerful muscles in my small hands. And most of all I wanted to cuddle up inside her while she embraced me with her muscle-laden torso while her thick, heavy, herculean leg fell across mine, trapping me warmly beneath her mass.

My thoughts carried on like this for hours, but eventually...finally, the nurses wheeled Em into a recovery room and my mom and I were allowed to walk in. She was very groggy from the medication, but she was breathing nicely and making little cute, quiet sounds. This was going to be the most nervous time in any of our lives. Would she eventually regain the feeling in all of her fingers and toes, or was this going to become the nightmare we all prayed against?

She finally seemed to be coming too and in a funny way she began speaking gibberish. Neither my mom, myself nor the doctor could make out a word. According to the doc, it was a good sign. But the more I thought about it...anytime a patient starts to show signs of life after being put under...it's a good sign!

As she began to wake up, she looked in my eyes and a bit of a smile appeared. She was still too doped up to recognize the heavy black eyes and bruised face, so just the blurry sight of me gave her comfort. I reached down and grabbed her hand. In an instant, I felt a return squeeze. I leaped up and screamed, "She squeezed my hand! She squeezed my hand!"

My mom jumped for joy too as the first signs of motion already seemed to be occurring. We hugged each other tightly and jumped around the room as the doctor and nurse ordered us to calm down and not fall on Emily, possibly causing further damage. My mom and I stepped back slightly and just held each other tightly, excitedly as the doc and nurse grabbed Emily's hands. The doc held one hand and began asking Emily to grab his hand back. Meanwhile, the nurse held the other hand of my sister and tried to sense some pressure.

They tried for several minutes to get Emily to respond to them and squeeze one of their hands. She said she'd try, in her groggy state, but it was obvious to me and my mom that she was not applying any kind of clasp on their hands like I knew she had to mine. The doc asked me to again take one of my little sister's hands and see if I could again elicit a small amount of pressure from her. While holding her palm, I looked at her deeply in the eyes and said, "Hey babe, grab my hand ok."

There was no immediate pressure but after several minutes of asking, just as I was about to let go, I felt it again. “There!” I screamed out loud, “I felt it again! Em squeezed my hand, I swear! I swear!”

Although the doc didn’t feel any squeeze from Em himself, he did believe that I had and admitted that it was a very good sign. He left the recovery room and said he’d be back, and that they would get Emily up to the ICU room soon. I was really excited to know that I had felt something. My muscle-bound sister would be back in action before too long. Lifting weights, running around, playing tennis, and most importantly, holding me tightly in her loving arms forever and ever!”

A bit later, we got up to her room and Emily smiled widely when my mom and I entered to visit her. My mom leaned down and gave her a kiss and I patiently awaited my turn. When my mom finally stepped away, I approached Emily with a huge smile too and it was great to see Em in as normal a state as she could be in under the pain medication, they still had her on. Not feeling any pain, she was awake, alert and had a massive grin across her face. I too leaned in and gave her a big smooch. It was a little reserved since my mom was present, but as I started to stand up and lean away, Em said slowly and softly, “Hey...how about a real kiss babe?”

My mom was not used to her calling me that and we had hid our growing affection for each other under wraps the last several months. But Em was a bit sedated, and any normal reservations were non-existent. “C’mon babe.” She followed, “I want a REAL kiss.” I looked over at my mom and kind of shrugged my shoulders. Kind of like I didn’t have a choice and needed to make Em happy in her very seriously compromised physical condition.

Mom didn’t show much objection, so I leaned in again towards my muscle-bound, motionless sister. I met her lips with mine and pushed my head firmly against hers as our tongues played their fun game...and in this arena, Em could physically meet me head on. I kissed her passionately and with as much love as you could possibly imagine. I never wanted to leave her side and felt like she wanted me there now, more than anyone else in the world. We slowly finished up our loving kissing and as I dove back in for a couple more quick, separating, loving pecks, I turned to see our mom had left the room. I know it bothered her slightly that her two kids were so in love, but I didn’t care. Emily was going to be mine, I felt it.

“So tell me exactly what happened to you.” Emily surprised me with the question as I was pulling up a chair to sit next to her.

Slowly, and a bit embarrassed, I began to tell my sister the story about my beating. “Well Em, I made the mistake of telling Eric that you had been in a terrible car wreck and were badly injured. Instead of being sympathetic and concerned for your condition, he took the opportunity to rip the poster of you in half and make a bad joke about you. I got very angry and got in his face. He was waiting for that and started throwing punches at me without warning. Before I knew it, I was on the ground, and he was punching me in the face over and over again. I begged him to stop and after my eyes were bruised and blood was pouring from my nose, he finally did. That’s the last time I saw him Em, I’ve been here ever since.”

I could tell by the look on her face, Emily was irate. Her eyes were watering as she knew how badly I got my ass kicked and probably even more mad that she wasn’t there to protect me and missed out on kicking the living shit out of Eric. Emily hated bullies and loved putting them in their place and embarrassing the hell out of them. I was more concerned for my sister’s well-being than my own and so really hadn’t thought much of Eric. My focus was on my little sister.

“When I get out of this place Davey.” Emily said slowly and with intensity, “I’m going to ring that mother fucker’s neck. He’ll wish he’d never been born, and I guarantee you, he’ll get as far away from you and here as possible when I’m through.”

I stood up and leaned in again to give my gorgeous little sister another loving kiss. It was passion filled like the first, but it was more like a promise kiss than an erotic one. As we finished the close moment, I stood up and said, “Well Em, whatever help you need to get back on your feet and back to 100%, I’ll be here for you, for every grueling, long, moment!”

“I know you will Davey, I know you will.” She answered convincingly. “Now be a babe and give me some of that yogurt from the ice bucket won’t you.” Em asked.

I quickly grabbed the vanilla flavored yogurt and ripped off the top. I dipped and curled the spoon inside the cup and slowly brought it up to her mouth. Emily was always hungry, always eating, and this surgery hadn’t seemed to affect her appetite at all. She opened her mouth widely and I slowly inserted the yogurt filled spoon. Just before she could enjoy the flavor, instinct took over and I yanked it out as her jaws closed. She realized I’d given her nothing and looked up at me in surprise as I doinked the wet substance off her cute nose and took it into my mouth instead.

I started cracking up laughing and to my surprise, Em started laughing too. It was great to see a genuine smile and laugh from her given her gruesome wreck and scary prognosis. We both enjoyed the moment, and it was the first time I'd joked with her in that kind of way ever. We were like too little, loving souls and we wore our emotion for each other on our sleeves and weren't afraid to show it.

I couldn't help but to continue to crack-up, but then eventually dipped the utensil back in the cup and lifted it towards Em's mouth. She probably expected me to yank it away again, so I surprised her by actually leaving the yogurt covered spoon inserted. Emily closed her beautiful, athletic lips around it. With grace, I gently pulled the spoon out, tipping it up at the end to allow Em to corral every last ounce of the creamy goodness. She enjoyed the vanilla scent and flavor and licked her lips clean after every bite. I tried not to lean against her beautifully muscled, but highly compromised body as I slowly fed her each morsel of food. But I reveled in the fact that I could help my sister, and I ogled her gorgeous jawline and muscular face as she chewed and swallowed.

As she asked me to feed her a few more items from the fridge she had to realize just how vulnerable she was right now. She had been such an Alpha, demanding and commanding those around her just by the sheer intimidation factor of her muscular size and strength. Now her beautiful, gorgeously formed muscles were proving to be no use to her, and she was dependent on her 125-pound pipsqueak of a brother for every morsal of food and drink.

After eating, Emily again grew tired and I watched her close her eyes and slowly fade back into sleep. As she did, I sat in the chair that was moved up against her bed, and scooted my thin arm under her muscle-laden hunk of meaty forearm and biceps. The immense size and weight of it were still there and I loved the feeling of her muscles on top of me. I grasped her hand in mine, leaned against her bed, closed my bruised eyes and fell asleep as well.

Morning came and as I awoke, my hand and arm were still intertwined with my athletic sister's. I turned my head up towards Em and noticed she was staring affectionately back at me. We shared a smile and I wiped the goop from my groggy eyes. It hurt to touch them as they were now badly bruised and even more swollen than the day before. I didn't care though and just looked at Em adoringly and asked if she could feel my hand.

Em nodded yes. I asked her to squeeze it. She grimaced hard, bit her lip and with that, I could again feel the slightest pressure upon palm. I was so happy! I knew she was going to recover

and I said, “Thank God Em! You’re going to be better in no time. You’re such a fighter, I know you will overcome this and be stronger than ever!”

“I know I am Davey. I did a lot of thinking last night while you were sleeping. I now know exactly what I want. I want to become so strong, and so muscular, that something like this could never happen again. I don’t care if I have to lift weights 8 hours a day. I know what it’s like to build muscle and build strength. I love the feeling and know that there will be no end to it and I know that’s the path I want to take. But mom and other people won’t understand. They’ll think I’m a freak. They’ll think I’m crazy.”

“I won’t think you’re a freak Em. I won’t think you’re crazy.” I answered earnestly.

Sweetly but confidently Em said, “That’s why I need you pip. You get me. You’ve always gotten me. I have to have you with me on this journey. Will you be there for me every step of the way?”

“Every second of every day!” I responded happily.

With that, I felt another small squeeze on my hand, and knew that our bond had been forever strengthened and set in stone. I was going to be the happiest man alive, walking every stride of this quest with her.

I spent the next two days in the hospital feeding my lovely little sister ever meal in bed. Every time she opened her handsome mouth and athletic full lips, a shiver of joy shot through my body. I was strangely addicted to her supple, moist lips and I constantly took opportunities to press mine against hers. We had become addicted little make-out buddies over those two days and it seemed like we had to take kiss breaks at least once or twice an hour.

For her rehab, the doc had me run her through constant exercises for her hands and feet. She would squeeze my hand as hard as she could for five seconds, then relax. We would do this for five-minute segments of time. Then I would move to her feet. I would have her move each little toe independently, then, I would have her apply foot pressure to my hand. On her perfectly formed feet, she would press for five seconds, then relax for five. We also would perform this task for five-minute segments. Then, I would take the opportunity to massage her feet for many glorious minutes. They were so perfectly formed, much like the rest of her, that I found myself strangely attracted to them as well.

As it turned out, I had become addicted to every single aspect of my gorgeous, tall, muscle-laden sister. The silky, long, dirty-blonde hair. Her cute, small, slightly perky nose. Em's full, moist lips and muscular, athletic jaw. Her thick neck, with this one protruding, full vein that ran up and disappeared into the top. These traps that towered over her well rounded, powerful shoulder caps. The deep, rough crevasse that had formed between her splendidly muscular pecs. Em's ripped six pack and thick torso. Her massive glutes that flexed massively with each potent stride. The curve of her waist as it met the top of her muscle-bound quads. Her teardrop shaped muscle bodies that enveloped her perfectly formed knee caps. Calves that were diamond shaped and probably just as hard. And finally, my sister's delightful and superbly formed feet and cute little toes.

I knew I had come insanely close to losing Emily. I would never let that happen again and was dead set to help her become the most insanely muscular and powerful woman we could possibly imagine. Emily and my journey was just beginning and I was eager to start our epic, life-long quest!