

## A Shoulder to Lean On

Spending day and night with Emily was strengthening our bond more than ever. It was rewarding to be spending so much time with her, but also frustrating and sad that it was under such dire circumstances. For days I was feeding her every meal...cutting up the meat, stirring the soup, filling her drink and bending her straw. I was inches away from her beautiful, moist lips and athletic face day after day. We watched movies, we laughed together, cried together. It was a physically and emotionally trying time. My mom was supportive of our relationship on one hand, but still slightly bothered by where she could see it was leading.

Luckily, the rehab was progressing and she finally started to be able to lift her arms and bend her legs. Working out had been such an important aspect of her daily life for years, and she needed to feed that addiction. I began giving her items from the ICU room to lift. It started out very light. It was crazy that initially, her still large, heavy, muscular arms could only lift very light items. But as the days progressed, she had me giving her jugs of water to curl. She would hang her body slightly off the bed and do countless reps with the weight. Then, as that turned into too light a resistance for her, she had me help.

I would grab her wrist, just below her thick, muscly forearm and try to hold her arm down and keep her from lifting it. At first, I could hold her arm down and would have to reduce my force to allow her to curl. But after only a couple of days, her strength was already becoming too great. As I put all my power against her arm, her biceps would bulge to an incredible, beautifully formed muscle and she could again over-power me and lift her arm all the way up. It was a moral victory for her, to finally be stronger than me again and we celebrated together. I loved how strong and muscle-bound she was...and I wanted my old sister back!

The doctors were encouraged as well and they brought in an aluminum walker to see if she could support herself and start getting her legs back. They put it on the end of her bed, then hit the remote and it actually tilted the bed up fully. It brought Emily to almost a vertical position, and she reached her arms down and grabbed the handles on the walker. Her hospital gown fit her very loosely, and I have to admit, that when she crouched over to grab the handles, as the loose gown hung below her chest, I peered in to spy her amazingly developed, muscular pecs. They flexed massively as she put her full weight on just her arm strength and was basically supporting her legs and not yet applying any weight to them.

The gown slipped to the inside of one of her legs, and it exposed her left leg. Huge quad muscles and her gorgeous, diamond shaped calf were hanging down, barely touching the floor. It took Em a few moments, but to all of our relief, she extended her legs and let her perfectly formed, cute feet touch the floor. With a grimace, Em relaxed the flex of her arms and slowly allowed her legs to support her full weight. She was still a bit hunched over, and the doctor asked her to see if she could stand up straight.

As she did, you could tell she was in a bit of pain...but I was in complete astonishment. The correction of the minor scoliosis and the addition of the inserts between some vertebra had an amazing result. My sister gained 2 or 3" and now stood a solid Six Feet Tall! I peered way up at her and felt like even more of a shrimp in her presence than I had before. I blurted out, "Oh my God Em...you've got to be at least six feet tall now!"

She smiled widely as she looked down at me, my mom and the doctors who were all a little on the short side as well. Emily towered over us and her muscle mass seemed even more intimidating now than ever before. Even though she was currently physically disabled, I knew she would be a massive force to reckon with moving forward. When she got full mobility back, there would be no stopping her.

With great effort, Emily managed to slowly slide and sometimes, slightly lift her feet and with the assistance of the walker. With me right by her side, holding on to her waist for support, she managed to make it all the way to the end of the hallway and back to the room again. We cheered loudly and I stood on my tippy toes, while Em slightly bent down and I shared a loving kiss with her. My heart stopped at the taste of her moist lips upon mine and I got a little excited downstairs at the sight of my now toweresque, muscle-laden little sister.

The doctors were all very happy with her progress and did recommend moving her to a regular room now and keeping her just a couple more days. They asked her if she wanted to get back in bed and she refused. Emily was a fighter, and she wasn't getting back in bed till she accomplished her goal. She wanted to walk on her own...not with the help of the aluminum walker.

I looked at my towering sis, patted her on the protruding, muscle-bound glutes that were pushing her gown out noticeably and said, "Let's go again Em...I'll help you." With that, she turned her walker around, I again grabbed her muscular torso for support, and we headed back

down the hallway. My mom and the docs were pleased with her determination and watched eagerly as Emily tried to use a little more legs and a lot less walker this time down the hallway.

We made it there and all the way back. She was able to use more leg strength, but still relied on me and the walker for support. Emily was determined and we went down and back again, and again and again. Finally, after making some noticeable progress, Em relented and admitted she needed a bit of a break. I positioned her strong physique in front of her bed, leaned her back, and then hit the remote to bring her back down to a horizontal resting position.

The doctors eventually left, then my mom went home too. It was just me and Em and I went down to get some popcorn and looked forward to watching a movie with her. I was in a very good mood knowing her progress was moving forward rapidly and feeling the incredible closeness with her. As I returned, I was surprised to see that she had grabbed the remote and brought her bed back up to the vertical position. I quickly grabbed the walker and brought it over in front of her. "Again?" I asked her, knowing she was ready to try the hallway shuffle for a 10th time. She just nodded her head Yes, and I smiled widely and said, "Fuck ya Em, let's do this!"

With me by her side, Emily began the difficult step-n-shuffle down the hall. It was a struggle for sure as she tried to raise her heavy legs off the ground with each movement forward. The thick muscle she had developed in them were acting like lead as she tried to regain muscle control. I knew the abundant power they contained, but as of now, she couldn't quite harness it. My arm again around her muscular back and oblique's, we made our way up and back, up and back the long hallway.

By the 8th trip, Emily finally tired and relented, allowing me to convince her to get back in bed, rest up and enjoy the movie with me. She had made progress and it was obvious she could actually lift her legs slightly off the ground by the end. I tried to congratulate her, but she seemed a bit frustrated. I scooted my chair up close to her, held my arm under her gorgeous, muscular biceps and interlocked my finger with hers. I turned to her and whispered, "You're going to beat this Em. I'm going to make sure of it."

She knew I wasn't going to leave her side till she could actively walk on her own again. As small tears of frustration ran down her cheek, she just leaned towards me and whispered, "Kiss me." I moved my head towards hers and in an instant, our warm, wet lips were pressed firmly against each other. Her smell was intoxicating to me and the way she motioned her tongue, deep and

firm within my mouth, I wanted to hold her in my arms forever. I couldn't imagine loving anyone as much as I loved my gorgeous, athletic, sweet, heroic, muscle-laden little sister.

I wanted the kiss to last an eternity, but after 10 solid minutes of making out and saying sweet nothings to each other, Emily slowly withdrew her tongue and started giving me fading love pecks. By the eighth or ninth one, she slightly pulled her head back and asked, "Ready to go again." I knew what she meant and couldn't believe she already wanted to work on her walking again. She said, "You invigorate me honey...you give me life."

Well, I don't know what you'd do, but when your hero, your crush, the starry gleam in your eye says that, I don't know how you could refuse. I would only be elongating the kiss and my own selfish pleasures. Of course I greed and popped up quickly. I grabbed the bed remote and began raising my ever taller sister up and on her feet. I pulled the aluminum walker over and placed it in front of her.

"I don't need the walker Davey." She stated, "I only need you."

Stunned, but relishing in her comment, I stood leg to leg with her. My skinny cross-country leg looked like a toothpick next to her meaty, bodybuilder sized quad, and I loved it. I was beyond excited that she could stand up again and was ready to help her. I wrapped my arm around her once again, and she grabbed my shoulder in her strong, heavy grip. With a Ready, set, go...we began our hallway journey.

Emily was very heavy. Her weight seemed like a million pounds more than mine for sure. It was all the strength I could muster to keep from falling over as she leaned into me hard with each, struggling stride. But we continued on. Trip after trip, we kept her walking. She was giving it 100% effort and trying so hard to regain control. I was dripping wet with sweat after helping hold her up for so many lengths of the hall, but I didn't care. I'd sweat away every ounce of water for her.

My little sister was a fighter. When she finally tired, we would return to her room and rest for thirty minutes to regain some energy, then do it all over again. The constant work paid off, and by half way through the night, she was applying less and less weight upon me. It was a

successful 5 hours of on and off work for us and it finally came time to call it a night and get some rest.

I waited for Em to get her back against the vertical bed and then began the process of bringing it down to horizontal. As I did, I put the remote down and started to go to my chair next to her bed. Em looked at me and said, “No babe, I want you to lay here.” ...and she patted her hand on the bed next to her hip and then scooted herself over to make room. Nervously, I looked behind me, like there would be a doctor or nurse standing there vehemently ordering against it.

I looked back at Em excitedly. She nodded her head Yes, and again patted the sheets next to her and then moved a pillow down to the spot my head would be. I turned down the lights, kicked off my shoes and slowly climbed up the bed next to her, trying not to move her in any way that might be damaging. I laid on my side, facing her bulky, muscle-filled frame. She slowly gave me a meaningful kiss on the lips, said, “Thank you for everything tonight.” Leaned her head back and gently closed her eyes.

As her chest pulsed up and down with each breath, I became mesmerized by the movement of it. It heaved up and down robustly, like it had power and purpose. I gently placed my hand on her gown, right on top of her abs. They were still hard and stuck out a bit, protruding out of her midsection with rounded, strong perfection. As I closed my eyes too, I felt her opposite hand reach down and grab my hand from atop her abs.

I was sure that my arm and hand were somehow bothering her and she was going to slide it back down to her side, next to her close arm, that laid strappingly next to me. But to my surprise, Em slowly pulled it up, slipped it through her gown opening and brought my palm up to her bare, gorgeously sculpted, muscle-laden pecs. They were very firm, but had the lightest pliability to them, I moved my fingers in between them and felt the rigid, hard, deep valley between the muscle bodies that made up her chest. My hand rose and dipped with each successive breath by her, and within moments, I could hear a very contented, light, moan from her mouth as she fell deeply into slumber.

Emily may have felt comfortably appeased by my warm hand upon her chest, but my heart was racing 100 miles an hour with excitement. She wanted me close to her. She wanted to grant me the satisfaction of feeling her strong, powerful pecs beneath my hands. I think she felt more connected to me than ever before, more comfortable with me than ever before, and obviously she added a bit of erotic gratification for me at the same time.

As my palm slowly move and explored the rounded, full, strength of her perfectly formed pecs, my cock was absolutely rock hard. I was in the precarious position of not wanting to move my hand away from her luxurious chest muscles, but at the same time, needing more than ever to satisfy my own muscle need down below.

My rod was as hard as it had ever been, firmly pressed against Emily's side, and I was just about to excuse myself to take care of its needs. But my sleeping beauty was not completely asleep. She must have felt my elongation as it nudged into her muscular hip. With a subtle motion, my sister slipped her hand into my shorts. She moved her long fingers around my stead and powerfully closed her grip around its surface.

As Emily slowly stroked me with her warm, authoritative grasp, the up and down motion was sending shockwaves of pleasure throughout my body. The tingling and euphoric, erotic sensations were overwhelming. At the same time, I took the opportunity to aggressively squeeze and grip her glorious, muscle-bound pecs. I pushed against them forcefully, barely making a dent. As my own pleasure sensors were reaching code-red, I opened my hand, laid my hand deep in her hard chest muscle crevasse and slid my fingers down through their exquisitely formed gap.

By now, I was too inexperienced to hold back. I didn't mean to do it and gave her a quick warning that I was about to blow. Emily didn't stop though. She just held it tighter and motioned up and down more rapidly. The tingling gratification reached a fever pitch. I felt the surge and in an instant, I was shooting my white, wet, love juice all over her hand and arm. But she didn't quit. Emily just kept going and going and going, forcing the release of every last bit of cum. As she performed that bit of magic on me I slowly lost all control and energy and fell limp with exhaustion and complete satisfaction next to her.

I would have loved to lay there completely contented and sleep all night. But I knew there were nurse checks periodically. Reluctantly, after several more minutes in Em's loving grasp, I slowly gathered myself up, grabbed a warm towel from the bathroom and cleaned us up. By the time I was finished, Emily was again fast asleep with what looked like a comforting grin on her face. I then quietly sat in the chair next to her, placed my thin arm under her meaty limb, grabbed her fingers in mine and joined her slumber. I would be ready to attack tomorrow just as hard and have her walking out of the hospital in no-time...no longer wondering, with any doubt about our future together.