

## One Big Step

Emily was determined. Hell, she was the most determined person I had ever met or known. I went to school with athletes that had professional aspirations, goals to be in the top 1% of the top 1% of all athletes in the world. They practiced, they fed themselves specific foods, they worked out. All of that was impressive, but I knew I'd put Em above all of them.

She was struggling with another walk down the street, unaided by the walker and just me next to her. I was a crutch to lean on if she felt she needed it...and she often did. Her left leg kind of moved forward normally, but the right was not great. She had to almost drag it along as we made our way down the block.

It had been a month since Em had left the hospital. She did all the rehab and even more than what was prescribed. Her upper body had regained complete feeling and she was almost back to 100% mobility there. Her hands, shoulders and arms all moved in accordance with her thoughts. The lower body was a different story. Because of some obvious spinal damage, she was having to rewire her lower body, mentally and physically. The nerves weren't severed thank god, but the Axons, cord-like groups of fibers in the center of your nerve and Dendrites, branches that carry electrical impulses, definitely got moved around a bit.

As a result, her mind was telling her leg to lift, and instead it would do nothing or jerk in a weird direction. Essentially, she had to re-learn how to walk. You and I walk and run without even giving it thought. Em had to literally tell herself; lift up thigh, extend shin, lower leg, put weight on foot. Even the slightest lack in concentration might have her put her foot down incorrectly, twist an ankle and go down.

She was frustrated to no end. This amazing physical specimen from just months before, had lost major amounts of lower body muscle. She couldn't run at all or work out with her lower body, just small, basic, movement exercises. In fact, on our walks up and down the street, she would often have me walk slowly in front of her. She would place her hands on my shoulders and try to copy my leg movements, to make sure she was re-learning her stride correctly. By the end of the session, she would be a crying, sobbing mess, hugging me for support but desperately wanting to be her old self.

A few months prior, I couldn't possibly imagine being the emotional rock for Emily. Now it seemed almost a daily ordeal. But she was tough as nails when it came to fighting through the pain and frustration...and pushing forward. The days of feeding her at the hospital were long gone, and she was now eating a ton again and we would go to the basement to work out daily. She could sit on any piece of equipment and perform the biceps curls, triceps extensions and bench pressed she'd always done anyway.

Shortly before the accident, Emily admitted to me that the T-Patches were no longer doing the job. She had started taking a more powerful enhancement option. She was injecting the substance every third or fourth day and after only a month had gained a tremendous amount of strength and was starting to add size as well. Although she paused the injections after the accident, she had restarted the program as soon as we got her home. Emily hated doing the injections herself, and I had become the administrator of the steroid. I knew there could be health consequences if she took them long term, but our youthful ages, I knew it would be all-benefit and little to no downside.

I always liked to activate the area of the injection before administering the shot. I would have Emily roll over and expose her gorgeous, muscular, bulging glutes. The tall, protruding, rounded surface was so pleasurable to rub, squeeze and caress under my soft palms. I would massage the buttock for several minutes, feeling the large, powerful, muscular slabs. Eventually, I would draw in the prescribed milligrams of liquid into the syringe. I would then tap the injection area and flick it, to hide the actual injection moment from Em. Then I would kind of vibrate the needle as it went in and then push the plunger...injecting future muscular gains into her growing, tall, muscle-bound body.

We also chose to inject her on occasion into the thigh, where she was desperately hoping to eventually gain full control and increased in size and strength greatly. It was a bit heart breaking for Em to see the size in her legs diminish as she couldn't work them out with heavy weights yet, but we knew, or at least prayed, that the days of this lack of control would soon be over. I couldn't wait to be hoisted onto my little sisters' shoulders and have her squat me up and down for an insane amount of reps. My weight would be a little heavy for her at first, but I knew that in no time, my 135 pounds would feel light as a feather to her and my sister would be able to carry me around and use me as a human weight to her....and my heart's content.

The other main injection point was her traps. The drug and her upper body workouts were having some very positive, very noticeable effects on them. Her once mid-sized lumps of muscles atop her shoulders, which connected into her thickening neck were taking quickly to

the steroid. Monstrous, tall, heaps of muscle were expanding by the week on her and thick, long traps now towered above her shoulder line, making her neck seem as thick as an NFL linebacker. So the glutes, thigh and traps were the main three areas and we rotated the sites regularly as the prescribed injections for her 6-8 week cycles were every other day.

Finally, as Em's upper body was strong and still growing daily, and I felt there was no risk of further injury to her spine, I begged her to use me as her weight. In the past, I loved the feeling of being lifted by my little sister immensely. I enjoyed how strong and powerful she had become. Em afforded me this pleasure and sat on the bench and then leaned back. She looked me in the eye and said, "Stand here baby." I quickly took her instruction and stood my small, but firm body next to her. She slowly placed one hand between my clinched legs and then told me to lean over and basically fall on top of her, keeping my body as tight as possible. My torso was lying firmly pressed against her hard and rounded pecs. Then, with seemingly very little effort, Em placed her other large hand directly beneath my chest and lifted.

Emily lowered my body to her, almost chest to chest. Oh God!!!...a euphoric feeling came over me as she lifted me with a powerful burst! My entire body flung up swiftly, reaching the extent of her arms reach in a fraction of a second. I began to count out, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight...and on and on as my little sister benched me again and again and again. At only 135 pounds, Emily could lift me 30 times in a row, with almost no rest. Being benched by her for thirty reps gave me an awe-inspiring admiration and respect for her...almost worship like. My love and lust for her seemed to grow with each successive rep.

She slowly tired and the reps decreased in ferocity. As they did, I felt her heavy breath more and more prominently on my arm and chest. It was wet and moist and I wanted nothing more than to lick it and taste her amazing flavor with my lips. Emily finally stopped and said, "That's enough for now baby. Feel better?"

"I love when you lift me babe." I returned the comment. "I just can't wait till you can throw me over your muscle-laden shoulders and squat me for thirty reps."

"Me too Davey, me too." She replied slowly, with a heartfelt sincerity.

As she put me back on my feet next to her, she rose her herculean upper body, placed a hand on my shoulder and stood next to me. With the weight of her body and her heavy hand on my frame, I almost crumbled beneath her. As she rose, her new, extended height towered above my head. It was an absolute thrill to be standing chest to midsection with my gorgeous, tall, muscular sister. I heaved my head back and peered up at her gorgeous face. She looked way down at me, smiled and leaned down to place her wet, warm, firm lips upon mine.

I always welcomed every loving peck from her and the fact that we kissed so much, several times daily, made me want what I couldn't have even more. It still frustrated me that she had obeyed our mom's wishes to keep from being more romantically involved. Now that she was hobbled and trying to be careful about her spine injury, I knew any kind of escalation in our relationship would have to wait.

"God I love how tall you are now Em!" I said as she slowly raised her head and our lips departed ways.

"God I love how petite you are babe." She answered back and then solidified her comment with another quick kiss.

Having a six foot tall, muscle-bound dream of a girl as my, um, I don't know....girlfriend, I guess was amazing. In a way, I didn't even see her as my little sister any more. I lusted after her every minute. Her scent of sweet perfume and sweat was an intoxicating mixture I just couldn't get enough of. And her growing upper body, more muscular and larger than ever before was also never going to get old. I longed for the day she gained her lower body strength and size and confidence back. And I prayed she'd still have me. Still want me in her life, by her side always and forever connected to her.

After finishing her chest workout, Emily decided to start getting in some shoulder workout exercises. As she sat on the bench, she asked me to hand her the 60-pound dumbbells. They were far too heavy for me to hand her so I knew it would take two trips for the two weights. Emily probably took a little pleasure in watching me walk over to the rack, grab one of the 60 pound dumbbells with both my hands...drop it to the ground, grab it again and struggle with the weight hanging at the bottom of my two arms, between my legs as I hobbled it over to her.

She reached out with one hand, grabbed the weight and kind of half curled it up, and rested it on her thigh. She smiled widely as she showed off her immense strength. I returned the smile, rolled my eyes in fun and headed back for the second 60-pound dumbbell. Again, I lifted it off the rack with both hands and dropped it to the ground. I used both hands and arms, brought it off the ground by several inches and again waddled back over to my little sis. Emily reached out with her free hand, lifted the weight almost easily and placed it on her other thigh.

With great adoration, I watched Emily heave the weights up and hold them confidently in the air to each side of her gorgeous head and massively flexing traps. Her biceps were also well flexed and the huge muscle bodies making up the large lower biceps and the large, full lower biceps became clearly visible. Emily took a deep breath and slung the weight skyward. With the weight hoisted high, her beautiful biceps touched delicately against her pretty ears as she prepared to do some hard work.

Now at top dead center, she lowered the weight rapidly and then powerfully pushed it up again. But she did not pause. Emily began flinging the heavy weights into the air again and again and again. The 60-pound dumbbells I struggled to even hobble over to her one at a time were being easily manhandles by my little sister like they weighted only a few pounds each. After twenty fiery, enthusiastic reps, Em let go of the weights, letting them slam to the ground. The multiple BANGS as they hit the rubberized floor shook the room and startled me greatly. My heart was beating through my chest as I ogled my sister and her now pumped up, massive, rounded shoulder caps.

As her gym assistant, I scurried over to one of the dropped dumbbells, struggled to lift it with both hands but eventually made my way over to the rack. With great effort, I was able take in a deep breath, grunt heavily and raise the dumbbell up and kind of crash it onto the rack in the appropriate slot. As I finished with the second weight, Emily reached down and grabbed a drink from her bottle. I then took the golden opportunity to towel off the moist sweat from her gorgeous body as she rested. After about a minute of heavy breathing, she looked at me and said “70’s”

I knew what that meant and walked over to the weight rack. I took a deep breath, clinched my abs for stability, reached out with both hands and grabbed one of the 70-pound dumbbells. Again, I lifted it from the rack and the immense weight dropped my body down and I bent half way over as the weight fell to the floor. I Lifted my body slightly, bringing the dumbbell a few inches off the floor and once more, waddled over to Emily. Like before, my little sister reached out her muscle-laden arm, grabbed the weight from my hands, and half curled it up, resting it on her thigh. I repeated the action and brought her the other 70-pound weight.

I couldn’t help but be completely awed by the growing size of her upper body and I knew she’d have pro-bodybuilder sized arms in no time. I imagined myself feeling and caressing her arms of steel as they became larger than my legs and would eventually be able to curl 100-pound dumbbells!

With those thoughts in my head, I watched in utter amazement as Em kind of grunted, lifted her thigh to give the weight momentum and then brought the 70-pound dumbbell up and just to the left of her head. She then did the same with the other weight, and this massive, 140 total pounds of weight was being held in her gorgeously muscled arms. She took a huge, deep, oxygen filled breath and again did her cute, loud grunt and began lifting the dumbbells skyward. With sturdy arms and a bit of a slower movement, her arms extended all the way up. Now, with muscles full and pumped, she lowered the weights to her shoulders and then burst

them up again. This time it was rapid, and like before, she got into an impressive show of strength and began pumping out reps...one after another and another...until she hit 10! Like minutes before, Emily dropped the weights from shoulder height and the crash sent a shockwave of intimidation through my body. Large, blood filled veins now were bursting through her magnificent skin, they ran from her thickened neck, through her ballooned out shoulders, down the top surface of her bulging biceps and into her massive forearms and wrists. Looking at her gloriously pumped up shoulder muscles gave me a thrill of exhilaration and my heart was racing!

Now fully engaged in the workout, and with a dead serious look on her face, Emily peered at me and uttered, “80’s!”

“Holy fuck Em! 80’s! ???” I asked.

She just continued to give me that 1000-yard stare and nodded her head up and down slightly. She then leaned her head back, reached her arms down, and peeled the workout bra up and over her head, tossing it to the ground next to her. My jaw dropped and my blood raced red hot as I was staring at her massively pumped up, well defined, protruding pecs. As I stared, she gave them a couple of quick bounces and the muscle jumped up and out several inches as the deep, thick muscle was activated. I wanted to step over and lay my trembling hands on their surface, but Em was fully engaged in the weights and I knew my place at that moment.

I walked over and grabbed an 80-pound dumbbell. I was barely able to lift it with both hands off the rack and within an inch of being off, I couldn’t handle the weight and it slipped out of my weak grip and fell to the floor. I immediately bent over and grabbed it, attempting to lift it inches off the ground and waddle it over to my sister. Unfortunately, it was just too heavy and I couldn’t do it. I was dreading having to ask Em to walk over and grab it herself, completely proving myself useless as her gym assistant. So I did the next best thing. In a pathetic show of my lack of strength, I rolled the dumbbell across the rubber floor over to her. She didn’t say anything derogatory, like she might have a couple years before, she simply reached down gave a big effort and heaved it up and onto her waiting thigh.

Of course, I did the same thing with the other weight and now stared longingly at the tremendous amounts of muscle hanging powerfully and beautifully off of my little sisters’ arms, shoulders and bare, beautifully sculpted chest. Emily flicked her hair back, so it now draped loosely behind her. Now her towering traps were also clearly visible to me as she burst her thigh upward and elevated the 80-pound dumbbell next to her gorgeous face. She then repeated the action and now sat exposed, in front of me, ready to lift much more than my weight over her head.

With another massive grunt, Emily hoisted the dumbbells skyward. Her lats shot out like, thick, muscle-laden wings on each side of her torso, and I had no doubt I was staring at the most muscle covered, alluring, perfect specimen, girl in the world. She lowered the weight and with a powerful push, shot the weight back up overhead. Again and again Emily burst the dumbbells to the ceiling. I was keeping count but as I stared at her bulging biceps and heaving chest and pecs, I became mesmerized into a trance like state. My jaw was wide open and bit of drool ran down my chin.

At eight, Emily's lift became labored and it almost seemed like she wasn't going to make it. She pushed and grunted and breathed hard, but the weight seemed stuck half way up. I jumped at the chance to help. I stepped forward, straddled her legs and now stood just inches in front of her. I reached out my thin arms, placed a hand under each of her elbows, and gently pushed up. The limited amount of assistance worked perfectly and Em rose the weights to full arm extension.

I kept my hands under her elbows and slowly followed them up and down as she breathed heavily onto my chest. Just inches in front of her heavily muscle, bare torso, I was in heaven. With my spot, Emily decided to keep doing more and more reps. My pushes became more and more involved and as I finally couldn't help push any harder, Emily finally reached failure. With her gigantically pumped muscles just inches from my body, Emily dropped the weights to the floor.

They crashed hard into the rubberized surface and made a huge thud and bang and caused a small mirror on the side wall to vibrate and fall to the floor, busting into 1000 pieces. As the weights were still bouncing, my fully exhausted Emily leaned her head forward and rested it into my abs. She reached her massively pumped up arms around my legs and grabbed my ass. With little effort, she squeezed me tightly, bringing my pelvis and torso tightly against hers. She had to now feel my member which was hard as a rock and bursting through my shorts. My throbbing groin was just below her head and as she paused and nuzzled it with her nose, I knew this might finally be our glorified, spirit melding moment.

Just as thoughts of grandeur filled my mind, the gym door opened and my mom came running down the stairs. "What was that crash? Is everyone all right?" she yelled loudly.

"We're fine mom. We're fine." I yelled back, hoping it would stop her from making it all the way down to us.

But it didn't work and a moment later she was standing just a few feet from me and Em. "We're ok mom. A mirror fell, that's all." Em said, also trying to shoo my mom away.

I felt like the moment was going to be ours and of course my mom asked, "Where's your top Emily? What's going on?"

"I was hot mom, relax, it's just David and me. Quit worrying." Emily told her as she reached down and began the process of pulling the small workout bra back over her gorgeous head and thickly muscled upper body.

"Wow Em!" She then followed as she stared at my herculean sister, "You sure are putting on a lot of muscle. Are you sure you're not getting too big?"

"Oh mom...there is no "too Big", right?" she said as she looked in my eyes. Now standing to her side in full support, I looked at my mom and said, "Right Em, there is no Too Big!" as I smiled widely and knew my throbbing member, practically poking through my shorts, let my mom know I was certainly turned on by my muscle-bound little sis.

Trying to change the subject, my mom grabbed my hand and began leading me upstairs and said, "Ok Em, finish your workout while I talk to your brother about your present and birthday party next week."

"Oh mom, I already know the one big present I want...right Davey." She said humorously. As I peered back at her, she flashed a rye grin and gave me a wink while I walked up the stairs, hardly containing my excitement at my little sister's upcoming birthday...