

Muscle in the Fam – part 4

Admiration

It had been a couple of weeks since the girls showed Ethan just how much stronger they were at squats. He was obviously enamored by their incredible strength but hadn't yet realized that his curiosity about girls with muscles was starting to turn into a full-blown obsession.

After a late track practice, Ethan arrived home and hopped in the shower to rinse off. He threw on some sweats and a t-shirt and headed down stairs for a post-practice snack. Elena had come out of her room in her tight gym shorts and workout bra just before, so he was walking down the hall a few steps behind her. He had always been close to his younger sister, but for the first time ever, an admiration for her now muscular body overtook him. He intensely watched each of her steps as her calves flexed to a hard, muscular shape and her thighs seemed to kind of explode out to the sides as her body weight fell upon them. Her ass was now more rounded and fuller, and it clearly formed into a bulging, rock-hard muscle with each powerful stride.

She turned the corner at the end of the hallway and as Ethan continued straight towards the kitchen, his neck craned and looked towards his little sister's muscular posterior. With one more step, Ethan ran right into the wall. It made a loud thud and knocked him back a few feet. Elena turned in surprise as she heard the bang. Ethan looked at her sheepishly, thinking he might have to explain why he just walked right into the wall so he just shook his head and ran into the kitchen as his little sister laughed hysterically but did question if he was all right.

Ethan didn't really answer and was confused as to why he all of a sudden found muscles and his little sister so attractive. Up until last Christmas, when Claire gave him a bit of a muscle show, he had never even thought about it or even realized that muscles on girls was a thing. Now he started becoming more and more conscious of it. To the point that he just walked himself right into a wall while ogling his little sister's buff legs.

He snacked on a nut bar and downed a big glass of water and then made his way back into the living room. Ethan decided he'd kick it on the couch and watch a bit of TV before starting in on his homework. As he sat there for a minute or two, flipping channels Elena made a cute little sprint from the other side of the room, a huge grin on her face. She leapt up in the air and came crashing down on her older brother.

His little sister's weight was far greater than he had ever remembered, as she would usually get in a tickle fight mood once or twice a month. They would start off laughing like kids and they knew exactly where to tickle each other after having so many of these playful encounters over the years. Ethan was sensitive in his feet and sides while Elena was supper ticklish just above her kneecaps and just under her armpits.

With her full weight on top of him, Elena got the upper hand and began tickling Ethan in the sides. He was laughing hysterically and trying to shove her off. But he couldn't budge her. Elena was squeezing her legs around his thighs and he found himself trapped beneath her. He tried wiggling his legs free, but she was showing unbelievable strength and was somehow too strong for him. He couldn't believe her legs were so strong, but quickly had to change his strategy to get free. He began pushing against her abs and sides to move her off him. But he was pushing against rock-hard muscle.

The more he struggled against her muscles and strength, the more and more Ethan was enjoying all this physical contact with his little sister. The bulkiness of her legs around his, the feel of her torso and pelvis pressed hard into his. If it weren't for all the tickling, he never wanted to move. But finally, he was able to free an arm. He knew the perfect spot, reached up and got her right under the armpit. The tickle shot Elena off him like a jolt of lightening and he quickly jumped on top of her.

He planned to put her in the same position she had just held him in. He quickly squeezed her legs between his and leaned his chest into her as his hands grabbed for the tickle spot just beneath her armpits. But she threw up a new defense. She somehow flexed, and these wing like, thick muscles formed under her armpits and ran down her sides. As long as she kept them flexed, the sensitivity was gone. Ethan was confused. He didn't even know you could have muscle there, but his little sister sis, and it was thick and hard. Ethan tried to prod through the rock-hard muscle and hit her sensitive area, but it was no use, his feeble runners' hands were no match for her beefy underarm lats.

In a move of desperation, knowing he could no longer tickle her there, Ethan reached down and behind him. He put his hand and fingers right on Elena's leg, just above the knee cap. There was some thick muscle formed there, but in its relaxed state, he perfectly stimulated the spot and again tickled his sister immensely. He thought he had her, but again, Elena flexed that muscle. Her quads jumped to attention and Ethan felt his entire body being lifted up as the leg muscles beneath him expanded outward and were as hard as rocks. His tickling proving ineffective, Elena used her seemingly superior strength and rolled them off the couch.

As they did, Elena landed on top of her older brother. He was now face down kind of facing the front door and entry way while she was now sitting on top of him facing the other way, towards his feet. She did a backwards straddle and using both hands was able to grab his left arm and force it back and next to his side. Her powerful thigh squeezed and his arm was now pressed tightly against his body, her overpowering thigh holding it tightly in place. Seeing how well that worked, Elena now grabbed his right arm. Her older brother tired and tried to move it around and keep her from getting a hold of it, but in his half-immobilized position, he couldn't move it much. Elena grabbed that arm with her two free hands and forced it back and against his right side. She now squeezed her thighs against his arms and body beneath her as hard as she could.

Ethan was now completely at the mercy of his little sister. His arms and torso were completely trapped under her heavy, muscly body. He knew what was coming and tried to kick his legs around, but with two free hands, Elena was able to wrangle one of them and the tickling ensued. Her magic fingers began stimulating the underside of his foot and he was losing it. He was laughing uncontrollably and begging her to stop at the same time. She was laughing just as hard and before long, tears of joy were streaming from both of their faces.

It all happened so fast, Elena hadn't even had time to process the fact that she had singlehandedly overpowered her older brother and trapped him beneath her. A warm, satisfying sensation overtook her as Elena became instantly energized by physically overpowered her older brother for the first time ever. She had him completely at her mercy and she loved the feeling of being stronger than him. The year and a half of lifting weights was finally proving its merit and Elena looked down at her own flexed biceps as she held Ethan's foot. It was not only big, but now proving to be strong and powerful too.

Elena started switching feet on her older brother to keep the tickling sensations intense. She could tell her older brother was trying with all his might to break free, but to his and her surprise, he was too weak. The longer she had him clamped between her thighs, the weaker and weaker he got. Finally, as all hope was lost to free himself, the front door opened.

It was Claire. She stood majestically in her matching white, almost see thru yoga pants, tight, white workout top and long gorgeous hair. Her exposed six-pack abs were actually turning into an eight-pack and her quads looked bigger than ever as the teardrop muscle on the inside of her knees were clearly visible and perfectly outlined by the thin workout tights she wore. Ethan simply looked up at her and with the tears of laughter still streaming down his face simply yelled, "HELP!"

Her crush being held captive beneath his little sister, Claire rushed over, grabbed Elena under the arms and lifted her off Ethan. She reveled in playing the hero for Ethan and quickly asked if he was alright.

Ethan and Claire were too busy laughing hysterically to answer and not only were tears streaming down their faces, they were laughing so hard, snot was actually running down Ethan's nose. As Claire crashed down onto the couch with Elena held firmly in her grasp, Ethan ran to the kitchen to towel off his nose and clear his eyes.

As much as Claire was happy that her two cousins got along so splendidly, she could only deliver a little bit of a fake smile. She couldn't help but be jealous of Claire and Ethan's fun, loving relationship, while her relationship with her own brother only brought her pain, hate and doubt.

Ethan was in a hurry to get back to the girls and ran back into the living room. He scoped out his target and in a big leap, jumped upon Elena. He smashed her into the couch and with her front side down, he straddled her back and began to tickle her under her armpits. With unreal

strength, the muscles in Elena's back grew immensely into mounds of bulging muscle as she did a push up in one swift motion. Her entire torso and Ethan rose off the couch. Ethan was awestruck at the muscles in her back and at the show of incredible strength. As he was still sitting on her back, she then quickly turned to her side and he fell off her and onto the couch. In another swift motion, she now sat on his chest. She grabbed both his hands and was then able to overpower him and pin them above his head.

He tried mightily to wiggle free but his little sister was again too strong for him. Because her two hands were intertwined with his, Elena couldn't get at his sensitive spots, but Claire was eager to join in on the fun and quickly began tickling him everywhere. As Claire searched for the right spot to get him, Ethan was staring up at his sister's arms and totally amazed at the bulging muscle in her biceps and shoulders. Her traps jumped up as well and fed into her thickening neck. Ethan tried desperately, but her strength was too much and he just couldn't escape.

Elena had never beaten Ethan in anything physical and even she was looking down at him, amazed that she held him captive.

The girls had him right where they wanted him and Claire was definitely wanting to be more involved. She nudged into Elena, kind of shoving her over and then laid her full bodyweight on top of the captive Ethan. Her abs and nice breasts were now right on top of his chest and the feel of her buff body on his had Ethan very turned on. His cock was getting hard and as it grew, Claire felt the stiff poke in her thigh. Elena was unaware of her older brother predicament and was now trying to shove Claire back off him and take her rightful spot. As she did, Ethan knew this would not be good...he begged the girls to get off and claimed he had to go to the bathroom.

But the girls were starting to wage their own little war over him. Elena had released her death grip on his hands but a bit of a wrestling match ensued on top and to the sides of him as the girls fought for top position. The weight of these two muscular girls was keeping him from escaping. And as the girls lightly wrestled above him, they were sure to be grabbing tightly to an arm or leg or appendage of his all the while.

Ethan had to escape the pleasure dome of muscle he was under before he made a mess of himself. He put his right hand on Claire's muscular ass and pushed against it as hard as he could while trying to slide out from under her. The move worked and as he got free, he made a b-line to the restroom. Disappointed at his escape, Elena and Claire turned and sunk deeply into the comfortable couch eagerly awaiting his return.

Two minutes turned into three. Which turned into five, then ten.

Kind of upset, Elena asked, "Why'd you have to shove me off of him Claire, I was having fun with him first."

"I don't know Elena." Claire responded, "I mean, it's just awesome that you have such an awesome relationship with your brother. I guess I just am a little jealous of that, and want to be a part of it, since my brother is such a raging asshole."

"I guess I understand. I'm sorry Claire. You can hang out with us as much as you want, if you don't want to hang out at home with Travis around, being a jerk all the time." Elena comforted her older cousin.

Claire thanked Elena and leaned over and gave her a huge hug. Their muscular bodies looked amazing, intertwined, their supple, hard, young skin pressed firmly into each other.

While the girls chatted, Ethan was facing his own dilemma. It had taken him ten minutes for the excitement to subside and his erection finally went away. It would have been the most embarrassing moment of his life to have a raging hard on while wrestling with his sister and cousin and he prayed they hadn't noticed it. But he couldn't shake the feeling. He had just been overpowered by his little sister. Her thighs were now muscular and strong and even her arms were now more buff and stronger than his.

At the same time, he had definitely found himself to be infatuated with his cousin Claire. Her muscles were perfectly formed and growing. With each stride, there was this powerful confidence she carried as her muscles expanded greatly and moved majestically as she walked. When he started dating his girlfriend Kim, he had similar feelings towards her and her physique. Tall, thin, pretty, popular...he thought she had it all. But now he found himself thinking about Claire and realizing, he definitely preferred his slightly less pretty, less popular, and certainly less thin cousin. Claire was definitely taller, probably like boys at school didn't really find her that attractive. Most guys want girls to be a few inches shorter than them and at 5'10" tall and still growing...that wasn't even possible for most of them.

Now calmed down, Ethan didn't want his attraction to cause another rise out of himself. He couldn't get over the fact that he was so curious about and attracted to his cousin and sister's muscular bodies. He knew it was wrong and figured he'd get the hell out of the situation.

He walked back in the living room where Claire and Elena were still lying on the couch chatting and waiting for him. "Hey guys, I gotta run...but have a good workout."

"What? Where do you have to go Ethan? We wanted to have more fun!" Elena blurted out.

"Oh, I had forgotten but Kim wanted to grab something to eat, so I'm heading over to pick her up." Ethan lied, but needed a story to get out of the current, confusing situation.

"Awe Cuz, I was hoping you could hang out and watch me and E workout. Maybe be our videographer for a new IG and SNAP post." Claire followed.

“Shoot. Sounds fun Claire...maybe next time...see ya soon.” He finished and moved quickly to his room to grab his keys and wallet and head out.

Claire and Elena were disappointed that Ethan left for Kim’s house, but needed to start their work out anyway. They grabbed some flasks of water and poured a bunch of pre-workout pump powder in and headed down.

Workout

Tonight was going to be arm day. Claire’s legs had developed large muscle bodies and noticeable bulges, even visible through jeans. But she was even more excited that her biceps and triceps were really starting to grow...finally. The great thing about starting weightlifting is that you’re always improving always growing early on. The peak in strength and size usually doesn’t happen for years, so it’s easy to keep motivated to work out when your efforts are constantly being rewarded. Visually you keep getting bigger, harder muscles; physically you keep getting stronger, and mentally you keep growing in self-confidence. Claire and Elena were both in this stage and were hitting their workouts with more and more intensity.

They started with stretching but eventually got to the weights. By the time they started lifting, they already had worked up some heat and their skin was becoming moist, with microscopic droplets of sweat. The girls started with cable curls. The pin was placed in the stack and Claire and Elena took turns doing 12 very slow, very methodical curls. They increased the weight to the point that 8 plates were being lifted. It wasn’t the exact same as curling an 80 pound bar, but it was still a good amount of weight. By the end of the first 15 minute timeframe on that exercise, their biceps were already starting to get pumped.

From there, the girls did standing barbell curls. It was amazing that a year ago, they were starting with 15 pound bar and working up to the 30 pounder. Now, their warmup was the 30 pound bar and by the end of the set, they were curling an 80 pound bar for reps. Just weeks ago, Claire could only muster three reps with the 80 pound bar, but today, she handled 10 and probably could have swung up a couple more. It was damn impressive and they knew they were probably the only girls in their high-school who could even lift this much weight, and probably more than most the guys could lift. Their guns were really ballooned out now and filled with blood. They felt big and full and strong. Claire was even getting a bit moist looking at her own reflection in the mirror. She loved having muscles and biceps and enjoyed flexing them for herself and Elena. She was still too shy to flex for anyone else, but her confidence in her own body image was definitely growing.

The girls were constantly posing for themselves and flexing, watching every move they made in their own reflections. When you work this hard, you constantly want self-gratification in the

form of muscle growth. The lighting in the dim, overhead light was perfect to show off definition and Claire was amazed that in his light, it actually looked like she had an eight-pack.

“Do I have a fucking Eight-pack?” Claire asked Elena for confirmation as she let out her air and flexed her midsection hard.

“Holy shit Claire! I think you do.” Elena exclaimed as she reached out her hand and gently rubbed her palm over Claire’s bulging abs.

“What about me?” Elena asked as she also hit the identical pose.

“Not quite yet Elena...but your six-pack is insane and I’m sure more will come!” Claire answered as she too felt her younger cousin’s ripped abs. Claire lingered on them for quite a while and then bit her lip softly and there was no doubt how hot she thought her younger cousin was starting to look.

Claire finally kind of backed off and the girls hit a few more poses of admiration and then decided to get back to the arm workout.

They next went to bent bar, seated concentration curls. When the arms are outstretched and laying over the thick, black padding of the apparatus, the bicep muscle is fully elongated and not flexed. But in that position, as the weight is in her hands, the forearms are pressed against the pad also and the muscle looks twice as big as normal. In Claire’s case, as she began to go through the sets, thick veins began to develop as well. Claire worked up to sets with 65 pounds on the bar and as she lifted the weight and her forearms took on a humungous look, Elena began taking pictures of her buff cousin. With veins and muscle popping up majestically in her forearms and across the curve of her biceps muscles, Claire was almost in disbelief at her own physique.

The pump powder was definitely working and Claire knew she was now bigger and more muscular than she’d ever been in her life. She was stoked Elena had taken pictures and eagerly grabbed her cousins phone to check them out. She did a little bit of color and brightness editing and then posted the pic to her, Elena’s and Ethan’s chat group. She was hoping to get a response from Ethan at some point and was still a bit irked he left their fun to go hangout out with Kim...

Elena sat at the concentration curl station next and began her set. Her arms were also as pumped as they had ever been. There wasn’t as much vein development as Claire had, but her muscles were also growing rapidly. For a high-school girl, they were definitely big...but she wanted to be huge. She hadn’t verbalized yet to Claire that she often stared at male bodybuilder pictures and longed to have herculean muscles as big as them. It seemed like a stupid, unattainable goal...but her muscles were growing quickly and who knows...maybe they could get close to that big.

As her final set finished, Claire took some pics of Elena's flexing, curling arms. The muscle in her forearms and biceps bunched up greatly when they were kind of smashed together at the top of the rep, and Claire timed one of the photos perfectly. It made Elena's arms look huge and Claire knew her younger cousin would be stoked. As she did some quick editing to the shot and showed it to Elena, she insisted that it be shared to their group as well.

Lastly, Claire had purchased one of those standing, concentration curl devices that was basically a curved piece of metal that hung across your torso and then had flaps that extended out and past and behind where an arm would hang. This kept the lifter from swinging the weight too much and allowed the muscle to be completely isolated. In addition, like how the concentration pad really made the forearms look bigger, this device pushed against the back of the arm and made the biceps and triceps muscle look doubly big.

Claire went through set after set and eventually worked up to 6 reps with 40 pound dumbbells. It was, by three reps, the most she had ever lifted and her biceps were looking huge! She took a short break, brought a smelling salt to her nose, shook her head as the energy pulsed through her body and grabbed two 45 pound dumbbells.

Her arms 13 ½" arms were already pumped up to over 14" from the intense workout. But in the curl contraption and her arms hanging with 45 pound weights in her hands, they looked 16"+. Elena started the video and Claire took a big breath, let out an aggressive, loud scream and began to lift. Her biceps bulged and her shoulder flexed hard. With grit and determination on her face, the 45 pound dumbbell was lifted all the way up. With fiery intensity, she lowered that arm and methodically brought up her left. The weight rose even more quickly than the right and Claire knew she had more reps in her.

She continued to breath heavily, lean just a slight bit to that side and again lifted the right hand weight. The 45 pounds reached the top again and there was a cheer from Elena behind the camera as she realized the PR her older cousin was accomplishing. Claire lifted the left, then the right and finally one more solid rep from her felt arm. Her biceps were completely hulked out and as she hung the heavy dumbbells down by her sides, the veins and muscles in her forearms, biceps and shoulders were flushed with blood, looked massive and were covered by dripping streams of sweat. She had never looked stronger or more intimidating in her life, but the pump and the slight optical illusion from the curl device made her look like a football linebacker.

"Holy Shit Claire!" Elena exclaimed, "You look fucking massive!"

Claire just grinned, continued to hold the heavy dumbbells at her sides as she ogled her own, muscle-bound reflection in the mirror and said, "How the fuck can Ethan like a skinny girl over this?"

Elena said, "I don't know Claire...I don't know how any guy would like a skinny bimbo over someone as hot as you. Tall, pretty, big boobs, big muscles...you're the total package cuz!"

Claire shook her head in agreement, waddled the weights over to the rack and dropped them hard into the metal slots. It made a huge bang and Claire was even more impressed with her own strength, realizing how heavy the weight actually was. She then embraced Elena firmly...their pumped up, sweaty, hard bodies becoming one. As much as Claire liked Ethan, she really liked the feel of her younger cousin's muscly body too. As they hugged, Claire looked in Elena's eyes and said, "Let's get that video posted huh!"

Elena agreed and they sat Indian style on the floor of the gym, huddled around their phones, drinking protein shakes.

As Claire posted the video to her SNAP and IG, she added a small emoji. It actually was a cartoon character that kind of looked like Ethan. She also added a wink and the text: "Sure wish I had a guy here to massage all these sore muscles!"

It had been 30 minutes since Claire made the post and so far, no response from Ethan. Claire was feeling a little depressed, knowing he was with Kim and possibly hadn't seen or was purposely avoiding responding to her and Elena's group chat and also SNAP and IG. She wanted to hang out longer but it was getting a bit late and she needed to get home and finish up some homework.

Outnumbered

Claire made the short walk home in less than 10 minutes. She hadn't brought a small jacket to Elena's so her pumped up muscles were exposed and thus she hurried inside to get out of the cool air. As she walked inside Travis and their mom Jan, were waiting for her.

"See mom!" Travis exclaimed. "She's a weirdo steroid freak!"

Claire looked at her brother and yelled, "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"We saw your SNAP post Claire. It's obvious you want to be a dude and are taking steroids! Don't even deny it." Her brother chirped.

Claire had meant to just post the video to select friends on SNAP...but had actually posted it so anyone could see it. Obviously Travis was keeping tabs on her and he viewed it and instantly flew into action, getting with Jan.

"I'm not! I swear!" Claire shouted. But her mom and Travis were staring at her pumped up, vein covered arms and most people would probably have to agree that Claire was on some sort of gear.

"Mom." Claire said, "You have to believe me, I'm not on anything. Just protein shakes and creatine."

“Well Claire. I’m worried about you. You are starting to look a bit too masculine and I don’t know what creatine is, but it’s obviously bad for you if it’s going to turn you into this. You’ll never get a date and I hear those drugs all cause heart attacks.”

Claire shot back, “What do you mean...it will turn me into this? If I want muscles, I can build them. It’s my body!”

“Not under this roof young lady.” Jan yelled back, “My house, my rules...no more weightlifting...and that’s final!”

Claire glared at her brother. Travis had a shit eating grin on his face and he knew he had won yet another battle. Jan always took his side and it was obvious he felt threatened by Claire’s growing muscles. He found a way to stop it and was so proud of himself. She turned quickly and ran up to her room as she burst out into tears. She had finally found something she loved, that gave her great self-confidence and her mother and brother were trying to rip that away from her.

Claire needed to sooth her upset state. She turned on the shower and let the room get nice and steamy. She turned out all the lights and lit a single candle on the sink counter and stepped inside. The warm water streamed down her pumped up, but throbbing muscles. It was a good kind of throbbing and Claire slowly slid her soap covered palms across her flexed biceps. Oh, it felt so good to her. The heat generated by her pumped muscles and the warmth of the running water produced a soothing feeling of Zen. Her abs were also now becoming really developed and big and they actually protruded outward into strong mounds of muscle, instead of just being ripped. Her palms slid up and over their individually cut surfaces. She loved this post workout feeling and she was not going to give it up.

After a 20 minute warm, steamy, self-admiration shower, Claire got out and threw on her small white panties and one of Ethan’s track shirts. She had stolen it from his room and loved looking at herself in his shirt, dreaming of what could be with him. The arms were a bit tight, and her breasts and muscular chest filled the upper area fully. Her torso filled the lower portion of the shirt, and it was tight enough that her muscular abs were actually visible through the material. She slowly faded to sleep, forgetting about homework or the problems with her mom and Travis, just trying to enjoy her feeling of Zen as she caressed her muscular body and gently feel to sleep.