

The Game

A few weeks past Ethan's birthday, glints of the sun were breaching the small cracks in the blinds of Ethan's room. It was well past ten in the morning and after another fun night with Claire, ten in the morning really seemed like seven a.m. Of course Ethan woke up groggy. He wiped his eyes of the goop that builds up in them after a long rest. He was disappointed to not feel Claire's warm, large, muscular body against his.

Unfortunately for Ethan, there would be no morning fun with his gorgeously muscled cousin today. She had to get up early that morning and go to her mom's to join her for her grandmother's birthday. It was the one from her dad's side of the family, so she wasn't Ethan and Elena's relative. He had heard her getting ready in the morning and felt the soft, wet lips upon his cheek as she exited the room. But that hadn't been enough to wake him and he slept for a couple more hours.

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But now awake, Ethan sat up on the side edge of the bed. To run or not to run...that was the question. His training runs were getting really long now. He knew he had miles and miles ahead of him and the decision on when to do it was weighing on his clouded mind. But he knew Claire would be coming home later and he may as well get his work in while she's not home. So after a bit of a pause, he decided to just do it, before the morning heat really started to get hot.

Ethan pulled his silky running shorts up his lean, defined and very tan legs. The hours and hours of running this summer had turned him into a dark, Hawaii-tanned version of himself. As he brought the shorts up to his waist though, the elastic wasn't tight enough anymore. The shorts wanted to kind of fall down his thinning torso. He didn't have an ounce of fat on him, and the weight-cutting diet his coach had him on was definitely working.

He reached down, twisted the band over itself, basically making it double thick. This brought the length of the shorts up a bit, but the waist seemed tighter now and he figured he could get in that run. He then put on some no-show socks, slipped his feet in his new Brooks Adrenaline GTS running shoes...a birthday gift from his mom, and decided to head out and get the miles behind him.

Claire had mentioned his funny tan line from him wearing a running tank top during his long miles. So today, he decided to run without it, hoping the sun would do its work and fill in the lighter colored tank line and make his upper body one, uniform color. He ran his hands through his now shoulder length, long dark hair, grabbed his shades, took a big drink of water and opened his bedroom door.

Ethan began walking down the hall and was starting to imagine the route he was going to take on today's training run...

WOOOOOOSH!

In a flash, Elena's bedroom door opened and she jumped out, making herself look big and by extending her legs out wide and placing her hands against each side of the hallway walls she said, "Where do you think you're going mister?"

She had a wry smile and playful look on her face but Ethan just wasn't in the mood.

"C'mon E. Move." Ethan said as he reached out and tried to grab her left arm and force it out of the way to move by.

As he grabbed the thick, muscular limb, it seemed even larger in his hands than ever. Her bicep was elongated and full and on top of that, it was rock-hard. He then moved to her forearm and grabbed it with both hands, thinking he had a better chance moving the smaller muscle that was further away from her torso. But it was also thickly muscled...and as he peered at it, and quickly looked at his two forearms reaching out, he quickly realized it was far thicker and more meaty than his...maybe even twice the size.

Ethan tried to push it too and even leaned into it when his weak arms were doing no good. But Elena was ready and countered by pushing hard with the hand on the opposite side of the hall wall. So she was basically getting extra pressure to her arm and hand against the wall Ethan was trying to squeeze by on.

Ethan was a bit confused. He knew his little sister had been working out for a year and a half, and was certainly a little stronger than him in the weight room...but she had never been able to completely stymie him like this before. Ethan knew Elena could probably beat him in an arm wrestling contest, but this was basically him against her one arm.

Thinking it had to be that arm or something...Ethan moved to her opposite arm and tried the same forceful tactic. He pushed and leaned and struggled mightily to move her arm out of his way. But it seemed even larger, more muscular, and stronger.

"Are you through playing games string bean?" Elena asked with a smart ass grin written all over her face.

"Who you calling string bean shorty?" Ethan said back, evening up on the fun little insult game.

"You...Big BRO!" she laughed back. "Hell, your losing weight faster than I'm gaining it I think. And I'm not done growing. I've already grown two inches this year Eth."

"Ya...well, we'll see about this." He said as he finally let go of her immovable arm and took a few steps back.

He lowered himself into a three point football stance and said, "You better move before you get run over... 'cause the train is coming through!"

Elena simply readied herself even more, solidified her stance and acted like she wasn't going to move. But Ethan didn't buy her bluff. He gave two little warm up thrusts of his back foot, and then he lunged forward. He covered the three paces in a flash and before he knew it...THUD!...Boom.

Ethan flew back several feet instantly after crashing hard into his sister's brick-like physique. He knew she was strong...but he had no idea she was that fucking solid. He kind of stood up, flipped his long hair out of his eyes and stared at his giddy sister. Now, both of them knowing just how much stronger than him she was.

As he looked at her, she started inching forward towards him. He tried to push solidly against her powerful body by placing his hands upon her thick pecs, but her quads were bulging with muscle and as she moved into him, Ethan was constantly being forced back. It was kind of cartoonish and in slow motion. But Ethan's lean, tall body was no match for his sister's muscle-bound physique.

When they eventually arrived at his bedroom door, Elena gave him a quick, but forceful shove to the chest. Ethan flew back a few paces and she followed him in, closing the door behind her. She then backed against the door and smiled, realizing she had easily overpowered her hero and crush almost effortlessly.

Ethan stared at his gorgeous little, muscle bulging, smiley faced sister. She had a plan and he was currently unaware of what it was. "What are you doing Elena?" He had to ask.

"I don't know Eth. I just wanna' have some fun with you this morning. No body's home for once and we should do something." She answered.

"What, do you want a massage or something?" Ethan responded.

"No Eth...let's do something fun. Play a game or something" Elena said back.

Elena looked so damn delicious. Long hair back in a ponytail, her rounded, billowing shoulders bursting out of her little crop top. Flared out thighs, massively larger than they were just 18 months ago and looking like they belonged on a thoroughbred. Ethan had been very eager to get past her and get on with his run. But now, peering at the gorgeous, cute, muscle-bound sight in front of him, the thought of a run was completely out the window.

"Look at you." Elena had to say.

"Huh? What are you talking about?" Ethan said back slyly.

“Oh, just your ripped abs and tan, long legs. You know you’ll probably cause a car accident if you go out running all half naked like that.” She finished as she started walking closer and closer to him.

Ethan knew Elena had a crush on him. He loved her more than siblings probably should. But as she got closer and closer to him, the thick vein in her muscular neck now clearly visible to his ogling eyes, he wondered if she was going to try to take it too far with him. Her supple, pouty lips looked delectable and as she moved her body all the way up to his and let her protruding pecs gently bump into his torso, she wrapped her arms around him and gently lifted him up off the ground.

“My god you’re light now string bean.” She said cutely as she noticed her increase in strength and his loss of weight made him feel as light as a feather to her.

A feeling of overwhelming admiration came over Ethan as he looked down into his sister’s eyes. The feeling of being so easily carried by this muscular girl struck a nerve. He immediately wrapped his long legs around Elena’s torso, leaned down and met her lips with his.

Her mouth was so perfectly sized. Her tongue moved so splendidly against his. She used force and playfulness in a hypnotic rhythm and she knew exactly how to kiss him. He knew her wants and needs too, since they had often found themselves kissing over the last year. They moved their heads back and forth and while enjoying that, Ethan took another opportunity to feel and caress Elena’s flexed, exquisitely rounded and huge biceps.

Ethan was amazed at how much they had grown recently and even more impressed with the superbly rounded and defined shape of them. Elena was a natural and obviously both she and Claire had a genetic gift for putting on lots of muscle. She was easily becoming the bodybuilder she dreamed to be and Ethan was enjoying watching, helping and feeling her become one.

With their passionate kiss continuing, Ethan felt Elena turn them towards the door. She walked them over, reached out and opened it, and then easily carried her older brother down the hallway. He thought she was going to put him down there, but no...she was enjoying the kiss of her crush way too much. Elena walked them down the stairs and all the way into the back yard.

“Don’t throw me in the pool.” Ethan begged, surely realizing his helpless position.

Elena walked to the pools edge, let him fidget nervously a bit more and then turned his thin body away from it and put him down on the ground.

“Ha ha, very funny shorty.” Ethan said back. Glad she hadn’t sent him for a swim, but also wanting to toss a snarky dig at her.

“Whatever Eth. I may be shorter, but I bet I can beat you at basketball.” She said back.

“What? Are you kidding me E? I thought you hated basketball. You never wanted to play it with me and said you’d never been that good at basketball anyway because you were too short.”

“Well, that’s when I was like five feet tall Eth. I’m 5’6” now and I bet I can beat you.” Elena replied back.

“Ok. Ok. I mean, I admire how strong you’ve become sis, but I think I’ve got you beat when it comes to basketball. What do you want to bet?” Ethan asked, preparing to win whatever the bet was.

“Umm, you know how you have all those un-redeemed Castle Land tickets on your dresser?” Elena stated.

“YA.”

“So. How bout, if I win, you have to take me there and spend all those tickets on me. And if you win, I owe you a deep tissue massage.” Elena offered.

“No way E.” Ethan answered. “That’s a ton of tickets. You would owe me at least five massages to be fair.”

“Three.” Elena shot back.

“Four.” Ethan offered a compromise.

“Deal!” Elena answered. Truly believing she was going to win the game anyway.

They shook on it and Ethan grabbed a couple balls for them to start warming up. As Elena started only doing layups, Ethan backed behind the three point line and fired up some shots. But to his surprise, they seemed to all be falling short. Not only that, but the ball almost seemed heavier to him, and he was really having to jump and push his arms hard to get it close to the rim.

Ethan figured the ball had been outside for a while so maybe it was weathered and got heavier somehow. He switched balls with Elena. Why should she care, he thought, she just kept practicing layups for some reason, instead of getting her jump shot down.

As he started firing the new ball, it too felt heavy and fell short. To even get it to hit the rim, Ethan was really having to jump and heave it. The extra effort was sending it off course though and after ten shots, he hadn’t even made one. He decided to come in a lot closer to sink a few. It did work and over the next four or five minutes, Ethan thought he had dialed in his range and touch.

Finally, after the warm-up, Ethan decided to show off a little. He set the ball down, kind of got a running start, ran towards the rim and leapt. He swiped at the rim, but to his surprise, he was

easily three plus inches short of the rim. Just a few months before in gym class, he had been able to touch rim.

He figured his jump spot was too far back, so this time, he would try to jump up just a little closer to the hoop so he could touch it. Ethan was partially right, he did get closer, but he still missed by about an inch. The weight loss he had experienced had definitely led to faster mile times, but must have robbed him of some explosive strength he figured, since there was no other explanation for not being able to touch the red metal, ten feet high.

Disappointed, but settled in his current situation, Ethan grabbed the ball, ready to shoot to determine who gets the ball first.

“Ethan.” Elena said, getting his attention after watching him fail to touch the hoop after a few tries. “If I can touch the rim, can I get the ball first?”

“Uh...Ya...of course Elena...but there is no way you’re going to even get close.” He answered, not trying to be a jerk, but honestly believing his shorter sister had no chance.

“Ok...cool!” she answered and she walked back twenty plus feet away from the net.

She looked like a bulldog as she walked Ethan thought. Her quads bulged out to the sides, her caves were full and flexed with each step. Her torso was growing thick with muscle and her shoulders and arm muscles seemed to be exploding out of her skin. She was surely an amazing specimen Ethan noticed...but there was no way she was getting that bulky, 5’6” body ten feet up.

He watched in silence and ogled each of her powerful strides as she ran up towards the basket. He enjoyed the sight of her painstakingly developed thigh muscles as they flexed massively en route.

WOOOSH!

Elena planted her right leg solidly into the pavement, used every ounce of power she’d built into it and she flew through the air. Her ponytail wisped up and was extended behind her pretty head, her strapping arm extended to maximum length, Elena reached her full apex. With feet of quiet air beneath her, the height of her jump was insane. Ethan watched in awe as his shorter sister’s hand extended out and not only touched, but actually grasped and held onto the circular red rim.

Momentum carried the rest of her bulky body past, so she quickly reached her trailing arm up and used that hand to grab the other side of the rim. It stopped her progress and as soon as her body quit swinging, she took the opportunity to do a few pull ups and show off her wide, muscle covered back to Ethan.

Obviously, Ethan watched in awe as his little sister, considering her shorter height and arm length, must have just out-jumped him by a foot or so.

“Jesus Christ E. I can’t believe you just did that.” He confessed to her, his jaw still firmly planted on the floor!

She wasn't looking back at him yet. But she was smiling from ear to ear at the fact that she had just completely dominated him in this jump. Knowing he'd enjoy the show, she just kept doing pull-ups, letting her crush ogle her gorgeously muscled back for ten more reps.

Ethan was at a loss for words now. He just shook his head in disbelief at her leap. Her muscles were obviously way more powerful than he had expected. He was going to enjoy watching her get even bigger, even stronger as she and Claire prepared for the bodybuilding show in December.

As she dropped from the rim, victorious in her jump, Ethan said, "Ok short stuff. Now it's time for a little humility girl."

She took the ball and Ethan took a defensive position in front of her.

"I don't know if I can concentrate on the game with those amazing, ripped abs staring back at me the whole time." Elena let out.

"Whatever E." Ethan responded, "I've got plenty of distraction to look at myself, if you know what I mean?"

Elena smiled and nodded her head, starting her dribble. She kept the ball on the far side of her body as she kind of dribbled up the right side of the box and got towards the rim. And to Ethan surprise, as she got almost to the baseline, she threw her shoulder into him. The impact was immense to his chest and Ethan flew back three or four feet and landed on his ass. Elena now put up her shot and made the lay-up she had been practicing during the whole warm-up.

"One to nothing!" Elena shouted, holding her muscular arms up and above her head in celebration.

Getting off his bum, Ethan wiped himself off and tossed her the ball. Its winner's outs and she again had a chance to score. She did the same move, went down the side of the box and got down towards the baseline. Ethan knew she would try the same shoulder thrust, so he pre-loaded his weight forward and expected the move.

Sure enough, Elena turned slightly, planted her forward leg and burst into her older brother.

"Ooof!" Ethan exclaimed as the impact of her body against his, and his rigidness collided. Again, he went backwards. Not five feet and on his ass, but a few feet back and it allowed Elena the opening she needed to again make her signature lay-up.

"Two to nothing!" Elena exclaimed, hoping she would be good enough to score against Ethan but not knowing until now that she could.

A little miffed, Ethan developed a new strategy in the few seconds it took to get reset. He still was so amazed at her heavily muscled physique, her pretty long hair, and cute, athletic face...but he had a game to win and he wasn't going to let its magnificence distract him.

Elena began her dribble and decided that if the right side worked the first two times, it would probably work again. She made her way down the right side, got to the baseline, turned her shoulder and attempted to forcefully nudge Ethan back. But to her surprise he had slipped to the side, giving her an open lane to the hoop. But as she shot, she realized why. Ethan had perfectly anticipated her move and

had zipped to the side and jumped up as she began her layup. By the time she released the ball, Ethan was swinging his hand to easily block the shot.

Now with the ball, Ethan dribbled back to the free-throw line, turned, dribbled up two steps and made a quick 6 foot jumper. "Two to One!" Ethan yelled, mocking his little sister and holding his thin arms up in the same victory celebration.

Elena hadn't had time to recover and put up a defense, so the point was easily won by him. She now edged up to play a tighter D, as he started his dribble. He figured, he could easily move up the right side of the box turn and make his own layup, like his little sister had done. But as he got to the baseline and forced his shoulder into her, Elena thrust her powerful hips into his butt. He jolted to the side and fumbled the ball out of bounds.

He did get the ball back because of the foul, but Elena realized he definitely could force himself through her. If she could just move side to side quickly, she could make him drain a jumper.

As Ethan took out the ball, he turned his back and assumed he could gradually nudge Elena all the way to the rim and then make his layup. But there was one problem...he couldn't nudge her. Every time he tried to thrust his glutes into Elena, her rock solid position and powerful body repelled him even further away. After several more attempts, Ethan realized he could get no closer than eight or nine feet away. He decided to turn, and drain an eight-footer.

CLANK

The ball came up short. It bounced off to the side and as both Elena and Ethan raced for the rebound, they arrived at the same time. Their bodies bumped into each other. To Elena, it felt like a small touch. To Ethan, it felt like he had been hit by a Mack truck. The solid muscle and strength of Elena's every little move sent Ethan flying away and falling to the ground.

Elena quickly dribbled to the free-throw line and turned to race towards the hoop before Ethan could recover. He watched with awe as her quads and muscle-laden calves flexed tremendously. She jumped high into the air, easily laying the ball up against the backboard and in for her third point of the game.

"Three to One!" Elena exclaimed.

This time giving her brother a huge double-biceps flex to celebrate her point. It was breathtaking. The huge long head and short head of the muscle exploded in size and the development and separation of the growing muscle was incredible. Without thought, Ethan quickly took a few steps forward to grab the protruding, hugely rounded muscle in his hands.

He grabbed and caressed and explored her bulky, oversized arm. For his pleasure, Elena began relaxing it and extending her arm out straight, then in a slow, methodical, powerful motion, she would bring it back into the double biceps style flexed position. She did it again and again and again...putting her brother in a muscle-worshipping trance almost immediately. She could see the focus in his eyes and the thoughts in his head were only upon one thing...her!

Elena reveled in this new discovery. For her whole life, she had always admired, respected, loved and had a crush on her hero and older brother Ethan. But right now, at this moment, with his feeble hands caressing her gargantuan, perfectly formed muscles, she knew he was equally obsessed with her. She

smiled, almost giddy at the hypnotic state she was so easily able to put him in. His eyes were glazed over and Elena continued her flexing and relaxing motion, letting him feast upon his craving to feel and ogle her gorgeous arms.

She could have let this go on all day, but finally, she dropped her arms down to her sides, looked at her brother and said, "Ethan, let's finish this little game huh?"

Ethan shook his head as he was broken out of his hypnosis and responded, "Ya...oh ya. Sure. Let's go E."

With that, Elena took the ball and walked to the start line. She turned her back towards her older brother and began dribbling. Instead of trying to go around him, Elena realized that she could easily go through him. Like Shaq used to do on the Lakers, Elena simply stuck out her huge set of glutes and began backing up, bumping into Ethan's groin and sending him flying back a couple feet with every impact. His taller, leaner, thinner physique was bouncing off her muscular quads and glutes like a small child off an elephant. There was really no stopping her and Ethan knew it.

Elena used this technique, backing her defending brother all the way back under the rim. Then, with an absolute blast from her dynamic, muscular legs, she leapt. She flew high and although Ethan tried to jump and block her again, her apex was now too high and Elena easily layed it up and in!

"Four to one!" Elena bragged as she now walked away from the rim and Ethan and gave him the same double-biceps pose...but this time from the back.

Ethan got to see her hugely matured, bulging, muscular back again. Her shoulders also grew massively with the flex and even her traps seemed taller and thicker than ever. The hamstrings below her tremendously built ass were also robust and thickly muscled. She was now turning into a jaw dropping, drool inducing specimen and Ethan was finding it hard to take his eyes of her gorgeous body for even a second.

He tossed his sis the ball and watched as she again turned her back to him and bent over in a forward position. Ethan knew it was actually a foul, but as she backed up towards him, he reached out his hands and cupped them on her impressive, weighty glutes. The rounded, rock hard muscles felt imposing and unstoppable in his hands and he leaned his whole body into them, trying to halt her progress.

But she was strong. Really strong. Way stronger than Ethan and stronger than he could have ever imagined her being. As he kept his hands upon her robust behind, he could feel it flex and move beneath his palms as she continued her assault into him, forcing him all the way back and under the rim once again. There was absolutely no stopping this forceful girl and Ethan jumped but watched with little hope as she easily out apexed him and easily scored a fifth point.

Ethan tried and tried and tried over the next couple of minutes. He tried to push her, bump her, hold her. But she was way too powerful for him to stop now. His sis was so packed with rock hard muscle he couldn't even stop her using all the strength he possessed. Was she twice as strong as him? Three times stronger??? He genuinely wondered and his once casual admiration for her had now turned into borderline muscle-worship in the course of pick-up basketball game!

In an attempt to celebrate her victory and show her some love, Ethan ran up to her, squatted, wrapped his arms around her torso and tried to pick her up, letting her celebrate her first ever basketball victory over him in style.

His arms seemed so thin as they extended around her thickly cut abs and oblique's. He could barely reach his arms around the full thickness of her now and as he tried to lift, it felt like she weighed a thousand pounds. He maneuvered his legs close to hers, squatted and again tried to lift her. But he couldn't even get her a centimeter off the court. Dismayed, he tried one more time, maneuvering around to her backside, her gorgeous glutes bumping heavily into his chest as he squatted down

But again, she was just far too heavy now!

Elena then turned around to face him, put her hands on her stunning hips and asked, "Are you done now string bean?"

Defeated, Ethan stood up, peered at his far more capable little sis and said, "Damn E...I guess so."

"Good." She responded back and gave him a cute wink. "I'd much rather have a victory kiss anyway."

In an instant, Ethan placed his hands upon her muscle-caped, gargantuan shoulders, leaned his head down and again met her supple lips with his. Elena wrapped her hands around his thin torso, squeezed tightly and brought his body into and against her protruding, muscle-filled pecs. They again enjoyed a passionate kiss, now both knowing full well the absolute and unquestionable strength she now possessed over her older brother. Surprisingly, Ethan was smitten by it, Elena thought, and she couldn't wait to become three, four or five times stronger than her crush over the coming few months...