

Youthful Confessions

Emily and I we're really enjoying our time in the tub, with our intertwined bodies constantly moving and rubbing against one another. And as much as I wanted to stay in there forever, with my sister's muscular legs and body, heavily leaning against mine. Eventually, we needed to get out and make our way into bed.

I got out first and looked down at my beautiful Emily. Her naked, lightly soap covered pecs looked so perfect to me. I didn't care that she didn't have traditional boobs. Her muscle filled chest muscles were plenty enough for me and I loved how hard and firm they were. I loved how she could control their movement and make them bounce up and down.

She looked up at my slight physique and a loving smile crossed her face. She loved my small, skinny frame with six pack abs and a completely shaved body, Emily was constantly complimenting me. She reached out with her soap covered hand and rubbed my abs. The warm water dripped down their rounded, ripped surface and soon lathered my rock hard cock. Em knew I was ready for her and I knew she was ready too.

Her venturing palm dragged itself down over my raging rod, then slowly down my right thigh and then back into the tub. I almost jumped back in the water with her immediately, but instead, extended my hand.

"C'mon Em." I said, "Let me dry you off and then tend to that wound a little but...so we can have some more fun."

She laughed, looked up at me and extended her hand to meet mine. As she stood up, she was in the 1800's style tub that had feet and thus made anyone standing in it six full inches taller. Her muscle-bound, ripped, wide physique hovered over me like a god. She was already 6 inches taller than me on level ground, in the tub she peered down a full foot to meet my eyes. Emily knew I loved how much bigger and more muscular than me she was. So she decided to take in a deep breath, lift her hands behind her head and give me an impressive biceps flex.

I couldn't help it and reached my hands up to feel her massive arm muscles. In her normal smart ass way, she simply leaned back slightly and I was unable to reach them. I instead placed my frustrated hands on her heaving pecs and said, "C'mon Em...please let me feel them...pleeeeeeease"

She loved teasing me and laughed out loud. Sensing my desperation, she slowly lowered her torso back down a little. I immediately stood on my tippy toes, stretched my arms out, and placed my hands on her gorgeously rounded and pumped up biceps. They were still a little wet and slippery. I moved my palms back and forth and left and right upon their massive, rock-hard surface. The strength they contained was unimaginable and I always loved when she overpowered me in many different ways.

Emily did too, but as much fun as she was having showing off her big biceps to me; and I was having feeling her gargantuan arms, we were both starting to get cold. She stepped out of the tub and her muscle-bound, nearly six foot tall body was now bumping into mine. I wrapped her body in a thick, bulky, soft towel. As she stood there like a beautiful queen, I then patted her dry from her tall, meaty traps, down her muscle-bump covered back. It was so wide it actually took me several swipes to soak up most the water. Her thick, meaty lats were so impressive to me. I didn't even have lats and she had ones so large and full and muscle-laden, it took me a while to wipe those wings dry too. I enjoyed the feel of the rounded muscle bodies there, but eventually brought it down and pushed it into her massively bowed out glutes.

She could control them too and began to flex one and then the other as I dried them off. They were exploding up and down in opposite unison and it was sending me into a hormone induced tizzy. God she had incredible muscle control. I leaned down instinctively and gave her muscle-laden left glute a nice, warm wet kiss, and then dragged my tongue slowly up its perfectly formed exterior. It was delicious and I wanted more, but needed to continue on.

I lowered the towel upon her protruding hamstrings. I cherished how gorgeous and huge her rear leg muscles were. They weren't nearly as large as her gargantuan, perfectly developed quad muscles...but something about, buff, muscular hamstrings made me wild!!! I wrapped the towel around the front of her thick stems and held them there for several moments, enjoying the feel of their massive size. I then finally lowered down to her calves. Their diamond shape and hard as a rock structure were definitely going to benefit her if she ever decided to give professional bodybuilding a try. You have to be born with calf muscle genetics...and Emily sure had been.

Now dry, Emily turned around towards me. My face was now the exact height as her nicely muscle covered chest. To me they were absolutely, undoubtably perfect. She gave me a fun little pec bounce and then laughed as she saw me gasp in admiration. She loved how much I was into her every square inch of being. She then grabbed the damp towel and began drying me off. I watched her meaty, muscle-filled, hugely developed shoulders move and flex as she lowered her whole body while she swiped me dry. Looking at down at her haed and shoulders was not a view I had been used to, but with my rock hard cock right in her face, Emily had to indulge herself.

I had no idea she would be so into my member, but she was. In a matter of a second or two, my little sister opened her mouth and enveloped my entire tip and shaft. She then squeezed her supple lips around it and began sucking and gyrating her head up and down upon me. Just months earlier, I could have only dreamed of having my sister pleasure me this way...now it was a complete reality.

She somehow was naturally pretty good at it and knew exactly how to make me feel the best and provide the greatest satisfaction. Her athletic, strong jaw provided the perfect amount of pressure and her tongue was firmly rubbing against the sweet spot on the underside of my

cock. I reached down and placed my open palms upon her tremendously muscled shoulders. The left one was moving and flexing under my touch, it was the arm she was using to play with my balls and lightly stroke the bottom part of my thick rod.

Emily was sucking hard as well. The incredible sensation she was creating as her tight lips moved all the way off my shaft and tip and then dove themselves back down upon my rounded tip was exquisite. The crown of my penis would then jam into the back of her throat and she would pause for an instant before doing the same motion again. All the while, cupping my balls and massaging them in her powerful grip. Oh she knew just how to get me off.

While she pleased me, I looked in the mirror on the wall behind her. It was a surreal feeling to see this hulking, muscular beast on her knees in front of me, my cock in her mouth. My thin small torso and arms standing above her; while her width doubled mine and muscles protruded everywhere on her. Em was pleasuring me like I was the Alpha in the relationship. But she was that and at this moment, she passed me that honor to me. As I stared at the reflection, and could see the unbelievable muscular size difference between the two of us, it gave me even greater gratification. Her muscles moved and flexed and bulged as her head moved up and down, up and down with each successive stroke upon my shaft.

Here I was, standing...hovering above this muscle-bound creature, getting sucked off like a fucking stud. My little, bigger sister sure was fulfilling all my wet dreams from my youth. Her mouth was so warm and wet and tight. She motioned her neck up and down faster and faster. That in conjunction with her forceful tongue pressuring the underside of my shaft with each repetition sent tingling waves throughout me.

With perfect precision, my little sister squeezed my balls gently, massaged my lower shaft with the other hand and continued to pull her head almost completely off my rod and shaft before plunging down upon it again like a fish attacking a smaller fish. The gyrations in my body as a result of the tingling and warm erotic sensations got more and more intense. Emily knew she had me where she wanted me and it was her desire to completely finish me off. She went into race mode and began to submerge my cock inside her mouth more and more deeply.

The bonking in the back of her throat also turned her on and she seemed to love the taste of my cock. Eventually, the warm, erotic satisfaction reached a fever pitch and I was unable to hold myself back. First I let out a quick, uncontrolled spurt. I was able to then briefly hold myself back. But that only last two or three more strokes of her gorgeous athletic, muscular mouth upon my shaft...and then I could hold back no more and the flood gates opened.

As the streams of cum were pouring out of my rosy tip, Emily gulped and gulped and gulped. She wanted to drink down every last drop of her older brother's semen and I was happy to let her do it. My cock was throbbing from the intense and powerful sucking from Emily. And the tip was a bit sensitive from being jammed into the back of her throat so many times and so forcefully. But the pleasurable sensations rippling through my body as she swallowed me so hard were beyond belief.

Emily slowly pulled her gorgeous face off of my rod and as the shaft and tip gradually slipped out of her mouth, she peered up at me. As our eyes locked, she kind of smiled and swallowed, wiped the traces of cum off her wet lips with a swipe of her meaty forearm and stood up to face me. Emily raised up and before reaching her full height, as our faces met, she let out a cute belch. I laughed hysterically and without delay she locked her sweet, perky, moist lips with mine. There was a bit of a sour, salty taste to her mouth, but I loved every second I could spend kissing my beautiful little sister.

Emily then wrapped her muscle-filled arms around my torso, easily lifted me into the air and turned us towards her bed. She walked us over, and in a controlled, but falling motion, crashed us onto the sheets. I embraced her muscular frame with my thin arms as hard as I could and enjoyed the connection and passion filled kiss.

“God, I just love you so much short-stuff!” Emily said with much love and emotion.

“I know.” I replied, emoting a physical response like I did the last time I said that to her.

Emily quickly squeezed me so tightly I thought she had broken a damn rib and as soon as I caught my breath I yelled, “I love you too! I love you too!” before she really got feisty.

We laughed and laughed and laughed, remembering the first time she admitted she had fallen for me and I gave her my Han Solo and Princess Leia response.

As we laid there in our loving, warm, kind of wet embrace, Emily said, “So babe. I have to ask. When did you fall for me?”

“Huh?” I thought with probably a confused look on my face. “Jeez. It’s like, you know, we’ve been siblings forever. So there wasn’t like one moment that was the exact time I absolutely fell for you Em.”

I pondered for a moment and then answered honestly, as I still held her immense, muscle covered torso in my arms, “Well, Em. It wasn’t like there was a single, enlightening moment. It was a constant collection of things that just made me more and more and more attracted to you, to the point where I literally couldn’t get you out of my thoughts and wanted to spend every waking moment with you.”

“Tell me some.” Emily asked me sweetly; her strong, muscular, athletic face just a few inches from mine.

I thought for a moment and then recalled, “Well, the first moment there was any kind of attraction...and you not just being my annoying little sister...” I gave her a sly grin...

“Ohhhh” I yelled in pain. My once annoying little sister was now exponentially stronger than me and gave me another tight squeeze with her herculean arms!

Oh God, I stared down at her massively full, muscular pecs as I tried to regain my thoughts and answer my sister honestly...

“Anyway Em, as I was saying before being rudely incapacitated...lol.” I began again. “I remember that car trip to grandma’s house back when you were about ten and I was just thirteen. We were in the back seat and we started wrestling for something. You snatched it from me easily, and when I tried to wrestle it back from you, I couldn’t. You were already stronger than me and you were just a ten-year-old fifth grader in elementary school. I was an older boy and in middle school!”

I shook my head and then continued, “It was crazy, but you were already stronger than I was. I then somehow caught a look and a feel of your arm. It was rock hard and had some muscle. I don’t know if you remember, but I made you flex it for me. I don’t know why I asked you to do that, but I did. I think I was just curious...but I was somehow overcome and really impressed. After seeing it, instinct took over and I just had to reach out and grab it. It was awe and admiration I think all at once.”

“Oh my gosh, you mean at only ten years old these babies impressed you?” Emily asked sarcastically as she held out her right arm and flexed her now massive, muscle-bound¹⁵+ biceps muscle that was as big as a fucking baseball sitting atop her arm.

I reached out in awe and admiration, just as I had as a thirteen-year-old and grasped her beautiful muscle in my hand. It was bigger now of course, but I was just as impressed. She laughed as she flexed and relaxed it for me several times. My hand felt the raw power it contained with each forceful tensing of her muscle fibers!

“Well you said it was a bunch of occurrences short stuff. What else?” Em asked as I still held my palm on her arm.

I nodded my head and then went on, “Ya, then I remember we were at the waterpark a few months later. You were wearing a little blue two-piece bikini. You already had abs and although those were awesome, it was something different. We were standing in line for ice cream and you were in front of me. You kind of stepped back at one point and your butt bumped right into my front. It was forceful and hard and I immediately looked down. It was the first time I realized you had this perfectly rounded, protruding muscle-butt.”

“Awe.” She moaned sweetly, “You liked my little muscle filled bum?”

“Oh Ya!” I said emphatically, “I remember staring at it and thinking it was gorgeous. The amount of muscle in your glutes was way more than anyone else in the park. The whole day I kept looking around at the girls your age, my age and even older. No one had an ass as muscly and perfectly developed as yours. I wasn’t sure why I found it so addicting, but I did. The rest of the day, I kept standing behind you in line. Every once in a while you would move around or step backwards and it would bump into me again. It was so firm and perfectly formed. That was definitely one of the moments I’ll always remember.”

“That’s so sweet honey. You already had a crush on me at only thirteen.” She seemed really happy as she said that.

“Ya. But I can remember a couple more instances that really sealed it.” I whispered.

“Do tell, do tell.” Emily prodded.

“I think it was about a year later. You had definitely put some more muscle on with your solid year of working out. You had to outweigh me by twenty pounds of pure muscle by then. At eleven, you were far stronger and were way more buff than I had even dreamed of at that point.” I recalled.

“We were in the car again and heading to the amusement park. It was a long drive of several hours and Derek was on the right, you were in the middle and I was on the left. I remember you were wearing these little pink running shorts and a tight, light blue Frozen t-shirt with one of those cartoon girls on it. Anyway, as you sat next to me, I looked down and noticed your quads were fucking huge. The muscle in them was insane and because you were sitting on the fairly hard bench seat, it kind of pushed them out and made them look even bigger.” I said and opened my eyes real wide to kind of show her my surprise.

“So as we were driving, Derek farted out loud. You screamed in utter disgust, slapped him, and then to get as far away from him and the smell, you scooted into me hard and squished me between you and the door. As you did, your leg was pressed firmly against mine. I had been staring at it and now it was crushing my skinny little leg and the muscle in just one of your thighs looked thicker than both of mine combined. I put my hand down on your quad to feel its magnificence, but to make it seem like I wasn’t feeling you up, I blurted out loud for you to get off of me and acted like I was trying to push you away. But in reality, I wasn’t pushing that hard and just wanted to feel your muscles.” I admitted.

Emily was loving these stories of my slow but methodical growing attraction to her in our youth. While in those early teens, while I was doing that, she was methodically growing as she worked out and was taking those T-patches. But now, Emily rested her head on my shoulder and I knew she wanted me to continue.

“So as I was saying, you had thrust yourself into me and your heavy weight was leaning against me and I was far too weak to push your muscle filled body off. At first it was a little annoying. But you actually ended up getting tired and fell asleep as you rested your body against mine and your head kind of back up against the seat but also kind of against my shoulder. My hand was still resting on your thigh, and I got to feel your quad muscle in my palm for the rest of the two hour trip. I definitely connected to you that day.” I said as she sighed a welcoming deep breath.

“The last one I’ll tell, you know...but I know there’s dozens more, is when I caught you stealing my T-patches. Do you remember that incident?” I asked.

“Oh ya.” She answered softly, “I guess I should finally apologize for that, huh.”

“Not at all!” I said back. “That was a galvanizing moment for some reason.”

“I remember getting mad and telling you I knew what you were doing and that I was going to tell mom. I can’t believe I had the balls to threaten you at that point. You were so much bigger. Taller, walking around with bulging muscles for a girl that young and obviously really strong. Any way, you pushed me in the chest and shoved me against the wall so hard I thought I was going to go through it. It was so powerful, it scared the shit out of me immediately and I knew instantly that you could have beat my ass and crushed me like a bug in a heartbeat.” I admitted.

I paused briefly to squeeze her muscle-bound torso a bit harder and then went on, “You laid down the law and put the fear of God in me at that moment. When you turned to walk out of the bathroom, I realized just how muscular and fearful you had become. There was certainly confusion, that my three-year younger sister had just physically dominated me. But as I sat in there, still leaning against the wall, this unbelievable admiration and respect for you overtook me. Your attitude, your strength, your beautifully built muscles...It all infatuated me from that day on. I wanted to be around you so badly, to take in those Alpha pheromones you were emitting. I became addicted to it and have been ever since.”

My little sister loved hearing stories about me ogling her muscular arms in our youth. How I became tractor beam addicted to her perky, firm, bulging ass. And her three year older brother becoming infatuated with her Alpha like, muscle-bound presence around the house after that.

“That’s funny.” Emily said quietly in my ear as we laid there.

“What?” I asked back.

“That you knew your three year younger sister was stronger than you, taller than you, more muscular than you. I had just physically dominated you that instance in the bathroom...and that turned you on.” She lamented.

“Ya it did.” I quickly answered.

“Good.” She replied. “I’ll have to keep that in mind in the future.” She finished and had a very sly grin on her face.

I was glad she found that fun, because reminding me every once in a while that she was the Alpha in the relationship would definitely be welcomed by me.

Finally, I had to ask, “So Em, when the hell did you get a crush on me?”

“I think it was just a growing love and attraction for you Davey.” She answered. “At first I just thought you were my favorite brother, then my favorite person, then kind of my best friend and then finally, when you came and spent every possible minute with me in the hospital...in my

darkest hours, that's when I realized I was head over heels in love with you...and wanted to be with you forever."

"Really, how was I all of those to you?" I needed to know.

"You were always nice to me growing up. You always had my back when Derek was being mean to me. When I decided I wanted your T-patches, you originally let me have them. You were funny and witty and smart and handsome. You were like my hero. You'd cuddle with me during scary movies and would always make sure I had enough soda and popcorn." She told me.

She then went on, "I was so upset that day where I frightened you in the bathroom. I let the massive amounts of testosterone I was taking get the better of me and I lost it for a moment and almost hurt you. I accomplished my goal but as I walked out and down the hall I started crying profusely. You never knew that, but I thought I had just ruined our friendship...and if you don't recall, you were my only real friend."

Even though I was the one who took the physical brunt of the altercation, apparently Emily took the emotional one.

"What the hell was the deal of having us dress up and act like your little sisters?" I had to find out.

"Well." She said with a smile. "At that point, I just was going to make you guys do it for a couple of days to see if I could, and also to kind of prove who was boss. But I could tell Derek really hated it. And to be honest, I liked making him suffer a little and be uncomfortable. But on the opposite side, I could see you really liked it."

"What do you mean I liked it? What are you talking about?"

"It was obvious short-stuff." Emily said, "On the very first day I made you dress up like little girls, Derek threw his skirt and top on, any which way. But not you. You pulled on your skirt and then adjusted it, making it fit perfectly and sit just in the right position. Then you pulled on your top and made sure the sleeves on both sides were even and the neckline was right in the middle. And lastly, if one of your ponytails was slightly off center from the opposite one, you would completely redo your hair until they were perfect. And after a couple of days, Derek was complaining and not wanting to dress up any more. But you never complained, you simply put on your skirt or dress and came to see me and hang out with me...you truly became my loving little best friend of a sister for a while."

"Well, I'm glad I could be there for you Em. Too bad I'm too big now to fit in all your old, cute little skirts and dresses." I whispered back.

"I don't know short-stuff, I could probably find something that would fit." She said half seriously and laughed a little.

I just looked at her and laughed back, grabbing her gargantuan right biceps muscle again, feeling it's unbelievable size and power, knowing she was only going to get bigger and bigger, stronger and stronger and forever be my loving Alpha!