

The Mall

My muscly little sister was as giddy as I'd ever seen her and super excited to get her social media following going. She was going to start documenting even our daily activities. It was a bit blustery cool and windy, so she had us all put on our black yoga pants and sweaters. Of course, she couldn't help but show off her amazing six-pack, so her sweater was cut off mid-way, while ours went down to our waists. Unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on how you look at it, me and Jen hadn't developed any size downstairs because the Triptodur had kept us from hitting puberty. As a result, Emily had us wear these under garments that basically flattened everything out, thus we never had any "bulges" downstairs, and she could dress her little sisters up in whatever she wanted. Today, that was yoga pants.

We all three hopped on her E-Bike and headed up the block to the mall. The bike was really cool and had a long, flat, padded seat. Emily drove, I sat behind her, with my arms around her thick torso, my hands right over her exposed abs. The muscles bulged and flexed with each bump in the road under my palms and I had a weird, kind of excited feeling, every time they flexed. I was really glad I was sitting right behind Emily, and not Jen. Of course, Jen sat behind me wrapping her thin arms around my small waist. As we made our way, Emily was a bit of a reckless driver and was riding down curbs and zipped up the dirt trail going over sticks and stones like a dirt bike racer.

Amazingly, we made it to the entrance to the mall without crashing, locked up the bike and walked inside. Emily loved the mall and was excited to be getting some new outfits for us all. She walked us into store after store, getting us all sorts of workout outfits, shorts, skirts, dresses and more. As we all tried on different outfits, Emily had me video the event, mostly focusing on her. I was intently videoing what Emily was buying and trying on. I began commenting for the video and found myself saying things like, "Oh Em, your quads look amazing in those shorts." Or "Oh my God Em, your traps are really buff, they look great in that top." Emily liked my commentary and was playfully flexing her muscle-bound thighs, or huge biceps for me with each one. Store after store, I was happy to be the videographer as for the first time, I was kind of directing my sister around. More and more, I was starting to focus on every inch of her muscular physique. More and more I was asking her for a fun bicep shot, or a calf flex, or a triceps pose. Her body was truly amazing and powerful. I kind of felt in awe of just being around her for some reason.

Emily was as fun and enjoyable to be around as I could ever remember. She played up the "Big Sister" role to any clerk at any store we were in. They all commented on how cute her two little sisters Jen and Denise were and also kept telling her how amazed they were at her fantastic abs. Emily was reveling in the compliments and giddy as could be. I was finally enjoying being around Em and had fun trying on all the different outfits for her. Jen was way less excited, but she was never excited about anything anyway, so "Who cares." I thought. For the first time in memory, I felt like I'd rather hang with Emily than Jen and as we bought bags of and bags of outfits since my little sister had control of my mom's credit card obviously, so price seemed to be no object.

After a bunch of shopping, it was time to grab a little snack, so we went to the Sushi Hub in the food court. I was standing behind Emily in line and her buff, rounded, muscular butt was right in front of me. I realized after a half a minute that I was in a trance, just staring at it. It seemed....perfect somehow. Big and round and powerful and....well....perfect! I just wanted to reach out and grab it, hold it, feel it. "What the hell was wrong with me?" I thought. This is my damn sister! I had never been interested in girls at all yet. Not ever. Why now, all of a sudden, could I not take my eyes off of Emily? Ya, she was being nice to me recently and all, but that couldn't have been it. "Had to be something else." I thought as she moved thru the line. I finally took my gaze off of her back side and tried to focus on the menu items available. Fish is full of protein and Emily was not shy about ordering a ton of it for herself. Jen and I weren't big fans and didn't eat that much anyway, so we split a chicken kabob. We waited a couple minutes, then finally got our grub and sat at a table. Looking over at my sister as she ate, I could see muscles in her jaw and neck. Jen didn't seem to care or notice her, but for some reason I found myself staring at my sister and her developed physique. I watched her intently with each powerful bite. She was wearing that long-sleeved sweater crop top, but she kind of pulled the sleeves up a little and I found myself ogling her thick, muscular wrists and fore arms. She seemed, good looking to me now, as opposed to just being my domineering little sister. I guess the Triptodur was finally wearing off a bit. Is this what puberty felt like?

The Game

Jen finished first and asked, "Hey Emily, there's a big Call of Duty game and couches over in front of the Pottery Barn. Can Denise and I go over and play a game?" Emily seemed confused as she hadn't even noticed it, but of course Jen did. I looked over at my sis Jen and asked, "There is?" "Ya." She replied, "We can probably beat any team over there. Can we go Em....can we?" Jen finished. Emily looked at me, kind of threw up her shoulders and said, "I guess. One game, and then we'll head back home, I want to post some more stuff to Snapchat and TikTok." "Thanks Em, Thanks!" Jen exclaimed as she grabbed my hand and jerked me from the table towards the gaming set up.

We arrived at the gaming area. There were two big couches, a huge screen TV, a table and it was all set up on a rectangular, blue flat carpet, kind of defining the area. There were several kids hanging out and playing the game and Jen shot right in and called, "Next game, we've got next game!" There were two teams of two playing and the older two boys, probably 15, my age, but much bigger than me and since I looked like a 12-year-old girl, they were pretty intimidating to me. They were playing with two slightly younger boys and as they looked up, one of them said, "Ha ha, you two girls! We'd crush you, plus, you probably don't know how to play this anyway. Don't you want to go watch Tangled or something?" All of the boys then laughed so I grabbed Jen's hand to walk her away from the mean boys. Jen was determined though, ripped her hand out of my grip and said, "Laugh all you want, but my sister and I will kick your butts." The bigger kid, probably 5'10" tall stood up and said, "Sure you prissy little girls

will. But it'll cost you \$20! You two probably don't have that kind of money, so get lost." He finished and sat back down.

As I watched them play, Jen ran off back towards the food court. A couple minutes later, she came back with \$20 in hand. I don't know how she did it, but somehow, Jen convinced Em to give us \$20. Jen flashed it in the tall kid's face and said, "Here's our twenty bucks! We got next game." The kid stood up, shoved the other two, smaller boys off the couch and said, "OK girls, I guess I'll be Twenty bucks richer in a few minutes." We sat down, grabbed the controllers and started the game. Highest Kill count wins. We dropped into the battle zone and began blasting. Jen and I teamed up like old times and ran into our favorite spot. It was an open area with a burnt-out car and a 3-story building behind it. Jen was an ace with the sniper rifle and I always used the assault rifle.

We were mowing down bad guys like it was going out of style. Before long we easily had twice the kills as Brad and his buddy and it was obvious, we were going to become \$20 richer. Jen was kind of a shit talker and told Brad he better get his money ready. He was a bully and a poor sport, realizing he was getting his ass kicked, he slapped the controller out of Jen's hand and blasted his shoulder into her, sending her into me. The force was massive and I was flung off the couch and onto the ground. As I peered back up, Emily grabbed Brad by the hair and ripped him over the back of the couch. She then slapped him so hard in the face, you could hear it a mile away. Brad's hair flew back and he almost fell down. He had been knocked a few feet back from the slap, and instinctively took a run at Emily. She dodged out of the way and as he turned towards her, she grabbed his shirt and flung him into the water feature right next to the game center.

Brad was now fully in the water fountain, soaking wet and embarrassed as hell as everyone laughed at how this chick had just thrown him around like a feather. I thought that would be it, but out of nowhere, his mom comes up and slaps Emily in the face. Emily was wearing a t-shirt covering her muscle-bound arms, but her lululemon yoga pants highlighted every curve of her muscle-bound legs, so I was surprised this woman had the balls to slap my sister. I thought she would be shocked, but instead, Emily got a huge shit-eating grin on her face and said, "You fucking bitch!", grabbed her by the hair, walked her over to the planter box a few feet away, next to the water feature and drove her face right into the dirt. Then she started just wrenching her head in further and further into the black soil. By then, Brad had come out of the fountain and was about to jump her. "Watch Out!" I screamed at Emily just before Brad got to her. She looked up and luckily was quick enough to dodge his incoming punch. Em jumped up, swung her fist, and blasted Brad right in the nose. It exploded immediately with blood and Brad hit the ground hard. He looked up, his face full of blood, and burst into tears. His mom lifted her head up from the planter, her face completely covered in black dirt. I grabbed Emily by the hand and yelled, "Let's go Em, Let's go!" I obviously couldn't pull her, she was way too big, way too strong for that, but she got the hint and decided to go with me. Jen grabbed our bags of clothes and we ran to the exit. As we quickly got on the bike, I was in disbelief at how Emily had just beat up a bully several years older and a few inches taller, and her mom in a matter of a few seconds. It was like some sort of superhero shit from the movies I thought.

Just as I thought we were out of there a tall guy, probably Six feet tall grabbed the handlebars of the bike. I looked up in fear as I knew we were probably in for it. “Hey!” he yelled, “Get off the bike! You just sucker punched my son and wife in there. You’re all in a lot of trouble.” Emily looked at him and said, “They started it, so let go of my bike right now!” “No!” he said sternly and he grabbed Emily forcibly under the arm, trying to rip her off the bike. He had to have a moment of confusion as he surely realized that under the sweater, Emily had arms of steel. He was wearing a white Polo shirt, and although he was tall, like his son, he was kind of skinny. Emily lifted weights every day and was on double doses of T-patches. The rage hit her and as he still tugged at her arm, Emily flew off the bike, pulled her arm away from his grip and punched him as hard as she could in the stomach. He doubled over immediately and put his arm out as she clearly just knocked the wind out of him. Emily then grabbed his outstretched arm and swung him forcibly into a palm tree right next to us. He crashed into it with a massive thud. As he hit the tree, Emily then grabbed him by the back of the head and jammed his face right into the flowerbed dirt, just like she had done to his wife. I couldn’t help but notice Em’s massive quad and butt muscles bulge through her lululemon’s as she hovered over him. She then dropped a knee, right into the center of his back, all her 150 pounds of bursting muscle dead red on top of him. A final squeal came from him as surely it was intensely painful. While he was face down, and motionless, Emily reached down, removed his wallet from his pocket and fished out a crisp twenty-dollar bill. “Your pussy little son owed my sisters this you jerk. Now we’re even!” She finished and then looked back at us in satisfaction. Emily then reached out, gave Jen the bill and hopped back on the bike. I grabbed hold of her exposed, rock-hard, bulging abs, and we zoomed away, back down the dirt trail towards home.