

Bestie

The next morning came fast and once again, I found myself waking up before Emily. We laid face to face and I loved the feeling of her hard, muscular body next to mine and I purposely kept still, trying not to wake her up. My upper left leg was sitting tightly squeezed between her massive left and right quads. I could feel the hardness and firmness of her strong left leg below my skinny twig and the heavy, solid weight of her right quad atop it. Her buff, hefty right arm stretched across my left arm and my right arm was below me, but my hand rested on her left, bulging fore arm. Her nose was just an inch or so from mine and I felt her warm, soft breath on my skin. Emily's long hair rested on my head and in that way, we were also interlocked. Her face was perfect, beautiful, but strong looking. I wanted to move a smidge closer and meet her lips with mine.

I couldn't help myself and began slowly gripping her rounded, muscular fore arm. It was firm and big and a beautiful vein winded its way up its surface. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed feeling its marvelous exterior. Slowly, I moved my hand up and popped my fingers over the sharp rounded bulge that was her bicep as it curved into her lower arm. I kind of rubbed my hand over it, marveled at how large and hard it was. And kept popping my fingers down its thick, curved bulk. Next, I started to bring my hand up and grabbed her massive, sizable bicep. Even un-flexed it was really powerful feeling and I was becoming obsessed with it. As I continued to massage her amazing bicep muscle, Emily slowly moved her upper arm and flexed it mightily. I kept my eyes closed and just enjoyed now rubbing my palm over the rounded bulging muscle that my sister was now playfully flexing for me. It would get slightly less big, then she would flex it and it would turn into a rounded, powerful ball of rock-hard muscle. Emily did this again and again and again for me, certainly enjoying showing it off. She eventually waited till my hand got down to its lower edge and then Wham!...she brought her fore arm so far down to her bicep that my hand was caught. She laughed loudly and I opened my eyes, now peering directly into her baby blues. I could tell she was enjoying this and Emily quickly shot her right leg over my torso, straddled me and hit a double bicep pose as she looked down to me and directly into my eyes. Trapped underneath her, I couldn't help myself and got an overwhelmed look of awe across my face as I reached up and took each amazing, rounded, huge, rock-hard, muscular bicep in my feeble hands.

As my little sister's thick, gargantuan thighs were crushing my thin torso, I brought my hands down and began rubbing my palms up and down their thick, separated bulges. I ran my fingers down a massive protruding middle quad muscle, and all the way down to where it met the outside and inside muscle towards the knee. "How could my 13-year-old sister be this muscle-bound and beautiful?" I thought. She kind of raised up slightly and I took the opportunity to insert my hands between her hamstrings and calves. Just as I felt the thick, rounded, hanging and bowed hamstring muscle, Em sat back down, now completely trapping my hands in her legs. I tried to pull them out with all of my might...which wasn't much, but I couldn't budge. "Ooo." Em said, "Looks like somebody's trapped huh?" I looked up with a wry smile on my face and she asked, "So Denise, and I want your honest answer...You like my muscles,

don't you?" I paused for a moment, for some reason not expecting this question. With that, Emily hit a huge double-biceps pose. She looked at her right bicep, flexed and un-flexed her arm a couple of times, watched the muscle bulge and relax and asked again, "You like my big muscles, don't you D?" I ogled her unbelievable thick abs, torso and biceps and answered slowly and shyly, "yes". She looked back at me and said, "Ya, me too. I'm glad you like them though, because I really wanted you to like them too. Do you want to feel them some more?" "Yes." I nodded my head. My sister was relishing this moment. Her once older brother, but now smaller, weaker little sister was in awe of her muscles. In awe of her superior strength and size, worshipping her in a way. Emily loved it and, in a way, I did too.

With that, she raised her body and thick legs off my now sweaty hands and let me caress her bulging six-pack abs and muscle-bound quads. As my palms and fingers felt every inch of her magnificent muscles, she asked, "D, now that we're best friends, I was hoping to have you do something for me." I was in shock. My little sister, who had become so muscular that I was recently fearful of her anytime we were in the same room, was now calling me her best friend. "Of course!" I answered quickly, still a bit shocked and honored, "I'd do anything for my best friend." "Great." She replied. "I really, really, need you to go on the Triptodur for me one more time." I thought about it for a moment and asked, "Why? Why do you want me to do that one more time?" "Well." She replied, "I know you're about to grow up and I really wanted to have you as my best friend for one more year before you do all that and get all preoccupied with other girls." Emily didn't know it, but she's the only girl I had ever had a crush on. I paused for a few seconds, smiled at her and nodded my head. "Sure Em." I answered, "I think I can do that for you." She was overjoyed, leaned down and wrapped me up in her powerful arms and squeezed me tightly. "Oh...I'm so glad you said that bestie! We're going to have so much fun together." I could barely breathe with how tight she was grasping me but had a massive smile on my face realizing we were going to be spending an insane amount of time together now!

After the long, meaningful hug, Emily jumped up, grabbed my hand and forcefully yanked me out of bed. "C'mon." she said, "Let's go get your stuff." As she easily pulled me down the hall to my room, I couldn't help but look down at her powerful, rounded, full butt as each half grew in size and hardness with each powerful step she took. Her calves flexed massively and a hard, defined line separated each beautiful, bulging half and the bottom of them had a hard, deep ridge shooting back into her lower leg, just above her ankles. Emily's thighs also projected outward as the enormous muscle flexed under her substantial weight. As my sister burst us through the door Jennifer woke up immediately and jumped out and quickly slithered herself under her bed for protection. "Relax!" Emily shouted, "I'm not here to punish you, we're just gathering all Denise's stuff. She's moving into my room!" I couldn't believe what she just said and was giddy with joy. Hearing Em say that put me on cloud 9! Jen had no idea of my recent infatuation with my sister's muscular physique and poked her head out from under the bed with a very inquisitive look. I sneered back at her and stuck out my tongue. I was now Em's bestie and Jen was definitely going to be second fiddle when it came to her attention.

We gathered up my skirts and dresses and shirts and headed back to Em's room...or should I say, me and Emily's room? It was all happening so fast and every time Em looked at me I blushed and couldn't quit

smiling so widely. As she finished putting my clothes into the dresser drawers, right next to her clothes, I rushed in and gave her a huge hug around her thick torso. She wrapped her muscular arm around my frail frame and said, “I love you D.” I quickly answered back, “I love you too Em.” And we continued sharing a big hug. After a few more moments, Emily finally kind of pushed me back and said, “Well, since we’re besties now, I think we should dress the same don’t you think?” “Uh Huh!” I answered affirmatively. She started reaching back into the drawers and threw some white Converse Chuck Taylor’s on the bed, some short jean shorts and two white tank-top crop-tops. I quickly put on the outfit and Emily did the same. As I looked back at Em she looked at my hair and said, “Well, that’s not going to work anymore.” She reached up and removed the two pink Hair Scrunchies I had, holding my two pony-tails together. My hair fell freely over my shoulders and back. Emily then grabbed a pink thin headband that she liked to wear and put one on my head too. It looked just like the one Soccer Player Alex Morgan always wears. She then grabbed my hand and pulled me next to her in front of the mirror. Emily stood 6 or 7 inches taller than me and her muscle-bound frame dwarfed me by easily 50 pounds. She then raised her camera and took a picture of us and posted it to her social media. I looked at her post quickly and saw that she wrote, “Me and my bestie heading out to the mall!” With a big Heart picture in it. I immediately liked it and reposted it to my social media as well.

Emily and I then ran down to the garage and grabbed the E-bike. I hopped on the seat behind her and wrapped my arms around her mid-section, again placing my hands across her rock-hard, ripped, six-pack abs. As we skittered along, we noticed some girls playing Tether Ball on the school playground a block from the mall. Emily took a hard turn and raced us to the tether ball court. It’s a tall pole with a 6 foot rope attached to the top of the pole at one end and a volleyball at the other. The goal is to whip the ball around the pole enough times to get the rope twisted all the way around the pole till the ball hits the pole. Your opponent is trying to do the same, but in the opposite direction. I always sucked at tetherball and knew Emily would kill me. To my surprise, when we got to the court, Emily said, “I get winner!” The two girls looked at Em and obviously were intimidated by her insane, muscle-bound physique. One of them said, “That wouldn’t be a fair match, but Robert down there will probably play you.” We looked down about four courts and saw this tall guy, whipping the ball around and beating the kid he was playing. Before I could say a word, Em began swiftly walking down towards Robert. As she got there, I could see that Robert was easily 6 feet tall and could probably be a really tough match for my 5’7” sister. He was a bit thin, but in tetherball, height usually wins out.

I quickly followed and heard my sister ask for next game. “Sure.” Robert said, “But I play for 5 bucks a game and I’m not going to take it easy on you because you’re a girl.” “No problem.” Em replied. And she stood opposite him on the court. “I’ll serve, since I’m defending winner.” Robert said and he slammed the ball hard. It went with an upward trajectory and he angled it perfectly as it passed over Emily’s outstretched hands and then back down where he perfectly hit it again with the same angle. He did it again and I watched Emily’s thick thighs bulge massively as she jumped and tried to hit it back at him. Again she missed and Robert did it a few more times and without Em ever even touching the ball, he won the game. “Well, that was the easiest 5 bucks I’ve ever won.” he bragged. I could see the disappointment on Em’s face. She was very competitive and it was killing her that she just got beat badly. She walked over to the bike, grabbed some money and walked back to Robert. She held out a

twenty dollar bill. “I don’t have change.” He said. “Don’t you have a five?” “Nope.” Emily replied defiantly. “I think I do.” I said loudly to break the stalemate. Emily looked at me sternly and said, “No! No you don’t Denise!” I realized immediately that she was up to something and said, “Oh, Ya, you’re right Em. I left my money at home.”

Emily looked back at Robert and said, “I guess we’ll just have to play again.” Robert laughed and said, “Sure. No problem. But you better pay up when I beat you again.” “You beat me pretty easily that game Robert. But I’ve got enough for three more games here.” Emily replied. Robert looked at her, stood on his side of the court and said, “My serve!” With that, he slammed the ball hard, hit it at the same looping angle and within five strikes easily won game two. He was quick to state how good he was and said, “Nobody can beat me at Tetherball girls. I’m the king of this court.” I was disappointed to see how easily he had beaten Emily and really wanted to leave. But Em was determined and insisted on the third game. Unfortunately, the third game went exactly like the second and Robert used his superior technique to loop the ball over Em and quickly spin the tether around the pole and take game 3. “Ha ha ha!” Robert laughed. “You really suck at this game you know!”

My sister stewed a bit over the comment and said, “Well if you’re so great at this game, why don’t we up the stakes.” “Up the stakes? Too what?” he replied. “How ‘bout, If you win this final game, I’ll give you a total of 40 bucks...If I win this final game, you give me 20.” “That doesn’t seem fair.” He said, “I’ve already won 15.” “Right!” Em answered, “So you’re basically risking 35 bucks on this game and I’m risking an added 25.” He thought about it for a second and I could tell he wasn’t liking the new odds. “Well, I’m a nice girl, so I’ll do this for you.” Em said, “We’ll play two more games. If you win one of them you get the \$40. So I have to win two to get your \$20.” Robert liked those odds a lot more and said, “Sure! I just have to win one game to get all the money.” “Yep!” Em said back as she walked to her side of the court. Robert looked back at her and said, “My Serve.” And grabbed the ball.

I was nervous and knew we were about to lose forty bucks. As Robert got ready to serve, Emily moved back to the near side of her side of the court and squatted down low. Her bulging hamstring muscles hung down low and looked full of power, ready to pounce! She dug in her toes into the ground, which forced her muscle-bound calves into a beautiful diamond shape and she was ready. Robert struck the ball as he had the previous game and it did the same high loop. But Emily had moved over in her court and instead of being in the middle, where the ball was out of reach, she was now positioned where the ball started coming back down from its high arc. With a massive leap, Emily flew through the air, swung her muscular arm quickly and slammed the ball back at Robert. He hadn’t expected the return and his hands were down low as the ball came whizzing around and bashed him square in the face. The smack made a tremendous slap sound and it literally knocked Robert to the ground, his hands covering his pain stricken face. Emily quickly hit the ball again, causing the tether to completely wrap the pole, put her buff arms up in a victory pose and yelled, “I win, I win.”

Robert got up, tried to act like his face wasn't completely riddled with pain and said, "Lucky shot. Lucky shot." The whole left side of his face was beat red and I knew he was hurting. He walked over to a water bottle he had nearby and took a sip. Refreshed, he walked back over and said, "Ok, like I said, that was all luck. I wasn't even trying before, I'll be ready for you now, and I'm still gonna beat you." With that, Emily said, "We'll see who the real King of this Court is now Robert!" took the ball and held it up with her outstretched, muscular arm. She squatted just a bit and then, with lightening quick speed, hammered it with her hand and blasted the ball in Robert's direction. Instead of hitting it with a looping arc, which is common strategy in the game, she hit it dead straight. It circled the pole in a millisecond and nailed Robert in his right arm, which he had quickly raised up to protect himself. It slapped his thin arm just as loudly as it had hit his face the game before and he yelled in pain as the ball rebounded back towards Emily. She was ready for it and jolted her muscular body at the ball, blasting it right back from where it came from. Robert luckily had some speedy reflexes and threw his other arm up for protection. WHACK! The ball hit that arm super hard. "Owwwww!" Robert yelled again in pain as the sting obviously reverberated throughout his whole body.

Again, the ball rebounded towards Emily. She was ready for it like before and bashed the ball as hard as she could, with all the power her muscle-bound body could deliver. Robert turned his back, to avoid hurting another arm and the ball hit him square. This blow must have stung his back like a thousand angry bees and Robert dropped to the ground in agony. As he laid on the ground, reeling in pain, Emily hit the ball one more time and watched the tether swiftly wrap around the pole. "King of the Court! King of the Court!" Emily yelled in victory. I ran up and hugged my buff, athletic sister firmly and said, "You did it Em, you did it!" We shared another amazing, bonding moment and I was so proud of my new best friend.

We walked up to Robert and as he still laid on the ground she simply held out her strong hand. He slowly reached in his pocket to give Em the twenty. His hand was shaking as he did and there were tears in his eyes as she took the bill. It was awesome to teach him a little humility and as we hopped on the bike to head to the mall, I was again in awe of my strapping stud of a little sister. She was hell bent on teaching every cocky, bully of a guy out there a lesson and that women can be really strong too. I leaned my head in and turned it to the side, resting it against her bulging, separated back muscles as I grabbed hold of her stout torso and we rode on...