

## The Reveal

I was still in a bit of a daze of happiness as Emily led me up the stairs. My heart was racing and a nervous emotion I've never felt before coursed through my veins. I had somehow let out my true feelings for my little sister and she definitely held the upper hand and had some emotional power over me now. Obviously, she was much, much stronger than me physically, but our friendship seemed mutual over the last couple of years, and now I had maybe blown it...

Unfortunately, I knew that was true when instead of leading us to our room, I mean her room, she led me to the door of my room. "Goodnight" she said with a smile and she gave me a sweet, sisterly kiss on the cheek. "Goodnight?" I responded back in kind, but as more of a question than a statement. She turned her gorgeous, muscle-bound, tall, athletic body around and slowly sauntered down the hall and into our...I mean her room.

Self-doubt and a huge sense of embarrassment overcame me. I knew I had blown our BFF relationship now, and I would never be that close to her again. I know siblings sometimes get little crushes on each other, but I felt like it was more. I didn't want to be with anyone in the world more than I wanted to be with Emily. DAMN! DAMN! DAMN! I fucking blew it. She obviously didn't feel the same way about me and now it was going to be so awkward even seeing her around the house. Would she even let me in the basement to help her and watch her workout?

As I went into my bedroom, my brother was already in bed with the cover over his head. He was playing video-games as always and I knew I couldn't confide in him and talk about how I had just made the biggest mistake of my life. Why did I tell her that? We had just kissed, why did I have to freak her out and tell her I loved her.

I took off my tux and slipped on a pair of shorts. I then hopped in bed and thought I'd try to just sleep off the overwhelming sense of doom. At least I would be leaving for college in a couple of months. If it was too weird around Em, I would just try to avoid her as much as possible and stave off the continual embarrassment of my little sister knowing I had a serious crush on her and loved her.

I tried to go to sleep, but I just kept playing the whole situation from the limo over and over again in my head. I had shared a passionate kiss with the most beautiful girl in the world, the only girl I had eyes and emotions for, and then screwed it all up in an instant. The more I thought about it, the sadder it made me, and I was a bit of an emotional mess. I kept wiping the tears from my eyes, but couldn't go to sleep and couldn't quit weeping.

As probably an hour had passed, and I tossed and turned a bit more, my phone buzzed. I looked down and it was a text from Emily. It simply read, "Check out my IG". I quickly opened the Instagram app and the first post on my feed was her post. It was a picture of her and me from earlier in the night, before we picked up our dates. It was the photo we took of her cradling me in front of her with both of us having the biggest smiles in the world on our faces.

She looked absolutely beautiful in the picture, almost as beautiful as she had looked in real life. Her buff leg was exposed from the open slit in her dress and it was flexed massively, showing off her tan, incredibly large, diamond shaped calf muscle and insanely muscular, separated quad muscles. Em's shoulders were also flexing tremendously as she carried my weight in front of her and her towering traps rose high above her shoulder level and melted perfectly into her long, thick gorgeous neck.

As wonderful of a picture that it was, what hit me even harder was the quote she added below. It read, "Wonderful night with this one! Can't wait to carry him around forever!" and then she put a heart emoji next to it. I think my heart stopped beating for a minute as I read the quote over and over and over again. I immediately "Liked" the picture and shared it on my IG.

Now I laid there, staring up at the ceiling, wondering how to respond. I'd already blown it earlier and was scared I'd blow things with her again. I sat with my phone open and ready to text her, I started to type something in, but froze...not knowing what to say. At first, I was just going to say I saw the IG post, but that was lame...what the hell should I...*CREEEEEEAK*...

My bedroom door opened and I looked over to see who it was. To my delight, Em's tall, muscular frame was illuminated from the rear hall light and her dark silhouette looked absolutely breathtaking. I just stared, once again overwhelmed by the perfected physique that stood before me. "Well?" she asked, "Are you going to post a picture of us from tonight or are you just going to leave me hanging?"

It is almost taboo to have someone post a dance or fun outing picture of you to their IG and not have you post one in return. Simply sharing her post on my IG is almost like a slap in the face...like, I'm special enough to have you post a pic of us, but I'm not posting an original one of my own.

I threw the covers off of me, kind of wiped my wet eyes with the back of my wrist and quickly opened my IG and said, "Of course I will Em! I guess I was just confused and didn't really know what to do or how to act." "Hmmm." She answered quickly, "You seemed to know exactly what to do in the limo tonight." I peered back up at her excitedly. I think it was a compliment, but in my utter state of overwhelming confusion, was having a tough time correctly reading the situation.

There was another good shot of us in the group of pictures my mom took and sent to us. It was a perfect pic from the side. Em was walking us towards the limo. She was leading and I had a hold of her back, outstretched hand. Her right leg was completely exposed from the side as she walked forward. The moment was perfectly timed and all of her weight must have been being transferred to it at that exact instant. Her quad and hamstring were both flexing immensely and the optical allusion of the shot somehow made them look bigger than they normally were. In fact, because my torso was turned to the side in the picture too, her leg looked bigger than my whole damn body. The dimming sunlight caught Em's shoulder and triceps muscles at the perfect angle as well and the size and definition in them were brilliantly displayed. I posted that pic to my IG and added the text...*I'd Follow You Anywhere*...and then I also followed it up with a heart emoji.

Em looked at the picture and the post, shared it on her IG and then looked me in the eyes and asked, "Is that true?" I kind of had a half smile on my face and just nodded my head up and down and answered softly, "Ya Em...I would." She was now turned a little bit to the side and I was able to make out a bit of the expression on her face, even though she was still completely silhouetted by the rear hall light. She had a growing wry smile on her face and said, "Then, why don't you follow me back to our room."

I jumped up and practically flew across the room towards her in excitement. Just like in the pic I just posted, she reached out her arm and I took her hand in mine, following her down the hall. I couldn't believe my ears and the sense of dread I had been feeling just minutes earlier had turned to utter happiness and giddiness, hearing her say, "Our Room!"

Em was wearing a pair of short, small, tight, grey bottoms. They were soft cotton and I knew they were her favorite pair and she loved sleeping in them. I loved the fact that her bulging, muscular glutes filled them perfectly, and over the last year those muscles had grown to the point of damn near ripping through the material. As she led us, I noticed her hamstring and thigh muscles bulged back and too the sides with great size and power, I knew she had more muscle in one perfectly developed leg than I had in both of mine...maybe even my whole body.

We made it to her room quickly and just before she led us in, I noticed that because I wasn't wearing a shirt, my entire arm was exposed and connected with hers by our loving grip. At that point I looked down to see that her thick forearm was full of muscle and covered with thick, blood pumping veins. It turned me on immediately for some reason and I remember being overjoyed at the fact that it was larger than my forearm and bicep put together. Being on the Cross-Country team had finally given my legs a little bit of muscle, but my arms were still thin as noodles and surely weak as hell.

Em led me into the middle of our room. It was dimly lit by a small reading lamp on the dresser and she had lit a vanilla scented candle and the room smelled amazing. Just wearing my small shorts, I felt so feeble and insignificant compared to my muscle-laden sister. She turned towards me, gave me a nice, closed mouth, warm, loving kiss on the lips and then put her hands on my shoulders. She began pushing down and I lowered to the ground, on my knees in front of her. She then pushed further and I was kind of sitting on my heels, my knees and lower legs beneath me. It made her look even more intimidating and imposing as she stood at her full height just inches in front of me.

As I sat, staring up at my perfectly illuminated, gorgeous sister, she walked over and hit play on her iPhone. The Weekend started playing at low volume from her JBL speaker. My mind started racing and I didn't know what the hell was next.

She turned back at me and said, "You know Dave, you aren't the only one with a crush on someone. I might just have one on you too." My heart skipped a beat and a warm feeling overcame me. I didn't respond but just stared up in awe of her as the music softly played in the background. "I just want to show you something and I really hope you like it." She finished as she kind of took a step forward.

Emily then put her thumbs in between her tanned, supple skin and the soft, grey shorts. She kind of bent over forward and slowly lowered the bottoms down her thick, full thighs and rock-

hard calves. As she raised her upper body back up, she flicked the shorts at me, hitting me in the chest. I quickly caught them and for some reason, raised them to my nose and took in a deep, loving breath. As I looked back at my sister, I noticed she was wearing a gorgeous, Blue, Pink and White, sparkling fitness show posing bikini. The rhinestones and other diamond shaped rocks covered the entire surface of the suit.

The V-Shape perfectly complimented her insanely muscular, tanned and ripped torso and quads. I stared in awe as she lifted her arms and removed her loose crop top to expose the matching rhinestone covered bikini top. As she did, her tight abs flexed and exposed a clear eight-pack. Her hair and make-up were still on point from the dance earlier in the evening and her long, wavy, sandy-blonde hair laid perfectly over her left trap muscle and rounded, bulging muscle filled shoulder cap.

I was now just three feet away, looking up at my muscle-bound, posing, bikini clad little sister. She looked like a muscle-goddess from heaven to me and I was in complete admiration at the perfect physique that stood in front of me. The sparkles in the posing suit matched the sparkle in her eyes as the light reflected spectacularly off of them both. Instead of speaking, she stood with both thighs tightly together, forming a bowed-out mass of meaty muscle just above her kneecaps and touching, diamond shaped calves. She then lifted her torso straight up, smiled and hit a double-biceps pose. The biceps separated into three distinct muscle bodies and a tennis ball sized bulge, of rounded, rock-hard, bluish-vein covered muscle appeared. Her forearms also flexed massively and her fingers were pointed out and upward as she put her perfectly chiseled physique on display for me.

“Oh my God Em!” I exclaimed, “You’re perfect!”

She smiled even more wide, looked me directly in the eyes and gave me a wink. She then turned to the side, stuck out a fully flexed leg that mirrored the picture I posted on IG. The thigh and hamstring muscles bulged out immensely and several highly pumped up shapes formed on top of her leg. The side of her rounded, muscular glutes was super striated and strands of muscle fibers were visible through the surface of her tanned skin. Her butt bulged out tremendously and the power they contained had to be insane.

That led up to her diagonal, ripped obliques and little muscle bodies popped up from behind the side of her shoulder blades. Her arm was now at her side and she made a flex like she was curling a weight and held her wrist with her opposite hand to make the bicep pump up even

larger. It worked and the front edge of the curved biceps muscle looked huge and had a beautiful, full vein running that entire surface. The triceps muscle also flexed beautifully and formed a bulge of its own on top of her already hugely pumped arm.

The shoulder facing me protruded out like a massive slab of highly trained muscle and was thick and filled to a point I didn't even know was possible. Her breasts were not boobs, but more like solid, densely packed pecs. They were barely covered by the beautifully covered bikini top and deep, rigid crevasses formed between their hard, firm surface. As drool was starting to drip from my open mouth, Em reached up with her opposite hand, pulled her hair over her towering trap and shoulder and then turned her chiseled physique away from me, exposing her gorgeous backside to me.

She again hit that impressive double biceps pose for me. But this, time, she was facing away from me. Once again, I found myself staring at the most gorgeous ass I'd ever seen in my life. The full, separated cheeks were hard as steel and the V-shape of the colored bikini was eaten up by their rounded, thick, muscle-mass and disappeared into the thin valley in between the two monumental muscles. I knew I was in the presence of perfection and I couldn't believe my little sister was presenting her body for me, knowing how much I appreciated it and how smitten I was with her muscles.

Emily finished her wide, impressive, exquisite back pose for me and slowly turned back towards me. Still beautifully illuminated by the dim light, she held out her hand. I reached out and grabbed it eagerly as she then pulled me back up into a standing position. Still several inches shorter, my face seemed eye level with her magnificent, heaving pecs. I looked back up, into her sparkling eyes and licked my lips as I was just inches from hers.

She grabbed my hand and turned it skyward. As she did, I looked over and noticed she had grabbed a small bottle of massage oil. Em then poured a sound amount into my palm, closed the top and dropped it to the floor. As I felt the warm liquid in my hand, Em looked me squarely in the eyes, flexed her biceps hard and said, "Why don't you oil these muscles up for me...I think they need a little rub down!" Shocked, I eagerly slapped my hand down on her hugely flexed muscle and began rubbing my slick palm across its rock-hard, curved, powerful surface.

The slippery oil made feeling her muscles a deeply emotional experience for me. I felt like we were connecting as one while my hands loving gripped and kneaded her firm body. I spent

quite a while caressing her huge biceps and forearms and Em would occasionally relax them and then flex them again for me, sending lightning bolts of energy through my body each time she did it. She then slowly lowered her arms down to her sides and I reached up and began rubbing the warm oil into her massively rounded and thick, superbly shaped shoulders. They were so large and full, I had to apply a second batch of oil to them to really cover them completely. While I did, the excess lube kind of dripped down and I started motioning and pressing my palms firmly into her muscle laden triceps and forearms.

To get them, I dropped to my knees and as I finished the forearms all the way down to her wrist, she began shaking her gargantuan thighs. The muscle was relaxed, so the meaty, slabs of mass traveled out wide to one side and then the other. There was definitely more muscle in those quads than in my entire body and she knew it. I was completely mesmerized by their lip licking beauty and Em finally stopped shaking them wildly and allowed me to apply some of the massage oil. I poured a huge amount on her upper leg and let the warm liquid run down the muscle all the way to her knee cap. My two hands traveled up and down her muscle-laden quad and I rubbed her skin firmly, feeling the immense power she contained underneath.

My hands were feeble and small in comparison to her huge, thigh muscle bodies. There was a lustful, intimidating, beauty to them and I was so glad Em had taken those T-patches from me several years before and embarked on this muscle-building journey. I was still in a bit of shock that my crush somehow had a crush on me too and was allowing me to passionately feel and caress her body.

Finally, after many minutes of caressing my sister's incredibly developed physique, I made my way down to her rock-hard calves. The muscle was shaped so perfectly and was so large, again, I couldn't even fit both hands around them. They also had that double-muscle separation in back and the hard, rigid angles of the muscle was intoxicating to me. They were like the most perfectly shaped calves I had ever seen. To make matters even more pleasurable, Em stared flexing and relaxing it too as I wrapped and rubbed them intently with my oil covered hands.

Having sent my gratification into the stratosphere, my sister reached down and grabbed my slippery hands and slowly pulled me up to my feet. Now standing directly in front of her glistening, rock-hard body, she wrapped my hands around her sides and placed my palms directly on her glorious ass. Now fully hugging her torso and simultaneously massaging her massive glutes, Em began walking into me. I started stepping backwards and we eventually made a loud bang as we slammed into the bedroom wall, right next to the closed door.

Her muscular weight was immense and I was basically being squished against the wall. But the feel of her heavily muscled physique against my petite body was the most intensely satisfying moment I'd ever experienced. The rush of excitement somehow started to send a volume of blood to my lower extremity and for the first time in my previously hormone blocked life, I got a hard on. The growing sensation was uncontrollable and within seconds, my rod was poking Emily in the thigh. She looked down and noticed the growth trying to burst through my shorts.

Instead of being mad, Emily looked down into my eyes, got a wry grin on her cute face and finally leaned in for a kiss. The weight of her body against me, her spectacular, muscle-laden glutes in my hands, and my penis pushing into her thigh was more than exhilarating. We were forcefully leaning our heads into one another and our moist, warm lips were interlocked in a passion filled dance.

Just then, and as the bedroom door was opening, I heard my mom saying loudly, "What was that noise?" She peered into the room and was a mere foot from me and Emily as we unlocked our loving kiss and shifted our heads towards her. Our mom had a look of shock and surprise on her face, seeing me and Emily in a loving embrace. Before she could utter another word I saw Emily's muscle-bound arm reach out, grab the edge of the half-open door and slam it closed, forcing my mom back and out into the hallway. She then reached down, locked the door and peered back into my eyes.

I had a scared look on my face I'm sure...realizing our mom had just caught us making out. But my little sister didn't seem to care and she immediately re-engaged my lips with hers and pushed her gorgeous pecs hard against me, again forcing me firmly into the wall beneath her. Our tongues played their joyful game and we were swapping spit like two long lost lovers. As the shock of my mom catching us was still fresh on my mind, Emily began moving her thigh up and down. The feeling of her muscle-bound quad massaging my member was sending a tingling sensation through it like I'd obviously never experienced in my life. She stroked it up and down, up and down over and over again with her leg and the feeling of that pressure and the silky short material of my running kit was intense. Eventually, the tickling feeling became overwhelming and a burst of some sort of liquid shot out of me and soiled the inside of my silky shorts.

The warm, sticky liquid was now starting to kind of seep out and cover my upper leg. Emily kissed me a little longer, than slowly moved her hefty, powerful weight back and looked down to see the mess. She had never seen whatever this liquid was either and curiosity got the best of her as she touched my leg with her finger. Now covered with a bit of my goo, she rubbed her



fingers together and then brought them up to her nose for a whiff. I was completely embarrassed at the mess I had made and my face turned bright red. I just wanted to cover up and die, but Em just smiled at me and told me to jump in the shower and get cleaned up.

I gave her one more long, loving kiss and then headed off to the bathroom for a warm, steamy shower. As I did, she hollered, “Don’t take to long.” Obviously wanting me back in her muscle-bound arms as soon as possible.

Eager to be clean and back with Em, I was in and out of the shower in four or five minutes and heading back into our room. I had grabbed another pair of silky styled running shorts and didn’t bother to throw on a shirt or dry my hair. Em looked to be leaving my mom’s room after some explaining and I met her at the doorway. She reached out her hand again and led me back in and over to sit on our bed.

As she sat next to me, our legs touched and were cuddled next to each other. It still, always amazed and slightly intimidated me that she had these herculean sized mounds of muscle for legs and I had skinny bean poles, both of which would fit inside just one of hers. I peered over and up at my sister’s loving, athletic, smiling face and asked, “How did that go with mom?” “As expected, I guess.” Em answered, “She’s concerned and just want’s to make sure we wait till we’re both out of high-school and not make any mistakes.”

“Oh.” I answered disappointedly. I had dreams of being with Emily in every way and mom wanted us to wait???

“What does that mean then?” I asked quietly, looking down a bit defeated after such a thrilling night so far. “I guess it means were just BFF’s again till then silly!” she said with a giddy smile and she threw me down on the bed next to her and wrestled me down.

Happiness was written all over my face as my muscle-laden little sister easily pinned me and I couldn’t wait to cuddle up next to her and sleep with her thick arms and muscle-bound legs draped all over me. I would be content knowing she loved me too and just ogling her body and occasionally massaging her densely packed biceps and quads until she finally graduated and joined me in college...