

## Sister in Arms

My childhood was a bit different than the norm. My mother had been married three times in four years and had three kids; me, my brother Derek and my sister Emily. I was the oldest, followed a year and a half later by my brother Derek and then another year and a half later by Emily. My dad and Derek's dad were basically non-existent in our lives and we were being raised by my mom and Emily's dad Chuck. Chuck was nice enough for a stepdad but it was obvious that he favored Emily over me and my brother. She seemed to always get her way and Derek and I got disciplined quickly at even the thought of some sort of wrongdoing to Emily. And he was pretty intimidating, in contrast to my mom, who was about 5'3" tall, Chuck was easily 6'4" and well over 220 pounds. He had a gym set up in the basement and he was very protective of it. At nine or ten years old, my brother and I had been goofing around with the weights and I dropped one on my foot, breaking my toe and forever banishing Derek and I from being down there.

I wasn't a big kid and knew that I probably took after my mom in the height category. On my 13th birthday, Derek, Emily and I stood next to each other for a photo. Even though I was a year and a half older, Derek was almost an inch taller than me, and Emily only an inch shorter at just ten years old. Of course, for the picture, Emily stood on her tippy toes to also look taller than me. Instead of calling me David, both of my younger siblings began calling me "short stuff". It ticked me off a little bit, but I figured that eventually I would hit my growth spurt and leave them in the dust. I did get the new video game I wanted so I was pretty damn happy despite my current height situation. Unlike Emily, my brother and I were video game addicts and could play for hours at a time. Chuck tried a lot to make us go outside and be active, but it just wasn't our thing. We both sucked at sports and were slightly ridiculed and usually picked last. Emily was like Chuck however, tall for her age and very athletic. She was always the best on her team at soccer, volleyball and was good at tennis too.

My birthday party was at the park down the street from our house and it was a very nice day. I quickly finished my piece of cake and was anxious to go back home and play the new video game I just got. Being a little snot, Emily grabbed the game and wouldn't give it back to me. I started to chase her around but she was being wily and I couldn't catch her. After a minute of that I said, "Em, if I catch you, I'm gonna make you pay!" She laughed and said, "Yeah RIGHT!" With that I gave some extra effort but was amazed at how quick Emily had become and it started to become obvious to me that I couldn't catch her. Mom and Chuck had a bit of a laugh and then called Emily and me back over to the picnic table. "Ok kids." Chuck said, "David, you can go play your game in a few minutes but I want you to earn it." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Well," Chuck replied, "let's have a little run off. You and Emily can start here, run over to that tree about 50 yards away and run back." "What do I get if I win?" I asked. "You can go straight back to the house and play your new game." Without skipping a beat, Emily asked, "What if I win?" Chuck said, "I'll take you shopping for something at the sporting goods store." Emily got excited and looked at me with a squint and wry grin and said, "let's go."

Chuck lined us up and counted down, “Three, two, one...Go!” I took off as fast as I could and knew that with full effort, I should easily beat Emily to the tree and back. She had slipped with her first stride and I knew I had the race all but won. I took the quickest strides possible and headed straight for the tree. Shockingly, not even half way there, my little sister had caught me and was speeding past. She reached the tree 10 feet in front of me and stuck her tongue out at me as she turned and headed back to the picnic area. I quickly tagged the tree and turned to hopefully run-down Emily. I gave it all I had, but she was too damn fast and actually accelerated away. Emily beat me back to the tables by almost 30 feet and I had not just lost to my 10-year-old sister, I was blown out of the water. By the time I reached the finish, Emily was already sticking her tongue out at me again and doing a very smart-ass victory dance. Derek was on the ground laughing and I was completely embarrassed and turned beat red.

My step dad was busy high-fiving Emily for her crushing victory and my mom came over to console me with a hug as she knew how embarrassed and defeated, I felt. As Derek was still laughing, I opened my big mouth and said, “Quit laughing jerk, I could beat YOU to the tree and back.” Taking up the challenge, Derek walked over and said, “No way David, I’m faster than you too.” He was now an inch taller than me now but neither of us were athletic like my little sister, so I figured I still had a chance against him. As we lined up, Emily also walked up and toed the line again. “Really?” I looked at her and said. “I can beat you both!” she replied and Chuck began the countdown again. “Three, two, one, GO!” he shouted. This time, she didn’t slip on her first step and immediately took the lead. She and Derek were racing away from me and Emily touched the tree just ahead of him but a full 20 feet before I got there. They raced the other way past me and I could tell they were giving it their all. I quickly touched the tree and turned to give chase. It was a closer finish between Derek and Emily but it was clear she had won by ten or more feet. I was easily 40 feet behind my little sister this time and she had easily validated her earlier victory with an even more dominant one.

As I crossed the finish line, I was now feeling more dejected than ever and Derek and Emily started making fun of me again, calling me “Short-stuff and Slow-stuff”. I didn’t know which name I hated more but I told them I hated them and that this was the worst birthday ever. Tears of embarrassment were shedding down my face as I ran home to be alone. Once there, I ran into my room and locked the door, not wanting to be bothered by anyone. Eventually, my mom convinced me to open the door and made me feel better as always by promising to take just me to 31 Flavors for my favorite ice cream. I guess the birthday wasn’t a total loss as I did get my favorite video game and the inferior feeling I experienced started to fade away as I began blowing up characters in the game.

### Summer time

Just a month after my birthday, summer started and I began spending countless hours a day in my room playing video games. I usually played my brother and online till 3 o’clock in the morning and then easily slept till noon or one o’clock in the afternoon. I usually had a peanut butter and jelly sandwich for lunch, cereal or cheese pizza if possible, for dinner and a Monster energy drink or three to keep me up playing

all night. Derek was usually right there with me and we really didn't see Emily much since she was usually playing club volleyball during the afternoons and early evenings, and I was up in my room playing videogames about the time she got home. This was turning into the Best Summer EVER!

Mid-summer, my grandmother turned 65 and we were all going to her house to pick her up and take her to brunch. It was a killer since Derek and I had again been up very late playing video games, but I ventured downstairs after a long hot shower and awaited my siblings. They eventually made their way down and we all met in the kitchen. Derek, Chuck and I were all wearing Dockers and nice button-down shirts, while my mom and Emily had on nice dresses. My sister walked over to the blender and quickly started to make herself a protein shake. "C'mon." I said to her, "We're going to brunch right now, do you really need a shake?" She just gave me a look and continued making it. I had tried one once, but my mom added Kale and some other stuff and it tasted like dirt to me, so I've never had one since. My mom then quickly gathered us all around. Emily had on sandals with a lift on them and made sure to stand next to me for the photo my mom wanted to take of the three of us. With her heels on, Emily towered by a few inches over me and by a couple of inches over Derek as well. Everyone thought it was a funny photo, having the youngest look so tall and I guess it was. We took the picture and jumped in the car to head to Grandma's.

Once in the car and on our way, Derek threw on his Beets while I whipped out my iPad and logged into a video game. Emily had forgotten hers and so she decided to grab mine from me to watch funny videos. I said, "Hey!" and grabbed onto the iPad to wrestle it back. As hard as I tried, I couldn't budge it from her strong grip and as she held it up against her torso, bicep muscles bulged in her very fit arms. I was shocked and had never seen muscles on myself or Derek, let alone my little sister. I again tried to grab it back but again her muscles flexed and I knew there was no way I could take it back from her. Confused by what I was witnessing, I focused back on her arm muscle and grabbed it in my hand. It was hard as a rock and easily larger than my arm. She immediately said, "Oooow, don't touch me David, you're gross." I was still shocked a bit and said, "Holy crap Emily, your arm is buff!" She took it as an insult and said, "Don't be jealous just cause you're so skinny!" "I'm not." I replied, "It's just, well, I didn't know you could make a muscle." Realizing that I was just surprised and not jealous, she flexed her arm again in front of my face, and said, "Yep." I slowly reached up again in shock and put my hand on it trying to squeeze it down. It was too hard and clearly I didn't have enough strength to budge it. Hearing our conversation, my mom said, "If you get up and go workout in the mornings with Emily and Chuck, you might be able to make a muscle too David." "I can make a muscle." I responded and I put my arm up and tried to flex. It was under my long sleeve, so Emily reached out and easily crushed my small arm in her strong grip. "Ouch!" I yelled as a sharp pain went through my arm as Emily squeezed it. I pulled my arm away swiftly to keep my little sister from continuing to cause me pain. Emily chuckled and said, "Wimp." Then she looked back down at the iPad she had grabbed from me and began to watch her funny movies. I got quiet and stared out the window, realizing that my 10-year-old sister had just out muscled me. It ticked me off and I was determined to start using Chuck's weights and put on some muscle too.

We finally arrived at my grandmother's house and walked inside. She was always loving and nice but seemed to be taken by my sister. "Oh my Goodness." She lamented, "Emily is growing up so fast and already taller than her two older brothers. What a heartbreaker you're going to be." She finished. Emily just smiled and blushed. It was bugging me a bit so I said, "Grandma, she's wearing high heels, that's why she looks so tall!" "Shut-up short-stuff" Emily blurted out, "I'm taller than you without heels on too." "Oh, calm down you two." Grandma said, "Come over to the garage door wall for another tick." Every year my Grandma would measure us and put a pencil tick on the wall with our initials and the date. I never really cared about it in the past but was really curious about it this year. Emily took off her sandals first and backed up to the wall. Even in my shoes, I realized that we were looking eye to eye and that she had definitely grown some more in the last few months. My grandma drew with a steady hand and marked her height. I was next and took off my shoes. I backed up to the wall and Emily peered in with great intensity. As my grandma drew the line, I could tell by the look on Emily's face that she might have me beat. Before I could even step away from the wall and see for myself, my sister was jumping up and down going "Short-stuff, Short-stuff...I'm taller than short-stuff!" I was ok with my little sister being close to my height, but I just always assumed I would hit a growth spurt and take off before she actually passed me. Derek thought it was hilarious and my grandma called him over to the wall. Emily was right back over there peering in to see where he measured. As grandma drew his line, Emily got excited again. His mark was still an inch taller than mine, but only half an inch or so above Emily's. "Oh my gosh." Emily said, "I'm going to have two short-stuff brothers!!!" She was beaming and Derek and I could both tell that she couldn't wait to be the tallest.

I put my shoes back on we were all making our way back to the car. Of course, Emily was still on cloud nine and I had a hard time looking her in the eye out of a bit of embarrassment that my 10 year old sister was now officially taller than me. We sat down at the restaurant and mostly, my mom, grandma and Chuck made small talk. It was a buffet style brunch and I was stoked when I saw they had fruit loops. I got back to the table with my cereal and noticed that everyone else had omelets, fruit bowls, bread, bacon and other goodies. My mom rolled her eyes and was appalled that I was only eating cereal. "That's why you aren't growing David." She said, "Look at Emily's plate for starters." I looked over and it was obvious she had a much more nutritious meal than I. She had an omelet stuffed with ham and bacon, a side bowl of fruit and even some broccoli. The final hit was when my mom finished with, "You won't be able to make a muscle eating like that dear." I looked over at Emily and on que, she held up her right arm and flexed her bicep. An obvious rounded muscle popped up slightly and you could tell she was showing off. I looked away, finished my bowl of cereal and went back over to the buffet table and grabbed a Danish. Much to my surprise, Emily was getting another omelet. I was pretty much stuffed and had eaten only a fraction of what my little sister had already consumed, and here she was getting more. I looked over at her and said, "Are you still hungry???" She looked back and said, "Yeah, aren't you?" I shook my head "No." and walked back to our table. I was beginning to realize why she had grown so much compared to me. Emily made it back to the table and everyone noticed her massive amount of seconds. My mom bragged to my grandmother about how much Emily had grown recently and then even mentioned that she had easily outran me in a race on my birthday. Luckily, instead of shaming me, my grandmother just went on and on about how "Healthy" Emily looked.

We finished our meal and headed back to grandma's house. Once there, my brother and I started playing games on my iPad while my step dad watched the ball game and the girls were in the back. After about twenty minutes, my mom called me to the bathroom. Emily and my grandmother were standing there looking at me. "Honey." My mom said, "Kick off your shoes and come step on the scale for me." I looked at them all a bit funny but said, "OK." And walked over. I stepped on the scale and looked down at the weight. 87 pounds was the reading. Emily got all giddy and my grandma and mom both said, "Wow." She's heavier too. "What do you talking about?" I said sharply. Emily pushed into me shoving me off the scale and said, "Watch!" She then stepped on the scale and we watched it go up to 95 pounds. Not only was she now a  $\frac{1}{4}$  to a  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch taller than me, she was heavier too. It was going from bad to worse and I quickly left the girls behind and went back into the living room.

Derek was on the iPad so I walked over and started looking at pictures on the wall. I went to one that actually was a picture of my mom and real dad when she was pregnant with me. For the first time ever, I actually payed attention to one where they were both standing for a picture. I had never realized it, but my dad was probably only three inches taller than my mom, and she's only 5'3" tall. After a while, they came out of the back room and I asked my mom if the picture was true and my dad was only about 5'6". "Unfortunately, no David." My mom said, "He was a little shorter than that and actually wore lifters making him appear a couple of inches taller than he actually was. Your father was about 5'4" tall." She said softly. I was devastated immediately and realized that I was not going to be a tall guy like my step dad and was possibly destined to be a short-stuff my whole life. Quickly I asked, "Well, how tall was Derek's dad?" "Hmmm." She replied, "He was only about 5'6" tall himself." "Oh no." I said, "So me and Derek aren't going to be tall like Chuck." "I'm afraid not." She said sadly. Unlike me and Derek, Emily had a really tall dad and she seemed to be taking after him a lot more than after my mom.

I walked over to the wall where my grandma had taken our height measurements yearly. Instead of just looking at the current measurements, I decided to do some investigative work. I went three marks back to see what my height was when I was 10. It was 51". Emily just measured 58.25" at 10, meaning at the same age, she would have towered over me by 7 plus inches. I then looked at some markings to the left of the height number and saw that my grandma had also marked down a weight of 62 pounds. I was flabbergasted. At the same age of 10, Emily was 7 inches taller and weighed 33 pounds more than me. It freaked me out a little bit to know that if we were both ten at the same time, she would have been massive compared to me, and I was very glad to have a three-year head start on her.

We soon finished up at grandma's house and headed back home. I was tired after not getting much sleep and so I grabbed a Monster out of our fridge right after walking in the door. To my surprise, Emily was hungry again I guess and she made another protein shake. It seemed that she just had a never-ending appetite and I on the other hand was just never hungry. I went up and played video games all day and then eventually went to bed. A few days later, I came down stairs after getting out of bed at 1 pm and noticed that my mom and Emily were gone. I asked Chuck where they were and he told me that they had signed Emily up for a 4-week sports camp in Florida, and that my mom would be there with her for one week. Then, at the end of the 4-week camp, we would all go back and have a family vacation

there. I was pretty excited and had not been to Disneyworld in years. I immediately ran upstairs to give Derek the great news. He was excited too and we both counted down the days till we left.

Sure enough, the 4 weeks finally passed we were leaving for Florida that day. I had not seen my sister in 4 weeks and immediately the thought occurred to me that she may have grown a little. I positioned myself against a wall in my room and had Derek draw a height line. I got out the tape measure and extended it out. To my joy and surprise, I had actually grown a quarter of an inch. Ha Ha Ha, I thought, I'm finally hitting my growth spurt and will not be "Short-stuff" any longer. Except to Derek I guess since he was still an inch taller than me. My mom, Chuck, Derek and I hopped on a plane for Florida and we couldn't wait to get there.

## Florida

We landed in town and immediately headed off to pick up Emily from sports camp. Derek and I waited in the car as Chuck and mom went to get her from the dorm. We were both so excited to be there, and it would be good to see Emily again too I thought, even though she had been a little snotty and stuck up the couple of weeks before she left. Derek decided to see what was taking so long and left the car to the dorm. When my brother got about half way there, I could see my mom, Chuck and Emily come out of the dorm. Emily saw Derek and ran up to hug him. He was a pretty unemotional guy, unlike me and my sister and she wrapped him up like a burrito with her arms. I immediately noticed that she and Derek looked the same height. I thought it was odd and figured she had on the popular high sole shoes lots of girl's wear. I stepped out of the car to greet my sister and as she was running up to greet me. She had on a long-sleeved white t-shirt with the sports camp logo on it and small black workout shorts. As she ran towards me, I could see her thigh and calf muscles bulging with each stride. I had never noticed leg muscles like that in Emily before and I was a bit shocked at the sight of her. Emily reached me quickly and wrapped me in her arms like she had just done to Derek. It caught me a bit of guard and I was surprised as I was held tightly in her powerful grasp as she said, "I missed you short-stuff". She let me go and we stood face to face. I was easily looking up an inch into her eyes and she said, "You're just getting shorter by the day." And she stuck her tongue out playfully. I was speechless at her ever-increasing height over me and looked down to see what I thought would be lifted shoes. To my surprise, she was wearing Chuck Taylor's with almost no lift at all and I was in comfortable running shoes which easily had some arch lift in them. As I looked down at her shoes, our legs were just inches apart. Mine were like skinny bean poles with almost no muscle to speak of while hers were now seemingly bulging with muscles. I was immediately timid about their size difference and I took a couple of steps back so no one would notice.

By the time my mom, chuck and Derek got to the car, my mom was already raving about how much Emily had grown in the past 4 or 5 weeks and it was obvious that she was hitting the growth spurt I had so desperately longed for. She made me and Emily stand back to back and then put her hands-on top of our heads. Derek blurted out, "Damn Dave, she's got you by an inch I think." I was bummed but then my mom had Derek and Emily go back to back. Sure enough, they were very close and my mom said,

“Wow Derek, I think she’s almost got you too.” Emily stood up on her tippy toes to officially be taller than Derek and then started doing a little stupid victory dance. We all laughed but it was a bit vexing for me and Derek as usual didn’t seem to care.

We piled in the car and my mom just had to hear all about Emily’s sports camp. She was so excited and started telling my mom all about what they did. They would get up at 7am for 45 minutes of Yoga. Then they would eat breakfast, and Emily was super excited about that because she loved eggs and protein shakes and they could have all they wanted. Then, they would go to the track and do intervals and wind-sprints, the most fun were when they would put on a little mini-parachute and try and run 100 yards as fast as they could, over and over again. After the track work, they would do some footwork and balance drills and then break for lunch. Emily loved that because she ate like a damn horse, and then they would have two hours to hang out at the complex pool which had a high dive they all loved to jump off of. Lastly, they would meet at the gym for two hours of push-ups, pull-ups, resistance bands exercises, and lifting weights. My mom was a bit shocked that they would let them lift weights, but Emily said that they would let kids Eleven and older actually use weights. My mom said, “But you’re only ten Emily.” “I know.” Emily answered, “But I told the weightlifting coach I was eleven and he believed me!” She was so excited that she had gotten away with it and had a huge smile on her face. Then they would have dinner, watch a movie and Emily was so tired by then she usually fell asleep by 8:30 or so. Then they’d do it all over again the next day. It seemed that Emily was as passionate about sports and fitness as I was about video games. I couldn’t understand how she didn’t like games, and she probably couldn’t understand why I didn’t like to run around and sweat all over the place.

After piling in the car, Chuck drove us up the road a few miles to our hotel. We all got out and Chuck decided the men should grab the bags and take them to the front desk, while the girls went ahead and checked us in. Chuck grabbed most of the luggage, including mine and Derek grabbed his own. Only Emily’s oversized duffle bag was left so I grabbed it. The thing felt like it weighed a thousand pounds and I wondered how much crap she had brought. I tried to hoist the straps over my shoulder but I was too weak to get the heavy bag high enough. Instead, I decided to lean down to the ground, put the straps over my right shoulder and then stand up, that way my weak arms wouldn’t have to be involved. It worked and I was able to stand up and begin walking towards the hotel. Unfortunately, all the weight was now on my right side and it was throwing me way off balance. I tried to fight the weight but the straps were now digging into my shoulder and after only a few steps I was pulled over and tumbled over the bag onto the parking lot. I looked ahead and was glad that no one had noticed my accident. Wondering what to do next, I used both arms, extended down and held the bag in front of me. I started to do a slow waddle forward towards the hotel but this was going to take me forever. About half way to the Entrance to the hotel, the bag weight became just too heavy and I dropped it to the ground to rest. Chuck and Derek had made it into the hotel and I was now alone in the parking lot with this damn heavy bag. I picked it up like before and began waddling towards the entrance, but still 15 to 20 yards away, my arms became totally fatigued and I could carry it no more. Unfortunately, I had tried to speed waddle towards the entrance hoping to make it before my arm strength gave out. As the bag dropped in front of me uncontrollably, my forward momentum flung me over the bag and fell to the ground landing hard on my arm.

Unbeknownst to me, Emily was watching my struggles through the window and came rushing out. “Oh my God you klutz!” she exclaimed, “quit dropping my bag!” I was too busy brushing myself off to reply and watched in amazement as she forcibly grabbed the straps from the bag and with a one arm swing, easily hoisted them over her shoulder. Then, with no apparent issue with the heavy weight of the bag, she confidently marched back into the hotel lobby. I was flabbergasted as I slowly followed her into the hotel at the thought that she had so easily lifted the very bag I could hardly lift off the ground. As Emily and I entered the lobby, my mom had the hotel room key cards and we headed off to find our room. I grabbed my small luggage bag that luckily had wheels on it and followed the family down a hallway. Emily was right in front of me and as we seemed to walk forever and ever to get to our room, I noticed that she had not put her heavy bag down even once. I peered down slightly at the back of her legs and noticed that she had calf muscles and they flexed and bulged slightly with each step. Her thighs also bulged slightly and the muscle kind of shot out to the side with each step as well. I then peered down at my pencil stick legs and could see no noticeable muscle. For the first time ever, I was really starting to become self-conscious about my skinny appearance.

### Water Park

It was a typical hot summer day in Florida and so we went to Typhoon Lagoon Water Park on our first day. We got all suited up and off we went. First, we got wet and hung out in the surf pool, and then we went down Castaway Creek and even Mayday Falls. My mom was busy taking tons of pictures of us, like always, and of course we were getting annoyed with it all. After a bite to eat, my mom and dad were worn out, so Derek, Emily and I headed to the Super-fast, Humunga Kowabunga triple speed slides. The line was pretty long and we were getting a little upset because it looked like there were a few kids cutting in line up ahead of us. Sure enough, not five minutes later, three older, bigger kids stepped right in front of us in line. Being the oldest, I said to them, “Hey guys, no cutting!” They were a few inches taller than me and definitely staying put. After the second time I told them to get out of line, one of them looked down at me and said, “Why don’t you make me get out of line dummy.” I realized immediately that he meant business and I was too afraid to do anything, so I just shut my mouth and took a half step back. Without warning, Emily grabbed him by his surfer style long hair and pulled him down, throwing him into the bushes next to the line. His side must have hit a sprinkler head and he started crying immediately and wailing in pain. One of his buddies tried to shove Emily, but she barely budged and kned him in the stomach as hard as she could. He also fell to the ground in pain and started crying too. The third kid decided that Emily was too tough to mess with and ran away. I had never awed or been more proud of my little sister than I had right then. She had single handedly taken on three boys, older and bigger than us and won! Derek and I gave her high-fives, and the kids behind us in line thought it was awesome too.

Emily was pretty proud of herself and as she stood next to me in line in her swimsuit, I realized that her muscles were more than just for show. For the first time ever, I actually felt a little intimidated by my little sister’s muscular presence. Right then, Disney security walked up and told us we needed to come with them. I was surprised at first but then realized that the boys Emily beat up must have told on us. We followed him to a door in a security cabana and went inside. We sat in a room while Derek took a security person to go get our parents. A few minutes later, my mom and Chuck walked inside. The

security person explained to my mom that there had been an altercation in line and they had video to prove it. I didn't realize it, but there were security cameras everywhere in the park and one of them had a perfect view of us in line earlier, only a few feet away. They began the video and you could see play-by-play as the incident took place. I was amazed again as Emily so easily pulled down and threw the biggest kid into the bushes and then shook off a shove by the other kid and dropped him to the ground too. My mom was upset, but I could tell that Chuck was proud of his baby girl for standing up for not only herself, but her two older brothers as well. Clearly, we saw the bigger kids cut in line and security admitted that that had happened, but told us, we could not fight and should have simply told a park employee and had the kids escorted to the rear of the line. It took a lot of apologizing and by Emily, me and Derek, but the security team allowed us to stay at the park provided there weren't any more incidents.

We had a great rest of the day at the Water Park and eventually headed back to the hotel. We all cleaned up and went down to one of the nice hotel restaurants to eat. As usual, I kept it boring as I wasn't very hungry, but did make room for the ice cream desert. Derek followed suit, and of course, Emily ate like a damn horse. The ice cream explosion was awesome and it was topped with homemade whipped cream which was the best I'd ever tasted. I never had a large appetite but it was so good, I ate the whole thing. Derek and Emily finished there's too and we were all stuffed and tired on the way back to our room. Once there, mom told us to get out of our nice clothes and ready for bed; she wanted to show us the pictures from our day before we all fell asleep. It was hot, so Derek and I just threw on boxer shorts and Emily put on a pair of short volleyball compression shorts and a workout bra type of top.

Derek was laying on the floor in front of the TV on the right, Emily was in the middle and I was on the left. Mom was on the couch behind us and Chuck was too and had a USB cable hooked from mom's camera to the TV. He started the slide show and we began to laugh and reminisce about the day's fun activities. Finally, we got to one picture that I didn't even know mom had taken. Emily and I were standing at the counter of the snack bar waiting to get a drink. It was from behind and Emily was reaching up on her tippy toes to point out something to the cashier. From that angle she looked several inches taller than me and because we were standing right next to each other, you could easily see how much thicker and more muscular her legs were than mine. I immediately looked down at our legs lying next to each other as we sat in front of the TV. Emily's were obviously thicker and more muscular than my bean poles. I expected Chuck to click to the next picture but before he could, my mom said, "My goodness Emily, you certainly have some legs on you." "I know." She replied, "A lot more than chicken legs Dave here." With that she gave me a playful nudge. I nudged her back and within seconds the wrestling match was on.

It started off playful as always. In the past, I had always been the older, bigger, stronger brother so I tended to take it easy on Emily. In an instant, she quickly wrapped one of her strong legs around both of mine and then scissor squeezed them between her other leg. I tried to wiggle my legs free but hers were so strong and my legs were trapped. I put my hand on her thigh, trying to push it away enough to

free a leg, but it was hard as a rock and my arm was too weak to budge it. Having full control of my legs, Emily rolled on top of me, pinning me beneath. My chest and face were now face down on the floor and I was in a helpless, vulnerable position unable to budge under my sister's heavier weight. Knowing I was completely trapped by my much younger sister's strength and weight, I knew I had to play it off somehow to avoid complete embarrassment. I relaxed and finally said, "How many more times do I have to let you win Emily? This is getting old you know." She immediately shot back, "You don't let me win!!!" Right then, my mom blurted out, "kids! Quit playing around and let's finish with the pictures so we can go to bed and get some sleep!" I think my mom was tired and worn out from the day at the park and didn't want us playing around. Emily said, "OK mom, OK!" but she stayed laying on me for a few more seconds, just to prove she could, before she rolled off me and released me.

That was the first time Emily had ever gotten the better of me in a test of strength and I had to admit that I had tried my hardest to get out of her grasp. She was definitely getting strong and I knew any future wrestling matches with her would be tough to win. We walked into the bathroom to brush our teeth. Emily got to the sink first, turned on the water and started brushing first. I put toothpaste on my brush and reached it towards the sink to also put water on it. As I did, Emily bumped her butt into my hip and sent me flying a couple of feet to the side. "Hey!" I said, "Let me get some water." I then stepped back towards her and the sink and again attempted to wet my brush. Swiftly, she again threw her butt and hip into my hip, sending me flying even harder this time. It was a powerful blow, and the strength she had in her thrust was formidable. I quickly recovered and acted like I was going to try again on the same side of the sink. As Emily thrust her hips towards me, I quickly darted back and around her to the left side of the sink. Just as I was realizing success and slipping my toothbrush under the water, Emily recovered and now had a lot of momentum from starting at the far side and she sent a shocking blow into my right hip. It was so hard, it literally lifted me slightly off my feet and sent me crashing down into the wall and towel rack. The pain in my side was excruciating and as I lay on the ground, I began to cry uncontrollably from the hit.

My mom came running in from the other room and exclaimed, "What happened???" I just pointed at Emily and said in my hardly audible crying voice, "She hit me, she hit me." My mom grabbed Emily under the arm and yanked her out of the bathroom. "Young Lady, First you get in a fight at the Water Park, now you've hit you own brother. I don't know what's gotten into you lately, but you need to go in there, apologize to your brother and go straight to bed. Do you understand me?" "Yes." Emily said softly. A few seconds later, Emily walked in and said, "I'm sorry Dave, I was just playing." "I know, I know." I answered and Emily walked out of the room. My mom came in and consoled me briefly; eventually I calmed down, finished brushing my teeth and went to bed as well. The rest of the trip went well and we all eventually returned home exhausted after an awesome trip to Disneyworld.

## The Fall

Derek and I returned from Disneyworld and immersed ourselves in a video game nirvana, playing all night and sleeping all day. Emily was constantly nowhere to be seen as she would spend most of her time down in the basement that Derek and I still weren't allowed in after my broken foot incident. I assumed she was still exercising and otherwise just trying to avoid her gross older brothers. The final month of summer had passed by way too quickly and us kids were all back in school. I was entering the eighth grade and would be king of the K-8th school that I, Derek and Emily attended. Derek was entering 6th grade and Emily was in 5th.

We got to school for the first day and I was immediately socked at how tall everyone had become over the summer. It seemed that all of the boys and girls I went to 7th grade with had shot up like weeds over the summer and I was easily one of the shortest kids in school. In addition, I had become a bit lethargic and had a hard time concentrating on my studies. My mom started to become concerned about my lack of physical growth compared to my peers and also my lethargic condition. Upon a visit to the doctor, they thought that I might be suffering from Hypogonadism (low Testosterone). It was becoming more commonly diagnosed and there were some safe topical testosterone therapy's that had shown success with 13 to 14-year-old boys. I was excited that there might be a simple solution to the problem and my mom and I left the doctor's office and picked up my prescription on the way home.

For the first time in probably a month and a half, my mom insisted we all eat dinner together. Normally Emily would eat early, while Derek and I would just grab a plate of food later and run back upstairs to continue our video games. I was already at the dinner table when Derek came and sat down and then Emily emerged from the basement after what must have been a hard workout. She was wearing baggy sweat pants and had thrown on a long-sleeved sweatshirt that had most of the neck area cut out. It barely covered her shoulders and while she was eating it would slip off to one side. Her long, straight sandy brown hair was in a ponytail and draped over her right shoulder. So, her neck and traps were exposed on the left side. They looked hard and there seemed to be a noticeable vein running up her healthy-looking neck. I had to admit that my sister looked pretty and had the look of an athlete to me. We continued eating and my mom decided to let everyone know that I went to the doctor and was prescribed some Low T medicine. Derek didn't seem to give two shits about it, but Emily started questioning the heck out of my mom and me about what it was and what medicine I had been prescribed. My mom let Emily know that we were trying two kinds of medicine. One was a testosterone patch to be worn on the skin like a Band-Aid, the other was a gel that would be directly applied to the skin. I didn't know why Emily cared; she obviously didn't have a growth problem like I did.

Anyway, I decided to start first with the two months' supply of patches to see how they would affect me. I was like most kids and after the first week I was constantly forgetting to apply a patch daily. By the end of the second month, I realized that I hadn't even used half the patches and I had an appointment with the doctor that day. I didn't want my mom to know I hadn't used most of the patches

so I threw the box containing the rest of the patches in the trash bin. Like most kids, I lied and told my mom and the doctor that I was using them daily. However, we hadn't seen the intended results, so he prescribed a slightly more potent Testosterone patch for me. I vowed to take these more religiously and see if there were positive results. I got home and went to put the new patches in the medicine cabinet. I had thought that the Testosterone gel was in there, but couldn't find it. I wondered if I had misplaced it, like I do with my cell phone and house keys all the time. Anyway, I pulled out a patch and applied it to my skin. When I went to throw the foil wrapper away in the trash bin, I noticed that the box of patches I had thrown in there earlier was gone. I assumed my mom had found it and would probably be chewing me out at any minute. I decided to keep my mouth shut about it and hope she would just let it go.

As I had done with the first batch, I started off with a bang with my T patches and then periodically forgot to apply them. It was a bit of a pain since you had to clean the skin, carefully open the package, put it in a different spot on the skin all the time and then carefully dispose of the old one. I tended to apply one, and then just leave it there for four or five days, until it came off in the shower or just fell off. The second two months had come up and it was time for a new box of patches. I was on an automatic prescription renewal so my mom picked up the new box from the pharmacy and asked me how many I had left. I knew I was lying when I said, "Two", but got off the phone with her and intended to go dispose of the 30 plus patches that were probably left. I walked up to my bathroom and grabbed the box of patches. To my surprise, there was only 1 patch left. I was surprised by the missing patches so I kind of secretly asked Derek if he had taken or thrown away my missing patches. He said he hadn't and so I just decided to forget about it and not tell my mom I hadn't been using them thus getting myself in trouble for not using them and then lying about it.

By the end of November, I had been using the patches on and off for four months and I had another doctor's appointment. I lied and ensured my mom and the doctor that I had been using them religiously. The doctor put me on the scale, and sure enough I had gained 2 pounds and was up to 89 pounds. He then measured my height and I was delighted that I had also grown a half inch and was now almost 59" tall. I was excited that my growth spurt might finally be starting and couldn't wait to see if I had gained back on Derek and Emily and was hopefully set to pass them both back up again, and be the bigger older brother that I should be.

Sure enough, on the second day of my new patch cycle, I walked into the bathroom to grab a patch. To my surprise, Emily was standing in front of the sink. She had her own bathroom so she shouldn't have been in mine. As she turned around, she was holding the box of patches. Without a thought, I said, "Hey, give me my patches." She held them back and so I reached in to grab them. Immediately, Emily stuck her other arm straight out, and forcibly put her hand on my chest, keeping me at bay. I realized that I hadn't probably stood within five feet of my sister in the last four months and I was clearly looking up at her. I reached out to grab the patches and now also realized that Emily's outstretched arm was far longer than mine and I was unable to reach her with my outstretched arms. Normally Emily wore sweat pants and a sweat shirt, completely covering up, but today, she was wearing her pink, tight Under Armour workout shorts and a quarter sleeve Disney t-shirt she got on our vacation. I looked down and noticed that Emily's leg muscles seemed far bigger than before, just 4 months ago and there was

definition in her thigh where the muscle separated into other bulging muscles. I then looked back at her torso to see that she was bursting out of the t-shirt she had just gotten that summer and her shoulders and arms were even larger and more muscular than before. As surprised as I was to notice her muscles that summer at Disney World, I was even more shocked at the development she had made since then. Emily slowly lowered her arm and took a step towards me so that we were just inches apart. Even though she was barefoot, and I was wearing sneakers, Emily was easily now two inches taller. I felt intimidated and even feeble in my tall, muscular, much younger sister's presence and I became nervous enough to shake a little as I re-demanded that she hand over my patches. Emily slowly walked and forcibly bumped into me until my back had made contact with the bathroom wall. I tried to push her away, but my weak arms couldn't even budge her thick, firm torso and I knew she was now physically stronger than me. Emily kind of laughed and said, "I'll make you a deal Dave. You give me your patches, and don't tell mom, and I'll do all your chores for the next month." I immediately realized that I still had some power in the situation because Emily wanted my patches and I could easily tell mom on her. I thought for a second and said, "Three months!" Emily laughed and said, "Two months." I said "Deal." and stuck out my hand. Emily shook it firmly, turned quickly, slapping me in the face with her long black pony tail and began to walk out of the bathroom. I couldn't help but see my sister's rounded, buff butt and muscular legs as she walked away. She looked really powerful and my little sister was clearly becoming too strong for me to mess with.

#### New Agreement

Every day, Emily would go down to the basement early in the morning to work out, she would then get ready for school and ALWAYS wore clothes covering up her legs and arms. I knew she was covering up her muscles to avoid the ridicule that would obviously come from the other kids at school. Emily could hide her muscles, but not her height and by Christmas, I knew she was close to three inches taller than me and probably two inches taller than Derek. For Christmas, she asked for gift cards to GNC supplement store and more Under Armour workout clothes. My mom and Chuck knew that Emily was really into working out, but they didn't know that she was now taking my Testosterone patches. Emily also stayed fairly covered up around our parents too, so they weren't even aware that she was developing some muscles.

Emily had gotten my last two batches of Testosterone patches and had done my chores as our deal demanded. But after four months, I had only grown a quarter of an inch and I was desperate to be at least five feet tall before I got to high school. My now Eleven-year-old sister was 5'3" and at 14 I was still a tick under 5'0". As the new box came, Emily came to my bathroom to grab it. I nervously explained to Emily that the deal was off and that I needed the patches this time. I could tell Emily was pissed and she grabbed my two frail arms in her crazy strong hands. She got a huge scowl on her face and forcibly walked me back and shoved me hard into the wall. I was too scared to speak and Emily's whole head shook in anger as she lifted me slightly off the ground. I didn't know what was about to happen but knew that my younger sister could throw me around like a rag doll at this point. I finally managed to just say, "Don't do it Emily, don't do it.....please, please, please don't do it!" Reluctantly, Emily put me down

and let go of my arms. She spun quickly and rushed out of the bathroom. After she left, I began to shake uncontrollably and a sense of helplessness overcame me as I realized I was completely at my younger sister's mercy.

I started using the patches again and was obviously hopeful that they would push me through the Five foot height barrier and beyond. This batch was noticeably different than the ones I had remembered as they were in a slightly different foil packaging and they really didn't stick that well. Almost two full months had gone by and I kept measuring my height, unfortunately with no positive results. One Saturday, my mom and Chuck took Derek to a doctor's appointment and I was hanging out playing video games. Emily was down in the basement working out or doing something and for some reason, she had left her bedroom door cracked open. Her door was ALWAYS closed and I got nosy and walked into her room. She had some magazines on her nightstand, but instead of the typical teenage magazines, she has a Muscle & Fitness and a couple of Flex magazines. I then looked over to her desk and was confused what the hell she had going on there. There was some sort of a heat sealer, some foil packaging and to my surprise, a stack of what looked like used T patches. As I inspected a little closer, I immediately realized what was going on. Emily had stolen all of my new T patches and was re-sealing used patches and putting them in my box. That's why I noticed the different packaging, that's why they didn't stick very well and That's why I hadn't grown. I was so mad I couldn't even see straight.

I grabbed a sheet of the foil wrap and ran down stairs as fast as I could. I blasted open the basement door and ran down to confront Emily. She was doing bicep curls and looked shocked as I walked in. "Get out of here!" she yelled as I walked towards her. A few feet from her, I held up the foil sheet and said, "I know what you did and I'm telling mom!" Emily did have a look of shock on her face and knew that she'd been caught. As I turned to run back up the stairs she said, "Wait Dave, Wait!" "What?" I responded. "Let's make a better deal." she said forcibly. "No Deal!" I said and I rushed out of the basement. I threw the foil sheet into the trash and opened the fridge to grab an energy drink, still emotional about the situation. As I closed the door, I was startled as Emily was standing right there just a foot away. She was wearing workout shoes and towered over me in my bare feet. She had been working out and her arm looked twice as big as mine. Emily forcibly grabbed the Energy drink from me, took a huge gulp and then threw the can across the room in anger. I took a step back and said, "If you touch me, I'm telling mom..." I could tell that she was too angry to listen and I turned to run. Unfortunately, I tripped over a chair as I ran in fear from my 11-year-old younger sister and hit the ground hard. It hurt worse than anything I had ever felt and I held myself in the fetal position hoping Emily would not hurt me.

After a few moments, I looked up to see Emily towering over me. Her muscles were flexed forcibly in her legs and as I looked up her hands were on her hips with her arms flexed. She reached down and grabbed me, picking me up and hoisting me like a child. My much younger sister was now strong enough to cradle and carry me. I was amazed and scared at the same time as Emily carried me back up the stairs and to her room. "What are you doing?" I asked as I had regained my breath and the ability to talk. "It's time we come to an agreement David." She answered before she put me on her floor and

walked over and locked her door. Emily then got on the ground beside me and put one leg under my torso and the other on top of me, interlocking her legs with my body between. It felt like I was positioned between two rocks and as she started to squeeze me between her powerful thighs I let out a whimper as the pain came on. As the ability to breathe was being squeezed out of me, I put my hands on her thighs in an attempt to push them away. They were like two huge, hard pillars of muscle and I felt like I was being squeezed in a vice. She kept squeezing and then relaxing her legs, allowing me to take a quick breath before seemingly squeezing me to unconsciousness time after time. After five or six rounds of this I was completely lifeless and lay like a limp noodle between her muscular legs. She had relaxed her legs and I began crying uncontrollably for several minutes. Completely helpless and in the complete control of my young sister, I just wanted to crawl under a rock and hide.

As my crying finally subsided, Emily grabbed my jaw in her powerful hand and twisted my face slightly to look up at hers. "You're not going to mention a word of this to anybody. Are you?" I slowly shook my head "No". "You're going to give me ALL of your T patches from now on. Aren't you?" "Yes" I obediently nodded. "You're going to start doing All of your chores from now on and also ALL of my chores from now on. Aren't you?" Again, I obediently nodded "Yes" as I was still held firmly in her muscular thighs, desperately wanting to avoid being crushed in them like a weak aluminum can again. Slowly, Emily released her grip of me, knowing she had just taken complete control of me and was now physically the Alpha kid in our household. Emily stood up and again towered over me as I still lay weak on her bedroom floor. She reached out her hand, in an act of kindness and helped my physically and mentally broken being up to my feet. Still towering over me by several inches and many pounds of hard, strong, trained muscle, Emily embraced me in a firm hug, letting me know that she still loved me, even though our future interaction had been forever changed. She then turned her muscular body away and walked to her door, opening it up. Emily looked at me and then softly said, "Why don't you go ahead and start on those chores huh." I nodded OK and walked by her, looking down towards her muscular torso, for some reason uncomfortable to look her in the eye, out and off to start with my newly prescribed chores.

## Big Sis

Eventually my mom, Chuck and Derek got home. They had no idea of the social change our family had just experienced and even I wasn't sure how to react to my sister's new domineering role in our relationship. I had finished with my and Emily's chores right before they arrived and had returned to my bedroom to play video games and immerse myself in a realm where I was strong and in control. A bit later as I was playing, a sharp pain shot through my arm. I said "Ouch!" and turned to see Emily forcibly gripping my right arm where I should have had a bicep. She looked my right in the eye and said, "Remember Dave, not a word about any of this, Got It?" I nodded my head up and down. That wasn't good enough for my little sister, so she grabbed my weak arm even harder forcing even more pain through my body. "Say you got it." she demanded. Slowly I repeated, "I got it." With that, Emily seemed satisfied with my answer and she released her powerful grip, making sure to give her bicep a little extra flex to intimidate me even more as she turned and walked out of my room. I was trying to

hold it together, but I actually started tearing up a little bit from the pain and embarrassment. Eventually I got my act together, wiped my wet eyes and later heard my mom call us all down for dinner.

As I walked downstairs, the family was all at the table. I noticed that Emily was wearing a long sleeve shirt as usual to cover up her growing biceps. I sat down and reached out to grab a small piece of chicken. As I did, my mom said, "Honey, what happened to your arm?" I looked down and realized that Emily's tight grip had actually caused the inside of my right arm to turn black and blue. I was shocked and looked over at Emily. She had a scowl on her face and slowly shook her head NO. I was too confused to speak, not knowing what Emily meant by her head shake and look so I just sat quietly. My mom demanded I tell her what happened. I again looked at Emily, already subconsciously awaiting her instruction. My mom looked at me oddly and said, "Why are you looking at Emily David, Tell me what happened!" Not knowing what to do, and paralyzed by fear if I told on my little sister Emily, I just started crying. Immediately my mom looked at Derek and accused him of doing something to me. He denied it of course and I finally decided to lie. I said a boy at school had tried to steal my lunch money and that I refused, so he hurt my arm. Of course, that started an inquiry and my mom demanded to know who it was. At that point I knew I had deflected the attention away and I said I would tell her if it ever happened again. She wasn't happy but she decided to move on. I looked over at Emily and she just gave me a smart-ass smile and started eating her food.

Over the next few months, I avoided Emily as much as I could and pretty much hid out in my room playing video games. I was perplexed one day though, while doing my and Emily's chores. I noticed that she was doing some of Derek's chores. I didn't want to ask her why, as we had pretty much stopped speaking, so I went to Derek's room. "Hey Derek." I asked, "Why is Emily doing all of your chores?" "Why do you care?" he replied. "Cause, I want to know." I said. "She asked me not to tell you bro." he said swiftly and went back to playing his game. I prodded him for a couple more minutes, but he wouldn't say. I was perplexed, I didn't know what he could possibly do for Emily that would cause her to do his chores. Frustrated, I went back to doing my and Emily's chores. But as I went outside to empty the trash I saw a white, almost see through, trash bag with what looked like used T patches in them. I grabbed it and started ruffling through it and came across the prescription box that the T Patches come in. To my shock, it didn't have my name on it, it had Derek's. I finally realized that she promised to do his chores in exchange for Derek getting a prescription for Testosterone patches and giving them to her. "Holy Shit" I thought, she's been taking double doses of T patches and working out like a mad woman. I couldn't even imagine how strong this would make her....but soon enough, I would find out...

The next morning, I was lying in bed watching cartoons and my phone beeped. I looked down, and to my surprise, it was a text message from Emily. It read, "Come down to my Gym." I couldn't believe it was for me since she had forbidden me to go down there so I just texted back a "?". Seconds later I received a follow up text, "Just come down here Dave...NOW!" Even though it was a text, a sharp sensation of fear shot through my body as if she were standing in front of me. Not knowing what she wanted, I quickly threw on a pair of basketball shorts and a t-shirt. I went downstairs and then instinctively knocked on the basement/gym door. Immediately, I heard Emily yell, "It's open!" I opened

the door and started to walk down the stairs. "Lock the door behind you." Emily ordered. I turned and locked the door, then continued down the stairs.

The basement was really big and had the same footprint as the whole upstairs. Most of my neighbors had turned theirs into guest quarters or man caves, but not Chuck, he turned ours into a gym/boxing studio. "Holy Shit!" I exclaimed as I saw my little sister standing just a few feet away near the dumbbell rack. She immediately got a huge grin on her face and took a few steps towards me. The muscles in her legs bulged with each step and her shoulders and arms were round and muscular and seemed unreal! I hadn't seen Emily, not covered up in 6 months and obviously the Testosterone patches and huge amounts of food and supplements she was taking were paying off. Emily stopped just a foot in front of me, and in her workout shoes, she now towered over me. My three years younger, 12-year-old sister was easily 5 inches taller and full of muscle. I was more intimidated than ever and I took a big gulp, still not believing how strong and muscular my sister now was. She seemed like a woman and I felt like a little kid in her presence. Seeing my disbelief, Emily reached her hands under my armpits and lifted my feet off the ground. She then spun me around a couple of times and set me back down. As she did, I looked down at biceps bulging from her arms like I had never seen before.

Instead of being covered up like usual, my little sister was wearing - workout sneakers, Calvin Klein bikini bottoms and a matching black Calvin Klein workout bra. She was basically the picture of physical perfection. Finally, Emily put her index finger in my chest firmly and said, "So little guy, I hear from Derek you've been asking about why I'm doing his chores and poking your nose around my business again...haven't you?" As I failed to respond, my little sister began poking me even harder in the chest a second, third and even a fourth time. Each with more force until the last felt like it was going right through my heart. I was too frightened to move in the presence of my muscle-bound little sister and I began to quiver and tear up.

Emily grabbed me firmly by the arm, much like a mother would do to her disobedient child and she forced me over to the scale against the wall. "Get on." She ordered firmly. Not too worried about that, I stepped on the thing. The digital display flickered for a few moments and then finally held still at 91. She laughed out loud uncontrollably and said, "Jesus short stuff, you're about the weight of your average 11-year-old girl. I thought you'd weigh a little more for a boy turning 15." I stuck out my tongue and pushed her against her shoulders. To my surprise, she didn't even budge an inch and all I did was kind of push myself backwards and up against the wall. Her muscle-bound frame was too solid for me to move and I felt pretty damn wimpy at that point. She rolled her eyes, moved me to the side easily with her buff arm and stepped on the scale. As she stood there waiting for the display to stop flickering, I was kind of in awe at just how full and muscular her legs were. In addition to being twice as thick as mine, she had a huge bulge and noticeable line down the side of her leg where the thigh muscle connected and the back of her leg also had rounded muscle that protruded out. I looked down at my leg and it was basically skin and bones with no thigh muscle or anything rounding out from the back of the leg. Hell, I didn't even know you could have muscle there. Just then, the display stopped flickering and

read 129. "Jesus Christ" I exclaimed, quickly realizing that my three-year younger sister outweighed me by 38 pounds of rock hard muscle.

My little sister, feeling quite superior I'm sure, stuck out her right arm and flexed her muscular bicep. It popped up into a ball and the size and mass of it was overwhelming. "Feel it." she demanded. I slowly brought my hand up but again was too timid and frightened to touch it. "Grab it." she yelled as she took a hold of my hand and placed it on her bicep. I was quickly struck by not only how huge it was, but also by the fact that it was rock hard. She relaxed it and flexed it a couple of times while my hand was grasping it and I got a sense of how strong it was. "Flex yours." she now ordered. I stuck out my feeble arm and flexed it. It was as skinny as a bone and a very small amount of mass seemed to harden up under my strain. Emily reached out and grabbed it in her powerful hand. She then squeezed it tightly, crushing it to nothing and sending massive pain into my whole body. I said, "Owwwww." loudly so she mercifully let go. "My God." she stated, "What a wimp."

I quickly realized that my little sister had been eating like a horse and taking massive amounts of Testosterone for a year, but really didn't know how big and strong she had become, compared to the average kid. Now she had her 3-years older brother in front of her and she was not only bigger and stronger than him....but MUCH bigger and STRONGER. She was obviously enjoying this realization and the confidence in her was growing by the second.

Next, she said, "Get on your knees." I was too proud for that and refused. My little sister just gave me a wry look and said, "Short stuff, for your own good, just get down on your knees." By her look, I knew she was serious and so I slowly, reluctantly dropped to my knees. Now there, I peered down at her thighs. They were muscle bound as well and seemed very firm and strong. Right then, Emily said, "Watch this." and flexed her right quad. The muscles in it jumped to attention and separated into three large muscle groups. "Holy Shit." again came from my mouth as I was in awe of her size. Emily then relaxed her thigh and shook it from side to side. As she did, the muscle flowed back and forth like a wave until she quickly flexed it again and brought it all bulging back to its rock-hard self. Again, Emily asked me to touch it. This time, I was more curious than timid so I reached out and put my hand on her thigh. It was massive and also rock hard. I could only imagine the power they now contained. After a few seconds of feeling Emily's leg, she turned away and walked slowly to the dumbbell rack.

As she did, I noticed that even her butt was full of rounded, strong muscle. It's like my little sister was becoming a full-blown bodybuilder. She turned and picked up a 20-pound dumbbell. She curled it easily five or six times and asked me to come over. As we looked at each other's reflection in the mirror, it was obvious that she was several inches taller and carried at least 30 pounds more muscle on her frame than I. She handed me the 20-pound weight. I grabbed it, expecting it to feel fairly light, having just watched my little sister curl it so easily. Instead, I almost dropped it to the ground. She laughed as I reached down to grip it firmly. "Now curl it." she ordered. I held it tightly and attempted to lift it up. With all my might and even a little backwards lean, I could not lift it past about 90 degrees. Emily easily

grabbed it from me and put it back on the rack. Next, she grabbed the 12 pound weight and handed it to me. It felt much lighter and I was able to lift it up to my chest by curling it. I felt accomplished, but she said, "Keep going." I lowered the weight and again lifted it up, this time though a sharp burning sensation pulsed through my arm. I tried a third time, but could only muster about three quarters of a lift. Emily grabbed the weight, now having a true sense about my strength.

Just to show off, Emily grabbed a 25-pound weight and performed four or five curls. I was overly impressed as the muscle in her arm bulged and a small vein filled up crossing lengthwise down it. Sensing my impressed state, Emily put that down and actually grabbed a thirty pounder. As she grabbed it, I instinctively said, "No Way!" She looked back at me with a grin and began doing curl after curl with the thirty-pound weight. I couldn't even lift half that weight and I began to really realize just how strong my little sister was. She handed it to me and said, "Try it with both hands." I grabbed it awkwardly with both hands and held it down at arm's length. "Curl it." she told me. I took a big breath and began to lift the weight. It felt massively heavy to me I failed to curl it even half way. Emily laughed, reached over with her left hand and grabbed the weight from me. Just for good measure, she again curled it a couple of times in front of me. She again had a grin on her face as she put the weight back down.

Finally done with her show of strength, Emily got directly in my face and said, "Punch me in the stomach." "What?" I responded. "Punch me in the stomach as hard as you can." "I don't want to." I said. "I don't care, just do it!" she demanded. I just looked at her blankly and she said, "I just want to know what it feels like." I kind of nodded OK and looked at her abs. She was flexing them strongly and they looked pretty hard. I brought my arm back and gave her a little rabbit punch. She just looked at me and said, "Seriously Dave, punch me as hard as you can, I need to know if all my ab workouts are doing anything." "OK." I said. "Here comes..." With that, I reared back and punched her HARD in the stomach. It felt like I had punched a brick wall and like I had just broken my wrist. "Owwwww" I exclaimed as I took a step back and started shaking my wrist, hoping the pain would go away. "Well short stuff, it's pretty obvious now that you can't possibly hurt me. And one little punch from me would turn you into a little cry baby, wouldn't it?" I didn't want to answer because I knew the terrible truth so I stood silent. My younger sister, moved her muscle-bound body just inches from mine, clearly the vastly superior body, leaned down and asked softly, "Wouldn't it?" This time I still stood silent but nodded my head in obvious agreement.

As I still peered up at her, Emily said, "I want you minding your own business from now on, got it." "Whatever." I responded sarcastically. BAM.... Emily pushed me over and jumped on top of me. She straddled my midsection. Emily then grabbed both my arms and forced them back over my head on the ground. She then lowered her face to just above mine and said, "That's it you little runt, when I tell you to do something, do it. And don't get your smart-ass attitude going either or I'll really teach you a lesson! Do you understand me you little pip-squeak?" she asked firmly, "Do you understand me?" I slowly nodded my head YES again realizing the hopelessness of any physical confrontation with her. "Good Boy." she said slowly. "Now you're starting to obey." She slowly raised her hand and gave me a firm little slap. Scared, mad and helpless, the tears began to stream rapidly from my eyes and snot

began to run out of my nose. It was the most helpless feeling I had ever had in my life and I hated it. I wanted my sister to stop, but again I saw her raise her hand to strike. As she moved it rapidly for another slap, I closed my eyes ready to feel more pain. Instead of a firm slap, I felt a few soft pats on the cheek from Emily and she said, "Good boy short stuff, now you get it." Still underneath her power laden body, "Who's the boss around here?" Emily asked after that. "You are." I replied immediately. "Good." she said as she stood up. Her muscular frame now towering over me.

"Now." She said strongly. "After your little investigative work. I've decided that you can go ahead and take over the chores I promised to do for Derek. He just sits in his room and does what I ask like a good older brother, unlike you." "What?" I asked, "You mean, now I have to do ALL the chores for everybody?" "Yes!" She responded immediately. Then she flexed both her pumped-up muscle-bound arms and said, "Unless you want to, ya know...make me mad." In awe of the obvious physical superiority she possessed, I slowly got up, wiped my face and turned to go take on my new orders. As I walked up the stairs in defeat, Emily chirped, "Do a bang-up job on my chores especially little guy, I don't want mom thinking I'm not her perfect little angel."

#### New Sheriff in town

I had been doing ALL of the chores for a week or so until one night, my mom called me, Derek and Emily into the living room for a family meeting. I was now always nervous, hoping mom wouldn't find out about me and Derek giving my muscle-bound 11-year old sister all of our T patches or the fact that she had now intimidated me, her 3 year's older brother into doing all of her chores for her. Not that I cared what my mom might do to me. That would be easy, I was actually more scared of what my little sister might do to me.

Us kids all sat on the couch across from my mom. Derek to the left of me and Em to my right. My mom looked at us and said, "I'm sorry to have to tell you kids this, but Chuck and I are taking a little time off from each other." "WHAT!" Emily screamed at the top of her lungs. Loud enough to scare the shit out of me and make my heart stop for a minute. Emily then stood up and said again loudly, "What does that mean mom?" "It means, Emily, that your father and I are having a tough time getting along lately and we're going to take a few weeks off. He's going to stay at your uncle's house in Archstone for a bit while we figure things out." "Archstone!" Emily said again in a piercing voice, "But that's like an hour away...when will I see him?" "Again, I'm so sorry Emily, and boys, but he'll be here on the weekends to pick you kids up and bring you back Sunday night's" Tears started to rush through Emily's eyes and having her real dad leave the house was crushing her. She practically leaped over the side of the couch and rushed upstairs screaming mad.

My mom broke down in tears too, knowing she was upsetting her only daughter so badly. I walked over and gave my mom a big hug and told her it would be ok and I loved her. She said she loved me too and

we all were kind of sad knowing she might be going through another divorce and losing another husband.

Over the next couple of weeks, I had barely even seen my sister Emily. She was either in the basement working out or in her room. Finally, one day while my mom was at work, Emily walked upstairs and opened the door to Derek's room where we were playing Call of Duty. She was in workout sneakers, tight workout shorts and her typical sports bra. Her long brown hair was in the standard pony-tail and she must have just worked out because her muscles were pumped up and bulging from everywhere. At 5'5" tall and 130 plus pounds of nothing but muscle, she was as intimidating to me and my brother as you could imagine. I was still barely 5 feet tall and still under 100 pounds and Derek was probably 5'2" and maybe 115 pounds. As Derek and I looked in her direction she said, "You wimps have 30 minutes to move everything out of Dave's room and into here. You're both sharing Derek's room from now on." Without thinking Derek said, "Did mom say that or are you asking?" Emily jumped at us in an instant, grabbed us both by our hair and easily physically took control of us both as she yanked us towards my room and ordered, "I'm not asking you little shits, I'm telling you to do it." Both of us screamed in pain as the long locks of our hair were being pulled from our scalps while she easily led us down the hall to my room. Emily threw us inside and said in the most stern and commanding voice, "30 minutes, or you're both getting your asses kicked...and I'm not Fucking Around!"

We heard my sister walk down to her room and slam her door shut. She was obviously pissed about something we did, but I couldn't figure out what. I was still in a state of shock but knew the best thing to do right now was to move my stuff into Derek's room and hope my mom made things right when she got home in a few hours. My brother was always mild mannered and usually non-confrontational, but this was going to ruin his whole video game set up and he decided he just could not accept that. While he went back to his room, I was not about to disobey a direct order from my little sister so I grabbed a few things and walked down to Derek's room. He met me at his door and refused to let me in. "C'mon." I said loudly, "Let me in." "No!" he answered loudly. "You're not moving your crap in here!" Like my little sister, Derek was also bigger than me and if he didn't want me in his room, I couldn't force my way in.

Emily heard our arguing and came blasting out of her room and towards us. Her giant quad muscles were busting out of her skin as she took each forceful stride and she looked 6'5" and 250 pounds to me at that moment of terror. I gulped deeply and said in the most scared and meager voice ever, "Derek won't let me move in." She moved swiftly by me and heaved her shoulder right into Derek's chest, catapulting him back across his room and into his dresser. The force crushed his lungs and as the wind got completely knocked out of him. Emily had the strength of ten men as she easily hoisted him up off the ground and threw him into the same dresser again. Derek now laid lifeless on the ground and I thought she had fricking killed him. He laid still briefly but then kind of rolled on his side a little bit and finally gasped for air and started to breathe again. He noticed Emily towering hugely above him and weakly put up his arm in defense. Emily was still in a moment of rage and gave him one stiff punch right to the nose. Blood flew out and onto the ground and Derek screamed in pain and immediately moved

into the fetal position while crying and whimpering uncontrollably. My little sister had turned my bigger, younger brother into a pathetic crying mess in 15 seconds and I knew she could do the same to me. I stood motionless in fear as I looked at what she had just done to Derek. She then walked up to me, peered down, practically put her finger through my chest as she poked it forcefully and said, "Now you two have 25 minutes left, or I'll be back here to do the same but maybe a little worse...got it?" I knew I was probably shaking too erratically for her to tell, but I nodded my head yes in obedience.

My brother was still whimpering on the ground with a bloody nose, broken ribs probably and the complete loss of any pride and in the fetal position. So I took measures into my own hands and began running to and from my room, literally just grabbing my shit and throwing it into Derek's room. After I had transferred my entire closet full of clothes and other crap, I then got behind my dresser and somehow, even at under 100 pounds, managed to push it out of my room and down the hall. The night stand was easy and although difficult, I got my mattress into Derek's room too. Finally, not wanting to leave it to chance, and having only minutes left, I began ripping the posters off my walls too. I didn't want to get completely thrashed like my brother because of a fucking picture on the wall. Derek's room was a fucking disaster zone but I had managed to get everything out of my room in the allowed time.

Emily strolled down the hall right at 30 minutes to peer into my old room. "Good job short-stuff" she said as she patted me on the top of the head like I was her younger brother. "Now, get your and Derek's room nice and tidy before mom gets home, got it?" "Yep, I got it." I responded and quickly turned to follow my latest command.

It took us hours, but Derek and I finally got shit as organized as we could for having all of our stuff in one small bedroom. Luckily our twin beds were part of the same original set and we could turn them into bunk beds, giving us more room. We were still hopeful my mom could straighten everything out for us and couldn't wait for her to get home. As expected, eventually we heard the garage door open as my mom was getting home from work. Derek and I wanted to race down stairs to greet her but my sister was onto us and waiting in the middle of the hallway. She had her herculean legs spread wide, and bulging arms outstretched against each side of the hall. There was no way my skinny brother and I could work past her. As we stopped our advance, Emily began walking briskly towards us. We both ran back into Derek's room and slammed the door behind us. A few seconds later, my little sister opened up the door while we dove under his bed for protection against her. As she slowly walked towards the bed, Derek and I scooted back as far as we could against the wall, tighter than sardines, hoping she couldn't reach us. Emily slowly bent down, looked in at us, laughed hysterically and said, "Look at you trembling little girls, hiding from your big bag little sister, hoping she doesn't make you cry some more." "Well." she finished, "Stay right where you are for now. I've got to have a little chat with mom about things."

I didn't know what the hell Emily was going to blame us for, but I was going to stay right where I was till she told us we could get out. Derek was still feeling the pain of his earlier beating and we both quietly chatted about what a muscle-bound freak our little sister had become. We plotted about eventually

getting revenge when we hit our growth spurts and finally got much bigger than her. Derek said he couldn't wait to kick her butt.

## Meeting

What seemed like 30 minutes passed until Derek's bedroom door opened up. We were still jammed up against the wall and still a little fearful of what our little sister might do to us. She calmly walked over and said, "It's ok girls, you can come out now, I'm not going to hurt you again." I wasn't totally convinced but didn't want to disobey her either, so I slowly slid out from under the bed to face Emily. She had changed and was now wearing those high heeled Converse Chuck Taylor shoes that had a 3" or 4" lift making her now 5'9" tall and easily 9" taller than me, thin white yoga pants which made her muscle-bound thighs look even bigger than they were and a small light blue crop top showing off her buff abs and exposing her traps and bulging shoulders and biceps. Derek stood up next to me and we both had to practically strain our necks to look up at our towering younger sister.

"Follow me girls. I need you to join me and mom downstairs so I can lay out the new house rules to you all." she instructed as she turned and began walking downstairs. We quickly followed her, and couldn't wait for mom to set our bully of a sister straight about all this nonsense. As I made my way down the stairs and to the living room I peered at my mom. She had two swollen eyes, a bloody nose and dark bruises on each arm. "Oh my god mom." I screamed, "are you ok, what happened?" Without answering me, she slowly looked up at Emily for guidance. Emily nodded her head yes for some reason and my mom looked back at me and answered, "Your sister and I had a little meeting and she needed to express how she felt about my recent split with your step father Chuck, and also set some new rules around here. We agreed and now we're having this nice little family meeting." Bewildered, I looked up at my younger sister, realizing she had just beat the shit out of our mom and had immediately taken over the Alpha role in the family.

"Sit next to your mother girls." Emily instructed me and Derek as she took a seat on the chair across from us. "So." she began, "mom is making poor choice after poor choice after poor choice." "First she gets married and has one kid, then quickly gets divorced, then she gets married and has another kid and quickly gets divorced, then she has me and is now getting divorced from my dad. It's clear that she's incapable of making good decisions, so we've come to the agreement that I'll be making all of the decisions around here now. Right Judy?" she finished as she looked at our mom after calling her by her name instead of mom. "Right miss Emily." my mom responded quickly after never calling her miss Emily in my entire life. I sat stunned realizing the power shift that was occurring before my eyes and quickly realized the unreal situation that we were now in.

Just as that realization was hitting me, Emily reached in a small bag, grabbed a couple garments out and tossed one to me and one to Derek. "Put them on." she instructed us. I held the garment out and

realized that it was one of Emily's blue Easter dresses. "What?" I asked as I looked back at my younger sister, quickly realizing I should never question her. "I'll give you that one question Denise." she answered as she looked right at me. "Yes." she said, "you and your little wuss of a sister Jennifer have acted like prissy little girls and as long as you're acting like that, you may as well dress like girls and have girl names. Now put on your dresses Denise and Jen." I looked at my brother in disbelief and then looked back at my mom. Instead of getting some sort of reassurance from her she simply said, "Now Denise, you and your sister Jennifer should probably be wearing clothes that suit you, so let's get those pretty little dresses on ok."

As we took off our clothes down to our small, tight Under Armour underwear and slid on our dresses, the embarrassment hit me like a bullet and I turned bright red. Derek...I mean Jennifer did the same and I couldn't wait to earn my male status back. Emily noticed our embarrassment and decided to turn it up a notch. "Judy." she said, "Let's go to Chilis for dinner tonight. But let's make my new little sisters as pretty as those dresses. Fix their hair and add a touch of make-up while you're at it, they need to really live up to their recent behavior." I couldn't believe what the fuck my little sister was making us do, but she was obviously stronger than myself, Judy and Jennifer and I decided to play along until miss Emily finally calmed down from her damn Testosterone induced behavior.

After 30 minutes of priming and application, my mom seemed satisfied with her work and said we were presentable to go. I looked at myself and Jennifer in the mirror and couldn't believe my eyes. My mom was obviously a make-up magician because as I looked at my reflection, It was petite little Denise staring back at me and David was no where in sight. I peered over at Jennifer and she was looking just as girly. Judy then gave Jennifer and I some feminine walking instructions and had us go down to meet miss Emily. As we slowly made our way down the stairs, my Alpha sister was smiling from ear to ear. "Bravo." she said, "Bravo. No let's keep this classiness up all night and try not to make miss Emily upset, shall we." As much as I dreaded what she was making us do, I did love Chilis and was really looking forward to the BBQ bacon burger and fries.

Judy drove us to the restaurant and we all walked gingerly up to the hostess. "Oh my god." the 16 or 17-year-old hostess blurted, "you girls are soo cute. How old are you?" she asked. My towering little sister answered, "Well Denise here is 12 and her little sister Jennifer is 11." "Too cute." the hostess said again as she grabbed 4 menus and walked us to our seats. The hostess was really cute too I thought, but I didn't dare say anything to her because it would be far more embarrassing for her to realize I was a boy dressed as a girl, than for her to just think I was a girl.

Miss Emily had Jennifer slide in the booth first, followed by me and then Judy all on one side, while she slid in the opposite side all by herself. The hostess then handed me and Jennifer kid's menus with crayons while Judy and miss Emily each got real ones. I began to look towards my mom's menu when my little sister said, "You know Denise and Jennifer, real little girls would be taking the crayons out of the box and trying to draw the best little unicorn, while us grown-ups talk." With that, Jennifer and I

grabbed the crayons and began to follow miss Emily's latest instruction. "Whatever." I thought, "at least I'll be biting into a nice juicy burger in a few minutes and I can briefly forget about this whole situation."

The waitress soon arrived and asked for our drink order. I was about to blurt out Coke, when miss Emily quickly spoke up and said, "The girls will each have pink lemonade, Judy is good with water and I would like an iced tea." Damn her, I thought, I was looking forward to a Coke...pink lemonade doesn't go good with a burger. It was bugging me to watch miss Emily take control of every aspect of our night but I could tell she was loving it. I looked back down at my kid's menu and decided to concentrate on my drawing. It was kind of easy since the unicorn was already there, you just had to color it in basically. I hadn't had a kid menu in 4 years, but it was actually kind of fun. We soon got our drinks and the waitress asked for our food order. I knew what I wanted and began to blurt it out. Before I could finish, miss Emily laughed out loud and looked at me in a way I knew meant to shut up. She then looked back at the hostess and said, the girls will have kids cheese pizza with a side of ranch. Judy here will have your house salad and I'll have the filet, medium rare with a side of broccoli and potatoes.

The waitress left to put in our order and I looked at my sister and raised my hand. She said, "What is it Denise?" "I don't like cheese pizza and I hate ranch." "No no no." she responded, "12-year-old Denise loves cheese pizza and ranch...doesn't she?" I just looked at her with a blank stare so she followed up, "Girls, tell me how much you love it.... tell me." at that point, we knew what was going on and Jennifer and I both responded, "we love cheese pizza and ranch." Judy looked at us and winked and said, "Oh you will love it girls, trust me, all little girls love ranch." With that, miss Emily looked back at Judy and decided to tell her what had happened between us recently.

"You know Judy." she started, "Denise here was plotting to tattle on me for something a few months back. So, I invited her down to my gym to see if I could teach her a little lesson. I knew I was taller than her and a few pounds heavier, but when she felt my big, hard bicep and then I felt her soft little twig arms, I knew I was stronger too. She couldn't even curl with both arms what I could easily do several reps of with one. I picked her up like a leaf and gave her a couple of playful slaps. She started crying like a baby Judy...like a little girl I thought. I loved that superior feeling Judy. Then, once I had Denise totally under my control, I decided to double my efforts in the gym. I knew I wanted to be able to beat up both the prissy little siblings and show them who was boss. So, I did and I got really, really strong. Earlier tonight, Jennifer gave me some lip, so I taught her a lesson too. Now they're so scared of me, they hide under their bed when I walk in. Boys don't act like that Judy." she said, "That's why, I think they'll be Denise and Jennifer for quite a while longer. Do you agree Judy." "Of course, I do miss Emily." my mom answered, "You're so smart and so strong, you really should be making all the decisions for us moving forward." "Thank you Judy." my younger sister answered, "That's what I think too." She then looked at me and Jennifer, reached her right arm up, flexed her huge bicep and said, "Do you girls agree with Judy here?" We both nodded our heads yes, again totally in awe of the size, thickness and hardness of my sister's massive bicep.

In trouble...

My hulking, muscle building little sister had certainly laid down the law to me, my brother, I mean sister Jennifer and my mom. The double dose of T-Patches she was using had turned her into a bit of a stubborn bully and I knew I needed to just survive this hopefully short-lived period of time until she could mentally handle herself.

So, about a week later one morning, Emily summoned us down to the breakfast table. Jennifer and I quickly put our long hair in our mandatory pony tails. My brother, I mean sister put hers in one long pony to the rear of her head, while I was instructed to always fix my long hair in two pony tails more to the sides than straight back. We arrived down to the table in the pajamas Emily instructed us to wear as well. I was in pink “Barbie” pj’s while Jen wore her mandated “Frozen” pajamas. My mom also had on her prescribed uniform which was a French maid’s outfit, more suitable for a woman’s Halloween costume, but my little, much bigger sister thought it was perfect for my mom who simply followed every instruction to the T.

Judy, Jennifer and myself all sat in our assigned positions on one side of the table while Emily sat ominously on the other. Her rounded, buff shoulders, thickening neck and large biceps hovered over us as she carried the weight and muscle of a 16 or 17-year-old football linebacker, instead of a 12-year-old girl. Her large bodied genetics, the T-patches and massive amounts of food and supplements she was on, were working at an incredible level. It helped that her seat was also purposely higher than ours and I don’t think I had ever been as intimidated in my life as I was right now, staring at my very unhappy looking, muscle bound sister.

She looked across the table at my mom and asked, “Judy, did you take an energy drink out of the fridge last night?” “No miss Emily.” My mom responded quickly. My sister then looked at me and asked, “Denise, did you take an energy drink out of the fridge last night?” “No miss Emily.” I responded immediately, shaking almost uncontrollably in this situation. Finally, she looked next to me and asked, “Jennifer, did you take an energy drink from the fridge last night?” There was a slight pause, then Jennifer answered, “Umm, no, um, I didn’t do it miss Emily.” “You know Jennifer, I have all of you on very strict calorie intakes for a reason. I can’t have you growing out of all of the cute little dresses and outfits you have. Any extra money we have, needs to be spent on my necessary supplements, food and T-patches...not new clothing for you, right Jennifer?” Jennifer was shaking like a leaf now. Shaking so bad, all she could do was nod in agreement and almost too frightened to speak.

Emily then looked back at me and my mom and asked, “What do you girls think about that? Am I being unreasonable.?” “No.” we both blurted out instantly, not wanting to incur the wrath she could easily

doll out in her pumped-up state. “I agree girls.” She answered, but there has to be some punishment for not obeying my direct orders, do you also agree?” Without hesitation, my mom and I again said, “Yes!” and being as intimidated as I was, I added, “We must always follow your orders.” With that, Emily stood up. She was again wearing her workout shoes that looked like high-tops but had a few inches of extra lift built in. My little sister towered over us all and because she was wearing her short, black workout shorts and white workout tank top, her bulging muscles flexed greatly with each step she made to our side of the breakfast table. She walked past us and stood by the sink. “Denise, Judy, come here.” She demanded. Obviously, my mom and I jumped to our feet and stood next to my towering sister.

In an instant, Emily grabbed the back of my hair, lifted me forcefully off the ground, my feet dangling beneath me, bent me over the counter edge and slammed my head under the surface of the water in the full sink. Simultaneously, she had also done the same to my mom and our heads were both completely dunked under water. At first, I didn’t panic, as I could hold my breath a bit. But the seconds ticked on and within 30 seconds, I thought she was going to drown me. Emily knew mom and I were running out of air and briefly lifted our heads up for a breath before quickly slamming our heads back under the water. I had taken a big breath but that air eventually ran out and I pushed as hard as I could against the counter to lift my head. It was of no use though. Emily easily overpowered me and my struggles only made me run out of air faster. She lifted our heads again for a slight breath, but it wasn’t even enough time to get a lot of air and I knew this dunk could be fatal. I tried to relax at first, but as time went by, my mom and I fought as hard as we could against Emily’s strong thick arms to get up. It was of no use. My little sister was too powerful, she could force her will against us and I realized that she could easily defeat and even drown two of us at once. The strength completely faded from my body and although still alive, I was motionless and the world turned black for me as I lost consciousness and realized my fate.

In what could have been 30 seconds or 30 minutes, I eventually heard loud crying and slowly opened my eyes to find myself lying on my back at the base of the sink, covered in water. I slowly gained focus and rolled my head to the right to see my mother, also lying on the floor next to me, as she began to also regain her senses. A few feet away, I noticed my brother, I mean sister Jennifer on her knees crying loudly and begging Emily not to hurt him. She noticed me and my mom’s regained state and said, “Crawl over here on your knees you ungrateful bitches and start kissing my feet.” My mom and I slowly crawled over, with whatever strength we could muster, and started paying her the respect she now demanded.

As the three of us paid our ultimate respect, my sister said forcefully, “I don’t want to have to punish you. Believe me, it hurts me as much as it hurts you to go through this. But from this point forward, when I tell you to do something, you don’t ask why, you don’t ask when, you just do it. Do you all understand me?” “Yes! Miss Emily.” We replied, “Yes, we understand you.” With that clarification and agreement, my towering, muscular sister said, “Good. Now you’re my family, and I love you all, so as long as we’re all in agreement, things will be much more fun around here. Go get cleaned up now girls

and meet me in the gym in 10 minutes.” With that, we got to our feet and scurried upstairs to get changed....

## Gym

As usual, Jennifer and I scurried up to our room and threw on our workout clothes. I had a pink skort-skirt, which is basically short tights underneath a short skirt, so girls’ privates aren’t shown when being active. I then threw on my white lulu lemon shirt which had a wide neck line, like all girls’ shirts, and short sleeves to show off my very scrawny arms. It amazed me how soft and comfortable girls’ clothes were compared to boys’ clothes and I really preferred them now over my old jeans and itchy t-shirts. The shirt was also short and showed off my abs, which I only had because I was so skinny, not from working out. My younger brother, I mean sister Jennifer had the same outfit only with a light blue skirt and pink top. I then quickly checked my ponytails, threw on the very light amount of foundation and ran down stairs to the gym.

Jennifer followed close behind and we lined up on a small piece of white tape at the entrance to the gym, waiting for my hulking baby sister Emily to inspect us and grant us entry. My 3-years younger but much larger sister Emily finished a couple of stretches and then walked up to us. Jennifer and I were both wearing cute Chuck Taylors, like all girls our age wore and they had very little rise and were basically flat soled shoes. Emily had on some runners with probably a 1 ½ inch lift. She also had on her shorts that were like Dolphin running shorts from back in the day but probably shorter and also had on a white workout bra. Her quads bulged with each step and it seemed like a single leg of hers had more muscle than my entire skinny body. Her abs bulged out massively and her torso looked like large slabs of muscle on top of more muscle. Emily’s shoulders and arms looked like that of a some of the biggest linebackers on our high school football team and she even had traps leading up to her thick neck.

As my little sister reached me, she peered down easily 7 inches to my eyes and looked like an absolute muscle-bound beast. My heart raced with nervousness every time I was in the presence of her physically superior form, and I could barely even remember a time now where I wasn’t scared of her. She inspected me up and down a couple of times and then looked over at my mom and said, “My God Judy, Isn’t Denise just the cutest little girl you’ve ever laid eyes on, with her perfect, thin bird legs and these teeny-weeny little arms?” With that, she grabbed my wrist and pulled my arm straight out. Emily’s fore arm was probably twice as thick as my bicep, which I didn’t even have. Then, to my surprise, my hulking little sister grabbed me in a bear hug and easily lifted me two feet off the ground. Her rock-hard body could easily crush me and I felt like a teeny-weeny, puny little girl in her herculean grasp. She held me so tightly I couldn’t take a breath and I tried not to panic as I was slowly, and I think unintentionally being suffocated. My little sister had become so fucking strong, she could actually squeeze the life out of me on accident.

Just as I thought I might pass out, Emily stopped her little love fest and put me back down. I dropped to the ground, completely absent of strength and gasped for a breath of life. Emily quickly realized what she'd done and reached down to help me up and said honestly, "I'm so sorry pip-squeak, I had no idea you were so frail." Not that I could help it, but tears ran uncontrollably down my face as I stood there trembling slightly in front of her, hoping she wasn't mad at me for almost passing out. She reached over and gave me a peck on the cheek and told me she wouldn't squeeze me so hard next time.

After that, she instructed me and Jennifer to walk over to the scale on the far side of the gym. As we followed her, I noticed her quads and massive calves bulge gigantically with each step. I then looked down at my legs, watching no bulge at all and thinking just one of Emily's legs were easily larger than both of mine put together. She also had a rounded, buff butt and it seemed rock hard and jam packed with muscle, just like the rest of her body. Her workouts, her supplements, her massive food intake and the T-Patches along with her genetics had turned her into this muscle-bound freak of a little sister that could easily snap my neck with the slightest effort.

We arrived at the scale and Emily put her strong hands under my armpits and lifted me like a feather into the air. She then rotated me over the scale and gently placed me on it. I waited for the numbers to stop flashing and then stood in awe as the number stopped at 92 pounds. "What?" I said, "Only 92 pounds?...I was 96 pounds a couple months ago...now I'm only 92???" Emily's mouth opened in awe and she looked at my mom. My mom's eyes were opened wide like she knew why so I looked at her and said, "Mom why am I losing weight and now even skinnier than ever?" Emily took the lead and said, "Well Denise, you're such a petite little cutie, I thought it would be fun to give you a little help with keeping you that way." "What does that mean?" I asked inquisitively. "Hmmm." She answered, "Do you remember mom took you to the doctor a while ago and while there you got a little shot?" Yes, I nodded. "Well, it was a little puberty blocker called Triptudor, and it's supposed to suppress puberty for up to 12 months."

I stood there shocked, 15 years old but only 5 feet tall and 92 pounds. I was the size of an average 12-year-old girl and when I looked at myself in the mirror, with my cute skirt and top and long hair in pony tails, that's exactly what I saw. Emily snickered a little and then brushed me aside and off the scale with ease. At that point, she easily lifted Jennifer up and placed her on the scale. To both her and Emily's amazement, she too had lost weight. My little brother, I mean sister Jennifer registered 102 pounds of skin and bones, down from 115 before she too got the shot. She was as skinny as me, but 2 inches taller and about the size of an average 13-year-old girl. With that, Emily looked at my mom and said, "Mission accomplished Judy, I finally have the two younger sisters I always wanted!" She walked over and gave my mom a high-five while Jennifer and I stared in shock of what we were now in for the next 12 months.

Emily then looked at us and said, "Denise, Jennifer, come over here girls." We followed her over to a rack with several weighted barbells on it. On their sides read 20, 30, 40, 50 and so on up to 90 pounds. They looked really heavy, about three feet long with the large, round, rubber black weighted ends with

the numbers printed on them. Emily lifted the 30-pounder off the rack like it weighed 2 pounds and handed it to me. As I grabbed it and she let go, the immense weight overcame me and it dropped to my thighs as I struggled to even hold the massive load. My muscle-bound sister said, "Curl it." I tried with every muscle fiber I didn't even have and couldn't even lift it an inch. I waited a moment and tried once more. Again, the weight was ridiculous and I could barely even budge it off my thigh. Finally, my grip gave out and I dropped it to the ground. "Oh my gosh you little pansy." She said as she easily lifted it with one hand and gave it to Jennifer.

Jen met the same fate I did and the weight dropped immediately to her skinny thighs, just where her skirt met her thin legs. She too tried to lift the weight, but her frail arms had no biceps either and Jen could not budge the weight. Like me, my other little sister gave it a second try, and barely moved it off her legs. With that, Em looked at us and said, "OK girls, I want both of you to try." She then nudged me next to Jen and I reached down to also grab the weight. It felt heavy, but with all four of our frail arms, Jen and I managed to slowly lift the weight all the way up. "Yaaa!" Em shouted. My teeny-weeny sisters could actually lift the weight. I guess for a second, I felt proud, but then instantly realized it took both of us to lift it while my baby 12-Year-Old sister had lifted it with one arm. She then easily snatched it from us and placed it back on the rack.

With our small goal accomplished, Em grabbed the 40-pounder and handed that to me and Jen. It felt insanely heavier than the 30-pound bar and as it drooped down by the base of my skirt, I knew it was going to be impossible. Emily looked at us both and said, "OK girls...LIFT!" Jen and I strained with all we had, but our weak little pencil arms had almost no muscle or strength and the bar barely even budged. Emily laughed hysterically, grabbed the weight, stood two feet in front of us and easily began to curl the bar. As her bicep muscles bulged to an incredible size had me and Jen count out "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6...all the way to 10." Emily then easily placed that on the rack and a minute later grabbed the 50-pounder. Seemingly as easily, my little bad-ass muscle-bound sister cranked out 10 reps with that weight too.

She took another minor rest, took a sniff of some sort of smelling salt, shook her head then said, "Let's GO!" and grabbed the 80-pounder. I could hardly believe my eyes as she just lifted the bar off the rack that was more than double what me and Jen could lift with all of our combined strength. With a huge scream and a stern look of determination, my 12-Year-Old sister heaved and bulged from every muscle, many of which I didn't even know existed, and slowly lifted the 80-pound bar up and to her chest. As it hit her buff chest, Emily dropped the weight, jumped up 5 feet in the air with her muscle laden biceps and fore arms outstretched high claiming victory. She then instinctively flexed both biceps massively just two feet in front of us, her two feeble sisters and said, "Feel these babies girls!...Feel the fucking power my massive muscles possess!!!" With our skinny little girl arms outstretched, I felt the biggest, most rock-hard bicep I had ever felt or seen. She was truly massive, ultimately more powerful and bigger than I could ever imagine being. It was awe inspiring and I had no words and only shock and admiration for her incredible size and strength.

Realizing she was now more than twice as strong as both of her former older brothers, who were now her petite little sisters gave Emily a complete and overwhelming sense of satisfaction. We were no longer older siblings that had to be challenged and dominated, but feeble, weak siblings that she could now act as protector and mentor for as her strength and power were complete and totally unchallenged. Her word was law and Jen and I would be quick to obey every suggestion or look like an order from up high.

“My God” I thought. With the shots me and Jennifer got, we were going to be trapped in this 12 and 13-year-old girl state, while Emily piled on pounds of muscle and inches in height. I think the shot was messing with our brains too because Jennifer and I had become addicted to movies like The Princess Diaries, Frozen, Frozen 2 and Tangled and had been watching them over and over and even role playing the parts and singing Let It Go word for word. At the same time, we for some reason enjoyed dressing up as girls, being fun and cute and wearing dresses and skirts. For Halloween that year, it was a fight between me and Jennifer on who would be Elsa from Frozen and who would be Rapunzel from Tangled. There was never any thought of being a policeman or fireman or super hero.

Meanwhile, Emily piled on the pounds of muscle and strength and by the end of the year was almost 5'8" tall and 150 pounds. My sister had massive 14" or 15" biceps and could now curl the 100-pound bar for reps, easily 3 or 4 times stronger than her cute little sisters combined. It was clear to me now that my bigger little sister would get stronger and more muscular than I would ever be.