



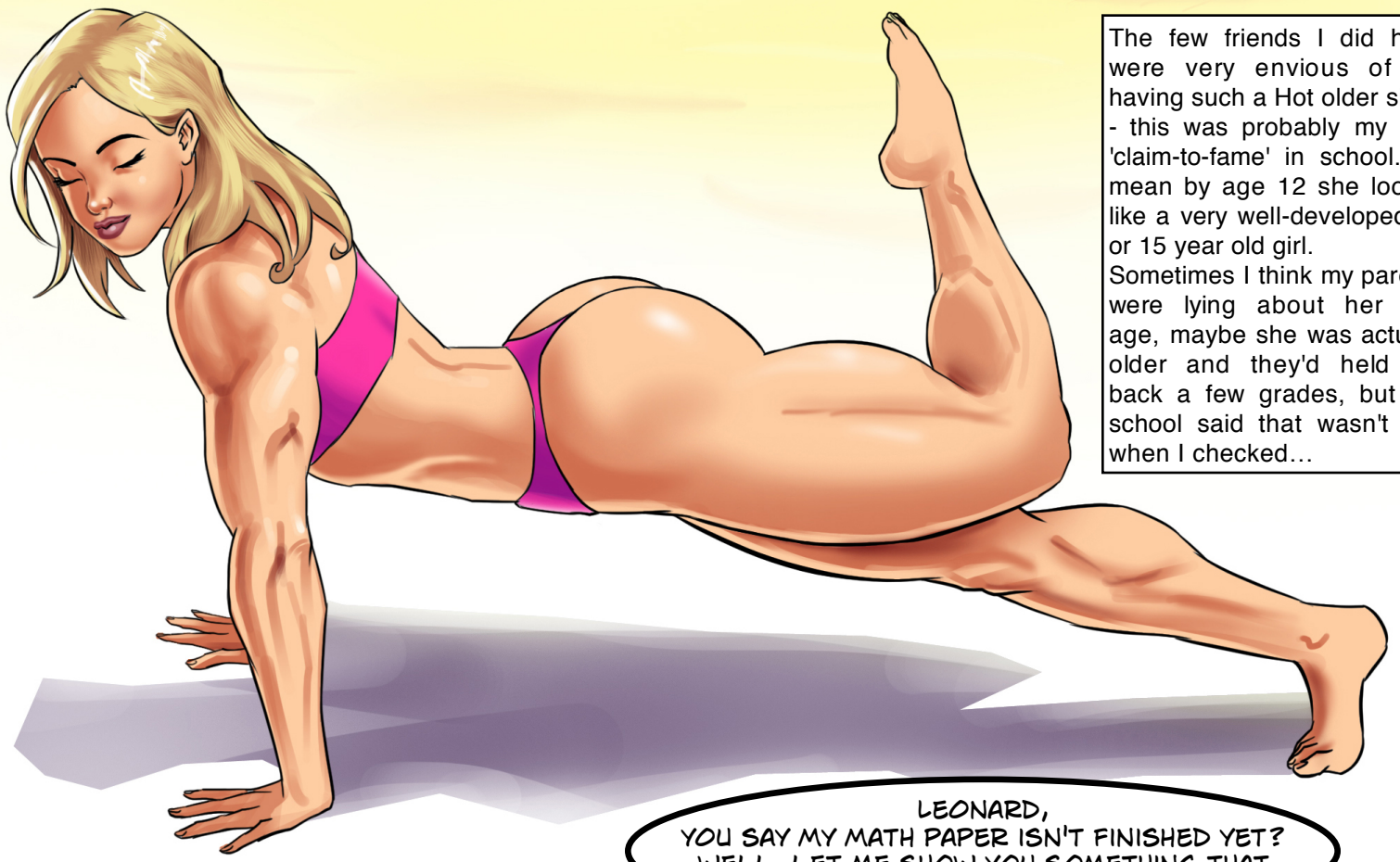
### I was a "SLAVE TO MY FEMJOCK SIS!"

Ever since I can remember, but older sister has been much bigger and stronger than me. Now many of you would say something like, "Well she is two years older than you"... or, "You'll catch up with her eventually..." But I won't! I never did, she was more than just normally bigger than be, she was like always TWO HEAD's taller than me, and in the strength dept. it was pretty much a joke! I was skinny and weak while she was always tall, athletic and super cute! I mean no one who didn't know us would even think we were related to each other. Christine was always doing sports while I was more on the nerdy side - not really a brain or anything, but I did try to keep my grades up. Both our parents were always working and pretty much never around so early on we were what they use to call "latch-key" children and Christine was always in charge. Most people who didn't really know us thought we must have had a great relationship because Chris always was so bubbly and out-going. Easy to make friends with and doing well in school even with all her athletic endeavors. OH! If they only knew the truth about having such an older sister... let me tell you, it was...

...a living HELL! Cause beneath that blonde, cutzie exterior was one very sadistic older sis! And she was good at it too - had our parents totally fooled and all the teacher's at school too. I guess when you look as hot as she does it comes easy and getting her way sure seemed to be the way things always worked out.

Chris was in dance and gymnastics since before I was born it seemed like. The instructors and coaches just loved her as she was very good at whatever sport she tried, and she loved to workout in the school's gym or the park gym or any gym since also before I could remember. I on the other hand hated exercise and was always picks last for any Physical Ed. sport they had at school or in the after school programs. Eventually I would just drop out of those things and sit around watching her perform beautifully in everything. It was actually more fun watching her than trying and failing and doing all the sweating myself, anyway.





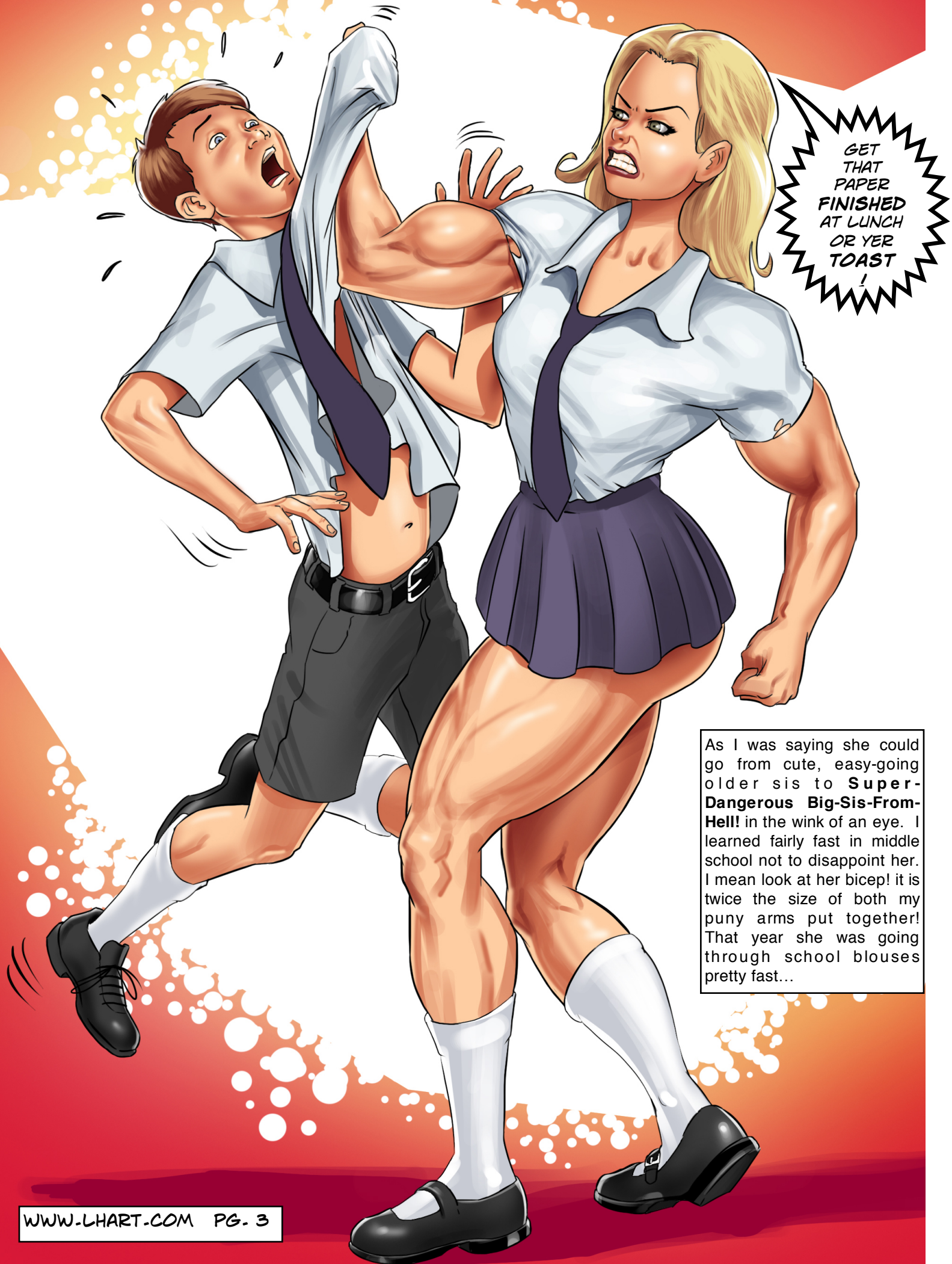
The few friends I did have were very envious of me having such a Hot older sister - this was probably my only 'claim-to-fame' in school. I mean by age 12 she looked like a very well-developed 14 or 15 year old girl. Sometimes I think my parents were lying about her true age, maybe she was actually older and they'd held her back a few grades, but the school said that wasn't true when I checked...

LEONARD,  
YOU SAY MY MATH PAPER ISN'T FINISHED YET?  
WELL, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT  
MIGHT FINISH...

Also she really was all that smart in her regular classes, and this was another hardship for me as I was always being made to fix or even write her reports and homework so she'd have more time for sports or working out at the gym!

AH, WELL,  
L-LOOK SIS I  
HAD MY BIG  
REPORT TO DO FOR  
KAMEN'S CLASS,  
AND Y-YOU  
KNOW, I-I-I...  
UH-OH-





GET THAT PAPER FINISHED AT LUNCH OR YER TOAST!

As I was saying she could go from cute, easy-going older sis to **Super-Dangerous Big-Sis-From-Hell!** in the wink of an eye. I learned fairly fast in middle school not to disappoint her. I mean look at her bicep! it is twice the size of both my puny arms put together! That year she was going through school blouses pretty fast...

I do want to say there were a few perks in having an older sister who was so much bigger and stronger than just about everyone else around. I remember a few time when we were both at the beach and this older local thug, meth-head type of guy was trying to rob me and my two friends of all our snack money until Christine came over and tapped him on his shoulder. By the time that guy turned around she had already knocked the knife from his hand and was gripping his wrist so tightly that you could hear his bones cracking over the pounding surf. She had him to his knees and begging her to let him go before the flies started to buzz in and out of my friends wide open mouths!



HEY LEO!  
WHY DON'T YOU OR  
ONE OF YER SLACK-  
MOUTHED LITTLE FRIENDS  
RUN UP TO COP WHO ALWAYS  
PARKS IN THE LOT OVER THERE  
FOR LUNCH. ASK HIM TO GET  
OVER HERE AND DO HIS  
DUTY FOR A CHANGE!

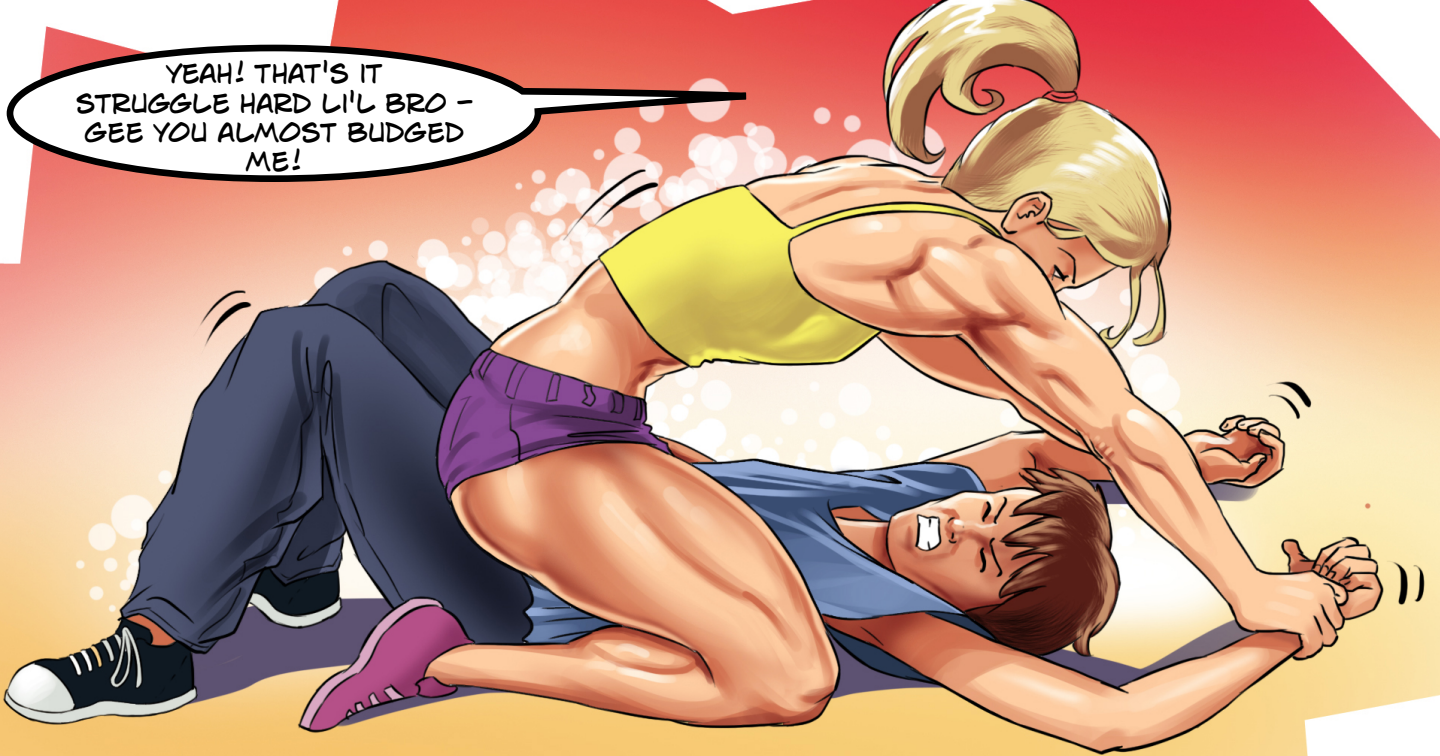


But I think I'm getting a little ahead of myself here as that beach incident happened when we were both in high-school. Let me take you back to when I first started getting an inkling of Christine's true nature... When we were just kids she liked to rough-house around the yard with me. We'd play at wrestling mostly as that was something she liked to watch on TV if she ever had time to watch between all her sports activities. I was her easily available sparing partner. She could get me down and pin me helpless easily and sometimes she would just tickle a submission out of me or other times if she needed some money or some of her chores done for her thing would kind of escalate to my extreme disadvantage...

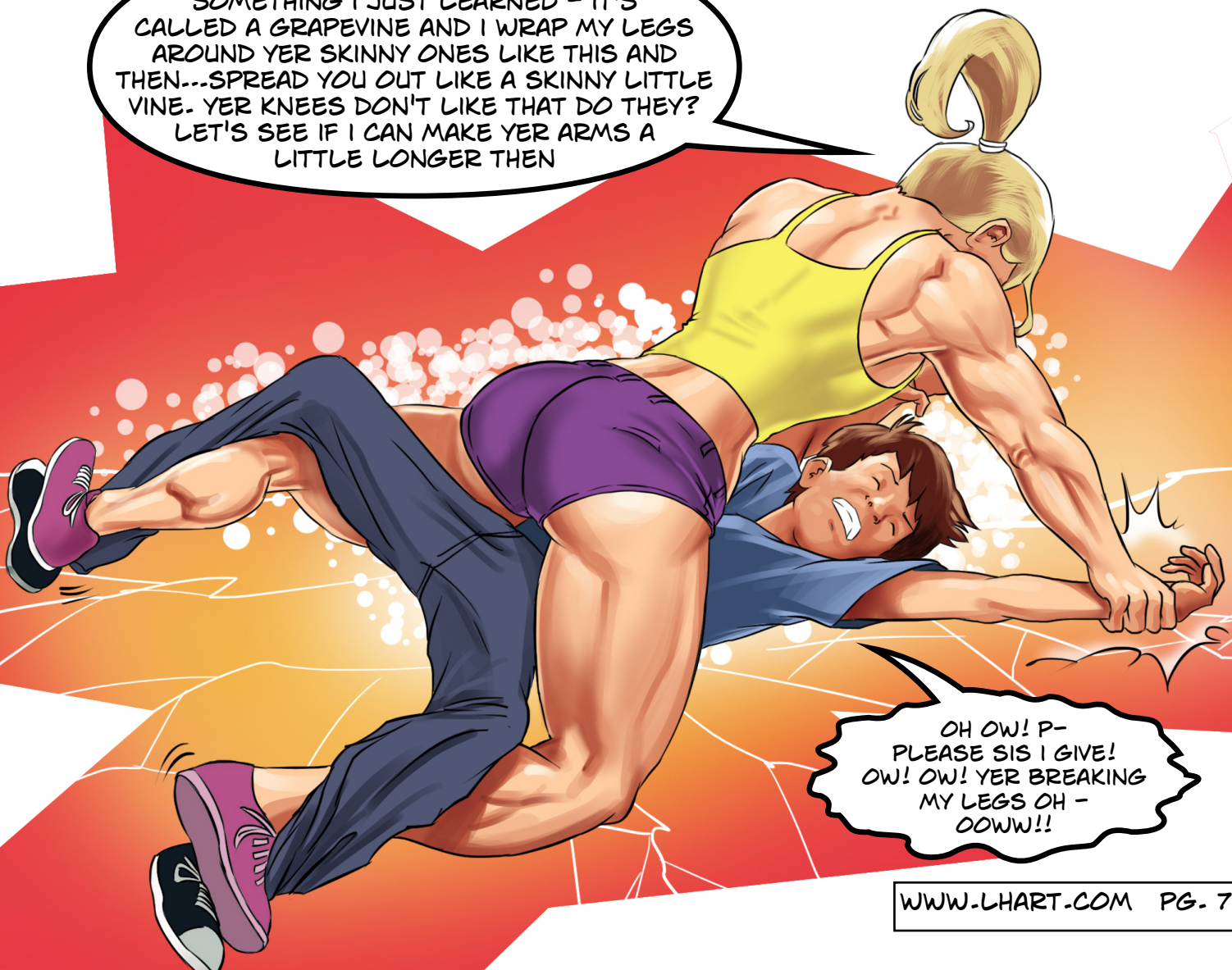


UH-OH LOOKS LIKE LITTLE LEONARD IS TRAPPED AGAIN - (SIGN)- JUST SO EASY PINNING YOU LI'L BRO...AND MOM & DAD OUT TO THE MOVIES AND ALL... HMMMMMM?

YEAH! THAT'S IT  
STRUGGLE HARD LI'L BRO -  
GEE YOU ALMOST BUDGED  
ME!



LET ME SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING I JUST LEARNED - IT'S  
CALLED A GRAPEVINE AND I WRAP MY LEGS  
AROUND YER SKINNY ONES LIKE THIS AND  
THEN...SPREAD YOU OUT LIKE A SKINNY LITTLE  
VINE. YER KNEES DON'T LIKE THAT DO THEY?  
LET'S SEE IF I CAN MAKE YER ARMS A  
LITTLE LONGER THEN

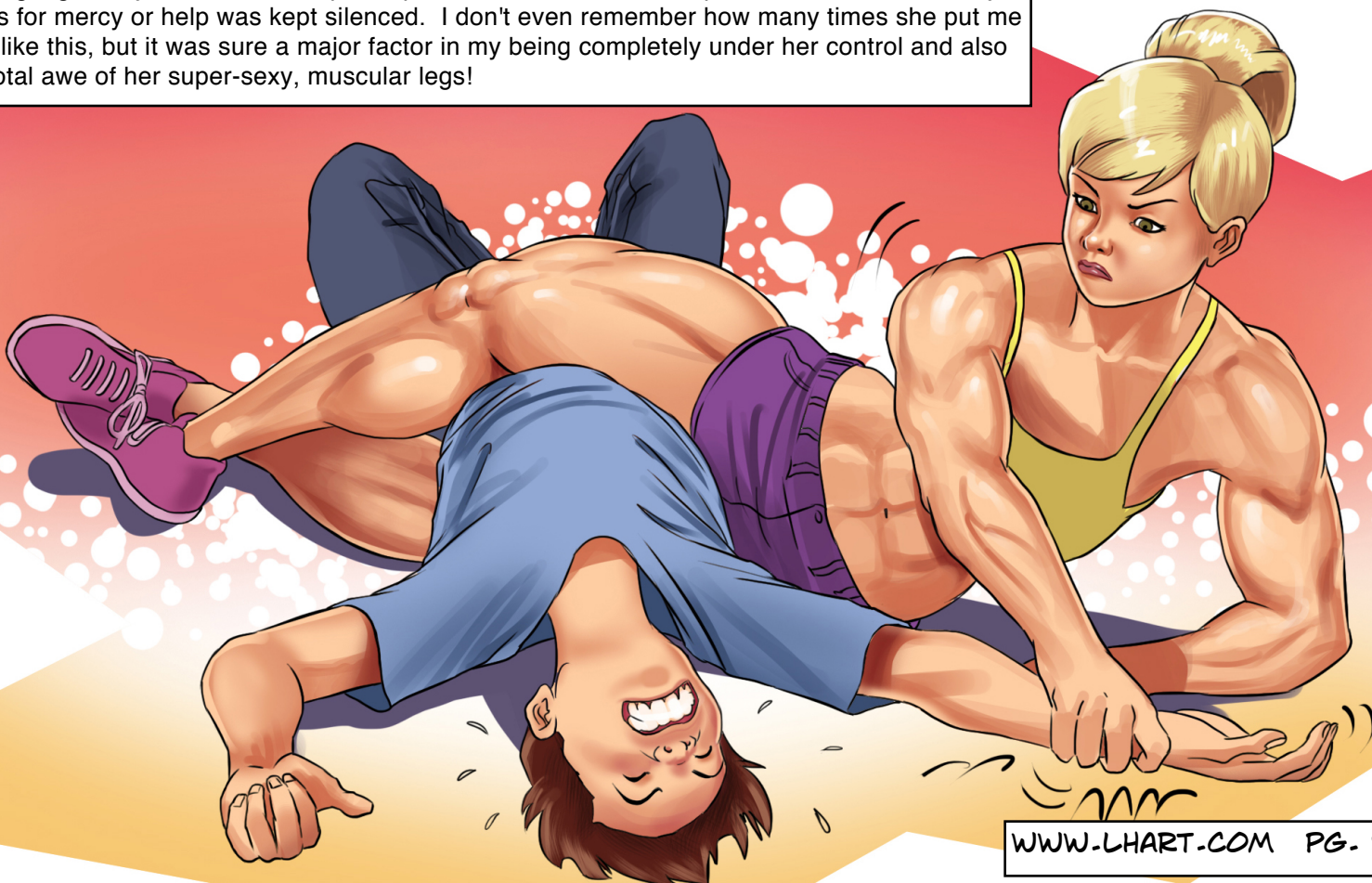


OH OW! P-  
PLEASE SIS I GIVE!  
OW! OW! YER BREAKING  
MY LEGS OH -  
OOWW!!

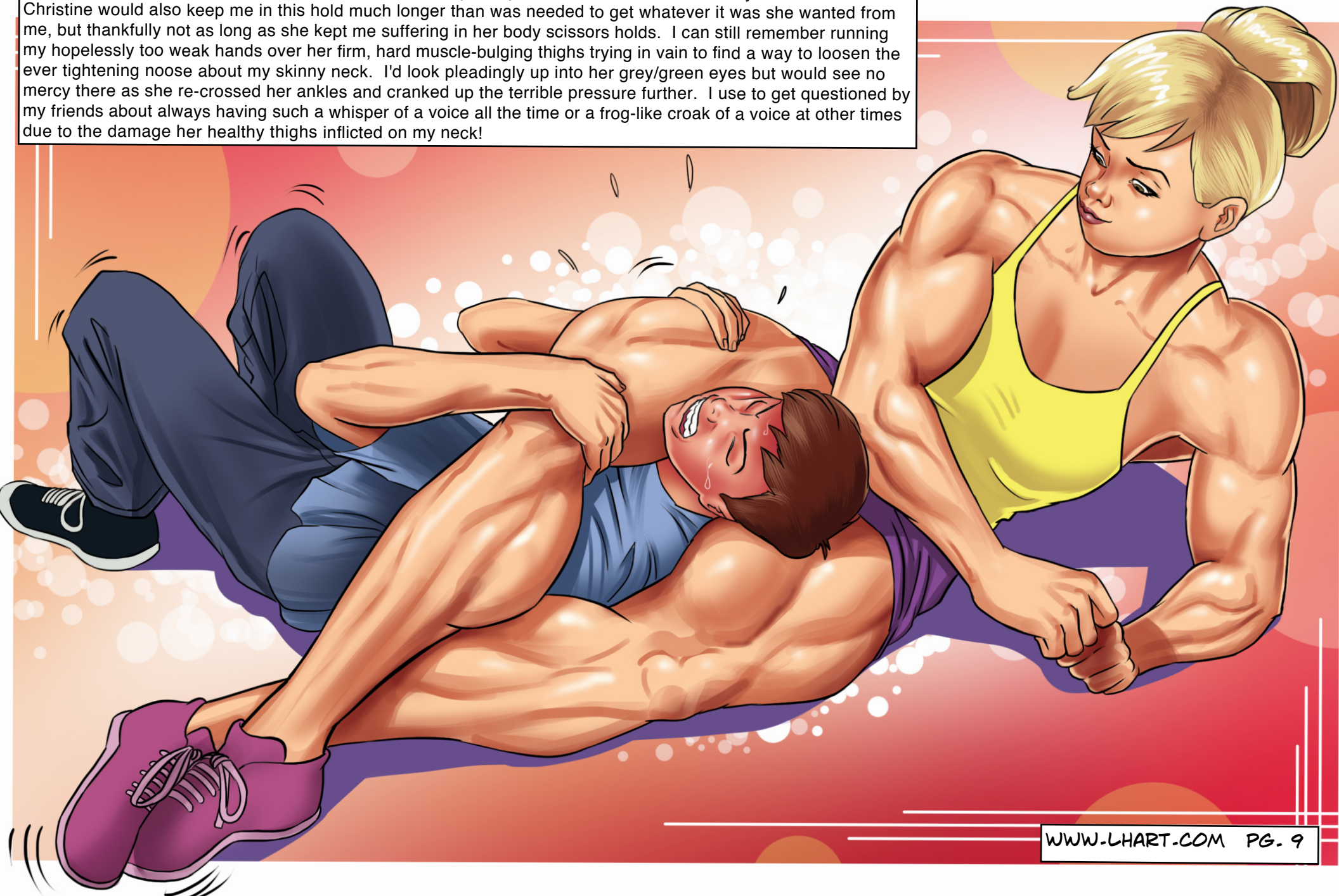
Christine had really strong legs even back then and just loved to get my skinny waist trapped between. She quickly became an expert with the scissors hold. Whenever she got me locked up into one I just became paralyzed with fear. There was just no way to escape!



Some of those afternoons I spent in utter agony as she experimented with how much pressure to apply or how to bend my ribs till almost breaking or keeping the pressure at just to point where I could no longer draw breath and watch me as my lips turned blue and I spun down into the dark pool of unconsciousness. If she put in just some of the time and concentration she did in torturing me like this into her class-work she would have been an A+ student for sure! Christine developed this total breath control bit over me with her super-strong legs early on so as to keep me quite on the rare times our parents were home so my yells for mercy or help was kept silenced. I don't even remember how many times she put me out like this, but it was sure a major factor in my being completely under her control and also in total awe of her super-sexy, muscular legs!



But the scissors hold that I grew to fear the most was the Head/Neck scissors lock! This one I knew could put my lights out for good real fast! Christine knew it too, but I think the feeling of having her brother so completely in fear of her and also knowing that she had that power of life & death over me really was a turn-on for her. I mean we were actually too young to really think about these things in a sexual way, but I'm quite certain now that these experiences with my muscularly superior older sister shaped my sexual libido for the rest of my life! Christine would also keep me in this hold much longer than was needed to get whatever it was she wanted from me, but thankfully not as long as she kept me suffering in her body scissors holds. I can still remember running my hopelessly too weak hands over her firm, hard muscle-bulging thighs trying in vain to find a way to loosen the ever tightening noose about my skinny neck. I'd look pleadingly up into her grey/green eyes but would see no mercy there as she re-crossed her ankles and cranked up the terrible pressure further. I use to get questioned by my friends about always having such a whisper of a voice all the time or a frog-like croak of a voice at other times due to the damage her healthy thighs inflicted on my neck!



On some of the few times I was able to get Christine in trouble with our parents. She would always give me a really severe session once she found out it was me who got her in trouble!

YER GONNA REGRET BLABBING TO MOM ABOUT THAT MONEY LI'L BROTHER! SHOULD HAVE SAID YOU LOST IT OR SOME DUDE AT SCHOOL STOLE IT. INSTEAD YOU GO AND TELL HER THE TURTH! LAME, SO LAME. AND BEING LAME JUST GETS YOU HURT ALL THE MORE!





So pretty much most of those years were spent being used as my sister's personal torture-toy. Yeah, I admit now to getting myself into many of those *tight-situations* by being a full-time pest and trying to get some kind of payback for all that hurt she was putting me through. But I could tell she really enjoyed getting me tied up and helpless with all those combo-scissors holds. She told me it was just as fun as working out when she worked me over reducing me to a sobbing helpless baby promising her anything and everything if she'd just stop pain and let me go...



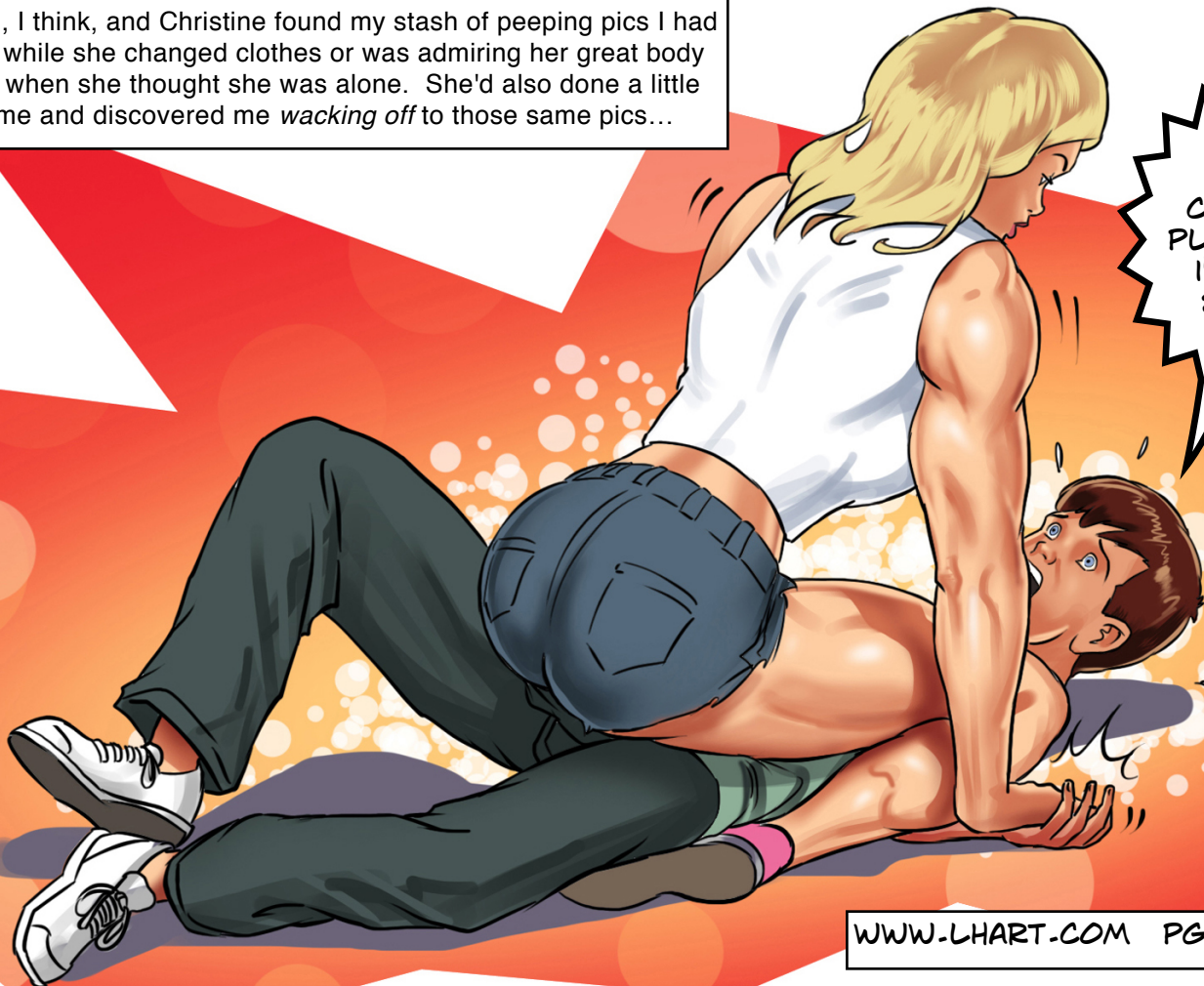
One time things got really bad...



**YOU  
LITTLE STINKIN'  
PERVERT!**

THIS  
WILL NOT  
HAPPEN AGAIN LI'L  
BROTHER! I'M NOT  
GOING TO TELL MOM,  
BUT YOU DESERVE  
SPECIAL PUNISHMENT  
FOR THIS. BUT DON'T  
WANT TO BREAK ANY  
BONES, BUT...  
HMMM?

I was like 11, I think, and Christine found my stash of peeping pics I had taken of her while she changed clothes or was admiring her great body in the mirror when she thought she was alone. She'd also done a little peeping on me and discovered me *wacking off* to those same pics...



**NO,  
WAIT!  
CHRIS...  
PLEASE, I-  
I'LL S-  
STOP,  
I...**

Yes that is right, I was actually taken to the wooden shed we had behind our house, where she pulled down my pants and beat my butt into a bloody mess. She'd beat me so bad that I was barely able to sit for more than a couple minutes at a time for the rest of the week. And I was willingly waiting on her and doing anything she wanted for months after that. Just the threat of a repeat performance of that afternoon's whipping could get me to do just about anything she wanted. I had literally become my **BIG FEM-JOCK SISTER's SLAVE!**

