

Muscle in the Family – part 30

Laser Focus

Claire was smart and mature well beyond her years...and she always got what she wanted. It wasn't due to dumb luck or being a selfish jerk like her brother. Claire's accomplishments always came from hard work, steadfast dedication and focus beyond belief. It was that focus on becoming fit and muscular that had gotten her to the current state of buffness. And it was her focus on her feelings for Ethan that had led her to start hitting on him profusely almost a year and a half before.

She constantly showed him her growing muscles. Claire constantly provided light touches to his shoulders and arms to give him a sense of trust and friendliness to her. And it was her continual ploys and excuses to get him alone with her where their feelings for each other could grow and develop into a rock solid dedication to one another.

Claire also focused an intent streak of love for her cousin Elena. With Ethan and Elena in her corner and essentially her best friends...maybe her only friends, Claire knew she had the foundation to build. To build her physique, to build her loving relationship with Ethan, and to build for the future. But she was no free-loader. Claire planned on taking Ethan and Elena on the journey with her, pulling them along at times when needed and giving a helping hand too.

But right now, in her life, it was Claire that needed a helping hand. She needed the motivation and assistance in a dedicated workout partner in Elena. She needed the financial and physical support of her longtime crush and love of her life Ethan. And she needed the emotional support of them both to get her through her current lost relationship with her own family.

Lucky for her, Ethan and Elena were a perfect match.

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The three amigos arrived home after many shed tears and hugs. Ethan knew this was a life changing event for Claire and since he was now bonded to her like glue, he knew it would be a life changing event for him in some ways too.

Claire and Elena went through all the cupboards and the refrigerator. They made lengthy lists since the amount of food intake they were going to require for their new, laser focused dedication to bodybuilding was going to be massive. One page, two pages...almost three pages of items were needed to buy all of the necessities.

The list included supplements, probably ten to twelve if Ethan counted them right. Fruits, vegetables, massive quantities of eggs and chicken and broccoli. Then all of the massage therapy items like oils, rubs, instruments and suction devices. The same ones used by Olympic athletes to bring blood to the surface and help in the quick recovery process. It was really at

that point that Ethan began to realize the totality of the intense concentration and effort the girls were putting into all of this.

But Ethan was beside himself with giddiness as he watched the gorgeously muscled girls scurry around and create their necessities lists. He had become more attracted to their sultry, sexy, muscular bodies than anything else in his life and even when he was on his long training runs, he wasn't concentrating on the Boston Marathon or how awesome it was going to be to fulfil a lifelong dream and race in the premier marathon event in the world.

He would dream about Claire's gorgeous long hair. The way it laid so elegantly across her thick, tall traps and upon her expanding, muscular chest. He thought about her wide back and beautifully constructed, massively muscled shoulders. He thought about her insanely developed glutes and how big and beautifully rounded they were becoming. The muscle was probably twice as big as his and he loved thinking about how much power they contained.

Then there were her long legs. As a girl, her one inch height advantage over him meant her legs were probably four or five inches longer than his. And the size of them. The bulbous hamstring muscle jetted out of the back of her leg like a perfect muscle created by the gods. Ethan had never even noticed hamstring muscles on a woman before, but it had quickly become one of his favorite muscle groups on Claire. The way it emerged from the back of her leg, just below the hard, curved bottom of her majestic glutes. It shot outward with immense distance and then rounded down perfectly into the leg just above the back side of her knee.

The fact that her quads protruded out so massively to the front, made her upper leg look thicker than his waist. And this turned him on greatly. Ethan had become addicted to not only her gorgeously built muscles. He had become addicted to the utter power they contained. And Ethan was constantly asking Claire to prove how much stronger she was than him. He would find something in the house, or in the garden that he couldn't lift. Then he'd ask Claire to come give it a try.

The latest example was a week before. It regarded a huge bag of garden soil and bag of small rock his mom had bought at the Home Depot. She had asked Ethan to move the soil and rock from the back of her trunk, around the back and set it next to the vegetable garden in the far end of their back yard. Ethan had remembered her buying this stuff for the front garden about six months before and he recalled struggling mightily to lift each bag. Now, almost 15 pounds lighter from all of the marathon training, Ethan reached in to grab the new bags.

Ethan reached in and grabbed each side of the top bag. He tried to lift but only the ends kind of came up and with his weakened grip strength and arm size, the bag felt like it weighed 100 pounds, not 50. Even months ago it was hard, now...it didn't even budge. Determined, he thought if he could kind of tilt the bag on its side, he could get a better grip and lift it out. That was a complete pain as well since the bag was kind of pliable and the weight of the soil moved and reshaped the bag, again foiling his plans to lift it.

“Fuck!” Ethan thought to himself.

He knew he needed to do as his mom asked but how the fuck was he going to get the bags out of the trunk? He gave it a few more tries and realized that his smaller, and more frail upper body was getting more and more tired with each failed attempt. So he decided to give Claire a quick shout.

Claire, could you come out to the drive real quick and help me take some gardening soil to the back? He texted.

She simply replied with a happy face and a flexed arm emoji.

A minute later, Claire emerged from the house.

She always looked like a million bucks, and this moment was no different. When you're a 6'1", musclebound 18-year-old girl...you look stunning in anything. And when you're a muscle-lover like Ethan...she looked even better.

Claire had slipped her gorgeous feet into a pair of white sneakers. She was wearing the smallest pair of jean shorts Ethan had ever seen and she was wearing a small, red bikini top for some reason. Her smile was infectious and her long hair that was in a pony-tail whipped from side to side as she approached. Her legs were fully exposed and the quad muscles exploded in size and hardness with each, powerful and confident stride. Not only that, her calves were also growing to an incredible size and they grew in hardness and girth with each step towards him as well.

Claire cherished Ethan more than anything and she loved watching the look of lust and awe on his face every time she showed off her muscles to him. She was actually wearing sweatpants and a baggy t-shirt when he texted...but she wasn't going to approach him like that. The closest things to her in her room were the small shorts and bikini top, so that's what she immediately threw on to come meet Ethan.

Ethan held out his thin arms and enveloped Claire's thick and heavily muscled torso in a bear hug when she approached. They shared a loving, wet kiss as their mouths met and both kids enjoyed the warmth and taste of the other.

Ethan now always wrapped his arms around Claire below her armpits when they embraced. It allowed her to wrap her thick and meaty arms around his shoulders and he loved the feel of her power as it completely encompassed him during these moments. And Claire knew he liked it so she often squeezed him really tightly too, letting him feel just how much stronger she was than him. It wasn't some sort of egotistical show-off by Claire...that wasn't why she did it. He asked her to do it on many occasions in the past, and knowing how much he enjoyed it...the same embrace became their loving routine.

The two slowly backed away from their kiss and Ethan looked at Claire to tell her about the help he needed.

“Mom asked me to carry these two bags of dirt and rock to the back garden, but the top bag moves and bends when I try to pick it up, so I can’t even get it out of the damn trunk.” Ethan lamented to his tall cousin.

“Hmm.” Claire said with a smile as she assessed the situation.

With just a brief pause, Claire placed the back of her right forearm on Ethan’s chest and easily moved him back a step. She then took a position in the center of the back of the bumper. With her long arms outstretched, Claire reached in and grabbed the edges of the bag. Ethan watched with pleasure as her wide shoulders and huge back muscles flexed immensely as she was grabbing and lifting the bag. Although he knew she could probably lift the 50 pound sack, with the way it moved and bended, he still had a small doubt.

“Holy Shit Claire!!!” Ethan exclaimed as she raised her torso and turned slightly towards him with the load in her grasp.

Her right biceps was flexed insanely massively and with incredible definition and size as it was pressed firmly against her side. The profile view really accentuated the roundness to the biceps muscle and the horseshoe shape in her triceps was exploding from her skin. It was the largest he had ever seen her bicep look and his heart skipped a beat with excitement when he realized it was probably bigger than both of his combined.

But that wasn’t the only thing. Claire hadn’t just grabbed the top bag of soil. She had actually reached below that, grasped the bag of rock with her unbelievable grip strength and was now holding both 50 pound bags in her hands. She smiled widely and as she looked at the expression on her cute cousin’s face, she had accomplished her goal of impressing him once again.

He looked at the smile on her face, the wide, muscular neck and towering traps behind the load she held so easily in front of her and said, “You’re so fucking hot right now Claire...I might have a pre-mature accident right this instant!”

“Slow your jets honey.” Claire said back sarcastically, “There’s another bag in there I need you to give me.”

“Huh?” Ethan said back, not knowing what she was talking about.

“There’s a bag of potting soil in there too...I need you to grab it for me and add it to my stack.” Claire asked, while also pointing out the fact that she could easily handle a third bag of weight.

Ethan looked back in the trunk. Sure enough, there was another bag of soil inside. But he had failed to lift even a single bag just a couple minutes ago, how was he going to lift this? Luckily though, he noticed that the bag seemed slightly smaller than the other two. It said 40 pounds on the side and so he knew he had a fighting chance.

He reached in, and as he scooted the bag towards the back edge of the trunk, he again looked down at his skinny arms. They were thinner than he could ever remember as a result of the training program he was on. Instead of hating it though, he loved the look and what it meant. It meant that there were two ways to make Claire even stronger than him. One way of course was for her to put on pounds and pounds of gloriously built muscle. The other was for him to continue with his marathon training and maybe even try to shave off five or ten more pounds before the big race.

Ethan knew he would only be training like this for the Boston Marathon once in his life and had decided immediately, at that exact point in time to train even harder. Sure he would lose more weight, but it had the benefit of allowing him to run a faster time and also allowed Claire to be even stronger than him than she already was. Boy this was going to be an incredible next 8 months he thought!

Anyway, back to the task at hand. Ethan used the earlier trick that almost worked for him on the heavier bag. He tilted the soil up on end, reached both arms over the top and tilted both hands below the bag, far enough apart that the bag couldn't move a lot. He then leaned back and lifted the bag out of the trunk. He then turned to look at the laughing face of Claire as she watched him struggle so mightily with the 40 pound bag while she easily lifted 100 pounds of rock and soil out of the trunk just a minute before.

Even as they stood there...face to face, Claire could see that Ethan was battling to keep the bag from falling.

"Here babe, just put it on top of my stack." Claire told him kindly.

So Ethan leaned back, but realized with his arms extended down and his hands wrapped under the sack, he had no leverage to actually lift the bag, which was just about to slip out of his frail hands and crash to the driveway surface...possibly busting open and spilling soil all over the place.

With Ethan in a bit of anguish, Claire actually lowered herself by squatting almost all the way down and just in front of Ethan. This allowed him to simply lean forward a little bit and lay his 40-pound bag of soil on top of her two 50-pounders. At that point, Claire stood immediately and again, with minimal effort.

Claire now held 140-pounds of soil and rock in her powerful arms and gave her love a wide smile and a sexy wink.

Ethan watched in amazement as his gorgeous cousin began walking the heavy load to the back. With each step, the meaty, rounded lower glutes pushed and flexed against the tight jean shorts she was wearing. The material was being pressured to its last seam and she knew it. The size and hardness of her glutes was becoming unfathomable to Ethan and his mouth was watering as he followed just a step behind. Her quads were billowing out to the sides in shows of meaty strength with the weight of her sacks. In addition, the diamond shaped goodness of

her calf muscles were absolutely as hard as the rock she was carrying...if not harder...and definitely bigger!

As Claire finally made it to the vegetable garden, she slowly lowered the bags, placed them on the ground and then stood yup tall. Her arms were pumped from the weight and she turned to Ethan and then gave him a full, double-biceps pose. The ball of bicep muscles were huge and the hardened muscle was like grabbing solid granite. Ethan began feeling and caressing the massive muscles and Claire watched the look on his face in excitement that her cute cousin was now absolutely enthralled and smitten with her physique. She loved him immensely and if he lusted for her growing muscles...she was going to do everything in her control to make them even bigger, even stronger!

But before he could get to excited, she needed to try something out. As he was almost in a trance feeling her majestically built biceps, she reached down, grabbed him around his shoulders and under his legs. In a quick motion Claire easily swept Ethan off his feet and now held him firmly in a cradle carry in front of her torso.

He loved how easily she had just manhandled him and his eyes were as big as silver dollars as he ogled his strong loving cousin.

“Hmm.” She said out-loud, “Almost the same.”

“Almost the same as what?” Ethan had to ask.

“I think you’re almost the same weight as those sacks I lifted so effortlessly.” Claire said back, letting him know that his bodyweight was like a feather to her now.

Instead of being upset or embarrassed, he had a quick desire and simply said to her, “Then why don’t you try curling me She-Hulk?”

She laughed out loud, It was the first time he had ever given her some sort of fun nickname like that and the fact that he had given her the nickname of the most muscular female superhero out there gave her instant pride. She liked it and with a smile, she began to curl him.

His bodyweight was so light to her now. Even she couldn’t believe how strong she was becoming. To curl a dumbbell or a barbell doesn’t really mean anything or equate to real life. But to curl Ethan like this...so easily...so effortless...really gave her a warm, lightning bolt sense of awesomeness!

“One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six...Seven” Claire was counting out loud as she was walking him back into the house.

They passed in through the kitchen and Linda was standing at the sink getting some veggies cleaned as she watched them enter. Ethan had a smile from ear to ear as he waved and said, “Hi mom, soil and rock is next to your garden.”

“Hi honey...thank you.” She said back as she watched Claire continue to carry and curl him as she walked through the kitchen and to the stairs.

Counting all the way, by the time she hit the base of the stairs she was at, “Twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen by the time they reached the top.

She continued all the way to his bed and did one last lift to twenty before finally tossing him back first onto the mattress.

Ethan bounced a couple of times and then looked up at his totally jacked cousin. She turned and quickly closed the bedroom door. Ethan shed his shorts as fast as lightning and his erect penis was now eagerly awaiting Claire’s arrival. In an equally rapid and smooth motion, Claire slipped her shorts down over the supple, tanned skin of her massive quads and diamond shaped calves. She then flicked the shorts off into the corner with her foot and refocused on her boy.

He watched in 100% unwavering anticipation as his muscle bound girl approached. She slowly reached her hands behind herself, pulled the string securing her bikini top. It loosened and then fell to the floor as well. Her muscular pecs and breasts looked exquisitely crafted by her insanely hard work and he opened his mouth uncontrollably and impatiently awaited her arrival.

With a slow and deliberate motion, Claire lifted one of her gargantuan quads across Ethan’s legs and then slid her hot, warm pussy upon his massive shaft. The rod felt incredible as it entered her and the thickness of it stretched her tight walled cunt and gave her an instant jolt of pleasure.

But she wasn’t quite ready for sex. She lowered her upper body and laid it upon Ethan. He felt her full, muscular weight on top of him and the muscle she carried was rock hard against his skin. She then playfully asked...”Do you like this Ethan...do you like how strong I am becoming?”

Ethan slowly nodded his head up and down...letting her know how much he lusted for it.

“Good my thinning prince...because you know I’m going to get a lot bigger for you right?”

Again he nodded his head up and down.

“And you know I’m going to get much, much stronger...and I’m going to be able to curl you thirty times...forty times...fifty times even...would you like that?”

Again the head of Ethan nodded up and down.

Claire then reached up, placed his hands above his head and on top of each other. She then interlocked her left hand with his hands and grasped them tightly, now having full control of his arms with just one of hers, leaving the other available to do whatever she desired.

Ethan loved this feeling of her one, muscle-bound arm controlling both of his long twigs. Her heavy weight on top of him and her thighs squeezing hard against his torso. He was locked in a loving muscle vice and his cock was as hard as it had ever been in his life. And with that, feeling of being in her complete control...she began.

Claire stared down at her cute lover as she slowly started riding his immense appendage. She loved the feel of his tip against her g-spot and little snakes of pleasure began to rise through her with each successive stroke. How had she become the apple of her cousin's eye? She desperately wanted to be with him from an early age, and to go from that innocent flicker of crush to this absolute inferno of mutual lust was an epic progression on their erotic journey.

He had always been the tall, stud, athlete in their family and now she was the absolute alpha stud to be sure. But it felt right, it felt natural for her. And it wasn't that she wanted to be that much stronger, but she had come to enjoy it as much or even more than Ethan did...if that was possible. She loved looking down at her massive biceps, her thundering quads and her killer calves.

Ethan stared at the flexing abs and oblique's of Claire's monstrously thickening torso. It carried so much muscle now, the abs weren't ripped...they were more like protruding masses of muscle trying to explode through her skin. He desperately wanted to feel and caress them as his cousin rode his rock hard cock...but he couldn't. Claire easily controlled his arms with her powerful grasp and he had to settle for ogling the perfectly developed muscle while feeling her tight cunt squeezing the hell out of his shaft!

She raised up and then lowered down low. First kind of slowly...but then more and more rapidly. In addition to the glorious sensations of her pussy titillating his own g-spot, Ethan actually enjoyed the weight and force she applied to him with each downward stroke. Her ass pounded into him forcefully and he felt the raw power that this woman contained as he also enjoyed her tight grip around his love rod.

How had he lucked out so badly? Ethan was in heaven now and then even more so as Claire decided to add to his pleasure by hitting a right biceps pose. The thick, vein covered muscle in her forearm was easily bigger than his biceps. And her biceps was probably going to be as big as his damn thighs if she kept on growing. God he wanted to touch and grasp that beautiful, powerful muscle.

But that was ok, because the visual image in front of him, riding him, flexing for him, smiling for him was enough sensation to send him into the stratosphere!

Claire thrust into Ethan harder and harder, faster and faster. The motion was sending them both into a euphoric state of utter satisfaction and before too much longer, the pleasure was reaching a crescendo. The muscle-laden body of Claire was bouncing upon Ethan like a jack-hammer. Ethan felt every meaty pound down and simultaneously tried to thrust his hips upward.

The motion tingled his cock like never before and Claire's g-spot was so gratified and so stimulated that she closed her eyes, tilted her head back, shuttered and began moaning, "Oh Ethan...Oh Ethan...Oh god....."

"Ahhhhhhhhh....." she finally let out as Ethan had brought her to orgasm.

That release of her feminine juices signaled Ethan and finally he relented and let go himself. His cock immediately burst like Niagara Falls and blast after blast of his hot cum filled her cavity. The warmth covered his cock and her vagina and the two continued to pound into each other lovingly as the satisfaction they both felt both physically and mentally could not have been greater.

With a slowdown of their strokes, Claire finally released her tight grip and control of Ethan's hands. He immediately took this golden opportunity and placed one hand on her heavily breathing abs while placing the other on her flexing and relaxing quad. It gave him a new spark of vigor and he quickly gave her another thirty seconds of firm thrusts and more and more of his white, love sauce.

She still had her eyes closed and the utter relaxation and satisfaction overcame her. Full of content, Claire slowly lowered her thickly muscled body down and again laid heavily upon her lover's chest...catching a quick rest before the workout sesh she and Elena had planned for that afternoon...a necessity for her to accomplish her bodybuilding goals and to fulfill her and Ethan's continual desires...